

WEEKLY PALM PALM

VOL. I NO. 2

December 2, 1943

NEW GUINEA

ALONG THE TOKIO ROAD

We'd like to thank all you good people (and 2nd Lts) for the wonderful response to our initial issue. Yessir, we got the impression that you all took to PALM-PALM like a first-time honeymooner. We'll be in there pitching all the time after such a reception.

Do any of you ever get p....d off the way we do when sitting in a stud poker game without winning a hand for an hour? Or when the guy in front of you makes 16 passes with the dice and you get two rolls. At times like these we find it difficult to maintain our mental equilibrium and geniality--one of these days we're gonna throw those damned dice over the hill:

Just recently we submitted a petition to Capt Elliott on the erection of an outhouse in the near proximity of the Hqs. Bldgs. Such a structure now graces the area and will undoubtedly prove to be very beneficial to everyone. In the past there were a few times when we cursed its absence most heartily. Thanks, Capt. Since first arriving here we have wondered many times about the origin and history of that weather-beaten bald pate at the motor pool. Who can give us information about that skull, "the most unforgettable character we never met"?

Did you know that Tennessee born and schooled Joe H. McAdams once entered a turtle in the intercollegiate turtle race at Detroit? His entry represented the University of Tennessee and according to Joe, "could get up and run like a deer". We inquired further upon this statement

and finally elicited the information that said turtle was fed on beer. Now we know the truth about the porpoise and the hare. Have you tried jungle juice, Joe?

We have a friend flying a B-24 back in the States who recently wrote us that his newly wedded wife was fixed up in every way except for being barefooted and that he had sent her home where he presumed she and his future off-spring were tickling each other's livers. Just yesterday another communique arrived stating the blessed-adventure would result in twins. While science will ever amaze us, we are still in the dark as to how he secured this latest info in such a short space of time. There is a letter in the mail now asking him the sex of the two babes. We are beginning to wonder just how much Henry Kaiser has affected the home front.

Thanksgiving is gone until next year (we wired Roosevelt to check on that) but so many of the boys have made remarks of praise about our kitchen staff, we must add our bit on that score. That was a wonderful dinner, boys, and we all thank each and every one who participated in the preparation and serving of our 1943 New Guinea Thanksgiving Dinner.

In order to get a round-the-clock view of what everyone thought of our paper, we journeyed to the village of one Mishakado, a native friend of ours. When queried about the sheet, Mishakado informed us that he was definitely in favor of PALM-PALM. In fact, he thinks we have stolen his copyright. Roger.

The Editor.

WEEKLY PALM PALM

Published every Thursday by and for members of the First Air Task Force and attached units.

EDITOR

S/Sgt. Robert W. Lemon

STAFF

Cpl. William K. Edgar
Cpl. Henry T. Handschuch
Pfc. Jack Jacobs
Sgt. Don Johnson
T/5 H. B. Krugman
Sgt. Joe H. McDams
Sgt. Charles H. Urdangen
Cpl. Robert Littel
Sgt. William Watson

S I SEE IT by Handschuch

Well here we are again, right back on the job. This column is on an un-paying basis --if you knock the cooks, you don't eat, if you knock the officers, you don't get promoted--beaten no matter which way you turn. Anyhow, here is the "poop"; firstly I extend congrats to Lt Col Cyrus (the good butcher) Markle on his promotion. First official act on the Colonel's part was to hold sick call. A yardbird came in and told the Colonel that he had a pain in his abdomen. Said Col. Markle, "Son, officers have abdomens, sgts., have stomachs, YOU have a gut-ache!"

You all have seen Gasmata and Gerry, those two dogs that frisk around the mess hall in the mornings; well, they are on the outs because the other day Gerry found blonde hair on Gasmata's nose.

If you know any dirt to submit to the editor, don't hesitate to do so. We are offering a prize to the best article submitted. It's a fur-lined contraceptive for Alaskan duty.....The other day I met 1 Harold Bricker skipping down the path. I said Bricker, "Isn't it a darling day, why don't you come over to my tent and play checkers?"

Change of Address Dept: Lt Pletcher now spends his spare time in the Officers Club,

IT'S MY HEART CECELIA!

When you're away, the stars forget to shine
at night,
When you're away, the moon forgets to shed
its light,
The sky forgets to don its azure blue,
But do I forget that I love you---
When you're away from me!

When you're away, the breeze forgets to
softly blow,
When you're away, the moon forgets to
faintly glow,
The stars forget to twinkle and to woo
But do I forget that I love you---
When you're away from me!

When you're away, my memories tumble from
their shelves,
When you're away, I'm haunted by a hundred
thousand elves,
The doves forget to bill and coo,
But do I forget that I love you,
When you're away from me!

These memories are of snows, as white as
you are pure,
And memories of a heartache, which only
you can cure,
And the blossoms and the fragrance of
an apple tree,
So--do you forget the love you had for me,
When I'm away from thee!

vice the dispensary, relieved.

The other night in the Officers Mess, one of the KP's spilled a hot bowl of soup in the lap of the Chaplain, Father Boggins. Father Boggins met the occasion splendidly by rising and saying, "Would some layman say something appropriate?"

Pvt promoted to T/5 (and it's about time) Thompson was telling me the story of his marriage. It was one of those "love at first sight" things. I asked him if his wife's father was surprised at his marrying her. He said, "Surprised? Why, he nearly dropped the shotgun!"

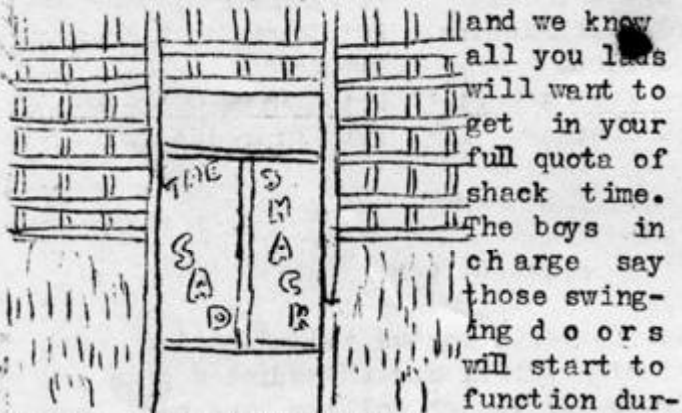
T/Sgt (Cautious Gus) Goss says that he was stopped flat by a WAAF when on a date with her she asked him if he thought he was Santa Claus. He said, "No, Ma'am". Then she came back with, Well then, take your hand off my stocking."

Know a lot more about the "Grass" but don't want KP so I'll sign off for now.

THIS ORGANIZATION IS **RIGHT!**

Printing yesterday's news today is not the mark of a good newspaper-but we just gotta say something about last Saturday. We definitely had a Field Day, in every sense of the word. At the culmination of the day's festivities, when we had all adjourned to the mess hall for the final rites, we heard various members of the Board of Governors for our Club give out with phrases such as this: "Forerunner of bigger and wetter days," "Is everybody happy?" and (we like this one best) "If you guys are having a good time tonight, we want to see you working in that club tomorrow."

Our Club is aptly named "THE SAD SHACK" and we know



all you lads will want to get in your full quota of shack time. The boys in charge say those swinging doors will start to function during the week of December 7, and we don't see how anyone can really appreciate "THE SHACK" unless helping in some manner to build it. The bar will get that glossy look in time, without our elbow grease, but we want it to be that way on opening day. And what is a bar without a football? How in the hell can a man drink with both feet on the floor-and no pictures on the wall to gaze upon? We need trays-and chairs-for butts. And we'll love 'em!

Personally, we're proud of everyone--we're on the high road--we have a Club, a stage, a fine spirit, local talent, excellent leaders, eggs for breakfast, the best damn Commandant on the Island, and, best we forget, we got PALM-PALM!

Yeah, Men,

WE ARE **RIGHT!**



FREDERIC H. SMITH, JR. BRIGADIER GENERAL

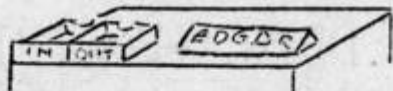
Something new has been added-we now have a Man with a Star. There's a new vogue in Hq -- "By Command of Brigadier General SMITH", "For the Commanding General", "CG, FATF" -- this is what we're seeing about. Our staff joins with the entire command in wishing sincere congratulations to our new General.

Fredric H. Smith, Jr. attended high school at Hampton, Va. where his father, recently retired, now resides. Following prep school, he was admitted to West Point in 1925 where he participated in several sports, being outstanding in boxing, swimming and baseball. That the General still retains his love for sports is evidenced by his stellar infielding on the local diamond.

After graduating from the Military Academy in '29, our CG earned his wings at Brooks Field, Texas. In the early thirties he had Kelly Field as a background, acting as instructor in Attack and Observation for the pilots there. In 1933 the General exchanged vows with Martha King, daughter of Admiral and Mrs. Ernest J. King. The years 1936-37 found him in the Panama Canal Zone as Chief Aeronautical Inspector on the staff of the Governor. The pre-war period was filled with further training and experience in bombardment, observation and fighters, and he became the C.O. of a fighter group during this time. On the 26th of February, 1942, the fortunes of war brought him to the SWPA, with subsequent arrival in New Guinea placing him with Major General Whitehead for whom he was Chief of Staff for some time. Since March, this year, he has commanded this organization.

Again, our staff and the men of FATF join in heartiest congratulations on your recent advancement, General Smith and also for your splendid achievements in aerial warfare.

Orderly Roomers



Since the Hq Orderly Room moved to its new area there has been great confusion here to bring the mail before and after its being censored. Hence follows this utterly futile attempt to clarify a bad situation - if the mail you have is to be censored by the Hq Orderly Room, bring it here as in the past. Should you happen to have some outside Officer censor your post, either take it to the Comm X-2 where Sgt Baker will begrudgingly have your mail stamped or carry it into the FATF's screened-in Emporium of Efficiency which will stamp the letter. You see, now you know all about the U.S. Mail System. Last week a letter came in from APO 501 which ranked high in our Dept of Complete Confusion. After decoding the bulletin, it appears to give every man coming into the Army a bonus to compensate him for those first few weeks of USO dances and other hardships. The recruit will receive in addition to his usual pay, \$50 for a wife, \$80 for a wife and child and \$20 for every additional brat. The letter goes on to mention many other figures for the more unusual cases. As said before, the whole Memo was badly written (better minds than ours went mad striving to interpret it) and there is an excellent possibility that all this is leading up to increased allowances for those with dependents.

A brief note to the men who have recently joined our bewildering organization. This Orderly Room for over six months has been coitus-ing up the pay records for all men under its supervision. We assure you that our services are open to you and soon you may join the other happy soldiers who haven't the slightest notion of what their financial status is. In closing, we wish to observe that God must have loved the Enlisted Men- we have labored for such a long time that He made a awful lot of 'em!



the Palm Leaf

CITATION OF THE WEEK

For continued good work, for doing a helluva lot which the rest of us do not notice and take for granted, and for a spirit of congenial helpfulness at all times, we present this week's PALM LEAF, collectively, to the following men:

S/Sgt Collins	PFC Bellar
Cpl Bartosiewicz	Pvt Davis
Cpl Basel	Pvt Ott
PFC Kossakowski	Pvt Sharp
PFC Nusz	Pvt Marinella

and

Sgt Carver

Sgt Carver keeps us all supplied with drinking water, and those Hister bags are always full. Sgt Collins and his boys are the fellows who empty the trash receptacles on the company streets, they clean up the movie after a show, they haul all waste and debris away from the mess halls, and do anything else which may arise from time to time. It's all a part of one big job and we think merit deserves attention.

WANTED-----QUESTIONS

T/S Krugman, who runs the Jungle Queries Column, has another query for each of his readers. He wants to know if men don't have a few questions you would like to have answered. You give him the questions and he'll give you the answers. Here's your chance to air out that pigeon hole back there in your cerebral files. Tell it to Krugie! DO NOT ask him when you are going home. Dreams do not count.

Jungle Queries

by Krugie

QUESTION: What would you like to contribute toward replacing Hitler's home?

Lt. H. A. Hernandez 5th Radio.
 I have a suggestion for Hitler's new home, I'd be willing to contribute any amount of work or material if we could arrange for building it in the center of Moscow. My homeless pals, Goebbels and Ribbentrop would be perfectly welcome to join their beloved Fuehrer there. The Russians would surely bid them welcome and make their stay as pleasant as possible.

L. P. M. Thompson, Jr. Comm X-2
 I'd contribute my tent, with the big leaky rent, and perfume-laden pants for his Aryan pants, and this New Guinea Itch, for that Sonava.....

Edward Barnum FATF Motor Pool
 All I can say is, it's too damn bad that B----- and some of his stooges were in the old one when it was lasted. I'd like to suggest that we send over a couple of Poles, Czechs, Jews and Russians to act as his butlers and bodyguards. If I could swing a deal like that we might be able to get t'hell outa here some of these days.

Joe S. (Pill-Pusher) Poole, Medical
 I'd like to contribute to Hitler's new home one 1943 DeLuxe Model, heavy duty red Ber Douche Bag plus a large bottle of Per-Zonite. This should help prevent Hitler's.

SPORTS AND RECREATION by Joe McAdams

From the way many of the Enlisted Men and Officers of this Hq exerted themselves to win the different athletic contests which were staged on our recent Field Day, no one would ever guess that the only weapon that most of these men have ever been privileged to use is a portable or an up-right typewriter. You know, "Tap, tap, tap, I'll get that Jap." Such energy would be more than sufficient to get you over anybody's "Obstacle Course". Although knowledge of Ju Jitsu and exceptional physical abilities are not essentials toward the composition of a good military letter, it is somewhat comforting to know that you are possessed of such traits. Keeping this in mind, we intend to try to have more of this type of recreation.

We have sufficient personnel in this organization to support a tournament in such sports as softball, volley ball, horseshoes, badminton, etc. In the immediate future entries will be accepted for a volleyball tournament from any individual or unit that has a team, so be thinking these things over and picking yourself out a team. In some of these contests it will be possible for each team entered to put up a few bob on a "winner take all" proposition so such an endeavor may prove profitable as well as entertaining to you "Junior Monte Carlo" lads. It may be that we may even have a "bookie" for future events. Like for all you fellows who are interested to drop in - let's talk this thing over!

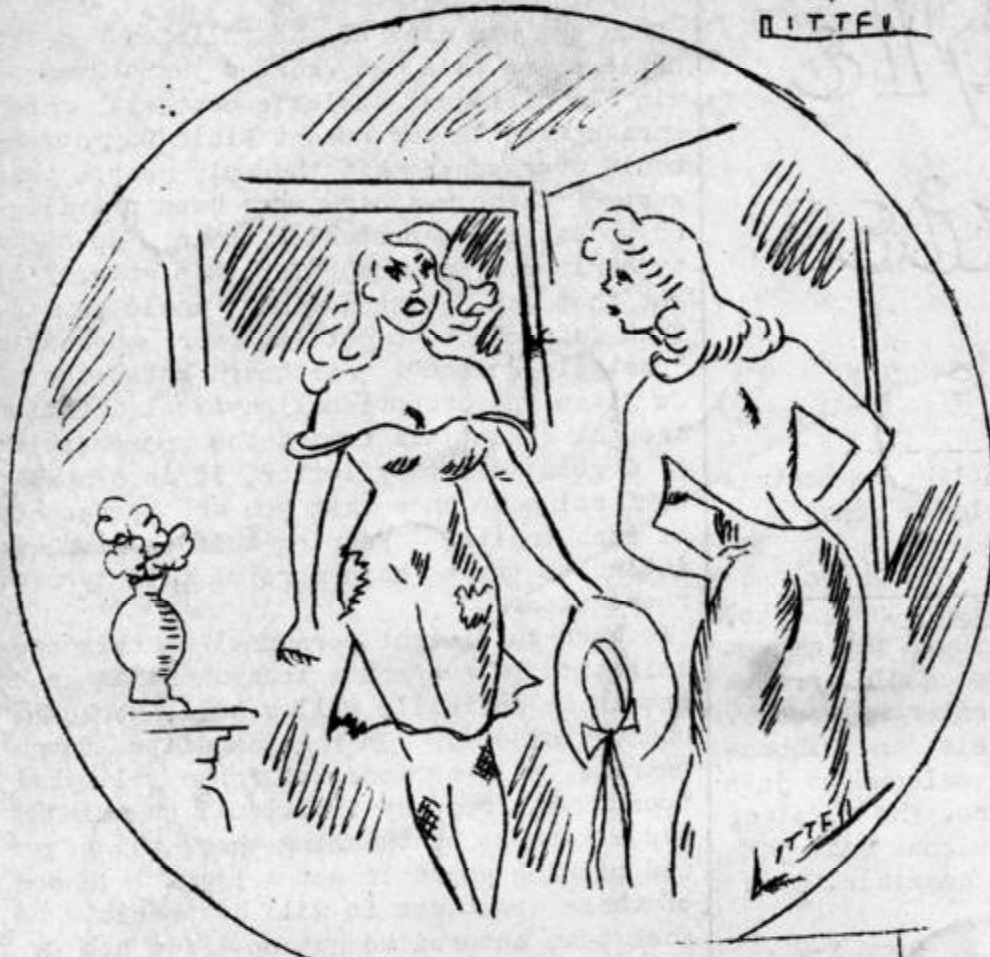
During the temporary absence of Sergeant Don Johnson, now on Rest Leave, Cpl Richard Enos will be in charge of our printing dept.

PFC Ed. (Original Sad Sack) Kossakowski
 A handy little gadget for Hitler's new home would be my Patented Slow-Leak Gas Chamber. Then he and his buddies would have plenty of time to reminiscence about the series of wonderful deeds they had contributed toward the progress of the world. What a time some of us guys over here could have sitting there and watching the "boys" enjoying their long conference.

PASS YOUR COPY ALONG, PLEASE.

"GUINEA GAGS"

By
RITTEL



SPECIAL
NOTICE
TO ALL MEN
WHO HAVE
BEEN ON
OVERSEAS
SERVICE
FOR MORE
THAN 18
MONTHS
CONGRADULATIONS
GLAD TO KNOW
YOU ARE STILL
WITH US
-O-O-O-

"Well, I know now why Madam Tojo calls them the DOBADURA BUTCHERS!"

The following conversation is alleged to have taken place between S/Sgt (Tex) Bolton and a Sydney lass on his recent leave:

Our Texas Sgt: "I'm not feeling myself tonight."

His Blonde: (Struggling) "You're telling me!!!"



"Malaria Hell! He just came back from Rest Leave!"