

FALCON

HQ

85TH

CAVEAT INIMICUS



79TH FIGHTER GP.

86TH

87TH

ITALY EDITION

VOL. I - N. 8

RESTRICTED

Falcon Ball Team To Open League Play

The Falcons, 79th's entrant, will pry the lid off the twelve team Capodichino Baseball League when they take on the highly-rated 47th Bomb nine in the opening game of the season, Sunday, April 16, at the Falcon Stadium on the Base. The game is scheduled to start at 1530 hours.

The league made up entirely of teams in this locality, is studded with names of former school, semi-pro and pro stars, and a season of real fast ball should witness the G.I. pennant scramble before a backdrop of aircraft and a temperamental volcano. A schedule of approximately three games a week for each team has been drawn up by the league's officials, headed by the president, Capt. Alvin M. Mavis, Special Service Officer of the 79th Fighter Group.

STRONG TEAMS ENTERED

Twelve teams, two from one unit, have signed up. They are: 16th Service Squadron, 1765 Ordnance, 47th Bomb Group (2), 366 Service Squadron, 100 Fighter Squadron, 302 Depot Repair Sqdn, 316 Service Group, 46 Service Sqdn, 302 Fighter, and the 38th Air Depot Repair Sqdn. Any of the league teams are eligible for entrance into later season baseball tournaments. All games will conform to the Capodichino Baseball League Rules.

FALCONS LOOK GOOD

The Falcons, hampered by unsuitable playing grounds and a short period of training, have gradually rounded into playing form, and are definitely a team the competition will be gunning for. Manager Trap Drum has a well-balanced aggregation which blends some classy fielding with an assortment of potent stick power. The squad is made up of infielders: Calomeno, Shedlock, Colletti, Lux, Noonan, Brazwell and Gardner; outfielders: Kelly, Starrett, Dimas, Lankford; 1st base: Flynn, Waring and Goldman; catchers: Waring and Flynn; pitchers: Langford, Sereditch, Krause and Robinson. Manager Drum plays both the infield and outfield, while Tabby Tabachnick is trainer and base coach.

The teams venture into organized baseball play marks a milestone in the athletic life of the Falcons overseas. Previous sport battles had been confined to intra-squadron softball contests in the group's desert league.

All home games will be played at the Falcon Stadium which is located on the north side of the flying field, facing hangar No. 2.



In the hands of Squadron Special Service personnel are questionnaires pertaining to a 'Talent Survey'. It is strongly recommended that the questions be answered carefully because upon your answers will be based future operations. State frankly what you want and if you have a particular problem, or, to use the vernacular, a 'gripe', let us know about it. If you should need more space for expression use the reverse side of the questionnaire. We want to help you! But we are helpless unless you tell us your needs!

Suggestion boxes are being placed in all squadrons. If you want a dance, say so! If you want a debating society, say so! If you want classical or popular recording concerts, say so! If we can assist you in your hobby, say so! A constructive criticism can also be a good suggestion. All suggestions will be held confidential.

Another ping pong table is ready for play. Attractive bulletin boards are being constructed so that everyone will be informed of all activities. Likewise a display of the world at war is in the process of being designed. Baseball, volleyball, badminton and horseshoe courts are available for use. Groundwork is now being made on a GI orchestra and show, radio show, gles club and dramatics.

Many hours have been spent devising ways and means to make life a little more comfortable for all EM.

Mosquito P-40's Pummel Hun Railheads In Fiery Swan Song

While the Skullmen and Comanches are marveling and boasting of the feats and records being established by their Thunderbolts the 87th Skeeters have been pounding the enemy consistently with their sturdy Warhawks, the last of the desert war horses in the group.

Evidence that the valiant P-40s are still 'tops' in bombing and strafing is clarified by the daily mission reports, combed from the pilots after the Warhawk shows.

RECCE SHOW SCORES

Eight P-40s of the Skeeters flew an

Col Stark Takes Over Duties As Temporary CO of 79 Group



Colonel Charles W. Stark of Orlando, Florida, a West Point graduate and accomplished flyer, has been attached to the 79th Fighter Group and will serve as the Commanding Officer of the Falcons in the temporary absence of Colonel Earl E. Bates, Jr., who has been ordered to the states.

The new colonel has taken up his duties at the Command and out on the flying field, having already taken part in several combat missions. He is active, aggressive, has a dynamic personality and a ready friendliness which has made him catch on immediately as a popular choice.

CAREER COLORFUL

Although a new-comer to overseas warfare, Col. Stark has a colorful and exceptional military career behind him which includes service at the Charlotte

Army Air Base, a station which establishes his position as anything but a stranger amongst the Falcons, many of whose personnel have served under him.

Col. Stark was born in Asbury Park, New Jersey, famed seashore resort on the east coast. He was graduated from the United States Military Academy at West Point in the class of 1937. His aviation career in the United States Army Air Force includes periods of service at Kelly Field, Selfridge Field with the 1st Fighter Group, Langley Field, 8th Fighter Group; Charlotte Army Air Base in the 56th Pursuit Group; Drew Field, 3rd Fighter Command; and at the AAFSAT, Orlando Army Air Base in the Development and Test Fighter Section. In the course of his stay in these places he has guided, instructed and commanded many flyers who were later to distinguish themselves in various theaters of the war.

FLYING FIRST LOVE

It is easily noticeable the colonel's first love is flying. The landing ground holds a lure which makes him already a definite part of it. He has a quick wit, and his intense training and background make him a thorough, but in his own word, «unwilling», worker of the administrative end.

(Photo by 79 Photo Sect.)

Fight malaria; it's part of the enemy!

Armed Recce on railheads and dropped eight 1000 pound bombs to boot in one of the outstanding Warhawk missions in recent operations. One direct hit, seven strikes in loose pattern along tracks, one fire, white smoke in town, resulted from the Skeeter's bombing. Besides the destruction, the pilots reported keen observation for recce reports.

PATROL FOR P-40s

Patrol flights have also been a recent feature of the P-40s, and the 87th is flying both the Warhawks and Thunderbolts together in these routine missions.

the Falcon

79th Fighter Group USAF
Colonel CHARLES WILLIAM STARK
Commanding

Advisor: Capt. Alvin M. Mavis;
Editors: Sgt. John D. Bruno; Cpl.
Wes W. Wise. 85th Sqdn: Cpl.
Herman Finkelstein. 86th Sqdn:
Sgt. Henry E. Cullen. 87th Sqdn:
S/Sgt. George W. Gallagher.
Member: Camp Newspaper Serv.
RESTRICTED

Stub Pencil Opinion

Soil of Love! That's what the area you are living in is called by the natives. But all here is not love and spring. There is disease. Insidious. Ugly. Horrible. And costly. An old well-known enemy of ours has come back to the attack. As we write this, already a few early cases of malaria have come to the fore, awakening us abruptly to the grim realization that we have many a terrible, lingering bout with the dreaded Anophelene mosquito in store if we don't follow a program of strict Malaria discipline. Comes spring, comes atabrine. You have been told time and time again what atabrine is. Atabrine is a suppressive drug, which if taken under proper supervision in small prescribed doses is a valuable means of preventing the development of malaria. It is not a true control. But it is an effective means of preventing the occurrence of symptoms at an inconvenient time. Religiously keep atabrine, for instance, will prevent a pilot on a mission from throwing a sudden violent chill and become derisive.

But we can't stop there. Malaria discipline means that screens, bed nets, repellents, and mosquito sprays are properly used, and sleeves are rolled down at night. It means be conscious of the insect every moment.

Last year we toyed with all the precautionary measures at our disposal. We were bold; we shunned the drug. Let's become sensible about the matter. You can be as dead from malaria as from shrapnel. During the last war armies of four different nations were immobilized for three years by this fever. We, the Falcons have left a long trail behind us. Perhaps, the longest part is past. Think it over. Fight malaria with every ounce of your strength, or go home with a bloated belly and a collapsed chest. You make the choice.

'Tis Spring — and Malaria is Here!
It's your job to knock out malaria.

BOX SCORE

(As of Press Time)

Enemy a/c destroyed: 109.
Enemy a/c probable destroyed: 22
Enemy a/c damaged: 55.
Combat sorties: 17126.
Combat missions: 1607.

Wise or Otherwise

Life in the past few months has changed radically for we of the 79th. Life has altered perhaps as much as it did from our induction in the army from our civilian paradise. You can notice it in your buddies; in their habits, their eating, their dress, their attitude, their smiles, their courtesy. It has been a deep, fundamental change. A change of heart. A change of mind. A change to a semi-civilized world from the drab existence from which we survived in the desert and the sticks of southern Europe. We look back upon those days as a rather fascinating interlude while at the time we were so engrossed in our dreary daily chores that all we could see was the austere, sluggish hell which engulfed us.

Scrutinize, for instance, the simple necessity of laundry. Who doesn't remember the abbreviated shorts, the sweat-greasy shirts, the sand-gritted socks that used to dangle on the tent flaps? Who doesn't remember the tubs of boiling, precious water into which GIs poured their clothes and scrubbed with all the wash-woman's vigor, skill and brawn, pushing and pulling and boiling and boiling until those sweaty garments were glistening in the best desert O. D.? Who doesn't remember those heartless days when dirty uniforms were piled in the tent corner because a four or five day sand storm prevented their wash?

But the wogs came to our washing re-

Reviewing the Books

THE YEARLING

By Majorie KINNAN RAWLINGS

The Yearling is one of those ageless and timeless books that appeal to readers both old and young. Its story of one year in the life of young Jody and his pet fawn Flag, set against the rich and unusual background of the central Florida 'hammock' country has in it all the ingredients that make for absorbing reading — drama, pathos, adventure, romance and American scenes we love so much. The Los Angeles Times said it 'Not just good. It's great — one of the truly great contributions to American literature'.

The Yearling is available for loan from Special Service Library.

G. I. Quiz Kid

Q. I have been sending my mother a family allowance of 37 dollars a month, as a partial dependent. Recently my sister, who used to help support my mother, was married and can no longer send my mother any money. Is it possible for me to get an additional allowance for my mother's support?

A. Yes. If your mother now depends upon you for her chief support, she is entitled to receive an allowance of 50 dollars a month.

scue, followed by the Sicilians, and now the Ities. And most of us today wouldn't scrub a good handkerchief without a moan!

Poet's Prattle

A SOLDIER'S PRAYER

Heavenly father up above,
Please protect the one I love,
Keep her safe, keep her sound,
No matter when, or where I'm bound.
Help her to know, help her to see,
That I love her, and she must love me.
And, Dear Father, help me to be
The kind of fellow she wants of me.
Keep us now, keep us forever,
Happy, loving — and together.

Cpl. CHARLES O. CASSELL

ATTENTION, PLEASE!

To those who talk and talk and talk,
This adage doth appeal.
The steam that toots the whistle
Will never turn a wheel.

ANON

CAN I?

Can I?
Keep faith with you, and not despair
of all lost hope, that comes anew
each day, 'till night has fallen all
around again. I ask, have faith in
such as me, for when the tally sheet
is marked, 'tis proof that I love thee
from dawn to dusk, and noon to night.
Sgt. H. W. AUSTIN

LIL MARLENE

Get the right deflection, check reflector
Give your skid correction; see the range
Then you can press that tit ol' son,
And blow the hun to kingdom come,
And poor Marlene's boy friend
Will never see Marlene.....
Twenty hundred pound of anti-personnel
Eighty dozen rounds of stuff that gives
Finish your bomb dive, zoom away,
And live to fight another day,
And poor Marlene's boy friend
Will never see Marlene.....
Belching ammunition, petrol truck
Glorious condition for filling him
A flamer to you, a grave to Fritz;
He's all in bits, right where he sits,
And poor Marlene's boy friend
Will never see Marlene.

CHORUS

Back to Harasser House you steer
To drink a beer with never a tear
For poor Marlene's boy friend
Who'll never see Marlene.

239 Wing Author Unknown
(Submitted by Maj. J. F. MARTIN)

Home Effrontery

BANGOR, MAINE — Arraigned on a charge of failure to provide heat for her tenants, a land lady chose prison rather than pay a twenty-five dollar fine. «I'd rather go to jail», she said. «It's warm there».

BEAUMONT, TEXAS — A Beaumont resident overturned tables, broke a mirror and upset the free lunch counter of a local saloon when he discovered to his chagrin that the song *Mairzy Doats* wasn't listed on the juke box.

BRISTOL, CONN. — Harry Williamson, principal of an elementary school here, who weighs 200 pounds, will have to pay damages of over nine thousand dollars for sitting on Donald Galaway a 10 year old student who weighs 80 pounds, the Connecticut Supreme Court has ruled. Williamson said he sat on the young boy because he became unruly.

BUFFALO, N. Y. — Jeff Davis, *King Of The Hoboes*, doesn't like traveling conditions nowadays. He arrived here, weary after having ridden in a deluxe coach from Chicago. «It was terrible», complained Jeff. «You couldn't get a seat. Give me the good old days when a bo could ride the rods in comfort».

CHICAGO, ILL. Daniel Forsling, 47, admitted in court that he stole 75 checks worth 500 dollars, from mail boxes. But, he asserted, he always sent five dollars from every stolen check had cashed to the chaplain of the Federal Penitentiary at Terre Haute «for the betterment of prison conditions».

DENVER, COL. — Edward Shepherd, a professional strong man, sued his wife for divorce, maintaining that her constant nagging had caused his weight to drop from 205 pounds to «less than 200».

HELENA, MONT. (CNS) — The State Legislature recently repealed an old ordinance which prohibits girls under 18 from entering «noodle parlors». A noodle parlor, in Montana, is a chop suey joint.

Sarg Heartsake

Dear Sarg:

Does a falling off of mail necessarily mean that a girl friend has grown cold and impatient at the period of waiting and she has been forced to go thru; or can such excuses as being tied-up by wartime obligations and requirements be the true cause?

S. R.

S. R.:

When regular mailless spaces are the results of inactivity on the correspondence part of your girl, then there usually is one reason only. A girl is as faithful to her boy friend overseas as is her mail to him. Wartime complexities and involvements are poor excuses for failure to write. Faithful correspondence is a continuation of love enjoyed when together was an actuality.

Dentist Fernebok Is A 79th Miracle Man

Capt. Irving J. Fernebok, Dental Officer, is unique in many ways. He has been with the 79th at least three months longer than any other officer, being one of the Charlotte originals. And if you're interested in figures, he has patched and filled some four thousand teeth besides a countless number of extractions over the past combat year. But that's only a small part of it. The Manhattan native, who in civvy street had two lavish offices, sleekest equipment, and was on the staffs of four leading New York hospitals, specializing in oral surgery, has during his Falcon career been called upon to perform under the most extreme of conditions, fashioning his own equipment and employing tools of questionable design and extraneous manufacture. Remember that improvised chair which ranked favorably with any of the Rube Goldberg fantastic inventions? And that dental clinic under the camouflage netting in the desert with the doc, stripped to the waist, doing the honors?

It was a milestone that day the dentist's trailer was ready for service. Capt. Fernebok, the man whose capacity with the fast moving Falcons, called for professional miracles, named the wagon *Snooks* — after his wife.

The thorough and meticulous doctor with B. S. and D. D. S., degrees gleaned from eight years at Columbia, likes to look back with pride at a famous *coup* he made on his last action in the states when he got each officer to smuggle a box of twenty bottles of novocaine aboard ship with their equipment. An inestimable amount of pain was avoided both while aboard and ashore by the use of the drug which was impossible to get on this side.

Capt. Fernebok's military career has been exclusively with the 79th, and there isn't a man in the outfit who won't swear by his skill. Too, he has decided convictions as to a doctor's service to humanity. During the long Falcon trek, he has given relief to a motley collection including the most withered *wog* and irritated *itie*.

His dependable assistant all along has been T/5 Walter F. Rowe who has become as much a part of the dental office as the drill.

The classy new footwear now being distributed to flying personnel are classed as 'escape boots', and will prove to be a godsend to the pilot bailing from his craft in enemy territory.

Extending very high on the leg for protection against scratches or injury, and fully fur-lined, the boot is furnished with a small knife. When the user is safe on the ground the upper protection portion is cut with the attached knife and the wearer is provided with comfortable, low-cut shoes which will enable him to walk many miles in an escape.



"Your face isn't familiar... but your 'line' is!"

Mosquito Bites

When a pilot takes off on a mission, he does so knowing that he can depend upon the proper functioning of the plane. That is because he has complete confidence in his crew chief.

A crew chief might be called the « unsung hero » of this war, except that the word « hero » has been used indiscriminately too often. Early mornings, the crew chief is out warming up the motors when the pilots are just getting up. After the mission, the crew chief is there waiting, ready to care for any motor trouble encountered. At night, he generally is the last one to leave the field.

One can always recognize a crew chief by his skintorn, calloused, greasy hands. He wears coveralls covered with dirt, mud and oil. His face is weather beaten from standing out in the open, regardless of the weather, « sweating out » his plane. Neither rain, snow, sleet, nor even the sand storms we had on the desert, can keep him from his daily job. Though he never brags about his work, his pride in the efficiency of the smooth sounding motors is a tangible one. No one ever praises, except on rare occasions, the consistent proficiency of his work, though a pilot's life depends upon that work; nor does a crew chief ask for praise. Neither does he ask for medals, ribbons or special favors, but he does like to know occasionally that his work is appreciated. It isn't an easy job working on a plane. Inwardly, he's proud of a job well done and a few words of praise is appreciated.

Though every other department in the squadron is important to our aerial successes and victories, let us remember that a pilot is only as good as his plane, and the plane is dependent upon the ability and efficiency of its crew chief.

Stinger Observations

With a rich mixture of Scotch and vino, Sims, McAvoy, Eide, Donahue and two or three more P-40 drivers did a low straf job at the field the other night. If that wasn't bad enough, they crash landed at each tent and blended their voices in strident croaking which kept everyone awake... Ray Wnukowski acting like a two year old because he was issued a pair of low cut shoes... Listening to MacDonald gripe because he's having signorina trouble... The afternoon poker games outside the Armament trailer with Krause, Krohn, Lamborn, Knowles, Foy and Call making it a 10 lire game... In a similar game at the Communication dept., Lankford pocketed nine bucks. Not bad for a ten cents limit... Poor Stroup. His pals (?) not only « shot him out of the saddle » but fixed him so that he don't dare go back to his woman. Unless he's a Zombie... McGraw still sweating out his buddies who are sup-

posed to visit him... Hoth gazing wistfully at Skunk Hollow as he saunters by... Capt. Shapira basking lazily in the sun outside of Operation tent... Since Dick Turner clips this column out to send home, in appreciation we print his name — Richard R. Turner... Cohen won his bet on the rifle range by out scoring his opponent Craig. He got one bulls eye... Incidentally, Craig was « shot out of the saddle » again by a Captain. It's getting to be a habit with him... « Muscles » Burnett gazing rapturously at his photo in Yank magazine... Lts. Porter, Ermis and Jonas staggering around with a glassy eyed expression. Boston papers, please copy... Morgan and Bitzer celebrating Easter... See ya' again nex' week.

Powderburner Periscope

The story turns to an auto accident that happened near the squadron billet recently with a corporal named Tom McIntosh being first on the scene. A girl (and her brother) were the victims and since both of them had to sleep the night in the cab of the car, Cpl. McIntosh played Sir Galahad. Rushing down a blanket for the gal, he had hopes of getting thanks by having the opportunity of pitching a little woo. Brother had an eagle eye on his sister so no dice. Next a. m., Cpl. James Foy was up bright and early trying to shoot « Mac » out of the saddle. Results: McIntosh received her address... Cpl. Larry Kane nowadays is seen day dreaming on a half-ton bomb and thinking about that 4-F guy that is sending his girl roses... M/Sgt. « Zig » Park giving a tongue lashing in his tent to a few of the boys. Reasons????... The armament section and the Navy are getting together quite often lately. Jack and « Chubby » Kelly, « Curly » Wol-langk and the Section Chief himself are a few of the many powderburners who make chow hounds of themselves on the gob's L.S.T.'s. Just like eating back in the states, eh?... With a few minor changes in flights, S/Sgt. « Poly » Ison is in the dumps these days due to losing a couple of good men... Orchids to Cpl. Robinson for his work on the Falcon baseball field after duty hours... T/Sgt. « Frenchy » Morissette dreaming of bygone days in the Infantry by showing all present the finer points of the « Queen Anne » manual of arms. Rumor has it that he wants a transfer to Anzio... Picture of the week: M/Sgt. Park and a ground officer with arms around each other. Could it be « stick time » he's getting in??... Or just buddies??... Second picture of the week: Two ground officers sweating out the « chow line » with the G.I.'s on our 18 months overseas anniversary.

* It's a proven medical fact atabrine does not affect the human system during high or low altitude flying. *



The Flying Skull

Whirl of Sports...

There was no band playing 'Take Me Out to the Ballgame'; there were no 'butchers' selling peanuts, popcorn, or soda pop in the bleachers; in fact, there were no bleachers, but just the strident tones of Ebby's 'joisey bounce' verse ringing out 'Throw da bum out' to officially open the Flying Skull's baseball season at 1515 hours, the 4th of April, 1944, at the 'Dust Bowl' Stadium located in the 85th area on the Capodichino Airdrome.

The bases had no sooner been laid out than a game was in progress; but it has to be curtailed for the short period of time it took to raise a backstop. Since then the field has been in constant use; those lamed by the sudden immersion in the whirlpool of violent physical enterprise after so long a layoff immediately being replaced by 'eager Joes', 'sweating them out' on the sidelines.

A vote of thanks go to the boys who labored on this detail to provide the facilities for our baseball diamond.

Highlight of the sporting week was the 'duel' between Tabby and Julio which attracted a huge gallery of spectators and cost Julio some 30 dollars. It all started with some hurled insults as to the abilities of the aforementioned duo in regard to their pitching and batting. After some 'Big Talk' pro and con the two 'Terrors of the Diamond' placed 30 dollars each in trust with 'Ciz' behind their boasts; the terms of the bet being that Lockman would pitch to Tabachnick for 20 minutes in an endeavor to strike him out. Should he (Lockman) fail to strike Tabby out in that time he would relinquish all claim to the aforementioned money involved.

During the tense 20 minutes there were a few 'close' spots where the money hung on one pitch; but, all in all, it was a snap for Tabby whose batting eye got better as Lockman's arm grew weaker and his control dwindled down to a rumor.

* Falcon Cry: Caveat
Malaria -- Let malaria
beware! *

Officials were Butera as umpire, Kat-tawar as time-keeper, and Albano caught until he was replaced by Bogdan in about the last eight or ten minutes. The spectators entered into the spirit of the thing and constantly kept up a flow of jibes and bright remarks throughout the entire exhibition.

At the close of the contest Tabby was heard to remark, 'Easiest 30 bucks I ever made'. Julio refused to make any statement.

ONE UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER

The first time we met was on very unfriendly terms under harrowing conditions. I was on guard at a post in Bedford, Mass., about 150 years ago, through which no G.I.'s were permitted to pass. The character, fresh out of school, and a Corporal to boot, presented me with the dirtiest look it has ever been my misfortune to receive when I officially notified him of the facts in my best military manner. This was the start of a beautiful friendship. I avoided this miniature Svengali until I was hopelessly trapped with him on the same sea-going dungeon where I discovered that he had an unusual personality plus a more than unusual sense of humor. It was on this self-same anything-but-pleasure cruise that I discovered he could drink like a fish; but that wasn't until we reached the port of Durbin.

There is no doubt that in this surprise package lurks a Mr. Hyde character that rises to its full gruesome stature whenever the magic formula of alcohol, 90 proof or better, is administered in large or small doses continuously over a period of time. Upon reaching that certain point of saturation he becomes a pugilist, an orator, a spendthrift, and a bloody pain in the lower regions of the human anatomy. He desires that everybody have

a good time and woe betides the individual who stands on his constitutional rights and insists on being left in his chosen state of unhappiness. On these rampant occasions our hero has been known to bet fabulous (to him and me, anything over two dollars is considered 'fabulous') sums of money on any argument that arises. Like the true gentleman he is not, he will let you pick whichever side you care to and he will bet against you. His favorite amongst the too numerous topics of violent discussion and wager is his date of birth. He can prove with numerous supplementary documents that he was born on three different dates. Heed my timely warning and don't ever mention birth anywhere around him, or any other allied subject, for that matter, such as birth control or rape for example. You will eventually fall into his spiderous net of intrigue.

This 'Mr. Five by Five' has a flare for telling humorous anecdotes or describing an hilarious cartoon. He uses his eyes, arms and hands in the manner of an Egyptian dancer, and by the time he reaches his 'punch line', he's practically prostrated himself with laughter and you find yourself laughing either out of pure sympathy or just to be sociable. The mental and physical anguish undergone at such times can only be compared with that of a body enduring the tortures of a medieval 'chamber of horrors'.

In the world of sports this 'mighty mite' fills his own little corner. In his own words, and I quote him on refusing to engage in a sporting contest, 'I make them look bad; I'm too fast for 'em'.

But in his rare sober moments he astounds you with his super-mental agility. He will fearlessly meet all comers in a chess or checker match, and during such contests he displays a concentrated effort second only to his drinking bouts.

Recommend Owen For 2 Top Awards

Captain Clinton V. Owen, 87th Squadron Operations Officer, has qualified and has been recommended for the Croix de Guerre, high French battle award, and the British Distinguished Flying Cross, it was announced by the squadron this week.

Citing the veteran pilot for the medals, Major George T. Lee, Skeeter Commander, stated, 'Throughout 143 combat missions, 206 combat hours, Captain Owen has not only distinguished himself as a combat pilot, but he has also served as an example both in combat and flying technique for new pilots. His unfaltering efforts, even while suffering from a broken ankle bone, have enabled the 87th Squadron to continue its high standards in flying and destruction to the enemy'.

The gritty little flyer was assigned to the Falcons in Egypt, January, 1943, and has risen from his original rank of Flight Officer to Captain. He has three Focke-Wulf 190s destroyed to his credit, wears an Air Medal with eight Oak Leaf Clusters, and the American Distinguished Flying Cross.

Captain Owen is from Capron, Okla.

It makes a man stop for a second and reconsider. But only for a second.

There, ladies and gentlemen, you have a slight picture of one normal G.I. crew chief in the AAF. To everyone else he is just that. But to me, he is an alcohol-inhaling, artistic humorous, pugilistic, intellectual but questionable member of the animal species known to the world of science as Man. Humbly and reluctantly I present S/Sgt. Eugene 'The Champ' Cieslinski, the epitome of unforgettable characters and my 'one unforgettable character'.

SPEAKER SYSTEM IN

The Falcons have gone modern! This week an inter-department two-way loud speaking system has been installed connecting the various group departments and one connecting the squadron operations with group ops. Watch out, pencil pushers! You may be heard!

Escapes Injury

Lt. Louis T. Rouleau, 86th, produced one of the freakish accidents in the history of the group last week when he walked calmly from his Thunderbolt after bouncing over the tail of a Flying Fortress, sliding into its cockpit, then belly landing while his two 500-pound bombs and wheels were zooming away in mid-air. The pilot escaped with no major injuries, and although gasoline was generously distributed throughout the area, and the bombs fell nearby, neither exploded nor caused damage.

Hun Guns Whack Warhawk



Examining a wicked direct hit near the guns on his Warhawk wing from flak of heavy enemy guns is Lt. Gordon A. Bell, 87th Squadron, who received the damage on a fighter-bomber mission flown by the Mosquitos on April 1. The 87th pilots returned more than blow for blow on the flight, however, recording several direct hits on houses and other buildings, and inflicting severe damage on motor transports by deadly strafing and bombing.

Photo by 79 Photo Sect.

85th Squadron Insignia 'Too Gruesome' For War Dept.

«Too gruesome» was the opinion of War Department Officials when the insignia of the Flying Skull Squadron was presented to Washington for approval back in August, 1942.

Created by Cpl. J. Pumphrey of Bingham Canyon, Utah, the insignia, with its white death's head and yellow wings on a field of blue, is symbolic of «winged death and destruction on all enemies of the United States».

After being notified of the disapproval, Major J. F. Schoellkopf, C. O., made a quick flight to Washington, convinced squeamish officials that his pilots were fighting men, not easily frightened children, and war — for which they were diligently training, was little less than gruesome itself.

The insignia was officially approved Aug. 26, 1942.

The insignia was selected as a result of a contest sponsored by Major Schoellkopf. Cpl. Pumphrey had drawn several entries, but did not consider submitting his flying skull until urged to do so by several pilots who happened to see it. After that, the contest was a walk-away.

Capt. CAMPBELL, 85th

(This is the first in a series of stories behind our Squadron insignias. Next week: Comanche Squadron).

Capt Burgess Is New 79th Group Chaplain

Capt. John A. Burgess of Enid, Oklahoma has recently joined the 79th Fighter where he will assume the duties of Group Chaplain, vacated by the departure of Capt. Vaughn E. Ham, who had served in that capacity during all the Falcons overseas service. The new chaplain is a fresh arrival on this side, having left the states early in March, and he brings with him a wealth of eagerness and energy which will surely make him a welcomed addition to the group's life. One of his first acts, after checking in at Headquarters, was to make a hasty trip out to the new baseball diamond to see if there was some way he could lend a helping hand.

Chaplain Burgess is no new comer to the religious military. He has been Base Chaplain at Stockton Field in California and at Latunta, Colorado in his two and a half years prior to coming across.

Capt. Burgess is a graduate of Phillips University, Enid, Okla., and was later pastor of the First Christian Church there. He is married and is the father of two children.

War Bonds are still for sale!

86th Makes 'Em Count

22 direct hits out of 24 bombs dropped was the outstanding bombing the Comanches inflicted upon Itri, Nazi-held Italian village, last week. The mission was flown by 12 Thunderbolts with Lt. Herman Leuther, Assistant Comanche Operations Officer, leading the flight.

The aircraft encountered intense flak, observed black smoke columns and dust following the bombing.

Editor Hits States With Falcon Tales

Word has been received from the states that Falcon editor, Sgt. Jack Bruno, has had a series of his writings accepted for syndication throughout New England papers. The stories deal with life and happenings overseas with a fighter-bomber outfit. Previously, Bruno's work of character sketches of military life and people had appeared in publications both on the east and west coast, and the N. E. Radio-Press Assc., Inc., has dramatized his desert stories on the air waves.

PHOTO BY ERICKSON

S/Sgt. Eddy O. Erickson, photo bug of the Mosquito Squadron, snapped the Memory Lane picture in this issue. Erickson is famed throughout the squadron for his fanatic snap work, and we are planning to present more of his Falcon shots in future issues.

Memory Lane



A typical 79th GI braves the after effects of a fiery sand storm at 174, Egypt, December, 1942. In case any new comers are wondering, the soil the gent is standing upon is not soil, but sand. And the tent is not just naturally streamlined; it's blowing that way!



Bruno's HQ BULLSHEET

Oh, some where the band is playing, the children laugh and shout, but there is no joy in Communications now, Great Laundree has lost out . . . *Bullsheet Bulletin*: Before a frenzied and fanatic throng several deep, packed along the macadam strip in front of Hangar No. 1, blinking, puffing rolling Capt. Activity Center Mavis ran diminutive Capt. Laundree into the Neapolitan dust in a special 100 yd dash for money and honor, the outgrowth of an incident the night before. The Communications' boss, despite a spirited effort at the outset, found his stubby legs incapable of making up the 20 yard handicap he had spotted and faded miserably in the last quarter of the stretch, as the Special Service Officer, discounting all predictions of his acting like a stuck Hapsburg, waddled thru the tape, surprisingly fresh and winning

Fly by Night

A new phase in our aerial operation was prefighted on April 4 when six Thunderbolts of the 86th Squadron were airborne at 1900 hours on a practice dusk-and-night show. The practice was flown in local territory. Capt. George W. Ewing was flight leader.

Dusk practice flights have been flown regularly in the evening after the combat shows since the initial flight above, with both the 85th and 86th participating.

going away. Said Laundree: «He won fair and square; I just didn't have it this afternoon». Capt. Mavis: «Easiest money I ever made, including the army pay». The time, clocked by a liberal Sgt-Major Lynch, was «some where in the vicinity of 13.5 secs».

The old back home atmosphere after baseball games and practice is found at the Hq Em Club. All of the boys assemble there after the sport and in song and wine recall the days of Casey At The Bat. The liveliest spot in group has been dubbed McSorley's Bar.

The way the section has expanded in area and personnel, I like to refer to the Group Supply area as *Thompson's Plantation*. Soupy, of course lends charm and dignity, being no usual pooch; and the picture is complete with Tommy's Itie sharecroppers folding blankets. And the sweat is not brought on by the advent of spring alone.

Thumbnail Sketch: S/Sgt. Orr (I Cipher You). Is the section chief of one of our busiest and most important departments. Frankly, we are prompted to have him work out some of the most unintelligible reams of copy submitted us. He can, alright, being versed in American and British methods of his work. We heartily endorse Hill's Orr For Tech Club.

Lt. Small of Stat and Lt. Robinson of Ordnance challenge any other two officers in group to a rifle firing match out at the range for money, drinks or what have you.

79TH ON RECORD

The Falcon, Flying Skull, Comanche and Skeeter insignias have been submitted for portrayal on the walls of the Naples Red Cross Club. Watch for them!

Perfect Start

Behind superb flinging the Falcons came up with a no-hit, no-run and no error season starter wednesday afternoon, drubbing the 46th Service Sqdn 5-0. Mid-season brilliance of the three Falcon pitchers, Sereditch, Robinson and Krause, supported by spotless fielding featured; and the Big bat of Bob Drum accounted for three of the 79's runs. No enemy reached first base against the Falcons.



By Sgt. Cullen

Cpl. John Rettew, the debonair dandy of QM Supply, has seen the light. From now on John promises, no gambling, no drinking, no women, no nothing. He has sent a request home for a complete knitting outfit and intends creating scarfs for cold Russian necks.

This organization is unique in at least one respect. We have never been visited by Mrs. Roosevelt, but, it wouldn't be at all surprising to have that situation changed momentarily. She is at the present time on a tour of American defense outfits and it's about time someone found out where we were.

Overheard a conversation between two WACs the other day and one asked the other if she ever thought of marrying a soldier and the object of the question replied: «That's all I ever do think of».

Paul Devio, head of the S-2 department, is different from the rest of us in at least one respect. When Paul is waxing eloquently about differences of opinions, etc., he leans back to the days of his college life among the co-eds. His conversation becomes a bit stilted and he «oozes education». His eyethers and nyethers flow all over the place.

It's mighty tough receiving my mail in the same bunch with Costa, Cardinale, Kermit Cole and Harrison Cole. My eyes get weary and blurred looking for my one letter. They each get 30 to my single.

The new dayroom is a longfelt want in the outfit and the men are considerably happier. Of course it isn't easy to walk up six floors to lose your money but you can always send it up by one of your friends. Incidentally, Snuffy O'Neal is to be congratulated on his interest. Naturally, the war won't be over any sooner just because we have a place to lounge around in, but, it will be pleasant listening to rumors sitting on something besides a jeep fender.

Lt. Deis is a grand Special Service Officer. A better choice couldn't have been made. He is for every improvement to make the EM lot a happy lot. The popular exec of communications has charm, good sense and a happy faculty for making friends. Plus all this, he is one of our very best jeep drivers.

Paul Cunningham, one of the demons of the switchboard and radio department, confessed to me the other day that his favorite radio program was the story of American homelife, The Goldbergs. Sentimentalist, I guess.

Sgt. Phil Brenner and 1st Sgt. John Foster had their room cleaned up spic and span, to coin a phrase, for inspection. They were passing with flying colors until Major Terrill looked behind a piece of furniture and found out where they stored all their odds and ends. Proving the old adage that: all is not as meets the eye, the first time!

If you see PF Marland anywhere, it is almost a certainty that Cpl. Hernik will be close by. At the movies, the

Comanche EM Dance

At long last the 86th Squadron enters the entertainment-for-its-members list. With tongue in cheek, we apprehensively announce a few of the details, in the hope such a disclosure will keep the mix-ups to a minimum.

The big soiree is in the nature of a dance, to the music of the unbeatable Fifth Army All-Name Band. The mere presence of this organization guarantees a grand night's entertainment.

As this announcement is being written, several different feminine units have given a promise of attendance, and, barring unforeseen happenings, there should be enough dance partners for all the men of the 86th.

This dance is being run by enlisted men, for enlisted men only. We would love to have every one of our officers present, but, the feeling is that they have an overabundance of organized

pleasure, while the E/M must shift for themselves; officers have transportation, while the E/M pile into a truck to attend a movie; officers, for the most part, are fresh from the states, while the E/M have spent 18 months practically without hearing or seeing a white woman.

All this has been considered and the committee has decided that Thursday night, April 20, 1944, will be a night the E/M will have no competition from the ever-present rank, and the committee further believes that the officers of the 86th are all in accord with this arrangement.

So, enlisted personnel, the committee has done the planning, but the good time must be had by each and every one of you or the committee will have failed.

Best of luck, and, happy dancing!



"Pronto?"

Eytie Pin-ups by Pumphrey

FALCON

» » Sport Slants « «

It's been just like old times to slip out to the ball field evenings and watch the boys work out. The playing surface of the Falcon Stadium is a bit rough as yet, but continuous work will gradually iron it into shape. The main thing is that there is a diamond.

As yet, it is a bit early to make any kind of predictions, with only a couple of practice sessions under the Falcons

stage shows, etc., the two are inseparable. This war has made some beautiful friendships.

belts, but it looks like the group will have a classy team to send against the opposition in the new league. Manager Drum has had the boys out there loosening up and getting their eyes on the ball. As is natural at the outset of the season, timing is way off, and the infield, tense and tight, is having a bit of trouble taking their arms out of hock or closing the gate on hard hit grass cutters. Those are things which only constant and grueling practice sessions can smooth out. As a whole, however, it must be said, there has been some excellent bit of long fly snagging by the outfield candidates and a fine display of throwing arms.

Baseball fans and rabid supporters, displaying eager interest, have been on hand to watch the players go thru their training paces, and have even helped in rounding the field into shape. There is no doubt that the same fanatic and vociferous backers who applauded the efforts of the basketball team will lend the boys top moral support.

Are there any good ball players left in the majors this year back in the states? This question is answered by our CNS sports scribe, Sgt. Frank Deblois, writing from New York.

«There are a few slightly spavined but still serviceable 4Fs around. The Yankees have Nick Etten, Frank Crossetti and Tiny Bonham, Detroit has Dizzy Trout, 21-game winner, and Doc Cramer, ever-reliable outfielder, and the Browns have a good 4F infield. The Cards' Mort and Walker Cooper are still around, 'tho may not be for long; and Mel Ott, Giants' player-manager, is 1A, but may be rejected. The Dodgers still have Dixie Walker, the people's cherse, and Lippy Leo Durocher, who has acorns on his elbow. Jimmy Foxx is trying a comeback with the Cubs and Pepper Martin ditto with the Cards. Connie Mack's draft board hasn't called him yet, either».

New Masthead By Willis

The powerful new masthead topping the front page of this issue is the work of Cpl. Francis H. Willis of the 16th Service Sqdn. Cpl. Willis is from Stamford, Conn., and is an established draftsman. In keeping with the Falcon's policy of consistent progress, a change in design was necessary. Hence, the loan of Cpl. Willis, for which we are grateful to the closeby service outfit. We thank and applaud, publically, the expert work of this New England craftsman. It's a job well done.

London (CNS) — American soldiers are giving British girls a new slant on kissing, according to research recently completed here. GIs tilt their heads to the left when they kiss, while the English tilt theirs to the right. The girls, the report continues, are now becoming ambidextrous.