

## *Travels with Charley* (IN SEARCH OF AMERICA)

Four hoarse blasts of a ship's whistle still raise the hair on my neck and set my feet to tapping. The sound of a jet, an engine warming up, even the clapping of shod hooves on pavement brings on the ancient shudder, the dry mouth and vacant eye, the hot palms and churn of stomach high up under the rib cage. In other words, I don't improve; in further words, once a bum always a bum. I fear the disease is incurable. I set this matter down not to instruct others but to inform myself.

When the virus of restlessness begins to take possession of a wayward man, and the road away from Here seems broad and sweet, the victim must first find in himself a good and sufficient reason for going. This to the practical bum is not difficult. He has a built in garden of reasons to choose from. Next he must plan his trip in time and space, choose a direction and a destination. And last he must implement his journey. How to go, what to take, how long to stay. This part of the process is invariable and immortal. I set it down only so that newcomers to bumdom, like teen-agers in new-hatched sin, will not think they invented it.

Once a journey is designed, equipped and put into process; a new factor takes over. A trip, a safari, an exploration, is an entity, different from all other journeys. It has personality, temperament, individuality, uniqueness. A journey is a person in itself; no two are alike. And all plans, safeguards, policing, and coercion are fruitless. We find after years of struggle that we do not take a trip; a trip takes us. Tour masters, schedules, reservations, brass bound and inevitable, dash themselves to wreckage on the personality of the trip. Only when this is recognized can the blown-in-the-glass bum relax and go along with it. Only then do the frustrations fall away. In this a journey is like marriage. The certain way to be wrong is to think you control it. I feel better now, having said this, although only those who have experienced it will understand it.

From the John Steinbeck novel



Retirement Ceremony

In Honor of

**MASTER SERGEANT  
BOB MILES**

**U.S. AIR FORCE**

10 NOVEMBER 2004

The poster features a background of a waving American flag. The text is centered and reads "Retirement Ceremony" in a large, elegant script font. Below it, "In Honor of" is in a smaller, sans-serif font. The name "MASTER SERGEANT BOB MILES" is prominently displayed in a large, bold, sans-serif font. The U.S. Air Force logo is centered below the name. To the left and right of the Air Force logo are the Air Mobility Command and Air Force Reserve logos, respectively. At the bottom, "U.S. AIR FORCE" is written in a large, bold, sans-serif font, and the date "10 NOVEMBER 2004" is centered below it.

# Sequence of Events

Family Members Escorted to Seats

Opening Remarks

Arrival of Official Party

Welcome Remarks and Introduction

National Anthem

Invocation

Remarks by Lt Col Benjamin

Retirement Order

Presentation of Certificates of Retirement and Appreciation

Flag Ceremony

Special Presentation

Remarks by MSgt Bob Miles

Closing Remarks

Departure of Official Party



# Biography

## MASTER SERGEANT ROBERT K. MILES

UNITED STATES AIR FORCE  
*22 April 1982 - 1 February 2005*

Born in Hammond Indiana 10 August 1957  
Reared in Cedar Lake and Crown Point Indiana  
Educated in Lowell Indiana Tri-Creek School District  
Moved to Colorado Springs  
Elvis dies  
Married (thanks kid)  
Enlisted US Air Force Denver Colorado  
Assigned Lackland AFB (death and resurrection)  
Assigned Clark AB  
A Child is born (my life justified)  
Assigned Davis Monthan AB  
Assigned Zweibrucken AB  
Assigned RAF Alconbury  
Assigned McGuire AFB  
Assigned Osan AB  
Assigned 305 APS, McGuire AFB (ahh ha)  
Transferred 721 AMS, McGuire AFB



I have been privileged to serve. Except for the way of our Creators (which ever One you have assigned to your self), no path I chose could have been more rewarding. I am truly obligated to give thanks not only to family and military personnel reading this, but also to those I knew but have never seen again.

