1 s shirt 1 pr socks 1 coveralls
1 bag 1 oz pants 3 s shorts
1 hanky

FALCON

85TH 86TH FIGHTER FLAMERS FOR 79TH GROUP FREEDOM 87TH 99TH

ITALY EDITION

VOL. 1 – N. 3 RESTRICTED

"Caveat Inimicus" New 79th Motto

« Caveat Inimicus », Latin phrase for « Let the Enemy Beware », has been officially adopted as the 79th Group motto, with Cpl. Fred J.Dambrie, Hq., winning the forty dollars offered by Col. Earl E. Bates, Jr. The Latin motto was derived from a Latin proverb, « Let the Buyer Beware », which was taken from ancient literature. Cpl. Dambrie incorporated the word Inimicus, meaning enemy, to coin his forceful motto. Cpl. Dambrie is from Portland, Maine, and has been a member of the 79th Group Intelligence section since its formation in Bedford, Mass.

Upward to 100 entries were submitted in the motto contest. Among the more humorous suggestions were «Emergency: Call Horus 85-86-87-99 »

The new slogan will soon replace the temporary one used in the *Falcon* masthead.

Bookworm's Paradise

Works of the world's foremost authors, printed in handy wartime pocket books exclusively for the U. S. Armed Forces, are now available for 79th personnel at the Special Service Library, 79th Recreation Center, 44 Via Caserta Bravo. A library card, required for the borrowing of the books, can be secured at the center.

A partial list of the books follows: *Heathen Days*, by H. L. Mencken; *Tortilla Flat*, by John Steinbeck; *The Unvanquished*, by Howard Fast; *Human Comedy*, by William Saroyan; *World Series*, by John R. Tunis; *Report from Tokyo*, by Joseph C. Grew; *Good Intentions*, by Ogden Nash; *My Sister Eileen*, by Ruth McKeeney; *Mrs. Miniver*, by Jan Struther; *Reprisal*, by Ethel Vance; *Action at Aquita*, by Hervey Allen; *A Time for Greatness*, by Herbert Agar; *Mama's Bank Account*, by Kathryn Forbes; *The Pocket Reader*.

79th Completes One Full Year of Combat Operations

Garfield Show Here

John Garfield, well-known movie star, and his touring U.S.O. show made up of several artists familiar to the stage world, will perform for eager GI's in this area on March the 19. The famous movie player and his troupe are great crowd pleasers, according to advanced reports, and give one of the out-standing shows of overseas' entertainment. The performance is scheduled for 1900 hours at the 38th Air Depot Group theatre.

Ping-pong, checkers, dominoes, magazines, phonograph facilities with latest records, and a lounge complete with easy-chairs are ready for use by the 79th personnel at the Special Service Recreation Center.

Oves 15,000 Sorties; 1400 Missions Flown.

At 1530 hours on March 14, 1943, twelve P-40's of the 85 and eleven of the 87 Squadrons left the beaches of Causeway and headed westward toward Zarzis for a rendez-vous with 17 Mitchel bombers. The target was axis-held Zarat in Tunisia.

Approximately one hour and twenty minutes later, all aircraft set themselves down safely for the completion of the first combat mission flown by the 79th Fighter as a group.

Records say, this first operation failed to encounter enemy aircraft, but ran into light, medium and heavy ack-ack, coming mostly from intense concentrations of cement pillboxes. It was here another *first* was created when a plane of the 85 Squadron flown by LT. Samuel Say was hit in the wing by light anti-aircraft fire.

Since that March afternoon much flack has bubbled in the skies. And the 79th Fighter Group, USAAF, has come a long ways. But the FALCONS had to travel the hard road. It has been colorful and varied. The fiery desert; dirt-crusted villages, full of flies and filth; Tunisia with its rippling fields of lemon yellow; Cape Bon where an outstanding record was set in pulverizing Pantelleria; scarred Malta from whence the enemy was stalked; over the waves to Sicily, bombing, strafing and fighting the enemy in the skies; and then, into the promised land, Italy.

The tally at press time, going into the last week of the first year, was 1384 missions and 15,131 sorties completed. Break-down of sorties follows: 85th, 4335; 86th, 4194; 87th, 4271; 99th, 1440.

Who is to deny fighter-bomber is the toughest, dirtiest, most perilous and thankless job of all airforce activities? Yet, the 79th has taken it all in stride, smashing along giving support to the ground forces of Montgomery's famed British Eighth Army and working hand-in-hand with the allies, until, finally, the Americans decided they would take full advantage of what Colonel Earl E. Bates, Jr., 79th Group C. O., justly terms, « the best fighter group of the world's best airforce ».

J. D. B.

Cuttin' The Rug At The Ball

An Exclusive *Falcon* foto of 79th hep-cats watching the pretty bird at the Mosquito Brawl. WACS, noyses and prominent group figures lacerated one-another's feet in what our correspondent called the show of the year staged by the 87th squadron. Photo by Cpl. Milton Pederson.

By Sgt. Cullen

A death, a funeral and a promotion almost followed the accidental discharge of First Sergeant' Foster's pistol, the other day. Seems the pistol was precariously perched on Foster's desk, and said pistol left its resting-place, exploding as it hit the floor. The projectile arched perilously close to Foster's brain-tomb, report varying as to its nearness. The fact remains that the bullet did sing by and Foster heard it whining «y-o-u» as it went into the woodwork over his head. Before the smoke had cleared. it is rumored, all the orderly room personnel had tried on Foster's shirt with the 1st Sgt.'s chevrons on it. It fitted most of them and they all say they looked good in it and think Foster was downright mean by not going through with his part of the drama, entitled: « The King is dead, long live the King».

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Sgt. Jim Reese, the demon of the decorations, can hardly wait for warmer weather. It seems Jim never could swim, but now that he is taking Cod Liver Oil he feels certain he will be able to swim like a fish.

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Wayne G. Gaines, « Jim » to you, is looking forward to the day he reaches his wife and baby. Jim has never seen the baby, as it was born one month after he left for overseas. Sometimes he can't conceal the chagrin he feels at being robbed of the chance to learn how to apply diapers and talcum to an irresponsible bottom. He says that is one of the joys of fatherhood. If we stay here much longer, the baby will take our Jim by the hand, and lead him to the bathroom, and explain the intricacies thereof. Most of us won't know how to use those implements of civilization after the months of using convenient holes and slit trenches.

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Sgt. Thomas Toaddy, Enlisted Men's friend, manager and pitcher extraordinary, custodian of grog, driver of the church truck, president of the dayroom, food-checker, etc. found out the other day how fleeting fame can be. He called a W. A. C. and, connection established, made the breath-taking announcement, « This is Sgt. Toaddy ». Alas, and alack, our great lover found he was talking to the only person in the world that didn't swoon or tremble at that pronouncement. In fact she didn't know him. He only lived near her all his life! Of course it was straightened out —— she had just forgotten! What the hell, Toaddy, they forgot Lincoln!

Since Cpl. Bernie Robinson had that little accident on his upper lip he has been a member of the Mustache Club. Robbie, medic par-excellence, basketball star and Southern gentleman, now is debating with himself whether or not he is glad the lip was injured. His lip-appendage has blossomed forth in ever-increasing foliage, and Robbie is wondering if the little woman will be tickled or not, were he to bring the hirsute decoration home with him.

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We neglected to formally introduce our latest pilots to the squadron. Sorry. . . . Boys, meet Lt. Malcolm F. Hayles of Monroeville, Ala.; Lt. Walter L. Manning of Booneville, Iowa; and Lt. Kedric I. Matthews of Minneapolis, Minn. Lieutenants, meet the boys in the 86th. You may never get to know more than a small percentage by name, but every time you take off, they will all be with you. One thing you can be sure: your airplane will be in shape to fly every time the crew chief says it is. We have yet to have our first one « conk-out » up in the blue.

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While crossing the city the other day, Joe Sanders and Jim Gaines were slightly mixed up. They came to a point where they had a choice of roads. After awhile, Jim said, « Joe, I wish Emily Post were here. I think we took the wrong fork ».

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If you were a plumber in civilian life, there is plenty of work for you right here in the squadron. Quite a few of the boys have leaking faucets and would appreciate the efforts of anyone that could stop the dripping.

86 Day Room Antics

To most members of the 86th Squadron this news will be a surprise. Unofficial as it is, there is a dayroom on the fourth floor in the enlisted mens section, No. 9 Corso Navarro.

This day room is open all night, most every night, and needless to say everyone is welcome. There is a wide selection of magazines and pin-up gals on the walls. At certain hours coffee is served and occasionally fried potatoes make their appearance. You are warned to bring your own vino or cognac, as the men in charge refuse to get out of bed to fill your wants.

The President is James Smiley Selmser, and the Board of Directors is composed of « Red » Volberg, « Red » Marland and « Russ » Fillmore. « Bob » Fanning, « Sayeeda » Reynolds and « Chi » Sheely are the hostesses; the ones who take care of every need except the one you are thinking about.

The later you play the radio the better it is. The prime object of this dayroom is to be absolutely certain that nobody on the fourth floor gets to sleep at night.

The speed limit in this area is 20 m.p.h. Apparently all of our speedometers are out of commission and waiting parts!

Glasgow Story Is Thrilling Tale Of Valor And Hardships

This is the often told story of Lt. Glasgow, pilot. It is a pulsating tale of a man fleeing capture, moving, huddling in cover like some animal, grim, cold, hurt, hunted and hungry. We like it best because it belongs to the 79th; and, too, because it concerns a grand person and flyer, who in appearance is more like the lead in a college drama than the hero of a war narrative.

It starts on December 8, 1943 over the haggy terrain of the Eighth Army front in Italy. The famed FLYING SKULL SQUADRON was tearing at the enemy in an area saturated with fierce ack-ack. Lt. Glasgow's Warhawk, hit by intense ground fire, burst into flames, forcing the pilot to go overboard at 7,000 feet. As his 'chute opened, the chest strap struck him across the mouth, bashing out three teeth. He landed in an open field, —— and into the loaded tommy guns of waiting nazis. He was quickly taken prisoner and brought to a military hospital to treat the slight flack wound in his leg. The place was packed to suffocation with bomb-happy soldiers, groggy, mutilated, deafened and blinded by the allied terror, screeching from the skies.

Followed twelve days of veritable nightmare. Sometimes alone, sometimes with other POW's, Lt. Glasgow underwent grave trials of mind and body. Two days later, with the aid of a wounded British W. O., he escaped from the lax guard of the hospital, his last good boarding house for some time to come. He was to look back on its surprisingly good mess of fresh meat and vegetables.

Hiding in the woods or sheltered by sympathetic natives, he continually eluded jerry soldiers. Travel was tedious and treacherous. His clothing, scant and tattered. He hid where he could and moved whenever and wherever security allowed. He fed on chanced meals, snatched up and devoured in feverish bites. One night he slept in a hen house as the heavy frost came down from the snowy mountains, snapping the trees and amplifying the noise of furious searching squads.

As Lt. Glasgow and his friends inched their way toward allied territory, it became increasingly difficult to enlist the aid of jittery civilians. Evidently, the Germans were exacting heavy penalty for the harboring of escaped prisoners.

Weary and torn, his disguise was so perfect, the flyer was to later fool even experienced Britishers. Finally, the party made its way to the last main road between them and freedom. They parted and made attempts to cross. In the concealment of handy cover, he was nearly discovered, but his companions making their break, detracted attention from him.

On December 21st, under the cover of darkness and fog, Lt. William C. Glasgow crossed the road and entered friendly territory.

Sweating It Out?

The astounding number of venereal cases occurring in this command during the past few months deserves comment from this department, Group Medics. You and you alone are responsible for this, and you and you alone as an individual can prevent it. Recent statistics received in this office show that the venereal rate is above that of any other organization in the XII Air Support Command. There is no excuse for this ill-famed notoriety as preventative means have always been on hand. The medical department doesn't insist on continence, but it does preach common-sense caution. Let's use the precautionary measures available and be on the safe side, instead of « sweating it out ». For your wife's sake, family's sake, sweetheart's sake, and for damn good common sense, remember, it's better to be safe than sorry.

T/Sgt. R. F. Compson

Bond Sales Soaring

Washington (CNS) —— Fifty-five million Americans have purchased one or more war bonds since Pearl Harbor, the Treasury Department announced recently when it released figures of the nation's contribution to the four war loan drives. Individuals at home, backing the war overseas to the limit, have accounted for nearly 29 billion dollars of the 70 billions raised since May, 1941, under the savings bond program, the Treasury Department disclosed.

Groggy Guys Gobble Pin-ups

Who are these guys Varga and Petty? When the editors of The Falcon gave the « go ahead » sign to staff artist Cpl. Joe Pumphrey to do a series of Eytie Pin-ups we had a pretty fair idea of just how well the talented Flying Skull lads efforts would be received. But O my back, fellers —— give us some air! We've got Pump right back on the ball again this issue, if you will notice; and we hope that will serve to placate you for a while. We agree with you boys, it's the McCoy and worthy of those conspicuous spots you're tacking the young ladies on. Just for the record, so we wont have the responsibility of typing our artist, we would like to mention the fact that Joe started in the past issue of the Falcon a series of portraits of the better known figures of our group. It's a damn good scrapbook item, and we think you'll agree with us again this time it's « Molto Buono ». In answer to many feverish inquiries we make known to you publicly, it *is not* the policy of The Falcon to divulge in whole, or in part, the name or names of any of the subjects of its reproductions.

99 Sqdn.

Weir's Words

By S/Sgt. Irvin Weir

The doings and sayings of certain fellows in every outfit sooner or later make the rounds. These fellows are generally well liked and are always creating good will. To a casual observer they often seem vain, or boastful, or just plain nuts. In reality, they are entertaining. Take Corporal Richard Dunlap, for instance. If there is such a thing as a GI glamour boy, then Dunlap fills the bill. One look at him and you know what the well dressed soldier is wearing here in Italy. He says that he fashioned the fashion plate and refers to himself as 'Mr. Esquire'.

A short while ago he was standing on the corner, across the street, wearing well tailored, herring bone coveralls, with a short jaunty cap to match; a handsome, well polished pair of brogues, and a new field jacket. His folded overcoat was laying across his left arm. From his appearance you would think he was standing on the corner at 125th Street and Seventh Avenue, nodding pleasantly in his suave, self-assured manner, at all and sundry who passed.

Dunlap's vocabulary at times is so fast that even the the fellows born and bred in New York City have difficulty in following him. His favorite subject is himself; and he never tires or runs out of material. Recently, he was overheard saying, « If I should condescend to marry some fortunate woman, it would be a national catastrophe; so why should I marry and make one woman happy while a million go heartbroken?» If you think to baffle and confuse Dunlap by telling him that he is handsome, cool, and forever well dressed, you will be sadly mistaken. He will look you up and down and snap briefly: « I know ». He freely admits that he thinks twice and sometimes three times as fast as the average soldier. One of the fellows gave him one hell of a build up one day, expecting him to reply with his well known 'I know'. Dunlap flicked him with his eyes, then in a cold, superior voice he said: « Do you think I'm handsomely attired, man? Take this raincoat, for instance, does it become me? How do you like this frantic sky piece that I am wearing. In your opinion is it groovy? And my hair do. Do you like my hair parted on the side, or combed straight back? Tell me, man, tell me. I simply cant bear this suspense! »

The most controversial man in the outfit is undoubtedly Corporal James Lockhart. To hear him talk you would think he was the worst man that ever lived. He claims that he will rob the blind, beat old women and snatch food from the mouths of starving babes. At such times he will claim that there is no depth to which he will not sink. He says that he is the worst blight on mankind since the great war. A moment later he will change his tune and say that he is the most maltreated and misunderstood man in the AAF. He will then claim everybody is quick and eager to take advantage of his innocence. In his words: « I intend good will towards all, but people mistreat and deliberately deride me. Why do they kick me around like an old, worthless sack ». His voice becomes very hurt. A short time ago Lockhart said that if he was on the desert and saw a dying man reach for a canteen full of water, he would kick it out of his reach. His chief delight is shocking audiences with cruel, heartless sayings. A standard joke on him, though, is that every time a pretty girl lays her hand on him, she hits the jackpot.

Corporal Ernest Banks, commonly called El Verso, for absolutely no reason whatever, is every inch a man of the world. No question concerning the delicate relations between man and woman is too much for him. Not only does he know all the answers, but he realizes that there were some questions which, because of the young children, had to be left out of the book. « Women », he says, « are women. The world over ». When the fellows whistle longingly at glamour as it promenades to and fro, he remains cool and aloof. At such time he will shake his head and say, « Kipling said it far better than I can: a rag, a bone, and a hank of hair ».

El Verso is saddened by the knowledge that there is so little of the new left for him to see here on earth. Often a gleam will come into his eye and he'll say, « When I return to the states pure ecstasy will be mine. I'm going to strip and lay on the finest silks in the world and allow beautiful damsels to pelt me with rose petals. Oh, ecstasy! » El Verso says that Mr. Anthony is good —— as amateurs go. At the present time El Verso is thinking of a school for soldiers: to straighten out complex love lives.

Corporal Wilbur « Shorty Boo » Pearl has an ever increasing following. He will make a humorous remark one day and the next day it is on the lips of the entire squadron. He is the acknowledged master of the understatement over here. Recently the Executive Officer burst into the orderly room. It was plainly evident that he had been rubbed the wrong way. « Where is Sgt. Byron », he demanded furiously. « Does he think that the war is over, or those stripes are glued on his arm? I want him immediately! » Shorty Boo was the first to locate Byron. « Byron », he said, « if you had any previous engagements break them because your presence is desired in the orderly room ». If something is very good, Shorty Boo will say that it isn't bad; if a motion picture stinks to high heaven, he'll say that it wasn't worth going into hysterics over; if things are particularly tough, he'll say that things aren't worth writing home about; when the German's Seventh Army was annhilated at Stalingrad, Shorty Boo said that the Germans didn't do so good for themselves; Lamour, Horne, and the Varga girls are not bad and the 79th Fighter Group is pretty rough on jerry.

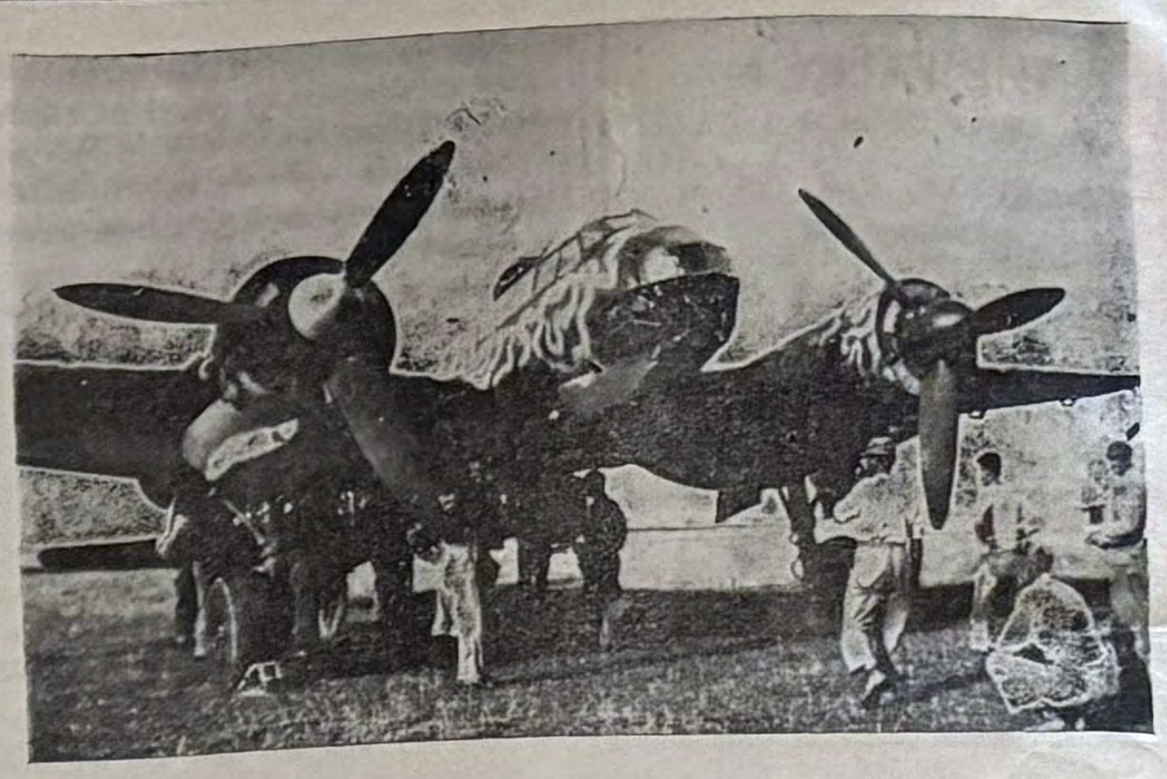

Photo by Sgt. Berry, 86th.

Comanche JU-88 Whisked From Gates Of Hell By Valiant Few

It all started when Major Frederic A. Borsodi, then C. O. of the Comanches, decided to « pick up » a bomber-type plane for transporting PX supplies and to facilitate the leaves of men and officers.

Around the first of October, 1943, three were selected to search for the type of conveyance Major Borsodi had in mind. They were Lt. Henry P. Steel (God rest his soul), Lexington, Ky.; Lt. Saverio P. Martino, Framingham, Mass.; and S/Sgt. Joseph E. Waldron, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Acting on the report that the Foggia airfields were littered with « pranged » aircraft, our trio started in that direction. It was no job to find Foggia; the problem was to get into the town, which at the time was in German hands. Coming upon a Brigadier General of the British 8th Army, they inquired as to the advisability of proceeding into Foggia. The General allowed he wouldn't as jerry was all around them. As he imparted his advice, mortar shells started falling around them, and they dove for cover. The battle for the city of Foggia was underway.

Aided by the interpretations of Lt. Martino, they found sanctuary with an Italian family. From this hideout they could see Germans silhouetted against campfires and when the furious tank battle started they were witnesses. The city of Foggia capitulated.

As the Germans left the city the 8th Army, plus our « forward patrol » moved in. Now the search for a bomber, to call our own, was on in earnest. Foggia Main was explored without success, so to one of the satellites went our envoys. It was at one of the minor fields they found the object of their search. It had been only party damaged and the experienced eye of Sgt. Waldron appraised the wreckage and decided it could be fixed. He smeared a warning on the fuselage, « 86th Fighter Squadron. Hands Off, You! »

When Major Borsodi received the news of the find, he sent up a crew consisting of S/Sgt. George L. Zane, Bloomington, Ill.; S/Sgt. Frank A. Jones, Griffin, Ga.; Sgt. Jack R. Renfro, San Antonio, Tex.; Sgt. Roy Hitt, Los Angeles, Calif.; and Cpl. Wilfred J. Mailhot, Manchester, N. H.; Captains Bedford and Sigler went along to lend rank and mechanical knowledge.

Almost continuous rain and the resultant mud were the two biggest problems that were overcome. From other planes came two new engines, two propellers, a wheel here, and a wheel there, etc., until at the end of six days of feverish activity the plane was ready to be test hopped.

Insignia painted on, and ack-ack crews warned, the moment had arrived. Accompanied by Lt. Leuther, Major Borsodi taxied the JU-88 three miles to a suitable runway and took off. It was perfect, except that the brakes needed tightening. S/Sgt. Waldron was the first enlisted man to be given a ride.

But the end of our JU-88 came when the « higher ups » decided the plane should be sent to the states as a subject for research work. An intriguing thought struck Major Borsodi. Why not fly the JU over the ocean? Colonel Bates was agreeable to the idea, and his permission, plus Major Borsodi's 117 sorties, convinced Major General James Doolittle that it was a good idea.

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

COLONEL EARL E. BATES, JR.
Commanding

Advisor——Capt. Alvin M. Mavis
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85th Sqdn——Pfc Thomas F. Klein
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 week's edition of THE FALCON contains eight pages. Over the space of a little less than three weeks, we have grown twice in size. Naturally, the editors are very proud. We know, too, this healthy condition is brought about by one thing only; and we want to thank you for it. Frankly, your response has exceeded our wildest dreams. You say THE FALCON is OK. We want to make it even better. An eight page publication is our first step in that direction. *We hope you enjoy the bigger FALCON twice as much, and continue to advise us as to what is best for your paper.*

THE EDITORS

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The 87th Squadron dance was so successful last week the nurses and W. A. C.s pledged one hundred percent to sign for another such affair, and even to bring more of their friends. The fine showing the 87th soldiers exhibited is a credit to their squadron, and throws a healthy reflection upon our entire group. Congratulations 87th! Many more successes with your shuffling feet!

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According to the United States News, un-official official document of Washington, the War Department has announced the adoption of a rotation plan for men overseas to return home after 18 months. But don't get your barrack bags packed, soldier, for there are plenty of « factors », « considerations » and « loopholes » in the plan.

First, the men in the front lines will have priority, and to this we emphatically agree. Second, the soldiers who are wounded or sick may be taking all the available transportation. And third, under a clause similar to the 96th Article of War, is the stipulation all rules made by the War Department are up to the Theater Commander or Commanding Officer, to be followed at his discretion.

So take it easy, G.I.s of the 79th. We have come a long way —— but we still got a long way to go.

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Glad tidings! Uncle Sam has given u' a break on income taxes for 1943!

The U. S. Treasury Department has announced the armed forces has permission to exclude from their gross 1943 incomes the first 1500 dollars of their regular service pay, on top of the regular personal exemption, which in the case of single men amounts to 500 dollars. This will relieve most GIs from paying any tax at all.

In a nutshell, to save pondering over the entire complicated tax report, here is a list to tell you whether or not you will owe income taxes for 1943:

A tax return *must* be filed IF:

1) You paid or owed a tax on 1942 income.

2) You are single and had an income in 1943 of more than 2000 dollars (including service pay of 1500 dollars and civilian income of 500 dollars).

3) You are married and had an income in 1943 of more than 1200 dollars, excluding your service pay.

As a parting suggestion, the Treasury Department has recommended that you use tax form 1040A —— a new simplified type of income tax form —— if your total income is less than 3000 dollars.

Soapbox Opinion

To the Editor:

Where is your taste? A great majority of the « cracks » in your first issue were decidedly out of place. I for one, and I am sure there are many others, believe the « shady » stories and slanderous remarks should not be printed in a paper representing our group. Let us have more news and opinion material, but less literature on the « filthy » side.

W. R. N.

Editor's Note: We are stymied. We thought we had hit the nail on the head when we noticed belly-ache laughs pouring from our readers. Are we so much in error? Are members of the « hell-fire » 79th too reserved for such « stout » humor as we present in our columns. What do you think about it, soldier?

Roving Reporter

Question: Where, and why, did you have the most pleasant time since you came overseas?

T/Sgt. Tommy Downs, 99th, San Antonio, Tex. « I have enjoyed myself most right here in Naples. There are plenty of good lookin' gals, numerous G. I. swing bands, plenty to drink, and the feeling that it is more like home than any other place overseas. This city life beats the 'ole field set-up 100 percent ».

Pvt. Eugene R. Rogers, Hq., Harvey, Ill. « My most pleasant time was on the tour of Mt. Vesuvius. I think the view from the top of this volcano is the most beautiful I have seen overseas ».

Cpl. Nathan Goldman, 85th, Woonsocket, R. I.: « While on a four-day leave in Tunis, where I was a French interpreter for several officers, I witnessed the installation ceremony of General Giraud. I think this was the best time I have had overseas ».

The Chaplain's Say

The first Protestant Morning Worship Service was held in the new Chapel last Sunday morning, with a splendid attendance. Chaplain Junkins preached a thought-provoking sermon, and the special music and responses by the guest choir added greatly to the worshipful atmosphere. It was the first time in months that many of us had worshiped in a real Chapel. Those of you who do not come out to these inspirational services on Sunday morning are missing a lot. You do not even have to listen to the same preacher every Sunday (a big advantage!), or try to sing without the aid of an organ.

I wonder if you had the same thrill I did, as the Catholic men « poured » out of the building, and the Protestant men then « poured » in? If this war teaches us nothing else, we will have learned how to worship the same God in the same building, if not in the same way.

Here is the schedule of services for the week: Sunday, 12 March, at Base Chapel; Catholic Mass at 0900 hrs., and 1800 hrs., Chaplain Houle; Protestant Morning Worship at 1000 hrs., Chaplain Stansbery. Jewish services are held on Friday evenings at 1830 hrs., at Piazza Dante.

Major Edwin F. Baker is the Cinderella Man of the 79th Fighter Group. Agressive, adroit and affable, the busy Executive Officer has in a short space of time skyrocketed from the rank., where he learned soldiering the «hard» way. Great energy, religious devotion to duty and a firm conviction success is mostly perspiration, are the major's inbred traits. Higher positions have meant greater responsibilities, but such has always been the tenor of his life. Today is a far cry from those yesterdays; and the major still remembers when he had them on the arm and not on the shoulder.

Major Baker was born and educated in Jackson, Michigan, is an army career man and came to the Air Corps before the flood gates were opened. He has worked as an armorer, crew chief, and inspector, and is amongst other things military, a product of Selfridge and Langley Fields. He was commissioned on June 10, 1942, and has kept right on coming ever since.

Home Effrontery

Incidently, I know you failed to notice one of those little sports items which creep into the news and then goes on without the passing murmur of a sigh. You never heard of him, but most of your dads and grandpappys will lift their brows in a marked manifestation of alert at his name, for he was one of those grand, colorful figures of an age past, when great hulks of men climbed atop coal barges and let go at one-another with murderous arsenals of fists, biting, clawing, kicking and spitting out teeth in the other guy's eyes. It was the age when men where men, and fighters trained on a bottle of booze and fought at any weight, anywhere, any day or night of the week.

Such a man was Allie Brown who died scarcely without a notice in a Spanish War Veteran's home, somewhere in the rugged hills of Maine. He was a great figure in the sports world of his day, a cruel, merciless brawler in the ring, and a smooth finished performer on the baseball diamond. If memory serves me right, he tossed them across the plate for the Red Sox, but his best stock in trade was his many bloody fights with the top scrappers of the day in the persons of such fair-to-meddlin' lads as John L. Sullivan and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien. In later life, when he became too old for bashing men with his fists, he toured the country with as fine a string of game cocks and vicious fighting dogs ever put to the pit. The brutal face of Allie Brown was etched with the lines of the years; the hair was sparse and dusty; and his once ample chest had cascaded into a bulging waist line, but the grim old man clung tenaciously to the faded « good old days ».

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Applause: To Henry Morgenthau for upsetting the vicious applecart of propaganda blemishing the Washington scene . . . Tony Martin, washed out as a pilot, is now a staff sergeant and in his own words, « will keep on soldiering to best of ability ». . . . STARS AND STRIPES, top service publication, pulled a boner when it omitted the names of Generals McArthur, Arnold and Admiral Halsey in its « Men of the Year ». . . . Maxwell Anderson's play doing a fair-to-meddlin' floperoo because the service men wont gobble up that nurse going for sergeant stuff . . . When the battleship Missouri parted the Brooklyn waters on her launching, the 880 foot, 45,000 ton sister ship of the Iowa became the most formidable warship in the world under construction . . . The big battle wagon cost a bit better than 100,000,000 dollars, —— a fairly tidy sum, to be sure . . . SUCCESS STORY: Pvt. Robert Petz will marry auto heiress Delphine Dodge . . . Very few radio quiz shows pay off prizes in War Bonds; included amongst the dont's is the topflight Phil Baker program . . . Byron Price, Director of the Office of Censorship has closed the gates on all invasion news coming from Europe . . .

Reviewing the Books

A TIME FOR GREATNESS

By Herbert Agar

In one of the outstanding « think » books of the year, Herbert Agar, journalist, lecturer, and liberal crusader for internationalism, rings a vibrating challenge to every American: a challenge of our faith in democracy; a challenge to face the facts in these critical times; and a challenge to take action to preserve our traditional heritage and principles.

« Return to our noble principles » says author Agar. He emphasizes the necessity of higher politics, liberal foreign policy, better management-labor relationship. He writes of these problems, and the action to solve them, not only in theory, but practical common sense. The book is perhaps « dreamy » in parts, but the enthusiasm and knowledge of the author for Americanism, and his innate desire to keep this way of life, is felt by the most casual reader. His book is sound food for thought for us who will be returning home to face the problem of keeping this peace we are now winning.

« Time for Greatness » may be drawn from the 79th Special Service Recreation Library, 44 Via Caserta Bravo.

Memory Lane

Dragging barracks bags across barren spaces of nothing . . . topkicks *Drum*, *Mitchel* and *Cohen* rousing the boys with their shrill whistles off the floors of their cozy apartments . . . Major *Bruch* commanding the ground forces with a bottle of spirits . . . the YMCA disposing of canned fruit, sugar cookies and tea . . . and the beady-eyed sallow attendants serving the stuff . . . English privates, sweating beneath the desert sun, digging fox-holes for lance corporals . . . the British kitchen with its reinforced hard-tack and bullet-proof peas . . . and the Egyptian cafe which smuggled fried chicken at dollar a piece . . . V-Cigarettes . . . the rowdy Sergeants' Club with Black-Horse and Seagrams . . . Our first impression of wogs-and *Farmer* eating dinner with them . . . the first sand storm, which was but a calm precursor of those to come . . . bomb-happy vets of Wavell's ill-fated campaigns, thumping their nervous fingers on the rickety YMCA tables, eagerly waiting for news concerning the recapture of Tobruk . . . the blue waters of Suez . . . thousands of letters . . . confused boarding of the « Egyptian Express » by the light of the moon . . . and the open-air tour on same . . . such were the days of Kasafreet.

LOST IN THE RUMBLE: The dark news of the passing of William Allen White, grand old man of American letters . . .

"SENORINA?"

Eytie Pin-ups by Pumphrey

Poet's Prattle

A SOLDIER'S WONDER

Time when most a soldier wonders
Is that time before he falls asleep.
One thing he finds joy in reviewing,
Are those memories he has promised [to keep.
Speaking of love, no heart is bluer
And no desire is greater for [something he's missing;
Each night there's more of that wishing [for her
And more of that last longing and [kissing.

2nd Lt. John L. Hamilton
Pilot 99th Sqdn

BUDDY, GOT A WRENCH?

There was an old crew chief,
Who lived on the line,
Started with ten wrenches,
But now has just nine.
He had lent that last wrench,
To his very best friend,
And the M. I. manual says
Never, never to lend.
The moral of this is, my friend,
If you want your wrenches, never lend.
You got books to go to school,
But you're no damn good without your [tools.

Pfc. Leonard Caldon
87th Sqdn

« IT'S GRAND TO KNOW »

It's grand to know there's some one [who,
Thinks just the world of you,
Who knows your faults and loves you [still,
And makes you feel she always will —
Within this world of folks who doubt,
It's nice to know there's one about,
With whom you always act like you,
Because you know she wants you to.
There's nothing finer life can give,
Nothing that will longer live,
Than friendship formed by those who [share,
Their very thoughts because they care.

« Stinkey »

THESE HONORED DEAD

Someone's sons are out there
Beneath a blanket of snow;
Someone's sons are out there
In waters where breezes blow;
Someone's sons are covered
In the heat of desert sands
And sinful, soulless leaders
Will squander the conquered lands.

Jack

Sarg Heartsake

Dear Sarge:

I have found an Italian girl who does not ask for candy, biscuits, cigarettes or gum. Nor does she eat garlic. Naturally, I have fallen in love with this rarity, and have become formally engaged, —— not an engagement of convenience or opportunity, but a real honest-to-gosh, genuine one. Now, I am sincere and want to marry my Neapolitan love, but there is one barrier which troubles me. Do you think an American soldier is wise in marrying one of these girls over here and expect her to hold that love when he gets home?

A Fellow Yank

* * *

Dear Yank:

Dont be a sucker. Keep away from marriage completely. If you cant do that, why then, go in for excess and marry some sweet Yank baby. Perhaps you can even catch some other buddy's gal on the loose. They are doing that sort of thing nowadays, you know. At any rate, you can depend on any one of them. They'll all send you to the cleaners. About the only qualifications Itie babes have are that they are attractive, shapely, hard workers, and if given a decent break, will be very devoted wives. But who the hell wants to be tied to a women who doesnt dress like a man and who cant be fished out of a beer joint every time the kids began to squawk?

* * *

Dear Sarge Heartsake:

With conditions in the world such as the are, how many children should a GI plan on having after the war?

Cpl. J. J.

My Dear J. J.:

That's all up to you. All I know is, if you come from the same neighborhood as I do, the folks would raise a rumpus if a man had one.

Sarge Heartsake

* * *

Sarge:

Would you consider going out with a sidekick's wife?

Bill

Bill:

You bet! Who is she? I wouldn't consider going out with any woman unless she was a friend's wife.

The Sarge

Movie Schedule

Group Special Service Office has announced the following list of showings which will be effective until further notice:

On the base —— 46th Service Squadron, movies in the 316th Service Group, Hq Bldg., 1800 hours; 38th Air Depot, movies in the same building as is located the 38th Repair Section orderly room at 1830 hours; 316th Service Group, movie shown nightly, except Friday, in the Transient Mess at the 316th Hq building at 1930.

Most Romantic Soldier Found In 86 Squadron

The 86th Squadron herewith claims the man with the most romantic name in the world: Sergeant Romeo J. Champagne.

The greatest lover of all time (with apologies to the great lovers in the 79th) admittedly was Romeo. From his love affair with Juliet have come all the props of true love: balconies, moonlight serenades, whispering of nothingness, forceful protestations of searing love and passion, and vows of fidelity until death does the parting. Rudolph Valentino, Clark Gable, Ronald Colman and Ramon Navarro have all been « ugly ducklings » in comparison with Shakespeare's immortal Romeo.

Champagne! The conquests and the culminations associated with this effervescent wine are as numerous as the seconds of delight it has afforded to those quaffing its beady body. Soft lights, snow white table linen, gleaming silverware, immaculate waiters, incomparable music, cozy corner, silver bucket, cracked ice, and the bottle of champagne, for all the world appearing to be snuggling with the ice. What romantic thoughts are conjured in one's mind. Who wouldn't give up his pretty khaki suit —— and all its stripes —— for the chance to be in that setting with his « one and only » gazing fondly in his eyes? True, the conversation might turn to the stint the 79th did with the 8th Army, or how rough life was in the desert, but love would be injected shortly after the champagne was uncorked. Then each of us would become (in his own mind) a Romeo.

So perforce we must admit that Romeo and Champagne are, have been, and always will be linked together. Where there is faith there is hope; where there is a will, there is a way; where there is freedom, there is America; so where there is champagne there is Romeo, even though he be only a P.F.C.

Sgt. Romeo J. Champagne's name is the embodiment of the essence of love and romance, and if the J. is for Juliet, then, truly, Cupid is in the Air Corps.

(G. C.)

We're Veterans Now

Four bronze battle stars, representing campaigns in Egypt-Libia, Tunisia, Sicily and Italy are now being distributed to all personnel of the group who served in these campaigns. Authorization for the stars, which are worn on the Mediterranean-European Theater ribbon, is derived from War Department General Order No. 75, dated October 29, 1943. When one additional campaign is completed, the four bronze awards will be replaced by one silver star.

87TH DANCE A BIG HIT

By S/Sgt. George W. Gallagher, Jr.

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The SKEETERS entered the realm of Naples COMMANDOS and a fine bunch of lads they are (No, not the COMMANDOS). The occasion was the initial dance held at the spacious Special Service Ballroom, 104 Via Constintina, on Friday evening, March 3rd, 1944.

The idea of having a dance was entertained in the minds of all the men since they first set eyes on some real American « Girlies ». Our top ranking Non-Coms started the ball rolling, but their plans met a snag, due to the unavailability of our feminine counterparts for EM dances. Lieutenants CIRRITO and JONAS then came to the rescue, and all looked like smooth sailing. THEN CAME THE DAY OF THE DANCE, and King Confusion reigned. (Who's going to get the band? Who's going to secure girls? How many trucks will be necessary? Where were the drinks and sandwiches coming from? What kind of sandwiches would they be?) These and many other questions were all answered.

The boys began dribbling on to the highly polished dance floor at six bells, and were greeted with punch and delicious SPAM sandwiches, across the Officers Bar. The only good music was provided by WAYNE J. CAUSIE, on the piano, but no girls were to be seen anywhere. An hour and a half of tedious tension followed, during which time the men were wondering whether the long trip to the hall was worth the effort. At exactly seven thirtysix, a huge cheer came from the mob: WACS had been sighted. It was true —— the girls from the 6670th WAC Headquarters Company (One percent rotation of Personnel) had arrived. The SKEETER « Wolves » went to work immediately, and tales of the « beastly LYBIAN Campaign, and Desert Warfare » floated through the ballroom; but not one of the WACS offered to buy a drink. This repartee continued until the hottest band in the entire European Theater, started banging out with the « Jive ».

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SEEN ABOUT THE BALLROOM: « Mom » AMELIA HICKMAN, Texas, (Truck Driver and Company Nurse) .... ORCHIDS TO: COLLINS, ROLLINSON, WILLIAMS, KWIATKOWSKI, ALMAND, PARKS trucking with HARRY « FLASH » DILLON . . . « My Baby », tall NANCY NELSON, going to town with « GOOF BUTT » GOWER . . . T/5th JULIA T. JENDZA, technically waltzing around with « GAY » FERREIRA . . . Pvt. VERDIE GEWIN « SHO NUFF » shuffling in the groove with BILL COLLINS (HEP CAT) . . . Cpl. MABEL BOBLETTE, (6'3") of Bellingham, Washington, « beating it out with handsome McAVOY (strictly jitter). . . . the American Nurses, luscious. . . . PHILLIPS cutting a rug with them . . . the guards FOY and HOYT . . . photographers PEDERSON and GOLDFARB . . . the un-named WACS and NURSES. 2nd Replacement Dance Orchestra from the 314th Military Band, led by Lt. WALTER O. CASS, whose rendition of « Body and Soul » brought us all back five years, and all the boys who by their exemplary behavior and good fellowship have made another dance a certainty . . . BIGGER ORCHIDS to Colonel BATES and Major LEE, for their « AT EASE MANNER » and the culprit who invited the NAVY to take over, for they know why.

It sure was nice to see Colonel BATES in there pitching to put over the dance. We hope to see him at all future dances: he is a good mixer, and a congenial host. Not only must I thank Colonel BATES, but also Major LEE, our good CO, whose friendship and fellowship exemplifies « THE SPIRIT OF THE 87TH ». Captain CODY, PORTER, JOHNSON, DAVIS, JONAS, CIRRITO and ROSSI were in there endeavoring to put all the men at ease and to keep up the very highest MORALE. Thanks to the American Red Cross for the use of their cups, but where were the girls?

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OBSERVATIONS BY THE STINGER:

At the dance . . . the tantalizing fragrance of « Blue Grass » perfume . . . lovely Connie Sabourein's blonde hair all a flutter . . . Gower and Phillips jiving together. A gruseome twosome. . . . « Stinkey » Schuster remarking to a nurse, « We and the officers are like THAT » . . . Lt. Cirrito desolated because he couldn't bring his good looking wench. A civilian, you know . . . «Duck» Merriman saying, « Let's roam around and see what else there is here » . . . « Yumping » Yest perspiring profusely after « swinging out » . . . Lt. Johnson glaring balefully at Genif Totten for cutting in . . . Mickey Finn Myers staring with a dazed expression. Too much cognac spiked with grapefruit juice. . . . « Brassy » Braswell pitching woo Skunk Hollow fashion in the truck. . . . «Papa » Erickson conspicuous by his absence. Old age, I guess . . . « Daisy Mae » Connie leaving ye scribe to sit out one with Yokum Quinn . . . Lt. Jonas watching them jive with a hungry look in his eyes that wasn't for *food*. . . . That good looking blonde nurse with Cokey Collins; Beauty and the Beast . . . « Bull Head » Dillen sticking his face out to get into the pictures . . . Dead Pan Gilbert stalking his women . . . Con Man Cunningham refusing to cut a rug; the conservative type you know . . . « Eye-Lash » Darby reaching under the bar for his cognac cache . . . Fancy Francouer flitting frivelously for frollicking femmes . . . Buster Brown and Elegant Dan trying to snow under Major Lee . . . Gallavanting Gallagher getting tapped before taking even two steps . . . « Uncle Rafe » Rollinson passing the plate around for our next dance . . . Top Heavy Themizin wondering what its all about . . . Cow Eyes Cassell leering at the blonde from his home state Penna. . . . Col. Bates, a « rug cutter, solid sender, hep to the jive and no square-head » swinging on out . . . Must not forget Lt. Porter; The W.A.C.S. Tyrone Power . . . Red Top Dillon holding hands with a nurse in the back room (or was she holding his hands?) . . . Lt. Ressi, Roly Poly Williams, and « Bubbles » Kwiatkewski doing a swell job behind the bar . . . Beer Barrel Drum doing the boogie woogie . . . Ectoplasm in motion . . . Blondie Helen and Square Head Zusman talking about home during the intermission . . . Mary had a little lamb. That was « Giggles » Service . . . Belly Laugh Foy watching the dancing wistfully. He was on guard . . . . Ditto Hairless Hoyt . . . . « Slipshod » Schubert had a swell time. They told him so the following day . . . and to all those who organized the dance we say « GEE T'ANKS » . . . See ya nex week.

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« Lover *Tallen* » is on the make for some W. A. C. . . . Lt. *Porter*, the W. A. C.s Casanova, really has some line. . . . What two officers play cowboy and Injun at their club? (Draw your gun, pahdner) . . .

Red-Hot News For All Camera Bugs

THE FALCON is looking for snaps and pictures which deal with any activities of our group. All contributions are welcomed and will be considered for reproduction in this publication. Photos of incidents, activities, humorous bits and social functions, current and past, are especially appropriate. Simply send your offering to THE FALCON, Group Hq. All efforts accepted will be by-lined with the photographer's name. THE FALCON is in no way responsible for material submitted. Name and squadron must accompany all copy and photos.

Four new members of Group Headquarters are Lt. Joseph A. Robinson, former C. O. 1656th Ordnance Co, and now Group Ordnance Officer; Lt. Walter J. Seidel, former S-2, 85th Squadron, and now Assistant Group S-2 Officer; T/Sgt. Christopher J. Brady, Jr.; and Sgt Curtis Hancock.

The Flying Skull

85th T. KLEIN

The Flying Skuller ended their P-40 missions with one of the finest strafing shows of the month. On March 8, eight ships took off on a patrol and strafing mission over the Anzio beacheead. The results included three motor transports left in flames and one smoker. The mission was an excellent send-off for the sturdy Warhawks, and it was hard to bid them farewell.

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85TH SNACK BAR HAS GRAND OPENING

Believed to be the first of its kind in the history of the 79th Fighter Group, the Flying Skull Squadron has blossomed with a moral and nutrition builder in the name of « The Snack-Bar ». This enterprise, judging from the first reports, should be a successful venture. The members of the organization wish to thank Major Martin for his thoughfullness and his constant effort to maintain a unified command.

Opinion expressed of the Snack-Bar:

S/Sgt. Sum: « Everyone seems to be in favor of the Snack-Bar, and I hope it will continue ».

M/Sgt. Baird: « We can go forth and do our duty with a more cheerful frame of mind knowing hot coffee will be our reward ».

Lt. Schuemack: « It is my belief the Snack Bar will prove to be an asset to the pilots as well as the men ».

The Management: « In the near future we hope to have cakes and doughnuts along with our delicious coffee. Our price is your satisfaction ».

SKULLDERGERY: *Julio Brockman* and *Bachette's* favorite song at the present are « Please return to old Sorrento» ... Around Communications everybody is admiring the new neon type, high battery drain staff sergeant stripes sported by *Zeziak* ... *B. Q. Foy* (of Alabama, Suh) has been fortunate in meeting three old friends from Dotham, proving that it is a small world .... *Alexander's* size 12 $^1/_2$ AAs are providing an unbeatable defense on the basketball court ... Thank God our airplane radios will not pick up Frank Sinatra ... Cpl. *Robert Drum*, 87th, was heard through the wall by the Flying Skull boys in one of his vociferous arguments. We, your neighbors, request you keep your voice down to a shout hereafter, « Trap ». ... Philadelphia *Mayr* was caught reading PIC Magazine in HQ.

Hymns In - Boogie Out

Washington (CNS) — The Hollywood Victory Committee sent 1,562 movie players more than a million miles to make 12,619 appearances before servicemen last year, the committee has announced. The figures nearly double the organization's first year accomplishments.

GI Show Record

SPRINGFIELD, ILL. — (Special). A former night club spot, the Gingham Gardens, will be taken over by the West Side Church of Christ, according to the official announcement of purchases released recently at the city hall here. The ex-jive joint was forced to close its doors because of « wartime limitations », the management said.

Violent Desert Storm Smacks Group B-25 on Cairo-Alex Hop

Uncle Sam Too Rough

Private Harold Carter says that the U. S. Army is the toughest organization ever. « The first organization that I ever bucked », he says « was my family. I didn't like regimentation. Well, I got by with that. In high school I had a three day week —— Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. I escaped being kicked out of school. College proved a bit tougher, but the whole campus admired my ' getting-by ' tactics. Then I joined the army. Shortly after I reached the grade of staff sergeant, it was decided that I acted better in the grade of private. I fought the deci ion but I was reduced. I started the long climb back and reached the grade of corporal. Again I was busted ».

Carter goes around shaking his head and muttering, « In my present rank, I cannot see my way clear. Uncle Sam is the toughest man I know. I cannot buck him. I cannot beat this rap ».

Camera Unit Shoots 79th in Action

Over 2000 feet of aerial film has been expended on the combat missions of the 79th since our arrival at this base, it was revealed by the Twelfth Air Force Combat Camera Unit, the boys who are shooting the 79th in action on the ground and in the air. The aerial filming is being accomplished by 35 mm. cameras installed in the wings of the P-40s. In addition to aerial work, pictures are being taken of all ground activities, including setting-up at the base, maintenance crews, departments and personalities.

The filming of the group, which shows how a fighter-bomber group operates in combat, has been sent to England for processing, and if possible the picture will be shown to all personnel upon return, according to Major Reneiking, Commanding Officer.

Personnel of the unit follows: Major George Reneiking, Commanding Officer; Lt. Charles F. Nerpel; T/Sgt. Seth Perkins; S/Sgt. John Hiestand; S/Sgt. S. R. Gable, and Cpl. C. E. Hall.

PLENTY OF ACTION

Previously operating exclusively with bombers, the 79th is the first fighter group the Twelfth Air Force outfit has covered. Ground and air crews participated in the fall of Tunis, and covered the invasions of Pantelleria, Sicily and Salerno. In the air they have flown on missions over Naples, Rome, Greece and the Brenner Pass. The sound crew covered the Casablanca, Teheran and Cairo conferences.

The sky was the limit for the 79th B-25 crew who experienced a breathtaking flight at 18,000 feet without oxygen aid from El Adam to Suez on their trip to Cairo last month. The extremely high altitude was necessary because of a violent sand storm raging throughout Libia and Egypt.

Passengers on the flight were as follows: Major John E. Martin, Major Eustace H. Bane, Lt. Risden B. Wall, Lt. Clinton V. Owen, Lt. Frank L. Nicolai, Lt. William J. McLane, Lt. Robert J. Stutnicky, T/Sgt. Robert L. Strictland, T/Sgt. Ludy C. Harrison, S/Sgt. Lyle E. Mason, and Cpl. Albert G. Kemp.

ALEXANDRIA CLEANER, BETTER

Questioned about Alexandria, the crew related the town was unlike the days when the 79th roamed its streets. Soldiers are now conspicuous by their absence, and the natives have stopped their continual pestering. Prices are sky-high, with Seagrams V.O. whisky selling for ten dollars a bottle. « About the only characteristic of Alex. that remains identically the same », said one of the visitors, « is Jimmy of the Cecil. Jimmy is still Robert Ripley's famed guide and glorified bell-hop ».

Cairo, unlike Alexandria, is flooded with British and American soldiers. Both cities were cleaner than in 1942.

A sidelight of the trip was the happy reunion of Cpl. Albert G. Kemp, Hq., with his wife in Cairo. Kemp was married while stationed in that city in 1942.

B-25 VALUABLE ASSET

Since its assignment in December 1943, the B-25 has been of continual value to our group. During the last move, cargo and personnel were transported daily in shuttle runs.

The plane is one of the oldest bombers in the theater, supposedly being one of the first B-25s in the Alamein attack, November, 1942. It formerly flew in combat with the Avengers Bomb Group of the Ninth Air Force, and has over 700 operational hours. New engines were recently installed by its crew members, T/Sgt. Ludy C. Harrison, and S/Sgt. Lyle E. Mason, of the 85th Sqdn.

The Cairo-Alexandria trip was made on official business for the Group.

BEATTY MAKES MASTER

Harry D. Beatty, Group Armament Inspector, formerly of the 86th Squadron, has been promoted to the grade of Master Sergeant.

WILFONG MAKES TECH

Theodore Wilfong, 86th Squadron, has been promoted from Staff to Technical Sergeant.

Sportslants

by Krause

The 79th all-stars, nick-named Virginia, will clash with the 99th « Texas » squad today, Saturday, March 11, at the Politeama Theater, in the initial round of the huge PBS basketball tournament.

Heading the 79th will be Sgt. John Zeleski, 85th, who has brought his Flying Skullers through a successful season thus far, losing only to the colored stars. The starting line-up will be picked from the following players: Robert F. Drum, Ralph Farmer, Herman Vander Ploeg, William O'Buck, Donald C. Waring, Fred Spanhut, Harold Alexander, and Morris Tabachnick.

The colored stars will bring to the court such outstanding cagers as Henderson, Spooner, Grimes.

The recent trouncing the 99th handed the Flying Skull squad, sinking baskets from all over the court, and playing terrific ball from start to finish, indicates that First Soldier Henderson's outfit will be no easy mark to erase. They will have a slight advantage over the group team, having played as a unit throughout the season, while the 79th boys have had but a few days to practice together.

The P.B.S. tourney is slated to be the oustanding sports event of the season, 244 teams participating.

The highlight game of the week, witnessed by over 100 GI's, saw the 99th trounce the flying Skullers 35 to 19. 1st Soldier Henderson and Spooner each scored 10 points for the 99th. The colored stars outplayed, outshot and out maneuvered 85th Squad from start to finish.

The 87th played an exhibition game with the famed 352nd Air Signal Warning Squad and despite the latters two column spread in the Stars and Stripes the « Skeeter Big Five came through with a victory, 21 to 18. The opposition was the strongest the « Skeeters » ever faced but accurate shooting on behalf of « trap » Drum and Ralph Farmer was too much for the highly-touted Signal quintet.

The 86th also played an exhibition game this week. Their opponents were the Railroad Engineers, the final tally finding the Engineers out in front 27 to 23. Starrit, Totherow, Robinson, and Knight scored four points. Our 86th Sports scribe, « *Snuffy* », should have pitched in and won the game for the boys.

Incidently, elsewhere on this page, you will have perhaps noticed a challenge by the 99 to any and all comers for tussles on the striped court. I have seen those boys in action and they are fairly hot, although I wouldn't lay it on the line in their favor if they should run up against the fast-stepping 87th. I'm not trying to agitate, but I would like to see these teams stacked against the other in a red-hot money game. Well, takeiteasy, and I'll see you at the game...

99 Hurls Challenge

« According to the last issue of The Falcon », said premiere Sergeant Henderson « the boys who bear watching on the 99th's basketball team are Grimes and Spooner ». He winked and dropped his voice to a whisper, as if he was imparting a deep secret. «That observation was only partly true, for the boys who bear watching on the team are the five we put on the court ».

The team, as a whole, are a cocky, hustling bunch. Henderson is a dangerous man because he exudes confidence and is a team player. Big Bill Byron is not so big when compared to other members of the group's teams, but the way he steals the ball off of the back board, time and time again, makes one wonder whether the opposing team doesn't have some secret understanding with him. Then there is Lovett —— the Jersey Flash. Fast and shifty, he bears watching; so does cocky « Squirt » Nelson, who will prove it very soon. The way that Butler, Coleman, Campbell and Hinds hustle would do the heart of any basketball fan good. They play their hearts out and love the game. The 'you-cant-go-over-me-and-going-around-me-is-impossible' boys are Warner, Steward, Dunlap, and Jackson. They, too, bear watching.

Grimes and Spooner are the terrible two. Cocky as all hell, they will tell you quite frankly that they are nothing short of marvelous. The 79th Fighter Group, they say, boasts the best basketball squads in this theatre. They are not to be underrated. 'Tis a pity, they claim, that such fine fellows must bow before the deadly 99th They accept all challenges.

Flying Skullers Tops

by Cpl. Herman Finklestein

« Every player a star » is the key to the outstanding success of the Flying Skull basketeers.

The squad is fortunate in being able to replace players with men of equal calibre; and so smooth are the replacements that the substitution of players is never evident in the perfect operation of the team on the basketball floor.

Ralph Coffee steps in where angels fear to tread and scores from anywhere and everywhere within range of a basketball arm. Bob Gingher was born with a basketball in his hands; Julio Lockman more than covers the court both in play and in chatter; « Happy » Manne makes up in enthusiasm what he lacks in ability, and all according to Hoyle.

Beer-Barrel « Tabby » Tabachnick is a big part of the solid zone defense in more ways than one. The swift and accurate passing takes its cue from Bill O'Buck who puts them where they will do the most good, and « Stonewall » Spanhut takes them off the backboard nine times out of ten when possession of the ball counts the most. Add the clever ball handling and seven-league arms and legs of « Swoose » Alexander, and you have a reasonable facsimile of basket-ball's version of a Molotoff Cocktail.

Bruno's HQ BULLSHEET

It was just a small, tidy, seemingly indifferent typed contribution lingering on my desk. And it was labeled BRUNO in bold red crayon across the top. Perhaps, that was the reason I picked the item up. Glad I did. It's one of the big breaks of the year; and as such, I hand over for your consideration and profound thought this weighty, challenging question. I dont know who dropped it around. But he is considerate —— and full of wisdom. Here are the contents: « *What is the matter with the president? M/Sgt. LYNCH, our Abraham Lincoln, came into government service the same year as President Roosevelt. During these years, Lynch has been promoted from private to master sergeant, but Roosevelt still holds the same job he took over in 1932. What we want to know, Mr. Anthony, is, what's the matter with the President??...*

Drummer Boy McLean has been avoiding me ever since I took to editing THE FALCON... Last Call For Love —— —— Parachute Boone feverishly trying to extricate himself from the tangle of a self-created mess . . . Hill an' Lappin, materihellers, get this spaces' vote for outstanding puns . . . Actor Neal, insomniac, suddenly develops a violent desire to learn the Italian language . . . Rogers passes another milestone in his varied career. Now it's journalist . . .

Perhaps the best turnouts of the year come to those special blowouts the HQ EM CLUB has been throwing. This, if nothing else, should discount the slanderous conviction soldiers' pet diversion consists only in the slavish action of testing the workings of brazen, native female talent.

Local authorities are keeping religious vigilance on the city's air-raid shelters. Belief is, these places are being put to convenient uses other than escape from the danger of bombs. Man's resources are many.

Conversationality —— Bob Martin over the bar. . . . Oh, yes, in case you've passed it up, our undercurrent brings us the newsy information concerning the to-be-published Works of Ken Schuchman, first sourgent. The lengthy and lavish volumos deal with the Red Cross; that is, mostly its personnel . . . Capt. Warner has, perhaps, the voice with the most personality over the phone. . . . Sgt. Austin out plugging for dad-in-law's liquor business . . . and Dumont passing off his French for Italian. . . . *Distress Signal* —— those patched red drawers, put out to dry by the dainty, fullbodied lass across the road. . . . Brother Rowe blossoms into beaubrummel. . . . Nice to see Dick Marsh around again. . . . Preacher Uhlman and Goatless Washburn, hastening the spring's coming with a nifty bit of baseballery. . . . . Sophie, pensive and forelorn, against the gate waiting for the trickle of trade.

Note of Local Interest —— DIRTY GERTIE FROM BIZERTE, abbreviated doggie with plenty of savvy, is our current QUEEN. The personality pup with her whims and mannerisms has grown to the point of definitive arrival and must be reckoned amongst those mascot heros and heroines of the past, HUTSUT, MCGEE, and NINA.

STAR OF THE WEEK: Beady Beatty, group armament inspector, who went from tech to master sergeant.

Larry Clarke, a script scratcher in his own right, makes a very proficient bartender. For some other reason, however, I feel very closely akin to the lad. . . . CAPTAIN LAUNDREE, smiling and happy, has set up housekeeping. . . . . Hobbs of hopperrations slicking up to go into town . . . HORUSCOPE: matrimonial clouds ahead for a guy named Phelps. . . . Linguist —— Captain Fernbok, spouting Tallyanno a mile a minute. . . . Hurley tripping with an ATS . . . Hq Martin using up his lunch hour typing back to his love. . . . . MAJOR BAKER sitting for a portrait and working at the same time.

Senorina

I was standing on the street corner when it happened. I was busily engaged in the fascinating study of a betrayed civilization passing forth before me. Haggard old men with scrawny faces and beany eyes. Ubiquitous ill-clad bambini. Poverty-striken, sallow women, miserably toting their bellowing offsprings. All this multitude of desperate humans, I was studying on this Italian street corner. And then she came.

She was about nineteen. A print dress loosly covered her body. Torn, blue sandels adorned her tiny feet. Her hair was coal black, long and beautiful, as if each curl had been set by an artist. She had dancing eyes. Enticing lips. And around her neck hung a necklace, its little cross dangling precariously in the valley of her deep and firm breasts.

I was startled. The vileness of the passing scene seemed obliterated by her presence. Here, I thought, was a really lovely Italian girl. Different from the others. Charming. Pretty. Maybe even a virgin! I was musing over these happy thoughts when it happened.

This lovely creature softly approached me with eyes of anticipation, and whispered, « Senorina? » — W. W.

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