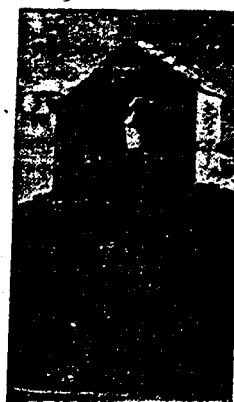


THE TOWER

464th BOMB
GROUP

"WHATSOEVER THY HAND FINDETH TO DO,
DO IT WITH THY MIGHT."



SUPPOSE IT WERE YOU

Recently, I was approached with a subject that certainly deserves a lot of attention and thought. It pertains to the combat crews in particular, but, no doubt, can be applied to everyone in general. I've done a little bit of investigating in different squadrons and found the same story to hold true, with the results always the same. This is a very sore subject and hard to approach because it's supposed to be in authoritative and competent hands. However, since the blame cannot be laid on one group, perhaps mention of it will awaken all the guilty concerned.

Have you ever been M.I.A., even for a short while, and returned to find only the barest skeleton of your home left? You probably don't have to look too far past your door, or to recall an instance too far in the past to get the idea clearly!

Remember when the mission returned and through interrogation etc. you and others learned that someone was M.I.A., either over the target, in Yugo or somewhere along the way? Did you see the same things I did when I returned to my tent area? Later that same evening someone connected with the handling of M.I.A. affairs drove up in a truck and hauled away "B-4" bags, barracks bags, and in general, all personal equipment and some G.I. equipment. Sometimes, even they were a little bit too late getting there! Sometimes a guard was posted to sleep in the tent for two or three nights. Even that didn't stop the "vultures"—just slowed them up for a while! The facts still remain; when the crews, eventually, did return two or three weeks later, maybe longer, they had to go about reorganizing themselves and rebuilding a home. At times new clothing issues were necessary but some things can't be replaced. (That coveted A-2 jacket for instance) stoves, lamps, floors, tables, chairs etc. all representing

hours of work and quite a few lire have to be constructed and bought. Some guys who had the nerve and luck scoured the neighborhood and found a few of their possessions.

Sounds like we have quite a bit of dirty linen to wash around here. doesn't it? Well, brother, if the shoe fits wear it! If it doesn't, don't ever try it for size! This isn't just the opinion of the author but of all those who, someday, might be subject to such a raw deal by their "pals".

When you and I go on a mission we like to think that if we, unfortunately, are listed as M.I.A. for a while, we have a few buddies who will see to it that we return to all that we left. After all, there is such a thing as common decency!

I remember an old proverb I used to see and read every time I bought a nickel ruler for school. This was printed right across the face of it— "Do Unto Others As You Would Have Them Do Unto You".

Think it over fellas, think of this little proverb—do you know what it means? If you do, you appreciate it. If you don't you're probably wearing "the shoe".

S/Sgt "Howie" Farling 778

A YEAR AGO - REMEMBER?

Kissing your wife or girl goodbye — the ground echelon boarding four troop trains in a driving snow storm — headed overseas at last — picking bunk mates — matching for the lower berth.

Remember the cold — blankets were insufficient — poker — reading — singing — P. T. on station platforms in sub-zero weather — Red Cross girls with cigarettes — darn good chow all things considered — cold coffee in the last car — paper plates — no mess kits to wash.

Remember the sighs as home towns were passed with no opportunity to stop to see the family — our first taste of censorship — the bets made on our destination — the church service with music by a mouth organ and ukelele — the war was getting closer.

Capt. KIELING

So You Want a Puppy?

This is supposed to be a humorous bit on puppy raising, but humor comes hard tonight after finding puppy messes all around the house.

Let me first warn the amateur. Once you get a puppy and have him for a period of over three days you discover an amazing fact. The ownership has passed from you to the dog, who now owns you, body and soul.

You are advised to raise all your clothes at least three feet above floor level, hang them from the roof-tree if possible. Never leave Sox or slippers within puppy reach. Our pup took a definite liking to one type of stocking, winter woolen, OD brown. Your's may have entirely different taste.

Taste brings up the matter of feeding. The army took care of our troubles quite well until one day the dog refused to accept any more "C" ration. Even a Pup knows when to stop.

The incautious owner is warned against purps who sleep in the early evening, and are drowsy during most of the day. They haven't sleeping sickness, or worms, but are just saving up for a good three A.M. frolic. Our little fiend spent the better part of two early morning hours tearing up newspapers and scattering them all over the floor. Then, as a final touch, he discovered our aluminum toasting plate hanging within reach, and began pounding out reveille at five o'clock.

Whether our pup is different from others I'm not at all sure. He has an uncanny way of being in the wrong place at the wrong time. If you don't look behind you at every second step you'll soon hear a scream of anguish, and spend the next ten minutes comforting the little devil.

Despite all the above warnings, don't think that we for a minute consider our pup a liability. He's an almost constant source of laughter. Life refuses to be dull with a puppy in the house.

One rather delicate problem connected with dog raising was solved for us by the recent shortage of fresh eggs. We thought we had no further use for our spatula, and then Mr. pup came along. Believe me, that former egg flipper gives fine service.

G. H. MERRIAM

THE TOWER

Published every Sunday by and for
the men of the 464th Bomb Group.

Editor Chaplain EASTWOOD

Associate editors
GEORGE H. MERRIAM
JOHN T. BLAIR

Typist HOWARD WALKER

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

We at the 4th Field Hospital are both honored and appreciative of the kind words said about our organization in the Tower. It is indeed a thrill to know that our efforts are not unnoted by the organizations we service. The article in the Tower was the first time anything was ever printed concerning our hospital and it gives us all a deep satisfaction. Of course, the only bad part about it is that the readers of the Tower have been taking what was said too literally and have been seemingly swamping us this past week. But, all kidding aside, we, the Officers, Nurses, and Enlisted Men of the 4th Field Hospital will continue to give all the organizations we service the best of treatment and care. Our effort plus your great effort, plus the efforts of all the others are a factor in winning the war. All we can say is a heartfelt thanks to you.

(This is the beginning of what we hope will become an interesting and useful column. We invite and encourage your comments on anything that appears in this paper, or on any other subject which interests you).

This Old World

*Ain't life
A funny proposition?
You go to bed,
Unsatisfied;
And get up awishin'
For something
You never had.
Then —
All of a sudden —
You're feelin' glad
And say to yourself,
Why, this old world
Ain't so bad.
If you take it right,
As you ought to had,
So buck up,
Soldier,
And give a song.
It's bad in spots
But not all wrong.
What's the use
Of dreamin' bad,
When you should
Be happy,
And your heart
Be glad.
Glad you're alive
And rangin' free,
With the air
To breathe
And the world to see.
So I'm telling you,
Soldier,
This world's alright—
if you open
Your eyes
And see it right!*

Maj DARYL D. JOHNS

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

CON MOLTO ESPRESSIONE

"A chain is no stronger than it's weakest link." The concert last week was all but a total failure. Four of Italy's best artists could not make music Monday night simply because the piano we were compelled to use was in bad shape. Ironically, we did have a good piano for them on the scheduled date but circumstances kept them away then. We are *very grateful* to the 78th Officers' club and Lt Laser but still we must point out that besides being out of tune and in general poor condition, the piano was also a full tone below concert pitch and thus forced the musicians to retune their strings. This hurt the timbre of the instruments. And so, for the lack of a piano the concert was lost.

There is little point, therefore, in discussing the music for it finally fell victim to the odds that have been working against it for so long. We are faced with a pretty tough problem now and need all the help we can get. You realize from the above that we are in want of a piano—a *good one*. If you have any ideas or "leads" please let us know. We will really appreciate it.

But the concerts are not going to stop. There will be no performance tomorrow evening but next week you will have the opportunity to hear the 1898th Engineers Glee Club and a quintet of vocalists known as "The Dots And Dashes". Both of these groups are featured over the air every Saturday afternoon at 1500 and will be well worth coming to see as well as to hear. Incidentally, since they sing *acapella*, our lack of a piano will not be felt. You *will* enjoy it.

em

Chaplain's Flimsy

A few minutes of quiet meditation can do great things for you. When others get on your nerves and your soul seems to have grown small, it's good to be still in the presence of God. Through one of the prophets He has said, "I will be as the dew unto Israel".

In arid lands it is the dew of night that makes vegetation possible. When the heat and the wind of the day are passed, the blades of the corn unroll and are bathed in the cool fresh dew that gathers in the night. The pores of the plants are open to receive the tiny drops as they come from the invisible air and settle on the leaves and flowers to refresh and vitalize.

Dew does not gather while there is heat or wind. The temperature must fall and the wind cease. All must be still before the air of night yields up its life giving moisture to the thirsty plants. If we are to receive strength from God we too must be still and wait and receive with open hearts. When the heat of the day is passed, when the danger of the hour of battle is over and action is no longer necessary, be still in the presence of God and your strength will be renewed, even as the blades of the corn are refreshed by the dew of evening.

*"Drop Thy still dews of quietness
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress;
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace."*

Chaplain EASTWOOD

MARCH OF DIMES NETS 372 DOLLARS

Thanks fellas! Your generosity has enabled the Special Service Office to send 372.00 dollars to the President's Fund for Infantile Paralysis control. You could not have donated to a better cause. You may glory in the thought that some little kids are going to derive some excellent benefits because of your generosity.

ARC MAN

There's a new face in the ARC Field office. Mr. Claude Pennington has replaced Mr. Lamb as Field Director for our group, the 465th Bomb Group, Fourth Field Hospital, and the Engineer and Quartermaster organizations in the neighborhood.

A traveling salesman in civilian life, and in the Army a ball gunner on a Fortress crew at the age of thirty-nine, Mr. P. came overseas in October of '44, and after a few months in the 304th Wing, he has been assigned to work with us. Born in Mitchell, Indiana, where he lived through High school days, he went to Fresno State College in California for a while. In the course of time to follow, Mr. Pennington held a great variety of jobs including those of truck diver and mule skinner and for fifteen years did much traveling as a salesman. In the Army for eight months, he became a member of a B 17 crew well into phase training at Ephrata Air Base in Washington. Then our Red Cross representative was transferred to the Enlisted Reserve and did not receive a final discharge until November of '44, when he was already a month overseas.

C.P. seems short on hobbies (he will wait for summer and then bathe on Italy's beaches). But this affords him more time for work; he is eager in every sense of the word and a glutton for punishment. Incidentally, he would have us publicize the fact that he is anxious to help any and all as much as he can. So, if you have personal, legal, medical, or for that matter any problems, drop in at the office.

em

CHAPLAIN'S FUND

Nov. Dec. Jan.

RECEIPTS

Balance from Oct.	43.34
Chapel Offering, Nov. 5	179.04
Chapel Offerings, Nov. 12	114.65
Thank Offering, for Christmas for Kids Committee	325.00
Chapel Offerings, Dec. 3	91.88
Chapel Offerings, Dec. 24	164.44
Chapel Offerings, Jan. 7	236.12
Refund from Christmas for Kids Committee	169.25
Total	1323.72

EXPENDITURES

Printing, "The Tower" (14 numbers)	350.00
Printing, concert programs etc.	22.00
Engraving	52.00
Fire Wood	50.00
Air Mail Envelopes	10.00
Labor (carpenter)	9.50
Music	1.71
Piano tuning	5.00
Janitor (Tiani Felice)	31.00
Stars and Stripes	8.10
Upholstered Chairs (2)	65.00
Flowers	16.50
Concerts (6)	152.00
Gift to "Christmas for Kids Committee"	325.00
Total	1097.81

Receipts 1323.72
Expenditures 1097.81

Cash on hand as of Feb. 1, 1945 225.91

IN THE MIDST

by S Sgt C. M. MAIN

A few nights ago when we were studying the book of Revelation in our Bible class we read these words, "In the midst of the seven candlesticks was one like unto the Son of Man". It occurred to me how often Christ is found in the midst.

At the age of twelve Christ was found in the midst of doctors and teachers in the temple. They were astonished at his understanding and wisdom. Many times he was found in the midst of the poor, teaching and healing. After his resurrection he appeared in the midst of his disciples bringing peace and good cheer to those who thought all was lost. In the verse above he is seen in the midst of the candlesticks which represent his churches. Toward the end of his ministry on earth he promised he would go and prepare a place. There he will be in the midst of those who accept him throughout all eternity.

Fellows, is the Lord in our midst? Does he have a central position in your life? He came to earth and

lived and died for you and me. We have sinned and fallen short. We need him and must accept his love and grace now if we are to enjoy his presence later on. Let us live in such a way that he may be found in the midst of us today.

OFF-DUTY CLASSES STARTED

For the benefit of those interested in furthering their education while in the Army Special Services have started a series of "Off-duty Classes"

Here is a list of subjects for which classes have been formed and the dates of their meetings:

"Business Principles and Management" in the 778th Mess Hall on Mondays at 1930 to 2130 hours.

"Spoken German" in the Chapel on Tuesdays and Fridays at 2000 hours.

"World History" in the 778th Mess Hall on Thursdays at 2000 hours.

"Psychology and Life" in the 778th Mess Hall on Thursdays at 1900 hours.

"Spoken Italian" in the 778th Mess Hall on Saturdays at 1900 hours.

Dates for "Elementary Meteorology", "20th Century Bookkeeping and Accounting", "Blue Print Reading at Work", "Spoken French" and "Fundamentals of Advertising", will be published in the near future.

Those desiring to enroll in any of the above-mentioned courses may do so by applying at the Special Services Office.

THE 778th SPOTLIGHT

Battling Calamari hits the floor after a session with Italian alcoholics and heavyweight Courtright. We didn't happen to be there ourselves, but from the versions of those who witnessed the event, it provided more entertainment than any Screen Comedy ever could. When interviewed next morning Battling Calamari refused to divulge whether it was the Hundred Orlane or Courtright who was directly responsible for the scene, but nevertheless he has once again sworn off going to extremes. — "Long, Long Ago". We want to write about that little ditty. It concerns a nice big piece of plywood which was given to the 778th sometime ago for a Ping-Pong table but was used for a Bulletin Board, and believe it or not it didn't like being a Bulletin Board, so it up and walked away and nobody knows where. That was long, long ago, and to this date we don't know where it has gone. Do You? — T/Sgt Bailey smells winnings and backs a sure thing. We happened to go over to the Armament Shop, which is also a rendezvous for checker players, to participate in a few games and doggone if the old boy wasn't betting two bits a game on M/Sgt Bernardine and to top it off wasn't even giving him a cut on the proceeds. — Pvt Fuhrmark is peeved at the Italian Mess Attendants because formerly he could eat at least once every twenty days. — M/Sgt Thomas becomes the Problem Child of the line. When he has one situation in hand, doggone if he just don't pop up with another. — Yes, it seems as tho our combat men do make the news. Take those two boys from Lt. Lincoln's crew. They like to go awandering. Or do they?

The Enlisted Men's Council had their monthly meeting on February 5th and the following report is submitted to the squadron. The Treasury of the Service Club as of this date had a net balance of 1,200.00 dollars in cash plus liquor stock on hand. Out of this sum an appropriation of 500.00 dollars was made to defray the cost of a Squadron Party to be held on March 19th, 1945. 50.00 dollars per month was appropriated to the Entertainment Committee. This sum of money is to be used to acquire the services of the Group Orchestra at the Service Club at least semi-monthly. It was also voted that the Club would defray the expense of partitioning the Service Club to provide a reading room and to bear the expense of an Enlisted Men's Shower. Both these projects are under the Supervision of our newly elected Construction Engineer M/Sgt Kumm and his committee, while the responsibility of Procurement rests with that dynamic personality, T/Sgt Kaplan. It's a good combination and the work should be completed within a short period of time. They have decided to bring in outside contractors to put up the building and thus eliminate the labor difficulty with which they would otherwise be confronted. Other results of this meeting were: 1. Treasurer's Report and Statement to be issued and posted on the Bulletin Board each month, commencing with the month of February. 2. Greater Effort to be put forward in making the Club interesting to those who do not drink or gamble. 3. That the sum of 34.00 dollars, which was over and above the cost of defraying the P. X. deficit, should be turned over to the Squadron Fund.

At this point we would like to say that the Squadron appreciates the efforts put forward by this group of enlisted men who are giving their time and energy to make our life a happier one.

This is your reporting combination of T/Sgt A. J. Griek and S/Sgt W. J. Clarke saying "CHEERIO" till next week.

CREWS IN THE BLUE

Outstanding character of the outfit! Believe it or not, we have a "feather merchant" in the 78th flying the big ones! MR. Carl M. Simmons (The Army still calls him Sgt just on principle) is a healthy old geezer of 35 and known as "AF", to his tentmates who incidentally, insist on their inalienable right to refuse to fly with "defense worker material". He might have been in the army two years in April were it not for the fact that he was "discharged" last November. Rumor has it that he enjoys combat so much that he is going to chalk up as many more as he can onto his existing list of three sorties. UNTIL Air Force endorsement comes through. More power to a real "beaver"!

Be it known, that, as an implication from the above story, "Doc" Savage of the 77th is Not the most eager (to fly) of flying personnel on the field—even tho' we understand that he was in the tower shooting off green flares when the fog was so thick we had to feel our way to the planes!

All hail to Lt. Brielmier of the 76th, the only bombardier able to synchronize on a target in Czecho and still manage to plow up some Austrian's vegetable garden!

Jinxed? The enlisted men of Lt Ray's crew in the 77th are beginning to think so! Since October they have flown but 4 sorties, the first of which left them in Yugo for a short time; the gods of war smiled on them for the next three, then they suffered with numerous stand downs before attempting the fifth. This one wound up as an early return in a ditch along the runway.

By the way — If you have any ideas about buying a few souvenirs at Capri forget it; Petrolino and his ilk bought (?) everything that wasn't cemented in place!

Belated congrats to Pfc W. L. Lewis who recently made his rise to rank. Smullins' brood is really getting up there! Incidentally, the "KID" was sober for the occasion.

"Going Home" — The '79th still holds top spot in this department. Here's the happy trio, T Sgt Harr, S/Sgt Hedge, and 1st Lt. Loughlin. Congratulations on your "35", fellas, may good cheer and fortune follow you wherever you go.

Signing off for the week, Your correspondent
S. Sgt "HOWIE" FARTLING

ONE FOR THE BOOKS

Have you had difficulty salvaging your worn out clothing? Do your shoes come back months late? Is your squadron supply constantly out of soap, candles, and toilet paper? If so read this article carefully.

In one of our squadrons there was a most disgusted cook. He had no shoes. It was as simple as that. No footwear outside of a pair of overshoes of sorts. This cook, being short of patience, a usual condition, decided matters had come to a head. This situation must come to a screeching halt.

So—our hero put on his O. D. trousers, he brushed his coat neatly, he knotted his tie to just the right degree of tautness. Parting his hair and wearing his best smile he stepped out of his house. He walked briskly to his orderly room, and requested permission to see the squadron executive officer. Once admitted a conversation something like this began. "Good morning, Sgt, what may I do for you?"

"Sir, I'd like some shoes."
"What's the matter with those you'...
Our hero was barefoot. P.S. He's still wearing overshoes!

A MISSION

The morning's cold bleak darkness, black as darkest night.
Is cut by the CQ's candle as he wakes us for our flight.
We bundle up in clothing, warm woolens, suits galore,
We're wearing all our G.I. Stuff and look around for more.
We don't get dressed quite fast enough, but suddenly we're thru.
Once more we look outside our tent, and see the glistening dew.
In pairs we climb the hill so steep, our breaths come panting now,
We hold our mess kits o'er the pot, they're filled with st-aining chow.
We gulp our food, for time is short, to briefing we must go.
For briefing is the center hub; the core of all the "know"
We crowd into the darkened room, we stare up at the map,
A city plainly is marked out, this is the one we'll rap.
A Major tells the story, he tells us where we fly,
We're going up to altitude, away up in the sky.
This is an old, old story, to all these veteran crews,
But still each man can feel a thrill, as he listens to the news.
We're told where all the flak is, how many guns we'll face,
We're told of fighter cover, and landing fields of grace
We're warned about the enemy, fighters, ships and men,
We're told just where to bail out, to live to fight again.
The Chaplain gives an earnest prayer, the men all bare their head;
It gives them inner courage, to stop the thoughts they dread.
The time has come to travel, the path is full of muck,
The equipment shack is now our goal, here we've cached our stuff
Our chutes and suits and harnesses, in all we had enough.
From here we rode out to our planes, each a silent beast
The sun was just arising, away up in the east.
The gunners were quite busy, inspecting gear and guns,
They had no time to view the sky, or even see the sun
Day came along quite quickly now, the time had come to start;
The crews were at their stations, waiting to depart.
We taxied to the take off point and took a final check,
The three-ring sign, an O.K. flash, and braced against the deck.
The engines roared in all their might, we raced a'long the ground,
The wings took hold of moving air, our ship in flight was sound.
We soared out o'er the valley, and o'er the nearest hill
The air became less bumpy, soon it was quite still.
Our ship flew in formation, an awe inspiring sight,
We're on our way to Germany, to show the Hun our might.
End of Part One.

By Sgt HARRY A. PLAYER

THE SPIRIT OF '76

Dear God, give us strength to accept with serenity the things that cannot be changed. Give us courage to change the things that can and should be changed. And give us wisdom to distinguish one from the other. Reader's Digest.

The man trap in front of our kitchen bagged it's first victim — Arby Hines. Who's next?

Question of the week — which casa is wearing the door so deftly removed from one of our latrines in the dark of the moon?

Uncommon Army names. In one Division, three top kicks are named Ketcham, Killam and Cookham.

While on the subject of names, the five most common Army names are, in this order, Smith, Johnson, Brown, Miller and Jones. Surprised?

Useful definitions:

Positive	Wrong in a loud voice.
Soft soap	Oil and lye.
Diet	Wishful thinning.
Rumor	The gossipel truth
Propaganda	Bruit force

Any Christmas packages still due?

As I review the years gone by — I cannot help but heave a sigh — to realize as scenes unfold — that I am really growing old — Yes, I am getting old, by Jings — For I remember many things — which wouldn't mean a thing to you — unless you are an oldster, too — I can recall when I think back — of lightning rod and hitching rack — I see in my minds eye once more — the livery stable and harness store — I see the old horse drawn patrol — the parlor stove with hod of coal — I see the swing door saloon — with sawdust floor and brass spittoon — I recollect the old square dance — when the men wore peg top pants — the Town concerts in the park — for I'm darn near a patriarch — Again there comes before my view — the Paisley shawl and Congress shoe — The mustache cup, the stovepipe hat — and countless other things like that — why, I can even recollect — as on the past I now reflect — the time we had a different gent — than FDR as President.

Lt. Pete Fay, the ex silent partner of the Local Livery Stables, Inc., returned to the scene of his crimes to balance the books for the semi-annual audit.

A Lily White League is in process of organization in this Squadron. No, it has nothing in common with the Wooden Mallet Club of the 78th. While they do not claim he can equal Lil Abner's record, the officers advance Lt. Tom Gaudette as their first candidate. How about a nomination from the EM's?

Leaves do change their color at other than the Fall season. Congrats to our C. O., Lt. Col. John W. Nance.