

# THE TOWER

464th BOMB  
GROUP

HOW FEW THINK JUSTLY OF THE THINKING FEW  
HOW MANY THINK THEY THINK, WHO NEVER DO.

ELBERT HUBBARD

## WHAT'S THAT CAR?

Civilian automobiles are fairly scarce around Italy just now, due to the gasoline shortage and the fact that none have been manufactured since 1939. You do see quite a number, however, in the larger towns, and the GI often wonders how they compare with our own.

The first thing to realise is that European and American automobiles are built to suit different sets of conditions. In the States gas is cheap and plentiful, automobile taxes are low, and the average man has a good deal of money to spend. Distances are large, the roads are straight but often far from smooth. The result is an enormous market for large, heavy, softly sprung cars which will carry 6 people over long distances at high speeds. Weight, gas consumption and cornering ability are secondary.

In Europe conditions are very different. Taxes are high, especially on big vehicles. Gas has to be hauled long distances and is costly. The roads are winding, studded with towns, and (excluding country lanes which have been torn up by GI trucks for a couple of years without repairs) fairly smooth. The result is an emphasis on low gas consumption, small engines developing high power per pound, and ability to hold the road. Cars tend to be light, low-built and firmly sprung.

They actually divide into two classes: the ordinary man's run about and the rich man's custom-built luxury wagon. The former are small mass-produced vehicles weighing from 1000 to 2500 pounds and doing thirty to fifty miles on a gallon of gas. The latter tend to be large and fast with an emphasis on individuality and extreme elegance of coachwork. They are among the finest quality engineering products to be found, but cost a mint of money.

In subsequent articles we will examine some individual examples of each type, especially those to be found in Italy, and see how they stack up to the needs of the people who own them.

J T BLAIR

## A Nocturnal Phantasy

*The night is still and peaceful,  
And the only sounds at all,  
Are whispers of a gentle breeze,  
The night bird's lonely call.*

*And the earth is veiled in darkness,  
A thin moon's work in grey,  
And there's naught that might remind  
one,*

*Of the pastel shades of day.*

*And the faded stars lie twinkling,  
In the great expanse on high,  
And the winds among the bushes,  
Softly moan and gently sigh.*

*And the hill and fertile valley,  
Show no trace of light or life,  
But sleep in peaceful silence,  
In retreat from daytime's strife.*

*And deeper in the valley,  
The river, wide and free,  
Wends its swift and twisted pattern,  
To the far-off, grumbling sea.*

*And all of earth's wild creatures,  
The bird, the lion, the fawn,  
Sleep in safety from the hunter,  
With their only dread, the dawn.*

*Yes, the world is dark and peaceful,  
In defiance of the sun,  
The night, a brave opponent,  
In a battle never won.*

*In these dreary, noiseless hours,  
So dear to beast and man,  
Every creature sleeps in glory,  
That is, every one that can.*

*But I, myself, am waiting,  
Till the midnight hour draws nigh,  
Then I'll strike in utter quietness,  
At that plywood by "Supply."*

JKG

## DEVICES SPEED WORK

CHANEY, HARVEY, MILLER,  
BRINKERHOFF *edited.*

Congrats to the newly decorated. Harvey, and Chaney, and Miller, and Brinkerhoff of the 79th all got Bronze Stars this week. Harvey devised an instrument checking device which has resulted in the instruments on our planes being accurate and on the dot. Chaney built a test set that finds electrical faults, flak holes in the wires, and shorts in the circuits so accurately that he has the ships back in commission before the pilot has finished writing up the faults. Snuffy got one plane to fly 30 consecutive missions and another to fly 20, which is hot stuff in anybody's language. Brink got his to fly 40, and in addition worked out a way of changing engines in half the time it took before. Good work boys!

## IDEAS HAVE LEGS

The catchy title that you see above introduces one of the finest volumes I have read. It is not fine because of the author or his style, but because of what it has to tell all of us.

"Ideas Have Legs," was written by Peter Howard, and published in January of 1945 by Frederick Muller Ltd., of London. It is a straight forward account of a revolutionary movement, one that is centuries old, yet ever new to those who meet and accept it in their lives. "Ideas have Legs" is the story of a man, one Peter Howard, who was a successful and influential English political columnist. He was at one time Lord Beaverbrook's prize parliamentary reporter. As a Fleet Street journalist he learned his craft well, and proficiently. During seven years as a political writer he came to know the men that made and unmade nations. He learned the way they lived, he saw the good, and the bad, the industrious and the slackers. During this time Peter Howard became what most of the world would call a success. He had a guaranteed position as a columnist. He was married to a beautiful woman who bore him three fine children. He was at the top of his heap. But he was not happy. Something basic was lacking in his life.

Peter Howard lived and lives in the same world that we do. He saw and sees the same things we see, the homes ruined by divorce, the foggy leadership in high places, the ever encroaching waves of Fascism on the one hand and Communism on the other. In the democratic nations he could see the ever widening split between management and labor, brought on by management's bullheadedness and desire for selfish gain, and equally by labor's bullheadedness and desire for selfish gain. The world was, and is sick, and we don't have to be Peter Howard to understand this.

"I was fresh from a meeting with some of the leading statesmen of Britain, at which many of the things said had incensed me by their complacency. At luncheon I launched into a criticism of these statesmen.

The man sitting next me said, "You know, criticism is not much

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good by itself. Any fool can do it, and most fools do."

Then he went on, "I believe the men of the future are those who match their criticism with cure."

I looked at this fellow with asperity. I was not accustomed to be spoken to in such a manner by people unknown to myself and therefore of small importance to me. I said sharply, "Death is the only permanent cure for some of our politicians."

He replied, "That is the mistake so many people like you make, if I may say so. Everybody says the world ought to be different. But only a few people know it can happen."

I laughed with scorn and said, "You're not suggesting you have got some secret that will change the world, are you?"

This man answered, "No. I'm not suggesting anything. I'm telling you. It is the forgotten factor that will turn the tide of history. It will affect the future more fundamentally than the discovery of wireless, print, steam, or the internal combustion engine affected the past. It is not theory. It is fact. I have tried it."

I took a good look at this fellow. I saw he was no crank. Indeed he seemed one of the sanest men I ever had met. I realized that if what he told me was true, it was the most important thing in the world, the biggest newspaper story I ever had had the luck to find. I asked him questions.

Later on, after luncheon was over, this man told me his secret, and how it could become available to me. I decided to make trial of the adventure."

**Chaplain's Flimsy**

One afternoon last week, shortly after the planes had returned from a mission, I met two young men coming out of the chapel. I knew by the happy expression on their faces that they had completed their sorties and had stopped to express their gratitude to God. I hope that all our men who turn to God for help on the bomb run, will remember to say a prayer of thanksgiving when the danger is past.

Far too often we forgot to be grateful. As Jesus entered into a certain village one day, ten lepers lifted up their voices and cried unto him from a distance saying, "Jesus, Master, have mercy on us". And when Jesus saw them, he said unto them, "Go show yourselves unto the priests". And it came to pass, that, as they went, they were cleansed. Now one of them when he saw that he was healed, turned back, and glorified God. He fell down on his face at the feet of Jesus giving him thanks. Jesus asked what had become of the other nine who were cleansed but no answer was given. Perhaps they felt so strong and self-reliant when they were free from the disease that they took credit for healing themselves. Perhaps they were so anxious to celebrate they had no time for gratitude. Whatever their reason may have been, they will always be remembered as ungrateful men. Forbid that we should fail to give God thanks and be classed as ingrates by both God and the neighbors.

O God, Thou who hast given so much to me, give one thing more - a grateful heart.

Chaplain EASTWOOD

The trial that Peter Howard made, and the change it brought in his life makes exciting reading. He left Fleet Street with his wife and children to begin a new life on a Suffolk farm. Mr Howard did not go through any miracle of conversion in changing his life. He simply applied the truths that were there for him to use and which he had always shrugged off. In living his life he now thought of others before himself, dared to tell the truth, at all costs, and did his best to follow whatever he felt was God's plan for him. He took Christianity into his life and made it work. In doing so he had more fun and a greater effect on his country than at the height of his newspaper success. This book is stern stuff and worthy of more than one reading. It deserves the attention of every man who sincerely wants to make a fresh start, and means business.

John T. Blair has a copy of this book. More copies are being ordered which will be placed in the library.

G. H. Merriam

**HEROES ARE MADE NOT BORN**

Officially it's known as the Public Relations Office. To the five completely uninhabited characters that operate it, it's known as poop and propaganda. It's purpose, officially, is to let the folks back home know the little sidelights of a soldier's career overseas. To the men that run it-the mission is to make every man a hero.

Day after day, stories and pictures roll out of the "PRO Station" for release in the states. Promotions, awards, rough missions, an engine change and somebody's pet dog having pups is all grist for the mill that winds up in a newspaper back home days later.

The mission is covered at interrogation and a crew man's own words of what he saw, how he felt, is called to higher headquarters to be incorporated into the handouts that become the headlines of tomorrow. Combat men and ground personnel are given an opportunity to tell the story to the folks back home by way of electrical transcriptions that are used in the local radio stations.

So anyone that wants a bit in their home-town paper just drop in--heroes are made not born.

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

**HOBNOBBING WITH HEADQUARTERS**

Our first ballgame ended up entirely in our favor in every department. We lost track of the score sometime during the first inning after batting nearly twice around. Lt. Jaton was starting pitcher for the officers but received no support - from the EM, and was soon replaced by Chaplain Eastwood. The chaplain succeeded in shutting us out with no more than 15 runs. The highlight of the game was the brilliant form Lt. Bishop exhibited in getting out of the way of a hard smash at his third sack post. Better yet was to hear him tell about it later.

**CORRECTION** - our new MAC officer spells his name Greenhalgh rather than Greenhight as we had it in last week's paper.

Wirka has finally condescended to grant us again the favor of his presence in our midst. By this means and that he managed to stretch his Rome leave into 13 days of who knows what. He insists that the girls there are the most beautiful he ever hopes to see. A sure sign of combat fatigue. Dadisman succeeded in getting a pretty fair amount of Rome time to his credit also.

Hats off to a quiet, uncomplaining sort of fellow who sees that his job is done and done well. Walsh never has much griping to do and never carries a chip on his shoulder but he always seems to be in the right place at the right time.

A vote of thanks to Joe Grass for the A-1 job he is doing on our electricity. We don't know whether or not it's intentional, but that dim-out just before the power goes off gives us just time enough to get comfortably situated in the sack before being plunged into darkness.

WALKER

**"ACE" Martin Finished up Today**

*The hill was really packed  
To see this great display  
The smoldering boulder of  
The group ended up today!  
A speck on the horizon a  
cheer came from the throng  
"Ace" Martin's coming in "They cried,"  
For this they'd waited long.  
He'd led his crew thru dangers  
Of molli, heavy flak.  
O'er Vienna, Munich Graz and Linz the  
heavies he would rack.  
"He's a rock! He's really hot!"  
These were comments that I heard.  
And now I strained above the crowd  
To see this giant bird.  
He dipped the wing, he dumped the nose  
A hush fell o'er the men.  
We held our breath, we saw him dive  
And dip the wings again.  
Green flares spit from every hatch,  
behind the hill he roared,  
"Old Marly's gon'ter Buzz" they cried,  
up o'er the hill he soared.  
T'was then we heard that fateful sound  
just like a thunder clap  
Alas the ace will buzz no more  
"finito" for that chap.  
In the journal of the '64th  
is writt n, sad to say,  
The story of Ace Martin,  
who finished up today.*

## 778TH SPOTLIGHT

Greetings. After two weeks of conversation on the part of T/Sgt Griek and two days' arduous labor by Walt Kumm and Sgt Cohen the showers are now in operation. We expect the Eau de Canosa odor that has permeated our area to now be dispersed by the spring breezes. - Have you heard about the feud between Sgts Thomas and Leininger. Thomas' plane has 63 sorties to her credit, and Leininger's is leading by 9 to give it 72. Keep 'em flying. - There is talk of moving the squadron dispensary to our communication's section area. So far the volley ball casualties have mounted nearly every day, due in large part to the enthusiasm with which the section plays the game. So far those wounded in action include "Mole" (It could happen to anyone) Rogers, "Moose" Maio, Robert (Who stole my crutches) Ward, and Ivan Bush. Ed Collins and P.D. Smith suffered minor injuries. "Lightning" Lee, the team's sparkplug, says the whole tragic situation may be traced down to one man, Za ...oki. tsk. - We have noticed a new and ominous structure rising from the ground behind the tent where dwells Walt Ericson, "Mother" Parker, Boyd Corpier, "Ding Dong" Bell, "Pop" Gross, and "Sharpie" Sharpsteen. This new development may be a secret weapon, though they swear it's a shower. - Turning to things of a more serious nature, is Johnny Ernst the Easter Bunny? There have been more blue "eggs" by his hardstand this last week than we want to count. - And, in an exclusive interview granted the other night S/Sgt William J. Clarke stated that he was "feeling polatoes". Hmm? That same evening we saw Ace Pritzel wandering about the area looking for two left handed boots. Funny weather we've been having lately, isn't it! - Cpl Wierschke and S/Sgt Sanders have recently returned to the line after a prolonged five days in Rome. M/Sgt (Pappy) Sheck says this will not be held against them in the least, and they will be eligible for passes immediately after the 4th of July, 1946.

## NOTICE

Regular Monday Evening meetings are held in the chapel for the purpose of discussing post-war veteran problems. A.P.C. welcomes all.

## INSIDE THE SEVENTY SEVENTH

One of the biggest highlights of our social season took place in the 777th Service Club last week. We refer, of course, to the gala anniversary party sponsored by the S.C.C. and attended by practically all of any importance (Socially speaking). The entertainment was superb and if the refreshments seemed to lack something it's simply that a years sojourn in Italia hasn't deteriorated your taste sufficiently. The show preceding the party was perhaps not quite suited to the GI's esthetic taste in some particulars. However, at least two of the performers rate rousing cheers. The GI (We think the name was Sam Jackson) pianist who sang or rather talked his version of "Frankie and Johnny" was, as the M.C. predicted, the hit of the show. Running him a very close second, though, was the magician. Does anybody know where the bird and its cage went? And we mustn't fail to credit our own two stars, KREPS and ALEXANDER, with a big share in the success of the show. KREPS' impersonation of Edward G. Robinson was almost miraculous and he was ably introduced and assisted by ALEX. Thanks fellows! We have it on good authority that the S.C.C. (your correspondent is a New Dealer) plans to make the Party an annual affair. See? Life is not quite so dull now that you have that to look forward to, is it?

"In the Spring a young man's fancy, etc!" In spite of current optimism about the European war intrepid spirits in the squadron continue to build homes, plant gardens, sod lawns (See tent 36) and otherwise entrench themselves for a long and comfortable stay here. It's all very discouraging to your correspondent and others suffering from both spring fever and a too extended tour of Italia. At least one S/Sgt though seems to be making the most of it. Tell us Warren are you positive that your interest in Cerignola is purely—Archaeology? Trulli?

But honestly doesn't life seem to have acquired a more cheerful hue now that we have SOME Italian K.P.s and since it's possible occasionally to sneak a hot (well warm anyhow) shower. Now if we could only find a couple of tireless and vigilant watch-dogs to pull guard. Whatta we want anyhow? Egg in our beer?

A toss of a Limey coin can change the destiny of man - ask Fritz Swarty. What's that we hear about the little fellow kicking Bob Gerrin off the truck enroute to the base.

Welcome to Lt Muth and crew - Glad to have you on the hill - A certain crew is still wondering whether you met enemy fighters.

It is quite embarrassing to have to snitch hot showers from the 76th EM - We're wondering?

Congrats to Grotte's engineer on his second tour - Why don't you tell us these things?

We are wondering if we couldn't get our passes in time to make the Bari bus. After hearing Frager's engineer call out control check we're wondering if Reynolds Tobacco Co. couldn't use him - you might investigate.

Thanks to Lillie for his courteous and efficient service in handling the mail. Hats off to: Those who put the bond drive over the top - Those in charge of renovating the EM mess hall.

Have you noticed the men lugging their A-3 bags up and down the hill - It becomes tiresome after a couple of months.

Here's a bit of gossip passed on from the "usually unreliable sources" of seats number seven and eleven *respectively*.

Just heard that "Swede" Larson's bunch have wandered into camp after a hectic week spent (I mean financially) at Capri. But everyone got some good out of it.

Our boy, S/Sgt Simmons should go code-happy if he doesn't stop pounding that key—but you know, the eager type.

A word of real credit goes to Sgt Holbrook who has worked so hard to keep our electric lights (those who have 'em) and radios supplied with the necessary wiring and power.

I overheard one in the outfit who must know say: The glance that over cocktails seems so sweet, May be less charming over shredded wheat.....

Congrats are in order for the new railroad tracks acquired by Capt A. Lechner and Capt Patterson. Did we leave anyone out?

Well the 77th officers' Club finally did it - The mess extension has been opened up for use.

It is the finest looking room in these parts - Come one come all and feast your eyes - And not to be excluded is the new mammoth sized gambling table - with bigger and better dice to be used on it.

Those G.I. shorts at the movies are getting shorter every week - The last ones we had covered only a little over one reel - But that doesn't stop M/Sgt Crandle - He's seen every picture shown on this base whether it has been four reels long or one half a reel.

MANDELL, WILKERSON, BURNSIDE, AND SWOFFORD

