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a small fighter plane with out any safety straps. We had to shoot at a target pulled by another plane about a hundred yards away. Our bullets had been dipped in different colors of paint, so when we hit the target it would leave the paint on the target and they could see how many hits we made. We stayed here about four weeks. I passed out and was sent to Boise, Idaho to be put on a crew of a "Flying Fortress" as the B-17 Bombers were called.

We had a crew of eleven men, the pilot, Co-pilot, navigator, engineer, asst. engineer, Radio operator, asst. Radio operator, two side gunners, and one tail gunner. The asst. Engineer was to operate the turret guns on top of the plane. The navigator and Bombardier operated two guns in the nose of the plane and the radio operator had a gun sticking out the top of his cabin. I was assistant Radio operator and I was supposed to get in a ball shaped turret sticking out below the plane but due to my long legs I couldn't get into it "Thank the Lord". There was little chance of anyone getting out of it in case of a crash, besides it was an excellent target for fighter planes and Flocks from guns shooting from the ground. The side gunners shot from the sides of the plane and the tail gunner lay on his stomach and shot from the tail end.