



## Need Forty Dollars, Soldier?

As the first issue of THE FALCON goes to press, we are still without a slogan which meets with the approval of Colonel Bates. The effort «Flamers For Freedom», is our own and purely temporary, filling in the masthead until a legitimate motto is born. If you have some appropriate, snappy suggestions to enter into the contest, submit them in writing to either THE FALCON, Group Headquarters, or to your own Squadron Editor. A prize of Forty (40) dollars will be paid for the winning slogan.

Entries must be in not later than March 4th.

## Pilot Turns Trooper

It is safer in the air than on the ground when it comes to combat, relates Lt. Powell A. Scheumack, Flying Skull squadron, who last week felt the brunt of an aerial dogfight in his P-40, and experienced a shelling on the ground, all the same day.

After his bombrun, Scheumack got on the tail of a FW190, firing burst. He was hit by flack which caused about eight feet of the ammunition belt to fall out of wing and hang. Unable to operate the aileron, he landed at the emergency air strip on the beachhead. With no one available to aid him, he patched the wing himself. While repairing the ship, he was shelled by the Germans. One shell struck the runway, another exploded nearby.

## Pumphrey Names Paper

Cpl. Joseph E. Pumphrey of the 85th Squadron submitted The Falcon, winning name in the Group paper title contest. The name was selected from a varied and sizeable response, adding more credit to the Flying Skull armament lad's ability. Cpl. Pumphrey, in addition to thinking them up, is the staff artist of this publication.

## Two Create Masthead

Two Comanches got together and brought forth the dynamic and attractive masthead of The Falcon. Cpl. Carl J. Davidoff submitted the design and Sgt. Everly J. McGrath, a commercial artist of long standing and exceptional talents, turned out the finished product.

## For the Record

(As of Press Time)

85TH SQUADRON  
Destroyed: 30  
Probable Destroyed: 8  
Damaged: 14

86TH SQUADRON  
Destroyed: 17  
Probable Destroyed: 2  
Damaged: 12

87TH SQUADRON  
Destroyed: 41  
Probable Destroyed: 7  
Damaged: 24

99TH SQUADRON  
Destroyed: 17  
Probable Destroyed: 4  
Damaged: 6

TOTAL:

Destroyed: 105  
Probable Destroyed: 21  
Damaged: 54

## The Water's Fine

Showers exclusively for the 79 and 316th Service Group are now in operation on the base, located east of the 1661st Ordnance (MM) Co. Enlisted men may use the showers from 0900 to 2100 hours daily, with the exception of 1500 to 1600 hours, which has been reserved for officers. It is required that every man show his permanent pass to the attendant in order to identify himself as a member of the 79th.

# Anzio Bridgehead Victories Total 44 Aircraft Destroyed

## A Message From Our C. O.

Coming as it does at this time, the intent of this brief message is two-fold. First, let me extend my personal well-wishes to the staff of THE FALCON on this, their initial issue. The establishing of a 79th Fighter Group paper is a decided adjunct to the life and inner workings of a fast-moving and progressive group.

Next, to my command in general, I wish to extend my most heart-felt gratitude for their remarkable work. When a top outfit such as ours is engaged in drenching the desert, terrifying Tunisia, sizzling Sicily and invading Italy, there is neither the time, nor the inclination, to sing its own praises. It is my wish that just such a vehicle as THE FALCON will be an effective medium in bringing to the fore the marvelous efforts of the best fighter group of the world's best airforce.

Colonel EARL E. BATES, Jr.  
Commanding.

## 11 Probables Also Bagged by 79th Group

With the Flying Mosquitos leading the kill, the 79th Falcons have destroyed 44 enemy aircraft thus far in the Anzio beachhead operations. The total count, at press time which includes 11 probable destroyed and 18 damaged, is the highest record of any fighter group operating in the attack, it has been reported.

The aerial fireworks started on January 22 when the 87th Squadron encountered 27 enemy aircraft in the Anzio area. Some of the victories brought down by the Mosquitos include Lt. Clinton V. Owen, who shot down two enemy aircraft in one mission; Lt. David H. Vandivoort, who destroyed a FW190 which was attacking another 79th ship; Lt. William R. Dean; Lt. J. M. Wainright, Lt. Walter G. Peterman, and Lt. Nicolai. Nicolai had FW190 straighten out in front of him. He fired, and observed the craft spin into a lake. He then pursued another a FW190 over the lake, saw large pieces fly off the wing and observed it crash, chalking up two destroyed.

Lt. Callum, Proctor, Duffield and Mathesius stacked up victories for the Flying Skull squadron during the early days of the operations. Later, the 85th came home with four destroyed, two probable destroyed and two damaged to their credit. In the latter show, Lt. Duffield and Lt. Bartlett turned into more than 20 FW190s. Both claim one destroy from the encounter.

The 99th Squadron also had their share of victories. On January 27 they destroyed eight enemy aircraft. Lt. Ashley, Lt. Roberts, Lt. Toppins, Lt. Dietz, Lt. Perry, Lt. McCrumby and Major Roberts were credited with enemy aircraft on the first mission, while Capt. Curtis, Lt. Eagleton, Lt. Bailey and Lt. Lawrence brought back victories in the afternoon.

Besides the patrol flights, all squadrons participated in numerous fighter-bomber and strafing missions. The 85th and 86th squadrons dropped 1000-lb bombs in the Cassino Monastery attack of February 17. The Skull squadron and the Comanches both observed seven direct hits on the famed Monastery.

## Colonel Bates Meets Horus, Our Falcon-God



Col. Earl E. Bates, Jr., Group Commander, views the historical Group insignia on his P40 Warhawk, Lil' Joe III. The insignia, portraying Horus, the ancient Egyptian Falcon-God who avenged the death of his father by continuous and bloody conquering, represents the Group's victorious trek from Egypt through Italy. The complete story of the insignia is on page two. (Picture by 79 Photo Sct).

## THE FALCON

79th Fighter Group, U.S.A.A.F.

COLONEL EARL E. BATES, JR.  
Commanding

Advisor—Capt. Alvin M. Mavis  
Editors—Sgt. John D. Bruno  
Cpl. Wes W. Wise  
85th Sqdn—Pfc Thomas F. Klein  
86th Sqdn—Sgt Henry E. Cullen  
87th Sqdn—S-Sgt George W. Gallagher  
99th Sqdn—S-Sgt Irvin Weir

This Paper Can NOT Be Mailed Home  
RESTRICTED

## Into Print We Go

In writing this first issue of the *FALCON* we found ourselves in the state of confusion that a young girlie feels when she wears her first brassiere—somewhat embarrassed because there was not enough «stuff» to fill it. But now that we have completed this initial issue and have the measurements and the «stuff» to fill it, we imagine ourselves feeling like Dorothy Lamour when she adorns her sarong.

But seriously, fellows, the Group editors and squadron co-editors desire to emphasize that the *Falcon's* sole aim is to entertain and inform you soldiers of the 79th. We invite your brick-bracs, we love your bouquets, and we welcome your contributions. Our success is your success!

## We are the Falcons

The 79th Group insignia, upon which our Falcon-God is portrayed, was designed by Mr. Alan Rowe, conservator of the Graeco-Roman museum of Alexandria. Badie Effendi, the museum artist, accomplished the original drawing.

Each part of the design was taken from authentic sources, either in stone or papyrus. Each has a historical significance. The blue strip at the top is the Egyptian representation of the sky. In the left upper corner are the Egyptian numerals for «79»—the inverted «U»—shaped characters representing 10, and the straight lines representing one. In the upper right hand corner is a device always seen in connection with a sun-god. First, the red sun, suggesting the origin of the gods, and symbolic of the fact that fighters frequently dive on the enemy from out of the sun. Hanging over the sun is a uraeus, or cobra, showing that the Gods were protected, and symbolizing one function of our fighters, protection. The portrayal of the cobra, one of the most venomous and fearsome reptiles, symbolizes the qualities of deadliness, swiftness, death to the enemy. Suspended from the neck of the serpent is the Egyptian Key of Life, which symbolizes immortality and good fortune. The Falcon Horus stands dominant, erect and fearless, the symbol of swift flight, unerring aim and strength.

## Soapbox Opinion

To the Editor:

Our congress has passed the mustering-out pay bill providing 100 dollars for soldiers in the service up to 30 days, 200 dollars up to 60 days, and 300 for men overseas one day or over. The glaring unjustness of this measure is apparent to all service men overseas.

Our unit has been on this side close to a year and one half. Certainly, we have not enjoyed the privileges and pleasures of those at home. We are not earning the money, enjoying the diversions nor are we under the good conditions of our beloved land. However, we now hear of a mustering-out bill providing the men in home garrison with two-thirds of the amount coming to us, and the soldiers with one day only overseas the same as we will receive. Doesn't this seem a grave injustice?

The issue is not that we believe the amount of payment is insufficient, but that there has been utter disregard for those men who have served in combat areas. A real just mustering-out pay should be based on time overseas. Campaign ribbons and battle stars will not buy bread!!!!

Cpl. JOHN E. PASQUINUCCI

To the Editor:

Some of my buddies are joining up with the American Legion and the V.F.W. This, to me, seems regrettable. I ask, how can these soldiers be happy in an organization led by stolid old stogies from the last war? I stand for a united, rip-roaring World War II Overseas Legion that will out-manuever, out-speak, out-drink, and out-last the time-worn, degenerated units of 1918. And I suggest as a nucleus for this great legion the enlistment of the 79th Fighter Group en masse. How about it, fellows?

Sgt. CYRIL BYRON

## The Chaplain's Say

Lent began last wednesday. Don't forget your soul needs continual nourishing just as your body craves food. Regular attendance at religious services is the answer. How's about it, someday you may need it, soldier.

## Honor Roll

Pfc to Corporal: Peter Deddario, Elmer H. Peterson, Fred J. Dambrie, Jack O'Brien, Hq.; Edward F. Lukas, Nathan Goldman, 85th; Kenneth E. Elliott, Edward C. Parks, Shirley C. Robinson, Henry Laguna, Howard T. Pickgram, John L. Smith, Lawrence J. Wright, 99th.

Corporal to Sergeant: Royal S. Dumont, Hq.; Bernard S. Wele, Charles S. Teeter, 86th.

Sergeant to Staff Sergeant: Raymond J. Hurley, Hq.; Hugh A. Binning, Earl W. Hesse, Carmau J. Costa, Robert C. Satherland, 86th.

Staff Sergeant to Technical Sergeant: Ralph M. Boisvert, 86th; Kenneth W. Schuchman, Hq.

Technical Sergeant to Master Sergeant: Roland L. Conrer, 86th.

## Poet's Prattle

### ADORATION

Love be not bored with me, I pray;  
And let no cloud engulf the sun,  
Whose sparkling brightness lights the [day;  
My eyes feast on thee, cherished one.  
Tell me no ill-fate thou hast had,  
Speak of no wrong thy heart didst see;  
For if I knew that thou wert sad,  
'twould surely be the end of me.  
For since my eyes beheld thy face,  
Or ears thy perfect voice were given,  
My heart has known no greater grace,  
My soul has been no nearer heaven.

S-Sgt. DANIEL Q. McDOWELL  
99th Sqdn.

To kiss a miss is awfully simple,

To miss a kiss is simply awful.

Kissing spreads disease, it's stated.

Kiss me honey, I'm vaccinated.

—Permission of

Cpl. O'BUCK

## Sarg Heartsake

Dear Sarg:

I am just another blond girl in the service, but every time I see a member of your 79th Group, I jump to white heat of passion, and my fanny automatically gets into gear. Both my Topkick and C. O. have dressed me down and taken me to task for this delicious failing—not that they have personal malice toward your wonderful group, but because they live in violent fear one of these days I'll be coming down with something not called for in the T. O. It has reached the point where they want to put me in the hands of a psychiatrist. What action would you advise when I am afflicted so?

A Woeful W. A. C.

My Dear Woeful:

Keep out of a psychiatrist's hands—they are usually too old and veiny. I would advise alternate hot and cold baths and if that doesn't work, look me up at Headquarters anytime, and I'm sure we'll be able to reach a hasty solution.

Sarg Heartsake

## Star of the Week

Our toupees off to S-Sgt. William (Wild Bill) Thompson, erstwhile supply and fried-egg specialist for Hq., for his recent journalistic spread in the form of a two column splash in the Charlotte (N. C.) News. Packed with Italy travel experiences, and brimming with astute financial account, the Thompson report is a combination of personal philosophy and military genius only inbred. The picture of the Sgt. «Tommy» left nothing to be desired, as it incorporated the best features of a wax model in Marshal Fields window with a dignity and refinement unmistakable. Especially noteworthy was the flamboyant dotted scarf, in decided taste, and in very definite keeping with Group's policy of strict military dress at all times.

## Home Effrontery

Congresswoman Clare Boothe Luce of Connecticut, G.O.P. political glamor girl, (whose story we'd like most to cover) will be the curtain-raiser at the Republican National Convention when it meets next June to pick the candidate to oppose Franklin D. Roosevelt in the coming Battle for the White House. It is obvious La Luce's political heart belongs to Willkie.

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Drippings: Charlie Chaplin, Laughter Boss of the flickers, i. not the daddy of a shapley young maudlin's dropping, decisions a recent court order. The court did rule, however, that the famed simulator would face charges rising out of tampering with a minor. Wonder is not the outcome of the mess, but that in our day a man of the great comedian's years, can be deemed capable of stocking something so tender, teen and tantalizing... STOP SIGNAL: To those strained, tedious articles on the war front exploits of touring movie, radio and sports stars. Great stuff back in «Ammedecia», but more verbal indigestion to add to M and V on this side... Wonder what Fiorello «The Little Flower» La Guardia thinks of his hometown, Foggia, after the artistry of USAAF decorators?... Frankie «The Swoon» Sinatra is a combination 4-F and Swing Shift Softie, says one of his Boston critics... Jane Russell, moviemilkmaid, adores sergeants... Baloo-neyhooy: The agitation of a Joe Louis-Freddie Mills fight. Nice of Uncle Mike Jacobs to loan the use of his hunks of flesh to Uncle Sammy, with a few stipulations and provisions, to be sure... SIGN ON BROADWAY: — «Come for the floor show — but don't buy liquor...» Drafter Hershey says no more hookey for anyone; round up men, women, children and animals for war effort... And Chief of Staff, General Marshall, instructs the army to weed out homosexuals... Leagues of Decency still are consistent in being inconsistent with latest fling of false modesty, displaying abhorrence at suggestion of stripteasers' troupe of top strippers for overseas entertainment. A case of confusing morals with morale.

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The one remaining reputable house has fallen by the wayside. Ill-fame has come to the famed Metropolitan Opera House, whose prostitution during wartime has knelled the once artistic combination of the visual and sound efforts of humans. The regrettable transition to brothel took place on the night of January 18 last, when snobbery and rug-cutters «gave out» together in a super-doooper Jam Session during a War Bond drive. The Grand Old House of Music was violated by such hecat hyperas as swingsters Louis Armstrong, Art Tatum, Coleman Hawkins, Red Novo, Al Casey and Benny Goodman. The rape, sponsored amongst others, by the National Women's Council-Navy League of the U. S., was violently attended by a frenzied mob who still have to be sold on the necessity of preserving life and freedom.



## The Flying Skull

Edited By T. KLEIN

This day marks the opening for a new endeavor namely this newspaper. Perhaps the first issue is not up to the expectations of many; the remedy for this is everyone making it his paper. All copy will be accepted and as an added feature (providing my dream boat comes in) one tried chicken with blond or brunette hair will be given for each 50 words submitted. In other words, gents of the 80th, let's make our share of this paper better than the Flying Skull of former days. ... Scanning the Stars and Stripes, the boys at the front and at the beach are receiving more than their share of punishment. Perhaps the complaints in the mess line will cease. (This is a paid advertisement). ... With the tally of the 80th scoring once again we feel it good sportsmanship to serve notice the other squadrons that we will probably be on top once again. The only reason we do not stay there is, if we are high and the time, the other outfits will probably lose heart and give up. This would be a court-martial affair for higher headquarters; far be it from us to demoralize a soldier. ... TECH-SUPPLY: William (Curpny) Wolske, the barber, keeps telling all his customers he is Irish. Yes, we know Bill, Mediterranean Irish. ... Paul Blake, the great lover, has the little Italian girls swooning. Just give Paul a few glasses of wine and he thinks he is a Sinatra. Great work, Paul, if you can get it! ... M/Sgt. Calomino is having a great time eating spaghetti. It makes him feel so much at home. That love of yours from Boston doesn't mind, does she? ... Lights out in Apartment?? can only mean one thing: Lily has arrived with the evening wash, and the game of blind-mans-bluff has commenced. Not meaning to direct this to any one apartment, but Sgts. Weaver, Mitchell, Gagliardo and Schutte are very adept at this game — say fellows, have you been eating carrots to aid you to see in the dark? ... Like a boy with a new toy, two of our comrades, T-Sgt. Waring and Cpl. Dimas, simply had to try out their new play things. Waring's play thing worked swell in Naples. Cpl. Dimas had something wrong with his in Skunk Hollow. Why don't you find out from Waring how to play with that thing of yours, Dimas? ... Flash! French troops invade American possessions: Hotel Minerva falls under the advance of the fighting French. How about it Brandon? ... A certain Engineering Officer has taken up the romantic Italian custom of serenading in the night with a guitar. He has the qualities of a great showman; between songs he confesses just how «schick», hic, he was, and still the show goes on. The effect was so pleasing that the boys on the listening end, requested he sing «Far, Far Away» — the further the better. ...



“ MOLTO BUONO ”  
Eytie Pin-ups by Pumphrey

### Bruno's Hq. Bullsneet

FOR BOONE THE BELL TOLLS  
It was like any other day in the Headquarters area. At the gate a radio operator, turned guard for the day, shifted weight from foot-to-foot, and the Major strained his eyes thru the filmy good side of the bay window of the command building. Just a routine day, yes siree. The thunder of motors on and along the runways, as above a snarling escort of fighters frolicked about a tight-packed formation of heavy bombers. The dirty streaked young mother who sells apples and garlic across the street nourished a rickety babe at her dangling faucets; and JOE ZIMMERMAN slumped in semi-stupor on his favorite chair near the vegetable stand. The noise of the streets, the reassuring warmth of the tingling sun and the clothes hanging out along the walks brought back the nostalgia of good ol' Brooklyn. Then the area swiftly becomes a geyser of activity as word spreads with the rapidity of V. D. in an occupied country. Nina is dead! Nina, the sleek, black pup, uncrowned queen of Hq, capable, friendly and every bit a lady — prima donna of Group's comic opera. Gone. Dead. Her frail little body torn and crushed by the cruel wheel of a G. I. truck; her blood soaking into the earth from whence come her roots... What happened thereafter belongs to the ages. It was a grim and grief stricken master who took a rusty shovel and punctured the ground. And he was brave and determined as he shoveled her under and fashioned the ground. But

he was equal to the task this stalwart, touselhaired widower, Corp. RAE (NMI) BOONE, movie man, troubleshooter, athlete, poet, mailman, jeep, cowboy, motorman, trumpeter, artist, boxer, salesman, engineer, alderman, bandleader, taxi-driver, and investigation expert.... With tenderness and care he laid his and our Nina to rest with those very definite parts of Hq, forever left behind like shaggy, lovable McGEE who lies «Somewhere out there».

On the cross which marks Nina's place are these simple words, «Fast in - Easter Out».

### HIGHLIGHTS OF HISTORY

Most Shocking Incident of the War: The changing of an ambulance tire by Sgt. «MOTHER» COMPSON, February, 17, 1944.

### CASUALTY OF THE WEEK

Cpl. RICHARD «DICK» WASHBURN'S mustache and goatée. I am led to believe that repeated and vigorous warnings via the mails from the Mrs. prompted the regrettable surgery which brought to a close the brief, but stormy, career of our own «Buffalo Bill».

Special commendation is given to HOSCAR PERELLI, Hq. Italian laborer, for the swift and expert apprehension of the ring of scoundrels who stole from the base a sizable amount of G. I. property.

... And, now, little children, if you are good boys and girls I'll tell you the story of Lt. PARMET AND THE DUCHESS' DAUGHTER.

### Mosquito Bites

By S-Sgt GEORGE W. GALLAGHER, JR.

Okay, Okay, so you finally get a pass to visit the beautiful (pronounced BELL'ah) city of Naples. Now, the first step is to see that Identification Card, Dog tags, 1939 Hunting License, Trip Ticket, Pay Book, and a few other necessary items of identification are securely hidden away on your person. The second step, of course is signing out at the Orderly Room.

Ah, now you are out in the open air, without a care, waiting for a lift in a handsome «GI» vehicle of one type or another. Along comes a nifty sedan bearing two white stars on a red background. Up goes the usual sign (known by all wonderful highway drivers), the car comes to a fast stop, the driver steps out, holds the door open, in you go, and off. The gentleman on the left wears two pretty stars on his collar. You feel sympathetic towards his great burden, for you have been told a thousand times, that each star represents a son in the service. «Well Sir», says you, «This is a mighty fine break for me, dis is de foist time dat I ever was picked up by a proud Poppa.» «Uh huh», says he, overlooking your last remark, «I am a Poppa of Thousands». Now, something is wrong, for you realize that he is still in his thirties, or forties at most. Backily, unbeknown to you, the car stops in front of the Red Cross Club. You thank the gentleman, give him a thirty degree angle, and then slowly walk toward the gigantic entrance of the Coffee and doughnut building, giving about seven salutes to shave-tails and others on the way.

At the foot of the huge flight of stairs a kind old gent with a leaf (No, he never played with the Toronto Maple Leafs) on each shoulder of a wind-breaker. He says softly, but loud enough for thirty people to hear, «Whar's you pass, Buddy?» Meekly you reply, «It's behind me, Sir». Then the following takes place in that few minutes:

Major: «Let's see the pass, boy.»

Victim: «Here tis, Sir.»

Major: «Now the Dog Tags.»

Victim: «Here they are, Sir.»

Major: «Why are'nt they around your neck?»

Victim: «Lost my belt, therefore had to have sumpin' to hold up my pants.»

Major: «Where's your Pay Book?»

Victim: «In my other pants, Sir.»

Major: «What is that thing?»

Victim: «A trip ticket, Sir.»

Major: «Wat for?»

Victim: «I expect to take a trip down these stairs on the way out, Sir.»

Major: «Well, I guess your identification is okay, but you better tell your Organization Commander, that those passes are'nt good anymore.»

Victim: «Yes Sir.»

(to be continued)

## Weir's Words - 99 Sqn.

By S/Sgt. IRVIN WEIR

The average American mind is surprisingly apt at detecting the humorous element in the most trying of situations. The ability to laugh, even in the face of danger, bespeaks the powerful fortitude of a people who intend to remain free. When the first covered wagon snaked across the open planes, it is a certainty that banjos were plentiful, and in the very heart of the country of the Sioux and the Apache banjos gayly strummed 'Oh, Susannah.'

Even in these grim and uncertain times our sense of humor has stayed with us. A contingent of our outfit came along in almost the first wave of Americans to invade Italy. We were bivouaced at Paestum, in sight of the sea. I'm certain that hell couldn't have been any noisier or more dangerous than that particular spot. At every meal, as regular as clockwork, Jerry was over bombing and strafing. The fellows dropped the term chow time, for some quick wit had coined a new one—Jerry time.

There was never a dull moment. Enemy planes and falling shrapnel from nearby ack ack units was a constant threat throughout the day, while at night the big guns of the battle ships laying out in the harbor boomed incessantly. It was the first time we had been thusly exposed, so I decided to make the rounds and see if the boys were cracking under the strain. T/Sgt George Gail and S/Sgt 'Bumps' Boykin were among the first group I came upon. Gail was reading Edgar Allan Poe's 'The Raven', and Bumps Boykin was sketching his impression of the ominous bird. Finally, Boykin finished his endeavor and handed it, with a sigh of self-satisfaction, to Gail. Sorrowfully Gail shook his head and in his inimitable voice drawled, « But, Bumps, his eyes dont have all the seeming of a demon that is dreaming.» Swiftly Bumps Boykin snatched his masterpiece and in a passionate voice whispered, « Read it to me again, George. Read it to me again.» At the present time Boykin is engaged in unravelling the master knot of human fate.

It would seem that even nature conspired against us down at Paestum... We experienced one of the worst storms since being overseas. To make matters worse we were sleeping in pup tents. First the terrific blast of the wind tore our tents down, then the rains came. I cursed as the water soaked through my blankets and made little sucking sounds each time I moved. I damned the whole world by sections, with heavy emphasis on Paestum, Italy. I derived no satisfaction from the knowledge that practically all were in the same predicament as I. I only knew that most of us would have welcomed a short stay in warm hell. Every outfit has a pet comedian and we are far from the exception. On this particular night, as the storm increased in fury, his voice could be heard screaming over and over, « Allah, Allah, I heeded not your warning. I did not build upon a rock but be merciful. Allah, be merciful.» Despite my unhappy condition I was forced to laugh. We were a sorry looking lot the following



Left, Lt-Col. A. W. Nielsen; right Maj. M. J. Nielsen

## Success Runs in Duplicate For Flying Nielsen Lads

By Sgt. GUS CULLEN

Brothers under the leaf. This story conforms with all the requisites of a success-of-the-times tale, as its principals have reached the heights, since their transition from civilian life and civilian pursuits.

The 86th Fighter Squadron has as its Commanding Officer one half of this narrative of achievement, while the 350th Fighter Group contributes its Commanding Officer to make the narrative complete. Melvin J. and Ariel W. Nielsen are the pair worthy of special note in the sagas of success. Melvin J. having reached the rank of Major, while Ariel W. is Lieutenant Colonel.

Lt. Col. Nielsen has seen service in Labrador, Greenland, Iceland, England, Africa, Sardinia, and is now on the Island of Corsica, where the 350th Fighter Group is stationed. He is the Commanding Officer of the Group. Major Nielsen, the younger brother by two years, is C.O. of the 86th Fighter Squadron.

It was at Cape Bon, Tunisia, where Major Nielsen was undergoing routine training for combat, that these two brothers had their first reunion in almost three years. Since then the brothers have had frequent visits with each other.

(Picture by 79 Photo Set).

## 99th Band Pleases

The 99th Squadron swing band, one of the outstanding G. I. jazz combinations in Italy, has recently gladdened the hearts of many a wounded soldier in the 7th Station Hospital. The band performed at the hospital on February 17 and again on February 22. Featured with the swingsters are many instrumentalists who played with top-flight colored bands in the states. Vocalists include Sgt. James (California Thrushing) Anderson, and Cpl. Roland R. Roulette.

morning. A Communication's man summed it all up: « Allah was not merciful last night. He threw us to the tempest.»

## Sportslants - By Krause

By S/Sgt. ROBERT KRAUSE

There will be plenty of beef on the court when the 87th gang swings in action under the leadership of Bob (Trap) Drum, who tips the beam at a dainty 230 lbs., followed by another behemoth, Herman (Shorty) Vander Ploeg, at the same weight, the Farmer boys, Howard and Ralph, at 210 and 220 lbs. respectively, and as far as I can gather another guy named Joe. It will be interesting to watch the progress made by Cody's Boilermakers. The latest reports have it that the 316th Service Group is working feverishly to reinforce the floor of the court before the initial appearance of the aforementioned Beef Trust.

At the time this article went to press there was no information available as to the starting line-ups of the other Squadrons. However, I feel certain that the 86th squad will be bolstered by the presence of that All-Around-Athlete (that's his story), 1st Sgt. John Melvin Foster. Of course his being First Sergeant has nothing to do with his continual appearances in the starting line-ups.

I expect a fine showing by all of the Squadrons and I feel sure that the League will end up in a rat-race between them.

## 85th Basketee's Win

By Cpl. HERMAN FINKELSTEIN

Paced by manager-captain John Zeleski, the Flying Skull Basketees have rolled up three victories with no losses since their arrival in these here parts. Featuring fast and accurate passing, a solid zone defense, and the ability to sink baskets from all angles; the quintette has snowed under the highly touted 38th ADG, the 99th, and the aggressive club the 85th officers managed to form.

## 86th Wins Opener

The 86th basketball team got away to a win over the 1661st Ordnance Company, 36-14 in the field gymnasium, Capodichino.

High-scorer was Totherow, of the Comanches, with eight points.

Taisoff, of the Ordnance was the individual star of the game.

had a big « V », for victory, no doubt. The thing that puzzled our traveler was the significance of the « D » after the « V ».

We all have picked up a smattering of the language of this country. Some have become real proficient, while others confine themselves to « domani », « senorina », « garbish », etc. Captain Pety is no exception. He is quite an accomplished linguist. But there is one mistake he makes all the time. Instead of saying « multi buono », our adjutant insists on saying « Malta buono ». I wonder if Capt. Ewing could explain this seeming idiosyncrasy. The two captains have something in common; besides their « railroad tracks ».

The most popular man in the 86th, at the present time, is Sgt. Roy Hitt. It's not his money, his looks or his personality. It is something deeper, something finer than that. He is « IN » at the WAC barracks

## Comanche Chatterbox

Good news reached the squadron recently, when S/Sgt. Bates Shuping received a letter from one of his brother Bill's buddies. Bill Shuping, formerly a member of this squadron, but lately an aerial engineer in a B-17, was knocked down over Greece when manning his guns on his 50th mission. His buddy saw him float to the ground and assures Bates that it is almost a certainty that Bill, at the worst, is a P.O.W.

You movie-going G.I.'s have your entertainment well taken care of by Sgt. Joe Vare of Engineering. He makes an honest effort to see that all whims are gratified.

If Lt. Zilly's luck continues, he will apply for the job of squadron dispatcher. All the planes that get tired and want to return early seem to find their way into his schedule. Lt. Zilly says he's tired of watching the others go on their way, as he heads for home all alone.

Sgt. Albin Krezel (the Hamtrammick Ham) finds this courting business very expensive. He says that back in the States you could go to a girl's room and sit around all night and it wouldn't cost very much, in fact sometimes it was « free », but here in Naples it costs money to get a girl to visit YOUR room. Roman custom, I'd sav, Albin.

Since General Arnold visited the Group, a new personage has been created in Philadelphia. It is none other than T/Sgt. Sid Loadenthal. Sid hails from the city of Brotherly Love and he just « happened » to write home that he and Gen. Arnold had a chat at a decoration ceremony. Since then Sid has been deluged with requests from his home town friends asking for commissions, and for information as to when the second front will start.

Sgt. Preston Green of Communications, paid a visit to one of his friends the other day at a local hospital. The thing that impressed our Preston was the patriotism that all the patients displayed. On every piece of their clothing they