

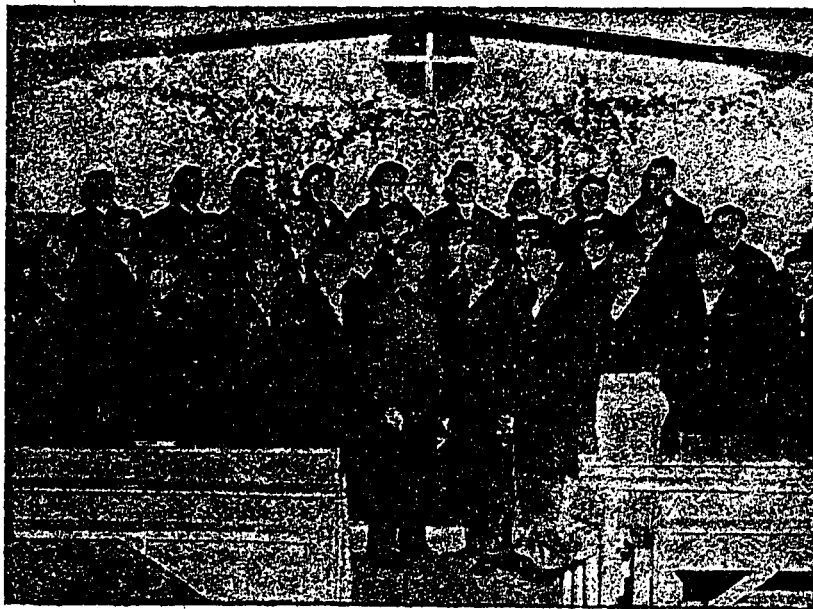
# THE TOWER

464th BOMB  
GROUP

In Jesus' name our prayer we raise,  
Whose guiding hand has blessed our days  
And may we Lord, in godly fear  
Serve Thee through all this coming year.



## G I JOES THRILL BAMBINOS



1st row, left to right: Chaplain EASTWOOD; PRENTICE, ROYCE HOLL, PETER, JIM DOHERTY, H. WARD WALKER, GEORGE SILLBURN, VACHEL HOOK, LT FAUBER, LT LARRABEE, GERALD EYESTONE. - 2nd row: DOUGLAS LAMBERT, EMMERT ANDERSON, JOHN SWANSON, JAMES TREADWELL, HAROLD SEBRING, J.D. SOWELL, BOB D. DAVES, J.D. SCALES, NORMAN HALL, KERMIT ANDERSON, RALPH SCHWENK, STANLEY FOWLER. - 3rd row: BENJAMIN CARLTON, JOHN BURKHARDT, JOHN SCHALLES, RICHARD WELTY, JAMES GORDON, ROBERT PLAGGE, DEXTER SHUFORD, R. B. HINES, RONALD ROSE.

### Service Men's Christian League

*May we introduce the members of our Service Men's Christian League? They're a mighty fine bunch of men well worth knowing. Every Wednesday evening at 1900 you'll find most of them at the chapel.*

*Our meetings are rather informal affairs. To date they have been discussions of various problems we are all facing. Any one of the members may lead these discussions. He generally chooses three or four others to help him. Let me warn you in advance, if you come to the meetings more than twice in a row you do so at the risk of finding yourself up in front trying to keep a discussion of "Contentment or Ambition-Which?" from straying off to a controversy of whether or not Andy deserves his Sgt. stripes more than Pfc Skinner.*

*These gatherings are planned by a committee of four, elected every two months. The party in power at present consists of Lt. Fauber, Lt. Fowler, S-Sgt Hook, and Cpl Walker, with Lt. Fauber acting as chairman. Although Lt. Fowler got a very small part of himself into the picture, he's all there at our meetings so don't judge his efforts by his showing above.*

*Sgt Shuford inaugurated the policy of serving coffee and doughnuts after each meeting. This was made possible only through the co-operation of the Red Cross and mess halls. They've been down-right generous in supplying our weekly needs and we sure appreciate them. Occasionally we have been unable to get the doughnuts, being forced to make a substitution of graham crackers. However this is a small matter. Those of us who believe in being content no matter what conditions may be insist that C ration grahams are better than doughnuts, don't we Chaplain?*

*We can sum up our S.M.C.L. meetings in just a few words by simply saying that they are attended by a group of men interested in getting together with other men of similar interests and talking things over.*

HOWARD WALKER

### THOUSAND KIDS PACK THEATER FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

If the men of the 464th could have seen the happiness radiating from the faces of those whom they had befriended, it would have reassured them that there are things worthwhile, and that kindness and compassion for the less fortunate are among these things.

As the noisy trucks entered the town and roared through the narrow stone paved streets into the square, they were met by a sea of upturned faces, voicing a tumultuous welcome. It was at the children's hospital, however, that the convoy stopped first. Grouped in a room were 15 bambinos their faces shining from a recent scrubbing, their clothes spotlessly clean. The oldest may have reached the age of ten. Kindly nuns scurried about, bringing additional chairs, and then settled benignly down to keep a watchful eye on their young charges. When all was in readiness a small Italian orchestra played popular songs, the children applauding enthusiastically.

Possibly the peak of this small celebration was reached when the 464th choir sang Christmas carols, followed by colored harmonizers singing negro spirituals. A look of bewildered amusement appeared on the faces of the youthful audience as familiar tunes were voiced in a strange tongue, but they listened attentively and evidently enjoyed the performance. The gifts of candy and clothing, the motivating reason for the visit, were not presented at this time but there was no doubt of how much the youngsters will appreciate them.

The most thankful of all, who benefited by the generosity of this bomb group, were the Italian soldiers visited in a nearby hospital. Convalescing from typhoid fever and other contagious diseases caught while working and fighting on the allied side at the front, they were fretting out their inactivity without even the solace of tobacco. To these men three packs of cigarettes were given and their gratitude was so touching it was impossible to acknowledge the

## THE TOWER

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HOWARD WALKER

countless gratias. After witnessing this scene a man must have a heart of stone to say and feel that this friendly gesture was not worthwhile.

The main event of the day was the show in the theater. An hour before the show hundreds of excited school children were gathered in the streets. But they were an orderly crowd. Each little group of ten or twenty kept close around its teacher as the children fled to their places. There was a great deal of noise but little disorder.

While waiting for the show to begin some of the children put on an impromptu concert themselves. Then the orchestra got under way. The mayor made a speech thanking the Americans for all they were doing for the children of the city. The 464th choir and the 1898th Octet sang their numbers.

Then came the great moment. A table draped in red, white and green was slanted across the stage with a dozen GI's and piles of gifts behind it. The organizers, Mr. Lamb, Lt. Rust, Sgt. Howard, and Cpl. Blair scurried around getting things in order. Class by class the children filed by the table. As they went soldiers handed them candy bars, oranges, figs, chewing gum. A carabinieri, magnificent in blue and red and gold, hurried the children on their way, filling their pockets with nuts and their mouths with candy balls as they passed.

They were bewildered by it all but overjoyed. It was a great day in town and will be long remembered by the children. Americans are not suckers on a deal like this, for happiness given away comes back with interest.

S/Sgt John F. Kennedy

and uninteresting, the materials with which to work meager. But all this is unimportant and quickly forgotten now. The important thing is, "Did I pass?" Every man must ask this question. The answer is not a figure written on a report card, nor can it be expressed in terms of per cent. You are your own report card. The answer is written in flesh and blood; in what you are in yourself, the kind of a heart you have, the thoughts you think, the man you are. Did you pass? In 1944 did you gain a round on the ladder toward becoming the man you really want to be?

Like the school children beginning the new term I am glad to see the New Year. There is joy and enthusiasm in a fresh start. As we open the gate of the New Year let us remember the lesson of the old. What really matters is not what the days may bring, but what we do with them. The assignments of 1945 may be longer and duller than ever, the tests more severe, the materials with which to work increasingly meager, but we are unafraid. For tonight as we begin writing the narrative of our lives upon a clean page this will be the first line to be written; "I resolve that I will accept without complaint whatever the year 1945 may bring and I purpose to use it in such a way as to make of myself a finer person, a better man."

CON MOLTO  
ESPRESSIONE

To those of you who did not hear the piano concert in our chapel two days before Xmas I can only report that the performance was a complete success. The music lovers who were present realize this. Mr. Sternberg, the pianist, proved to be all and more than he was publicized to be. He succeeded in adding variety to the show with his few explanatory remarks prior to the renditions of some of Beethoven's and Chopin's works. In short, Ladislav Sternberg, the personality as well as the musician, gave us a full evening.

In an informal interview following the concert we learned that he has been on world wide tours, which possibly accounts for his good though broken English. His enthusiasm and eager cordiality was then shown as we listened to Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" and Chopin's famous "Polonaise in A major," both of which in themselves were worth coming to the chapel to hear.

If this is "only the beginning" of the concert series to come, then we are in for a very enjoyable music season.

On Monday, January 8th, the second of this series will feature the concert violinist Antonioni. It promises to be good so don't forget to come

EM

## CHAPLAIN'S FLIMSY

This is the last day of the year. Tonight will be New Year's Eve. As the old year passes and the New One begins we quite naturally take stock of ourselves. We are like school children receiving report cards before opening their books for another term.

In looking back over the year 1944 I know now that what matters really is not what the days of the year brought to me but what I did with them. The tests may have been many and difficult, the lessons long

"ONE  
WORLD"

The other day a soldier in our company mistook an English soldier for a Yugoslavian and carried on a two minute conversation in Italian with him before discovering that they both spoke the same language. But even this discovery did not ameliorate matters much, for the intonation of this provincial Englishman was decidedly different from his own.

This incident brought home to me rather forcibly the disadvantages of cultural isolation. I was led to wonder if all this talk of world unity is not a vain hope. Are we really becoming "One World", as the political prophets seem to think? Here were two people supposedly speaking the same language failing to understand each other. Here were two people whose culture, by tradition and heritage, should have been cemented, but which in reality revealed indications of increasing dissimilarity. I suppose that those of us under the impression that Englishmen and Americans were cousins must have sustained a shock upon hearing the "King's English" spoken for the first time.

I think I've found one of the clues to this difference every time I hear someone refer to the "American language". Even the eminent Bertrand Russell has insisted that there is such a thing. But whether the theory is true or not it weakens the unity of mankind; for the creation of a new language is one more barrier erected between peoples. People speaking the same language possess a basis for understanding each other. By creating a distinct American language we would largely forfeit the cultural contributions of England and her dominions just as the cultural contributions of China are barred to us at present. And such a situation engenders national prejudice which is the greatest bugaboo to world unity.

I am by no means insisting that breaking down the barrier of language will bring about world unity, but if we admit that dissimilar cultures lead to misunderstanding and war we can readily see the interdependence of language and unity. If every German soldier could have had a heart to heart talk with some Russian soldier in a common language I doubt very much if they would show such hatred for each other today.

Maybe all this is water over the dam. It may be that humanity doesn't want "One World". Maybe the world would have lost its secrets if we sought identical cultures. Maybe it would be too dull if everybody wore pants. Maybe it would be too boring if everybody spoke "American". But every time I open my Italian phrase book I cannot help wondering if it wouldn't be a better world if we had fewer languages.

Cpl Jemuel J Archbold  
1898th Engr Avn Bn.

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

Chaplain EASTWOOD

## Chow Line Chatter

by A Seventy-Niner

So Christmas is over. Some spent it one way, some another. Many people slept it out. Others chased each other with machine guns. Some had turkey and some had canned turkey. Ordnance and Ordnance had a wonderful time playing with frag bombs in the rain. Your correspondent was on C. Q. Four guys from the 78th entertained the crowd by dragging each other through a mud puddle. And Gaston — what of him? What went on behind that locked door and "do-not-disturb" sign? We called the management of the Bannock Hotel as directed by the sign, but somehow couldn't get through.

Why the big smile on Tschudy's face? Haven't you guessed? He and Baldwin have finished their thirty-five sorties and are going home. Congratulations boys. We hear the Germans didn't want to let them go. They had a special barrage waiting for them when half way home. But all's well that ends well.

Congratulations too to Lt Beshara on his DFC, a battle-wise veteran of thirty-four sorties. We are all sweating out the last one.

If you want to see a handsome figure of a Soldier watch Wondoloski herd children. He looked neat with a gun around his middle and made a real contribution to the "Christmas for Kids" show.

It seems that Pappy Avenius' chimney store doesn't make deliveries. Tough luck, Liles!

The New Year is here and with it resolutions. Let's hope the jeeps resolve to quit running around by themselves at midnight. Or maybe it's gremlins! Will Thomas get a haircut? Will Manning reduce his waistline? Will Ordnance appreciate Operations? Will Gronewald get up for breakfast? Will your correspondent get this column written by deadline date? See next week's issue for further developments in this exciting story.

rather you came home crippled than morally weak, but you spare them the choice — you are both; the army prophylactic system failed you and the burden of worry and unhappiness is now extended to the threat of venereal disease in your progeny.

Well, there it is and you cannot afford to pay no one can. It is not a pleasant story, and paper shortage prevents elaboration. But you have no right to be so selfish. You can and indeed must fight the evil within you as you fight that without. Surely you can see that the right way is easier and cleaner. Sweat it out for a while longer so that your conscience will be clear and your heart in tune with that girl; she's worth ten years of abstinence from this foul business. Please, for her's, as well as your Mom's and Sister's sake, (and of course your own) — make this resolution to go home without that blight on your soul. There are far more enjoyable and interesting ways of spending your time even out here, so that you needn't ever have any real temptation. She has no trouble on that score, for the love she has for you makes the idea of waiting a pleasant and promising one.

RESOLVE, then to keep the faith that your loved ones at home have in you. It's not asking much and it will repay you a thousand times.

## "Inside the Seventy - Seven"

Last week we mentioned a certain lack of Christmas spirit in the 77th. We take it all back. If we're not mistaken, "spirits" were flowing, perhaps too freely, all over the Squadron Christmas Eve. There was even a good deal of fire works. Some of which made permanent impressions in the walls of our new latrine. Please fellows may we suggest you choose a less frequented target.

The Service Club has really gone over with a bang. However we still have the proverbial fly in our ointment. The new victrola. Nice, isn't it? Wouldn't it be swell if you could hear it? Someone has suggested that a loud speaker hanging over the bar would be nice. We realize it's a little late for Santa Claus but does anybody know where you might find a loud-speaker?

It would seem to be time to start thinking of "New Year's Resolutions". Most of the fellows seem to have re-

solved not to make any Resolutions. However, we have dug up a few aspiring souls. You'll probably be interested to know that "Crash" O'Connor except in cases of emergency has decided not to fly any lower than 500 feet in a BST.

Harold (I've-done-it-twice) Brewer promiser on his honor as a self-respecting SSgt (Is he kiddin'?) never to travel abroad again if and when he gets back to Georgia.

Noel Coward's friend and Brooklyn's gift to the Ordnance Section, Freddie Krenrich has resolved not to crack his whip except in case of actual rebellion. Good for you Freddie! Life can be beautiful, can't it farrel?

We just got a look at the souvenirs Capt. Anderson brought back from Cairo and the Middle East. Very interesting collection he has too. They range from perfume to a piece of bronze metal that does very much resemble a coat of arms, but we're not sticking our necks out, we don't know. Captain are you thinking of opening a gift shop? Or do you actually have use for an elephant bell?

## RESOLVED THAT

Well, it depends on the way you look at it. Of course I was assuming that you trust her as much as you love her, for is not real love trust as well? It's a wonderful feeling to know that she does love you and is praying for your early return. Yeah, she sure is a swell girl, isn't she, chum? I'll bet you've never known a sweeter, more lovely person in all your life. Do you remember when you first met her? And the way she kissed you when you left? Beautiful memories, aren't they? But you've heard some nasty rumours since you left, stories, about faithless women. Let me assure you that it is mostly idle stuff and deliberate lies cooked up by your fellow soldiers, amongst others, who would distract attention from their own hypocrisy, and weakness. Anyhow, the number is small and the percentage insignificant — (would that the Army's record were a tenth as good.)

Let me see, now, you've been over here from two weeks to two years — possibly more. But you needn't destroy your prospects for a happy future, on these few years. You're going back soon, and when you do, there will be ample time to arrange the happiness to come. Anyway, here's the set — up: If you are strong, you will make and keep a new resolution of faith; if not, no one will force you to keep it. In fact, the Army itself unintentionally encourages your filthy lust, but it is not really at fault since it is only trying to protect you against the dangers of your perverted passion. Sure, fella, go ahead and enjoy yourself. What the devil, you can't be expected to hold out so long — it isn't natural! (Oh, I see, women are different, THEY don't have to but you do! That's not true and you know it.) Well, you'd better get your money's worth 'cause it ain't for free. Here's your bill, soldier:

You cannot hide the truth for long, and when she does find out, she'll drop you like a hot potato. You can betray your sweetheart for a reasonably low price — a broken heart, and a big disappointment. It's just as well for her in the long run, for she's too good for you. But I forgot—you're married! guess I gave you the wrong check, bud—THIS is going to cost a little more—and no free lunches. If you dragged Mom and Sis into the mess, the price is still higher, for all of these people know what you've been doing from the degenerating effect it is right now having on your character and personality. They would much

