

WEEKLY

PALM PALM



VOL I NO. 4

December 16, 1943

NEW GUINEA

FATF PANORAMA

THRU

THE KALEIDOSCOPE

The red Christmas bells in A-4, Ordnance and Comm X-2; the thoroughbred mongrel now living in tent 19; the floating crap game in the company street; the AG sections new lighting features; the new addition to the dispensary; the Photo Lab now going up; nameplates on the desks.

Showers working every day, file cabinets around Hq, elaborate desks-the Engineers are working overtime.

And the abundance of reports to higher Hq -- the Army's red-tape-worm; the clean look about the area-you can now see the motor pool even if you can't get a jeep; the rail fence at the Orderly Room-it needs a gate to and from Supply; the laundry which washes your clothing the day you take them.

Butterfly collection in C.W.S. and J.I.D.; A-2's never changing atmosphere; the cage in distribution--where's the monkey; the sign on the Message Center door--it carries a gun.

The congenial atmosphere in every office except a couple; the blue paint job in the EM's mess--GI nursery; the music coming

from Comm X-2's tent area-two PFC's making music like corporals.

The down-to-earth smile you get from the Chaplain's office--makes you want a drop in for a chat; the dying orange tree in front of Hq--the three oranges still there look like the pawnshop symbol; the Marines have landed--just looking for a situation.

Now that the Hq Bldg has been unveiled and had its face lifted--wonder what a little paint would do to the lister bag stand out front. The vegetable plots back of tents and cabins--New Guinea victory gardens; the plethora of new faces around Hq--visiting firemen; the exceptionally neat appearance of those Aussie lads each morning--we like it; that pounding typewriter in the Public Relations office--it echoes in your home town newspaper.

The sad look on everyone's face at night--where in the hell is our bootlegger; the empty space in the Special Service office--because a sense of humor is on furlough.

The Editor.



Direct from the Casino Room of CLUB COCCO-CABANA--Music, News, Personal Problems, Recipes--at your request! Station FATF operates on a frequency of 1500 KC-1.5 MC. Radio room personnel are Station Director Ismert, Station Manager Rogers, Program Director Knecht and Announcer Jacobs. Every evening from 6 until 7 they're on the air with the music you request, late news from home, your personal problems and new recipes for home-brew, paw-paw pie or coconut cocktails. Tell 'em what you want to hear!

WEEKLY PALM PALM

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

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AS I SEE IT

by Handschuch

I believe that most of the lads have sobered up from the ordeal of last Saturday night's "BINGE". I think that congrats are in order to Dick Grunewald, and all the members of the club board who provided each and every "Dog Face" with such a good time. I know that all of you enjoyed yourselves tremendously. Also I do think that a hand should be extended to the Officers for their co-operation in procuring the liquor for us and the manner in which we were allowed to enjoy ourselves. Regardless of some feelings, the Brass in this outfit is rather regular.

Most interesting thing of the whole night was the "Crap Table"; it practically went un-noticed by all the men. Being that this is of no use, I suggest that it be removed. - OH YEAH!

SCENES OF THE DRUNKS:

Cpl. "Ruck" Ransome: Lying dormant in front of the dispensary.

Sgt "Slick" Johnson: Standing on his head, "Flashing his hash".

T/Sgt. "Coofer Gus" Goss: Bemoaning his fate of descending into a drunkard.

Cpl. "Whoops" Bricker: Dancing with all the boys.

Sgt. "Pretty" Siudela: Not saying a

damn word, just standing behind the bar - "swilling" it in.

Sgt. "My first name is Corwin" Lee: Running over a Drunk in the road.

Sgt. "Muscles" Collins: Shouting - "NOW IN HONULULU".

Sgt. "Chicken S---" Loos: Ducking fists all night.

Cpl. Sam "Shoot" Shapiro: Figuring how to write a book, "How to Lose to Your Friends and Influential People".

Bob Littel was bragging about his capabilities in show business. He said that when on the "Legit Stage" his act followed a dog act, and most of the people thought he was an encore.

Cutest thing in camp is M/Sgt "Herr" Peterson's little dog. He is really quite a mutt, Although a male, he hasn't as yet learned how to lift that one leg.

For a serious moment, I think that you all know that Capt Thomas H. Cline has left this Headquarters permanently. He wanted very badly to take Gasmata back to the States with him. Gasmata evidently is out sowing his oats or grieving the loss of Jerry; if any of you see him, will you bring him back to Headquarters and give him to me to take care of?

Also, a thing which isn't too easy to discuss; it seems there is an epidemic of stealing around camp. Nothing is better than to trust the fellows with whom you live. It not only is a reflection on the men themselves, but it gets to a point where you won't even trust your best friend. To rectify this condition, turning a man who is caught, in to the proper authorities isn't much good, but if the men take it into their hands to give the offender a "good going over" it often helps much more. Think it over, fellows.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS DEPARTMENT

"I'll shoot it all!"

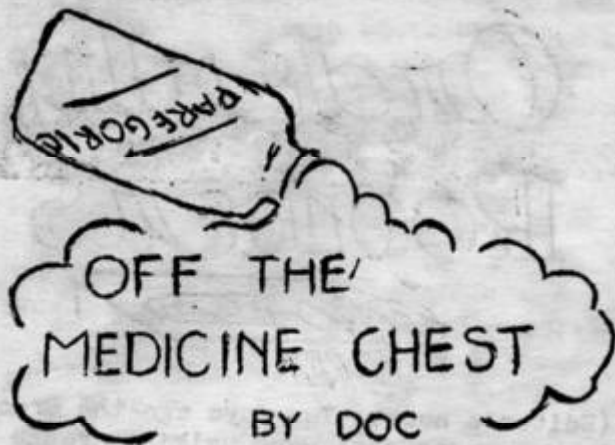
"Indorse that for my signature."

"Okay, just one more hand."

"General, when in the hell do I get to go home?"

WATSON: "I can lick anybody in Hq."

RED ALERT: "Aw, hell, I won't get up."



My Dearest Darling,

It is with a tinge of sadness, knowing that I have been a failure, that I set forth the following story. Yet, this fiasco into which I plunged that night would prey upon my conscience if it were not told. What deviated me from the course of my promised resolutions to you I will not attempt to explain. One could say that I was weak. If so, I pray, darling, that you will forgive me for my weakness.

I do not recall the day or the time. It is of little importance. In the usual way though, I found myself entering a small pub on the outskirts of town. I was astounded at the cleanliness, the peacefulness that prevailed. I stood at the door and let this feeling of comfort flow into my body. Spying a secluded table I moved in, seated myself and relaxed my weary body.

The waitress was cheerful and helped me with selections from the menu. Upon her departure to fill the order I settled back in my chair, relaxing, letting my eyes run freely about the room. Time seemed to stop. Never had I felt more relaxed, more content.

It was then I first saw her. She was advancing down the aisle. I gasped at the sight. Her body was beautifully formed, and was covered, I judged, with a Florida like tan. I know the thoughts that began to flow were contrary to my resolutions, but, darling, I was weak. I could not resist the emotions of my half-starved body.

She came on. Stopped. And there she was hovering over my table. I was speechless. Paralyzed in movement. My emo-

SHAKE HANDS WITH--

Charles H. Urdangen, a Chicagoan from Iowa, PALM-PALM's man-with-a-stylus. His profession is Interior Architecture and Design; he was set designer at RKO Studios in Hollywood where he "ran into" many cinema lovelies. Once bumped into Ginger Rogers, said, "I beg your pardon"; wants another opportunity. Charles holds a Fine Arts Degree from Iowa University, with educational and romantic interludes at Cornell and Northwestern Universities. Says he's eaten hamburger in New York, lobster in San Francisco, pineapple in Honolulu, roast beef in London, crepe suzettes in Paris, but had to come to New Guinea for bully beef. Thinks the Army is here to stay and is the one man who isn't going to write a book after the war.

And then meet William J. Watson, Jr., a native of Illinois, student at Illinois State Normal University, boxing champ of his school conference. Nimble-fingered, heavy-fisted, shorthand expert, Bill has all the qualifications for being the General's watchdog. He learned tact and figures by majoring in Law and Accounting at his university. Still practices these characteristics when sober. Was lawyer's apprentice in Danville, Ill--got the patriotic bug a year before Pearl Harbor, enlisted in the Air Force for duty in the Hawaiian Islands, in boot camp at Jefferson Barracks, secured technical training at Scott Field, embarked from Bangor, Maine, got intramural and post graduate work in Sydney. He arrived in New Guinea 16 months ago, has been secretary to Emis C. Whitehead and Frederic H. Smith during most of that time.

Next week's PALM-PALM brings you the life and love of Henry T. Handschuch and H. B. Krugman.

tions surged to a high pitch.

Then, she sat in front of me. I stared. --- What was I to do darling? --- I attempted to calm my turbulent emotions, but the temptation was beyond endurance. I could not resist! I roached, and gently grasped her. Slowly I drew her toward me. Then, gently tipping her, I watched the beer flow into my glass.

Forever Yours,

Horace.



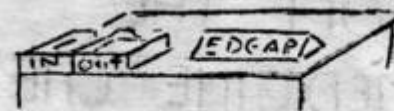
the Palm Leaf

Last Saturday eve the SAD SHACK was officially opened and gin christened. We have not attended numerous functions of this sort in New Guinea and thus are not really qualified to be a critic, but it is still our opinion that this was an affair without precedent. Seldom have we seen so many lads enjoying themselves so much--in NG or elsewhere.

This club is yours, fellows; it belongs to every E.M. in the outfit--but it was made possible by a group of men imbued with much initiative and a strong inclination for hard work. Here they are as we saw them:- A-3's Grunwald, A-2's Tramack and 5th Radio's Delfors, God-fathers in charge; X-2's jeweler Coate and Radioman Stotz, the smiling-eyed and steady-handed barman; Chef Herman, bandman deluxe; Maggazer Enos, he brought the ice; 5th Radio's versatile Krugman-SAD SHACK Muralman; Builders Miller, Tilt Pierce, Sharp, Ethier--you sat on their chairs, played at their tables, drank at their bar; Engineer's Urdangen, he of the critical eye and talented mind, Chief Designer and Namegiver; Sun-tanned and smiling Collins and his Knights of Labor who contributed much to the neat appearance of the club; Utility-minded Slutter and Alcorn--their lights always work; Top-kick Cook of the 892nd Chem Co--he brought a 400-gallon tanker of water; X-2's Soundmen Bennett and Eaton--they installed the P.S. system; and the Aussie Carrier Maintenance lads--helpers at every turn. Also X-2's Brunts, croupier of the dice table, Construction-Major-domo Pauley, Operation's Siudeja--and Laundry manager Rathbone--drink-masters and mixers--par-excellence.

Gentlemen, we thank you and give you the PALM LEAF for your contributions toward making our club the best on the Island.

Orderly Roomers



(Editor's note: Two days ago the Orderly Room personnel were walking around in a daze--because Company Clerk Edgar is on furlough. Capt Elliott and Sgt Lee had that blank look--but now there is peace in the family once again. They just got the following wire from Edgar) "TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Following are instructions which I hope will see you through the dark days to come.

There are numerous reports to make out; Vehicle Report to Ordnance (kid 'em along if you're late); Personnel Report to ADVON (give it to Army Channels Bolton AG); Malaria Report on the 1st of the month, Company Roster on the 1st of the month, Company Roster on the 5th (make 5 copies), '107 Report on the 10th (if you have trouble with this, give the whole damn thing to Parsons), Provost Marshall's Report on the 10th (this is a new one--I figure we're allowed to mess up a couple).

On filing, if you decide to do any, please, oh please, be slow and careful when doing it. Once a paper is lost in those files, it is never retrieved.

If anyone wants a rest leave, you'll find information on them under file "Rosters". (If the fellow is a clerk make him write the letter; otherwise you'd better do it yourself).

On handling the mail, be sure to shake each mail bag out very carefully; you never know when a Christmas package may come open. Candy, gum, cigars, etc all help to keep up the morale of the Orderly Room.

Good luck, and if things become too tough light a cigarette and walk around the block once. Then start all over again. Room Service, send up another bottle of Scotch--my girl and I thirst.

Bill Edgar "

Jungle Queries

by Krugie

QUESTION:-Do you think that sex will ever replace baseball? (Submitted by Pfc Paul Kutell, Comm Team X-2)

1st Lt. Richard Rogers, Special Service
Hell no, NEVER! I can point to one shining example which proves my stand in this matter. Look at the Officer's baseball team after they have won a hard-fought league contest.....each a fine specimen of hardy manhood. Then look at the same group after they've spent a leave in Sydney...a broken-down bunch of derelicts! I think that answers your question. (Ed's note: And How, Loot'nant)

Pfc Paul Kutell, Comm Team X-2.

There can be only one answer--absolutely not! What could be more fun than spending a beautiful summer afternoon watching a good ball game, with plenty of cigars and good cold beer? The hush that settles over the assemblage during those protracted seconds as the hurler gets ready for a crucial pitch--the groans and cheers that inevitably follow the pitch. Just two of multifarious sensations that run rampant. Enthusiasm, passion, exuberance, excitement and passion, all are in abundance for me especially at the sight of the Yankees kicking hell out of the Cardinals. (St. Louis papers please copy). Boy, that really is living! Who the Hell do I think I'm kiddin'?

Pvt Alfred Feller, 5th Radio.

According to my latest grapevine report from Brooklyn(part of the United States

THERE ARE PLANS

Since the season of Saint Nicholas is again in the offing, it behooves us to mention that this occasion will not go unnoticed in this camp. We inquired about the possibilities of entertainment, in the liquid line as well as the other types, and find that preparations are being made to convince all of you that there can be a Santa Claus in NG.

While a certain amount of "sweatin" out is evolving on the jungle juice problem, you may be sure that no stone will be left unturned in an effort to furnish you with amusement on this particular evening. The weather man has indicated we shall not have the customary White Christmas; we told him we were just as much, if not more, interested in a "Wet Christmas". Anyhow, it is our advice that you do not make any rash purchases of sleighs or skis.

For further details of our Christmas proceedings, read next week's issue of PALM-PALM. In the meantime, our staff will be only too glad to sample any of the bottled Christmas spirits which may come your way.

now), sex is as far outmoded as the black bottom. Then again, I've heard rumors that some G.I.'s are very much interested in black bottoms. Getting back to the subject, sex is unpopular because it's too fatiguing and interferes with the war effort. People are becoming more baseball-minded. After all, if you can't get to first base yourself, it's nice to see someone else do it; if you know what I mean, and I think you do.

S/Sgt. H. L. (Tex) Dent, 6th Radio.

Definitely not! As long as we're in New Guinea, anyway.. Nothing could make any of us feel any better, on these hot days, than to get out and play a good fast game of ball. Some people may not believe it, but nothing will give a guy more p--- and vinegar than some fast action. Of course sex is all right in it's place (any place is okay with me) and, in spite of the increasing popularity of baseball, I personally think that sex is here to stay! (Ed's note: Ain't it the lovin' truth?)

GUINEA GAGS BY

LITTEL



LITTEL

"Poor Mac--the Boss grounded him yesterday for buzzing Headquarters."

From THE Magazine

Berlin Radió:

"Last night our enemy attack us using an Armada of 5 hundred planes. Our beautiful fighters intercepted them, and shot down four hundred and eighty of them. We lost six planes.

This morning we found that one of our cities is missing."

A Poem

30 day Hacienda,
April, June and
Sombbrero,
All the rest have
Thirty-one
Except my brother
Juan--
He got 60 days
For stealing tires.

"THE LUSCIOUS LULU"



LITTEL

"Gad! Thos men on leave from New Guinea work fast! What did he say his name was??"