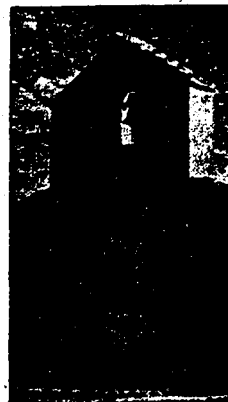


# THE TOWER

464th BOMB  
GROUP

IT'S NOT WHAT WE HAVE TO  
FACE, BUT HOW WE FACE IT.



## S N O W

### I

*And so it came, on the wings of the dawn's grey clouds.  
Floating down it covered the hills and valleys with a  
cloak of virginal whiteness.  
As if seeking to still their mighty wings, and yet  
protect them,  
It shrouded the mighty man-birds within it's glittering  
embrace.  
On the hillside, huts and tents, disguised under it's weight,  
billowed forth spirals of fire, evidence of the warmth  
within.*

### II

*As though at a signal all was stilled.  
The movement of men, the murmur of the winds, the  
quiet waving of boughs,  
All became intent on the softly falling flakes.  
Overflowing the heavens, it fell upon the soft shoulders  
of nature,  
Until, at last, the shimmering sequins of winter lay still.  
Then the boughs, swaying in rhythm,  
With the tempo of the air, prodded the curiosity of man.  
He emerged onto the white carpet, murmuring at  
nature's beauty.*

### III

*Life resumed it's trend.  
The winds danced and played, man worked and added  
his joy and voice to his movements.*

### IV

*Slowly it all changed.  
The dark face of the earth showed through where man  
had trod.  
The murmur of the winds became a shout, tiny swirls  
became miniature fallings.  
The fantastic designs created by man altered the whole  
panorama.  
The whiteness was turned to brown ugliness, while tiny  
rivulets formed growing streams.  
The hillside village slowly came out from it's hiding and  
the silvery outlines of the man-birds emerged.*

### V

*And so it went.  
Leaving only the sheerness of its beauty, imprinted  
upon the mind of man.  
A beauty to be sought, wonderingly admired.  
The beauty of a new fallen snow.*

"HOWIE" FARLING

## Our Neighbors in White

There is an outfit nearby which deserves more than the passing attention that it usually gets. It's a small organization, probably not totaling over one hundred officers and enlisted men, all told. It's a non-combat unit, yet its men have at times performed acts of quiet heroism to rank with the bravest front line soldier or flyer. It's a clean, neat, and quiet place, this field hospital, yet its staff has known long periods of desert warfare, and have seen the better part of two winters on Italian soil.

I recently spent a short period of time in the hospital, due to a foot infection. And so many interesting and amusing things happened while I was there that I feel it is worth while to pass them on to you. Many of you will recognize the people of whom I write, and my only hope is that I may do them justice.

The nurses were all grand to us. They seemed tireless, working a twelve hour day or night shift, and then coming to visit the wards after hours, to see how a particularly bad case was coming along, or to stop and chat a while. All of them were old hands at this overseas business. The head nurse has been on this side of the water for 28 months, and the rest of them have from 16 to 24 months over here. A soft-spoken Carolina girl gave us something to consider one evening with her tales of front line fifth-army fighting. She told, in the most matter of fact way, of being shelled, and seeing sights that only the combat soldier is supposed to see.

The ward boys, the enlisted men who also work a daily twelve hour shift, and do the heavy work around the wards, were very competent. Our ward man was as professional as a doctor himself, and took great pride in the cleanliness and order of his section. His jokes and puns kept the ward in an uproar much of the time. Laughter is one of the best medicines in this melancholy world.

I shall never forget the morning that we presented our ward boy with the "Order of the White Duck". A "duck" is no more than a glorified chamber pot, made to size. One morning as our ward man carried out the umpteenth "duck" he informed us that when he had carried and emptied 10,000 of them he should be eligible for some kind of medal. We undertook to see that he was given his award. One of the patients with a flair for carving made a beautiful miniature soap "duck", and completed the medal with ribbon and safety pin. A helpful nurse gave us hints on the wording of the presentation, and it was duly made. Our sergeant received

## STOP THIEF!

Fisher scores again. Recently Henry's knack for being in the right place at the right time stood the whole headquarters detachment in good stead. Rounding the corner of our mess hall one night he spied a couple of undernourished squadrons making off with a healthy supply of our eggs. Immediately giving chase, he snagged the culprits half way across the camp before forcing them to drop their ill-gotten prize. We hereby bestow upon Henry our official vote of thanks. He really brought home the bacon that time.

## THE TOWER

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

## Editor

Chaplain EASTWOOD

## Associate editors

GEORGE H. MERRIAM

JOHN T. BLAIR

## Typist

HOWARD WALKER

his "Order of the White Duck" for "suffering mental wounds while serving under ridicule" and was told that while most awards carry a small addition to the paycheck, this one called for a monthly deduction of two dollars.

Many men have complained of the tediousness of hospital confinement. This outfit has done everything in its power to combat that boredom. They have an excellent library a good record collection, a fine dayroom for the walking patients, and a radio in nearly every ward. For the man who likes to doodle there is a selection of puzzles to keep him busy for hours. The U.S.O. circuit hits our hospital. There are movies almost daily, and religious services are regularly held.

Yes, it is quite a place. If you do have to go there, you may be sure of the best care, the best food, and the finest medicine possible. In a recent inspection carried out all over this Italian theatre our field hospital carried off top honors. We are fortunate to have such an organization serving us.

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

CON MOLTO  
ESPRESSIONE

Nearly every day in the chapel a young man — not too well known in the group — practices singing; he's a tenor and a good one — hopes to be a concert vocalist someday. In the not too distant future we are going to present him on a concert. And were it not for the fact that Miss Vernole sang so well, it might be said that you missed a good performance. You see, Sgt Rose was "standing by" to pinch-hit in the event of her failure to show up last Monday due to bad weather.

But our scheduled vocals were done by this tiny voice — yet so clear and bell-like as to draw sympathetic facial expression from the audience. When she smiled, so did we — just as her seriousness sobered us. Maria Vernole sang delightfully and delicately in spite of the cold air that she had just left. Her performance may go on record as another triumph of art in our series. The 24 year old conductor of the Bari Symphony, who accompanied her, is going to bring three members of his group to form a quartet. This, you can be sure, will be the best of all—Monday at 1830 you have a date.

Incidentally, Special Service is organizing a show of local talent. If you know of or have any specialty, please help out by reporting to them.

**CLASSES IN CONVERSATIONAL  
GERMAN WILL BE HELD IN THE  
REAR OF THE CHAPEL ON TUES-  
DAY AND FRIDAY AT 2000.**

## BE YOUR OWN

## FORTUNE-TELLER

Throughout the ages nothing has fascinated man more than the idea of being able to see into the future. The army is giving each of us a chance to do just that—to see into the future. I think I am justified in holding such an opinion for the odds are that what we make of ourselves in the army is a forecast of what we will make of ourselves when released from the army. Of course, this will not hold good in every instance, but I'm positive it will be true in the majority of cases.

There are millions of young men who, since their induction into the army, "just don't give a hang". If we adopt such an attitude in the army, it will be a Herculean task to drop it once the war is over. What we do now is being molded into our character, it is becoming a part of our nature. In our hearts we might resolve to do differently when we are with our dear ones once again, but we will find that the habits of the past two or three years have left their mark upon us, and that however hard we try to rid ourselves of them, they will keep on shadowing us. We cannot cast off old habits as we cast off soiled garments.

I do not wish to give the impression that if we are not "successful" in the army we won't be in civil life. I am merely asserting that the type of person we are in the army is a fair indication of the type of person we are going to be back home. It's not the rank or rating I'm thinking of, but the man himself.

There is a bright side to this personal fortune-telling business too. A story is told of a young prince who, from infancy, was homely and deformed. One day while sitting dejectedly by a roadside he chanced to observe a man of noble rank passing on his charger, and this young prince became so impressed by the carriage and elegance of the nobleman that he resolved then and there to be as handsome and as elegant. Years passed before the youth again showed himself in public, and the people marveled when they saw him, for he was indeed elegant. In this case the prince was his own fortune-teller. He had a glimpse of the type of person he wanted to be and his whole nature was imbued with that one purpose. The idea grew on him and became so all-absorbing that it effected a physical transformation in his person.

Yes, I think it's a much better idea to tell our own fortune, for the decision of making a choice is left squarely up to us. We can peer into the future and see ourselves as rogues—or world citizens.

Jemuel J. Archbold

## Chaplain's Flimsy

## FRIENDSHIP

I saw a wonderful sight tonight. It was about the finest sight those of us so far from home can ever see. It was a pile of mail on my desk. Much of it was Christmas mail arriving late but it was very welcome. My mother told me of the Christmas dinner and my wife of the presents I had sent from Italy, but the messages I want to think of now are those which came from friends.

A farmer took me back across his fields where we had walked on an autumn day. A college professor called me to his study where he assured me of his interest in my work. A fellow minister sent his greeting and a friend from barefoot boyhood brought back memories that has magic in them.

What a wonderful thing it is to have friends. Association with them has given them a mysterious and hidden power to cheer comfort and inspire us, which the stranger can never have. They possess a medicine for all our ills. Their private esteem and love is worth more than all the public praise the world can give.

The price of friendship is always the same. It asks just what it gives. If we are to have friends we must give ourselves in friendship. It is a pure pleasure which the self-centered, the lovers of power and grandeur, can never know. You may have authority over others but you cannot have their hearts until you give your own.

The only purpose of this article is to encourage you to make new friendships all along the way and to keep all the old ones in repair. Never lose a friend no matter how humble he may be. There is no limit to the number you may have. Remember that wherever people are found, a constant giving in sacrificial love will yield an ever present harvest of unending joy.

Chaplain EASTWOOD

## STORM OVER GERMANY

*T/Sgt Roger (Star-Studded) Storm, the pride and joy of Rockford, Illinois and childhood sweetheart of Barbara Hale, the movie star, has informed his parents that he has received two battle stars for his theater ribbon and the Air Medal for meritorious achievement over enemy territory. Storm an M.O.S. 748, also received the Good Conduct Ribbon eleven months ago, and expects the cluster soon.*

## Kriegs Gefangener Hit the Silk!

The following are names which will be familiar to many. They are flyers who were at one time with us but are now sweating out the war in German prison camps. Information has come to us through army channels or from the next of kin.

2nd Lt. Thomas Nelson Vague  
 2nd Lt. James Edward Meyer  
 2nd Lt. Leavitt Alonao Shertzer Jr.  
 Sgt. John F. D'Amore  
 S/Sgt. Marvin J. Miller  
 Capt. Virgil P. Leverett Jr.  
 1st Lt. Clifton W. Selby  
 1st Lt. Robert L. Weinberg  
 1st Lt. Charles R. Skinner  
 S/Sgt. Russell S. Butcher Jr.  
 S/Sgt. Thomas R. Monacelli  
 2nd Lt. John W. Lindsay  
 2nd Lt. Richard J. Witt  
 T/Sgt. John R. Lonsdorf  
 S/Sgt. John Krogstadt  
 T/Sgt. Lyndle K. Clark  
 S/Sgt. James T. Hutchinson  
 S/Sgt. Raymond L. Hadden  
 1st Lt. Robert G. Keller  
 Sgt. Sidney L. Elder

More names will appear next week. If you should receive news of those who are reported "missing" we hope you will give it to us in order that it may be printed here.

### MOVIES FOR THE WEEK

Tuesday and Wednesday,  
 January 30 & 31

"SUMMER STORM"

Linda Darnell  
 and George Saunders

Thursday and Friday

"MUSIC IN MANHATTEN"

Anne Shirley  
 and Dennis O'Keefe

Saturday and Sunday

"LADIES OF WASHINGTON"

Ronald Graham  
 and Trudy Marshall

FOR SALE

Radio-Phonograph combo. 778th  
 Service club.

Have you ever bailed out of an airplane that was too badly shot up to fly or was out of gas or on fire? How did you feel and what were your thoughts that last split second when you stopped riding and began falling? What sensation of motion did you experience during your free fall?

Most of us have been fortunate enough to have racked up a few sorties without having had these questions answered for us through personal experience. Maybe we've sweated out a "prepare to bail out" signal and when the danger had passed began to wonder what it would have been like and whether we'd have lost the "butterflies" in our stomach after the chute opened, etc.

For the answers to a few of these questions we've asked three fellows, Sergeants Joe Kamantis, Jim McCambridge, and Stanley Skowronski (who claims he's really an Irishman no matter how it sounds) what the score is. All three are members of Lt O'Conner's crew and just the other day made their second descent "Via nylon" almost on the end of the runway. The first time it was in allied controlled territory for the lads and their umbrellas.

"One thing about it", says Skowronski, "it's never a bore", (which just goes to prove he's not Irish. Can you imagine an Irishman trying to pass off an old chestnut like that?)

"You can't control your hands or feet for the first three or four seconds because you're spinning too fast," states McCambridge. We asked Jim to elaborate on that one, and he informs us that immediately upon leaving the ship he seemed to be caught in the slip-stream. At any rate, he seemed to slow down considerably after a few seconds and then pulling the rip-cord became a simple task.

Joe Kamantis, who, incidentally has both rip-cord rings to prove it to his grand-children, really gave us the low-down. "I was undressing preparatory to landing when the order came to abandon ship. My chute harness was lying on the floor beside me but I was outside in about thirty seconds." (Which makes us wonder what took him so long?) "There is no terrific sensation of falling until you get close to the ground and then you really travel. What was I thinking about just before I left the ship? Only that it was a darn sight safer outside than in."

The boys all agree that the rough moment is the one when you hit the ground. "The finale", as Joe termed it, "can be pretty rough. You're lucky if you land in a tree, it cushions your fall." Then we put the big question to all three: "If you had a 50-50 chance to jump or ride the ship down to a crash landing, what would you elect to do?" We've made two, they chorused, "we'd make it three in a row."

T/Sgt James R. Doherty 778th

## THE 778<sup>th</sup> SPOTLIGHT

As we are writing this column the Order of the Wooden Mallet is planning one of its semi-occasional gatherings. This one is to commemorate the coming departure of Lt. Rust. For a time it seemed that the gathering would have to be held in the Bari Guardhouse to accommodate M/Sgts Chadwick and Courtright. However due to a fortunate change of events the Sergeants are still with us and the meeting will be held at the 778th Officers' Club. — Speaking of celebrations, different men in the Squadron have made mention of their desire for an affair in honor (or regret) of having spent one year overseas. There seems to be two schools of thought on the subject. One group favors 22 February while the other proposes that 19 March be the day for the event. Inasmuch as this is a Squadron party it has been suggested that the First Sergeant be the one to arrange the wine and dining of the enlisted men of this Squadron. — After several months of effort the Enlisted Men's Council has finally succeeded in effecting the reinstatement of Italians as Mess Attendants. This should serve to lighten the burden of the hard working Ordnance, Armament, Communications and Engineering Sections who have been bearing the brunt in performing this tedious task. — It seems that S/Sgt Loretz appeared in the glory of a store bought shave the other day. However the general effect was marred by the Halo of grease that remained in the places the Barber missed. — M/Sgt R. W. Perdue after four weeks of a correspondence course in Algebra and Geometry, has decided that Wentworth and Smith are all wrong. He is now working on his new book "Perdue's Simplified Mathematics For Morons". — We have it from undisputedly reliable sources that Sgt Earl Hoover has to be fed his cognac and egg with a spoon. Some people have strange habits. — A few of the boys on the line maintain that T/Sgt Kaplan and Sgt Butler are in the minor league when it comes chow time. S/Sgt Sagan has established a Pantanella record for the two hundred yard dash from his tent to the mess hall. — We couldn't believe our eyes last Sunday night when Corporal Isacco donned his "Booby Socks" and jumped on the early chow truck in order to have a good seat at the showing of "Step Lively", featuring the "Voice". — We would like an answer to this question, "Where does Corporal Yeah Vul Guzo spend these lonely wet evenings". — What crew is it that cheers their pilot on with the following jibe, "Go ahead Hero fly it yourself" and "Yeah get another cluster for your Air Medal"?

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

