

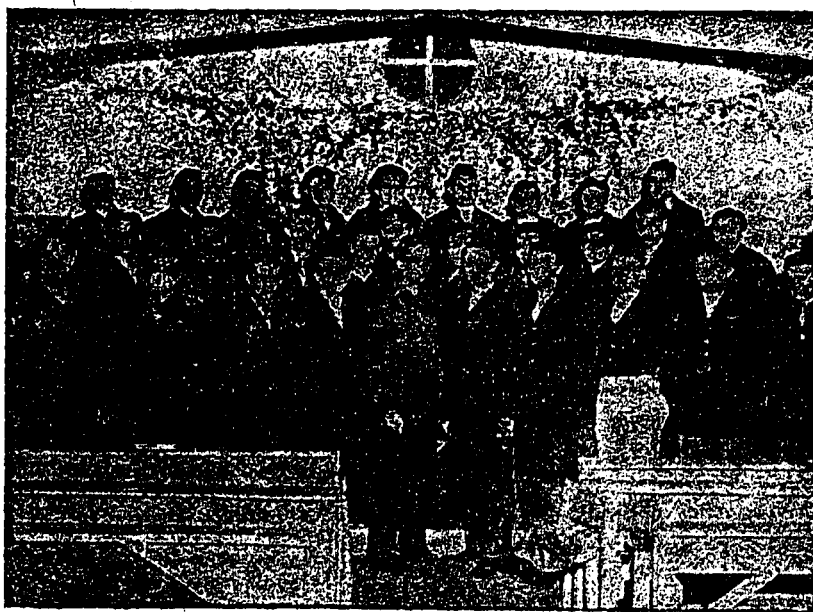
# THE TOWER

464th BOMB  
GROUP

*In Jesus' name our prayer we raise,  
Whose guiding hand has blessed our days  
And may we Lord, in godly fear  
Serve Thee through all this coming year.*



## G I JOES THRILL BAMBINOS



1st row, left to right: Chaplain EASTWOOD; PRENTICE, ROYCE HOLL, PETER, JIM DOHERTY, H. WARD WALKER, GEORGE SILLBURN, VACHEL HOOK, LT FAUBER, LT LARRABEE, GERALD EYESTONE. - 2nd row: DOUGLAS LAMBERT, EMMERT ANDERSON, JOHN SWANSON, JAMES TREADWELL, HAROLD SEBRING, J.D. SOWELL, BOB D. DAVES, J.D. SCALES, NORMAN HALL, KERMIT ANDERSON, RALPH SCHWENK, STANLEY FOWLER. - 3rd row: BENJAMIN CARLTON, JOHN BURKHARDT, JOHN SCHALLES, RICHARD WELTY, JAMES GORDON, ROBERT PLAGGE, DEXTER SHUFORD, R. B. HINES, RONALD ROSE.

### Service Men's Christian League

*May we introduce the members of our Service Men's Christian League? They're a mighty fine bunch of men well worth knowing. Every Wednesday evening at 1900 you'll find most of them at the chapel.*

*Our meetings are rather informal affairs. To date they have been discussions of various problems we are all facing. Any one of the members may lead these discussions. He generally chooses three or four others to help him. Let me warn you in advance, if you come to the meetings more than twice in a row you do so at the risk of finding yourself up in front trying to keep a discussion of "Contentment or Ambition-Which?" from straying off to a controversy of whether or not Andy deserves his Sgt. stripes more than Pfc Skinner.*

*These gatherings are planned by a committee of four, elected every two months. The party in power at present consists of Lt. Fauber, Lt. Fowler, S. Sgt. Hook, and Cpl Walker, with Lt. Fauber acting as chairman. Although Lt. Fowler got a very small part of himself into the picture, he's all there at our meetings so don't judge his efforts by his showing above.*

*Sgt. Shuford inaugurated the policy of serving coffee and doughnuts after each meeting. This was made possible only through the co-operation of the Red Cross and mess halls. They've been down-right generous in supplying our weekly needs and we sure appreciate them. Occasionally we have been unable to get the doughnuts, being forced to make a substitution of graham crackers. However this is a small matter. Those of us who believe in being content no matter what conditions may be insist that C ration grahams are better than doughnuts, don't we Chaplain?*

*We can sum up our S.M.C.L. meetings in just a few words by simply saying that they are attended by a group of men interested in getting together with other men of similar interests and talking things over.*

HOWARD WALKER

### THOUSAND KIDS PACK THEATER FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

If the men of the 464th could have seen the happiness radiating from the faces of those whom they had befriended, it would have reassured them that there are things worthwhile, and that kindness and compassion for the less fortunate are among these things.

As the noisy trucks entered the town and roared through the narrow stone paved streets into the square, they were met by a sea of upturned faces, voicing a tumultuous welcome. It was at the children's hospital, however, that the convoy stopped first. Grouped in a room were 15 bambinos their faces shining from a recent scrubbing, their clothes spotlessly clean. The oldest may have reached the age of ten. Kindly nuns scurried about, bringing additional chairs, and then settled benignly down to keep a watchful eye on their young charges. When all was in readiness a small Italian orchestra played popular songs, the children applauding enthusiastically.

Possibly the peak of this small celebration was reached when the 464th choir sang Christmas carols, followed by colored harmonizers singing negro spirituals. A look of bewildered amusement appeared on the faces of the youthful audience as familiar tunes were voiced in a strange tongue, but they listened attentively and evidently enjoyed the performance. The gifts of candy and clothing, the motivating reason for the visit, were not presented at this time but there was no doubt of how much the youngsters will appreciate them.

The most thankful of all, who benefited by the generosity of this bomb group, were the Italian soldiers visited in a nearby hospital. Convalescing from typhoid fever and other contagious diseases caught while working and fighting on the allied side at the front, they were fretting out their inactivity without even the solace of tobacco. To these men three packs of cigarettes were given and their gratitude was so touching it was impossible to acknowledge the

## THE TOWER

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the men of the 464th Bomb Group.

## Editor

Chaplain EASTWOOD

## Associate editors

GEORGE H. MERRIAM

JOHN T. BLAIR

## Typist

HOWARD WALKER

countless gratias. After witnessing this scene a man must have a heart of stone to say and feel that this friendly gesture was not worthwhile.

The main event of the day was the show in the theater. An hour before the show hundreds of excited school children were gathered in the streets. But they were an orderly crowd. Each little group of ten or twenty kept close around its teacher as the children fled to their places. There was a great deal of noise but little disorder.

While waiting for the show to begin some of the children put on an impromptu concert themselves. Then the orchestra got under way. The mayor made a speech thanking the Americans for all they were doing for the children of the city. The 464th choir and the 1898th Octet sang their numbers.

Then came the great moment. A table draped in red, white and green was slanted across the stage with a dozen GI's and piles of gifts behind it. The organizers, Mr. Lamb, Lt. Rust, Sgt. Howard, and Cpl. Blair scurried around getting things in order. Class by class the children filed by the table. As they went soldiers handed them candy bars, oranges, figs, chewing gum. A carabinieri, magnificent in blue and red and gold, hurried the children on their way, filling their pockets with nuts and their mouths with candy balls as they passed.

They were bewildered by it all but overjoyed. It was a great day in town and will be long remembered by the children. Americans are not suckers on a deal like this, for happiness given away comes back with interest.

S/Sgt John F. Kennedy

and uninteresting, the materials with which to work meager. But all this is unimportant and quickly forgotten now. The important thing is, "Did I pass?" Every man must ask this question. The answer is not a figure written on a report card, nor can it be expressed in terms of per cent. You are your own report card. The answer is written in flesh and blood; in what you are in yourself, the kind of a heart you have, the thoughts you think, the man you are. Did you pass? In 1944 did you gain a round on the ladder toward becoming the man you really want to be?

Like the school children beginning the new term I am glad to see the New Year. There is joy and enthusiasm in a fresh start. As we open the gate of the New Year let us remember the lesson of the old. What really matters is not what the days may bring, but what we do with them. The assignments of 1945 may be longer and duller than ever, the tests more severe, the materials with which to work increasingly meager, but we are unafraid. For tonight as we begin writing the narrative of our lives upon a clean page this will be the first line to be written; "I resolve that I will accept without complaint whatever the year 1945 may bring and I purpose to use it in such a way as to make of myself a finer person, a better man."

CON MOLTO  
ESPRESSIONE

To those of you who did not hear the piano concert in our chapel two days before Xmas I can only report that the performance was a complete success. The music lovers who were present realize this. Mr. Sternberg, the pianist, proved to be all and more than he was publicized to be. He succeeded in adding variety to the show with his few explanatory remarks prior to the renditions of some of Beethoven's and Chopin's works. In short, Ladislav Sternberg, the personality as well as the musician, gave us a full evening.

In an informal interview following the concert we learned that he has been on world wide tours, which possibly accounts for his good though broken English. His enthusiasm and eager cordiality was then shown as we listened to Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" and Chopin's famous "Polonaise in A major," both of which in themselves were worth coming to the chapel to hear.

If this is "only the beginning" of the concert series to come, then we are in for a very enjoyable music season.

On Monday, January 8th, the second of this series will feature the concert violinist Antonioni. It promises to be good so don't forget to come

EM

## CHAPLAIN'S FLIMSY

This is the last day of the year. Tonight will be New Year's Eve. As the old year passes and the New One begins we quite naturally take stock of ourselves. We are like school children receiving report cards before opening their books for another term.

In looking back over the year 1944 I know now that what matters really is not what the days of the year brought to me but what I did with them. The tests may have been many and difficult, the lessons long

"ONE  
WORLD"

The other day a soldier in our company mistook an English soldier for a Yugoslavian and carried on a two minute conversation in Italian with him before discovering that they both spoke the same language. But even this discovery did not ameliorate matters much, for the intonation of this provincial Englishman was decidedly different from his own.

This incident brought home to me rather forcibly the disadvantages of cultural isolation. I was led to wonder if all this talk of world unity is not a vain hope. Are we really becoming "One World", as the political prophets seem to think? Here were two people supposedly speaking the same language failing to understand each other. Here were two people whose culture, by tradition and heritage, should have been cemented, but which in reality revealed indications of increasing dissimilarity. I suppose that those of us under the impression that Englishmen and Americans were cousins must have sustained a shock upon hearing the "King's English" spoken for the first time.

I think I've found one of the clues to this difference every time I hear someone refer to the "American language". Even the eminent Bertrand Russell has insisted that there is such a thing. But whether the theory is true or not it weakens the unity of mankind; for the creation of a new language is one more barrier erected between peoples. People speaking the same language possess a basis for understanding each other. By creating a distinct American language we would largely forfeit the cultural contributions of England and her dominions just as the cultural contributions of China are barred to us at present. And such a situation engenders national prejudice which is the greatest bugaboo to world unity.

I am by no means insisting that breaking down the barrier of language will bring about world unity, but if we admit that dissimilar cultures lead to misunderstanding and war we can readily see the interdependence of language and unity. If every German soldier could have had a heart to heart talk with some Russian soldier in a common language I doubt very much if they would show such hatred for each other today.

Maybe all this is water over the dam. It may be that humanity doesn't want "One World". Maybe the world would have lost its secrets if we sought identical cultures. Maybe it would be too dull if everybody wore pants. Maybe it would be too boring if everybody spoke "American". But every time I open my Italian phrase book I cannot help wondering if it wouldn't be a better world if we had fewer languages.

Cpl Jemuel J Archbold  
1898th Engr Ava Bn.

Due to censorship regulations this  
paper may not be sent home.

Chaplain EASTWOOD

## Chow Line Chatter

by A Seventy-Niner

So Christmas is over. Some spent it one way, some another. Many people slept it out. Others chased each other with machine guns. Some had turkey and some had canned turkey. Ordnance and Ordnance had a wonderful time playing with frag bombs in the rain. Your correspondent was on C. Q. Four guys from the 78th entertained the crowd by dragging each other through a mud puddle. And Gaston — what of him? What went on behind that locked door and "do-not-disturb" sign? We called the management of the Bannock Hotel as directed by the sign, but somehow couldn't get through.

Why the big smile on Tschudy's face? Haven't you guessed? He and Baldwin have finished their thirty-five sorties and are going home. Congratulations boys. We hear the Germans didn't want to let them go. They had a special barrage waiting for them when half way home. But all's well that ends well.

Congratulations too to Lt Beshara on his DFC, a battle-wise veteran of thirty-four sorties. We are all sweating out the last one.

If you want to see a handsome figure of a Soldier watch Wondoloski herd children. He looked neat with a gun around his middle and made a real contribution to the "Christmas for Kids" show.

It seems that Pappy Avenius' chimney store doesn't make deliveries. Tough luck, Liles!

The New Year is here and with it resolutions. Let's hope the jeeps resolve to quit running around by themselves at midnight. Or maybe it's gremlins! Will Thomas get a haircut? Will Manning reduce his waistline? Will Ordnance appreciate Operations? Will Gronewald get up for breakfast? Will your correspondent get this column written by deadline date? See next week's issue for further developments in this exciting story.

rather you came home crippled than morally weak, but you spare them the choice — you are both; the army prophylactic system failed you and the burden of worry and unhappiness is now extended to the threat of venereal disease in your progeny.

Well, there it is and you cannot afford to pay no one can. It is not a pleasant story, and paper shortage prevents elaboration. But you have no right to be so selfish. You can and indeed must fight the evil within you as you fight that without. Surely you can see that the right way is easier and cleaner. Sweat it out for a while longer so that your conscience will be clear and your heart in tune with that girl; she's worth ten years of abstinence from this foul business. Please, for her's, as well as your Mom's and Sister's sake, (and of course your own) — make this resolution to go home without that blight on your soul. There are far more enjoyable and interesting ways of spending your time even out here, so that you needn't ever have any real temptation. She has no trouble on that score, for the love she has for you makes the idea of waiting a pleasant and promising one.

RESOLVE, then to keep the faith that your loved ones at home have in you. It's not asking much and it will repay you a thousand times.

## "Inside the Seventy - Seven"

Last week we mentioned a certain lack of Christmas spirit in the 77th. We take it all back. If we're not mistaken, "spirits" were flowing, perhaps too freely, all over the Squadron Christmas Eve. There was even a good deal of fire works. Some of which made permanent impressions in the walls of our new latrine. Please fellows may we suggest you choose a less frequented target.

The Service Club has really gone over with a bang. However we still have the proverbial fly in our ointment. The new victrola. Nice, isn't it? Wouldn't it be swell if you could hear it? Someone has suggested that a loud speaker hanging over the bar would be nice. We realize it's a little late for Santa Claus but does anybody know where you might find a loud-speaker?

It would seem to be time to start thinking of "New Year's Resolutions". Most of the fellows seem to have re-

solved not to make any Resolutions. However, we have dug up a few aspiring souls. You'll probably be interested to know that "Crash" O'Connor except in cases of emergency has decided not to fly any lower than 500 feet in a BST.

Harold (I've-done-it-twice) Brewer promised on his honor as a self-respecting SSgt (Is he kiddin'?) never to travel abroad again if and when he gets back to Georgia.

Noel Coward's friend and Brooklyn's gift to the Ordnance Section, Freddie Krenrich has resolved not to crack his whip except in case of actual rebellion. Good for you Freddie! Life can be beautiful, can't it farrel?

We just got a look at the souvenirs Capt. Anderson brought back from Cairo and the Middle East. Very interesting collection he has too. They range from perfume to a piece of bronze metal that does very much resemble a coat of arms, but we're not sticking our necks out, we don't know. Captain are you thinking of opening a gift shop? Or do you actually have use for an elephant bell?

## RESOLVED THAT

Well, it depends on the way you look at it. Of course I was assuming that you trust her as much as you love her, for is not real love trust as well? It's a wonderful feeling to know that she does love you and is praying for your early return. Yeah, she sure is a swell girl, isn't she, chum? I'll bet you've never known a sweeter, more lovely person in all your life. Do you remember when you first met her? And the way she kissed you when you left? Beautiful memories, aren't they? But you've heard some nasty rumours since you left, stories, about faithless women. Let me assure you that it is mostly idle stuff and deliberate lies cooked up by your fellow soldiers, amongst others, who would distract attention from their own hypocrisy, and weakness. Anyhow, the number is small and the percentage insignificant — (would that the Army's record were a tenth as good.)

Let me see, now, you've been over here from two weeks to two years — possibly more. But you needn't destroy your prospects for a happy future, on these few years. You're going back soon, and when you do, there will be ample time to arrange the happiness to come. Anyway, here's the set — up: If you are strong, you will make and keep a new resolution of faith; if not, no one will force you to keep it. In fact, the Army itself unintentionally encourages your filthy lust, but it is not really at fault since it is only trying to protect you against the dangers of your perverted passion. Sure, fella, go ahead and enjoy yourself. What the devil, you can't be expected to hold out so long — it isn't natural! (Oh, I see, women are different, THEY don't have to but you do! That's not true and you know it.) Well, you'd better get your money's worth 'cause it ain't for free. Here's your bill, soldier:

You cannot hide the truth for long, and when she does find out, she'll drop you like a hot potato. You can betray your sweetheart for a reasonably low price — a broken heart, and a big disappointment. It's just as well for her in the long run, for she's too good for you. But I forgot—you're married! guess I gave you the wrong check, bud—THIS is going to cost a little more—and no free lunches. If you dragged Mom and Sis into the mess, the price is still higher, for all of these people know what you've been doing from the degenerating effect it is right now having on your character and personality. They would much

## You Don't Have to Fly

You don't have to fly to become ambulance bait. I learned that very forcefully last week, when through carelessness I nearly killed four men. We were rolling along one of the taxi strips, carrying a full jeep-load. It seemed as if I were driving normally enough, minding my own business, when suddenly the man sitting next to me stiffened. I looked up just in time to see four whirling props not seventy-five feet away. It was a screeching halt. By my neglect and inattention I had endangered not only myself, but three others as well.

The afternoon of the same day I witnessed something which did not have such a happy ending. Returning from my trip I suddenly saw a man bouncing and rolling down the road in front of me. He had fallen from an approaching water truck, and lay on the gravel, sprawled like a great rag doll. We stopped immediately, helped as much as we were able, and inside of ten minutes he was headed toward the hospital. It will be many weeks before he walks again.

These two incidents are not isolated, but are part of a great toll of accidents which occur constantly, all over our army. I decided to make a check and find out why so many do happen, and what causes them.

Our air force headquarters gives out figures on accidents periodically, showing that the largest single cause of non-battle casualties is the common fall. 55% of all accidents are caused by falls. In our group you often see men walking about with their arms in slings, because they slipped from a wing at night, or tumbled off a makeshift stand while working on an engine. Some of these accidents, in fact many of them, seem almost unavoidable. There is a lack of crew chief stands which makes it necessary for the mechanics to improvise stands from barrels and boxes.

There are many other ways to earn a harp and a halo beside falling off a wing. Just try lighting one of these gasoline stoves without first pre-lighting it. In one of our squadron mess halls a cook ran gasoline into a still hot oven, threw in a match, and found himself sitting halfway up the stairs. It's a losing game from the start, this playing with hundred octane.

Probably one of the chief causes of damage to personnel and equipment comes through motor vehicle accidents. Just spend a casual five minutes in any truck graveyard and you'll agree with me. Veteran drivers will tell you: "Always check your vehicle before driving: tires, lights, gas and oil supply, brakes, and steering gear. While operating on the highway never exceed reasonable speeds. You may get there five minutes later, but you'll get there." Night driving has its special hazards. I've heard more fluent profanity on glaring lights than any other single subject. While some trucks are unable to dim their lights due to mechanical failure most of the dimmers do work, and are not used through laziness or

lack of consideration for the other fellow.

We don't have to be truck drivers or refuelers to come close to accidents. You don't have to work on engines, or cook over hot fat to get hurt; all we need is another exhibition of Christmas Eve fireworks. It is only Providence that looks after us which kept us from having serious tragedy that night. Alcohol and guns don't mix.

The casualty lists mount day by day, as the various fronts move on, and the air war continues. And the other list mounts too, the toll of accident victims. We cannot stop the first, we may only hope for a quick victory to end that slaughter. The second list may be greatly reduced by thought and carefulness. Think it over.

G.H. Merriam

## MEET THE COGS

by JOE STEWART

Buffalo Bill rides again! Not the same old guy who used to work for Barnum and Bailey... the famed cowboy from when our fathers were kids. This modern Buffalo Bill is an engineer who is nearing the 50 mark, which will complete his second tour of duty overseas. Pappy Choate... Well as he was called by his mother back in Jones, Oklahoma... a T Sgt... and the T isn't for Technician. He was on Lt Dick Price's crew but since Sir Richard finished up, Pappy's been walking around with ants in his pants and a razor in readiness for the day he finishes 50.

Pap is a veteran of the southwest Pacific... and believe it or not, is anxious to get back there. The main reason (and this is no rumor from the shack on the hill-side) is a cute Australian Miss who calls him, of all things, BABY! The moustache and goatee have been cultivated since Pap came to Italy last July. The loss of foliage off the top of his head he says, "Is caused from worrying about Tschudy and Holloway" who are two other members of the same crew. Choate is a lovable old guy... ask anybody who was in Rome with his during a recent radio appearance when some big fat Mamma Mia threw her arms around him and swore by all that was holy that he came back to Rome again like he said he would in 1904... this Italian Signora thought he was the same Buffalo Bill who toured the Rome Vaudeville circuit back in the old days and left a few memories.

Choate isn't as old as most people believe... honestly he is NOT 87... only 34. He did NOT fight in the Spanish-American War, in fact his first association with the army came in November 1941 when his friends and neighbors thought he was a mighty healthy specimen and decided to send him off to the wars.

It wasn't very much longer before Pappy found himself in Hawaii and then on the way to Australia. He served down under as an engineer. After he had flown over 25 missions against the Japs, the Government thought the European War was going against us, so they sent Pappy back to the States for more training.

Pretty soon he found himself assigned to Price's crew. Then Pappy was worried. "I took one look at Tschudy and Holloway"... said Pappy and I thought maybe we were losing this war after all when they were calling up the Boy Scouts. For the first few weeks of the phases I did little engineering and more nurse mairding than any soldier has ever done. The first night I met the kids, I went to town on pass and bought a couple nursing bottles and a dozen diapers... I was really worried. I was a pretty young guy then but after awhile I felt like their father and then they started calling me Pappy and the name stuck."

When he finishes his 50, Pappy wants to go home... sure... who doesn't? (ask Roy Mosher) but then he wants to fly as engineer on a C-54 between the states and Australia. Maybe he'll get married... maybe he won't... anyway, Uncle Sam could have a wonderful Good Will Ambassador if they'd put Pappy on that run. If Pap gets married down there, we hope he'll bring the little woman back with him... we'd like to see what the girl looks like anybody that could love a puss like his must be some girl!

## MEET THE WHEELS

by Edward Weaver

Lt. Col. Elvin E. Goodyear, U.S. Group's "milk man", who claims every mission, whether it be Vienna, Beckhammer or Munich, to be pure cream, was a resident of Pendleton, Oregon, and a student at Oregon State University before he retired from his study of Aeronautical Engineering to be a pilot of a B-24.

Before becoming Group Operations officer Col. Goodyear was Squadron Commander of the 79th Bomb Sq. At the present time Col. Goodyear is also Deputy Group C.O. and spends most of his time shuffling from office to office.

The Col. has been delivering "cream" on his milk route for some seven months and has received several decorations for putting the bottles at the right door at the right time. He holds the D.F.C., and the Air Medal with a couple of oak leaf clusters. That's good going for any milk man.

A hunter of no mean repute, the Colonel can tell tall tales of big game hunting days in Oregon. After the war is over he intends to return, and carry out his plans for a home and family. As he says, "I enjoy the patten of little feet on the patio."

SEE ME, ED. 33 A N T S ED

TEN MORE VOICES IN  
THE CHIEF CHAIR