

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" —. ozm

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

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, and that we are justifying it on the grounds of 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. Jensen
Daniel J. Archbold

THE TOWER

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

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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.

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.

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 prosaic 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 Gottor 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 rumba 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 Liszt's 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.
om

THE 778th 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 Krynavitch. 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 Massachusetts. 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. Grlek 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 infantry 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 Rains
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 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... plop... it was open and he relaxed for the ride down to earth. Naturally, Jack found himself floating toward a rocky terrain. He didn't lighten 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:

	R	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 16 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

NORMAN

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 102 - BARI