

THE TOWER

464th BOMB
GROUP

"NATIONS LIKE MEN, ARE NEVER SAFE, WHEN THEIR
CHIEF THOUGHT IS THEIR OWN SAFETY."



DIVIDED WE'RE CONQUERED

As the average person conducts his daily routine or duty, he cannot help but notice signs and announcements regulating the rights and privileges of himself and others around him. The soldier in this army—as well, I suppose, as in other armies—becomes conscious of those activities and places from which some tho' not all of his fellow fighters are barred, for various unreasonable "reasons": The black civilian is restricted by "Whites Only" while his kinsmen in the Army are separated from their neighbors by Jim Crow. If you go to any nearby town you observe such restrictions as "Officers Only" and "This establishment is exclusively for the benefit of the Armed Forces of the United States" (ital-my own). Space here is not multi but you get the idea. Too much labor and effort is being wasted on the creation of class lines.

Of course we are progressing. Today some—though not many—of our public schools have Negro teachers; women are no longer confined to domestic activity—they can vote and even run in our present day elections. Our own AAF has to a large degree smashed the barrier that keeps the enlisted and commissioned personnel out of fraternity. In fact, there can be little doubt that people over the earth are befriending their far away neighbors more and more. Domestically and internationally there is an increasing consciousness of the existence and rights of others.

However, this rate of progress is not enough. It is slow—perhaps steady, since it is also inevitable. We know that we must one day completely destroy the walls of prejudice that keep us apart. We cannot continue to play the ends against the middle, on one hand showing our democratic "United Nations" and on the other the fascist "discriminations". Not only must we be consistent, but fair and just and reasonable, and none of these virtues are manifest in a theo-

ry of isolation, that today succeeds in erecting divisions and partitions of all kinds. We can never know and understand ourselves and others unless we thoroughly disseminate our persons and ideas among all. Nationalism like fascism, is our enemy; yet both of these are done and overdone in our very midst. To use a case in point, there are a lot of "master race" Americans whose moral treatment of the Italians here is both cruel and stupid. And the fault for all of this malice lies in our own self-imposed segregation—our refusal to associate with other races, nations and religious groups on an equal—or for that matter, on any standing.

Hitler invented the plan and succeeded in keeping his enemies disorganized for a long time; we have succeeded to some degree in defeating his purpose, but we are defeating our own. "Divide and Conquer" does work, but only as long as we let it. sm

A YEAR AGO REMEMBER?

Shipping orders — packing barracks bags and readying field equipment — the long march from staging area to the boat train — changing from the train to the small ferry — lots different than that last ferry boat ride from Staten Island to the Battery — first sight of our transport, disappointingly small — all rumors of a luxury liner quickly dispelled — marching up the gangplank and goodbye, States—picking berths in the crowded hole — listening with gullible awe to the crew's tales of submarines, Stukas, and FW 200's — sweating out seasickness and the wolfpacks—soon the ship under way — out past the submarine nets and open water — convoy assembling — just like the newsreels only reality now — bull-sessions on the hatch covers — first night on the water and you're lonesome already — thoughts of home and "la guerre" ahead — your Cook's tour was on but not like the advertisements — New York and Peoria, and Johnson City and Ardmore and Jenkins Corners were dropping away all too quickly — soon war first hand.

Have You Read?

"Report on the Russians"
by WILLIAM L. WHITE

About the book. Some of you were fortunate to get a first edition; others had to be content with the Readers' Digest condensation. But which ever way you read it Mr. White's book is one of the best of its subject in years. Mr. White toured Russia for five weeks with Eric Johnson, President of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

"Report on the Russians" will be one of the most smashing blows ever dealt to the Communist Party in America or others who advocate the Russian form of government since the State of New York bought a one way trip ticket for Earl Browder to Sing Sing.

Its revealing frankness takes away all the color, which for the past few years, we have been associating with the Russian way of life. Mr. White covers all phases of life—labor—which is the main supporter of Communism, will be shocked at the treatment of workers and their forms of unions. Living conditions are so low that our worst cannot reach their ebb. It would seem that the promises made the workers of the world would be for them but not for the homeland Russia. It tends to make false the claims that the reason for Russian victories is because of their way of life. It seems that they are not because of it, but rather in spite of it.

The "Report" further points out that the Russian government keeps all news strictly censored and more important, that the Russians are allowed to read such propaganda that their feelings toward us can be changed at an editions notice.

By reading the "Report" carefully one can step forth and defy those factions promoting a change in our government. It is a

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

must on an American reader's list.

About the Author: William L. White is the son of the late W. Allen White, famous political editorial writer-editor of Emporia Kansas "Gazette". Since his father's death Mr. White has taken over the editorial desk of the "Gazette".

William L. White has already proven himself as an author to the American reading public by his works, "They Were Expendable" which made such a hit after the fall of the Philippines, and "Queens Die Proudly".

He is an ace war correspondent. In 1939-1941 he represented 40 newspapers as well as O.B.S. in Europe. He covered the London Fire during the Air Blitz-1940. His clear style has made him popular in all sections of the country. **Raymond L. Parker**

HOBNOBBING WITH HEADQUARTERS

Tried to get a census on the most popular officer in Hq.—like climbing a greased pole—no one willing to give expression to thoughts. If that's the kind of thoughts you entertain—never mind! My man Monda, posed a honey the other day—asked me, "What or who is odorless?" A typical day with the "Cur-zen-Ean reus"—Curran shoots a jab at Cozenso, Eannarino rabbit punches Warren, Warren playfully haymakes Curran and Cozenso solar plexus' Eannarino—Then "let's eat"—in unison.

Comes the Spring and a young man's fancy sheepishly turns to thoughts of Rome—They're at it again!

"Double-track" Both seriously thinking of writing a revamped "How To Play Bridge". Contemptuous of Eli! Has his own ideas!

Retribution—one of our more "self-centered" citizens whose misdoings had reached the fair shores, received a letter from his "mogla" with this ending: "Your pin-up, pinned DOWN here, pining to pin one on your puss.

Ever since the showing of the picture "Two Girls and a Sailor" Touhy has been rambling around with a strange look in his eyes. You'd be surprised at the strange places in which a beast can be aroused. Been bothered several days now... men coming to the canteen with empty containers asking for milk... evidently under the impression that "Kalfarm" is a dairy. That's not so boys... it just houses the cream of the crop, but no milk.

MIKE FARMER

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

Chaplain's Flimsy

I visited the E. M. Service Clubs this afternoon and was pleased to find that all were clean and in order. Floors had been swept and chairs and tables were neatly arranged. It was obvious that to keep them clean and in order during the day was not difficult for scarcely no one was using them. There were three in one club and one in another. A meeting had brought quite a group to the third. A barber and a ping pong table were attracting quite a group to the fourth.

I looked for reasons why the men should not be using their only places of recreation. Two of the clubs had pingpong tables; both were in constant use. At the third club I was told the lumber given to make their pingpong table was used to construct a bulletin board. The fellows in the fourth had succeeded in getting their table, but some Major had taken it for his private case.

When I had asked about books for the library a few days ago I had been told they were given to the clubs so I proceeded to look for them. Only one club had a book case. There were a few books on its shelves. The second club had three books well concealed beneath piles of papers. In the third I searched in vain and in the fourth there was one book entitled "The Summing Up". Those in charge of the clubs all told the same story, "When the books come in we put them on a table and the first fellows to enter the club carry them off and never return them".

The whole thing in a nut shell is simply this; when those who were so industrious at first, had the buildings up and the bars and gambling tables installed they ceased to work. As a result the men in the clubs do very little but drink and gamble.

Let's go back to work. How about serving coffee as well as liquor? There is plenty of Italian help and certainly the clubs have enough money to pay the bill. Let's either put the books in the library, or introduce a method of really taking care of them in the clubs.

Now for the sanest suggestion of all. Since those who insist on drinking and gambling have driven everyone else out of the clubs why not set up one building for those with such tastes and furnish and decorate the remaining buildings for the others. One building could be a library, another a game room with the pingpong tables etc. The fourth could be converted into an honest-to-goodness coffee shop.

Chaplain EASTWOOD

CROWS IN THE BLUE

I was waiting for the 76th, all day and the other day when I stumbled upon a sign, "Lumber Left". "Lumber's [left] Lumber Left". Does your red neck? Does your red neck when you're left? Is your head used to withstand the V. Q. assault upon your early morning slumber? Just think—No more moonlight, moonlighting, guaranteed delivery via staff car! Only three more carousers left! Step into the "office" for your solution. I foresee a tidal wave of subscribers if it's all it advertises!

Oh, another little item before leaving the 76th. Belated congratulations to Capt. Robbins (No. 10 Browning Street, remember?), who recently received his "ear tracks". "Ear tracks to advertise" might fit in here!

Swinging over to the 79th—wouldn't Personal Equipment. The department won't have to worry about a shortage of flak suits anymore. S Sgt. Henry Hammer hit the selection "35" circle this week! The same hit came from Lt. Heineman and crew who used to take off with nine men on the flight deck!—I wonder why?

Oh isn't it?—P. Set Aps-d is the proud owner of rather significant initials—"M.E.A." I hope he never collects a double set—he's on my crew!!

What next? — Some joker in the 77th along about 10 P.M. each evening gives out with bedtime taps. At Ease! Somebody's liable to get ideas!

"Standown Baird" of the 78th finally did it! Yep, he sweated out "ole' 35"; bumped into him the other day trying to run 2 bucks into 200 for his trip home!

A new wrinkle in the old gag "walked into a door knob"—Lt. Turbill of the 77th has this version, "I fell on a tent stake"! At least it's original.

A mass complaint uttered by an individual, Lt. Forsstrom of the 76th -- "I've got my 50 missions in. I'm flying on my own time now".

Goin' Home—1st Lt. Harry E. Heineman, 1st Lt. Heizer, T Sgts. Vincent Carvellos and William T. Gibson, S Sgt. Henry Hammer, all 79th celebrities. S Sgt. Baird is the one 78th entry. Congratulations, and best wishes to our flying buddies. Be back with more -- if you can stand it -- next Sunday.

S. Sgt. Howie Farling 78th

HEART-THROB DEPARTMENT

In order to comply with the rapidly changing situation on the home front, the Tower sends forth a beacon of light to guide the faltering footsteps of those weary warriors to whom the battle of love is the major conflict. Address your questions to DR. HECKLE AND MR. JIVE and leave them in the chaplain's office. HECKLE and JIVE are the most experienced men in Italy in this field of heartbreak and HEART-THROB. Recommended by Dorothy Dix.

Observations

There's a guy in the outfit who speaks what he calls "American-English" but what other people would call "an accent". They're right, of course, his speech has a strange sound. When asked as to his nationality, he enjoys telling the asker "guess" and hears all sorts of answers, such as British, Canadian, French, Norwegian, even German. Yes, the latter is right: He's German-born of German parents and of Jewish faith.

What's he doing in Italy? How come he's in the American Army? Why did he ever leave his "beloved Fatherland"?

Subject soldier was born in 1920 in the big, industrial city of Essen with 3 1/2 millions population. It is the heart of the Ruhr Valley with its tremendous steel mills, foundries and coal mines which completely undermine the city. Its son is the home of the giant "Krupp Werke" (works) and is called by the Germans "Die Woffenschmiede des Reiches" (blacksmith shop of the country).

During the grade-school days Germany seemed to be a normal country. In fact it was a Democracy called the "Weimer-Republic", because she was given her constitution after The Great War. Each year, happy, the children were celebrating Constitution Day at school honoring the colors of the Republic: black-red-gold.

Despite the 36 different political parties, which were ruling in the "Reichstag" (Congress or Parliament), the country appeared to be progressing gradually in the ways of peace and - although depressed - well on the road to recovery from the faults and defeatism of her unsuccessful "Kaiser-war".

Just a minor party wanting growth and attention, in those days was the unknown Nazi organization. This party had little influence before 1933.

The Party organized meetings and parades, observed strictly disciplined marching in colorful uniforms, made promising and enthusiastic speeches in mass meetings all of which attracted the military minded German people.

While these and other rebellious activities were going on during the daytime, the Nazis provoked their political adversaries during the night by shootings, stabbings and disturbing meetings of the strong and major Social Democrats, Communists, and Zentrum (Catholic) parties. Huge street painting campaigns were carried out on sidewalks, walls, and houses. A Nazi painting of: "Red Front (Communist Party) is tottering" was promptly answered by the Communists with "Hitler am galgen" (Hitler on the gallows).

Germany being a so-called Democracy, not much was ever done about these and other activities of aggressive stormtroopers who meant to undermine the young Republic. They weakened her considerably in order to grasp power. The papers kept silence.

All of those seemingly good Nazi features, their "firm promises" of: more work, higher wages, better food and better living conditions, made a definite impression on the confused and depressed German people. Depressed?

Yes, from the lost war. The sharp Nazi Party Demonstrations stirred up a new patriotism and self-confidence. The defeated Germans were looking up to a new, strong, and forceful leader-

ship which it found in the enthusiastic and fanatic leaders of the young Nazi party. They wanted him. He constantly reminded the Germans of their "Versailler-Vertrag" (Treaty of shame of Versailles, which in his words was "forced" upon the German people by the Allied powers. He constantly cried for vengeance, return of lost territory, rearmament and made in his hysterical, screaming voice great prophecies of a golden future with the "Deutsche Meierasse" (German Master race) leading the world. This is the figure of Hitler "Der Fuhrer" (leader) in colorful, strict, military surroundings, idolized by his followers. Who could resist such a movement? Certainly not the enthused youth, who became his main and strong support, joined his stormtroopers, and there-with by voting him into power unknowingly voted themselves into the grave. His program called for expansion of the "Reich's" frontiers, for "Lebensraum" (living space) which "was bound to mean war. So strengthened by his followers and supporters, which included many big industrialists like Krupp of Essen, who saw in war financial advantages, the Nazi Party quickly gained the majority in the Reichstag - popular vote said "yes" 97% - who knows how?

Old Reich's president Paul von Hindenburg was easily persuaded, although hesitant, to make a Pfc (Lance Corporal) his Chancellor, anno Domini 1933. Shortly after, the President died of old age, leaving Hitler alone with control over the Reich - a Dictator - a Tyrant. But that's the story of next week's "Tower".

Most interesting to observer was the sudden disappearance of Red Soviet and Black-red-gold German Republic flags, in an entire section, mostly Communist, of the city. These flags were replaced by Swastikas. Thus ended Democracy in Germany. Was it fear of her citizens? Was it conviction? It's really hard to say and is left unanswered.

BERND SIMON

NOTICE NOTICE NOTICE

Attend Protestant Sunday School at one-thirty Sunday afternoon in the chapel.

778TH SPOTLIGHT

"When do we go from here", and what is more important, "Where?" We think we have heard that query voiced more times than there are patches on White Charley. No one seems to answer. Most of the boys say they would welcome any kind of a change even the Solomons and lately they have gone so far as to include Iwo-Jima. The latter are being a bit premature but by next Spring it may be a possibility. We have been wondering lately why it is the fellows feel this way. Here most of them have very comfortable living conditions, in any event as good as is possible overseas, and certainly better than they can expect in the South Pacific. We think the restlessness is a direct result of a desire to commence the second phase of the war and thus be a step closer to their ultimate objective - Home. Then too, the undefined duration of our separation from those we love could be a contributing factor to this discontent. As many times as we have heard the first question, "Where and when?", we have also heard, "How long?". It all resolves itself down to the old adage, "Our's is not to reason why, our's but to - wither on a limb". - Definition of the World's most TIRED man, "A man who spends four weeks in a hospital playing poker and lounging about, then requests and gets seven days Rest Camp leave. - Here is a man with trouble. Sgt Corpiet is worried about his Income Tax. - This week has been a week of momentous events. The Big Three met in the Crimea and M Sgt Courtwright welcomed his straight man, T. A. Lebuda, on his return from the Bari Hospital. Bari's loss is our gain or how would you put it? - The 778th is fortunate in having a Research Chemist among its personnel. We refer to Cpl Wierachke who last week, by means of practical experiment, discovered that the Italian Liquor sold in some of the Service Clubs has the same properties as one hundred octane gasoline and costs twenty cents more per drink. - The Grease Trap outside the Mess Hall claims its first victim. T. Sgt Kaplan somehow managed to take a dip in it last week. - Offering it to you for what it might be worth, this is the reporting combination T. J. Griek and W. J. Clarke signing off.

SYNCHRONIZING ON THE 77TH

Now that Lt. Jim "Oakie" Treadwell has come back from rest camp we can expect to hear a lot more of that Hillbilly music-Individuals living in the vicinity of his tent are pulling out the ear muffs again -- Talking about noise - Lt. "Cerignola" Crimin is now learning to play the accordion-abundant quantities of cotton may be obtained at the dispensary.

After "Brow-Beating" around a bit it was found M/Sgt "Marrying Sam" Mabry went to college before entering the army. He is now offering courses on how to win money in crap games and influence first sergeants.

Lt. Bob "Jack" Nosker now has so many cans of sardines he plans on opening up a local grocery store--(Line forms on the right).

Lt. "Red" Ryder has finally moved into his new casa--after 2 1/2 months of heavy construction work he deserves it

The way the plaster has been peeling off of Lt. "Rusty" Andrews' house he's beginning to think that maybe this little sun we have been having lately is a little too strong.

In case anyone wonders who that fellow is that is waving his arms around for no apparent reason in the local area-- It is Lt. "Bennie" Geissinger-Don't get excited. He's perfectly harmless-It's just that it is something left over from his occupation as a choir leader.

It's been brought to my attention that Lt. Bob Daves was a cadet officer--anyone interested on how not to win friends and influence people get in touch with Bob.

Well, that's finite until the next time.

