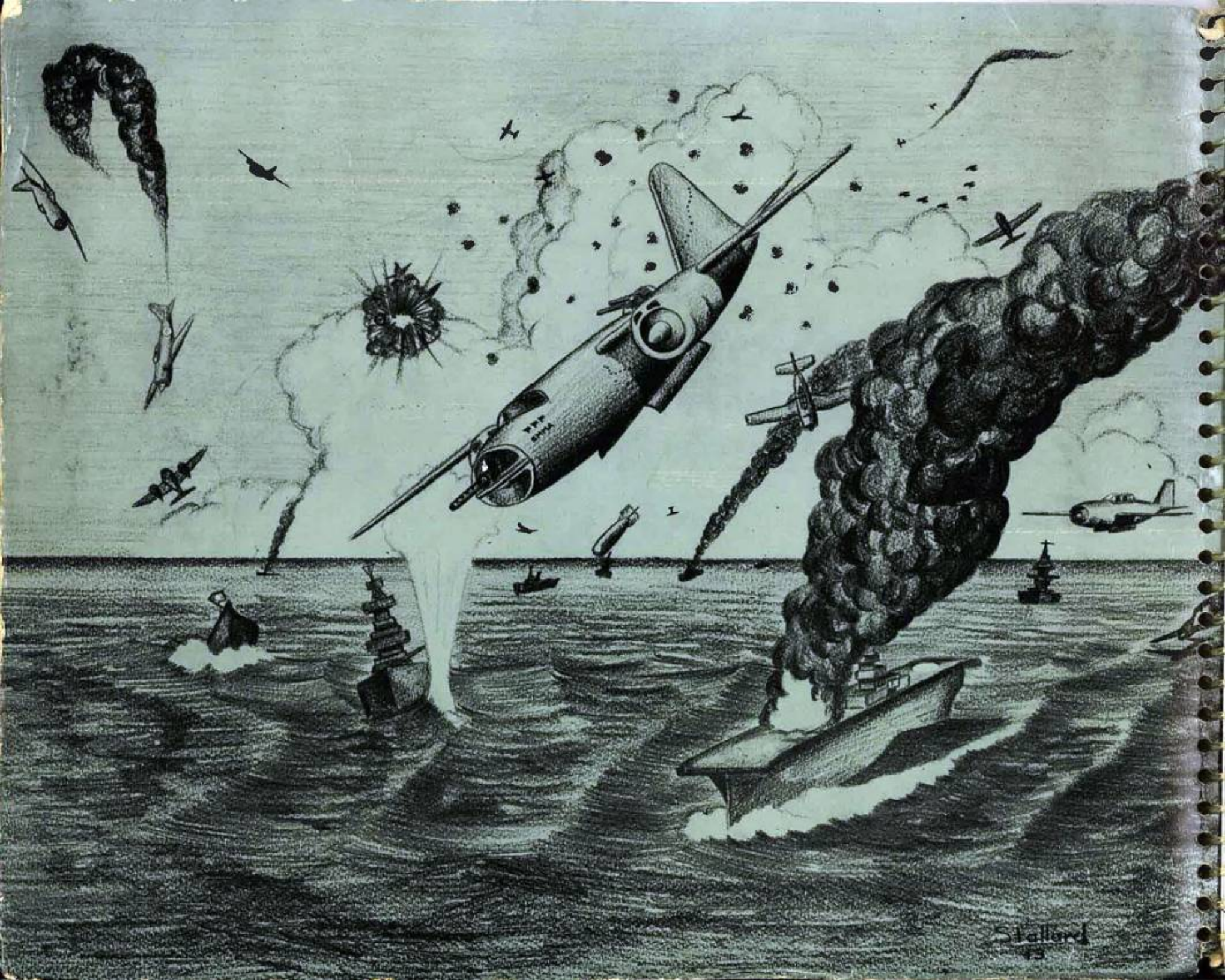


Bombs

Away



43-13



Stallord
43

All Americans 43-13

Yes, we're All-Americans, American Bombardiers, serving our country for one purpose . . . to preserve the freedom you gave us, Mom and Dad.

The freedom you gave us was not earned cheaply, we know. And yet, until it was threatened, we accepted it — maybe even abused it — without fully understanding its priceless worth.

But now we're resolved to protect American freedom, if need be with our lives. The will to fight for freedom is our richest American heritage.

We Bombardiers are part of a great team, for only through teamwork can this war be won. . . . It's a grim game of existence we are playing. But we're fighting for more than existence. We're fighting for the privilege of passing on to our children the same free America YOU gave us. . . . We'll win that fight, and soon.

We're an All-American team that can't be beat!



VICTORVILLE ARMY AIR FIELD





A Message from the **COMMANDING OFFICER**

September 11, 1943

To the Class 43-13:

Gentlemen—today you wear the wings of a bombardier, the bars of an officer.

You have learned all that Victorville Army Air Field can teach you. From this day on, it is you who must do the teaching . . . teaching the enemy that American bombardiers, as do all American fighting men, understand the meaning of but ONE word: VICTORY!

You have worked hard to earn your wings. We are confident you will prove yourself in combat. We know you will be good bombardiers.

As officers in the Army Air Forces, equally as much is expected of you. Use that authority wisely, carefully.

Remember the wings of a bombardier, the bars of an officer. Be a better bombardier, a better officer!

EARL C. ROBBINS,
Colonel, Air Corps,
Commandant.





COLONEL A. J. McVEA
Director of Training



LT. COL. ADOLPHUS L. RING
Post Executive Officer



MAJ. PAUL F. KIRKPATRICK
Post Adjutant



MAJ. CHARLES I. SAMPSON
Executive Officer, Technical



CAPT. A. W. SHERMAN
Director of Ground School

FIELD ADMINISTRATION



MAJ. JOHN DE PAOLO
Post Operations Officer



CAPT. JAMES D. WATKINS
Commanding Officer, Sec. 1



CAPT. VERNON E. WAELDIN
Commanding Officer, Sec. 2



CAPT. ROBERT H. MURRAY
Deputy Director of Training



MAJOR KEITH S. WILSON
Air Inspector



Cadet Detachment

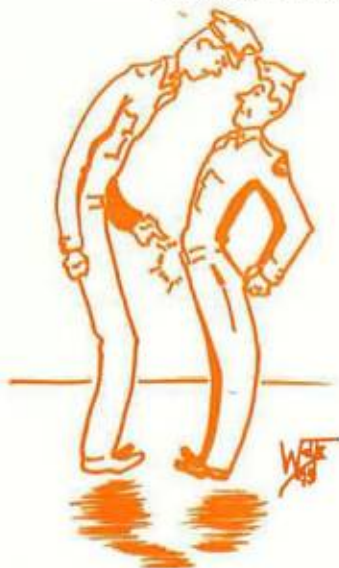


MAJOR HAROLD M. SKAGGS, Jr.
Commandant of Cadets



CAPTAIN LOUIS H. GARRETT
Deputy Commandant of Cadets

S/SGT. NORMAN E. PAASCHE
Sergeant Major



Tactical Officers

Through all our trials and tribulations, we have one person to remember—our Tactical Officer, 1st Lt. Stanley A. Reel. For the many times he rearranged schedules to allow more Open Post time, and for his advice and help in personal matters, the entire class of 43-13 is grateful.

Lt. Reel was for us a hundred per cent. He passed out gigs, but with them went a smile and some good advice. We learned a lot about military bearing from his teaching and good example.

His interest in all of us went far beyond his desk. We appreciate those little things like asking us how we like our food, about our progress in ground school, and how we're doing in bombing. If something was wrong, he corrected it. Lt. Reel kept up our spirit from beginning to end.



LT. STANLEY A. REEL



CAPTAIN A. H. MILLER
Chief Tactical Officer

Captain A. H. Miller, Chief Tactical Officer, had less contact with us, but we were always aware of his presence. He kept us right on our toes, and watched our progress carefully. He could spot a pocket unbuttoned from a block away.

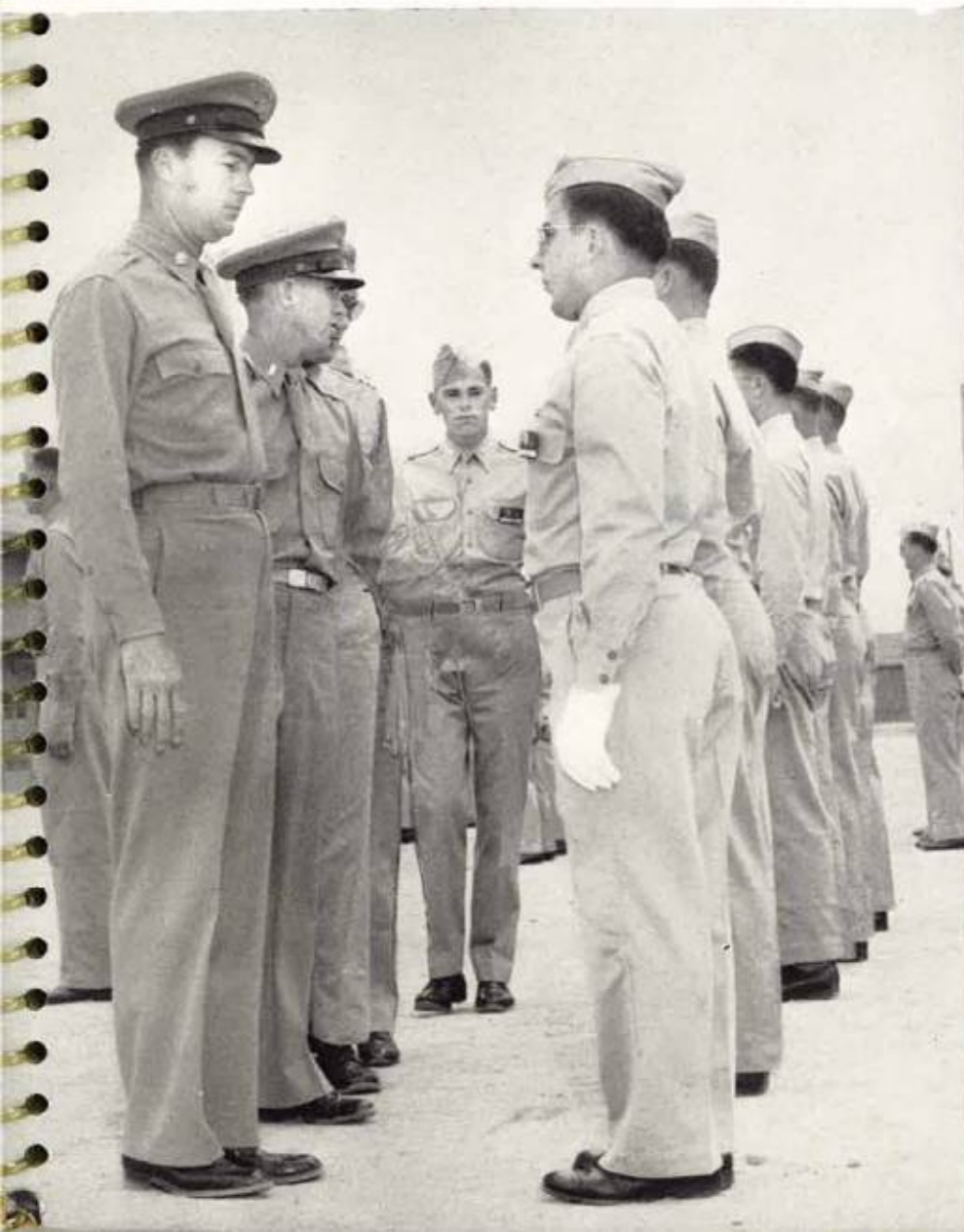
Captain Miller had the last word to say about gigs, so we made it a point to look sharp whenever he approached. He was a stickler on Army Regulations, and he made us follow them to the letter. Captain Miller was an important part of the machine that shaped us into Officers.



43-13 . . . in Review



"Get your hair cut this week, Mister? . . . Shine that brass last night, Mister? . . . Where's your dog tags, Mister? . . . Next time, use a little elbow grease on those shoes, Mister! Your tie goes under the second button, Mister!" Inevitably Saturday morning rolled around, but somehow we passed inspection.



"Mister, this is only seven and seven-eighths inches. White collars should be eight inches wide!" . . . Wait 'til he sees those barracks bags! . . . and that spot on the mirror. Athletic suit looks dirty . . . Flight jacket is probably I. D., too . . . Oh well, that babe at Arrowhead won't have any trouble finding another date next week-end.



To the Line

When the sun went down, our day began. We bombed by day and we bombed by night. We slept in between—when we slept. We carried our jackets, we wore them later; it's cold up there three miles above the ground. . . . We shined our shoes, we shaved and combed our hair. At twenty-five cents a shot, stars could be expensive. . . . Yes, when the sun went down, our day had just begun.



Mission cancelled? Hot Dog, sack time! . . . we could use it. Yeah, but that means three missions Friday night. I'd just as soon drop 'em tonight and get it done with. Only got five left. What's your C. E. now? How'd you make out on that check ride last night? . . . Well, let's check the stuff in and hit the sack!





MISSIONS ARE BORN IN THE READY ROOM . . .

First a look at the board . . . Mission 1-N-605 . . . Damn it, I'm flying with Ludwick again tonight—he's got eyes like an eagle . . . Oh, Oh! . . . Got the 210 again, too . . . Target A, that's good . . . 11,000 feet—six record . . . Who in the hell is Silvaggio—check rider? . . . Wong's going up with me—I'd better be first on the sight. . . . What's the pressure altitude? . . . Hey, Corporal, is that temperature right? . . . Who stole my E6B . . . Anybody find a C2 lying on

the table? . . . Yes, sir, I'll put that coke bottle back on the rack right away! . . . Sir, wouldn't it be easier if you figured out your altitude roughly before you went up—just in case? . . . Let's see—you add 80 feet to mumbleumble . . . and you subtract it from. . . . Hey, Wong—you going to check out a tach and a stop watch? . . . You'd better get the camera titled, too. . . . Who's got my altitude form—laid it down here just a second ago!

. . . . AND THE PAINS OF BIRTH ARE TERRIFIC

... Signing Out

One Parachute	\$230.00
One Clip Board	2.00
One Oxygen Mask	6.00
One Flashlight	2.00
One Stop Watch	20.00
One Camera	600.00

Lose them and they'll take it out of your pay for the next ten years.



Getting Ready . . .

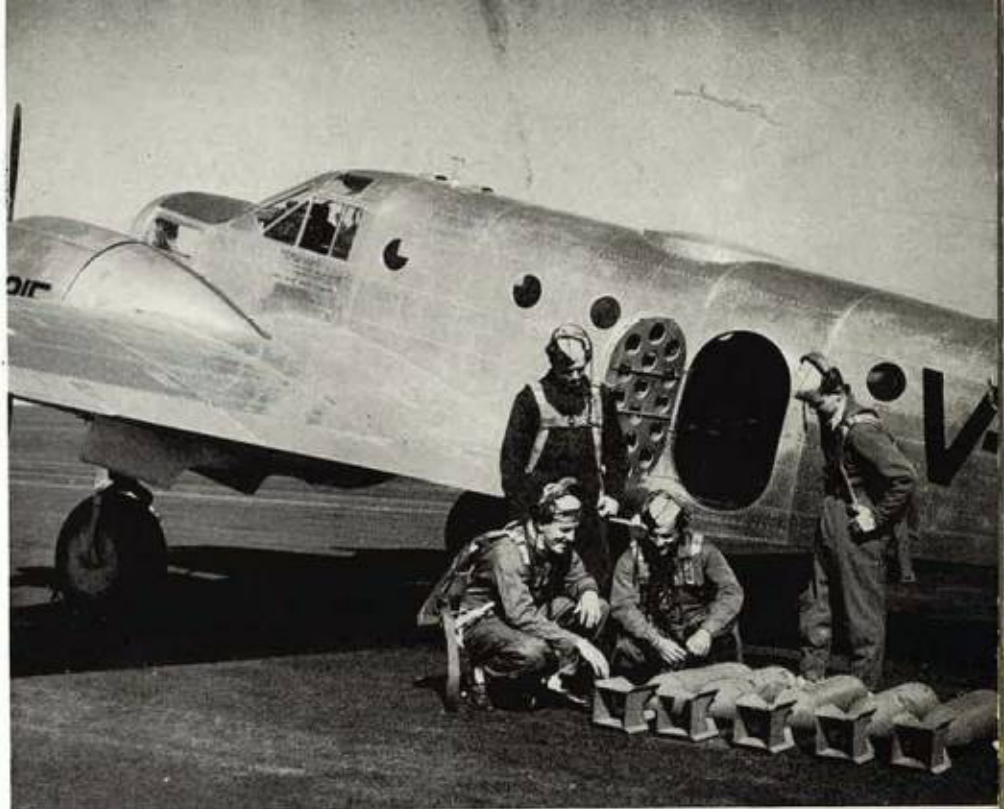
What's the pressure altitude? . . . Do you add or subtract if it's over 2860? Let's see . . . I put this under the red, read under the black, add . . . or do I subtract? What do you do with. . . . To hell with it . . . who went up on the last mission?



They all look good but this one. . . . Better throw it out. It looks like a dud, and that might be your one shack bomb.

Four Men repose on the tail of a ship and talk over the latest fool-proof theories on how to get combat hits.

Hope the gyro stays up this time. Last guys who had this ship hit all over the desert. Why can't sompin' be done about gyros?





Good evening, sir. We're all set for our mission. Sir, we'd like to go over the mission with you before we go up. . . . We'd appreciate it, Sir, if you'd fly a shack course. This is a record mission, and Sir—we need those hits.

Who ever told you to fill out the 12-C that way? What I always do is to fill out everything I can on the ground. Then write in the rest on the way down. You'll be here all night at the rate you're going.

Nope, it isn't practical, but the boys wanted glamour—so we gave it to 'em. Besides, it's a lot more fun going UP through the hatch than OUT through it.



"My first one hit at 20 feet . . . but my last one hit 2,000 feet over." Talking it over after the mission brought out the joys and the sorrows of learning to bomb.

There ought to be some way of puttin' these things in the middle of the target. Wonder if a big magnet under the shack would work? Or maybe we could tie a long chain to them and yank 'em back when they go wild.

If we drop it, we'll be paying for it the rest of our natcheral lives! Easy does it, bub. This box of gears and knobs and stuff is worth a lot of sugar. . . .



Do these figures check with yours? And let's go over this 11,000-foot combat procedure, just to be sure we know what we're doing. Say, how do you set your left hand indices for a 30-second run?

Here, take this 'chute. Wonder why we bother to take 'em along anyway. Hurry up and get that binder open — I want to know what that conversion factor is for 4,000 feet. My C. E. must be up in the millions.

Bombardier to pilot: "How much pressure on your oxygen gauge, sir?" Wonder how you'd feel if you forgot to check your oxygen and got up there without enough pressure?



ENT OF BOMBARDIER INSTRUCTION



SQUADRON 3, SECTION I

Flight Line Instructors



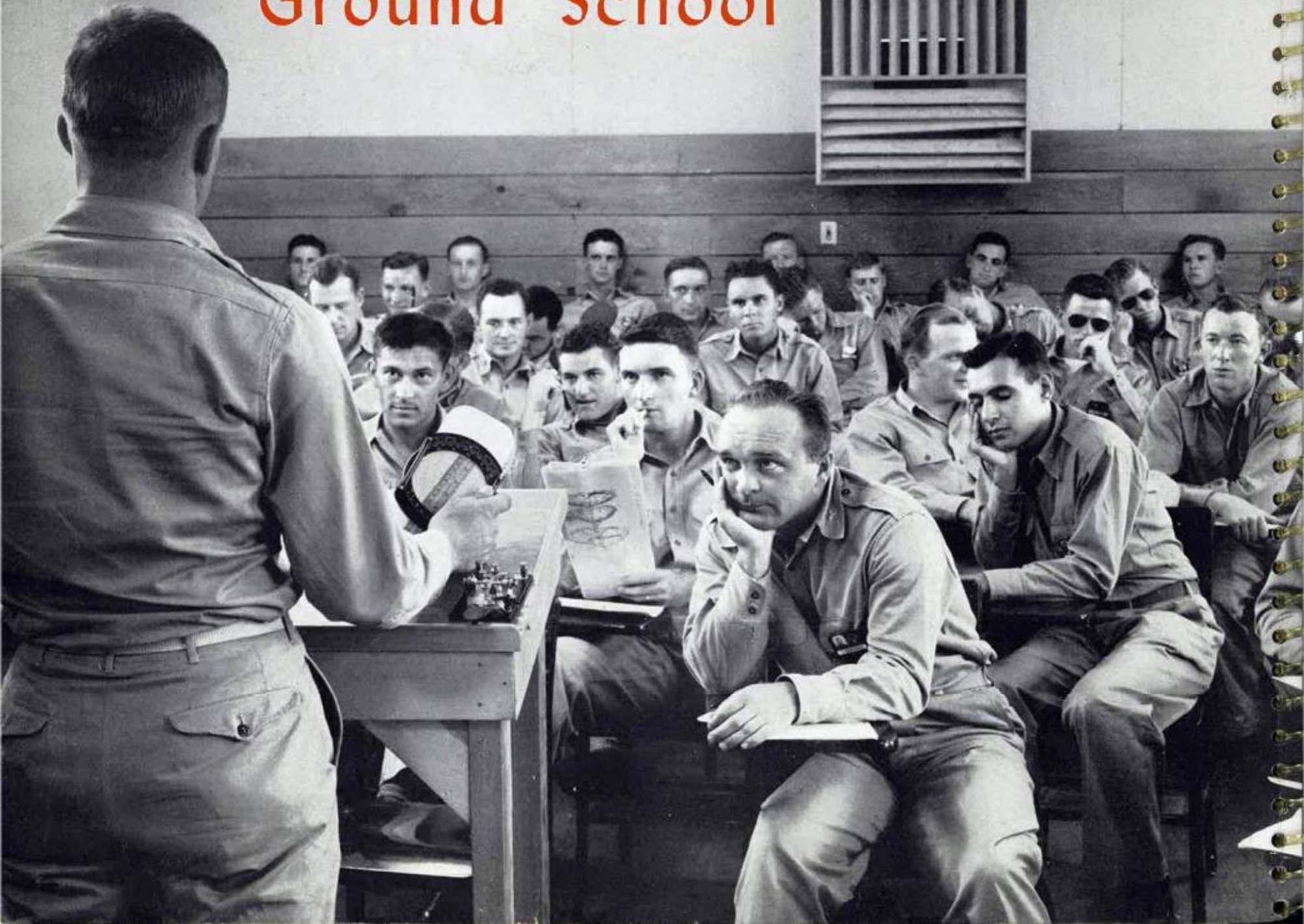
SQUADRON 4, SECTION II

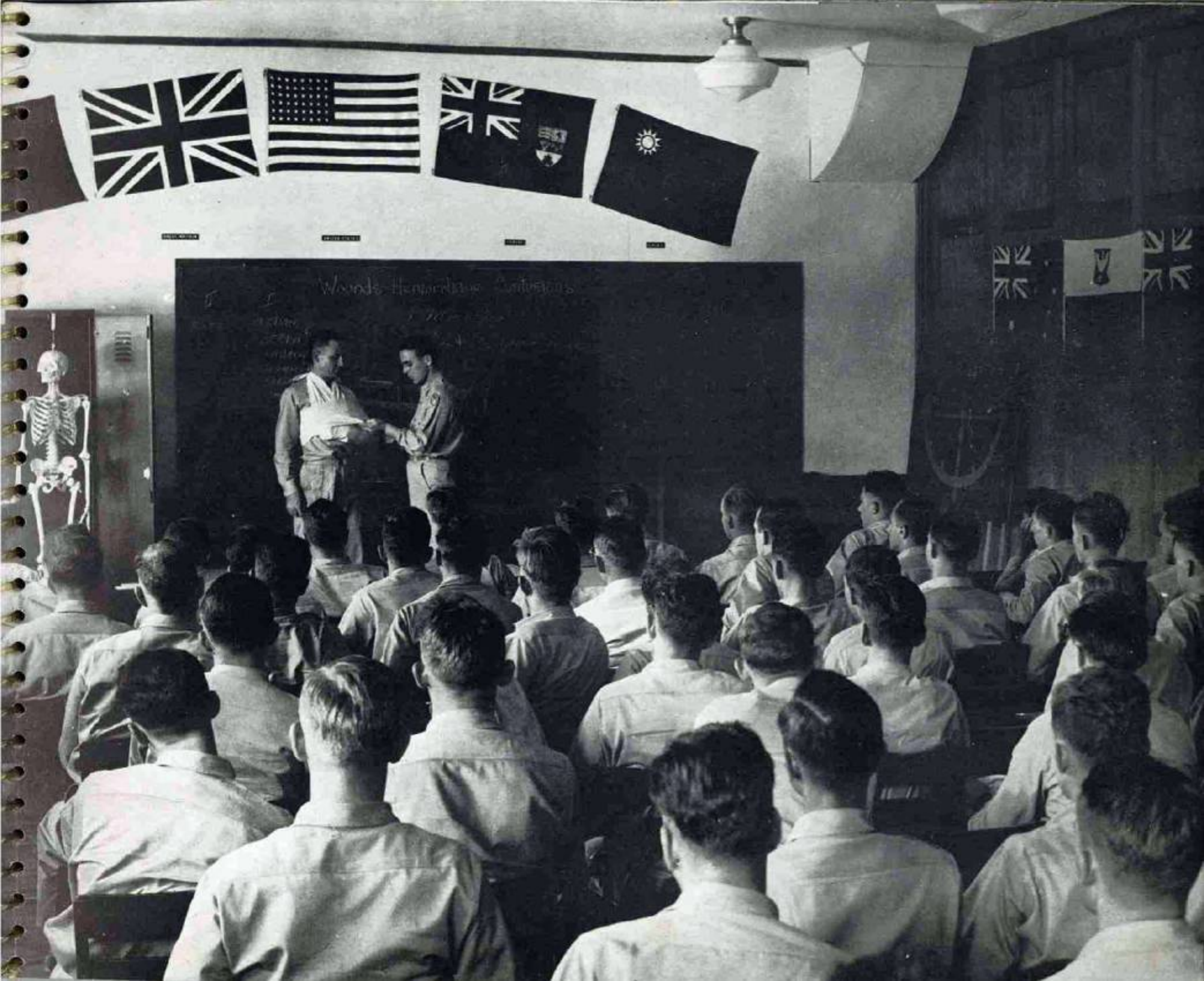




BOMBARDIER
ROUND SCHOOL

Ground School







ATHLETICS and

We soon found out the schedule meant exactly what it said when we read: "Athletics."

And the schedule read Athletics six days of the week. The word we used was "rugged."

The first day we crawled over the final railing of the obstacle course, we were sure we weren't going to like it.

We did only three push-ups and three body lifts at the end of our first meeting with calisthenics, and we were pretty sure we weren't going to like that either.

When it came to games, it was a different story. We loved them, or most of us did. Basketball, volleyball, swimming, horseshoes, boxing, weight-lifting, baseball, football . . . we loved them all.



PLENTY OF IT!

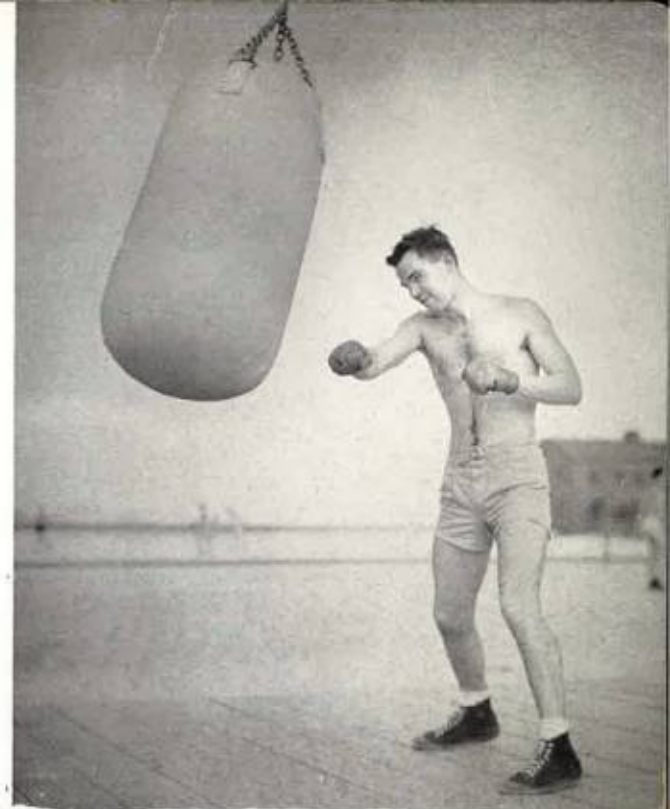
We even got so healthy we could go over the obstacle course without swearing more than five times . . . and we finished up the last three weeks of calisthenics without cussing the instructor under our breath as we went down and up . . . down and up . . . down and up . . .

And we know now we got more than just a good sun-tan, sore muscles and injured feelings out on the athletic areas. We got healthy, sound bodies . . . the kind the Army's always talking about.

We used to think all that talk, and all those exercises, were just another blotch of "army routine" to be endured as painlessly as possible.

Now we know the army was right. . . . We'll be thankful a hundred times in the months to come for what they put us through at Victorville.

We're rather glad the schedule read "Athletics!"



Lazy Afternoons at Victorville . . .

Five and one-half days we gave to the Army — every second of the twenty-four! The sixth we split, and the seventh we claimed as our own.

The Army kept us busy, darn busy, but we found time during the Army's five and a half to enjoy a bit of relaxation. We somehow got our letters written, occasionally splashed about the swimming pool, and even played a little pool. We certainly made sure we logged at least a little "bar time" at the game room.

But, somehow, on Monday we thought about Saturday and Sunday. On Tuesday and Wednesday, we remembered where we went and what we did — or didn't do.

Thursday meant Saturday and passes were just one day off. Friday, we generally divided

equally among bombing and classes and weekend planning.

Saturday morning meant scrubbing and shining and mopping and cleaning. The sooner we finished drill and parade and inspection — the sooner we walked out the gates.

Food at Cadet Mess was quite as tasty on Saturday morning and at noon, but somehow it disappeared faster.

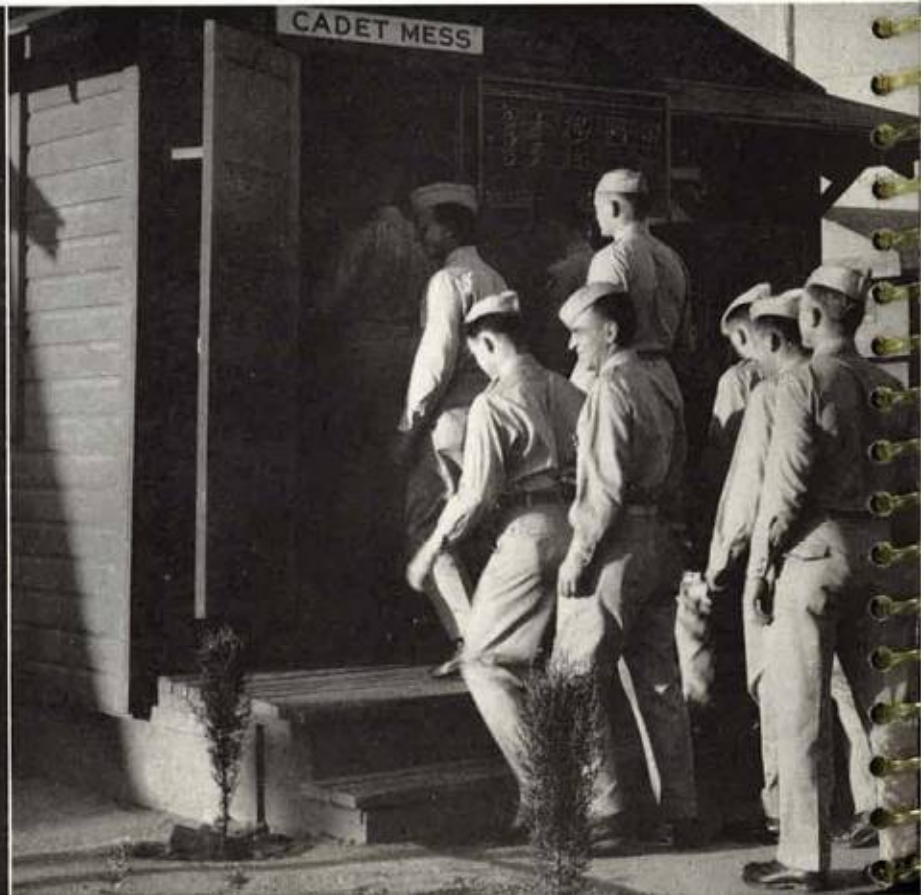
Hubba, hubba, hubba — come on, fellas, it's one o'clock. Let's get these rooms ready for inspection!

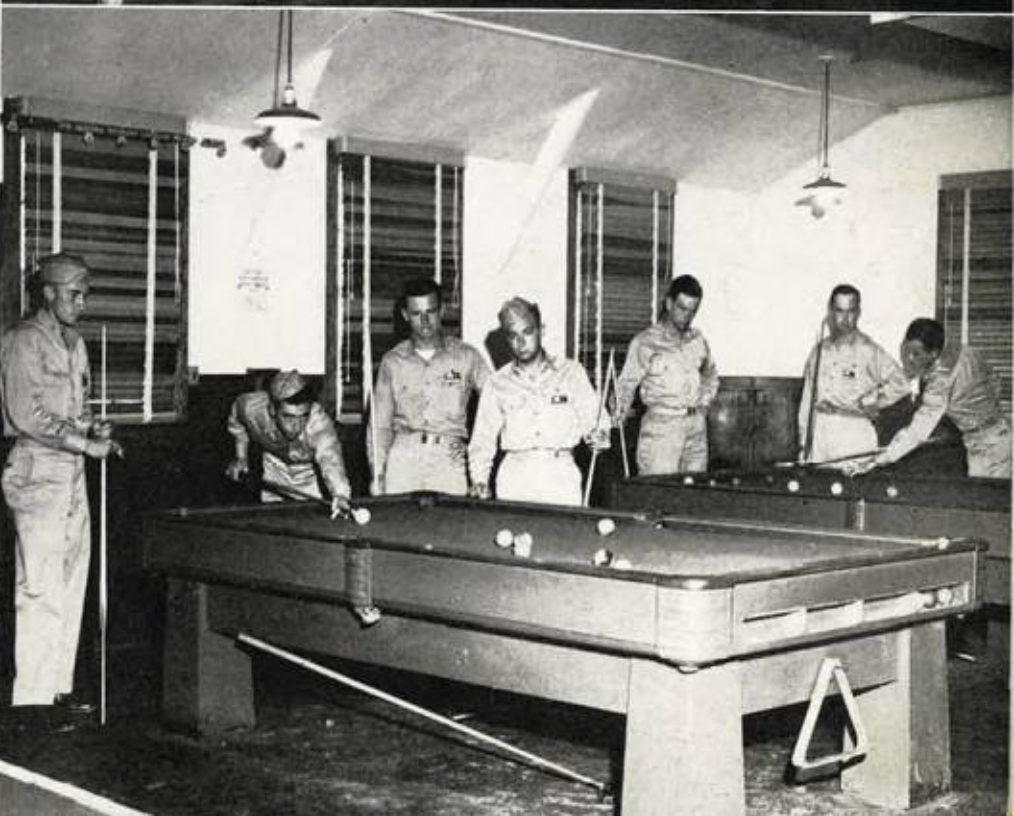
Finally we scrambled to the orderly room; demanded 43-13's book, demanded a pen, demanded our passes. Out to the gate and off . . . anywhere, everywhere . . . even Victorville if worst came to worst!

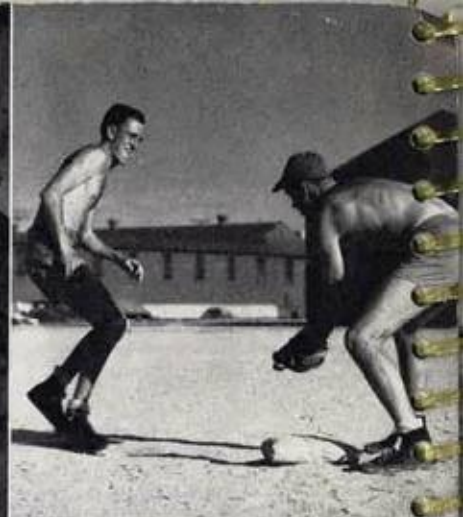
The rest of us scattered all over Southern California . . . Arrowhead . . . Big Bear . . . Riverside . . . Palm Springs . . . Los Angeles . . . Long Beach . . . San Diego . . . San Berdoo. Saturday night seemed to be part of Sunday morning, and Sunday seemed to be squeezed into Monday. Whatever we did — and there was nothing we didn't — we hurried and did more of it before Sunday afternoon galloped up to remind us the Mojave was waiting.

As we scattered, we returned; by many means, from many places.

We liked those lazy afternoons at Victorville!











MORTON A. ABELS
New York, New York

He left a good spot in the clothing business to bomb—and wishes he could do vice versa.



JOSEPH M. ARBREE
Tenafly, New Jersey

Bombing didn't satisfy Mister Arbree—so he up and got married right in the middle of it all.



ROBERT W. BAILLIE
Toledo, Ohio

Bob sat down, picked up his E6B, added astronomy and math—and finally figured out what his C.E. was.



WILLIAM S. BARRON
Boston, Mass.

"Desert scenes" by William S. Barron—Why photograph a target with all that scenery handy?



ROBERT S. BECK, JR.
Cleverdale, Pennsylvania

43-13's first bridegroom. . . . Used to play semi-pro ball. . . . Likes bombing with his sports.



DAYTON C. BOLIN, JR.
Angola, Louisiana

Believe us . . . Mister Bolin is the original glider pilot. . . . Says he's been in the army for "years and years and years."



MAURICE A. BONOMO
Boston, Mass.

"Doggone it—A man's got to get his sleep somewhere, sir!" Once he stayed awake through a whole class.



JAMES F. BOOKER
Waynesboro, Virginia

Worked as a chemist for du Pont before the army. . . . M's c, model airplanes are his hobbies.



MAURICE R. BOWES
Washington, D. C.

"Now the way you get a low C. E. is . . . Mister Bowes had all the answers—but that one.



SYDNEY N. BURROWS
Dorchester, Mass.

Coaching football's his hobby. . . . Coaching bombs toward the target was his hobby too, but. . . .



FRANK A. CAPONE
North Bergen, New Jersey

"If it's redheads or bombing you want done—I got 'em both." And "Laba Daba" had 'em, too!



RICHARD J. CARPENTER
Lincoln, California

Wanted to be a lawyer. . . . Came in handy when the pilot said it hit at 600 feet at ten o'clock.



GEORGE B. CARROLL
Waterbury, Conn.

Mister Carroll left 43-12 to see his new-born son. . . . He's been bragging about it ever since.



ANTHONY S. CECE
Cranston, Rhode Island

Tony is still impressed by his first sight of an orange tree — "Can you eat them?"



R. H. CHAMBERLAIN
Portland, Maine

"600 feet, sir? I guess there must be another plane above us—My bombs never hit that far out!"



ALEXANDER J. CLARKE
Forest Hills, New York

For an ice skater, he could cut mighty fancy figures on the bomb-sight . . . on his C. E., too.



DAVID R. CLOUGHLY
Little Neck, New York

He had a good excuse for his desert scene photographing — Biology was his hobby.



DAVID L. COHEN
New York, New York

"Chee, dis bombin' ain't nuthin' — If y' really want t' see some action, take a look at dem dodgers!"



IRWIN B. COHEN
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Mister Cohen had a swell hobby — being O. D. when the missus came to visit.



WARREN H. COLVIN
Buffalo, New York

We saw Mister Colvin every day, but he ain't said nothin' yet. Maybe a flight over Tokyo will do the trick.



HENRY L. CORLEY
Birmingham, Alabama

"Rebel" had a profitable, but expensive hobby — Buying cigars for his instructor. "I ain't so dumb!"



VINCENT R. CORTESE
Belleville, New Jersey

"I'm goin' back to Jolley just as soon as dis war's over — and I ain't leavin' it for nothin'."



GEORGE G. CUNEO
Fairlawn, New Jersey

For a guy who likes fishing, skating, dancing, riding — any sport — Victorville was a heck of a place.



A. A. J. DARBUT
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

His selling experience came in handy when he tried to convince his pilot that bomb really hit at 50 feet.



JAMES A. DELANEY, JR.
Brooklyn, New York

"Some day I'm going to catch my pilot up in Brooklyn and show him some umpires who are as blind as he is!"



ROBERT L. DEVENY
Brownwood, Texas

A man o' the world — four years a sailor, iceman, bartender, insurance agent, bookkeeper, clerk, soldier, pilot, Bombardier . . . Good old pop.



ARTHUR M. DIGNAM
Easthampton, Mass.

They wouldn't let him be a pilot, so he's now a bombardier. . . . He swore he'd stay in the air some way.



GENE C. DODGE
New Richland, Minnesota

Used to be a sergeant in the Coast Artillery . . . then pilot . . . now bombardier.



ROBERT L. DOUGLAS
New York, New York

Next to Long Island, he loved piloting best. . . Bombardiering was okay, but . . .



W. F. DOVALOVSKY
Elrama, Pennsylvania

He spent more time telling people how he spelled it



DAVID L. DUNAGAN
Blossom, Texas

A real easterner, a true Yankee from Texas, who loved to run five laps around the trainer hangar daily.



AUSTIN W. DUNNING
Bloomington, Illinois

"Looks like a shock, sir — Oh sir, something must be wrong with the sight — It hit 1000 feet at 6 o'clock.



DANIEL G. EDWARDS
Rutherford, New Jersey

Another man from New Jersey. . . Bombing was his business. . . . Bridge his hobby.



HARRISON J. EDWARDS
Brooklyn, N. Y.

He studied philosophy in college. . . then came to Victorville and tried to philosophize when he missed.



HERBERT EISENBERG
New York, New York

"Straight from the city — Just a big slicker — that's me! "Pretty good with a bombsight, too.



WALTER M. ENDEE
Chicago, Illinois

An honest to goodness lawyer — Member of the Illinois State Bar. . . . We stuck him on the Honor Committee.



MILAN A. FABEC
Pittsburgh, Penn.

Fearless Fosdick will never forget the night Milan ruined his picture average.



THOS. E. FITZGERALD
Avon, New Jersey

43-13's "drummer boy." . . . An Eastman junior who never got an impact — and never wanted one.



ARCHIE P. FORTSON
Eldo, Florida

"Sir, I don't understand how it could work that way — it seems to me. . . ."



CHARLES H. GOURLAY
Attleboro Falls, Mass.

His father came from Scotland, his mother from England — He had to come to Victorville.



GEORGE M. GRECO
Frostburg, Maryland

43-13's strong, silent man . . . and no kidding, he really was. Actually preferred sports to bombing.



EUGENE P. GRILLI
Rochester, New York

A married man whose wife came to Victorville. . . . "Sir, I have just one more question."



WILLIAM E. HAILE
Orlando, Florida

"What'll it be this weekend — Arrowhead or L. A.? Got a couple of cute ones lined up."



JOHN S. HARTMAN
Watertown, New York

He'd love to lock his instructor up in his dad's cold storage business back home.



H. S. HERSKOWITZ
Brooklyn, New York

He loved to fence as a hobby. . . . Said he wished bombing was half as easy.



JAMES P. HIGGINS
St. Mary's, Pennsylvania

A six-footer who didn't hide the fact that athletics was his first love . . . after his wife back home.



MARVIN A. HORN
Highland Park, New Jersey

"Did somebody suggest the class buy a muzzle for me? You fellows know I'm the quiet type."



WILLIAM F. HUGHES
Castleton, Vermont

Army to pilot school to Victorville . . . that's the story of 43-13's green mountain boy.



DANIEL J. HURLEY
Haddonfield, New Jersey

Had a theme song we all hated. . . . "I'm forever chasing bubbles." Anybody know anybody who didn't?



JAMES S. HUTCHISON
Afton, Michigan

Happy-go-lucky Hutch always had a smile . . . especially after Mrs. Hutch came west.



O. S. JAKUBOWSKI
St. Louis, Missouri

"Many famous people have remarked what a fine voice I have" — But NOT Class 43-13.



JOHN M. JONES
Macon, Mississippi

No matter how he tried, he wound up a cadet officer. . . . For a Mississippian, he was mighty quiet.



JULES R. KAPLAN
New York, New York

"Where's the mail orderly — What's going on here — I only got three letters today!"



A. E. KASELONIS
West Homestead, Penn.

Just because he's been happily married for two years — "Best thing in the world for a guy!"



WILLIAM B. KAUFMAN
Bronx, New York

He honestly began to wonder if his check rider wasn't permanently assigned to him.



HAROLD R. KEIM
Bellevue, Penn.

Another quiet bombardier who came from Pennsylvania, and "By God I'm going back in a hurry."



GEORGE W. KELLER
Hollis, New York

Three missions a night and no sleep couldn't keep him quiet. . . . A heck of a lot of fun.



JOHN J. KILLE
Monroe, New York

Used to be a butcher. . . . Wishes he could take his C. E. and carve it down like the good old days.



THADDEUS KLESZCZ
New Britain, Conn.

A short fellow who knows more about motors than we ever will about bombing. . . . "Break it down to arc units."



HAROLD W. KLORER
Toledo, Ohio

He knew when they oughta go up and when they didn't — Crew Chief before a cadet.



STEVE KRENCIPROCK
Niles, Ohio

For an old army aerial photographer, he certainly knew how to miss pictures.



CHESTER KRUMHOLZ
Brooklyn, New York

Blackie wound up with 147 — "It's easy when you've got the right 'tools' to work with."



ELDON O. LEONARD
Morgantown, W. Va.

A college graduate in Agriculture . . . a quiet man . . . consistent bombardier ex-pilot cadet. . . . "Say something, honey."



JACK M. LEWIS
Louisville, Kentucky

The "King" was never quite sure who was room orderly on Saturday — except that HE wasn't.



FOTIOS P. LIGINOS
New York, New York

"Of course, of course . . ." and "Sure, whadda you think?" . . .



KENNETH R. LINCOLN
Mahawk, New York

Railroading on the N. Y. Central was his job before he came to Victorville.



ROBERT E. LITTLE
W. Somerville, Mass.

A red-headed bombardier. . . . Photography's his hobby. . . . Called his instructor "Old Man."



JOHN A. MAKSYMIEC
Manchester, N. H.

Another old timer in army ways . . . National Guard six years . . . Army 17 months . . . pilot school . . . Victorville.



JOHN L. MARKERT
Newark, New Jersey

"Jersey was never like dis desert." . . . He thought the government made a mistake when they bought VAAF.



ISAAC MASS
Cincinnati, Ohio

"Sir, do you mean the Green Spot isn't a target after all, like Meyer told me?"



CHARLES J. MATONE
Pittsburgh, Penn.

"Anybody seen OUR hair oil?" . . . Then he'd hurry off to his wife in town.



WM. H. MATUSZEWSKI
Hazardville, Conn.

He picked a good profession for a man who came from Hazardville.



LEWIS W. MAYO
Laconia, New Hampshire

A guy what took real pride in saluting every bus driver and non-com at Victorville and Santa Ana.



GEORGE A. MEYER
Rochester, New York

An amateur actor for the fun of it in civilian life — A professional when the pilot asked him where they hit.



JOHN B. MILLER
Baltimore, Maryland

"Let's get this war over with — I want to retire." John really did, too.



LESTER MILLER
Baltimore, Maryland

"Why should I go up — I can tell you right now where they're gonna hit — and why."



CARL C. MOSES
Moneta, Virginia

His great love was navigation. . . . He got married just before he graduated.



R. K. McDONNELL
Maspeth, New York

Victorville was a heck of a place for a guy what used to work in a Correction Officer's office.



JAMES M. MCCLELLAN
Marlboro, Mass.

Jim swore some day he was going to dump those practice bombs into the iron works back home.



WM. F. MCMAHON
Beverly, Mass.

Drawing cartoons was his hobby. . . . He wished plotting hits was done the some way.



W. J. MCPARTLAND
New York, New Jersey

He never did explain just how he could come from New York in New Jersey.



LERoy W. NEWBY, JR.
Crafton, Pennsylvania

Newby used to wonder why his old boss, the Westinghouse people, didn't cook up an automatic bombardier.



STANLEY A. ODLUM
Forest Hills, New York

The man who mastered all bombing situations — and otherwise.



EDWARD M. OSUCHA
Chicago, Illinois

"Sir, I brought all my bombs back — It was pretty rough up there today." Some things can't be done.



EARL C. PARENTEAU
Worcester, Mass.

A cash register mechanic who wondered why the bomb-sight wouldn't ring up at least one hit every mission.



ARNOLD J. PARNES
Philadelphia, Penn.

A man of hobbies in civilian life . . . reading, swimming, ice skating, bowling, model building. "Smile for the picture."



GEORGE K. PATTEN
Quincy, Mass.

A bombardier whose civilian hobby was yachting. In pre-army life, a drafting and structural designer.



A. N. PECHARSKY
Bellerose, New York

He'd have sold the bomb-sight if he could've found a buyer. . . . How that man loved to sell things.



JOHN E. PELLEY, JR.
Maud, Oklahoma

Even Oklahoma looked better to John than Victorville . . . a heck of a lot better.



EDWIN I. PENCE
Cleveland, Ohio

His old cost-estimating job didn't help him one bit when he started guessing where they hit.



KENNETH S. PENOYER
Grand Rapids, Michigan

"Anybody here from Michigan?" For his sake, we hope there's an O. T. U. outfit up Michigan way.



JOSEPH A. PETRUSH
New York, New York

The good humor man of 43-13. . . . No matter what it was, Joe could make it funny.



CHARLES M. PIERCE
Beldere, Illinois

Everybody's friend. Nobody had nuthin' against Charlie. . . . Not even the check-riders.



CHESTER L. PIETRZAK
Erie, Pennsylvania

A bombardier who has a score to settle with a man named Adolph — "All that lost sleep!"



ARTHUR L. PIMENTAL
Santa Maria, California

Another one of those characters who preferred flying to eating. . . . "Rags," the glider crew chief.



SAM B. PITTENGER
Louisville, Kentucky

He enrolled in college to be a chemist, but Uncle got him — Now he's a bombardier. "Let's open a skating rink on the runway."



NICHOLAS A. POCCIA
Utica, New York

"Isn't there anybody out here from California except us New Yorkers?"



PETER G. POKRIFCSAK
Martins Creek, Penn.

Pete's got a score to settle, too. . . . Both his parents came from Czechoslovakia.



HENRY A. POST
Fulton, Illinois

Hank was our Flying Dutchman . . . his father and mother came from Holland. Member of Caterpillar Club. — Jump, Hank.



WM. J. PRITCHARD
Long Island, New York

Bill had a funny idea . . . he actually married a girl from his own home town.



GEORGE E. R. REED
Billings, Montana

He must have come from Montana . . . a true lover of calisthenics. . . . "The Bandage Kid."



STANDLEE E. ROBERTS
San Angelo, Texas

Don't know how he did it, but he did it. . . . Had more beautiful women—and proved it—than anybody.



WILLIAM M. ROBERTS
Sylacauga, Alabama

43-13's candidate for the field championship as the "Malfunction Kid." He really had 'em.



JAMES E. ROBINSON
Lufkin, Texas

One of the boys from the islands. If it had anything to do with the army, Robbie had the answer.



WILLIAM J. RODGERS
Chicago, Illinois

The Tower tried 'nd tried 'nd tried . . . but Sandman Rodgers slept 'nd slept 'nd slept.



WALTER F. ROSS
Chowchilla, California

He thought bombing wasn't as much fun as piloting, but he had better luck with it.



JOSEPH SAVINO
New York, New York

Joe was a real soldier. . . . H-m and the sight were buddies, so he claimed. . . . Then his wife came to Victorville. —"Little Joe."



RICHARD I. SEVERIN
Salem, Oregon

The little general thought Los Angeles was heaven . . . plus one wife.



JOHN M. SEWACK
Jessup, Pennsylvania

We will always wonder how a guy from Pennsylvania can have such a New Yorkish accent.



RICHARD G. SLEE
Toledo, Ohio

A quiet guy who finally made a formation — graduation — on time after twelve weeks of trying.



ANTHONY E. SPRANDO
Portland, Oregon

"Laughing Boy" was always sure that "There's something wrong with that gyro, sir!"



JOSEPH C. STALLARD
Lexington, Kentucky

A quiet, bashful lad from Kentucky outside ranks. . . . An iron man in a formation. "Curly the Flipper."



BARTON M. STEBBINS
Loveland, Ohio

A handy lad to have around. . . . Used to be a Chaplain's Assistant. . . . We never had to call 39.



B. H. SWINBURNE
St. Marysville, Ohio

His civilian job as a clerk came in handy when the 12 C's piled up.



TROY L. TREXLER
Greensboro, North Carolina

Seven years in the National Guard. . . . Two years in the Army. . . . Man, he loved soldiering!



GEORGE K. UXA
Avon, Ohio

A handy guy to have around with a guitar. . . . He was the poor man's Sergeant York.



MELVIN L. VAN HORN
San Bernardino, California

Mel was the happiest guy on the field. . . . He learned to bomb in his own back yard.



EDWARD VERDOSKY
Smithfield, Pennsylvania

After Pennsylvania's cool mines, he thought the desert wasn't so bad.



EVERETT L. WAGNER
Sacramento, California

"Sir, do you mind if I take off my shoes and use my toes this time?"



WILLIAM WARDELL
Woodland, California

"Bombs Away, sir. . . . Oh, sir. . . . oh, oh. Forget to lock the escape hatch again!"



JOHN F. WERNER
Los Angeles, California

Stuck with 43-12 until 10 days of graduation — Liked it so well (it says here) he joined 13.



WM. C. WHELCHER
Fresno, California

A Californian who knew dog-gone well the state had better to offer than Victorville.



WILLIAM O. WILCOX
Manlius, New York

For a guy whose hobby was photography, he certainly could miss those pictures.



EUGENE W. WOLFE
Topeka, Kansas

He came from 43-11 . . . a good bombardier, who thought Kansas was a pretty good place.



ERNEST C. WONG
Honolulu, Hawaii

The lad from the Islands was a worker. . . . A guy we all liked to have around.

They Told Me...

A Bombardier has lots of fun... they tell me.
He slaves away from sun to sun.
Weeks of training and study too,
Exercise until you're blue,
But then, "That's good for you"... they tell me.

A cadet's life is an awful grind... they tell me.
Steak and turkey all the time;
Little work and lots of sleep,
Drop those bombs at 34 feet,
You're sure to get a low C. E.... they tell me.

Dropping bombs — there's nothing to it;... they tell me.
Twist a few knobs — that'll do it.
Sweat a little as they leave the rack,
Then straighten up your aching back;
"Bombs Away" — looks like a shack... they tell me.

Bombardiering... it's a breeze... they tell me.
The life of Reilly — one of ease,
Hit your sack with pleasant dreams,
Awake each morning on the beam;
And a lieutenant you will be... I'm telling you — THEY TOLD ME!



The Crew

PILOT JOE PETRUSH
CO-PILOT CHET KRUMHOLZ
BOMBARDIER LES MILLER
NAVIGATOR JOE STALLARD
TAIL GUNNER.....BILL WOLFE
CAMERAMAN.....STEVE KRENCIPROCK
ENGINEER ERNIE WONG

The Crew is especially grateful to Pvt. Robert S. Funk, Producer of Bombs Away, for his guidance and help in creating this book... The pictures are really outstanding, thanks to Cpl. Eddie Goldberger, official A.A.F. photographer. And thanks, Eddle, for the corny poem!... The cadet portraits are excellent, and for them we're indebted to Cpl. Lorin Potter and the Base Photo Laboratory... And to the Officers of Cadet Detachment, thanks for your grand cooperation.

... The Crew of 43-13.



Your Signature, Sir . . .



THE LOCKHEED LIGHTNING



..... "Remember those comrades when you get a Zero in your sight. Have their sacrifice before you when you line up your bombsight on a Japanese base. You have demonstrated the Japanese can not match you in aerial combat or in bombardment. Let your answer to their treatment of your comrades be the destruction of the Japanese Air Force, their lines of communication and the production centers which offer them opportunity to continue such atrocities."

GEN. H. H. ARNOLD, Commanding General, Army Air Forces