

Falcons Commended For Evacuation Work

For evacuating a U. S. A. A. F. unit from an airfield in danger of falling lava, caused by volcanic eruption, the following men of this group have been commended by Col. Eearl E. Bates, Jr., Group Commander. The detail worked on the project after duty hours, and into the early hours of the morning.

85TH SQUADRON

1st Lt. John H. Wilson, Cpl. Edgar G. Babineau, Cpl. Michael Constantino, Cpl. Wilbur G. DeVries.

86TH SQUADRON

S/Sgt. Hugh A. Benning, S/Sgt. Lloyd T. Good, S/Sgt. Clyde W. Shay, Sgt. Joseph L. Kratz, S/Sgt. William V. Doyle, S/Sgt. Robert C. Mareta, S/Sgt. Joseph E. Waldron, Cpl. Alvie O. Sco-bee, Pfc. James B. Thompson.

87TH SQUADRON

S/Sgt. Richard M. Henry, S/Sgt. Robert E. Saunders, Cpl. Edward F. Casey, Cpl. Philip (NMI) Caverly, Cpl.

Wanna Ride?

In response to the ever increasing demands, a daily bus schedule to Naples has been released to all personnel of the 79th by Lt. Joseph A. Robinson, transportation officer. Trucks will leave from Headquarters Transportation Section, and on the return run, will depart from The Parking Lot in front of the Red Cross Officers' Club. Regular trips follow: Leave Transportation 1300 hrs, arrive Naples 1315, leave Naples 1330; Leave Transportation 1545 hrs, arrive Naples 1600, leave Naples 1615.

Harlen N. Johnstone, Cpl. Earl J. Trafton.

99TH SQUADRON

Sgt. Alexander Buchannon, Cpl. Clearence Kimes.

HEADQUARTERS

Sgt. Royal S. Dumont, Sgt. Clarence L. Mitchel, Cpl. Douglas H. Beetham, Cpl. Charles J. Schnaars, Cpl. Jack (NMI) O'Brien, Pvt. John E. Briggs, Jr.

Falcon Flyer Belted By Field Piece Survives Hot Beachhead

Boomb! 2000 Pounds!

2000 pounds of destruction! That was the bomb tonnage dropped by one P-47 on an experimentation flight by the 85th Squadron, March 23, 1944. The experiment dropped the explosives in the Gaeter, Italy, area, in allied territory.

The high tonnage resulted from using one 1000-pound bomb on each wing. It was the largest load carried by any aircraft in the group's history, although performed previously by other U.S.A.A.F. Thunderbolt units.

Results were not observed due to weather conditions.

Lt Bolte, 85th, Has Courtship With Death

Following five hectic days in a hospital at the beachhead which was being constantly belted by nazi bombers, Lt. George R. Bolte, Cranford, N. J., Flying Skull pilot, has returned from a violent assortment of chilling experiences, ranging from his being shot down by a British field piece, struggling to get his canopy open and hitting the ground with a thud when his parachute worked just in the nick of time.

On what he wryly refers to as the *Ides of March*, the young 85th pilot was leading his flight over the beachhead, and was preparing to call *turnabout* because of the overcast at the 3,500 ft. height. Somewhere below, British artillery men were laying down a concentrated barrage, and one of the twenty-five pounders screamed in the direction of his plane and tore off a wing. Lt. Bolte grappled desperately with his stubborn canopy in the weird space which followed, and he finally managed to get it opened, cleared the cockpit, and dropt below. According to information given him by an advance patrol of the British, the 'chute opened at about 200 feet, and he made a definite noise when he fell to the ground.

Reviewing his experiences upon his return, Lt. Bolte commented upon his good luck, and had high praise for the excellent *spiked* tea the Britishers gave him.

Welcome!

Eleven new pilots were assigned to the 79th Group last week. The new flyers are listed by squadrons:

85TH SQUADRON

Lt. Francis M. Williams, Lt. Merlin S. Eltzroth, Lt. Jack L. Slatton, Lt. James B. Scofield, Lt. Harold D. Land.

86TH SQUADRON

Lt. Stuart L. Bartlett, Lt. Russell E. Gaul, Lt. Merle E. Stafford, Lt. Frank N. Burch.

87TH SQUADRON

Lt. Damon E. Adkins, F/O. Wilton A. Thompson.

Our Next Door Neighbor Forgets His Manners



Here is a prize for your scrapbook collection — an exclusive Falcon shot of Mt. Vesuvius, our next door neighbor, as he is belching forth his greatest disturbance in seventy years. Photo by 79 Photo Sect.

Mosquito Bites



On the 21st of March, 1923, a great man was born at Fort Worth Texas. It was the time of the year that a young man's fancy turned to love, therefore the hero was forgotten. Time passed and the youngster finally reached the age of twenty-one, yes, he became a MAN. I am referring to the great BILLY M. YOUNG. The boys decided to throw a party for the little shaver, who has not yet had to shave (well once a week anyhow). As you might have guessed, LITTLE BILLY wound up being put to bed by none other than «COTTON» MUSCLES BURNETT. The name COTTON is given to him simply because he has to plow through bales and bales to get home.

There is a new story going the rounds that BERGAMINO is thinking of changing his name to O'MAC BERGAMINO, claiming that the Irish influence is but three-fourths greater than any other in his life.

The squadron was honored by the presence of Lieut. «Jimmy» BELL, but he still has a camouflage job as far as his recent accident. Perhaps members of this Squadron would be interested in knowing that Captain CODY has been trying out for the job of ELEVATOR BOY. (Will he make it?). «BETA» BECK («MAIDEN KILLER»), has another iron in the fire. Who knows, might be the Idaho technique.

The telephone wires are buzzing nightly as the boys (COLLINS, SCHUSTER, COZZETTI, etc.) keep the girls from the WAC outfits very busy. It seems like ages since «Shorty» STEWART made the rounds for just «one little snifter».

To then men who are in charge of running our dances, we say, «When is the next one coming?» To all the men in the Group, I say, I have four rolls of 620 film, which I will gladly trade for 127.

EYES AND EARS AROUND THE SKEETER ARMAMENT SHOP Since PBS has turned loose many of the weaker sex Cpl. Jack Kelly is sporting a grin from ear to ear. Remember the Falcon's second pin-up gal? Cpl. «Amelio» Bredice getting a hygiene sex talk between missions from S/Sgt. «Peaches» Barker. Instead of the «Alamo» it's «Remember Sorrento» to Cpl. Bredice . . . T/Sgt. Roy Welch, when not inspecting solenoids, re-reading that letter from a certain carrottop WAVE from California . . . Touring Italy is T/Sgt. «Frenchy» Morissette with new line he has been handing a special gal in Silver City lately . . . At least one para-trooper is being shot out of the saddle by a «Skeeter» these days. For further information on how this is done ask the Sec-

tion Chief . . . SEEN AND HEARD BETWEEN FLIGHTS: . . . Cpl. «Zootie» Krohn sitting on a half-ton bomb reading «Newsweek» . . . Sgt. «Curly» Wollangk showing a recent photo to the gang of his girl back home, including her bar . . . S/Sgt. «Wo-ho» Harrell telling a handfull of armorers his exploits in foreign lands . . . «How's your dough holding out?», is the familiar line Cpl. «Teddy» McDonnell has been giving the boys, for his trip to Capri . . . Cpl. «Honey» Hunsaker combing what's left of his hair . . . Reading a clipping from his New England town is Sgt. Churchill . . . Cpl. «Killer» Kane dodging his flight chief . . . Looking for their tool boxes after a police up of the shop are Cpl. «Chubby» Kelly and Sgt. «Hans» Nattrass . . . Cpl. «Tom» McIntosh comparing sorties at the Red Cross with Sgt. Garner . . . Sgt. «Doc» Winegar on his day off coming out to the line to see how things are going . . . Cpl's Crouse, Perry, and Hanlon heading for the showers before the return of the flight . . . «Who's got a cigarette?», coming from the lips of Sgt. «Lob» Causie typing out the section guard roster and answering the phone at the same time . . . Sgt. «Dutch» Dozeman heading for the bomb truck, and S/Sgt. «Poly» Ison looking for his flight, as the Warhawks were hitting the landing strip after their mission...

The Stinger Observes

Are you broke? Do you need money? Would you like to borrow couple of bucks? See «Lucy» Mayse as he won ninety dollars in a poker game the other day . . . Krone, Dozeman, Anderson and Thompson «crashing» the Paratroopers dance last week . . . «I'm a Lady Call» trying to force down another beer. It was «bucksheesh» . . . And there was «Cow Eyes» Cassell hiding under his woman's bed to escape the vigilant eye of our top kick. Incidentally, what was the top kick doing there? . . . With a cheering section consisting of Teal, Deshano and Darvy, «Talky» Daves battled it out with an MP. He is now known as «Mshmouth» Daves . . . Even «Sir Walter» Raleigh was in a belligerent mood attempting to clean out a local vino joint. At the Red Cross Club you can always find the Skeeters crowded around attractive «Bunny» Kneeland. 'At's all right, ye scribe has a crush on her too . . . «Baby Face» Menzel toting his portable shower. That «Please Come Home» poster has really got him . . . That creaking noise you hear daily at the barracks is only «Papa» Erickson walking around. He has been taking oil every night to lubricate his joints.

If you should see any of the Skeeter officers walking around in gloom, or

trying to nurse sore feet along the hyway and highways, please lend them a little sympathy. All are practically on walking status since some thief stole their weapons carrier.

Major Lee ordered Lt. Andy Anderson to the rest camp. Strange actions usually bring this on you know. Dame Rumor whispers though, that it isn't the FLAK over the beachhead that is causing his vacant stare, and furrowed brow. The answer is that it is the contents of his regular letters postmarked St. Petersburg, Fla., hmmm hmmm, and all signed KAY.

It's a rumor that M/Sgt. Parks is moving his sack to the base tailor. When you want to locate this G.I. just head for this establishment. He'll no doubt be there trying to have that Hamilton Fieldpress regulated on his pants.

Sgt. «Lob» Causie with bags under his eyes the next day after the last dance was handling his typewriter like a P-40 driver trying to get rid of a hangover. After that dance many of the powder-burners looked like recruits the next day trying to load bombs and pulling guns. What would they have looked like in a bomber squadron.

Loose tongues are Huns' guns.



Only yesterday, it seems, a slight, young lieutenant stood beside the landing strip, absorbed in watching the grim Falcons flexing and limbering up their best air muscles. That was when the big-little man wasn't up there fighting and flying himself. Most of the time he was upstairs. Yesterday's slight, young lieutenant is a major today. — Major John F. Martin, Squadron Commander of the Flying Skull, who hails from Culpeper, Virginia, and who before his flight training at Spence Field, had an unsatiable passion for electricity, getting his diplomas at both Hempden-Sydney and Bliss Electrical. Since those student days, however, the gritty popular 85th C. O. has confined his scientific studies and talents to a very potent assortment of celestial shocks to axis aircraft and war equipment. He, to all of us, is one of those Americans who lets his deeds in the skies speak for his actions on the ground.

70 Years of Army Duty Back 79th's Veteran Line Chiefs

A total of 70 years of army experience lies behind the four line chiefs who guide our air crews and on whose shoulders rest the responsibility of keeping 'em flying. Several of the chiefs were doctoring Uncle Sam's birds before the majority of GIs and officers realized there was an Air Corps.

Highest in the line of service years is M/Sgt. Bill R. Gardner, 87th Squadron, who has over a quarter-century army service under his belt. Gardner began his career in the Cavalry on April 22, 1919. He spent five hitches in this arm before transferring to the Air Corps. He came to the 79th on May 9, 1942, while the group was in Charlotte, N. C., and has been line chief for the 87th ever since. Although 40 years old, he is still one of the most energetic soldiers in the group. Gardner hails from San Antonio, Tex., and is married.

M/Sgt. Albert Jones, 85th Squadron, saw his first service with the Corps in 1929, his first post being with the 53rd School Squadron. His home is in Newport, Ark. Third in years service is the Comanche chief, M/Sgt. Raymond W. Libbert, who joined in 1926 and transferred to the Air Corps in 1929. He has been a member of the 37th and 8th Pursuit Groups, two pioneer USAAF units, and has been stationed at Langley, Mitchel and other corn-field airports which comprised the nucleus of the Air Corps in its infancy. Libbert was born and raised in Tulsa, Okla.

The man with the least time, but perhaps the most enthusiasm for aviation, is college-bred M/Sgt. Ellsworth H. Dansby, 99th. Dansby volunteered for the Air Corps March 29, 1941. He was an aviation instructor in Decatur, Ill., in civilian life, and attended Milken University.

9 Million Yanks Now in Service

Washington (CNS). — Maj. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, Director of the Selective Service System, has released a breakdown of the draft situation in the U. S. which shows that of the 22 million men now registered for the draft more than nine million are already in the service. Gen. Hershey's figures, which cover draft registrants between the ages of 18 and 38, follow:

Total living registrants: 22,138,000.
In the armed forces (inducted): 6,540,000.
In the armed forces (enlisted): 2,430,000.
Disqualified physically: 3,357,000.
In process of classification: 1,090,000.
Occupational deferments: 3,834,000.
Deferred for other reasons: 152,000.
Unclassified: 90,000.

Included in the 1,090,000 men now in the process of classification, examination or induction, are 43,000 men who have been found qualified for induction for limited service under present requirements but whose services have not been required by the armed forces as yet, Gen. Hershey said.

✿ V. D. is not V.D. good. Ask the G. I. groaning one.



The Flying Skull

By Cpl. HERMAN FINKELSTEIN

In the palatial quarters of the Ziteressa Dining Salon, in the fair city of Napoli, on the night of March 28, 1944, the 85th Squadron ran the « first » dance since its conception almost two years ago. It was a gala affair featuring music by the 338th Engineer's Band and an assorted conglomeration of G.I.'s, WACs, Red Cross Girls, and some invited officer personnel.

At the very outset Fate and Group Headquarters worked hand in hand to start the affair off with a dull thud. Fate chose the same date for both dances, and as there are only a limited number of WACs and Red Cross representatives in the area, the two-way-split put the male participants at our shindig at a three-to-one disadvantage. The boys, however, made the best of a bad situation; but « Tag » can be such an annoying sport, especially when you've picked out THE ONE.

To add further irritation to the already sore spots, the band's transportation developed fuel-line trouble on the way down, and didn't arrive until quite late in the evening. But, there were other diversions, and once the « spirit » of the thing was absorbed a good time was had by all, in spite of the early difficulties.

First of the feminine attractions to arrive on the scene was Virginia Reimore of the Red Cross. With the arrival of Lt. Barbara J. Gouvalas, and 1st Sgt. Virginia Payne, and their respective charges from the 6670th Platoon, A. C. and the 6714th Platoon, P.B.S., plus three other Red Cross girls; things started popping, and it wasn't only champagne corks.

The jitterbugging was led by Capt. Aaron S. Bell, who got « Tagged » so often that he never did finish even one of his intricate routines or breaks. While behind the bar, Capt. Winsauer, M. O., acted as self-appointed drink-taster, purely for medical reasons, as long as his fingers could grip a glass. After that the bartender, Sgt. Charles Leahy, did all of his own tasting.

As the band waxed hotter, the « Bugs » antics grew more violent and reckless and towards the end of the evening, anyone who crossed the dance floor was tempting Fate and putting themselves in danger of a medical discharge.

Guests of the Squadron included Major Martin, our C.O., Capt. Stewart, our Operations Officer, Cpts. Bell,

The Wolf



"Oh... You Men Are All Alike!"

Mullen, and Winsauer, Lts. Scheumack, Bolte, Seidel, Kagey, and Williams. Later in the evening we were joined by Col. Bates, Col. Stark, and Major Johnson.

An interesting sidelight was the « private » party held by our more exclusive personnel in their own little private dining room far from the maudlin crowd. Our BIG THREE, consisting of Glassman, Zaleski, and Rodney, were entertaining some very « lucky » young ladies in a manner royal.

To the tearful strains of Auld Lang Syne the evening was brought to a musical close; and in spite of the adversities encountered at the start, none can deny it was an evening that will live in our memories for a long long time to come.

Static Reviews By Gilmore

Cpl. H. L. 'State of Maine' Welch, who has now inherited the P. A. system from our ex-colleague, 'The Field Marshal' wishes it made known that a slight fee will be charged monthly for the music rendered on the speakers. 'Killowatt' Kales is chief electrician in charge of cutting off those delinquent people, who do not pay up their dues for this super-duper music. Chief operator and program director, Sgt. Gilmore, will accept all requests and suggestions in the interest of better entertainment, but no guarantee is made that such requests will be fulfilled. One suggestion that has been submitted anonymously wishes that someone would smash into little pieces the record « Paper Doll ».

One of our spies reports that 'Swoosie' Alexander has signed a statement of charges for Tech Sergeant

chevrons. Somebody's doing a little anticipating, eh? Also with this new T. O. it is not safe to get in the way of other staff sergeants and a few of the buck sergeants when a little work crops up. This bucking is getting some work out of a few of the boys, previously allergic to any form of physical exertion. Weller says 'S/Sgt. would look nice on my letters'. Sgt. Weller's prodigious letter writing would be affected by this change. He would have to use an extra bottle of ink each week to write the 'S/'. This new T. O. runs into further complications. S/Sgt. Jeziak, who has been sporting his new neon-lighted stripes, would have to invest his extra pay to cover the cost of adding the other stripe, complete with larger battery. Even 'Green Hornet' Strickland has been seen buzzing around the line looking busy.

The Armor Piercer

by « TABBY » TABCHNICK

« Spare Parts » Ebbesen has been heard complaining about his lack of sleep lately. Come on, Mike and Charlie, how's about giving him a break? You must know how important it is for him to appear in tip-top shape on the line every morning. Ebby says it's hard for him to be on the « aloit ». And talking about ragged looking characters; have you noticed Hood lately? It's all due to a bet he made with « Flash » Flanigan stipulating that he (Hood) wouldn't touch a drop for the duration of one month. His torture period is almost over; but the armorers are laying heavier odds each day on his breaking up before March 31 rolls around.

Sansone

Revised T. O. Is Authorized for 79th

A new revised Table of Organization has been adopted by the 79th as of March 24, 1944, it has been announced. To quell all rumors, and to entertain all hopes, here is a condensation of the changes in the new authorization.

In squadrons, one major, three captains, three lieutenants, two master sergeants, and two technical sergeants have been added, while two staff sergeants and nine corporals are lost.

The loss of personnel by the squadrons is absorbed by Group Headquarters, which now has an authorization of 20 additional enlisted men and five additional officers. Changes in rank include two lieutenant-colonels, one captain, two first Lieutenants, four technical sergeants, four staff sergeants, three sergeants, one corporal and eight privates.

The medical section comprises the majority of additional personnel in Headquarters, while medical departments in the squadrons are reduced in strength.

Everyone seems wildly delighted with those shiny, new dog tag necklaces. The stainless issue is about as attractive a GI article as Uncle Sam has put out.

Everytime you run across « Lens » Rodney you wonder what kind of camera he will have on him now. The boys have lost track of all the different cameras he's picked up lately and he always is good for a surprise, one way or another.

« Paratrooper » Gorley has really been putting the dog around here. You never glance his way that you don't espy the « Kid » fixing his boots or combing his golden locks. Must be the prima-donna in him. Lately the boys have noticed that every time he dismounts from the rear of the truck you can hear him whisper « Geronimo ».

Honor Roll

The following enlisted men have been promoted in the grades indicated.

TO MASTER SERGEANT

Ralph J. Morgan, 87th.

TO TECHNICAL SERGEANT

Raymond S. Beam, Plato Harrell, Billy M. Young, 87th.

TO STAFF SERGEANT

Arthur L. Phillips, John H. Stroup, Sterling J. Sullivan, Lloyd P. Thompson, 87th; Truman O. Wallace, 85th.

TO SERGEANT

Raymond Dillon, Daniel J. Donahue, Jr., Robert F. Drum, Cpl. Walter B. Snook II, 87th; Julius (NMI) Lockman, Henry L. Welch, Jr., William O. Wooten, Jr., 85th.

THE FALCON

79th Fighter Group, U.S.A.A.F.

COLONEL EARL E. BATES, Jr.
CommandingAdvisor—Capt. Alvin M. Mavis
Editors—Sgt. John D. Bruno
Cpl. Wes W. Wise85th 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

We've checked and re-checked, and so far as we are able to find, your little sheet, *The Falcon*, was the first Air Force newspaper in this theater of war. Since we have been editing the official organ of the 79th Fighter Group there has been another rag enter the field, with the possible arrival of still another legitimate lino publication in the offing. At any rate, as the boys at the PRO office remarked the other day, "You've got the liveliest paper over here".

Not being altogether new comers to the newspaper field, we are aware of our shortcomings. They are many, to be sure. So, when you curse those little errors which get by us, remember, things are not quite up to snuff when you're editing a newspaper in Italy with all the limitations it entails with printers who «no spika da Am-meddicano», zinc and paper shortages, higher headquarters priority, no transportation, and a small staff to boot!

Let's organize a discussion group! Let's utilize our idle minds by an educational endeavor of verbal wrestling that will sow fertile thoughts and ideas and reap a rich harvest in our work and future lives.

The British Army Bureau of Current Affairs, meeting wide success in the British forces, has established a system which can be easily adapted for our use. The round-table is limited to 30 or 40 people, feeling large audiences hamper free discussion and prevent fair participation by all. The meetings are 45 minutes in length, of which ten minutes are used for posing the topic, 30 minutes for actual discussion, and five minutes for summation by the leader.

Indeed here is a simple and appropriate plan we can follow. Come on, Falcons, let's top the USAAF in another endeavor as we have in combat performance, maintenance records and morale. When shall be the first meeting?

* BOX SCORE

(As of Press Time)

Enemy a/c destroyed: 109.

Enemy a/c probable destroyed: 22

Enemy a/c damaged: 55.

Combat sorties: 16397.

Combat missions: 1521.

Soapbox Opinion

To the Editor:

I am in hearty agreement with Ernie Pyle's agitation for fight pay in addition to regular remuneration for the men up front. Too much can never be done for them. However, I would go Ernie one better. I would suggest, also, a percentage increase for men serving overseas with outfits in actual operation. This increase would be in addition to the regular 20 percent for foreign service, and should be payable only to these qualified units after one year of operational duty. Tables of Organization and other army limitations make no allowances for those enlisted men who serve diligently and religiously, month after month, under every manner of climatic condition and stress of mental strain. Under the present procedure, there is no incentive for ambitious men to outdo their efforts day after day when provision is made only for the automatic bettering of a few, when so many are faithfully contributing to this success.

L. S.

To the Editor:

Reading with interest your article on our B-25, I wish to enlighten you on a few points of its history. I was a member of the 12th Bomb Group when the ship flew its first mission, and was on one mission as a radio operator in Egypt. The ship's initial combat flight was from Ismalia, Egypt, to bomb the airfield at El Daba. It's nickname was *Sad Music*. The 12th Bomb Group, from which it came, is dubbed the *Earthquakers* instead of the *Avengers*.

Sgt. HARRY W. AUSTIN

Trik-a-Week

Ghost of a match: Required, one book of paper matches. Beforehand, bend down over the outside striking surface of the book one match, and strike same, blowing it out immediately. Do not tear this match out. Bend match back to original position and close cover and you are ready to work. On presentation of trick open cover and bend the burnt match down as before, hiding it with the thumb of the holding book. Have spectator count with you the number of matches in the book, making certain he does not see the burnt match under your thumb. Now tear one match out and strike it, then blow it out and have him hold it while you close the book. As you close the book, shove the bent, burnt match back into the book. The cover folding over will prevent him from seeing you do this. Have spectator hold the book of matches, and you take the burnt match his is holding and pretend to throw away to the rear of you. Actually, as your hand comes back, let the match drop right behind you, and move back half a step so that you are standing on it. Explain that the burnt match will return to the book in spirit form, and have the spectator open book and look for himself. He will find the burnt match which you previously prepared, and upon counting the matches, will find the same number of matches as there as were before you tore one out. Should he look for the match you threw away, he won't find it, as you are standing on it.

THE MAD MAGICIAN

Home Effrontery

COLUMBIA, S. C. — Moonshiners in the hills beyond Columbia are asking their customers for ration tickets. They need the stamps in order to buy sugar, a necessary ingredient of *shine*.

DANIELSON, CONN. — A local lunch wagon sells *naked frankfurts* for five cents. If a customer wants a roll, mustard and relish with his dog, he has to pay a dime.

HARRISBURG, PA. — Arrested here, a draft dodger had this explanation for the FBI: «I read a poster which said, 'some of us must fight — some of us must buy bonds'. I made my choice — bought bonds».

LINCOLN, NEB. — Thieves broke into a downtown store, stole two pairs of pants — and two pairs of roller skates — and escaped.

MITTIVILLE, TENN. — Inroads of the war have reduced this hamlet's population to 150 — including eight single males under 38. They're all 4F.

KANSAS CITY — Kansas City mothers have flooded city authorities with tearful complaints about street singers who sing such mournful dirges as *Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight?* under their windows.

CALDWELL SPRINGS, TENN. — Cupid matched June with December and a heavyweight with a bantamweight here here when W. C. Buckles, 81 years old and 115 pounds, wed Mable Sarah O'Dell, 34, who tips the scales at 356 pounds.

LAKE ZURICH, ILL. — Because he lost by only one vote in last year's election for village trustee, Arthur Froelich ran again this year. He lost again — by one vote.

When you buy Bonds you invest in yourself.

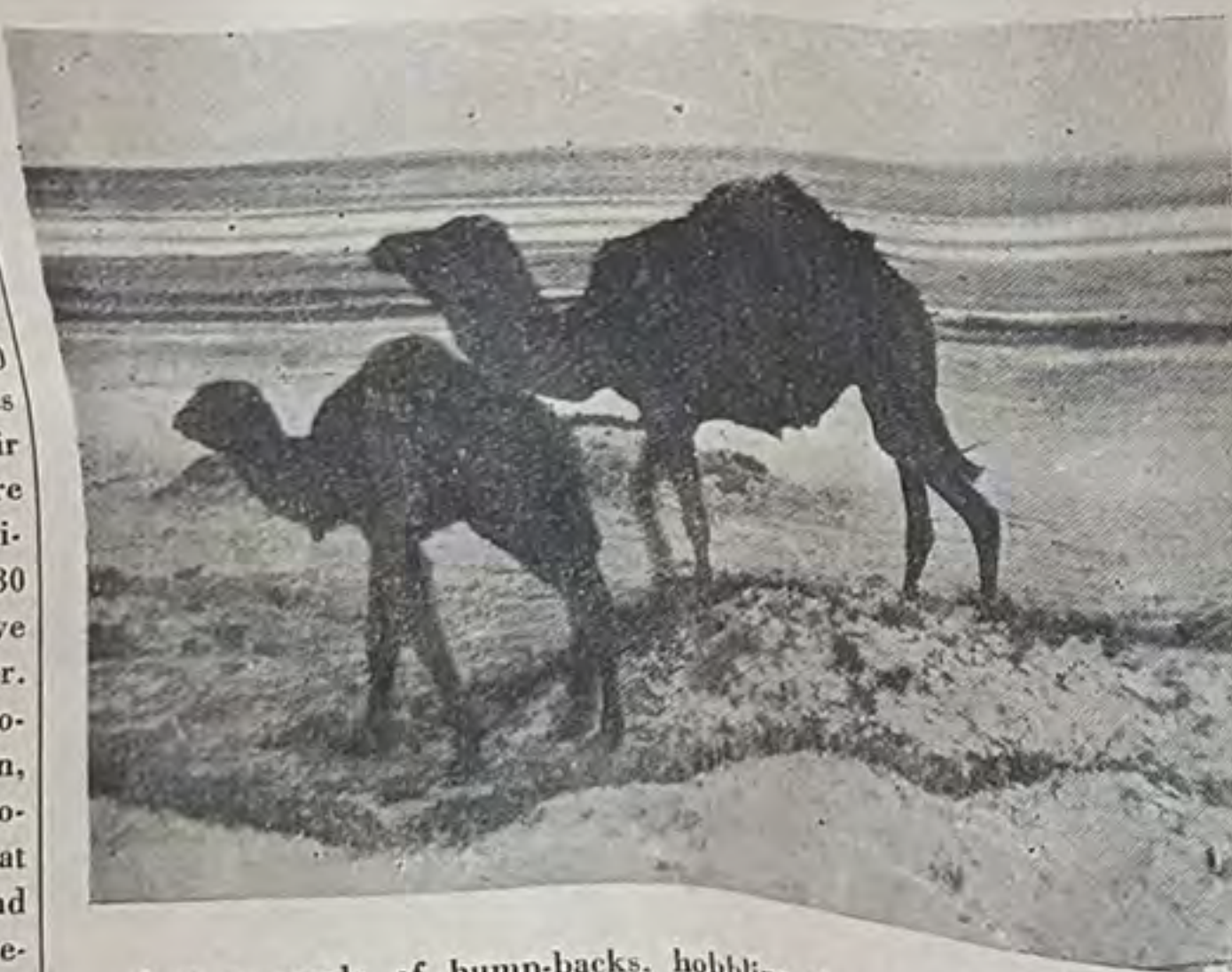
NEWARK, N. J. — A 300 pound pig was given to the highest bidder in a war bond auction here. The runner-up got a picture of Frank Sinatra.

WASHINGTON, D. C. — Charles Meyers, of Baltimore, an overnight visitor, couldn't find a room in overcrowded Washington. So he spent the night in a Japanese cherry tree.

Washington — According to reports from England, the RAF and USAAF in that country are dropping about 170 tons of bombs on Germany for every ton her flyers are able to dump over Britain, and are shooting down German planes at the rate of 11 to 1. Germans rendered destitute by air raids exceed six million, it was estimated.

Buying bonds keeps the Falcons fighting.

Memory Lane



Just a couple of hump-backs, hobbling along as if the 79th didn't exist only a couple miles away. Just a couple of hump-backs, probably the same ones you shooed away from your tent when they wandered through camp eerie, drooping eyes, the old man taking the stroll, shaggy old hair and yard... the front yard that spread for miles upon miles on the barren Oriental soil; soil that men detested but camels loved. Stopping occasionally to munch a desert weed, or simply scuffle their bony hoofs in the sand, they nonchalantly wander till they arrive at their destination... only God knows where. Just a couple of hump-backs but in our memory they will linger forever.

Commando Raid

It is ice cream day at the Red Cross. On our way, brave men cry and weak men shake; buddies clasp hands and vow eternal friendship, if they are spared; the horrors of war are unfolded as the conveyance snakes in and out. Destination reached, we all pile out, landing at the steps under a perfect barrage of «so longs». Your first resistance is encountered; a fierce-looking major of the MPs stops you and examines your pass, as he expected it to be booby-trapped. Up the stairs you go, driving yourself by sheer grit and will-power. How could America ever lose a war with such fortitude cozing from stalwart standard-bearers. Slight resistance at the top, where an indifferent MP glances at your equipment. Into the first lobby where only small-arm fire is encountered. The main foyer and the going gets tough. You gird your loins, throw back your shoulders, shift your chewing gum, make sure there is a round in the chamber or at least a 10-lire note in your itching fist. With a prayer on your lips that it's chocolate... with a last thought of home and loved ones... you plunge with reckless abandon down the stairs. The smoke rises to greet you. You clutch at your throat, it's parched. An awful feeling hits you in the pit of the stomach. What if the ice cream is all gone. Evacuees, in a steady stream, pass you. They are being removed; have had too much. You're not frightened. Down, down, you go, into the very bowels of hell. Like a Ranger. Going ahead of the ordinary soldiers. Unafraid. You remove hoarded tickets from your pocket, charge into Flak Alley and take your assigned place at the end of the line. Impatient, you must bide your time until the zero hour. Then you are handed a cardboard of frozen delicacy. New worries assail you... what if there are no seats? Ice cream in hand you start your advance. Anzio and Nettuno beachheads stretch before you. Which to land on? On, on, ever on you search until your number is up, or someone gets up. Then that grand feeling of settling into a nice, comfortable hard stool and to begin, like a PT boat, busily plying between plate and lip. «Greater satisfaction hath no man, than that he set his buttox down to a plate of chocolate ice cream. The battle is really on. Tin cups rattling against teeth. Blood-curdling crunch of nuts in sweetcakes. Terrifying flames as matches flare up. The harsh staccato of heels scraping cigarette stubs. An explosion, as someone bangs for a refill of coffee. The battlefield blurs before your eyes. Vari-colored ribbons. Red Cross girls move around exhorting everyone to have courage. Into the thick of it, head high and chin up, come members of the WACS. Side by side with the men. Getting their share of spoon wounds and cardboard cuts. American womanhood's answer to the aggressor nations. Three sizes, medium bombers, heavies and pursuit jobs. All on pur-

“Vieni, Vieni, Vieni!”



Eytie Pin-ups by Pumphrey

Poet's Prattle

GUARD DUTY

To-night, I walk guard
with only the star-splattered sky
above and little earthly noises
about me, and I feel strongly akin
to all the warriors since time
unrecorded who, too, have moved
to the measure of these same thoughts.

JACK

TOAST

Here's to a glass of beer
So sparkling and so clear;
Not half as sweet as a woman's kiss
But a damn sight more sincere.

H. A.

TOO BAD

It hardly seems honest or just
To decree all bathing suits must
Be modest and shy
Yet reformers all cry
We'll cover their bellies or bust.

H. A.

suit, though. Hardened vets gazing into
space. Wondering how long the line is.
They are brave. They will venture into
that seething hell again. Especially on
ice cream day.

G. C.

PALE MOON

How delicate
Thy dainty sweetness
Seems to me;
And yet
How hard, how cold,
How far from me
You seem to be.
Why are you cold and pale and wan,
Sweet Moon,
Have you no love, and are you grieved
To be alone?

LICENTIOUSNESS

Magnetic and enticing are her eyes,
Her lips, her arms;
'Tis strange to me this *Courier of Death*
Holds mortal men such charms.

D. Q. McDowell

STORY

Her dress was tight,
She scarce could breathe.
She sneezed aloud,
And there stood Eve.

Sarg Heartsake

Dear Sarg:

I suppose this is the lament of all men who are in the service overseas, but it is a problem which is worthy of all the consideration given it. Do you think a fellow has a right to demand his girl cease her associations with the opposite sex, and not even have a purely platonic date while her man is away?

H. M.

Dear H. M.:

You might just as well have told me to carry water in a pitchfork, as to expect an absolute answer to your question. It is just like the age-old argument amongst anglers as to what is the best bait for catching trout. I can say, the answer lies in a person's particular make-up. Some take a liberal view, others prescribe to old dogmas. Personally, if I wasn't capable of keeping my girl from succumbing to other men, just because she has a casual date or two with them, then I'm not the man for her; and if she isn't discreet enough to preserve herself for our future life, then she's not the girl for me.

SARG

Reviewing the Books

THE HUMAN COMEDY

Here is William Saroyan, the writer of humanity, at his best. The Human Comedy is the story of an American family in wartime, and particularly of Homer Macauley, the fastest messenger in San Josquin valley. Saroyan, in his truthful, down-to-earth, cheery style relates such human stories involving Willie Grogan, teletyper who keeps a bottle in his desk drawer to fuzz the reality of his messages; Spanhler, who loves the whole world; Marcus, the GI; and little Ulysses, who is imprisoned in the bear trap in Covington's store. Every page is a grand example of the human side of our America.

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

G. I. Quiz Kid

Q. I have been married to my wife since 1942. She has a six-year-old child by a previous marriage. Is this child eligible for a family allowance?

A. Yes, you may apply for a family allowance for your wife and her child providing the child is living with her and she is responsible for its support. Illegitimate children are also entitled to family allowances, just in case you are interested.

Recent officer promotions of the 99th Squadron are as follows: To 1st Lts, Lts. Herman A. Lawson, John A. Gibson, Clinton B. Mills, William H. Walker.

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

ANON

FALCON

» » Sport Slants « «

Someone dropped a note on the sports desk which disputes the chilling breezes and frosty finger tips of the sunny Italian countryside. This note disclosed the fact that a couple of closeby service groups have blown the lid off the baseball season with an exhibition game of softball. The names and score, offhand, don't seem to come back to me at the time, but that's of little matter. The main thing is the ball season is on us, and it seems the group's athletes have been a bit lethargic in extending their diamond efforts beyond the sporadic loosening exercise of an occasional session of pass, with very little regularity and even less organization at that.

The only noticeable strides taken along ushering in the local horsehide season, have come from the desk of Group Special Service. Baseball equipment has been the order of the day, taking definite form in the actuality of balls, gloves and mitts. A sign with bold letters proclaims the name of a ball diamond which is being rounded into reality under the zeal of one Cpl. Rae Bully Boone, and engineered by the direction of Capt. Mavis, activity center of the group, and the blessings of Jay Geller, well-known Red Cross promoter. In addition to the hard ball diamond, there will be a softball one located also in the area and soon ready for the boys to take over.

The coming season holds dynamic possibilities. We are still leaning very heavily toward the formation of a 79th Group baseball team which will run into all kinds of classy opposition, if some of this outside talent we have seen performing in early season workouts is any indication of what is to come.

As you well know, the 79th boasts a bevy of ball stars who are not exactly slonches, nor are they novices at the horsehide sport. Some of the boys who do a hot job at the pastime are: Waring, Flynn, Garner, Drum, Erdman, Hardin, Braswell, Langford, Toaddy, Lockman and Newlon. There is a fine array of others who can step in and spank the old apple and gather it from the grass tops. Like in all other sports, the Falcons don't lack for first class performers.

Special — The 66th Squadron, 57th Group, knocked off the 314th Squadron, 324th Group, is one of the first ball games of the season last week 5-4.

Every stranger is a potential enemy. Watch your talk.

PBS has announced designs for a huge track meet to take place after the season gets well along. It will be on the lines of outdoor college games and will take in the whole Base Section. Here, in our area, plans are underway

for the formation of Capodichino track teams, and we hope to have more dope on it next issue.

Incidentally, Gus Cullen, Comanche editor, has told us to pass a word of praise and appreciation to all the members of the 79th basketball squad who did themselves up so gloriously in the long-to-be-remembered PBS tourney.

Japs Give Hell to Ruth

New York (CNS) — According to Sgt. Jerry O'Leary, a Marine Corps combat correspondent, Jap troops charging Marine lines at Cape Gloucester had a strange battle cry indeed.

«To hell with Babe Ruth», they cried.

In New York, Babe Ruth had a ready reply.

«I hope every Jap that mentions my name gets shot», the world's greatest fat man said. «And to hell with all Japs, anyway».

Tony is Disapernated

Newark, N. J. - (CNS) — Two-Ton Tony Galento, the beer keg that walks like a man, bounced into the Newark (N. J.) induction station and said he wanted to join the Marines «because I'm a tough guy and they're a tough outfit». But Army physicians, proding Two Ton's suet, found him acceptable only for limited service in the Army. «I'm disapernated», said Tony, belching dramatically, «I wanted to get a crack at dem bums».

How about that letter home? Let's get it away today.

Bruno's
HQ
BULLSHEET

The voice was crisp and clear as a new dollar bill. «Group exchange», it said. It's not very often a captain handles the job of switchboard operator, — and a group communication's officer at that. But Captain Laundree's paternal and unselfish action is one of those more amazing behind the scenes helping hands which make possible the staging of such magnificent affairs as the Hq Em Dance Tuesday night in the rooms whose tradition stretches back to the days when merry making there was the sport of royalty and the lavish chandeliers drenched the nuptials of King Ferdinand II.

The boys in telephone, and the entire dance committee, join in thanks for Capt. Laundree's grand gesture, and for the many hilarious incidents which accompanied his taking over the board. Perhaps, the outstanding bit of humor came when Major Johnson, group adjutant, dressing down the operator for deliberately disconnecting his call, heard the bold, shocking reply of «OK, Elmer!»

The dance itself was a combination battle of melody and filling station traffic, with plenty of stuff for the tummy and the best performance of the year by the large Fifth Army band.

Sgt. Eliot, ATS lovable and loyal Hq pal, was on hand to inject good-fellowship into the proceedings. Our Dot, incidentally, is the only girl to be photographed with Clark Gable overseas, having been snapped with the famed

movie player while she was in charge of a recreation center in England. And to show that the power of the press isn't just what it used to be, Dot's charming little buddy, Ivy, deserted me completely when a better man in the form of Lucas swept her off her feet. Guess Jack's slipping.

Thanks, over and over again, Lt. Col. Baker, and you, too Special Service, you're about our most zealous workers.

Of course, the Fifth Army Name Band was the thing, and we pride ourselves on coming up with the big time team which has, by far, anything licked we have heard overseas. Add to that the boys washing down Oscar's super-delicious hamburgers and sweet tooth delicacies and you have a time unmatched in these here parts.

Thumbnail Sketch: M/Sgt. Lynch gets our vote for the Man Who Knows His Job Best. Ask him any regulation and he'll quote the book. We doubt if there's any one in this man's army who can relegate Our Abraham Lincoln to the rumble seat when it comes to a discussion of administration as it pertains to the army service. Many a big boy has found refuge in the abundant knowledge of this Hq guiding light. Surely, an indispensable, unsung hero.

Those kegs of beer dished out at the EM club disappeared with the alacrity of a something which had been needed for a good long while. The way the lads were lapping up the suds, served advance notice that breweries and taverns in the states will not lack for customers when the Falcons hit home again.

Whitey Halford, ALO addition to the Em club's nocturnal round-robin singfest, is definitely of solo qualities. His prolific repertoire of bawdy, — but nevertheless — pleasingly clever ballads are, he says, a throwback of the days spent as cab driver and a royal knight of the road.

Stars of the Week

We print with pride the excellent shot of Mt. Vesuvius on page one, and wish to extend our congratulations to the 79th Photo Section, (Cpl. Milton V. Pedersen and Pfc. Edwin Goldfarb), for their superb work on this shot. It is the best we have seen of the volcanic eruption and in our opinion is first class for scrapbook collections.

THE EDS

Colgan, Lincicome, Will Get Distinguished Flying Cross

For selfless devotion to duty and outstanding proficiency as combat pilots, Lt. William B. Colgan and Lt. Albert E. Lincicome, 87th Squadron flying officers, will be awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, it was announced this week from Twelfth Air Force.

While flying patrol over the beachhead near Anzio, Italy, more than thirty enemy fighters attacked Lt. Colgan's formation. In the ensuing battle in which one enemy aircraft was destroyed, another probably destroyed and several damaged without loss to the patrol, Lt. Colgan observed his wingman to be in a helpless situation when out-numbered and attacked from the rear. With complete disregard for concentrated fire from five enemy aircraft, Lt. Colgan went to the aid of his comrade and

displaying superior tactical skill, shot down one ME109, drove off three others and saved his wingman's life. On his return flight Colgan sighted six enemy fighter-bombers and succeeded in damaging one of them as he made a single-handed attack. Colgan is from Waycross, Ga.

On the same mission, Lt. Lincicome, Marietta, Ohio, was attacked by six enemy aircraft. Observing an ME109 about to shoot down a damaged P-40, Lt. Lincicome skillfully out-maneuvered his attackers and with complete disregard for his own danger, immediately turned to the aid of the stricken plane. His accurate fire seriously damaged the enemy fighter, drove it from the battle area, and enabled his comrade to land the crippled plane safely.



99 Sqdn.

Weir's Words

By S/Sgt. IRVIN WEIR

We've heard, time and time again, that there are but three ways to do a thing — the right way, the wrong way. It is of no importance here whether the army way is forever one hundred per cent just and correct, but it is a fact that the army way is not always the easiest way. The army, you must admit, is hardly the place for an independent thinker. Imagine a private disobeying a direct command of a captain on the grounds that the command was not in accordance with his (the private's) ideas, and that, furthermore, the command was untimely put. Sure, we all have a 'pretty good idea of what the aftermath would be: the private would probably be wearing, in a very short space of time, one of those cute, blue suits with the letter 'P' printed conspicuously all over it.

It's a fact that some soldiers haven't completely adjusted themselves to army methods and routines yet, even after coming overseas in a combat unit. This is no particular fault of any particular party or parties. It's very obvious. You simply can't train every individual to think freely and speak freely on any and every subject for twenty years, and then suddenly ask him to hold his peace, reserve his judgement, and conform, even when conforming meant going against all of his principles. You can't expect all of this in the space of a few, short months. You can't expect him to do things the army way.

Gus Gayles and 'Feather Merchant' Freeman were a long time adjusting themselves. Perhaps there are those who will say that they still don't measure up to the standards of 'the model soldier'. Even now they may speak when silence is indicated, act when their superiors would hold them in check. A couple of bad eggs, you wonder. Bad actors? Two ignorant soldiers who think only of themselves? No! Emphatically, no. Gus couldn't very well be considered ignorant. He has the highest IQ of any enlisted man in the 99th—131. Merchant, with an IQ of 120, couldn't rightly be called stupid. No, they are not dumb, nor are they bad actors. If they were real, dyed in the wool bad actors, they would be treated indifferently by other members of the outfit. Instead they enjoy a very real popularity. They simply haven't fully accepted the army way.

Suppose they do believe that few things are really wrong unless one gets caught doing it. This is just one mistaken notion which they must be made fully aware of. Take the time, for example, the two of them were picked up by MP's in Aversa. It was after working hours, they were not in a house of ill repute, they were not upon any evil enterprise, they were in uniform, therefore, they thought, they had a perfect right to be just about anywhere on the face of this globe. Naturally the MP was very much out of accord with this idea. The MP thought in the manner the army had trained him to think; Gus and Merchant had not bothered themselves too much with the military side of the situation.

Incidents like the aforementioned, taken separately, are soon forgotten and anyway of not much importance; but when these incidents pile up, generally the soldier or soldiers involved get the reputation of being a bad actor. And they are not bad actors, really. Bad actors are undesirables who beg their way out of adverse situations. You'll never catch Merchant or Gus asking for the lowest terms. Not that they are brave or defiant, please understand. It's just that they always expect to get what is coming to them. In this case, there is little point in squirming.

We have a war on our hands and there is little time to stop and smooth out individual differences and quirks, or to bear with individuals until they learn to do things the army way. True the

Pop Davis, Dean Of 79th, On Coveted Back-To-States List

army is a mammoth organization, but really it is not so unwieldy as one might be led to believe. The army has a way of getting things done. Mr. Hitler, too his sorrow, has learned this only too well; Hirohito has more than suspected it. Gus and Merchant are not at all lost to the army. Somewhere along the line, the army will claim them. Certainly they will sacrifice something: a part of their precious independence. But this sacrifice will be for a great cause. Soldiers are important, whether the number be one, a dozen, or a hundred, so Gus and Merchant must do things the army way. When this day arrives the army will be richer and two soldiers will be proud in the knowledge that not only can they take it, but they can also give, and give gladly, without hope of personal reward. Possibly the army way is rough, demanding, and inconsiderate, but it builds men.

● Hollywood (CNS) — Strip teaser Betty Rowland, 'The Red Headed Ball of Fire', was hospitalized here after she had dislocated one of her hips while doing a bump.

«Pop» Davis, 85th Squadron mess sergeant, veteran of two wars, world traveler, prolific card player, and friend of the entire 79th, has been recommended for rotation to the states. When Pop leaves, the group will lose one of its most colorful characters, ardent workers, and finest soldiers: the man who is famous the group over for his «Yep Yep Yep».

Pop's life of fascinating experiences in Uncle Sam's service began during World War I when he was attached to the Medical Corps. One of his first assignments was on a U. S. ship transporting Russian refugees from Siberia in 1918-19. From Siberia, he sailed around the globe, making seven or eight stops in Tokyo, and docking in the South Seas, Guam, Wake, Honolulu and other points around the world. He spent a five day leave in Venus, Italy, and also visited Naples. Remarking on Naples in those days, Pop says the city and countryside was prettier and much cleaner than in its present state.

Another of his earlier experiences was a trip to Alaska during the Harding Administration as part of the Congressional Committee investigating the Alaskan railroads.

Davis entered the Air Corps 17 years ago. He has been with the 79th since its formation in Charlotte, N. C. On his ten discharges from the service he has had the signatures of nearly every top-ranking military chief today, one being that of General Eaker, American Air Force Commander in this theater.

Sgt. Davis hails from California. He says he will return to civilian life when he returns to the states, if Uncle Sam will let him.

Laugh of the Week

Hollywood (CNS) — Dorothy Lamour has received this note from a Czech soldier stationed in England:

«Dear Miss Lamour — I love you very much. I dream about you every night. Please send me a carton of American cigarettes».

Dont Price Boxes

Contents and value of merchandise mailed to the states from this theater will not be inscribed on the outside of the package, it has been announced by the base APO section. All other mailing regulations pertaining to package mailing remain the same; complete return address in upper left corner, and complete address of receiver plainly marked in center.

FAST AND... Zarzis Limited ... FURIOUS



Back in the early days of 1943, when the 79th was flying its first missions, Rommel was concealing himself in the Mareth hills, and the rumble of artillery fire dinned in the evening breeze, the Zarzis-Djerba Express was enjoying its finest business since the boom year of 1929. The sleek coach whizzed past the landing ground daily on its split second schedule, filled to the brim with assorted passengers, gents of the press traveling gratis, and local baggage.

Shown above is the Zarzis Limited on a typical morning run. The passengers are in their usual business dress of miscellaneous night-gowns, and if you scrutinize the chauffeur, you will note he is sporting a V-Cigarette (They Satisfy), which he undoubtedly traded for a couple eggus.



By Sgt. Cullen

Since Smiley Selmsler went to the hospital the cooks have been in a predicament. When Smiley was around they would wait until he came through the chow line and then they could be sure it was time to close the doors, but now they have to consult their watches.

Lt. Genovese went over to Palermo and got himself a jeep. So we suggest that a weekly excursion be arranged to that town. Every man in the outfit that wants a brand new jeep for his own use please leave his name with S/Sgt. Reynolds in the orderly room. He will arrange the details.

Time certainly changes things. Just a little while ago there were as many men from the 86th at the WAC barracks as from any outfit, but like the vanishing Indian, the few remaining vestiges are Hitt, Sheely and Sanborn. The rest have only memories and the ashes from red-hot love affairs.

Parent, Mailhot, Poirier and Champagne were very happy to find the squadron had been increased by the addition of several Frenchmen. Now they can parlez vous all over the place and someone will know what they are talking about. I overheard Poirier talking to one of the newcomers and managed to catch something about: El Alamein, desert, 8th Army, Tobruk, sand, Tunis, rough! The poor Frenchman was being snowed under and he had no shovel!

Kirby Martin, popular head of transportation, is sadly in need of sweaters, and we don't mean the kind that girls wear. Seems Kirby is waiting for good news that just won't seem to come through. He and T/Sgt. Hornsby understand each other. Hornsby gives Kirby some much needed comfort. Reese can help if anyone gets tired.

The latest pilots to be added to the 86th roster are Lt. Frank B. Burch, Mooseheart, Ill.; Lt. Stuart L. Barlett, Lapeer, Mich.; Lt. Murle E. Stafford, Erie, Pa.; and Lt. Russell E. Gaul, from the neighboring country of Canada. Lt. Gaul's wife and daughter are waiting for him in Montreal. Here's hoping your assignment to this outfit will be a pleasant one.

Cpl. Tony Habianec is a real gambler. Every time he takes dice in hand, they smoulder. He throws naturals with ease. Each month he manages to corner

most of the money in the squadron. But, to a good sport like Tony, we say «good luck». You can borrow any amount, at any time.

Lts. Lemmon and Crawford returned from the Isle of Capri and each has that far-away look in his eyes. Rumor has it that they met some very charming young ladies on the famed pile of rock and just hated to say good-bye.

Cpl. Charlie Howard returned from the hospital and when asked how he was feeling, Charlie allowed that everything was very nice. The doctor that examined him told him he had heart trouble, high blood pressure, and bad nerves, but, also told him not to worry.

Charlie says he is going to give up smoking (he never drinks) and retire every night at twilight. He has engaged Joe Krimelmeyer and Junior Young to nurse him back to normalcy.

S/Sgt. Howell is having a grand time in the 86th. He thinks it is very nice the way the boys have accepted him and contribute to his bank account. It's a tough day that ends without Red adding to his pile of filthy lucre.

Hollie Hall, one of the great lovers of the 86th, is an ardent admirer of Rudyard Kipling and his works. In Hall's opinion, the greatest of Kipling's works is the classic «Boots». In fact, our Hollie is very partial to that type of footwear and likes to be with people that wear them.



Left to right: Sgt. Preston Green, Jr.; Sgt. John L. Deaver; S/Sgt. William V. Doyle; Cpl. Frank C. Cipriano; S/Sgt. Paul J. Cunningham, playing with 'Wog'; S/Sgt. Ernest L. Parent; and Sgt. Joseph L. Kratz.

Cullen Commends Competent Comanche Communications

Here are seven members of the 86th Communications Department. Their officer, 1st Lt. Charles R. Deis, and the enlisted head of the department, T/Sgt. Eddie F. Rose, Jr., were otherwise engaged and couldn't pose. These seven give an insight into one of the units that go to make up a fighter squadron. It would be impossible to list their technical accomplishments and background, so we will merely offer comment on what meets the eye, in this picture.

Sgt. Green has stones in his pockets and is kept busy transferring them from one pocket to the other. In this primitive fashion he keeps track of the hours until it is time to go to the movies. He is one of our very best movie-goers, and is an authority on what clothes a good actress shouldn't wear.

Sgt. Deaver, popularly known as «Little John» is from the sage of Texas, and is lonesome for the wide open spaces. He was the happiest man in the outfit when we were stationed in the desert, as it reminded him of home. He

just loved to have the sand blow through his hair.

S/Sgt. Doyle, bears a striking resemblance to George Washington in this picture, probably because of the condition of the hat and the drape effect of the coat. Problems of any sort are a cinch to Doyle because of his background. He studied for five years at Texas A. & M., receiving his Bachelor of Science degree in Electrical Engineering.

Cpl. Cipriano is from New Jersey, which probably accounts for the pipe. The stick in his hand is the one he uses to beat off the WACs when he visits downtown.

S/Sgt. Cunningham is up to his old tricks of taking Wog's dinner away from him. Every time Wog gets a bone, Cunningham declares himself in, and Wog is the loser. Cunningham's boots are a throwback to the days he rode the range in New Rochelle.

S/Sgt. Parent just did manage to get into the picture. He was in the bath-

99th's Drummer Boy In Second Childhood?

Really, it is hard to honestly believe that there is such a thing as second childhood, but after seeing Percy Clarence Gary in action it is easily believed. Now Gary isn't young anymore. That is a fact. They say that life begins at forty. In that event Gary is about ten or fifteen years old. He isn't very old, though, really. At least he has a few of his front teeth left. Besides he does not hobble around on a cane, nor do the very young look upon him with respect, nor does he have to eat mush alone. Some say that he has actually been seen to chew with his back teeth. After seeing Gary, off course, it would be hard to believe this, but truth is stranger than fiction.

Now Percy Clarence Gary (or P. C. Gary as he chooses to call himself, thereby disguising his horrid, sissified name) is chuck full of life. He still likes the bright and lively things in life. The bright and lively things in life, according to his own timeless definition, are women, dance, women, song, women, wine, and still more women — the more women, the merrier.

The other day Gary found a drum in the Orderly Room, and his delight knew no bounds. You've seen a baby go into spasms of ecstasy over a rattle, well, substitute Gary and drum for baby and rattle and you have the picture. He beat the drum with solid whacks for a good half hour, then he played a little jungle rhythm.

The picture of old P. C. and his drum was something worth writing home about. He is really enjoying his second childhood. It is whispered, probably with a great deal of truth, that as a little boy he had all sorts of inhibitions. He was dreadfully frustrated. Ah, youth. Youth!

room, er-ah, washing his hands, when the clarion was sounded. In the picture he is busy adjusting his suspenders.

Sgt. Kratz, the end man, has on his gambling costume. The rolldown brimmed hat, to keep the light from his eyes; the big pocket in the trousers to cache his winnings; and if you look closely at his left hand, you will see he is dropping a pair of dice into the aperture.

The tank in the picture is an oil drum and not one of the other members of this department. Besides these seven, the department is made up of Sgt. Maurice W. Brooks, to whom we are indebted for the picture; T/Sgt. Donald E. Neberman; S/Sgt. John K. Brownley; S/Sgt. David L. Bryan; S/Sgt. Clyde W. Shay; S/Sgt. Daniel L. Weaver; Sgt. Joseph W. Golden; Sgt. Estle Halcomb; Sgt. Elmo M. Knight; Sgt. Johnnie W. Martin; Cpl. Homer E. Dobeck; Cpl. Edwin J. Marcoe; Cpl. Lloyd A. Shannon and P. F. C. Edward V. De Angelis.