

THE TOWER

464th BOMB
GROUP

THERE'S ENOUGH FOR EVERYBODY'S NEED
BUT NOT ENOUGH FOR EVERYBODY'S GREED.



THE SILENT GUARDIAN

Everyone was deeply saddened at the untimely death of our chief executive, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. His successor, former senator, then Vice President, and now President Truman, has large shoes to fill. Probably you, like myself and many of the rest of us wondered who would fill the Vice President's job. Some of us believed in a hazy way that the Secretary of State would be next in line for the presidency. But few of us knew what actually governed the vice presidency. There was one source where we could get the information. We finally found a copy in a neighbor's tent.

"In the case of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice-President, and the Congress may by law provide for the case of removal, death, resignation, or inability, both of the President and Vice-President, declaring what officer shall then act as President, and such officer shall act accordingly until the disability be removed or a President shall be elected."

There's the answer to that particular question. It comes from clause 6, Section V, Article V of our Federal Constitution.

As we thumbed through the pages we found that we'd forgotten much of what we'd once known.

Looking over this remarkable guarantee of our liberties we became more and more appreciative of the wisdom and knowledge that had gone into it. Reading it 158 years after it was ratified by 10 of the original 13 colonies it is still as pertinent today as it was then.

Bearing all this in mind I have resolved to study it carefully, and, as space permits for the next few weeks touch on various portions of the Federal constitution of the United States.

Following our revolution, and the peace of 1782, our 13 struggling colonies attempted to govern themselves by means of the Articles of Confederation. These had little power over the individual states, and near chaos resulted. Many of the states issued their own currency, tried to negotiate tariff treaties and in general pulled more apart than together. The United States of America were becoming a dream rather than a reality.

(continued on page 3)

Observations

"Life in Dachau" at first seemed unbearable to us, 200 men crammed into huts, designed for 50. Yet we lived. We slept on straw and each other, covering the next man's body halfway. There was no heat in the coldest of winter. Four men had to use one plate, one spoon, one loaf of bread. Naturally our food was inadequate. We received 1/4 of the regular allowance of Eintopfgerich (one-pot-meal). The "coffee" was black and made of roasted rye (ersatz kaffee).

Each day very early in the morning we were chased out into the bitter cold, regardless of snow or rain, hail or sleet, and made to stand at attention for many hours in our light cotton suits, soaked to the skin. Many died of pneumonia. Who cared? Certainly not the Nazis because mass graves were plentiful.

While standing with thousands of others in a big open field, half in a daze, I admired the full beauty of God's nature in all its splendor. Within the miseries of a German concentration camp, I could appreciate the sunrise in all shades as it passed from the deep black of night to the golden perfection of the winter sun, giving us warmth, gently touching us with its healing rays.

That beautiful sun, eternal symbol of Liberty, seemed so close to us, yet so very far away; a wide water-filled ditch, a barbed wire fence electrically charged, a high concrete wall with machine gun towers, just these separated us from freedom. Far in the background, the high snow-covered mountain wall of the northern Alps greeted us.

One morning we discovered footsteps in the snow leading towards the fence; there we saw with horror a lifeless body with bloody head, hanging in the barbed wire fence. Only three things could have happened. He either tried to escape, committed suicide, or went cut of his mind. In any case, he was shot by the watchful machine gunners before he got any place.

Let's overlook the details of all the individual torture cases; only let me mention the famous "25" - whipping of your lower back by two SS men, one on each side; the up-side-down hanging from trees; the biting by big dogs; and the lying in body-sized, unventilated cells for three days with a bread and water diet. All those methods were used on captives for minor offenses or no offenses at all.

(continued on page 2)

Confessions

*In darkness, like a hawk of night,
I waited for my prey.*

*Breathing softly, without sound,
In a sneering, panting way.*

*Minutes were like centuries,
I counted them one by one,*

*Revenge was harbored in my heart,
Revenge for the things he'd done.*

*He'd done me wrong in countless
ways,*

*He'd stolen my wealth at will,
He'd kept me awake till late in the
night,*

*And now I was ready to kill.
I knew the path he always took,
Which lay beside my tent,*

*I grasped the weapon in my hand,
Mad with anger, intent,*

*On sending a lethal hail of lead.
Into this hated thief,*

*I waited in silence to strike and slay,
With no remorse or grief*

*And then he appeared quite suddenly,
His form a shadow of night,*

*I slowly raised my 45,
And put him in the sight,*

*I steadily squeezed the trigger,
And then a deafening roar,*

*A scream of anguish from his lips,
One scream and then no more.*

*Four times I squeezed and four
reports,*

*Four pellets found their mark,
And what was still a living thing,
Lay dying in the dark.*

*His life blood dyed the tuft dust,
His opened eyes rolled back,*

*I laughed in fury now unleashed,
The laugh of the maniac.*

*I left him lying where he fell,
Remorse, I had not then,*

*Though deep within my heart I knew,
That murder is a sin.*

*But now I feel the pangs of grief,
Which only killers know,*

*Hoping that this thief has gone,
Where all good mouses go.*

JRG

THE TOWER

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

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Every time we encountered one of those SS Krauts we had to take off our hats, look at him, and goose step, seemingly being unnoticed by the stormtrooper, never getting a return salute.

Every morning some of us were released, not knowing how it was done but indescribably happy when our name came up. Each day we hoped and prayed for freedom only to be bitterly disappointed.

One of the happiest moments of my life was the morning my name was called for release. I was going "home" again, or rather to the ruins which were left of it, but best of all I would see my mother again. From Dachau to Munich the Nazis accompanied us. There an aid committee received us and assigned us to regular trains, according to the residence. Naturally, I took the very next train marked "Rhine-land" going back to the city of Essen, the place of my birth, where the victorious American and British Armies are fighting right now. The city is in Allied hands now with its many steel mills, the great Krupp foundries

WHAT'S THAT CAR?
FIAT 500

The smallest European car, sometimes known as "The Beetle", is the Fiat 500. You see a great many of them on the streets in Bari right now. The reason is obvious. People essential to the war effort are being issued just a little gas, and the Beetle does better than 50 miles to the gallon. The 500 is about the size of a Bantam or Crosley, but there is this difference: It is a scaled-down automobile, not a scaled-up baby carriage.

and iron works, and its rich coal mines working for us.

The story of my liberation from Dachau, is one of great heroism on the part of my brave mother, who, despite the dangers of getting imprisoned herself, got me released through a clever trick, defying the constant threats of the ruthless Gestapo. As I later learned from friends, she traveled all over Germany to secure me an immigration visa to another country, which would result in my release. After one failure, the second document, written up cleverly by a South American in Cologne, completely fooled the Gestapo in Essen. Back in Essen, I still was not safe, but was in danger of being returned to Dachau. The two months of life in Germany following my release just before my final departure, the end of March 1939, were two months of great unrest, of hard work for a legal visa, of hoping for a quick departure from terrible Germany forever.

BERND SIMON

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

It has a regular, if diminutive, four cylinder water-cooled in-line motor. The bodywork is strong and well styled. It comes in coach (four-place, two door sedan), coupe, convertible and 1/4-ton panel types. Like all modern Fiats the 500 is easily recognized by the sloping hood which falls away in an unbroken curve to the front bumper.

The cheapest models are equipped with a three-speed transmission, the de luxe models with a four-speed. It is possible as an extra to fit a supercharger, and with a blower and a four speed gear box you can get a pretty satisfactory performance.

The four-speed gear box is designed to take advantage of the high revving capabilities of European automobile engines. It is not a matter of adding an extra gear on the bottom like a truck, nor of adding one on the top like the Chrysler overdrive. It is a matter of putting four close ratio gears in the range normally covered on American cars by three. Especially with small engines the use of third gives great improvement in hill-climbing and acceleration between thirty and forty mph — the range where second is too low and high doesn't develop full power.

The Fiat 500 is not of course a high performance car. It cannot be with a motor smaller than many motorcycles. But it is a very useful city run-about, and it is fairly satisfactory even on long trips if there are not too many hills to climb.

The four-seat models will actually hold four people, though not very comfortably. I saw four enormous men come out of a store in town the other day and get into a 500 convertible. The poor little thing looked like an overloaded roller-skate, but it pulled away gamely and they disappeared around a corner at thirty miles an hour.

The Fiat's maximum speed is a little better than 50 mph. Its gas consumption is as we have said, also better than 50 miles per gallon. And its piston displacement is 500 cubic centimeters, another useful fact in countries where taxes are based on engine size, as it places it in the lowest tax bracket. Its weight is about 1300 pounds. The prewar price was around 350 dollars.

The Beetle had a large market in many countries and so could be mass produced. It was designed to make motoring possible for the little man who could barely afford it. For what it sets out to be it is hard to

J. T. BLAIR

Chaplain's Flimsy

During the past few weeks I have heard people saying, "What can Germany mean by refusing to give up? Each day she continues to fight she adds to her ruin and destruction." When she knows her present course of action is sure to do her more harm than good why does she persist in it? The case of Germany is tragic and difficult to understand, but it is not unusual.

I once knew a brother and sister who refused to speak to one another because of trouble in the settlement of an estate. Years had passed since the matter had been settled in court but still they kept up hostilities. I talked to both of them and learned by their own confession that this unhappy relationship cast a shadow of depression and gloom from which they never escaped. Yet they were unbending. They chose to endure unhappiness rather than make peace.

The soldier who persists in his drunkenness and adultery knows that if he continues such a life he will come to ruin and unhappiness. He knows his health cannot last and that a happy home is utterly impossible. He knows that ruin and disaster are inevitable. The result of his habits is as certain as is the outcome of the present war with Germany. Yet there are a lot of soldiers on this hill who are making no effort to change their ways.

Some men are hostile toward God. They waken in the morning profaning His name and continue to curse throughout the day. They scoff at all forms of worship and are contemptuous of all that's sacred. They know that such an attitude makes them bitter, and shallow of soul. They know they have every thing to lose and only hell to gain by such a practice. What chance have these arrogant little men in the hands of God. Yet they too persist in their evil way and are unbending.

The case of Germany is indeed tragic, it is mighty hard to understand but certainly it is not unusual.

Chaplain EASTWOOD

778TH SPOTLIGHT

INFORMATION & EVENTS

Cpl Pappy Gross's recent visits to the fair city of Potenza have all the boys on the line awondering. What give's?

Our apologies to the Communications ball club. It seems that they even win ball games. Witness one a week or two ago when they beat Engineering by a substantial score. While we're in the sports-writing mood a hot tip from Chellis tells us that our Armament section beat the 776th Armament 12 to 4, and lost a close one to our own Engineering 2 to 3.

The average G.I. might describe the situation a bit differently but I saw M Sgt Kumm, Sgt Lueczak, and Cpl Vin Watson resting in the shade the other afternoon. And, for a change, Watson wasn't talking. Must have been sick.

Incidentally, is it a must that we have to listen to "The great sprinkled bird" Parham practice on his tooter? It seems that every morning he just isn't content unless he's serenading the combat boys at breakfast with solos. How about that?

Our local Gary Cooper, Sgt Yeager of Ordnance, is watching Hollywood's news quite intently of late. I've been told. Does that explain the diet of coffee, bread, and jam?

If what we hear is so, our old friend "Hank" Williams did it again. We have been told that his new outfit is now on the way home. Need I say more?

Every day we better appreciate the work done by the shower builders. Orchids to them.

Regarding Cpl George Geaps Izacco's red hat. We have been told he was to pay a certain party 25 dollars the first time he was caught wearing said hat. You may pay me if you wish. Geaps, and I will give the money to your buddy, another student of Canosa University.

S Sgt Teeter and his gang deserve a round of applause for the work that they are doing toward a good group orchestra. If you have any orchestras, any instruments, any talent, see S Sgt Al Teeter and he will gladly lend an appreciative ear. Having heard them in rehearsal once we may guarantee them a good future.

That's it for the week.

JOTS FROM THE 77TH

With the flourish of gossip and rumors about "pulling up stakes", there still remain a few who have deaf ears to such talk. In fact Lt. Andrews enlisted men have planted a garden and lawn, with a hammock strung up. Not bad boy, not bad.

After the "siege" of continuous flying we recently survived, I observed one S Sgt Hargrove being carried on a stretcher to the plane awaiting take off. He had flown himself to a frazzle.

When they yelled "look" down at the basketball court I turned around. But it was someone yelling for T/Sgt. Look to pass the ball—my error!

Capt. Dave Camerer, group public relations officer, passes this item on for the general edification (we've a good dictionary) of combat crews who are finishing their duty tour in this theater.

The PRO at the Fort Worth, Tex. AAF Training Command reports 866 fliers who served overseas as bombardiers, navigators, gunners and glider pilots are among the 1821 potential pilots in the current primary flying class there.

That means—these lads, who walked along many back alleys and applauded rollercoasting enemy fighters with .50 caliber encouragement to make the long dive, want another go at the enemy. But this time as pilots.

These combat returnees with flying experience have priority over regular graduates of pre-flight schools when assignments are being made to the Training Command's primary flying schools. This action is part of the two-fold policy of the TC to use combat men requesting flying training to the fullest extent possible within the needs of the service and available training quotas.

While most of the above combat returnees in this class were officer crew members or glider pilots, the TC announced that future primary classes will have much larger proportions of enlisted returnees. At present many of the EM are still completing the 10-week pre-flight course at San Antonio Aviation Cadet Center. Returned officers qualify in preflight subjects on a proficiency basis and this shortens the time necessary for their pre-flight training.

Those of you who trade your bombardier, navigator, and gunner wings for the winged shield of a pilot will take regular basic and advanced flying courses of 10 weeks each.

Is there an easy way to learn? The traditional answer would have been "there's no royal road to learning—except hard study". But one of the finest things about so-called "traditional truths" is that they are often disproved—and we are better off for the correction. That brings us to the proposition that there is an easy way to learn. It is easy to absorb facts about things you are interested in. So—why not get the most out of your study effort by picking subjects you are interested in.

In the present Information & Education program in the group, you will be helping YOU as well as the other other fellow by dropping a suggestion of your interests to the I & E officer. We're asking: What do you know, Joe? And adding: What else do you want to know?

Many of you are giving thought these days to what business you might go into as a business man in your own right. Here is some advice in a specialized field by a specialist in dry cleaning

AFTER THE WAR, THEN WHAT?

by T/Sgt HARRY KAPLAN

Johnny will come marching home. There will be parades. Crowds will cheer themselves hoarse. Johnny will have his day. And then he will be just another civilian. The day he is dreaming about now will have finally arrived. There will be no more taking orders from everyone above him. AND—no one will be doing his thinking for him. He will have to shift for himself.

Put yourself in his shoes. What are YOU doing about it?

A class is being formed in the basic principles of dry cleaning, laundry, fur, rug, and curtain cleaning. The classes will not be burdened with boring details about technical facts, complicated formulae, and machinery operations. Aim of the instructor will be to give you the greatest help in starting a new business of your own by thoroughly familiarizing you with the sound, basic principles of the cleaning business as learned through experience.

You may have thought often of this business back in civilian life in connection with "rackets". We promise faithfully to prove the cleaning business stands on its own feet, honestly and legitimately. You will be shown it is a decent, respectable business, one that you can be proud to be a member of.

In the post-war era, there will be untold opportunities for those who are alert and willing to work. You WILL have to work. Gold bricking will no longer be profitable or a smart thing to do. Now you will be in business for yourself and it will be to your advantage to put everything you can into it.

The GI Bill of Rights will help you receive financial aid to start your own business. And here is one of the best to get into. Take advantage of a chance to learn from a man who has been in the dry-cleaning business and who is anxious to give you the pointers you want to know.

Watch your squadron bulletin board for further announcements about owning your own cleaning business or check with the group I & E officer.

Cpl Leonard Rae, 778th Sqdn., a law grad from Massachusetts, is interested in contacting any other Massachusetts lawyers or law students who may be around. We're interested in forming a law discussion group or class. What'll we talk about? Constitutional law or any other branch. Would a refresher course hurt anyone?

Pantarella University will open its doors this week with classes scheduled in the most popular subjects selected by the men who will be attending the classes. Owing to an early deadline on Tower copy, the list of subjects and time schedule will be posted on group and squadron bulletin boards.

Squadron group discussion leaders would like more suggestions from their own members about the things that interest them.

THE SILENT GUARDIAN

(continued from page 1)

There were those in our country who saw that the situation had to come to a focus. Without a central government to represent the 13 associated states they could not long survive. Following a fiasco at Annapolis in 1786, twelve of the thirteen colonies appointed delegates to a convention which met in Philadelphia on the second Monday in May, 1787. Who these men were, and what they did, will be the subject of our next article.

G. H. MERRIAM

