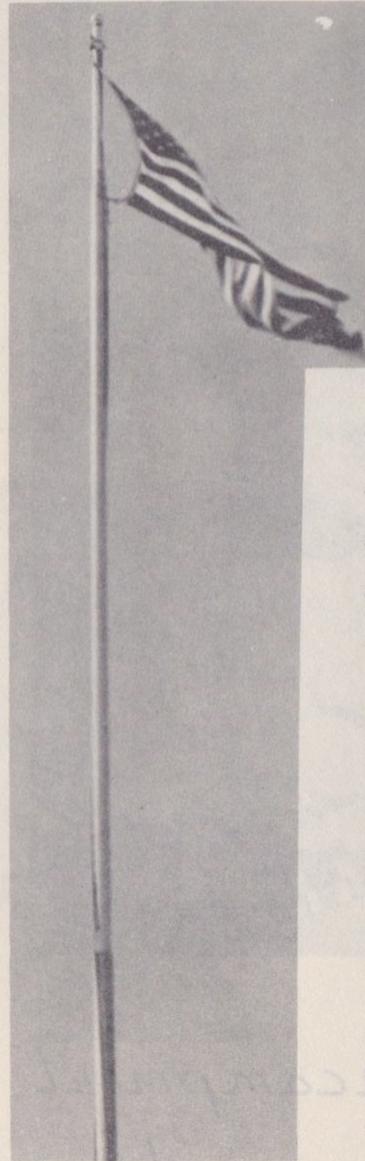


CAMP

1968
SUMMER
ENCAMPMENT



MTN HOME AFB, IDAHO



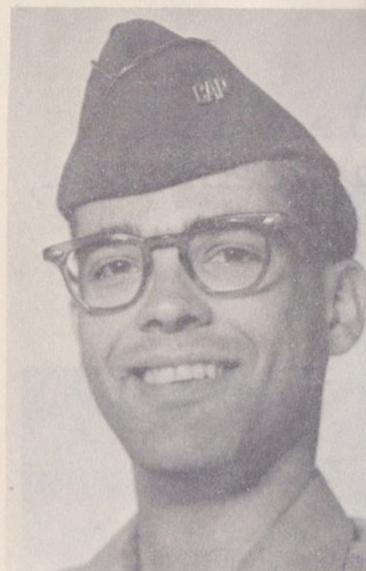
HIGH FLIGHT

Oh, I have slipped the surly
bonds of earth,
and danced the skies on laughter-
silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed and joined
the tumbling mirth
of sun-split clouds--and done a
hundred things
You have not dreamed of--wheeled
and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring
there
I've chased the shouting wind
along and flung
My eager craft through footless
halls of air.
Up, up the long delirious burning
blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights
with easy grace,
Where never lark, or even eagle,
flew;
And while with silent, lifting mind
I've trod
The high untrampled sanctity of
space,
Put out my hand, and touched the
face of God.

John Gillespie Magee, Jr.

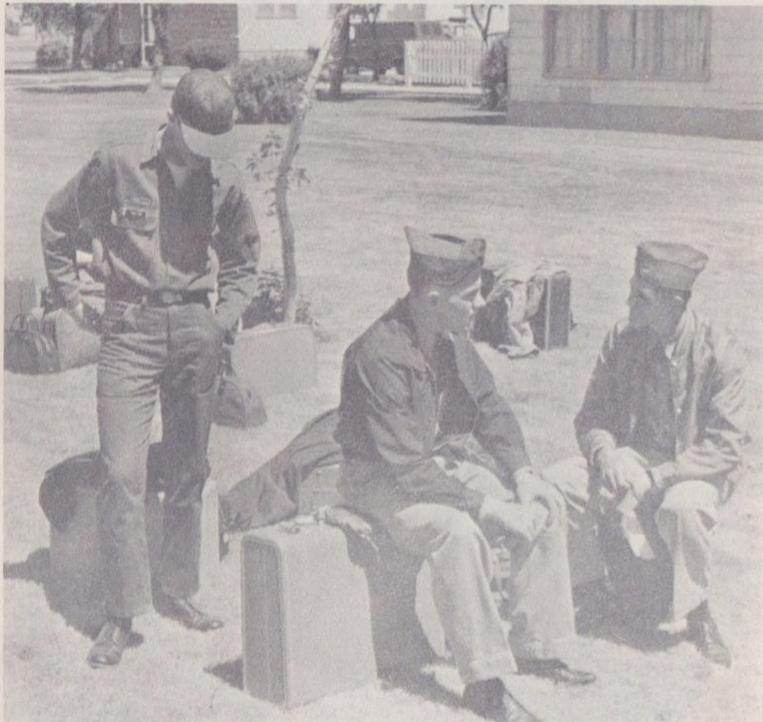


*The Encampment
Commander*



And our tac officers

helped us process in,



and get a meal.



The Encampment
and our first meal

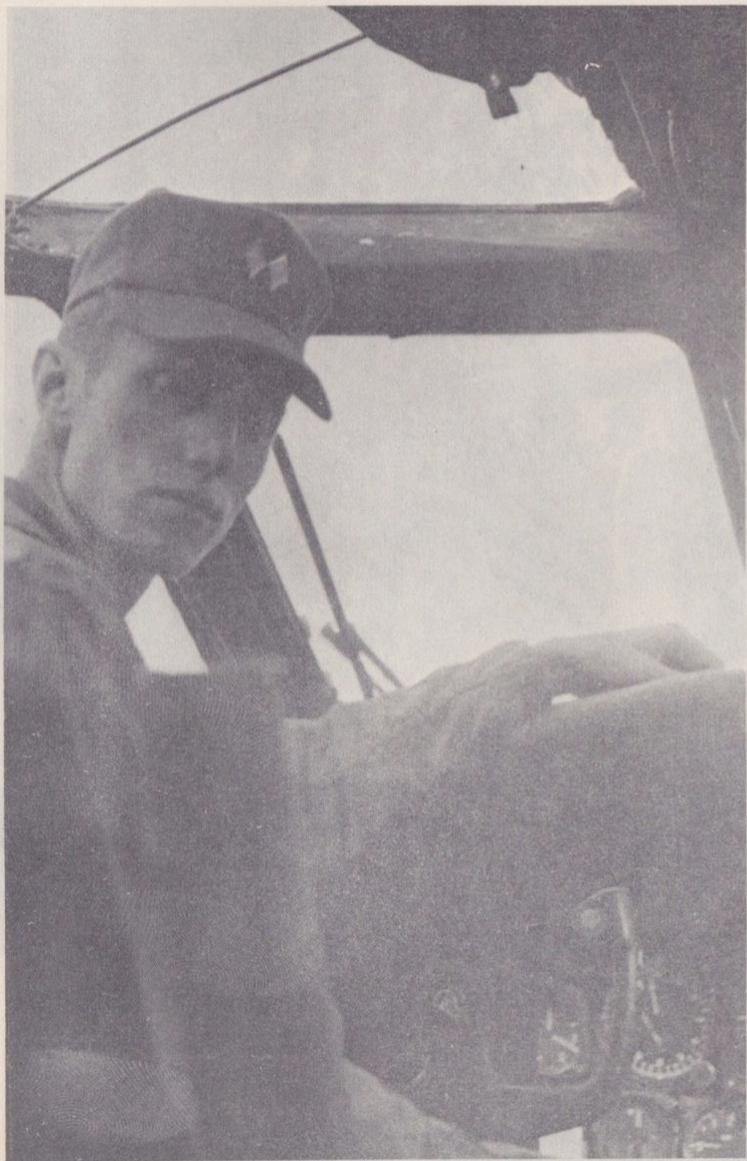
At the retreats, we



remembered why we came.



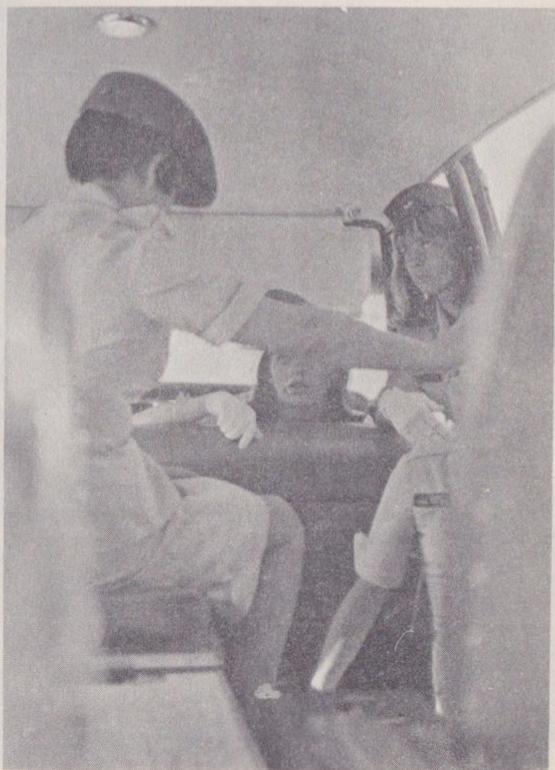
We'll never forget



our aircraft riders.

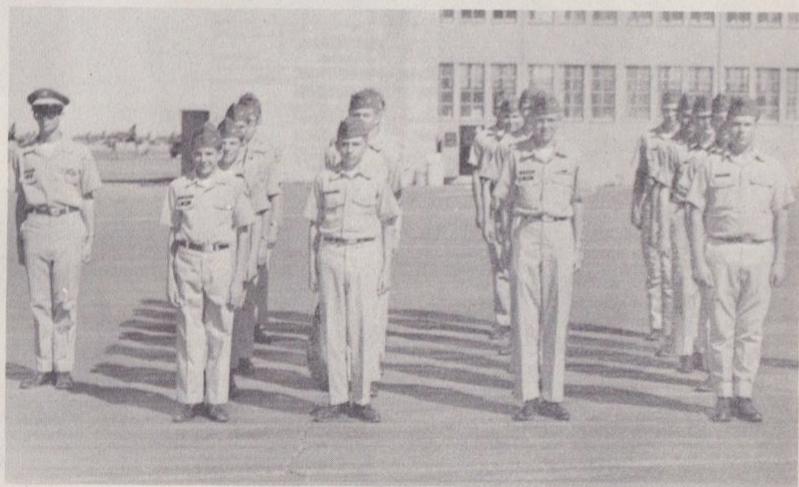
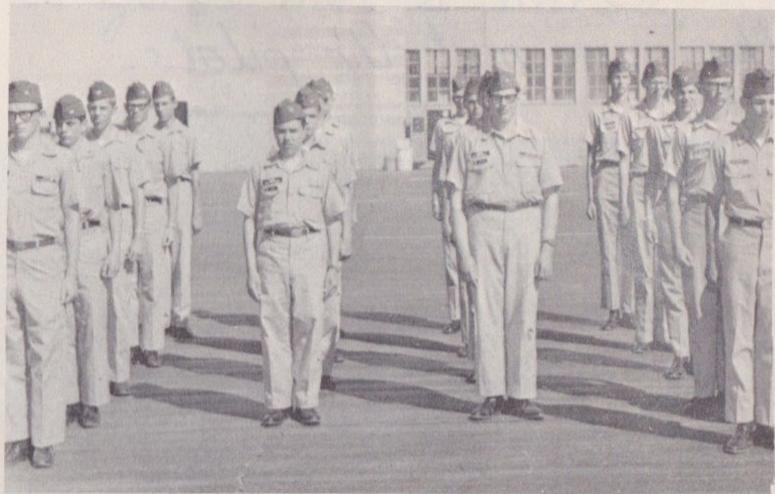


The girls met a nurse,



the men met the pilots.





It was not all work

And when it ended...

