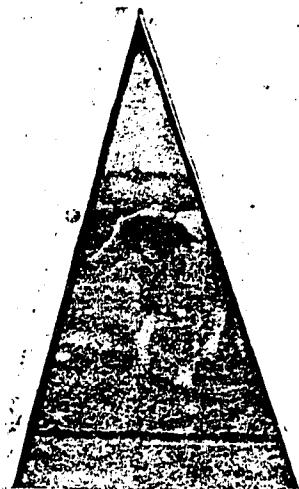


# THE TOWER

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 transconic hop successfully. At first she was just another one of the many puppies that reamed 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 Courtmartials.

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 know 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 Utley, Sgt J. Johnson, S/Sgt Peterson, 1st Sgt Morgan, and Sgt Dean of the 77th, and Lt. Bruce Jaton 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. Jaton 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 Utley 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	1	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	582 Ser Sq	— 20
30 Nov.	"	— 34	460 BG	— 32

## THE TOWER

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

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# 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

by A Seventy-Niner **CHATTER**

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 Timmons 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 Luchina, 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 Cerrignola 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 "Who 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. G.s later, estimated elapsed time between P. G.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 hells.

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 Lev 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 Cohen sweating?... New world record or anyhow a new record has been set; Carl Pearson has never pulled C. 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 Libuda... 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... TSgt A. J. Grick and SSgt 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 anywhere 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 his 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.

## MOLTI 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. Ojas 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.