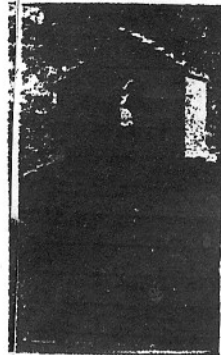


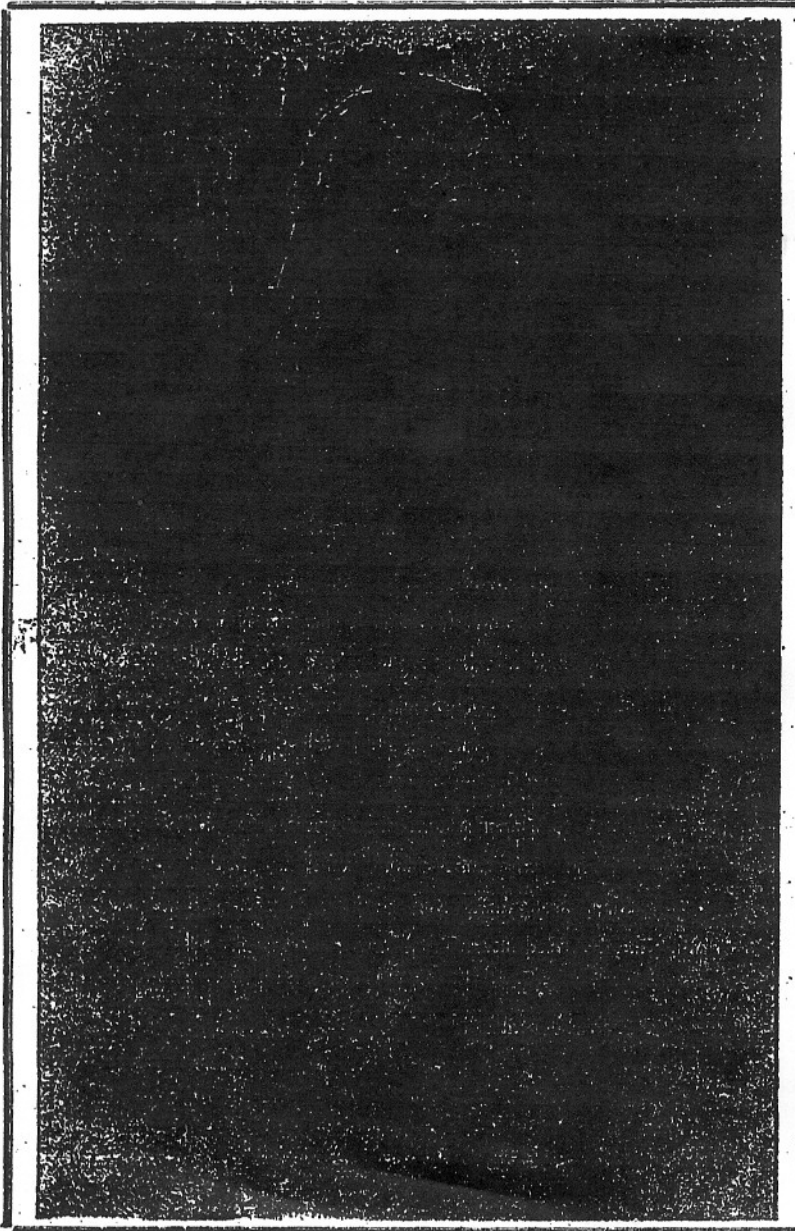
THE TOWER

464th BOMB
GROUP

*God rest ye, merry gentlemen.
Let nothing you dismay.
For Jesus Christ our Savior
Was born upon this day.*



MERRY CHRISTMAS



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 these 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 their 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.

Editor

Chaplain EASTWOOD

Associate editors

GEORGE H. MERRIAM

JOHN T. BLAIR

Typist

HOWARD WALKER

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 countryside 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 Cannon... 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. Surroca 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. Condit
776 Bomb Sq.

BUON NATALE

"Do not be afraid, for behold, I bring you good news of great joy which shall be to all the people; for there has been born to you today in the town of David a Savior, Who is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign to you; you will find an infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger". And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth among men of good will". Gospel Luke 2.

The chaplain extends to you the traditional Christmas greeting and prays that the Lord will bless you. You cannot by yourself end a global war or bring millions of soldiers home from overseas battle stations, but you can let the Christmas message bring joy to your heart by resolving to allow the love of God to influence your Christian living every day in the coming New Year of 1945.

Jesus Christ the God—man left His heavenly home to come into this world and effect our redemption. His birth, death, resurrection, and ascension all prove the love of God for us — His children, and we should try to appreciate His Providence by putting the spirit of Christmas into 365 days, thereby living up to the Christian standard, meriting joy in the soul and edifying, by goodness, our associates.

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 sheller 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 this was conquered and as this year terminates, even such distinguished pessimists as Lts Chicallo and Stephens, CWO Ebner, Sgt Taylor and Cpl Lucchina 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 Jatón 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 Jatón 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 778th 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 its 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 woolens 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. Griek 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 41-28 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.

MULTI POOP FROM THE 76th

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 orderly 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.

The Night Before Christmas

T'was the night before Christmas and all over camp
The mud it was deep and the whole place was damp.
In our huts and our tents we gathered around
Ate candy and cookies, fruit cake by the pound.
But on Christmas eve our thoughts start to roam
Back to the States and our families and home.
I wonder how Mom and how Dad are tonight
My Sis and my Brother, are they too all right.
Those that are single and have sweethearts too,
Get just as lonesome as married men do
We say a prayer to the good God above
To protect our land and those that we love.
We say a prayer for the men who have gone
And hope that soon a new day will dawn.
With Peace on Earth, Good will to all men
We can all go home and be civilians again.

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 Ora?

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