

FALCON

HQ

85TH

CAVEAT INIMICUS



79TH FIGHTER GP.

87TH

VOL. I — N. 9

RESTRICTED

ITALY EDITION



A great deal of controversy has arisen pertaining to the showing of films and rightfully many have registered complaints in loud, vociferous tones. It is an old American custom to know the movie before we go and see it. But in our case it is just the opposite. It is a physical impossibility to know in advance the feature to be shown. Sometimes we are never sure of delivery. Last Saturday's showing is a good example. Our film had missed both deliveries and if Capt. Mavis had not gone personally to get the film we would not have had a showing. If it is at all possible to notify squadrons in advance as to what will be shown it will be done. If the film should be so bad don't get sore; we keep our fingers crossed all the time hoping and praying it is not a Tom Mix thriller, or a Clara Bow sex drama.

Correspondence courses in a variety of subjects are available and Cpl. Hines will be in the Recreation Hall ready to assist with your particular problems.

Our library has been enlarged by an addition of 25 books, and there are many books which should be of interest to all. New books have also been issued to Squadron Special Service Officers plus recreational equipment. We are doing all in our power to meet a growing demand for Western stories.

If you have any good suggestions drop them in the suggestion boxes and you will be able to reap the results.

Falcons Set World's Record Comanches Snag Two FW 190s

Capt. Wall; Lts. West
And Hagler Destroy Huns

Two Focke-Wulf 190s were added to the Falcons victory scroll last week. Capt. Riden B. Wall sent down one FW 190 in flames, and Lts. William H. West, and Ray Hagler collaborated to destroy a second Hun. All three pilots are from the 86th Squadron.

Twelve P-47s of the squadron were flying a fighter-bomber show upon railroads when eight FW 190s were sighted coming from a nearby lake. Upon sighting the Thunderbolts six of the enemy turned north and disappeared. The remaining two attacked one element of the Comanches. The veteran Comanche Operations Officer fired at one, then was forced to break combat because of the other FW attacking on his tail. He then resumed combat, attacking the second FW. He fired continuously from 3000 feet to tree-top level, forcing the plane down in flames. Capt. Wall is credited with one FW190 destroyed.

Lts. West and Hagler engaged the other enemy aircraft, firing dead astern and observing the plane dive and crash in flames. They are each credited with one-half destroyed.

Bombing results on the show included one direct hit on a road and two direct hits on a railroad station.

The victories totaled the Falcons destroyed to 95.

Welcome!

85th SQUADRON

1st Lt. Frank R. Harlocker.
2nd Lt. Leonard Beckermann.
2nd Lt. Cecil T. Bush.
2nd Lt. Elliott D. Ayer.
2nd Lt. Delmar L. Estes.
2nd Lt. Edward G. Evans.
2nd Lt. Lawrence C. Borshein.

87th SQUADRON

2nd Lt. Donald J. Aldrich.
2nd Lt. James H. Blassingham Jr.
2nd Lt. Duane S. Baker.
2nd Lt. Berking T. Edds.
2nd Lt. Walter B. Facorite.
Capt. Clarence E. Stevens.

HQ.

Capt. Roger B. Files.

Thunderbolts Pack Biggest Combat Load

The 79th Fighter Group, USAAF, the best fighter-bomber outfit in the world's best airforce, hung up what is believed to be another all-time combat mark when on April 15, 1944, Falcon Thunderbolts tucked 2,500 pounds of bombs under their spacious wings and stuck to their bellies in a mission which produced a world's record fighter-bomber load. Up to press-time, checking and rechecking amongst aviation officials and Republic technical representatives, revealed that although P-47s have been known to carry the big load before, these flights were in the nature of experimental hops, and there is, to their knowledge, no other substantial claim to back up combat actualities such as the Falcons'.

The announcement of this feat was accompanied by a military coincidence which added still more drama to the accomplishment. It was just a year ago, when the Falcon Group—then flying from Kairouan at the height of the blistering desert campaign—became the first fighter-bombers to sink a warship, turning the trick on an axis destroyer off Cape Bon, Tunisia. The 79th was flying P-40 Warhawks at the time.

The initial big load mission was accompanied by very little fanfare at the Command, typifying another of the many outstanding Falcon firsts which pass along in the course of just another job well-done in the gigantic task of whipping the enemy and winning the war.

The first mission itself was flown against an objective south east of Pofi, Italy, and the bombs were dumped well in the target area. To make the show complete, the Thunderbolts did a strafing job on eight motor transports in the area.

Cupid Vesuvius

Mt. Vesuvius has proven himself to be cupid. An AAF officer and an Italian girl, brought together by that volcano's recent eruption, will be married soon!

The officer, Lt. Robert W. Bussmann, of St. Louis, and the girl, Signorina Tina Scafara, an 18-year-old school teacher, met during rescue work on the slopes of the erupting volcano. They will be married very shortly and will spend their honeymoon in Capri.

Beware of Malaria!

79th Baseball Team Racks Up Two League Wins

The 79th Falcons got away to a flying start in the first week of the Capodichino Baseball league play with two well-earned victories. In the opening game the birds of prey smothered a loose playing 47th Bomb team under a 14-6 score, and in the next tilt the Falcons took the measure of the 46 Service crew 12-10. Pitcher George Robinson, former Fordham headliner, got credit for both victories, giving him a total of three victories against no defeats so far this season. The first win was an exhibition no-hit, no-run affair.

The Falcons' first week start was a wobbly, but nevertheless impressive one. In the league opener, the 79th won as they pleased, and had it not been for momentary relapses on the fielding end, Ruby Rob Robinson would have

had a shutout to send home in his scribblings. As it was, the fighter-bombers wrecked the bombers without too much exertion.

The 79th team's second victory in the league was a weird contest that saw the lead until the eighth inning when the Falcon winning run was walked home by McVeigh, 46th relief hurler, whose hurried call from the outfield to the mound resulted in a tour of duty composed of walking two men and fanning the fire into a conflagration which saw the Falcons turn a 9-4 score against them into a 10-9 lead. After that display, the local boys added another tally for good measure.

The outstanding fielding feat of the two games was the turning in of two assists in one inning by Roger Flynn,

Falcon right fielder. This came in the second inning of the opener. Hitting was well and generously sprinkled along the 79 lineup. Garner, second sacker, hit the first Falcon homer in the second contest. Both games were at the Falcon Stadium.

Censorship Lifted

You may now write home about your visit to Mt. Vesuvius during its eruption, providing no direct or indirect reference is made as to the length of time required to reach there or return, and no indication is made to present location of unit, nor indication of troop movements. First person singular must be used in the accounts to avoid troop movement data.

Censorship rules from Headquarters have also been lifted concerning the personal trips to Capri, Sorrento, Pompei, etc., providing no indication is therein on mass troop movements.

The Falcon

79th Fighter Group USAAF
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

There's a quiver in the air. Thunderbolts are roaring airborne to the sky. The morning sun shines upon their stubby brazen bodies. Birds of prey they are, grasping for their Nazi victims. Grim young men who may die in flames; grimy mechanics sweating with fatigue. Does it all not make you thankful for Uncle Sam? Does it not make your heart jump a little faster? Does it not make you comprehend the essence of patriotism, if we may be so bold to use that enigmatic word?

It should soldier, it should!

The change in the weekly box score, printed regularly on the editorial page, is affected by the departure of the 99th Squadron. The totals include those of the three squadrons now operating with the 79th.

In case you are typographically interested, we have changed printers and that is the cause of delay in this issue. The new head set up is the Itie version of Stymie and the body type is Bodoni Light, 8 point set on 9 point body. The sheet is linotyped on a 8-magazine machine manufactured in London, printed on a flatbed Italian press.

Beginning in this issue of the Falcon is a new series of The Chaplain's Say by our new Group Chaplain, Capt. John A. Burgess. We welcome his contributions to our editorial page. And now that we have had the opportunity of visiting and talking with Chaplain Burgess, there are a few misstatements and certain inaccuracies in the sketch of his career in the past issue on which we would like to set our readers straight. Chaplain Burgess was born and reared in the State of Washington. He is a graduate of the College of The Bible, Phillips University, Enid, Oklahoma. For two years he was pastor of the First Christian Church, Santa Fe, New Mexico; and it was while in that city that he served as chaplain of the State Legislature for one session. On the military side of the ledger, he was Base Chaplain at Stockton Field, Calif., AAFAPS and at Latunta, Colorado, AAFAPS. Coming overseas in March 1943, he was Chaplain at the Fighter Trainer Center in North Africa, and from May of that year until his joining the Falcons, he served as Base Chaplain at Maison Blanche. He is married and is the father of two children.

BOX SCORE

Combat sorties: 17,638.
Combat missions: 1656.
Enemy a/c destroyed: 95.
Enemy a/c probable: 20.
Enemy a/c damaged: 48.

Wise or Otherwise

Never underestimate the power of women. They will wrap GI dogfaces around their little finger and twist them to their heart's content; they will make strong men weak and weak men weaker; they will destroy the rat in the desert rats; they will force 'em to smile, to say please, to whisper instead of shout, to wear a tie, to watch out for profanity. Oh what a million and one power women possess over the poor GIs who 'lived alone and liked it' for a year and half.

The 79th's GI dances are a living example of women's power over the Falcon dogfaces. Grimy grease monkeys, he-men if there ever were any, are spotted in immaculate dress, hitting the lights fantastic; brawny ordnance men, after an afternoon of boasting about their strength and physical power, wind up bragging about the lightness and smoothness of their dance steps; meek little communication dogfaces become bolder and bolder, suavely «cutting in»; surly truck drivers, shaved and perfumed, free-wheel around the floor, clinging onto their feminine partners as if in heaven.

Never underestimate the power of women! Aviation may be dear to some men's hearts. Drink may be a enticing habit. But women! They can intoxicate men and make them turn hand-springs—especially Falcon GIs who are just now enjoying their first white feminine companionships in 18 months!

How about a Sweetheart's Column? We'll gladly print weekly Sweetheart snapshots in the Falcon if you'll supply us with pictures of your gals and wifies back home! Who's first?

CHICAGO, ILL. — A tobacco store proprietor, who closed his shop when he entered a hospital here, left this information on the door: «Burglars attention! Money and valuables removed. In hospital. Back in a week, I hope».

The Chaplain's Say

Let me take this opportunity of introducing myself. It is a privilege to be the Chaplain of the 79th Fighter Group, and to be a part of an organization that has established such a splendid record in this war. I will do all I can to uphold that record and to add what I can to it. I have realized a long standing ambition of serving in a tactical fighter group. It is my desire to know every man in the outfit as quickly as possible.

Remember that a chaplain is not a line officer even though he enjoys the rank and privileges of the same. His duty is to be a pastor and friend of all. That is my goal. Your spiritual welfare is my business.

The schedule of services are as follows:

Protestant:

Worship Service at 0900 hrs. in Group Rec. Hall.

Worship Service at 1000 hrs. in Base Chapel.

Evening Service lead by Chaplain Burgess at 1915 hrs. in Base Chapel.

Catholic:

3 Masses in Base Chapel. Masses are at: 0900, 1100, and at 1800 hours.

Confession Saturday evening from 1730 to 1900 hrs. in Base Chapel. Sunday before each Mass. No fast required for Communion.

G. I. Quiz Kid

Q. — I'm trying to find the whereabouts of my brother who has been sent overseas. Where can I acquire his APO?

A. — You can get this information from the Adjutant General's office, War Department, Washington. However, the number of daily inquiries pertaining to the whereabouts of individual soldiers have become so great that in the future specific replies to these inquiries will be sent only to members of Congress, parents and close relatives of soldiers and certain public authorities.

High Flight

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds — and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of — wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting wind along and flung
My eager craft thru footless halls of air.
Up, up the long delirious burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace
Where never lark, or even eagle, flew;
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

John Gillespie Magee, Jr.
19-year old Yank killed
in action with R.C.A.F.

Home Effrontery

CINCINNATI. — An inflation-conscious woman walked into a postoffice and ordered a large quantity of air mail stamps. «I better get them now», she said, «before the price goes up».

DETROIT. — Two women fainted and several others were mauled when a department store announced a sale of plastic alarm clocks. When the battle had ended the store's shelves were swept clean of the 1,500 clocks that had been placed on sale an hour before.

EVANSTON, ILL. — Police are seeking the meanest thief in the Middle West who stole two two-way stretch girdles from Mrs. H. D. Mitchel's clothesline. Girdles are almost unobtainable here.

Malaria Will Get You if You
Don't Watch Out!

GALLUP, N. M. — A newly-rich Indian bought a grand piano but found that the door to his mud hut was too narrow to enable him to get his treasure inside. So he built a new hut — around the piano.

Sarg Heartsake

Dear Sarg,

I enlisted in the Air Force three years ago, and have spent more than half that time overseas. For a good many months now, I receive only occasional letters from the girl I am engaged to; and those just lukewarm in nature. Before the war, she had great confidence in my ability. Do you think my failure to rise in grade has alienated her affections?

A Buck Private.

Dear Buck,

Many men in the service can appreciate your plight. It would be foolhardy for me to speak in anything but general terms on this problem, not knowing either of you intimately. Girls who have a tendency to be fickle have become more so during the whirl and muddle of wartime. Many a broken heart and romance has resulted from a girl's stupid failure of being rational. Blinded and dazzled by the glitter of rank and position, many women have pampered their inordinate vanity to the point where they do not reason that service to nation and humanity does not call for a comic opera of parading arrogance and lofty position. It's the need that counts, fundamentally. Other views can, like in your case, lead to disaster only.

Sarg.

Price Increase

Newly established prices for money orders to and from the states are as follows:

0.01 to 2.50 : 10c
2.51 to 5.00 : 14c
5.01 to 10.00 : 19c
10.01 to 20.00 : 25c
40.01 to 60.00 : 30c
60.01 to 80.00 : 34c
80.01 to 100.00 : 37c

Mosquito Bites



Two weeks ago when we mentioned the names of officers who accompanied us on the Mauretania, we unknowingly omitted the name of Captain Stephan L. Magness, M.D., our Flight Surgeon. He has been attached to the «Skeeters» since Rentschler Field and his medical skill and friendly, cheerful words has helped many of us. So for the records, «Doc» Magness is also one of the «old sports».

Incidentally, we've acquired another radio operator. Boys, meet Gail R. Sildoway from Oakley, Utah. He left the states only three months ago, but don't rush him. He has already received his baptismal «snow job» from Brown and Ingman.

Tommy Beddall wants everyone to know that the signorina known as «whispering something-or-other» doesn't visit the barracks for him. He insists that he has his own «private stock».

Everyone, particularly Dowd, complains about the frontal projections and the rear turrets of the signorinas who parade in front of the barracks. It's tough trying to whistle with a mouth full of spaghetti.

Lieutenant Donald S. Sirman wants bags of publicity. Who are we to argue with an Officer, so — Lt. Sirman, Lt. Sirman, Lt. Sirman, etc.

We all dig fox-holes but Sims dug himself an air-conditioned air raid shelter. For a small service charge of ten liras, you may inspect the interior. During an air raid, the price goes up.

The Stinger.

«One shot» Rocco taking a razzing from «two shot» Bredice..... Saunders looking in a mirror wondering whether he's handsomer with or without his glasses. Will someone please tell him the truth..... Dillon looking chagrined when his two pairs were beat by Curley's three of a kind..... Bovinet strutting around with that P.F.C. stripe on his coveralls. There'll be no stopping him now..... Bowden has a habit of diving under the bed after a shot or two. Wonder why?..... Servis back again but not to stay, he hopes.... Double waking up after pulling C.Q. with a head that big. He continued the following nite..... Rushton, on D.S. to Group, dropping around for a «bucksheesh» cup of coffee and then leaving soon after..... They say that Knowles always used to be the No. 1 boy in the chow line on the desert. He hasn't changed much, has he?..... Roth demands a retraction because this column had him sauntering around Skunk Hollow. He insists that he's given it up..... Brazelton, Weatherstrip and Quinn always stooging and boozing together. Merriman insists that he's only a spectator at those affairs..... Lt. Jonas acting as water-boy for the Red Cross donut girl.

And what a «snow job» he hands

her..... Linder sulking because Lankford gets all the mail from the «L» box..... See ya' again nex' week.

Powderburner Periscope

By now, everyone in the Armament gang has had at least a five day rest leave, either to Capri or some other town in Italy, but there is one G.I., T/Sgt Roy Welch, who had to have a direct order from an officer before taking his five day rest at Capri.

Seems a friend, or foe, whichever may you look at it, put this officer up to it. No names will be mentioned but it looks like when Roy returns from his pass, he's going to look up this mysterious Sgt. «X» and get in a few «you dirty so-and-so.....». Cpl. Emilio Bredice is keeping mum about his recent date and going around singing «Paper Doll.....». The Armament section can proudly boast of three powderburners who are representing the 79th Group «Falcon» baseball team. Namely, Robinson, C. Kelly and Garner..... With out saying «you be my fiancé» in broken Itie, Cpl. Jake Kelly and S/Sgt. «Poly» Ison are still going strong with their girl friends down in Skunk Hollow. It looked grave for Jake for awhile but he's back in the saddle again..... As for the guys who dope their invasion strategy, maybe by astrology, Cpl. «Teddy» Mc Donnell is seen on the line lugging around quite a few maps of Europe, Asia and his home state of Wisconsin in his coverall's pocket. With two of his invasions failing to come off as he predicted a spell back, he's keeping mum now and only using his ears instead of his mouth..... Speaking of

The Wolf



«Oh, Blue Eyes... The Boys All Say You're A Wow!»

SPORT SLANTS

League standings, batting averages, box scores, schedules, leading batters and baseball small-talk fills the air around the 85th area to the point where even sex takes a back seat. However, there is good and sane cause for it.

With the first nostalgic breath of Spring, the Skullmen constructed the Dust Bowl Stadium; which construction wasn't even completed before a game was in progress. At first, teams just formed by themselves and games were a series of challenges between those in possession of the diamond and those desirous of participating in same. A system had to be devised to make the most of existing facilities; and, at the same time, give all and sundry an equal opportunity to play ball. Thus, an Inter-Dept. league was born.

invasion strategy, going home and etc.. Sgt. «Doc» Winegar is still the bookie and will take all bets, with and without odds..... Sgt. «Vesti» Gathers is been seen these days, especially between missions, deep in thought as to how he should arrange his photograph album. The women he left behind in the states are getting married and he's wondering whether to tear them up. A little advice would be greatly appreciated from men who had this same experience.

New Haven, Conn. (CNS) — Dr. E. M. Jellinek is director of the section on Alcohol Studies of the Yale University Laboratory of Applied Physiology but when a friend asked his 8-year old daughter what her daddy did for a living, she replied: «He teaches the boys at Yale how to drink».

Don't Forget Your Atabrine

Cpl. Shay of Squadron Special Service, in addition to his other duties, created the league, arranged the schedule, and brought some semblance of order to the «Dust Bowl» habitues.

Up until Saturday the 15th of April, the league standings are follows:

TEAM	PERCENTAGE
Armament 2 0	1,000
Line 1 0	1,000
Ops., Ordnance, & Communications 1 1	500
Officers 1 1	500
Engineering 1 1	500
Transportation, Ord. R'm, & Supply. 0 2	000

With so many boys all over the group getting the softball bug, there is beginning to be talk of another intra-squadron league. One of the real surprises of the sports week was the showing of an hastily thrown together Hq softball team which on a minute's notice took on the 85 boys and came out on the short end of a 4-3 thriller. Since then the group players have managed to get out and go through a few training and practice sessions and seem to all set to defend the title they won in the league last season.

When the Falcon ball team roster was given to the Sports Dept. the name of Tommy Toaddy, star outfielder, was omitted. It's a good thing for the team that the fast 86th lad wasn't left out of the line-up.

Welcome — New 85 Pilot

Greetings and Salutations... In warm-up pit and now playing in the real «big league», we have seven new recruits just up from the minor leagues. Let's extend a welcome here to 1st Lt. Frank R. Harlocker former of Honolulu, T.H.; Lt. Lawrence Borsheim of Minneapolis, Minn.; Leonard Beckerman of Chicago, Ill.; Lt. Delmar L. Estes from E. Canada; Okla.; Lt. Elliot D. Ayer from Tallahassee, Fla.; Lt. Edward G. Evans of Philadelphia, Pa.; and Lt. Cecil T. Butler of Dayton, Ohio. Welcome to the leagues gentlemen; we know you've got what it takes to play our brand of ball or you wouldn't be here. Good Luck.

ANDERSON, IND. — A taxpayer asked the local tax office if he could claim on this year's income tax return his 1,200 dollars annual depreciation on his wife.

Honor Roll

To Master Sergeant: William R. Frazier; Eddie F. Rose Jr.
To Technical Sergeant: Clyde W. Shay, Rocco (NMI) Soranno.
To Staff Sergeant: Joseph L. Kratz, Joseph J. Vare, Kenneth L. Henderson.
To Sergeant: Peter R. Boehm, Frank J. Harasiemowicz, Marcellus F. Schmidt, Mike (NMI) Selepak, John (NMI) Sheddlock.

Gala Opening Of 86 Em Day Room



Everyone rubbed elbows and rank was thrown into discard at the opening of the of the new 86 Enlisted Men's Dayroom on April 15. Top group and squadron names were on hand to give the ambitious enterprise a rousing send-off and to express their well-wishes for much success in the venture.

The club is composed of four large rooms. There is a bar; a game room with ping-pong table and other features; a furnished lounge room, decorated with paintings and drapes, and boasting the popular radio-record player; and there is a reading and writing room where members of the club may pursue their efforts along that line in comfort and quiet. Rugs on the floors and many other personal and attractive cosy touches make the place one of the finest seen overseas.

In the course of the opening evening, visitors dropt in and were very pronounced and generous in their praise to both the enlisted personnel of the Comanches as a whole and to the officers of the newly formed club. Pres. Schuping, Vice-pres. Vare and treasurers S/Sgt. Smith and Sgt. Reese. The organization fills a long-felt want in the life of the squadron and it is evident from first night interest and appearances, it is just what the doctor ordered as a relaxation tonic.

Both Col. Earl E. Bates, Jr., and Col. Charles W. Stark joined the evening's merry-making, and both spoke in glowing phrases, commenting upon the excellence of the layout and the genuine enthusiasm shown on all sides. Lt. Col. Edwin F. Baker also spoke briefly. Other name visitors included Maj. Nielsen, former 86 C.O. and now Deputy Group Commander.

A pleasant surprise of the first night, was the unexpected call of two female visitors, old friends of the squadron. They were WACs Capt. Jeanne Schoner and PFC Frances Smith, who made it plain they would be back on the first Ladies' Night.

As to be expected, the most popular feature of the affair was the bar which did a rushing business, and kept the boys in high spirits during the festivities. There was the usual song and extreme good-fellowship which marks the beginning of any such venture; and the men in the squadron made it evident that the lavish place will be well-attended.

Active in the formation of the new 86 club besides the club officers mentioned, was the squadron special service non-com, Snuffy O'Neal. Lt. Deis, Comanche Special Service Officer, is the commissioned representative.

Lost: One Railroad

The Germans found themselves minus a railroad last week.

With 96 deadly caliber, 50 machine guns blazing forth upon the railroad, 12 Thunderbolts of the Comanche Squadron virtually destroyed a German supply railroad line in the top strafing show of the week. Strafing results included one locomotive destroyed, 20 plus box cars and flat cars damaged, and considerable damage inflicted upon a power plant, smoke observed coming from the plant.

On the same mission the Comanches carried 12000 pounds of bombs, and the resulting show brought 8 direct hits on the railroad line, two direct hits on road intersection and 14 very near misses. Major Melvin Nielsen led the flight.

War Bonds Will Help

Word has been bandied about that M/Sgt. Calamino and Ferry and T/Sgt. Nadvornick have been secretly practicing for the Aviation Cadet exam. Nightly this inhuman trio can be observed practicing up on the art of bombing from the upper stories of the «Flats», using small boulders as substitutes for bombs, anything animal or mineral below as a practise target, and all without the aid of a bomb-sight. As an added attraction they display 'feats of great strength' by walking, arms interlaced, through any and all doors. Well, they try.

Has anyone noticed Babcock making several trips nightly up and down eight flights of stairs with his pup cuddled close to his breast? Upon being inter-

cepted by one bewildered G.I. on one of these mysterious trips in an effort to question his sanity, he answered the query with the trite and hackneyed phrase, «When we gotta go, we gotta go!» and blithely proceeded on his way.

Static Quo.

Peace has come at last to the radio bughouse and everyone has settled down to the old routine now that the bucking period is over. Now starts the 'out-fumbling' act. This should prove to be an interesting campaign; as we have quite a few out-fumbling artists in this field of endeavor.

'Delinquent Donnie' Kingsley, the well known King of Corn, rates as the favorite in this battle, and already has quite a head start. Donny says, «I don't mind doing half the work, but...».

As runners-up we have such notables as Horizontal Moriarity, whose motto is «Never stand up when you can sit down and never sit down when you

can lie down»; Inspector Alexander, «50» Wilson, and «Google Eyes» Jeziack.

We wish to publically welcome a new member to the midst of the Communications section. He is Cpl. Pratt, from Tennessee, which adds another rebel to our already well-rebelized roster. Since Cpl. Pratt has only been overseas two months, he'd better take heed to our warning against Harris' «snow-jobs», which he has used so successfully at the Red Cross Club. The new addition has been amazed by the meaningless gibberish that issues from the mouths of the many characters in the section. Never in the annals of history, ancient or modern, has there been gathered together such a conglomeration of oddities of humanity; if they can be called

FLYING

SKULL

human. Seriously, however, we extend our hands in greeting to our new member.

Notes and Comments.

At the orderly room eyebrows are being worn a shade higher due to some lady/friend of Capt. Bell's calling him to ask if he could arrange an overland trip to the Beachhead for herself and some friends. Great speculation arose as to just what Capt. Bell had been telling these young innocents.

Lt. Clancy claims that he's produced the impossible by getting his orderly room assistants, Mayr and Goldman, «on the ball» in the P.X. Department. Lt. Clancy, the present P.X. officer, says that he's really got them «putting out».

Sgt. Manne of Ops. was seen at the concert last week, cuddled up to Sgt. Price and blissfully dreaming of whatever Sgt. Manne dreams about. He was flanked on both sides by Sgt. Price and Pfc. Klein and three empty seats. We know he had purchased 6 ducats, we know the «terrible trio» left the barracks arrayed in their «dating clothes», and we know that they attended the concerts by their loathesome selves. We know! We know!

Dust bowl shorts.

First casualty of the baseball season was Sgt. «Stupid» Romprey who suffered severe lacerations of the nasal passages (bloody nose) when he collided with a runner on a close play around first base. The clumsy lout dropped the ball allowing the runner to take second.

First Sergeant Rosenberg made his baseball debut the other day. After watching the game, a close one which went into extra innings and was lost by some foul baseball around the short-stop position, both teams and the spectators agreed that he «shoulda' stood in bed». P. S. «Rosie» played short-stop for the losing team.

Has anyone taken the trouble to notice Sgt. Craig passing among the gallery of spectators behind the backstop making like a candy butcher? No one has seen any articles of sale; but we believe that Cpl Shay put him «up to it» just to add that «old ballpark touch».



«I See The 79th Has Finally Come Home!»



Bruno's HQ BULLSHEET

Of course, I have to rave first of all on the delicious subject of Dick Marsh's ice cream because it was one of the biggest event of our overseas life. Just think, pie *a la mode* without having to sweat out a long service center line! It's a good thing that the boys never did get to tearing down the mess hall like that dream of Dick's back in Termoli-ported.

A special mention seems to be in order for Drummer Boy Mc Lean. He performed what was perhaps the outstanding engineering feat of the war in filling in the pool in front of the Command gate.

For the benefit of you boys who have been passing your hands before your eyes and examining your tongues in the mirrors, or thinking maybe it might be some of that stuff you'd been drinking at the Em bar, you weren't seeing double. There were two of them. That was Grenert's soldier brother visiting with him.

The San Carlo Opera House is a second-rate music and sing joint, agree all the boys as Frankie Dellamalva finishes one of his vocal outbursts before the Em piano.

Manager Uhlman has managerial worries. He has gone to the extreme of inviting me to play on his Hq softball team in order to insure publicity for that outfit. The nerve of some guys!

O'Brien has developed that Itie boot-black into quite a football star, the way the lad has been snagging the long ones.... Tieman is getting to be known as the man with the most prodigious memory.

Kiss Swoons Mad Russian

Fame came to the 85th's 'Mad Russian' Sereditch, via the medium of a tune, a maid, and a kiss. When the USO unit No. 111 invited 'Metro' up on the platform because he 'bore a resemblance to the vocalists heart-throb' they unknowingly changed the course of one, each, G.I.'s life. All the babe did was sing to him a little, and kiss him 'una volta'; and since the moment of that fateful kiss the *Roosian* has cast aside all notions of returning to underground farming after the war, and definitely decided to go Hollywood instead.

Beverly Neal is one of those unsung heroes who continually by virtue of his job is condemned to spend his GI time repeating certain set phrases such as, «Group operator!», and «Still working?» If all the gentlemen jobs in the service were put end to end, the one of switchboard operator would, upon consideration, be the most ungrateful — with the possible exception of group newspaper editor. The plug pusher has to listen to the same old gripes, insults, wags and stupidities every time he goes on duty. And he gets blamed for every difficulty encountered during a call. Guys like Texas Neal get dressed down and eaten up by people who just can't understand why miles of beaten-up field wire and faulty equipment plus terrible war conditions don't return the same instant and clear service as back home commercial exchanges. Some day there'll be a special medal, wait and see.

HOUSTON, TEXAS. — There's a city ordinance here which prohibits citizens from looking at a girl in a manner described as «making goo-goo eyes».



Long And Short 87th Tale Is A Story Of Ups And Downs

The two most outstanding men of the «Skeeter» Squadron (and they sure stand out) are «Low Slung» Bodger and «Stratosphere» Vander Ploeg.

Cpl. Donald W. Bodger, who hails from Alton, Illinois, is a member of the Communication department and bears the somewhat dubious title of Assistant Technical Inspector. Every morning and night he may be seen strutting on the line checking the radios and signing Form 1. (There is no truth to the rumor that he carries a small ladder to reach the wing).

Though self-effacing, Bodgie, as he

is usually called, can always be found at the radio shack tinkering with tubes, circuits, voltmeters and radios in general. He is also an IFF specialist.

Even if he is below average height, Bodgie has some fascination for the fairer sex, WACs to be exact, as has been noticed at our recent dances. Without revealing confidences, there's a blonde WAC named Connie who — But I promised not to tell.

Going to the opposite extreme, there's S/Sgt. Herman L. Vander Ploeg, whose home is Linden, Texas, where he had lots of room to grow up in. Though slow and soft of speech, «Dutch» has a deft sense of humor and a quick wit. When asked that hackneyed question, «how's the air up there?», he's been known to squelch people with a quick repartee «much cleaner than the smell below me».

Sgt. Vander Ploeg is the only crew chief, 'tis said, that can remove the cowling on a plane with his feet planted firmly on the ground. As an outstanding athlete, «Dutch» played Center on our basketball team which reached the semi-finals in the recent tournament.

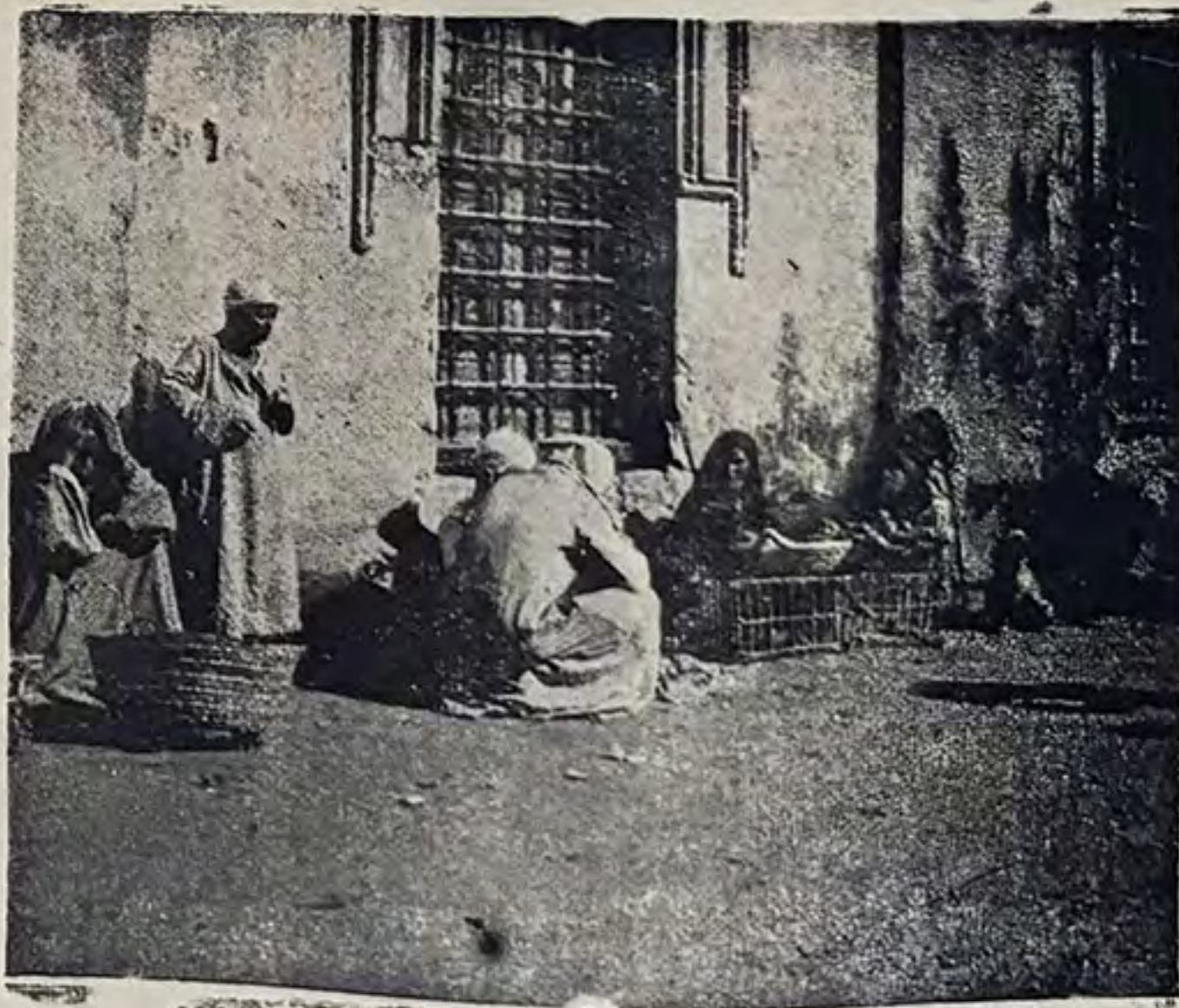
Individually, Bodger and Vander Ploeg have very little in common but they both agree that their «Skeeter» Squadron is still the best.

Since their difference in height is approximately a foot and a half, the question is how tall are they?

Yank Story

The Falcon has been informed that Yank Magazine has forwarded their article on the 79th to the New York office, and from there will be disseminated, so no set date of publication can be forecast at the present time. The effectiveness of the story, unfortunately, has been considerably lessened by the recent directive forbidding the use of insignias, names, nicknames or number of the squadron or group, in press releases.

MEMORY LANE



The wailing gentleman on the left; the blanket-veiled belle on the right; the squatting business men; the bewildered school boy; the peanut baskets and fruit crates; the babe sitting on the sidewalk; all are in our memories, and will never be forgotten. 'Tis a typical Cairo shot, and we thank S/Sgt. Erickson for enriching our memories!

Keep The V. D. Rate Down



By Sgt. Cullen

As I type, the dance is a thing of the future, but, as you read, it is a thing of the past. May I look into the future a bit and say I'm glad the dance was such a success. If you enjoyed yourself, don't hesitate to thank Lt. Deis, S/Sgt. Cunningham and Sgt. Hitt. They worked mighty hard to please 200 men. Maybe a word of appreciation will inspire them to have a repeat.

Through an oversight, plus the usual mental vacuum in this bean of mine, I have neglected to mention one of my best friends, who is in the hospital. I am referring to Walt Bowen. One of the most popular men in the squadron, he has been in the hospital six weeks or more. We hope you read this back in the outfit, and not in the hospital, Walt.

C. C. Wilson had a wrestling match the other day with a FEW of the boys in Transportation, and came off second best. Good taste forbids the details of the encounter but when the free-wheelers got through with C. C. he would remind you of an unwashed coal miner on his honeymoon. One end was snow white.

According to Will Sheely, Gordon Barck and Joe Sanders, roomies of «Scratch and Bite» Reynolds, said Reynolds is a real Comanche. According to their testimony, our George goes into a dance almost every night and interpolates the intricate maneuvers with gruesome groans and blood-curdling screeches. Doc Stem, attention!

Lt. Crawford has been dying to go to Algiers, so the other day he had the chance. He wants me to thank everyone that made his trip possible. He much prefers ferrying to flying combat, and hopes Capt. Wall gives him all the ferrying jobs no one else wants.

Dale Wilcox can always be counted on to help out a fallen brother. He goes around picking up fallen G.I.s and sees to it that they get the best of care. He is also a friend of every M. P. in Naples. He sometimes spends a whole afternoon with them, he likes them so well. A real mixer our Dale.

The other night I was restless and couldn't seem to get to sleep, so decided to count sheep. But instead of sheep jumping over a fence, all I could see was a string of our pilots in their new flying jackets and boots, jumping my imaginary hurdle. P. S. I fell asleep.

One of the busiest, most conscientious workers at the gala opening of the E/M Dayroom, or Nightroom, was Cpl. Stevens. Face wreathed in smiles,

«Steve» filled every want of the patrons of the bar. A truly swell addition to a grand set-up is congenial «Steve».

Lt. Leather in his capacity as assistant operations officer is faced with problems that would make Solomon resign. Ships in, ships out, belly tanks on, belly tanks off, bombs on and bombs off, take off and don't take off, etc. This war is a war of confusion. Lt. Leather says it is good training and when the war is over, he'll be able to tell which way a woman driver is going when she puts her hand out. At least, he says, he'll be able guess fairly accurate.

New York (CNS). — The U. S. Coast Guard has developed a new ten man jeep that is bigger, faster and even tougher than its famous Army counterpart, the Coast Guard claims.

86 Insignia Has Real Story Behind Its Comanche Design

The real name of the Comanche Indian is Natini, meaning «those that live», or «we are alive». The name Comanche was first applied to the southern offshoot of the tribe of Shoshoni by the Spaniards or Spanish Mexicans. They were singularly lacking in religious ceremony. They obtained horses from the Spaniards and became expert horsemen and horse breeders. Being constantly at war in their wanderings of the midwest, the Comanches furnished a major part of the bloody Indian horrors of the pioneer days. The tribe recognized no superior and were victorious in every battle.

Major Frederic A. Borsodi, former

pilot in the 86th Squadron, proposed the Comanche name for the squadron while in Egypt, along with ideas and suggestions of other pilots. Sergeants Charles A. Farquhar and Everly J. McGrath designed the insignia.

The cartoon character has his left arm outstretched over the clouds, and, with beckoning finger, challenges all comers to approach. The satisfied smirk on his face signifies the pleasure he has had disposing of his last victim; as blood can be seen dripping from his tomahawk; the battle headress of red white and blue feathers, is waving defiantly in the breeze.

(Next Week: 87th Sqdn.)

Robinson Was Fordham Star In Varied Baseball Career

A ball player is a ball player. There's no other way to explain it. He's a ball player when he's playing, when he's relaxing, and even when he's doing something so extraneous that it doesn't remotely resemble the great American pastime. Go out some day and watch George Robinson, Falcon



It's the stuff which grand old men of the game like Connie Mack claim they can detect and sense blind folded.

To be sure, Robinson didn't start to play ball yesterday. Or the day before. He's too loose and has too much savvy for that. His is the result of years of fast ball, playing, studying and test-tubing the science of the game. That effortless ease is the result of labor, the lesson of coordination and restraint lacquered with no wasted energy. That's what makes an athlete tops. And that's what keeps him there.

Robinson is taciturn, but his baseball life speaks the words lacking in laconic phrases. Born in the Bronx, New York, Robie was one of those boys who was born with a ball in his hands, and if you could have had an intimate glimpse into a cradle some 31 years ago you no doubt would have seen a gangling infant putting a hook on the rattler.

Robinson went through the usual ball players adolescence with grammar school and sandlot endeavors which eventually progressed to high school starring stage. His first test came at Fordham University; and the lanky, lean right hander made good at Frankie Frisch's college of baseball knowledge.

The two games in which he set Boston College, always a top ball team on the national collegiate scene, back on its heels, are classics which have been incorporated in the athletic history of the New York university. Strangely enough, too, it was at this stage of his ball career that Robie made his most costly error — and it wasn't on the playing field, either. Somehow, he muffed a chance at signing a contract with the New Yankees, an action which would have virtually assured him a lofty place amongst the trade.

After his college days, he knocked around playing plenty of ball with sundry nines and a continued featured stand with the Bushwicks, leading semi-pro baseball team in the world. His bid at organized ball came with the Scranton team in the fast New York-Penn League.

Hush!
Hitler is Listening!

Group Poop — Bedford Style



We are indebted to Major Richards Hoffman, former Group medical officer, for the use of this pic of Group Poop, style Bedford Barn. Massachusetts, 1942! Even tho it is a red barn it still looks pretty enticing eh?

Falcon Pin-Ups By Pumphrey

