

I was to jump to try to hit the field when I landed. All this done we took off.

We climbed up to 1200 feet and maneuvered into position and I received the signal to "get going".

As I had never been down on the landing gear before I used all the caution that I had been told ~~to do~~. But this time I had to grab different struts and wires to get down under. I walked to the ~~side~~ entering edge of the wing and sat down, put one foot on the shock absorber between the wheel and the landing gear strut and stood up so as to be able to turn around to get my back to the wind. Then I sat down again straddling the strut and ^{scatting} over until I could reach the parachute snaps that had to be fastened to the parachute harness that I wore. This done I waited for the prearranged signal. That was to be the throttling of the motor when we were over the spot that we had agreed upon. The time seemed so long, but I had learned of Lt. Omlies thoroughness so just sat there until finally, the motor sounded like it stopped. That was it, so I let go.

Down two or three hundred feet like a bullet, then the beautiful white silk umbrella started to balloon out and grab the air and I sat, like in a big swing, surveying all that was below. It was a feeling that is indescribable but I knew I was safe.

We hadn't studied anything about the possibility of being able to steer the parachute any so I just sat there. When the ground ^{began} became to come rather close I looked down and saw that I was headed right for a large clump of trees. I hit them, the chute was tangled in the top of one of them, but I slid through until I was within a few feet of the ground.