

THE TOWER

464th BOMB
GROUP

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS
ON WHICH THE PRINCE OF GLORY DIED,
MY RICHEST GAIN I COUNT BUT LOSS
AND POUR CONTEMPT ON ALL MY PRIDE.

H E I S R I S E N

Observations

(The fourth of a series of articles by Bernd Simon telling of his experiences in prewar Germany).

To Dachau in a prison train, like cattle, that's the way hundreds of good Esseners were driven into the living hell on earth, after spending one full week of "softening up" in the city's police jail behind prison bars. On the way to Munich we passed many big cities; Duisburg, Dusseldorf, Cologne, Euskirchen, Bitburg, Trier, and on everyone of those stations, men were packed onto the train for an involuntary journey to an unknown destination.

We rolled all day and half the night, still not knowing where to. Finally the train stopped—Munich, some secret dark side station, — not a living soul seemed to be about.

Suddenly — all hell broke loose around us when commando voices were heard and black uniformed Nazi hordes, like mad men, drove and beat us out of the train, lined us up in the roughest possible way, showered us with curses and language hard to describe, hit us constantly with rifle butts and made us run, old and young alike, triple—time across several tracks and climb into a high box car.

Just like sardines, we were pressed into the dark, unventilated box car, until the door could hardly close. Inside what crying and weeping voices of poor unfortunate human beings, gasping for air, of which there was none, fainting, despairing.

We rolled and rolled, slowly—it seemed to us like hours—anticipating the worst, hardly being able to move our chests to breathe.

What would they do to us? — we exchanged thoughts later — burn us? Let us roll off a cliff? Let us starve? None of that happened. After the box cars stopped, again German voices

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Now upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulchre, bringing the spices which they had prepared, and certain others with them.

And they found the stone rolled away from the sepulchre.

And they entered in, and found not the body of the Lord Jesus.

And it came to pass, as they were much perplexed thereabout, behold, two men stood by them in shining garments:

And as they were afraid, and bowed down their faces to the earth, they said unto them, Why seek ye the living among the dead?

He is not here, but is risen: remember how he spake unto you when he was yet in Galilee.

Saying, The Son of man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and on the third day rise again.

And they remembered his words.

And returned from the sepulchre, and told all these things unto the eleven, and to all the rest.

It was Mary Magdalene, and Joanna, and Mary the mother of James, and other women that were with them which told these things unto the apostles.

And their words seemed to them as idle tales, and they believed them not.

Then arose Peter, and ran unto the sepulchre; and stooping down, he beheld the linen clothes laid by themselves, and departed, wondering in himself at that which was come to pass.

And, behold, two of them went that same day to a village called Emmaus, which was from Jerusalem about threescore furlongs.

And they talked together of all these things which had happened.

And it came to pass, that, while they communed together and reasoned, Jesus himself drew near, and went with them.

A Large Mind

In one of Arnold Bennett's novels he described a character by saying that she possessed "a large mind." Somehow the phrase has remained with me. It struck me as being very apt, for I can think of few desirable personal qualities that would not be covered by "a large mind."

But just what do we mean by that expression? Since mind is something intangible — We cannot measure it, or weigh it, or size it up — just what do we mean by "a large mind." In the novel Arnold Bennett supplied the answer in 50,000 words, but since we are in a hurry for an answer, let's look at a couple of examples of what is and what isn't a large mind.

One morning, during the war between the States, an officer brought an order to General Robert E. Lee for his signature. Two Union soldiers had been caught as spies. The punishment was death. But the Confederacy was on its last legs and none knew it better than General Lee. To have shot two soldiers at this late hour would not have affected the outcome of the struggle. He countermanded the order.

When I was a small boy I knew two companions by the names of Nick and Tito. One day, for no apparent reason, Nick struck Tito on the shoulder and Tito immediately returned the blow. Of course Nick would not be outdone so he struck Tito again and just as promptly received another one in return. I lost count of how many blows were struck, but this tit-for-tat battle continued until dinner time, throughout all that afternoon, all that evening until far into the night, and was just as readily resumed the next morning. I was obliged to leave that town shortly afterwards but I imagine that were I to meet Nick and Tito 50 or 60 years after

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THE TOWER

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they would still be trying to see who would get in the last blow. Not a physical blow perhaps, but an economic one.

To possess a large mind means more than being broad-minded, more than being tolerant, more than being liberal, more than being impartial. It means a readiness to forgive human failings, a readiness to see how the other half lives, a readiness to disregard others' eccentricities, a readiness to admit the possibility of someone liking what we whole-heartedly detest.

I used to think that when a person was said to be good he had reached the very acme of moral rectitude. But I've had a change of opinion. Being good doesn't embody enough. It implies a negative quality. It implies staying out of harm's way. It implies living

with our ears wrong side out. At the present time being good alone doesn't seem to possess any significance. I think that in the World of Tomorrow we need to come closer to reality, to understand and grapple with each other's problems. And one of the nicest compliments any person could receive would be to have it said of him that he possessed a large mind.

T. J. JEMUEL J. ARCHBOLD
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Femmine Touch

The other day we enjoyed a delightful new experience in our messhall... an American Red Cross girl giving each man, a smile, and some beautiful golden doughnuts. They were good, fellows, weren't they? But so was something else very noticeable and very good. The general conduct of the men... and the distinct and happy absence of any cursing! Yes, it was a real boost to eat a meal in really friendly and home-like atmosphere.

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

Lest We Forget

*The valleys lie bathed in golden beams,
Sprinkled with somber light,
Amidst the green, the white bone gleams,
A deathly, ghastly white.*

*The bones of thousands, like scattered seed,
The maggot has taken his toll,
No longer bodies, with which to bleed,
No longer a far-off goal.*

*No longer will your young hearts strain,
In fear of bullet and shell,
You'll never have to kill again,
You're done with this Earthly Hell.*

*You're finished. You're dead, forgot en now
By nearly all, save One,
Your bodies are soil beneath the plow,
Your earthly strife is done.*

*And yet in spite of pain and shame,
Man's greed may rule again
A few years hence, more war may flame,
And you'll have died in vain*

*W' pray that through thy toil, the flesh,
And wasted centuries past,
The minds of God and man may mesh,
And make this war the last.*

John Griswold

OBSERVATIONS

(Continued from page 1)

were heard ordering us to jump off and line up. I could see nothing but strong searchlights, mounted on high machine gun towers and an entire field full of Elite guard troops, pointing toward us their fixed bayonets. That was my first impression of the concentration camp of Dachau. I doubted that we would ever again see golden liberty.

It was 3 AM. cold and rainy. The soldiers made us stand outside all night, all day, without hats, — at attention — and one pot of cold water was passed through the lines for thousands of men. The "Elite", young kids, passed through the lines, dishing out kicks with their heavy and shiny leather boots, beating up people who "dared" to move. And old man right in front of me was slapped hard in the face, just for turning his head. Human necessities could not be taken care of, and you can imagine what happened.

Late that night we were "processed": our hair was completely cut off, suits, underwear were taken away, burning hot showers given, one shirt, one cotton suit (blue-white stripes) issued, chased out again into the ice cold winter air, shivering, freezing, to stand again for hours and hours to come, at the mercy of the brutality of the "Nazi Mastermind".

This was only the beginning, just an introduction to "Life in Dachau". It was a sample of the terrible weeks to come — of 2 1/2 months waiting in despair, fear, and torture, waiting for eventual liberation and freedom, not knowing when, and if it would ever come.

Chaplain's Flimsy

Today we celebrate the greatest victory in history. Christ and the devil were the contestants in the conflict. The devil had invaded God's creation and claimed us for his own. But God so loved us that he could not give us up to the tyranny of the Evil One and sent His Son to drive back the invader. Christ came to grips with the Evil One here in the lives of men, pursued him through death to his citadel in hell and returned victorious. On Easter morning he rose from the grave. No more do members of his kingdom fear death or the power of Satan. Christ's victory was final.

We began by saying that Christ's victory is the greatest in history and so it is. It gave meaning to Christmas. If Christ had been conquered by the Evil One and never returned from the darkness of death, his birth would not have long been remembered. If the seal had remained unbroken on his tomb his promises would have been carried away by the wind and forgotten. If the great stone had remained across the entrance we would close the graves of our loved ones without hope. Never would we hear those comforting words. "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die".

Easter means that God and not death has the final word. Christ passed through death that we might live. Those who accept his love and grace become partakers of his victory. If your buddy goes down in flames it is not the end of all. If he has believed in Christ and accepted God's love, it will be the beginning of a new and greater life.

Chaplain EASTWOOD

BERND SIMON

Chow Line Chatter

by A Seventy-Niner

It wasn't V-2, nor yet V-3, but it made a dence of a bang, Gaston's hair was scorched, Capt Timmons acted chief fireman and spoiled his uniform. Men were stutled down the line, and all headquarters came a running before the pieces had even had time to come to earth. Supply is mourning the loss of a tent, and Croy and Coffman the loss of all their possessions. All of which goes to show you that it isn't safe to play with gasoline, and especially not to throw it off trucks. It was lucky she didn't blow when the other ten barrels were close around.

Heartly congratulations to Mike Mahanick, our senior member. He got the Bronze Star this week for the splendid job Armament has done under his leadership and supervision. In more than 150 missions there has not been one early return due to defective armament. He has given more than 25 years of his life to the army, serving ever since the last war. He has seen more combat than most of us ever will. He spent eleven months with the infantry in France last time, including some strenuous trench warfare around Metz. We are glad to see him get recognition.

Jack McCray has completed 35 — and is he glad. He has been working on it since last May Second. He is one of the only two remaining combat-crewmembers who came over with us from Pocatello. The chief thing that held him up was that he smashed his ankle bailing out of a plane and spent a stretch in the hospital. Incidentally he has bailed out three times which is enough for anyone not a paratrooper. We have a feeling he will be plenty glad to see Cleveland, Ohio again.

We are sorry to lose Bob King. If the Seventy-Eighth must send their clerks home (a good scheme in itself) we wish they wouldn't take ours. Engineering is going to miss him.

Sport:... Not being knowledgeable about baseball ourselves we quote verbatim from our sporting correspondent:

"Mason Fowles pitched the first no-hit no-run game of the current softball season, when he set down the 79th Staff Officers 3-0, in the first half of a double header played on the Squadron's new athletic

LUCERA CASTLE

There's a silvery mist tonight, on the walls that scrape the sky
And only the bats are flying, and only the night birds cry.
Where once a King his kingdom ruled there now is only shard
And there's grass where once the chargers pranced across the princes' yard.
A watchful guard in tower high, once stood up yonder there
Where now at noonday lizards sun in weather bright and fair.
Now only half a broken arch, a splintered floor of tile
Remains to mark the window where the princess used to smile.
The morning now no herald brings except an aged crone.
Who comes each day to gather herbs where once was Frederick's throne.
The palaces that were are dead, and naught remain but shades.
They all have left, the gilded mob, and all the gay young blades.
So glory fades and nothing's sure save time's unceasing round
And fame is but a heap of sand that's piled on shifting ground.

G. H. MERRIAM

THE 778th SPOTLIGHT

It seems that the Medics after twelve months of solicitous care of the squadron personnel, feel that they would like a little attention themselves. At least that is what we gathered from more than one of them when talking to them the other day. They are as happy as can be expected under the circumstances but feel that this Hill would be Eldorado if they could see their names mentioned in the Tower. We aim to please. McNamara, Spence, and Pratt — These boys are not alone in their quest for fame or should we say notoriety P. D. (Control Tower) Turner also approached us with the same wistful request. — Then too there is that Great Man, T. A. Lebuda. His girl friend back home wants another clipping giving full details of the latest exploit of the "Red Billed Duck". We are sorry that we can't oblige. The Great One does not seem to be over his recent modification and has been living a very secluded life. — Did you know — That what has currently become known as "The Italian Hotel", was actually designed as a squadron wash room. It has hot and cold running water and an ample capacity to hold the helmets of all. Let's hope that with the arrival of warm weather another spot may be found for the Italian laborers and the washroom used for its original purpose. There is now a barber shop conveniently located in the same building. What magnificence (whew!) — Now about that shower room — actually work is being done toward its completion. The walls are up, the floor is in, a stand made for the water barrels, and the drain is being dug. We've needed a shower room for a long time but with the coming of warm weather it will be a case of showers or clothespins! — Were you on hand at the dispensary the evening of Pop Breed's thirty-second sortie? For the first time in history he spilled part of his shot. Only strong hands saved him from getting splinters in his tongue. Getting nervous Pop? — "welcome" sign is out to Lt Gowen and crew who have joined us this week. Glad to have you with us fellows. — Have you noticed the fancy red lettered signs, which glare forth from our new Tufa latrine, proclaiming it for the use of — "778th Squadron Personnel Only"? It's not every day you see fur lined seats like ours! — Congratulations are in order for those new "railroad tracks" Capt Krynonik is sporting. We understand the crew pulled a maximum effort in the way of celebration! — A note of thanks for those responsible for the new room in our service club. Its record player, chairs, tables, and easy chairs add much to the club's attractiveness. — The breakfasts in the morning these days have certainly been good, it must be that those biscuits add the certain something that makes them worth mentioning. — Those strange tracks you see around the hill were made by our armorers after loading hundred pounders and frags for four maximum efforts in a row. Another rough job and well done. — That new "King" looks mighty sharp Courtwright. A long and useful life to her.

field. In the night cap, which turned into a heavy hitting contest, the Static Chasers were again victorious over the Officers. Final results were: Communications 12, Officers 7. Skrove was the winning pitcher in this game.

"The 79th Engineers have been the only team so far to set back the Communications boys, beating them 3 to 0 in a hard fought game. The score was evened in a later game, and Mason Fowles turned the trick behind hard hitting by his teammates. The final results showed: Communications 5, Engineering 3.

"Armament proved no match for Communications in the first game of the season, losing by a score of 23-12.

"Puhr, Stallings, Gebaldlo and Singer have been the heavy hitters. Skrove as pitcher has won two games, lost one. Fowles has won two, lost none."

Your correspondent is most grateful for the contribution of this item of baseball news. He will receive with joy any news, anecdotes or scandal about members of the Squadron that readers may care to turn in to the Orderly Room.

