

World War II Military Service
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I was in Provo, Utah, dragging Center Street in Provo, Utah, with my friend Kenneth Wilkinson, when I first heard about Pearl Harbor. We were in a truck, and we were dumbfounded to learn what had happened. It was shocking to us. We were seniors in high school at the time. I do remember very well what happened to the Japanese-American kids who were members of our class. Katsumi Yano was one of these kids, and a better people never lived. But as soon as the atrocity at Pearl Harbor happened, the Japanese-American families kept their children home, because they were fearful of retribution. There would have been several such families in the Orem area at the time. I was senior class president that year, and somewhere in my collections I have the minute book of the student council, and I remember precisely that Adolphus P. Warnick, our principal, came in to the meeting of the officers of the student council, and read a letter which he'd received from Mrs. Yano, saying how sorry they were about everything that had happened, and they wondered if the children would be welcomed back at school. (As is evident, when I talk certain things, my emotions are very near the surface.) They were our friends, and we would do all we could in the school to make them welcome and feel protected. It was the decision of the student council that absolutely, the children were to come back. I don't remember how many such students there were, but there were more than one. I have a friend, Ken Wilkinson, from Duchesne, who has a record of all these students and their families.

I graduated from Lincoln High School, Orem, Utah, in 1942, at age sixteen, and entered Brigham Young University as a freshman in the fall of 1942, having just turned seventeen. My birth date was May 25, 1925. I had a double promotion in elementary school, taking the first half of fifth grade and the last half of sixth. It soon became apparent that we would have to serve in the military.

Once we were in the university, things began to happen in terms of our future. We knew, for example, that we would have to be involved in some way. Some options were available. Essentially, number one, you would enlist. Two, you could wait until you were drafted. Three, you could volunteer for induction. There were certain benefits for each. If you waited until you were drafted, you had very little selection of what your service branch would be. My friends and I, in discussing it, decided that we would volunteer for induction. I myself was half way in between enlisting and being drafted.

So we watched what was happening, and as strange as it may seem, those who enlisted went much sooner than those of us who volunteered for induction. You had to abide by certain time frames. We finished our freshman year, but many of them had to leave in the middle of the year. Those who were drafted might have even been drafted ahead of us. I do know that what we did was a tremendous benefit, because I decided that I wanted to go into the air force.

I started right off at BYU in the physical sciences, doing well in math, chemistry and physics. I remember with pride that as a freshman, I had the highest test average in my physics

class, including seniors. Doctor Marshall was my professor of mathematics. My physics professor, Wayne Hales, would get so confused at the blackboard, trying to explain something. Finally, he'd get off on a little calculus, so he could leave us all in a trail of dust. I remember where my chemistry classes were held—in the basement of the old education building on lower campus (it's now, restored, the Provo Library).

For those of us who volunteered for induction, a date was set for your appointment at Fort Douglas, in Salt Lake City, for us to come in and begin the process. There, the military wanted essentially to see if you had warm enough blood to serve. The first entry in my military diary is 6 September 1943, when I left my family for Buckley, Colorado. (Reads from diary.) I made no more entries until 18 October 1943. I kept it until 14 November 1944, when I was married. It abruptly ended on that day, and I regret not keeping my diary during the remainder of my military service (nor for the next thirty-three years). My wife Peggy (Clara Louise Loveless) kept every letter I sent her during the war. We were limited on what we could write, because our letters were censored. In my chronology, I have indicated where I was and what I was doing there.

Peggy, who at birth was premature and wasn't expected to live, was named after two grandmothers, Clara Adams and Louise Munns. However, the name Peggy had been selected as her name. Our fathers were truckers of produce. They had little produce farms and knew each other because they bought and sold from each other. They also bought from and sold to common growers. I remember, very early in life, going down to Peggy's place with my dad. That's probably where we first met. Peggy went to Spencer Elementary School, and I went to Sharon Elementary. There were contests between the schools in those days.

Our romance tended to flourish into high school, where we dated a great deal. I was actually her campaign manager when she ran for high school student body office. I was a senior, she a junior, and she was elected. So there was that relationship as well.

Peggy's background is interesting.. She worked in the Orem City ration office during the war. She actually became the chief clerk. The critical supplies, like rubber, gasoline and sugar, were not available for purchase without ration coupons. When the young men came home on leave from the service, they got a special allowance. They were really nice to Peggy. She could do some favors.

I gave Peggy a diamond near her high school graduation, 15 May 1943, so we were engaged at that point.

Let me digress a little. My father and his brothers loved to fish. During the war, they had (and I hope I don't get myself into trouble) what was called a "critical occupation," because my father hauled foodstuffs from Salt Lake to Phoenix, and he crossed the Indian reservation. The Indian folks had to have food, so he could get an almost unlimited number of gas stamps. One time, my father and his brothers decided to go up to Hebgen Lake, near West Yellowstone, Montana. They had to justify the trip, so what did they do? They bought a load of rock salt in Redmond, Utah, loaded it up, put the boat behind the truck, and went to that part of Montana to

sell salt to the ranchers, who had to have rock salt for their cattle. So that was a “very essential” trip, which they felt they could justify. And I’ll leave it at that point.

I left Buckley Field, Colorado, on 9 October 1943, after basic training. I remember one thing perfectly about my basic. The night we got there, a PFC got up on the steps, in front of all the recruits. “You know what a ‘PFC’ is. He’s got one stripe. A noncommissioned officer is next to a private. If you want to know who’s in charge around here, I am.” He wanted to make it very clear that he was in charge. (Laughs)

Basic training was tough. The army was trying to condition us. One entry in my military diary reads: “Dive bombing today.” What did that mean? It meant I had to go to the mess hall and do dishes. (My entries are very concise, one or two words for a thought, incomplete sentences. I didn’t want to spend a lot of time writing.) We did a lot of marching and PT (physical training). I’m confident we had other things to do. Undoubtedly we had tests of sorts. Eventually, along the way (at Buckley, or at Santa Ana, California), very early in our training, when we took batteries of tests, to determine what our aptitudes were. I remember that the rating was a Stanine, a scale of 9. You ended up with a rating between 1 and 9. The first of three ratings was for bombardier, the second for navigator, and the third for pilot. I remember I had 8, 9, 8. So I was made a navigator.

I wanted to become a pilot. I don’t think there was any young man who entered the air force who didn’t want to be a pilot. I was disappointed, but there was nothing I could do about that. Maybe if I had been a 7, 7, 8, I might have been a pilot, but I don’t know that.

I was an active Latter-day Saint when I entered the military, having been brought up in a good Latter-day Saint home. Every place I went stateside, I had access to the Church. When we were overseas, we were involved with the usual chaplain services. But I was in England for only two months. I was probably only a deacon at that time, not an elder. I was never a teacher—let me put it that way. I was ordained a priest 23 March 1943. I sought out the Church wherever I went, more so when my wife was with me than when I was alone. A group of us Latter-day Saints had come to Buckley out of Salt Lake City.

Back to Buckley. Let me read a comment about my bombardier, whom I’ve been in touch with quite a bit. He sent me some items, including “How I concluded World War II in the ETO (European Theater of Operation).” He was a good man, though he had not had the moral training that I had had. He early learned that there were certain things I just would not do.

When we left Buckley on 29 October 1943, and on the 30th, I entered the 85th College Training Detachment Program of the Army Air Corps at the Municipal University of Wichita, Wichita, Kansas. That was simply a crash program in some of the basic college courses. I went to school there, and I remember *so* well that everyone tried to be nice to the cadets. I met a young woman there who had a convertible sedan, and she was nice to pick me up and take me places. It got to the point that Peggy was not too happy with what I was telling her about that relationship. I left the university 26 February 1944. I do remember that Wichita was a cold, god-forsaken place. It seemed that the air corps would get us out in the middle of the night to go on forced

marches. Oh, that was tough, it was so cold. I guess I took science and math courses there which the army thought would be of value to us in our preparation.

Then we traveled, always by train, to Santa Ana, California. Boy, what a change from the University of Wichita, in Kansas. Santa Ana is where we took our pre-flight training, and this might have been where we were tested to determine our placements: bombardier, navigator or pilot. I remember well what happened there. Did the army ever drill us, drill us. Then we had to stand in inspection, and then drill—for what seemed to be hours, in attempts to shape us up so that we had a military bearing, etc.

I left Santa Ana 22 July 1944 and traveled to Hondo Air Force Base, Hondo, Texas, for navigator training. I arrived on July 24 and was there until 10 November 1944, when I went home to be married.

There was a lot of class work in the navigation training, and a lot of flying. We flew in twin-engine airplanes, modified so they had three student seats in them. Each navigator had a table, a compass, and whatever else he needed to do his navigational work. We took turns being the lead navigator. That was the era of air sickness—flying over Texas, in all those winds and updrafts. The base newspaper had a character called “Compass-cover Harry.” The compasses had a metal can that fit down over them, to protect them. It was an excellent place to vomit, if you were going throw up. After the flight was over, you hustled over, dumped it out, washed it, and took it back to the plane. I remember that very well.

We had to be proficient in the things we would need to do when we got to our assignments. The first of three basic types of navigation was pilotage. You simply had a map in your hand, and you flew over the countryside and identified features, such as a railroad, or a town or city. That works really well in Texas, but when you get over England, it was absolutely worthless. You couldn't identify such features, because it's all filled in. In Texas, on some of our flights, it was an event to pass over a railroad track, and you knew where you were. We also had dead reckoning, by which we took the information we had (direction, speed, altitude, etc.) and then plotted our course. Then we had what was called astro-navigation. I found that very interesting. (Later in my teaching in the public schools, when we came to units on astronomy, I loved that, because I knew probably fifty or sixty stars, and I still remember some of them, in particular the stars in the Big Dipper.) We had to find certain stars in our star chart. Then you take three fixes and establish what was called a “line of position.” Knowing the three positions, you know you are right in the middle of the triangle formed by the three fixes.

We used this last method when we flew across the Atlantic. But when we got to England, it was a problem to use land features. The English had developed a navigational aid (which by modern technological standards would be the Dark Ages), a “G-box.” Planes were equipped with those. If you were flying in a particular direction, you took a fix, which was accurate within a thousand yards. You took a successive number of fixes, connected the lines, and that was your course, your heading, where you were going, for example 210 degrees. You had a time on them, so you could measure the distance between the two spots, and how long it took you, so you could compute your ground speed. The G-box was tremendous.

We also had at that time, and it was fairly new, what was called LORAN (long-range aerial navigation). I don't remember that the navigators used that themselves, but the pilots, even if they had a navigator, when they were going over fairly populated areas, had the frequency of radio stations; and if you turned into a certain frequency on your radio compass, it oriented you to the strongest signal, which means the direction the signal was coming from. You could see about where you were at with that aid.

I thought the navigation training, for its time, was pretty good. I knew very little of the stuff I was being taught. Of course anybody who could teach the subject was pressed into the services. I learned in one of Stephen Ambrose's book that there was a critical shortage of air personnel. Sometimes we couldn't get our full complement of planes up, because we didn't have enough crew members. There was a problem training the personnel fast enough.

One of the things I learned after the war was over was that one of the reasons our country was so successful during the war was that we could produce aluminum. We had virtually unlimited sources of aluminum, and we could build the airplanes.

After Peggy and I were married (we were married in the temple), it was an entirely different situation than when I was single in the air force. I had been away from home, in the military, but I hadn't done anything really bad, anything that would disqualify me from going to the temple. I just felt I wanted a civil marriage. The months and weeks went by, and we came closer to the marriage date we had agreed on, after I would be commissioned. I had a pretty good sized furlough coming. Then a week or so before I came home, I was on the phone with Peggy, who had told me she wouldn't have a civil marriage, even though I was pressing for it. I was in Hondo, Texas, when I called her. I said, "Honey, I'm really anxious to come home, but will you please have a civil marriage with me, and we can be sealed in the temple later." She was silent for what seemed to be ten minutes (it must have been ten seconds), and then she said this, which changed the course of my life: "You don't have to get married in the temple. Just marry someone else."

I give her credit, right there, for holding the ground on that. I would have lost one of the finest women in the world. What would our life have been like, if we had not married in the temple? That's what I've often thought. She had been trained up by her mother, and there was no question in her mind what she was going to do. The person who had to make a decision was me, not her.

I was commissioned 11 November 1944, and flew home that night. I was ordained an elder by my father, Clifton Thrower Pyne, on November 13, and we were married and sealed in the Salt Lake Temple on November 14. (Thrower is a surname of some of his progenitors.)

We had a wedding reception on the 16th, and left home for Lincoln, Nebraska on the 19th. I was just there a week, before going to Pueblo, Colorado. I didn't take Peggy with me at first. She had a good the job at the ration office, and times had been tough for farmers in the Utah Valley area, because of the depression. (I was a depression child.) Peggy's ration office job paid very well, in terms of money in those days, and her parents wanted her to stay and help the war effort. But you know, we had just got married and were separated. Pretty soon, Peggy quit her

job and came back to be with me—to Pueblo Air Force Base, where we were getting ready to go overseas.

Pueblo was transition training, and I was assigned to a crew. We were taking flights, getting ready to go to England. On 18 February 1945, I left Pueblo, Colorado and went to Topeka, Kansas. A plane was assigned us there, and on 27 March 1945, we left Topeka and headed with the crew and a plane for England.

Here's an interesting point. When I was putting together my military records, I decided to make copies for my children and grandkids. (Shows photographs.) The first person on the front row, left to right is Emelio Aita, the waist gunner. Next is Bill Shance, the tail gunner. Then Sunny Schuler, engineer and top turret gunner. Then there's Stafford, the ball turret gunner, the most dangerous position on the B-24. If you're in battle and your hydraulic system is shot out, you have no way to raise the turret, and if the plane's in trouble, you have to crash land it or kill everybody. Sometimes a belly gunner had to be sacrificed, to save the rest of the crew. The fifth man is Hammernick, the radio operator and a waist gunner. Last is Goosic, the other waist gunner. On the 24's, there were both a tail and a nose gunner. (The B-17's had a chin turret.)

Note that the radio operator and engineer had double duty. When we were in battle, all six of the enlisted crew become gunners: nose gunner, tail gunner, belly gunner, two waist gunners, and a top turret gunner. The waist gunners suffered most, because there were no windows in the B-24's, only openings. Sometimes the temperatures were far below zero, and then you had all the wind to contend with.

The officers are John Bimson (bombardier) on the left; Art Wagner (pilot), second from left; I'm the third (navigator); and Glenn Gullickson (co-pilot) is fourth.

We took the northern route to England, stopping at Bangor, Maine. Then we went to Goose Bay, Newfoundland. I remember that when we were briefed to go overseas, a big point was made that we had to learn to keep our mouths shut. You didn't want to give information to the enemies by the things you might say or write. I'll never forget the pamphlet we were given, 8 ½ by 11 inches, which said: "You are headed for war!" The reality hit me—it wasn't fun and games anymore. We were going to war. When we arrived on the base in Newfoundland, we were told what we were to do and not do.

We stopped at Stone, England for a time. There, we found in the hut where we stayed an old phonograph, with a record of Frank Sinatra. To this day, I sing "Nancy," though I've kind of changed it a bit to put Cindy's name in it, our Down Syndrome daughter, whom I drive to work every morning and sing that song to her. (When I was in pre-flight training in California for four months, I saw Frank Sinatra in a concert.)

We were eventually based near Norwich, at a little place called Hardwick. When we toured England a few years ago, I remember a tour guide said to us, "Look at that greenery down there. This is the path that the bombers took when they came back from their bomb runs." I think it was the very one we followed. My ancestors, the Pynes, actually came from the Norwich area. In May of 2001, Peggy and I spent sixteen days in England. While overnight in a bed and

breakfast inn in Norwich, I asked the manager if he could show me a map of where the airfields were in the area. "Oh, yes," he said. "I have a chart on the wall." He took me to it, and I swear, there must have been two hundred circles on it. I served in the 2nd Air Division of the 8th Air Force, which included all the B-24 bomber crews. Most of the B-24's were in North Africa and Italy. I was in the 93rd Bomb Group, which consisted about fifteen to twenty, the 328th Squadron, which consisted of five to six planes. The B-24 was noted for having a glide path like that of a Coke bottle—in other words, if you lost your power, you just went down. It had no glide path. It carried a larger bomb load than the 17's.

When I first arrived in England, I was astounded to watch the 8th Air Force prepare for a bomb mission. Typically the crews were awakened at two or three in the morning. The crews would dress, go have breakfast, then have a briefing, where they learned what the target would be. Before that, only the top-level officers knew where the missions would be going.

Our crew was assigned to a certain Quonset hut, where we lived. It was the practice in the 8th Air Force that an inexperienced crew could not go on a mission of their own, until the pilot and the navigator had each gone on a mission with an experienced crew. One day, our pilot went with an experienced crew, and I went with another. Our mission, which we learned later, was to bomb the underground jet factory at Mühldorf, Germany. I remember the mission as if it were yesterday. Incidentally, the B-24 was a horrible plane for a navigator. He had no place to sit down, except a bucket seat, if you dared sit in it. The navigational table was at standing height, in the nose, and the navigator flew backwards. He didn't have a good view of the ground. The chin turret of the B-17 had a Plexiglas nose, which the navigator could look out of. I had nothing like that, only two little bubbles on the side, out of which you could look out and down a bit. Then there was an astrodome, through which you took celestial navigation shots with your sextant. The bombardier and navigator shared the front compartment.

On the day our pilot and I flew with experienced crews, I remember being in the nose of the airplane. A squadron would take off first, then squadrons would join squadrons, until finally there were a great many bombers circling overhead, getting into formation. Then the squadrons would join in to the big bomb group. The sky would be solid black, where the planes had assembled. The bomb group had an assigned target. In the early days of the war, English losses were so heavy during daytime bombing from German fighters and anti-aircraft that the losses were unacceptable. The English couldn't sustain those kinds of losses and still maintain a force. So the English began bombing at night. It became apparent to the Americans that a war could not be won that way. The bombing was not accurate. So the Americans started bombing daytime. As I understand, in a formation you had a lead plane, a first and second deputy lead, and lined up behind were all the other planes in the formation. When the lead bombardier dropped his bombs, the following bombardier toggled his bombs, and a blanket of bombs fell. Initially, the crews found out that they were spaced too far apart, and the German fighters could wait up above the contrail vapors (cloud-like trails created by the bombers), then dive down through the formation, and usually take a bomber out with them when they went down. So later, there was a stacking of planes, so that wings of one plane virtually tucked its wings above the wings of the planes below it.

Once you got to the initial point, planes might break off into smaller groups, but there would always be a lead airplane, in which there was a skilled bombardier in each formation.

So on the bomb run with an experienced crew, I was looking through the astrodome, and I could see in the bomb bay of the plane above us. I said to the pilot on the intercom, "We're going to get hit."

"Oh, relax," he told me. "They'll miss us by a long shot."

And that's the way they bombed. But the bombers were so close together that the German fighters couldn't come down through the formation.

When you think about it, those planes were small planes, nothing like the B-29 that later came on the scene. When the bombs left an airplane, the airplane would actually take a vertical leap, because the load was gone, but the lift was still there. I remember that very well.

My feelings about that mission were simply this: There must have been a lot of innocent people killed, people who had nothing to do with the war. Now and then, loads of bombs went astray, but I had no choice in the matter. There was no flak on that mission, and at that time, the Germans were completely out of petrol (gasoline). They had no fuel or parts to maintain and fly their airplanes. So what I went on what was called a "milk run." Our fighters were there with us, sweeping back and forth across the formation, to make sure we were okay. I read about that mission in *Life* magazine when I got back home. It was a beautiful, clear spring day, and we had no resistance. We had bombed an underground jet plane factory in Muhldorf, Germany.

President Roosevelt died in early April, while I was in England.

Then the Germans capitulated.

After the war ended in Europe, we took five crew members and loaded up fifteen enlisted men, who'd been cooks, medical people, mechanics, whatever—men who'd never flown a mission. We were permitted to take them on a tour of the bombed out area of Germany. I have to believe that was one of the most dangerous activities we ever engaged in, because it didn't appear that we were very strict on flight plans, elevations, and everything; and here were all these planes sightseeing over Germany, at a fairly low altitude. I took pictures of some of the POW camps that were still occupied. At least we could see the evidence of the camps. We gave the group a tour, flew back home, loaded up another group, and took them on a tour. We did that for several days.

When it was determined that we would be one of the first crews sent home, to prepare to go to the Pacific Theater of Operations, we were assigned an airplane that had flown 65 missions. There was a bomb painted on the side with "65" painted on it. It was a fairly inexperienced plane, compared to others that had been shot up badly. The crew chief on that plane, when he turned it over to us, said that there had been a vicious looking creature's head painted on the nose of the airplane, very vicious looking. When the plane came into the 93rd Bomb Group, the commanding officer wouldn't permit the crew to keep anything like that. All

the planes had to look the same. So the picture was painted over with silver paint. But that image was there, and the crew chief told us that if we kind of scratched off the aluminum paint with steel wool, we could probably find the outline of the creature. It took is many, many hours to discover the outline. Nobody stopped us. We were going home, and nobody cared any more, and we had nothing else to do. We repainted the image, and it was indeed a fierce looking lion's head.. We stopped at Bangor, Maine on the way home, and of all the airplanes lined up on the runway, ours was the plane the newspapers chose to photograph.

We left for the States 27 May 1945 and arrived 28 May. I had a two-week leave. Peggy and I went to Fish Lake. Then we left for Sioux Falls, South Dakota on July 13. In Sioux Falls, we rented a room in a home. At first we just had a room, and then the people behind us moved out, and we moved into their small apartment. I was transferred in August to San Marcos Air Field, Texas, to prepare to go to the Pacific Theater.

San Marcos was a very nice experience. All I had to do was get up, report, and then do what I wanted. A river ran through town, pretty water, and we spent a lot of time swimming. We went bowling. It was great. We went to church when we could go. The soldiers used one of the chapels on the base for LDS meetings. We were in San Marcos when the bomb was dropped on Hiroshima. We just played around until I was sent to Tucson, Arizona, to Davis-Monthan Field, to be released.

We were relieved when the war with Japan ended, because we could go home. I have no feelings about whether or not the bomb should have been dropped. I really haven't taken a position one way or another. It was war, and those who were responsible for the execution of the war and accomplishing its objectives felt it was the best way to go. Whether it was morally right, I simply don't know. All I know is that we were grateful that we could go home. The consequences of the bomb on Japan were not really high on our agenda. We were at war, and that's what happened.

I had with me the little books the Church gave to military people. I think I still have them.

I returned home and went to Brigham Young University on the GI Bill, graduating in 1951, with a composite degree in physical sciences and a secondary teaching certificate. I remember attending classes while sitting on the concrete in the amphitheater classrooms of the new, but unfinished, Eyring Science Center. In 1951, I started teaching in the Alpine School District, actually teaching with some of my former teachers at Lincoln High School. In 1958, I got my master's degree, and then my doctorate in 1960, all from BYU. My master's was in educational administration, as was my doctorate.

I taught at Lincoln till Orem High School opened up, in the mid-1950s. I taught chemistry, physics and math in high school. In 1963, a principalship opened at Lincoln Junior High School, when Orem Junior divided off from Lincoln Junior. I served as principal there for one year. The following year, 1964-65, I became principal at Orem High School, where I served for fourteen *long* years as principal.

Peggy and I have five children. Three are married, and two have had children. Vern has five children and nine grandchildren. Sandra has six children and six grandchildren. Debra is married but has not had children. Two of our daughters, Pamela and Cindy, still live with us.

I was in active military service for twenty-seven months. I was reared on a little farm, as was my father. The farmers worked hard for what they got. (Our five-acre fruit farm was right across the street from where Berg Mortuary is now. Peggy lived on 516 East 800 South.) My dad taught me how to work, and he wasn't highly sympathetic to my trying to participate in sports. There was work to do at home, and he needed me home. So I learned to work. I had really good friends, and they could come and visit me, on one condition: that if I was hoeing tomatoes, they each took a hoed and hoe with me. Otherwise, they could go home. I believe that I was well prepared to assume responsibility when the service came. I had no trouble with the discipline—what was expected of us. I had no trouble doing what I was told, because I was a responsible person. I think the military helped ingrain in me those characteristics, which I feel are positive characteristics I enjoy today.

I got to see some of the world, people and places.

Peggy: I wrote once or twice a week, but Cliff never got all the letters. When he did get them, he got them in groups.

Cliff: I want it known that while I was in the service, I embroidered a dishtowel, and Peggy still has it. (All laugh.) It will someday be a treasure for someone.

Peggy: I tried to write newsy letters. Cliff used to write me poetry, so a lot of letters have sentimental poems in them. I've always wanted to go through them and take the poems out. We had to be careful what *we* wrote, and his were censored, because he couldn't write a whole lot. He was very disciplined, so he didn't write anything I shouldn't have known. Not much was blacked out of his letters. I had to guess between the lines. And the place where I was working, all the husbands of the women were in the service. So we kind of had an idea of what was going on.