

THE TOWER

464th BOMB
GROUP

"THE HOPE OF THE FUTURE LIES NOT IN
BETTER HUMAN INVENTIONS BUT IN BETTER
HUMAN RELATIONS".



MEET THE WHEELS

Most of you men in the group know the "Wheels" when you see them, but what they did before joining us remains a deep dark mystery. I will endeavor to shed light on that mystery by a series of short biographies of the leading men in the group.

All of you know Colonel Arnold L. Schroeder, but did you know that he was once a 2nd Lt? The Colonel was commissioned 2nd Lt in the Infantry when he graduated from the "Point" in 1932. After graduation from West Point he transferred to the Air Corps and took flight training at Randolph and Kelly Fields in Texas.

This is not the Colonel's first tour of overseas duty, he served at Wheeler Field in Hawaii and for a short time in England as a Special Observer.

Before joining the Group he was Executive Officer of the 55th Bomb Wing, serving in that capacity from December '43 until June of this year.

The Colonel is married and like the rest of us is "Sweating out" the war so he can return to his wife and family, who mean more to him than the DFC and the Air Medal with Oak Leaf Cluster.

Lt. Col. Charles F. McKenna III, the pride of Pelham, N. Y., is the holder of the DFC with OLC, Air Medal and three Oak Leaf Clusters. The Colonel tells me that his favorite hobbies are Ice Hockey and Propagation of the Race, in both of which he no doubt excels.

A graduate of Fordham Univ. class of '38, commissioned 2nd Lt, AA Branch of the Coast Artillery he transferred to the Air Forces and took his flight training at Kelly Field, Texas where he also served as Instructor. He was transferred to Ft. Worth where he was Supervisor of Primary Flying School.

Before joining the Group he was CO of the 781st Bomb Sq of the 465th Bomb Group.

Col. McKenna has returned to the Group after having enjoyed a well earned rest with his wife and two children in the states where he went after finishing his first 50 combat missions.

by S/Sgt WEAVER

A BUNDLE OF STICKS

Italy is the country of the bundle of sticks. Half the people on the road seem to be burdened with these bundles. In the evening as the farmers leave their fields and make their weary way back to the village to spend the night they invariably carry a bundle of sticks. There are large bundles on the two-wheeled carts, bundles on the backs of men, bundles tied to bicycles and even elderly women may be seen carrying these precious twigs as they walk the long miles from field to hearth. The twigs are precious for Italy is poor; exceedingly poor in things to burn. When the olive trees, the figs, the almonds and even the trees by the side of the road are pruned the cuttings are gathered into neat bundles to be carried away to feed the tiny fires in the open fireplaces where house wives prepare the simple meals of the poor.

In Italy the bundle of sticks became a symbol. In ancient Rome the fasces, a bundle of rods or sticks with the blade of an ax projecting, was carried before the magistrates as a badge of authority. The fasces reminded all who saw that the magistrate had the authority to punish law breakers by beating with a rod or beheading with an ax. The Fascists, a political group or "bundle", employed the symbol. It is to be seen on monuments and coins both new and old.

I wonder if there is a relationship between the bundle of sticks which is a symbol of authority and the bundles which we see on the backs of men and women today in Southern Italy? In a society where men trust and respect each other there is little need for the external authority that wields the big stick, since each man is governed by a law in his heart. In such a society no individual or class is allowed to sink into dire poverty for each man is interested in the welfare of all. When men no longer do right because it IS right, but are willing to turn every situation to their own advantage, all mutual trust and respect disappear and an external authority, a ruler with a rod in his hand, takes over. The ruler and the class which supports him, being a part of this society, have no regard for the rights of others, the poor appear and grow steadily poorer. The bundle of sticks which symbolizes external authority and the bundle which becomes a burden on the backs of the poor go hand in hand. If we would be free from the latter we must be worthy of freedom from the former. If we are to keep these burdensome bundles of sticks off of our own backs we must so live as to make the existence of the bundle of rods unnecessary. We must merit the respect, trust and confidence of one another. Chaplain EASTWOOD

DUE TO CENSORSHIP REGULATIONS

THIS PAPER MAY NOT BE SENT HOME.

HOBNOBBING WITH HEADQUARTERS

COAXER - The dribble of letters these days, constantly diminishing, has finally decided Col Schroeder to walk softly and carry a big stick. He has ordered a mail club to be made by — you guessed it — the mailmen. It will consist of a polished broom handle, approximately 18 inches in length and with a rope handle. The over-all appearance is that of a policeman's night-stick. If this club does not help the mail situation, then, indeed, the outlook is black.

BUILDINGS - The hardy tent era is passing as communications at long last have a home in which to carry on their operations. One of the major unsolved mysteries to the laymen of this hill is why the headquarters building was built in such a hole. This question has been asked innumerable times—could it be for a more solid foundation? The main disadvantages are the dark cave-like atmosphere and the sand and dust blowing down from a porous sheetmetal roof, which is level with the ground surface. When is the oft-spoken-of hospital coming into being which T Sgt Towler and Sgt Zablocki are always spouting about and so vividly describing? The officers' club is now a finished product so the officers can now, along with the enlisted men, walk proudly with their heads up, no more ashamed when asked "Where are the headquarters clubs?" Full force can now be directed on the theater superstructure before another construction is dreamed up. Will someone politely inform the radar men that one of their houses is about a 30 degree angle off from the rest of the row. Realizing their training in following a beam, this is most perplexing unless due to the following reasons: individualists; plans and laborers got out of control; front wall is pointing to the magnetic north pole; or pointing to the latrine.

GREETINGS - And salutations to newcomer T/Sgt Ragen, who assists Capt Whaley in smoothing out the motor pool wrinkles and Pfc Provencher, who pulled through 11 grueling weeks in a general hospital with severe burns suffered from a gasoline fire explosion, to return to the Group looking fit. Try to stay away from that octane "Frenchy".

SYSTEMS - The flag detail has proved strenuous for some, especially the early rising, as Pvt Fischer will tell you after doing an extra week's detail for failing to make the grind one morning; at this time he is considered the most expert and an authority at this job. But for a smooth-working team, Sgt Rumpf of Chicago, Ill. and Sgt Pendergast of Rib Lake, Wis. have no peers with the former lowering and the latter raising—seems a case of the city slicker over the country boy. Also seen one morning was Sgt Kocher, dashing up the hill in his class "A" and looking every bit as though he had remained in the sack to the very last precious second. When will the orthodox system of the guards doing this detail go into effect?

SPOTLIGHT - This week to Pvs Gonzales and Eads under supervision of Pfc Beaver, who are seldom noticed or appreciated for their valiant efforts in making things smoother for the bigger cogs and wheels. Each morning at 0630 these three musketeers sally forth to

clean S-1 of the ever-present sand, dirt and dust. Each is a specialist: Rube, mimeograph and broom; Vance, stove and broom; and Sid, liaison agent plus a combination of the other two specialities.

PREDICAMENT - Who can we tell the Chaplain to see now that he has been caught by a delinquency report? At least he will be more understanding when some other bad boy airs his grievances with the M.P. Seems he parked his jeep under a No Parking sign and came back a few minutes later to find it missing. He was able to retrieve his vehicle after signing various incriminating papers. We must caution him to be more observing in the future.

ACCUSATIONS - The absence of a fruit cake in a box received from one of his luscious girl friends, has caused Pvt Curran to throw suspicions on his tent mates. Naturally, the most shady characters in his estimation are Cpl Cosenzo and Pvt Eannarino, although we understand M/Sgt Marantz and Cpl Warren are under observation too. The club house will continue to be noisy with slander until future developments clear up this case, which as yet, has not been referred to T.J.A.

CHAPEL NEWS

BY VACHEL HOOK

It was a trade. The trade worked. Sunday, Dec. 3 Chaplains Blouch and Eastwood exchanged pulpits for the evening service. Such changes are good occasionally. The men of the 464th enjoyed Chaplain Blouch's evangelistic message.

If they cannot come to you, then go to them. That is just what we do. Our

Chaplain and members of the Gospel Team go to the Service Squadron each Sunday at 0900 and conduct a worship service. The attendance and response is good. Our quartet is proving popular.

Captain Angel, the Jewish Chaplain of the 15th Air Force, conducted a service last Tuesday evening for the men of the 465th and 464.

Sgt Jim Becker is the smiling, good natured G.I. that I would like you to meet today. Jim is the fellow who finds that last seat for you just before the Mass begins, and has charge of the religious literature displayed in the rear of the chapel.

The red headed gunner has been closer to the enemy than most of us. He parachuted out of a doomed B-24 with the others of his crew. They landed in a part of Yugoslavia where both German and Partisan forces were operating. The Partisans were efficient and helpful. Several on the crew were hurt, including Jim, and they have been awarded the Purple Heart. Three of them attended Mass in a picturesque 12th century church on the Island of Vis.

Jim is proud of his home town, Milwaukee, Wis., which he left in January 1944 to join the men up in the wild blue yonder.

His post war plans include a period of business schooling as well as some persuasive talks with that certain girl.

On Sunday night, November 10th, the first candle was lit opening the Jewish festival of HANUKAH. This festival is to commemorate the triumphant restoration of the holy temple in Jerusalem, by the Maccabees.

Jewish services are held each Friday night at seven P. M. in our chapel. All festivals and holidays are also observed. Men of the 465th are cordially invited.

THE 778th SPOTLIGHT

Seems as tho we did it again. This time its the mess hall coming thru with a real old fashioned Dutch Oven and the only one in the group and it works. That credit goes to the perseverance of Mess Sgt Thorud and Sgt Cohan who did the welding under the supervision of our baker Sgt Conant. We are looking forward to the first batch of hot biscuits..... Perhaps it won't happen this way but we heard from a "Reliable Source" that a system is to be inaugurated whereby the Italians will once more wash the pots and pans..... "Simon Legree" Ward does it again. Last Monday night the black snake whip cracked and the communications section to a man volunteered to haul Tufo block after duty hours for the construction of the new communications building. Above the din of the cracking of the whip this ominous growl was heard, "Even Capt Matelan wouldn't make us do this.".... Hey Kaplin did you pass the test when you had your head examined?... A number of the boys in the Squadron are asking questions about these courses which are being conducted by other Squadrons and Groups. We don't know anything about them but certainly think it an excellent idea to conduct classes in languages and business as well as technical subjects for those who are interested. There should be sufficient manpower in this Squadron to conduct these classes and it certainly would be a benefit for all concerned. Lets get on the ball 778th.... Another safety precaution is to be put in effect, mainly the "Spark Arrestor" which has been designed for the stove pipe and is expected to be put into local production shortly..... Some of the boys have received letters from S/Sgt Larrigan, who returned to the States to study the peculiarities of the B-29. He states that life is wonderful there but the idea of answering five roll calls a day isn't too hot. P.S. to Sgt Larrigan, "We'll take the five roll calls and you can take Italy.".... Life for the past week has been serene in Tech Supply. Incidentally Sgt Whiteus was away at Rest Camp..... Italian forces suffered a major defeat. This time under the hands of Lt Julienne who resented some of the remarks made by our local help in the Supply Room..... M/Sgt Libuda, have you submitted that recent photograph of yourself taken in Bari to our Public Relations Office for Publication in the home town paper?.... People have strange habits, take Michele Angelo Shuster our Squadron Artist, he does his best work in the cold grey light of dawn.... The following repartee happened to be overheard between Weatherbeaten Sheck and Perdue the Imp, after a telephone conversation during which M/Sgt Sheck had difficulty in hearing due to a vocal disturbance caused by the Imp and Delancy Street Pawlak. The Imp, "Say Weatherbeaten the Doc will take care of you in the morning." Weatherbeaten Sheck, "What for?" The Imp, "To clean out your ears". Well boys its time to hang up the receiver so till next week at this time we say "Adieu".

T/Sgt Orick and S/Sgt Clarke

THE TOWER

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the men of the 464th Bomb Group.

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OUR PILOT

*Who leads you over mountains,
Over fields and seas of blue?
Who leads you into heavy flak
And mostly brings you through?*

*It's not the pilot of the ship,
The gunner or the crew.
It's not the "sparks" or engineer,
Although they help, it's true.*

*For when the battle's hot
Above a hostile land,
It's God above who rides with us
And lends a helping hand.*

*So when the mission's rough
And all you do seem's wrong
Ask Him Above for help
And He will make you strong.*

S Sgt KEN MORRISH, 776th

The Music Box

On December eighth two American girls gave this group a concert that we'll not easily forget. The entertainers were Miss Eustis, a mezzo soprano of Radio City Music Hall, and her accompanist Miss Carley, who was one of the finest pianists I have heard in a long time.

Miss Eustis gave a variety program in the true sense of the word. Her Habanera from the opera Carmen by Bizet was enjoyed by all, as were familiar arias from other well known operas. After singing these she asked for requests, and received many. Cole Porter's "Begin the Beguine", "Night and Day", "Smoke gets in your Eyes", and "White Christmas" were chief among requests.

Miss Carley, the singer's accompanist, gave several fine selections. Among them was the world famous "Rhapsody in Blue", by the well loved American composer George Gershwin. She played it so that I could close my eyes and imagine the composer himself was at the keyboard. I am sure from the applause she received that her music was enjoyed by all.

These weekly concerts are proving very popular, judging by the large and enthusiastic audiences, and I'm sure they will get larger as the season continues.

Cpl C. O. PEARSON

"TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT"

A soldier should have formed soldierly habits during basic training. It is tough on the Army and ourselves if after a year in the service we are still acting like recruits. We have the right to "beef" all we want, but why not make things easier for ourselves?

Take the soldier who is continually crying, "This army is a b——." It might be all that and more. But it is a cardinal fact that army life is full of inconveniences. If the army were a constant round of luxurious living there would be no dratted. The soldier must of necessity exist on a different plane than a civilian.

A great many of us are in the war against our will. Nevertheless, our well-being in this army is a "take it or leave it" affair. True, our actions are circumscribed much more than in civil life. But even in civil life we can no more do as we please than may a guest in the home of his host. The mere fact that we were living without discipline is no proof that any other manner of living spells death. It might be the hard way, but the hard way is the normal way of life to most of the world's inhabitants. Contrary to popular opinion it is not the so-called "Soft" people who lead a comfortable life, but people of inflexible determination. We do not possess inflexible determination if we allow the army to stand between us and our aims in life. But this, too, is a matter of "take it or leave it".

So often one complains that two years in the army are two years out of one's life. This might be true. That it could well mean adding two years to one's life is also true. It depends on us. To accomplish this will be more difficult than it would be in civil life, but we have only two choices: To accept or reject the challenge. And it cannot be far wrong to believe that it is accepting the challenge and enduring the hardships that make a soldier.

By Cpl. Jemuel Archbold
Co. "B", 1693 Eng. Avn. Bn.

Attend Chapel this Christmas Season

PROTESTANT SERVICES

Sunday	— 1100 & 1900
Monday	— 1900 Bible Class
Wednesday	— 1900 Service Men's Christian League
Thursday	— 1900 Choir Rehearsal
Christmas Day	— 1900

CATHOLIC SERVICES

Sunday	— 0930 & 1730
Tuesday, Thursday & Saturday	— 1630
Tuesday	— 1800 Novena Devotions & Choir Rehearsal
Thursday	— 1800 Choir Rehearsal
Christmas Eve	— High Mass at midnight
Christmas Day	— 0930 & 1730

JEWISH SERVICES

Friday — 1900

L.D.S. SERVICES

Tuesday — 1900

LUTHERAN SERVICES

Chaplain Scharlemann of the 43rd Service Group will conduct a service for all Lutheran men of the 464th and 465th in Memorial Chapel Friday, Dec. 22, at 1800.

SATURDAY NIGHT IS CONCERT NIGHT