

THE TOWER

464th BOMB
GROUP

"MINDS ARE LIKE PARACHUTES

THEY ONLY FUNCTION WHEN THEY ARE OPEN"



The Silent Guardian

(Part II in a series on our Federal Constitution)

During late April and early May of 1787 men had gathered from all the colonies, with the exception of Rhode Island. They had converged upon Philadelphia as their center, jolting toward it over the near-impassable roads of spring, or sailing sedately up through Chesapeake bay. These men were the best the colonies had. Such a fine assortment of men of character and wisdom has rarely been known. There was Benjamin Franklin, the elder statesman of the newly born republic, George Washington of Virginia, the intrepid leader who had taken the nation through to victory in war, and would now preside over its efforts to form an enduring nation. James Madison, also of Virginia, was without question the most industrious among the whole group. The fiery Alexander Hamilton of New York was there, with his clear sharp mind, and his ability to see through and into ideas. The two Morrises, Robert Morris of Philadelphia and Gouverneur Morris, one of the best Pennsylvania lawyers, were both delegates. There were many more, seventy-two in all, who gathered in Philadelphia to decide the future of the struggling new country. All of them had these characteristics in common. They were well educated: lawyers, business men, planners, and statesmen. They felt the responsibility and trust given to them, and resolved not to betray their people.

The first actual meeting of the Constitutional convention was in Independence Hall, on May 25th. From then until July 26th the delegates were in almost continuous session. The meetings were from first to last carried on in secrecy, not because of a wish to hide the facts, but to avoid any possible outside pressure on the deliberators. It became obvious at the beginning that the convention would have to make an entirely new instrument of government, and so they discarded the outworn Articles of Confederation.

In making up a constitution for the people the makers found their greatest stumbling block to be the equalization of power between the small and large states. For example, Delaware, tiny in population and size, felt that Pennsylvania, a relative giant in both, might overshadow it. After nearly a month of debate on this and other subjects, a compromise was reached on July 16th. This gave our government two houses of Congress, each state being equally represented in the Senate, and being allowed members according to population in the house of Representatives. In designing our Constitution the delegates had as examples the Swiss and Dutch republics, and the British Empire. Yet there were new problems in that the other nations had relatively fixed boundaries and homogeneous populations whereas both populations and boundaries were in a constant state of flux in our nation. The basic idea became to outline and define carefully the powers and duties of the central government, with

all the remaining functions and powers belonging to the individual states

Following a great deal of serious and constructive debate the convention recessed on July 26th to meet again on August 6th. During the recess a committee on Detail spent the time in making a first draft of the finished constitution. It was hard, hot work. Anyone who knows Philadelphia in summer can well imagine some of the stifling days and nights the convention members spent in Independence Hall.

After the dog days recess the convention opened again, and spent the period from August 6th to September 8th in studying the embryo constitution. To gain an impression of the seriousness and purpose of those men we quote James Madison.

(continued on page 2)

TIME?

Time?

It's a distance

The veteran flyers say,

"From the I.P. to the target"
"Across the hentes den.

A second

Is a burst of flak

That blossoms near the nose.

A minute

Is a dirty sky

Made black above by those.

Time?

It's a distance

The seasoned soldier says

"From the boats across the beaches"
Littered by friendless dead.

The scream of a shell

Is a second

Rushing by like a midnight train.

The cry of a man

Is a minute

That may never come again.

Time?

It's a distance

But ageless: not of war.

From the arms of mother to father

As childhood totters the floor.

A second

Is a happy squeal

As mother reaches for him

A minute is a finger hurt

And kisses to console him.

Time?

It's a distance;

We travel all our life.

Half is traveled by day

And half is traveled by night.

Lt. Roy Potochnik

Milwaukee, Wis

98th Bomb Group

SEE FOR YOURSELF

A brisk half mile from Group Headquarters (as the road winds) is the latest and best boost to our morale, the new Red Cross Enlisted Men's Club. Its director is Miss Jane Derrick, who is ably — and charmingly assisted by Anne Ferris and Dorothy Carson. The club opened on Monday, April 16, and (I quote) "We are just getting under way, but we're hoping to make this a place where your fellows will like to spend all your spare time." The band from the 465th, which I'm told gets in some mighty hot licks, plays a weekly one-night stand there. For the energetic, a table-tennis tournament is in progress, and for you proud papas, a baby contest is being held. Turn the kid's picture in, with name and age, at the club. Who knows? Maybe your baby (not babe) will be judged the prettiest.

The field behind the club (courtesy Engineers) is being graded in preparation for the construction of two tennis courts, badminton and volley ball courts, and a softball diamond for those who are athletically inclined.

The club is open daily from 1300 to 2200 and sports a snazzy snack bar which is open from 1400 to 1530 and from 1900 to 2030. Here you can get delectable cookies, hot coffee, and cold milk shakes. Cookies are even available to take home! The kitchen is under the direction of Sgt. Arnold Stenevik and staff, who plan, in the near future, to bake their own pastry.

An Information and Education room has been set up, with maps and other pertinent data, and a complete educational program is under discussion. There are several other features of the club which are beginning to take shape. One is a photo lab, where you can get your film developed, another is a tailor shop, where you can have your clothes mended, and the best is the fact that three more girls are coming!

As to the physical features of the club itself, there is a large lounge and library, with comfortable armchairs and sofas to relax in, two huge fireplaces to sit in front of and shoot the breeze, and a good record collection, both popular and classical, to please your ears. There are ping-pong and game rooms and writing rooms complete to desks and stationery, and there is a large ball room with an excellent piano.

In short, this is a place designed for everybody's enjoyment, to make a rough war a little less so, and a place to make your spare time happy time. See for yourself!

Sgt BILL CAVNESS

THE TOWER

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

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ON WONDERS

In my short span of years to date,
I've wandered to and fro,
Amongst the many different lands,
Desiring, determined to know,
The problems that confront us,
On any arc of our sphere,
So I've seen strange, uncommon sights,
I'll always hold quite dear.
I've heard the chimes of old Big Ben,
Across Trafalgar Square,
And viewed the Aztec's works of art
And warrior's trumpets blare.
I've watched the Indian urchins beg
And strolled by Paris moats,
I've heard A baby Eskimo,
Singing "Mairzy Doats".
I've seen an Arab Chieftain take,
Another Arab's life,
I've seen an angry Phillipino,
Beat his faithless wife,
I've seen gold plated ceilings in
The palace of the bey,
I've seen the moslem temples tall,
And watched an Atheist pray:
Yes, I've viewed and studied in detail,
Earth's problems, wonders, freaks,
Descended into age-old tombs,
Ascended mountain peaks.
But in Italy, I've found at last,
The strangest wonder yet,
While other wonders slip my mind,
This one I'll not forget.
For stranger than the towering sphinx,
The ruby eye of Budha
Is that well oiled, curled mustache,
So cherished by Labuda.

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

Chaplain's Flimsy

We are strange creatures. We were created to love and be loved, but we are constantly making ourselves miserable by thinking we have to so impress people with our greatness that they will stand in awe and worship us. This sickness which makes us want to be worshiped rather than loved, is the root of all our trouble. The Nazis chose to be worshiped rather than loved, set themselves up as a master-race, and reaped a deserving harvest of hatred. Our desire to be idolized rather than loved gives us a false pride, makes us unapproachable and inhuman. We live for praise and glory. When we get it, we want more. When we are denied our daily dose of flattery our unhappiness becomes unbearable. When we work it is not to serve but to gain prestige. When we play it's to impress the opposition with our athletic prowess. In conversation it's not so much the truth that matters but just to hear them say, "How clever", or "What a mind". Little men trying to be Gods — what a pitiful unhappy mess we make of our lives.

Let's worship God and content ourselves with being human. There is far more happiness to be found in loving and being loved than in asking to be worshiped and receiving contempt and hatred. Next time we play a game let's keep saying to ourselves, "It's their love I need and not their praise". When we meet a stranger let's attempt to gain his friendship in love rather than impress him with our achievements or the power of a fake personality.

When man asks nothing but love and friendship of his fellows, he forgets himself and becomes natural, happy and more human than ever before. He begins to experience what the Bible calls "salvation" for he finds his true relation to God and man. He worships God and accepts a position of equality with his fellows.

Chaplain EASTWOOD

SPIRIT OF '76

With all the rumors afloat and tangible happenings occurring in other Groups, why isn't this the time to set up a 464th Group Veteran's Organization? Whether we all, or a majority of us join the already existing Veteran's organizations or whether a new one will eventuate is immaterial. The only sure means of contacting each other at future National conventions will be thru the Group Veteran Association Headquarters. So, it seems that this matter should be considered of first importance. Let's get some action on it! What do you say?

A hearty welcome to all the new men — especially the boys from the 98th R.G. In the same vein of thought, congrats to the boys who have finished up during the past week.

Question of the week! "What M Sgt. takes along his weekly candy ration for the kid brother when he visits a certain young lady nearhere?"

Does anyone know when the open season on late returnees from the Club begins?

Tom Reilly to barber: "Are you the man who cut my hair last time?"

Barber: "I'ma no thinka so, I'ma only here siz months".

THINGS WE'D LIKE TO SEE:

Cibelli with a crew haircut.

Kennedy lose at pinochle.

Grochowski get mad.

Freeman miss a meal.

We'd like to hear Jack McGrath's vocal ensemble change it's repertoire — even "Coney Island Baby" must grow old in time.

Why do the same characters win at Bingo each week? Shake 'em up, Rip!

The arrival of so many new crews must have been a severe blow to the operators of the local rumor mill.

Here is an honest to goodness gripe that could come under the heading of constructive criticism. During the past week three men have been injured on the line — one had his knuckles cut open while changing a tire; another was severely burned when a stove exploded; still another had a finger torn off. In each instance, a considerable delay was incurred in securing first aid. Transportation to the Dispensary is the first difficulty; if one is available or only available after a delay, precious minutes are wasted. So, why not a first aid man on the line?

John Sheehy, Charlie Mahan
and Joe Howard

THE SILENT GUARDIAN

(continued from page 1)

Whatever may be the judgment pronounced on the competency of the architects of the Constitution, or whatever may be the destiny of the edifice prepared by them, I feel it a duty to express my profound and solemn conviction, derived from my intimate opportunity of observing and appreciating the views of the Convention, collectively and individually, that there never was an assembly of men, charged with a great and arduous trust, who were more pure in their motives, or more exclusively or anxiously devoted to the object committed to them."

It was definitely a hard working group of men. There were no great balls or celebrations. The only social activities were occasional fine dinners given by Franklin or Robert Morris. At these affairs the delegates relaxed themselves and enjoyed good wit and wine.

The convention was nearly over when it recessed again on September 8th to let a committee on style work over the document and attempt to reduce it to the most precise and explicit language possible. The delegates were tired, nearly worn out. Of the original 72 only 55 had ever been together in session at once, and when the final meeting was held on September 17th there were only 39 men present. No one felt very enthusiastic. There had been so many compromises, and so much debate that not much was left to say. George Washington made his only speech of the whole summer on that last day. In this he said "Should the states reject this excellent constitution the probability is that an opportunity will never again offer to cancel another in peace—the next will be drawn in blood!"

To their respective homes went the delegates, and the constitution was sent to Congress which was then meeting in New York. They were faced with the job of obtaining ratification on 9 of the 13 states. It seemed like an impossible job at first. There was much opposition from the farmers and debtors against the idea of a central government. It was also viewed by many business men as an instrument of tyranny. The first three states, Delaware, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey ratified before the end of 1787, but six more were needed. Debates swept the land. Much ink and paper was used in the form of pamphlets for and against the new constitution. And slowly ratification came. In Massachusetts the Boston craftsmen allied with the merchants and a good part of the farmers to carry the state. Alexander Hamilton's expressive voice and pen turned the tide in New York, and George Washington and James Madison carried Virginia. By this time nine other states had ratified, and on July 4th, 1788, a great parade was held in Philadelphia to celebrate the acceptance of the new law of the land.

With the decision finally made the rest was relatively easy sailing. George Washington was the obvious man for the presidency, and he went in the spring of 1789 to New York, to take over the reins of government. Everywhere, as he travelled north, he was greeted by parades, triumphal arches, and hymns of praise. The nation had weathered her first long struggle.

G. H. MERRIAM

778TH SPOTLIGHT

Information and Education

Once again we let the keys and let the chains fall where they may. We understand that Cpl. Gerald Hass was assisted to the base the other eve by that sterling fellow traveler, R. Leonard Parker. Have you collected your shave yet?

And before we let it slip our mind, hats off to Pete Librizzi who has been doing a good job at guard. It's a job few of us appreciate enough. Four hours can be awfully long when they are the four from two to six A.M.

Congratulations to communications. Now that Flak is through her second love affair in six months perhaps we may have some sleep nights. Orchids to Flak. Not many dogs could go through such a period and appear so nonchalant.

A hearty welcome and good flying to Lts Joyce, Kiernan, and Gerlock and their respective crews, who have joined us as war orphans from the old 98th.

What is this we hear about S Sgt Wally Hierlmaier being continuously chased from his bed by that monstrous dog he is harbouring. Isn't combat rough enough?

Our congratulations to T Sgt Leland Conrad on a beautiful job of photography. See April 27th's issue of Yank, page 13.

Recently we have noticed a new spring to "Mole" Rogers' and Sim Simkumus. Could it be those invigorating cross country runs that they are taking every night? Keep up the good work, and get the "Mole" down to size.

T/Sgt Ed "Iron Nerves" Mahony who completed his 35 sorties last week is continuing to fly combat in order to go home with his crew. Hat's off to you, Ed, step to the left for Ward S. Mahony says, quote, "Combat ain't rough!"

Ringling Bros., Barnum and B. have nothing on the boys in Wilson's tent. You've heard about the tigers and lions leaping through blazing paper hoops. How would you like to light your stove and have a cat come yowling forth with its tail blazing? It can happen here!

If all the current topics off stool number one are true we probably won't be here to print our next issue. But don't you worry, we'll carry on, right through Suez. Take it away, Rosedale.

Of course you give the right to gripe, soldier. Most of us do a healthy amount of it. But did you realize, to come a revived to realize that your troubles are mostly little ones?

Now wait a minute. Wait a minute. You have lots of arguments to prove we're wrong. (Grunt). But would you let us repeat a few facts that the Judge Advocate General's Department has learned in the last two years of handling soldiers' complaints? Good enough. Ponder on these items a while.

Nothing, unless it's a piece of flak with your number on it, will hit you as hard or lay you as low as trouble at home. If the situation between you and your fair lady, or the family, ties up you find yourself qualifying for the sad sack award with a personal calamity cluster thrown in almost immediately. For you that frosted relationship is definitely an emotional blockbuster that scatters your inner placidity into thin air. And it sheds your efficiency as a soldier into a negative state in a hurry.

What could be worse, for you? Not much, we admit. But take heart, Strongheart. Of the more than 4,000,000 cases of legal aid the JAGD has given men like yourself, less than 6% were domestic relations problems. Not worth worrying about because you belong in the 94% don't you?

So we'll move on to something else to worry about. Something troublesome enough to seek legal aid about. Well, what would you guess? You're wrong pal. It's your money. The same stuff called lire which you toss around after payday while it lasts and advertise that it (nothey) doesn't mean a darned thing to you. That same stuff, or the part tagged by the government as its slice of your take, puts the most furrows in your stately brow. Just 26% of your aid cases involve tax matters. This covers income, property, and if you're lucky, inheritance taxes, as well as trivia like gas, tobacco and maybe the duty on popcorn balls from Joe's hotdog stand on Front Street. Do I still hear a voice repeating "money don't mean a thing to me-got ten bucks, pal?"

And you have some more little troubles. Powers of attorney entanglements, or finding the right person to trust with whatever you have—or hope to collect, account for 24% of the GI pie of woe. Next with a 22% slice are wills—that business of bequeathing all your property, both real and personal. Then, to sweep up the crumbs and finish the pie are minor miscellaneous items which account for the last 22% of your troubles. There is the JAGD's outlook on what worried you during the last two years. What will you be worrying about in the next two years (you hope)?

Popular number in your fret parade could be that the 2% losses of heavy members to enemy action in the U. S. Strategic Air Forces combat missions during 1944 in the European and Mediterranean theater, belowered even more if taken to the Pacific fighting zone.

Number two might well be that you find the transition back to civilian life a milk run. Taking a quick sight at the idea of being back home, doing what you please, wearing what you want and working at what you pick (maybe) may seem like a sure thing to get all your hope bombs in the 1000 foot circle.

This transition, you'll find, can be easy and comfortable as your favorite

pair of slippers. Or rough as the road to Spinazzola. It's up to you. There need be no magic in returning to your status as civilian Sam the easy way. Here are some things you'll have to work out for yourself.

What are you doing about your present Army job—beside being bored with it? For most of you, it's temporary, of course. So you don't see any point in staying eager—if you ever were. There's no future in it for you. Well, how are you going to react to your expected job in private industry. There won't be any breaking up your working day, later, with a quick trip to the sack for a snack of shut-eye. Do you expect to do a job of work in civilian life—or will you keep moaning loud and long about the "swell job I used to have in the Army". All this is just the long way of suggesting you be honest, in analyzing just how your life and circumstances will be affected when you take that honorable discharge in your hand and suddenly begin to feel that you're laying old and familiar ways and things.

Unless you condition your mind to the inevitable changes in the mental picture of home, individuals, jobs and conditions you left three or four years ago, you'll find them out of focus with your carefully retained mental picture. You're not going back to a snap of carefree existence. You've just earned the right to take your place in the highly competitive business of living in freedom. Freedom that lets you select the way you want to live and work and enjoy yourself. And gives the other guy the same opportunity.

The Germans and Japs wanted to live their own way too. But they didn't intend to let the other guy do the same. You think you have "troubles" in the service now? Talk it over with yourself and see where you come out in civvies. Will you have a milk run? Or are you going home on the bumpy road to Spinazzola?

I & E chatter brings up some new happenings in the last week. Pantanella University opened successfully this last week with classes in eleven subjects. There is room for more students in each class. Current schedule includes:

Commercial Av.	1900	Mon
Cartography	2300	
Basic Point Copy & Drafting	1900	Tues
Accounting & Bookkeeping	2300	
Algebra	1900	Wed
Psychology & Life	2300	
History	1900	Thurs
Geography	2000	
Business Principles and Management (2 hours)	1900	Fri
Commercial Dairying	1900	Sat
Spoken French	2000	

Other classes are being formed in Harmony, Law, Dry Cleaning (Small Business Operation), Printing, Public Speaking, Journalism, Pen & Brush Lettering and Sign Painting, Philosophy and Logic. Group study materials will be obtained for discussion units of five or more men. So if there is some subject you are interested in, drop in and talk it over with the I & E officer.

On the job training units are operating in auto mechanics, welding, and movie projection. United States Armed Forces Institute and university correspondence courses are being steadily increased these weeks. Most of the subjects are prepared in easily absorbed self-teaching outline. This means less brainburdening study and more, enjoyable reading to accumulate usable knowledge on these subjects.

Chow Line Chatter

by A Seventy-Niner

"Summer is a-cumin' on, lude sing 'cukoo" quote from the earliest known popular song in English (13th or 14th century). And all the boys are hard at work on their "summerization". Whiten'g all the buildings certainly did a lot for the appearance of the place. Lancey and colleagues are building a porch (My, my, don't those big boxes come in handy!).

Half-a-dozen houses have blossomed out with gardens, -or rather hope to blossom in a few months time. And meanwhile mother nature is beating them all with a magnificent display of poppies, not to mention those white flowers whose name we cannot discover.

Most advanced garden is "Skyline", with its white painted borders and winged design. It has several large green plants in it. Wonder if they all flower. We'll expect to see Lutz pushing a lawn mower anyday now.

Litzenberger has the best performance from seed so far. Sweetpeas three inches high. No kidding! He had to plead with five departments to get the volleyball court moved away from his flower beds, but boy, have you seen that snappy little picket fence he put up to keep the balls out?

Gaston's gardening is designed solely to serve the stomach. While "Remington Ranch" strikes a happy mean with two beds of flowers and one of vegetables. They find hauling water out into the country is quite a problem.

Summers and crewmates have planted some very pretty paper packets on sticks. Let's hope they get some flowers that look as colorful.

Orchids to Lt Marsh on bringing Black Yoke back to the base and landing without loss of a man. It was a magnificent performance.

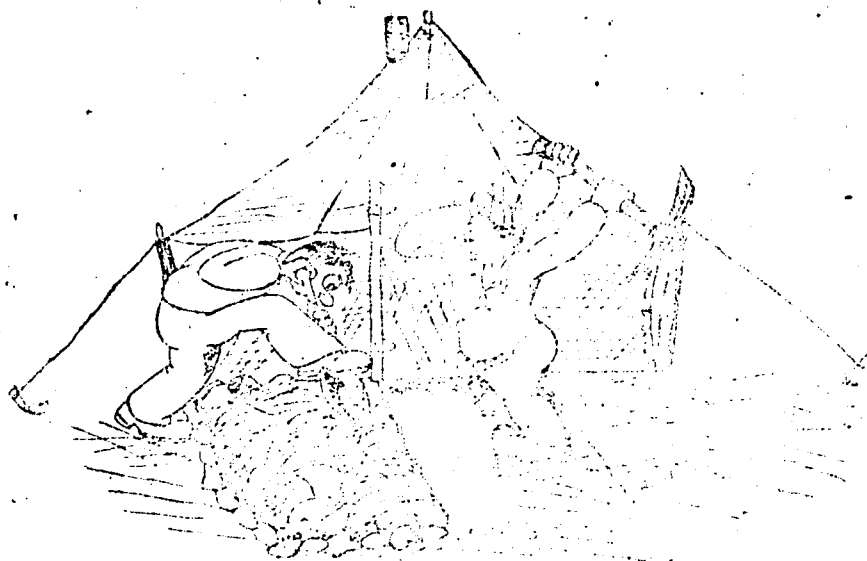
Here's the latest rumor... somebody told one of our KPs that someone down the line had seen two guys with red stars in their hats—so that makes it certain that we are going to Tokyo via the Trans-Siberian Railroad.

It seems that Split ran into a door that Schultz was holding open for him! And while we are in the kitchen they say that Arky wants his nurse.

A word to the 78th: We realise that murder will out. But couldn't you finally dig a hole deep enough to bury your big stink for good?

"Junior" has been to Bari four times this week for officer promotions. We aren't sure what he is trying to promote, but we hear there are some pretty nice nurses down there.

Gaston and Capt Timmons have decided not to go back to the States after all. Now they are sweating out rotation to Nice on permanent change of station,



INSIDE THE 77TH

The recently opened Red Cross with its snack bar, game room, lounge, proposed tennis court etc has — we hear — been providing stiff competition for the 77th Service Club. The Service Club Committee though hasn't as yet conceded defeat and are fighting back with their characteristic ingenuity. One of the most striking innovations in the service is the addition of ice to drinks. We have been informed too by a quasi-reliable source that a tile floor similar to the one being laid in the mess hall will be installed soon. It's our studied opinion though that the battle however valiant is destined to be a losing one. Perhaps, Mac, you use the wrong shade of lipstick. Er sumpin.

Must be Spring. At any rate, whatever the incentive somebody deserves a lot of congratulations for the swell remodeling job being done on the mess hall. And it really hasn't been so bad eating outside—especially if you'd had previous desert warfare training and your gas mask was in good condition. Kidding aside, though, we heard a suggestion the other day to the effect that a couple of the tables should be left outside permanently for the benefit of our few rugged out-door individuals. The public address system and the Andrews Sisters' rendition of "Rum and Coca Cola" has helped distract our attention from the Spam lately too. Why has "Mess Kit Music Hour" been discontinued? And speaking of the mess hall, despite architectural improvements nothing has been done about the way the cooks mutilate the chicken (O.K. so I can't eat there anymore).

Opinion as to the merits of the new Group PX is somewhat divided. A friend of ours was a little confused to learn that he couldn't buy tomato juice today because he "already had a tablet." However, he could return the next day and buy a bottle of Kreml even if he did have a nail file. Another trip to the PX

and we'll be sending home for a copy of "Be Glad You're Neurotic."

VIC RICE has evidently discovered the process of extracting opium from poppies. Surely his weekly pilgrimage to Bari couldn't produce that dazed look he wears lately. However, on you it looks good Victor.

We have it straight from the boys themselves that the Ordnance and Armament departments have the best softball team in the group. We're not so sure of their previous record but they've defeated the 77th Officers team—was it twice or thrice?—in succession. One factor in their phenomenal success seems to be the "Esprit de Corps" shown by the cheering section. Tell us JOHNSON how many points is a Captain's dignity worth?

We just received a flash to the effect that the building to house the Squadron tailor shop has been completed and arrangements made for the immediate installation of a tailor.

Here's a bit of drama we just couldn't overlook. Who was the character or characters that persuaded our truck driver, Wabbit to drive all over the line looking for yellow X-ray? "Doggone if I could find it" said Wabbit!

If you see a cloud of cumulus cigar smoke rolling your way don't be alarmed. It's just "Chain" Dunnaway.

The Bryja gang is back again. Rested up boys?

The "sharpies" of Lt. Robertson's crew had a feast of packages t'other night. So that's why Duke had a bad time!

Who's got more sorties over Pianosa than anyone else? Karl "the Blue Rocket Kid" Walker puts in his bid for that honor.

WOODBURN, BURNSIDE, RICE

STAB. TIP. GIUSEPPE PANSINI & FIGLI
Corso Vittorio Emanuele 10