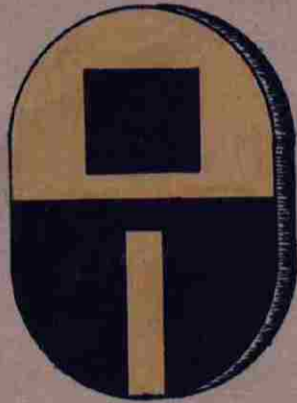


\*  
\*  
\* Auth: CO, 464th Bomb Grp  
\* Initials: *FFB*  
\* Date: 18 FEB 45  
\* \* \* \* \*  
GP-464-H1 (Bomb)  
Jan 75

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DECLASSIFIED  
DOD DIR 5200.2



P.R.C.

00093977

# HISTORY

## 464<sup>TH</sup> BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H)

*Comprising*

776<sup>TH</sup> 777<sup>TH</sup> 778<sup>TH</sup> 779<sup>TH</sup>

BOMBARDMENT SQUADRONS (H)

SCANNED BY ACD  
2007-22

55<sup>TH</sup> BOMBARDMENT WING (H)

15<sup>TH</sup> AIR FORCE

# JANUARY

1945



TABLE OF CONTENTS

1. THE COMMANDING OFFICER COMMENTS
  2. NARRATIVE HISTORY
  3. BIOGRAPHIES
  4. PHOTOGRAPHS
  5. GROUP HISTORY IN RHYME
  6. TRAINING
  7. PAPPY CHOATE
  8. PROMOTIONS
  9. OPERATIONS
- NARRATIVE MISSION REPORTS  
BOMB STRIKE PHOTOGRAPHS  
TRACK CHARTS
10. MISSING CREW REPORTS
  11. RETURNED TO DUTY REPORTS
  12. INCLOSURES AND SUPPORTING DOCUMENTS

P.R.C.

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DOD DIR 5200.8

THE COMMANDING OFFICER COMMENTS

HEADQUARTERS  
164TH BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H)  
APO 520 U S Army

1 February 1945

THE COMMANDING OFFICER COMMENTS

1. While the month of January 1945 was a disappointing one from the standpoint of bombing activity, this Group did not sit idly by and waste its time.

2. A comprehensive ground and air training program was carried out for the benefit of combat crews, which certainly should result in increased efficiency and better bombing results in future operations.

A total of 25,085 man hours training was given to ground training and 11,840 man hours to aerial training during this period.

The Bomb Trainer Building which accomodates two (2) bomb trainers and two (2) link trainers was put into operation during this period.

3. A concentrated program of one full week was given to all Group personnel on prevention of Venereal Disease.

4. The building and winterization program continued to make progress in spite of snow, rain, wind and mud.

5. Casualties were low, with more men being returned to duty from M.I.A. status than were reported M.I.A.

6. Venereal Disease rate sharply decreased over the previous period, with the general health of the Group continuing to be satisfactory.

7. It is hoped that operating conditions during February will permit this Group to add its efforts to the increasing tempo of the war in Europe and to add our weight to the final knockout blow to be given to the enemy.

*A. L. Schroeder*  
A. L. SCHROEDER  
Colonel, AC  
Commanding

NARRATIVE HISTORY

S E C R E T

HEADQUARTERS  
464TH BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H)  
APO 520 U S ARMY

1 February 1945

NARRATIVE HISTORY - 1 JANUARY 1945 TO 1 FEBRUARY 1945

1. The present designation of this unit is 55th Bombardment Wing (H), Fifteenth Air Force, APO 520, U.S. Army

2. Colonel John B. Cornett O-20446, appointed Deputy Group Commander, vice Lt. Colonel Elvin E. Goodyear, appointed Group Operations Officer.

3. The strength of the unit, commissioned and enlisted, was as follows:

	<u>Officers</u>	<u>Enlisted Men</u>
As of 31 December 1944	521	1995
Net Increase	11	28
As of 31 January 1945	532	2023

4. January 1945 turned out to be the most disappointing month since this group started combat operations. Due to adverse weather, which included rain, snow and impossible cloud conditions, this Group flew a total of only five (5) missions, one of which was non effective due to inability to reach the assigned target area.

One hundred fifty four (154) sorties were flown, of which eighty six (86) were effective and sixty eight (68) were non effective. A total of 164.95 tons of bombs were dropped on enemy targets.

Austria received the most attacks with two (2) Marshalling Yards and one (1) Oil Refinery being bombed, and Bolzano Mar-

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shalling Yard in Italy being attacked.

Two (2) of the four (4) effective missions were by PFF and two (2) were bombed visually.

The past month was not only disappointing from a standpoint of missions, but was a nightmare to both combat crews and briefing officers. Nearly every day from one (1) to three (3) plans were prepared and briefed, only to be stood down at the last minute. If all the flak routes prepared by S-2 were laid end to end they would encircle the globe. Crews were dizzy, trying to remember the five (5) to seven (7) targets covered at nearly every briefing.

It is hoped that February will treat us better, so that we may add our bit to the all-out attack on the Hun and get the war over with before summer, so that we can then give our entire time and attention to the liquidation of the Japs.

5. Five (5) men paid the supreme sacrifice, being killed when bailing out of their a/c when the controls froze after a combat mission to Linz, Austria.

Nine (9) men suffered major, and seventeen (17) minor wounds, with three (3) cases of frostbite reported during this period.

Thirty one (31) crew members were listed as missing in action, with thirty three (33) men returned to duty who had previously been listed as missing in action.

6. This period again was free from attacks by enemy fighters,

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with only a very few e/a being observed.

7. One (1) a/c accident occurred during this period. A/C No 41-29458 - "Shoo - Shoo Baby", one of the original a/c of the Group which had been retired from combat flying crashed a short distance from this field on the night of 1 January 1945. Returning from Naples with passengers, a severe snow storm was encountered at the base, and the pilot was unable to locate the field. After climbing to 17,000 feet and obtaining a fix from Big Fence, the pilot again tried to locate the field. At 5,000 feet the a/c began to stall and lost altitude rapidly, and when the a/c reached 3,000 feet the crew and passengers bailed out. The a/c was completely destroyed and there were four (4) minor injuries.

The cause was determined to be due to severe icing conditions.

8. Awards made during this period were as follows:

Silver Star	2
Distinguished Flying Cross	6
Air Medals	132
1st Cluster to Air Medal	106
2nd Cluster to Air Medal	42
3rd Cluster to Air Medal	9
Bronze Star Medal	3
Good Conduct Medal	165

9. Due to the greatly decreased bombing activity, only six (6) combat crew members finished their thirty five (35) combat sorties. Many men are nearing the end of their tour of duty and a few missions will put them in the select circle.

10. Six (6) replacement combat crews were received during this

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period, who were given the regular indoctrination and ground training program to better fit them for combat operations.

11. Venereal disease took a healthy drop during this period, with ten (10) new cases for a rate of 51.77, as against eighteen (18) new cases in December for a rate of 76.07.

A comprehensive program was carried out on V.D. Control during the final week in January. All members of the Group were required to attend eight (8) meetings which included four (4) training films, and talks by the Commanding Officer of the Group and Squadron Commanders, Flight Surgeons, Chaplain and Special Service Officers.

The general health of the Group continued at a satisfactory level, with the expected seasonal increase in respiratory diseases.

A recent survey of the Group revealed that twenty five (25) percent of the living quarters had floors only. Sixty eight (68) percent had walls or roofs. Seven (7) percent had no improvements at all. Ninety nine and one half (99½) percent have stoves.

12. The Group Dental Surgeon, who has been neglected in the past by the historian had a busy month. Following is a list of the work performed:

Fillings	177
Extractions	36
Gum treatments	40

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Bridge repairs	8
Crown repairs	2
New dentures	6
Cleaning	31
Post operative treatments	97
Dental identification	76

13. The Chaplain and his helpers continued to keep busy. Writing fifty five (55) letters of sympathy, the smallest number in many months.

The attendance at worship services was 4746. Four (4) musical concerts were held in the Chapel in conjunction with the Red Cross and Special Service.

Eight (8) men were given Protestant baptism, the largest in any month so far.

All briefings were attended by either the Protestant or Catholic Chaplain.

The Chaplain was a very busy man during the week of V.D. Control - talking to two different groups of personnel each evening. Four (4) issues of "The Tower" were published.

14. The Christmas For Kids Committee made a final accounting and disbanded. The money left over amounting to \$73.53. Copy of minutes of final committee meeting inclosed.

15. An excellent turkey dinner was served to all personnel of the Group on New Years Day.

16. The Group Bomb Trainer and Link Trainer building is now completed and in full operation, with two (2) bomb trainers and two (2) link trainers.

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17. The Group Theatre and Gymnasium has been held up some by bad weather and lack of roofing materials but every one has high hopes of early completion (see picture in photo section).

18. The Group Gunnery School had its usual busy month with its many and varied activities.

Eighty four (84) men attended the armorer gunners school and are now in the process of being reclassified.

980 gunners were given one (1) hour instruction on turret manipulation on the six (6) turret mockups.

Twelve (12) replacement crews were given the regular indoctrination gunnery course.

Gunners on forty eight (48) crews were given one (1) hour training on the Jam Handy.

The skeet range operated on twenty two (22) days during the month of January 1945 with ninety (90) crews firing 19,000 rounds of skeet ammunition.

Sixteen (16) gunnery sorties were flown with 20,800 rounds of 50 cal ammunition being fired.

19. The Group Training Section took full advantage of the many stand downs during the month to run up an impressive record for ground and air training. (see special story section #6)

20. Special Service showed fifteen (15) different films, of two (2) showings each during the month to capacity houses. An improvement which everyone appreciates, is the elimination of waiting between reels by the installation of another projector.

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One (1) U S O show presented two (2) performances to approximately 900 members of the Group.

The Group Basketball team finished in second place. Due to bad weather there was very little attempt to continue further athletic activities.

Twelve (12) Group study classes were started with the probability of more classes starting in the near future. An average of twenty five (25) men attended each class.

Twenty two (22) new enrollees for the Armed Forces Institute Course were processed during this period.

21. The Medical History of the Group was submitted for the period of 1 October to 31 December 1944. (see inclosures and supporting documents)

22. The Group lost the services of Mr. Curtis Lamb, American Red Cross Field Director. Mr. Lamb was sent back to the States due to a severe eye condition. Mr. Lamb joined the Group in Pocatello, and has been with the Group since that time.

Mr. Claude Pennington has been appointed Red Cross Director to succeed Mr. Lamb.

23. The Group was inspected by the Air Inspector of the 15th Air Force during this period, results of the inspection will not be known until the next period.

24. Old Man Weather really had a month of headaches for everyone during January. Three (3) snow storms, hail, rain and wind

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added up to a surprising total of Multi inches of mud. There were many debates on the base as to which was the least desirable, cold and mud, or hot and dust.

25. Our Prayer for February:

Oh Lord, give us strength to continue to prepare and brief three plans each night. May we be able to present nine targets to the combat crews so they will be able to remember them clearly and not get mixed up on axis and rally. May we do our best to keep our many miles of flak routes from running into each other - Give us control of our inner selves so as to act in a manner of an Officer and a Gentleman when all three plans are stood down when the weather man gets through briefing. Give us Oh Lord, more escape and food kits, so that when maximum efforts, and normal efforts and three ship element missions are set up at the same time that we will have enough to go around. Please, Oh Lord, desist from adding Dog and Easy plans in place of Able and Baker after they have been prepared.

Most especially Lord, give us some good bombing weather, with one plan, let it remain for one month so that we may do our job and get this over with.

Amen.

~~SECRET~~

BIOGRAPHIES

## BIOGRAPHIES

1. Captain Lacey P. Morton, O-410212, Group Navigator was called to active duty from the Infantry Reserve on 1 July 1941, reporting to camp Robinson as 2nd Lt, Infantry.

From this time until 10 June 1943, Captain Lacey P. Morton served with the 2nd Infantry Division at Fort Sam Houston, Corps Instructor at Camp Bowie, and with the G-3 Section of the 8th Army Corps at Brownwood, Texas. Captain Morton also took ski troop training at Camp McCoy, Wisconsin, and was with the Airborne Infantry at Shaw Field, South Carolina.

Reporting to the Air Corps on 10 June 1943, Captain Morton attended Navigation School at Selman Field, Monroe, Louisiana and Gunnery School at Fort Myers, Florida and took phase training at Biggs Field, El Paso, Texas.

Captain Morton flew to England arriving on 29 July 1944, and flew to Italy where he joined the 464th Group on 28 August 1944, being assigned as a crew navigator with the 776th Squadron.

Captain Morton was appointed Squadron Navigator on 30 October 1944 and Group Navigator on 20 December 1944.

In addition to his regular duties as Group Navigator, Captain Morton spends a great deal of time on the training program for replacement combat crews.

As of 31 January 1945, Captain Morton had flown eighteen

## BIOGRAPHIES, contd

combat sorties, leading the Group thirteen (13) times, the Wing nine (9) times, and the Air Force twice. Awards consist of the Purple Heart, Air Medal and one (1) cluster.

Captain Morton is twenty five (25) years of age, married, and claims Little Rock, Arkansas as his home town. A graduate of the University of Arkansas where he majored in Finance, Captain Morton intends to enter the Music business in the event he does not continue his career in the Army.

2. 1st Lt Bernard J. Chubet, O-703018, Group PFF Navigator, entered the Army as an enlisted man in the Infantry on 27 February 1941 at Camp Edwards, Massachusetts.

Serving with Infantry Intelligence, Lt Chubet participated in the Carolina maneuvers in 1941 and was a S/Sgt when he was transferred to the Air Corps.

Graduating from Navigation School at Ellington Field, Texas and Gunnery School at Harlingen, Texas, Lt Chubet went to Advanced Navigation School at Hondo, Texas where he was commissioned 2nd Lt, AC on 3 December 1943.

Phase training took place at Westover Field, Massachusetts, Langley Field, Virginia, and Chatham Field, Georgia. Then followed a short tour of duty at Batista Field, Havana, Cuba.

Lt Chubet was assigned for PFF training to Langley Field, Virginia, where he graduated on 10 June 1944 and left immediately for overseas duty.



## BIOGRAPHIES, contd

Following a short tour of duty with the 465th Bomb Group and the 5th Bombardment Wing (H), Lt Chubet reported to the 464th Group on 18 July 1944, being assigned to the 779th Squadron until 29 October 1944 when he was appointed Group PFF Navigator.

At the end of January 1945 Lt Chubet had flown twenty one (21) combat sorties and holds the Air Medal and one (1) cluster.

Age twenty five (25), single, and claiming Norwood, Mass, as his home town, Lt Chubet attended Princeton University for two and one half (2 1/2) years before entering the Army.

Lt Chubet plans to join his father in the rug and carpet business in New York when he is discharged from the Army, concentrating on sales.

3. Captain Crockett C. Fox Jr, O-752486, Group Personal Equipment Officer enlisted in the Army on 21 June 1942 as a flying cadet, but was not called to active duty until 8 December 1942.

After classification, Captain Fox entered Navigation School at Mather Field, Sacramento, California, graduating and receiving his commission as 2nd Lt, AC on 31 July 1943.

Following first phase training at Clovis, New Mexico, and second and third phase at Biggs Field, El Paso, Texas, Captain Fox joined the 465th Bomb Group at AAE, McCook,

## BIOGRAPHIES, contd

Nebraska, as Personal Equipment Officer, having been grounded on 15 November 1943 as a result of an a/c accident resulting in physical disqualification for flying.

Captain Fox came overseas with the 465th Bomb Group and served with them until 19 August 1944 when he joined the 464th Group.

Age twenty nine (29), married, and claiming Crowell, Texas as his home town, Captain Fox was territory salesman for the Wesson Oil and Snow Drift Sales Company, handling the South Texas territory at the time of his enlistment in the Army.

Captain Fox intends to enter the food brokerage business in Houston, Texas when he is discharged from the Army.

Captain Fox spent three (3) years studying for the ministry at McMurry College at Abilene, Texas.

4. Captain Henry G. Whaley, O-292181, Group Ordnance Officer was called to active duty from the Infantry Reserve on 28 March 1942, reporting to Morris Field, Charlotte, North Carolina as 2nd Lt, Infantry, for duty with the Ordnance.

On 28 June 1942, Captain Whaley was assigned to the Panama Canal Department, and served with the Sixth Air Force at Albrook Field, Panama until 22 February 1943 when he was assigned to the 29th Bomb Group at Gowan Field, Boise, Idaho.

## BIOGRAPHIES, contd

Captain Whaley joined the 464th Group on 6 November 1943 at Pocatello AAB, Idaho and came overseas with the Group.

A member of the 118th Infantry, South Carolina National Guard from 1921 until 1925, and in the Infantry Reserve from 1932, Captain Whaley is forty (40) years of age, married, and lives at Charleston, South Carolina.

Before reporting for active duty, Captain Whaley was engaged in the bakery business. Provided conditions are favorable, Captain Whaley intends to open a tourist camp when he returns to civilian life.

5. Captain Joseph C. Stephens, O-859893, Group Electronics (Radar) Officer entered the Army as an Aviation Cadet, nonflying, on 25 October 1942 at Scott Field, Illinois.

After spending two (2) months at Scott Field, taking radio training, the school was moved to Yale University, where Captain Stevens graduated and received his commission as 2nd Lt, AC on 4 March 1943.

Assigned to Radar School at Boca Raton Field, Florida, Captain Stephens studied radar until 31 July 1943 when he was placed on TD with Air Service Command at Patterson Field, Dayton, Ohio for experimental work in radar supply, returning to Boca Raton Field on 15 December 1943.

Joining the 464th Group at Pocatello, Idaho on 16 January 1944, Captain Stephens came overseas with the Group and has

BIOGRAPHIES, contd

remained with the Group since that time.

Captain Stephens is twenty seven (27) years of age, married with a son two (2) years old and a daughter nine (9) months old whom he has never seen.

A graduate of Harvard College and the Harvard Law School, Captain Stephens was engaged in the practice of law in his home town of Dallas, Texas, where he intends to return to law practice when he has finished his job in the Army.

6. 1st Lt Walter J. Chicallo, O-864185, Group Armament Officer, entered the Army on 12 January 1942 at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania as an enlisted man and was assigned to the Air Corps.

After taking basic training at Dale Mabry Field, Tallahassee, Florida, Lt Chicallo was assigned to Headquarters Detachment, 41st Service Group handling heavy vehicle transportation at AAB, Wilmington, North Carolina and Tallahassee, Florida.

Placed on DS with the 17th Bomb Group with a refueling unit, Lt Chicallo served at Key West and Miami on anti-submarine patrol work.

Reporting back to his original organization, and after seeing service at AAB, Waycross, Georgia and Fort Dix, New Jersey, Lt Chicallo was sent to Armament School at Lowry Field, Denver, Colorado in April 1943.

After graduation he reported to Cadet BTC No 1 at Boca Raton, Florida and was sent to Yale University to complete his training, graduating and being commissioned 2nd Lt, AC on 22

BIOGRAPHIES, contd

July 1943.

After reporting to Gowan Field, Boise, Idaho, Lt Chicallo was assigned to the 464th Group on 26 August 1943, where he has served as Group Armament Officer.

Thirty (30) years of age, married just before leaving for overseas, Lt Chicallo was in the garage business in Larksville, Pennsylvania, his home town.

Lt Chicallo intends to enter the wholesale tire business when his job in the Army has been completed.

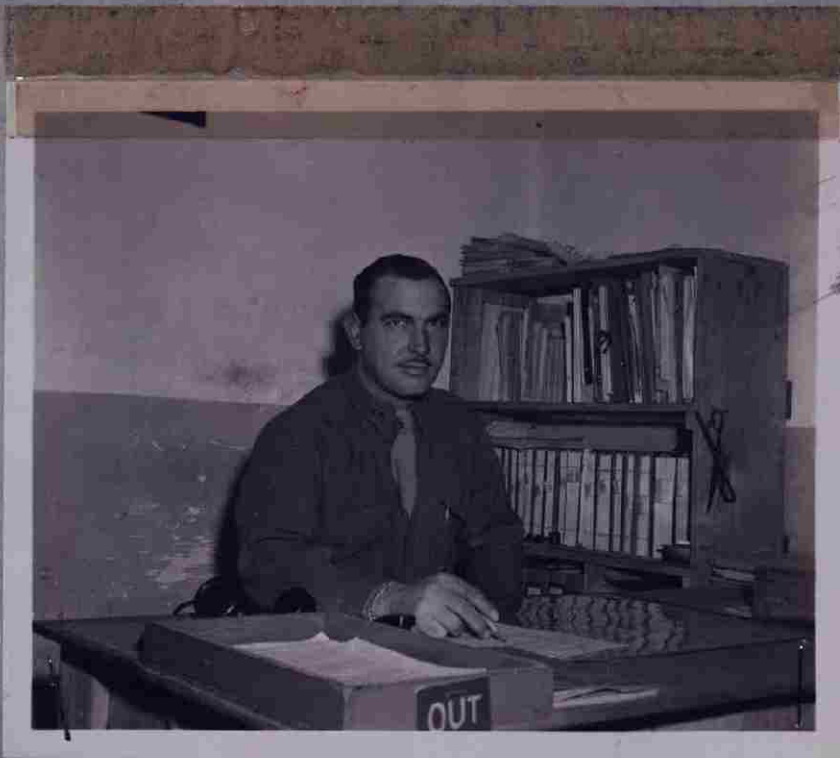
PHOTOGRAPHS



Captain Lacey P. Morton  
Group Navigator

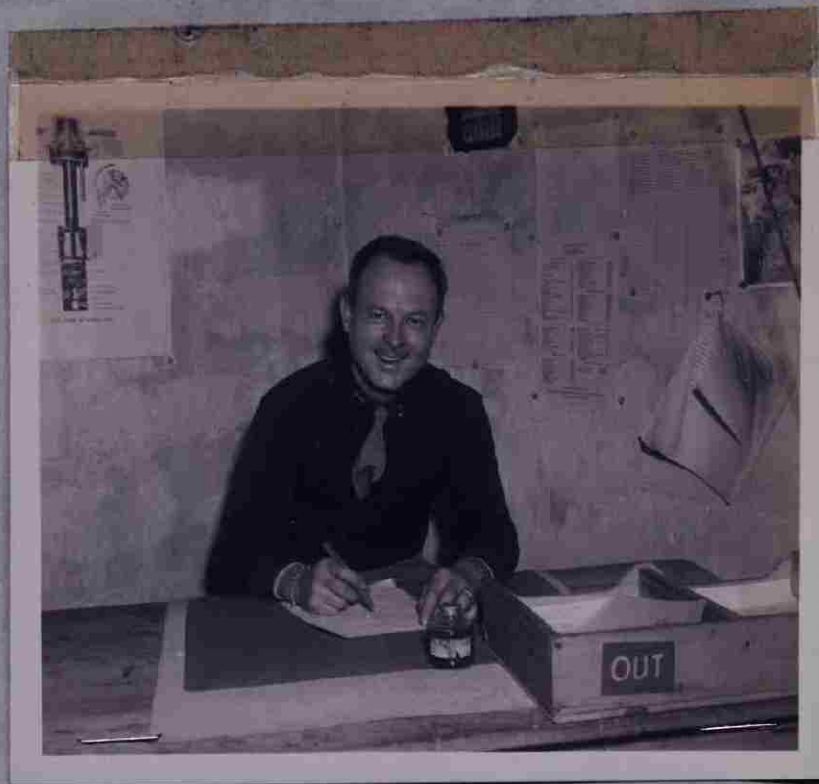


1st Lt Bernard J. Chubet  
Group P.F.F. Navigator



Captain Crockett C. Fox Jr

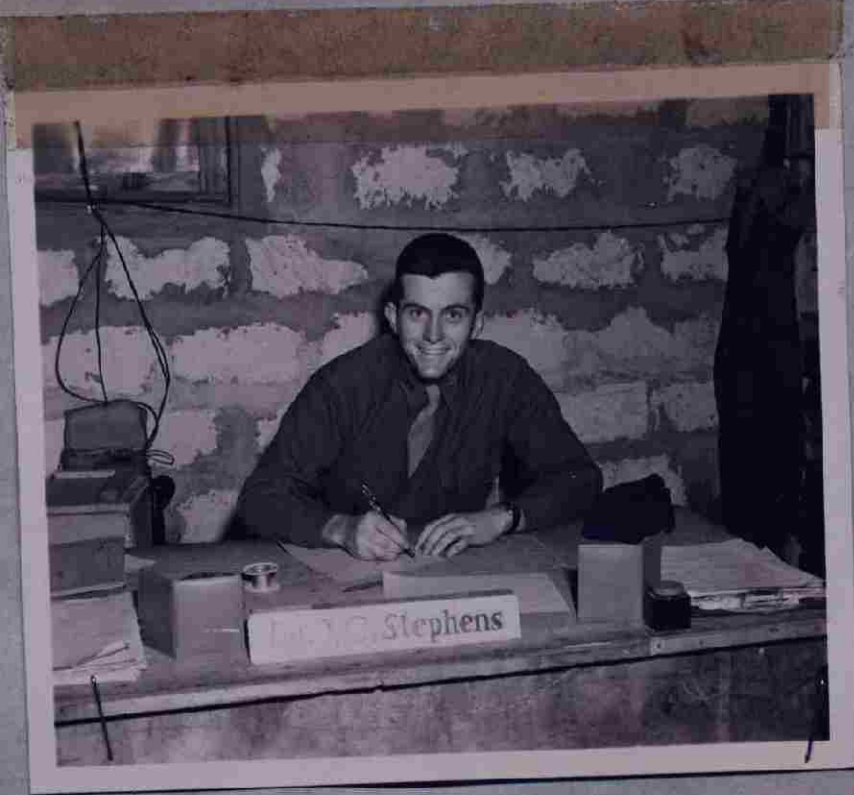
Group Personal  
Equipment Officer



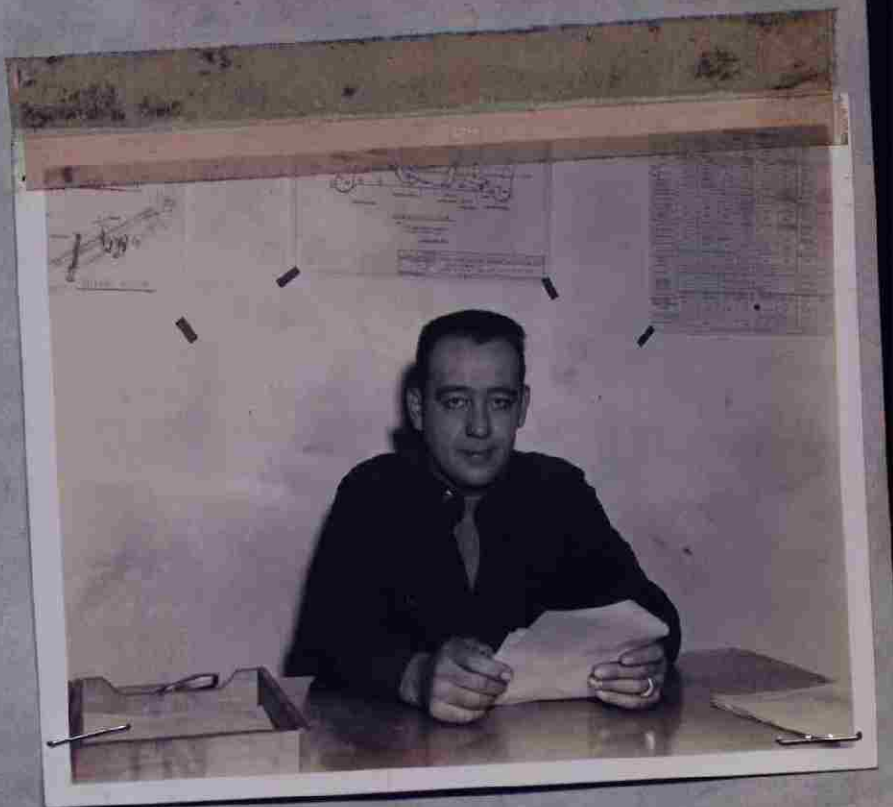
Captain Henry G. Whaley

Group  
Ordnance Officer





Captain Joseph C. Stephens  
Group Radar Officer

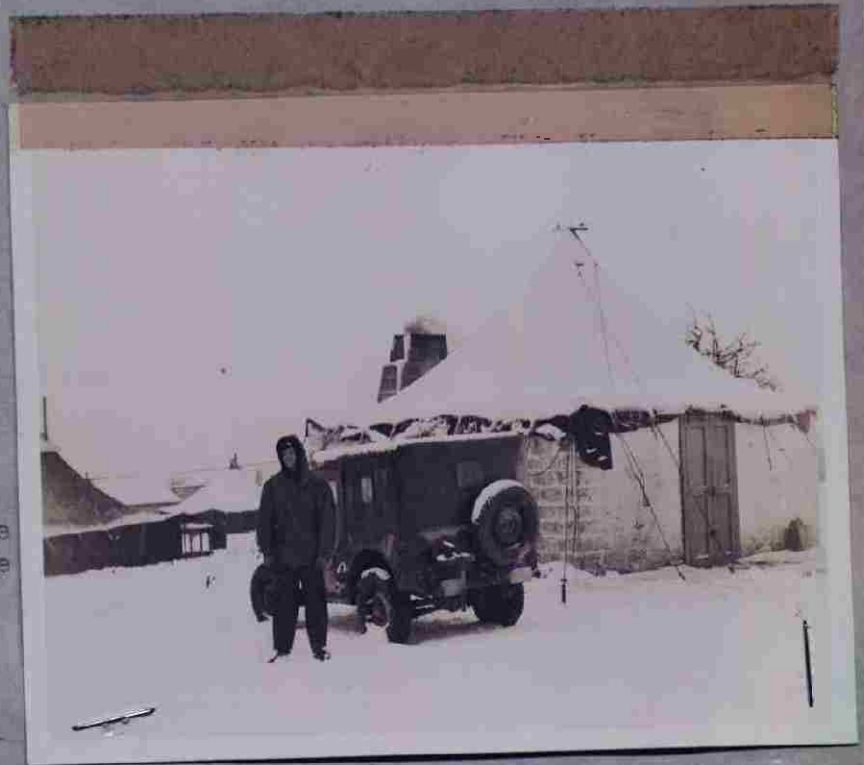


1st Lt Walter J. Chicallo  
Group Armament Officer



"Group Theatre and Gymnasium"

Operations are proceeding  
according to plan.



"Bad Weather Hampered  
Operations on the  
Bomber Front"

Captain Vernon - Group  
Bombardier trying to decide  
if he should go to the line  
- or hit the sack.



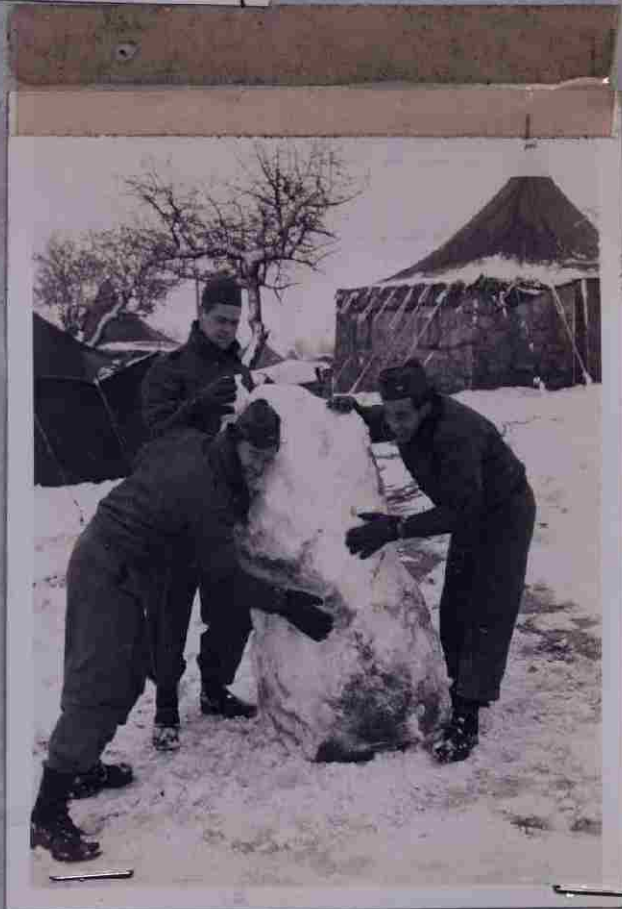
Group Public  
Relations Staff

Kneeling  
S/Sgt John F. Kennedy  
S/Sgt Joseph E. Stewart

Standing  
S/Sgt John P. Wilson  
Capt David M. Camerer  
Cpl Albert G. Salmon

"Snow Man"

Made by  
S/Sgt Theodore J. Hemelt-Gunner  
S/Sgt Emmett L. Dunaway -Gunner  
S/Sgt Alfred J. Flanagan-Gunner



*Jan 45*



"Wash Day"

Sgt William Ensminger and  
M/Sgt Glenn W. Carson  
Ground crew members of the  
777th Squadron give their  
dog Pete a bath.

Jan 45



New skeet range now  
in operation



"My turn next"  
Skeet Range

GROUP HISTORY IN RHYME

## History Of The Group In Rhyme

## Part No 4

Movement of Air Echelson  
21 February to 30 April 1944

After the ground crew  
left Pocatello Idaho  
It continued cold  
with plenty of snow.

On 21st of February  
the planes took to air  
To Lincoln Army Air Base  
leaving Pocatello so fair.

After staging inspection  
and getting new clothes  
Their stay in the States  
drew to a close.

By single crews  
they left one by one  
For Morrison Field Florida  
the land of the sun.

To Puerto Rico  
and Natal, Brazil  
Stopped at British New Guinea  
their gas tanks to fill.

In the Brazilian jungles  
two ships were lost  
Five men were killed  
twas a disheartening loss.

One pilot bailed the crew  
and not withstanding  
The hazards of a crash  
made a good belly landing.

They ran out of gas  
the weather was bad.  
To lose these good men  
was indeed very sad.

Navigator's started sweating  
as they approached Natal  
For the South Atlantic  
was no Erie canal.

They were on the ball  
all during this flight  
They all hit Africa  
that very same night.

Everyone made it  
on this long hop  
They were tired but happy  
when they rolled to a stop.

Then on to Oudna  
Army Air Base  
There were greetings and shouts  
it had been a close race.

Soon boots blossomed out  
on the feet of the crews  
The Arabs and merchants  
soon got the good news.

The 464th  
had finally arrived  
Their business picked up  
and really thrived.

The first plane landed  
on the 9th of March  
Training started all over  
and it was harsh.

Large formations  
and over the sea  
High altitude bombing  
it was not pink tea.

One crew was lost  
on a training flight  
They went into a spin  
twas not a nice sight.

On April the 20th  
they headed to sea  
For the Army Air Base  
at Gioia Italy.

Planes were stripped down  
and guns overhauled  
The Germans didn't realize  
they were soon to be mauled.

On 30th of April  
nineteen forty four  
Our planes took off  
with a mighty roar.

To bomb the enemy  
at Castel Maggoire  
That he started the war  
The Hun would be sorry.

This first mission of ours  
wasn't so hot  
But by God! we've started  
and that means a lot.

We had lots to learn  
as we soon found  
But we will do better  
in the second round.

Part No 5

May 1944

Eighteen missions  
in May forty four  
For a green new Group  
who could ask more?

We dropped 1016 tons  
of T. N. T.  
Thats a lot of bombs  
believe you me.

Oil refineries  
Supply and troop concentrations  
A/C factories and M/Y  
of the Axis Nations.

The Luftwaffe stuck out  
its hairy chin  
Our gunners let go  
and knocked it back in.

Thirteen destroyed  
and probables ten  
Five more damaged  
by our good men.

On our second mission  
we lost our Deputy C.O.  
in an air collision  
with the enemy below.

Lt. Colonel  
Sylvan D. Hand  
Is a prisoner of war  
in enemy land.

Two aircraft accidents  
cost us ships and men  
Two aircraft were lost  
men killed totalled ten.

115 men missing  
on combat crews  
For a brand new Group  
that was very bad news.

Lt. Colonel McKenna  
new Deputy C.O.  
Was a darn good flyer  
and nice to know.



TRAINING

## TRAINING

The Group training section under the able direction of Major John H. McNeely, and Captain Lacey P. Morton is constantly improving the training program and is taking full advantage of the many stand down days to keep both new and old crews thoroughly up to date.

Replacement crews at the present time have an eight (8) day school schedule before flying their first combat mission. This program is being extended to nine (9) days which will include medical training and air crew discipline (Copy of present eight (8) day schedule inclosed).

A comprehensive program of training is being accomplished for the crews who have been in combat for some time. Thirty six (36) crews of ten (10) men each are in constant training seven (7) days a week for eight (8) hours per day. This program places special emphasis on present combat conditions. For example training at the present time is being given to Navigators and Pilots on bad weather navigation and flying and special classes on weather. Gunners are being given special instruction for defense against jet propelled aircraft.

All instructors used by the training section are well qualified and have primary duties in addition to their instructors duties.

During the month of January, 1945 combat crew members, due to the many stand down days received a total of 25,085 man hours training on the ground and 11,840 man hours training in the air. The results of such training cannot help but reflect in future operations.

This comprehensive training program will enable this Group to do a better and more thorough job of bombing which will help to hasten the day of complete victory over the enemy.

NEW CREW INDOCTRINATION SCHEDULE

8 JANUARY 45

CORRECTED COPY DESTROY ALL OTHERS

1st Day

<u>TIME</u>	<u>PERSONNEL</u>	<u>SUBJECT</u>	<u>INSTRUCTOR</u>	<u>PLACE</u>
1500-1510	All Officers & EM	Invocation	Chaplain Eastwood	Briefing Room
1510-1520	" " "	Introduction	S-3 Officer	" "
1520-1530	" " "	Security	Maj. Elder	" "
1530-1600	" " "	Indoctrination	Capt. Morton	" "

2nd Day (1)

Briefing Time	" " "	Briefing	Normal Staff	" "
Take off Time	" " "	Take off	Appendix #1	" "
E T R	" " "	Landing	" "	" "
E T R Plus 30 Min	" " "	Interrogation	" "	Briefing Room

3rd Day

0830-0920	" " "	Escape	Lt. Anderson	Briefing Room
0930-1020	" " "	Oxygen	Capt. Fox	" "
1030-1100	" " "	Carpet	Capt. Stevens	" "
1100-1130	" " "	Weather	Capt. Orton	" "
1400-1500	Pilots & Co-Pilots	Indoctrination #1	S-3	" "
1400-1500	Navigators	Navigation	Capt. Morton	" "
1315-1630	Radio Operators	Procedure	Capt. Colvin	Comm. Bldg.
1315-1630	Engineers	Engineering Check	Sqdn. Engr. Off.	Sqdn. Eng. Bldg.
1315-1630	Gunners	Gunnery	Capt. McWhirter	Gunnery Bldg.
1315-1630	Bombardiers			

4th Day

0900-1200	All Officers & EM	Ditching, P/E Check	Sqdn. P/E Officer	Sqdn. P/E Bldg.
1330-1700	" " "	(2) Photos & Combat Cameras	Capt. Crawford	Photo Building

TITLE	PERSONNEL	SUBJECT	INSTRUCTOR	PLACE
0830-1100	Pilots & Co-Pilots	Code Check	Capt. Colvin	Comm. Bldg.
0840-1115	Bombardiers, Nav. & EM	Gunnery	Capt. McWhirter	Gunnery Bldg.
1315-1415	Pilots & Co-Pilots	Indoctrination #2	S-3	Briefing Room
1315-1500	Navigators	Radar	Lt. Chubert	" "
1315-1500	Bombardiers	Navigation	Capt. Vernon	" "
1500-1600	"	"	Capt. Morton	" "
1315-1700	EM	"	Capt. McWhirter	Gunnery Bldg.
1315-1700	Radio Operators	Gunnery Communications	Capt. Colvin	Comm. Bldg.

6th Day				
0800-1000	Pilots & Co-Pilots	Absolute Altimeter	Capt. Stevens	Radar Bldg.
0800-1000	Navigators	Gee School	Capt. Stevens	" "
0800-1000	Bombardiers	Armament	Lt. Chicardo	Armament
0800-1130	EM	Gunnery	Capt. McWhirter	Gunnery Bldg.
0800-1130	Radio Operators	Communications	Capt. Colvin	Comm. Bldg.
1300-1700	All Officers & EM	Security & Com. Ship	S-2	Briefing Room

HISTORY - BRIEFING - INTERROGATION

7th Day				
0800-1200	Pilot, Co-Pilot, Engr., R.O., Arm.	Standardization Flight	Standard Board	Line
1400-1700	All Officers & EM	" "	Standard Board (Less Radio Operator & Armorer)	Line

8th Day (3)				
0900-1200	All Officers & EM	Examination	To Be Announced	Briefing Room

- (1) If second day is stand down, crews will report to 3rd day training, and continue schedule in rotation until a mission is flown.
- (2) Pictures will be taken of crew. Uniform should be chosen by crew.
- (3) All men bring writing board.

PAPPY CHOATE

PAPPY CHOATE

T/Sgt Vecil E. Choate, age thirty four (34), Engineer Gunner of the 779th Squadron has had an interesting career in the Army and has covered a lot of miles since starting to fly for Uncle Sam.

Sgt Choate entered the Army on 16 December 1941 in the Air Corps and after completing his training headed for the Southwest Pacific in August 1942.

After spending three (3) weeks in Hawaii, Sgt Choate was sent to Australia, spending eleven (11) months during which time he flew fifteen (15) sorties, against the Japs over such targets as Kendari, Rabaul, Amboina and Kupang.

Returning to the States Sgt Choate attended gunnery school and entered his second tour of foreign duty, coming to Italy in July 1944 where he joined the 464th Group.

Sgt Choate completed his thirty five (35) sorties on 20 January on a tough mission over Linz, Austria.

During his stay in Australia, Sgt Choate met the "light of his life" and is sweating out an application for direct transfer to the land down under so that he can marry the girl -- "Pappy" doesn't even want to return via the States.

In order (we suppose) to keep the Italian maidens away, Sgt Choate grew a very impressive mustache and set of chin

PAPPY CHOATE, contd

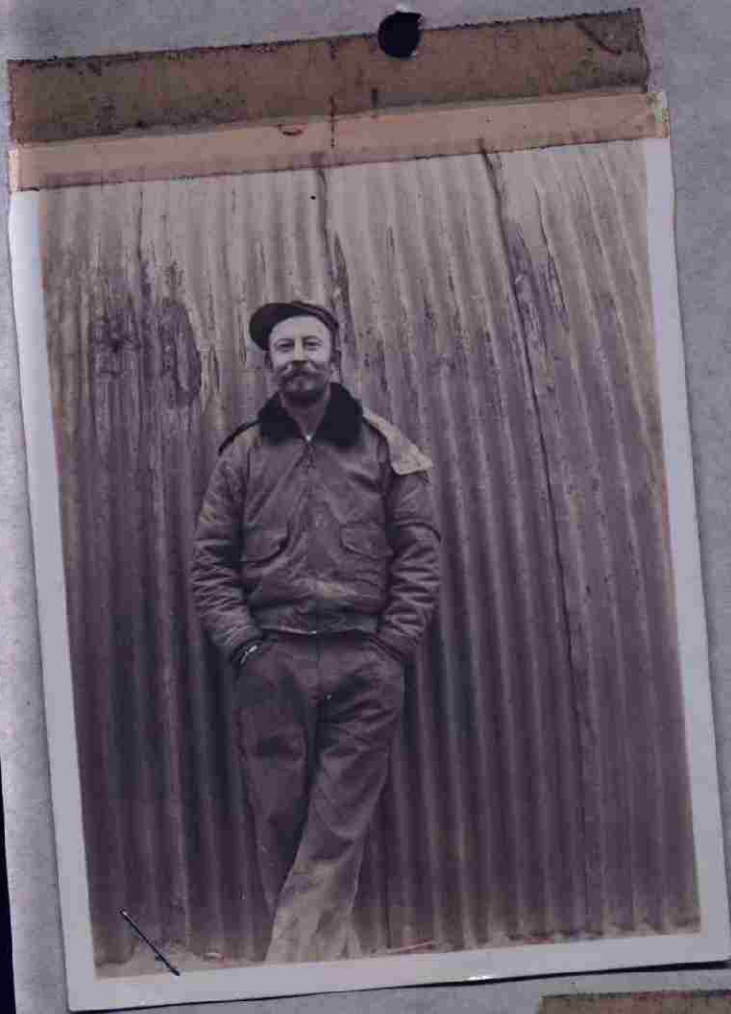
whiskers to hide his handsome face.

Pappy's tent mates finally decided to bring him out in the open and took immediate steps to correct the situation. Shortly thereafter a strange new face was seen in the area - no one recognizing the handsome chap without his whiskers.

Sgt Choate intends to bring his bride to his home town of Jones, Oklahoma when hostilities cease.

(Pictorial record of Pappy inclosed)





"Before"  
"Pappy" Choate and whiskers



"During"  
First the scissors



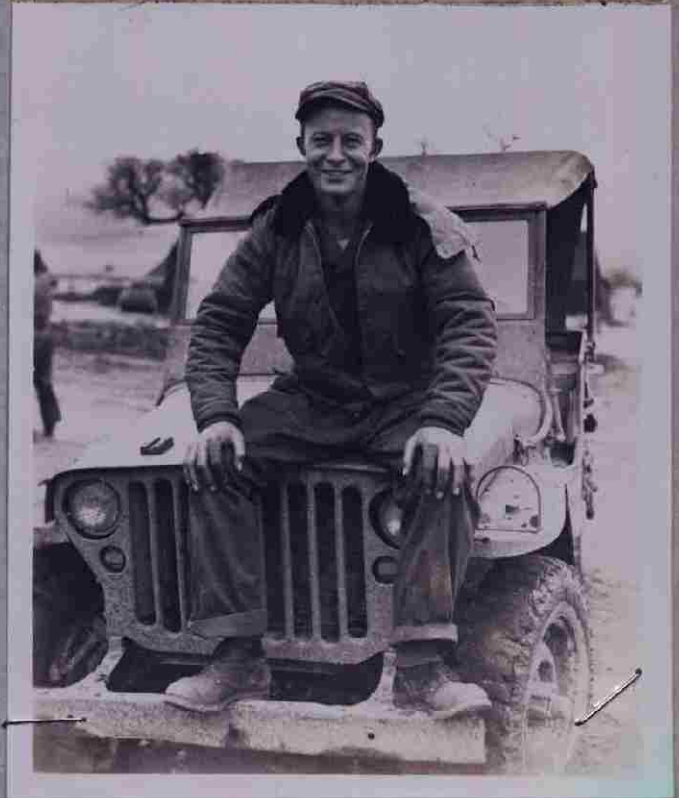
"During"

Then the razor

"After"

"Pappy" Choate minus his whiskers.

No wonder the Australian gals  
fell for him.



PROMOTIONS

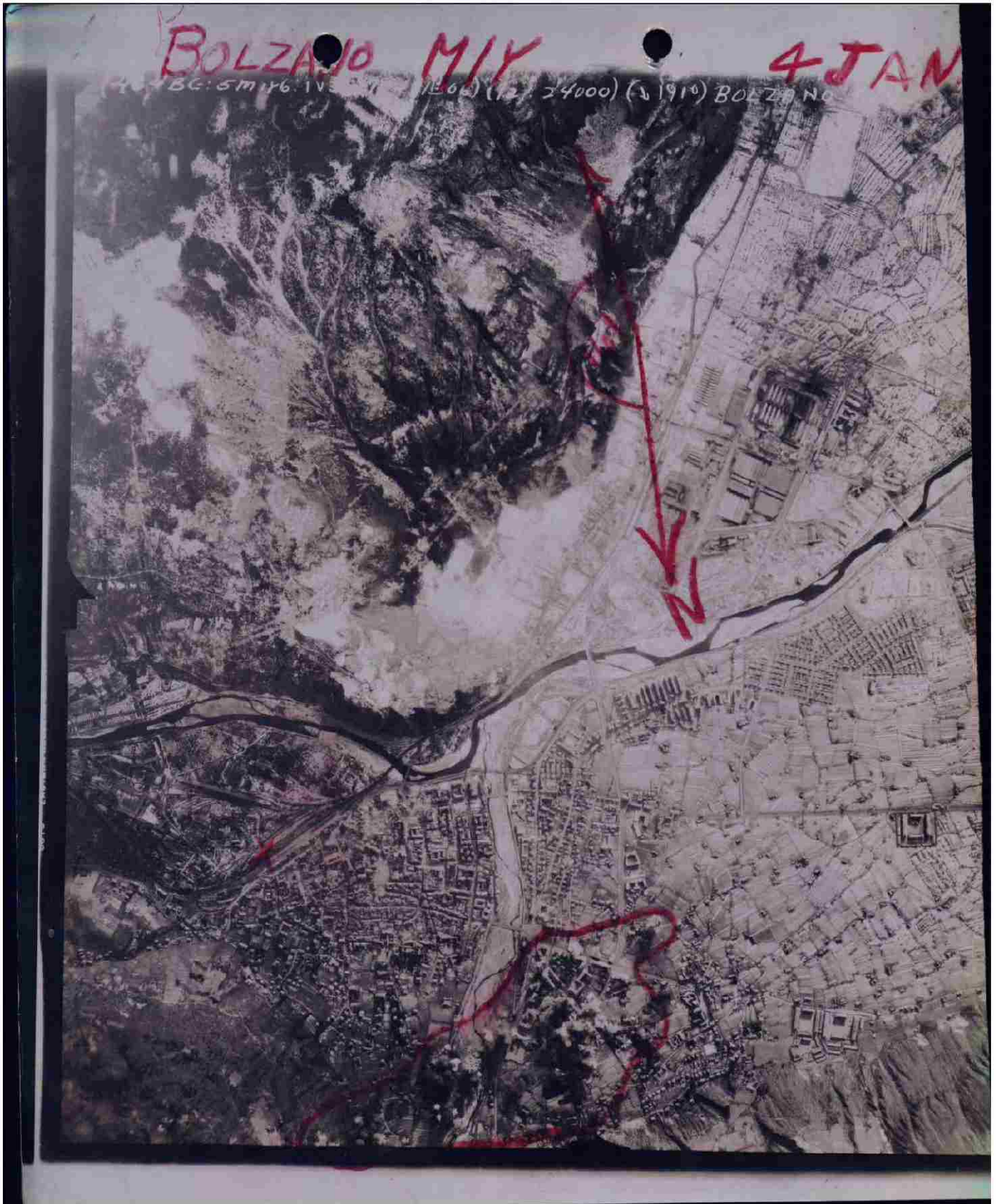
PROMOTIONS

Major John W. Nance, O-790704 - to Lt. Colonel  
SO 26 Par. 15 - Hq. 15th Air Force - 26 January 1945  
Commanding Officer, 776th Bombardment Squadron (H)

Captain Edward M. O'Reilly, O-572881 - to Major  
SO 27 Par. 10 - Hq. 15th Air Force - 27 January 1945  
Executive Officer, 777th Bombardment Squadron (H)

OPERATIONS

NARRATIVE MISSION REPORTS  
BOMB STRIKE PHOTOGRAPHS  
TRACK CHARTS



CONFIDENTIAL

HEADQUARTERS  
464th BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H)  
APO 520 U S Army

BVB/FFE/jmm

319.1

4 January 1945

SUBJECT: Narrative Mission Report

TO : Commanding General, 55th Bombardment Wing (H)  
APO 520, U S Army

1. On 4 January 1945, twenty eight (28) scheduled B-24 a/c took off at 0829A hours to bomb the rolling stock in the Bolzano M/Y. Twenty (20) a/c formed one (1) attack unit which was led by Colonel, A. L. Schroeder, Commanding Officer of the 464th Bombardment Group (H).

2. Eight (8) a/c returned early.

B-24 a/c No 42-78613 returned from the area of the Spur at 1038A hours after losing No 1 engine. This a/c jettisoned eight (8) bombs.

Seven (7) a/c of Charlie Box unable to locate the formation turned at  $45^{\circ}30'N-14^{\circ}25'E$  at 1219A hours and landed between 1354A hours and 1400A hours. The seven (7) a/c brought back all except one (1) bomb which was accidentally released.

3. The Group form-up was not successfully executed due to weather conditions which made it necessary to change form-up plans. The Group Leader was informed by Wing to form up in Area No 4. Subsequently, the leader was told to form up in the normal area and above the overcast, and was later instructed to form up in Area No 4 above the overcast. Form-up was accomplished south of the Spur as was rendezvous with the 465th Bombardment Group (H). Charlie Box failed to locate the formation after joining up in area No 4 according to radio instructions. This box left Lagosta and Sansego at which time Charlie Box Leader was informed that the formation would be five (5) minutes late at Sansego. Charlie Box executed two (2)  $360^{\circ}$  turns at Sansego, and being unable to locate the main formation left the area on course at 1155A hours. Still unable to locate the formation, the Leader of Charlie Box made the decision to return to base at 1219A hours from  $45^{\circ}30'N-14^{\circ}25'E$ .

- 1 -

C O N F I D E N T I A L

Ltr Narr Miss Rpt, 464th Bomb Gp (H), 4 Jan 45, contd

4. Twenty (20) a/c were over the target at 1305A hours, and eighteen (18) a/c dropped thirty six (36) tons of 500 lb GP bombs (.1 nose and mixed .01 and .025 tail fusing) from 23,500 feet.

B-24 a/c No 44-49363 jettisoned two (2) tons of bombs at 1300A hours at 46°40'N-11°15'E because of inability to maintain formation position and altitude after loss of No 2 engine.

B-24 a/c No 42-51563 due to flak damage to the bomb racks was unable to release on the target and jettisoned two (2) tons of bombs at 46°25'N-12°40'E.

One (1) early return jettisoned bombs at 41°30'N-16°30'E at 1105A hours after losing No 1 engine.

One (1) early return accidentally released bombs at 45°30'N-14°20'E, one quarter ton (1/4).

Recapitulation of Bomb Tonnage Disposition:

18 a/c of 20 a/c over target dropped	36.00 tons
2 a/c over target jettisoned	4.00 "
7 a/c (early returns) brought back	13.75 "
1 a/c (of the 7 early returns) accidental release	.25 "
1 a/c (early return) jettisoned	<u>2.00</u> "
Total	56.00 "

5. Bombing was visual. The Group Leader used the C-1 Automatic Pilot on the bomb run.

Bomb strike photos show none of this Group's hits on the marshalling yard. The bomb pattern developed one mile northwest of the yard, at the northern edge of the city of Bolzano. There, approximately twenty five (25) hits were in open areas on the east bank of the Talvera River and more than twice as many additional strikes were among buildings in the residential area on the west bank of the river.

6. Flak at the target of from three (3) to four (4) minutes duration was described as IAH. Crews report that the flak was very accurate, many of the a/c receiving flak damage.

Scant heavy flak was observed at 45°56'N-13°38'E.



C O N F I D E N T I A L

Ltr Narr Miss Rpt, 464th Bomb Gp (H), 4 Jan 45, contd

Crews report that no flak was encountered or observed at Albona (45°05'N-14°07'E, the formation passing over this point at 1140A hours at 18,000 feet.

7. Escort consisting of from twenty (20) to twenty five (25) P-51 a/c made rendezvous with the formation at 1138A hours at Sansego and provided cover on penetration, at the target and on withdrawal to Sansego at 1430A hours.

8. Weather was as follows: 9/10ths to 10/10ths stratocumulus, base 5,000 ft, tops 6,500 ft at take-off which covered local area but cleared over Spur.

Route out, 3/10ths to 5/10ths scattered, tops 7,000 ft over Adriatic with 8/10ths to 10/10ths coverage along Italian coast and 3/10ths to 6/10ths along Yugoslavian coast. 1/10th to 3/10th coverage in North Adriatic. Over Alps, 4/10ths to 7/10ths cirrostratus, base 24,000 ft and clear below except for valley stratus.

At target, 6/10ths to 7/10ths cirrostratus, base 25,000 ft. Visibility was 10 miles in haze.

On return, cloud cover had decreased over Adriatic except for Spur and Gulf north of Spur where there was 8/10ths to 10/10ths stratocumulus, base 3000 ft, tops 7,000 ft. Generally clear to scattered south of San Severo and clear at base on return.

Visibility was generally 12 to 20 miles in haze.

9. The following observations were reported:

<u>Time</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Altitude</u>	<u>Observation</u>
1200A	Trieste Harbor	20,000	Fifteen (15) medium cargo ships.
1335A	45°30'N-13°35'E	20,000	Four (4) large ships possibly troop ships, and seven (7) cargo ships observed in harbor at Portorose.
1355A	45°00'N-14°10'E	18,800	Large barracks and storage installation at this approximate location.
1215A	46°04'N-13°35'E	21,000	Installation - possible power plant.

C O N F I D E N T I A L

Ltr Narr Miss Rpt, 464th Bomb Gp (H), 4 Jan 45, contd

10. Route flown was from base to 42°00'N-16°23'E, then to Sansego and to the target as briefed. From the IP the briefed heading was taken up and flown until just short of the bomb release line where, because of undetermined reasons, the lead a/c went into a skidding left turn which required a sharp correction to the right and a consequent heading of 220 degrees for the axis of attack. The return was generally as briefed to the Spur at which point the Group Leader left the formation to proceed to Bari.

11. Twenty (20) a/c landed at this base between 1532A hours and 1650A hours. The lead a/c landed at Bari at 1605A hours to permit removal of an injured crew member, and landed at this base at 1645A hours. The last a/c landing having difficulty in getting the landing gear down due to flak damage. This a/c circled the field until 1650A hours.

12. Twelve (12) a/c received flak damage. One (1) of these will be inoperational for more than twenty four (24) hours.

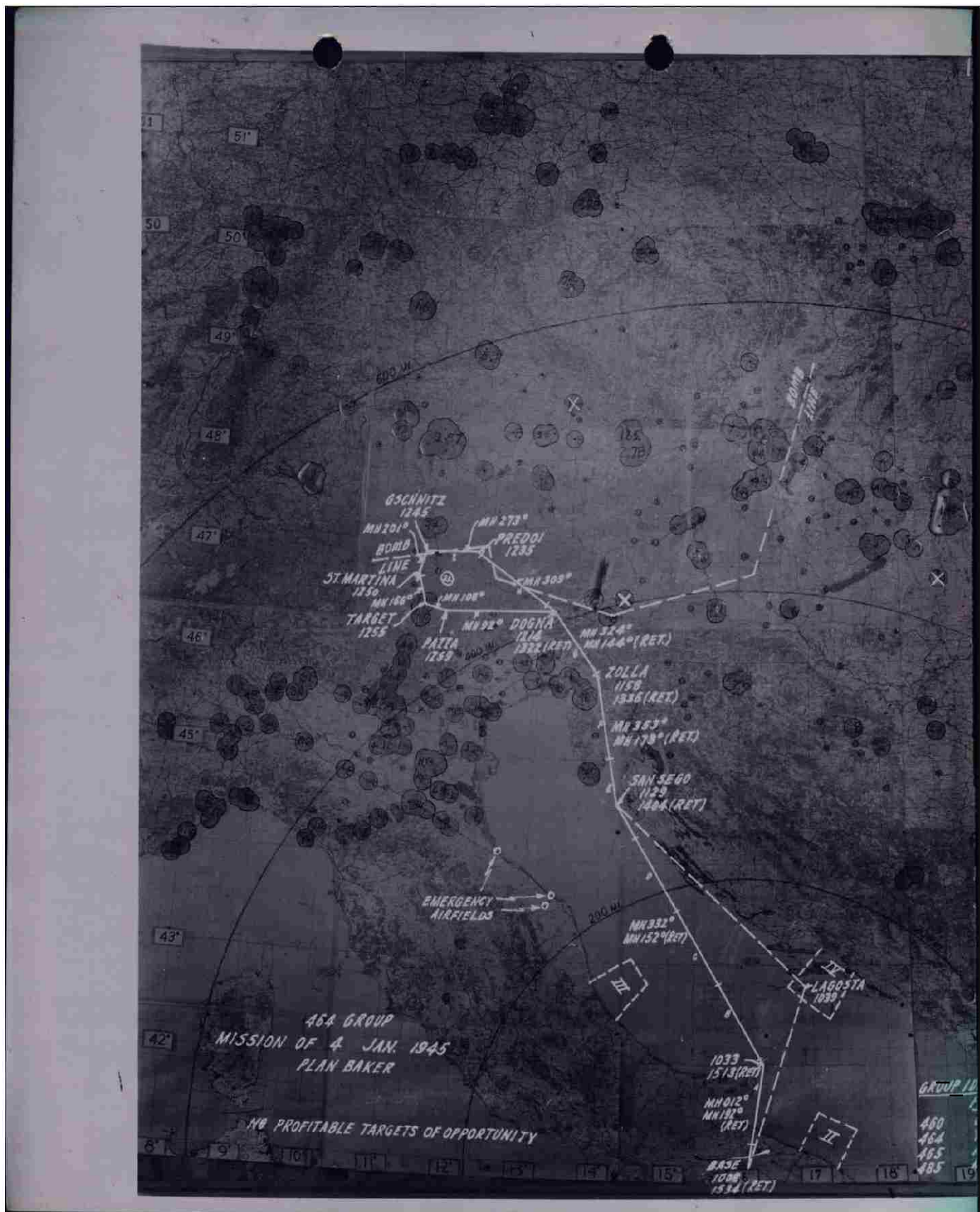
There was one (1) minor and one (1) major crew injury, the latter requiring hospitalization at Bari.

13. Five (5) a/c attempted photographs. Selected print attached.

For the Commanding Officer:

FRANCIS F. ELDER  
Major, AC  
Intelligence Officer

2 Inclosures  
Incl 1 - Track Chart  
Incl 2 - Selected Print



C O N F I D E N T I A L

HEADQUARTERS  
464th BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H)  
APO 520 U S Army

BVB/FFE/rcm

319.1

8 January 1945

SUBJECT: Narrative Mission Report

TO : Commanding General, 55th Bombardment Wing (H)  
APO 520, U S Army

1. On 8 January 1945, twenty eight (28) scheduled B-24 a/c took off to bomb the primary target designated in Operations Order No 6. The twenty eight (28) a/c formed in two (2) attack units, the first of which was led by Lt Colonel James H. Gilson, Commanding Officer of the 779th Bombardment Squadron (H), and the second, by 1st Lt Harry E. Heineman, Flight Leader of the 776th Bombardment Squadron (H).

2. The Group form up, line rendezvous and Wing rendezvous were executed as prescribed.

3. B-24 a/c No 44-49402, designated as the Deputy Lead a/c, returned early from 4135N-1540E, landing at 1015A hours. No 2 engine caught fire and was burning to such an extent, the pilot, after jettisoning bombs bailed out the crew intending to bail out also. The fire extinguished itself and the a/c returned to base on three (3) engines, manned by the pilot alone.

4. Twenty seven (27) a/c were over Klagenfurt, a target of opportunity, at 1158A hours and fourteen (14) a/c dropped twenty eight (28) tons of 500 pound RDX bombs (.1 nose and mixed .01 and .025 tail fusing) from 26,200 feet.

Thirteen (13) a/c of Charlie and Dog boxes returned twenty six (26) tons of bombs to base. These a/c did not release on the target because the second attack unit leader did not release due to the fact that the target could not be identified in the scope, and thick vapor trails obscured the bomb release of the first attack unit.

The one (1) early return jettisoned two (2) tons of bombs at approximately 4135N-1540E at 1000A hours.

#### Recapitulation of Bomb Tonnage Disposition

14 a/c of 27 a/c over target dropped	28 tons
13 a/c over target returned to base	26
1 a/c jettisoned	2
Total	56 tons

C O N F I D E N T I A L

Ltr Narr Miss Rpt, contd

Bombing was by PFF method. The leader of the first attack unit made the bomb run using the C-1 automatic pilot, while the second attack unit leader made the run manually.

Bombs away photos show a ten-tenths overcast obscuring bomb strikes and all terrain detail. It is not possible to estimate the area of impacts.

5. No flak was encountered at the target or on the route; however SH flak was observed at Pola.

6. Forty (40) to fifty (50) P-38 a/c were reported observed at 1105A hours at 4440N-1310E. Though not designated as escort the P-38 a/c furnished escort on penetration to the target and withdrawal from the target being last observed at 1225A hours at 4516N-1410E.

7. Weather was 2/10 cumulus and stratocumulus at take-off and 3/10 cirrus above 2000 feet, visibility 20 miles.

Generally clear to coast. Over south and central Adriatic 8/10 to 10/10 cumulus in eastern half and generally clear to scattered in western half.

Over south slopes of Alps a 10/10 cumulus with tops to north to 15000 feet.

Over south slopes of Alps a 10/10 cirrus layer was encountered, base 22000 feet, tops 25000 feet. A 10/10 cumulus layer was below, tops unknown. Persistent vapor trails were forming at 25000 feet.

At target 10/10 cirrus, tops 24000, visibility 20 miles.

Little change on return, scattered cumulus at base on landing.

8. Twenty six (26) a/c landed at this base between 1405A hours and 1430A hours without incident. One (1) a/c is down at a friendly field.

9. The route up the Adriatic was flown left of the briefed course and west of Pola. At 1130A hours the Wing leader instructed the Group leader to bomb Villach M/Y. The formation passed seven (7) miles west of Udine, then to 4538N-1320E, there on a heading of 110° into the target. Villach could not be picked up in the scope of the lead a/c; so the run was continued on the same approximate heading. Klagenfurt was identified in the scope and the decision was made to bomb Klagenfurt. On return the formation passed between Trieste and Fiume, thence straight to base.

10. The PFF set in the lead a/c worked satisfactorily, being used as an aid to navigation enroute and for the bomb

C O N F I D E N T I A L

Ltr Narr Miss Rpt, contd

run. Villach could not be identified in the scope, but Klagenfurt was picked up and identified without difficulty by its shape and its position in the valley. The navigator gave four (4) sighting angles to the bombardier and made four (4) course corrections, the last one being a 2 degree right correction.

The PFF set in the lead a/c of the second attack unit worked in a satisfactory manner for navigational purposes on route to target. In the target area, only weak returns appeared on the scope due to malfunction of the oscillator. With manual operation neither Villach or Klagenfurt could be identified.

11. One (1) crew member of those who bailed out of the Deputy Lead a/c received major injuries and was hospitalized. One (1) crew member bailing out is not accounted for.

12. Three (3) a/c attempted photos. A bombs-away photograph is attached.

For the Commanding Officer:

FRANCIS F. ELDER  
Major, AC  
Intelligence Officer

2 Inclosures  
Incl 1 - Selected photograph  
Incl 2 - Track Chart

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C O N F I D E N T I A L

HEADQUARTERS  
464TH BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H)  
APO 520 U S Army

MCK/FFE/hob

319.1

19 January 1945

SUBJECT: Narrative Mission Report

TO : Commanding General, 55th Bombardment Wing (H)  
APO 520, U S Army

1. On 19 January 1945, twenty four (24) scheduled B-24 a/c plus four (4) spares took off, starting at 0850A hours to bomb the primary target named in Operations Order No. 18, dated 18 January 1945.

The twenty eight (28) a/c formed into two (2) attack units, the first being led by Major John W. Nance, Commanding Officer of the 776th Bombardment Squadron (H), and the second by 1st Lt George H. Grotelueschen, Flight Leader of the 776th Bombardment Squadron (H).

2. Group form up and bomber rendezvous was made as planned without incident, being on course over Spinazzola at 1016A hours at 10,000 feet.

3. Two (2) a/c returned early:

(a) A/C No 42-51563 turned back at (42°00'N-16°00'E) as left landing gear would not stay in retract position. This a/c returned two (2) tons of bombs to base.

(b) A/C No 44-49696 turned back at (41°53'N-16°17'E) at 1035A hours due to No 4 prop feathering itself and loss of No 4 turbo. This a/c jettisoned two (2) tons of bombs at (41°53'N-16°17'E) in the Adriatic.

4. This Group turned back at 1151A hours at (45°30'N-15°10'E) after receiving orders from the Wing Air Commander of the 485th Bombardment Group (H), who advised that the 485th Group had been over the primary and both alternate targets and they were closed in.

- 1 -

~~C O N F I D E N T I A L~~

C O N F I D E N T I A L

Ltr Narr Miss Rpt, contd

At the time this Group turned back they were approaching multi layer clouds with tops of 28,000 feet, with a low layer at 10,000 feet.

The twenty six (26) a/c returned their full bomb load of fifty two (52) tons of bombs to base.

One (1) early return jettisoned two (2) tons of bombs and one (1) early return returned two (2) tons to base. (See paragraph No 2 (a) and 2 (b) for reasons).

5. The weather was clear except for scattered stratocumulus at take-off.

Over Adriatic increasing cumulus becoming 8/10 to 10/10 on Yugoslavia coast and continuing remainder of route. Tops were about 10,000 feet.

3/10 to 4/10 cirrus at 26,000 feet from Yugoslavia coast northward.

Weather conditions at point formation turned back were 4/10 cirrus and 10/10 stratocumulus, tops 10,000 feet. Visibility was 15 miles.

Little change on return. Scattered cumulus at base.

6. Twenty six (26) a/c landed at this base between 1340A and 1400A hours.

7. Route was flown as briefed with only slight deviations to avoid weather. Track chart showing route flown inclosed.

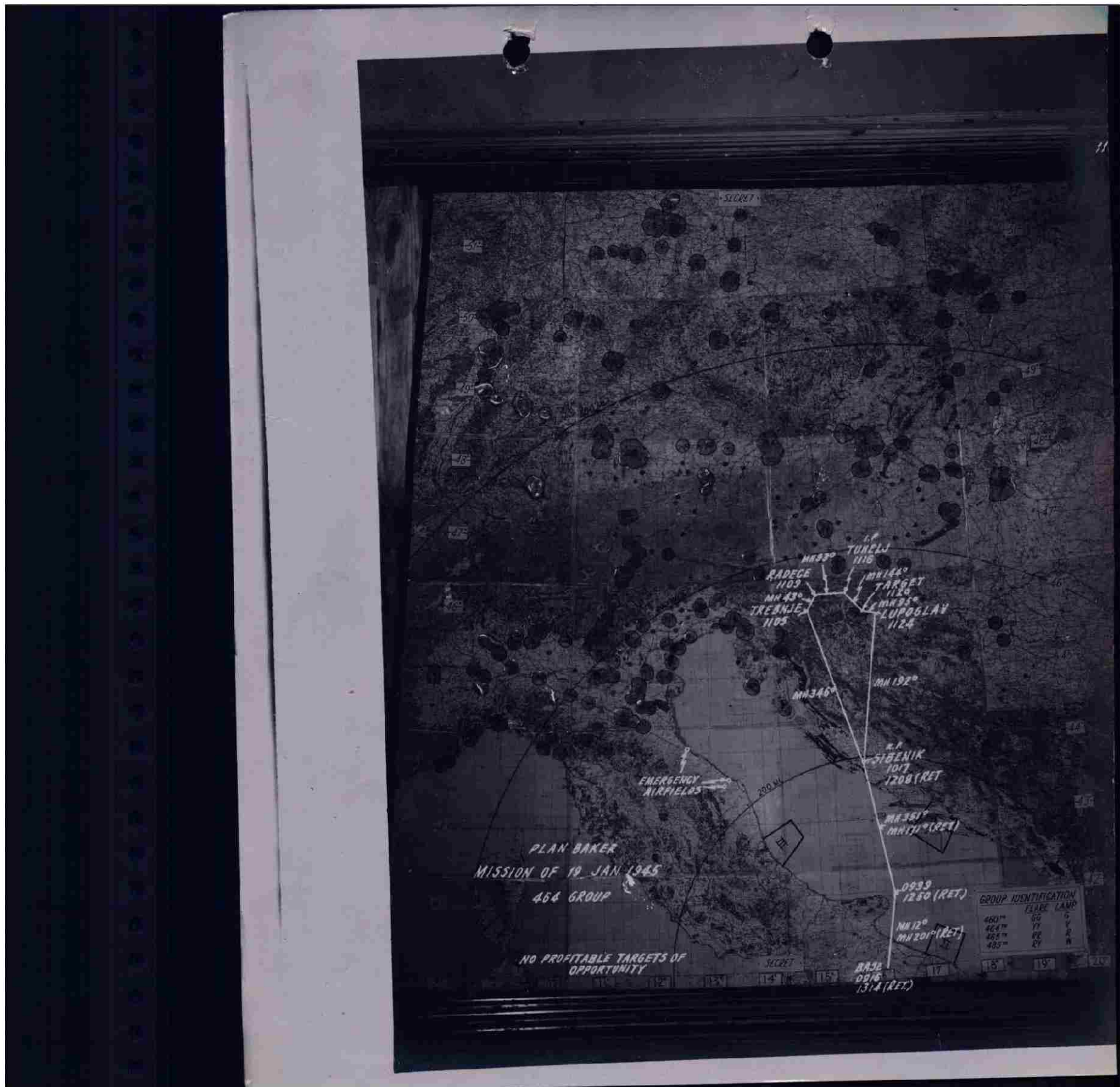
For the Commanding Officer:

FRANCIS F. ELDER  
Major, AC  
Intelligence Officer

1 Inclosure - Track Chart

- 2 -

~~C O N F I D E N T I A L~~



C O N F I D E N T I A L

HEADQUARTERS  
 464TH BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H)  
 APO 520 U S Army

HHS/FFB/rcm

319.1

21 January 1945.

SUBJECT: Narrative Mission Report

TO : Commanding general, 55th Bombardment Wing (H)  
 APO 520, U S Army

1. On 20 January 1945, twenty four (24) a/c plus four (4) spares, took off to bomb Communications Installations at Linz, Austria. Twenty seven (27) of these a/c took off from 0810A hours, to 0820 hours, with the twenty eighth (28th) a/c a late take-off at 0917A hours.

2. The twenty eight (28) a/c formed into two (2) attack units, the first being led by Lt. Col. William G. Moore, Commanding Officer of the 777th Bombardment Squadron (H), and the second by Captain Keith Cooke, Flight Leader, 777th Bombardment Squadron (H).

3. a. Group form-up and assembly were as prescribed, with no adverse effects from local weather.

b. The two group rendezvous was made at 10,000 feet, rather than at 8,000 feet, in accordance with Wing instructions, due to known weather conditions ahead, and the need for rapid climb necessary to surmount cloud forms. Weather offered no difficulties to this rendezvous, which was executed as prescribed.

c. To further expedite his Group's climb above expected weather conditions, the 464th Bomb Gp's Leader commenced to climb immediately following the two group rendezvous. Wing rendezvous was then made as prescribed, except that the 464th Bomb Gp was at 11,500 feet, at 0936A hours (one minute late).

d. Starting on course toward the Key Point, climb was rapidly made to get above expected weather ahead. Due to solid built-up cumulus clouds to 24,000 feet along course over the Adriatic, the Wing formation detoured to twenty (20) miles left over the Adriatic until sufficient altitude had been obtained to get above the cloud undercast. During this portion of the flight, the Group Leader, to retain his correct bombing altitude in relation to the other Groups, endeavored to remain 1000 feet higher than the other Groups of the Wing. No weather difficulties were encountered, and the somewhat scattered, the

C O N F I D E N T I A L

Ltr Narr Miss Rpt cont'd

elements of the Wing formation were in sight.

e. Just before the Key Point, an altitude of 28,000 feet was reached, 1,500 feet above the other Groups. At the Key Point, the weather was 10/10ths clouds, tops at 25,000 feet, with the temperature  $-51^{\circ}\text{C}$ . At this point, the Group formation was considered fair, with no great weather difficulties as yet having been encountered.

f. Leveling off at 28,000 feet, flight was made on course toward the target. From the Key Point to the target, no actively adverse weather conditions were encountered. At the southern edge of the Alps, the undercast dissipated, with the remainder of the route clear. The extreme cold conditions, however, caused increasing difficulties. Pilots and co-pilots found their windshields becoming heavily frosted inside. Very heavy vapor trails were formed. Because of their greatly impaired visibility, pilots of individual a/c, found it increasingly difficult to retain their respective formation positions. Cold further complicated the flying of close formation by stiffening of controls, and in some cases, by their freezing, necessitating constant effort to break them free. On many a/c, the additional and grave difficulty of freezing oxygen equipment was encountered.

g. Ralliating from the target, cloud undercast was again encountered on the return route, with tops from about 20,000 to 27,000 feet. These clouds, in themselves, offered no difficulties for formation flying, except in necessitating the retention of high altitude, in extreme cold, to the Yugoslavia coast. Pilots of individual a/c found their difficulties steadily increasing as more and more frost accumulated on their wind shields, further obscuring their vision.

h. From the Yugoslav coast to base, the briefed course could not be flown, due to solid clouds to high altitudes. Twenty (20) miles to the right of course, however, 4/10ths clouds, tops from 12,000 to 20,000 feet, were not considered detrimental to formation flying.

4. Nine (9) a/c returned early:

a. A/C No 44-41227 turned back at 1042A hours at 4330n-1538E, due to severe oxygen leaks. This a/c returned one and eight-tenths (1.8) of bombs to base.

b. A/C No 49146 turned back at 1112A hours at 2506N-1401E, due to a lost turbo on No 4 engine, and No 3

C O N F I D E N T I A L

Ltr Narr Miss Rpt, contd

engine running away. This a/c returned one and eight-tenths (1.8) tons of bombs to base.

c. A/C No 42-51264 turned back at 1145A hours at 4537N-1254E, due to engines delivering insufficient power to keep up with formation. This a/c returned one and eight-tenths (1.8) tons of bombs to base.

d. A/C No 42-78472 turned back at 1128A hours at 4450N-1325E, due to the loss of all oxygen from all stations except the right waist and ball turret. This a/c returned one and eight-tenths (1.8) tons of bombs to base.

e. A/C No 44-49837 turned back at 4810N-1350E, due to an oxygen leak. This a/c jettisoned one and eight-tenths (1.8) tons of bombs at 4610N-1350E at 1216A hours.

f. A/C No 42-50752 turned back at 1127A hours at 4455N-1315E, due to loss of power in Nos 1 and 3 engines. This a/c returned one and eight-tenths (1.8) tons of bombs to base.

g. A/C No 42-51736 turned back at 1220A hours at 4749N-1230E, due to fuel shortage and inability to keep up with formation, because of a bomb bay door stuck half open, causing drag. This a/c returned one and eight-tenths (1.8) tons of bombs to base.

h. A/C No 44-49731, turned back at 1223A hours at 4700N-1350E, due to freezing of the oxygen system. As a result of this freezing, three crew members lost consciousness and it was necessary to lose altitude immediately and quickly to revive them. Due to the bomb bay doors freezing open, causing excessive gasoline consumption, it was necessary to jettison one and eight-tenths (1.8) tons of bombs at 1229A hours at 4630N-1450E.

i. A/C No 42-78490 returning early, crashed at 4700N-1350E at approximately 1430A hours. Eight (8) of the crew members bailed out of this a/c at low altitude, with the pilot and co-pilot remaining in as it crashed. Cause of the crash is not, as yet, conclusively known, but is believed to have been loss of controls. Of the eight (8) men jumping, five (5) were killed, two (2) were injured, and one (1) seriously injured. The pilot and co-pilot both received major injuries, and have been hospitalized.

5. a. Nineteen (19) a/c were over Linz at 1251A hours.

C O N F I D E N T I A L

Ltr-Narr Miss Rpt, contd

From an attack axis of 115°, from 28,000 feet, thirty one and ninety five hundredths (31.95) tons of 100 pound clustered GP bombs, fused .1 nose and .025 tail, were dropped.

b. A/C No 44-49696, as a result of what was believed frozen racks, was forced to jettison eight (8) of its bombs at 4827N-1415E, or four-tenths (.4) tons. Still unable to release one (1) bomb, five one-hundredths (.05) ton was returned to base.

c. A/C No 44-49796, jettisoned its full bomb load of one and eight-tenths (1.8) tons at 1237A hours at 4828N-1327E. This action was necessary to retain position with the formation, as two turbo super-chargers had become inoperative.

d. Bombing recapitulation is as follows:

Six (6) ER a/c brought back	10.80 tons
Two (2) ER a/c jettisoned	3.60 "
One (1) ER a/c (crashed)	1.80 "
Eighteen (18) a/c on target	31.95 "
One (1) a/c brought back	.05 "
Two (2) a/c jettisoned	2.20 "
Total	50.40 "

6. Bombing was visual, with assistance on approach to the target being rendered by PFF operators of both Group Leader and Second Attack Unit Leader. G-1 automatic pilot equipment was used during the bomb run by the Group Leader. Due to extremely erratic functioning of his G-1 equipment, the second attack unit leader used PDI for his bombing run.

7. Limited photo coverage shows a few of the first impacts in the residential area 2500 feet northwest of the railroad station. A bombs away photo from Charley Box shows the marshalling yard as yet free of impacts. From the position of the falling bombs, it is estimated that their point of impact would be several thousand feet northeast of the target and near the Danube River. On this mission, a majority of the cameras dispatched were either lost, returned early, or landed at other airfields.

8. a. IAH flak was encountered at Linz. Duration of time in range was expressed at 4/5 minutes. An unusually large percentage of white bursts was observed.

C O N F I D E N T I A L

Ltr Narr Miss Rpt, contd

b. IAH flak was encountered by an ER a/c at Gelje (4615N - 1505E). Off course, due to avoiding the Udine area, considerable damage occurred to this a/c at this location.

c. M H flak was observed at 1245A hours at Burghausen 4810N-1250E. This flak was described as highly concentrated.

d. S A H flak was observed from Trieste by an ER a/c at 1210A hours. Though away from this a/c, altitude was reported as very accurate.

9. Rendezvous with thirty (30) P-38s was made at 1145A hours at 4530N-1500E. Escort was last observed at 1410A hours at 4530N-1445E.

10. Weather enroute was reported as follows:

Base on take-off,

4/10 altostratus 10000'. Few patches of stratocumulus.

Route out,

Heavy cumulus was encountered over Spur, base 4000' tops 15000'. Up the Adriatic heavy swelling cumulus, 10/10 coverage, tops 2000' with some cumulonimbus visible building higher. Clouds appeared heavier to east, but breaks were visible to west over Italian mainland. Undercast of swelling cumulus continued over entire Adriatic, tops lowering gradually over land in north Italy, tops 15000', and became more stratiform. Cloudiness stopped at Alps, with mts visible. North of Alps clear with 20 mile visibility.

Target,

Clear. Visibility 20 miles.

Route back,

Clear north of Alps. South of Alps, 10/10 thick stratiform deck, tops 20000', merging into cumulus over Adriatic. Over Adriatic 8/10 heavy cumulus tops to 20000' with some building to 25000'. Cumulus continued to Italian mainland, breaking west of Spur.

Base on return,

5/10 cumulus, base 3500'. Heavy cumulus swelling visible to east.

Temperatures,

Italian Coast (out)	15700'	-20
North Adriatic	25000'	-52
Prata	25000'	-50
Ancona	6500'	-06
Target	27500'	-53

Winds,

Spur	10000'	310 deg	25 K
4540N-1400E	235000'	310 deg	45 K

- 5 -



C O N F I D E N T I A L

Ltr Narr Miss Rpt, contd

4233N-1456E	15000'	310 deg	37 K
4340N-1425E	17500'	300 deg	37 K

11. a. Twelve (12) a/c landed at this base from 1510A hours to 1550A hours.

b. A/C No 44-41339, successfully bailed out its crew close to this base at 1513A hours, because it is believed of engine failures. Of the ten (10) crew personnel, four (4) were injured, two (2) sufficiently to require hospitalization. The a/c flying on automatic pilot crashed in the Adriatic Sea.

12. Four (4) a/c landed at friendly fields. One of these a/c, No 44-49314, crash landed at the 484th Bomb Gp (H) base. This a/c, flown by Major John H. McNeely, Group Deputy Leader and Group Asst Operations Officer, after extensive mechanical difficulty to and from the target, aggravated by flak damage at the target, turned in to land at the other field, due to lack of gasoline. On the downwind leg, Nos 3 and 4 engines ran out of gasoline, with No 2 engine the only one remaining in operation. A crash, wheels up, landing was effected. The a/c was reported damaged beyond repair, with all crew members uninjured.

13. Two (2) a/c are missing.

a. Information concerning a/c No 42-78488, is completely lacking. Interrogation of crews has disclosed no evidence of this a/c being in difficulties, nor time nor place where last seen. An unidentified B-24 type a/c seen in a steep dive at 1315A hours, at (4824N-1503E) affords the only information received, which might be connected with this a/c.

b. A/C No 42-52070 was last seen when it dropped out of formation and headed for base at (4818N-1243E). At this time all four (4) engines were operating, and no apparent trouble could be seen. During prior flight, however, this a/c had lagged behind the formation several times.

14. Route was flown as briefed except for deviations due to heavy cloud formations. These variations in route are described in paragraph 3, and are graphically shown on the inclosed track chart.

15. Fourteen (14) a/c are known to have received flak damage. Of these a/c, four (4) will be out of operation for

C O N F I D E N T I A L

Ltr Narr Miss Rpt, contd

more than seventy two (72) hours.

16. A total of six (6) injuries have been presently reported as a result of this mission. Three (3) crew members received major injuries requiring hospitalization, while three (3) others had minor wounds. These figures do not include killed and injured personnel as described in paragraph 4 i, and paragraph 11 b.

17. One crew reported no flak observed at Volkermarkt (4639N-1438E) from course above, at 24,000 feet. This has been listed as a crew report flak location.

18. One (1) a/c, returning to base, attempted bomb strike photographs, with limited coverage. A selected print is inclosed.

For the Commanding Officer:

FRANCIS F. ELDER  
Major, AC  
Intelligence Officer

2 Inclosures  
Incl 1 - Track Chart  
Incl 2 - Selected Print



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HEADQUARTERS  
464th BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H)  
APO 520 U S Army

MCK/FFE/rem

319.1

31 January 1945

SUBJECT: Narrative Mission Report

TO : Commanding General, 55th Bombardment Wing (H)  
APO 520, U S Army

1. On 31 January 1945, twenty (20) of twenty one (21) scheduled B-24 a/c comprising the Red Force took off starting at 0610A hours to bomb Moosbierbaum Oil Refinery.

A/C No 42-52557, W:K, failed to take off because two (2) turrets were inoperative and the crew took off in a/c No 42-94878, B:W, but was too late to join the formation. This a/c joined the Blue Force.

Red Force of twenty (20) B-24 a/c was led by Lt Colonel Elvin E Goodyear, Group Operations Officer.

2. Group form up was as planned. Rendezvous with 465th was made five (5) miles short of Andria and turned for Spinazzola. Arrived at Spinazzola at 0922A hours and this Group made an S turn and came back over Spinazzola on course at 0926A hours.

3. Nineteen (19) a/c were over the target at 1317A hours (briefed target time 1309A hours) and sixteen (16) a/c dropped thirty and one half (30½) tons of 500 lb GP bombs (.1 nose and .01 and .025 mixed tail fuse) from 24,500 feet on a heading of 235°.

One (1) a/c dropped two (2) tons on target of opportunity due to bomb doors not opening over primary target. Railroad round houses at Nagykaniza (4627N-1659E) was bombed. Crew reports six (6) hits on the single track railroad and two (2) hits near a round house or turntable.

Four (4) a/c jettisoned five and one half (5½) tons:  
A/C No 44-40928 jettisoned one and one half tons (1½) at 4730N-1750E at 1235A hours due to trouble with #3 and #4 turbos, jettisoned to lighten load.

A/C No 44-49514 jettisoned two (2) tons at 1320A hours three (3) minutes after target - due to the fact that salvo lever would not function. Pilot used his salvo lever to jettison.

- 1 -

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C O N F I D E N T I A L

Ltr Near Miss Rpt, contd

A/C No 44-48880 jettisoned two (2) tons at 1352A hours at 4607N-1715E due to bomb bay doors not opening over the target.

A/C No 44-49790 jettisoned one half (½) ton at 1340A hours at 4715N-1550E. These two (2) bombs hung up due to rack malfunction.

The disposition of the bomb load of one (1) a/c missing is unknown.

Recapitulation of bombs

Dropped on target	30½ tons
Jettisoned	5½
Dropped on target of opportunity	2
Missing a/c	2
Total	<u>40 tons</u>

Bombing was by PFF. The mickey operator in the lead a/c reported interference due to a faulty inverter. Target was picked up thirty five (35) miles away and the target was identified on the bomb run.

Five (5) sighting angles and two (2) course corrections were made. The last course correction was 2° to the right twelve (12) miles from the target.

The cooperation between the bombardier and the Mickey operator was very good on the bomb run.

On return the inverter blew out and the Mickey operator had to change inverters, in the meantime the DR Navigator took over on DR until repairs were made.

Bombs away photos from Red Force show a ten-tenths overcast with neither target nor adjacent terrain detail visible. It is not possible to estimate the area of bomb impacts.

4. All three (3) box leaders used G-1 automatic pilot on the bomb run.

5. Flak at the target was reported to be S to MIH. Flak was on both sides behind the formation. Flak was encountered at the following locations:

- 2 -

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Ltr Narr Miss Rpt, contd

Nagykaniza (4627N-1659E)	S A H
(4605N-1605E)	S A H
(4634N-1617E)	I I H
(4625N-1645E)	I I H
Varazodin	M A H

Flak was observed at 4808N-1724E as S H and at Maribor S H.

6. Rendezvous was made with twenty five (25) P-51 a/c at 0950A hours at 4537N-1718E and were last observed at 1400A hours at 4230N-1650E. Ten (10) P-38 a/c were seen at 1215A hours at 4744N-1719E and last observed at 1320A hours just after the target. Both P-51 and P-38 a/c were over the target area with the bombers. P-51 a/c were believed to be from the 52nd Fighter Group.

7. One (1) a/c is at a friendly field. A/C No 44-49653 landed at vis; information being received by telephone from Wing A3.

One (1) a/c is missing. A/C No 42-51423 was last observed at 1255A hours at 4819N-1730E where it turned back with #2 engine feathered. A/C radioed that it was heading back to the base. When last observed a/c seemed to be under control.

One a/c suffered minor flak damage.

8. Due to overcast conditions no military observations were reported.

9. Eighteen (18) a/c landed at this base between 1515A and 1536A hours.

10. Route was not flown as briefed. The course was approximately twenty (20) miles to the right from the Key Point to the turn point at Cifer. After leaving the target the PFF equipment in the lead a/c went out and the route was approximately 2 to 3 miles to the left of course to Nagykaniza 4627N-1659E where the route was flown as briefed to the base. Track chart showing route flown inclosed.

11. Three (3) a/c attempted photographs. Selected print showing bombs away picture with 10/10 cloud coverage inclosed.

12. The Blue Force, comprising twenty one (21) B-24 a/c plus one (1) a/c of the Red Force took off starting at 0910A hours to bomb Moosbierbaum Oil Refinery.

The Blue Force of twenty two (22) B-24 a/c was led by Lt Colonel William G. Moore Jr, Commanding Officer of the 777th Bombardment Squadron (H).

- 3 -

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C O N F I D E N T I A L

Ltr Narr Miss Rpt, contd

13. Group form up was as planned. Rendezvous was made over Andria with the 465th, they being above the overcast and the 464th below the overcast. Wing rendezvous was made in a satisfactory manner, being on course over Spinazzola at 1026A hours.

At 1320A hours the range unit in the PFF set went out and the Group Leader surrendered the lead to a/c No 42-95613 Baker Box leader 1st Lt Arnold E. Klimpel, Deputy Flight Leader of the 778th Bombardment Squadron (H) who led the Group over the target. After the target the Group Leader took the lead again on the return to the base.

14. One (1) a/c was an early return and one (1) a/c was a prior return.

(a) A/C No 42-94878 turned back at 1230A hours at (4529-1704) as #3 supercharger ran away and #4 prop governor was fluctuating excessively. This a/c returned two (2) tons of bombs to base.

(b) A/C No 42-50728 turned back at 1238A hours at (4610N-1635E) due to loss of #1 engine. This a/c dropped two (2) tons of bombs on a target of opportunity at 1243A hours at (4605N-1639E) Carevdar from 19,500 feet on a heading of 180°. Due to not having a bomb sight the target was missed.

15. Twenty (20) a/c were over the target at 1429A hours (briefed target time 1409A hours) and nineteen (19) a/c dropped thirty six and one half (36½) tons of 500 pound G.P. bombs (.1 and .01 and .025 mixed tail fuse) from 24,500 feet on a heading of 237°.

One (1) a/c No 42-50728 dropped two (2) tons on target of opportunity (see paragraph #14(b) above).

Two (2) a/c jettisoned three and one half (3½) tons:

A/C No 42-51644 jettisoned two (2) tons at 1424A hours at (4822N-1718E) due to accidental release before target when intervalometer dropped bombs without release switch being tripped.

A/C No 44-49837 jettisoned one and one half (1½) tons at 1425A hours at (4830N-1613E) due to intervalometer malfunction.

One (1) a/c No 42-94878 returned two (2) tons of bombs to base (see paragraph #14 (a) ).

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C O N F I D E N T I A L

Ltr Narr Miss Rpt, contd

## Recapitulation of bombs

Dropped on target	36.5 tons
Target of opportunity	2
Jettisoned	3.5
Returned to base	2
Total	<u>44 tons</u>

Bombing was by PFF method. The lead PFF a/c picked up the target forty (40) miles away and the target was properly identified on the bomb run.

Four (4) sighting angles were given and two (2) course corrections were made, the last being 2° to the right at eight (8) miles from the target.

The cooperation between the bombardier and Mickey operator was good. On the rally the oscillator went out and the original Group Leader took over the lead back to the base.

Photos taken by Blue force show bombs away only. All target and terrain detail is obscured by clouds. It is impossible to estimate the bomb impact area.

16. The Group leader used the C-1 automatic pilot. The leader of Baker Box dropped on Charlie 11 due to PFF being out. The leader of Charlie Box dropped on Able Box on order of the Group Leader.

17. Flak at the target was reported as S I H, with several a/c reporting no flak. On the approach to the target there were many flak bursts in the sky but the flak appeared to almost disappear at the time this Group went over the target.

Flak was encountered at the following locations:

4518N-1705E	(R.R. to Zagreb)	S A H	3 to 5 bursts
4521N-1659E	(Novska)	S A H	
4516N-1654E	(Jasenovac)	S A H	30 bursts
4556N-1714E		S A H	Believed by Flak

18. Rendezvous was made with twenty five (25) P-51 a/c at 1215A hours at (4510N-1650E) and were last observed at 1542A hours at Split. Fighters were from the 332nd Fighter Group.



C O N F I D E N T I A L

Ltr Narr Miss Rpt, contd

19. One (1) a/c suffered minor flask damage.
20. Observations reported by returning Crew Members:

<u>Time</u>	<u>Place</u>	<u>Altitude</u>	<u>Observation</u>
1237A	4520N-1700E	20,000	M/Y with approximately 500 units.

21. Twenty two (22) a/c landed at this base between 1630 and 1700A hours.
22. Route was flown as briefed - Track chart showing route flown inclosed.
23. Weather for Red and Blue forces at take off was as follows:
- About 5/10 high stratocumulus at take off, base 8,000 feet. Over Adriatic, 8/10 to 10/10 strato cumulus, top 8,000', continuing over Dalmatian coast but breaking over Dinarics to Scattered.
- North of Dinarics, 8/10 to 10/10 stratocumulus, top 10,000 to 12,000 feet which continued to target. Varying amounts of cirrus were encountered near Lake Balaton at 19,000 feet. Vapor trails also were noted in this area.
- At target, 10/10 stratocumulus, top 12,000 feet. Visibility was 20 miles.
- On return, low layer had broken to 3/10 to 7/10, visibility was low over southern Italy 10 to 12 miles in moderate haze.
- Clear at base on return, visibility 15 miles.

For the Commanding Officer:

3 Incls:

- Incl 1 and 2-Track Charts  
(Red and Blue forces)
- Incl 3 - Selected photograph for Red force

FRANCIS F. ELDER  
Major, AC  
Intelligence Officer





MISSING CREW REPORTS

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WAR DEPARTMENT  
HEADQUARTERS ARMY AIR FORCES  
WASHINGTON

**IMPORTANT:** This report will be compiled by each Army Air Forces organization within 48 hours of the time personnel are officially reported missing.

1. **ORGANIZATION:** Location APC 520, U S Army Command or AF 15th AF  
Group 464th Bombardment Group Squadron 776th Bomb Sq (H)
2. **SPECIFY:** Point of Departure Pantanello, Italy Course Northeast  
Target Moosbierbaum, Austria Type of Mission Bombing
3. **WEATHER CONDITIONS AND VISIBILITY AT TIME OF CRASH OR WHEN LAST REPORTED:**  
10/10 stratocumulus, tops 12,000 ft, visibility 20 miles.
4. **GIVE:** (a) Date 31 Jan 45 Time 1255 Location 4819N-1730E  
of last known whereabouts of missing aircraft.  
(b) Specify whether: (X) Last Sighted ( ) Last Contacted by Radio  
( ) Forced Down ( ) Seen to Crash; or  
( ) Information not available.
5. **AIRCRAFT AS LOST, OR IS BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN LOST, AS A RESULT OF.** ( )  
only one)  
( ) Enemy Aircraft ( ) Enemy Anti-Aircraft (X) Other circumstances as  
follows: Unknown.
6. **AIRCRAFT:** Type, Model & Series B-24J AAF Serial NO 42-51423
7. **ENGINES:** Type, Model & Series P-1830-43 AAF Serial NO (a) CP-315569  
(b) CP-315473 (c) CP-315656 (d) CP-315602
8. **INSTALLED WEAPONS:** (Furnish below Make, Type, and Serial Number)  
(a) MG M2 1261640 (b) MG M2 1261844  
(c) MG M2 1261568 (d) MG M2 1262059  
(e) MG M2 1261908 (f) MG M2 1276309  
(g) MG M2 1262033 (h) MG M2 1276388
9. **PERSONNEL LISTED BELOW REPORTED AS:** (X) Battle Casualty ( ) Non-Battle Cas.
10. **NUMBER OF PERSONS ABOARD AIRCRAFT:** Crew 10 Passengers      Total 10  
(Starting with "Pilot" furnish the following particulars; if more than 12  
persons were aboard list similar particulars on separate sheet and attach to  
this form)

CREW POSITION	NAME IN FULL		RANK	SERIAL NO	NEXT OF KIN, RELATION SHIP, AND ADDRESS
	(Last)	(First)			
1. Pilot	Arlington	Mathew T.	MIA		Dorothy P. Arlington (wife) 9 Scott St, San Francisco, Calif.
2. Co-pil	Schneider	Anthony C.	MIA		Rose Schneider (mother) 520 S. Duke St, York, Penna.
3. Nav	Dambrowski	Joseph	MIA		Jolia Dambrowski (mother) 29 Sullivan St, Springfield, Mass.
4. Bdr	Wolsted	Gerald E.	MIA		William A. Wolsted (father) North Evans, New York.
5. Eng	Gross	Robert C.	MIA		Mary C. Gross (mother) 210 Maple Ave, Altoona, Penna.
6. ROG	Erickson	Ednor A.	MIA		Edward Erickson (father) Alvarado, Minn.
7. ARM G	Newton	James P.	MIA		Esther M. Newton (wife) 311 W 5th St, Dover, Ohio
8. ARM G	Ray	Mancell L.	MIA		Nora V. Ray (mother) 1312 N. Nebraska, Oklahoma City, Okla.

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Incl #1

(See Reverse Side)

C O N F I D E N T I A L

1. Mamaux, Harry O., Jr. MIA Harry O. Mamaux (father)  
Sgt, 33080080 ARM G 2537 Penn Ave, Pittsburgh, Penna.  
Peterson, Mack C. MIA Edith M. Peterson (mother)  
Cpl, 39918464 ARM G RFD #1, Milton, Morgan, Utah.

12. \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

11. IDENTIFY BELOW THOSE PERSONS WHO ARE BELIEVED TO HAVE LAST KNOWLEDGE OF AIRCRAFT AND CHECK APPROPRIATE (only one) COLUMN TO INDICATE BASIS FOR SAME:  
 contacted just saw  
NAME IN FULL RANK SERIAL NO by radio sighted crash forced landing

1. Elliott, Robert E. 1st Lt, 0-770902 X  
 2. \_\_\_\_\_  
 3. \_\_\_\_\_  
 4. \_\_\_\_\_  
 5. \_\_\_\_\_  
 6. \_\_\_\_\_

12. IF PERSONNEL ARE BELIEVED TO HAVE SURVIVED, CHECK ONE OF THE FOLLOWING:  
 ( ) parachutes were used ( ) persons seen walking away from scene of crash  
 (X) Any other reason (specify) Unknown

13. ATTACH AS AN INCLOSURE TO THIS REPORT, EITHER AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH, MAP, CHART, OR SKETCH, SHOWING APPROXIMATE LOCATION WHERE AIRCRAFT WAS LAST SEEN.

14. ATTACH, AS INCLOSURES TO THIS REPORT, EYEWITNESS DESCRIPTIONS OF CRASH, FORCED LANDING, OR OTHER CIRCUMSTANCES PERTAINING TO MISSING AIRCRAFT.

ATTACH, AS AN INCLOSURE TO THIS REPORT, A DESCRIPTION OF THE EXTENT OF SEARCH, IF ANY, AND GIVE NAME, RANK, AND SERIAL NUMBER OF OFFICER IN CHARGE HERE: (if no search, so state giving reason). None

date of this report: 1 Feb 45

signature of officer \_\_\_\_\_

2 incls:  
 Incl 1 - Sketch of app position HARRY H. COOKE  
 Incl 2 - Statement of Lt Elliott 1st Lt, Ord  
Adjutant

C O N F I D E N T I A L

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## MISSING AIR CREW REPORT

1. ORGANIZATION: Location Pantanello Air Base Italy Command or Air Force 15 th AF  
Group 464th Bomb GP (H) Squadron 779th Bomb Sq (H)
2. SPECIFY: Place of departure Pantanello Air Base Italy Course Linz, Austria.  
Target Linz, Austria Type of mission Bombing
3. WEATHER CONDITIONS AND VISIBILITY AT TIME OF CRASH OR WHEN LAST REPORTED: Clear. Visibility 20 miles.
4. GIVE: [a] Date 20 Jan 45. Time 0750 Last known position Italy  
[b] Specify whether: [ ] Last sighted, [ ] Forced down, [ ] Seen to crash,  
[ ] Last contacted by radio, [X] No information.
5. AIRCRAFT [LOST] [BELIEVED LOST] AS A RESULT OF: [Check one only]  
[ ] Enemy aircraft, [ ] Enemy anti-aircraft, [X] Other Aircraft was not seen to be in trouble at
6. AIRCRAFT: Type, model & series B-24 J. AAF Serial Number 42-78488 any time.
7. NICKNAME OF AIRCRAFT "Bad Penny". Call name "Red Charley".
8. ENGINES: Type, model & series R 1830-65 AAF Serial Number [a] BP-431911  
[b] BP-431779 [c] BP-447423 [d] BP-439076
9. INSTALLED WEAPONS: [Make, type and serial number] Browning 50 Cal M2  
[a] 977894 [e] 1272335 [i] 977979  
[b] 977905 [f] 1272250 [j] 978293  
[c] 1272004 [g] 1280906 [k] \_\_\_\_\_  
[d] 1272064 [h] 1280908 [l] \_\_\_\_\_
10. PERSONNEL LISTED BELOW REPORTED AS: [X] Battle Casualty, [ ] Non Battle Casualty.
11. NUMBER OF PERSONS ABOARD AIRCRAFT: Crew 10; Passengers 0; Total 10  
[If more than 12 persons aboard aircraft, use separate sheet]
- | CREW POSITION  | FULL NAME [Last, first, initial]<br>RANK, SERIAL NUMBER | CURRENT NEXT OF KIN, RELATIONSHIP<br>STATUS AND ADDRESS  |
|----------------|---|--|
| 1] Pilot       | <u>Morrison, Clayton P. Jr.</u>                         | <u>2 nd Lt 0825233 MIA Mother</u><br><u>Mrs. Margaret F. Morrison, 1508 Marie St, Wilkensburg, Pa.</u>   |
| 2] Co-Pilot    | <u>Rose, Robert W.</u>                                  | <u>2 nd Lt 0829560 MIA Mother</u><br><u>Mrs. Lois M. Rose, 459 Honsberry St, Philadelphia, Pa.</u>       |
| 3] Bombardier  | <u>Espenshade, Milton I. Jr.</u>                        | <u>2 nd Lt 0926606 MIA Wife</u><br><u>Constantine N. Espenshade, 5024 8th Ave, Sacramento, Calif.</u>    |
| 4] Navigator   | <u>Baldwin, Walter L.</u>                               | <u>2 nd Lt 02001488 MIA Mother</u><br><u>Mrs. Lela A. Baldwin, 1108 West Ave, Austin, Texas.</u>         |
| 5] Eng Gnr     | <u>Zafferano, Paul J.</u>                               | <u>S/Sgt 32793462 MIA Father</u><br><u>Mr. Salvatore Zafferano, 1455-68th St, Brooklyn, N. Y.</u>        |
| 6] RO Gnr      | <u>Bastarache, Joseph N.</u>                            | <u>S/Sgt 11131031 MIA Mother</u><br><u>Anna Bastarache, St. Johns Baptists Bouctouche, New Brunswick</u> |
| 7] Arm Gnr     | <u>Hayes, Albert C.</u>                                 | <u>Sgt 11103955 MIA Can.</u><br><u>Father, Edmund Hayes, 20 Plainfield St. Hartford, Conn.</u>           |
| 8] Arm Gnr     | <u>Reinhardt, John L.</u>                               | <u>Sgt 14167047 MIA Mother</u><br><u>Mrs. Florence L. Reinhardt, 1745 Jackson Ave, Memphis, Tenn.</u>    |
| 9] Arm Gnr     | <u>Fegley, Leonard J.</u>                               | <u>Sgt 33482752 MIA Mother</u><br><u>Mrs. Catherine Fegley, PO Box 24, Quakake, Pa.</u>                  |
| 10] Aerial Gnr | <u>Abramowicz, Stanislaw (MMI)</u>                      | <u>S/Sgt 11041260 MIA Mother</u><br><u>Mrs. Josephine Abramowicz, 46 Richmond Ave, New Britain, Conn</u> |
| 11]            |   |  |
| 12]            |   |  |
12. IDENTIFY BELOW THOSE PERSONS WHO ARE BELIEVED TO HAVE LAST KNOWLEDGE OF AIRCRAFT AND CHECK APPROPRIATE [one only] COLUMN TO INDICATE BASIS FOR SAME:
- | NAME IN FULL               | RANK            | SERIAL No.     | CONTACTED LAST |     |                              |
|----------------------------|-----------------|----------------|----------------|-----|------------------------------|
|                            |                 |                | BY RADIO       | SAW | FORCED SIGHTED CRASH LANDING |
| [1] <u>James H. Gilson</u> | <u>Lt. Col.</u> | <u>0412958</u> |                |     |                              |
| [2] _____                  |                 |                |                |     |                              |
| [3] _____                  |                 |                |                |     |                              |
13. IF PERSONNEL ARE BELIEVED TO HAVE SURVIVED, CHECK ONE OF THE FOLLOWING:  
[ ] Parachutes were used. [ ] Persons were seen walking away from the scene of the crash.  
[X] Other reasons [specify] No parachutes were used as aircraft presumably had no
14. ATTACH PHOTOGRAPH, MAP OR SKETCH SHOWING LAST KNOWN LOCATION OF AIRCRAFT. trouble.
15. ATTACH EYEWITNESS DESCRIPTIONS OF CRASH, FORCED LANDING, OR OTHER CIRCUMSTANCES.
16. ATTACH A DESCRIPTION OF EXTENT OF SEARCH, IF ANY, AND GIVE NAME, RANK AND SERIAL NUMBER OF OFFICER IN CHARGE OF SEARCH HERE. No search was made.

## Inclosures.

- 2 Incl 1- Statement Date 22 January 1945 Alderson Timmons,  
of Lt. Col. Gilson (Septup) Capt., Air Corps,  
Incl 2- Map of flight of Aircraft (Septup) Adjutant

CONFIDENTIAL

MISSING AIR CREW REPORT

1. ORGANIZATION: Location Pantanella, Italy Command of Air Force 15 th Air Force  
 Group 464th Bombardment Group (H) Squadron 777th Bombardment Sq (H)
2. SPECIFY: Place of departure Pantanella Air Base, Italy Course Northeast  
 Target Linz Comm. Installations, Austria Mission Bombing
3. WEATHER CONDITIONS AND VISIBILITY AT TIME OF CRASH OR WHEN LAST REPORTED: Clear 20 miles Visibility.
4. GIVE: [a] Date 20 Jan 45 Time 1236 Last known position Reischach, Germany  
 [b] Specify whether:  Last sighted,  Forced down,  Seen to crash,  
 Last contacted by radio.  No information.
5. AIRCRAFT [LOST] [BELIEVED LOST] AS A RESULT OF: [Check one only]  
 Enemy aircraft,  Enemy anti aircraft,  Other Mechanical Failure
6. AIRCRAFT: Type, model & series PB-24 J AAF Serial Number 42-52070
7. NICKNAME OF AIRCRAFT None
8. ENGINES: Type, model & series R-1830-65-A AAF Serial Number [a] CP-328020  
 [b] CP-327868 [c] CP-329489 [d] BP-436152
9. INSTALLED WEAPONS: [Make, type and serial number]  
 [a] RN 1758774 [c] RW 1549093 [i] \_\_\_\_\_  
 [b] LN 1758827 [f] LW 1549175 [j] \_\_\_\_\_  
 [c] RM 1757988 [g] RT 1757750 [k] \_\_\_\_\_  
 [d] LM 1758011 [h] LT 1757985 [l] \_\_\_\_\_
10. PERSONNEL LISTED BELOW REPORTED AS:  Battle Casualty,  Non Battle Casualty.
11. NUMBER OF PERSONS ABOARD AIRCRAFT: Crew 11 ; Passengers 0 ; Total 11  
 [If more than 12 persons aboard aircraft, use separate sheet]

CREW POSITION	FULL NAME [Last, first, initial] RANK, SERIAL NUMBER	CURRENT NEXT OF KIN, RELATIONSHIP STATUS AND ADDRESS
1) Pilot	LECHNER, AUGUST H. JR. 1st Lt. 0-808434	MIA FRIEDA M. LECHNER (MOTHER) RFD#2, BOX 147, BOUND BROOK, NEW JERSEY
2) CP	PRITCHETT, HARRY W. JR. 1st Lt. 0-820821	MIA DR. HARRY W. PRITCHETT (FATHER) FOREST HILLS, DANVILLE, VIRGINIA
3) NAV	COSTELLO, JAMES J. 1st Lt. 0-709297	MIA JANE E. COSTELLO (WIFE) JASPER ST. PHILADELPHIA PA.
14) BOMB	BEARMAN, JEROME L. 2nd Lt. 0-768924	MIA A.D. BEARMAN (FATHER) 327 Kenilworth, MEMPHIS TENN.
5) NAV	POHL, JOSEPH B. 2nd Lt. 0-2060578	MIA JOHN F. POHL (FATHER) 701 Horner St. Johnstown, Pa.
16) EG	O'DOHERTY, JOHN E. T/Sgt 11018078	MIA MARY E. O'DOHERTY (MOTHER) 30 Willow St, Woburn, Mass.
17) ROG	DANLEY, CLIFFORD A. T/Sgt 35217784	MIA MILLIE DANLEY (MOTHER) KIMBOLTON, OHIO.
18) AG	CARTER, ROBERT L. S/Sgt 37721814	MIA JOSEPH M. CARTER (FATHER) 2310 E. 48th St. Terrace, Kansas City, Mo.
19) EG	SHELLHAMMER, FREDERICK R. S/Sgt 33623778	MIA MARY A. SHELLHAMMER (MOTHER) 220 Railroad St, Tamaqua, Pa.
10) EG	WELLS, WILLIAM R. S/Sgt 18093693	MIA NELLIE MAE WELLS (MOTHER) 400A East Wright St. Marshall, Texas
11) ARMC	HARGROVE, MELVIN C. S/Sgt 20812389	MIA ELSIE HARGROVE (MOTHER) 2028 So. SCULLIN AVE. DENISON, TEXAS
12)		

12. IDENTIFY BELOW THOSE PERSONS WHO ARE BELIEVED TO HAVE LAST KNOWLEDGE OF AIRCRAFT AND CHECK APPROPRIATE [one only] COLUMN TO INDICATE BASIS FOR SAME:

NAME IN FULL	RANK	SERIAL No.	CONTACTED LAST		
			BY RADIO	SIGHTED	SAW FORCED CRASH LANDING
[1] STORM, ROGER R.	T/Sgt	16077019		x	
[2]					
[3]					

13. IF PERSONNEL ARE BELIEVED TO HAVE SURVIVED, CHECK ONE OF THE FOLLOWING:

- Parachutes were used.  Persons were seen walking away from the scene of the crash.  
 Other reasons [specify] AIRCRAFT UNDER CONTROL WHEN LAST SEEN.

14. ATTACH PHOTOGRAPH, MAP OR SKETCH SHOWING LAST KNOWN LOCATION OF AIRCRAFT.  
 15. ATTACH EYEWITNESS DESCRIPTIONS OF CRASH, FORCED LANDING, OR OTHER CIRCUMSTANCES.  
 16. ATTACH A DESCRIPTION OF EXTENT OF SEARCH, IF ANY, AND GIVE NAME, RANK AND SERIAL NUMBER OF OFFICER IN CHARGE OF SEARCH HERE. No search, aircraft last seen over enemy territory.

2 Inclosures. sketch  
 Incl 1. Location Date 22 January 1945.  
 Incl 2. Statement Storm. CONFIDENTIAL  
 Signature of preparing officer K. F. BOWEN  
CAPT., AIR CORPS, ADJ.



**BATTLE CASUALTY REPORT**

777th BOMBARDMENT SQUADRON, 464th BOMBARDMENT GROUP 28 January 1945  
(Number) (Bombardment - Fighter) (Number) (Bombardment - Fighter) (Date)

NAME	Grade	Army Serial Number	Type Casualty	Date	Flying Status	Arm or Service	Duty Code	REMARKS (Place of Casualty)	
Stanley, Charles E.	2d Lt	0-824007	RTD	26 Jan 45	A	AC	1092	Yugoslavia	
Baker, William D.	2d Lt	0-770926	RTD	26 Jan 45	A	AC	1092	Yugoslavia	
Cone, Leo F.	2d Lt	0-2058419	RTD	26 Jan 45	B	AC	1034	Yugoslavia	
Smalley, Forrest L.	S/Sgt	15340522	RTD	26 Jan 45	H	AC	748	Yugoslavia	
Tweedale, Claude T., Jr.	S/Sgt	19141196	RTD	26 Jan 45	H	AC	748	Yugoslavia	
Homol, Peter	Sgt	33293462	RTD	26 Jan 45	K	AC	611	Yugoslavia	
Buehholz, Albert L.	S/Sgt	36509715	RTD	26 Jan 45	I	AC	612	Yugoslavia	
Kiger, Darrell G.	T/Sgt	20759460	RTD	26 Jan 45	G	AC	757	Yugoslavia	
				From MIA Yugoslavia 2 Dec 44 to RTD 26 Jan 45					
Seaver, Edward C.	2d Lt	0-776587	RTD	8 Jan 45	C	AC	1035	Yugoslavia	
Spomer, Samuel J.	Sgt	37706748	RTD	8 Jan 45	X	AC	611	Yugoslavia	
				From MIA 2 Dec 44 to RTD 8 Jan 45					
Brooks, Raymond T.	T/Sgt	15115192	RTD	1 Jan 45	G	AC	737	Switzerland	
				From INT 16 November 1944 to RTD 1 Jan 45					

\* See Reverse

Page 1 of 1 pages (For Sqdn or Gp)

BCR Control No. \_\_\_\_\_  
 This report consists of \_\_\_\_\_ pages  
 Page No. \_\_\_\_\_

To be entered by Hq Fifteenth Air Force

\_\_\_\_\_  
(Signature)  
 KENNETH F. BOWEN  
 Capt, AC  
 Adjutant  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
(Title & Branch)

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Make no entries in this space

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CASUALTY CODE:

KIA - Killed in Action  
DOW - Died of Wounds received in Action  
DOI - Died of injuries received in Action  
SWA - Seriously Wounded in Action  
SIA - Seriously Injured in Action  
LWA - Lightly Wounded in Action (Hosp)  
LIA - Lightly Injured in Action (Hosp)  
MIA - Missing in Action  
SIG - Seriously Gassed (Hosp)  
CAP - Captured by the Enemy  
INT - Interned as result of enemy Action  
RTD - Returned to Duty from any previous  
reported casualty status

FLYING AND JUMP STATUS CODE

A - Pilot, Co-Pilot, Command Pilot  
B - Navigator  
C - Bombardier  
D - Observer  
E - Flight Surgeon  
F - Photographer  
G - Radio Operator  
H - Engineer Gunner  
I - Armorer Gunner  
J - Paratroops on Jump Status  
K - Gunner  
L - All others on Flying Status  
Z - Not on Flying or Jump Status

**BATTLE CASUALTY REPORT**

779th BOMBARDMENT SQUADRON, 464th BOMBARDMENT GROUP 26 January 1945  
(Number) (Bombardment - Fighters) (Number) (Bombardment - Fighters) (Date)

NAME	Grade	Army Serial Number	Type Casualty	Date	Flying Status	Arm or Service	Duty Code	REMARKS (Place of Casualty)
Morrison, Clayton P., Jr.	2d Lt	0825233	RTD*	25 Jan 45	A	AC	1092	Yugoslavia**
Rose, Robert W.	2d Lt	0829560	RTD*	25 Jan 45	A	AC	1092	Yugoslavia**
Wspenshade, Milton I., Jr.	2d Lt	0926606	RTD*	25 Jan 45	C	AC	1035	Yugoslavia**
Bastarache, Joseph N.	S/Sgt	11131031	RTD*	25 Jan 45	G	AC	757	Yugoslavia**
Reinhardt, John L.	Sgt	14167047	RTD*	25 Jan 45	I	AC	612	Yugoslavia**
Fegley, Leonard J.	Sgt	33482752	RTD*	25 Jan 45	K	AC	611	Yugoslavia**
Abramowicz, Stanislaw (NMI)	S/Sgt	11041260	RTD*	25 Jan 45	K	AC	611	Yugoslavia**
				*From MIA 20 Jan 45 to RTD 25 Jan 45				
				**Place of Casualty changed from Austria to Yugoslavia.				

Make no entries in this space

\* See Reverse

Page 1 of 1 pages (For Sqdn or Gp)

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To be entered by Hq Fifteenth Air Force

\_\_\_\_\_  
(Signature)  
 ALDERSON TIMMONS  
 Capt, AC  
 Adjutant

\_\_\_\_\_  
(Title & Branch)

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- LIA - Lightly Injured in Action (Hosp)
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- F - Photographer
- G - Radio Operator
- H - Engineer Gunner
- I - Armorer Gunner
- J - Paratroops on Jump Status
- K - Gunner
- L - All others on Flying Status
- Z - Not on Flying or Jump Status

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

BATTLE CASUALTY REPORT

776th BOMBARDMENT SQUADRON, 464th BOMBARDMENT GROUP 19 January 1945  
(Number) (Bombardment - Fighters) (Number) (Bombardment - Fighters) (Date)

Make no entries in this space

NAME	Grade	Army Serial Number	Type Casualty	Date	Flying Status	Arm or Service	Duty Code	REMARKS (Place of Casualty)
Davis, Simon I.	2d Lt	02063378	RTD	25 Jan 45	B	AC	1034	MIA 26 Dec 44 to RTD
Strong, Derward J.	T/Sgt	36460218	RTD	25 Jan 45	G	AC	757	MIA 26 Dec 44 to RTD
Morrish, Kenneth G.	S/Sgt	36122265	RTD	25 Jan 45	K	AC	611	MIA 26 Dec 44 to RTD
Reighard, Elmer M., Jr.	Sgt	35601720	RTD	25 Jan 45	K	AC	611	MIA 26 Dec 44 to RTD
Kish, Howard	1st Lt	0717073	RTD	9 Jan 45	G	AC	1035	MIA 26 Dec 44 to RTD
Brooks, Alfred A.	T/Sgt	10398547	RTD	9 Jan 45	H	AC	748	MIA 26 Dec 44 to RTD
Mamaux, Harry O., Jr.	Sgt	33080080	RTD	9 Jan 45	K	AC	611	LIA 20 Nov 44 to RTD

\* See Reverse

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\_\_\_\_\_  
(Signature)  
 JOHN W. NANCE  
 Major, AC  
 Commanding  
(Title & Branch)

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

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 H - Engineer Gunner  
 I - Armorer Gunner  
 J - Paratroops on Jump Status  
 K - Gunner  
 L - All others on Flying Status  
 Z - Not on Flying or Jump Status

**BATTLE CASUALTY REPORT**

779th BOMBARDMENT SQUADRON, 464th BOMBARDMENT GROUP 25 January 1945  
(Number) (Bombardment - Fighter) (Number) (Bombardment - Fighter) (Date)

Make no entries in this space

NAME	Grade	Army Serial Number	Type Casualty	Date	Flying Status	Arm or Service	Duty Code	REMARKS (Place of Casualty)
Seirer, Max L.	2d Lt	0782971	RTD*	23 Jan 45	C	AC	1035	Germany
Letaw, Melville T.	Cpl	14082843	RTD *	23 Jan 45	I	AC	612	Germany
Heffernan, George D.	S/Sgt	32387963	RTD*	23 Jan 45	K	AC	611	Germany
Dambra, Joseph P.	Sgt	32811938	RTD*	23 Jan 45	K	AC	611	Germany
Fargotstein, Manuel (NMI)	Sgt	13156104	RTD*	23 Jan 45	I	AC	612	Germany
		*From MIA 26 Dec 44 to RTD 23 Jan 45						
Fuller, Theodore F.	S/Sgt	16033085	RTD*	12 Jan 45	K	AC	612	Italy
		*From LIA 8 Jan 45 to RTD 12 Jan 45						
Victor M. Ney	Cpl	33678474	RTD*	17 Dec 44	H	AC	748	Yugoslavia
Wilkinson, Harvey O.	Cpl	33766535	RTD*	17 Dec 44	K	AC	611	Yugoslavia
		*From MIA 17 Oct 44 to RTD 17 Dec 44						

\* See Reverse

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 Capt, AC  
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G - Radio Operator  
H - Engineer Gunner  
I - Armorer Gunner  
J - Paratroops on Jump Status  
K - Gunner  
L - All others on Flying Status  
Z - Not on Flying or Jump Status



RETURNED TO DUTY REPORTS

INCLOSURES AND SUPPORTING DOCUMENTS

INCLOSURES AND SUPPORTING DOCUMENTS

1. SO #16 - HQ 464 BOMB GP - 24 JANUARY 1945
2. MEDICAL HISTORY 1 OCTOBER TO 31 DECEMBER 1944
3. MINUTES OF FINAL MEETING OF CHRISTMAS FOR KIDS  
COMMITTEE
4. FOUR (4) ISSUES OF THE TOWER

## R E S T R I C T E D

HEADQUARTERS  
464TH BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H)  
APO 520 US ARMY

SPECIAL ORDERS )

24 January 1945

NUMBER.....16 )

1. Pvt (345) James, William L, 38372853, AC, having been asgd this orgn per par 6 SO 20, Hq 55th Bomb Wg (H) dtd 20 Jan 45, is further asgd to 779th Bomb Sq (H) eff 23 Jan 45.

2. Under the prov of AAF Reg 35-21 dtd 3 Apr 44, CAPT (1092) STEVES, WALTER, 0373041, AC, 778th Bomb Sq (H), is hereby reclassified to Opns O, (2161).

3. LT COL (1092) GOODYEAR, ELVIN E, 0401217, AC, Hq Det, is hereby reld as Deputy Gp Commander.

4. LT COL (1092) GOODYEAR, ELVIN E, 0401217, AC, Hq Det, is hereby aptd Gp Operations O as primary duty.

5. LT COL (1092) GOODYEAR, ELVIN E, 0401217, AC, Hq Det, is hereby rld of add duties as President, Gp Flying Evaluation Bd and as member, Early return Bd.

6. COL (2162) CORNETT, JOHN B, 020446, AC, having been asgd this orgn per par 1 SO 21, Hq 55th Bomb Wg (H) dtd 21 Jan 45, is further asgd to Hq Det for dy as Deputy Gp Commander. (DOR: 16 Aug 43; Comp: RA)

7. COL (2162) CORNETT, JOHN B, 020446, AC, Hq Det, is hereby aptd President of Group Flying Evaluation Bd as add dy.

8. CAPT (2162) CONWAY, NORMAN F, 0743761, AC, having been asgd this orgn per par 2 SO 22, Hq 55th Bomb Wg (H), dtd 22 Jan 45, is further asgd to Hq Det. (DOR: 7 Aug 44; Comp: AUS)

By order of Colonel SCHROEDER:

OFFICIAL:

*Harry Martin*

HARRY MARTIN  
Captain, Air Corps  
Asst Adjutant

DARYL D. JOHNS  
Major, Air Corps  
Adjutant

DISTRIBUTION: "B"

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AUTH: CO, 464 BG  
27 January 1945  
Initials sm

Medical History of the 464th Bombardment Group (H)  
(Supplemental Report No. 2 for 1 October 1944-31 December 1944)

4380

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## 1. PREVIOUS HISTORY.

The 464th Bombardment Group (H) was activated 1 July 1943 at Wendover Field, Utah, with the original cadre proceeding to AAFSAT, Orlando, Florida on 1 September 1943. Following a training period of one (1) month the organization then moved to AAB, Pocatello, Idaho in the 2nd Air Force where training as an Operational Training Unit was begun and continued until February 1944. Medical Personnel were assigned to the Group during this time from other organizations of the 2nd Air Force.

Activities of the Medical Section while in Pocatello consisted of the preparation of personnel for overseas movement, the training of Medical Department and other personnel in medical subjects, and the routine medical functions, such as care of sick and wounded, sanitation, and submission of records and reports.

Upon completion of this period of preparation the Group departed for overseas in February 1944, the ground echelon traveling by rail and water, and flying echelon by air. On arrival in Italy in March, a camp was established at Pantanella Air Base; however since the flying field was not completed, a temporary camp was established at Gioia in April 1944, from which the first combat mission was flown on 2 May 1944. On 1 June 1944 the Group returned to Pantanella to establish its permanent camp site.

Medical Department duties were considerably modified as a result of this change to activities to a combat area, involving principally the application of field sanitation measures and the care of battle casualties and psychiatric problems of flying personnel. Standards of sanitation especially proved to be difficult in maintaining, and it was not until several months had elapsed that adequate latrine and mess installations were constructed and in spite of frequent recommendations standards maintained; this was particularly true during the stay at Gioia. In addition, malaria control measures were inadequately enforced. Fortunately no serious outbreaks of enteric disease or malaria occurred.

Due to a high attrition rate in the first three (3) months of combat flying, and general poor morale among flying personnel, many psychiatric problems developed among the air crew members. A large number of these were successfully treated by psychotherapy, but a total of sixteen (16) Officers and six (6) Enlisted Men were grounded because of anxiety neurosis. This condition improved during the latter part of

SECRET

the summer and the attrition rate became lower.

Detail account of the medical activities and problems, rosters of personnel, and statistics have been incorporated in the previously submitted histories.

## 2. ADMINISTRATIVE HISTORY.

Activities of the Group, both medical and non-medical, continued in general during the last three (3) months of the year as previously. The Group remained at the Pantanella Army Air Base, with no fundamental changes in the medical department personnel occurring. The roster as of the 31 December is as follows.

### HEADQUARTERS DETACHMENT

3100	Major	Dabney von K. Moon	0-422667	Gp Surgeon
3170	Captain	Carl F. Russell	0-504580	Gp Dental Surgeon
673	T/Sgt	John H. Towler	31118809	Medical NCO
657	Sgt	William F. Pendergast	16093766	Med Corpsman
657	Cpl	Otis E. Derrough	38362865	Med Corpsman
861	Sgt	Henry W. Zablocki	32644907	Surgical Tech
657	Pvt	Jesse E. Cole	34209635	Med Corpsman
405	Cpl	Howard E. Walker	36582087	Clerk

### 776TH BOMBARDMENT SQUADRON (H)

3100	Captain	Layton S. Rogers	0-1703278	Sqd Surgeon
673	S/Sgt	Homer D. Hayes	39169895	Medical NCO
673	Sgt	Jesse F. Jinks	36313202	Medical NCO
405	Cpl	John Marozzi	32676500	Clerk
861	Cpl	Thomas G. Wills	37414497	Surgical Tech
861	Pfc	James J. Massar	36581792	Surgical Tech
409	Pfc	William E. Hahn	32606042	Medical Tech
409	Pvt	John W. Glover	34723803	Medical Tech
345	Pfc	Henry L. Turnage	34421101	Driver

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777TH BOMBARDMENT SQUADRON (H)

3100	Captain	John L. O'Hara	0-504045	Sqd Surgeon
673	S/Sgt	Michael A. Bamrick	37115181	Medical NCO
673	Pvt	Leon L. Kuder	6075881	Medical NCO
405	Cpl	William H. Henson	32749711	Clerk
861	Cpl	Lawrence M. Patty	34802190	Surgical Tech
861	Pfc	Anthony F. Ringhofer	37392835	Surgical Tech
409	Pfc	Sheldon Schaumberg	12084539	Medical Tech
409	Pfc	George W. Bassett	34579807	Medical Tech
345	Pfc	John A. Rizzo	32703018	Driver

778TH BOMBARDMENT SQUADRON (H)

3100	Captain	Max P. Goodfried	0-436831	Sqd Surgeon
673	S/Sgt	Lloyd W. Milne	36222565	Medical NCO
673	Sgt	Roger R. Weil	37412574	Medical NCO
657	Cpl	Raymond J. Ackerman	36250758	Med Corpsman
861	Pfc	Howard A. Pratt	36656110	Surgical Tech
409	Pvt	John Drake	32603440	Medical Tech
409	Pvt	James J. McNamara	37555129	Medical Tech
345	Pfc	Elmer T. Spence	33553283	Driver

779TH BOMBARDMENT SQUADRON (H)

3100	Captain	William A. Lemire	0-1687380	Sqd Surgeon
673	S/Sgt	Frank J. Carnaggio	32227971	Medical NCO
673	Sgt	Horacio A. Gould	38438903	Medical NCO
861	Cpl	John C. Fisher	34256700	Surgical Tech
405	Cpl	Donald L. Hedges	37264083	Clerk
409	Pfc	John P. Raleigh	36809547	Medical Tech
409	Pfc	Eugene G. Smith	36478965	Medical Tech
345	Pfc	Tony J. Tumminello	36633690	Driver

The following promotions were made during the period.

Pfc (405) Howard E. Walker, 36582087, Headquarters Detachment, promoted to Corporal 9 December 1944.

Pvt (409) Sheldon Schaumberg, 12084539, 777th Bomb Squadron, promoted to Private First Class 21 November 1944.

Pvt (409) George W. Bassett, 34579807, 777th Bomb Squadron, promoted to Private First Class 21 November 1944.

Pvt (345) Elmer T. Spence, 33553283, 778th Bomb Squadron, promoted to Private First Class 15 October 1944.



SECRET

On 17 October 1944 Captain Max P. Goodfried, 778th Bomb Squadron Surgeon was awarded the Air Medal upon completion of five (5) combat missions. On 6 November 1944 Captain Layton S. Rogers, 776th Bomb Squadron Surgeon, received the Purple Heart for flak injury to the right leg incurred on a mission over Blechammer. Good Conduct Ribbons were awarded to the following Enlisted Men of the Medical Section.

Sgt	Henry W. Zablocki	Headquarters Detachment
Sgt	William F. Pendergast	Headquarters Detachment
Cpl	Otis E. Derrough	Headquarters Detachment
S/Sgt	Lloyd W. Milne	778th Bomb Squadron
Cpl	Donald L. Hedges	779th Bomb Squadron

The Southern France Campaign star for the European Theater Ribbon was awarded on 18 October 1944 by authority of Natouza Letter, File No. 200.6/040.

Medical Department functions continued as discussed in previous histories, with each Squadron Surgeon caring for his own personnel. New tables of organization and equipment 1-112 and 1-117 came into effect in the Group during October 1944; however due to the lack of a central Group Aid Station building for the handling of quarters cases and the centralizing of medical activities, no change in the original management was made. On 10 November 1944 the new Group Aid Station equipment, sufficient to care for thirty-six (36) quarters cases, was received. This equipment was put into use insofar as practicable with the building space available.

Adequate housing facilities for the Squadron and Group dispensaries proved to be a major problem early during the period of this report, as only walled tents were in use. This was partially solved in October by the acquisition of four (4) Nissen huts from the British, which were erected and put in use by the Group Headquarters and the 776, 778 and 779 Squadron dispensaries. The 777 Squadron dispensary later became housed in November in a 20 x 20 foot tufa block building. These structures proved quite satisfactory from the standpoint of winterization but inadequate for the handling of a large number of quarters cases. Plans for a 20 x 90 foot Group Aid Station building to be erected by the Corps of Engineers were received in November 1944, but due to higher priority given to other buildings of the Group construction of this was not begun.

An ambulance was turned in to Ordnance on 14 November 1944 in compliance with orders from the 55th Bomb Wing; six (6) ambulances were thereafter left for use by the Group.

SECRET

Frequent inspections were conducted by the 55th Bomb Wing Surgeon and administrative inspections by the 55th Bomb Wing Staff inspectors. In October Major Bess of the Air Surgeon's Office, 15th Air Force, made an inspection of the sanitation and winterization conditions of the Group.

Training activities during the period consisted of the continued Medical Department Enlisted Mens practical training; classes in first aid, frostbite, and aspects of altitude flying for combat crew personnel, and special conferences and courses for medical department personnel. All new combat crews were given a special course in the subjects above by their Squadron Surgeons as part of their indoctrination after assignment to the Group; in addition, frequent refresher courses were conducted with increased emphasis placed on frostbite due to the onset of cold weather.

The following special courses were attended by the Medical Department personnel.

Captain Max P. Goodfried, 778th Bomb Squadron, two weeks DS to 26th General Hospital 1 November 1944 to 14 November 1944.

Captain William A. LeMire, 779th Bomb Squadron, two weeks DS to 26th General Hospital, 15 December 1944 to 29 December 1944.

Sgt (673) Horacio A. Gould, 779th Bomb Squadron, two weeks DS to 26th General Hospital, 15 October 1944 to 29 October 1944, Laboratory Technician Training.

Sgt (673) Jesse F. Jinks, 776th Bomb Squadron, two weeks DS to 26th General Hospital, 15 October 1944 to 29 October 1944, X-ray training.

Sgt (861) Henry W. Zablocki, Headquarters Detachment, two weeks DS to 26th General Hospital, 15 October 1944 to 29 October 1944, Surgical, Technical and Asepsis Training.

Cpl (405) Raymond J. Ackerman, 778th Bomb Squadron, two weeks DS to 26th General Hospital, 15 October 1944 to 29 October 1944, Ward Care Training.

Sgt (657) William F. Pendergast, Headquarters Detachment, two weeks DS to 26th General Hospital, 3 December 1944 to 17 December 1944, Ward Care Training.

(861) James J. Massar, 776th Bomb Squadron, two weeks DS to 26th General Hospital, 3 December 1944 to 17 December 1944, Medical Training.

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## 3. ENVIRONMENTAL HISTORY.

Environmental activities during the period of this report were concerned chiefly with the maintenance of standards of sanitation and with completion of winterization of buildings and quarters. In general sanitation was adequate except for occasional lapses which necessitated repeated recommendations for corrections. During October a new stone mess hall was completed for the 778th Bomb Squadron Enlisted Men, and in December a new Headquarters Detachment Officers Mess, which improved the messing facilities. Construction of a new 777th Bomb Squadron Enlisted Mens latrine was accomplished and this with repairs on other latrines improved the sanitary conditions although they remained below the ideal standards.

The greatest problem during this period was completion of the winterization program. At the start of the period approximately twenty-five percent (25%) of the command occupied suitably winterized quarters. Efforts were directed toward the flooring of all tents with stone or cement, and insofar as possible the erection of walls with tufa block or hollow tile. The difficulty of procuring supplies and arranging transportation hindered this program so that winterization for all personnel was not yet completed as of 31 December 1944. An increase in strength by approximately twenty percent (20%) also increased the requirements. The following statistics show the program of winterization of living quarters.

	October	November	December
Percent without winterization	20	30	12
Percent with floors alone	50	30	28
Percent with floors and walls	30	50	60
Percent with stoves	65	85	99

Repeated recommendations were made for the completion of the above, and for installation of winterized latrines and showers, which have as yet not been completed.

With the onset of the winter season the malaria problem and the necessity for control measures no longer existed within the Group, however, an increase in upper respiratory cases occurred due to the cold and inclement weather. Infectious hepatitis also showed a steady increase with a total of two (2) cases occurring during October, four (4) in November and Nine (9) in December.

SECRET

## 4. OPERATIONAL HISTORY.

Medical department operational activities continued as previously discussed, as regards adaptation to the functions of a heavy bombardment group. Personnel were present at briefing, on take-off, and on return from operational missions. Routine daily medical care was provided for all personnel of the Group, with especial study and evaluation made of flying personnel. During the three (3) months period a total of forty (40) unit sorties were flown by the Group--eight (8) in October, fifteen (15) in November, and seventeen (17) in December; these included combat missions to enemy installations in Northern Italy and German occupied territory in Southern Europe. On these missions a total of two hundred eighty-seven (287) MIA, ninety (90) WIA and fifteen (15) KIA occurred, as outlined in the statistical table in the appendix.

Casualties were evacuated to the 4th Field Hospital, 1st Platoon, which was located at first approximately one-half ( $\frac{1}{2}$ ) mile from the camp-site, but which moved in October to a school building in Lavello, approximately ten (10) miles distant; this increased the transportation difficulties but afforded better care for patients.

Preventive medicine efforts were directed toward the control of venereal disease and decrease of non battle casualties in addition to sanitation and winterization programs. High venereal disease rates were due in large part to exposures in the nearby towns as well as in the cities of Naples and Rome; increased educational activities by lectures, posters, and "briefing" of personnel going on pass were utilized to reduce the high rates. Free prophylactic kits and the operation of prophylactic stations were additional measures. Efforts toward increased ground safety included education by posters and instruction and the eradication of hazards.

In Aviation Medicine the problem of frostbite became of paramount importance with the advent of cold weather. A total of twelve (12) cases occurred during this period, none serious; these were due in part to personnel failures and in part to equipment failure. Intensive and frequently repeated classes were held for all flying personnel, emphasizing the importance and prevention of frostbite; in addition, modification of waist windows of aircraft to the closed type, and the installation of chaf dispensing chutes was accomplished in all but a few planes, to reduce the amount of exposure to windblast. Improvised face protection by use of towels or scarfs, the use of electric heated goggles, and the carrying of extra electric equipment during flights in addition to

SECRET

proper use of the provided equipment were other steps taken in an effort to reduce the incidence.

The treatment of recurrent aerotitis media by the use of radon seed implantation, to shrink down lymphoid hyperplasia obstructing the Eustachian tubes, was made available to personnel in October, and forty-five (45) flying personnel have been under this treatment. Although results as yet are not determined in most cases, it has proven beneficial to several of this group.

Psychiatric problems continued to be of primary importance as previously, with anxiety neurosis due to combat flying the principal cause. This caused permanent grounding of one (1) Enlisted Man in October, two (2) Officers and two (2) Enlisted Men in November and three (3) Enlisted Men in December. One (1) Enlisted Man in November and four (4) in December were permanently grounded for physical reasons. Difficulty in disposing of these cases through local command channels has necessitated the appearance of all of these cases before the Medical Disposition Board of the 15th Air Force.

There were no non-operational aircraft accidents resulting in injuries to personnel occurring during the period of this report.

A tour of duty of thirty-five (35) sorties (or fifty (50) credit missions) was completed by one hundred fifty-four (154) flying personnel, eighty (80) in October, sixty-four (64) in November, and ten (10) in December, who were returned to the Zone of the Interior.

Dental activities consisted of maintenance of troops in class IV, prevention and treatment of Vincents Infection, and the completion of dental identification records on all flying personnel needing these. No maxillo-facial injuries were encountered. Work accomplished has been listed under the statistical section below.

5. STATISTICAL HISTORICAL MATERIAL.

See appendix for statistical table.

6. SPECIAL ITEMS OF HISTORICAL VALUE.

None in addition to those previously discussed.

SECRET

SECRET

## 7. SUMMATION OF MAJOR DEVELOPMENTS DURING 1944.

Upon completion of training in the Zone of Interior in February 1944, the organization proceeded overseas to become established in Italy in April and May, and to begin combat activities. This change to field and combat conditions with the attendant adaptation requirements was the outstanding feature of the year's activities. The problem of sanitation in the field--including the installation of sanitary appliances and the maintenance of adequate standards--became one of primary importance and was inadequately handled in spite of recommendations for several months. Improvement was noted in the latter months of the year.

The results of combat stress upon flying personnel was a second development of importance. Due to the high attrition rate in the early months of combat activities and inexperience in operational flying, in addition to generally poor morale among the flying personnel, a large number of psychiatric cases developed, most of these anxiety neurosis. Many of these had to be permanently removed from flying. In recent months the attrition rate has been lower, morale much improved, and the combat experience level higher, and less psychiatric problems have developed.

Evacuation was handled without difficulty by ambulance to nearby hospitals. Supplies, except for minor items, were adequate throughout the year.

Other than venereal disease and sporadic cases of enteric disease, no problems of communicable disease were encountered during the year.

The proposed establishment of a Group Aid Station with facilities for caring for thirty-six (36) quarters cases, to be put in use upon the availability of a suitable building, was a major development during the latter months of the year. While not presently in operation this installation should prove quite valuable in the handling of minor medical and surgical conditions, the relieving of hospitals of caring for same, and the more rapid return to duty for such cases.

SECRET

## APPENDIX

STATISTICAL TABLE

## 1. Admission rate per 1000/annum

	<u>October</u>	<u>November</u>	<u>December</u>
All causes	506.54	498.40	494.91
All Diseases	365.18	364.00	380.70
Injuries	41.23	39.20	63.45
Battle Casualties	100.13	95.20	50.76
Intestinal Diseases	35.34	5.60	33.85
Venereal Disease	52.99	55.96	76.07
Neuropsychiatric	5.89	--	--
Common Respiratory	58.90	78.40	101.52
Jaundice (hepatitis)	11.78	11.20	33.84

## II. Patients Treated.

	<u>October</u>	<u>November</u>	<u>December</u>
Total Number of Quarters			
Patient Days	5	8	6
Number of Out-Patients	639	548	741
Number of Out-patient Treatments	1524	1431	1874
III Number of 63 Examinations	5	2	21
Number of 64 Examinations	22	15	11

## IV Immunizations.

	<u>October</u>	<u>November</u>	<u>December</u>
Smallpox	394	267	235
Typhoid	343	256	145
Typhus	99	463	797

## V. Number of New Venereal Disease Cases.

	<u>October</u>	<u>November</u>	<u>December</u>
Gonorrhoea	9	8	12
Syphilis	-	-	2
Chancroid	-	2	4

SECRET

## VI. Dental Statistics

	<u>October</u>	<u>November</u>	<u>December</u>
Number of Admissions	433	343	375
Number of Sitzings	915	425	423
Number of Treatments	558	421	457
Number of Prosthetic Procedures	15	13	9



AMERICAN RED CROSS  
Office of the Field Director  
464th BOMB GROUP (E)  
APO 520, c/o PM, N.Y.

31 January 1945

SUBJECT: Report of the Final Meeting of the Christmas  
for Kids Committee

TO : Group Commanding Officer and Commanding Officers  
all Squadrons

The meeting began at 1400, 24 January 1945. Those present were Lt Cook and Sgt Howard from the 776th Squadron, Cpl Caraffi from the 777th, Sgt Merriam from the '78th, and Cpl Blair from the 779th.

A final accounting of funds used for the Kids' Christmas celebration was made by the committee treasurer, Lt Cook. Contributions totalling \$866.75 were received in the following manner. \$325.00 from the Chaplain's fund, \$171.50 from the 776th Squadron, \$134.04 from the '77th, \$139.21 from the 778th, and \$97.00 from the '79th. The expenses follow below.

\$22.50	for Orchestra
\$148.00	for Children's clothing (pajamas)
\$600.00	for food
<u>\$96.25</u>	Unspent balance
\$866.75	Total

Breakdown on food expenditures, made by Sgt Griek of the 778th.  
Received from Lt Cook \$ 600.00

Purchase of Dried Figs	640 packs @ 40¢	256.00
Walnuts	35 kilos @ 85¢	29.75
Walnuts	57 kilos @ 85¢	48.45
Oranges	223 kilos @ 25¢	55.57
Oranges	125 kilos @ 28¢	34.00
Almonds	79 kilos @ 1.30¢	<u>102.70</u>

Total Expenditure \$526.47

Cash on Hand 73.53

The above records were discussed and approved by the committee. The one problem remaining was the disposition of the residue funds, some \$169.75. A motion was made by Sgt Howard and

Ltr, ARC, 464th Bomb Gp (H), 31 Jan 45, contd

seconded by Cpl Caraffi to the effect that "the remaining funds in the custody of the Christmas for Kids committee be turned over to Chaplain Eastwood to be used as he sees fit, with the suggestion that a portion of them be used for the purchase of milk for children in the Canosa Children's Hospital." This motion was passed by an unanimous vote.

A motion was then made, seconded, and unanimously passed that the Christmas for Kids committee be hereby dissolved. Meeting adjourned at 1445.

A TRUE COPY:

*Maurice C. Kieling*  
MAURICE C. KIELING  
Captain, AC

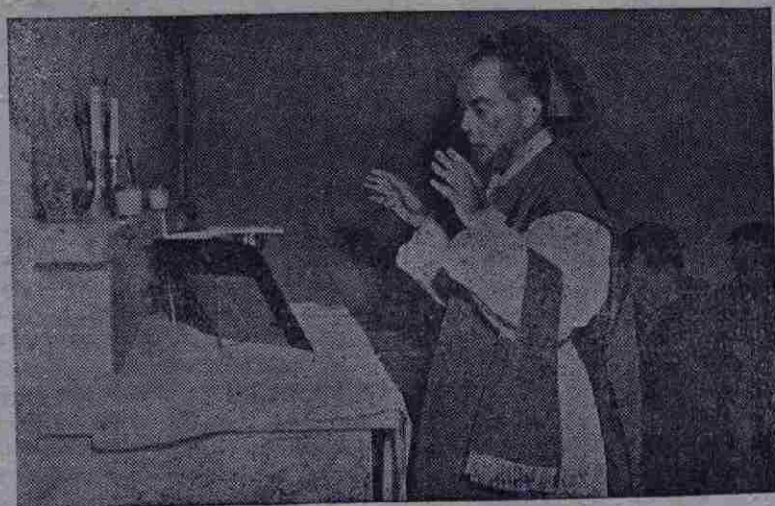
# THE TOWER

464th BOMB  
GROUP

Chaplain Eastwood, Editor



## SCROOGE OR SANTA CLAUS



### Meet Chaplain McCahey

Ever since the men of the 464th put down their bags on the side of a barren hill in Italy last spring, the one important job that remained unfilled was that of Catholic Chaplain.

A little over a month ago, news spread that we were going to have our Catholic Chaplain. The services of a priest were assured. A few days later, Father Eugene Francis McCahey arrived to take up his duties, and was assigned quarters in the 465th Bomb. Group.

Born in Chicago in May of 1908, Fr. McCahey studied at Quigley Seminary and at St. Mary's Seminary in Mundelein, Ill., where he was ordained in 1934. Then followed two years of post-graduate work in philosophy at Loyola University. His first assignment was at St. Nicholas Parish, where he served for seven years. Father was later transferred to St. Columbanus Church, where he remained as senior curate until entering the service in October, 1942.

He graduated from the army Chaplains School at Harvard University in December of the same year, and was immediately sent to the San Angelo Army Air Field Bombardiers School in Texas.

Fr. McCahey is right at home in the Air Corps. He holds a private pilot's license, and has almost 100 flying hours to his credit as a civilian in Chicago. Father had his first bomber ride at San Angelo, where he put on an AAF parachute for the first time.

Italy holds no secrets from Fr. McCahey, who visited this country in 1938 when the world was at peace. He toured western Europe, Egypt and the Holy Land.

His only comment upon his arrival at this base, was: "Glad to see you". Like the majority of the fellows, his objective is to get back home. His present hobby is winterizing his "casa". Fr. McCahey said that his main purpose over here is to bring the Catholic personnel closer to the Mass and to the Sacraments of their Church.

Fr. McCahey celebrates Mass five times a week at the 464th Bomb Group Chapel. Sunday Masses are at 9:30am and at 5:30pm, with confessions preceding. Weekday Masses are on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 4:30pm. Catholic Devotions are held every Tuesday evening at 6 o'clock in our chapel.

Cpl. Albert G. SALMON

*"Suffer little Children to  
come unto me  
For of such is the kingdom  
of heaven"*

The approach of the Christmas season carries me back in memory over twenty-seven long years to a tiny village in the Vosges Mountains of France — a village of the very old and the very young — with the men and women in their physical prime drained away into the army or war services. These children, within their memory, had known nothing but war and the conditions which war imposes - limited rations and the lack of common every day things which help to ease each day's labors.

The winter had been a hard one of extreme cold and heavy snow. Our battalion had been stationed there for training and we were billeted on the people. Their vacant rooms, their stables, their outbuildings had all been used to house us, and, in living there, we had come close to these people and to the children especially.

A few of us decided to see what we could do for the children at Christmas; the response of the Battalion was tremendous. Money poured in (we had just been paid for the first time in five months) so we were able to elaborate on our first plans. With the all-out-help of the schoolmaster and padre we secured the sizes of clothing, shoes, etc., for each child; sent a committee into Paris to do the purchasing and secured a complete outfit for each, two hundred sixteen of them.

Some of the men went up into the woods and cut a huge tree; others busied themselves with a multitude of other details including dipping light bulbs into improvised dyes to make tree ornaments.

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

It was pitch dark by five each afternoon and the children were in bed by that time or shortly after but rose with the dawn which came at about five-thirty. On Christmas morning they were assembled at the School at five o'clock and soon after came filing out, in pairs, more or less graded as to size and age. The tree had been erected in the Place de Republique, the town-square. As the children, filled with wonderment filed toward the tree its lights were turned on. One of the men in an improvised but creditable Santa Claus costume took over and distributed the gifts. Each child received a bundle with his name on it containing a complete outfit, shoes, stockings, underwear, suit or dress, overcoat, hat, and gloves, together with a doll for each girl and at least one toy for each boy.

It was a day never to be forgotten; a heart warming episode in any man's life. The joy and happiness of these children simply cannot be described; suffice it to say that, unquestionably, it was a day that will never be erased from their memory. In the future if the universal desire for an end of all War is to be realized, the relation of the peoples of the Earth must necessarily be bettered; we must be brought together so that we may live together in peace and abundance. Consider then, if you will, how much simple acts on the part of each of us may do to speed the day when a common basis of understanding has been reached among all peoples. To those of us who have seen War, who have had the routine of our lives broken by it, it assumes the aspect of a duty to do all things in our power to bring about that understanding with its accompanying sanity and balance.

Remember, too, if you will, that innocent children do not start wars, yet no one class suffers more than

they from war. They are the men and women of tomorrow, the ones who will have to bear the heavy debt of this war. Among them we will have to have men and women of good will, of understanding, if we are ever to have or to reach an era of peace, universal peace.

Cannot we be broad enough, human enough and understanding enough, as Americans, to do what little we can, as individuals, for the ragged and vociferous urchins we

counter here in Italy? Cannot we give a little of our plenty to make Christmas at least a little more enjoyable for these little ones?

So, when we ask you for your donations at the end of the next pay line can't we expect your response to be generous? And, as you go thru the PX line, is it too much to expect that you will likewise be generous?

J. A. HOWARD  
776 Bomb Sq.

## Viewed from the Hilltop

By MELVIN J. SYRES

There is nothing "romantic" about the towns of southern Italy, as far as I have been able to observe, although many have found them so in years past. Perhaps the war has buried their beauty as the dead are buried, perhaps it has killed in us the receptiveness to beauty when we find it set off in a frame of squalor, the smell of wineries, and the pallor of human misery. Certainly the war has changed the towns of Italy and their once-proud inhabitants. But even now, my sister writes, judging from the picture post cards I have sent her, that a certain city seems "quaint, lovely and romantic".

I was walking along one of the little streets of this city the other day, wondering just what it had been in Italy that attracted men like Goethe and Robert Browning, and made my old Latin professor, as he said, a better man for having been there.

Presently I saw something that might really have qualified as "quaint, lovely and romantic". It was a barber shop, like most Italian buildings, just off the sidewalk. It had not been painted for several years. The luster had worn off the chrome-plated faucet shampoo hair-dryer device that was as complicated as an Italian land-mine. An American soldier was sleeping in one of the chairs.

My barber was about seventy, although his firm hand belied it. He reminded me of the traditional caricatures of a beer hall proprietor in the 1890's. With the pomp and flourish of PT Barnum and the Chief Justice at the opening session of the Supreme Court all rolled into one, he slipped the cloth about me and proceeded to work. In the mirror

I saw two arresting figures in the waiting line behind the barbers' chairs. One was an old man, and the work of years was on his hands which were heavy and strong, and the mark of years was written in a certain Christian sadness that could be read amid the wrinkles of his face. He was Pagliacci, for his huge, undisciplined handle bar mustache lent a comic effect to his appearance. Beside him, his head in his hands, sat a young Italian soldier, *caporale maggiore*, clean, with a clean-cut face, the quick and open look of strength and honesty. I liked the way he looked as I saw him in the mirror — sharp and bright as the mirror itself. He and the old man had been talking.

The young man lifted his face and clenched his fists. Then he relaxed, and the words wrenched themselves from his lips: "Uncle, I tell you Italy is dead, my mother Italy is as dead as my mother Theresa, God be with her, and her dirge is in the hearts of her few remaining faithful children. For seven years I have worn this uniform and I fought in Ethiopia and Albania against people with whom I had no quarrel. I fought for the brigands who ruled Italy because I had to, and because Italy was my country. I fought in the army of him who had me put for two years behind bars for daring to ask questions, because Italy was my country, right or wrong. She was wrong but she was my country and I fought for her. Now I have been ordered to fight again, to join the Americans in the fight against the Germans. Of course, I shall fight. Willingly I shall fight. It is a debt we owe to those who have liberated us. But alas for men who must thank the stranger for giving their country back to them. For afterwards, what? Uncle, Italy is dead, the love of country is dead and all that is left is petty men and slavish souls."

The old man sighed, and pointed to the Church, to the need for hope and faith, but the young man was not comforted. "These things do not comfort me now", he said, "I want to know what there is for me to hope for on this earth. My wife is sick, my wife whom I have seen so seldom these past seven years. My child is dead. And my soldier's wage is small enough. Uncle — an honest man eats badly. I have worked

## CHAPLAIN'S FLEISCH

It's a pretty good idea, to keep a vivid remembrance of what you were before coming into the army. Quite often soldiers come into my office and begin showing pictures which I must confess frequently surprise me. Here is just an ordinary G.I. Joe showing me pictures of a beautiful wife, a fine home with a well kept lawn, cultured parents and a profitable business enterprise. It is easy to get into the habit of thinking of our fellow soldiers as just corporals, or sergeants or even just captains. Worse still we may come to the place of thinking of ourselves in the same way. We are prone to lose our individuality, and those characteristics, interests and enthusiasms which make us people with interesting personalities.

Keep in remembrance the person you really are. Keep in your mind a clear picture of that home of which you are or will be the head, that wife who sees great things in you, that business which will some day be your own. Remember what you really are.

CHAPLAIN EASTWOOD

and I have sweat and I shall gladly work and sweat some more. I do not wish to rob anyone. I want to be given a chance to do something useful, to work and sweat for a worthy purpose, for the good of my country, for the good of all men, who are my brothers. I want to feel a part of something good, but I cannot. For who eats in Italy, who is well-off in Italy? It is not I, Uncle, or men like me. No, until an honest man, a man whose only wish is to be given a chance to build and to be allowed to reap a decent reward for his effort, can be given his heart's desire, Italy is dead and the talk of hope and faith is like the emptiness of the wind caressing the trees with sweet sounds in the broad valleys.."

He got to his feet and resignedly, slowly went out into the street where he became indistinguishable in a motley crowd. He was Paul Muni acting in a play by Maxwell Anderson, only it was the real thing. He was playing high drama — the soul of one man in an unintelligible world. He was Emile Zola hurling a bleak and chilling "J'accuse" against the universe. He was a single human soul crying out in the void seeking to break the shell of his single existence in the realization of Christian brotherhood.

"It is true," said the old man, "there is none to help him, none to call him brother." And then, with the finality of abysmal resignation, he breathed, "I Thank thee, O Lord, that I am old and my life is soon done."

The other American soldier woke up, paid his bill, and walked out. A little brown and white dog followed him.

## T U F A

G. H. MERRIAM

The old saying goes that "There are sermons in stone". Be that as it may, there is quite a story in the local limestone formations found near our base.

We all know the rock as "tufa". One man I know wrote home to his folks that he was making a cottage of 2/4 blocks. This rock has for centuries been the basic building material for all southern Italy. It is used not only for all kinds of construction, but to make cement and fertilizers as well.

When you consider the history of a "tufa" block you find a long chain of events. Geologists tell us that millions of years ago the section of the earth known today as Italy was submerged beneath a warm, shallow sea. During the ages that passed hundreds of feet of lime deposits accumulated on the ocean floor. These deposits were the skeletons of billions of tiny sea animals. Look at any "tufa" block carefully, and you will generally find quite a few shells.

After a long period of time the seas subsided, and Italy came out of the water. A great chain of volcanoes became active, in fact the dead cone of one may be seen at the end of our valley.

The lime beds dried off, hardened, and were covered with an accumulation of dirt, vegetable matter, and in some cases, lava. Near a volcano like Vesuvius the extreme heat and pressure turned the lime rock into a beautiful stone which we call marble.

But in the section of Italy where we are the rise of the land was very gradual, so much so that today you may see the beds of stone just as they were laid down. We have different kinds of "tufa" due to the fact that the type of deposits varied with the depth and warmth of the sea.

Anyone who has ever seen an American quarry in operations has to smile when he watches the Italians. You never see the chain saws, the power drills, or the mechanical hoists which we use. It is a back breaking business over here, with all chizeling, hammering, and hoisting done by hand in many localities

the quarries look like mines, due to the tunnels which were built to follow choice beds of rock.

I was surprised to find when I went to Rome that "tufa" was even important to the early Christians. The Catacombs where they held meetings, and hid to avoid persecution were actually long forgotten limestone quarries. These wandering galleries total nearly a thousand miles.

My allowance of words is used up, and I must stop. Just one more thing concerning "tufa"... Don't ask me how to get some onto the base. I'm trying to find a way myself.

## THE 778<sup>th</sup> SPOTLIGHT

That exclusive group of little deals, the Brotherhood of the Mallet Heads convened last night and what a night. I'll tell you a little about this group. There are only eight members. M/Sgts Chadwick, Kumm, Pritzel, Libuda, Kleinschmidt, Courtright, T/Sgt Griek and Cpl Carr and new members join by invitation only. Last night's meeting came up sort of sudden like and was to pay tribute to Brother Kumm who is expected to leave for a short time. They had a few guests last night Lts. Klimpel, Russ and Knovich who not only entered into the business but it seems as tho they did the business. I imagine it is rather fortunate there was transportation handy or some of these members and guests would have had a most embarrassing time.

Congratulations to Lt. Colonel Poff and Capt. Fowler on the completion of their fifty missions. If you do happen to tackle another fifty in another theater we wish you another fifty successful ones. M/Sgt Schwenneker received a letter, he then sat down and wrote a letter, this letter went to France and then went home to the local paper. Now a clipping is on the way back. Wonder if M/Sgt Schwenneker will ever go back home. S/Sgt Baird who has had forty-eight missions to his credit is now studying engineering, should be able to tell us what happened to that landing gear on White "Y" now. Nails Jr. is the first night C. Q. who could wake a guy and still make him smile. What's the secret Nails or are we to be referred to Dale Carnegie. S/Sgt Shields has been sent to the hospital; hope nothing is serious with that chest.

Congratulations Pvt. Morehead on your second child. We understand a girl, tell her in years to come that the squadron wishes her the best of luck. Understand that Sgt. Butler believes the war is lasting a bit too long. Didn't you ever hear that "Patience is a virtue". Cpl. Williams "What, more gas? I gotta pay these taxes after the war". They tell me that easy going Alabama boy, Baugha, had a rough day after a visit to the club. Do we think new resolutions were made? but definitely. Pappy Sheek is carrying home comforts a bit too far when he starts to receive a store boughten drip o lator so his coffee can be made to specifications. Our hats go off to Lt. Lane and his crew for the good work they have been doing. The harmonica is a wonderful instrument if it is well played, this isn't a hint Sgt. Patashus.

The Service Club has instituted a new policy by reducing the price of drinks to twenty cents. This is not so that you will drink more but that you

will save on the purse strings. Everybody is sweating out the opening of the coffee bar at the club. Should be very soon from all reports. Maybe then we get doughnuts, maybe.

So you think your wife or sweetheart is beautiful and possibly the most beautiful. Well, if you do, bring her picture along to the Service Club where it will be put on display and possibly chosen as the pin up of the 778th. Closing date of the contest will be December 13th and the selection will be made on the evening of the 15th. All pictures will be returned to the EM who enter them.

Since communications is now becoming a Squadron function instead of Group, it seems as tho Engineering will have another neighbor on the line. Communications is building their abode between Armament and Welding. Seems as tho the Imp and Ward should have lots of fun now. Wonder if Tech Supply will like having Sgt. Black that close. Don't get excited Black, you're a good guy, but oh those fingers.

What's wrong with the new combat crews? Never has this Squadron witnessed the arrival of such quiet inactive chaps. No one sees them around at all. Let you in on a secret boys even operations is going crazy as howling has been reduced to a minimum. Let's be up and doing and getting on the ball and enjoying ourselves while here.

The Orderly room extends its appreciation to Pvt. Wallace for letting them read at night. Sure is a keen job he is doing on that generator. Maybe they aren't so happy tho as this kills the alibi for not being able to work nights. The Medics are expanding their field. They now give out salts as well as aspirin. Congratulations boy.

### The 778th Points With Pride

There are two of them and they work as a pair. The one was in the South Pacific for over twenty months when he had forty-eight missions as a gunner with four hundred combat hours. He returned to the States, received his commission as a pilot and came to this theater. The other was in the South Pacific as a gunner for a year, went to the States and then came to this theater as a gunner. The 778th points with pride to Lt. Klimpel and Sgt. Rollins. The former has received the Silver Star, the D. F. C. with Clusters and the Air Medal with numerous clusters. We are proud to have you with us and hope you both carry on with the good job you are doing.

Till next week then this is T.S. A. J. Griek saying "CHEERIO".

## CHOW LINE CHATTER

By A. SEVENTY-NINER

You need a ticket now to get into Split's exclusive mangiare-house. Would you believe me if I told you we had the best chow on the base? (Type your answer on toilet-paper and mail it to file 13). Many men in other squadrons must think so. We have to have a pass system to keep them out.

But you will agree the chow has been a lot better lately. O-ration soup is way better than O-ration dumped in a pan. That sauce they use on the braised beef is tasty too. Hope they will keep up the good work.

I hear they have sent Porky Manning to Cooks and Bakers school. If he can spare time from studying the consumption of spaghetti in the homes of his Italian friends, he should pick up some useful background for his experiments. Those oatmeal hotcakes were an achievement. We hope they will be served again. Official sources deny the rumor that the hot fire-extinguisher fluid we drank one morning was one of his efforts to find a caffeineless coffee substitute.

Some people think the cooks have a snap because they get three days off a week. Funny, but those are just the guys that make a bee-line for sick-call when anyone mentions a detail for KP. Regular hours - thirteen a day, and no brainwork - just peeling spuds and cleaning pans, but they don't want it for themselves.

There is brainwork for some. Just watch Split working out that ration return. Won't anybody lend him a slide-rule?

There is heroism and danger too in a quiet way. Wulfhorst saved the mess hall and orderly room from destruction the other day by quick thinking and bold action. A stove blew up. Flames shot ten feet in the air. Others fled. Wulfhorst battled the flames and put them out. Then was overcome by smoke and fumes. He got a written commendation from the Colonel and deserved the thanks of everybody.

Yet nobody appreciates the kitchen crew as they deserve. They get all the gripes and none

of the praise. Which is the reason for this article.

I once spent two weeks at someone else's expense at one of the world's superb hotels. Each meal cost 2 dollars flat rate whether you ate tea and toast or pheasant with caviar dressing. And you could have all you wanted. For a week it was heaven. Then I began to gripe. I was tempted to eat too much and got indigestion. Which all goes to show that whatever you do for them, people are still going to bitch.

So next time you go through the chow line and get something you like, give the fellow behind the counter or the cook in the background a smile and a word of praise. He gets all too little, and it will probably encourage him to do better next time.

## MOLTI POOP FROM THE 76<sup>th</sup>

Congrats to our CO, Lt. Colonel William H. Reddell, on those silver oak leaves he's sporting. They look mighty good and I can't think of a better place for them. Not bad considering he's from Texas.

"George", the K-9 pride of Sq. supply, is back from DS so Lt. Tracey is leaving for rest camp. Must be nice to have an understudy.

Von Throne's battle against the Italian bambinos appears to be won at last. More power to him.

Bet a million Kuzmick is still picking them. It's rumored he does it with mirrors.

Johnny doughboy found a rose in Ireland but Caputo hasn't done badly in Italy. He came, he saw, he conquered and as a result he's no longer a single man. It just ain't right. He gets a wife and I can't even get a cup of coffee. That reminds me that I'm giving the best years of my wife's life to this army. Hope they appreciate it.

Big doings at the service club Thanksgiving Day including orchestra and drinks on the house. Members must wear identification tags and shoes in order to be admitted.

Fellows, lets not forget the Italian kids this Xmas. A pack of gum or a candy bar doesn't mean much to you, but it really means a lot to them. They had nothing to do with starting this war so let's try to give them a nice Xmas.

Grochowski, our mail orderly, is really working overtime these days with the Xmas packages. He's trying to find the man who said his job was a cinch. Wonder if he still thinks it is?

We hear Capt. Orjas is going into the contracting business when the war is over. He should have plenty of expe-

## CHAPEL NEWS

BY VACHEL HOOK

A Gospel Team has been organized under the direction of Chaplain Eastwood. The Gospel team conducts worship services for the 1443rd Ordinance Personnel on Tuesday evenings. Lt. Stanley Fowler is spokesman, Pfc Howard Walker, organist, Lt. Gene Dulaney, Sgt. Emmert Anderson, Sgt. Dexter Shuford, Cpl Richard Welty, and S/Sgt Vachel Hook are singers and helpers. The response thus far has been good.

An enjoyable concert was presented last Saturday evening in Memorial Chapel by four Italian musicians. The concert was arranged by the Chaplain in cooperation with Special Services and the Red Cross. More are coming. Watch your bulletin board!

Did you include that request for old clothes in your letter? The Service Men's Christian League is sponsoring the gathering and distribution of old clothes for needy Italians. Place all packages in the rear of Memorial Chapel.

A new shipment of books has been placed on the shelves in the chapel reading room. There is also wood for the fireplace.

rience by that time if he survives this mess-and I do mean *mess*.

Lt. Colonel Reddell, Capt. Focht, Capt. Rose, Capt. Hass, Capt. Black, Lt. Jacobs, T/Sgt Pedersen, S/Sgt Malcolm, S/Sgt Caporali, S/Sgt Hawkins, M/Sgt Olive and "Skinhead" Knopp are due in from Cairo any day now. Bet they'll have multi tall tales to tell.

Sgt. Joe Howard is really going all out to give us the best service club in the group. His latest plans are for a ping-pong, chess and checker tournament, a weekly bingo party, and a dark room for the camera fiends. If you have any suggestions Joe is always happy to hear them.

Lt. O'Malley is back from DS. He says "There's no place like home and I wish I was there". The way he talks you would think he's from Denver.

Our nominee for the "sleepiest man in town" is "Horizontal" Thompson in tent 7. Show me a man who can beat him.

**NOTICE:** Capt. Black and his sturdy crew of cutthroats want it definitely understood by all that the 776th officers' latrine is across the road from the club and *not* in their casa. They're darn tired of briefing new crews in the middle of the night.

**HATS OFF DEPARTMENT:** To Lt. Mensinger' T/Sg Saavedra, T/Sgt Kaplan, T/Sgt Busbee, S/Sgt Rabinowitz, and S/Sgt Mattice upon completion of their tour of duty in "sunny Italy". Looks like a white Xmas for some folks, doesn't it?

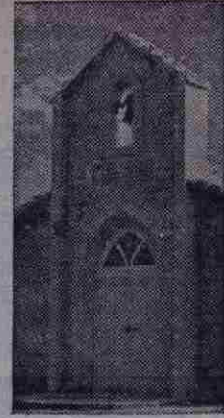
STAB. TIP. GIUSEPPE PANSINI & FIGLI

Corso Vittorio Emanuele 102 - BARI

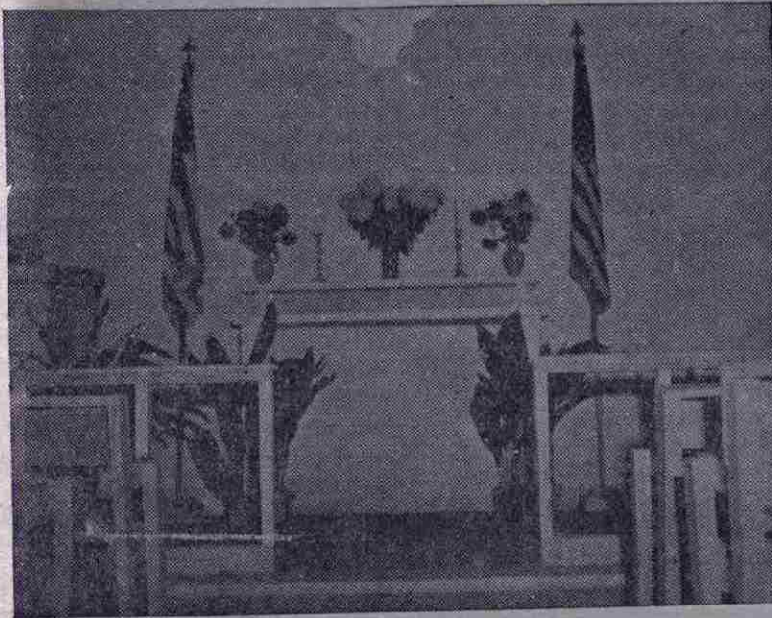
# THE TOWER

464th BOMB  
GROUP

*" — with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine providence,  
we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes,  
and our sacred honor "*



## OUT OF THE MUD



### Where Free Men Worship

The altar in our chapel is a simple one, of necessity. Yet, with all its simplicity, it has a certain grandeur. It, and the flags which flank it, are the symbols of a wonderful power, which exists wherever the United States holds sway.

This wonderful power is the freedom of religion for which our ancestors fought and died, and for which our own men are fighting and dying today. We don't say too much about this subject, freedom of religion. In fact, we have come to take it for granted, at times.

However, at our altar each week there worship the men of different faiths, Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish. Each have their own time when the Chapel is theirs alone. And the flag by the side of the altar is the reason for this.

It has been this way throughout our history as a nation. The pioneers carried their religious freedom wherever they went. Once in a great while bigotry reared its head, as in the persecution of the Mormons at Nauvoo, Illinois, or the Quakers in early New England. But these were isolated cases, and are noticeable because of that reason. We have been, throughout the years, a nation where people worshipped according to the dictates of their consciences.

And the same holds true over here. Our plain altar, and our flag, remind us constantly that we are citizens of a nation where men may still be free. When we respect the right of our neighbor to worship in his own way we have taken a long step up the road toward a truly civilized world. It is a wonderful heritage we have.

G.H. MERRIAM

DUE TO CENSORSHIP REGULATIONS  
THIS PAPER MAY NOT BE SENT HOME.

### WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE ANYWAY

How many times have your folks asked in their letters, "Do you think you will be home for Christmas?" In the States people think it's all over but the victory march. Here we know different. Our combat crews still meet "heavy, accurate and intense anti-aircraft fire". And the boys at the front are lucky if they average a mile of mud a week.

Yet even we often think that in a few months we will pull out of Europe and forget about it for ever. Probably we will go home, but can we forget? Have we gone through all this hardship — for many misery, pain, and death — just to whip the German army and leave a continent in chaos?

Did you ever watch a man dig a hole in a marsh? He can dig out the mud. He can bail out the water. He can make everything clean and dry. But unless he puts something solid in the hole, the bog will soon seep back.

We can dig out the German army. We can bail out the Quislings and the Nazi way of life. But what will we put in their place? Unless we build solid foundations for a new world, the tide of totalitarianism must roll back, and there will be nothing to show for our efforts.

When a man comes in the army he has to pick up a new way of life. He is lectured and drilled. He is punished when he steps out of line. But the thing that makes a good soldier out of him, if anything ever does, is the example

**THE TOWER**

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

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HOWARD WALKER

**INSIDE THE SEVENTY-SEVENTH**

of men around him. Men who demonstrate good soldiering in their daily lives and like it.

We have a way of life that can replace Nazism. But we have to live it and demonstrate it. Punishing atrocity mongers and giving lectures on democracy are not enough. We have to capture the minds and wills of millions.

Total victory means moral victory as well as military victory. And each will be won not by generals alone but by the united effort of all of us.

J.T.B.

If you're bored with our "Social Life" consider the educational program sponsored by the army institute. Some few GI's who have seen all of the so-called "new motion pictures", who have tired of Perry Mason mysteries and whose stomachs have finally (and inevitably) rebelled against synthetic gin have volunteered to spend a few hours a week in an earnest attempt to improve themselves. If you still have a burning faith that someday, somehow you'll become a civilian again, see Sgt. Warren at the orderly room. You'll be the better for speaking French, mastering math, or just knowing the finer points of chinese checkers.

**A Few Inches of Interview**

And now if you'll excuse a personal reference or two, your reporter has a story to tell. Have you ever tried to interview a bartender on his night off? If you expect to find him at the bar, or playing cards at the service club or at any of the glamorous night spots that GI's frequent, you'll be

disappointed. Bartenders are (Mac McCormick tells me) essentially home-bodies. "Mac" was in bed. After explaining that I had traced him in a driving rain and risked breaking my neck on our muddy hillside to bring his public "The True Story of a Bartender" he relented and talked, although his usual function is to listen. "Mac" is thirty-four though he says it doesn't make any particular difference and was a bartender in civilian life. McCormick says (just in case some of you envy him) that the chances are you'd make a good bartender if you know synthetic gin from the real stuff, if you can grin and give the right answers at the right time without listening and know well your own capacity for alcohol.

He isn't married and admits that it isn't entirely his own fault. He intends to sometime before its too late. Realizing that every GI has extensive post-war plans, I questioned him. He seemed a little reluctant to continue the interview and only grunted and pulled the blankets over his head as I shut the door. I'm still not satisfied that "to open his own place of business" is all he plans for the post-war period.

Some of our more fortunate officers are planning a ten-day trip to Cairo and points of interest in that vicinity soon. As this goes to press, they have left or are preparing to leave. Now aren't you sorry you didn't apply for O. C. S.?

If I may judge from the amount I've received in packages from home lately, this Squadron has more Baby Ruth's and Butter Fingers on hand than it could ever consume. If you have a surplus, some local kid will appreciate it. Boxes to receive your donations are provided at the Service Club. Whatta you think?

If the interview with "Mac" doesn't land me either in the Stockade or the Hospital, I'll be seeing you next week.

## *Chaplain's Flimsy*

### **"Unto the Hills"**

When Headquarters had a personnel inspection a few days ago I was taken out on top of our hill, compelled to stand perfectly still and look straight north for a period of a few minutes. It wasn't an unpleasant experience for there was beautiful scenery to enjoy. There was the valley made green by the autumn rains and the rolling hills which grow into a mountain range in the distance. As my eyes followed the outline of the mountains, and the officer behind me accused me of moving my head, I thought how interesting it was that I could see the mountains at all, for the day was dark. Although there was a solid overcast I could see the distant peaks more clearly than ever before.

Notice if you will when the mountains are most visible. It's not on the brightest days nor when the sun is highest. Perhaps there is a lesson here. Sometimes things go well with us. Success gives us ease and comfort and swells our pride. We feel secure and confident. Our sun is high and our day is bright. But we do not see things very clearly. Our self-centredness narrows our horizons until the greatest peaks are no longer visible. And it often happens that an overcast, a darkened sun, a few shadows open our eyes and extend our vision. The highest peaks appear when the day is dark, when danger is near, when tragedy and sorrow come our way. If on such a day you have caught a glimpse of the distant height, may you never forget that the mountains are there.

Chaplain EASTWOOD

***This is your paper!***

*Your contributions are always welcome. Letters, poems, articles, and cartoons. Bring them to the Chaplain's Office. The deadline is Tuesday noon for the next Sunday's issue.*



## Hobnobbing with Headquarters

**PROGRESS.** -- Weather-proofing of the roof in the club house has changed the atmosphere completely. Even the good old daily "C" for noon meal loses its gruesomeness when a guy has a place to dine, sheltered from the weather. (Remember our first days on the hill?). Also, after duty hours, the place looks inviting now that a comfortable temperature can be retained. 'Tis too bad that temperatures of some cannot be likewise.

**WOMEN.** -- See Cpl Hermes for particulars of a blonde beauty with whom he became acquainted recently, while in quest of eggs. The scene: a red-tiled chalet, high on a mountainside. And don't think for a moment that he is raving for what he says is true believe me.

**EXCELLENCE.** -- Hats off to the all-round man of Hq. I give you Pfc Walker. That this man can do anything par excellence is the general opinion - organ player, singer, debater, medico, star at any and all sports (that goes for horseshoes too). Just now he is engaged in construction work, trying to learn something from the king of that trade, S/Sgt Gilfillen, as they stubbornly attempt to improve their hovel.

**WAGERS.** -- If you are short of shekels and wish a sure-fire, easy way of acquiring same, look up M/Sgt Peterson. He bites on about everything you throw his way, be it Wisconsin, war, peace, football, baseball or going home. In direct contrast, steer clear of one Sgt. Conaway, the sharp Arkansan (or Arkansawyer if you please), who seems to go wrong only at Cassino.

**SIGNIFICANCE.** -- Chivalry is a man's inclination to defend a woman against every man but himself.

**BOUQUETS.** -- To Cpls Warren and Sandoval and Pfc Broseker. By their combined efforts and the no small help of Italian assistants, they put on a Thanksgiving Day spread which made us even forget to be homesick. For once the stomach, collectively speaking, enjoyed working over-time. Also noteworthy at this banquet were the supposedly lost forever table man-

ners which cropped up once again. Even "Snowball" Helms, the fastest of the slow group, kept himself under control.

**DELINQUENCIES.** -- Of late our clan has been pretty much on the beam till our erstwhile model Pfc Beaver, struck a sour note, causing higher headquarters to frown upon his actions. As he puts it "I was only passing through". Can we question or condemn that? Absolutely not.

**ELONGATION** -- The record in Hq for passes legally taken rests upon the broad shoulders of soldiers Strang, Marrone and O'

Brien. Taking off for Rome the 27th of Sept. nothing was heard or seen of them till late at night on Oct. 14th. While we sweated and toiled in exile they were free for 18 days-ouch! Theirs can truly be called the success story. However, crush that rumor that they were the cause for cancellation of Rome trips. Merely coincidental. Haven't you heard: Only officers; not the rank and file.

### DO YOU WANT A MILITARY FUNERAL?

if not be careful of  
your gasoline stoves.

## THE 778<sup>th</sup> SPOTLIGHT

It was our first Thanksgiving overseas but it couldn't have been a better one no matter how long we had been over. The Officers and Enlisted Men extend their appreciation and gratification to the Mess Sergeants and mess personnel (especially Sgt Sylvester) for the efforts put forth in preparing this dinner, and apologize profusely for burdening you with the K P's assigned that day. They tell us the kitchen was rank; yeah all Master Sergeants.... Never thought that a girl would refuse to go into a corner with that tall good looking, quiet Sgt Curtis but the unbelievable did occur at a recent USO dance in Bari.... Cpl Costello came down to Tech Supply incognito. Wonder why?.... T/Sgt Carter is restoring those turn of the century side burns.... Sgt Wing returns to the fold a man with a new way of life.... Best of luck S Sgt Denzinger even tho in the hospital at Bari we still think of you.... Gibson & Gibson, wonder if they will ever form a corporation?.... M/Sgt Pritzel can now sleep, he got a cat to chase the mice who kept him awake all night.... Quote Master Sergeant Bernardine, "I got troubles". Well who hasn't.... Sphinx isn't only a talker, he wins all arguments with us.... Seeing that S/Sgt DeBoever is now Junior Inspector, it shouldn't be long before he gets into the Dick Tracy class. Where does M/Sgt Purdue fit into this scheme of things or is he, no he couldn't be.... Sgt Frydrychowski and Sgt Paster seem to be buddies. Wonder who wants what.... M/Sgt Libuda we all admit is a Great Man but not great enough to talk Cpl Pawlak out of that beer. You forget Sgt that the Corporal hails from Delancy Street.... Now that the boys from Ohio had their picture taken for the home state publications, Cpl Lieberstein wants one taken of the boys from Brooklyn. Correction Please, its the Bronx. By the way Corporal don't forget to wear that good conduct medal for the event.... M/Sgt Kleinschmidt now has his own plane; looks as though M/Sgt Chadwick's crew will have to go back to work again. Don't say it Sgt Erickson we believe it.... Whats wrong with the discussion group? No meetings lately... Sgt Whitus is fast turning pale, could it be that Tech Supply is giving him worries?.... The Service Club Committee isn't so much worried about the fracas on Thanksgiving as it is about the losses. If the EM who clipped those

four bottles from the bar will turn their names in Sgt Border will gladly furnish the juice for the mix. We believe in Santa too.... "Thats not a cross road thats my face" so says J. J-Casey. Why the sudden aversion to beer and interest in Hershey bars Corporal?.... We heard quite a bit of boasting about those raving beauties you Romeos had back home. How about getting this question settled once and for all by bringing your proofs to the Beauty Contest.... A slight error was made last week, it is the Brotherhood of Wooden Mallets and not Mallet Heads.... Don't get discouraged if you can't find Henry Aldrich under the first twelve blankets, just keep pulling them off as your sure to find him under the next six.... Notice in the Lost and Found Department on the day following Thanksgiving. "Lost. One each, more or less complete, Master Sergeant Courtwright. Reward if discovered but not returned.".... There is a controversy raging on the line as to who is the best trencherman, S/Sgt Shuster or S/Sgt Sandera. Our money is on Shuster because he is a growing boy.... Hate to put your name in twice but where are you keeping your head these days Sgt Whiteus?.... Do you suppose that Milne knows he is on K P for Christmas? we do.... Of course we know there is not a bit of truth in it but WE HEARD that the new Italian mechanic is teaching Corporal Luke a few things.... Never thought that Lt Rust was the philanthropic type but he'll take care of the kiddies....

### HARDLY WORTH MENTIONING

M/Sgt Libuda's ability to operate a Cletrac with or without the presence of fire plugs.... S/Sgt Schnepfe's ability to talk a pilot into taking off with three engines.... Pfc Lombardo's ability to shave for two consecutive days.... Cpl Bubanks ability to maintain an even temper when discussing North Carolina with a Yankee... T/Sgt Kaplan's ability to get\*\*\*\*... M/Sgt Ward's ability to get caddy with M/Sgt Morance... S/Sgt Strauss's ability to buck the chow line.... First Sergeant Cutler's ability to live alone and like it.... Cpl Parker's ability to present a convincing argument on the more learned subjects.... 776th's ability to recognize a good column when they see one.

Till next week this is T/Sgt A. J. Griek saying "CHEERIO".

## CHOW LINE CHATTER

by A SEVENTY-NINER

The rain beats down. It's cold. It's dark. The line moves slowly on. Some of the guys have been there half an hour. Yet they all seem cheerful. Ready to sweat it out. They are waiting for something they want. The army calls it the greatest morale factor. It's the mail.

It comes pouring in now. Cascades of it. Parcel pressure has pushed "Silent Johnny" Yurko out of his little tent. His long time ambition has been fulfilled. He has got an armored building. He can lock himself in and nobody can get at him without a can opener. But the sacks pile up so fast even the new room won't hold them. He burns the midnight oil to get them sorted.

Of course not everybody gets what they want. We hear Gaston got a blitz cloth in an impressive looking parcel. Now he's going to shine the buttons on his fatigues.

Talking of our First Sergeant reminds me of a compliment he once paid Johnny. It was after one of his less successful trips as co-pilot of a jeep. As they dragged him from the wreckage he swore by all the gods that never again would he set foot in such a vehicle unless Yurko was at the wheel. (Did you know that the mail was just a side line with Johnny. He's classified as a truck driver).

Back in civilian life he used to drive under even more tricky conditions than these Italian roads. He worked thousands of feet underground hauling coal from the working face to the shaft of a Pennsylvania mine. Guess you can't burn up the roads with a hundred tons of coal behind you. There are not many people who can say they are safer in the army than in their civilian job, but it is certainly true of him.

He must have had quite a bit of spare time down there. It takes a lot of practice to get to be as good at cards as that. He's a demon at Casino.

In many ways he's typical of "the Silent Service", the Army Postal system. They don't make the headlines. They don't collect medals and citations. You hardly hear of them unless something

goes wrong, which isn't often. Yet they do a tremendous job behind the scenes. Think of those twenty or thirty million packages, and uncounted letters and cards, each with its own route and destination. Yet very few miscarry. Come floods, elections, or submarines, the mail still goes through.

## CHAPEL NEWS

BY VACHEL HOOK

The total attendance at chapel services of all faiths for the month of November was 4206 — eight hundred more than any other month.

Mr. Norman T. Boggs, Red Cross Field Director for the 461st Bomb Group, lectured on the history of Southern Italy, in Memorial Chapel last Saturday night. Mr. Boggs told us a great deal about interesting historical sights near our field and at the same time gave

us a better understanding and appreciation of the land in which we now live.

Watch your bulletin board for announcements of musical programs. Special Services, the Red Cross and the Chaplain are working together to bring some of the very best talent to our field.

Our Thanksgiving service was beautiful and inspiring. Chaplain Ray's solos, the anthem by the choir, the message by Chaplain Blouch, the solo by Norman Rose, the candle light and the decoration of autumn leaves made it a service that will always be remembered. The chapel was decorated by: Stanley Fowler, Gene Dulaney, Emmert Anderson, Richard Welty, and Howard Walker. The offering amounted to 325 dollars. It has been given to the "Christmas for Kids" committee.

## MULTI POOP FROM THE 76<sup>th</sup>

The feud between Capt Black and his lusty minions and Tent 9 in the officer's area is developing in intensity. The occupants of Tent 9 awakened the other morning to find a large sign securely fastened to their door. Here it is:

### EVICTIION NOTICE

By the authority vested in this power under AR Spec. 21-10, Para 4k2, the Benito Musso Funicular Co., Ltd., is hereby serving notice that this shack is condemned as being uninhabitable, a menace to the safety and health of the Community and an eyesore constructed too darned close to our proposed right of way.

Thirty (30) days after serving this notice it is decreed that this menace be removed and preferably destroyed.

(signed) Salvadora Giovanni Salami  
Adj. B. Musso Funicular R. R. Co.

Then today, another large sign was placed alongside the above. Here it is:

### HILLTOP LIVERY COMPANY

Horse and buggies for hire or sale  
Manure and hay for sale  
Fresh eggs every other Tuesday  
Agents for (—) Hand Laundry - Cash and Carry

Cooke, Tracey, Colvin, Scott & Co.  
(Pete Fay, silent partner)

We buy and sell rags, paper, bottles and junk

Also shoes (see Cooke)

Lt. Robbins and his cohorts have about finished their Casa del Rossa. Finished in a beautiful (?) shade of pink, no less, at least it adds a touch of color to the hillside. They have been accumulating sundry bottles of you-know-what against a housewarming which seems to have been too long delayed. When's it coming off, Loot?

Not to be outdone another of the recently completed casas blossomed forth in a very light blue — a sort of robin's egg blue. It is our fervent hope that this thing stops right here; otherwise, our fair hillside will look like Joseph's coat of many colors.

No completion of missions for anyone in the Squadron this week but a lot are just around the corner. We're rooting you in, boys!

Lt. Cooke reluctantly (?) took off for Rome this week to do some purchasing for the Christmas for Kids Committee whose plans have now developed to a point that only requires your co-operation to make the whole affair a decided success. You will have the opportunity to continue your donations of candy, cigarettes, tobacco, soap, tooth paste or powder, etc., etc., at the end of the PX lines right up to Christmas. It takes a lot of these items to finish off about six hundred baskets and these are just the articles which will be most appreciated.

STAB. TIP. GIUSEPPE PANSINI & FIGLI  
Corso Vittorio Emanuele 102 - BARI

# THE TOWER

464th BOMB  
GROUP

*He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper;  
but he is more excellent who can suit his temper  
to any circumstances — HUME.*



## 464<sup>TH</sup> LEADS WING



WOL is just a dog. Now you may see things from an entirely different angle, but to me a dog is the most companionable of animals. They are certainly army animals, a part of every camp, no matter where you are. A dog is often the lonely soldier's best friend, both of them being for the time, without a home.

They're often dirty, they get under foot, and choose the worst places to have their pups. You may sometimes find one on your bed, or curled up just inside the tent door where it's bound to be stepped upon. I guess there are few men who haven't been waked some morning by a misbegotten hound's vocal practice.

Yet nearly all of us like them. The lady whose picture heads this article has had quite a career in her short life. She was the result of a mutual mistake on the part of a Wyoming coyote and a Casper mongrel. You'd never imagine Awol winning a dog show, with her shaggy black and white coat, and her blinded eye. But she doesn't have to compete. She has what it takes to make a good pet.

Vance Meyers picked Awol up in Casper a couple of weeks before he left, last June. When Captain Wagner's crew joined the 776th, Awol was still present, having made the transoceanic hop successfully. At first she was just another one of the many puppies that roamed the base.

But the camp soon began to notice Awol. She was often the object of none too favorable comment. Some of the briefing room brass wished to dismantle her. Awol had formed the habit of going to every briefing. The clang of messkits was her usual reveille. She'd follow the crews of the 776th to breakfast, and from there to the group briefing room.

Once at briefing Awol would slowly circle the room, looking for a friend to pet her. If anyone attempted to put her out she became the soul of slyness. The coyote in her was coming out. Tossed out, she'd wait an opportunity, and dart back in. The feud between Awol and S-2 was almost continuous.

One morning when the briefing room staff succeeded in evicting her she retaliated by leading her troop of admirers back and forth across the tin roof.

Crowds delighted Awol. She was like many of her sex whose happiness increases directly in ratio to the number of males in the vicinity. Awol never missed a U.S.O. show. She was usually in the first row, busy stealing the scene.

Nature took its course, and Awol recently passed through a period of heat. The racket in the rear of the briefing room was at times terrific. Now there are rumors of pups. The male in the case, one Shotgun, could not be reached for a statement. Someone suggested that pups by Shotgun out of Awol should be called Courtmartial.

A truck hit Awol the other day. She was chasing it, and slipped under one of the wheels, fracturing her hip. The chances are that she may have to be put away. She will be missed by all who knew her.

G. H. MERRIAM

DUE TO CENSORSHIP REGULATIONS  
THIS PAPER MAY NOT BE SENT HOME.

### GROUP FIVE GRABS A CLOSE ONE

Our group basketball team whipped into its sixth game this week and emerged victorious. The team, consisting of S/Sgt Jimmie McRae of the 78th, Pfc James Massar of the 76th, M/Sgt Utely, Sgt J. Johnson, S/Sgt Peterson, 1st Sgt Morgan, and Sgt Dean of the 77th, and Lt. Bruce Jatton of Hq, were coached to their successes by Lt. Louis Biskup.

Defeating the 460th's team was our most difficult obstacle thus far. It was a thriller from start to finish. We played without the services of Lt. Jatton and Sgt Morgan.

From the first whistle every man knew he was in for a hard game. Play was fast, with excellent refereeing by Lts. Sullivan and Ryan.

It was anyone's game until the last minute. M/Sgt Utely sparked the team throughout with his fast and fancy ball handling and shooting. He scored 13 of the game's points. His fine passing helped Massar and McRae to score.

Superb defensive playing was shown by "Long Pete" Peterson. He kept the 460th boys down when a single score would have tipped the scales.

The record follows with a box score of the last game.

#### BOX SCORE

	B	F	P
RF MASSAR	3	1	7
LF MCRAE	4	0	8
C UTLEY	4	5	13
DEAN	0	0	0
RG PETERSON	0	0	0
LG JOHNSON	T	4	6
TOTALS	12	10	34

20 Oct.	464th BG	— 36	Guard Sq	- 27
7 Nov.	"	— 65	565 Ser Sq	- 15
15 Nov.	"	— 36	542 Ser Sq	- 17
27 Nov.	"	— 46	562 Ser Sq	- 20
30 Nov.	"	— 34	460 BG	- 32

## 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

# SATURDAY NIGHT CONCERT

On December 2nd we of this group were fortunate in having Miss Maria Vernole sing for us. She is a singer of great ability, a star of Radio Bari, and has sung many times on the concert stage.

Through the cooperation of the Chaplain, Special Services, and the Red Cross, we were able to hear her sing. The concert was

held in our chapel, where she sang to a full house. All of her numbers were good, but everyone seemed to be waiting for the last one, George Gershwin's "Summer Time", from the stage production, "Porgy and Bess".

There is a wealth of good music in Italy. Such great composers as Verdi, Donizetti, Puccini, were all natives of this land. Their operas and cantatas are known all over the world. Many of our popular songs are taken from numbers written by these men. Those who arranged this concert promise us more of the best music in the near future.

I have heard few singers with a voice as clear and well modulated as Miss Vernole's. It isn't hard to see why she is in great demand. I am sure that those of us who heard her program enjoyed it very much, and hope she will return again.

Cpl C. O. PEARSON

## Chaplain's Flimsy

It matters what you believe. Far too often I hear fellows say, "It doesn't matter what you believe as long as you do what is right". This is absurd. It is like saying, "It doesn't matter what you eat as long as you keep well". It's certain that a man won't keep well unless he eats wholesome food. If he eats poison he will die. You cannot keep your physical health unless you eat properly. Neither can you keep your moral and spiritual health unless you believe The Truth. Thought is parent to the deed.

Again I hear men say, "It doesn't matter what you believe as long as you are sincere in your belief". If a man said this of anything other than religion you would think him crazy. It was at one time said, "All roads lead to Rome", but I cannot believe this is true of heaven. Not every way of life is THE WAY. Nor will the deepest, sincerest faith make it THE WAY. For example I do not believe a Nazi is right no matter how ardent a believer he is. Can a philosophy or a religion which makes a hell of life here on earth be trusted for anything better in a life hereafter? No amount of faith can make a lie the truth. It is not how sincerely we believe but what we believe that matters. It is not the depth of our faith but the object of our faith that saves us. He who said, "I am the Way" also said, "I am the Truth". It matters whether or not you believe in His Way of Life for His way is true.

Chaplain EASTWOOD

## CHOW LINE CHATTER

by A Seventy-Niner

The rain came down in a steady stream. The wind whistled shed around the tents. It was cold. "Sunny Italy" gave a rousing welcome to our five new combat crews. We didn't have tents for them at first. Things looked pretty grim. Yet only a few days later one of them confided to me that overseas wasn't as rough as he expected. These boys are tough.

We are certainly glad to welcome them to the Squadron. They are following in the footsteps (or should we say propwash?) of a great bunch of fellows. We are sure they will keep up the fine fighting record of the Seventy-Ninth.

None could say our new comrades lack enthusiasm and initiative. In three days most of them are more advanced with winterizing their quarters than many men who have been here for months. If the gentlemen in the tent by the Service Club will confide in our ears the secret of getting a stove and hot water system welded within two days of arriving on the base, we will be their friends for life.

Pratt, Sawyer, and Lt Barry had a near squeak. They had completed 50 missions in less than 35 sorties and were going home. Then the 35 sorties rule came in. It looked like they would be paying some more calls on brother Boche. But their orders are in, so it seems they are safe.

"Did you hear the latest? Yes. We all know that we will be back in Pocatello in a few weeks. The rumor factory is in full swing. Capt Timmens asked the Mess Sergeant, a propos of nothing much, whether he knew how to set up a troop kitchen on a train. Before long someone called up from the line to say that they had heard the Seventy-Sixth was building a troop kitchen, and when should they start to pack?"

Well boys, straight from the tail end of the horse we heard that even if we got orders to move tomorrow, it would take a good two months to pack our equipment. So don't stop building that house just because somebody likes to prove he knows the latest dope.

## HORNOBBING WITH HEADQUARTERS

**RETURN** - Of Lt Col McKenna, Dep Gp Comdr, after 60 well-earned days in the U. S. (most of them at home), and looking in top condition. Good to see him back but where is the motorcycle?

**FRUSTRATION** - The nightly battles that Special Services stages against one or a combination of the following is a show in itself: projector, film, screen, put-put or the weather. Which side will prove superior in the eventual victory is still to be decided. Under existing conditions, however, a smooth program cannot be expected so please bear with our fighting SS crew.

**ELOCUTION** - M/Sgt Herrmann, S/Sgt Wirka and Pvt Fischer declining nomination at the recent club meeting for sundry reasons and the straight-from-the-shoulder acceptance speech of S/Sgt Moseley.

**APPLAUSE** - To the boys in the mail room for their efficient handling of our precious mail. No letters or packages, processed by them, have as yet gone astray. Also to Cpl Lyons' daily tactful reply, backed up by Pvt Dadisman, to Maj Johns on the mail situation, which never seems too bright for the Adjutant.

**VARIETY** - M/Sgt Marantz and S/Sgt Hirsch seem to be the rover boys in communications. During a day you would find them doing assorted jobs. (in line of duty of course). Have you ever noticed that wherever you go you will meet one or the other? Even when it comes to telephoning operator, you will hear a familiar voice. Their omnipresence is notable. Wonder if Maj Beasley can locate them when necessary?

**POST WAR PERSPECTIVES** - S/Sgt Trulsson to continue on to his school-teaching career sans mustache; T/Sgt Kennard to be ping pong champ; Cpl Cosenzo and Pvt Eannarino to be the ideal, jovial bartenders; Cpl Kalajian, historian; S/Sgt Weaver, book worm; Sgt Huntley and Cpl Lucchina, world travelers; and Sgt Strang, food inspector.

**PERSEVERANCE** - Through the continued efforts of M/Sgt Cross, assisted by coaches Lt Col Price and Maj Moon, the shower hole was covered a few days back. The material used is classified secret. Now all we need to complete a vicious cycle is to have that water truck, which is always taking short-cuts, attempt to drive over this trap. A shortage of trash barrels is noticeable now that this convenient dump has been eliminated.

**NOT TO MENTION** - Chaplain Eastwood provoking T/Sgt Witmer by synchronizing pay voucher with PTA night - S/Sgt Pas carrying on a confidential conversation with the CO, about trousers, at the last inspection, during which Pfc Walker saved several of his buddies from a gig by being just a shade more hirsute - the joy of Pfc Walsh in meeting a home town buddy, which happens to very few of us - Sgt Bush and his weekly migration to Gerignola for a hot bath - Cpl Feldman slowly cracking as he takes drastic measures in his attempt to get the dark-room members together - Capt Ceccato doing likewise over his work details - T/Sgt Whittington and S/Sgt Sykes temporarily stymied by an Italian merchant in a business deal over a mirror, but smoothly recovering - the good fortune of Maj Morgan on leave to the states.

## CHAPEL NEWS

BY VACHEL HOOK

The worship service must go on. That motto sent the Gospel Team through rain, and mud last Tuesday. The truck was late, the crowd was small, and our organist, Howard, had a swollen jaw (from a pulled tooth). The Gospel Team was faithful, the service did go on.

Let's stop a minute for a chat with Henry. You don't know him? You must! for Pvt. Henry W. Fischer is our usher at the Protestant services. He has been on the job each Sunday for the past five months, giving out books, and showing you to your seat. In civilian life, he was a licensed layman in the Episcopal church, assisting the Rector in Valentine, Nebraska.

Henry is married. He was partner in an appliance business in Valentine and had his own in Pineridge, South Dakota. When material shortage cut the business low, he turned to flying.

First he worked for Lockheed in Burbank, was transferred to the Phoenix plant and returned to Burbank for a while. He worked on P-38's Hudson Bombers, and the Constellation before taking to the air himself.

The Civilian Pilot Training program gave him a start in flying. He purchased his own Cub and piled up 87 hours. He has a Private Pilot's License. Henry was not called to active duty as a civilian pilot so he worked as an airplane mechanic under the War Training Service. In September 1943, he answered Uncle Sam's call to enter the Army and is now doing a good job in S-1, as well as being a good usher in our chapel.

The quartet number in the Sunday morning service was first class. Richard Welty, Howard Walker, Emmert Andersen, and Dexter Shuford were the singers. Let's have some more of it, boys.

S/Sgt Jim Doherty lead us in a discussion of "Why Do You Worry?" taken from the November issue of the Link. Being a combat crew member this question came rather close to home for him. It seems that he actually has a tendency to worry just a mite when flak starts rattling against the side of the ship. However, with the assistance of S/Sgt Bob Harden, S/Sgt George Sillburn, Sgt Don Harder, and Sgt Boyce Hollopeter, he was able to convince us that worry is not the best policy.

Join us this week!!!

## THE 778<sup>th</sup> SPOTLIGHT

These rainy days the boys with little to do sit around manufacturing rumors, most of which are fifty percent wishful thinking. We thought that our rumors were of pretty high caliber but when we heard the one from Spinazzola about this group moving back to Pocatello, we know the boys were batting a thousand. We don't know for sure the source of that rumor but two of our evangelists recently passed thru this town.... We have to admit that one was pretty good but looking into our crystal ball we think we can do a little better\*\*\*\* 778th Bombardment Squadron 1945 Time Table\*\* April 1st 1945: Boys pack their barracks bags and stagger in the trucks, complete with packs, rifles and "C" rations. Trucks roll out as per schedule, two hours late and Special Services doesn't have a thing to do with it. Four P. C.s later, estimated elapsed time between P. C.s, three hours, trucks dump their dusty contents in a bivouac outside Brindisi where Sgt Cutler with the usual dispatch leads the thirteen month veterans of overseas existence in pitching shelter halves.

April 2nd 1945: There is a cheery spirit around, what with a boat at anchor and a hearty breakfast of ham, (spam) and eggs (powdered) under their belt, the boys board the ship and are assigned to the cabins where they relax on those wonderful Beauty Rest Mattresses (six feet of canvas). A vague memory of a similar trip causes a few to put their multi-purpose helmets within easy reach.

May 15th 1945: Forty five games and three hundred detective stories later, the boys discover that New York is undergoing quite a change. The canyons of Manhattan have been transformed to a solid bank of waving Palm Trees. Yes that's right, it's the Philippines. This one may not be so hot but its as good as that one about the two thousand cases of beer waiting for us at Pocatello.... So what you don't like it, Suppose you might think the one about this bomb group being transferred to the Air Transport Command for

ferrying activities in better. We admit the perspective is a rosy future but if the crystal ball were actually effective we would give you the date of the grand finale..... T/Sgt Kaplan is having his head examined. We expected it.... Hey Vinny how could you do that to Aldrich, he would have paid you the thirty five cents.... Getting pretty lonely in Tech Supply these nights, Delbert wants to go on days.... As a form of occupational compensation we have arranged to send for Beulah, o you lucky boy.... So far the only contribution we have had for our beauty contest are the Lew Ayres collection of Etchings.... What a bunch of buddies Sgt Haack has - to go off to Capri and leave him here.... Sgt Strauss walked into the pit by the mess hall. Did he get out?... The only possible comparison we can make with the drainage system outside the mess hall is the clover leaf traffic pattern back in the states. How many Italian Laborers have been lost in the system.... M/Sgt Perdue thinks that Vinney Costello looks like "Smoke" Reardon but that's all right Perdue he still believes you are a carpet bagger.... What is Sgt Cohan sweating?... New world record or anyhow a new record has been set; Carl Pearson has never pulled G. Q. in his seven years in the Service. Tough old boy but your education needs rounding out.... Rumored that Capt Flannigan is still sweating out transportation for the states.... Do the censors get any ideas from their jobs?... Sorry to see S/Sgt Denzinger and Sgt Pulella leave the outfit however boys we wish you speedy recovery and enjoyable life in the states.... Actions and personalities remind us of books: Sgt Border & Cpl Breen - Of Mice and Men. Sgt Strauss-Death takes a Holiday. M/Sgt Cutler.... Comedy of Errors. Cpl Wilbur Gibson.... The Mouthpiece. Cpl McLaughlin.... The Gentle Grafter. M/Sgt Libada... The Faker. M/Sgt Leninger... The Frontiersman. Ace Pritzel.... Rip Van Winkle. M/Sgt Chadwick and M/Sgt Kleinschmidt.... The Reapers. Cpl Charley Jones.... High Tension.

Before we say *finito* we are asked to remind you that the boys in the hospital would sure like to see you so don't forget to drop around during the visiting hours 1400 to 1600 and 1800 to 2000. Ad Nauseam... T/Sgt A. J. Griek and S/Sgt W. J. Clark.

## INSIDE THE SEVENTY-SEVENTH

We've just been informed that the deadline for this issue is Tuesday noon. Which leaves us behind the proverbial « eight ball ». Admitting that our job is not the hardest on the line, we still manage to keep pretty busy with K.P., guard duty, sleep, chow and various other non-essentials. All of which adds up to our being a little short on gossip this week. Is that an unpardonable error?

Congratulations are in order, of course, for all who have been promoted, won medals or in any way furthered the (to our eyes) lagging war effort. But particularly we'd like to express our admiration for a newly created Sergeant. « Pappy » Porter hasn't staggered once under his load of three stripes. And three is sometimes too much for a man's arm or hat size.

Notice the bulges in the sides of some of our tents? It's not due to weather conditions. It's the new additions to the Squadron personnel. Some of the more ambitious and enterprising souls have started SECOND extensions on their tents. There's a limit to the number of extensions a fellow can make before it all collapses around his head like a punctured balloon.

We're positive nobody wants this turned into a gripe column, but there is at least one due. What's happened to our Service Club? We haven't made a personal investigation but if you may rely on any of the existing rumors, the other squadron's have very pleasant clubs. While ours is frequented only on pay-day and by those bent on forgetting their troubles. Seriously though, could a stove that doesn't burn and lights that won't light have anything to do with the poor attendance?

The Army Institute's Educational Program that Sgt. Warren is handling is really getting off with a bang in the 77th. So far he has requests for classes in French, German, Italian, Mathematics, Meteorology, Business Administration, Psychology and others that your reporter won't attempt to spell. The majority of GI's though seem to be particularly interested in languages. (The better to « snow » you with, Signorina). Language classes are to be conducted with phonograph records as well as text-books. That should make it easier. All this and the drive for prospective students isn't scheduled to close until after Christmas. The Sgt. anticipates many more. Maybe we aren't such dopes after all. Huh?

# MEET THE BOYS

by JOE STEWART

Wander about the 79th squadron area any day, and you'll probably find Bill McKee with his usual line of chatter. Unconsciously, he is one of the biggest morale boosters that can be found anyplace overseas. At the present he is making the rounds of all other houses looking for ideas for his new casa which he will share with « Pill roller » Carnaggio and his cohort from supply, Larry Sevitsky. Maybe he didn't find a home in the army but the figures he can make one in Italy. After all, he's over here and can't do much about it so why not make the best of it he.

From reports from his home town back in he states, Blairsville, Pa., McKee, known as « Kip », was the same sort of chatterbox and was quite a super-salesman. He was employed as manager of a chain food store in Blairsville before he heeded the call of Uncle Sam for volunteers in April 1942. « Join the army and see the world » said the sign that lured Mac into the clutches of the recruiting officer. He has. First off he toured the States through the courtesy of the army... from Pennsylvania to Florida to Texas, to New Mexico to Georgia to Mississippi to Utah and finally,

to Pocatello, Idaho where he joined the 779th... the rest is now history!

He doesn't wear any medals... that's not in his line. In his job as assistant to Frankie Migliore in supply he is comparable to the « fighting quartermasters » who also receive very little recognition for the great jobs they do in helping to win this war. He handles the weekly P.X. rations and friend or no friend, no favoritism is ever shown... in fact, I'll probably lose two candy bars next week for writing this about him.

McKee is married and his wife Irene resides in Blairsville with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James A. McKee. Like the rest of us, he is just sweating out the war. Drop in at the 79th supply tent one of these days and have your morale boosted... if anybody can do it, McKee is the guy. After the war if you ever get near Blairsville, Pa., drop in on him at his place of business. He'll probably sell you a car load of groceries whether you need them or not. He's the kind of a guy that can make you feel happy with a pair of twelve shoes on your number six feet... and make you feel as if he's done you a favor.

## MULTI POOP FROM THE 76<sup>th</sup>

Terms of an Armistice are under consideration between the denizens of tent 9 and Capt. Black and his crew. Hostilities ceased a few days ago.

◆◆◆  
The building being erected on the Line by Capt. Orjas of the Engineers is rapidly nearing completion. Hot showers constantly on tap, a lounging room, T.O. room and living quarters are contained therein and the set up, as a whole, is impressive. A novel method of heating has been improvised which will assure uniform temperature thru the building and a constant supply of hot water as well.

◆◆◆  
Sharply in contrast is the shower condition on the Hill. A Summer shower has been erected but it had limited, if any, use and now stands a forlorn wreck. From the standpoint of hygiene and sanitation, and, yes, morale, is there anything more important than facilities for bathing? Certainly, a couple of helmets full of tepid water does not permit a state of cleanliness. The Squadron Service-Club has voted to pay the cost of the building to house the shower, both labor and material, so why the delay?

◆◆◆  
We are not entirely sure of our ground but believe that Cpl. Dom Caputo, Armament Section, is the first G.I. in the Group to be married on foreign soil. Being in his thirties Dom came to Italy

a confirmed bachelor, but the charms of an Italian signorina broke down his last resistance. If you read the article in the last Sunday issue of Stars and Stripes you will know what a G.I. has to do to secure permission to marry. The guy must love the gal.

◆◆◆  
Many wild rumors have been in circulation during the past week about the cigarette ration. Cheer up, they're all wet. As a matter of fact, why not send some back to your family in the States to relieve the stringency there?

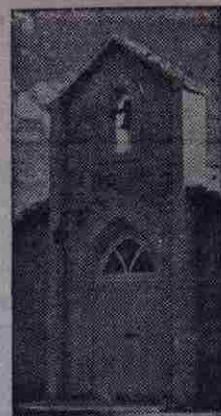
◆◆◆  
Did you know that the idea to have a Christmas for Kids celebration came from the High Command? It has the unqualified support of both the Wing and Group Commanders, and they are kept informed as to progress made. It is not a Red Cross activity. It is run by a committee representing the squadrons. In fact it's your show. While we are on the subject, may we count on your continued co-operation in the matter of contributing items from your PX rations in the weeks to come right up to Christmas? We all get Christmas packages from the States. Often they contain articles we have no use for. If you receive any such items why not turn them in to your Christmas for Kids Committee man? Every little bit helps.

STAB. TIP. GIUSEPPE PANSINI & FIGLI  
Corso Vittorio Emanuele 102 - BARI

# THE TOWER

464th BOMB  
GROUP

"THE HOPE OF THE FUTURE LIES NOT IN  
BETTER HUMAN INVENTIONS BUT IN BETTER  
HUMAN RELATIONS".



## MEET THE WHEELS A BUNDLE OF STICKS

Most of you men in the group know the "Wheels" when you see them, but what they did before joining us remains a deep dark mystery. I will endeavor to shed light on that mystery by a series of short biographies of the leading men in the group.

All of you know Colonel Arnold L. Schroeder, but did you know that he was once a 2nd Lt? The Colonel was commissioned 2nd Lt in the Infantry when he graduated from the "Point" in 1932. After graduation from West Point he transferred to the Air Corps and took flight training at Randolph and Kelly Fields in Texas.

This is not the Colonel's first tour of overseas duty, he served at Wheeler Field in Hawaii and for a short time in England as a Special Observer.

Before joining the Group he was Executive Officer of the 55th Bomb Wing, serving in that capacity from December '43 until June of this year.

The Colonel is married and like the rest of us is "Sweating out" the war so he can return to his wife and family, who mean more to him than the DFC and the Air Medal with Oak Leaf Cluster.

Lt. Col. Charles F. McKenna III, the pride of Pelham, N. Y., is the holder of the DFC with OLC, Air Medal and three Oak Leaf Clusters. The Colonel tells me that his favorite hobbies are Ice Hockey and Propagation of the Race, in both of which he no doubt excels.

A graduate of Fordham Univ. class of '38, commissioned 2nd Lt, AA Branch of the Coast Artillery he transferred to the Air Forces and took his flight training at Kelly Field, Texas where he also served as Instructor. He was transferred to Ft. Worth where he was Supervisor of Primary Flying School.

Before joining the Group he was CO of the 781st Bomb Sq of the 465th Bomb Group.

Col. McKenna has returned to the Group after having Senjoye a well earned rest with his wife and two children in the stated where he went after finishing his first 50 combat missions.

by S/Sgt WEAVER

DUE TO CENSORSHIP REGULATIONS

THIS PAPER MAY NOT BE SENT HOME.

Italy is the country of the bundle of sticks. Half the people on the road seem to be burdened with these bundles. In the evening as the farmers leave their fields and make their weary way back to the village to spend the night they invariably carry a bundle of sticks. There are large bundles on the two-wheeled carts, bundles on the backs of men, bundles tied to bicycles and even elderly women may be seen carrying these precious twigs as they walk the long miles from field to hearth. The twigs are precious for Italy is poor; exceedingly poor in things to burn. When the olive trees, the figs, the almonds and even the trees by the side of the road are pruned the cuttings are gathered into neat bundles to be carried away to feed the tiny fires in the open fireplaces where house wives prepare the simple meals of the poor.

In Italy the bundle of sticks became a symbol. In ancient Rome the fasces, a bundle of rods or sticks with the blade of an ax projecting, was carried before the magistrates as a badge of authority. The fasces reminded all who saw that the magistrate had the authority to punish law breakers by beating with a rod or beheading with an ax. The Fascists, a political group or "bundle", employed the symbol. It is to be seen on monuments and coins both new and old.

I wonder if there is a relationship between the bundle of sticks which is a symbol of authority and the bundles which we see on the backs of men and women today in Southern Italy? In a society where men trust and respect each other there is little need for the external authority that wields the big stick, since each man is governed by a law in his heart. In such a society no individual or class is allowed to sink into dire poverty for each man is interested in the welfare of all. When men no longer do right because it IS right, but are willing to turn every situation to their own advantage, all mutual trust and respect disappear and an external authority, a ruler with a rod in his hand, takes over. The ruler and the class which supports him, being a part of this society, have no regard for the rights of others, the poor appear and grow steadily poorer. The bundle of sticks which symbolizes external authority and the bundle which becomes a burden on the backs of the poor go hand in hand. If we would be free from the latter we must be worthy of freedom from the former. If we are to keep these burdensome bundles of sticks off of our own backs we must so live as to make the existence of the bundle of rods unnecessary. We must merit the respect, trust and confidence of one another. Chaplain EASTWOOD

## THE TOWER

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## Editor

Chaplain EASTWOOD

## Associate editors

GEORGE H. MERRIAM

JOHN T. BLAIR

## Typist

HOWARD WALKER

## OUR PILOT

*Who leads you over mountains,  
Over fields and seas of blue?  
Who leads you into heavy flak  
And mostly brings you through?*

*It's not the pilot of the ship,  
The gunner or the crew.  
It's not the "sparks" or engineer,  
Although they help, it's true.*

*For when the battle's hot  
Above a hostile land,  
It's God above who rides with us  
And lends a helping hand.*

*So when the mission's rough  
And all you do seem's wrong  
Ask Him Above for help  
And He will make you strong.*

S/Sgt KEN MORRISH, 776th

## The Music Box

On December eighth two American girls gave this group a concert that we'll not easily forget. The entertainers were Miss Eustis, a mezzo soprano of Radio City Music Hall, and her accompanist Miss Carley, who was one of the finest pianists I have heard in a long time.

Miss Eustis gave a variety program in the true sense of the word. Her Habanera from the opera Carmen by Bizet was enjoyed by all, as were familiar arias from other well known operas. After singing these she asked for requests, and received many. Cole Porter's "Begin the Beguine", "Night and Day", "Smoke gets in your Eyes", and "White Christmas" were chief among requests.

Miss Carley, the singer's accompanist, gave several fine selections. Among them was the world famous "Rhapsody in Blue", by the well loved American composer George Gershwin. She played it so that I could close my eyes and imagine the composer himself was at the keyboard. I am sure from the applause she received that her music was enjoyed by all.

These weekly concerts are proving very popular, judging by the large and enthusiastic audiences, and I'm sure they will get larger as the season continues.

Cpl C. O. PEARSON

## "TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT"

A soldier should have formed soldierly habits during basic training. It is tough on the Army and ourselves if after a year in the service we are still acting like recruits. We have the right to "beef" all we want, but why not make things easier for ourselves?

Take the soldier who is continually crying, "This army is a b\_\_\_\_\_." It might be all that and more. But it is a cardinal fact that army life is full of inconveniences. If the army were a constant round of luxurious living there would be no draftees. The soldier must of necessity exist on a different plane than a civilian.

A great many of us are in the war against our will. Nevertheless, our well-being in this army is a "take it or leave it" affair. True, our actions are circumscribed much more than in civil life. But even in civil life we can no more do as we please than may a guest in the home of his host. The mere fact that we were living without discipline is no proof that any other manner of living spells death. It might be the hard way, but the hard way is the normal way of life to most of the world's inhabitants. Contrary to popular opinion it is not the so-called "Soft" people who lead a comfortable life, but people of inflexible determination. We do not possess inflexible determination if we allow the army to stand between us and our aims in life. But this, too, is a matter of "take it or leave it".

So often one complains that two years in the army are two years out of one's life. This might be true. That it could well mean adding two years to one's life is also true. It depends on us. To accomplish this will be more difficult than it would be in civil life, but we have only two choices: To accept or reject the challenge. And it cannot be far wrong to believe that it is accepting the challenge and enduring the hardships that make a soldier.

By Cpl. Jemuel Archbold  
Co. "B", 1898 Eng. Avn. Bn.

## Attend Chapel this Christmas Season

## PROTESTANT SERVICES

- Sunday — 1100 & 1900  
Monday — 1900 Bible Class  
Wednesday — 1900 Service Men's Christian League  
Thursday — 1900 Choir Rehearsal  
Christmas Day — 1900

## CATHOLIC SERVICES

- Sunday — 0930 & 1730  
Tuesday, Thursday & Saturday — 1630  
Tuesday — 1800 Novena Devotions & Choir Rehearsal  
Thursday — 1800 Choir Rehearsal  
Christmas Eve — High Mass at midnight  
Christmas Day — 0930 & 1730

## JEWISH SERVICES

- Friday — 1900

## L.D.S. SERVICES

- Tuesday — 1900

## LUTHERAN SERVICES

Chaplain Scharlemann of the 43rd Service Group will conduct a service for all Lutheran men of the 464th and 465th in Memorial Chapel Friday, Dec. 22, at 1800.

SATURDAY NIGHT IS CONCERT NIGHT



## HOBNOBBING WITH HEADQUARTERS

**COAXER** - The dribble of letters these days, constantly diminishing, has finally decided Col Schroeder to walk softly and carry a big stick. He has ordered a mail club to be made by — you guessed it — the mailmen. It will consist of a polished broom handle, approximately 18 inches in length and with a rope handle. The over-all appearance is that of a policeman's night-stick. If this club does not help the mail situation, then, indeed, the outlook is black.

**BUILDINGS** - The hardy tent era is passing as communications at long last have a home in which to carry on their operations. One of the major unsolved mysteries to the laymen of this hill is why the headquarters building was built in such a hole. This question has been asked innumerable times—could it be for a more solid foundation? The main disadvantages are the dark cave-like atmosphere and the sand and dust blowing down from a porous sheetmetal roof, which is level with the ground surface. When is the oft-spoken-of hospital coming into being which T/Sgt Towler and Sgt Zablocki are always spouting about and so vividly describing? The officers' club is now a finished product so the officers can now, along with the enlisted men, walk proudly with their heads up, no more ashamed when asked "Where are the headquarters clubs?" Full force can now be directed on the theater superstructure before another construction is dreamed up. Will someone politely inform the radar men that one of their houses is about a 30 degree angle off from the rest of the row. Realizing their training in following a beam, this is most perplexing unless due to the following reasons: individualists; plans and laborers got out of control; front wall is pointing to the magnetic north pole; or pointing to the latrine.

**GREETINGS** - And salutations to newcomer T/Sgt-Ragen, who assists Capt Whaley in smoothing out the motor pool wrinkles and Pfc Provencher, who pulled through 11 grueling weeks in a general hospital with severe burns suffered from a gasoline fire explosion, to return to the Group looking fit. Try to stay away from that octane "Frenchy".

**SYSTEMS** - The flag detail has proved strenuous for some, especially the early rising, as Pvt Fischer will tell you after doing an extra week's detail for failing to make the grind one morning; at this time he is considered the most expert and an authority at this job. But for a smooth-working team, Sgt Rumpf of Chicago, Ill. and Sgt Pendergast of Rib Lake, Wis. have no peers with the former lowering and the latter raising—seems a case of the city slicker over the country boy. Also seen one morning was Sgt Kocher, dashing up the hill in his class « A » and looking every bit as though he had remained in the sack to the very last precious second. When will the orthodox system of the guards doing this detail go into effect?

**SPOTLIGHT** - This week to Privates Gonzales and Eads under supervision of Pfc Beaver, who are seldom noticed or appreciated for their valiant efforts in making things smoother for the bigger cogs and wheels. Each morning at 0630 these three musketeers sally forth to

clean S-1 of the ever-present sand, dirt and dust. Each is a specialist: Rube, mimeograph and broom; Vance, stove and broom; and Sid, liaison agent plus a combination of the other two specialities.

**PREDICAMENT** - Who can we tell the Chaplain to see now that he has been caught by a delinquency report? At least he will be more understanding when some other bad boy airs his grievances with the M.P. Seems he parked his jeep under a No Parking sign and came back a few minutes later to find it missing. He was able to retrieve his vehicle after signing various incriminating papers. We must caution him to be more observing in the future.

**ACCUSATIONS** - The absence of a fruit cake in a box received from one of his luscious girl friends, has caused Pvt Curran to throw suspicions on his tent mates. Naturally, the most shady characters in his estimation are Cpl Cosenzo and Pvt Eannarino, although we understand M/Sgt Marantz and Cpl Warren are under observation too. The club house will continue to be noisy with slander until future developments clear up this case, which as yet, has not been referred to T.J.A.

## CHAPEL NEWS

BY VACHEL HOOK

It was a trade. The trade worked. Sunday, Dec. 3 Chaplains Blouch and Eastwood exchanged pulpits for the evening service. Such changes are good occasionally. The men of the 464th enjoyed Chaplain Blouch's evangelistic message.

If they cannot come to you, then go to them. That is just what we do. Our

Chaplain and members of the Gospel Team go to the Service Squadron each Sunday at 0900 and conduct a worship service. The attendance and response is good. Our quartet is proving popular.

Captain Angel, the Jewish Chaplain of the 15th Air Force, conducted a service last Tuesday evening for the men of the 465th and 464.

Sgt Jim Becker is the smiling, good natured G.I. that I would like you to meet today. Jim is the fellow who finds that last seat for you just before the Mass begins, and has charge of the religious literature displayed in the rear of the chapel.

The red headed gunner has been closer to the enemy than most of us. He parachuted out of a doomed B-24 with the others of his crew. They landed in a part of Yugoslavia where both German and Partisan forces were operating. The Partisans were efficient and helpful. Several on the crew were hurt, including Jim, and they have been awarded the Purple Heart. Three of them attended Mass in a picturesque 12th century church on the Island of Vis.

Jim is proud of his home town, Milwaukee, Wis., which he left in January 1944 to join the men up in the wild blue yonder.

His post war plans include a period of business schooling as well as some persuasive talks with that certain girl.

On Sunday night, November 10th, the first candle was lit opening the Jewish festival of HANUKAH. This festival is to commemorate the triumphant restoration of the holy temple in Jerusalem, by the Maccabees.

Jewish services are held each Friday night at seven P. M. in our chapel. All festivals and holidays are also observed. Men of the 465th are cordially invited.

## THE 778<sup>th</sup> SPOTLIGHT

Seems as tho we did it again. This time its the mess hall coming thru with a real old fashioned Dutch Oven and the only one in the group and it works. That credit goes to the perseverance of Mess Sgt Thorud and Sgt Cohan who did the welding under the supervision of our baker Sgt Conant. We are looking forward to the first batch of hot biscuits..... Perhaps it won't happen this way but we heard from a "Reliable Source" that a system is to be inaugurated whereby the Italians will once more wash the pots and pans..... "Simon Legree" Ward does it again. Last Monday night the black snake whip cracked and the communications section to a man volunteered to haul Tufo block after duty hours for the construction of the new communications building. Above the din of the cracking of the whip this ominous growl was heard, "Even Capt Matelan wouldn't make us do this.".... Hey Kaplin did you pass the test when you had your head examined?.... A number of the boys in the Squadron are asking questions about these courses which are being conducted by other Squadrons and Groups. We don't know anything about them but certainly think it an excellent idea to conduct classes in languages and business as well as technical subjects for those who are interested. There should be sufficient manpower in this Squadron to conduct these classes and it certainly would be a benefit for all concerned. Lets get on the ball 778th.... Another safety precaution is to be put in effect, mainly the "Spark Arrestor" which has been designed for the stove pipe and is expected to be put into local production shortly..... Some of the boys have received letters from S/Sgt Larrigan, who returned to the States to study the peculiarities of the B-29. He states that life is wonderful there but the idea of answering five roll calls a day isn't too hot. P.S. to Sgt Larrigan, "We'll take the five roll calls and you can take Italy."..... Life for the past week has been serene in Tech Supply. Incidentally Sgt Whiteus was away at Rest Camp..... Italian forces suffered a major defeat. This time under the hands of Lt Julienne who resented some of the remarks made by our local help in the Supply Room.... M/Sgt Libuda, have you submitted that recent photograph of yourself taken in Bari to our Public Relations Office for Publication in the home town paper?.... People have strange habits, take Michelé Angelo Shuster our Squadron Artist, he does his best work in the cold grey light of dawn .... The following repartee happened to be overheard between Weatherbeaten Sheck and Perdue the Imp, after a telephone conversation during which M/Sgt Sheck had difficulty in hearing due to a vocal disturbance caused by the Imp and Delancy Street Pawlak. The Imp. "Say Weatherbeaten the Doc will take care of you in the morning." Weatherbeaten Sheck. "What for". The Imp. "To clean out your ears". Well boys its time to hang up the receiver so till next week at this time we say "Adieu".

T/Sgt Griek and S/Sgt Clarke

## Inside the 77<sup>th</sup>

Last week we made what I fear was not a too complimentary reference to the 77th Service Club. This is hardly a retraction of our previous statement but we will modify it a bit. Reluctantly we admit that it was not the power of the press that performed the miracle. But we do wish to go on record as being very grateful to whatever benevolent power furnished the club with stoves that burn, lights that light, and a new paint job. There's even a beautiful rumor that maybe there'll be a radio-phonograph combination sometime soon. There's hardly an end to the glories our service club might aspire to if all the committee members attended meetings and had the solid backing of the men. What's that, Joe? Yeah, but don't you think a hostess for each man is carrying it a little too far?

Honest fellows I hesitate doing this but "cross my heart I have nothing to gain." And merit must be recognized even in a 1st Sgt. Hear about the basketball game with the 408th Service Squadron the other night? Seems that our own Sgt. Morgan was the star. Or at least one of the more brilliant of our many stars. I had the

## Chow Line Chatter

by A Seventy-Niner

Christmas is coming. Despite business as usual, there's expectation in the air. Watch the packages cascade from the waist windows of the wrinkled observatory on the hill. See the smiling faces.

There's one face that does not smile at the influx of fancy foodstuffs. Mess Chief "Feed-'em-and-Weep" Pouliezos was heard to grumble "You'd think from the look of these packages I hadn't been feeding youse guys properly!"

And a certain "Junior" member of the Squadron has been heard going around wailing, "Won't anybody eat my candy."

We hear, from a not unusually unreliable source that as a Christmas special Joe (Ernie Pyle Jr) Stewart will outstrip himself. (We hope he won't strip a gear). Already he keeps every inhabited district of the US posted with the doings of the Seventy-Ninth. This time he's going to cover everybody twice.

The pulsating rumor department reports: That a certain casa on the Line has been fitted with bullet-proof glass. We wonder why? Just for protection from hail-storms?

That Cpl Thomas made pre-flight twice in a row.

That "Arab" had pups.

That the eager men of tent 45 have acquired materials and are thinking about laying a floor.

That Pvt Daw made Pfc.

lineup (but lost it) and the 77th is the best represented of all the squadrons on the group basketball team. So far they've made six hits and no misses and are shooting for nothing less than a wing championship.

Don't know a single soul to congratulate, perhaps because we've not been getting around much lately. We might venture to say that the meals have been a little less odious this week. (Relax Gillespie - I said a "little" less odious) Of course (purely in defense of the cooks) you can't make caviar out of corned beef. Can you?

## BASKETBALL TEAM WINS AGAIN

In a drive that should carry them to the championship, our basketball team swept through another win by defeating the 408th Service Squadron by a score of 44 to 20.

Sparked by the irresistible forward line, Utley, Morgan and McRae, the

team moved in a smooth offensive play throughout the evening, which never for a moment left any doubt as to the outcome of the game.

The feature of the game, in the opinion of your correspondent, was the excellent display of free-shooting. Out of nine tries, eight free goals were scored.

As usual, "Long Pete" Peterson and Johnson were instrumental in keeping the opposing team to a minimum of scoring with their blanket type of defense.

## BOX SCORE

	G	F	T
MORGAN . . . . .	6	0	12
McRAE . . . . .	5	1	11
PETERSON . . . . .	1	3	5
COSTELLO . . . . .	1	0	2
JOHNSON . . . . .	2	0	4
UTLEY . . . . .	3	4	10
KOMARA . . . . .	0	0	0
COYNE . . . . .	0	0	0

Final score:

464th BG — 44  
408th SS — 20

STAB. TIP. GIUSEPPE PANSINI & FIGLI  
Corso Vittorio Emanuele 102, BARI

## MULTI POOP FROM THE 76<sup>th</sup>

The "Hill" is anxiously awaiting the results of the argument involving the merits of the bomb sight, the Mickey, Gee Box, and Aim bombing. The scene of the heated contest is the nearby island so often the "target of the day" on practice missions.

Lt. "Three degrees" Jacobs states, "I'm not talking. The Mickey will speak for itself". Lt. "P.D.I." Cherry claims, "The bombsight is here to stay". Lt. "Jockey" O'Malley will be riding a dark horse called the Gee Box. Capt. "Dead Eye" Black says, "None of these mechanical contraptions for me, I'm coming in on a wing and a prayer". A grandstand is being erected on the island for all spectators.

The occasional sleepers in Tent 46, Officer's row, indignantly deny the report that they were approached by the Mess Sgt with a proposition involving storing his fresh meat there. They want it to be known their new stove is operating successfully (it has only blown up occasionally) and that soon their doors will be open to all for their housewarming. Be sure to dress warmly, however, and bring your own.

Lt. Cooke, following his return from Rome, announces that he has persuaded the Benito Musso Funicular R.R. Ltd., to grant a sixty day stay on their eviction notice. "I don't mind them coming thru," said Lt. Cooke, "so long as they put some of those 'railroad tracks' in the right place".

It has been recently observed that Lt. Jacobs is allergic to smoke bombs, especially when they are dropped down the chimney. Interviewed, following his record breaking dash from the dim and smoke filled interior of his quarters, he panted, "I've always been good on short sprints."

Have you heard the latest rumor? Well, forget it.

Is it an old Texas custom, (I'll die with my boots on, pardner) or does he fear that taking them off may result in their being sold, that causes Lt. Scott to go to bed with his boots on lately?

Officers's Row extends its appreciation to PFC Carlton for a job well done.

"Daisy" May and "General" grant are reported to be feeling badly about living on the wrong side of the tracks. Cheer up, men, our slum clearing project will soon be underway.

Flak suits and helmets are S.O.P. for nite attire until "Jungle Jim" Leavy runs out of ammunition.

While being interrogated following his return from his first mission Captain Haas said, "I never knew the inside of a flak helmet could be so dark, and boy, don't those flak suits get heavy after the first five hours."

We hear that Lt. Col McKenna has his "Cleaning" done by the '76th. The boys would like to have him drop around more often.

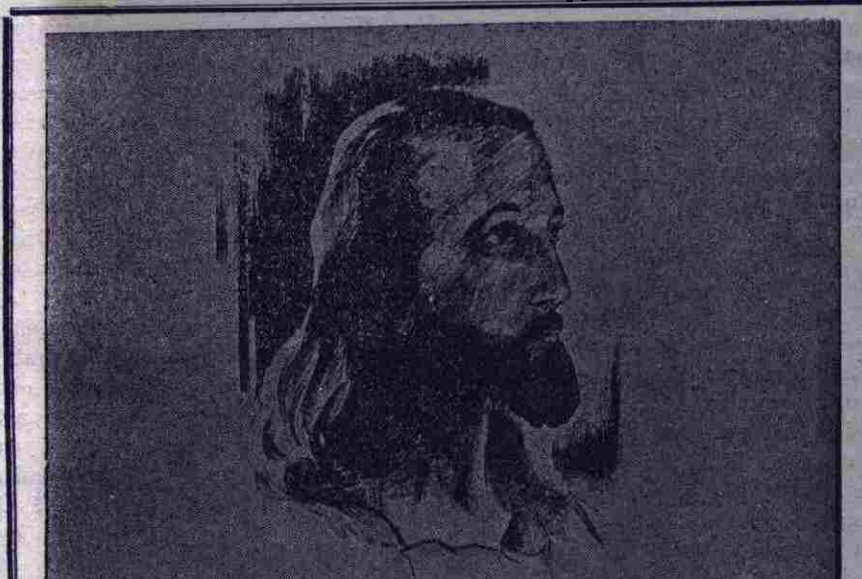
# THE TOWER

464th BOMB  
GROUP

*God rest ye, merry gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay,  
For Jesus Christ our Savior  
Was born upon this day.*



## MERRY CHRISTMAS



### Christmas

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,  
But at Christmas it always is young,  
The heart of the jewel has lustre and fair,  
And its soul full of music, breaks forth on the air,  
When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming! Old Santa, its coming tonight!  
On the snowflakes which cover the sod  
The feet of the Christ-child fall gentle and white  
And the voice of the Christ-child tells out with delight  
That mountains are the children of God.

*Phillips Brooks*

### *The Greatest Gift*

Remember those Christmases when you were a kid back home — you felt fonder of the family somehow. You wanted to give them gifts to show you appreciated their kindness. Remember the ting of excitement that prevailed a few days before Christmas — people rushing here and there buying gifts and decorations — mother dressing the turkey dad putting up the tree. How your little brothers and sisters lived for the day they could decorate it, and the look of joy and excitement in their eyes and faces when they talked about Santa Claus.

Now you are in Italy, separated from all those moments you so anxiously awaited each year. Nothing can be done about it. There is a war on. But you can have Christmas here.

What about your friends? They may get on your nerves at times. But there have been many small gestures of friendship that have had their hearts behind them.

Letters from the folks at home say how proud they are of you because of the wonderful job you are doing. Yes, each and every one of us is doing a wonderful job. We are a part, perhaps a small one, but nevertheless a significant one in winning for our people the security of many Christmases to come.

We can't give many gifts this year, but we can give the greatest gift of all — ourselves to the battle for a new world.

For Christmas is more than having a good time. It is more than a family get together. It is the anniversary of the launching of the great offensive of the "give" spirit against the "gimme" spirit. The first Christmas was God's declaration of war against all the selfishness that makes men slaves — slaves to their own desires, to money, to jobs, to other men.

If we want a Christmas that really means something, we should make it our declaration of war against the "gimmies", in ourselves first and in the world outside. And we can do that here just as much as we can at home.

WJWD JTB

## THE TOWER

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

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## CHRISTMAS PRAYERS

*On Christmas Day they kneel at home  
To pray this bloody strife may end |  
The words go out from all the earth  
"Oh God, thy peaceful blessing send."*

*Our wives and parents, children dear  
Our brothers, sisters, old and young  
Their voices lift at Christmas time  
To tell the tale the angels sung*

*While over here, in tank or trench  
In pillbox round or turret small,  
We, too, send up a heartfelt prayer  
For peace on earth, good will to all.*

GHM

## MEET THE BOYS

by JOE STEWART

Soldiers think of the oddest things over here in Italy.... some hope for the day when they can return to a good home cooked dinner, a glass of cold beer at the corner tavern, a chance to sleep late in a nice comfortable bed or to go out and dance with their best gal. There's one guy in the 779th squadron who would take the prize if Ripley ever offered one.... believe it or not, this guy longs for the sight of a COW... not the ordinary cow he says, but a purebred cow from Wisconsin.

He's a medic... PFC John P. Raleigh

who hails from the outskirts of Edgar, Wisconsin and is one farm boy who is going back to the farm regardless of whether he ever sees Gay Paree or not. Elsie, the Borden Cow, is his pin-up girl. He likes to talk about her too. "Look at those.... legs" he says, "that face.... everything about Wisconsin cows points to their superiority."

Poor Raleigh... he's actually disgusted with the Italian cows. Last March when the 79th was spending their rest leave at the CCC in Africa.... (Capt. Chamber's Camp) he gazed at the Arabian cows and shook his head. He actually had high hopes of sitting down and drinking a glass of fresh

milk when he headed for Italy, but he is still searching the surrounding country-side for a happy cow. "Happy cows" said Raleigh, "are contented cows... and contented cows give. These Italian cows remind me of the first time I ever saw Ned Sparks, the sour faced movie star... they look like somebody turned their faucets on and left them running 'til they were dry."

If anybody happens to get a spare cow in their Christmas packages, don't drop it in the box for the kids of Canosa... bring it around to the dispensary and make a medic happy. Raleigh will even give you the first glass of milk.... who said the medics aren't in there pitching...

## Inside the Seventy-Seventh

This being the season for "Peace on Earth, etc" we've decided not to make any dirty cracks, sarcastic remarks or thinly veiled references about the quality of the food, the mail service (take a bow Lille) or the poison they serve for liquor at the Service Club. No, this day all shall be sweetness and light.

Speaking of the Service Club (which should be open by the time this goes to press) a truly remarkable job has been done there. Words are an inadequate means of expressing the effect it had on your reporter. Surrocca who is doing the new murals has really done a swell job. The Dragon Lady (of Terry and the Pirates fame) beams down on you from one wall and behind the bar an unnamed female lies (and does it beautifully) stretched out on a beach 'neath swaying palms. The Dragon Lady has very prominent features you're sure to appreciate. In the card room a music bar occupies one corner with a radio-victrola combination and appropriate murals. At any rate, whether you like the new decorations or

not, you'll have to admit that the effect is striking.

The meeting called at the Chapel last Monday night for those interested in the Army Institute's study program wasn't a conspicuous success. Sgt Warren says that a hundred or so GIs gave him their names and professed an interest in various subjects. Then at the meeting the 77th was represented by Warren, Victor Rice, Joe (The-situation-in-Greece-is-awful) Proceeda, Harold Brewer, "Smokey" Onorato, Zietler, James Smith and perhaps one or two others. Did something prevent your attending the meeting or did you actually lose interest that fast? French seems to be the most popular of all the subjects even leading Italian by several lengths. Able, have you started another rumor?

The approaching holiday doesn't seem to have created a strong Christmas Spirit in the Squadron. Here and there, you do see evidence that we KNOW Christmas is the 25th of December. Several tents have trees but mostly so far undecorated. Nobody sings "Jingle-Bells" or "White Christmas." Granted there isn't too much to be merry about but don't misunderstand us, we're not being sarcastic when we say "Hope you have a VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS".

## Peace on Earth to Men, They Say

Peace on Earth to men, they say,  
Christ is born — 'tis Christmas Day.  
From Heaven by a humble birth  
God sent his Son to save our Earth,  
To us redeem from greed and sin  
In hopes some day man would begin  
To see the light of that lone Star  
That shone on all, both near and far.  
Ages passed since that memorable night  
Ages have passed, yet still we fight.  
For still there are who use their might  
To crush and kill and dim the light  
Against them stand in close array  
All Christian men who fight this day  
It matters not what race or creed  
That some have wealth and some have need.  
Some there are who've seen the light  
Who've heard His word and know He's right.  
They fight for Freedom, seek to build  
A world in which all conflict's stilled.  
Then, "Peace on Earth to men", we'll say  
Christ is born — this Christmas Day.

Contributed, Pfc. Edward J. Conitt  
776 Bomb Sq.

Chaplain McCahey

## HOBNOBBING WITH HEADQUARTERS

**DAYS OF YORE** — Remember, in retrospect, our first days in "Sunny Italy", how fine the weather was that March morning when we stepped off the Walker and our sad plight as evening crept on with its cold and wind? The majority of us, separated as we were, did not reach our hill home, but spent that first night in cold, dank rooms with only a shelter half and a blanket insulating and cushioning our aching backs from a hard stone floor. With stiff joints and the ague, after a sleepless night, our first impressions of Italy were unprintable. The next few months saw plenty of hardships, rugged living and working conditions.

**THE BRIGHTER SIDE** — But all of his was conquered and as this year terminates, even such distinguished pessimists as Lts Chicallo and Stephens, CWO Ebner, Sgt Taylor and Cpl Luchina can look toward the New Year with hopes that the best rumors may come true, and that possibly, after all, we were only to remain here for a temporary sojourn. Our living quarters are warm and dry for the most part as are the places of toil (?). Food remains on par with the earlier days but mess conditions have improved to the enjoyable restaurant stage. The war and we have come a long way since our first arrival; if we continue to roll in the future year, who knows? — we might lose that APO 520.

**CHALLENGE** — It seems Lts Jatton and Biskup and S/Sgt Hoover, Cpl Feldman and Pvt Arneson are attempting to raise what we laughingly call mustaches, at this time. A tidy penalty will be forfeited by the first to remove the fuzz. Arneson and Feldman are running in 1-2 order of development while Lt Jatton brings up the rear as an "also ran" with a few doubtful hairs on his upper lip.

**INSPECTIONS** — In order of occurrence comes T/Sgt Randolph's weekly gun going over. Snafu tells me he needn't depend on one eye to squint down a gun barrel but is equally efficient with either optic. Next comes Maj Moon's bi-weekly health inspection, usual time 1645; place?—any place. Then there is the CO's bi-monthly personal inspection, a gentle persuasion to sharpen up; let us hope that they will not be too frequent in the New Year. Which reminds me it's time to submit my cavities for Capt Russell's critical dental examination if I wish to keep that molar thru '45.

**NOTE AND DISCARD** — Capt Fielding and Lt Crawford heatedly discussing complexities and actions of babies and monkeys; M/Sgt Glass and T/Sgt Ross returning from rest camp very much in need of rest after a hectic Thanksgiving Day of tainted food which was oh so much worse, they said, than our notorious "ice cream day calamity"; the threatening gestures of T/Sgt Wilmer if his name appeared in print again; the unheard of "losing streak" of Cpl Natwick; blood donors, M/Sgt Crandell and T/Sgt Munnerlyn refusing to take a shot of ale and wobbling back to work; S/Sgt Gilfillen's 3-day pass in Bari proving to be "the best time I've had over in this hole" with a Wac friend to show him around and invitations to social doings; "handy man" Robertsen and his ability to im-

provise and complain at the same time. **MOVEMENT** — The sedentary supply department has shifted from the tent to the former officers' club so at last Lt Both is able to carry on for the winter with his polite denials to your demands. His able assistant, S/Sgt Tuohy (newly promoted but as yet no appearance of chevrons tho unlimited supply) is a qualified interpreter as well as a TS supply Sgt after 10 months

overseas. His savvy of dago is astounding, and he is borrowed by various department heads to settle labor disputes. Since the change of locality, it has been observed that Pfc Benefield, the roller bearing in the S-4 machinery, prefers the hill to the line, and as one of his additional duties too numerous to mention, he is a telephone receptionist, always answering "Benny speaking."

## THE 778<sup>th</sup> SPOTLIGHT

This is the Christmas Season and really it is not the time to pan anyone, or more or less use subtle insinuations concerning the effort put forth by certain individuals to make life more pleasant for the Enlisted men and Officers. Instead it is a period during which one should be happy, well pleased and remembering it is better to give than to receive. With this feeling in mind we would consider it poor taste to say that M/Sgt Courtright who has had experience in every field that one happens to be discussing and who would gladly give his opinion, which, as he will tell you is backed by years of effort in the field, and yet when asked to do some work in order to achieve the completion of a project, always manages to evade actual participation in the project. Instead we would say "M/Sgt Courtright has willingly consented to lend his years of varied experience in the Commercial Field to any Squadron project in the capacity of an advisor but not as an actual worker." So you notice how pleasant we are at the Christmas Season and how we change the wording of our article so that the boys won't be under the impression we are implying something... Perhaps some of you have come across the lash of our night line Chief. Now every so often one likes to hear a pleasant greeting such as "Good Morning" or "Good Evening" not a greeting in rough voice as "Whats eating you now", or "See the Chaplain if you got any kicks." So with Christmas around the corner and M/Sgt Schwenneker on K. P. we are all wondering if the spirit has entered upon him and for a change he says, "Good Morning or Good Evening"... Power of the Press Sgt. Rough isn't it... Yes this is the Christmas Season and this Squadron is just about the lowest on the list for donating some sweets for the Italian Children. Don't let it get

you down tho, in fact don't even bother to think about it especially when opening the packages from home... Capt Ceccato found a new victim. This time Lts Sgt Paolissi who forgot to return a Tape Measure which he borrowed. Better be careful Sergeant the Capt is a rough man... S/Sgt Vierick has been using the Mess Hall to promote his standing with the Red Cross Gals. There really is nothing wrong with it but doggone give the cooks a break or at least a plug will you?... They tell us Pvt Lovejoy is spending a week in restriction and as C. Q.... Tough going Kid... Along the same line we are informed that some one in the Orderly Room is wearing three sets of woollens to keep warm with and our S-2 boy, Cpl Gibson always has his two hands in his pockets. Why?... And now as the Year draws to a close and Christmas is upon us we asked our new Commanding Officer, Major Martin, what he had to say to his men, and this is the thought that he put across. Even tho we are away from home, away from the things and events we love best, and even tho its difficult to be considerate of others while living under the stress and nervous tension that we are, let's all sit back and look down that ladder remembering others are swimming in a more turbulent stream where the going is rougher and tougher. After all is said and done we aren't too bad off and if we all give a little more thought to the other chap, we may not have any criticisms to make, but we will be living a happier life. To all you Officers and Enlisted Men of the 778th, Major Brewer and myself say "Merry Christmas".

This is your Reporting Combination of T/Sgt A. J. Grik and S/Sgt W. J. Clarke saying "CHEERIO" and hoping that by this time next year we will make your Christmas a better one by not writing for an Army Publication.

## SPORTS FRONT

Our basketball team has been topped from the ranks of the undefeated. A classy looking, once defeated 485th Bomb Group five is responsible. They were gunning for our boys from the start. Not only were they the first to get the range of the bucket, but they didn't lose the range all evening. As a result they walked away on the fat end of a 41-29 score.

The group team tried hard to keep its record clean, but just couldn't hit their usual stride. Utley's ball handling was as sharp as ever but he didn't have much luck at setting up the baskets as our men had trouble breaking loose under the hoop.

We're still very much in the running however. The only undefeated team in the loop is the 323rd Hq. outfit which we haven't faced yet so keep your

fingers crossed. Since the season schedule includes only one game with each of the other teams in the league, every game requires a maximum effort. You can be sure some of these games will be mighty hot. Take my word for it, you're missing something if you don't see the team in action at least once this year.

In a return engagement with the 565th Service Sq. whom we played to a draw two weeks ago, our six man touch football team went down to defeat 41-19. The boys started fast, getting off to a 12 point lead in the first quarter, but couldn't hold the pace against two separate opposing teams which switched at the quarters. This game was especially heart-breaking to S/Sgt Hoover who lost a dollar on it.

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

## CHAPEL NEWS

BY VACHEL HOOK

Cpl Richard Welty needs no introduction. He leads the request song service on Sunday evenings. Richard is a mainstay of our musical activities for he has one of the few voices of higher range in our group. As you know, he sings in our quartet and is a faithful choir member.

Dick is a tower operator. Combat crews are familiar with his voice. He gives them the runway clearance, etc. Truck and ambulance drivers are among those who respond to his calls. It is always that same cheerful voice you hear, no matter what the call may be.

His study and interest in music goes back through high school days. Along with voice he has studied piano and clarinet. In 1938, Richard was a member of the Byron Illinois High School quartet which became state champions. Darien, Wisconsin, is his present home. There he was song leader in the Sunday School and choir director in the Baptist church.

Many servicemen have enjoyed hearing him sing, and singing with him, in various Infantry and Air Force camps and bases. He has been a part of Special Service programs as well as singing solos in many churches and Army chapels.

His chief post war ambition is "to go home". Until then, may he keep up the fine singing.

MOLTI POOP FROM THE 76<sup>th</sup>

Capri will never be the same after the May and Robbins crews finish their visit there! As if that wasn't bad enough Bouy had to go along for good measure!!!!

It's a rumor that tent No. 9 has mined the area around Captain Black's house, so tread softly when in that vicinity.

Looks like those long awaited showers are just around the corner. Let's hope that they materialize this time!!!!

Lt. Tracey has gone on record as saying "I don't want to go home, I like it here!" There certainly must be an easier way to get a Section 8! Lt. Cooke says he doesn't mind going home but he hates to lose that extra 10%... Boy, what a war!!!!

The basketball game to end all basketball games was played here last week. Captain Black, Lt. Perkins, Lt. Cooke, Lt. O'Malley, Lt. Jacobs and Lt. Crawford were the victims. Did you ever see two standing forwards, two standing guards and O'Malley running his head off???? What a sight!!!!

There's a rumor that Lt. Scott is on permanent room order in Tent No. 9. Wonder what the story is?

Sign on our Mail room — Mail Man's Quote —

I'm just a genius, not a magician —

Stanley (The Great) McGuirk is fast rounding into form. His voice is now heard more frequently and in the strident tones of yore.

Fruit cakes to the right of me fruit cakes to the left of me, volloyed and thundered. Looks as tho the American Baker's Association or a similar body did a beautiful selling job at home judging from the number of fruit cakes included in the Christmas packages.

Didja have your fruit cake today?

With all available talent sewed up for the Christmas holiday our Service Club has postponed it's contemplated celebration to New Year's Eve when the talent will be available and a good show should result. Everything on the house, as usual.

Sherman WAS right — war is Hell. And the coming of Christmas emphasizes it.

One of the attractions in a former luxury liner serving as a troop ship was a parrot. Chained to his perch in the saloon he was a spectator at the nightly entertainments. On one crossing a G.I. magician was much in demand and appeared every nite. The parrot was keenly interested in his ability to make things appear from nowhere but still more interested in his being able to make them disappear. Invariably, following the disappearance of some article the parrot would scream "Faker, faker". Well, one night the ship was torpedoed. The morning found the magician clinging to a piece of wreckage, and, perched on the driest spot, the parrot. Both maintained silence. After a couple of hours, tho, the parrot piped up "O.K. Buddy, I give up. Where's the ship?"

Heard from Pocatello lately?

One of those good rumors floating around has an arch of welcome erected just outside the station at old Poco Poco. It will be well weathered by the time we see it. Or, will it?

What Motor Sergeant in what Motor Pool ekes out his cigarette ration by charming some signorinas and smoking their's?

## LUTHERAN SERVICE

Chaplain Scharlemann of the 43rd Service Group will conduct a service for all Lutheran men of the 464th and 465th in Memorial Chapel Friday, Dec. 29 at 1800.

## CHOW LINE CHATTER by SEVENTY-NINER

Big news. The camp was a buzz. A cadre shipping out. Very hush hush. Report at Group Headquarters in Class A' tomorrow night. Doc Carnaggio was worried. He might have to leave his new house and go back to the States. Willie Wolf pointed out they were taking the brains of each department. "Hutch" said that if they wanted men with overseas experience, he ought to be on the list. Cady heard it was B-32s. One combat man even got as far as the fact that it was "Cadre Number 1401 and going to Oslo, Norway!". Tough break boys, better luck next time!

It's rough when you are so important they won't even let you take pictures. But that's the penalty of being a wheel, Eh, Bischoff? If you see the draft board now they might give you

an extra six months deferment before inducting you into civilian life.

While on the subject of shipping out, we are sorry to lose Lt. Malan. There's an officer that every GI really liked. The 783rd got a lucky break. Come back and see us sometimes, Lieutenant.

Some new officers on the hill have set up a soot factory. It burns 150 gallons of oil a week and "gets cherry red right up through the top of the tent". We are all set to earn our Soldier's Medal any night now.

Congratulations to Ivan Shoemaker's engineers. They have laid some dandy concrete floors. And Ivan standing around with his hands in his pockets looks more like a foreman every day.

Maybe you missed that master touch in the cook house recently. Yes, Bar-

nes is cooking Hitler's goose now. He's a master armorer and having lots of fun cranking up bombs.

Talking of the mess hall we hear Leo Mintzer is already standing in line for that turkey dinner. Careful lad, remember how they reversed the line at Oran?

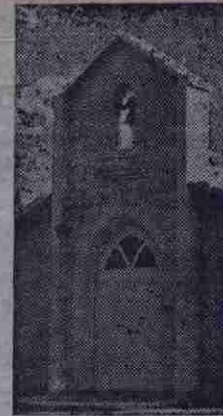
The boys have been pretty generous on the PX line. Four big boxes of candy and cookies were collected for the destitute school kids in Canosa. They will be given out on Christmas Eve. Some will go to the kids in the hospital too. The Squadron contributed 97 dollars at the pay table to give the hospital kids warm pyjamas, bathrobes, and slippers. That is a Christmas gift that will be much appreciated.

STAB. TIP. GIUSEPPE PANSINI & FIGLI  
Corso Vittorio Emanuele 102 — BARI

# 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, BOYCE HOLLOPETER, JIM DOHERTY, HOWARD WALKER, GEORGE SILLBURN, VACHEL HOOK, LT. FAUBER, LE 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 FLAGGE, 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 graham 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

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

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*Associate editors*

GEORGE H. MERRIAM

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*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 fled 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."

Chaplain EASTWOOD

## 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 Schumann'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. Avn. Bn.

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



## 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. Armament 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 Wondolowski 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.

E. M.

## "Inside the Seventy - Sevent"

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 its 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 promiser on his honor as a self-respecting S/Sgt (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 Krannrich 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 shoppe? 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, falls, 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 fer 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 noifree 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 make-shift 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

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!

lack of consideration for the other fellow.

We don't have to be truck drivers or refuelers to come close to accidents. Ye 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... Vecil as he was called by his mother back in Jones, Oklahoma... a TSgt... and the T isn't for Technicolor. 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-maid-ing 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."

## MEET THE WHEELS

by Edward Weaver

Lt. Col Elvin E. Goodyear, the Group's "milk man", who claims every mission, whether it be Vienna, Bleckhammer 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 779th Bomb Sq. At the present time Col. Goodyear is also Deputy Group C.O. and spends most of his time shuttling 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 patter of little feet on the patio."

## HELP WANTED

TEN MORE VOICES IN  
THE CHAPEL CHOIR

# THE TOWER



464th BOMB  
GROUP

" People who only look out for Number One  
never add up to much "

## Storm Shatters Shoo-Shoo



Back Row (left to right): Lt. "Hank" Baraczewski, 777th; M/Sgt Charles Utley, 777th; S/Sgt Jim McRae, 778th; T/Sgt "Red" Coyne, 777th; Cpl "Mac" McKirgan, 779th  
Front Row (left to right): Sgt Jack Johnson, 777th; Pfc James Massar, 776th; "What is it" Fucello, 777th; Sgt Frank Dean, 777th; 1st Sgt "Walt" Morgan, 777th

### GROUP FIVE TAKES FIVE

Resuming their old winning stride, the 464th made it five wins in a row by defeating the 55th Bomb Wing by a score of 38 to 28; the 1151st Signal Co., 42 to 23; and having the 1247th forfeit their game to us.

The next scheduled game will be with the 465th Bomb Group on 9 January in Spinazzola at 2030. Those wishing to attend may do so by reporting to the Special Service Office at 1800 on the night of the game.

Since the formation of the basketball tournament, sponsored by the 323rd Service Group, one of the strongest contenders to emerge has been our own 464th Bomb Gp team.

Made up of a collection of stars from the four corners of the States, the 64th-ers are providing enough punch to cause other outfits to sit up and take notice.

Formerly with Notre Dame, Lt. Baraczewski, a recent addition to the team, has provided just the spark needed to complete a nicely rounded outfit. M/Sgt Utley, formerly with the House of David, a semi-pro team, has proven himself one of the cleverest ball-handlers seen around these parts. Sgt Johnson of the 777th gained his good basket-ball sense while proving himself All-Minnesota State calibre. Jimmy Massar of the 776th, commonly known as "The Flash", provides the speed while F/Sgt Morgan of the 777th the bronco-busting type, supplies the hard-playing strength. S/Sgt McRae from the Panhandle, a master of deceptive ball-playing, has been a consistent high scorer.

Dean, Coyne, Cooper and McKirgan supply the excellent relief.

To date there is only one team left to beat, the 323rd Hq team. When this is done our team will be on the top of the heap. Standings of the top two teams are as follows:

323rd . . . .	won 10	lost 0
464th . . . .	won 11	lost 1

**FLASH!** During the month of December there was a total attendance of 7081 at 70 different services, classes, and concerts in Memorial Chapel.

DUE TO CENSORSHIP REGULATIONS  
THIS PAPER MAY NOT BE SENT HOME.

### QUEEN OF THE SKIES FINDS SNOWY GRAVE

As the plane touched the runway red flares shot up from the tower. As she came to a halt flurries of snow swirled about the nose and shot back like white arrows in the slipstream. The runway markers only a few hundred yards away were invisible. The crew congratulated themselves on getting in just in time.

But somewhere up in the fog motors still droned. A B-24 was looking for a landing and couldn't find the field. She had ice on her wings — at 55 inches and 2700 rpm she could scarcely keep going. The sound of the motors muttered off eastward, then stopped. There was a muffled boom — and "Shoo-Shoo Baby", veteran of the Seventy-Ninth, lay shattered in death. It was January first 1945.

Just a year back, in January 1944, was another icy day. The wind from the prairies whistled round and through the engineering shack at Pocatello. The night clerk sleepily got up to receive a Form 41-B, then entered in colored chalk on the status board the details of a new ship — "458; Airplane time 10:00 hours". "Shoo-Shoo Baby" was fresh from the makers, ready for an outstanding combat career.

Smokey Halonen was her crew chief, with Windy and later Lawrence as his assistants. They gave her the first of many inspections and set to work to get her in shape.

Capt Shoemaker and his boys tested her and flew her and brought her overseas. Thelen was co-pilot, Litman was navigator, and Modlin, bombardier. Her engineer was Holt. Fleming handled the radio. Koske, Onidi, Carrick, and Farrell completed the crew.

It was a well balanced team.

**THE TOWER**

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

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*Typist*

HOWARD WALKER

Results tell the tale. "Shoo-Shoo Baby" made 63 combat sorties — 84 missions — without anybody killed. She saw all her original crew off to the States with only a single Purple Heart. She won Smokey a Bronze Star for an unbroken run of 46 sorties without an early return or a major repair. And they were not all milk runs either. There was the time a ship exploded right in front of her and showered her with debris. There was the time a shell exploded in her tail turret and broke all the glass. Once forty fighters jumped her. She shot down six and got away. Another time, when Capt Shymanski took her to Germany,

she almost ran out of gas. They had to throw overboard "everything but the engines" to get back to friendly territory. But every time she came through. When they finally took out her guns and turned her out to grass she had 14 enemy fighters to her credit, and more missions than any other individual in the Seventy-Ninth. But you can't keep a good plane down. A toothless though willing workhorse, she still took crews to rest camp, made trips to Rome, Naples and Bari. It was on one of these that she finally met her end. But even in death she spared her crew and held gallantly on till all had bailed to safety.

Salute to a fine old lady!

A SEVENTY-NINER

**WANT AD....**

ANY ONE INTERESTED IN  
JOINING A GROUP ORCHE-  
STRA, PLEASE GET IN  
TOUCH WITH CORPORAL  
BOB TALIRICO OF THE  
778th...

**Good Will  
Toward Men**

As the New Year gets under way, my conscience bothers me just a little and I'm wondering if all is fair in war as they say. The feeling I have in this regard is that we have in our control more and better means to show respect and admiration for those people involved in the war, fighting next to us - our allies. We, in combat, should not put ourselves aloof from this need even though we are indeed applying all our efforts toward a quick end to the war. This is OUR fight as well as England's and Russia's - it is everybody's fight. It is a war against fascism, which is all the evils of hate and slavery combined; and it belongs to all who would have the earth a happy place on which to dwell. It is the war of good against evil, both at home and abroad.

The battle costs lives — bullets know no nationality — and with each 20 seconds at least one life will go. We, all of us, who have strived to defeat the enemy in any of the many possible ways, deserve credit and praise for it.

But the willingness to give credit should be extended even more to the many others who have fought long before us. The Chinese have been fighting our enemy since 1932 - the underground and partisans movements in Europe (especially those in Germany and Italy) nearly as long, the English and Russians since '39 and '41 respectively and they are still fighting this common enemy. As is quite obvious, therefore, they have lost more lives and property and have had far more hardship and suffering than we, though I do not wish to play down the tragedy of our own battle fronts. The Russians have lost well over three and a half million and the British and French at least two. (The score on the Chinese is unavailable and the European underground, unknown). That, but for the grace of God could be our own toll - but we have been somewhat more fortunate as a nation - one figure puts our loss at less than a quarter of a million. Is it not so, then, that we owe credit and praise to our friends of other nations?

Why then all the talk of war debts? They GAVE their lives - let us GIVE our share. The British, it is said, owe us a huge debt for supplies. Let us write it off in a spirit of gratitude for the lives that they cannot collect. In effect let us befriend the Russians, join the English, help the Italians and assist even the Germans themselves when the fighting is over so that ALL men can really be brothers.

**Chaplain's Flimsy****THE OUTSIDE OF THE CUP**

A few days ago I washed a soldier's neck. When he entered my office I saw that he was in great need of a scrubbing so I went to work. I feared at first that he might be offended, but the warm water and soap were so pleasing to him he purred quietly as I worked. The contrast I had created by washing his neck compelled me to move on to his ears and face. By the time I had finished he looked like a different man; he felt better too; his morale was up a dozen points.

Ordinarily I confine my efforts to the inside of the cup but since it is said that Cleanliness is next to Godliness I'll write this week on keeping clean. Morale is very closely related to cleanliness. I came back to my office after making a long cold trip last night, feeling chilled and miserable, but a bit of warm water, a bar of soap, and a wash cloth made me feel fit again. The wash cloth by the way is essential. You may get your hands respectably clean and your face shining but unless you use a wash cloth the back of your neck and ears are sure to suffer.

It is not easy to keep clean. The soot, the scarcity of water and the cold make it difficult, but it's possible and worth the effort. We can forgive people for being poor but never for being unclean. We are poor in materials which are commonly used in keeping clean, but then a tiled bath room with tub is not necessary. Get a gallon of warm water, a bar of soap, the blessed wash cloth and go to work. If you are really feeling low come to see the Chaplain, but first take his advice on keeping clean and see if you don't feel better.

Chaplain EASTWOOD

em

## INSIDE THE SEVENTY - SEVENTH

Without one little pang of regret, we bid goodbye to 1944. To Christmas. To New Years. To any reason for celebration. Gee! How we dislike holidays. For you who have been in hiding during the fracas whether under beds or in fox-holes, I have a message. "It is now perfectly safe to come out. However, if you're comfortable you might as well stay where you are".

We were extremely lucky in having so few "accidents" during the holidays. There was a mishap or two but nothing too tragic. "Egghead" Taylor turned up with a swollen eye. How he came by it is still a mystery. He didn't even try to hand us the line about the door. The beautiful friendship that sprang up between Alexander and Krebs on the boat and has continued to flourish while in Italy is momentarily on the rocks. Nothing that can't be patched up over a bottle of gin though, is it Alex?

Have you noticed how much the new house that Peterson and his friends have put up resembles the Latrine? And worse, it's down in the same vicinity. After the third guy staggered in and started unrolling paper, Pete says it was evident that they'd have to put up a sign of some kind. They have.

Some people are so gullible. Remember the rumor about part of the air forces going to the infantry? We don't know whether you'd consider it proof of anything but Sgt. Morgan and a few of his friends are reported to have been seen one dark, stormy night hiking in the vicinity of Minervino. Are you holding out on us Morgan or do you just like walking back from basketball games?

Have you had K. P. lately? Then you know what a pain "pots and pans" can be on a rainy or nasty day. It has been suggested (and the suggestion sounds good to us) that someone requisition (official or the mid-night variety) some wood or tin or some sort of material and construct a cover over the wash cans. A couple of the other mess halls already have them. K. P. would still be work but more pleasant.

Oh, remember our mentioning a loud-speaker for the service-club bar last week? We have it on pretty good authority that we'll have one in a very short time. It's a deal that requires a good deal of time and diplomacy and our friend has only been working on it for a couple of weeks. Give him time!

## CON MOLTO ESPRESSIONE

Last week we were honored with the presence of one Ladislav Sternberg--a great pianist indeed. Next week it will be an equally great violinist. But this week, since we could schedule no concert, patrons who seem to have chosen to remain anonymous very graciously filled in for us at the group briefing room with a variety show.

We thank the male vocal trio and the pianist for entertaining us, however it may be said of the latter that a sledge-hammer might well have done the job. Outside of them, the whole show was lousy--it stunk from the word go. The talent presented was fair at very best, but decidedly poor on the whole. Valuable time was con-

sumed by a magician who barely held his own as an artist, but he did try hard and deserves some credit. Vocals by the two young girls were inaudible from the fifth row back so I have no comment to make since I did not hear them, tho' the trio made their act at least enjoyable. All of this merely precluded the stars yet to come.

The most influential part of the high-spot was the stench that pervaded the air as these two atrocities went into their "dance". Such filth is better left undone, and *certainly unseen*. The base and lewd things of life are not the only "good entertainment". Talent is scarce, we know, but not so as to justify such a ridiculous absurdity as wasted our time on the eve of a new year.

Please, dear reader, accept our apologies--for the concerts will recommence immediately. Come to the next one on the eighth at 1830.

## THE 778<sup>th</sup> SPOTLIGHT

Proof of the infallibility of the adage that there is no accounting for peoples taste was proven New Years Eve by Master Sergeant Lebuda. Shortly after the start of the New Year any one walking along the taxiway near Master Sergeant Chadwick's Cocktail Lounge would have seen what at first glance appeared to be a red billed duck swimming in a pond of muddy water, but which was in reality Master Sergeant Lebuda and his Red Mustache. There are several schools of thought on just how the Great One landed in such a predicament. The Great One says that he jumped in the pond to demonstrate his proficiency in aquatic sports but according to Lt Klimpel, Ace Pritzl thought he needed a bath and pushed him in. — Our Master Sergeant (Colonel) Courtright went slumming New Years Eve, making an extensive tour of the reputedly better clubs. After closing three clubs, Sergeant Courtright decided they were a pretty dull bunch along Officers Row and returned to the Enlisted Men's area looking for a live time. — Another Champion loses his title and this time its Corporal Calamari who at one time made the claim that his was a caste iron stomach. His tent mates will tell you that the one man who could not get up on New Years day was this same one and only. — Who was the dastard who swiped those P X Supplies while Corporal McLaughlin was out greeting a New Year? — THIS AIN'T THE ARMY. In order that Pvt Senior report for detail promptly the Orderly Room not only has the C Q wake him and pull a check a half hour later but also provides a one man escort to see that he gets there. — There is nothing like a good MIA guard and this Squadron really has a good one. We assure you that it wasn't his fault some one managed to steal the metal tent top while he was sleeping. Some one else managed to clip his stove pipe. That MIA property really is in safe hands. — Thats alright Henry Aldrich, we will cut you some more stove pipe. — To each of us here at least once each day is brought to mind with realistic clarity, some of the privations of our pioneer forefathers when we sit on one of these windswept thrones. — The thirst for knowledge in this Squadron seems to have been strictly verbal. When the notice was posted requesting those who were interested in taking courses to meet to discuss the matter, only one man showed up. Where are all these aspirants for book larning? — On this past Pay Day the Service Club came thru with a hundred percent dividend on the initial investment and in all probability there will be another one ere too long a period passes. This is despite the fact our club has not been able to operate continuously due to the lack of an electric power unit. — Our oven was pretty good while it lasted but it didn't last long. However Staff Sergeant Thorud has learned one lesson and that is not to leave Sgt Parham and a box of matches and his oven alone. A new oven is under construction at present and will be in operation in a week or ten days.

This is your reporter combination T/Sgt A. J. Griek and S/Sgt W. J. Clark saying  
CHEERIO.

## Meet the Cogs

"Tippie's got pups... Tippie's got pups... I'm a father..."

That was the reaction of George Vaskovich, former airplane mechanic who became a gunner and now flies the big ones. Tippie isn't his wife... in fact, George isn't even married. Tippie is that little brown dog from tent number 37 in 779th area who had a blessed event shortly before Christmas. Vaskovich, as well as other members of the tent, were highly elated over the event. George I might add, was worn out for several days thereafter... a real father... I'd like to be around someday when his wife has a baby.

The puppies are cute... now there is an argument about which pups are the cutest, Arab's or Tippie's. Everybody and his brother has put in a bid for one but it's a good bet that the pups will grow up in the same tent where they were born.

About Vaskovich... George was a hot lips musician back in Vintondale, Pa. with several local orchestras until Pearl Harbor. On December 8th he sauntered down to the recruiting office and was sworn in. He became an airplane mechanic and came overseas with the ground personnel of the 79th. In September he finally cut through army red tape and attended the group gunnery school and later received his wings. At present he has 15 sorties to his credit... and nearly all doubles. He still blows the trumpet in the tent... along with a couple of the Johnson boys and numerous others. He seems to be the chief custodian of Tippie and her pups and is always getting them clean water or a bite to eat. He also cleans up any mess (?) the pups leave around the floor... yeah, George Vaskovich will make some gal a mighty fine wife some day... maybe he'll find enough time to practise on the trumpet and... become another Harry James... and... maybe he'll do as good as Harry James on the wife situation... I really think that is his main ambition when it comes to playing the trumpet.

## "HAPPINESS"

Happiness seems to be so elusive that I sometimes wonder whether any of us ever actually possess it. In reality we seem to possess more shadow than substance. When we consider our days, how many of them are happy ones? Whatever the percentage may be, it is too small.

One of our greatest errors in the quest for happiness in thinking that someone can actually make us happy. While this might appear true on the surface, in reality happiness is not a bequest; it is a conquest. It must be earned.

Man appears to have been created to struggle and his happiest moments are the consequence of self-exertion. It is an axiom that the happiest people are also the busiest. If one happens to find it otherwise it is only because he is deprived of the fruits of his exertion. For example one can be busy and happy in building a complete radio, but it would be sheer drudgery just continually making screws for such a radio.

You have probably thought of how happy you would be if you had nothing to do but lie on the beach at Miami or Cannes, but the chances are 10 to 1 that you would be more unhappy living such a life of leisure than you would be as a puddler in a foundry. Why so? Simply because in this instance you would not have earned your leisure, your happiness. And happiness can come only as a result of one's effort. We must struggle and we cannot pretend to be happy by doing otherwise.

When we are talking about happiness our thoughts usually run to rich people or people of leisure. But even such people do not enjoy their leisure unearned. The happy ones among them are usually the most active of men.

The idea I wish to convey is that in order to be happy one must be doing something. It is in our nature to struggle, to reach out and up, to build, to create. It is on these foundations that happiness is built. It is something that must be earned and one must keep on earning it.

Jemuel J Archbold

## CHAPEL NEWS

We have some good ones here, not speaking in terms of baseball either. Last Tuesday Dexter Shuford stepped up to speak in the Ordnance meeting like an old timer. Emmert Andersen sang a solo in the same meeting. Both were enjoyed by all present.

Wednesday evening Howard Walker, Emmert Andersen, and Vachel Hook were the ones called to action on short notice. They provided enough material to provoke a good discussion by the men in the S.M.C.L. meeting. The subject was "How Great is Your Faith?"

The pinch hitters did their job. Color and candlelight do much for a place. The warmth of the green pine decorations increased our appreciation for our chapel this Christmas season. There was something additional in the atmosphere, for green met the eye in front, on the sides, and at the aisles of the chapel. The soft light of the candles along the walls and at the aisles in addition to those on the altar and rostrum created a worshipful atmosphere.

Lt. B. W. Christensen was the chairman of the decorations committee. His co-workers were Lts. Bob Daves, Douglas Lambert, James Treadwell, F/O Bob Wiegand, all of the 777th Sq., and Cpl. Carl Sturgeon and Paul Mason, both of the 779th Sq. These men spent many long hours preparing the chapel for holidays. Our thanks for a job well done!

## MULTI POOP FROM THE 76<sup>th</sup>

Well, 1945 was ushered in rather quietly. Wonder if the fact that people had no weapons to fire had anything to do with it ????

S Sgt Stanford, an A. M. on the line, recently found a home town buddy in our Squadron, Lt Hussey, one of our newest combat crew replacements. Each had been following the other's exploits via newspaper clippings until their paths met here at Pantanella. They hail from Oil City, Penna. It's nice to talk over old times, isn't it fellas ????

Word from Bob Lambert and Bill Foly, two of the boys we sent home, was received in the last couple of weeks. Bob has taken himself a wife and reports that he is getting along fine with American ways. Bill spent a lazy turlough sleeping till noon every day, and enjoying the New York Night Life. He had to report to Atlantic City on December 16th.

Long about 7:15 every night you will find gathered around the Service Club radio, ardent fans anxiously awaiting the Gremlins theme which means another hour of choice swing and sweet records (including Spike Jones). Gene Cibelli and "Corny" Fenero are two of the Gremlins best fans and when they get "HEP" they give out with some fancy routines in the middle of the Barber Shoppe. The highlight of program is when the Gremlin plays a Sinatra Recording and Cibelli and Williams get that far away look!!!! Others who are usually on hand for the Gremlin are John Marozzi, Della Santi, Lou Cousino and Charlie Mahan. So far the Gremlin Club hasn't elected a President or adopted a Constitution, but, who knows, anything can happen with that bunch of JIVE kids!!!!

The stories we are hearing about the trip that Eppley and Wood took to France, well, we think it was all planned that they had to stay there. It must have been pretty good!!! (Whall)

There has been a request made that our Operations Officer please stop cracking his whip and not schedule

the boys their first day back from rest camp. They need a day to recuperate!! That's what Robbin's and May's crews think anyway. They looked as if they needed it too ????

It's about time we cut this short telling you all to look out for "Jungle Jim" Leavy and not to be looking forward for Smith early in the morning with his "Time to get up Fellas, briefing at 3:00". We suggest he change the tone of his voice with the changing of the New Year.

All the men on the Combat Crews as well as the men on the ground thank the boys in the mess hall for their good meals on Christmas and New Years. We know the work it took and we really appreciate it.

Don't let this snow get the best of you. You know, "Good Old Sunny Italy"!!!! And you haven't seen anything yet!!!!

## MEET THE ELITE

1. Kuzmik back from a 3 day pass rarin' to go—on another!

2. Home owners Morrison and Cook looking over their rising (?) Mansions.

3. Wes Johnson swearing the Stars Stripes article blaming Intelligence for the Western Front set back is all well! He lays the full blame on photo. — Which reminds us, does anyone have a pair of Leopard skin lights for Radar's next Tarzan Act ????

4. Fred Von Throne says that if certain individuals don't cease their Apple Polishing tactics around here, things are going to start popping. This ultimatum was aimed at those few who, he says, "Eat fried eggs while the rest get scrambled"....

Captain Roger's verdict on Lieutenant Tracey is that he'll live regardless of his looks to the contrary, so with that bit of news, we had better go to press. Happy New Year to you all and may it bring with it much happiness and good cheer and just a little bit of the good old U.S.A.....

# THE TOWER

464th BOMB  
GROUP

"He is a wise man who does not grieve for the things which he has not, but rejoices for those which he has."



## WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE

Dreamers say this month, optimists this spring, experts this year, and armchair strategists anywhere from three weeks to three years. But the end of it will come one day and when it does we will have much to do.

The Germans and Japanese are your enemies and well you know it, for they have brought about the loss of more life and property in five years than any other four wars in history. They are a cruel and bloodthirsty lot; their crimes have astounded and shocked the world. The Axis military might committed massacres and murders of the first degree not to mention the appalling treachery that accompanied them. At every turn in the road they have shown their cowardice and barbarism, and have come little short of violating the entire code of human decency. All Humanity has a debt to collect from these fiends who saw fit to take upon themselves the destruction of Christianity and Democracy. Those peoples who have lost millions dead and many more millions wounded and maimed will not forget this super-atrocity of modern history.

Yes, we're plenty sore about the whole thing, but the time is coming when we are going to have to face the dirty business of punishing the guilty. And there's where the clash in ideas comes. The terms "German" and "Jap" have more meaning in reality than the Press and Radio have been inclined to disclose. You may as well know

that they are not all guilty: far from it. It is as ridiculous and absurd to contend that *all* Japs are vicious, as it is to maintain that all Chicagoans are gangsters. Such a contention can seriously hamper our efforts and stifle our hopes for a genuine and lasting peace on earth. There were and *are* German and Japanese soldiers and civilians fighting on *our* side.

However, the guilty ones themselves create an even greater problem, for maltreatment of the accused will only serve to produce more ill feeling and hatred, the very causes of this war, and the potential seeds of another. *Justice* must be our keyword. The trial must be handled without prejudice and unfairness; and if this is not done, our mission might well resign itself to failure. A policy of post-war revenge will certainly undo the fruits of our long years of fighting.

To avoid laying once again the foundation of a new, war, *hate, vengeance, greed, malice*—all of these monsters of the human mind must be wiped out. Hate the evil in these men, but be merciful and kind toward them who hate you. Feed, clothe, educate and help your former enemy, for only such treatment can restore friendly relations and convince him of the justice of our cause. —  
"as we forgive those who trespass against us" — em

## WASTE

The other day I observed a fellow soldier destroying one of his uniforms in order (as he explained it) to salvage it for another. I knew it was none of my business, but somehow the act galled me. The end didn't seem to justify the means. It did not seem right for him to be destroying something for which others are standing in dire need.

Waste seems to have become a practice of the age. Almost every day I find evidence of waste going on about us. It seems almost as if the whole duty of man is to accelerate the destruction of the world's bounty. I have a feeling of guilt when I approach the mess hall garbage cans knowing that human beings are dying daily for want of the very things I am so thoughtlessly throwing away. When I see oil and gasoline carelessly spilled on the ground I remember how much it costs our government to bring it here and how little the folks at home have to use. I wonder if the average soldier takes into consideration the fact that the habit begun in the army of wasting materials will follow him into civil life. It will become a part of his character. He will be inclined to waste his own personal property, the things he has to shell out cash to obtain.

It is our duty to prevent waste, wherever we see it. We are not to view it as the normal business of man. It is not. We cannot even justify it on the ground that we are at war, and war is waste.

The day cannot be far distant when man will recognize waste as the evil it really is. And when that day comes the world will really declare war... War against waste.

Cpl. Jemael J. Archbold

DUE TO CENSORSHIP REGULATIONS

THIS PAPER MAY NOT BE SENT HOME.

## 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

## FLASH

Awol is a mother. Monday evening at 1900 Awol gave birth to a fine baby girl. Both mother and baby are at home in tent 53, 76th EM's area.

## BEAUTY

When a man writes on his ideas of beauty he is peculiarly open to criticism. What may seem wonderful to me would leave another cold, and vice versa. Yet, I feel certain, all of us have a common ground of appreciation on which we may meet.

To some, the silver haze of whirling props in the early morning sun is a sight not to be missed. To another, the land itself, the rich ploughed field, lying fresh from the ploughshare, is good to the eyes.

There is peace and beauty in the land, in the hills at the end of our valley, caught in the glow of sunset.

There is beauty in the motion of an airplane. You may see something wonderful in the swoop and dive of a P-38 playing across the sky. There are few men who do not enjoy the sight of a long, fleecy-white vapor trail left by a tiny speck against the sky's blue backdrop.

A group of our silver ships floating along in close formation is another sight which is beautiful to watch. Seen from the formation the land below presents an ever changing scene, never two pictures quite the same. Square fields, rugged hills, thick forest, and wide streams all slide below as the minutes pass.

Yet, it is not only in the large things that we find beauty. We may find it close at hand, right in our work, for instance. We might not call it beauty, perhaps a job well done. But certain men do their work with unconscious artistry!

A mechanic taking pride in his engines, giving them that little extra bit of care which makes them purr, is an artist. So is a cook, who tries to bake things just right, up to the best of his ability, in spite of heat, long hours, and poor conditions. He, too, is a master craftsman, and his product more than mere food.

Throughout our lives our women-folk have been a never ending source of beauty and inspiration. To us over here, far from those we cherish, their steadfast loyalty and devotion is a constant reminder of their love. Their beauty is far beyond the physical, it is spiritual as well.

In all man's efforts to raise himself above the level of the humdrum and the ordinary we find this love of the beautiful. Nowhere is this better expressed than through religion. Whether we worship God by reading the Torah, or in singing hymns, or in saying the Mass, we are conscious of a deep spiritual bond with all that is good, and clean, and fine. There is a sense of awe, of oneness with God that lifts us beyond our usual selves. Life is full of beauty, if we but look for it.

G. M.

## Chaplain's Flimsy MAN'S PROBLEM

*One has only to consider the abundance of good things this earth is capable of producing and then observe the world's poverty and want to be convinced that there is something tragically wrong with man. What is this sickness that ruins man's world? Why is he always killing and starving his brothers?*

*There are some who say that man has not become of age. They attribute man's evil ways to his baser instincts, to a primitive nature which has not yet been overcome by culture, beauty and kindness. As they talk of education and a better organized state they joyfully dream of the perfect day when all men will be charming and gentle. They assume that perfect conditions will produce perfect men.*

*The trouble with this type of dreaming is that it does not take man's sickness seriously enough. The thing that makes him a greedy, grasping, murderous mad-man is not the animal in him, but the evil in his heart. He is not a drunken, sexual pervert because he has evil appetites but because he IS evil. He is not a good man with sinful habits, but he IS a sinner. If you increase his learning and knowledge without first changing this dominant characteristic of his you will merely make him more cunning and treacherous. The men who are causing the greatest amount of suffering in the world today are by no means ignorant and untutored. Nor do they spring from a race that has recently become civilized. Man in his wickedness does not revert to a former type. He does not become a beast but demonic and satanic.*

*The answer to man's problem, the cure for his sickness, must change the man himself. It must be something that will give him a new center, a new heart. He must be a changed man. Christ looked upon this change as being so drastic he told the people of his day that they must be born again. He then imparted to his followers a teaching and a power which has been changing the hearts of men to this very hour.*

Chaplain EASTWOOD



## INSIDE THE SEVENTY - SEVENTH

It probably hasn't occurred to most of us but one of the items that our army diet hasn't included frequently is SOUP. So now we've had it twice in the past week. Your correspondent hasn't been able to locate the person or persons responsible for our having it but all the 77th join voices in saying "Thanks" and "Will you fill my bowl again?" The ingredients, as far as could be determined, seemed to be prosiac enough; corned beef, peas, potatoes and God and the cook knows what else. But the combination was good—or are we just hungry?

Two to one you haven't even heard about the recent fire at the Service Club. One of the stoves leaked gasoline on the floor and it spread all over one corner of the club under a pile of blankets and the tables and chairs without attracting any attention. Someone (in the ensuing excitement, we never found out who) dropped a match on the floor in attempting to light the stove, and in a few seconds flames were reaching greedily for the blankets. With remarkable presence of mind, a bystander removed the blankets and other inflammable material from the danger area and vetoed a suggestion that water be thrown on the flames. Fortunately, no great damage (if any) was done.

Notice the bulletin board lately? "you too can wear bars!". So far we're willing to bet they're not deluged with applications for the Infantry O. C. S. that's being established in this theatre. How about it Donahue? Any motive other than patriotism?

There are rumors to the effect that the text-books to be used in those Army Institute Courses have finally arrived. If its true, you should be taking "an apple to the teacher" any day now. No other obstacle to beginning classes is there?

A few of you will appreciate what I mean when I say (No editorial We this time) I'm very glad Sgt. Krennrich made a New Year's Resolution to "throw that whip away."

## CON MOLTO ESPRESSIONE

The Concert Master of the Bari Symphony Orchestra played at the chapel for us last Monday, and I venture to say that he can play with the greatest, whether they be heard in New York's Carnegie Hall or for the King of England. Such was the impression left on me by the technique and genius of *Franco Antonioni*, as he plunged skillfully into the depths of Paganini, and soulfully expressed the four movements of the "Sonata in D Minor" by Beethoven. We all recognized and enjoyed Fritz Kreisler's "Caprice Viennois" and later as an encore "The Rosary". Such violin playing is not an everyday occurrence, you can bet. His pianist, *Nino Rota*, a composer on his own, might well be credited with a good part of the concert's success.

I can only say that you are missing the really good music when you do not come to our little music hall on Monday evenings. Tomorrow it will be *Arcangelo Masotti*, the cellist—and if past performance means anything, BE THERE.

A real good show happened our way last Friday, the 5th, and again on Tuesday, the 9th, in the 464th Briefing Room. ARC's Miss Margot Cottor is, we understand, responsible for most, if not all of the work done in presenting this entertainment.

It consisted of two acts: a five piece orchestra and a four man acrobat team formerly of Ringling Bros. Circus. This four-some called themselves "Franco's

Quartet" and most certainly confirmed their claim on fame as they flew around the room (in spite of the rafters) in their humorous yet difficult act. In the musical aggregation, "Pop" Munari, bass fiddler, heads the one family group which stars Armando on clarinet and violin, and Pierino on drums. Albino and Ferarri handle the backing with guitar and accordion respectively. The youngest, Eugenio, does a song and dance for variety. All six of these are good musicians in both the jazz and concert styles, though they seem to specialize in the former.

Bob Crosby's theme song "Summer Time" opened the program which at once became identified as a promising swing session. The versatility of the outfit was in itself a treat—for they switched from rhumba to bolero to waltz and then to fox trot *jam* with comparative ease. The drum solos were excellent, to say the least, and compare favorably with our best in the states. The accordionist retained his supporting role, but proved his ability in a solo of "Stardust". He also accompanied Armando who temporarily put aside his licorice stick and demonstrated his long-hair musicianship on his violin with Schubert's "Ave Maria" and one of Listz' Hungarian Rhapsodies; this performance alone attracted the attention of all. An occasional "ride" on Albino's guitar added much to the entertainment. The youngster's rendition of "Shoo Shoo Baby" provided the fun and all in all the show was superb as music and as entertainment.

Of the Red Cross and Special Services we ask more of *this* sort of good time.  
em

## THE 778<sup>th</sup> SPOTLIGHT

Here is an item that we forgot to mention last week and it should be mentioned here as it does show an appreciation by the folks back home for the hardships we are undergoing overseas. To illustrate this statement we cite the case of T/Sgt Black whose wife sent him a container of BED SORE PREVENTATIVE POWDER. We imply nothing and anyone who says that Sgt Black is sack happy is or is not guilty of slander. — Cpl Huus must have been rather lucky at cards recently because he is more than reluctant about indulging in his sideline of hair cutting. The Corporal might regret his attitude after his monopoly has been ended by the inauguration of the proposed Barber Shop which is to be opened on the hill. — S/Sgt Merlon Bailey has been awarded the D.C.C. (Distinguished Cle-trac Cross) for duty beyond the call of an Electrical Specialist. — For a man who can't eat, T/Sgt Harry Kaplan in sure giving Sgt Butler a rough time for being the No. One man on the chow line. — Two more Officers see the light and their names have been added to that illustrious roll which comprises the Order of the Wooden Mallet, namely Lts Klimpel and Krynawitch. They were initiated the other evening amidst the traditional sound of smashing furniture and crashing glassware. Both candidates gave a good account of their proficiency in the Order's Rituals. — After six weeks it got too cold, even for Sgt Border, at the Service Club and doggone if he didn't start moving and hustling until there were two red hot stoves going. Now if they could have some power for lights and a Radio it really would be a pleasant place to spend the evening. — Never hear much from that group of intellectuals who met once a week to discuss the World's Problems. It's quite likely that the absence of Sgt Merriam is responsible for the lack of interest prevailing as indicated by the poor attendance. — A very limited number of men in the 778th are tired of their present living conditions and as evidence we point to the few men who expressed a desire to enter Infantry Officers Candidate School. — We have seen shows and shows and more shows but none can compare with the recent performance of the Italian Band sponsored by the Red Cross. When the Hungarian Rhapsody is played to a G.I. audience and you can hear a pin drop, it must be good. Let's have more of that first rate talent. — The following item is an excerpt from a letter written by the love light of the Red Billed Duck, "I also learned from those items that you have a room mate by the name of M/Sgt Courtright who is also a Great Man. I doubt very much if he is as great as you are. No one can compare to a little Polack from Massachusettes. Right? Right!!". The Great One must be compiling a scrapbook of personal clippings. Such Modesty!

This is your reporter combination of T/Sgt A. J. Griek and S/Sgt W. J. Clark saying CHEERIO.

# Chow Line Chatter

by A Seventy-Niner

So Daw and Petersen finally got back from that extended Christmas vacation at a luxury resort on the South Coast. Presumably their credit at the bar must have run out. Could anything else force them to brave the terrors of aerial hitch-hiking?

It will soon be Lt. Cole's turn for rest camp again. It is rumored that Personal Equipment is constructing a special harness so that he can wear two parachutes on the trip there.

Communications is out for blood—and bars. If wishes become realities, the whole section will move en masse into the infranty to officer a new division.

Split and his fellow ration roasters have finally got into the new house. They've a stove that could roast an ox. And have you seen those French windows.

A new record for speed of house construction and occupation was set by Harder and his boys. Watching them moving in reminded one of the story of the cook on a Kaiser-built ship who set up his stove on the freshly laid keel so that dinner would be ready by the time the ship was finished.

So the Romeo casa has been split up. Any apartments for rent boys?

Honorary award of the paratroop badge is hereby made to Jack McCray. He made his third jump last week and landed safe and sound. It's great to know those things open every time.

John Fain languishing in the outer darkness of 55th Wing says that the gorgeous food and waitresses do not make up for the basic training atmosphere engendered by having to get up in the morning when the First Sergeant blows his whistle.

We understand that Sturkie and Hudson's super tax is running so high on their earnings at the crap table that they will have to form a limited liability company.

## MOVIES FOR THE WEEK

Sunday and Monday

"STEP LIVELY"  
with Frank Sinatra

Tuesday and Wednesday

"G. I. SHORTS"

Thursday and Friday

"Mr. SKEFFINGTON"

with Bette Davis and Claude Raines

Saturday and Sunday

"SAN DIEGO I LOVE YOU"

## Future Basketball Games

Wed. January 17 at 1830

34th Field Hospital

Fri. January 19 at 1830

323rd Headquarters Sqdn.

# MEET THE COGS

Paratrooper Jack McCray as he is known as these days... is the guy who came in this man's army to fly the big ones and not to be jumping out of the things all the time.

Congratulations are in order this week to Tech Sgt Jack McCray of the 79th who made his third emergency parachute jump when he was flying on a mission to Linz, Austria with Major McNeely. When word came drifting back that McNeely's ship had caught fire and the crew had bailed out, the entire 79th as one man "felt" for Jack. All the old boys know about the time last May when Jack and his gang were coming back to Gioia after a rough one to Ploesti. Their plane was pretty badly damaged and as they neared Yugo the pilot knew he couldn't make it back to the base. Jack started sweating... then he began reminiscing about his training phase days out in Nevada when he hit the silk for the first time. The pilot decided to try a crash landing on Vis and ordered the crew to bail out. Jack landed on a rocky beach and had the misfortune to break an ankle. That was the second time he had been forced to change transportation in mid-air and he was beginning to get skeptical about riding in the B-two-dozens... can you blame him?

After lounging around the hospital for several months Jack came back to the hill. It wasn't long before he started flying again... but he hoped he could fly and finish up and not have to jump out of another airplane and go sailing around the air trusting his life to about 100 dozen pairs of nylon stockings. He was piling up the sorties and began to think that maybe things would be easier from here on out. Even Arab... old Wrinkle... moved into Jack's tent and settled down to live a quiet life.

Last Monday Jack found his name up to fly with Major McNeely... just another mission and Jack felt no different about it than any of the other 22 he had flown. The take-off went off without a murmur. Shortly after the form-up the formation was heading Austria-way when number 2 engine started smoking. In a few minutes fire came spurting out and Major McNeely gave the bail-out alarm. Jack looked at his 'chute, fidgeted a bit with his harness and said two simple words... "What... again?"

Jack sailed out the bomb bay and pulled the rip-cord... once more he sweated out the big hunk of silk over his head... plopp... it was open and he relaxed for the ride down to earth. Naturally, Jack found himself floating toward a rocky terrain. He didn't tighten up his body... uh unh... he relaxed... he found out what it meant to hit the ground "in a brace" and it didn't pay to do it that way.

Closer and closer the ground came up until... he was down... terra firma... ah baby but it felt good to be back on old mother earth. Jack hit... stretched out, pulled the shroud lines to capsize the 'chute, looked up at the sky and muttered a few words... "Thanks God... again!"

Jack is back on the hill. His only injury was a sprained ankle and he's thankful for that. As for a transfer to the paratroopers... no go... they can take their jump pay and shove it... back to the pay-master. Jack is about ready to write a book on the why's, how comes and who done-its of parachute jumping and he says; "maybe they'll make them S. O. P.'s in every B-24... they could use a couple of good books on that subject... as for me, I said Thanks... to God, the silk-worms and Major McNeely... in that order!"

JOE STEWART

## 464th CHALKS UP ANOTHER

### 465th FALLS SIXTH VICTIM

According to eye-witness accounts Tuesday night's game with the 465th proved to be one of the most thrilling played in the league to date.

Sparked by «Hank» Baraczewski and Utley, the 64th shone in its display of superb basketball playing. As shown by the box score, every man was in there pitching.

The rumor had evidently been aired about that the 64th showed poorly against what is known as a «zone» defense for the 65th started out with just that type of defense. When it became obvious that the game would not be won that way they switched to a man to man defense. Unfortunately, or fortunately, as the case may be, «twas of no avail. The 64th went on to win by a score of 45 to 34.

## BOX SCORE:

	B	F	T
McRae . . . . .	2	4	8
Massar . . . . .	2	0	4
Morgan . . . . .	2	0	4
Utley . . . . .	2	4	8
Johnson . . . . .	4	1	9
Baraczewski . . . . .	3	6	12

TOTALS 15 15 45

## CHAPEL SERVICES

### PROTESTANT

- Sunday - 1100 & 1900
- Wed. - Service Men's Christian League - 1900
- Thur. - Choir Rehearsal - 1900
- Bible Class - 1900

### CATHOLIC MASSES

- Sunday - 0930 & 1730
- Tues., Thur. & Sat. - 1630
- Tues. - 1800 Novena Devotions

### JEWISH

- Friday - 1900

### MORMAN

- Tues. - 1900

### CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

If you are interested in having Christian Science meetings will you please see your chaplain.

### CONCERTS

Monday night is concert night this month. They begin at 1830. Tomorrow night it will be Arcangelo Masotti, cellist with the Bari Symphony.

STAB. TIP. GIUSEPPE PANSINI & FIGLI  
Corso Vittorio Emanuele 103 - BARI

VOL. I

JANUARY 21, 1945

NUMBER 10

# THE TOWER

464th BOMB  
GROUP

"KNOWING WHAT IS RIGHT TO DO IS  
WISDOM, DOING IT IS CHARACTER"



## \* \* S T \* A \* R S \* \*

\* The candle flickered in the constant breeze. The wind was everywhere, even in the most sheltered corner of their ruined house. Theirs? — Who had a better right to claim it? They had won it late the previous afternoon, in a bloody burst of mortar and machine gun fire.

\* The corporal was tired, if tiredness can be used to describe the exhaustion which will not let you sleep, yet makes you go on, beyond your normal strength. He looked around, at the dome of the room, at the dust and bricks which had fallen from the wall, at the guns stacked nearby, at the body of Jonesy, lying like a boy in deep sleep. But Jonesy would never wake again. It didn't seem right, it wasn't right, that good guys like Jonesy had to die. And what a hole to die in. A machine gun nest in the rubble of a valley farmhouse. What did it all mean? Why, why, why? Sure — he knew what the orientation (he called them propaganda) lectures said — still, it made no difference. Just because some big deal —

\* With a start the corporal reached for his gun, seeing a movement in the blanket which masked the door. Then his tension relaxed as he heard Radowski's familiar voice.

\* "Now don't that make the cheese more bindin', muttered the newcomer as he poked his way by the blanketed door and into the circle of candle light.

\* "What's cookin', Rad", asked the corporal, lighting a cigarette and offering one to the guard. He took it, lit up, dragged deeply, and then cursed fluently. He handed over an envelope.

\* "It's the orders for Jonesy's recall for courtmartial — violation of military discipline or something like that", Rad returned to his guard post.

\* The corporal ground out his cigarette. He glanced at the orders in his hand, but he didn't read them. He could see them in his mind. — Pvt. Henry M. Jones is hereby ordered to report — for violation of AW 96, and so on — What a way to fight a war!

\* He walked outside into the fresh, biting air. It struck him like a wave, acted as a tonic, waking him up. He whistled once. Radowski came

\* "I'll take over till morning, Rad, you might as well get some shut-eye".

\* "O.K., boss".

\* "It was beautiful overhead. The moon was sinking low on the horizon, and the stars burned brightly. Despite the need for constant alertness the corporal still enjoyed it after the closeness of the inner room. Not a sound came across the shell torn waste. Not a shot from the hills. The world might have been at peace. The corporal was an imaginative man, and he wondered for a moment if this whole bloody mess was not a dream. Then his thoughts turned back to Jonesy, and the dream became again a horrible reality. He remembered how Jonesy had loved the stars. He'd known Orion and Caslopeia's Chair, the Seven Sisters, and the Big Dipper. Jonesy may have been just another G.I. to the front office, but he was the corporal's buddy. Pacing back and forth he reasoned things out.

\* Jonesy never talked much about home, but once he'd opened up about his wife and baby. He was proud of his little family. Never had seen the boy, but he'd show you "Donnie's" picture at the drop of a hat. A funny Joe, and a great guy, and now he was gone.

\* Things seemed clearer now. The corporal knew why Jonesy had died. It was so that his wife and baby could some day watch the stars in their glory, never fearing death from the skies. He'd died so that Donnie could live in a free country, that his mother and he could be safe from arrogance and cruelty. Jonesy hadn't died for a great vague ideal, but he'd gone for an even greater love of home and all it meant to him.

\* The corporal quickened his step for the wind grew colder. He saw the first flush of dawn hit the eastern horizon. The stars were paling fast. He swore an oath to himself, an oath that Jonesy and all men like him had not died uselessly. That from this day he'd work and fight, and live in such a way that when peace came he'd be worthy to live in the new and better world. There would be stars.

G.H. MERRIAM

## MEET THE COGS

by JOE STEWART

A quiet guy who has been through and seen plenty in this war, a guy who could tell some real war tales about World War II from the Southwest Pacific to the present here on the hill, is Master Sergeant Harry A. Bruneau, a crew chief in the 79th.

Enlisting in the Army in October 1941, Harry went through the regular routine life of a G.I., until in August 1942 he found himself in the Fiji Islands as a replacement. From there he traveled to New Caledonia, thence to Santos Island where he was assigned to a B-17 outfit. That was back in the days when the Japs were pretty powerful and the Allies were fighting with their backs literally against the wall. Supplies were rather slow coming through, and half the time our forces were flying patched up junk heaps that even a service squadron wouldn't take under their wings. On November 9th Bruneau volunteered to go to Guadalcanal to help salvage two B-17s that had crashed there, for the parts were vitally needed back at his home base.

The Marines had just taken the place from the Japs and the Nips didn't relish the harsh manner in which they were forced to evacuate. Arriving on the island, Bruneau and his cohorts set about their task with the crashed planes when, on November 13th, 35,000 Japs attempted to land a counter invasion force. For three successive days and nights 6000 Marines and Bruneau and his seven fellow Air Corps men were under a constant barrage from the Jap vessels all around the island. Bruneau and his gang were armed... with one machine gun among the eight of them. Crouching in fox-holes for three days, Bruneau saw the attack repulsed. By this time the Marines had the situation well in hand — Jap ships were burning everywhere. The Air Corps boys climbed from their fox holes and continued the job they had started. Later, Bruneau was awarded the Legion of Merit, the Nation's fourth highest award for his part in the salvage job. Shortly thereafter, his group was awarded the Presidential Citation for successful bombings while under the handicap of using re-built planes.

Bruneau went to the New Hebrides where he flew as a volunteer gunner on eight missions against the Japs. Later he was sent to Hawaii where he spent another two months and finally, in May 1943, was sent back to the States.

The record books say that the first contingent of army personnel landed on Guadalcanal on December 3, 1942, but Bruneau was there almost a month

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previous. His group was also the first to bomb the Solomon Islands to soften up the landings for the Marines on August 8, 1942.

Bruneau had led a colorful life, as a civilian. Born in New York City 26 years ago of French parents, he attended elementary schools in New York and then was sent to high school in France. He attended St. Cyr Academy in Nevers, France, for three years where he studied art. Returning to America, he was employed as a commercial artist for the Bryan & Elliot Advertising Co. He speaks French, German, and Italian and also has a knowledge of Spanish and some South Pacific native tongues.

He is also the holder of the Soldier's Medal for his work the night Black Oboe blew up on the hard stand.

Hats off to Harry Bruneau. He's a cog that is, in all reality, a wheel.

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

CON MOLTO  
ESPRESSIONE

The concerts on Monday evenings have been reported regularly by this column. The artists who have come are among the greatest. Last week Arcangelo Masotti gave us an excellent cello performance. With his wife as piano-accompanist, Mr. Masotti demonstrated a rare art ability; his technique and feeling were both super.

Yet our tone cannot be very bright, for the "molto bella" of his performance was overshadowed on that same evening by the sad parting of a real friend. We suffered a loss that I fear will not be compensated alone by concerts, were they to feature Fritz Kreisler and Josef Hoffmann in person.

When this group came overseas, they brought a civilian along who has been with them ever since. He arrived with the pioneers of the 78th on this hill and proceeded immediately on his "tour of duty". In the actual construction of living quarters he gave a greatly needed hand by having lumber hauled to the base. (Until last October, when he was officially halted he had procured over 30 truckloads for the men.) His record on such seemingly

small items as lamps is unforgettable inasmuch as he is represented in nearly every tent. And when the problem of procurement was no longer critical he embarked upon new ventures; he established and effected a locations system to the tune of over a thousand satisfied "clients", who have him to thank for finding relatives and friends in other Army organizations. The girls who operate the "Clubmobile" are indebted to him for assistance in making it a success. When Christmas came, our clubs had decorations and trees because of the diligence and efficiency of this man. He has been on hand, it seems, whenever and wherever he was needed.

The chapel choir will never forget him. He is Curtis Lamb. He is popular with all who know him. He did very much to speed the construction of the very chapel in which he organized and directed the choir. His was the work of securing the talent for the concerts. In fact the schedule for some weeks to come is the result of his contacts and arrangements.

But all of these — the solutions to hundreds of personal problems — Christmas for the kids and gift for Allied Italian soldiers in hospitals — the much needed and appreciated help in building — were the "routine" duties of the Red Cross. There is something beside or above the material and "routine" feats. The man left a mark on us, his friends. His charming personality and enthusiastic sincerity are in all our memories. Formerly an editor, publisher, insurance man, and teacher, he is highly cultured and well read. The combination has produced a great man — not one of fame or riches, but a great man none the less in our hearts. His sense of moral responsibility and humanity were exceeded only by his generosity and dependability. Curt Lamb was to all of us one swell guy.

However, this ARC Field Director is no longer with us. Temporary blindness sent him to the hospital in Bari a month ago, where a doctor's exam revealed a haemorrhage in the retina of his left eye. The verdict was "back to the states" and we are the losers. Chaplain Eastwood representing the group, presented Curt with an inlaid box at the intermission Monday. With tears in his eyes he stammered "I wish I could say something but I can't".

To a man, a humanitarian, and a Christian, we pay what little tribute we can. I'm certain that he has a place in our hearts and we wish him the best of luck always. God bless you, Curtis Lamb.

**Better Late than Never!**

Belated mention is given to "Flak", the Christmas Eve mother, who that night presented the 778th Communications section with eight pups "Flak" comes from the original Heinz 59, and her pups follow suit

## A Letter Home

HI RED:

One certain day in October I am landing in Italy. I am very sad indeed. Now I must tell you why I am sadder than somewhat on this day in October when I am landing in Italy. Being that you are my best friend and know me as well as I know myself, which isn't so very well at that, but more than Joe knows. Because I am living with myself all these years. Don't you think I should know myself more than somewhat, Red? Well I must get on with my story. It is participating outside at this moment. You are surprise, no doubt, I am using this new word. I am learning this new word the other day. When I am visiting my Officer I am sitting by the stove warming myself and my Bombardier pops up "It's starting to participate". Now when he says this I am very surprise indeed. For I am thinking all this time, since I have been able to talk, which hasn't been so long at that. I have been saying, it is raining, when water falls from up above. But then they say you have to be very smart indeed to be a Bombardier. So I am thinking this must be a word the intellects use for when to say it is raining. Furthermore "Red" you know me I never did get too much schooling because the school teachers figured I must be very smart indeed. They graduated me earlier than somewhat. So I didn't have to come to school any more. Which didn't make me mad, now I could be first hitting the streets with the papers every day. So you can see it is a good idea for me to grab these new words — as you can plainly see I am getting no where on my story of why I am sad this certain day in October.

So I am saying to you your ever loving buddy

Sgt. BENNY — Sgt. MARIO TARALLO

## Chow Line Chatter

by A Seventy-Niner

We no longer eat in a dungeon. The white walls give new relish to the food and with the assistance of occasional but more frequent electric light even permit one to see what one is eating. Of course some people would not consider that a good thing, but it does eliminate minor awkwardnesses like the time we ate our neighbor's leather glove in mistake for a steak.

Those roofs over the mess-kit line are a noble innovation too. All thanks to those who built them. In fact far more thanks than they get are due the busy builders of our mud-bound base.

First on the credit list for such improvements of course comes Major Chambers without whose varied years of experience and boundless energy our hill-top home would be a very different place. One thinks too of our First Sergeant, "the only individual operator in the army" whose masterful persistence produced our showers even if it does not always keep them provided with hot water.

But much of the credit is due to those less well-known figures who do the actual work. We speak of Nick the Carpenter, of Brake and Vigil, of Giuliani and Vincenzo and a host of other Italians whose names are too difficult to remember.

If Brake, for instance, had not left his West Virginia mountain farm at the call of Uncle Sam, you would not have those snappy sliding doors on the latrines. If Vigil had not left his silver spurs and roaming cattle back in New Mexico to ride herd on a gang of workers you might have had to dig all those colossal holes yourselves.

But the key man of the squadron builders is Nick. Time and again you see him up on a roof with a pot of tar and his mouth full of nails. Or sawing timbers many times his size. Or skillfully laying out the beams for some new project. His was the hand that fashioned the wrinkled observatory. He, with his henchmen Weisend, now promoted to service of the Wheels, Giuliani and Vincenzo, built the tables you eat off, the chairs you sit on in the Service Club and the files in which they keep your records.

It is an achievement in itself to direct operations in a foreign language all day long and still get the right results. Though the daily practice certainly has its advantages when it comes to getting around on his days off. He knows all the best spaghetti-joints and vino-dives in a dozen local towns and has many friends into the bargain. Admittedly we have not noticed much local talent in the collection of female pulchritude that surrounds his bed, but no doubt the memory of his wife—or

## INSIDE THE SEVENTY - SEVENTH

Maybe we're mistaken but didn't the sun peep out once or twice this week, isn't the mud drying up, aren't the meals better, and wasn't the 485th Swing Band a combination of Benny Goodman and Glenn Miller? You made a very unwise choice if you elected to see the Sinatra picture last Sunday instead of hearing the aforementioned band at the Service Club. Aside from the regular band, we had a guest artist on the drums. MAJOR ROBERTSON, our Operations Officer, proved to be stiff competition for Krupa on the "skins". The jive was a little too much for a number of GI's though, and despite the shortage of pegged-pants and stuffed cuffs, we saw a neat bit of jitter-bugging. Once his natural New England dignity was broken down, SGT WARREN with PAGEL assisting put on a worthy exhibition. We're waiting very impatiently for the Band, the Major, and the team of Warren and Pagel to play return engagements.

At last count there were at least four new "tufa-block" mansions going up in the squadron area. Tell us "home-builders" is it that you have multi-lire or are you just naturally pessimistic?

**QUESTION OF THE WEEK:** If you can't call Dayton "Wabbit" would it follow logically that you can't call Witko "Woodchuck"?

**RETRACTION:** LYLES and PETERSON insist their new abode does not resemble the latrine and were quite hurt to have us mention the fact in a previous issue. Sorry fellows, maybe it does look a little more like the Waldorf-Astoria than your correspondent thought. (Now will you take that Carbine outta my back?)

S/Sgt JOHNSON of the Radar Section was injured last week when attempting to light a stove. We understand he's doing nicely though and will be back at the old grind in a few days. Should we offer congratulations or condolences on such a speedy recovery Johnson? The hospital is very comfortable and they say the nurses are nice.

the odor of his pipe—keeps him free from romantic entanglements.

Daily we use the products of these men's hands. Daily we view with interest their latest projects and cannot help marvelling at the variety of skills which go to make up this our squadron.

## "Crews in the Blue"

Greetings and salutations and all that stuff! Here's an opportunity for you combat crews to blow off some steam. The ole "Power of the Press" stuff!

What we've heard about the adventures of such infamous characters as Sgts Libuda, Courtright, Kaplan et al, someone has yet to "make with the chatter" about the activities of some of the "comedians" who fly the big ones. You know who I'm talking about; the guy who always manages to pick his chute up by the little red handle it's so outstanding! Or the waist gunner who warms his guns by blowing a hole in one of the fins—and then tells a vivid story about how thick the flak was over Usareo! No doubt, you've also heard about the bombardier who doesn't go in for collecting fusing pins. Before passing on, we can't slight the bleary-eyed navigator who can never find his pencil, or the check-point "that just ain't there".

Of course we all know that happenings such as these aren't every day occurrences. But they happen frequently enough to give us a chance to enjoy a good laugh. On top of that, we're all proud to know that the part we do in our respective jobs makes the slogan over the briefing room door ("Through these portals pass the best Heavy Bomber crews in the world") a true one.

This in YOUR corner fellows, drop in and meet your buddies, the men you're acquainted with solely because you've seen them flying your wing tips on a mission. Because YOU are the news, every bit of interesting chatter should be passed around. During the ensuing weeks "your's truly" will be snooping around digging up these choice bits.

So, don't start banging any heads if a suspicious looking character drops into your palatial abode for a visit!

Until then, good luck, and Godspeed to all the "crews in the Blue".

S/Sgt "Howie" Farling, 778th

## CHAPEL SERVICES

### PROTESTANT

Sunday - 1100 & 1900  
Wed. - Service Men's Christian League - 1900  
Thur. - Choir Rehearsal - 1900  
Bible Class - 1900

### CATHOLIC MASSES

Sunday - 0930 & 1730  
Tues., Thur. & Sat. 1630  
Tues. - 1800 Novena Devotions

### JEWISH

Friday - 1900

### MORMAN

Tues. - 1900

### CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

If you are interested in having Christian Science meetings will you please see your chaplain.

### CONCERTS

Monday night is concert night this month. They begin at 2030. Tomorrow night it will be MARIA VERNOLE, Lied singer.

STAB. TIP. GIUSEPPE PANSINI & FIGLI  
Corso Vittorio Emanuele 102 - BARI

# THE TOWER

454th BOMB  
GROUP

IT'S NOT WHAT WE HAVE TO  
FACE, BUT HOW WE FACE IT.



## S N O W

### I

And so it came, on the wings of the dawn's grey clouds.  
Floating down it covered the hills and valleys with a  
cloak of virginal whiteness.  
As if seeking to still their mighty wings, and yet  
protect them,  
It shrouded the mighty man-birds within it's glittering  
embrace.  
On the hillside, huts and tents, disguised under it's weight,  
billowed forth spirals of fire, evidence of the warmth  
within.

### II

As though at a signal all was stilled.  
The movement of men, the murmur of the winds, the  
quiet waving of boughs,  
All became intent on the softly falling flakes.  
Overflowing the heavens, it fell upon the soft shoulders  
of nature,  
Until, at last, the shimmering sequins of winter lay still.  
Then the boughs, swaying in rhythm,  
With the tempo of the air, prodded the curiosity of man.  
He emerged onto the white carpet, murmuring at  
nature's beauty.

### III

Life resumed it's trend.  
The winds danced and played, man worked and added  
his joy and voice to his movements.

### IV

Slowly it all changed.  
The dark face of the earth showed through where man  
had trod.  
The murmur of the winds became a shout, tiny swirls  
became miniature fallings.  
The fantastic designs created by man altered the whole  
panorama.  
The whiteness was turned to brown ugliness, while tiny  
rivulets formed growing streams.  
The hillside village slowly came out from it's hiding and  
the silvery outlines of the man-birds emerged.

### V

And so it went.  
Leaving only the sheerness of its beauty, imprinted  
upon the mind of man.  
A beauty to be sought, wonderingly admired.  
The beauty of a new fallen snow.

"HOWIE" FARLING

## STOP THIEF!

Fisher scores again. Recently Henry's knack for being in the right place at the right time stood the whole headquarters detachment in good stead. Rounding the corner of our mess hall one night he spied a couple of undernourished squadrons making off with a healthy supply of our eggs. Immediately giving chase, he shagged the culprits half way across the camp before forcing them to drop their ill-gotten prize. We hereby bestow upon Henry our official vote of thanks. He really brought home the bacon that time.

## Our Neighbors in White

There is an outfit nearby which deserves more than the passing attention that it usually gets. It's a small organization, probably not totaling over one hundred officers and enlisted men, all told. It's a non-combat unit, yet its men have at times performed acts of quiet heroism to rank with the bravest front line soldier or flyer. It's a clean, neat, and quiet place, this field hospital, yet its staff has known long periods of desert warfare, and have seen the better part of two winters on Italian soil.

I recently spent a short period of time in the hospital, due to a foot infection. And so many interesting and amusing things happened while I was there that I feel it is worth while to pass them on to you. Many of you will recognize the people of whom I write, and my only hope is that I may do them justice.

The nurses were all grand to us. They seemed tireless, working a twelve hour day or night shift, and then coming to visit the wards after hours, to see how a particularly bad case was coming along, or to stop and chat a while. All of them were old hands at this overseas business. The head nurse has been on this side of the water for 28 months, and the rest of them have from 16 to 24 months over here. A soft-spoken Carolina girl gave us something to consider one evening with her tales of front line fifth-army fighting. She told, in the most matter of fact way, of being shelled, and seeing sights that only the combat soldier is supposed to see.

The ward boys, the enlisted men who also work a daily twelve hour shift, and do the heavy work around the wards, were very competent. Our ward man was as professional as a doctor himself, and took great pride in the cleanliness and order of his section. His jokes and puns kept the ward in an uproar much of the time. Laughter is one of the best medicines in this melancholy world.

I shall never forget the morning that we presented our ward boy with the "Order of the White Duck". A "duck" is no more than a glorified chamber pot, made to size. One morning as our ward man carried out the umpteenth "duck" he informed us that when he had carried and emptied 10,000 of them he should be eligible for some kind of medal. We undertook to see that he was given his award. One of the patients with a flair for carving made a beautiful miniature soap "duck", and completed the medal with ribbon and safety pin. A helpful nurse gave us hints on the wording of the presentation, and it was duly made. Our sergeant received

**THE TOWER**

Published every Sunday by and for the men of the 494th Bomb Group.

*Editor* Chaplain EASTWOOD  
*Associate editors* GEORGE H. MERRIAM  
 JOHN T. BLAIR  
*Typist* HOWARD WALKER

**CON MOLTO ESPRESSIONE**

Nearly every day in the chapel a young man — not too well known in the group — practices singing; he's a tenor and a good one — hopes to be a concert vocalist someday. In the not too distant future we are going to present him on a concert. And were it not for the fact that Miss Vernole sang so well, it might be said that you missed a good performance. You see, Sgt Rose was "standing by" to pinch-hit in the event of her failure to show up last Monday due to bad weather.

But our scheduled vocals were done by this tiny voice — yet so clear and bell-like as to draw sympathetic facial expression from the audience. When she smiled, so did we — just as her seriousness sobered us. Maria Vernole sang delightfully and delicately in spite of the cold air that she had just left. Her performance may go on record as another triumph of art in our series. The 24 year old conductor of the Bari Symphony, who accompanied her, is going to bring three members of his group to form a quartet. This, you can be sure, will be the best of all—Monday at 1830 you have a date.

Incidentally, Special Service is organizing a show of local talent. If you know of or have any specialty, please help out by reporting to them.

**CLASSES IN CONVERSATIONAL GERMAN WILL BE HELD IN THE REAR OF THE CHAPEL ON TUESDAY AND FRIDAY AT 2000.**

**BE YOUR OWN**

**FORTUNE-TELLER**

Throughout the ages nothing has fascinated man more than the idea of being able to see into the future. The army is giving each of us a chance to do just that—to see into the future. I think I am justified in holding such an opinion for the odds are that what we make of ourselves in the army is a forecast of what we will make of ourselves when released from the army. Of course, this will not hold good in every instance, but I'm positive it will be true in the majority of cases.

There are millions of young men who, since their induction into the army, "just don't give a hang". If we adopt such an attitude in the army, it will be a Herculean task to drop it once the war is over. What we do now is being molded into our character, it is becoming a part of our nature. In our hearts we might resolve to do differently when we are with our dear ones once again, but we will find that the habits of the past two or three years have left their mark upon us, and that however hard we try to rid ourselves of them, they will keep on shadowing us. We cannot cast off old habits as we cast off soiled garments.

I do not wish to give the impression that if we are not "successful" in the army we won't be in civil life. I am merely asserting that the type of person we are in the army is a fair indication of the type of person we are going to be back home. It's not the rank or rating I'm thinking of, but the man himself.

There is a bright side to this personal fortune-telling business too. A story is told of a young prince who, from infancy, was homely and deformed. One day while sitting dejectedly by a roadside he chanced to observe a man of noble rank passing on his charger, and this young prince became so impressed by the carriage and elegance of the nobleman that he resolved then and there to be as handsome and as elegant. Years passed before the youth again showed himself in public, and the people marveled when they saw him, for he was indeed elegant. In this case the prince was his own fortune-teller. He had a glimpse of the type of person he wanted to be and his whole nature was imbued with that one purpose. The idea grew on him and became so all-absorbing that it effected a physical transformation in his person.

Yes, I think it's a much better idea to tell our own fortune, for the decision of making a choice is left squarely up to us. We can peer into the future and see ourselves as rogues—or world citizens.

Jemuel J. Archbold

**STORM OVER GERMANY**

T/Sgt Roger (Star—Studded) Storm, the pride and joy of Rockford, Illinois and childhood sweetheart of Barbara Hale, the movie star, has informed his parents that he has received two battle stars for his theater ribbon and the Air Medal for meritorious achievement over enemy territory. Storm an M.O.S. 748, also received the Good Conduct Ribbon eleven months ago, and expects the cluster soon.

his "Order of the White Duck" for "suffering mental wounds while serving under ridicule." and was told that while most awards carry a small addition to the paycheck, this one called for a monthly deduction of two dollars.

Many men have complained of the tediousness of hospital confinement. This outfit has done everything in its power to combat that boredom. They have an excellent library a good record collection, a fine dayroom for the waking patients, and a radio in nearly every ward. For the man who likes to doodle there is a selection of puzzles to keep him busy for hours. The U.S.O. circuit hits our hospital. There are movies almost daily, and religious services are regularly held.

Yes, it is quite a place. If you do have to go there, you may be sure of the best care, the best food, and the finest medicine possible. In a recent inspection carried out all over this Italian theatre our field hospital carried off top honors. We are fortunate to have such an organization serving us.

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

**Chaplain's Flimsy**

**FRIENDSHIP**

I saw a wonderful sight tonight. It was about the finest sight those of us so far from home can ever see. It was a pile of mail on my desk. Much of it was Christmas mail arriving late but it was very welcome. My mother told me of the Christmas dinner and my wife of the presents I had sent from Italy, but the messages I want to think of now are those which came from friends.

A farmer took me back across his fields where we had walked on an autumn day. A college professor called me to his study where he assured me of his interest in my work. A fellow minister sent his greeting and a friend from barefoot boyhood brought back memories that has magic in them.

What a wonderful thing it is to have friends. Association with them has given them a mysterious and hidden power to cheer comfort and inspire us, which the stranger can never have. They possess a medicine for all our ills. Their private esteem and love is worth more than all the public praise the world can give.

The price of friendship is always the same. It asks just what it gives. If we are to have friends we must give ourselves in friendship. It is a pure pleasure which the self-centered, the lovers of power and grandeur, can never know. You may have authority over others but you cannot have their hearts until you give your own.

The only purpose of this article is to encourage you to make new friendships all along the way and to keep all the old ones in repair. Never lose a friend no matter how humble he may be. There is no limit to the number you may have. Remember that wherever people are found, a constant giving in sacrificial love will yield an ever present harvest of unending joy.

Chaplain EASTWOOD

January 28, 1946

THE TOWER

## MEET THE COGS

Just the other day when I was returning to my casa after a trip to the little French Cafe on the side of the hill, Club La Trine (no cover charge either), I heard cries emanating from in front of a tent adjacent to the 78th Service Club.

"It's a hoid" yelled Topper from Brooklyn who was visiting a friend nearby. "No, it's a P-51 giving a buzz job" hollered Kausmayer. "Are youse guys nuts" said an Italian pisanio, "It's superman!"

T/Sgt. Thomas O'Brien was poised on the top of an empty oil drum.... long johns draped over his short chubby frame and with a G. I. blanket fluttering from his shoulders.... poised as if he were ready to take off on a personal sortie against those nasty Germans.

I went over a little closer... Gaston asked Col. Gilson... "Think it's combat fatigue... sir?" Colonel Gilson pondered a minute. "Naw.... I think he got a little too much flak the other day up over Linz".

Being an on-the-ball-public-relations-man, I went over to interview Sgt. O'Brien. I took out my book like the reporters do in the movies and sauntered over to ask for a statement for the press.

"Sgt. O'Brien" I says as I gets a footing so I can get the hell out of there in case he gets violent, "why may I ask are you out of uniform?" O'Brien didn't answer. He just ignored me and peered around the sky as if looking for an opening in the clouds so he could take off over the Adriatic. "Pardon me", I says again, "I'm from public relations and I'd like to get a story from you". (After all, I thought to myself, with the weather being bad and so many stand-downs, I have to find something to write about or I'll be in the mess hall working for Pouliezos).

O'Brien broke down. He lowered his "wings" and looked more like an empty laundry bag that would have brought twenty bucks from an Arab than like superman. He spoke. "It's like this Mr. Pyle (confusing me no doubt with Ernie Pyle's cousin, Manura Pyle)... Ten straight days they get me up to fly a mission and every time we just about get down to the ship when they call a stand-down. I swear, somebody enjoys seeing those red flares. The C.O. comes in and wakes us up. We struggle through breakfast and they stumble up the hill to go to briefing. After we find out what the target is we start sweating and by the time we get to our plane we are reconciled to the fact that we have to fly... and then they call it off. Then we spend another hour or so getting back up the hill and before I can hit the sack again it's time for chow".

O'Brien isn't nuts.... he just has around 24 sorties and is sweating out that other eleven. He gets a little slap-happy like the rest of us when things seem to get in a rut and nothing can be done about it.

I admit though, I was a little disappointed when O'Brien didn't take off. Why just this morning in my comic book I saw superman and the masked marvel jump from the ground and land in Italy in a very short time.... Hey Migliore.... how's about a statement of charges for a set of longies.... maybe there's something to this superman business after all!

## CREWS IN THE BLUE

The limelight this week goes to Major McNealey of the 79th who, for the second time gave an excellent display of ability, courage, and determination in saving his crew and trying to save his ship through a crash landing. Hats off to a pilot's pilot!!

At long last the new Special Service educational program is getting under way. The absence of the combat crew personnel in the enrollment has been noticeable. For an hour of your "sack time" you can gain some knowledge and a chance to collect a few credits for those future days of civilian bliss. It's well worth a try, fellows!

And how many sparks have you "arrested"? Corny, but "yours truly" is now seeking an improvement to prevent sparks from making his tent a flaming example—again!

Combat Crew Junior Chaplains: Sgts Mates, Gallagher, and Crawford have been duly elected, by votes of the majority, as the combat crew representatives, to the 78th Council. Any legitimate gripes, men? Go to it fellows, we'll back you up 100%.

Those who know say that "Shorty" Silverlight can tell you about anything that happens in the 77th! Shorty, I need a foreign correspondent, how about it?

S/Sgt Don Harder of the 79th with four sorties has a high batting average of 500 percent in the "League of Misfortune". Don bailed out once over Yugo, returned, and recently was aboard a plane that crash-landed near the base.

Just who is this guy on Lt Mercing's crew who made a fortune out of selling chances on a quart (so the sign said) of Schenley's?

Lt Hensley of the 76th is now firmly convinced that a tufa block wall will not stand the strain of a human tug-of-war. (I heard it was a pretty good party though!)

"Hot" rumors have it that in the very near future Sgt Woodburn of the

77th will hang out his "seamstress" shingle. Quote one of his smiling and satisfied customers, "Had those fatigues two years and just hated to throw them away!" Do you darn socks too, Woodie?

Lt Fort, were you assessed for any damages to Capt Steve's accordin, or did you honestly make it through the first lesson?

While we're on the subject of music—a general decision has been reached to request a mass recital of all the musicians (?) in the 78th officer's area,—down in the valley someplace, preferably along the river bank!

Who are the fellows in the 76th E.M. area who are burning up the motorcycle tires? Or are you guys using it for a putt-putt? Neighbors claim it must be so!

"Stand Down" Baird of the 78th is really having a rough time getting those last four in! Quote Capt Steves:—When I want a stand down I'll schedule you!—unquote. Say fellow, who's going to pay for all those phone calls to your wife from returning airmen "only four more to go, he'll be home soon"?

The great "Eviction Notice Feud" of the 76th has ended! Capt Black and his boys—and you know who, have signed a treaty calling off all future hostilities. (And how many dinners have you paid for Capt?)

**GREMLIN, GREAT'S** — Lt Brock of the 78th says—"Boy! How that wind did blow! I thought the tent was going to take off on a solo mission. Why, one gust came up so fast and hard that the center pole bent in half and the tent almost smothered me! With a loud "T W-A-N-G-G!" it sprang back into shape. I went back to sleep and the next morning when I awoke the pole was tilted and still vibrating!" Anyhow, eye witnesses say that it was tilted.

S/Sgt "Howie" Farling, 778th

## CHOW LINE CHATTER

by A SEVENTY-NINER

If all has gone well, no one will have caught VD this week. And everybody will have seen at least four movies in one week. There's service for you. The dopesters seem to think the drive means we will be moved into an area where there is a lot of disease. No kidding!

The wind developed some power plays this week. We understand it kept several in the officers' area busy holding tents down all night and shoring up walls all day. Split's roof took off without a pre-flight and we understand he is still looking for his clothes.

Question: Did the wind blow Pappy Choate's whiskers away? Or were they burnt up in the celebrations over his thirty-fifth successful sortie?

If you see three "Fireballs" streaking about the area, it is the new Orderly Room messengers, Tschudy, Holloway and Baldwin. They are putting in a little foot-work to get in practice for the homeward run.

Tschudy is getting to be an expert file clerk too.

Some go out and some come in. Here's a welcome to our new truck driver, William James. Too bad he didn't bring his truck with him. We hear Gaston is negotiating for a donkey cart to police the area with.

A little bird says they have a new motto down the Line: "Every man his own Crew Chief". It's pretty nice of the Master Sergeants to do the police-up details while the Corporals learn their jobs. You wouldn't find that in civilian life. Of course some nasty minded people say it's kinda cosy round the engineering office fire, but we don't believe that, do we? Seriously though fellows, if a cadre ever ships out of here, the guys who are grouching most now about the training program will be the very ones to get the biggest break.

STAB. TIP. GIUSEPPE PANSINI & FIGLI  
Corso Vittorio Emanuele 102 - BARI



*Kriegs Gefangener*

The following are names which will be familiar to many. They are flyers who were at one time with us but are now sweating out the war in German prison camps. Information has come to us through army channels or from the next of kin.

2nd Lt. Thomas Nelson Vague  
 2nd Lt. James Edward Meyer  
 2nd Lt. Leavitt Alonao Shertzer Jr.  
 Sgt. John F. D'Amore  
 S/Sgt. Marvin J. Miller  
 Capt. Virgil P. Leverett Jr.  
 1st Lt. Clifton W. Selby  
 1st Lt. Robert L. Weinberg  
 1st Lt. Charles R. Skinner  
 S/Sgt. Russell S. Bucher Jr.  
 S/Sgt. Thomas R. Monacelli  
 2nd Lt. John W. Lindsay  
 2nd Lt. Richard J. Witt  
 T/Sgt. John R. Lonsdorf  
 S/Sgt. John Krogstadt  
 T/Sgt. Lyndle K. Clark  
 S/Sgt. James T. Hutchinson  
 S/Sgt. Raymond L. Hadden  
 1st Lt. Robert G. Keller  
 Sgt. Sidney L. Elder

More names will appear next week. If you should receive news of those who are reported "missing" we hope you will give it to us in order that it may be printed here.

**MOVIES FOR THE WEEK**

Tuesday and Wednesday,  
 January 30 & 31

**"SUMMER STORM"**

*Linda Darnell*  
 and *George Saunders*

Thursday and Friday

**"MUSIC IN MANHATTEN"**

*Anne Shirley*  
 and *Dennis O'Keefe*

Saturday and Sunday

**"LADIES OF WASHINGTON"**

*Ronald Graham*  
 and *Trudy Marshall*

**FOR SALE**

Radio-Phonograph combo, 778th  
 Service club.

**Hit the Silk!**

Have you ever bailed out of an airplane that was too badly shot up to fly or was out of gas or on fire? How did you feel and what were your thoughts that last split second when you stopped riding and began falling? What sensation of motion did you experience during your free fall?

Most of us have been fortunate enough to have racked up a few sorties without having had these questions answered for us through personal experience. Maybe we've sweated out a "prepare to bail out" signal and when the danger had passed began to wonder what it would have been like and whether we'd have lost the "butterflies" in our stomach after the chute opened, etc.

For the answers to a few of these questions we've asked three fellows, Sergeants Joe Kamantis, Jim McCambridge, and Stanley Skowronski (who claims he's really an Irishman no matter how it sounds) what the score is. All three are members of Lt O'Conner's crew and just the other day made their second descent "Via nylon" almost on the end of the runway. The first time it was in allied controlled territory for the lads and their umbrellas.

"One thing about it", says Skowronski, "it's never a bore", (which just goes to prove he's not Irish. Can you imagine an Irishman trying to pass off an old chestnut like that?)

"You can't control your hands or feet for the first three or four seconds because you're spinning too fast," states McCambridge. We asked Jim to elaborate on that one, and he informs us that immediately upon leaving the ship he seemed to be caught in the slip-stream. At any rate, he seemed to slow down considerably after a few seconds and then pulling the rip-cord became a simple task.

Joe Kamantis, who, incidentally has both rip-cord rings to prove it to his grand-children, really gave us the low-down. "I was undressing preparatory to landing when the order came to abandon ship. My chute harness was lying on the floor beside me but I was outside in about thirty seconds." (Which makes us wonder what took him so long?) "There is no terrific sensation of falling until you get close to the ground and then you really travel. What was I thinking about just before I left the ship? Only that it was a darn sight safer outside than in."

The boys all agree that the rough moment is the one when you hit the ground. "The finale", as Joe termed it, "can be pretty rough. You're lucky if you land in a tree, it cushions your fall." Then we put the big question to all three: "If you had a 50-50 chance to jump or ride the ship down to a crash landing, what would you elect to do?" We've made two, they chorused, "we'd make it three in a row."

T/Sgt James R. Doherty 776th

**THE 778<sup>th</sup> SPOTLIGHT**

As we are writing this column the Order of the Wooden Mallet is planning one of its semi-occasional gatherings. This one is to commemorate the coming departure of Lt. Rust. For a time it seemed that the gathering would have to be held in the Bari Guardhouse to accommodate M/Sgts Chadwick and Courtright. However due to a fortunate change of events the Sergeants are still with us and the meeting will be held at the 778th Officers' Club. — Speaking of celebrations, different men in the Squadron have made mention of their desire for an affair in honor (or regret) of having spent one year overseas. There seems to be two schools of thought on the subject. One group favors 22 February while the other proposes that 19 March be the day for the event. Inasmuch as this is a Squadron party it has been suggested that the First Sergeant be the one to arrange the wining and dining of the enlisted men of this Squadron. — After several months of effort the Baled Men's Council has finally succeeded in effecting the reinstatement of Italians as Mess Attendants. This should serve to lighten the burden of the hard working Ordnance, Armament, Communications and Engineering Sections who have been bearing the brunt in performing this tedious task. — It seems that S/Sgt Loretz appeared in the glory of a store bought shave the other day. However the general effect was marred by the Halo of grease that remained in the places the Barber missed. — M/Sgt R. W. Perdue after four weeks of a correspondence course in Algebra and Geometry, has decided that Wentworth and Smith are all wrong. He is now working on his new book "Perdue's Simplified Mathematics For Morons". — We have it from undisputedly reliable sources that Sgt Earl Hoover has to be fed his cognac and egg with a spoon. Some people have strange habits. — A few of the boys on the line maintain that T/Sgt Kaplan and Sgt Butler are in the minor league when it comes chow time. S/Sgt Sagan has established a Pantanella record for the two hundred yard dash from his tent to the mess hall. — We couldn't believe our eyes last Sunday night when Corporal Isacco donned his "Booby Sox's" and jumped on the early chow truck in order to have a good seat at the showing of "Step Lively", featuring the "Voice". — We would like an answer to this question, "Where does Corporal Yeah Vut Guzo spend these lonely wet evenings". — What crew is it that cheers their pilot on with the following jibe, "Go ahead Hero fly it yourself" and "Yeah get another cluster for your Air Medal"?

This is your reporter combination of T/Sgt A. J. Griek and S/Sgt W. J. Clark saying CHEERIO.