THE 764TH PUTT-PUTT

VOLUME 2, NO.13 THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1944

We admit that it is difficult here in the mud and grime of Italy to capture the old-time Christmas spirit. When we say "Merry Xmas" to all of you, we should like you to do one of two things. Either recall the happy Yule tides we knew before the world was set ablaze by the flames of aggression; or look forward to the peaceful Xmas holidays to be enjoyed by us, our children and their children. The second, we believe, is preferable; for it sets a goal of hope even as we work day by day for its fulfillment.

A year ago we were on the eve of departure for lands then unknown. When we arrived here and looked about, it did not seem possible that within less than two months we should be throwing our weight against the European aggressors. In the succeeding months we made our

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The "Caramelle" campaign is over. The boxes have been removed from both clubs and the candy taken to the Red Cross in town for the party for the kids. About 100 pounds of candy were taken from the boxes alone—to say nothing of what you fellows carried in yourselves. Since each kid received about a pound of candy, you fellows made about a hundred of them happy. We are therefore patting ourselves on the back and pronouncing the campaign a success.

The party was held in town on Christmas Eve. More of you should have been there. Despite the barriers of language, the kids had a swell time (and so did the soldiers!). Each GI was entitled to bring one kid; but few had made plans as it was possible, while the candy lasted, for a soldier to bring in several—one at a time. Soon word got around and most of the town's youngest set were there. In no time at all, the kids trooped in with their GI friends and the caramelle was finito. It was necessary to turn away swarms of latecomers.

Nice going, fellows! Thanks from all of us and "Buen Natale!" from the bambini.

my bombardier, though I fly through the valley of the shadow of death, He is at my side and protects me and I find in Him a comfort for my soul.

Thou hast always a table spread before me, even when my enemies are present, and I have spiritual food to eat that they know nothing of. Thou anointest my head with the oil of gladness and praise, and thanksgiving continually flows from my heart.

Rev. A.L. Emmert

CHAPLAINS CORNER

CHRISTMAS—1944

Christmas has many fond memories and beautiful associations for most of us, and there will be much that we will miss this year.

In many respects it will be a difficult Christmas and yet out conditions today are little different from the conditions that existed at the time of Christ's birth. There was strife and intrigue and political unrest at that time. The world was in darkness, and crushed under the oppressive rule of the conquering Romans. Much cruelty and hardship resulted. Herod, for instance, could issue a command to slay all the little boys born at that time in order to satisfy his passion for power.

On that first Christmas night the angels sang and the shepherds heard them. They said, "Glory to God in the highest." God still rules. Christmas, shorn of all the things we have grown to love, is still possible. The message rises above the terror of world conditions, and it says "His name shall be Immanuel, that is, God with us."

"Christ is born," this is the Christmas message. "Christ is with us", this is the meaning of Christmas.

P.G. Rasmussen
Group Chaplain

THE FLIER'S TRANSLATION OF THE 23RD PSALM

The Lord is my Pilot; I shall not want any good thing, for he supplieth my every need.

He helps me when I set my plane down in the green pastures or in barren deserts, and stays by my side while I sleep. He pilots me over the still waters, or over the raging sea and through the storm. He is the restorer and preserver of my soul; He is my navigator as well as my pilot, therefore I will trust in the One who is skilled in the management of my ship, that I may magnify His name.

Yea, though it fall my lot to fly over the valley, or over the mountains where my enemy lay in wait for me, I will fear no harm, for he will be my radio operator, my gunner and

SEASONS GREETINGS

This holiday season of forty and four
Has brought many things we can be thankful for
In spirits of happiness abounding with cheer
We send forth our greetings to those who are near:

A steaming plum pudding and oodles of rum
For SLIGER and BECKER, and KESSLER and LUND.
Bring out the Four Roses and good mixing too
For UNDERWOOD, GRISWOLD, STEVENS and GREW.

Let's sing Christmas carols for FIELDS and for CROWE
Let's hit a high not for REED and BOUDREAUX
The bells sound out so clear and loud
When heralding good wishes to CHAKLOS and DOWD.

Merry Christmas, MONTY, and the same to you, MAY.
Season's greeting to KIMBALL, DOC KORNIG and BRAY,
To old man IRWIN and DOODY and PERRY,
To HAGEMEIER and HARTSOUGH and James P. O'FLAHERTY.

To HUNDLEY, VEILUVA, WYLLIE and MIXSON,
Come Dancer, come Prancer, come Cuipd, come Vixon,
Come MIKELSON,, KELLER, LACEY and HALL
And join us in wishing Merry Xmas to all.

A toast to DE NUNZIO, AUSTIN and KANE,
Bottoms up to good lads, like KUFTA and BLAINE
Here's 'Mud in your eye' to HALLAUER and Big MAC,
The best of the best to HOFFMAN and BLACK.

Bubbling champagne, with other liquors galore
Make for good fellowship—MATTINGLY and MOORE.
Who can pass over men like DRIVER and BELL
When thinking of cheerfulness brought on by Noel?

An egg nog for VAN BUREN, ROTHWELL and EITEL
Hot toddies for PARSONSON, SAUR and LITTLE.
Old fashions, Manhattans are none too good
When drinking good health to GARTMAN and Wood.

For FOLEY and WALKER and BIAGI as well
For BARRITT and GARRETT, SKLANSKY and MORRELL,
We hand out the mistletoe, holly and pine
And extend our best wishes to NANKUNST and KLINE.

Let merry tunes be played on the chimes
When ringing the welkin for GRESS, BAILEY and HINES
Let carols be sung for JOYCE, SILVA and KLEIN
A little more harmony for VOIGHT, CUPLIPS and STEIN

For WEDLOCK, KENDRICKS, JONES and BOOZ
We'll hang one on till we wobble in our shoes.
And we hope good gents like HAAS and Craig
Will soon be home drinking Haig and Haig.

To all your fellows whose names wouldn't rhyme
We would have included if we'd had the time.
So we'll end this with LOWERY, JUBACK and BATES
And hope that next Christmas we'll be back in the States.

The Staff

FOR YOUR INFO

The Christmas season brings various thoughts to mind, also various minds to thought. I tried myself once (thinking,, I mean). It was just a couple of days ago. For some reason, the old ditty ran through my mind—"and all through the house not a creature was stirring not even a -" all of a sudden—crash! Bang! I woke with a start, screaming Flak! Fighters! After my blood pressure dropped to 150, and my blood drained from my eye balls, I realized I was sitting in my uncomfortable sack. I probed the darkness for the cause of the commotion. In the dim glow from the still warm stove I spotted the intruder. Who said the mice weren't stirring? The audacious creature glanced my way and then nonchalantly reached for another piece of fruitcake. He was such a cute rascal I decided to let him be, also it was warm in bed. I watched as he, tired of fruitcake, went on to a Hershey bar, latched on to a Lucky Strike, moved over to peanuts and finally settled on some cheese. I decided to let him finish but when he started to nibble on our private stock of toilet paper, that was the last straw. I was going to do something. So I turned over and went to sleep. I wonder if that mouse felt bad vecause I forgot to wish him a Merry Christmas.

Of course, the mice weren't the only happy people on the "Eve". Some people I know were doing alright. And Santa Claus had nothing to do with it. That brought another thought to mind. "Peace on Earth" and here we are in Italy. (Peace is not misspelled.)

Then, too, we must give four stars to the kind gesture of the crews who reminded the Krauts that we still had the Christmas spirit, airplanes, bombs and gasoline. Just a few missles to impart the season's greetings. I hope this put us in good because I don't want any bad blood between Herman and me.

And the final thought is of that Christmas dinner. Ah, what a feast. A meal fit for a king. Nothing more could be asked for. I wish you could have been with us. You see, we ate at Bari.

CO-PILOTS GET RECONGITION

Following the new policy set up by Captains Mixson and Veiluva, several of our "forgotten men" have gained a spotlight position overnight. To be more explicit, some of the former co-pilots now running their own crews are Lts. Gress, Kline, Bell, Boozer, Griswald and Baird.

In setting up this new plan it was taken into consideration we had a wealth of top flying material on hand with valuable combat experience. With an experienced pilot at the helm it added up to greater safety, no only for the crew, but for the formation as a whole.

The 1st pilot, replaced, will be ready to step in and take over his crew when these men finish up or when other new crews enter the squadron.

'Tis a good deal all the way around.

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weight felt. Two unit citations and a trail of blasted vital targets deep in Naziland give us no reason to apologize for our work in 1944.

Let us make 1945 even more of a headache to Hitler's hordes. Let us make 1945 their unhappiest by blasting their means to make war and spoil Christmas for everybody. In this way we more quickly enjoy our right to enjoy to the fullest the greatest holiday in this Christian world. With that in mind, we say "Happy Holidays to come!"

POOP FROM THE OFFICER'S LATRINE

This column, along with the rest of the squadron, are happy as all hell (said to be the highest form of happiness) to offer congratulations to JOE BRESHINSKY on changing the color of his bars.

With all the "hair lips" coming to the fore of late 'tis been said that Groucho's mustache (?) is by far the best looking one in these parts. Looks like we've been fighting a losing battle.

Big John STRICKLAND vainly trying to get everyone to come to a rigid attention when the orchestra played "San Antonio Rose" the night of the party. They didn't oblige.

Far be it for us to add mystery but what did happen to CARL JURACK's pants? We know darn well he had them when the brawl started; the question is where were they "after the brawl was over".

"Bambino" NAHKUNST flying high in the Beachhead. When he hit his sack it was strictly a blind landing.

HALLAUER and WALKER jitterbugging to the Gook band. Well, some would call it jitterbugging.

Lt. RYAN, bandland's gift to the 764 has done a bang up job with the group orchestra. His tenor sax is something to write home about. (We did.)

MARANGELO and "Dad" WYLLIE are heading for home. The best of the best to a couple of swell guys. (We all liked "Hard Luck" even if he did fly more milk runs than any other guy in the history of the outfit.)

Seein' as this is the last time "our hero's name will be in this column we'll go out and tell a story not generally known:

"Hard Luck" had the GI's one day. Not daring to venture far, he had to fall back on the friendship (?) of Dad Wyllie and Big Bill Garrett and ask them to go down and get something from the Doc to help him out. After much persuasion they finally consented. The only catch was they assured the Doc that Marange was constipated. Sure they got pills. Nee we say any more? When we leave Marangelo, "DON'T LET THE DOOR HIT YOU IN THE A—."

BEACHHEAD

The Beachhead really was a busy spot Christmas Eve and Chritmas day. And nearly every man in the squadron had plenty of spirits both inside and out. There were plenty of parties going on in nearly every one of the tents. And you could hear the strains of Christmas Carols being sung throughout the night. Wild Bill and Dynamite are trying now to get the Beachhead back in shape for the New Year's celebration. The Gook laundrymen must be doing multi business this week as there were plenty of boys who decided to take mud baths with their clothes on. From the looks of the boys this morning there were plenty of hangovers and headaches in the squadron.

The Beachhead may not have had any good American whiskey to serve but the boys certainly were able to get plenty of Christmas spirits from the Juhoslavian and Gook whiskey the Beachhead serves.

All in all everyone seemed to be having a hell of a good time. The Mess personnel again deserve a lot of credit for the swell Christmas dinner they served. The religious end of Christmas wasn't forgotten by the men in this squadron either; we think that every man who possibly could attended services either on Christmas Eve or on Christmas Day.

The Group Orchestra played at the squadron theatre on Christmas night and everyone that heard them said they were really alright. For your information, the orchestra is lead by Lt. RYAN from this squadron and there are several of our enlisted men who play in it. Namely, Wild Bill Bennett. Zoot Andrues, Hot Sax Walters and that master of the piano, MacDonald. We hope that the orchestra will be able to play for us again in the near future.

See you all in the Beachhead New Year's Eve. FINITO

ARMAMENT'S GRAVY TRAIN

Well he made it; sure, it almost broke our backs but when it came through, after all these months of grueling work and sweating it out, we straightened up, smiled, stuck out our hand and said "Congratulations Capt. Hundley". Our backs are killing us. Now let's hope M/Sgt. Harry Russo has no designs on being a W/O.

The Armament Section had a real party When the Captain made it. Meyer "How to Win Friends and Influence People" Brownstein is still trying to get rid of that morning after feeling, and the party was two weeks ago. Someone should take pity on the boy before he takes in S/Sgt. Franks big blow out. Oh, haven't you heard? Sure Frank is going to toss a party too. It seems that S/Sgt. Franks has been saving and/or selling his beer and smokes for all of the twenty-six months he has spend in Africa and Italy. Now Franks is about to go home on rotation (Isn't that a wonderful sounding word) and to celebrate the occasion he is going to let us drink his beer, or so he said (He might have been drunk but we remember).

Ralph Kestal offered us a thought the other day. Someone was trying to explain that the sun was more than a million miles away from the Earth. "Ya, I know," says Kestal, but what I can't understand is how the sunlight gets here so early in the morning without traveling all night.

First it was Weinstein, then Kienast and at last Meyares, now the Gravy Train no longer has a "Classey Chassis". Oh well, all the better to have more Engineers and T/Sgt. Dickey.

ORDNANCE BOMB JOCKEY'S
(By Cpl. Hart)

This is my first try as reporter for the Bomb Jockeys. I hope that it will be satisfactory to the Soud. If there is any complaints please tell Newsboy 7648.

First on my list this week will be our one and only "Little Snafu". If you want to see him blush, just ask him about the Red Cross girl in tow. Keep trying "Snafu" you'll make it.

Next comes our two fisted cowpuncher from Creston, Iowa, the luckiest man alive, when it comes to playing poker, stick in there boy and some day you'll make a fortune.

We also have another boy from "way out yonder" the wild and wooly west. The noted sunflower state. If you want to know anything about wheat, just ask Cecil.

Our "Moonshiner" is ready and willing to make all of us boys some "White Lightning", it will kill or cure, mostly kill. Don't be afraid, "Checo" there's no revenuers around here.

Two of our boys took off for the Rest Camp last week, Cpl. Sapp and Pfc St. Yves. And it looks as if they really hung their feet out. One of them was up there four days when he came to life and asked, "What day was it, Tuesday?"

It's getting pretty bad when a certain guy is so interested in playing a guitar that he plays in his sleep. We don't know his name, but his initials are Cpl. George J. Catalano. Maybe some of you fellas have heard him.

Beachhead Pelletier didn't do so bad on his last three day pass so he says. Could it be something like the time in Rome or better? Don't hold out on us Sgt.

It looks as though my time is up so I'll say so long and I hope you like this little B—- Session.

MEDICS

Sgt. Gaither, our Lab. Artist, has yet to use a R... or take a P.... The reason being he doesn't indulge. I'm sure if any of use less fortunate had his rod, we wouldn't let it lay around and rot all this time.

Paid a visit today to Pvt. Murphy who is laid up in the hospital. He claims, what could be sweeter than laying on your back and watching a movie from your bed. He also had the privilege of talking and shaking hands with General Lee, on Christmas day.

Our dog, Peggy, has deserted us in the midst of her pregnancy. After raising her to a grown young lady and to motherhood, that's the kind of thanks we get.

The recent German advance has got Sgt. Gaither off of his sack and once again taking care of his map, which he had forsaken for a long time.

Yours truly seems to be more successful with the "pupes" when he is a little loaded for that is what happened on Christmas Eve.

Best Wishes and Good Health from

RADAR

A short time ago, as a number of radar men clambered from the line truck, a ogled-eyed old timer was heard to mutter, "Humm, got more of them damn radar men than we got AM." It's true that since the last of the summer dust settled, the radar department has more than doubled its personnel.

The first to arrive were Cpls. McBride and Maher who flew from the States to maintain that new countermeasure equipment which has been given the best seat on the flight deck. But Mac and friend haven't been around for some time for the one is recovering from pneumonia in Cerignola; the other is schooling in Gioia.

Next came Lacell, Kurdziel, and a kid named Kilroy whose handle is on the wall of every latrine at Boca Ratan, Florida. For this reason he is probably the most notorious "mickey" graduate ever to leave the Everglades. Cpl. Kurdziel will be remembered in years to come as "the five hundred dollar millionaire" winner of the sough after first prize. (Note, also, that Cpl. Jim Phillips made the radar shack 25 dollars richer on Christmas night.)

No sooner had our three "mickey" men settled themselves in a new tent—closest to the mess hall—than four more countermeasure experts moved in to displace untold cubic feet of the cold, clammy air in tent 59-B—Sgt. Lemke, and Cpls. Landers, Kupits and Lang came at a time when six heads are better than three in solving formulas for a workable stove.

While the neophytes are pouring in, those who have been here longest are pouring the other way. Cpl. Phillips, and Sgts. Kohlmeyer, Collins, Savage and Cudlipp have been doing things in Naples at odd times throughout the month; and Sgt. Lupica has cashed in the chips and taken off for Sicily to spend ten days with relatives.

Cpl. Rappaneau got out of hand on the night of December 24th.

HODGEPODGE

The British sailor, dancing with a young thing in a very low-cut gown blurted out politely, "Beg pardon, Miss—is the V for Victory?"

"That's right," she said sweetly, "But the bundles are not for Britain."

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Doctor: "You must avoid all forms of excitement."

Pvt.: "Can I look at them on the street?"

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Heard on the beach: "My goodness, isn't that Fanny Brown over there?"

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A young man wandered into a tennis tournament and sat down by a cute little thing.

"Whose game?" he said.

"I am," she replied.

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An Englishman came back to England after a long period in India. Naturally the first place he went was to the elite club that he was accustomed to hebetate. There he saw another Englishman sitting by himself so he took it on himself to get acquainted. Going up to him he said, "Like to join me in a walk?" The response was "No, I did it once and didn't like it!"

This rather floored the Englishman, but finding no one else around he approached the man again with "Like to play some cards?" Again the answer was "No thanks, I did it once and didn't like it."

Still finding no one to join him, this homesick Britisher again went up to the man, "Would you like to join me in a game of billiards?" Again the answer was "No, but my son is coming in and I'm sure he would like very much to."

At this reply the other man looked at him and quietly said, "Your only son, I presume."

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Airman had undergone a very serious operation for stomach trouble and his recovery depended upon forced feeding from the north looking south. When he came out of the ether the first thing that met his eyes was the feeding machine with its long rubber tube sitting on the stand by his bed. Upon his inquiries the nurse explained what it was and how it worked and why.

The man then demanded that the nurse bring two more of the machines to his room, and wishing to humor him she had an orderly bring in two more of them. She then asked the man to please tell her what he wanted with two machines.

"Well," said the man, "I'll tell you. Since I have been in this hospital both you and the doctor have been so damn nice to me that I want both of you to have lunch with me today."

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A medical student who had been out on a big party until 5 o'clock sat in a classroom at 8:30 trying to pass an examination. His head was still buzzing with the hangover from the party and he could just about see the paper. The first question was:
"Name 5 reasons why mother's milk is better for babies than cow's milk."
The student scratched his head and put down:

1. It's fresher.
2. It's cleaner. Then thought a while and wrote:
3. Cats can't get at it.
4. It's easier to take on a picnic.

Well pleased with the results he had achieved, he studied long on the last reason. He thought and thought but couldn't remember what the fifth reason was. Finally he had an inspiration and the next day his professor read as the fifth reason:

5. It comes in such cute containers.

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Then there is the girl who wears black garters … in memory of those who have passed beyond.