

THE TOWER

464th BOMB
GROUP

"OUR TASK IS TO SERVE THE WORLD,
AND NOT TO RULE IT."

WINSTON CHURCHILL

OBSERVATIONS

During my gymnasium days, (high school-college combination, 6 years) I can well remember the incident of the College Director, who just a few weeks before, in the Republic, prohibited all his students from wearing swastikas, but when the third Reich came into power he gave a solemn declaration of having "always" been a true Nazi.

Athletics, marching, drilling, hand grenade throwing moved up in importance and became primary subjects and was enthusiastically welcomed by all of us students. "The new state needs body—strong men trusting in Nazism" was the slogan. What did the leaders care about academics as long as their followers believed in a Germany bound to rule the other nations of the world, in the Führer, who could order even their death. Needless to say I gouted off those race—theory classes, from which a "good" Nazi never would have dared to stay away, often getting into trouble. To me, a peculiar reputation was the standing at attention of all of us students at the beginning of a new class period before entry of the professor. According to his age or fanaticism, he would more or less enthusiastically greet us with "Heil Hitler" (meaning something like health to Hitler), to which we would have to answer in a chorus in the same manner. This "patriotic ceremony" was repeated at the end of a class period and exercised as many as twelve times daily.

There are cases in which an "innocent bystander" was beaten up by parading storm-troopers who jumped out of line to punish a citizen for turning his back or not holding up his arm to a Nazi flag.

Many of us belonged to the German Boy Scouts, linked up with the international Scouts with Hq. in London, a democratic organization, wearing our uniforms, camping and hiking. Soon we were declared illegal by "our government", making room for the only youth organization operating in Germany, the "Hitler Jugend" (Hitler-youth). Yet — in defiance — we kept up our activities, meeting in cellars, basements, and garages. Often we had fights, were attacked, beaten up, but — we too could fight although being in the minority.

During the Easter vacation, we held a big district camping meeting. The night Pow-wow was impressive. A moonlit night, white-shirted scouts were singing by a bright campfire. Suddenly shots fell all around us, commando voices were heard, we seemed to be surrounded, prepared for battle — waiting in nervous impatience for orders. The orders came — to carry on. Our watchful patrols engaged the

would—be attacking Hitler bands and — after short clashes — drove them away.

Others who were attacked, especially those in their homes, were not as fortunate. Stormtroopers — considered the "law" — always had the "legal rights" to invade your homes, "checking up" on their fellow citizens. Are you attending enough party meetings? Do you have any books in your library by free-thinking (anti-Nazi) authors? Are you listening to foreign broadcasts? For one of those offenses, which expose you as a "bad" Nazi, you might get any punishment from a jail sentence to a lifelong concentration camp imprisonment — even the death penalty. I could notice very often 2 or 3 people walking in the streets whispering, looking around after taking a few steps, fearing to be followed. Only the proud, arrogant, goose-stepping, uniformed Nazi was safe. I could hear three different languages being spoken in Germany: 1 - Whisper. 2 - "Heil Hitler". 3 - Strong praise for Hitler and his Nazi party. Robbing of bank accounts, confiscations of properties of unfavorably considered Germans was on the Nazi program. Removal from their pulpits or attacks on priests and other ministers for letting "slip a word" were constant incidents.

Who could live in such a state? In a state in which you were unable to be your own free self, unable to express your thoughts and opinions, being told what to do and what not to do, in which all papers were completely controlled by Dr. "Lying" Goebbels?! The German people surely could! They got used to this mess. They grinned and were happy! They got their Führer.

BERND SIMON

To be continued

THE BATTLE FOR HEAT

*Step by step, inch by inch, toe by toe,
Stealthily moves our hero, brave,
With thoughts of but a rosy glow,
From his master, the stove, poor wretched slave.
The time for action comes at last,
The valve turned slightly and flame applied,
The hasty retreat from a roaring blast,
And as quickly born, the flame has died.
Our co-pilot has failed again,
In the arduous task so few can do,
For the stove's conduct, he can't explain,
He's angry now, but through and through:
Once more our hero braves the flame,
With horrible glances, but no complaints,
But the stove's reaction is the same,
(The language used is not for saints)
In deep despair, in depthless gloom,
Our hero sobs in dire defeat,
For he knows tonight in our meagre room,
'Twill be a definite lack of heat.
His garments, scorched, now laid aside,
Our hero puts himself to bed,
Cursing still from shattered pride,
Dreading the frigid hours ahead.*

JKO

A STATEMENT

OF INTENTIONS

"We look forward to becoming civilians: making a decent living, raising a family, and living in freedom from the threat of another war. But that was what most Americans wanted from the last war. They found that military victory does not automatically bring peace, jobs, or freedom. To guarantee our interests, which are those of our country, we must work for what we want.

Therefore, we are associating ourselves with American men and women, regardless of race, creed, or color, who are serving with or have been honorably discharged from our armed forces, merchant marine, or allied forces. When we are demobilized it will be up to all of us to decide what action can best further our aims.

These will include:

Adequate financial, medical, vocational, and educational assistance for every veteran.

A job for every veteran, under a system of private enterprise in which business, labor, agriculture, and government work together to provide full employment and full production for the nation.

Thorough social and economic security: Free speech, press, worship, assembly, and ballot.

Disarmament of Germany and Japan and the elimination of the power of their militaristic classes.

Active participation of the United States in the United Nations organization to stop any threat of aggression and to promote social and economic measures which will remove the causes of war."

What you have just read is the working platform of a new organization called the American Veteran's committee. The association began two years ago by informal correspondence among a group of like-minded service men who had been students in a west coast university. They felt the genuine need for a new veteran's organization; felt that the reactionary record of the American Legion and VFW offered little hope that any of these groups of the last war would give voice to the hopes and aspirations of a new generation of America veterans. They wanted an organization which, after the war, would work for the things for which they now fight. They wanted a group whose strength would be directed toward the achievement of a "more democratic and prosperous America and a more stable world", rather than limited to the lining of the veteran's nest with the largest possible feathers.

They formed the nucleus of the group which has since then grown to more than two thousand members. A planning Committee was chosen and a chair-

THE TOWER

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man appointed: dischargee Charles Guy Bolte. With headquarters at 654 Madison Avenue, New York City, Mr. Bolte publishes a bi-monthly Bulletin containing committee news, letters from members, reports on pertinent domestic and foreign developments. Service men, in joining AVC, are committed to only two propositions: The Statement of Intentions, and a free conference after demobilization when the planning committee will pass out of existence and the association will be put in the hands of all its members.

On Monday evening at seven o'clock in the chapel an informal meeting will be held for fuller explanation and discussion of the AVC and its purpose. Let me urge all of you who share any of the ideas here expressed to attend this meeting and to bring your questions.

Those of us who fight in the war cannot honestly evade our responsibility for building a world of peace.

ROBERT E. ELLIOTT

Letter to the Editor

DEAR SIR:

In last week's issue of this paper Raymond L. Parker reviewed William L. White's new book "Report on the Russians". The review was more startling than the report.

Mr. White toured Russia for five weeks, writes Parker. For five weeks he rubbed elbows with 180,000,000 people. We might reasonably assume that, in that length of time, he reached a point where he could call a few million or so by their first name—excluding, of course, the twenty millions who have died in the hands of the Nazis. Mr. W.'s detailed survey turns up some

solid facts about which we had never been informed. With "revealing frankness" says Parker, Mr. White dissipates the "color" associated with Russia. Did you think there was something colorful about the defense of Leningrad, Moscow, or Stalingrad; the liberation of all Eastern Europe; and the drive to the outskirts of Berlin? It just goes to show how gullible you are. Confidentially, implies Bill White, it's just Red propaganda; that's all.

But Mr. White covered "all phases of life" in that hectic five weeks; he didn't miss a trick. The treatment is "shocking"; living conditions are appalling. The reason for Russian victories is not their "way of life"—whatever that is, but in spite of it. Can't you see how it works? The Russian people, tortured beyond endurance, threw themselves unreasonably upon the poor inoffensive Nazi soldiers who were coming to "liberate" them from their "way of life"; and in so doing they spoiled Hitler's Holy Crusade against Bolshevism, one of history's great tragedies!!!

But we mustn't just let it go at that. We must demand more "facts". What do we know about our other Allies? Why don't White and Parker split a three-day pass and make an exhaustive survey of Great Britain and China? Then we'd get the real inside dope. Perhaps, on the basis of their findings, we could re-appraise the situation. Maybe Lord Haw Haw and Tokio Rose are right! Maybe we are on the wrong side!

Absurd, isn't it? Yet it's only the logical extension of the book's attitude. Let's analyze it. We are at war. We have Allies fighting on our side against a common enemy. Propaganda is one of the more potent weapons of war. Suppose our Group went over and dropped a load of bombs on some Russian industrial target because we don't like Russia's Socialist organization. That would be a big help wouldn't it?—to the Nazis. Then why should we blast Russia with vicious propaganda?

JOSEPH PROCIDA

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

THE HUMAN SOUL

The soul is the ultimate principle of our individual conscious life, the principle by which we feel, think, and will. It is a substantial principle, subsisting in itself, and thus distinct from an accident, like color. The soul is a simple substance, it is not composed of separate parts; it is also a spiritual substance for its existence is independent of matter. Its character is known by its acts.

The mind is not composed of a series of successive events or states. On the contrary it has a permanent identity, which ever remains the same during all the varying modes of consciousness. The fact of memory proves this. The soul is a simple, spiritual substance possessing an activity absolutely alien and opposed to the nature of extended and material things. We are capable of forming abstract and universal ideas such as truth, goodness, and beauty; we can perceive the rational relations between ideas, making judgments and inferences, and conducting exact processes of inductive and deductive reasoning; we are capable of self-reflection, recognizing with ease the absolute identity of ourselves thinking about something, and ourselves reflecting upon that thinking self; we are possessed of free will, capable of self-determination, and untrammelled in our pursuit of truth, justice, and righteousness. The spirituality of our thought, our volition and our self-consciousness is fundamentally opposed in kind to all the properties of things material.

The animal soul on the contrary is intrinsically and essentially dependent on matter. The animal is incapable of forming abstract ideas, and manifests no spiritual activity whatever. It possesses neither intellect nor free will. It is ruled entirely by instinct, and its activity is entirely limited to the sensible and the concrete. The animal soul or principle of life, is, therefore, incapable of life apart from the body, and perishes with it.

The human soul is directly created by God. God gives existence to the soul at the very moment when it is to be united to the body produced by generation, because it is designed by God to form with that body one human nature. The divine origin of the soul is a most fundamental doctrine, which gives the lie direct to the theory of atheistic evolution, and invests paternal authority with a religious and sacred character.

Chaplain's Flimsy

When Jesus wanted to teach a lesson about what God expects of us he told a story about a man who traveled into a far country. Before the man left home he put his goods into the hands of three servants, giving one five talents, another two, and a third one. After a long time this man returned and calling his servants to him inquired concerning his goods. Now the one that had been given five talents came with ten talents saying, "I have gained five talents more". The one that had been given two came bringing four. The master was pleased with these men and said, "You have been faithful over a few things, I will now make you rulers over many things". Then the servant who had received one talent came bringing his only talent saying, "Master I knew you were a hard man and I was afraid. I buried the talent in the ground and now here it is." The master was angry and said, "Thou slothful servant. Take the talent from him and give it unto him which has ten talents. For unto everyone that has shall be given and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." This may seem like a severe sentence to some and yet we all know that talents buried or unused are soon lost. This is especially true of the things of the spirit. If you are to keep your faith and grow and mature spiritually you must work at your religion. I suspect that when the master of us all calls us before Him, those who have done nothing toward cultivating the things of the spirit will be like the man who buried his talent. They will think the master is a "hard man".

Chaplain EASTWOOD

HOBNOBBING WITH HEADQUARTERS

The new house going up to replace Broseker's old one beginning to look like a honey. Should heppen to me. Heard he was in the old one when the runaway crashed in. Shouldn't heppen to a dug.

All those shining faces at the breakfast tables now that Sandy has put his foot down about late breakfasts. The only thing that keeps Connerty late now is an act of God like an earthquake or a fire. AFI group study classes were ridiculed the other day by one of our precocious adolescents. Seriously thinking of starting a class in journalism for the wit. Might help in avoiding international complications and avoid a third world war. Wonder if we could open the baseball season with a game with the Hq Officers. The last time we beat them they blamed it on poor (F) fielding. Lt Jatou, Capt Both's partner, has convinced the latter not to write that book on bridge. Seems he was going to write it and belittle the value of the finesse. Seemed kind of crest-fallen when he found out how wrong he was.

M. FARMER

778TH SPOTLIGHT

Here we go again, making with a new batch of idle you know what — First the "line" wants to welcome back that gallant Georgia gentleman, Br'er Bostick. Things are lookin' up. We're also glad to announce the return of a great man, "Lifebuoy waxed" moustache and all.

Whether it's the spring days we've recently enjoyed or the "infantry" physical we don't know, but the pot and pan cudgellers were recently seen doing close order drill to the Caisson song. And Sylvester has new shoes!

Barton Wing's favorite tune these days is "There's a Long, Long Trail A Winding." There doesn't seem to be any end to that trail, does there Wing?

Has anyone discovered the result of the recent marriage held between the cats belonging to M/Sgts Courtwright and Ward? T/Sgt Black claims they were the most irritable twosome ever he saw. What's the matter, couldn't you sleep, Whip?

We saw Chellis the other day doing a paint job for the Red Cross. Questioned, the "handsomest" man in Armament explained, "I'm just an artist at heart!"

Now we come to the Question of the Week - What did M/Sgt Schwennaker mean by his performance on a recent "wet" night? When last seen on that evening he was shouting "I'm hooter'n a blind owl, I'm hooter'n a blind owl."

CREWS IN THE BLUE

Despite the fact that there were only twenty-eight days in the month of February, it will be remembered as a month of brilliant achievements. During the latter part of the month, commanders from Gen. Arnold on down, heaped praise upon the 15th A. F. for its consecutive string of operational days. Too bad we missed one day to break our record at thirteen, but the stretch surpassed all records produced since Sept. 6th which ended a seventeen day period of operations. A total of 13, 780 tons (Stars and Stripes quote) was dropped by the Air Force during the recent period. No doubt we made quite a "hit" with the Reich!

The campaign against oil installations was a complete success and now with communications taking a terrific battering the Reich is tottering, drawing its last breaths.

It's a record to be proud of fellas, one which historians will write about, one that could not have been written into the books without the excellent display of cooperation by the greatest "All-American Team" — The ground personnel throwing the touchdown passes that were carried into pay dirt by the combat crews. Let's keep on piling up the score!

Already gloves and balls, horseshoes and USO shows in the valley, have offered signs of a premature spring season — but don't neglect your fuel supply just yet! This brings to mind the dangers of a faulty and leaky fuel line. Lt. Ryder and his men, of the 77th, suffered the unfortunate loss of their casa tent top. "A word to the wise" —

Sgt Henry Hammer of the 79th who recently racked up his 35th decided to take a look at "how the other half lives". On his way to Rome he took a looksee at the 5th Army battle front. Thinking of putting your name on that list in the orderly room ole' chum?

To the pilot in the 78th, whom it may concern — you can not crank up the landing gear on a B-two dozen!!

S/Sgt Henry Cox of the 78th really knows the people! Among the better known celebrities are some of Hollywo-

od's glamour girls. If you don't believe it, stop around and he'll show you his collection of "with Love", autographed photos! After gazing at two gaping holes in the waist after a recent mission, Lt. Aday of the 79th thanked his lucky stars for faulty Nazi ammo. The shell had passed through without exploding! Returning from a recent mission, Lt. Kilfoyle of the 78th claimed that "Hans and Fritz" (We used to run a beer joint in Munchen) "will probably get looped tonight". Seems they had quite a day at the expense of Kilfoyle's sweating brow!

Oh yes, I've been asked to announce that Sgt. Jim E. (I usta' be a jerk) Becker, of the 79th recently completed his third sortie. He's partial to the C. B. I. theatre! After all, he's only been here 6 months. Looks as though the boys are really anxious to get back home in time for the opening day at the ole' swimming hole and to have a grandstand seat when the "Great White Father" tosses out the first horsehide. The 76th takes the lead this week with an even dozen entries into the select "35" circle headed by Lt. Col. Nance and followed by:

Maj. Waggoner, T/Sgts Woods, Crispino, Eudaily, and S/Sgts Faniro, Dempsey, Lester, Facciola, Neikamp, Johnston, and Chambers. From the 77th we have:

Maj. Robertson, Capt. Baker, Capt. Shearer, Capt. Mitz, Lt. Dewitt, T/Sgt Bunker, S/Sgts. Prado and Margeson. The 78th is still suffering from the loss of T/Sgt "Stand-down" Baird who completed his sorties a couple of weeks ago!

The 79th has a special celebrant in Lt. Col. Goodyear, their old C. O. who has recently been attached to Group. The remaining long list includes these lucky lads: 1st Lts. Kelly, Rogers, and Steckmyer, T/Sgts. Conradi, Rose, and Oliver, S/Sgts Hall, Cook, Boehm, Hook, Keeling, and Istone. Congratulations and happy landings on home soil men — save me a paste-board for the *World Series!*

S/Sgt "Howie" Farling 78th

HEART THROBS

DEAR DR. HECKLE AND MR. JIVE,

I am in great trouble. The girl I was dating at the POE has moved to my home town. It is a very little place, and I am sure that she will meet the "gal back home". What should I do?

JBH

Your problem is very simple. Write the girl back home, and tell her that you dated the POE girl to improve your technique to make the girl back home love you more...

DEAR HECKLE AND JIVE,

All of my friends are returning home from various theatres for furloughs. My wife can

not understand why I am still over here. What can I tell her to convince her that I must stay?

DICK

Send your wife a picture of the flak at Vienna, and she will see why you can't find it in your heart to tear yourself away.

DEAR DR. HECKLE AND MR. JIVE,

I have met a girl I like very much in Canosa. Do you think she would like the life we lead back in the States?

J'OM

She will probably like the life, but the fresh air would kill her.

Synchronizing on the 77th

When the "orgie" they had at the 77th officers' club was over last week—Cpl. Rizzo and Harisen decided to start wearing flak helmets while tending the bar—Those lemons bouncing off their "noggin's" didn't feel too good.

After much arguing and controversy it was finally decided why that rectangular ditch was dug in front of the 77th officers' wash-room. It was at first thought to be a trap to catch unwary personnel straying in the vicinity—After it was covered over and a fence put around it, some thought it might be a boxing ring—The barbed wire would be a natural to keep men off the ropes when boxing. You've guessed it men, it's a water drain for the shower.

Talking about barbed wire fences—The way they have been throwing them up around here you are going to need a seeing eye dog and radar to get safely back to your tent at night.

Pop to, men! we have two new captains in the 77th—congratulations to Cpts Machado and Shearer. Nearby towns have reported a drastic up swing on the sale of captain's bars—Let's not try to corner the market on them, Capt. Machado.

It looks as though S/Sgt. Quinn is a real Casanova. While at Capri last week multi wacs were observed hanging on his arm—to make matters worse (as far as other fellows there were concerned) he escorted two or three at a time. Hoarding in any form will be dealt with.

Stand by for action! The 77th officers' club is going to have a Barber Shop all their own just as soon as that new addition being built to the officers' club is finished—When asked what they thought about the new Barber Shop the following men replied.

Lt. Orin Lloyd — "It's a nice thing to have around. My hair has been in my soup long enough".

Lt. "Doc" Savage—"It doesn't mean a thing in the world to me".

Well that's finito until next week rolls around.

SPIRIT OF '76

For the benefit of the new men in the squadron, we wish to inform you that the character you see walking around the enlisted mens' area in blue fatigue uniform is not a POW but really Stan Huff of the orderly room.

Question of the week: Do these clear nights with a full moon make you romantic and make you long to be with the "one and only"?

Walking through the area recently we noticed a pair of bright red socks hanging out to dry. Wonder who the owner could be?

The recent warm spell has brought out an epidemic of Spring fever noticeable throughout the area. Most of the new casas are getting their finishing touches while some of the older ones are getting complete overhauls. Fresh paint and landscaping is SOP through that part of the area adjoining the club known as "Gold Rush Junction" — Incidentally, if you're not too familiar with that area better get a guide to take you through after dark — a new casa may have gone up since lunch time.

Lt. Tracey still seems to think he's doomed to a multi long stay over 'yar — all those of different opinions will find him eager to back his theory with something more tangible than a statement of charges.

We haven't seen the inside of Stonevik's tent yet but judging from the size of that stove pipe sticking out the top of his tent, the rumor that he's running a blast furnace may be true.

Overheard at the club. "Army life sure is funny. Where else could you live like a monk, go no place, see nothing, work like a slave, be on duty 24 hours a day, be as ed if you've bathed lately, and no matter what your job or how little you've done still be a hero to the folks back home?"

Now that the PRO picture of the men from Greater New York has been taken, Rades is sweating out the one for Greater Brooklyn. Maybe he'll pin it to that one tree they grew there and then wrote a book about. What's this we hear about "Long Siring" Anderson going to fly tail turret from the waist? He could do it, he could do it!

Glad to see the new showers nearing completion. One good shower should do more towards maintaining the health of the men than any personal Insp yet devised — It's also a pretty good morale booster, if that means anything anymore.

Onions to J. Redmond for his midnight rendition of "Coney Island Baby". A timely tip to "Lucy" Broos, the cow pasture third baseman who kept two native sheep-herders in stitches a couple of afternoons this week. Lucky did his best to teach the art of covering the hot corner to the sheepmen but we have it on good authority that they were really two Vassar talent scouts in disguise. Looks like you made the team, you lucky boy.

Who's the Hollywood character with the paratrooper boots seen around lately? Rumor has it they were awarded to him for four jumps off a say-horse. Now ho about a combat crew baseball team to twist the ears off the line men? Anyone interested contact tent 44. While we're on the subject why can't we get a diamond leveled off and graded, etc., as has been done by the 77th? There are plenty of good potential spots at the foot of the hill.

CON MOLTO ESPRESSIONE

During the lull in the concerts, music on the field hasn't been inactive. Some of you may have read the notices posted recently inviting harmony groups to compete in a "Barber Shop Quartet" contest. Well, our own 464th entered such a foursome and it is doing well.

These four lads, originally the chapel quartet, put out pretty good stuff. The first hurdle in the race, the group competition, was taken too easily as the other potentials dropped out. A couple of weeks ago they sang an arrangement - an incomplete one at that - of "Put on Your Old Grey Bonnet" in the briefing room, the other quartets having withdrawn that evening. That of course was no accomplishment. But on Saturday our boys beat the rest of the wing which also contributed two withdrawals and now await the Air Force contest in Bari.

Those boys have sung in the chapel quite often, so are known to many. Richard Welty, tower operator, is the first tenor; his face is familiar to those who see him lead the congregational vocals. Howard Walker, whose job keeps him in and around the chapel anyway since he's chaplain's assistant, sings a good second tenor. He's an organist to boot. Both basses are combat men of the 77th. Lt. John Tarbill, 1st base and soloist as well, navigates on his crew and has recently become squadron navigator. S/Sgt John Burkhardt is one of the best basses I've ever heard and is an integral part of the outfit.

However there is more to it. Arrangements must be written and they are fortunate enough to have Lt. Geissinger on their side. His work on "Old Mill Stream" is superior. "Gus" accompanies and directs as well as arranges. Yours truly contributed some of the arrangements, but it is not believed to be critical material.

So with talent and ability such as it is, we honestly believe that the "Three Men and a Bar" will make it rough for the other wings at the Bari Semi-finals. Let's wish them the best of luck.

KRIEGSGEFANGENE

2nd Lt Robert M Stevens
2nd Lt William A Pace
Cpl Walter T Kubik
2nd Lt James R Davis
2nd Lt Judson M Willis Jr.
2nd Lt Charles L Houlihan
T/Sgt Charles A Rogers
Cpl Wm. A Williams
Cpl Harold W Roney
Cpl Charles E Coogler
Cpl William E Groover
Sgt Guy R Martin
S/Sgt Richard B Aylesworth
2nd Lt Luke McLaurine
T/Sgt Ralph Robertson
S/Sgt Robert D Bruno
All of Lt Routon's crew
Sgt Arthur P Mills
T/Sgt William J Vaght
2nd Lt Richard L. Wellbrook.

STAB. TIP. GIUSEPPE PANSINI & FIGLI.
Cassa Vittorio Emanuele 102 - BARI