

The path to be An 8th AF, Army Air Corps Pilot.

OR

Interesting Stops along the way.

Start with the group of eight intrepid Aviators. Skillful Veterans all. You can tell that they have seen the trials of Warfare and that they have prevailed.

Actually this is a group of Aviation Cadet Roommates at Visalia, Pilot Primary Training School in California. Their Air Cadet Experience included the issuance of A 2 Jackets and flight gear that morning. (None had touched an Airplane yet) Most of these Heroes were Ney York and Brooklyn guys that had boarded a Train at Penn Station 4 months earlier and were fast friends already; 66 years ago and I still vividly remember all of them. We worked hard but had a lot of laughs. I also include a photo of an important activity in our strenuous Training Process. Note the condition of the bedding, tight and precisely arranged.

We progressed; most of our guys escaped the washout process and moved on to Commissioning and warfare. (Actually 3 of these guys did go down the Wash route).

As we proceeded through the entire flight training process, we were awarded Commissions as 2nd Lt. and Presented the Silver Wings of a US Army Pilot. A great day.

Then to combat. I present a photo of my B 17 Crew as we trained at Alexandria AAF Base, Alexandria, Louisiana. I am 2nd from the left front. As a result of a very strange series of events I ended here as Co-Pilot of an excellent crew. I was supposed to go to B 17 Transition and end up with my own crew but a strange set of circumstances intervened and there I was, again with a great group of guys. The Pilot was promoted off our crew to Group Lead after several missions. I kept the crew and we finished without casualty.

An off duty Photograph of Robert E. on the grounds of Oxford UK. Just visiting; nor studying there. We were young and lean, And won the war.

