



THE 764TH PUTT-PUTT

VOLUME 2, NO.14

THURSDAY, JAN. 11, 1945

ONE YEAR AGO

Just about a year ago, in fact it was on the thirteenth of January of forty-three, thirteen officers, one warrant officer and 254 enlisted men left the good ol' USA as the nucleus of this Bomb Sq. The less said about the trip over the better; (claim the ground forces) nevertheless you might say the outfit landed in Naples thirty days after they got up steam... From Naples came the never-to-be-forgotten train ride to Cerignola. 'Twas only 36 hours in unheated boxcars. (Hey, Pop, remember those forty days and nights?) After a four day layover in our favorite Italian town our boys came to our present location by trucks, arriving one day before the air echelon which zoomed in the 23rd of February... The Squadron felt its first blow the 29th of February when Capt. Witte, the CO, was killed in an airplane accident here in Italy. The highest tribute that can be paid to any man is that he lives in the minds of those he leaves behind in respect and affection. Capt. Witte was such a man.

The entire month of March was highlighted by Italian mud. Among this mud a home was fashioned. Each tent used all the northern and southern American ingenuity at the command of its inhabitants to make a little bit of the "states" over here. The most potent memory at that time was "this is still the army" for Reveille was at 0630 for the EM and 0800 for the officers. Entertainment? Well, there were movies twice a week, and an Officer's Club opened in the middle of the month... Sunday, April 2, the Squadron flew its first mission. Before the end of the month had rolled around

fifteen more missions had been added to the "flown" list; the 764th had been over northern Italy, Rumania, Hungary and three of the Balkan capitals. In carrying on operational work four crews had been recommended for the D.F.C. Along recreational lines a heavy athletic program was inaugurated for the pleasure of all; it might be added at this time that the enlisted men's Day Room was

opened... May rolled around, and instead of flowers brought the long awaited full complement of motor vehicles, plus the new officer's mess and showers. (We might add that the first volume of the Putt-Putt appeared this month) Twenty missions were flown and our outfit ranged over Italy, Rumania and France. On one of these missions our first combat casualty was experienced.

June passes damn fast. Sixteen missions were chalked up. More than half of them against oil refineries and oil storage plants.

July found the boys riding down Flak Alley a hell of a lot. Ploesti, Budapest, Bucharest, Vienna, Blechhammer, along with northern Italy and other rugged targets became the daily pass word. Flak interrogator used the words heavy, intense, and accurate. Missions were few and far between that ships came back without being shot up. It was in this month that our squadron suffered its worst blow. Figures can't be quoted but all one has to do is listen to a bull session here and there to know how few of our planes came back from "that tough one in July."

(Continued on page 7)

"THE 764th PUTT-PUTT"

Published every two weeks by members of the 764th Bomb Sq., 461st Bomb Gp., APO 520, New York, N.Y.

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IN POOR TASTE

A while back work was started to make our EM's Mess Hall a better place to eat in. Concrete troughs were torn out. A tile floor was put in. Furniture was acquired. Plates were to be obtained. The decoration of Voigt's Cafeteria and Buffet Lunch was begun. We were certain that ours was to be the classiest beanery in the Group.

But what happened? We fondly dreamed that Varga girls would embellish the walls to make our C rations and spam more palatable. Ah, no! We were not by walls defaced by huge lettering on themes neither inspirational nor conducive to good fellowship or good appetites.

On two of the columns have already appeared instruction in elementary good manners. We await with trepidation the appearance on the posts as yet unadorned, such further admonitions as:

"Don't spit on the floor."
 "Don't wipe your nose on your sleeve."
 "Eat off your own plate only."
 (When we get plates)

It is admitted that in any gathering there will always be found the inconsiderate, destructive, ill-mannered few. But we do maintain that defacing the walls with signs is not the way to cope with the problem. Such signs are offensive to the many. They cause visitors to form a pretty sorry opinion of us. We can even visualize in years to come such "Gooks" who have gained a smattering of English read the signs and wonder what kind of Barbarians occupied the area.

Surely the signs are in poor taste. Are they really necessary?

CHAPLAINS CORNER

WHAT DO THEY SEE!

We often hear the remark: "What do you see in that guy?" And it usually comes as the result of this confidence that everyone lives his life in the presence of others. Because this is so, it is important HOW we live and WHAT others see in us.

The longest sermon is not the thirty-minute message preached by the Chaplain on Sunday, but the sermon each worshipper preaches through the week by his conduct and conversation. What a Christian reads or hears reflects in his everyday life. The sermon we hear on Sunday we should reproduce throughout the week.

What do others read out of your daily life? We either bring a good message or an evil one to our associates. The testimony of your life will be either a blessing or a hindrance to others.

Take the matter of profanity for instance. No true father would use profanity in front of his small children. That is because he loves them and is under a sense of responsibility toward them. One reason, then, that the same man feels no compunction about using profanity freely in front of other men must be that he feels no sense of responsibility for them. They are not children. They can take care of themselves.

The Christian men dare not yield to that spirit. He IS his brother's keeper. Some of those about him may not, in some things, be able to take care of themselves. Therefore he keeps his speech clean, so as to help and not hinder God's interests in them.

Beware of compromise! Some Christians have so compromised with the world that their testimony is negative. Neither the world nor the believers can see Christ in them.

CHAPLAIN P. G. RASMUSSEN

FOR YOUR INFO

One good thing about writing this column is that the writer has the prerogative of going off on any tangent he desires. It is taken into consideration that the readers might suffer, but then again they can always turn to another page or use the more drastic measure of not reading the paper at all.

Among the short "briefs" we extend this week for your pleasure, or displeasure, is that subject which should be SOP as far as all of us are concerned; SECURITY!!!!!! Lectures have been held; multi poop sheets written; private conversations have dwelt on the above-mentioned. Results? Nil. Let's get on the ball, fellows. It's to the advantage of every one of us to keep our mouths shut after we leave the briefing room til we actually fly the mission. It's not distrust of any member of the ground crew (God knows they sweat out the combat men and planes as much or more than anyone) that we ask total silence in regard to a mission be maintained. It's the fact that we don't know what in the hell is going on around us; the fact that somehow, some way, our enemies have a way of finding out more information than they should. At present the combat crews in this squadron are doing a damn poor job of protecting themselves and their buddies. Stand-downs are no reason to start yelling where the "target for today" was. REMEMBER THAT WE'LL BE HITTING THAT TARGET SOONER OR LATER, AND WE CATCH ENOUGH HELL WITHOUT HAVING THEM WAITING FOR US.

Along lines of a sweeter nature we pause to pay respect to a bunch of guys that are more or less taken for granted ... THE CREW CHIEFS AND THEIR ASS'TS. We've all read the old air corps advertisements that tell of the lads behind the ones that fly. But we, of the combat crews, want you fellows to know that despite the fact we might bitch a lot we wouldn't trade any of you off for the whole Eighth or Fifteenth Air Force. Thanks not only for the top jobs you do on the planes but also for giving us a helping hand when we come out and ask what may seem to you old timers a more or less stupid question.

SPORTS

BY JOHN HILARY WEDLOCK

There is very little to mention as far as sports are concerned in this edition and the reason should be obvious to all. The only bit of news is that this Group now has permission to use the basketball gym in Cerignola every Sunday morning. The time for the trucks to leave for town on Sunday will be posted on the bulletin board. With your permission I will now devote the remainder of this column to shop talk.

For the past week or so the Stars and Stripes has not been reaching us on time. This is really the fault of no one. It seems that the road between Naples and Foggia is not to be trusted since the bad weather has set in, which in turn slows up the transportation of our papers.

Hereafter the Post Exchange will be opened from 1800 to 2000 (6:00 to 8:00 P.M.) on the first and second days after rations are received; the regular schedule will remain intact along with these additional hours. Seems as if Capt. Montgomery can only find his men in the PX line and not on the "cold line" during the first two ration days and these additional hours may remedy the situation.

All those wishing cigarette lighters or fountain pens will submit their names on a small piece of paper at the PX during its open hours. These items will be raffled off once a month and all those who submit their name will have a chance to be a winner. The raffle will probably take place around each Payday. It is our hope that all those having a lighter and a good pen will not submit their name. Remember, fellows, there are plenty of us who desperately need these items and it is only fair that they should have the best possible chance of obtaining

S-2 TO YOU

SOMEONE ONCE SAID THERE WAS A REASON FOR EVERYTHING ONE DOES OR SAYS, BUT WHAT REASON IS THERE FOR SOME COMBAT MEN TO TELL EVERYONE WHERE THEY ARE GOING, WHEN THEY FLY MISSIONS? WE HAVE NO CONTROL OVER YOU WHEN YOU LEAVE THE BRIEFING ROOM, SO WE'LL REPEAT WHAT YOU HAVE READ ON NUMEROUS POSTERS:

"SILENCE MEANS SECURITY"

POOP FROM THE OFFICERS LATRINE

Erin's gift to Italy, J. Daley, is far in the lead of his closest rival, one KASE, to step into the shoes of "Hard Luck" MARANGELO as the squadron cut-up. We might add to "chow up" with Daley is to laugh your way through one of Page's meals ... The reason? He has no teeth.

Barritt's got 'em and wants to get rid of 'em. Anyone interested step over to Tent 17. 'Honest John' Oliver need not apply.

For droll wit and unadulterated malarkey step up to Marvin RICE on "Big Steve's" crew. Believe it or not the lad had JOHNNY VAN BUREN and GOODY GOODFRIEND spellbound the other day. If he can stop those artists he is good.

The decline in this column might be attributed to the fact that there is a severe shortage of the vital paper where the source of this writer's information is collected. How about a requisition in the right place, Moe?

Now that CYRIL KLINE, along with GRESS and GREW have gone from Gold to Silver they no longer have to bear the brunt of the domestic duties in their respective tents. The outcome of the whole deal is that they now live among dirt and squalor. (Sklansky too).

Question of the week ... Should horse racing be banned? Before answering we suggest you listen in on the three-day running argument that has been taking place between aforementioned Marvin Rice and "Big John" Strickland. Wish to hell some one would settle it.

That loud noise you hear is PAUL KLEIN moaning about the fact no one mentioned the swell job of Christmas Tree trimming he did. O.K. Paul ... Swell Job. Battle of the Week: Stevens' cat and Sklansky's dog. (We aren't betting on the dog.)

We aren't sure which is the prize catch of the year; the jack rabbit Wenzlik brought back or the undersized sparrow "Smilin Ed" Veiluva dragged back from a day of huntin'.

Be Seeing You Second from the Left.

BEACHHEAD

The Beachhead done multi business over New Year's Eve and New Year's Day. Everyone tried to make it as realistic a New Year's Eve and Day as possible. It seemed like there were parties going on in every tent in the Squadron. Many of the fellows were disappointed on New Year's evening as they had planned to listen to the famed Rose Bowl game and the many other bowl games which were being played in the States on New Year's Day but due to some trouble the broadcast faded out. Well, anyway, we were able to get the results of the games through the Stars and Stripes. The past year of 1944 has been a very busy time for the Beachhead and in this time many improvements and alterations have been made. It has seen practically two complete turnover of crews with a third bunch starting to come in. Some of the ground crew men have been sent back to the States and from what we can gather most of them are now assigned to B-29 outfits. I don't think there is much doubt in any of our minds where they will eventually end up. We will be losing one of our favorite boys next week as he has completed his 35 missions and will be on his way home to St. Paul. He originally came over with our ground crews. And then he got the urge to fly. His favorite pastime has been trying to chisel Neff and Debates beer out of them and we think he has done a pretty good job of it. So after next week Neff and Debates won't have to guard their beer so closely. By now you should know none other than Bob Kiemen better known as "Pop" but don't let that silver in his hair fool you, he isn't as old as he looks. Best of luck to you Bob and when you hit Saint Paul have a drink of good American whiskey for all of us. Another one of our favorite boys is leaving us Friday Yo Yo Giles pie. Bob which was crew 16 Capt Garrett crew. He was one of our flashy halfbacks during the touch football season and gave multi headaches to the teams he played against. Best of luck to you Yo Yo.

In closing we hope all of you will enjoy the beachhead as much in 45 as you did in 44.

SO LONG

At this time it is our most unpleasant duty to inform all ye readers of a most unfortunate catastrophe which is about to fall on the squadron. I speak (sniff) of the day we lose the bigger wheels, the brighter lights of old 764. I speak (sniff) of the poor, unfortunate lads who are about to leave us to return to the land of rationed gasoline, cigarette shortages, overflow of white women and concrete highways. I speak (sniff) of the unlucky men who have finished "35" and can no longer enjoy the beautiful bursts of flak, can no longer frolic with the Luftwaffe, sweat out gas, oxygen and weather. Since these poor unfortunates are taking their leave we would like to give their views of what they intend doing on arrival in the aforementioned land of milk and honey.

To start the list we have Capt William Garrett. Big Bill has some definite plans. Immediately upon arriving home he is going to pack a large lunch, thermos bottle and go to bed for 7 days. This sounds wonderful. I just can't figure out why, with all that food, he is going to take his wife too.

S. S. (Big Wheel) Sklansky is a bit undecided. Old Sol is happy about one large thing. He is overwhelmed with joy at the thought that once he has left, Goodfriend can't fix him up any more "good deals."

Lt. Don Littell is sure of one thing. Once he sets foot in the homeland he'll never again want to see a nose turret. (Why, Frosty, I heard you were slated as head man in the nose turret in CBI).

Lt. John Van Buren has definite plans. This old business about "How you gonna keep 'em down on the farm —" doesn't puzzle him a bit. He's all for it. The groaner is all set to tell his sad story to the cows and chickens. The poor cows.

Lt. Clark Barritt will once again reign as fair-haired boy of Council Bluffs. Old blubber Butts biggest job will be explaining to his wife how he managed to get those "crawling creatures that itch" (How'd I'd like to hear that one)

Lt. Roy (Me 109) Messerschmidt is going to catch up on his sleep when he gets back.

DEP'T DOINGS

Henceforth departmental doings will be consolidated in the interests of efficiency. In this way you have only one place to look to see if your misdeeds have made public prints. Our idea is that our special correspondents will find it easier to contribute newsy tidbits instead of being saddled with a column. The number and suitability of the items will determine the space devoted to this feature. Please put your contributions in the box in front of Operations.

One contribution has us in a quandary. Some generous soul, moved no doubt by the Christmas spirit, deposited one (1) lira in the box. We are not for sale—for such a paltry sum. The donation will be handed to a Home for Childless Gooks.

Local Entertainment note ... Italian local #16 of the Female Entertainment Union played a matinee to a selected audience at the Wheatstack Theatre. Several amateur photographers had a field day, so we are informed.

The Irwin, Irwin and Irwin Hydraulic Company have finally pumped water out of the "gook" well at the rate of 500 gallons an hour. Good. Now maybe we can get showers.

The tentmates of "Wild Bill" are getting wilder than he ever was, as a result of certain "umbrages" coming to the tent at wee hours to attempt to induce Bennett to reopen the Beachhead. Booby traps are in preparation.

A lot of boys are griping because a certain multi-striped sergeant disturbs their slumber by making social calls at ungodly hours.

Is it true that the California Corporal is now smoking his own cigarettes?

Will you cooks please stop teasing the Greek!

Come on with those contributions, fellows. You can even drop in news of yourself.

HODGEPODGE

A General and a Major were discussing the relative attributes of sexual intercourse – the General claimed that it was 90% work and 10% fun. The Major disagreed, claiming it was 60% work and 40% fun. About that time a Lieutenant (1st) walked in, and after having the problem placed before him, stated that he thought it was 10% work and 90% fun. To settle the argument, they called in a Buck Private (18 yrs. Old). He claimed that in order to answer fairly he must be given permission to speak freely. Permission was granted, and he replied: "I don't know a hell of a lot about it, but it must be 100% fun, because if it was work, you bastards would have me doing it.

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A girl living alone arose in the morning, put on her slippers, slipped into her robe, went to the kitchen, turned on the gas, put on the coffee pot, raised the shades, uncovered the parrot. Just then the phone rang, she answered it and her sailor husband said, "Hi, Babe, I just got off the ship, get yourself ready, I'll be right over."

She hung up the phone, pulled down the shades, removed the coffee pot, turned off the gas, covered the parrot, went to her room, took off her slippers, took off her robe, crawled into bed, and then she heard the parrot say: "Kee-rist, this sure has been a short day."

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An Irishman came home from work one night and when he failed to see his 18-year old daughter, he demanded to know where she was, and was advised by her mother that she was in bed with tonsillitis.

"I've told you a thousand times," he roared, "to keep that damned Greek away from this house."

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Then there were the three roosters who were caught in a downpour of rain. Two of them ran for the chicken house and the third one made a duck under the porch.

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Then there's a sad sad story of a little country lass who lived her life in the methodic routine. Five days of the week she engaged in the back-breaking toil of the farm. On Saturday she journeyed to town to sow her wild oats. Sundays were always spent in devout prayer for a crop failure.

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"I've just taken a shine to your wife," said the stork to the Negro as he left the house.

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There was a young Private of Leeds, Rashly swallowed six packets of seeds,
In a month, silly ass,
He was covered with grass,
And he couldn't sit down for the weeds.

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Pat and Mike were tired of war, and during a lull in the firing spied a cow, which they killed and skinned. Pat got into the hind quarters of the skin and Mike got into the fore. Thus they proceeded back of the line. Suddenly, Mike, in the fore part began to run. Pat, perforce, followed. They ran on and on until Mike, suddenly stopped. "It's no use, Pat," he gasped. "Brace yourself. Here comes the bull."

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ONE YEAR AGO/ A REPLY

(Continued from page 1)

August found us doing our share in helping the Gp keep up relentless bombing operations against the enemy. During this period we sent nine ships from squadron to bomb the invasion beaches in southern France. Excellent results were accomplished.

SEPTEMBER: Hope all the new fellows get in a month like this some where along the line. The majority of our missions were ferry jobs to France, and a few Yugo trips. May September roll around soon again. During this month we also started an all out effort towards winterizing our area. Results: brick and wood floors, stoves, sidewalls for tents, gas lines, and company streets. Along different lines but also trying to do our best to bring the squadron a little closer together a new Putt-Putt staff was formed, and the paper made its first appearance, after a two month lay-off, the twenty-seventh.

OCTOBER found us going back into business. We hit targets in Austria, Hungary, and Germany. On one of these missions we were leading the Wing and due to weather lost contact with all planes but nine. Nothing daunted the small group from the 764th, venturing deep into the heart of the Fatherland to do a sweet job of bombing on the primary target. Results were nine crews being commended by General Spaatz. Another highlight missions was assisting the ground troops in an all out effort against Bologna; bombing a few short miles ahead of our troops the boys did a grand job. In the way of entertainment facilities the Officer's opened their new club. One of the showplaces of the Squadron.

NOVEMBER saw the boys over Austria and Germany multi times. Despite bad weather "We carried on"; some top work was done by Marangelo and Romanowicz, the Mickey twins of the outfit. Major Goree finished up and went home. Major Mixson took over as new C.O. and Capt Veiluva stepped into Operations after being home on rotation. Both men are members of the original group.

DECEMBER was a month that had us still carrying on over the Fatherland. Most of the missions were of the PFF variety. The New Year was heralded in via the wet route and found most of the boys ready to carry on with the war by the 2nd of Jan.

We have received an unsigned letter of complaint concerning recognition for the down-trodden 747's when medals are handed out. The author uses the time worn statement "I don't expect you to publish this." If so, why did he write and submit it? Was it to ease his mind or to attempt to discredit the Putt-Putt? Surely he didn't think we would rise to such obvious bait as that?

The Putt-Putt is only a squadron newspaper. It makes no claim to right all wrongs, real or imaginary. It would be easy to ask him to submit his card for punching. At the risk of being accused of poaching on the preserves of the Chaplain, we'll attempt to ease his mind and soothe his shattered spirit.

Medals are only incidental to the winning of the war. Many of us will earn medals we are never awarded. Some of us will be given medals earned for us by those under our direction. Our advice, soldier, is to take satisfaction out of the large part you played in earning the medal someone else wears. Don't worry about the "fruit salad." Let's get on with the war.

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ONE YEAR AGO (cont'd)

JANUARY Three missions to date this month. Snow is on the ground. The fellows are sweating out flying weather. Congratulations to the boys that have finished up; have gone, and are going home. Let's hope when we look back at this year we can do so sitting by the fireplace in our own homes back in the states.

WEAK THOUGHT

We are made for cooperation, like feet, like hands, like eyelids, like the rows of the upper and lower teeth. To act against one another then is contrary to Nature, and it is acting against one another to be vexed and turn away.

—Marcus Aurelius
Iconis