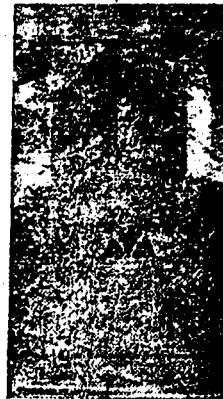


THE TOWER



464th BOMB
GROUP

"THE MEASURE OF A MAN'S CHARACTER IS WHAT HE WOULD DO IF HE KNEW HE WOULD NEVER BE FOUND OUT."

GOMES A TIME

Dreaming of the future, Bud? Or is that sleepy look worn for adornment? All right - all right. Maybe the sleepy look is none of the group Information and Education Section's business. But your future is. Want to talk about your discharge from the Army?

A lot of us sweating out induction into civilian life are happy little men dreaming of the good new days to come. Some expect that discharge paper to serve as a passport to a private paradise. Not a bad idea at all. Few of us would gripe about such a deal. Just remember, though, winning your share of the peace is going to take plenty of hard-headed, but not thick-headed, bucking.

There are going to be plenty of ex-GI's who find themselves entirely out of step with postwar conditions because they kept their heads under cover too long. Colonel Bird intends that every man in his command will have access to all the help the Army's I & E (Information and Education) program can give them for reconditioning to civilian problems.

The soldier who wears your dog tags, eats your chow and stares you in the face when you shave - where are you going to put him after the war ends? On top of the world, sitting in the sun. Or behind it after you plaster a big "8" all over its face?

Perhaps it might help to give a thumb nail sketch of the I & E picture planned for the group. The Army has come a long way in evolving its present information and education plan. Long hair methods of study have been

given a GI haircut to streamline subjects, study procedure and presentation. In Pantanello University, (the tent formerly used by Special Service), now being converted into a classroom, you will learn the latest facts, methods and procedures about the subjects YOU select. Instruction will be based on simplified class study, group discussion and personal coaching by tutors.

These study projects do NOT take the place of the regular Armed Forces Institute or University Extension correspondence courses. If you've already signed up for one of these correspondence courses but need help to keep going, drop in on the group I & E officer in the Special Services and I & E office. A consultation service has been set up to get you over the rough spots in your studies.

Education now is but half of the comprehensive plan to get you back overseas, an oriented native in your homeland instead of a stranger in unfamiliar conditions.

With the days causing changes in individuals, industry and business in the United States, the Army intends to keep a flood of information flowing to each of you on these changes. The Army knows things won't be the same in the new peace as they were in the final days of the last peace. You will know it too after you're exposed to the "1" of the I & E program for a while.

There will be only two general limiting factors to the I & E program here. One will be your running out of subjects you are interested in studying. The second is reaching the saturation point in absorbing information, and we're not worried about that yet.

LG

THE POWER OF THE PRESS

*Ye Gods and little fishes! We wearily exclaim:
Could anything be so far from fact, yet proudly bear the name
Of its ingenious originator, this ogre of the press,
Who moulds the simplest story into elastic truthfulness?
The incidents are many. Each with facts begins
Until this man takes pen in hand, and fancy stories spins
With an added touch of "color" to enhance their press appeal,
Not unlike the furrier who makes his rabbit seal.*

*He extracts his information from unsuspecting souls.
Merely for the record, to their questions they are told;
But when the finished product is finally lashed to press,
The Nazi propagandists admit they've met their best.*

*Wearily we shake our heads, for there will come a time
When the poor mechanic, billed as "Chief upon the Line",
Reddened with embarrassment will miserably confess:
"It wasn't I who said it, but Joe Stewart of the Press".*

*Could be that the day will dawn, when Joe will face his Maker;
Could be that he'll get the job of Heaven's Census Taker
And thus we poor but honest guys, who are down there shoveling coal,
Might well be included on St. Peter's Honor Roll.*

AIN'T YOU ASHAMED?

WHAT'S THAT CAR?

LANCIA APRILIA

As you go around town in the bigger cities, most of the civilian autos you see will be Fiats of various sizes. The better class vehicles are mostly Lancias. They range from something a little smaller than a Willys to giant town cars somewhat like Cadillacs of 6 or 7 years ago (and mostly with at least two stars on the front).

The most popular and practical is the Aprilia. It is about the size of a Willys. The top runs in a single clean sweep down to a pointed tail. The hood slopes down slightly. The front is square and has a sloping chromium grille. In the center of the radiator is a white circle with a blue flag painted on it. This is the Lancia insignia. The bodywork is deceptive. It does not look particularly streamlined, but performance and gas consumption prove it to be one of the best designs, aerodynamically, on the market.

There are two sizes of motor: 1300 cc and 1500 cc. (This refers to piston displacement. The 85 HP Ford displaces 3000 cc and the Willys about 2000 cc). They are high revving motors. The 1500 cc, at peak revs of about 4500, delivers some 50 horsepower. The 1938 and 39 models were guaranteed 80 miles per hour and 30 miles per gallon, which is an excellent performance for a sedan of this size.

There is comfortable seating space for four and less comfortable for five. Leg and head room is surprisingly good, especially in front. The upholstery, if memory serves me correctly, is pretty comfortable. The finish is simple, with almost complete absence of "gadgetry". The dash simply contains a few diminutive buttons and warning lights and a speedometer.

The great feature of this car from the driver's point of view is its agility. It has a low center of gravity and firm springing. The steering is quick-acting. The pick-up (using the gears), and brakes are excellent. This makes possible a speed on winding roads and in heavy traffic which is impossible to a larger car. I remember being driven by a friend in a Lancia Aprilia from Lake Tahoe, in

THE TOWER

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

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Associate editors GEORGE H. MERRIAM
JOHN T. BLAIR

Typist HOWARD WALKER

California, down the steep and winding mountain road to Sacramento. A few days previously we had made the trip in a 1940 Ford. On both occasions he was in a great hurry. We rounded corners at 70 in the Lancia with nothing more than a scream of tires where I had been hanging on with closed eyes at 50 in the Ford.

In general the Lancia Aprilia is a first-class car for European conditions. It is not so comfortable on 500-mile-a-day trips as it is more cramped than our cars and does not ride so easily. Its price before the war was about a thousand dollars new. A used one currently sells in Rome for about 14,000 dollars. Such are the fortunes of war.

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

OUR POST EXCHANGE

The latest of the "Permanent" installations to dot our hilltop is the Group Post Exchange. It promises to be a very welcome addition to our community life.

It will open for business on Saturday, 14th of April at 0900, on a six-day week basis. On Friday of each week it must remain closed for restocking and inventory.

For each of the six days of weekly operations an equal share of the special items such as shampoo, lighter fluid, etc. will be laid aside. Those rare items such as cigarette lighters, pens, pencils, and watches will be sold by a lottery of registered names and you lucky fellows will see your name on the bulletin board. Registration may be made on each Monday and Tuesday at the PX. It is necessary to register only once. Your name will remain on the list till you win. It is desired that you register only for the item that you need most. In case of watches a statement that you do not have one will be required.

For all purchases the chit book and the standard PX ration card will be used, although the intervals between repeat purchases on special items will be determined by supply. At least, every attempt will be made to give every man equal rations and a fair chance at those supplies which are scarce.

Your cooperation is requested. Don't line up on the first and second day only. Remember, all special items are allotted equally for each of the six days of operation. Register only for that rare item you most need. When you have received that item you are entitled to register for another. Watch the bulletin board and if you have suggestions or criticisms ask the clerk for pencil and paper and write it down.

HOBNOBBING WITH HEADQUARTERS

Didn't know we had an I & E department until someone said "Wait'll you meet Lt. Gale. He's a real guy" — and he is. He's already founded the Pantanella University and is working hard to expand the education program. The better the program the greater the benefit to us, now as well as when we return to civvies again. He can't do it alone however it will take plenty of help from plenty of men.

Seen any good second basemen around who aren't signed up? We figure our ball team is the best even as is but a good pivot man always helps. Joe tries hard but lacks finesse.

Casualty of the week — Watson with a fat ankle. The result of one of those friendly basketball skirmishes which usually end with the survival of the fittest — everyone else being carried away. Pete, all 250 pounds of him, is pretty fit. Small wonder Markant is a little nervous when holding the ball with so much beef charging at him.

The chow recently has been the cause of very few complaints. In fact our meals are actually beginning to be a pleasure rather than a painful necessity. Don't know who is to blame but undoubtedly Martin is largely responsible. He's one man we don't want to lose when we go CBI way.

It is generally felt that with squadron general duty men all getting Pfc a little consideration should be turned Robinson's way. It seems that for the excellent job he is doing keeping his bomb trainer training he should be good for a couple of stripes at least. The proper authorities will always find Orville willing and happy to discuss terms with them.

Does this column stink? Do you find it a waste of space? Why don't you do something about it? Any little bit you can contribute which will make for a bigger and better column we will gratefully accept without trying to shanghai you into a regular job.

walker

Chaplain's Flimsy

I had a neighbour once who constantly complained about taxes, the wages government officials received, the high cost of everything he had to buy and the low price of everything he had to sell. If you spoke to him of school he would inform you that the teacher was being paid too much. If some one was sick he would tell you the doctor's bills were out of reason. And it seemed to him the church was always after his money.

My neighbour reasoned that it was the school teacher's job to educate children, the doctor's to heal the sick, the minister's to preach and the grocer's to supply him with whatever he needed. But my neighbour was a farmer and his job was to make money. He expected other men to render himself and society a service at the least possible cost, but all his own activities were motivated by a deep desire to increase his bank account. When he had to pay for the services of others it took money which he might have used to add more acres to his already many farms and this is why he complained.

My neighbour did not grow more beautiful with the years nor was he loved by many. He was at war with society. He found little joy in his work for the only reward he ever received was another farm which meant more work. The more he worked the more he had to work. And the more he had to work the more heavily he had to lean upon the service of others and the more he had to depend upon others the more he complained. As his acres expanded his soul shriveled.

I believe that you want to be happy; that you want to become increasingly happy as the years pass. Learn a lesson from my neighbour. Look upon your job as an opportunity to serve others. Be at peace with society. Make your work an end in itself not just a means of securing a pay check. You can never be truly happy until your love of serving is greater than your love of receiving.

Chaplain EASTWOOD

CHAPEL SERVICES

PROTESTANT

- Worship Services - Sunday 1100 & 1900
- Service Men's Christian League - Wed. 1900
- Choir Rehearsal - Thursday 1900
- Evening Prayers - Mon. Wed. & Sat. 1830
- Mormon Service - Tuesday - 1900
- Christian Science - Sat. 1900

CATHOLIC

- Sunday Mass - 0930 & 1730
- Weekday Mass - Tues. Thurs. & Sat. 1630
- Novena - Tuesday 1830

JEWISH

- Friday - 1900

778TH SPOTLIGHT

This week's salute goes to "Duchess" who last Wednesday morning between the hours of four and eight presented the Communication's Section with four new pups. All concerned including midwives Ed Collins and some guy named Fred who was passing by on his way to the latrine at the time the event was taking place, are doing nicely — Vincent (Bari. Every Thursday) Watson claims to have set a new record for doughnut consumption. We understand that the PX coffee shop had to close for two hours after his last assault. — The softball league operating down on the Line is off to a good start. The Engineering Section beat the Communications bunch last Sunday 6 to 4. The best form of the day was exhibited by the "The Russian" Jerry Pawlak, in his role of umpire. He performed his task in big league style. The Communication's Team left the field mumbling a few remarks about thievery or chicanery. The Russian shrugged off the remarks as sour grapes. — We welcome back John Romeo from the Lavello Barber Shop after his recent trimming. — Cpl J. J. Casey has the soul of a poet. He was seen the other day picking wild flowers down on the Line. — It took Cpl Rucker to arrive at something new in pin-ups. Horses! The Corporal must have been either a jockey, or bookie before he became an AM. — Now that Supply has moved from their old quarters to the new building perhaps all those items that we have not been able to get for the last few months will turn up. There were a few dark corners in that old supply that even the mice would not explore. — Do you suppose that the hole near the mess hall will be big enough and deep enough to bury the big smell that is around there these days. — Ace Pritzl has not got the gout. He was doing a bit of blind flying the other night on his way from the Service Club when his flight indicator became inoperative and he hit an air pocket. — This Spring weather we have been having finally overcame Cpl Eubanks and Sgt Alexander. They played hookey and went down to the river fishing. The surprising thing about this item is that they caught some fish that were edible. — George Isacco now has a hat to match his red bobby socks. There is only one other hat in the Squadron that I have seen to compare with it. Delbert did you lose a bet or are you bucking for Section 8. — Our mess hall has modified the oven. With the new tile front our biscuits should taste even better than before. Just for old times' sake — so they won't feel slighted, — Courtwright & Libuda.



INSIDE THE 77TH

Sitting down at the Service Club last week, we were accosted by two combat veterans, T/Sgt Dunaway (Lt Spark's "hot" engineer) and S/Sgt Spires (Gunner "extraordinary" of Lt Quay's crew)... we quote them: "When the heck are we going to break into print, can't you think of something that would make these guys around here sit up and take notice?" unquote... Well Spires and Dunaway, you made the print and now it's up to you to make some sort of an impression for the rest. (They're both "Georgia Crackers")

We have in our midst one S/Sgt Matuszczyk who lords it over our Supply and tries hard to do same with everybody else... Somebody had an argument the other day as to whether "Skinny" was losing weight or just coasting on what he has... The argument ended when he said, "What I have belongs to me, what you have belongs to you, let's not discuss the matter any further", unquote... And all you have to do is go on one of his "missions" sometime to appreciate the true humor and sincerity he packs with all of that weight...

"Doc" Willis has been down there at the Club giving and taking a few lessons from some of the "sharpies" over Ye Olde Poker Table... He usually manages to win a few of those Lires for that rainy day when we see the "Old Country" again... The "DOC" wins and his Assistant, Cpl Klymshyn, just continues to lose... That's OK Pete, just think of all the times you have sat down there on stool number nine and thought how you could have won that last pot...

The new mess hall, or rather the rejuvenated one, is coming right along. It will be something to equal any in the Air Force when it is completed... That comes from the "wheels" or should we say the "guiding lights" of our fair Squadron... S/Sgt Gillespie is doing a swell job with what he has to work with.

They say down on the line that fate finally caught up with two of our most distinguished Master Sergeants... Namely the "Mouse" Richardt and "Assistant Line Chief No. 1" (Not to be confused with "Assistant Line Chief No. 2, Richardt"), T. T. Scott... Seems as tho they decided that the boys needed a little training on the "Big Birds" so they assigned them one airplane each, GI Issue, and told them the main idea was to keep it in the air with as few engine changes as possible... They still have the six stripes and the good will of all concerned... T. T. Scott also attained the "Bronze Star Medal"... We still can't get the boy to tell us how he did it... If you are ever down their way, drop into their house behind Engineering and they will show you how the perfect host should not act... Right on the "sack" they will remain...

"Slippery" Coyne has been one of our most favorite "admirers" and along with it comes his "Oh Frankie" socks... Each day we stop "Slippery" to see what kind of socks he is wearing and what can be expected in Esquire next month... All you can get out of him is "How about lending me a few hundred"... "Lost my shirt last nite" (Is he kidding?)...

Just as a mental hint... Any of you men who have not experienced the "world of hard knocks" may make application for the course through our First Sergeant Walter ("I did it the hard way") Morgan... He can not only give you your degree when you have finished but he can also make it so much easier for you to go back to civilian life... The course costs nothing... Just your attention at classes and an open mind... (Applications will be taken in the Orderly room)

Seen and heard here and there, mostly there... Pfc Tilly with a belligerent look on his face... Until he finally found his beer bottle opener...

T'was on the Isle of Capri that Sgt Parsons lost his teeth... His ever-thinking buddy, Sgt Borg, had the band stopped in order to announce a reward for the finder. Later Parsons found them in his pocket... sorry you didn't get the reward.

Is it true that T/Sgt "Woody" Woodburn, a 35 sortie graduate has a hankering to take a post-graduate course here! He's joking of course.

S/Sgt Victor Rice, S/Sgt Wm Woodworth, S/Sgt Burnside, Cpl Wilkerson

P.S. A Slight correction is in order due to the several complaints registered by both KREPS and KREBS... It was KREBS who did the masterful performance with ALEXANDER....

