



## Gen. Saville Awards Twelve 79th Heroes

In an impressive ceremony on the landing ground, Brigadier General Gordon P. Saville honored twelve members of the 79th Fighter Group for distinguished action pertaining to the serving of their nation while in the military service. The awards were extended to eight commissioned and four enlisted personnel and included the Purple Heart, Distinguished Flying Cross, Air Medal and the Soldier's Medal. The list was representative of every squadron and headquarters. It runs as follows:

Purple Heart, for wounds received by enemy action: 1st Lt. Robert J. Duffield, 2nd Lt. John E. Keene, S/Sgt. Vincent M. Pawli, 85th Sqdn; 2nd Lt. Allen Y. Austin, 86th Sqdn; 2nd Lt. Donald S. Sirman, 87th Sqdn; Distinguished Flying Cross, for extraordinary achievement while participating in an aerial flight: Lt. Clinton V. Owen, 87th Sqdn.

Air Medal, for meritorious achievement while participating in an aerial flight: 1st Lt. John L. Buck, 1st Lt. Stanley J. Shaffer, 87th Sqdn.

### THREE GET SOLDIER'S MEDAL

Three men, one from the 99th Squadron, and two from headquarters were awarded the Soldier's Medal, cherished prize of enlisted personnel, for heroism not involving actual conflict with an enemy. Cpl. Henry M. Laguna of the 99th performed a deed of heroism in the saving of a comrade from drowning, and Cpl. Clarence M. Pratt in conjunction with Cpl. Fred J. Dambrie, both of Group Operations, displayed exceptional valor in the removal of an injured pilot from the flaming, twisted wreckage of a Warhawk in a runway collision on the flying field at Palagonia, Sicily.

### Shower Schedule

Showers for 79th Fighter Group and 319th Service Group only

0900-1015: 85th Sqdn  
 1015-1130: 99th Sqdn  
 1130-1230: All 79th-319th  
 1230-1345: 86th Sqdn  
 1345-1500: 87th Sqdn  
 1500-1600: Officers  
 1600-1700: 1661st Ord. Co.  
 1700-1800: All 79th-319th  
 1800-1900: 16 Serv Sqdn  
 1900-2000: 2470 Qm

### New Fun House

The 79th Group Recreation Center is moving to a new location. The new spot is near the showers in the vicinity of the 1661st Ordnance, beside the parachute building. Many added features will be available to the group's personnel at the new location, according to information released by assistant Special Service Officer, Lt. Allen Cordon. Movies will be shown nightly between the hours 1800 and 2000; and there will be the usual facilities at the disposal of the men, — lounges, ping pong, dominoes, library, radio and phonograph recordings.

Plans are being made for a popular added attraction, and as soon as special service has completed its lining-up of a piano and other musical instruments, impromptu jam sessions will be staged. As a note of reminder, don't forget there are two super-duper girlie shows to delight you this week at the 38th Air Depot theatre on the base. On the 26th is Italian Review N.º 4; and on the 31st is the much talked of Stardust Vanities, featuring a cast of thirty. Both start at 1930 hours.

Special Service is also looking ahead to staging shows composed of group talent, and would like to hear from you on that account.

## Cassino Raid Tops Operations Stewart Bags P47's First Hun

### Falcons Attack City On 4 Bomb Missions

Cassino, target of the entire fighter-bomber strength of the Twelfth Air Force on March 15, will be remembered as one of the 79th's historical targets. The Falcons pounded the Nazi-held city in four of the most successful assignments in recent operations.

First show from the group was provided by the 87th Squadron who sent eight P-40s to bomb an amphitheater in Cassino. Two direct bomb hits were observed on target, results showing fire and black smoke. Other bombs fell in theater area.

The second mission was flown by the 99th Squadron, dropping four bombs on good pattern in the center of the amphitheater. The two other flights by the 87th and 99th resulted in several additional hits.

Wing cameras installed by the Twelfth Air Force Combat Camera Unit filmed the show of the Mosquito Squadron.

### DeFoor Downs Second ME109 in 85th Show

Capt. Carl W. Stewart of Morgantown W. Va., 85th Squadron, became the first flyer of the 79th Fighter Group to shoot down an enemy plane in combat with the new Republic P-47 Thunderbolt. The Flying Skull flight leader turned the trick on the Thunderbolts' seventh combat mission, when slightly before noon on March 17, while returning from a bomber-escort run, he and his mates jumped ten plus ME 109's peeling off to dive bomb the Roccasecca area. The Falcons tore into the formation from above, and in the scuffle which dissipated the nazis' attack, Capt. Stewart brought down an ME after a spirited chase. It was captain's third plane destroyed; he also has one probable.

In the same engagement, Lt. Charles W. DeFoor, also of the Flying Skull, leading the second flight, caught an ME one-hundred yards dead astern, spraying it with fire. The enemy plane was seen to crash by Lt. Benz, who confirmed the victory. It was Lt. DeFoor's first plane destroyed. He is from Ft. Meyers, Fla.

Both flyers had nothing but pronounced praise for the Thunderbolt's performance in actual combat, with heavy stress on the great speed and fire power. «Why», said Capt. Stewart, «we were on 'em in no time flat, — had to hold back, or I'd of chewed their tails off. And when I let loose with the guns, all that could be seen was a curtain of bullets».

### New Bomb Jolts Jerry

Last week the Falcons began the use of a powerful bomb that literally knocks the jerry for a loop. The new AAF version of the Molotov Cocktail is a large incendiary bomb which is composed of various incendiary sticks. When the explosive hits the target it spreads havoc over a wide area. Except for the size, the bomb is similar to the destructive incendiaries now being dropped on Berlin, and is supposed to burn any object in the area that is inflammable.

The group used 39 of the new type bombs during the first week of experimentation, and all were said to have had highly successful results.

## 79th Heroes Receive Their Medals



Brig. Gen. Gordon P. Saville presents awards on 79th's heroes. Left to right, Gen. Saville, Lt. Donald S. Sirman, S/Sgt. Vincent M. Pawli, Lt. Clinton V. Owen, Cpl. Clarence M. Pratt, Cpl. Fred J. Dambrie, Lt. Stanley J. Shaffer.

Falcon Photo by Goldfarb

# Parachute Department Shows Skeptics It Sure Can Be Done

Defying all Air Corps theories and rules, which maintain fighter groups are too mobile to operate a parachute section, the 79th Parachute Department has completed its first successful year of combat operations this week. Boasting an inimitable record of 26 jumps with no losses for their work, the unit has been an outstanding success since its start, stacking up a record of 1142 repacks.

Finding dependence on service group parachute sections involved time delay and doubtful results, the 79th department was formed after we left Castel Benito, Tripoli. A large tent was acquired, suitable for drying and packing, and in the first 17 days of operations 107 chutes were packed. Despite moving difficulties, trucking and bad weather conditions, the department has been in continual operation. On May 31, 1943, the entire tent was severely damaged, but other facilities were secured, and the boys were soon working again.

Among the many compliments was one of Gen. John K. Cannon. Gen. Cannon said the 79th had the best record of any parachute unit operating in Africa at the time, including service units.

Personnel of the unit includes S/Sgt. Robert N. Martin (now on his way to the states on Aviation Cadet orders), S/Sgt. Edgar Boone, Cpl. George Ortman, and Cpl. William Tieman.

## PILOTS GRATEFUL

The fact that pilots place important emphasizes on their parachutes is evidenced by the visits the aviators invariably pay to the soldiers after he has parachuted to safety. A typical story involves an aviator who gave his entire liquor ration to the enlisted rigger after he had been shot down and was saved by his chute.

A parachute must be repacked every 30 days, if used or not. Besides this work, the riggers repair and maintain an extra supply of chutes for emergency purposes. It is significant the 79th section is still maintaining, through constant repair and careful handling, all pure silk chutes, which have not been issued since 1941. The new chutes, Nylon, are not as dependable nor durable as the older pure silk type.

To show their confidence in their skilled work, the department has issued a standing order they will jump any chute which a pilot does not trust.

Capt. George W. Trefts, Group Materiel, is Parachute Officer.

New flight commanders have been appointed in the 86th Squadron, it was announced this week. Capt. John W. Martin is now B Flight Commander; Lt. Herman C. Leuther, C Flight; and Lt. John R. McNeal, D Flight Commander.

## 86 Baptism Year Ago

Just about one year ago, the 86th Fighter Squadron was dealt a blow that shocked its structure to the foundation. That it recovered is the remarkable point of the story. But, recover it did, and if ever a squadron exhibited real American courage, the 86th did.

March 26, 1943, dawned like most other days, but before the day was to end the machinations of war had seared the souls of everyone in the 86th from private to commanding officer.

With nineteen missions behind them, all of the bomber-escort type, the pilots of the 86th received the word of a dive-bombing-strafting mission with feverish excitement. Well-trained, but green, they were to proceed on the most dangerous type of work exacted of fighter pilots. The mission had as its target for bombing a concentration of German troops and motor transport in the El Hamma area; and for strafing, the enemy activity along the road leading to the town of El Hamma. The excursion involved the use of 15 aircraft, 12 to fly as one group, while the other three were to lead flights of the 316th Fighter Squadron, attached to us for training.

The bombing end of the deal was accomplished without too much excitement, even though the country-side was literally alive with heavy ack-ack and artillery pieces. The story really started when the strafing commenced. Motor transport, tents, a radio van and at least one 88mm gun and crew of six, were thoroughly saturated with calibre 50 bullets.

The enemy was playing for keeps, also, and when the planes returned to the landing ground, it was found that four planes and four pilots were missing, and seven aircraft badly shot up. Truly a bitter baptism, and wonder of it is that the remaining pilots seemed imbued with new courage and new eagerness to seek retribution for the losses.

Of the four pilots lost, news has been received of all four and they are alive. One, Major Frederic A. Borsodi, was picked up by New Zealand forces and returned to the squadron. The other three have been authentically reported as prisoners of war. They are: Capt. David H. Brown, Lt. Arthur J. Weldon, and Lt. Robert Spurgin III.

As a result of the day's fine work, came a message from General Montgomery:

"It is unnecessary for me to say how proud I am of the magnificent effort which was made by all units on that operation. There is no doubt it was a major contribution to the path of the Eighth Army in their attacks on the Ma-

reth position, and I would like commanders to convey to all their pilots my appreciation of their superb support to the land battle that has been given by the air forces yesterday, and in fact, every day since this battle started. Such intimate and close support has not been, to my knowledge, achieved before, and it has been an inspirative to all troops. The results have been first class. I sincerely trust that you have not suffered many losses. Please convey to all commanders and pilots the grateful thanks of myself and the whole army for their wonderful work.

From the ashes of that disastrous day, one year ago, came forth a squadron that has taken setback and victory in stride. Its victory slate isn't the highest in the air force, but its ability to do its assigned share of work is as high as any squadron in the armed forces.



By Sgt. Cullen

In the change of rank lately, we find we have a new C. O.; four new captains; and six new first lieutenants. In the face of, and under the weight of, such prestige, we offer humble congratulations. The new C. O. is Capt. George W. Ewing, Jr.; Lts. Blair, Genovese, Lemmon, Penar, Lyans and McNeal are now 1st lieutenants, while it is now Capt. Martin, Capt. Brown, Capt. Wall and Capt. Skotnicky. Lt. Blair and Capt. Skotnicky have gone overseas to a place called the United States.

We added 14 new pilots, so, just in case you were wondering, who, what and where, let me introduce: Lt. Donald W. Guilfoyle, Providence, R. I.; Lt. Ramie R. Royse, Tulalake, Calif.; Lt. Frank J. Seres, Elyria, Ohio; Lt. Maurice W. Wilson, Atlanta, Kan; Lt. Robert M. Ryan, Jr., Gallup, New Mexico; Lt. Sam Rospo, Jr., Akron, Ohio; Lt. Ramon A. Sulton, Ebenezer, N. Y.; Lt. Robert L. Patin, Milwaukee, Wis.; Lt. Donald A. Ricker, Manchester, N. H.; Lt. Elroy C. Roehrdanz, Minneapolis, Minn.; Lt. Robert L. Richmond, Owosso, Mich.; Lt. Don N. Mulkey, St. Louis, Mo; Lt. George E. Huntsberger, Los Angeles, Calif.; Lt. Ray Hagler, Jr., Taylorville, Ill. Truly north, east, south and west are represented. May we say, welcome home, gentlemen!

Two enlisted men were added to armament department. Harry J. McCrea, Kansas City, Mo.; and Raymond W. Meyer, Grand Island, Neb. Ne-

dless to say, boys, you are in the greatest outfit overseas, unless you want to borrow money.

In the ranks we have a real good quartet, Harmony, plus. By name: S/Sgt. Reynolds, and Cpl. Gaines, Sweeney and Alger. Their theme song is: Don't Get Around Much Anymore!

Here's a natural for the Comanche squadron. Cpl. Peter Boheim! He hails from TOMAHAWK, Wis.

Since Lloyd Shannon, Bill Harper and Eddie DeAngelis came back to the outfit, I wouldn't be surprised to see Panama ANY DAY NOW!

Seems like the boys have a new affliction! Every time you turn around there is a dice game. A form of the G. I., craps.

I herewith apologize to Lt. Deis for my seeming neglect of his efforts with the 86th basketeers. He deserves the respect and admiration of us all for being grand enough to boost the morale of the enlisted men.

Seems some of our officers are under the care of nurses, and one headache is the result. There are three involved. I won't tell their names but their initials are Martino, Stem and Greenberg. Seems the latter has the headache because the former two worry him about using his jeep. He doesn't mind lending the conveyance but he can't understand why he doesn't get himself a little hospital care from nurses without actually going to the hospital.

## COMANCHES TO THE WACS

After 16 months of solitude and loneliness, with memories and dreams as our only outlet, we landed in Naples, and, lo and behold, we saw our first WACs. Real, honest to goodness American gals, typical of the things we are fighting for. It made us all feel great to hear their hello's, how-are-yous etc. Of course in a city full of GIs there were no WAC suicides on account of us, but we did make friends and so to you nice WACs, thanks for the insight to the nice things we were slowly forgetting. Thanks to all WACS, but specifically to Jessie Henry, Mary Nevins, Harriet Knobel, Dottie Fike, Grace Harpo, Ruth Lee, Helen Atkins, Mary Ackerson, Helen Smith, Vi Byrnes, Margaret Woods, Phyllis Goldbeck, Dorothy and Eileen Mallorey, Alberts Lily, «Sandy», «Mother» and Frankie and Mary Helen. The last two are free-wheeling truck drivers. It's mighty nice being in the same city with white women.



## The Flying Skull

By Cpl. HERMAN FINKELSTEIN

### Introducing ...

In Uncle Sam's Italian Arena of Operations, in the Flying Skull's corner, in tip-top fighting weight, and wearing silver wings, we have four contenders for the Victory Championship of the World. Introducing Lt. Walter Szeley (the «Z» is silent) formerly of Hawthorne, N. J., Lt. Wm. C. Thomas, Jr., formerly of Salt Lake City, Utah, 2nd Lt. Raphael Tourin, formerly of Los Angeles Calif., and 2nd Lt. Robert H. Williams, formerly of Ridge Throop, Pa. Welcome to our «arena» gents; you've been taught the rules, so come out of your corners fighting.

We also are introducing a new member to our staff handlers in the person of Lt. Wm. W. Clancy, who hails from Boston (Remember?). He is to be our new Assistant S-2 Officer. Greetings and salutations.

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### Congratulatory Notes...

On the promotions to Captain, congrats to Lt. Chester M. Campbell Jr., of Squadron S-2; Lt. Carl W. Stewart (what, again?), Squadron Ops Officer; and Lt. George H. Nashold, Jr., C. Flight Leader. Capt. Campbell has already «made with the seegars» and we are expectantly awaiting similar tokens of jubilation from the other new railroaders. No doubt, had Captains Stewart and Nashold not been on leave to Cairo the air would have been thick with cigar smoke long before this; you know how expensive leaves are. But we wait more or less patiently for the next pay-call to roll around and hope that the joyous spirit of promotion is still with them at that time.

The exchange of slightly tarnished gold-lacquered bars for brand new shiny silver bars was a bit on the heavy side this last week or so, but none the less welcome. The lucky lads were Lt. «Sad Sack» McLane, Lt. «Hep-cat» Benz, Lt. «Geronimo» Scheumack, Lt. «All» Klear, and Lt. «Knock 'em down, darg 'em out» Maxwell.

Amongst our enlisted personnel a new sergeant was born. We won't go into the age-old controversy of whether ser-

## The Wolf



geants are born or made at this time. Anyway our staff of dieticians now boasts another sergeant by name of Glen «Sexy» Bronson. Sgt. Bronson is famous the squadron over for his terrific coffee. Well, anyway, I like it.

Of late many members of our squadron living in the upper floors of our cliff-dwellings have fallen victim to adreaded disease, Anoxia, lack of oxygen at high altitudes. A great many have experienced the tortures common to the «bends», when they carelessly made a precipitous descent from their lofty bivouacs in the heat of a chow call. One near fatality occurred when S/Sgt. Wesphal blacked out during a headlong rush down the stairs to get to the bar before it opened, and his subsequent tumble left him possessor of a pair of matched shiners.

Suggested remedies are: an oxygen tank at every other landing, an oxygen tent at the topmost floor, oxygen masks and portable oxygen bottles for the upper floor's habitues, and a decompression chamber right outside of the Orderly Room at the bottom landing for use of those unfortunates who descend just a little too fast. At any rate, something has GOT to be done about it.

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A near catastrophe was averted the other day when Sgts. Salomon and Mason's stove erupted and almost resulted in a statement of charges. Sgt. Salomon, without thought of personal danger to himself or Sgt. Mason, grabbed the nearest fire-extinguisher and, without reading any directions whatsoever, skillfully extinguished the threa-

tening flames. Of course, the tent was in a helluva mess; but, once again, Salomon came through in his inimitable manner. Sgt. Mason didn't get to congratulate him until the whole mess was cleaned up. He was so m-a-a-d!

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By Sgt. JACK GILMORE

Has anyone seen strange looking things «buzzing» around the line lately? If so, don't worry, you haven't «had it»; it's only *Green Hornet* Strickland waving his magic wand in the hopes that by some sort of magic the radios will work right. The *Green Hornet* has also added to his abilities (or disabilities) the art of running up an airplane. It is well agreed he should stick to radio, then he can't «Snafu» anything more than the radio. At his heels you will probably find *Kato* Kales, the *Green Hornet's* able assistant, picking up the pieces that the mastermind leaves in his wake.

A love note was received by S/Sgt. Staton from his Eyetic lassie, Staton denies that this affair is serious, but why does he spend his entire day off with the local belle? A. H. has been studying the Eyetic language diligently, and it's not to talk prices with the laundry man.

Coy Wilson spent a whole evening writing a letter of thanks after his recent trip. Could it be the Red Cross took «that» good care of him while he was there? How soon are you going back there Coy?

Too bad there aren't enough B-25s for all of us. Marty *Kato* Kales wants one for Xmas; but he will have to settle for a tinkertoy.

## Sansone

## 30 New Pilots Assigned to 79th

The Falcon extends its cordial welcome to the thirty new fighter pilots which have been assigned to the group during the month. Following is a list of the new aviators by squadrons.

### 85th SQUADRON

Lts. Walter (NMI) Szeley, William C. Thomas, Jr., Raphael (NMI) Tourin, Robert H. Williams, Ward T. Pringle, Matthew F. Purchia, Richard G. Sanderson, William J. Stalter.

### 86th SQUADRON

Lts. Donald W. Guilfoyle, Romie R. Royse, Frank J. Seres, Maurice W. Wilson, Ray (NMI) Hagler, George E. Huntsberger, Don N. Mulkey, Robert L. Patin, Donald A. Richer, Robert L. Richmond, Elroy C. Roehrdanz, Sam (NMI) Rospo, Jr. Robert M. Ryan, Jr., Ramon A. Sutton.

### 87th SQUADRON

Lts. David W. Moss, Robert E. Moell, Robert A. Paul, Victor L. Phelps, William H. Rueschhoff, Noel (NMI) Sonnichsen, Garth E. Thornton, and F. O. Ferdinand (NMI) Tichenor.

## Gen. Chennault Sees Japs Licked From Air

China (CNS) — Maj. Gen. L. Chennault believes the Allies can destroy Japan from the air with only one-tenth of the air force being used to wreak havoc on Nazi Germany.

According to a *United Press* dispatch, the commander of the U. S. 14th Air Force is convinced that if he can knock out the enemy shipping in the South China Sea and Yangtze River and the railroads in northern China, Japan's industry and her army will collapse «easily».

The 99th Squadron Swing Band again set the entertainment world on fire last week, when they presented a red hot stage show at the Red Cross Theater. A capacity crowd enjoyed the variety program of the colored stars.

## Church Notes

You'll find the Chaplain upstairs at the Recreation Center, on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Fridays, from 0900 to 1130, and 1300 to 1600. Other times by appointment. Come — whether you need your ticket punched or not!

Services for week 26 March — 1 April: Sunday, 26 March, at Base Chapel: CATHOLIC Mass, 0900 and 1800 hrs., Chaplain Houle; PROTESTANT Morning Worship, 1000 hrs., Chaplain Junkins. At 99 Squadron, services at 1530 hrs., Chaplain Ham; at 16 Service Squadron, service at 2000 hrs. Friday, 31 March, at No. 6 Port Chapel, JEWISH services at 1800 hrs.

## 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. Cpl. Herman Finklestein  
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

*« I wish personally to commend the editors and staff of The Falcon for their conscientious work in the preparation and publication of the group paper, which has grown from four to eight pages within the incredibly short time of three weeks and improved proportionally in all other ways. The articles have become much more mature and the reporting more complete and pertinent.*

*« Through the medium of the Falcon separate individuals and squadrons are becoming better acquainted with each other, and talents which were previously known to only a few are now being used for the benefit of all. The whole organization has profited by the work of those officers and enlisted men on the staff.*

*« I believe that all members of the 79th join me in congratulating each person connected with the Falcon, and especially those named in the box above, on a job well done in the past. We look forward with expectation to the future issues ».*

EARL E. BATES, Jr.  
Commanding

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## Stub Pencil Opinion

« In the present world situation, evidenced by the action of Germany, Italy, and Japan, unquestionable military control over disturbers of the peace is as necessary among nations as it is among citizens in a community », said President Roosevelt on *The State of the Union* last January. His words utter an important factor in post-war planning: the establishment of a sizable air force to control our scattered possessions and secure world peace.

According to reports from Washington, Army and Navy planning groups have been studying the plans for our post-war military future. From their extensive discussions have come the following suggestions for a secure post-war United States:

- 1) Universal military service for men of all ages.
- 2) Standing army of 1,000,000 men for use not only in U. S., but in far flung outposts under American control.
- 3) A Navy at least half again as large as that which existed before 1940.

It is the determination of these planners to prevent our nation from falling into the obloquy of only 183,447 officers and men in the services as in 1938.

These are the facts we must face. But they are no easy matter to establish. They will alter the absconding, softened way of life we have become accustomed to. They will reduce productive manpower. They will necessitate higher taxes. And they will infringe upon America's precious freedom of thought and action.

The shape of things to come will not be the shape of things past. We who have been away, will have to alter our prewar minds to the realities of postwar necessities.

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Every now and then our Congress comes forth with a worthy measure that deserves the support of all servicemen. Such a bill has been introduced in the House by Rep. Samuel A. Weiss, (D., Pa.), proposing a « Combat Pay » for front-line troops. The measure, which was first suggested by journalist Ernie Pyle, provides fifty percent of base pay increase for combat service, by ground troops.

Here is one tribute to Mr. Pyle, Rep. Weiss, and all those who will push this measure. To the boys up front, who are fighting this war, we owe more than our thanks. Let's give them the little something extra they so rightfully deserve. Even if it means a few extra dollars from our pockets!

## Soapbox Opinion

To the Editor:

There is a great new singing sensation on the air. His name is Frank Sinatra. His popularity has become so widespread that Bing Crosby's following is looking to his laurels. Frank is the king of swoon and was voted the number one crooner of the past year. All this popularity has naturally led to comparisons and discussions of the relative merits of the two singers. Just how good must Sinatra be to have ousted the perennial favorite, Bing Crosby, from the number one spot?

By way of clarifying matters, Time Magazine ran a February article on a recent Sinatra-Crosby vocal contest, stating that before an audience of 320 servicemen and elderly citizens, Crosby was the winner, Sinatra's bobby-socked brigade second best. It is significant to point out the nature of the audience. There were no bobby socks present.

By this time you well have guessed that Sinatra rates high in this note. It is my belief that Sinatra is tops. It seems evident Frank's renditions of some numbers like « I Heard You Cried Last Night », « Sunday, Monday, or Always », or « In the Blue of the Evening » leave nothing to be desired vocally.

A FRANK G. I.

## The Chaplain's Say

It was such a short article, and on the back page at that — « Clergy Protest Reich Bombings » ... Well, perhaps by now you have had a chance to think a little more calmly about the matter. Two or three things I think should be said, to make things clearer. We regret that we do not have more information on the subject. One would greatly desire to see the original magazine article referred to. But in the absence of that, we must proceed on the basis of what we have.

In the first place, let us remember that our hometown pastor has not let us down. Those 28 ministers do not represent the entire clergy. Your pastor is in there working overtime, doing a couple of extra jobs, losing two or three hours sleep a night, just so that you will have a chance to get home quicker, and have a better world to come back to. He remembers you in his prayers every night, and says a helpful word to your family every day.

Let us not forget, either, that those men too have a right to say what they believe. That is what are fighting for, isn't it? It is our job to point out the truth to them.

Presumably, they object chiefly to our bombing the civilian population. They say that we have forgotten the rules of gentlemanly conduct. Well, as I see it, there are no rules of conduct in modern warfare. It is total war and no holds barred. Regrettable as it is, we cannot win this war without bombs. And unless we do win it, we will be worse off than before. We will have no chance of ever achieving the kind of world we want. In pioneer days in the west, they fought fire with one weapon — fire. Sometimes they had to burn valuable crops and pasture to do it, and sometimes it got away from them. But it was a choice between fighting the fire, and standing back to let it destroy everything anyway.

Yes, we all regret the necessity of war. But to advocate that we quit dropping bombs is like telling a football team to lay down in the third quarter — it just isn't done.

## Home Effrontery

The CNS has furnished the following exhilarating bulletins on typical American life:

BECKLEY, W. VA. — Arrested here as a phony « applesauce and preserve tester », a local resident admitted to police that he went from door to door in this district, testing the preserves of housewives. He would then declare the preserves too sweet — a violation of rationing rules — and collect twenty-five dollars to guarantee the housewives' appearances in court, he admitted.

WEST HAVERSTRAW, N. J. — The trustees of this little village, who recently fired the police department, now have discarded the town judge, too. The reason — no crime.

AURORA, ILL. — Aurora's regular leap year frolick was called off this year. No unmarried men around, it seems.

RICHMOND, VA — A local resident applied his IA draft reclassification on grounds of « hardship ». His dependents, he said, included a wife, two children and three chimpanzees. P. S. He's in the army now.

STORRS, CONN. — The admission price to a dance at the University of Connecticut was a pint of blood and ten dimes. The dimes were collected at the door for the infantile paralysis fund. The blood will be collected later, on pledges, for the armed forces.

Here is a forceful and candid excerpt taken from a letter recently received by a boy in group, and which gives a clear-cut insight on the strike situation back in the states: « ... it makes me sick to see all of these false statements about strikes and strikers. Despite all the baloney about strikes, the production lines are producing, — and that to me, should be the serviceman's answer to all these expatiated and false headlines, whose only and obvious intent is to divide the fighting man from the man behind the man behind the gun. Of course, there have been strikes, but they are greatly in the minority, and a vicious undercurrent of deadly propaganda has seen to it that the serviceman got a windfall of distorted statements on that account » ...



Norwood, Mass. born Major George T. Lee, 87th Squadron Leader, has what is, perhaps, the best record of any U. S. flyer in this theater of the conflict. His three jerry planes destroyed and two damaged have been gleaned from a presstime tabulation of some 156 missions, flown over diverse terrain and under varied conditions. His is, indeed, a glowing tribute to not only the superior quality of American machinery, but also to the superlative stuff of our brilliant, fearless manhood who take to the skies with metal birds.

### Trik-a-Week

Answer to last week's problem:

Requires a spoon and napkin, or a handkerchief. Fold napkin diagonally, forming a triangle. Lay spoon on the folded edge, calling attention to the spoon being on the top of the cloth. Now roll the spoon up in the cloth until you come to the point of the triangle. Here there will be two corners. Under cover of your fingers give the roll sufficient more twist to cause one corner only to flip on top. Now unroll the spoon slowly, and it will have vanished from the top of the napkin, and will be found inside the fold.

Discard the napkin, and lay the spoon on the edge of the table next to where you are sitting. Pick spoon up by holding it between your palms, and gently move it up and down. Close the fingers over the front of spoon, hiding it from view. As fingers close in front, give the spoon a sharp snap with one finger, sending it into your lap, and at the same moment start to move the hands forward slowly, still holding them as though the spoon were between them. Slap palms together with upward tossing motion, and show them empty — the spoon has vanished. Do this vanish in a smooth, continuous action and you'll fool the best of them.

Next week: «Ghost of a Match». A marked paper match is thrown away, and makes a surprisingly impossible appearance under the match cover held by the spectator.

Magically yours,  
THE MAD MAGICIAN

### Reviewing the Books

LORD JIM

By JOSEPH CONRAD

Joseph Conrad, the sea-faring Polish genius who spoke no English before his twentieth year, then evolved into a master English mariner and a great master artist of English literature, writes in *Lord Jim* one of his most enticing tales of the sea. It is the moving story of the searching study of the cowardice, the lure of the sea, and of youthful adventure. It is the story of a deserter, the grasping thoughts, the daring escapes, the public trials, and finally the successful triumphs of that deserter. It is perhaps the best known work of Joseph Conrad, «the greatest artist who ever wrote a novel».

The above novel can be checked for one week from the 79th Special Service Library, Recreation Center.

HEMPSTEAD, L. I. — The Kiwanis club took a sixth grade reading test and the only member to score a hundred was a newspaper man.

## “Bella Bambina”



Eytie Pin-ups by Pumphrey

### Poet's Prattle

#### WAR IS HELL!

My faith in you was my Kingdom,  
Your love was my Army of might;  
My Navy was your deathless devotion,  
And my Air Force, the words you did [write.

But slowly my Air Force diminished  
When a sailor my Army destroyed;  
The bilge-rat, he scuttled my Navy  
And my Kingdom is now null and void.  
Cpl. HERMAN FINKELSTEIN, 85th

#### I'VE HAD THIS WAR

Thru the squadron area  
All you can hear  
Is «I've had this war  
Can't go another year...»  
I've had him — them — and you  
I've had these Techs  
And this Spam and Stew  
I've had these people  
Who are not on the ball  
I'm tired of hearing this  
«had» craze

And that ain't all  
Truthfully speaking, I Had «you all».  
HORATIO HADENUFF, 87th.

#### THE INTRUDER

It was not the cough of the engines  
Nor the noise of the guns all about them,  
But the bold, brave song of a fugitive [bird  
That opened their hearts to welcome. SLIP

#### REMEMBER WHEN

It seems years and years since then.  
Years and years. Remember when —  
We danced, and called the piece our [own.  
How loath we were to say good night, [and  
wend our way home.  
And how we did in silence sit, but yet [we  
were not bored.  
For just a touch of hand on hand, left  
words to be ignored.  
We dared to dream and dream we did, [all  
sorts and kinds of dreams.  
But that was years and years ago. Or so  
it seems.

H. W. AUSTIN, Hq.

### Sarg Heartsake

Dear Heartsake:

For my past year overseas, I have been corresponding with a girl back in the states whom I have never seen, and whose name and address was given me by my best buddy. Judging from her letters and pictures, the young lady is very sweet, and I've grown as much in love with her as is possible by the mails. I am sure she feels the same toward me. Should I go ahead and make plans for marriage when I return and send along money to prepare a home?

Sgt. S.

Dear S.:

Many a happy home has been the outgrowth of correspondence. I find no objection to your plans, as it's a gamble this matrimony business, under any conditions. At any rate, it's worth while taking a chance on making a home, when over here, about the only thing your money on a girl will return is a lot of grief, loss in pay and physical discomfort.

SARGE

### G. I. Quiz Kid

Q. Are airmen eligible to receive the Bronze Star?

A. Yes, under certain circumstances. The Bronze Star, newest Army award, is given for «Heroic or meritorious achievement, in combat or in support of combat on the ground». It is expected that members of the ground forces will lead eligibility lists, although airmen may win it too — but not in the air.

Q. My wife receives a Class E allotment-of-pay. Should she include this money as part of her earned income on her income tax returns?

A. According to Brig. Gen. H. N. Gilbert, Director of the War Department Office of Dependency Benefits, the answer is *No*. Army wives and other dependents of Army men and women, with a single exception, need not pay income taxes on family allowances or Class E allotments-of-pay. The possible exception is the divorced wife who is receiving an allowance or allotment in payment of alimony.

### Cadets Leave

79th Aviation Cadets, the local boys who made good, departed for the states last week after flighty farewell parties given in their honor. The 87th Squadron officers presented a frivolous affair to their candidates, while others received impromptu celebrations from their buddies.

The six candidates were Robert N. Martin, Hq.; Victor Metje, Leonard Bacchetti, 85th; Everly J. McGrath, 86th; Howard Farmer, and Ralph Farmer, 87th.

# Mosquito Bites

S/Sgt. GEORGE W. GALLAGHER, Jr.

They call us the SKEETERS, but perhaps the name should be changed to BEE'S, because the telephone lines are constantly buzzing — now that the boys have met up with the WACS. In fact, many are taking lessons on how to use a phone. There have been many types of « lines », i. e., « Chow », « Stag », « Pay », etc., now a new line is started—the telephone « line ». The Communications Department will have to spend more time on the switchboard and less in Naples, to keep the boys contented.

The extra activity is due to the second dance sponsored by the SKEETERS, which was held on March 15th, at the Stellar Hall, in Naples. Griffin's Orchestra (505th Coast Artillery, A.A.), heard now and then over the air waves from the RED CROSS CLUB, provided the swing-co-pating tunes and « hot jive ».

Although the hall was not as large as the Special Service Ballroom, the jitterbugs, namely: Lt. Col. BAKER, (Gp Hq), M/Sgt. GARDNER, S/Sgts. DILLON, GOWER and McAVOY. Cpls. FRANCOEUR, YOST and SCHNEIDER, etc., had ample space to strut their stuff.

The sandwiches, punch and other delicacies were most enjoyable. In fact, two young ladies brought sandwiches back to the company for a midnight snack. Williams, Kwiatkowski deserve much credit for turning out the good food.

We were particularly happy to see the girls from the 6670th WAC Headquarters who had helped put over the initial SKEETER dance. These girls expressed appreciation by turning out in a larger number. We sincerely hope that the girls from the 6716th Headquarters WAC Signal outfit (who made a first appearance) will also attend future dances, bringing more friends to enjoy the fun.

## SEEN ABOUT THE BALLROOM

McAVOY and Cpl. BOBLETTE renewing old acquaintances, and keeping one step ahead of the orchestra. A blonde (MARY) and «blushing» SERVIS trying to preflight to «ONE O'CLOCK JUMP». «Charlie» DONAHUE and a five foot brunette, shuffling in and out of grooves. SCHNEIDER tying up a certain corner of the floor, and PARKS coming in to spoil the fun. Bill GARDNER making the young boys take notice of the very best of the fastest. «Frenchy» MORISSETTE finally meeting up with a WAC named «Frenchy». PARKS giving but one dance to JULIE (and after all that chewing gum she brought for him alone). FERREIRA struggling in and about, trying to maintain that youthful figure (Now, now Manuel).

The motherly instinct came out in VERDYE GEWIN — and doesn't the recipient SURE appreciate it. CLAUDIA PERNELL and «Bob» SCHUSTER going along nicely (that doggone rank always interferes, eh Bob?). THOMAZIN cutting in and slowing down the fast stepping girls. GOWER with nicely slicked hair beating it out with any and all. McHAN dancing like a crack fast freight train, with his girlfriend trying to figure out what to do next. TEAL turning down a «hard-boiled» blonde, only to have someone else tell her how sweet she was. SWITZER and POCZCZKOWSKI striking up a beautiful friendship, only to have someone break it up (page three of «FALCON», Vol. 1, No. 3). H. FARMER and KITTY, the beginning of a beautiful friendship (he hopes). Old Man ERICKSON came to the dance and took over behind the bar on his own. SESKY & SULLIVAN, INC., two wolves on a prowl. «Wimpy» SCHUBERT playing «hard to get». YOST and a pretty little Corporal (could it be that you were pulling your rank, RAY?). MINERS sure was put in his place by MARY, tsk, tsk. «Trap» DRUM conspicuous by his absence (Daggone it, I knew something was missing). WALKER and his very sweet young lady, looking like an old time newsome twosome. Lt. Joe MARKS dancing «divinely» with a WAC Officer. Lt. JOHNSON «pulling rank» on Lt. ROSSI for the benefit of two very thirsty young men. «Big Un» FARMER and Lt. JOHNSON taking care of rough situations». SALLY a wonderful dancer, and a «solid» jitterbug taking everything in stride. The very fine singing of a WAC officer in spite of a cold. Major LEE with many beautiful girls around.

To all those who arranged for the dance, we give our best thanks. Let us hope that our next dance will be just as successful as those in the past.

## OBSERVATIONS BY THE STINGER:

At the dance: Stroup was in a quandry. He wanted the cute brunette while the tall blonde wanted him ... The three stooges from Group, «Curly» Goodman, «Larry» Hunt and «Moe» Hardin elbow resting at the bar ... Lt. Barrette, the WAC officer, keeping a watchful eye on her chickadees. She caught one with her blouse unbuttoned — and we think our officers are rough ... Yost «snowing under» lovely Dorothy Millard with Miners trying to «shoot him out of the saddle» ... Even Slow Motion Batchelor warmed up a bit when dancing with charming Christine ... «Granpappy Erickson» watching the proceedings from the side lines wishing he was young again ...



Frost row, left to right, S/Sgt. Poole, S/Sgt. Benson, T/Sgt. Boievert, and S/Sgt. Huff; Back row, left to right, Sgt. Hitt, Sgt. Renfro and S/Sgt. Schilling.

## Seven Comanche Wonders Of Hairless Desert Dreary Days

These seven members of the 86th are not standing on their hands, as a hasty glance might reveal, but have had their heads shaven in a true Comanche haircut. This photo is a throw-back to the days when they were miles from civilization and thousands of miles from the nearest WAC barracks, so the boys weren't worried about slicking their hair. The idea isn't as it looks if you know the subjects in the picture. Let's take a hasty look behind the scenes, and capture the real story of these haircuts, as told to me by my African Correspondent.

Poole, as usual, had all the money in the outfit, so he didn't have a worry anyhow; Benson didn't have hair to start with, so he had nothing to lose; Boisvert wanted to borrow money from Poole, so had his hair cut so Poole

would think they were buddies; Huff, known as Horrible, figured anything would be an improvement; Hitt was in one of his out-of-this-world moods and didn't know what happened until it was all over; Renfro wanted his picture taken, so he agreed to the hair cut; Schilling talks so slow that by the time he could say «no», the job was done. The months haven't changed things a great deal. Poole still wins all the money; Benson still has no hair; Boisvert is still trying to be buddies with them; Huff is still Horrible; Hitt leaves this world every night and moves into a world inhabited by WACs; Renfro still likes to have his picture taken; and Schilling still talks so slow that by the time he tells me what he thinks of me I'll be home on furlough.

G. C.



"Congratulations, Smith ... you have set a new altitude record!"



99 Sqn.

## Weir's Words

The damndest situation imaginable has long been prevalent in this squadron, and its high time this unpleasant condition be brought to the attention of the proper authority. Now, perhaps, there will be a general order, or a special order, or even a memorandum, reading in part — «the fighting of the civil war must be ended, guys from New York will cease to deride the poor farmers of New Jersey, and gentlemen from Pennsylvania (Philadelphia in particular) must remember their noble station in life and not take unfair advantage of the not so fortunate members who reside in the other forty seven states».

It's all so silly. Naturally everybody couldn't be so lucky as to come from West Philly so why, why should «House» Hall and another individual, whose name cannot be mentioned here deride Dave Charman because he comes from South Philly. True the streets of South Philly are often dirty; true the police have to patrol in pairs; true the houses are tumbledown, but so what — it is not so long since the Indians roamed there! Besides South Philly, let us not forget, is a part of that magnificent metropolis—Philadelphia. All of us know that Philadelphia is the City of Brotherly Love; the birth place of the nation; the most advanced city in the entire world.

We must forget our foolish sectional differences. John E. Jones must stop acting as if he were a representative of Philadelphia's Chamber of Commerce. Since Jones has come from North Africa to Sicily, and from Sicily to Italy, he believes himself a cosmopolite. It is whispered, though, that not so long ago Jones thought that the deep south was South Philly; the far east, Philadelphia's Eastern Penitentiary; and the far west, West Philly. It is easily seen that Jones has small right to offer opinion. Country hicks, and dime novelists have that Lt. Charles W. DeFoor, of the 85th, proposed for Hitler. Lt. DeFoor stated that Hitler should be confined to the limits of New Jersey. How badly the Jersey boys must feel about that remark! True that is a diabolical form of punishment; true it shouldn't be done to a dog; true Jersey's one claim to fame is that Camden is across the river from Philadelphia; true Jersey is synonymous with farmers, but farming

is one of the big things winning this war. Yes, Leutinant, we know all of this is true of Jersey, but let's be big-hearted and sort of overlook the multiple shortcomings of Jersey. It is kind of hard to tolerate the Jerseyites when one recalls that Campbells Soup Factory, now making C Rations, is located there. They say they're doing it for defense. The nerve of them!

Above all the bright boys from New York must be subdued. Hollywood, country hicks, and dime novelists have all painted New York City as the most glamorous, the most adventurous place in the world. The New Yorkers don't experience half the adventures which are supposed to have taken place in New York. No doubt there is a larger percentage of gangsters and criminals in New York City than anywhere else, but this no cause for bragging and celebration. The airs and pretenses that the New Yorkers affect are disgusting. Have you ever heard them talk? They play havoc with the English language: youse guys, t'oidy t'oid street, butch, punk, frail, G-guy.

And the girls. Oh, the girls! They are so possessive and sophisticated. Why can't they be like ordinary girls? Imagine telling one of them that you dropped a couple of hundred in a poker game, or that your poor old mother must undergo an operation. You'd get no sympathy. She'd probably answer, «Tough stuff, old man. Say, did you know that Benny Goodman is at the Paramount this week?»

As has been aforesaid the boys from Philly must learn to love and tolerate the boys from elsewhere. Florida must be a pretty nice place in which to live because people live there. Missouri is okay, as is California, Illinois and Oregon. True these places, as Irvin L. Sharpe, has said, cannot boast a Betsy Ross's House, or a Fairmount Park, still they must be okay, else why would people remain there?

## Congrats, Fellows...

Robert «Buck» Newsome of Special Service is doing a good job. When the boys are off duty, Buck provides diversion. The diversion sometimes take the form of books, magazines, and even jump sessions. Buck doesn't adopt a pose or ask for special consideration because he hands out opera tickets, PX rations, beer and coca-cola. «In the first place», he says, «the money for all this does not come out of my pocket. In the second place you guys deserve all this and more». He's doing a good job.

Everybody agrees that «Prof» Anderson is doing a good job. His job is to 'keep 'em rolling'. Prof is a serious, earnest fellow who is forever tinkering with a motor. If ready transportation is required to aid in the defeat of Jerry, then he has contributed much toward victory.

We're all for licking Jerry and the Jap and we all want to do a good job.

## Insignia Designers

Here are the originators of the 79th Group insignia. Mr. Alan Rowe, conservator of the Graeco-Roman Museum, Alexandria, Egypt, and Mr. Badie Effendi, museum artist.



Rowe And Effendi

... Gave Us the Falcon...

Effendi, museum artist. We are indebted to these gentlemen for their time and expert talent in giving us the authentic, symbolic Falcon insignia back in 1942 in Egypt.

## 85th To Lose Old Soldier Schroder

By Sgt. «VIC» KOLAR

Sgt. George Schroder, the lad of «forty eight», who sports a one-star Victory Ribbon from World War I, has been recommended for a well-earned rest back home.

In April, 1918, Sgt. Schroder, better known as «Pop», enlisted in the army and spent one year in France with the 412th Motor Transport Unit of the First Army. He saw action in the Meuse-Argonne battle and when the armistice came «Pop» was just one mile from Verdun.

«Pop» hails from Houston, Tex., and when asked what he has in mind when and if he goes home, Pop curtly remarked, «I just want a rest and then go to the South Pacific to help knock out those damn Japs. That's what I enlisted for».

The grand old soldier has been with us from the start and says he will sure miss the gang if he goes. The boys of the 85th will certainly miss him, too. Who's going to keep an eye on those «boomb» wires?

We're all making some contribution, some more so than others admittedly, to this end. T/Sgt. Edgar Hart is doing a good job. He is the head of the supply section. The first commissioned head was sent to the Zone of the Interior; the second commissioned head has been hospitalized, so Hart is busy indeed. His section, nevertheless, is running smoothly and efficiently. He's doing a good job.

## Thirty Have Needed Combat Sorties Now

Led by Major George T. Lee, 87th C. O., and Lt. Clinton V. Owen, 87th Operations Officer, with 153 and 140 missions respectively, over 30 pilots of the group have completed their 80 combat sorties, the number required before reassignment to the states.

The number held by Major Lee is the highest in the history of the 79th, and one of the outstanding records in any fighter unit. Major Lee is a veteran member of the Falcons, having come from the states with the group in 1942. His first combat mission was flown while on detached service with the 57th Fighter Group in Egypt.

High flyer in the 85th is Commander John F. Martin with 138 sorties. Capt. George W. Ewing, new Comanche C. O., tops the list in the 86th with 117, and Capt. Ridsen B. Wall second with 96. The leading 99th aviator is Capt. Charles B. Wall, 88 sorties, and Lt. James T. Wiley, 84 sorties.

Capt. Byron, Group Operations, has 102 missions to his credit, Col. Bates, Group C. O., 81, and Major Nielsen, Deputy C. O., 92.



## Memory Lane

174 . . . three little numerals . . . 174 . . . an inconspicuous spot on the Desert Air Force military map; a desolate, barren hell sprinkled with British tents, warhawks, grimy GIs, and desert shrubs . . . three little numerals, for three little squadrons, fresh off the boat, cuddled together to escape the penetrating dust . . . 174 . . . grinding your teeth with the desert morsels of chow served by Pop Davis, Trinidad, and Hassler . . . 174 . . . Happy memories of the Greeks, their drink and genial hospitality . . . repairing airplanes without tools . . . guard duty, 0200-0600, and the wogs firing upon the 85th . . . camel caravans . . . Sieta wog . . . Shifty . . . «If you hit a wog, be sure and kill him» . . . canned beer and peanuts; Oh ecstasy! . . . Bombers umbrelling the sky, headed toward Rommel . . . sand, sand, and more sand, . . . «digging in» by the tentful . . . Christmas cheer . . . Nisson huts . . . «Night and Day, I Saw the Sand go by» . . . The desert rats of 174 . . .

## Sportslants

Spring it is. And spring does things to the American male; whether he be in Brooklyn or Bari. You will find him tumbling and frolicking over plots of green stubble or just loosening up on the pock-marked streets, fleckled with the flutter of clothes hung out to dry. Fanatic, feverish, furious — the American concentrates his violent efforts on a stitched up bundle of roundness which he flings thru the air or strikes with wood.

Without baseball there can be no Spring. That goes for the exciting milder version of the pastime called softball. And while on this subject, I believe it only in the interest of good sport to mention the fact that a smooth-fielding, hard-hitting Headquarters team was undisputed champion in an intrasquadron league which saw many a stormy contest during a season past.

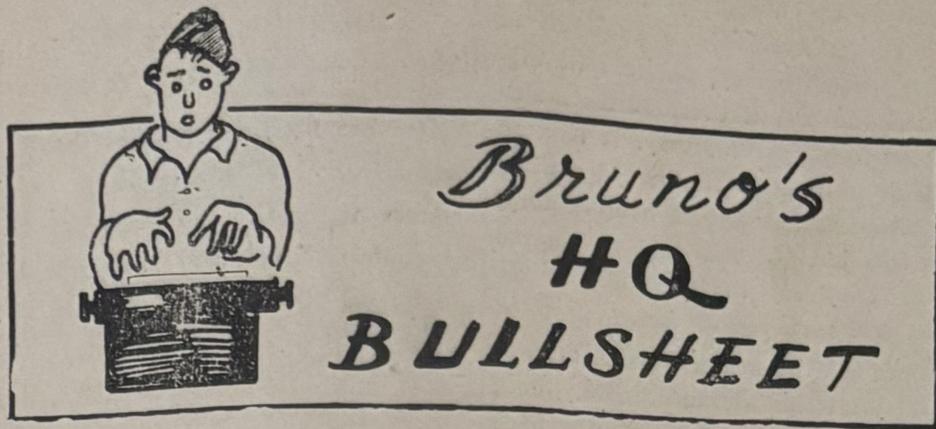
But things are different this year with agitation very strongly in favor of a 79th hard ball team which would include all squadrons and group and would combine the spherical talents of all the stars.

I am not only toying with the idea — I strongly favor this nine. It would give the boys an outfit which had played together over a stretch of games in the event of entrance into a tourney. That is a big advantage; and surely was our basketball's teams one shortcoming. Besides there would be an unifying of following all over group; centralizing one big loud cheering section to back the boys up out there on the diamond. There's many other obvious advantages for this team which will find plenty of good, stiff competition amongst the nines already limbering up in this area.

One thing. To the daddys of this 79th Fighter team I should like to drop a suggestion. It would look mighty nice to see the boys playing this year with the name *Falcons* tagged to them.

The night of the big air raid over Naples brought forth many a tearful account of some touching incident; but the most heart-rending we heard was sobbed out to us by our Squadron Flight Surgeon, Captain Winsauer, the morning after the raid. After quieting the «Doc» down to some slight coherence with aid of a strong sedative, we breathlessly listened to a story of one particular air raid victim.

While the flak was pouring down at its heaviest the C. Q. on duty at the 85th Dispensary was too excited to notice a patient dragging its flak-ridden body silently into a corner of the dispensary on all fours to await the excitement's end and subsequent medical treatment. The raid carried on endlessly to the patiently suffering victim, who grew steadily weaker with each passing minute. At the



That Sinatra vs Crosby fight at the mess table has finally found its way, like all other controversial issues, into the *Falcon*. Slogan Dambrie certainly has his work cut out if he thinks he can convince such die-hards as Tieman, Erdman, Lappin, and Newlon....

You Know Herbert and Big Beetham are continually bettering their endurance record on the Red Cross pool tables with several drawnout efforts on the felt... Lt. Small, stater, is the group's ultimate authority on Eyetie manicure jobs... Sour Krause, constantly saying to himself, over and over again, «mess fund, mess fund...» Hardin doing a pretty man-sized job of local pro-

moting, despite the limitations of an hastily improvised sign language.... Star: Fred Dambrie, slogan papa... T.O. Babblin' Brooks, hypnotised by recent female scribbling from the states, has radically altered his hair-do...

Here's the latest in the Peter The Rock Daddario and Pat Idle Patter Parvana feud over the luscious hand of hapely Angelina: Reached on the phone just before presstime, the burly transportation boss stated: «Goshdamn, dat guy never wuz able to pick a good broad hisself; he's allus tryin' to cash in on some udder guy's judgement'»



When I showed the above photo to a few guys in the know, the general reaction was the same. And I'm not saying outright what that is. But I've printed it, and seeing I just cant stand back out the way and let things blow over, I might as well try to sell you the end, it was too late for the victim to receive medical attention for he has passed into unconsciousness, and alone and unnoticed by anyone, silently passed away.

The body was discovered the next morning pitifully cuddled in the corner it originally had crawled into. Capt. Winsauer immediately notified Q. M. to come and dispose of the body in the proper military manner prescribed by Army Regulations. And in this manner, a single piece of flak expended nine lives and one each cat of unknown Italian ancestry wended its way to the place where all good cats go.

idea — although no amount of reason or logic can alter the fact. You see it's the only shot we got that was suitable for reproduction, and the boys said, «Of all the birds to muscle his way into a picture, it would be Parvana. And of all the photos, his would be the one to come out good!» You've got to cater to your public in this racket, so Wise and I got together to see what we could do. We tried slicing, daubing, cutting, blacking-out and fully exhausted the many little tricks associated with the trade, but to no avail. He just had to stay into the snap, if we were to have any composition at all. So, here it is, boys, curse me if you will. He's crashed another gate. If you can find any solace in the fact, there are other more enlightening faces in the shot, amongst them the handsome, likeable image of one Dick Hobbs, hopperations chieftain.

## Caproni Airlines Crash Headlines

The Caproni Airlines, former 79th Italian travel service, crashed the headlines in the New York newspaper, PM, it has been revealed. The following letter, written by a member of the group on the hectic flight of the Caproni made on October 23, 1943 was clipped from the letter column of that paper, dated January 28, 1944.

«This actually happened to me yesterday:

«Attached to our outfit is an Italian plane which we use for courier service and rides. It's piloted by an Italian flier and yesterday my buddy and I decided to go to Naples for a short visit.

«When we started out heavy clouds began forming and rain seemed threatening. I was sitting in the nose of the plane where the bombardier generally sits and was beginning to feel kind of eery when we flew into the clouds which blotted out everything.

«Our pilot suddenly became ill and «blacked out». The plane turned over on its back and we fell into a tailspin toward the earth. We couldn't see a thing because of the clouds, but we knew we were diving because of the pressure. Everything seemed to be spinning around as if the earth was rapidly twisting on its axis. Fortunately the co-pilot was wide awake because when he noticed the condition of the pilot he pulled back on the stick and we began to pull out of the dive.

«We were about 200 feet from the ground before the nose of the plane started coming up. Centrifugal force came into play then and I could feel a terrific pressure on my abdomen and head. Maybe for a second I must have «blacked out» too, because I couldn't see anything and instinctively opened my mouth and yelled to relieve the pressure. (Maybe I was just scared and screamed).

«One of our own pilots, who later told us how close we came to crashing, said he knew what was happening and thought it was the end!»

## Nix on Pistol Mamas

There isn't going to be any «pistol packin' mamas» in the WAC, Brig. Gen. Walter F. Kraus, Chief of Staff, made this clear in a memorandum recently released.

«No weapon or arm, nor any replica or imitation thereof, will be used or carried by any member of the Women's Army Corps, nor will any training in the use or firing of any weapon be afforded any member of the Women's Army Corps».

Lay that pistol down, babe, lay that pistol down!

No, I have not been one of those lucky birds in on the WACs and ATS dates which have been the big say lately.