

THE TOWER

464th BOMB
GROUP

"THE ETERNAL GOD IS THY REFUGE,
AND UNDERNEATH ARE THE EVERLASTING ARMS."

Deut. 33:27

HITLER SHOULD NOT DIE

Nearly every one of Uncle Sam's nephews has at one time or another wanted to hang Hitler from a sour apple tree, and burn Doc Goebbels in his own propaganda. A week ago Saturday we had a discussion meeting in our section, using for the topic "What shall we do with Germany after the war?". There were lots of ideas brought up, and many of them were very sound. Not all or even a majority of these suggestions were original, the importance of them lies in the fact that they show your average G. I. to be thinking very seriously of the world future. He wants to see a time when his children won't have to go through another war. He wants the German threat, and any other threat to world peace, permanently squashed.

In our discussion the other morning we started off with the idea of bringing all war criminals to justice. No matter if they attempted to seek refuge in Holland, as the Kaiser did in the last war, or slipped off to Argentina, as many of them no doubt plan to do, they are to be searched down and punished. Someone asked about Hitler, the symbol of Nazism. A strange point was brought up, and agreed upon by the largest part of the men. We should not execute Hitler. To do so would give only the immediate satisfaction of killing him, and would do the lasting harm of making him a martyr to the German. Life imprisonment at hard labor would be much better, and more effective. One man put it well when he said: "We must lower Hitler in the German's estimation".

Next we discussed reeducation, both of the Nazi nation's youth, and of her adults. For the last thirteen years every stream of German education has been poisoned by the constant flow of the "superman" ideal. The average youngster was, and is even today, taught that the purest blood, the best brains, the finest engineers all are Germans or of German descent. The "Aryan" myth has been drilled into them till they look upon all non-Nordics as "inferior" races. It will take a long time to counteract this vicious pseudo-science. In our discussion we agreed that one of the best ways to reach the new generation of Teutons was by using the "good" Germans as teachers, under allied supervision. Supervision, not only of schools, but of all forms of life, will be necessary. There will have to be a highly trained efficient policing force composed of allied troops for years to come. A certain percentage of these troops will have to

be Americans. My personal suggestion on this is that there be a nine months tour of German duty for each of the new recruits coming into the army under the proposed national service act. They could take their basic training in Germany, and do their time there, as well as have a chance to see Europe. It would solve the occupation army problem, and, provided a backlog of experienced officers and men were kept, would make semi permanent occupation a relatively easy thing.

All that we discussed thus far may be very good, but it adds up to very little if we do nothing about Germany's economic system. One of the boys favored a complete stripping of Germany, reducing it to buying entirely from outside sources. But the general trend of opinion seemed to be that closely supervised consumer industries should be allowed to operate, as well as a minimum heavy industry. This last should be only enough to permit replacement of trucks and railway equipment, so carefully inspected and checked that it could never again grow to armament production. The German mechanical and electrical genius should be allowed scope to express itself, and be channeled into peaceful lines. Limited aircraft production might be allowed for commercial use only.

Lastly, and most important of all, the subject of the Prussian Military caste was broached. Here we had almost unanimous agreement that this should be broken up in any and every way. Mention was made of the known fact that the German army is now planning the next war, and is trying to save all of the officer class it can for this. Several suggestions were made to combat this group of fanatical Junkers, among them the idea of careful inspections of teachers to find camouflaged officers. But the best and most sensible of all is to break up the great landed estates in East Prussia, and Pomerania, a task our Russian allies are taking care of at the present moment!

To me, the whole discussion was a very healthy sign. It showed several important things. First, the average G. I. is as well if not better informed than his civilian contemporary. Secondly, through this army life he has learned to use the facts he knows in direct and forceful argument. He is and has come of age. When he returns home this ability to stand up in an open forum and express his ideas will stand him in good stead. In the rapid pace of the post war world nothing will be more valuable to the one time soldier than his ability to talk, and act, and think straight.

G. H. MERRIAM

WHAT'LL IT BE LIKE

Most GIs wonder what it will be like when we get home. I have just had a preview. By courtesy of the Theater Commander I was given a furlough to revisit my family in England for the first time in six years. It was a great thrill — and also a great eye-opener.

No one else in the Group, let us hope at least, will have to wait six years before seeing his home again. But few probably will be away for less than three. So many will face something of the same situation at the end of the war as I did last month.

The most obvious thing, after the joy of the first greetings, is the sense of being strangers. You are not the same nor are they. You have to get to know each other all over again.

I have a mother and step-father, two younger brothers and an older step-brother and step-sister. We were always a pretty happy family and have kept in fairly close touch by letter. Though I knew that many things were different I still pictured the family much as I had left them. I was in for a big surprise. My kid brother was thirteen when I last saw him, a pleasant school-kid, with a good deal of respect for his elder brother. He did pretty much what I told him. Now he was bigger than I and in uniform. In a few months, if I meet him again, I will probably be saluting him. The other brother, from a quiet, bookish High School Junior had become a mature agricultural expert with an important war job. The basis for our old relationship was gone and we had to develop something new.

Older people, of course, do not change as much, though they too develop new interests and new friends on account of the war. But in any case you have changed and that makes all the difference.

In many ways it is a great opportunity. We have to build our family life afresh, but we start with a clean slate. In the thrill of being together again many old mistakes are forgotten.

But don't let the emotions of the first meeting and the returning hero stuff, or the comfort of home and the old familiar routines of civilian life fool you. You have to build a family together—and it is not easy.

THE TOWER

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

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HOWARD WALKER

It takes just as much thought and hard work to win the confidence and friendship of a brother you haven't seen for many years as it does to win the confidence of the man you hope will be your best customer or the girl you hope to marry. And it is just as important. If you are married it means a second honeymoon, learning again to live together, courting the girl all over again. The way you volunteer to help with the dishes will mean a lot to mother too.

But probably the most important factor in the new relationship is being honest--about your feelings, your plans, and your failings. It is easy to put on a false front, but you can't build a united family out of a bunch of false fronts. Nothing divides two people like unshared secrets. Nothing is so baffling as living with a person and never

knowing what they are thinking. But when things are brought out in the open there is a chance to get a common mind.

Letters can also do much to bring a common mind. I have often felt that I cannot say what is on my mind in a letter because it will be censored. That is a mistake. Intimate letters in which the writer really gives himself can do more than anything else to keep a family united though scattered. They provide a basis for knowing each other when they get together. And if they are good enough they may even help the censor with his own affairs! I am perhaps most grateful for my furlough because it has given a glimpse of the problems and opportunities of family reunion and shown me how to prepare for them through letters.

The magazines are full of articles about what it will be like when we get home. They put it in terms of gadgets and new inventions. But the thing that really counts is what our own life will be like and that of our family. And that will be what we make it.

J T BLAIR

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

Chaplain's Flimsy

"Chaplain, let me tell you why I don't go to chapel. Back in civilian life I knew an old man who never missed church on Sunday, but during the rest of the week he was a devil. If that's what the church does for men, I want nothing to do with it." After listening to such talk from many sources, I have decided to write an answer.

First of all, let me admit that the church does fail with some men. Even Christ had one of his closest associates betray him. There are men who join the church and attend it, who never really receive what it has to offer. But this does not cause me to lose my faith, nor encourage me to give up my practice of worship.

Many men have attempted marriage and failed. Some have tried several times and failed as often. But this does not cause me to lose my faith in marriage, and certainly not in my own marriage. Not all the persuasion in the world; nor a million stories of unfaithfulness and broken homes, could convince me that I should lose faith in my own wife and disregard the covenant between us. I know that my home is dear to me and the failures of other men do not detract in the least from it.

I hope you are not a confirmed old bachelor simply because the failures of other men have convinced you that marriage has nothing to offer you. If you are, my advice is that you study men's successes rather than their failures; that you acquaint yourself with happily married people and enter their homes upon occasion. Also, if you have concentrated on the failures of the church until you are convinced that it has nothing to offer you, I suggest that you consider its successes for a time. Become acquainted with the people for whom it has done most. Dare to let Christ have his way in your own life. Not until you have taken the marriage vows and kept them can you know the blessings of married life. Not until you have entered into a covenant with Christ and accepted his way can you know the joys of Christian faith. You must cease to be the spectator and become a man of action if you are to know this joy.

Chaplain EASTWOOD

IN MEMORIAM

It all happened so suddenly, you come back,
And they just aren't there, the men you've
known,
And buddied with, perhaps quarreled with.
They're gone
Never to come trudging up the hill again,
banging their
Messkits, shouting back and forth, asking
what's new.
You'll never hear them again, as they
come slamming through
The door at four thirty in the morning.
You'll never see them again, horsing
around the area.
No, you'll never talk Chicago politics,
nor kid the "Californian".
Men cursed that night, who felt near tears
while others
Silent sat, too full of thoughts to speak
For all knew one or two, and most knew
all of them.
Cut off in the midst of a conversation,
half a sentence done,
Blasted to eternity.
It's war, so they tell us, and so we know.
It's war, and men are dying everywhere.
We honor them, who for their homes and
families
Who for their country, for their love of
freedom
Long hours worked, with constant menace
ever near.
This is for them, a wish, a hope, a prayer,
That we may worthy be to carry on.
A prayer that we may work, and fight,
and live
In such a way that they, all those
unnumbered men
Who give their lives in this our cause,
may sleep.

G. H. MERRIAM

A TOAST AND A CURSE

A toast to the heart of a fighting man,
Who risks his life each day,
To safely preserve our Maker's plan,
In the undesirable way,

Of shooting, knifing, bombing, burning,
A path of blood and gore,
But forever praying and ever yearning,
That the horrors soon be o'er.

Then to return to his native land,
To start life o'er again,
In a happy world to understand
His toll was not in vain.

But cursed be he who fights the fight,
Of a plan, unjust and old,
In whose blinded sight, might seems right,
And blood of less value than gold.

Who lifts his hand and takes his gun,
And kills for power and lust,
Leaving the dead to rot in the sun,
Thinking his cause is just,

But who in turn will eternally lie,
In an unmarked, common grave,
Who'd rape and kill, then likewise die,
Some insane ruler's slave.

For when from the shepherd, a flock will turn
To a sheep to lead the sheep,
The flames of Hell more fiercely burn,
And God can only weep.
J.K.O.

Synchronizing on the 77th

No sooner was the last edition of the Tower out than repercussions were heard from two individuals mentioned in my last column. It seems that these two individuals were called Cpls. These two men hereafter will be referred to as Pfc's — I hope that satisfies you — Pfc Rizzo and Hanson. And I also hope the lemons aren't whizzing by too fast.

M/Sgt Mabry of 77th operations has really gone "chart happy" — Everytime anyone is scheduled for anything Sgt Mabry has to consult at least 10 different charts and graphs — By the time this war is over he should be thoroughly checked out as a Bookkeeper deluxe.

Anyone who was unfortunate enough to see that picture "Seventh Victim" shares my deepest sympathy — It can easily be said that it was the saddest picture ever filmed. By the time the last reel was being shown half of the briefing room was empty — The entire film was on only two reels — Aside from the fact that the latter part of the picture seemed to be filmed in the dark, the ending left you hanging in mid-air — I give it a double Z rating.

George Setser has now had a special box built for him in the mail room — The way he has been receiving mail he is going to need a private secretary also. — He averages at least 10 letters a day — which is multi mail compared to my 2 letters a week.

There's no doubt that the 77th will win the bond drive in this group but we still have to keep punching, men, so let's get in there and win by a really big margin.

HOBNOBBING WITH HEADQUARTERS

Weaver promised us a poem in time to make the deadline, but to date no poem. The road to ruin is paved with good inventions. Speaking of poetry — you should have heard big "Hank" Zablocki wax poetic the other day in the presence of Margo, the Red Cross impressarietta. Potent influence, this Margo? Warrem must be simply crazy about doughnuts, the way he tags her. Were talking about the difficulties we will encounter when we get back. Consensus of opinion was that the most difficult part will be to keep our language within the limits of conventions. Tried talking as though we were back and didn't last 2 1/2 minutes without a sip. The strain was terrific!

WATCH THIS SPACE FOR FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS

CREWS IN THE BLUE

Cairo is quite the place! At least that's the impression I got from one of the lucky "cogs" who made the trip recently, with a few of the "wheels." The boys took in the sights of Cairo and its vicinity, Jerusalem, Bethlehem Nazareth, Galilee, and other spots of interest — not to mention multi good food and real beds with sheets! Hm-m-, who d'ya have to know?

Here's the latest from officers' row in the 76th: Lt. J. Weinum finished up his 35th one day last week but never realized his joy until 3 AM the following morning when he woke up his tent wife Lt Wood — "Woodie, I don't have to get up anymore — I'm finished!!!" Wonder what "Woodie" said?!!

Ping pong is still a major sport around the 78th officers' club. Running true to expected form Lt McMillan and Lincoln reached the tournament finals. Lincoln displayed too much class for "Mac" and captured the championship in four fast, but hard, games.

With Lts Cook and Trott at Rome, and O'Malley in Cairo the recently renewed feud of the 76th suffered a temporary halt. No doubt the "rest" (?) will have enlightened the boys with some new, fiendish ideas.

Heard after a recent mission, in the 78th mess hall: — "Maurice fired 200 rounds and only got two 51's!"

What a sad surprise this was! The E.M. of Lt Tuommey's crew returned from a three day pass to view the charred remains of their home. Oh! for the arrival of the days of stoveless tents!

T/Sgt "Rube Goldberg" MacDonough of the 78th, from the midst of his household gadgets says "After the war I wanna build an air port". Wait'll he gets his other 27 sorties in!!

1st Lt "Jungle Jim" Leavy manages to keep the 78th officers' club in good shape with cute signs such as this: — "Please keep your feet (with shoes attached!) off these walls!"

Goin' Home: —

The number off lucky lads who are headed for steaks, malteds, et al, at you know where, still continues to stay way up there. Here they are, the completions of late: In the 76th — 1st Lt Heino A. Forstrom
1st Lt Joseph Weinum Jr.

From the 77th — Capt Stinson, T/Sgt Moxley, S/Sgt Moore, T/Sgt Pencak, T/Sgt Kirkpatrick, T/Sgt Levenberger, S/Sgt O'Gara, T/Sgt Benson, 1st Lt Dyste, S/Sgt Edmonds.

The 78th has no contribution and from the 79th —

1st Lt Paul J. Kaspar
S/Sgt W. P. Boydston
T/Sgt Ed J. Daly
T/Sgt Charles A. Huber
T/Sgt Richard G. Mechelke
Capt Joseph A. Chymanski
1st Lt Clarence Christensen Jr.
1st Lt Harold A. Levesay
1st Lt Russell W. Van Rooy
S/Sgt James Dowell
S/Sgt Eldred Taylor
S/Sgt Bernard Lazzari
S/Sgt Robert C. Huey

MOVIE SCHEDULE

Nothing but Trouble - Laurel & Hardy
13th & 14th
GI Shorts - 15th & 16th
Winged Victory - 17th & 18th
Keys to the Kingdom -
Sir Cedrick Hardwick 19th & 20th
Gregory Peck
Reddy MacDowell

