

THE TOWER

464th BOMB
GROUP

"People who only look out for Number One
never add up to much"



Storm Shatters Shoo-Shoo



Back Row (left to right): Lt. "Hank" Baraczewski, 777th; M Sgt Charles Utley, 777th; S/Sgt Jim McRae, 775th; T/Sgt "Red" Coyne, 777th; Cpl "Mac" McKirgan, 779
Front Row (left to right): Sgt Jack Johnson, 777th; Pfc James Massar, 776th; "What is it" Fucello, 777th; Sgt Frank Dean, 777th; 1st Sgt "Walt" Morgan, 777th

GROUP FIVE TAKES FIVE

Resuming their old winning stride, the 464th made it five wins in a row by defeating the 55th Bomb Wing by a score of 36 to 28; the 1151st Signal Co., 42 to 23; and having the 1247th forfeit their game to us.

The next scheduled game will be with the 465th Bomb Group on 9 January in Spinazzola at 2030. Those wishing to attend may do so by reporting to the Special Service Office at 1800 on the night of the game.

Since the formation of the basketball tournament, sponsored by the 323rd Service Group, one of the strongest contenders to emerge has been our own 464th Bomb Gp team.

Made up of a collection of stars from the four corners of the States, the 64th-ers are providing enough punch to cause other outfits to sit up and take notice.

Formerly with Notre Dame, Lt. Baraczewski, a recent addition to the team, has provided just the spark needed to complete a nicely rounded outfit. M. Sgt Utley, formerly with the House of David, a semi-pro team, has proven himself one of the cleverest ball-handlers seen around these parts. Sgt Johnson of the 777th gained his good basket-ball sense while proving himself All-Minnesota State calibre. Jimmy Massar of the 776th, commonly known as "The Flash", provides the speed while F/Sgt Morgan of the 777th the bronco-busting type, supplies the hard-playing strength. S/Sgt McRae from the Panhandle, a master of deceptive ball-playing, has been a consistent high scorer.

Dean, Coyne, Cooper and McKirgan supply the excellent relief.

To date there is only one team left to beat, the 323rd Hq team. When this is done our team will be on the top of the heap. Standings of the top two teams are as follows:

323rd	won 10	lost 0
464th	won 11	lost 1

FLASH! During the month of December there was a total attendance of 7081 at 70 different services, classes, and concerts in Memorial Chapel.

DUE TO CENSORSHIP REGULATIONS
THIS PAPER MAY NOT BE SENT HOME.

QUEEN OF THE SKIES FINDS SNOWY GRAVE

As the plane touched the runway red flares shot up from the tower. As she came to a halt flurries of snow swirled about the nose and shot back like white arrows in the slipstream. The runway markers only a few hundred yards away were invisible. The crew congratulated themselves on getting in just in time.

But somewhere up in the fog motors still droned. A B-24 was looking for a landing and couldn't find the field. She had ice on her wings — at 55 inches and 2700 rpm she could scarcely keep going. The sound of the motors muttered off eastward, then stopped. There was a muffled boom — and "Shoo-Shoo Baby", veteran of the Seventy-Ninth, lay shattered in death. It was January first 1945.

Just a year back, in January 1944, was another icy day. The wind from the prairies whistled round and through the engineering shack at Pocatello. The night clerk sleepily got up to receive a Form 41-B, then entered in colored chalk on the status board the details of a new ship — "458; Airplane time 10:00 hours". "Shoo-Shoo Baby" was fresh from the makers, ready for an outstanding combat career.

Smokey Halonen was her crew chief, with Windy and later Lawrence as his assistants. They gave her the first of many inspections and set to work to get her in shape.

Capt Shoemaker and his boys tested her and flew her and brought her overseas. Thelen was co-pilot, Litman was navigator, and Modlin, bombardier. Her engineer was Holt. Fleming handled the radio. Koske, Onidi, Carrick, and Farrell completed the crew.

It was a well balanced team.

INSIDE THE SEVENTY - SEVENTH

Without one little pang of regret, we bid goodbye to 1944. To Christmas. To New Years. To any reason for celebration. Gee! How we dislike holidays. For you who have been in hiding during the fracas whether under beds or in fox-holes, I have a message. "It is now perfectly safe to come out. However, if you're comfortable you might as well stay where you are".

We were extremely lucky in having so few "accidents" during the holidays. There was a mishap or two but nothing too tragic. "Egghead" Taylor turned up with a swollen eye. How he came by it is still a mystery. He didn't even try to hand us the line about the door. The beautiful friendship that sprang up between Alexander and Krebs on the boat and has continued to flourish while in Italy is momentarily on the rocks. Nothing that can't be patched up over a bottle of gin though, is it Alex?

Have you noticed how much the new house that Peterson and his friends have put up resembles the latrine? And worse, it's down in the same vicinity. After the third guy staggered in and started unrolling paper, Pete says it was evident that they'd have to put up a sign of some kind. They have.

Some people are so gullible. Remember the rumor about part of the air forces going to the infantry? We don't know whether you'd consider it proof of anything but Sgt. Morgan and a few of his friends are reported to have been seen one dark, stormy night hiking in the vicinity of Minervino. Are you holding out on us Morgan or do you just like walking back from basketball games?

Have you had K. P. lately? Then you know what a pain "pots and pans" can be on a rainy or nasty day. It has been suggested (and the suggestion sounds good to us) that someone requisition (official or the mid-night variety) some wood or tin or some sort of material and construct a cover over the wash cans. A couple of the other mess halls already have them. K. P. would still be work but more pleasant.

Oh, remember our mentioning a loud-speaker for the service-club bar last week? We have it on pretty good authority that we'll have one in a very short time. It's a deal that requires a good deal of time and diplomacy and our friend has only been working on it for a couple of weeks. Give him time!

CON MOLTO ESPRESSIONE

Last week we were honored with the presence of one Ladislav Sternberg--a great pianist indeed. Next week it will be an equally great violinist. But this week, since we could schedule no concert, patrons who seem to have chosen to remain anonymous very graciously filled in for us at the group briefing room with a variety show.

We thank the male vocal trio and the pianist for entertaining us, however it may be said of the latter that a sledge-hammer might well have done the job. Outside of them, the whole show was lousy--it stunk from the word go. The talent presented was fair at very best, but decidedly poor on the whole. Valuable time was con-

sumed by a magician who barely held his own as an artist, but he did try hard and deserves some credit. Vocals by the two young girls were inaudible from the fifth row back so I have no comment to make since I did not hear them, tho' the trio made their act at least enjoyable. All of this merely precluded the stars yet to come.

The most influential part of the high-spot was the stench that pervaded the air as these two atrocities went into their "dance". Such filth is better left undone, and *certainly unseen*. The base and lewd things of life are not the only "good entertainment". Talent is scarce, we know, but not so as to justify such a ridiculous absurdity as wasted our time on the eve of a new year.

Please, dear reader, accept our apologies--for the concerts will recommence immediately. Come to the next one on the eighth at 1830.

THE 778th SPOTLIGHT

Proof of the infallibility of the adage that there is no accounting for peoples taste was proven New Years Eve by Master Sergeant Lebuda. Shortly after the start of the New Year any one walking along the taxiway near Master Sergeant Chadwick's Cocktail Lounge would have seen what at first glance appeared to be a red billed duck swimming in a pond of muddy water, but which was in reality Master Sergeant Lebuda and his Red Mustache. There are several schools of thought on just how the Great One landed in such a predicament. The Great One says that he jumped in the pond to demonstrate his proficiency in aquatic sports but according to Lt Klimpel, Ace Pritzl thought he needed a bath and pushed him in. — Our Master Sergeant (Colonel) Courtright went slumming New Years Eve, making an extensive tour of the reputedly better clubs. After closing three clubs, Sergeant Courtright decided they were a pretty dull bunch along Officers Row and returned to the Enlisted Men's area looking for a live time. — Another Champion loses his title and this time its Corporal Calamari who at one time made the claim that his was a caste iron stomach. His tent mates will tell you that the one man who could not get up on New Years day was this same one and only. — Who was the dastard who swiped those P X Supplies while Corporal McLaughlin was out greeting a New Year? — THIS AIN'T THE ARMY. In order that Pvt Senior report for detail promptly the Orderly Room not only has the CQ wake him and pull a check a half hour later but also provides a one man escort to see that he gets there. — There is nothing like a good MIA guard and this Squadron really has a good one. We assure you that it wasn't his fault some one managed to steal the metal tent top while he was sleeping. Some one else managed to clip his stove pipe. That MIA property really is in safe hands. — Thats alright Henry Aldrich, we will cut you some more stove pipe. — To each of us here at least once each day is brought to mind with realistic clarity, some of the privations of our pioneer forefathers when we sit on one of these windswept thrones. — The thirst for knowledge in this Squadron seems to have been strictly verbal. When the notice was posted requesting those who were interested in taking courses to meet to discuss the matter, only one man showed up. Where are all these aspirants for book larning? — On this past Pay Day the Service Club came thru with a hundred percent dividend on the initial investment and, in all probability there will be another one ere too long a period passes. This is despite the fact our club has not been able to operate continuously due to the lack of an electric power unit. — Our oven was pretty good while it lasted but it didn't last long. However Staff Sergeant Thorud has learned one lesson and that is not to leave Sgt Parham and a box of matches and his oven alone. A new oven is under construction at present and will be in operation in a week or ten days.

This is your reporter combination T/Sgt A. J. Griek and S/Sgt W. J. Clark saying CHEERIO.

THE TOWER

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

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Results tell the tale. "Shoo-Shoo Baby" made 63 combat sorties — 84 missions — without anybody killed. She saw all her original crew off to the States with only a single Purple Heart. She won Smokey a Bronze Star for an unbroken run of 46 sorties without an early return or a major repair. And they were not all milk runs either. There was the time a ship exploded right in front of her and showered her with debris. There was the time a shell exploded in her tail turret and broke all the glass. Once forty fighters jumped her. She shot down six and got away. Another time, when Capt Shymanski took her to Germany,

she almost ran out of gas. They had to throw overboard "everything but the engines" to get back to friendly territory. But every time she came through. When they finally took out her guns and turned her out to grass she had 14 enemy fighters to her credit, and more missions than any other individual in the Seventy-Ninth. But you can't keep a good plane down. A toothless though willing workhorse, she still took crews to rest camp, made trips to Rome, Naples and Bari. It was on one of these that she finally met her end. But even in death she spared her crew and held gallantly on till all had bailed to safety.

Salute to a fine old lady!

A SEVENTY-NINER

WANT AD....

ANY ONE INTERESTED IN
JOINING A GROUP ORCHE-
STRA, PLEASE GET IN
TOUCH WITH CORPORAL
BOB TALIRICO OF THE
778th...

Chaplain's Flimsy**THE OUTSIDE OF THE CUP**

A few days ago I washed a soldier's neck. When he entered my office I saw that he was in great need of a scrubbing so I went to work. I feared at first that he might be offended, but the warm water and soap were so pleasing to him he purred quietly as I worked. The contrast I had created by washing his neck compelled me to move on to his ears and face. By the time I had finished he looked like a different man; he felt better too; his morale was up a dozen points.

Ordinarily I confine my efforts to the inside of the cup but since it is said that Cleanliness is next to Godliness I'll write this week on keeping clean. Morale is very closely related to cleanliness. I came back to my office after making a long cold trip last night, feeling chilled and miserable, but a bit of warm water, a bar of soap, and a wash cloth made me feel fit again. The wash cloth by the way is essential. You may get your hands respectably clean and your face shining but unless you use a wash cloth the back of your neck and ears are sure to suffer.

It is not easy to keep clean. The soot, the scarcity of water and the cold make it difficult, but it's possible and worth the effort. We can forgive people for being poor but never for being unclean. We are poor in materials which are commonly used in keeping clean, but then a tiled bath room with tub is not necessary. Get a gallon of warm water, a bar of soap, the blessed wash cloth and go to work. If you are really feeling low come to see the Chaplain, but first take his advice on keeping clean and see if you don't feel better.

Chaplain EASTWOOD

**Good Will
Toward Men**

As the New Year gets under way, my conscience bothers me just a little and I'm wondering if all is fair in war as they say. The feeling I have in this regard is that we have in our control more and better means to show respect and admiration for those people involved in the war, fighting next to us - our allies. We, in combat, should not put ourselves aloof from this need even though we are indeed applying all our efforts toward a quick end to the war. This is OUR fight as well as England's and Russia's - it is everybody's fight. It is a war against fascism, which is all the evils of hate and slavery combined; and it belongs to all who would have the earth a happy place on which to dwell. It is the war of good against evil, both at home and abroad.

The battle costs lives — bullets know no nationality — and with each 20 seconds at least one life will go. We, all of us, who have strived to defeat the enemy in any of the many possible ways, deserve credit and praise for it.

But the willingness to give credit should be extended even more to the many others who have fought long before us. The Chinese have been fighting our enemy since 1932 - the underground and partisans movements in Europe (especially those in Germany and Italy) nearly as long, the English and Russians since '39 and '41 respectively and they are still fighting this common enemy. As is quite obvious, therefore, they have lost more lives and property and have had far more hardship and suffering than we, though I do not wish to play down the tragedy of our own battle fronts. The Russians have lost well over three and a half million and the British and French at least two. (The score on the Chinese is unavailable and the European underground, unknown). That, but for the grace of God could be our own toll - but we have been somewhat more fortunate as a nation - one figure puts our loss at less than a quarter of a million. Is it not so, then, that we owe credit and praise to our friends of other nations?

Why then all the talk of war debts? They GAVE their lives - let us GIVE our share. The British, it is said, owe us a huge debt for supplies. Let us write it off in a spirit of gratitude for the lives that they cannot collect. In effect let us befriend the Russians, join the English, help the Italians and assist even the Germans themselves when the fighting is over so that ALL men can really be brothers.