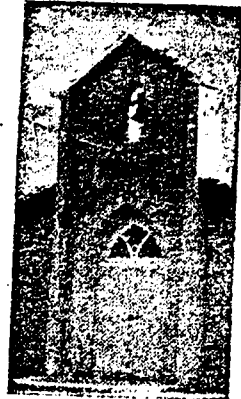


THE TOWER

464th BOMB
GROUP

"KNOWING WHAT IS RIGHT, TO DO IS
WISDOM, DOING IT IS CHARACTER"



* * S T * A * R S * *

* The candle flickered in the constant breeze. The wind was everywhere, even in the most sheltered corner of their ruined house. Theirs? — Who had a better right to claim it? They had won it late the previous afternoon, in a bloody burst of mortar and machine gun fire.

* The corporal was tired, if tiredness can be used to describe the exhaustion which will not let you sleep, yet makes you go on, beyond your normal strength. He looked around, at the dome of the room, at the dust and bricks which had fallen from the wall, at the guns slacked nearby, at the body of Jonesy, lying like a boy in deep sleep. But Jonesy would never wake again. It didn't seem right, it wasn't right, that good guys like Jonesy had to die. And what a hole to die in. A machine gun nest in the rubble of a valley farmhouse. What did it all mean? Why, why, why? Sure — he knew what the orientation (he called them propaganda) lectures said — still, it made no difference. Just because some big deal —

* With a start the corporal reached for his gun, seeing a movement in the blanket which masked the door. Then his tension relaxed as he heard Radowski's familiar voice.

* "Now don't that make the cheese more bindin', muttered the newcomer as he poked his way by the blanketed door and into the circle of candle light.

* "What's cookin', Rad", asked the corporal, lighting a cigarette and offering one to the guard. He took it, lit up, dragged deeply, and then cursed fluently. He handed over an envelope.

* "It's the orders for Jonesy's recall for courtmartial — violation of military discipline or something like that". Rad returned to his guard post.

* The corporal ground out his cigarette. He glanced at the orders in his hand, but he didn't read them. He could see them in his mind. — Pvt. Henry M. Jones is hereby ordered to report — for violation of AW 96, and so on — What a way to fight a war!

* He walked outside into the fresh, biting air. It struck him like a wave, acted as a tonic, waking him up. He whistled once. Radowski came.

* "I'll take over till morning, Rad, you might as well get some shut-eye".

* "O.K., boss".

* "It was beautiful overhead. The moon was sinking low on the horizon, and the stars burned brightly. Despite the need for constant alertness the corporal still enjoyed it after the closeness of the inner room. Not a sound came across the shell torn waste. Not a shot from the hills. The world might have been at peace. The corporal was an imaginative man, and he wondered for a moment if this whole bloody mess was not a dream. Then his thoughts turned back to Jonesy, and the dream became again a horrible reality. He remembered how Jonesy had loved the stars. He'd known Orion and Caslopeia's Chair, the Seven Sisters, and the Big Dipper. Jonesy may have been just another G.I. to the front office, but he was the corporal's buddy. Pacing back and forth he reasoned things out.

* Jonesy never talked much about home, but once he'd opened up about his wife and baby. He was proud of his little family. Never had seen the boy, but he'd show you "Donnie's" picture at the drop of a hat. A funny Joe, and a great guy, and now he was gone.

* Things seemed clearer now. The corporal knew why Jonesy had died. It was so that his wife and baby could some day watch the stars in their glory, never fearing death from the skies. He'd died so that Donnie could live in a free country, that his mother and he could be safe from arrogance and cruelty. Jonesy hadn't died for a great vague ideal, but he'd gone for an even greater love of home and all it meant to him.

* The corporal quickened his step for the wind grew colder. He saw the first flush of dawn hit the eastern horizon. The stars were paling fast. He swore an oath to himself, an oath that Jonesy and all men like him had not died uselessly. That from this day he'd work and fight, and live in such a way that when peace came he'd be worthy to live in the new and better world. There would be stars.

G.H. MERRIAM

MEET THE COGS

by JOE STEWART

A quiet guy who has been through and seen plenty in this war, a guy who could tell some real war tales about World War II from the Southwest Pacific to the present here on the hill, is Master Sergeant Harry A. Bruneau, a crew chief in the 79th.

Enlisting in the Army in October 1941, Harry went through the regular routine life of a G.I., until in August 1942 he found himself in the Fiji Islands as a replacement. From there he traveled to New Caledonia, thence to Santos Island where he was assigned to a B-17 outfit. That was back in the days when the Japs were pretty powerful and the Allies were fighting with their backs literally against the wall. Supplies were rather slow coming through, and half the time our forces were flying patched up junk heaps that even a service squadron wouldn't take under their wings. On November 9th Bruneau volunteered to go to Guadalcanal to help salvage two B-17s that had crashed there, for the parts were vitally needed back at his home base.

The Marines had just taken the place from the Japs and the Nips didn't relish the harsh manner in which they were forced to evacuate. Arriving on the island, Bruneau and his cohorts set about their task with the crashed planes when, on November 13th, 35,000 Japs attempted to land a counter invasion force. For three successive days and nights 6000 Marines and Bruneau and his seven fellow Air Corps men were under a constant barrage from the Jap vessels all around the island. Bruneau and his gang were armed... with one machine gun among the eight of them. Crouching in fox-holes for three days, Bruneau saw the attack repulsed. By this time the Marines had the situation well in hand — Jap ships were burning everywhere. The Air Corps boys climbed from their fox holes and continued the job they had started. Later, Bruneau was awarded the Legion of Merit, the Nation's fourth highest award for his part in the salvage job. Shortly thereafter, his group was awarded the Presidential Citation for successful bombings while under the handicap of using re-built planes.

Bruneau went to the New Hebrides where he flew as a volunteer gunner on eight missions against the Japs. Later he was sent to Hawaii where he spent another two months and finally, in May 1943, was sent back to the States.

The record books say that the first contingent of army personnel landed on Guadalcanal on December 3, 1942, but Bruneau was there almost a month

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. FLAIR
Typist HOWARD WALKER

previous. His group was also the first to bomb the Solomon Islands, to soften up the landings for the Marines on August 8, 1942.

Bruneau had led a colorful life, as a civilian. Born in New York City 26 years ago of French parents, he attended elementary schools in New York and then was sent to high school in France. He attended St. Cyr Academy in Nevers, France, for three years where he studied art. Returning to America, he was employed as a commercial artist for the Bryan & Elliot Advertising Co. He speaks French, German, and Italian and also has a knowledge of Spanish and some South Pacific native tongues.

He is also the holder of the Soldier's Medal for his work the night Black Obce blew up on the hard stand.
Hats off to Harry Bruneau. He's a cog that is, in all reality, a wheel.

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

CON MOLTO
ESPRESSIONE

The concerts on Monday evenings have been reported regularly by this column. The artists who have come are among the greatest. Last week Arcangelo Masotti gave us an excellent cello performance. With his wife as piano-accompanist, Mr. Masotti demonstrated a rare art ability; his technique and feeling were both super.

Yet our tone cannot be very bright, for the "molto bella" of his performance was overshadowed on that same evening by the sad parting of a real friend. We suffered a loss that I fear will not be compensated alone by concerts, were they to feature Fritz Kreisler and Josef Hoffmann in person.

When this group came overseas, they brought a civilian along who has been with them ever since. He arrived with the pioneers of the 78th on this hill and proceeded immediately on his "tour of duty". In the actual construction of living quarters he gave a greatly needed hand by having lumber hauled to the base. (Until last October, when he was officially halted he had procured over 30 truckloads for the men.) His record on such seemingly

small items as lamps is unforgettable inasmuch as he is represented in nearly every tent. And when the problem of procurement was no longer critical he embarked upon new ventures; he established and effected a locations system to the tune of over a thousand satisfied "clients", who have him to thank for finding relatives and friends in other Army organizations. The girls who operate the "Clubmobile" are indebted to him for assistance in making it a success. When Christmas came, our clubs had decorations and trees because of the diligence and efficiency of this man. He has been on hand, it seems, whenever and wherever he was needed.

The chapel choir will never forget him. He is Curtis Lamb. He is popular with all who know him. He did very much to speed the construction of the very chapel in which he organized and directed the choir. His was the work of securing the talent for the concerts. In fact the schedule for some weeks to come is the result of his contacts and arrangements.

But all of these — the solutions to hundreds of personal problems — Christmas for the kids and gift for Allied Italian soldiers in hospitals — the much needed and appreciated help in building — were the "routine" duties of the Red Cross. There is something beside or above the material and "routine" feats. The man left a mark on us, his friends. His charming personality and enthusiastic sincerity are in all our memories. Formerly an editor, publisher, insurance man, and teacher, he is highly cultured and well read. The combination has produced a great man — not one of fame or riches, but a great man none the less in our hearts. His sense of moral responsibility and humanity were exceeded only by his generosity and dependability. Curt Lamb was to all of us one swell guy.

However, this ARC Field Director is no longer with us. Temporary blindness sent him to the hospital in Bari a month ago, where a doctor's exam revealed a haemorrhage in the retina of his left eye. The verdict was "back to the states" and we are the losers. Chaplain Eastwood representing the group, presented Curt with an inlaid box at the intermission Monday. With tears in his eyes he stammered "I wish I could say something but I can't".

To a man, a humanitarian, and a Christian, we pay what little tribute we can. I'm certain that he has a place in our hearts and we wish him the best of luck always. God bless you, Curtis Lamb.

Better Late than Never!

Belated mention is given to "Flak", the Christmas Eve mother, who that night presented the 778th Communications section with eight pups "Flak" comes from the original Heinz 59, and her pups follow suit.

A Letter Home

HI RED:

One certain day in October I am landing in Italy. I am very sad indeed. Now I must tell you why I am sadder than somewhat on this day in October when I am landing in Italy. Being that you are my best friend and know me as well as I know myself, which isn't so very well at that, but more than Joe knows. Because I am living with myself all these years. Don't you think I should know myself more than somewhat, Red? Well I must get on with my story. It is participating outside at this moment. You are surprise, no doubt, I am using this new word. I am learning this new word the other day. When I am visiting my Officer I am sitting by the stove warming myself and my Bombardier pops up "It's starting to participato". Now when he says this I am very surprise indeed. For I am thinking all this time, since I have been able to talk, which hasn't been so long at that. I have been saying, it is raining, when water falls from up above. But then they say you have to be very smart indeed to be a Bombardier. So I am thinking this must be a word the intellects use for when to say it is raining. Furthermore "Red" you know me I never did get too much schooling because the school teachers figured I must be very smart indeed. They graduated me earlier than somewhat. So I didn't have to come to school any more. Which didn't make me mad, now I could be first hitting the streets with the papers every day. So you can see it is a good idea for me to grab these new words — as you can plainly see I am getting no where on my story of why I am sad this certain day in October.

So I am saying to you your ever loving buddy

Sgt. BENNY — Sgt. MARIO TARALLO

Chow Line Chatter

by A Seventy-Niner

We no longer eat in a dungeon. The white walls give new relish to the food and with the assistance of occasional but more frequent electric light even permit one to see what one is eating. Of course some people would not consider that a good thing, but it does eliminate minor awkwardnesses like the time we ate our neighbor's leather glove in mistake for a steak.

Those roofs over the mess-kit line are a noble innovation too. All thanks to those who built them. In fact far more thanks than they get are due the busy builders of our mud-bound base.

First on the credit list for such improvements of course comes Major Chambers without whose varied years of experience and boundless energy our hill-top home would be a very different place. One thinks too of our First Sergeant, "the only individual operator in the army" whose masterful persistence produced our showers even if it does not always keep them provided with hot water.

But much of the credit is due to those less well-known figures who do the actual work. We speak of Nick the Carpenter, of Brake and Vigil, of Giuliani and Vincenzo and a host of other Italians whose names are too difficult to remember.

If Brake, for instance, had not left his West Virginia mountain farm at the call of Uncle Sam, you would not have those snappy sliding doors on the latrines. If Vigil had not left his silver spurs and roaming cattle back in New Mexico to ride herd on a gang of workers you might have had to dig all those colossal holes yourselves.

But the key man of the squadron builders is Nick. Time and again you see him up on a roof with a pot of tar and his mouth full of nails. Or sawing timbers many times his size. Or skillfully laying out the beams for some new project. His was the hand that fashioned the wrinkled observatory. He, with his henchmen Weisend, now promoted to service of the Wheels, Giuliani and Vincenzo, built the tables you eat off, the chairs you sit on in the Service Club and the files in which they keep your records.

It is an achievement in itself to direct operations in a foreign language all day long and still get the right results. Though the daily practice certainly has its advantages when it comes to getting around on his days off. He knows all the best spaghetti-joints and vino—dives in a dozen local towns and has many friends into the bargain. Admittedly we have not noticed much local talent in the collection of female pulchritude that surrounds his bed, but no doubt the memory of his wife—or

INSIDE THE SEVENTY - SEVENTH

Maybe we're mistaken but didn't the sun peep out once or twice this week, isn't the mud drying up, aren't the meals better, and wasn't the 485th Swing Band a combination of Benny Goodman and Glenn Miller? You made a very unwise choice if you elected to see the Sinatra picture last Sunday instead of hearing the aforementioned band at the Service Club. Aside from the regular band, we had a guest artist on the drums. MAJOR ROBERTSON, our Operations Officer, proved to be stiff competition for Krupa on the "skins". The jive was a little too much for a number of GIs though, and despite the shortage of pegged-pants and stuffed cuffs, we saw a neat bit of jitter-bugging. Once his natural New England dignity was broken down, SGT WARREN with PAGEL assisting put on a worthy exhibition. We're waiting very impatiently for the Band, the Major, and the team of Warren and Pagel to play return engagements.

At last count there were at least four new "tufa-block" mansions going up in the squadron area. Tell us "home-builders" is it that you have multi-fire or are you just naturally pessimistic?

QUESTION OF THE WEEK: If you can't call Dayton "Wabbit" would it follow logically that you can't call Witko "Woodchuck"?

RETRACTION: LYLES and PETERSON insist their new abode does not resemble the latrine and were quite hurt to have us mention the fact in a previous issue. Sorry fellows, maybe it does look a little more like the Waldorf-Astoria than your correspondent thought. (Now will you take that Carbine outta my back?)

S Sgt JOHNSON of the Radar Section was injured last week when attempting to light a stove. We understand he's doing nicely though and will be back at the old grind in a few days. Should we offer congratulations or condolences on such a speedy recovery Johnson? The hospital is very comfortable and they say the nurses are nice.

the odor of his pipe—keeps him free from romantic entanglements.

Daily we use the products of these men's hands. Daily we view with interest their latest projects and cannot help marvelling at the variety of skills which go to make up this our squadron.

"Crews in the Blue"

Greetings and salutations and all that stuff! Here's an opportunity for you combat crews to blow off some steam. The old "Power of the Press" stuff!

What we've heard about the adventures of such intrepid characters as Sgts Libuda, Courtright, Kaplan et al, someone has yet to "make with the chatter" about the activities of some of the "comedians" who fly the big ones. You know who I'm talking about; the guy who always manages to pick his chute up by the little red handle it's so outstanding! Or the waist gunner who warms his guns by blowing a hole in one of the fins—and then tells a vivid story about how thick the flak was over Usarco! No doubt, you've also heard about the bombardier who doesn't go in for collecting fusing pins. Before passing on, we can't slight the blue-eyed navigator who can never find his pencil, or the check-point "that just ain't there".

Of course we all know that happenings such as these aren't every day occurrences. But they happen frequently enough to give us a chance to enjoy a good laugh. On top of that we're all proud to know that the part we do in our respective jobs makes the slogan over the briefing room door ("Through these portals pass the best Heavy Bomber crews in the world") a true one.

This in YOUR corner fellows, drop in and meet your buddies, the men you're acquainted with solely because you've seen them flying your wing tips on a mission. Because YOU are the news, every bit of interesting chatter should be passed around. During the ensuing weeks "your's truly" will be snooping around digging up these choice bits.

So, don't start banging any heads if a suspicious looking character drops into your palatial abode for a visit!

Until then, good luck, and Godspeed to all the "crews in the Blue".

S Sgt "Howie" Farling, 778th

CHAPEL SERVICES

PROTESTANT

Sunday - 1100 & 1900
Wed. - Service Men's Christian League - 1900
Thur. - Choir Rehearsal - 1900
Bible Class - 1900

CATHOLIC MASSES

Sunday - 0930 & 1730
Tues., Thur. & Sat. 1630
Tues. - 1800 Novena Devotions

JEWISH

Friday - 1900

MORMAN

Tues. - 1900

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

If you are interested in having Christian Science meetings will you please see your chaplain.

CONCERTS

Monday night is concert night this month. They begin at 2030. Tomorrow night it will be MARIA VERNOLE, Lieder singer.

STAB. TYP. GIUSEPPE PANSINI & FIGLI
Corso Vittorio Emanuele 102 - BARI