

MOLTO BUONO (Italy)

Weekly newspaper of the 450th Bombardment Group (H) published every Saturday for members of that Group. This is an unofficial publication.

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Saturday, August 19, 1944

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EDITORIAL

Many of us stayed up all night, practically, on Monday and although the Cotton Tails winging through space to open the invasion of Southern France couldn't hold everyone... those on the ground flew every second with the boys... the air was bristling with a strange quiet... and continued until mid-morning, when runways were lined up with those who did not make the trip, sweating the boys out.

The trip was successful, and so was the invasion... but there is something now that is going to be harder to combat than the Hun.

"Optimism"... and "Overconfidence"... dread words to a Commanding Officer are the two evils that must be combated now.

Americans are notably "cocky" but in a self confident manner... the manner which inspires great deeds and the accomplishment of difficult assignments.

Americans however shouldn't be over confident or too optimistic... we are built wrong for that... we allow it to creep into us and turn us from a highly polished working unit into a lethargic being.

We know we are going to win... we HOPE it will be soon.... we all want to go home... but to do this we must use all we've got in this final lap. It's the last kick of a sprinter or a miler that wins... and it takes more guts than all the rest of the race... You've got to have it... Maintenance must be at its peak... all rules must be adhered to... extra vigilance and extra work must be given... We did it when we came over and we got results... many of you worked harder the first two months over here than ever before... or since... in your lives... We accomplished our purpose then... just as the runner breaks from the starting holes with all he's got... but now the race is nearing the end... and we want to go home... but we've got to kick in with that final sprint... that final drive toward the goal... and it's going to be tougher and harder than anything you've ever been called on to do... if Optimism is riding high... he must be fought... Negligence is waiting his chance... and given the opportunity he can kill just as easily now as he could with Jerry's help in the past...

This is the time... NOW... to prove whether we of the 450th are a great group... or just a group.... We were fresh in the beginning.... we aren't now... it is going to take everything that you can give it... LET'S PROVE THAT THE 450th IS TRULY WORTHY. LET'S REALLY GET ON THAT BALL GANG.

The Book of the Week

"U. S. S. Delilah" was her name, and she was one of those tiny antiquated pre-1914 destroyers with four stacks, cranky engines, and the temperament of a movie star. "Delilah" is the heroine of this story.

There are other characters, too: Lieutenant Fitzpatrick, the Engineer Officer; Ensigns Snell and Woodbridge, O'Connell, the fighting Irishman who was too tough to serve on anything but the black boats and who was always in trouble. O'Connell had the Congressional Medal of Honor but couldn't keep out of the brig. These men and many others, her officers and her crew, you will come to know and like. Or at least you will understand them. Mostly, you will come to know "Delilah" herself, slim and light, always tense, often atremble, arrogant, and perhaps slightly vindictive.

It took Marcus Goodrich more than ten years to write this novel. During the last World War, he was an officer on the "U. S. S. Chauncey", of the same vintage as "Delilah".

'you sade it'

Editor:

Major North's poem "Italy" is positively the best poem I have read about this country. Could we have more poems from you, Major? We love em'!

An Enthusiastic G. I.

Editor:

Special Service is conducting classes in many subjects. It seems to me that a course in American History would prove very popular with the men. Back in the "Dark Days" in January and February there was a discussion group in American History. Whatever became of it? It was a well attended class and I benefited from it very much. Most of us don't know as much about our own country's history as we would like to. How about it, Special Service?

An American

Dear Editor:

Hurray for Capt XYZ in Stars and Stripes. Capt NXB if you remember said the AAF ought to wear "bedroom blue" or "passionate purple" uniforms and Capt XYZ poured it back at him, remember.

Capt NXB doesn't like our Air Base luxuries... (he's in a Service Group he says)... We don't like them either, Capt., we would rather the luxury of home... but we'll wear any damn thing to a nightshirt if we can continue to do a good job and get this over. Editor, can you thank Capt XYZ for all us.

Combat Crews

(We find the best thing to do is to ignore some remarks... and certainly NXB's letter was, as Capt XYZ remarked, "Sour Grapes"... Ed)

Dear Editor:

I read your paper, Molto Buono, yesterday, and found it very interesting. I would like to say that I have a long letter written by a buddy of mine which I would like to have run in your paper. There are plenty of laughs in it and it could be used as a souvenir in times to come. How about running it, if possible.

Bill

(There is no necessity of writing us asking for permission to bring in anything for publication. We practically leap at you if you have a contribution. Anything that anyone thinks might be of interest to others we want to pass on. So bring it in, Bill, we are all looking forward to it--Ed)

Dear Editor:

How do you stand on the election? We want news about the candidates.

A Voter

(Impossible to print election campaign material. Ed)

Poemtry Rimes

Whether

It's really the "whethers" that get you down,

Whether the target's an oil dump or town;

Whether it's far or whether it's near,

Whether the war will end this year.

Whether there's fighters or whether there's flak;

What are the chances of coming back?

Whether the weather is hot or cold,

Whether the ship is new or old;

Whether they'll wake us at two or three,

Whether we'll get a week at Capri

Whether it's pancakes or S. O. S.

They're ladling out at Murphy's mess.

Whether they'll give us a double for France

Whether it's worth such a helluva chance;

Whether we'll make it without a hitch,

Whether to bail or whether to ditch.

Whether we're covered or fly it alone,

How is that blasted interphone?

Whether the ack-ack will miss or hit,

Whether to whistle or whether to spit;

Whether we'll stand by or whether we won't,

Whether we'll fly or whether we don't.

Whether we'll get the dysentery.

How's for a 3-day pass to Bari?

Whether we'll get the bombs away,

Whether to sing or whether to pray;

Whether the folks are getting my mail,

Whether the wings will stay in a gale.

Whether to jump or whether to duck,

Where is that damn squadron truck?

Whether to pray or whether to gripe,

Whether I'll get that other stripe,

Whether this verse is lousy or great,

Whether I'm due for a "section eight"

This is my story, Yea Brother, I've found,

It's really the whethers that get you down!

T/Sgt EDWARD R GRACAM

LILLIS — Authority on Women

The wilder they are

The easier they pet

The more they are stewed

The rawer they get

They cry when they are happy

Their best when their bad

They pine for a gentleman

But marry a cad

They live for the present

If you got one to give

And the harder they are

The softer they live

Such things are the women

So buy them a dram

For the stiffer they get

The weaker they am.