

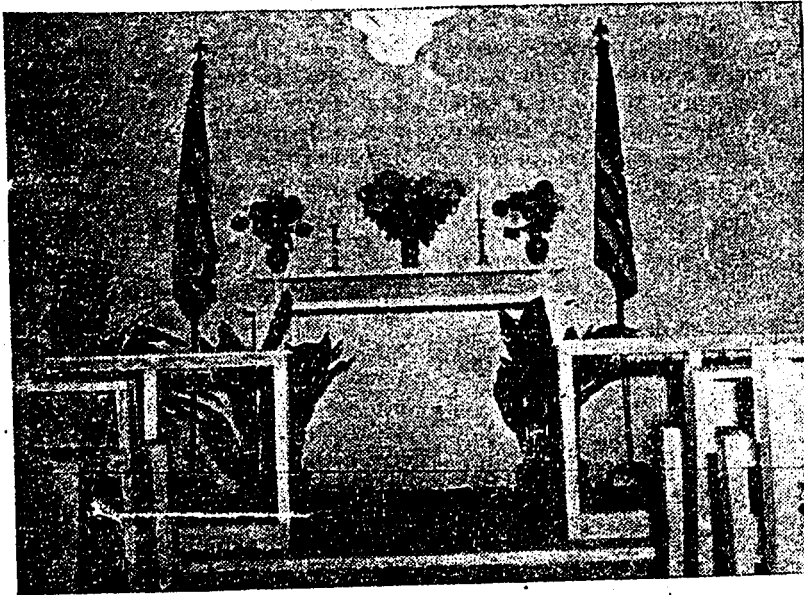
THE TOWER

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

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

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.

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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. Mac 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. Gillfillen, 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 Casino.

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 Beever, 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 778th 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 Purdie 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 Delaney 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 Sander. 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 Schnepf's ability to talk a pilot into taking off with three engines.... Pfc Lombardo's ability to shave for two consecutive days.... Cpl Eubanks 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.... 778th'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.

MOLTI POOP FROM THE 76th

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:

EVICITION NOTICE

By the authority vested in this power under AR Spec. 21-10, Para 4-2, 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 sundr. 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 any one 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.