



« Your mechanical birds presage the springtime of a new, free world. » — The Voice of Europe

VOL. I - N. 2

RESTRICTED

ITALY EDITION

## Martin, Lee Head Officers Promotions

Two popular, young squadron leaders, John F. Martin of the 85th and George T. Lee of the 87th, considered amongst the best fliers in the history of the 79th Group, headlined the list of officers promotions announced recently. Both went from captain to major. The list includes many of the better-known figures in the group and is represented by every squadron. The names and ranks follow:

### 85TH SQUADRON

Captain John F. Martin to Major; Lts. Aubert R. Kettenbrink, William (NMI) Mathesius to Captain; 2nd Lts. George H. Bolte, Jr., Robert J. Duffield, George C. Manumaki, to 1st Lts.

### 86TH SQUADRON

Lts. George W. Ewing, James C. Pack, James C. Sigler, Charles A. Pety, to Captain; 2nd Lts. Frazier A. McCoy, Robert K. Crier, Saverio P. Martino, to 1st Lts.

### 87TH SQUADRON

Captain George T. Lee to Major; Lt. Roger C. Cody to Captain; 2nd Lts. Robert D. Byers, Albert E. Lincicombe, Clinton V. Owen, to 1st Lts.

### 99TH SQUADRON

Lts. Henry M. Letcher, Bernard S. Proctor, Cornelius Vincent Jr., to Captain.

### HEADQUARTERS

Lt. Alvin M. Mavis to Captain.

## Barber Shop Popular

The 85th Squadron invites all enlisted men and officers of the group to enjoy the comfortable facilities of their squadron barber shop, operated by Cpl. William Wolkse. Haircuts are 40 cents; shaves 20 cents. The shop is open from dawn to dusk.

## Honor Roll

Passing the Aviation Cadet examinations and board, the following enlisted men of the 79th are awaiting travel orders for cadet school in the states. Our toupees off to these future pilots of the U.S.A.A.F.

Sgt. Victor (NMI) Metje, 85th.  
S/Sgt. Robert N. Martin, 85th.  
S/Sgt. Leonard J. Bacchetti, 85th.  
Sgt. Everly J. McGrath, 86th.  
S/Sgt. Howard J. Farmer, 87th.

## After the War, what?

After the war, do you plan to stay in the army, go back to school, or do you plan to enter one of the many fields from the newest of plastic and electronics to the world's oldest, agriculture?

The Armed Forces Institute has been set up to direct educational work for servicemen. It offers 64 courses of its own, largely on subject matter of the secondary school level. These courses are supplied to servicemen at the enrollment fee of two-dollars each course.

In addition, you can enroll in any of the 500 courses offered by 77 cooperating universities. These are drawn from the regular correspondence instruction courses of the universities on subjects of general as well as technical and professional matter, ranging from high school to university level. And the government pays half the tuition fees, up to a maximum of twenty-dollars for a single course. Pending revision of pertinent army regulations, this education program is available to enlisted personnel only.

Additional information and application blanks are obtainable at the Special Service Office.

## Furious Falcons Again Slug Reeling Nazis with Big Stuff



Sgt. Elvin G. Hubbard, 85th Squadron, prepares a 1000 pounder on a Flying Skull ship.

(Photo by 12AF CCU)

This paper can NOT be sent home.

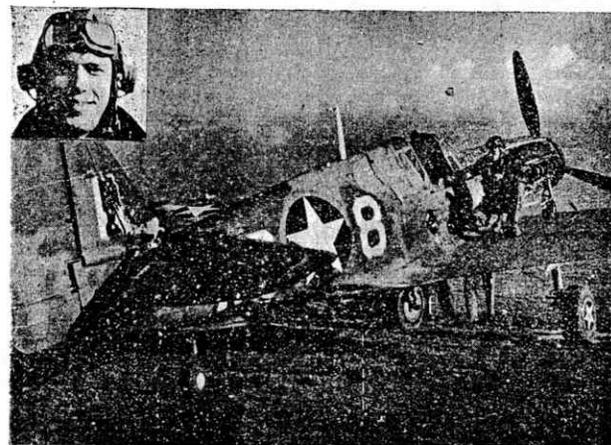
## 79th Resumes Attack With 1000 - Pounders

Bombing and strafing missions have been resumed again after several weeks of patrol work above the Anzio beach-head.

The Comanche Squadron dropped 12 1000-lb. bombs in a motor transport park in the Anzio area for one of the finest shows during February. Ten vehicles were believed destroyed by one direct hit, with severe damage to many others. Black smoke was seen following the strafing of a wooded area next to the motor park.

Direct hits were placed on two 20-mm. gun emplacements, a supply road, and a motor vehicle by the 87th Squadron on a fight with 1000-lb. bombs. Additional damage was inflicted on a half-track troop carrier, petrol tank, motor transport, two guns, a tank, and sundry personnel, all in one show with eight P-40s. The 85th and 99th also reported successful fighter-bomber shows in recent operations.

## Luck and Skill Brings 'Em Back



« This war is getting damn rough », said Lt. Gordon AcMoody, 87th squadron, inspecting his battered Warhawk after engaging 30 odd enemy aircraft over the Anzio beaches.

The accomplishment of flying the damaged craft back was a tribute to a skillful pilot and the sturdy Warhawk. A large hole was cut completely through the plane beneath the cockpit; one aileron was out of commission; the flaps were damaged; the vertical stabilizer was badly shot, and bullet holes were evident from stem to stern.

AcMoody has one FW190 probable destroyed to his credit, and has flown over 40 combat sorties. His home is in Coldwater, Michigan.

(Picture by 79 Photo Set)

## BOMBING A MAJOR FUNCTION

Since March, 1943, when the 79th helped crack the stubborn Mareh Line by constant hammering with bombing missions, enabling the New Zealanders to outflank and enter the Tunisian coastal strip, fighter-bombing has proven to be one of the most potent and successful functions of our group.

Upward to 700 bombing missions have been completed during the past year, the targets including gun emplacements, tanks, motor vehicles, shipping, troop concentrations, Headquarters, grounded aircraft, supply routes, bridges and other vital enemy installations. The highest record of tonnage was established in December, when 67 1/4 tons were dropped in two days.

General Montgomery, former Commander of the Eighth Army, complimented the 79th on several occasions, praising the group on the aid given the British troops in Africa, Sicily, and Italy.

**HIGH-LIGHTS OF HISTORY:** Major JOHNSON, Adjutant, perched atop the hood of a packed-to-bulging, jeep, en-route to chow.

**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

**Stub Pencil Opinion**

One of the most distressing and shameful extremes of the war to date is the sham of our back-home « promoters », making a political football out of the weighty problems of the Soldier's Vote and Mustering Out pay. The subterfuge is anxiety of and for « our dear boys in the service », although it is obvious to even the untrained observer, the tender note tugged from these heartstrings will pay off in handsome dividends of votes this coming election.

If all the money that is being spent in the attempt to give us an opportunity to vote overseas were put into the war effort, we would probably be home in time for the election.

Congratulations! The fine performance enlisted men established during the last six weeks of operations has been recognized and appreciated by the C. O.

Colonel Bates, Group Commander, expressed his appreciation for the outstanding work during the operations through a special commendation. « The accomplishments of the combat crews were possible only through the tireless devotion to duty of the ground echelon, who were responsible for keeping them in the air and fighting », said the Colonel, « You have all played a tremendous part in the record established by the 79th Fighter Group, which will never be forgotten ».

Generous publicity was afforded the group by the « Stars and Stripes », widely circulated Army newspaper. Accounts of the missions were reported daily in the paper during the early days of the invasion when our aircraft were encountering enemy opposition.

**Soapbox Opinion**

To the Editor:

Recently in the « Stars and Stripes » a W. A. C. reprimanded the G. I.'s overseas for the audacity they show when under the influence of alcohol. May I be so bold to ask, what business is it of hers if a homesick soldier cares to enjoy himself by drinking? I am not a drunkard, nor am I a teetotaler, but I know that a little drink will wash away

many unhappy memories, and mend, for an evening, a broken or lonely heart.

Women! Women! Women! Will they ever stop meddling in our affairs? They try to boss you at home, they compete with you in business, and now they are meddling with our personal diversions here in Italy, where they belong to an Army that was not designed for them, nor will ever be fit for their so-called « charms ».

A YOUNG RADICAL

To the Editor:

Sgt. Byron, in your last issue, proposed a new Veterans Legion be established for World War II soldiers. What is he trying to do — begin a fight between the present service men, and those that fought for our country in 1918?

Unity is the keyword we need today. Organizing a network of split legions is simply going to divide us, and seriously hamper our hopes for a peaceful and secure postwar world.

I am 100 percent in favor of both the American Legion and V.F.W. They are competent, liberal organizations, fighting and working for the soldiers of this war. Let us help them as they have so unselfishly helped us!

Sgt. JOHN SIMPSON



Meet Colonel Earl E. Bates Jr., Commanding Officer of the 79th Fighter Group, world's top-ranking fighter-bomber outfit which in the past some year and a half of continual and savage combat has torn enemy planes from the skies, desegregated Axis armor on the ground, plastered ports, trounced troops and transports and contributed a terrifying collection of various other decomposing efforts, very efficacious in delousing the heavens and scrubbing the lanes clean of the Bloody Brothers. Himself a skillful pilot, the Colonel has flown beside his own men on strafing, bombing, escort and fighter missions over the desert, Pantelleria, Sicily and Italy.

Colonel Bates is a native of the North Chicago area Illinois. He attended the University of South Dakota in 1930; University of South Dakota R.O.T.C. in 1932; and the Air Force Flying Schools at Randolph and Kelley Fields in 1935. He assumed command of the 79th Fighter Group on November 6, 1942, after the death of Lt-Col. Peter McGoldrick, killed in action at Charing Cross.

**Poet's Prattle**

Copied from a Poem appearing in the 8th Army's Newspaper « Crusader » spring of 1943

« THE BLUE »

When they speak of the Blue, they dont  
[mean the sky,  
They mean the place where brave men  
[die,  
They mean the trench where bullets  
[whine,  
Where fear and hate and courage dine.  
They mean the bark of white hot rifles  
Where life and love and home are trifles.  
They mean the roar of the diving plane,  
That drowns the screams of men in pain.  
They mean the crunching iron tanks  
Belching death to men in ranks.  
They mean the tread of tired feet  
Battle bound where hatreds meet.  
They mean the pall of a world on fire  
And broken bodies strung on wire.  
They mean the desert strewn with dead,  
And fertile fields a bloody red.  
They mean the parry and bayonet thrust,  
Shattered lorries brown with rust.  
They mean the barrage that breaks the  
[calm  
The misery that follows a bursting bomb.  
They mean the muck and mire knee deep  
And ragged wounds that make men  
[weep.  
That's what they mean when they say  
[the Blue,  
The fiery furnace that finds men true.  
They don't mean a cloudless windswept  
[sky  
But the field of honor where brave  
[men die.

**Sarge Heartsake**

Dear Sarge Heartsake:

I am an ordinary non-com of passing height, acceptable personality and exceptional background. I was engaged to my childhood sweetheart nineteen months before coming overseas, and have kept my vows unto this day. However, on coming over, her letters began to dwindle until, finally, silence. A mutual friend in the states broke the news to me. My fiancée was married to — of all things — a stay-at-home shavetail. Now, here I am. No word of my allotment savings, no account of the furniture and nicknacks we bought and put aside, — and worse, my spirit completely broken. Life for me is indeed dark. What shall I do? And just what is wrong with me?

A MUDDLED MIND

Muddled:

First of all, there's absolutely not a thing wrong with you, man. You're NORMAL. Yours is the conclusion of every soldier's romance. Better to be normal than to be married. A word of admonition: Can that goody-goody crap. After all, it's a GI's prerogative to howl purity and abstinence to the high heavens, and then to spear every available willing young thing in sight — with not too much stress on the « willing and young ».

**Home Effrontery**

« Guess I'll drive taxi a few hours on my time off, to-night », said an ambitious Seattle defense worker. His evening's effort resulted in the tidy earning of 32 dollars. That's got being a Soldier beaten all to hell.

It's interesting to watch the patching going on amongst the nation's bigwig democrats after the Roosevelt-Senate blow-out. Of course, the true stories of the Barkley crash is one of those things which takes place behind the politicians' closed doors, but the verbal flare-up has been the fuse of many a conversational explosion over the slick bars and sparkling latrines of privileged pontificals. That Presidential fling of « tax plan not for the meedy, but for the greedy », sort of pushed the Washington Set back on its heels.

Poor Lucius Beebe! A sympathetic shoulder after his recent bellyache in the New York Herald-Tribune. Writing about Broadway's better night spots, the smug columnist moaned their desertion by the uppercrust who resent intrusion by servicemen. « Why », said Lucius, « it is all so strange now. None of the old crowd come around anymore ». Sporting of 'em to let us do a bit of fighting for them, don't you think Mr. Beebe?

KILLER-DILLER: Dr. Donald Anderson Laird, noted psychologist, contends the nickname WACS has hurt the corps enlistments... Paul McNutt, stripped of his Manpower Commission rule, may get one of the biggest post-war jobs — finding work for homecoming vets.... Tommy Manville, collector of wives, is setting his sights on another teen aged case of legalized rape... Mexico is being combed for the 25,000 draft dodgers said to have taken refuge there... Souless Opportunists: Temperance advocates, exploiting the war to bring back Prohibition... Definition: Morning the time of day when the rising generation retires and the retiring generation rises.... Apathetic public unimpressed by mangled chunks of human meat returning from battlefronts... Bumrush — Tony Martin being washed out of OCS in Miami... Lost in the rumble has been the setting of an all-time record of assists by Boston Bruins grand old hockey star, Bill Cowley... and Steve « Crusher » Casey, rassler, oldest champ in the service recently made Sergeant... Pet saying in Big Time is that 8 lbs 13 oz junior weighs more than papa Frank Sinatra... Tony Galento, Joisy Bouncer, pinched for assaulting an officer of the law.... Senator Burton K. Wheeler verbally lacerating General George C. Marshall... Nation shocked by discovery of two frostbitten, hungry, weak babies in East Side flat... Disgusting Note — Spam ads in the slicks, extolling virtues of American fightingman's worst enemy...

## Noted Artist Paints 79th

Major Charles Baskerville, whose portrait of the Duchess of Windsor was amongst the world's outstanding works of art in 1941, and who during the war has painted in every theatre of the conflict, is doing a series of operational scenes on the field. The reknowned New York muralist is a prolific artist and one whose versatility ranges from portraits of the top ranking military men of the hour to Indian Maharajas and their families. His paintings include subjects done in 22 different countries; and amongst his most famous works are the murals in the main salon of the S. S. America.

Major Baskerville was born in Raleigh, N. C., attended Cornell University and studied both in the United States and abroad. During the First World War he was Commander of Co A 166 Infantry of the Rainbow Division. He has had several One Man shows in New York Galleries and is a big name in the American Art World.

## Mosquito Bites

(continued from last week)

By S-Sgt GEORGE W. GALLAGHER, Jr.  
Now that the Major has finished his questioning, you ascend the wide marble stairs. An MP battalion seems to be stationed at the main entrance, which causes you to feel like a lowly ant, for you expect to go through the same routine of emptying each and every pocket.

Once inside the club, you wonder where to go; the place looks more like a terminal at Christmas time. The famous Italian Soprano *Angelina Spaghetti* is straining her vocal chords, trying to keep up with the orchestra. You walk toward the information booth where *Linder*, *McGuire*, *Tallen*, *Abie*, *Cohen*, *Craig*, *McIntosh*, and *Francoeur* are having a conference. You ignore them, and enter the room reserved for the forty-eight states. Surely you expect to find some friends from home entered in the New York book. (Frankly, I gave up, since forty-nine thousand Brooklynites are helping the Allies and there are 20 books listed under the State of Brooklyn). Getting tired, you decide to go down to the basement for coffee and rolls. On the stag line you bump into a luscious hunk of femininity, a W.A.C. Like *McAvoy*, you begin to tell her of the awful sand storms, life on the desert, Z-Rations, etc., which takes but two hours. And also like *McAvoy*, you get the cold shoulder, for she hands out the line about being on a lunch hour. Of course, there is always next week.

After you have finished eating, you decide to take a walk down Via Roma, so you gather up your friends and start walking. In the short walk (two city street) you pass some ten thousand officers (saluting so much that you wonder whether you are an enlisted man after all).

While walking you behold the most beautiful pair of limbs yet seen on this side of the Atlantic. Atop the limbs, and balanced perfectly is the best shape Italy has to offer. Unlike in America



" C A R A M E L L E ? "  
Eytie Pin-ups by Pumphrey

(where the babe might pass you up), this young chicken asks if you want to eat and sleep all night. Perhaps you have sense enough to say « NO », but if not, the senorina gently steers you toward an alley. Naturally she will forget all the English (what little she may know) and begin her little game of propositioning. You begin to wonder whether the five dollars for a nice quiet room and a good meal is worth the price, especially since you expend much energy in order to get the proper rest. But before you get to the alley, an MP stops to ask for your pass. « Oh somewhere in this happy land the sun is shining bright », but in Napoli the clouds are low, for you suddenly remember that you left your wallet on the table at the snack bar. The MP, of course, doesn't believe the story, and personally escorts you to the club once again. No one has turned in the wallet; none of your friends recognize you; the W.A.C. has never seen your ugly pass before — so there you are. One night.

## Bruno's Hq. Bullsheet

Long Mitch comes down off a scarred telephone pole. « Jack », says he, « do you know what happens after two cigarettes in the dark? » « Dunno » says I, « whatisit? » « Two butts in the grass. » ... Current No. 1 on the Hit Parade in the states is the tune *Paper Doll*. Back here *Oi Mari* has topped all musical efforts with the Fascist anthem, *Giovinazza*, running an out-distanced second. Add to the latter the

violent and riotous disapproval of Pasquale, kitchenkeeper. ... TOP NIGHT SPOT: HQ EM CLUB. Good crowd, good bellywash, good entertainment with the 5 *Baretters* Ray Hurley, « Rabbit » Robert Kraus(ell), « Beady » Beatty, « Pas - the - douche » Pasquinceci, and « Drummerboy » McLean, chased down with « Slim » Tieman, irritating the ivories. Damn-good-show.

\*\*\*

« Jack Bruno is a dried-up, bald-headed, old gossip », is the transcript of an anonymous note privily placed on my bed. One man's reaction to my first effort in the FALCON. Sonofabitch! To the first two charges — guilty. To the last one, I simply respond with my Bull Sheet.

\*\*\*

CASULTY OF THE WEEK: The slimy pool in front of the EM building. Oscar designed, detailed and directed its desired dissolution. ... Handsome guard that ORR makes. My ballot for many return engagements ... « Lookey here, Rogers, this is enough. You can't sleep in the chandler just because you are a light sleeper. And you, Eme, don't you know going to bed with a bottle will make you sleep tight? Take my advice, O'Brien, that uptown shopping for downtown business is about as complicated as a knocked kneed virgin. Besides, is it true that Pete Daddario brought his Eytie sweetie a can of milk just because Kingsley told him she had a pussy?



## The Flying Skull

85th T. Klein.

This day lays the second milestone toward the goal of a successful newspaper. Its endeavor (the newspaper) is to draw the Group's members closer together.

We wish at the present time to inaugurate a hats off department with the 99th Squadron as the receiver of the first bouquet. Upon reading the initial issue of the « Falcon » we of the 79th have become enlightened. Namely the brutal treatment the Germans administered to the members of the 99th Squadron. We of the 79th bow down and say Allah to the battle scared warriors of this courageous band « Quote them ». Nemesis of the Nazis. We, the humble members of the 79th are awed at the savagery of the attack and of the false modesty of the conquering heros. Amen.

\*\*\*

Communications will soon lose one of its foremost military strategists, the reknown Field Marshal Victor (NMI) Metje, who will be departing for the states to begin cadet training. ... Speaking of Communications, the section is stumbling along this week in the absence of its high Llama, T-Sgt. Strickland, who is elsewhere on business and pleasure. ... Is it true that Sgt. Weller is barred from the Red Cross Club for life for being too evagant with the sugar?...

\*\*\*

... Sgt. « Boost » Hogaj has been grounded indefinitely by higher authorities, and it is rumored this action was a direct result of an enormous increase in requests by his steady passengers for larger insurance policies.

LINE: Calling for a pass at the ordely room, a supposedly sick crew chief told the adjutant and first soldier that the reason he couldn't come to the line and perform his menial labors was because the Doc told him to get plenty of fresh air. What the hell is the matter with the air at the field? ... Before we leave this area, there will be a mass wedding. Anyone who is interested and has an itie heart-throb (Skunk hollow gals excluded) get in touch either with Julio, Bchette, Campbell, or « Tommy, Tommy » George. Zeke and Lily are finito at the present. Zeke couldn't bring enough laundry. ... God's gift to the Itie gals: Dick Schutts and Rice. If you don't believe me, just ask them. Lily has been sporting some new duds, and Zeke has been borrowing money early in the month. Is it coincidence, Zeke? ... Sum, the Inspector, showed too much enthusiasm on his new project of tearing apart those wrecked Itie and Jerry engines. He had to be reminded by the engineering officer that Uncle Sam is still paying his salary. ... If you took away the paint and brushes from a certain mech, it probably would make him a better crew chief! Or would it?

## Sportslants

by Krause

The Capodichino Basketball League is one week old and we find the 85, 87, and 99th squadrons right up there in the lead, tied at two wins and no losses. The 86th cannot seem to get going, having lost both of their league encounters. This poor showing can probably be attributed to the fact that John (1st Sgt. Melvin) Foster has yet to make an appearance on the court, being momentarily blinded by the bright lights and gals. Wednesday night, February 24, saw the 85th in action against the 16th Service Squadron, winning by a score of 28 to 17. Manager Captain John Zeleski put a fast club on the floor, scoring enough points in the first half to warrant the use of the reserves the remainder of the game. That same night the «Skeeter Big Five» also crashed the victory column by defeating the 316th Service Group to the tune of 40 to 25. The «Skeeters» out-weighted and outplayed their opponents, serving notice that they will be no pushover for any club. The Comanches lost to the 302nd Repair Squadron, 24 to 16. With the exception of Starrit, who was the individual star of the 86th squad, the boys looked pretty ragged, but I think a little practice will perk'em up to a better showing. Have not caught the 99th in action, but according to reports they have a snappy, sharp-hooting aggregation (the reports must have reached the ears of the 38th Squadron, as they failed to show up for their scheduled contest with the 99th). According to the 86th, who lost a game to the colored stars 30 to 10, the lads who will bear watching on the 99th squad are Spooner and Grimes.

\*\*\*

In New York Mayor La Guardia put his OK on night ball. Now both the Giants and the Dodgers will go ahead with their schedule of fourteen arclight games apiece, the limit allowed by the National League. This will not affect the World Champion Yankees as they have no lighting equipment. The New York Baseball Writers have named Bill Dickey as «Player of the Year». Big Bill is the essence of Yankee baseball past and present. He is the interlocking spirit between the once super Yankees and the Yanks of today. For you hockey fans, the Canadians are out in first place followed by Toronto, Detroit, Boston, Chicago and last but not least, the New York Rangers.

### 99th Has Flying Poet

The first issue of The Falcon brought a windfall of latent talent, but perhaps, the Discovery of the Week should go to the 99th Squadron who came up with a flyer who is not only a good pilot, but also a writer of outstanding verse. The Flying Poet is 2nd Lt. John L. Hamilton. Lt. Hamilton has a collection of some three hundred of his verses, many of which we are happy to say will appear in subsequent issues if this publication.

### 86th Trouble-Shooter



By Sgt. GUS CULLEN

Feeling certain it is time the 86th learned about the man who knows about everyone in the 86th, we turn the public eye upon our medical examiner, Capt. William Allison Stem.

In 17 months with this outfit he has been a combination of dad, mother, counselor and father-confessor. He has a sense of humor which the constant flow of heartaches and headaches has failed to dull. His engaging smile has helped many a soldier over a lump in the throat or a bump in the road. No matter how often you approach him, he is always eager to listen and quick to offer advice. His sincerity in moments of distress is boundless, and more than one in the 86th has endured his overseas stretch helped no end by Capt. Stem.

Born in Chattanooga, Tenn., December 13, 1913, Capt. Stem was graduated from McCallie High School, Chattanooga, in 1930. Medicine beckoned and he enrolled at the University of Chattanooga. After a year and half, Capt. Stem transferred to Alabama Polytechnic Institute, where he completed the pre-medical course in 1933. University of Tennessee sheltered him for three years of post-graduate work and tendered him his coveted M.D. in 1936. Followed a year of internship, after which he engaged in private practice in Chattanooga until January 9, 1941, when he named was removed from the Officers Reserve Corps and he was placed on active duty.

His Army career began as instructor at Camp Lee, Va., Medical Replacement Center. Then to Fort Bragg, N. C., went Capt. Stem to become Medical Examiner at the Induction center. Squadron duty next, and he became Medical Officer and Flight Surgeon of the 321st Fighter Squadron, which post he held until October, 1942, when he became Medical Examiner of this squadron and came overseas.

Capt. Stem is married and father of a boy and girl. His family resides in Washington, D. C.

«Doc» is an ardent sports enthusiast with softball, baseball, tennis and golf his favorites. He is found up front at all squadron athletic events and no one cheers or exhorts more vociferously than Capt. William A. Stem.

## Classy 99th Jazz Band Has Several Ex-Topflight Stars

By S/Sgt. IRVIN WEIR

Do you want to jump, children? Yes, indeed, and to the groovy strains of the 99th Fighter Squadron's jazz ensemble — the P-40 Swing Crew. If, you are up Casavittore way, and you hear a tenor saxophonist rifling out of this world, or a trumpeter hitting high C over C and then some, or a pianist playing the best boogie-woogie music this side of heaven, then pay heed, pay heed for the P-40 Swing Crew is really rocking the town!

S/Sgt. J. Plummer Alexander, the leader and pianist, handles Bach, Beethoven, or Basie with equal ease. Lt. Robert W. Deiz, the bass violinist, played with the Portland Symphony Orchestra; Corporal Herbert Hardesty, the tenor saxophonist, was once with Lucky Millinder; Sgt. Hiram Harding, the trumpeter, was a professional bandsman. Golden throated T/Sgt. James Anderson and scat singer Corporal Roland Roulette are the vocalists. Corporal Melvin J. Lewis is tops as a mandolinist, and Pvt. Herman Bowden as a guitarist. The band's answer to Gene Krupa is Sgt. Robert Crumbley. T/Sgt. Donald Quander provides the humor. The band also boasts a really solid quintette, composed of M/Sgt. Crawford, Corporal Taylor, S/Sgt. Warner, Corporal Dunlap, and T/Sgt. Anderson. Corporal Wilbur «Shorty Boo» Pearl is the Master of Ceremonies. He has worked a number of years in the world of entertainment and was the producer and director of «Manhattan Scandals».

The P-40 Swing Crew played for the American Consulate at Tunis and has been commended by General Henry H. Arnold. The band has played innumerable engagements for the Red Cross, besides staging various camp shows. The last engagement was at the 70th Station Hospital. Following is a list of titles for which they someday hope to have the music: *Living With Jerry*, *Swinging On Via Roma*, *The Medina Stomp*, and *Tedeschi Lullaby*. Special Service officer is busy, efficient Lt. George R. Currie.

back home; and of Captain C. B. Hall who is fearless, regular and a fighting man; and of Pvt. Herman Bowden because he fills our expectations as an artist; and of M/Sgt. Dansby whom we would gladly give a hundred per cent vote of confidence; and of Corporal Wilbur «Shorty Boo» Pearl for his contagious wit; and of T/Sgt. Quander who is equal to any situation.

Corner any 99th man and he'll tell you of the marvelous maintenance record of the Engineering section; he'll tell you of the best C. O. in the Army Air Forces; he'll tell you what T/Sgt. Bordeaux of Communications doesn't know about radio isn't worth knowing; he'll swear that the best Armorer in the world are here in Italy, in the 99th. And the hell of it is, he won't be very far from wrong.

### Comanche Chatterbox

By Sgt. GUS CULLEN

Sgt. Camillo Vittone vigorously denies he is «home». He insists that it is no fault of his if the Itie girls chase him. It is only because they are lonesome and want to talk with someone who speaks the language, avers our demon disherouter.

Bumped into «Smiley» Selmser, «Red» Volberg and «Saveeda» Reynolds the other night, and, noticing a peculiar glint in their eyes, I asked whither bound. As one, the trio responded, «Looking for action».

Lts. Martin and McNeel hope they do not have to «sweat» the boat for home, as hard as they had to sweat the boat to Capri. They were both imbibing Mother Sill's Seasick remedy for days before they finally made the voyage. It is said the trip to Capri is rougher than landing a P40 without landing gear.

### Weir's Words - 99 Sqn.

By S/Sgt. IRVIN WEIR

Pride is an abstract quality which has made for incalculable good and evil. Thousands of injustices have been committed which can be directly attributed to some fancied wounding of someone's pride. On the other hand, it has saved many a man from fiendish debacles and devilish temptations. If the facts were known, it has doubtlessly changed the course of empires. Propagandists are quick to work on the pride of the ignorant. Skillfully, they convince him that some person or group of persons are trespassing on his sacred rights. They convince him that he should take drastic action, or lose in stature as a man. Immediately he is aflame. From the cradle up, pride of country, self and family has been instilled in us; so all of us are bound to possess it in some degree. Often it is written all over us at the identical time that we think we are successfully concealing it.

Squadron pride is an intangible, seldom discussed thing. It is forever an object for study and curiosity how fellows coming from all walks of life, with all sorts of pre-formed ideas, and from every state in the union can have that non-material thing called squadron pride. It is at once curious and refreshing. T/Sgt. Edgar N. Hart freely admitted that he was as proud of the outfit as he was of the Statue of Liberty or New York City; Corporal Donald G. Campbell went on record as saying that there would always be a 99th. Sgt. Thearchie McPhatter summed it up nicely: «Having pride in the outfit is like having family pride. After all we are part and parcel of it.»

Yes, we have squadron pride. Make no bones about it. We are proud of M/Sgt. Crawford because he is exactly like the guy we palled around with