Their mangled bodies floated to earth

A little after noon one day last week, the scrub-pine forest that covers most of the military reservation at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, resounded to a distant roar.

Soon the air trembled with it, across the broad, blue sky, rumbled 30 miles of the pot-belied, tented countryside, the U.S. Air Force calls "Flying bookers.

The planes were low—at only a thousand feet—less, and in the air a few miles away the End Air Force F-84 bucket was flying, and in every "hope some Hollands"—full of two-color fuel—a mad green forest, they began blasting air.'