Hello again all Purdy shipmates, and all you Purdy ladies. Hope all of you had a real nice Thanksgiving. I know that none of you went back for seconds, and all of you (including me) left the table satisfied, but not stuffed. If you agree with that, I have a bridge in New York that I'd like to sell you !!!

By the time you receive this Purdy Report, our next reunion in New London, CT on April 25 - 29, 2007 will be only about four months off. I hope that many of you are making plans to attend. Due to it's location in the northeast, I'm counting on this coming reunion being our best attended ever. There should be more information on this reunion from ML&RS in this Report, and the reunion registration packages should be in the mail late Dec. or early Jan. As of mid Nov., ML&RS is working on a contract for our 08 reunion in Branson, MO, but dates are not yet confirmed.

I received news about two of our members on the recovery list. In late Oct, David McCalla had triple by-pass surgery. He is at home recuperating, and get-well cards can be sent to: 19 Claire St, Circleville, OH 43113. And, in early Nov, Ernest Reed had hip replacement surgery, and is also at home recuperating. Get well cards for Ernie can be sent to: 347 N. Township Rd. 194, Tiffin, OH 44883. I'm hoping to see both you guys at our next reunion.

Now for some bad news. I received word from Mrs. Patricia Schena that her husband, a long time Purdy association member, Pasquale (Pat) Schena passed away at home following surgery on Sept.1, 06. They would have celebrated their 50th anniversary on Nov. 22, 06. More bad news to report. Received word

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from Audrey Crawshaw that Ed passed away on Tuesday, Nov. 14, 06. Ed was 79 years old, and, if I’m not mistaken, Ed has attended every one of our reunions. Ed was our association Secretary and Chaplain for many years, and was a great help to me as your Prez. These two men will be sorely missed by all who knew them.

I’m sure that by now many of you have paid your $5.00 annual association dues which were due in Jan. Those of you who have not paid yet, and who want to continue receiving this Purdy Report, send your check made out to “Purdy Association” to Sec/Treas James Meechan, 145 Laura Dr, Gahanna, OH 43230.

VP Bill Dow told me that sales of Purdy items have been slow since the loss of our web-site. If you would like to purchase a top quality Purdy ball-cap, jacket, sweatshirt or T-shirt, give Bill a call at 860-426-1278 for prices and shipping information. You can also e-mail him at: bdownusspurdy@wmconnect.com.

Karen and I want to wish all of you a very merry Christmas, a happy and prosperous New Year, and a happy Holiday season. And, we are looking forward to seeing many of you at the reunion in New London.

Sincerely
Larry DiPasquale
President, Purdy Association

(Continued from page 1)

Jerald Karstens
(1955-56) CSSN S Div
8424 N Nevada St Apt 376
Spokane, WA 99208
509-590-8863

2007 USS PURDY REUNION
APRIL 25-29
NEW LONDON, CT
NEW LONDON RADISSON

MERRY CHRISTMAS
& HAPPY NEW YEAR
FROM THE STAFF OF MLRS, INC

NEWSLETTER FINANCIAL REPORT

Cost of this issue is $218.24. This Purdy Report is being sent to dues paying members only.
Thank you to the following contributors: James Conway, Lou Kava and Richard LeMay.

STATEMENT OF PUBLICATION

The PURDY REPORT is the official publication of the USS PURDY DD-734 Association. It is published quarterly in June, September, December, and March subject to receiving sufficient funding. The Newsletter is funded by dues to the Purdy Association by its members. All members are encouraged to support the newsletter by sending their contributions to the Association Treasurer.

The Purdy Report is intended to be a vehicle for the members to express opinions, make suggestions and especially share experiences.

Unless otherwise stated, the views and opinions printed in the newsletter are those of the article’s writer, and do not necessarily represent the opinion of the Association leadership or the Editor of the Newsletter.

All letters and stories submitted will be considered for publication, except unsigned letters will not be published. Letters requesting the writer’s name be withheld will be honored, but published on a space available basis. Signed letters with no restrictions will be given priority.

Letters demeaning to another shipmate will not be printed; letters espousing a political position will not be printed.

Military Locator & Reunion Service, Inc. is not responsible for the accuracy of articles submitted for publication. It would be an impossible task to check each story. Therefore, we rely on the submitter to research each article.

The editor reserves the right to edit letters to conform to space limitations and grammar.

You are encouraged to actively participate in the newsletter family, by submitting your stories and suggestions.
THE OLD OUTFIT

Come gather round me lads and I'll tell you a thing or two; About the way we ran the Navy in nineteen fifty-two.

When wooden ships and iron men were barely out of sight; I am going to give you some facts just to set the record right.

We wore the old bell bottoms, with a flat hat on our head; Always hit the sack at night and never “went to bed.”

Our uniforms were worn ashore and we were mighty proud; Never thought of wearing civvies, in fact they were never allowed.

Now when the ship puts out to sea I'll tell you son it hurts; When suddenly you notice that half the crew is wearing skirts.

And it's hard for me to imagine a female boatswain's mate: Stopping on the Quarter deck to make sure her stockings are straight.

What happened to the KiYi brush, the old salt-water bath; Holy stoning decks at night cause you stirred old Bosn's wrath!

We always had our gedunk stand and lots of pogey bail; And it always took a hitch or two just to make a rate.

In your seabag all your skivvies were neatly stopped and rolled; And the blankets on your sack had better have a three-inch fold.

Your little ditty bag, it is hard to believe just how much it held; You wouldn't go ashore with pants that hadn't been spiked and bellied.

We had scullery maids and succotash and good old SOS; And when you felt like topping off, you headed for the mess.

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crowd,
With an old gun shouldered proud.
His uniform jacket was old and tight.
He polished each button shiny and bright.

He crossed the stage with military grace,
Until he and the boy stood face to face.
Then the old man broke his silence.
Freedom of speech is worth dying for.
Good men are gone, they live no more.
All so you can stand on this courthouse lawn
And ramble on from dusk to dawn.

But before that Flag gets burned today,
This old veteran is going to have his say.

My father died on a foreign shore,
in a war they say would end all wars.
Tommy and I weren’t even full grown,
Before we fought in a war of our own.

Tommy died on Iwo Jima’s Beach,
In a shadow of a hill he couldn’t reach.
Where five good men raised this Flag,
So high the whole world could see it fly.

I got this bum leg I still drag,
fighting for this same old Flag.
There’s but one shot in this old guy,
Now’s the time to decide which one.
Which one of you will follow our lead,
To stand and die for what you believe?

The boy who called it a dirty old flag,
Handed the veteran the folded Flag.
The crowd got quiet as they walked away,
To talk about what they heard that day.

So the battle for the Flag this day was won,
By a loyal veteran with a single gun.
Who for one last time had to show to some,
These colors will never run.

It is the veteran, not the preacher
Who has given us freedom of religion.
It is the veteran, not the reporter
Who has given us freedom of the press.
It is the veteran, not the poet
Who has given us freedom of speech.
It is the veteran, not the campus organizer
Who has given us freedom of assembly.
It is the veteran, not the politician
Who has given us the right to vote.
It is the veteran who salutes the Flag
Who serves under the Flag
Whose coffin is draped by the Flag,

HUMOR CORNER

The elderly American gentleman arrived in Paris by plane.
At French Customs, he fumbled for his passport.
“You have been to France before, Monsieur?” the customs officer asked sarcastically.
The old gent admitted he had been to France previously.
“Zen you should know enough to have your passport ready for inspection.”
The American said, “The last time I was in France, I didn’t have to show a passport.”
“Impossible. You Americans always have to show your passports on arrival in France.”
The American senior gave the Frenchman a long hard look. Then he quietly explained, “Well, when I came ashore at Omaha Beach on D-day in ’44, I couldn’t find any Frenchmen to show it to.”