

speaking.

"I've just come back from a meeting with Colonel Riley," he said at last, rushing his words out. "The Germans have ordered that all Jewish prisoners are to be moved into South Compound." He looked away quickly, the paper shaking in his hand.

A star burst inside Davidson's brain, causing him to lose sight of the captain momentarily, and almost lose his balance. Feldman stared at Johnson as though not understanding what he had said. When Davidson had parachuted into the foothills of Austria he was prepared for the same kind of treatment the Germans had used on European Jews unfortunate enough to fall into their hands. Five months as an American prisoner-of-war in the company of men who were his friends had not prepared him for this. He had forgotten.

"When are we supposed to move?" asked Davidson.

"Tomorrow morning, right after roll-

call."

I'll miss the bread distribution, Davidson thought. "What if they try to move us out of the camp completely?" Johnson just shook his head.

Feldman finally found his voice. "They can't do it," he said. "It's against the rules of the Geneva Convention."

Johnson looked at the floor. "They can do anything they want."

Davidson turned and opened the door. Feldman followed him out into the hall, and closed the door. They stood there for a moment, looking at each other, seeing each other perhaps for the first time as a fellow Jew, not as fellow Americans. Without a word, they walked slowly toward their rooms, side by side. The hall seemed much colder, darker. They stopped in front of Feldman's room. Davidson had never felt particularly friendly toward Feldman, but he was reluctant to leave. When Feldman turned and opened the door to his room.

They know. Parsons must have told them. They know. What do they think of this? How do they feel about it? Are they going to let the Germans do this to me? I've read about the concentration camps. Have they? Do they know about the death camps?

There was not a sound in the room. Even Chappie's everlasting hammering was silent. Everyone looked at the floor, or the wall, or out the shuttered windows. No one said a word as Davidson walked, wearily, over to his bunk. I wonder how the Germans found out, he thought. He climbed with an effort up to his bunk.

"I've told you a thousand times, Davidson," said Fenner. "Keep the hell off my bunk!"

"Goddam you, Fenner, you son-of-a-bitch!" Keene hurled the table and smashed his hamhock fist against the side of Fenner's head.

Davidson heard nothing of the scuffle. I wonder how they found out, he thought. END



## DISTRIBUTION OF TORRETTA FLYER NO. 11 DELAYED

While undergoing a 25 hour check (visit to doctor), found editor's hydraulic lines stopped up. Underwent a field repair (heart cath), resumed flight under red diagonal (provisional airworthiness designation in aircraft log book), after landing for overhaul and repair at service squadron (coronary by-pass), grounded while undergoing trials and field test. Expect to be ready for slow time and clearing of the log by 31 January 1985 (Doctors' release). See you all on the flight line in Los Angeles summer 1985 and the maximum effort (both Groups) mission in San Antonio fall 1986.



The Directors of the 461st and 484th Bomb Groups Association extend their best wishes for a most Happy and Joyous Holiday Season. We also wish that God Grant Us Good Health In The Coming Years so that we may enjoy each others company at future reunions.

## 'T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the Group  
The big wigs and wheels were grinding out "poop"  
The bombers were parked on their hardstands with care  
Waiting for armament soon to be there

The fliers were nestled all snug in their beds  
While visions of milk runs danced in their heads  
When out of the darkness there came a loud knock  
We cursed the O.D. and looked at the clock

Briefing will be in two hours he said  
So we threw him the hell out and went back to bed  
Time marches on and the minutes fly by  
So it's out of the sack and "make wit de fly"

We rushed to the mess hall quick as a flash  
Ate cold powdered eggs and hideous hash  
Then a long bumpy ride to the Group briefing room  
Where the big wigs preside and dish out our doom

The target is told and the first six rows faint  
For lo and behold Vienna it AIN'T  
The brain has slipped up - my poor aching back  
We're bombing a place that throws up no flak

So it's back to the truck and off to the line  
The road is now smooth and the weather is fine  
The crew is at stations - the check list is run  
The engines run smoothly as we give them the gun

Then suddenly the pilot wails in despair  
"Look at the tower, they just shot a flare"  
We dash to the window with a heart full of dread  
The pilot was right, the damn thing is red

So it's back to the sack and we sweat out our fate  
For there's practice formation at a quarter past eight.