

THE TOWER

464th BOMB
GROUP

"THE WORLD HAS BECOME A NEIGHBORHOOD.
WE HAD BETTER LEARN TO BE NEIGHBORS."

HAVE YOU PREPARED FOR THE FUTURE?

Buying War Bonds is an excellent form of preparation for the post-war world. But what about yourself? Did you get an education? How far did you go? Will you benefit by what you learned?

Many young fellows say: "I don't need a diploma. I'll be using my hands. I don't need to train my mind." In saying this they forget that any job calls for a combination of hand and mind.

During these years of turmoil there are plenty of so-called war jobs. Unskilled men get high wages. There are few trained minds around, for most of the work is mechanical and can be done by unskilled hands.

Most of us are prepared for these, the jobs of today, but what about tomorrow? After the war there will be many men with hands skilled to the same job, but the man with both skilled hands and mind, the man with a broad education, will get the job.

The Army has ways of preparing for the future. It offers correspondence courses through the Armed Forces Institute; there are group study classes organized by Special Service; under the GI Bill of Rights the Government will pay for High School or College education for veterans after the war, or you can get technical training. After each war there has been a period of bad times. We may look forward to one after this war. It is up to each one of us to prepare for the battle ahead.

Your brain is more or less the engine of your body. Its chief fuel is education, so be sure to have a good one.

ROBERT O'NEILL

A YEAR AGO REMEMBER!

Creeping up the Adriatic coast, hugging the shore, as the gun crews on the transports nervously watched for enemy action - That last morning at sea when we were all alone - Scuttling for Brindisi at a clattering eleven knots - The barrage balloons floating over the harbor area - How good the grass looked, and how very green - The huge tower rising at the Brindisi waterfront - The forest of masts deep against the far side of the pool - The long wait as the harbor master moved us from berth to berth - Rigid British tars standing at attention on a destroyer's foredeck as she swept by out to sea - The careful climb down a shaky gangway into a waiting barge, manned by Indian troops - Last Good-byes to the merchant and gun crews - Italy - here we are - Another long wait in trucks on Brindisi's rubble strewn streets - The long, long ride to Gioia and to the Hill - That terribly cold first night, whether you slept under the stars on Bonner Hill or on the damp, clammy floors in Gioia - The feverish activity of the following week - All beards shaved off - Tent moving, incorporated - The final realization that this was it!

A strange countryside, in which all was new, and odd - Little cone shaped houses in the orchards - Our first taste of "Chocolate, Sigaretta - Joel"

AN AIRMAN'S PRAYER

Lord, may these months that I'm
o'ersoon

Be so employed that you'll be pleased.
On all my flights please Go along
That I'll be brave, that I'll be strong,
To do a greater work for you
Protect me while up in the blue.

May I not ask just for my sake
But news to others may I take
Of happiness in thee each day,
Thru flak, and clouds along the way.
When engines stop and fate steps in,
Lord, bring us safely home again.

Composed by Carl E. Sturgeon while on his 18th sortie
on 18th March.

Observations

Having been asked to reveal my experiences, let me now come to the climax, to the most terrible phase of my life so far.

It was the 10th of November 1938, a clear and seemingly friendly Wednesday; a day to become one of wildest Nazi fury and destruction.

My mother and myself were having lunch at our little home in Essen. Suddenly we were interrupted by the noise of breaking glass. More and more followed. In great amazement we gazed at each other; yes, there was no longer doubt in our excited minds. It was the smashing of windows, the sounds of falling wood! Could it be? What had happened? There was no war! Nervously we rushed to the rooms facing the street from which the sounds of unrest came.

There in tragic reality right before my own eyes the furniture, chopped to pieces, and all the belongings of a family I had known for years flew out their windows. That family was Jewish! Quite certainly they were anti-Nazis. What German citizen of Jewish faith, what liberal thinking and peace-loving citizen of any nation would not be hostile and resistant to a group of hysterical fanatics who were desperately trying to impose their will upon a people in order to rule them, teaching "race theories" and invading their homes? Not long was I kept in suspense as to further developments of the destructive event. Several men in heavy boots marched up to my own door. With one mighty kick they broke the lock, spilling glass all over the doorstep. I can still see them before me with hate-filled eyes. Threateningly they swung their axes over mother's and my own head yelling: "Get out, you'll find everything again—in a few minutes!" Resistance on my part would have been futile and hopeless with my 18 years against the rage and fury of several grown up and well

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armed Stormtroopers. Having heard of previous mistreatments, beatings, and shootings of victims, we fled to the cellar till the storm had passed. It was a terrible storm, the tortuous minutes of waiting seemed to us like long hours, while the place dear to us was made a shambles. True, we found everything: the once furnished front rooms were completely emptied, the floors covered with glass, the curtains, lamps torn down, all windows broken. Yes, we found everything—on the street, a big pile of chopped up furniture, suits, dresses, bedding, silverware, chinaware, and the library. The back rooms were one big mess of rubble—no, the Barbarians didn't empty the back rooms. Why? Well, they led out to a veranda and it must have been too much work for them to throw things over the veranda fence, as there were many more homes to be "fixed up".

I walked in the streets in a daze, still wondering what had suddenly befallen the old home town, only to see several more destroyed homes and buildings of supposedly anti-Nazis. I directed my steps

downtown, towards the Synagogue; the old Temple was no more. The view to me and my friends was heartbreaking. Nazi hordes had set the torch to a house of worship, burned down overnight one of Essen's most beautiful buildings. All that was left that I could see was ruins and smoking ashes. On inquiry I was informed that "higher-ups" had ordered Synagogues, Houses of worship, destroyed all over Germany. These barbarous acts were indeed the beginning of the wiping out of all religion in Germany, putting in place of the usual religious emblems the sword and swastika; in place of our Holy Bible — Adolph Hitler's "Mein Kampf" (My battle or fight). Returning "home", I was expected—Gestapo, the grim and cold figure of Hitler's eavesdropping "Secret State Police," in civilian clothes, tore me away from mother who was dissolved in tears, left by herself, alone, unprotected in a place of rubble and ruin. Yes, fellow soldiers, that is what happened in Germany—in peacetime to German citizens!!!

The welcome signal to start mass arrests and deliveries to concentration camps of suspected anti-Nazi Germans, came when a young boy in Paris, shot a Nazi there!

The notorious concentration camp of Dachau, just north of Munich, where I was a "guest for 10 weeks, can neither be called a picnic ground nor a prison camp—it's hell!!

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

Chaplain's Flimsy

As I walked upon the highest point of our hill at sunset last night I was filled with awe and wonder at the mystery and beauty of parting day. What a glorious sight it is when spring is making all things new. The odors of spring were in the air and the ground was soft and mellow beneath my feet. On the nearest hills the full bloom of the almond trees formed huge pink bouquets among the pale green of the olive groves. Smoke from a cluster of tents at the foot of the hill spiraled lazily upward. Particles of dust, that rose from vehicles that moved across the valley, picked up the light of evening and formed trailing clouds above the roads. A bomber circled and came gliding home on ridged wings, like a great bird of prey that had wheeled about the sky all day and was coming home to rest. Behind me glistened the windows of a distant village, a village of stone piled against the mountain side as if some giant of an ancient day had cast it there with a single stroke of his mighty hands. To the north the mountain range that is seldom seen stood out bold and clear, and the hills toward the setting sun which melt away into the haze of mid day could be seen in high relief as the light of evening gave them garments of softest purple. Far, far beyond, the hills and past the snows of old Vulto appeared a summit round and smooth, the dome of some cathedral not made by human hands. The shadows spread across the valley and up the hills until the light was driven from the earth and concentrated in a tiny cloud that became a streak of gold. As I turned and walked back toward the chapel I met a man who said, "Good evening", in a voice that was soft and mellow. He too had seen the sunset.

Chaplain EASTWOOD

JEWISH PASSOVER

On the eve of the 28th of March the eight day Jewish festival of Passover begins. Passover commemorates the liberation of the Hebrews from Egyptian slavery. During the eight days of Passover it is strictly forbidden to eat leavened bread (CHOMETZ) and the Jews are permitted to eat unleavened bread only (MATZOH), because the Israelites had no time to wait until the dough would become leavened when they departed from Egypt and so they ate "MATZOH".

The first two nights of Passover are known as "SEDER" (ORDER) nights because the ceremonies involving the reciting of certain prayers by all present, the serving of the specially prepared Passover dishes at the festivity adorned table, and the drinking of four cups of wine at certain intervals, all take place according to a certain order (SEDER).

Notices will be posted on the squadron bulletin boards as to the time and place of the "SEDERs".

Transportation will be provided.

T, Sgt Morris I 'Apsel

A WARTIME BARGAIN

*"A valve, dear sergeant, if you please,
A valve to help to keep me warm."
(By this time I am on my knees,
Turning on my every charm.)
"Oh sergeant, can't you find me one?"
He shakes his head and grins in glee,
The guy is really having fun
Glorying in my misery.
"Oh sergeant please", I s utter and slur,
My words like honey, thick and goeov,
"Please don't persecute me sir"
I know I'm but a second looey".
(A fat cigar I now produce,
The sergeant seems to understand.
A second "stogie" jars him loose".
Ah, things are going as I planned.)
He turns his head and frowns a bit,
And eyes the cigars once again,
He concentrates and turns to spit,
"Then saunters toward a nearby plane.
Breathless moments follow now,
Have I met success at last?
Then relaxed, I wipe my brow,
All my miseries have passed.*

Protestant Easter Service

Good Friday (March 28) 1900.

The sacrament of The Lord's Supper will be celebrated.

Easter (April 1) Sunrise Service at 0500.

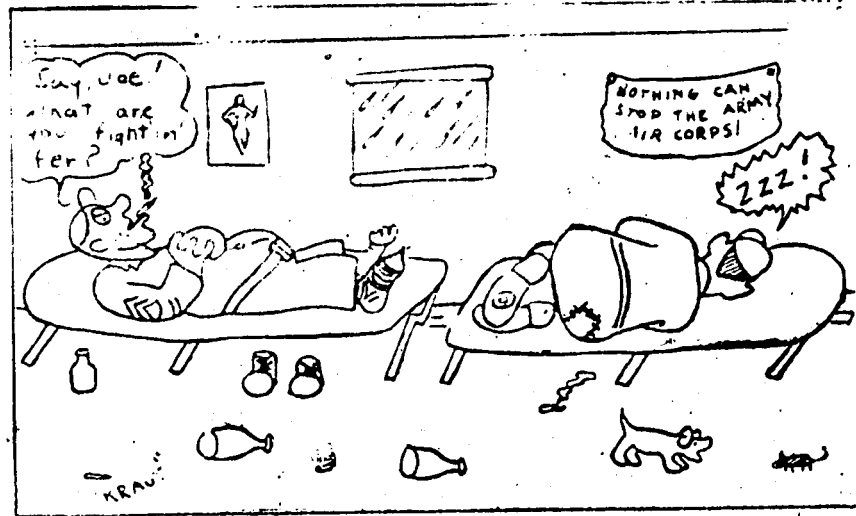
All units on the Field will take part in the Sunrise Service. It will be held just below the 776th Officer's area.

Other services on Easter Sunday will be at 1100 and 1900.

78TH SPOTLIGHT

Most of the fellows are eager beavers these days studying some sort subject and we have been wondering at the results of this have been. We offer this story for your consideration. The subject selected by Cpls Le and Pearson was celestial navigation. As a practical experiment they endeavored to reach the 778th Airline on instruments but they ended up in the Service Club. Was this an honest mistake or were they thirsty?

Sgt Wing is about to add another title star to the four he already has. This one for an invasion of the United States. He anticipates a rough campaign! — We point to M/Sgt Erduie as the "Robert Papa" of the 78th. The Sergeant is a man of many hidden talents as evidenced by his camera activities of the last few days. — To some of the fellows it hardly seems necessary for the CQ to wake six men in one tent or house to get one of them to work on time. We know that there is a different man on the job each night and consequently cannot be expected to know the location of each man's bed. We wonder if a permanent assignment could be made for this important task. In time the man would become familiar with the sleeping quarters of all ground personnel. — The medic's touch football team has been working it for the last two weeks and has reached a certain stage of development. They challenge all comers. The losers to pay for a ration of Madiasol tablets for all participants. With this tempting offer they should have a full schedule. — S/Sgt Vierek seems to like it here. He finished his "35" over three weeks ago and is still eating "C" rations in our mess hall. Of course he has been with the outfit so long that he probably considers himself permanent party in the squadron. — We wonder we could get several hundred copies of that action shot of Sgt Gene Peelle, photographed if at all possible. There have been numerous requests for this interesting piece of photography. — "Footsy" George Merriam does it again. This time he fell over a barb wire fence with a water jug in each hand. And no matter what you think did have water in those jugs. The fence is doing nicely.



778TH WINS TABLE TENNIS TITLE

On 9 March 1945, playoffs in tennis were conducted in the 776th Officers' Club for the group championship. Three Officers Clubs submitted singles and doubles champions, while the 776th and 777th submitted the only EM entrants.

Play among the EM was dominated by Sgt Frank De Santos of the 776th, who captured the EM Championship. S/Sgt Robert King, 777th Bomb Squadron gave De Santos a run for his title, winning the first game 21 to 8, but lost out in the next two, 21 to 13, 21 to 18.

Play among the officers saw four champs plus a few extra 776th Officers vying for honors. Lt Charlton, 776th, Lt Rosen 777th, Lt Lincoln, 778th were key squadron men. Top honors went to Lt Wm A. Lincoln who defeated Charlton 21 to 11, 21 to 17, Lt Rosen 21 to 6, 21 to 11 and then took the officers' championship by soundly trouncing Lt Systrom, 776th 21 to 9, 21 to 11.

Lt Lincoln and T/Sgt De Santos finally met for the Group championship. Play was excellent, De Santos showing great skill and dexterity, but did not have the patience possessed by Lincoln. Final scores were all in favor of Lt Lincoln 21 to 11, 21 to 17, 21 to 12.

In the doubles, Lt Lincoln teamed with Lt McMillan of the 778th, defeated Lts Patr and Morse in the doubles for the Group Championship 21 to 8, 21 to 15.

One of the hardest fought battles of this war has been won on a hospital bed. After many weeks of suffering Willard Glover is again able to get out in the sun. We are mighty proud of you Willard.

BECOME WING CHAMPS

Further laurels were heaped upon the 464th through the laudable efforts of Lts Lincoln and McMillan in winning the Wing Table Tennis Championships.

With barely a pause for breath they swept through the tournament, leaving no doubts of their superiority over strong opposition.

In the singles, Lt Wm. A. Lincoln bested representatives of the 485th and 485th Bomb Groups and then went on to beat the 342nd Signal Co champ, losing only two of the eleven matches played.

He Teamed up with McMillan in the doubles. They had a bit of difficulty at first but in true '64th fashion, finally beat out the 485th to, cop the championship.

General Acheson, Wing Commander, presented the winners with War Bonds. We might add that he was quite an excited spectator and an excellent ball retriever.

KRIEGSGEFANGENE

Lt Col William H. Rendell
 Capt Walter H. Rose
 1st Lt David S. Jacobs
 Capt Robert H. Focht
 S/Sgt James E. McCann
 S/Sgt Joseph Caporali
 S/Sgt Raymond D. Knopp
 2nd Lt William B. Crooker Jr.
 Sgt William M. McLaughlin
 Pvt James H. Cage Jr.

Chow Line Chatter

by A Seventy-Niner

It is nice to have an officer eat meals with us in the Enlisted Men's mess hall. It gives them an idea of how the other half lives, and it improves the chow. Have you noticed how clean the tables have become recently? And real hot water to wash your mess kit in? Things are looking up. That camouflaged spam was a notable achievement too. For a moment we almost thought we were eating meat. Of course it did rather add insult to injury when our carrotty colleague from Operations pulled out a can of chicken and consumed it under our envious eyes just as we had finished gorging ourselves on cold chili beans and rice. And may we comment to the attention of inspecting officers the condition of the can of water in which we dip our mess kits before eating? Sometimes it resembles cold pea soup.

The Service Club is coming along fine. The committee has asked us to thank everyone for their fine cooperation. They ask that it become even finer in the little matter of leaving the magazines in the Club. Others want to read 'em too, you know.

We don't know whether it is the effect of the poster which shows the good little bunny who bought lots of bonds and after 18 years service finally made Pfc, but there has been very heavy investment in Soldiers Deposits lately. Last year we had only one investor. Now at least fifty men have caught on to the fact that it's an A-1 scheme.

Will someone please start a fund for foot-powder and a fox-hole pillow? Pappy Avenius has fallen in love with a ninety-pound pack — or is it a half-ounce gold bar?

"Infantry Joe" Monsor on the other hand got a flat turn-down. They figure his skill in getting "Numbskull" through "Nitwit", while stalling off an irate colonel at "Ninevah" who wants "Nebuchadnezzar", would be wasted in a slit trench.

Major C finally got a chance to break the bank at Monte Carlo. And Capt Marsh and Gordon are glorying in new won train-tracks. So all is happy on the hilltop heights.

Headquarters had a record attendance at the discussion group last week—24 men. The subject was the Yalta conference and the proper treatment of Germany. Starting was sticky, but when the boys got warmed up they decided that the Big Three were on the right track generally speaking, however there ought to have been a long-term policy for Germany and an opportunity for her eventually to take her place in the family of nations.

SPIRIT OF '76

We do not envy the boys in the circus tent. Collectively, the occupant have thirteen parachute jumps to their credit.

The "1,000 sheets for a nickel" shortage has caused the old adage "Shame the wealth" to be much bandied about of late.

The tightest guy I know is Arkansas Joe Hawkins. Two cans of chicken dogpatch style, arrived last week for Joe and yours truly, drooling at the mouth didn't get one piece despite the fact that I never make cracks about Arkansas up to now.

The World's biggest liar would be the guy who would ever say he is Strong in any place except the chow line or the sack.

If you want a laugh, come out some afternoon and watch Newman force his aging bones to swing a bat. That guy struck out more times last week than Babe Ruth did in his last big league stint with the Braves.

My apologies to the Service Club management for insisting that the guy would be well behaved if the Club were more nicely appointed. (Note. Check on it after next Saturday).

We have a nice Club but that "handfull" still conduct themselves as if were a barn and they were appointed to wreck it. The exhibition at the show the other night was about one degree short of disgusting. The offenders should know their identities.

Our thanks and sympathy to Gene Cibelli for making a good try at a prompt entertainment at the recent show during the delay preceding it. Bob Hope couldn't have done better with the odds against him that Gene faced.

The same goes for Bob Skinner whose efforts at the piano were admirable considering the state of the audience.

All in all, the less said about the show the better. Some things are just forgotten quickly. The men staging it did their best but were rewarded for their pains with the worst audience ever assembled. It appears that the First Sergeant's method of dealing with the men who disrupted the performance is the only one possible.

The latest addition to the skyscrapers on the line is the mansion erected by the joint efforts of Frank Smith, Johnnie Stout and John Rudy. When will the housewarming take place?

There doesn't seem to be anything which helps morale more than mail from home and that's one thing that never arrives in sufficient quantity. In the way, who is it that is always looking for a letter from "Sweet Pea"?

Jerry Ziegler is envied by quite a number of our men. He deserves the break, tho after "sweating out" so much time overseas. More power to you Jerry, and here's hoping that thirty day furlough to God's Country will stretch out indefinitely.

We're still waiting for some more trash barrels to be moved into the area or more consideration shown by the men for the comfort and well being of their buddies. Trash thrown out indiscriminately in the area earns us black marks on inspections and constitutes a real menace to safety.

Exempt, five times over;

A man, well into his sixties, being asked in a kidding way, how he escape the draft, explained that his Board put him in Class 5-B reserved for those who have, listing from the top down; Baldness, Bifocals, Bridge work, Bell and Bunions.

We understand that Reilly is looking for a pair of dark glasses, and, if some one who is handy with a bottle at close quarters.

PETE BASSETT, JIM DOHERTY, JOHN SHEEHY and JOE HOWARD.

HOBNOBBING WITH HEADQUARTERS

Lt. Biskup telling me the other day his mouth felt like a parade ground — "Doc" Russell had been drilling around in it all morning.... This one is told about "Doc" Moon back in civilian life. Seems a chorus girl saw him about getting vaccinated and was most concerned about the fact that it might show. So she asked him to put it in a spot where it would be indiscernible. Doc, who had seen one of her performances, suggested that she swallow the vaccine. Personally, I don't believe a word of it... Rumpf better do a little more of that roadwork. Getting to look like a good friend of mine, who, when trying to join the Navy was rejected with: "Sorry, we have all the anchors we need".... Hope Taylor comes back from Rome with a story that he's definitely convinced Italians are the greatest lovers of all time. Heard that Leonardo da Vinci spent two years on

Mona Lisa's lips. In defense of Luciano — I insist that he is not bald; he's just got a long face. Overheard one of the better clubs — "The difference between a lieutenant and a sergeant is that one wears a bar on his shoulder, the other wears a chip. Worrying about the return trip, Beev asks: "What will I do if I get seasick? Someone answers: "Don't worry, you do it". Officer asks Eannarino: "Do you know how to make a Peach Cordial?" "Sure, give her a couple shots of vino. Cozenzo says to remind you that a ball team is in the process of being activated. Already he's tearing his hair out over lack of cooperation — what is going to be like when he tries to collect ten men to the diamond? What do we get a few men together and show those guys in the 78th a few of our finer points of volleyball?"

M. FARMER

STAB. TIP. GIUSEPPE PANINI & FIGLI
Corso Vittorio Emanuele 108 - NAPOLI