

# THE TOWER

464th BOMB  
GROUP

"LET US RAISE A STANDARD TO WHICH  
THE WISE AND HONEST CAN REPAIR."

GEORGE WASHINGTON



## STAND DOWN

by Capt. ALLAN ORTON

For those who have passed through the mud and rain, and occasionally snow, of two of Italy's winter seasons, it is very likely that any romantic conceptions of "sunny Italy" have long ago been washed away. But many may have been led to wonder why the summers in Italy are hot, dry and dusty while the winters are invariably damp, rainy and muddy—a condition opposite to the average persons idea of a "normal climate".

The Mediterranean climate—for so it is called—is one unique among the climates of the world and in all climatological literature it occupies a separate and distinct place. It is characterized by the condition I've just alluded to, that is, a rainy winter and a warm, drought-like summer. The winters are also mild with freezing temperatures occurring, but not persisting, in any month of the year.

The lands which are under the influence of this type of climate in general correspond with the distribution of the olive tree which seems to thrive under such conditions. They include all the coastal lands of Europe and Africa bordering the Mediterranean—most of Spain, all of Italy south of the Po Valley and the Greek mainland and the numerous islands. Farther inland the climate gradually tapers off to a normal continental type such as that of our states of New York and Ohio.

The vast areas of inland seas provide the basis of the large amounts of rain and cloudy conditions in winter. In these large bodies of water is stored a great reservoir of heat which the changing seasons alter but slightly and very slowly. Hence, in the winter time the air over these seas is much colder than the water. The high specific heat of the water as compared with the air causes the air to be heated rather than the water to be cooled. As the air near the water becomes heated, it is forced to rise for the same reason that

water in the bottom of a kettle of water rises when the kettle is placed over a flame. As the air rises into the rarefied conditions of the upper levels it eventually becomes cooled by expansion. Having reached a certain height, called the condensation level, clouds form and may build up sufficiently to bring rain and showers.

There are a great many other factors present, of course. As a general proposition, (though it cannot be made a hard and fast rule) high atmospheric pressure systems tend to collect over large land bodies in winter, while low atmospheric pressure systems tend to come to rest over water areas. The opposite conditions prevail in summer. In keeping with this tendency, the Mediterranean region is one of general low (or below average) pressure in winter. And relative low pressure is not only a "cause" of bad weather in itself but it tends to intensify all other "causes" of storms.

The situation is complicated in winter by the passage of "fronts" or zones of transition between air masses having different properties of heat and moisture. Some of these fronts develop in the Mediterranean while others owe their origin to the waters of the North Atlantic, and travel all the way from that region to the Southeast Mediterranean.

In the summer time conditions are almost exactly opposite. The inland waters are now cooler than the air. There is no longer any tendency for currents of air to rise and build up clouds over water. Besides a flat high pressure system has moved in over the cool waters and tends to persist there from day to day with little change. Hence summer conditions are characterized by unvarying, hot, dry weather with little cloudiness over land and generally less over water.

## BORED? HERE'S YOUR ANSWER

If you have been reading this paper at all, you have by now observed that we have concerts every week; better, perhaps you've attended them. This sort of entertainment is good, but obviously it does not attract the majority. The situation is typical of the entire recreational facilities.

More and better recreation is becoming increasingly necessary. The movies are OK, but too frequently consist of third and fourth-rate pictures. At the service clubs the occasional Special Service presentations are, for the most part, unsatisfactory. More often than not they are designed for Chaplain McCahey's "lower twenty per cent" exclusively. The USO or Red Cross shows are good when they come, but they are too infrequent. In general, we are becoming slowly but surely bored, and time weighs heavily on our hands.

This excess time is the very "root of the evil" that is causing the general depression, sack-time, drinking, and overall dissipation that inevitably results in serious moral consequences—such as our present crisis in sex immorality and venereal disease. Our extra time is making us lazy and degenerate. You may have read Archbold in last week's paper: "We cannot cast off old habits as we cast off soiled garments." But we will not dwell on that point for we honestly believe that these unsatisfactory conditions can be alleviated with little difficulty.

For a starter, there is an educational program in the making through which you can learn, classroom style, any of about twenty subjects which can be useful to you after the war. Or, if you prefer, the correspondence courses of the USAFI cover a wider range of subject matter and are equally as educational. The credits in both of these are valid in most of our schools at home; and in both you can profit simultaneously by preparing for your post war vocationally and by keeping yourself occupied and interested in something. For information on this matter Special Services is available

## "EL CHOUND"

by P. F. O. GUMMIE GADBERRY

*He layed in the sack, as was the fashion,  
Then he jumped outa bed and grabbed a "K" ration,  
devoured some eggs, and bacon too,  
Then drank two gallons of Irish stew,  
Beef, pork, and a chocolate bar,  
Finished off with a fat cigar.  
Wiped his mouth with a grin of mirth,  
And hopped right back into his G.I. berth,  
That's our boy, our radio man,  
He's a wizard with a "K" ration can!*

## THE TOWER

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

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HOWARD WALKER

in the tent just behind 78's dispensary. In addition there is a native German who teaches classes in his language conversationally every Tuesday and Friday at 2000 in the Chapel. He is more than willing to use his time in this way.

Or, if schooling is not your forte, perhaps entertainment is. Right now there is a group orchestra in formation and, though we understand that it is nearly complete, there is still room for you. Maybe you can assist them and yourself as well. In this matter we refer you to Sgt Al Teeter of the 778th.

With designs on producing a show in the very near future, we are forming a glee club and are in great need of molti members. As a matter of fact, we welcome any and all talent and ideas. It's the sort of thing at which anyone could enjoy working and we invite one and all to join us. If you have any vocal talent or even

tendencies, please come to the Chapel Tuesday evening at 2000.

This very paper, which you can see does not employ professional journalists, needless to say has room for improvement. You with past experience, or with any ideas or advice, drop in on Chaplain Eastwood with or without something to be printed. If you choose to remain anonymous, leave your work with us anyway and we will very likely print it.

So there it is. You can solve your own recreation problem; For book larnin', S S is your outfit; Teeter, of the 78th, wants an ork; and we want singers and writers. The door's unlocked. All you have to do is turn the knob.

E. M.

## HOBNOBBING WITH HEADQUARTERS

Remember when Tally was first pilot on the mimeograph machine? He's come a long way since then. Not only has he made Sgt. but proved his stuff by earning his pilot's congratulations for sticking to his guns on a particularly rough mission recently. We're all sweating you out Tally.

Saw Arneson the other day. They've got him working in the paint shop. Seemed to be in the best of spirits and condition.

Heard Marantz burned the stripes off his arm while washing clothes one

day. Better stick to Ivory soap Marantz.

Speaking of washing, it sure would be nice if our shower was fit for showering in. Better fix it up before someone takes up housekeeping there. Some of us are seriously considering such a move.

Heard Feldman decided he couldn't wait until next summer for his bath since there is such a nice shower next door to S-4. How does it work Mike?

Do you suppose when we move to C.B.I. that we can take our cooks along? It sure would be tough to have to go back to G.I. chow again.

Understand Frenchy likes his new job. Saw him walking around with a mess kit one day. Upon asking him the purpose of such foolishness he told me he's now a 78th man. We lost a good man there.

It seems that Natwick is spending so much time at the dispensary the medics have had to set up a personal file on him to keep track of his form 52s.

Cpl HOWARD WALKER

## CON MOLTO ESPRESSIONE

The odds were against us this time but Norman Rose took us out of the pinch and a good deal further with the very able assistance of Lt. Geissinger at the piano. The audience, including some who were certain that nothing could replace the string quartet, really enjoyed themselves.

Our apologies for the inter-mission pianist who, for reasons that need no explanation chooses to retain his well deserved anonymity. His brutal treatment of the piano (which, in fact, does not belong to us) was inexcusable at the very least. We'll test 'em in the future.

None of this, the weather, the late cancellation of the original schedule, the absurd cacaphony (which at least succeeded in giving Sgt. Rose a rest period) held us back. We planned a concert—and came through with one. The pianist and singer arranged their schedule forty-five minutes before the performance and presented most of it spontaneously.

The selection that I personally enjoyed most was Franz Schubert's "Ave Maria". N.R. really sang that piece as it should be sung. A composition "The Messiah" by Handel called "Every Valley" offered his tenor voice a technical hazard in which he proved to be the man for the job. The concert closed with a beautiful rendition of "The Lord's Prayer" — which in its tone and meaning became a very appropriate conclusion. Both he and Lt. Geissinger who had to sight read much if not all of the music deserve a vote of thanks from all for pulling us out of a very tight spot.

## THE MEANEST MAN IN CAMP

Our votes for the meanest man in camp 90 to the thief or thieves who stole some 800 doughnuts from the A&C Clubmobile girl, and thereby kept 25 crews from getting their after-mission lunch.

## Chaplain's Flimsy

A drunk staggered into the room where I was conducting a worship service a few days ago. He followed the wall around the room until he was within a few feet of me, where he stood with sagging knees attempting to listen to the sermon. Soon his legs gave way and he slumped down on the floor and went to sleep. A few days later I called at the hospital and there I found one of our men being treated for alcoholism. At the stockade there is another, and if rumor is correct a third is being dismissed from the group. Conditions here are being repeated in every other camp and community of our country.

If you doubt the evil of drunkenness I suggest that you make a study of its finished products. Dr. Edwin Fauver of the University of Rochester says that there are at least 600,000 chronic alcoholics in the United States. The Rockefeller Foundation reports that twenty per cent of the mental patients in American hospitals were put there by liquor. It is plain that not all our enemies are in the camps of the Germans and Japanese; nor are all the fortunes of this war being made on the manufacture of weapons. It is time for us to declare war on drunkenness in this group and everywhere, with the same energy and enthusiasm that we battle Nazism, tyranny, cancer, infantile paralysis or any other evil.

To save a man from a drunkard's grave is as brave and courageous an act as saving a man's life in battle or from any other form of evil. This you may have failed to realize. You may have considered it smart to get the squadron drunkard drunk. When he was out of money you may have bought his drinks for him and then laughed when he was drunk. When he was sober and determined to remain so you may have done everything you could to get him to break his resolve. If you are guilty of such you have joined the ranks of the enemy who gleefully torture prisoners as they inflict upon them a slow and painful death. As our comrades give their lives in combat against one enemy let us not sell out to another.

Chaplain EASTWOOD

## CREWS IN THE BLUE

**HIGHLIGHT OF THE WEEK:** Amid the bitter cries of combat crews, the moans of C. Q.s and the weather officers bewailing the numerous standowns lately, came the joyous news of the removal of Blechhammer from our list of targets. Those who have experienced a raid over this rough area know that it was a victory for us, not alone for the Russians. "We blaze the trails, the armies pave the roads". A great slogan for a great team.

A hearty welcome to Lt. Caldwell, formerly of the '79th, who has taken over as the '78th squadron bombardier. The combat crews wish you lots of luck and add their sincere vote of confidence, Lieutenant.

**Engineers Please Note:** On a recent mission Sgt Woodburn of the '77th had to change amplifiers. While doing so he discovered the formation was turning on the I. P. and hurriedly left the bomb bays, leaving the good amplifier on the uppermost bomb. Result—one salvaged amplifier.

Introducing Lts. Mercing and Sullivan of the '78th. "Plumbers Exquisite" For rates and demonstrations apply at the "home office" of the above.

Lt. Brock of the same officers' group, has followed up his story of the bending and vibrating tent pole by moving into a new casa. He has promised to build a bar and engage a local queen to check hats!

To 1st Lt. Robbin of the '76th - Please enlighten the ignorant - why the address "10 Browning St". (Please let me publish the results, if any!).

The news from the '76th squadron area this week is nil, hibernating, I suppose.

The crewmates of T/Sgt H. L. Hayes of the '77th claim they can hit more skeet birds with rocks than he can with a 12 guage. A-a-ah, how many did you bring down the other day, Hayes? (Ed. Note: a new group record for the skeet range was recently set by Hayes of the '77th - one bird!!! He got the "bird" to prove it!).

So the story goes, S/Sgt Jimmy Bates of the '78th declares a corner on all extras the day he goes after P. X. rations. "Confirm or Deny!"

A '77th welcome to Lts. Hubbar and Mull, and their crews - new additions to the squadron. Lots of luck, fellas!

Goin' Home: Best wishes to S/Sgt Bill Geary, T/Sgt Richard (Nick) Nicholson, and T/Sgt Vecil (Pappy) Choate. All are of the '79th, have completed their tour of duty, and will shortly have that coveted ticket for a boat (?) ride back to the good ole' U. S. A.

S'all for this week, perhaps this coming week we'll score another knockout like Blechhammer - We hope!

S/Sgt "Howie", Farling 778th

## FINIS

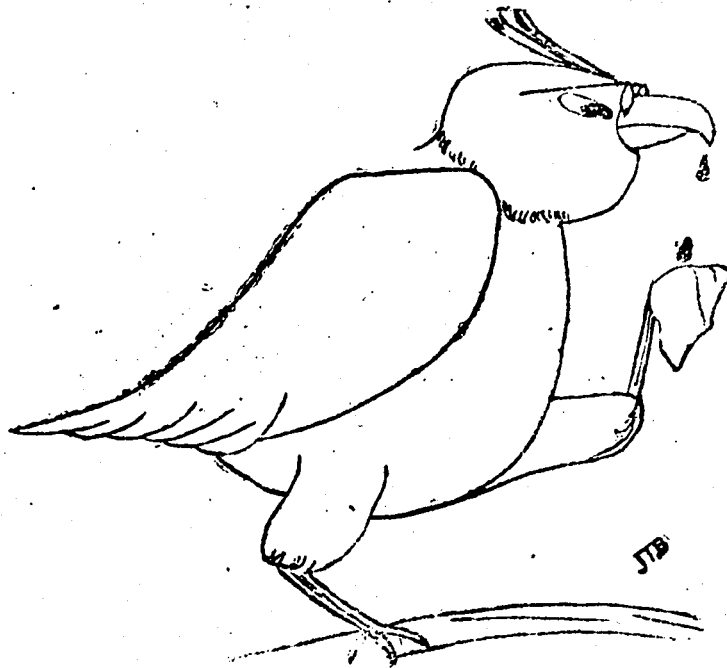
*Overheard in the personal equipment room the other day.*

*Moe—Boy, these "K" rations sure are old here.*

*Joe—Yeah? How's that?*

*Moe—Well, I found one with a package of matches, with directions printed on the back, "How to Load a Musket".*

## The Great Blue Sniffle Bird



Once there was a Great Blue Sniffle Bird and he made his home in a Large Green Tree in the Forest of Large Green Trees.

Now this Great Blue Sniffle Bird, who lived in a Large Green Tree in the Great Forest of Large Green Trees, was very easy to get along with but there was one thing that annoyed him greatly and therein hangs the tale.

The Great Blue Sniffle Bird could only be annoyed by his sworn enemies, the Orange and purple Birds who also lived in the Great Forest of Large Green Trees. The Orange and Purple Birds had a very irritating habit of singing Pistol Packing Mama in a Weak A Flat every morning at half past three right underneath the large Green Tree where the Great Blue Sniffle Bird had his home. Now one day the Great Blue Sniffle bird decided he had endured all he could of the Orange and Purple Birds singing Pistol Packing Mama in a Weak A Flat under his Large Green Tree in the Forest of Large Green Trees so he decided to do something about it.

He then went to his friend and ally the Great Blue Bear who lived on the outskirts of the Great Forest of Large Green Trees and told him his tale of woe. Now the Great Blue Bear who lived on the outskirts of the Great Forest of Large Green Trees was also a sworn enemy of the Orange and Purple Birds as there was nothing he liked for breakfast better than a batch of juicy Orange and Purple Birds served up with a lot of Bright Orange Honey to take away the dryness of the Orange and Purple Birds.

However the Great Blue Bear had recently had a falling-out with the Little Grey Bees who lived in a Small Green Tree in the Great Forest of Large Green Trees and there they manufactured the Bright Orange Honey, but now they had stopped the supply of Bright Orange Honey to the Great Blue Bear. This prevented the Great Blue Bear from eating any of the Orange and Purple Birds and stopping Pistol Packing Mama in a Weak A Flat under the home of the Great Blue Sniffle Bird at half past three in the morning.

Now when the Great Blue Sniffle bird heard this he went to his friends the Little Gray Bees and transacted a deal by which he obtained a large amount of Bright Orange Honey, ostensibly for his own usage. However he did not use it himself but went straightaway to his friend and ally the Great Blue Bear, gave him the Bright Orange Honey, and told him to do his worst.

This pleased the Great Blue Bear and he immediately went and caught all of the Orange and Purple Birds and ate them with much gusto along with the large amount of Bright Orange Honey to take away the natural dryness of the Orange and Purple Birds. He did such a good job that he stopped for all time the Orange and Purple Birds singing Pistol-Packing Mama in a Weak A Flat under the Large Green Tree in the Forest of Large Green Trees and now the Great Blue Sniffle Bird is not awakened at half past three in the morning but may sleep until three-forty-five which is his accustomed hour of arising. **JONES**

# Chow Line Chatter Spirit Of '76

by A Seventy-Niner

Rearrangement is in the air. All things are being made new. Maybe it is the influence of the new year. Anyway Tech Supply is hardly recognizable. There is a fine new building and fine new management. Cotton and Sandy (Cantrell and Sanders if you want to be formal) are the new managers, ably assisted by the ever-present, ever-smiling Andy Zauner.

The green pre-fabricated building looks trim and neat. Everything has its own place on the shelves and in the boxes and closets around the sides. One side is for tools and the other for parts. At the runway end are spacious compartments for the small but vital departments. That quiet, competent-looking man tying himself up in a tangle of wires in the corner is Art Chaney, our electrician. That chunky chip of dynamite in the cubbyhole with the dials is - you've guessed it - "Instrument" Harvey. Sheet metal in another corner, and props too. There's two stoves and a radio to attract the "Line Club" in their off hours. We are expecting the snack-bar to be installed any day now!

Changes are in line too at the Service Club. There is to be an election. By the time this appears the nominations will have already been made for a new set of officers and a new board of directors. Come on you politicians, let's have a progressive, campaign platform. No slights to those quitting office but we would like a new regime, with action, pep and drive. Too long has the Service Club been a dark and icy hang-out for the few who like to put so much liquor inside them that they cannot notice their surroundings. The newly sealed roof and the greater heat output of the stoves is an improvement, but we want more.

First let us have a Service Club that is attractive to the great majority who do not spend their time drinking and gambling. Put up a partition dividing the building in two. Preferably let there be no connection between the two parts. Move the crap table up into the end near the bar together with some tables for the poker players. Make the other end an attractive lounge in which a man can read and write in comfort without being deafened.

Second, we would like regular financial statements posted in the Club for the members benefit. We are sure that all is being splendidly managed but we would like to be in the know.

Thirdly, what about a little organized entertainment. No, we don't mean strip teases, nor even outside talent of a better nature, but rather something in which the men of the Squadron take part. There is plenty of talent available, and impromptu shows are often more fun than professional ones.

The above is Seventy-Niner's platform for a new order in the Service Club, presented free to all budding squadron statesmen who wish to adopt it. And we prophesy that any candidate who adopts it and makes the fact known will win the election.

Special Ad: We are asked to announce that anyone hearing anyone else on officer's row playing two saxophones at once should report the matter immediately to Lt Jaton. He promises instant abatement of the nuisance and of the offender.

Have you heard about the local "Olympics" contest between Sgts. Shuford and Rudy? Perhaps they recall the calajumpies of Pfc Carleton on this boat and noting his "Charles Atlas" physique, are trying to equal it.

Ken Moorish, RRR (Recently Returned from Russia) has a great liking for the Yak and Lagg aircraft of our allies. He was rather reluctant to return to our hill especially after seeing the luxury of some of the service clubs of the G.I.'s stationed there.

Did you notice the looks of bewilderment on the faces of Messrs. Heppner, Powell, Morrison, and Cook when a barrel near their new abode exploded during a recent V. D. meeting?

Yesterday this writer heard of Lt. Fauber's realistic drawings of a P-38 and a B-29 which have been receiving complimentary remarks during the past couple of days.

Question of the week: — Where did all the chicken go Sunday night?

The folder containing the history of the 464th Bomb Group (H) appears to be interesting. Will the personnel of the group be able to secure these when "that happy day" comes? The idea of giving it to the combat crew men going home is fine, but there are men in the ground echelon who would also like to have such a pictorial record and would be willing to pay a reasonable sum for it.

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

## 485<sup>th</sup> IS GIVEN CHAMPIONSHIP

Because the 323rd Service Group, sponsors of the Basketball Tournament, has been broken up, the tournament has been cancelled. However, since a championship team had to be selected before late January, the 485th was chosen as the winning team.

The choice was made by cancelling all losses to teams entered by the Service Group. The 485th had lost one game to a Service Group team - this was cancelled. We had lost no games to any Service Group team, but had lost one to the 485th, giving us one uncanceled loss.

Final standings were considered thus:

|           | Won | Lost |
|-----------|-----|------|
| 485th     | 4   | 0    |
| 464th     | 3   | 1    |
| 460th     | 2   | 2    |
| 465th     | 1   | 3    |
| 55th Wing | 0   | 4    |

A new tournament is being arranged for February among the Bomb Groups and which will give us the opportunity of seeing some excellent basketball again.

## KRIEGS GEFANGENER

Cpl. Frank R. Pierce  
S/Sgt John J. Hoyda  
1st Lt. Roy L. Strong  
1st Lt. Kenneth R. Frink  
1st Lt. Glen V. Hetrick  
S/Sgt Audrian L. Beck  
T/Sgt Carl P. Daly  
S/Sgt Raymond J. O'connor  
S/Sgt Walter E. Spindler  
S/Sgt Stanley W. Pavelecky  
2nd Lt. William A. Price Jr  
F/O Ralph E. Donnelly  
T/Sgt Nicholas W. Masselli  
S/Sgt Earl R. Williams  
2nd Lt Horace H. Lund  
1st Lt Donald K. Waldron  
1st Lt Albert N. Danoff  
T/Sgt William R. Terry  
S/Sgt John W. Woods  
S/Sgt John G. Barbarich

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

It was mentioned in last week's issue that a Gala Affair should be held by the Squadron to celebrate surviving a years separation from Beer and Chips. The Engineering Section has gone ahead and formulated its own plans for a fete, the expense of which is to be borne by the First Three Grades. The Committee has stated that they can't provide the beer but are doing everything in their power to obtain the chips. It is hoped that the Group Orchestra will be available that evening to furnish the entertainment for the boys. The Enlisted Men's Council is seeking legal advice to ascertain the necessary steps to obtain a writ of Habeas Corpus for the release of the Squadron piano which was borrowed by Special Services three weeks ago for a one night stand. — One of the men in the Orderly Room has this post war problem licked "Look for a job." He says, "Why bother? I am going to give Sgt Strauss my mustering out pay and let him run it up". Sgt Strauss has already given us several hot Stock Market tips". After further consideration it seems as the Sgt Straus is soliciting clientele for his post war brokerage business. — It seems that the Engineering Section has not only acquired three line chiefs which will facilitate maintenance but has also by the same token obtained three Chow Chiselers. The other day M/Sgts Sheck, Chadwick and Schwennaker brushed their sleeves and stopped in front of Pef Lombardo. Bucking the chow line isn't too bad and its a Sad Sack among us who hasn't done it at least once in the past, but pulling rank to make it stick is mighty low. Our night C. Q., Pvt Stearns, has aspirations to become an artist but as is the case with all Artists, he has his eccentricities. He finds that he does his best work by using the Hide of Henry Aldrich as his canvas. — The Squadron found an adequate substitute for Cpl. Kimel the other day. They found a more or less able bodied Italian to fill his shoes. — The 4th Field Hospital probably doesn't know how fortunate they are in still retaining all their equipment after a visit from the Kaplan-Pawlak combination. We thought the boys would have at least talked them out of those comfortable beds they have up there. T/Sgt Kaplan's frequent visits rather puzzles us. Could it be that he is trying to keep that bed open or does he go up there for a good meal. — When the Great T. A. went into the Medics for a fifty hour check they found out he needed a modification of the Waste Gate. Its a Depot job and he is now in the Bari Hospital. — The Empire State Building which has one hundred and two floors was constructed in a year. Our Washroom on the hill which is one story and so many feet by so many feet will probably take a little longer. Of course, we are handicapped. — The communications Building on the line is evidently being constructed the Five Year Plan. —

This is your reporter combination of T/Sgt A.J. Grick and S/Sgt W. J. Clark saying CHEERIO.