



## 79th Nosed Out Of PBS Tourney Play

Old Dame Fortune completely turned her back on a valiant 79th basketball team last thursday afternoon and the luckless Virginians dropped a torrid 43-42 overtime contest to the highly polished New Mexico five in the final round of the quarter finals at the Madison Square Gardens, Naples. The heart-splintering setback eliminated the 79th from further P.B.S. Tourney play after nearly a hectic week of dominating the games with brilliant basket wizardry. The Virginians had been pronounced favorites and the defeat was a sad blow, indeed, to the largest and most fanatic tourney crowd which packed the ex-theatre to bulging.

Throughout the games, play had been overshadowed by the potent 79th squad, entering as an unknown quantity, having been hastily thrown together a scant few days before the first tournament tip-off. The team was composed of player-coach-team captain, John Zaleski, Robert F. Drum, Ralph Farmer, Herman Vander Ploeg, William O'Buck, Donald C. Waring, Fred Spanhut, Harold Alexander, and Morris Tabachnick.

A bit of heated interest came at the outset when the team was pitted in its opening game against the fast-stepping 99th Squadron five. The 79th, mainly thru the personal efforts of Bob Trap Drum, won a sweet victory 21-14.

Then followed four games in which they soundly pasted The Storks, Tracers, 96 Sigs. and the Sea Gulls.

Bob Drum, flashing incredible all-around play, was the tourney's outstanding player. Big Timber Farmer piled up an impressive scoring record with consistent wicket falconery. Waring, O'Buck and Zaleski thrilled the crowds with sparkling, methodical team play; and Herman Vander Ploeg put on splendid performances, especially in the final tilt when, entering as a replacement, he pulled the team thru many rough spots with accurate shooting and backboard retrieving.

### Tourney Scores

Here are the scores of the games played by the 79th team in the PBS Basketball Tourney:

79th Fighter 21,	99th Sqdn 14
79th Fighter 48,	Storks 19
79th Fighter 48,	Tracers 16
79th Fighter 32,	96th Sigs 18
79th Fighter 32	Sea Gulls 16
79th Fighter 42,	New Mexico 43

### The Gals Are Comin'

Three sizzling stage shows, with a galaxy of stunning, stimulating striping Eyetic beauties will be the toothsome dish offered to voracious G. I. howlers during the remainder of the month at the 38th Air Depot Theatre on the Base, according to information released by Group Special Service to the Falcon. Italian Stage Show No. 2, featuring a cast of 18 is listed for March 22; Italian Stage Review No. 4, 28 people, on March 26; and *Stardust Vanities*, showing 30 artists on March 31st. All performances will be at 1930 hours.

The three are well-ballyhooed, and, according to advance reports, spare no end to carry out the soldier's conception of just what a girlie spectacle should be. Music, singing, humorous acting are all sandwiched into a dazzling feminine display. *Stardust Vanities* is said to be one of those shows hot enough to handle with tongs, and still in the rarity of presentations which are clever and satisfying to he-men without being vulgar and obscene. All in all, these reviews should be an answer to whether serviceman overseas like their entertainment stout, or whether stage amusements should be relegated to the goody-goody. So far, the leg art is way out front on the attendance sheet.

# Thunderbolts Comb Beachhead On Initial Combat Operation

## Baker to Lt. - Colonel

Edwin F. Baker has been promoted from the rank of major to that of lieutenant-colonel in an order recently released from Headquarters, 12th U.S. Air Force. Lt.-Col. Baker was the subject of a personality sketch in the past issue of the Falcon in which was recorded the rise of the 79th Cinderella Man from the ranks. He received his original commission on June 10, 1942.

## Stars of the Week

In this issue we present a story of the 99th, our Negro squadron. The squadron has made an excellent showing while under the 79th, and we are proud to have them as one of our units. We take our toupees off to the 99th! It is a great democratic army — and they have won themselves a vital niche in its uppermost ranks.

## 79th Chalks Up Two Records with P-47s

March 9, 1944, marked another red-letter day for the 79th Fighter Group. At 0720 hours on that day eight aircraft of the 86th Comanche Squadron were airborne on the group's 1,397th mission — the first combat mission with the new super-fighters, P-47 Thunderbolts. The eight ships patrolled the Anzio-Nettuno beachhead without incident, chalking up the record height for combat flying in the history of the 79th.

The following day the Comanches again established a record with their new P-47s, the mission staying over the target area for a total of two hours and seventy minutes. This flight was also on patrol duty and returned home without incident.

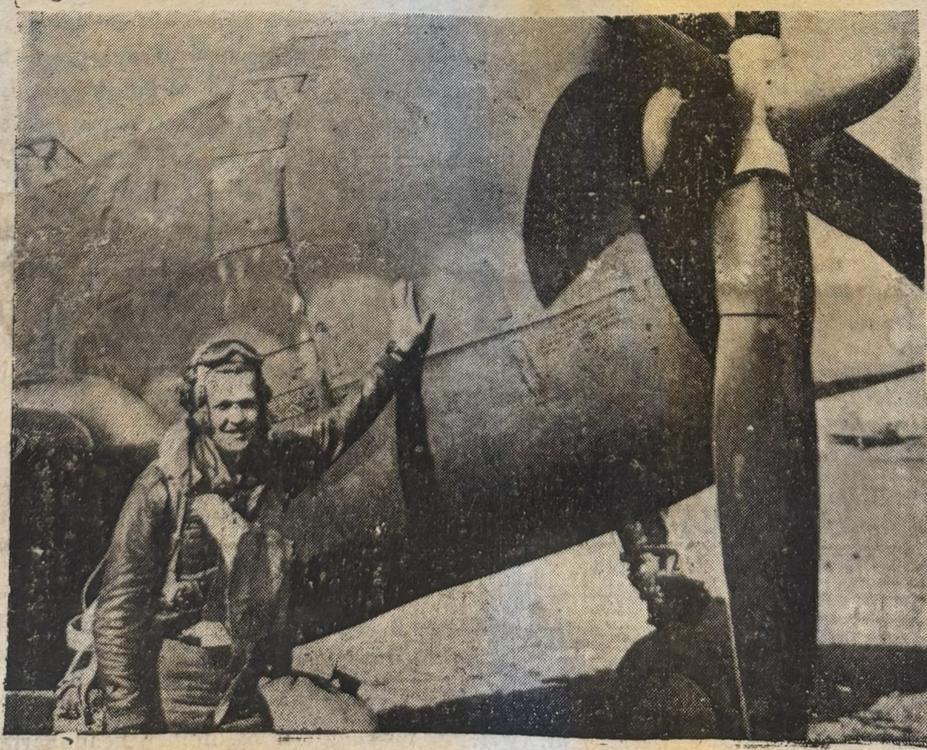
Second squadron to fly the powerful new fighters was the 85th.

### P-47 WELL LIKED

Capt. Ridsen B. Wall, veteran Comanche pilot, won the honor of piloting the first 79th Thunderbolt in combat operations. Wall, a graduate of the R.C.A.F., is one of the most experienced aviators in the group. He was transferred to the U.S.A.A.F. in May, 1942, and assigned to the 79th in Sicily. Commenting on the new Thunderbolts, Capt. Wall stated he preferred the new long-range fighters over the Warhawk fighter-bombers because they were easier handling at the controls. His only grumble concerning the ship was the fatigue attributed to the many hours in the cockpit.

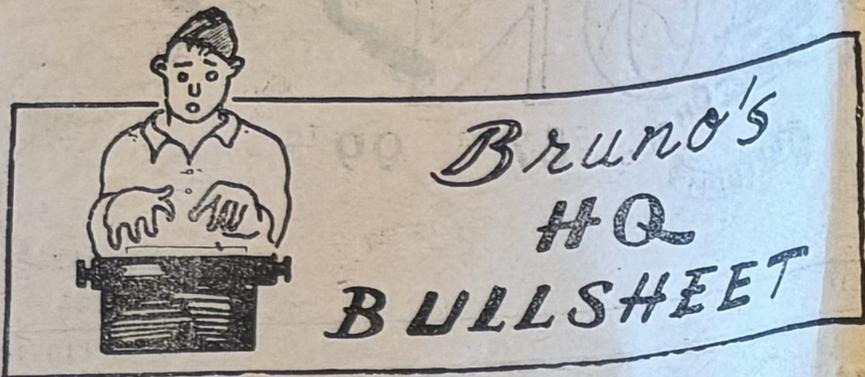
The mechanic's opinion of the P-47 was expressed by Sgt. Henry P. Schilling, 86th, crew chief of the first 79th Thunderbolt in combat operations. « I think the ship is easier to maintain than the Warhawks. I haven't encountered any major mechanical problems — yet, » he said. Schipping stated he believed most of the men on the line preferred the new fighters over the previous ships because of simpler mechanical maintenance.

## Two 79th Record Makers



Here it is — the 79th's new Thunderbolt. Captain Ridsen Wall, 86th Sqdn, beside his P-47, the first of the new birds to fly in combat with the group. Photo by Edwin Goldfarb

2nd Lt. William M. Clancy, formerly with the 319th Bomb Group, has been transferred to the 85th Flying Skull Squadron.



The best time we've had overseas! That summed up the sentiment of all the boys there, the ATS lassies and those party-saving pretties from heaven, the WACS of 6670 Hq Co who pulled a mighty worried Hq EM dance committee's chestnuts out of the fire just in the nick of time. Col. Bates, flashing his best party smile and agile as a pickrel on the rug, stayed right up to the final curtain and reechoed the regret of all when the management started to push the trays away, pile the chairs on the tables and shoo the last merry-makers off into the blackout. «No words can describe this grand affair,» said Lt. Col. Baker who, all along, went to no end to make the night one that will live in Hq hearts forever. And it will do just that. Perfect setting, a night club beside the sea, and the jittering romantic brilliance of the Neapolitan moon lapping the fringe. A terrific band from the 338 Engineers, and, without question, the best party grub Oscar ever put together. There were no rough ends, because Hq always manages to come up with on the spot saviors in the persons of hustling, willing and unselfish guys like M/Sgt. «Beady» Beatty, who rescued the affair from whatever grief threatened to engulf it. Perhaps down thru the line, we have all become self-centered — a natural inclination for men away from home so long, but it all disappeared when the music started and we swayed and swooned with our own girls...

Dance Daubs: Lt. Allen Gordon, new S.S. officer, pulled the promotion of the war when he hung a wow of a blind date on Capt. Mavis, the activity center of the group. The captain's good-natured statement while laboring on the dance floor, «This comes under the heading of *Combat Tactics*.» ... Bea White and chute Martin ... and of all things, Joe Brosch tripping daintly with Shirley Zukowski ... Connie Parsons tangling with Newlon ... Lappin with Betty Littell and a harem of others ... Hilda Webb and brother Mills in the clouds ... Oberne and that Batrum lass acting like a couple of dying cods ... Morrell rasslin' Irene Gammon ... the Jones sisters and that villain Austin who beat off all my efforts to hold hands with de-luscious Olive ... Photo Pedersen and Pat Ward ... Rogers high-lighting the night with a nonchalant act in being the first to cut Col. Bates. Popular: Margaret Gamble, Gerry Mills, Margaret Cutler, Sarah Winston, Elle Taylor, Jane Palmer ... Beetham night-clubbing with Becky Ramsdell ... Helen Howe! ... Sister Eileen Stuart messin'

with Hill ... Sgt. Eliot, great sport ... Good show — those lovely red and white roses in the girls hair ... Chairman Pasquinucci rushing ... Nize Baby: Shelley ... fellow newslady cute Terry ... Jack O'Brien all tangled up in close whisperings with Lois Evans ... Hepcats — Lucas and Janice Krafts ... Long Mitch locked with Evy Vogelsang



### Absorbing Tale Backs 85th Focke Wulfes

Three weeks of feverish labor, conquering perplexing mechanical obstacles, by four enlisted men and two pilots was the price paid for the sleek German Focke-Wulfes-190s owned by the Flying Skull Squadron from Sicily to Foggia.

The Focke-Wulfes were discovered last August near the Geribini Number 3 airfield, Sicily, by Major (then Lieutenant) John W. Martin and Capt. (then Lieutenant) Milton Clark, while on a tour of the advanced areas. The planes were hidden among the weeds and debris left by allied air and ground attack, and were located away from any available runway. The ships were in need of major repair, but the pilots were determined to own them, and thus sent for a mechanical crew.

Sgt. Clifford H. Wallace, Cpl. William O. Wooten, T/Sgt. Antony J. Gagliardo, and T/Sgt. Donald C. Waring were selected for the detail. With the

... All in all, the way the boys were snatching and cutting there left no inquiry as to why we're called the Falcons. It was real big time stuff and should call for a hasty repeat, only next time if we cant stay later, let's try to start much earlier ... and give Schuchman more time to hold hands with a New Mexico jelly roll ...

### Living Cost Down

The cost of living in the United States has decreased in the first fifty-one months in the present war as compared to the same period in World War I, according to inside sources in Washington, it was recently disclosed. The reason for the percentage difference of 59.6 rise last war against 25.9 in this one, during the calculated period, has been attributed to the productive efforts of the OPA.

## Watch Your Letters For No-Can-Do List

When Joe Falcon writes home to the little jelly roll, or scratches out a few hasty lines to the folks, he cant just put on paper any old thing that comes to the mind, neither can he use any of the cunning, but detrimental, many little tricks of conveying information not for back home knowledge. True, the supposed rules of military censorship have been vague and ambiguous, from time to time. To overcome this muddled situation there has been prepared a concise list of censorship rules which apply directly to the 79th Group and which has been released to the FALCON under the order of Colonel Earl E. Bates, Jr., group commander. They follow:

#### Forbidden to:

1. Use civil postal service — APO only.
2. Use codes, cyphers, shorthand, or any other form of secret writing.
3. Give unit or force strength.
4. Location, identify, movement or prospective movements of any troops, formations, ships, aircraft, etc.
5. Give plans, forecast of orders for future operations, whether known or merely surmised.
6. Give distinguishing signs of formations, units, baggage, transportation, etc.
7. Give the use, condition, or probable extension of utilities or transportation facilities.
8. Give the effect of any enemy action.
9. Give the particulars of arms or equipment.
10. Give the position or details of billets, camps, etc.
11. Give the reports of atrocities, unless released by appropriate authority.
12. Give description of tactical engagement prior to official release or before elapse of two weeks after such engagement.
13. Inclose in any mail:
  - a. Official, military or civil documents, orders, reports, maps and enemy documents or items of any kind.
  - b. Uncensored or local publications.
  - c. Phonograph records.
  - d. Any kind of enclosure of military value.
14. Give geographical location whatever in ITALY.
15. Italian Language news papers, or clippings from them.
16. Picture postcards.
17. Correspond with local inhabitants.
18. Mail exposed films or prints.
19. To identify any AMERICAN unit with a British organization.

### Pilots Promoted

Three flying officers comprise the recent promotions announced by Group Headquarters. Lt. Ridsen B. Wall, 86th, to Captain; Lt. Frank L. Nicolai, 87th, to Captain; and 2nd Lt. Herman C. Leather, 86th, to 1st Lt.

Stabilimento Tipografico G. Montanino  
Napoli - Via Ponti Rossi, 20

## Nielsen Appointed Deputy Group C. O.

Major Melvin J. Nielsen, former 86th Fighter Squadron Commander, has been appointed Deputy Group Commander, 79th Group. The new Commanding Officer of the Comanche Squadron is Capt. George W. Ewing, Jr., former Operations Officer of the 86th.

Major Nielsen was commissioned in the U.S.A.A.F. April 26, 1941, and appointed to the grade of Major December 15, 1943. He is from Idaho Falls, Idaho, and attended Stanford University before entering the armed forces.

Captain Ewing, 86th Squadron C.O., was appointed Squadron Operations Officer December 4, 1943. Born and raised in San Antonio, Tex., he attended San Antonio Junior College and St. Mary's University. Capt. Ewing was commissioned in the Air Corps November 10, 1942.

## CNS Joins Falcon

Camp Newspaper Service, official army news syndicate, with timely features from the states and overseas, will be making regular appearances in the pages of the Falcon. This army service has been created and maintained by the War Department exclusively for use in G.I. publications. Also, thru this source, there will be a series of cartoons released for our publication and your enjoyment. Camp Newspaper Service has been doing a man-sized job of editing and dispatching material to every theatre of the war, and in many cases has been the sole outside news supply to United States soldiers in areas where lengthy and constant flow of information is prohibitive. We are proud to welcome this splendid service into the columns of the Falcon; and the editors would welcome your opinions on which of the several features you prefer, so that we may be able to make subsequent issues conform to your average taste.

## Skeeters Win Again

By Sgt. JIM GARNER

The 87th Skeeter Big Five triumphed against the 16th Service Squadron five to win their fourth straight game by the score of 19-14. Breaking into the lead during the first period, the Big Five led at the half 9-6. In the final half the opponents concentrated most of their efforts on stopping Cpl. Ham Drum and S/Sgt. Big Farmer. They failed to stop Chicken Mattingly who broke through the defense to ring up three needed points. Drum caged seven points to lead the scoring. Good defensive playing was shown by Chief Burns, Red Ingman, Slim Vander Ploeg and Kid Yost.

## BRONSON MAKES SERGEANT

Glen NMI Bronson, 85th Squadron, has been promoted from Corporal to Sergeant.

## The Wolf



"Watch Your Step! It's Leap Year"

## Mosquito Bites

By S/Sgt. GEORGE W. GALLAGHER, Jr.  
The new slogan *Caveat Inimicus* sounds very nice to the ears. It reminds me of the famous Adam Smith of early English history, who fought for the rights of the buyer, tradesman and the poor merchant of the eighteenth century.

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The SKEETERS went to town on the beer situation and as usual the boys drank until many were dizzy. Ye columnist was on hand with a jugful of the delicious brew. The medics, Quinn, Henslee, Turner, Weatherford, Brazelton, Houde, went to town by collecting jug after jug. The first sergeant, Bill Collins was observed downing cupful after cupful and telling all about the great SKEETER basketball team. Why, even Sim K. Sims was strutting his stuff, bouncing from tent to tent. Cpl. Ferreira was present, and much vexed over seeing his parental looking countenance adorning some part of a picture taken somewhere recently, I promised him I wouldn't mention his name in another column, and so help me, I won't. Howard Farmer was lauding it all over will be going away together, and expect to see both leave the squadron the same time, along with Gentleman John Haynes, who was also a lucky man in

passing the recent exam for Aviation Cadet. Noticing the article on Lt. Col. Edwin F. Baker, I recall that it was then M/Sgt. Baker of the 57th who first taught me how to hold a pistol, way back in '41 at Boston. I am surprised at my future brother-law Martin, and his recent illness of pneumonia, which incidently was not pneumonia. He claims NLD means «Never Let Down».

One of the daily occurrences around the squadron is to hear Chief Burns complaining about «everything happens to me». Chester Kelly and Company are trying to get all the dirt about John Kelly of Melrose. I happen to be the one man who can come out with plenty about John, but my big heart does not permit me to spread all the bad news about so gallant a man.

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What became of those two women who were forever haunting the men about a boy named Raco? The women are forever fighting over the affections of such a worthy gent.

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All the «wheels» (Gold and Silver) celebrated last week the promotion of Captain Nicolai from 1st Lt. I hear that everything went so well all the other officers hooked their chins on the bar during the course of an entire evening.

## Sampson

In case you have missed Lt. «Jimmy» Bell, he has been home all the time in bed. He spun in trying to hurdle the gate at the west corner of the field, injuring both ankles. Some dull character drove all the gas out of the Weapons Carrier and he had to walk to the field. However, we are all hoping for a speedy recovery of Lt. Bell, and expect him soon to be back supplying us with those witty little stories, etc.

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Lt. Maiden Swoon Joh is on the verge of losing his laurels as a Ladies Man, to a new member of the outfit, Lt. Tommy Thompson. Facts reveal the nurses in the area know him well. This also means maybe the squadron boys will see some of the same nurses in question at future dances. How about that?

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That abashed look on the faces of all the pilots comes as a result of a reprimand from «The Great White Father».

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In case you wonder why all the pilots are walking around with the silk scarfs, just ask Lt. Shuttleworth. Seems like a pilot cannot sit down in his plane without having a parachute shot up. That is another story though.

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## ARMAMENT BLASTUBE NOTES

By Sgt. WILLARD J. GARNER

Cpl. Jack Kelly seen leaving for town without a buddie: it's still that old saying «I want to be alone». I doubt if he was thinking of putting another mission at the Red Cross . . . Cpl. J. Ash and Larry Kane still doing that corny act of trying to hit one another up for two bucks, and only one day after payday . . . S/Sgt. Ison still rules his flight with an iron hand. Rain, snow, sleet or heat can't stop his men from pulling guns. . . Sgt. (Doc) Winegar with that gleam in his eyes on finally putting a hitch in this army . . . Note to old soldiers: don't be surprised if Doc hits you up for that extra hash mark you have, along with Cpl. Tom McIntosh who also will complete his hitch in several months . . . Laugh of the week: T/Sgt. «Frenchy» Morissette and Cpl. Bob Lamborn dodging M.P.s after curfew hours. . . Have you seen the photos of Cpl. «Chubby» Kelly's glamor wife and his little blessed event yet? His wife is rated Number One Pin-Up gal around the armament gang, even over Miss Grable. . . It is rumored Armament Chief Eugene Parks is having a certain Italian skirt shedding tears over him.

## The Wolf

Continuing with the policy of presenting to the 79th the outstanding humor in the armed forces, the Falcon begins in this edition the first in a series of the reknown cartoon *The Wolf*. The cartoon feature, drawn by Sampson, is printed through the courtesy of Camp Newspaper Service.

## 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

### Stub Pencil Opinion

This is going to be like pitching a handful of feathers, the subject is so loose and scattery. The receiving of any satisfactory letters by folks at home from their boys overseas has been a ponderous problem in any war, and despite the elasticity of our day's methods, the situation is very little improved during the current one. But that's not the point. The point is, since the entrance of the United States into the conflict, overseas soldiers have too lightly regarded, and too liberally interpreted, the rules of censorship governing their mail home.

This makes us arrive at one of the most fatal of all practices. Sometimes inadvertently, mostly with pronounced purpose aforethought, our boys have been guilty of perpetuating — many times engendering, — a vicious undercurrent of peace rumors which could not be more useful and powerful to the nazis, if they came straight from the fiendish pen of Herr Goebbels himself. Too much stress can not be placed on the lethal effects of such seemingly innocent lines as these written home by any Johnny: «The Germans are on their knees; the sooner we accept their peace proposals, the quicker we will all be home again».

These words sound innocent and sincere enough, to be sure. However, in intent they very nicely defeat the purpose for which we have, as a nation, left our homes and taken up arms. It seems, somewhere along the way, befuddled and confused by the turmoil, we have stupidly misplaced the fact we are soldiers, and as such, objects of destruction to the enemy, and not designed, created or expected to be messengers of peace. Soldiers are thrusters of the bayonet, rather than bearers of the olive branch.

Thoughts of home, in most cases, make soldiers overlook the principals and ideals that send men forth and without which all these sacrifices and endless rows of crude wooden crosses would be a sham, indeed. The Hitler mob has echoed and reechoed their design for world conquest. And we know, too, as we continue to pound the nazis, they will again attempt to throw in the sponge, gaining another «moral

victory»; and commence at once to lick their wounds, preparing for another inevitable universal cockfight. This time the job must be thorough and complete. The sooner every lad overseas realizes he is fighting on the actual, and not the home front, the speedier our advance along the right road. We don't want a foolhardy, temporary edge via the technical route. We want a clean-cut K.O. in the form of unconditional surrender.

Of all our overseas social activities, there have been no affairs which draw as much favorable comment from all sides as those gala dances with both WACs and ATS girls in attendance. They're a great booster and we think that many more of these times are in order.

Now is the time to plan for it. The army has an off-duty educational program offering courses which adds to your personal culture, and furthers your education or study for an occupation.

### Soapbox Opinion

To the editor:

Of course the fact that our two editors call Kansas and Maine their home states could in no way alter their principles of fair play in politics. The attempt to block the Soldier's Vote are that the disgruntled Republicans and Prohibitionists know how the soldiers would vote. It seems they are the ones who are spending all their time and money and we are the losers any way you look at it. If they hold out long enough we might go back to a country governed by John L. Lewis and with no hard liquor to help us at least forget our troubles. Here is one hope the attempt fails in this war.

Sgt. ROBERT L. HALL

Editors Note: Reader Hall must be confused concerning our political affiliations. There are p-l-e-n-t-y of Democrats in Kansas and Maine!

### Reviewing the Books

By H. L. MENCKEN

«Heathen Days» is the happy memoirs of a grand old sage of American letters, H. L. Mencken. The book is based on Mencken's assiduous observations and witty recollections of life during his 63 years as an industrious reporter, writer and reader. He relates vividly of Prohibition (and how it didn't work); Baltimore in the Gay 90s; Visits to Naples, Rome, Carthage and Jerusalem; the famous Scoes trial and the hectic Cuban revolution; and a grand Democratic National Convention. It is one moving, coruscating story penned by a great story-teller, and is fascinating reading from cover to cover.

Copies of the above book are available for loan at Special Service Library, 79th Recreation Center, 44 Via Casserta Road.

### The Chaplain's Say

Life's supreme challenge is to make real persons of ourselves. The first step is the principle of self-acceptance. When Margaret Fuller said, «I accept the universe», Carlyle retorted, «Gad! she'd better!» Equally important, and sometimes more difficult, is the acceptance of oneself. It is absurd for an apple tree to aspire to be an elm tree, or for a Ford to want to be a Rolls Royce.

Most of us, however, have a mental picture of ourselves as we would like to be, usually different from what we think we are now. The way to get there is the three-fold method of compensation, sublimation, and a great religious faith. To know that God still runs the universe, that human personality is the greatest product the universe has yet produced, and that nothing truly worthwhile is ever destroyed — this is the basis for making a real person out of what has been given us.

Services for week of 19-25 March: Sunday, 19 March, at Base Chapel: CATHOLIC Mass at 0900 and 1800 hrs., Chaplain Houle; PROTESTANT Morning Worship at 1000 hrs., Chaplain Ham. At 1530 hrs., services at 99 Squadron, Chaplain Ham. At 2000 hrs., services at 16 Service Squadron Day Room, Sgt. Stewart. Friday, 24 March, at Theatre Victor Emanuele, Piazza Dante near Via Roma, JEWISH services at 1830 hrs.



When the ink hits this sheet, Capt. William C. Glasgow will be on his way home, bringing with him one of the most colorful careers of any pilot in the 79th's history. The story of his escape from jerry capture is one of those favorite tales which will be swapped by the group's men at those reunions in the years to come. Major Charles Baskerville has given the young flyer to the airforce Hall of Fame with the classic portrait reproduced above. What he has given to the 79th, and what the 79th has given to him, cannot be reckoned or in any true way, recorded by the spoken or written word. It is something stronger, nobler and far more sublime than those measured impulses which become the offshoot of man killing man.

Born and educated in Niagra Falls, N.Y., Capt. Glasgow was graduated from

### Home Effrontery

INDIANAPOLIS — A home owner ran this advertisement in a local paper: «If you'll rent my house, I'll loan you my maid and introduce you to my butcher».

BURBANK, CAL. — Mrs Helen Smith telephoned police and asked, «Where is my husband. I shot him and now I can't find him anywhere». The police found husband Harry in a hospital, and if he wants to find his wife, she'll be in jail, charged with assault with a deadly weapon.

Detroit — Plagued with rats, John Gremblewski prepared a tasty ham sandwich, then poisoned it and left it for the rodents. Later he became hungry and ate the sandwich himself. Doctors say he'll live.

HAVERFORD, PA. — To John Crampton, 2, smoke means «choo-choo». So when he began hollering «choo-choo» the other day, his grandmother peeked into the nursery. She found a mattress had been ignited by a short circuit, setting the house afire. Damage was slight.

LOS ANGELES — Prisoner Pociano Pena sawed his way thru his cell window on the 13th floor of the county jail. He was spotted on the roof by a keeper who causally remarked that dinner was ready. Pena immediately abandoned his escape efforts to tie on the feed bag.

MINNEAPOLIS — Paul Revere, a truck driver, paid 14 dollars in court fines for his wild ride here the other night. Revere was arrested on the charge of speeding. «Your namesake had good reason to be in a hurry», said the judge, «but you didn't».

NEW YORK — Mrs. Adele Hammerman, 22-year-old-wife of a sailor, came home one night and found a man in her bed room. She hit him with a shoe and grabbed him by the seat of the pants when he tried to escape. Police arrived and found her sitting on the fellow's chest. He was intent on robbery, he admitted.

PHOENIX, ARIZ. — Arizona state police are combing the state for a cross-eyed bandit who specializes in raiding diners along the state highways. It is his custom to step into a diner, order a sandwich and then wave his gun at the counterman while gazing out the window.

Boston, Mass. — (Special) — Children of all ages are giving one of the outstanding contributions to the nation's war effort in their huge collection of scrap paper, it was disclosed by interested sources here.

the flying schools at Maxwell, Douglas, Shaw and Spence Fields, and he received his commission on November 10, 1942.

**Trik-a-Week**

At least once in every man's life there comes a time when he feels an intense desire to impress someone, usually the new girl-friend. These is a simple and enjoyable solution: merely roll up the sleeves, grab the nearest article at hand and amaze and baffle those present with peerless feats of prestidigitation — magic to you.

The purpose of this feature is to describe one effect weekly and to give a full explanation thereof, so that anyone, with a few minutes practice, can master it. All effects described will utilize only those articles which are found almost anywhere — coins, string, thimbles, paper, glasses, etc.

Trik-a-Week No. 1 is herein described in effect; the method of performance will be printed in the next issue. Between now and next week, see if you can work a solution to the following:

**A SPOONFUL**

An ordinary teaspoon or tablespoon is wrapped in a napkin or handkerchief. Upon unrolling the napkin the teaspoon is found to have penetrated the cloth without injuring the fabric. The spoon is now picked up and held directly before spectators' eyes, and without any false moves, vanishes completely. No, the sleeves are not used — for that matter, you can do it in a bathing suit, or less, if they pay you enough.

THE MAD MAGICIAN

**Memory Lane**

Climbing three floors on the floating Empire State building and plunking ourselves on what was called the Main Deck Aft ... the blimy crews ... Rolling on the high seas ... The Blimps along the American coasts providing protection ... Our first boat-drill: Action Stations with everybody scrambling for their water canteens and helmets ... Certain GIs exhibiting their disagreement of the sea over the rail ... swobbing the decks and the extra swirling in the stomach from such antics ... The day we found out about lovers' lane on top deck which was restricted for officers and nurses only ... The comforting letter from our Commander-in-chief telling us we were Yanks and destined for overseas ... Our first harbor and the irony of not going ashore ... Oh beautiful shores of Rio ... Scrubbing the decks ... Two meals a day of British mutton. Mutton is all right in its place, but we just didn't have a place for it ... the everlasting tea, and the slimy fat chef who brewed it ... The PX selling shorts, then banning their use ... prize fights ... gambling ... Natives throwing oranges when we docked at South Africa ... thousands of sea-mad GIs kissing the ground as they tumbled off the boat onto solid soil ... Zulus ... ice cream ... South African brandy ... gals ... sight-seeing ... terrific hang-overs ... and finally chugging into our final port — the stinking place called Suez.

"TAKE-IT-EASY, CAPISCE?"



Eytie Pin-ups by Pumphrey

**Poet's Prattle**

**MY LOVE FOR YOU!**

I thought alone of you  
As others thought of theirs!  
Twas joy indeed to notice  
How one so lonesome cares  
For some true flower  
In some sure scene  
Whose charm is felt  
Whose love is dreamed.  
I loved alone with you  
As others loved with theirs  
I glanced about at other hearts  
In thoughts where there were pairs.  
We gazed about in silent dreams  
As slowly passed the time.  
(Twas I who watched how speechless  
[we loved  
And I considered you mine!

2nd Lt. JOHN L. HAMILTON  
pilot, 99th Sqdn

**WONDERS OF LIFE**

I see the sky, the earth, the tree  
I watch the changing weather  
I marvel at the mystery  
Of how they came together.  
I wander thru the field of grain  
The meadow sweet with clover  
And in the smallness of my brain  
I try to think it over.  
Why does a softness stir the soul  
When spring comes stepping lightly?  
Why does a pot of water boil  
When fire holds it tightly?  
What keeps the golden sun alive?  
Who knows the planet's story?  
Whence do the moon and stars derive  
Their everlasting glory?  
Each one is like a perfect gem  
Precisely hewn and mated...  
I only know that all of them  
Are things The Lord created.

OUR FAVORITE

**Sarg Heartsake**

Dear Sarge:

This is an unusual letter for anyone in my position to be writing. I am maybe violating all rules of convention. I attended a dance given by some Yank airforce men the other night and met one of your boys who in your own phrase, «knocked me for a loop». I am an ATS girl. My man did not pay the least bit of attention to any of the American girls present at the dance. Do you think he was just being painfully polite to me and that sooner or later after the thrill of meeting me has worn off, he will go in search of his own Yank lassies?

DELPHIA

Dear Del:

I think your fears are unfounded. Yank boys like ATS babes as well, and perhaps a little better, than their own importation of Gettes. One good thing about you ATS dolls is that you are not pampered and spoiled by over-dose of flowers-and-lace stuff. If your man is sensible, he will hold on to you; and if I'm fortunate, I will have snared me one of your lassies from the dance after this issue has gone to print.

THE SARGE

**Roving Reporter**

Question: What do you think should be done to Hitler after the war?

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1st Sgt. W. E. COLLINS, 87th: «I think Hitler should be treated the same as «Zautlus of Ancient Greece» was treated. If Hitler were executed it would be too easy a way out for him and wouldn't compensate for the multitude of sins and crimes he has committed. But after the war I wouldn't be satisfied with just punishing Hitler alone. Goebbels, Quisling and Goering are real subjects to work on, too, and should deserve the same punishment as Hitler».

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1st Sgt. J. M. FOSTER, 86th: «Conforming to our democratic standands, Hitler should be tried by an international court. I realize that nobody should be barred from having their say in the court, but the present sympathizers we have in the states writing to the President (Padres, Ministers and Women's leagues) should not be allowed an influence in the matter. If any sympathizers for Hitler do get on this Court for our country, I think we should completely withdraw, and let the European nations handle it their own way».

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Lt. CHARLES W. DEFOOR, Pilot, 85th: «Obviously Hitler should be punished, and torture would also help. The only solution is to confine him to the limits of New Jersey for the rest of his life».

Razz Berry: Given by Moscow officials to Windy Wendell Willkie's expatiation on the Soviets ...



Left to Right, Maj. George S. Roberts, Lt. Wilson V. Eagleson, Capt. Lemuel R. Custis, General John K. Cannon

## General Cannon Pays Tribute To 99th Sqdn For Coming Thru

By S/Sgt. IRVIN WEIR

General John K. Cannon congratulates Major George S. Roberts for the outstanding performance of his fighter squadron over the Anzio beach head. The squadron shot down eight planes in one day, and for a period of sixteen days averaged one plane per day. Captain Custis and Lt. Eagleson, with one enemy plane destroyed apiece, look on. This was truly a record which any squadron commander could justly be proud of.

Major Roberts took command of the 99th in Sicily, and he has brought the outfit a long ways. He was in the first class of cadets to graduate at Tuskegee, Alabama. The major has seen the outfit grow from a green, inexperienced, uncertain bunch of men into a smooth working unit. He has shared all the triumphs and experienced all the heartaches. There was a surge of fierce exultation when Captain C. B. Hall shot down the first enemy plane over Sicily last July, but there was no joy when it was learned that Lts. White and McCullough had been lost in action.

It would seem that a jinx had been put on the squadron. The fascists and the 'down-with-everything' folks, eager to give American democracy a set back, urged that the program for training colored cadets be discontinued. The great many prevailed, however, and the program was continued. The 99th, then, had to make good; they had to go upstairs and engage and shoot down German planes; they had to roar off in the morning and fight and, maybe, never return, for the activation of the unit had precipitated a struggle. The 99th didn't have to make good for their pride alone, or to give satisfaction to thirteen million people whose voices

clamored for their boys to get a chance to fly and die for principles which they clearly recognized; the 99th had to prove that America was still the greatest democratic nation in the world, and that the words all men are created equal holds true for every mother's son on the face of the universe.

The 99th, flying with the best fighter group of the world's best air force, broke the jinx on January 27, 1944, with the best conviction possible — eight German planes destroyed. All the days of sweating and cursing, and training, and routine flying had not proven in vain. A mighty blow had been dealt in the name of democracy.

Major George S. Roberts knows that his pilots are not the very best to roar off and smash at Hitler's Festung Europa, but in his words: «We're as good as the U. S. Army turns out. That's important».

### New Special Service Officer Plans Shows

Lt. Allen Gordon, formerly of the 328th Fighter Control Squadron, 64th Wing, is our new assistant Special Service Officer. Lt. Gordon has done much in the entertainment line, both in the army and before the war, specializing as accordionist, guitarist, magician, and ventriloquist. He has an accordion with him now, and we can expect to hear him «beat it out» one of these days.

Lt. Gordon has expressed a great interest in furthering the presentation of stage shows, and is at present engaged in rounding up a series of programs for the group. He has requested that anyone with any talent whatsoever please contact him, so that he can discuss a forthcoming GI show with them.



By Sgt. Cullen

On behalf of the entire squadron, heartfelt thanks is hereby expressed to Lt. John L. Brooks, Mess officer, for the grand job he has done since taking over. We will match our mess-hall with any outfit in the army and feel certain we will be returned winner. Meals take on new lustre when eaten in surroundings such as we are now furnished. Menus on the wall have come in for their share of comment, all good. It is nice to know someone is looking out for our interests. Forty or fifty men have asked me to thank Lt. Brooks, so here it is.

If they keep feeding us cauliflower I am afraid the boys will start to look like wrestlers, or beat-up prize fighters. So if you feel of your ears and you find lumps in them, blame it on the cauliflower.

Sgt. George Reynolds is a happy man. Here in Naples he found a long lost cousin. Lucky for George, she is a W.A.C. They both originated in Dixon, Ill., But she is smarter than George: she moved!

Sgt. Joe Krimelmeyer promised to punch me in the nose if I dared put his name in the paper. He is six feet, four inches tall, and outweighs me by 40 pounds, but, I am brave. Joe used to mingle with Congressmen and Senators back in Washington, D.C. but he can't dictate the policies of this column.

Any time you want to hear stories that will make your hair stand on end, get in touch with Moon Milling, Armament. He has some alligator stories that won't quit.

Sgt. Vittone and Cpl. Lupi are taking out Italian citizenship papers. Their friends have tried to argue them out of it, but they both insist they love it here in Naples.

HEROES... Sheely, Rettew, Sabin, Brenner, Walt Brown, Sweeney, Gaines, Ritchie, Reynolds, Sanders, Foster, Gibbons, Glanton, Nordin, Poirier, Krezel, Osley, Schneider, Glover, Giles, Knight, Green, Golden, Weaver, Marco, Neberman, Phillips, Henke, Morrell, Kirby Martin and Johnnie Martin, Weems, Douglas, Marland, Ferguson, Blair, Sheedy, Selepak, Selhost, Fanning, Vare, Crowe, Klausen, Loadenthal, Drolshagen, Marratta, Kerm Cole

and myself. Always up front, and never asking to be relieved. The front of the chow line, of course!

Capt. Pety is back from Malta! The spring is still in his step, but, some of the song is gone from his heart. He has seen the light and avers that American men should never look beyond American girls, when they have matrimony in mind. He can't understand why anyone would even consider a foreign girl, especially a Maltese female, for a wife. P. S. Capt. Pety is out of the market for engagement rings!

Whenever Bud Stokes and Al Scobee get time off, they head for the Red Cross and start a marathon-coffee-drinking contest. Al does the best he can, but, somehow always loses. He blames it on to the difference in weight. Height is the same but Bud has extra pounds that soak up the coffee. Al is thinking seriously of carrying a hot water bottle to get his money's worth.

One of the boys received a setback recently. He was busy flirting with a girl that spoke real English. She was one of the unfortunates caught in Italy when the war started. He was being very sophisticated in his approach for a date, but, finally he very coyly asked: «What are you doing tonight, Babe?» The object of his affection, smiled, and replied: «I'm staying home and taking care of my little boy, who is about your age, sonny!»

The WACs have been ordered to stop carrying their bags from one shoulder. It gets them out of alignment. From now on the strap must go around their neck.

Red Alger and Roy Hitt are at the WAC barracks so much, the WAC captain decided they might as well take their turn on C. Q.

In the fourth league game of the season played by the 86th, the Comanches edged out the APO 525 squad 25-21. The game was the first contest between the two teams. Totherow of the 86th again was high scorer, totaling eleven points in the game.

### G.I. MISS YOU

(Sung to the tune of Comanche Lullaby)

This is the song of a G.I. muse,  
Lumbering along in G.I. shoes,  
Sung to the tune of a G.I. tune,  
Under a G.I. southern moon.  
G. I'm bored with G.I. clothes,  
G. I'm tired of G.I. Hose,  
G. how sick I am of G.I. issue,  
And oh! My darling! G.I. miss  
[you!]

G.I. adore you, darling mine,  
G. I'm tired of this G.I. rhyme.  
But G. I'm happy, and this is why,  
Ours is a love that is not G.I.!



99 Sqn.

## Weir's Words

By S/Sgt. IRVIN WEIR

The ordinary armorer knows that the job he is doing is important and essential. He knows that if his plane is grounded on account of the guns, Americans fighting for identical reasons and principles, stand a chance of dying in slit trenches and filth, so he's always in there plugging to 'keep 'em flying.' «Jeep» Jordan, «Russ» Reynolds, and Gill. Their names will probably never be mentioned in the same breath as George Washington, Grant, or Pershing. They'll never set the world on fire. The next generation of kids will be named Franklin D. Roosevelt Jones, Douglas McArthur Smith, not GI Joe Doakes. For GI Joe Doakes is just another name for Culp, Wright, Wilson, and Blackwell, and they are just ordinary guys. Sometimes it's hard for these ordinary guys to see their way clear. Take such an unspectacular thing as a pass, for instance. To get one they must obtain permission from M/Sgt. Archer, Lt. Thompson and then the adjutant. Anywhere along the line the pass is apt to be refused, then how does a guy feel whose hands have been frozen by high octane gas, or who has to crawl out of bed long before dawn to load bombs, only to drop them next day? How does such a guy feel? Coleman, the flight chief and one of the best liked fellows in the entire squadron said: «We go through a lot of unnecessary motions and we are knocked around a lot, but I figure if I stay on the ball and make my flight the best flight, perhaps that will shorten the day of victory». Thus Coleman voiced the sentiments of ordinary armorer GI Joe Doakes — the sentiments of all the ordinary armorers of the best fighter group of the world's best air force.

The Communications section of every outfit (referred to in the 99th as 'that communications bunch') is generally the most clannish, weirdest crew ever assembled, shown a radio, a piece of copper wire and directed: tinker! If it wasn't for the officer in charge, Lt. Stevenson, by now the rest of the outfit would have wiped them out to the last ear-phone wearing man. Lt. Stevenson is communication's one redeeming feature. Not only is he pleasant and suave, he is the greatest diplomat in the world. He has to be! Lt. Stevenson realizes that communications is a hard pill to swallow, so he provides the sugar coating. That is why «Zeke» Dancy can arch his handsome eyebrows and in his

condescending, patronizing manner get away with such statements as this: «We, the members of communications, temporarily attached to the 99th for rations, have nothing but pride and respect for you fellows of the 99th. You're doing a swell job. Why, on several occasions over in communications we've actually mentioned you in our talks!»

According to the men of communications, Sgt. Hileygar is their adjutant. Anyone observing Hileygar would immediately think of one thing — a *Time Magazine* cover, with the legend Hileygar of Communications... he keeps the lines open. Hileygar, they claim, can get things done when every one else is in a quandry. They have so impressed him with his importance that he is a changed man. With his right hand thrust deep into his overcoat pocket, his buttons polished and gleaming, and his garrison cap pulled low over his eyes, he might easily be a cover for *Time Magazine*.

The men of communications never tire of singing the praises of communications but Bob Howard, «Chilly» Hinds, Thurston and Harvey Cain have adopted communications as their theme song. According to them every body in communications from Bordeaux to «Tex» Minor deserves the Legion of Merit. An outsider would immediately call the communications bunch smug, egotistical and self-centered. He wouldn't be very far from wrong.

Communications, it must be admitted, is a well knit, hard working, only functioning section. Harvey Cain is pretty good example. He's earnest about his work, industrious and always open to new ideas. The 'brain trust' is composed of Bordeaux, Dancy, Gill and Fisher. To hear them talk and see them in action one would think to ask them for the true reason behind the flight of Hess, what Hitler is thinking, and how many allied troop transports crossed the Atlantic in 1943. Still, they must be endured.

The Engineering section is the backbone of the outfit. Every one has to pull together in order that the unit may click, but the engineers undoubtedly do the most work. When the guns are in tip top condition and the radios functioning perfectly, the engineer still goes about his multiple tasks, checking this, checking that, nursing his ship like a living thing.

A peculiar feature of this outfit, indeed perhaps of the entire Air Corps is that a man does his work more willingly and conscientiously when he likes and respects his next in command. Rank isn't everything. Dansby and Crawford are well liked, so the men go all out for them. Joe Howard could justly be called 'the Spirit of Engineering' for he is one of the most efficient, dependable and hardworking men in the section. He's the type of fellow you want on your side. There is nothing clean about maintenance work, yet Joe never shrinks a dirty job.



## Wog And Yank, 86 Pets, Have Led Colorful Air Corps Lives

Meet four veteran members of the 86th Squadron. On the left is S/Sgt. George L. Smith, Jr., holding «Yank»; on the right is Sgt. Elmo M. Knight holding «Wog». You say it isn't possible for dogs to be members of a fighter squadron? Well, you are wrong! They positively are attached to the 86th and we certainly are attached to them.

Thanksgiving, 1942, S/Sgt. Jacob Wurman came back from Alexandria, Egypt, with a little ball of white in his pocket. He paid 25 piastres (one dollar) for his little friend and nicknamed him «Yank». It looked more like a snow-ball with brown spots than a dog. But it was a dog, and «Yank» was selected by his «friends and neighbors» to serve in the Air Corps.

About December 5, 1942, Sgt. Knight returned with his new-found friend and he was nicknamed «Wog». It is the contraction for the phrase, «World of Oriental Gentlemen». Wog cost but 5 piastres (20c). So you see he too was drafted into America's service.

Both were so small at the time of their induction that Yank was fed by bottle, while Wog drank his meals from the top of a «C» ration can. But, both prospered and grew robust. In fact, Yank was real G.I. and got drunk on stale beer!

S/Sgt. Wurman was hospitalized and eventually sent back to the states. He turned Yank over to Smith with the admonishment «Take care of the dog». So, ever since Smith has been the boss, but Yank takes orders from everyone. Wog is different; he is a one-man, or a one-department pup. Most anyone in communications can have their order obeyed by Wog, but he fails to listen to outsiders.

Both have flown in P-40s. Yank flew with Capt. Ewing from Malta to Sicily, while Wog flew with Lt. Parsons from Africa to Sicily. In Malta Yank ran into trouble with the authorities and found himself quarantined for 42 days, until rescued by Capt. Ewing and ele-

ven dollars of Smith's money. On the way to Malta Yank was seasick and he and Sgt. Jim Reese were sick as dogs. From Malta to Sicily Yank was airsick.

Naturally they had fights and Wog was «king» for a long time and he gave Yank many a sound trouncing. But, and there is a moral to this story, came the turning of the tables, and now Yank is undisputed dog champion of the 86th.

It all happened when «B» party moved to Cape Bon for the Pantelleria and Lampedusa shows. Wog went with «B» party and started going out with «women». He dissipated so much he grew thin and emaciated-looking, but he was only sowing his wild oats, as youth is wont to do. In the meantime, Yank was back in the desert with «A» party and was undergoing commando training. As the boys drilled, hiked and swam, Yank was there at every step and stroke. He added weight and grew strong. Came the day of two parties reunion, one of the first things that happened was the inevitable tussle between our canine members. It was an upset. Wog entered the circle a prohibitive favorite, with Yank very much the underdog. But clean living triumphed over easy living and Wog paid the penalty. He was thoroughly whipped, and Yank's mastery is evident every time the two meet. Yank is getting even for the ignominies suffered at the paw of Wog.

Both report to the line every day. Wog travels in the Communications truck, while Yank takes the first truck in to lunch, and the first in at night. Wog eats any GI food, while Yank, worrying about his girth, avoids starches, and dotes on pineapple. Yank sleeps on Smith's bed, but only if there is a shelter-half on it.

Sgt. Knight is from Holdenville, Okla., and S/Sgt. Smith hails from Po-catello, Idaho.



## The Flying Skull

By Cpl. HERMAN FINKELSTEIN

What capital crimes are committed in the name of Volleyball! Located directly in front of Squadron Operations, tucked between the ambulance on line duty and the Eighty-Fifth's Snack Bar, better known as *Garcia's Greasy Spoon*, lies an arena wherein gladiators in true Roman tradition, carry on blood-thirsty, thumbs-down contests; the likes of which no Roman Emperor was ever treated to. Darwin could easily have proven his theories to his most hardened sceptics, could he, in his time, have been able to offer them this more than positive proof of man's questionable decension from the brute animal.

Daily, weather no obstacle, normal and healthy males, who before and after these brutal engagements carry on the normal pursuits of happiness, revert to the primitive Caveman at the mere sight of a bit of inflated rubber, covered with leather and a net raised some six or seven feet off the ground bisecting a small oblong space the size of a normal city victory garden.

Featuring a murderous net-game, our former placid mechanics, armorers, radio bugs, clerks and pilots become demons in denim and riot becomes the order of the day. It is our firm belief that on our tiny private battlefield our pilots learn the rudiments of the game of war. Our ground personnel can very well take credit for bringing out in our pilots the «killer instinct», which is such a necessary part of a fighter-pilots makeup. The instinct they bring out in themselves is dissolved amongst themselves on that very same court. Some call it «mayhem»; we call it Volleyball.

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During those long and dreary nights when mail was so scarce and indoor sports the only answer to our increasing boredom, some of more precocious G.I.s took up the brainstimulating indoor sport called Chess. In almost every room you would come upon a most similar scene; two men haunched over a miniature chess-board (Courtesy of Special Services) completely surrounded by a more or less silent group of spectators, known to the sport as «kibitzers». The atmosphere is charged with such tense anticipation and silent brow-creasing thought that the intruder would have thought he had accidentally stumbled into a council meeting deciding the issue of the next invasion.

The breathless silence is rudely shattered every once in a long interval by the scraping of a piece across the board, an indistinct mutter of «mate», «check», or some other involved chess term, and usually a half-hearted, half-choked moan of «uh-uh» with varied inflections.

Quite a bit of rivalry exists among the contestants who are divided into two classes; the «experts», who are also instructors, and the novices, who are the instructees. Amongst the brain-busters we find Sgt. Aaron Kramsky, and Sgt. Tommy George of Engineering, Sgt. Gene Cieslinski and Sgt. Pete Angel of the Line, Sgt. Zaleski and Cpl. Babi-neau of Transportation. Our aspiring geniuses are Sgt. «Don» Waring, our prop specialist, Sgt. Simkus of parachutes and allied items, Cpl. C. W. Meade of the wood-working section of Engineering, and Sgt. Tippets of Transportation. Should one of the novices lose a game to the «Pros» (short for Professionals) in a game of more than five moves, it is considered a moral victory by them; if he should win, it becomes a topic of continuous discussion for a period of not less than twenty four hours. Sgt. Waring, our basketball and volleyball star, is having quite a difficult time gathering even moral victories; not to mention producing miracles. However, we have great faith in «Don's» tenacity and believe that in a few more years he may even get to beat Sgt. «Brains» Kramsky in at least one game out of five.

### PERSONALITIES

Our loss is Groups gain or vice versa. No more will our long-suffering personnel be jarred by the eerie strains of Lt. Seidel's discordant accordion; for the musical Intelligence Officer has left us to become a new addition to the «Group Poops». All is forgiven, Lieutenant, and you have our heartiest wishes for your continued success.

The coinciding transfer of Lt. Robinson was a severe blow particularly to Lts. Proctor and DeFoor. Lt. Robinson was their ace «table-knocker» in the nightly seances this trio held. Lts. Proctor and DeFoor, when last interviewed, said that they will continue their attempts to contact the supernatural powers in spite of the sorrowful absence of Lt. Robinson; but we greatly fear that their efforts will be more than hindered by the loss of Lt. Robinson and his «spiritual toe». How about confining your activities to «Knock, knock; who's there», gentlemen?

High rivalry for the favor of one and the same Wac has Lt. «Killer-Diller» Bolte and Capt. «Romeo» Bell at the point where they will resort to dirty words any minute now. Our super-sleuths have reported secret meetings on alternate nights (first Bolte, then Bell, then Bolte, and so on, ad infinitum; poor Wac) on dimly-lit street corners and darkened alley-ways. Romance, intrigue, duels of charm and wit; it all sounds like a dime novel. Operations is seriously considering giving taxi-time to some of our more

## P.B.S. Tourney Side-Lights

Some of the noisy crowd began pushing toward the exits, while others in jubilant spirits, started milling around their particular hero of our fast-stepping Virginia cagers. The Naples Madison Square Garden was heavy with smoke and drafty gushes rushed thru the not-to-well stopped holes gaping in sundry sections of a building which all but had it. The Falcon Photo Section was frantically trying to round up modest and methodical team coach and player-captain Zaleski along with 99th's brilliant floor general Sgt. Henderson for a close-up shot, shaking hands after the contest. Lengthy Vander Ploeg am-

bled across the floor, taking with a definite reserve, the showers of praise directed at his just completed effective efforts on the court. Don Waring and William O'Buck, whose later craftsmanship was to thrill the tourney crowds, somehow just seemed to get away from me and dissolve in the arms, legs and bodies of G.I. fans. So, I then moved in the direction of the mob's fringe, and wound up in an isolated detachment of back slappers whose object of conversation and violent gesticulation was that tall, handsome hunk of a man Ralph Farmer, lashing the floor with his words and swabbing his sweaty face with a spotted towel. «Couldn't get started; damn court was slick as hell!»

Bob Sour Krause, Falcon sports editor, motioned me, beckoning from a box in the balcony. And up I went.

Trap Drum, pulling off his smudged togs, smiling and loose as a cheap set of false teeth, was reviewing the game's highlights and giving a personal inside slant on just what took place in that torrid third period. «Pretty fair», said the immortal one in his usual indifferent manner, «just think what's gonna happen when I really hit my stride. It was nothing at all, boys, nothing at all».

The place, the wild scramble, the incidents and people brought on a ponderous weight of nostalgia. Memories of those days when I covered wicket contests that had co-eds and bands, score cards and scalpels. But the flavor was still here, far removed from those yesterdays. Nothing could change that something, whose only definition ended up in the word *American*.

Yes, the tourney is one of the biggest things we boys have been given as a morale tonic overseas. All the lads who attend, and every one of those players, giving all for alma mammy out on the streaked floor, make it what it is. Too bad, 'though, that the PBS heads running the affair didn't put a lot more effort and interest into its organization. The boys deserve a far better break than the hap-hazard management and the mediocre officiating that was indifferently thrown in their direction.

(J. B.)

### SORRY!

We regret to announce we cannot bring to you our action photos of the PBS Basketball tourney. Because of the time element involved with Italian engravers, and the priority situation not under our control, the publishing of the pies were not possible.

THE EDS

### PURPLE HEART AWARDS

For wounds received in action against the enemy in the Anzio-Nettuno beachhead, the following pilots of the 79th have been awarded Purple Hearts.

Lt. Robert J. Duffield, 85th, Cleveland, Ohio.

Lt. John E. Keene, 85th, Hackensack, N. J.

Lt. Alan Y. Austin, 86th, Spencerport, N. Y.