

WEEKLY PALM PALM

VOL. II NO. 3

WEEKLY PALM-PALM

January 20, 1944

TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE FIRST AIR TASK FORCE:

In the service, the time comes to every Commanding Officer to turn over to another and to move on to other jobs and assignments. I can say without equivocation that my service in command of the First Air Task Force has been the most gratifying of my career. As you all know we have accomplished much toward the ultimate defeat of our enemy. The successors which have followed us since the inception of this Task Force have been many, and of them I feel we may all be justly proud.

No Commander can succeed without the officers and men who complement his Headquarters working faithfully and hard. What has been done, you have done; and it is with sincere regret that I leave officers and men who are so devoted to duty and so able. I am certain that my successor will have from you the same magnificent support which you have always accorded me. I wish you all the success in the world, and leave you with the profound belief that men of your stamp can't be stopped, and that what has been accomplished in the past is but the opening chapter in a series of victories which will bring us peace and freedom from the menace of our enemies.

Fred Smith Jr.
FRED SMITH JR.,
Brigadier General, USA,
Commanding.

Weekly Palm Palm

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

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

It is not too often that our pen turns from the more humorous aspects of this life to the serious thoughts which lie directly underneath. But this does seem to be the proper time--just now when our hopes and hearts are high; we Americans. It is always possible to judge the undercurrent of a nation, in peace or war, by its literature, its songs and its peoples thoughts. During the past two years we have had our moments of depression, of unhappiness and doubt, and fear for the future. The gradual climb up the ladder of morale in our country's people, in all the far-flung corners of the earth, is probably now at the highest point during those two years. On practically every front, we and our Allies are driving back the enemy, forcing him to resort more and more to the last resources in men and material--we are on the march, Democracy against Tyranny, and we now have greater confidence in our Armed Forces and the men who command them than ever before.

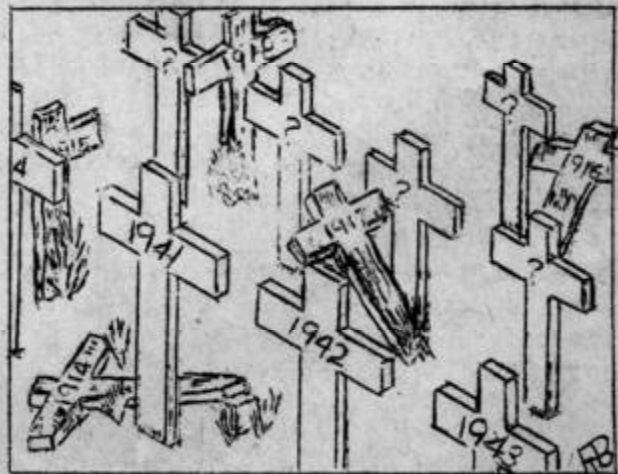
This confidence which we now possess will not, we believe, constitute a source of danger to us during the remainder of

of this war in terms of battles won or lost. However, we do think that it has already brought forth an inherent human weakness--namely, that those who enjoy the inestimable privileges of the Four Freedoms and the doubtful stimulant of victories won are always wont to forget the plight of the downtrodden.

So let us not forget the purpose of our fight--our previous generation must have done. Throughout the continent of Europe there are still the myriads of people whose perspective is dimmed, whose hearts have felt the full wrath of hate and pestilence. The hand of the musician and the artist has been stilled and the teachers and ministers are as dust under the goose-step. For these people the sun does not shine; there is no song of victory on their lips; they cannot envision hopes of seeing their loved ones. There is no confidence in fear.

The torch of liberty is again burning brightly--this time our grip must be secure--ours to have and to hold. Many hands just now are too weak to hold the torch if they had it; our task is to hold it for them.

The day, for us, is clear--the outlook bright. Can we say to all others, "Even though the night is dark, overhead the stars are shining?"



LEST WE FORGET--AGAIN

"...endowed with certain inalienable rights, among them being life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness..."
"...that these dead shall not have died in vain...."

Communique

From 322

By "Slick"

(Ed. Note: Heretofore on the Staff of Palm-Palm as a technical adviser, S. Sgt. Don (Slick) Johnson now joins our staff of Columnists. We think that he has been hiding "a light under a bushel", and are very happy to have him with us in this new status. We present Don's first column in what we hope will be a long series.)

Greetings from the "Far-Flung" outpost of APO 322. To you who are still in the civilized portion of our fair Isle, we bid our saddest regrets.

As prospective tenants and inhabitants of this exterritorial haven of blissful blue waters and surf, you may find a bit of pleasure in getting a preview of the things in store for you.

When you arrive, a beautiful camp-site, set in among the palms, bordered by a natural inlet of clear, blue-green salt water, saturated with a cool, continuous sea-breeze, will greet your eyes. The "Pioneers" of FATF Engineers, in collaboration with a crew of native laborers are now progressing favorably toward making your future camp the best on the island.

During the day, in the evenings, or on a moonlight night if you so desire, you will be able to swim in the briny deep. A tree, truly a gift or nestle itself, makes a natural diving board. For stouter ones, a plunge of 15 feet may be made, while to the more agile a number of privileges of a ten-foot or even a five-foot dive.

For the "Frank Buck" and "David Livingstones" trails leading into the back areas, where enemy artillery pieces, cannons made in Tokio, plates of baked clay made in the factories of Kagoshima, as well as other souvenirs yet untouched by "gooks" who go around knocking teeta out of dead Jap's skulls, await your inspection.

The chow situation will be what the Quartermaster makes it! To you of the Angler's Club, there will be ample opportunity to sit and while away the lonely hours, patiently waiting to snag one of those bass or perch that swim lazily by.

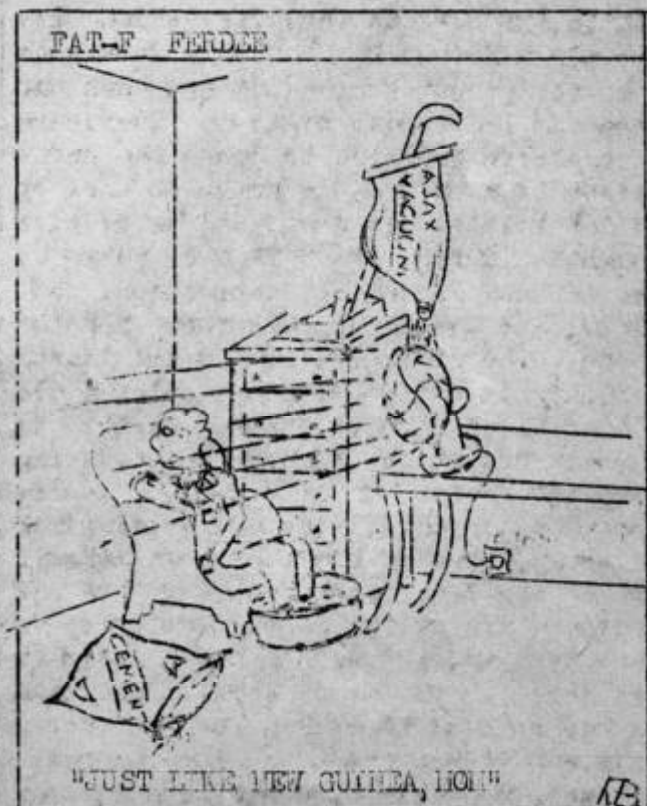
The "Prospects" are good, the women are still black, and the sun is still hot!

In closing, let me give you a word or two of wisdom:

"Love isn't the dying moan of
a distant violin,
It's the triumphant twang of
a bedspring!"

The "discussion group" idea which was started by Lt. Rogers is rapidly gaining favor with the men of FATF. Learning something of the Ins and Outs of the Navy from Lt. Congdon and the Trials and Tribulations of the AG-1 Sections from Major Sinton proved to be of considerable interest to the men as a whole.

Thursday night, 7:15, in the SAD SHACK, will find Capt Herring extolling some of the workings of the A-2 (Intelligence) Section, for the third session of the series. Everyone is invited to be present for these informal open forums.



THE SAGA OF STATION

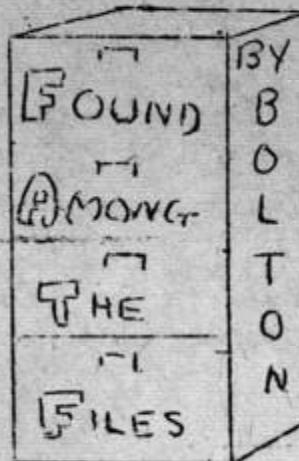


Fertile minds yield fertile ideas, so we are told, but it took the combined cerebrums of three certain men to decide that FATF was a better name than Station 'You Name It, It's Yours For a Carton of Cigarettes'. Actually, the latter was to have been uttered on the birthday of New Guinea's powerful five-watter, December 1, 1943, but fortunately was replaced in time to prevent the waste of a carton of cigarettes.

It is now no longer a secret that Lt. Theodore Ismert, FATF's guiding genius and, if the truth be known, progenitor par extraordinaire, possesses that dulcet toned quaver which introduces the one hour program of music, news and nonsense. Lt. Richard Rogers, he of the reputation as far away as Moresby acts not only as newscaster and advisor to the lovelorn, but as assistant announcer as well.

Lt. L. D. Knecht, the third of the now far-famed triumvirate, not only answers the oft-ringing telephone, but also takes a hand in announcing "Cover Lt. Ismert contracts a welcome frog in his throat or Lt. Rogers succumbs to the lure of a gin fizz. It is being nosed around, by some mud-slinging 2nd Lt. no doubt, that Lt. Knecht is also allowed to change needles. Seriously, the worth of Station FATF is just now being realized. Not only does it supply a potentially great audience with some of the best recorded music and news flashes, but it serves as an outlet for all important local news and announcements. If you have not yet heard Station FATF on the air, tune in tonite at 6 o'clock on 1500 KC. Listen too for your birthday congratulations. If you have a favorite tune and would like to hear it, call in and ask for it to be played. "Well do it gladly", says Lt. Rogers, "and if we don't have the record, you send it to us and we'll be happy to play it for you", he adds magnanimously. And if your personal problems are getting out of hand, Dorothy Dix" Rogers is always ready to help. To Station FATF goes the sincere thanks of many of its listeners and all of its hecklers.

By----- Jack Jacobs



From all appearances the two most current topics of discussion of the week are, John Dohmann's making the river Samboga famous, and the expected failure of McAdams to return from furlough. In reference to the aforementioned oddities, the following information is rendered. Probably most of you fellows have at one time or another bathed --either in our

sunny shower (the one with too many faucets and not enough water) or in the recently made famous, "Samboga River". When Johnny "Wild Man" Weismuller churned up the water in Ann Arbor back in the year of 1927, and knocked off a hundred yards, free style, in the record time of 51 seconds, little did he realize that some 17 years later one John (no mail today) Dohmann would challenge this unbelievable record by swimming the Samboga in New Guinea. Apparently it all started when our use to be little dog "Jerry", in an all out attempt braved the swift-flowing current of the river and crossed it in record time. Not to be outdone by a dog, Dohmann, some few months later, has finally completed the same feat, and in true dog style too. Incidentally, the distance traveled by water was only ten or six feet, thus accounting for official time of three minutes and eleven seconds. You too can learn to swim while in New Guinea.

The odds are now 10 to 1 that the one and only Joe McAdams will not return to this dusty, deplorable Dobodura from his extended furlough. Some of the fellows who know McAdams are taking the opportunity of his much questioned and delayed absence to make a little money--you know "10 to 1 he won't return". For the information of all concerned, Mac is now in the 42nd General Hospital, APO 927, having some thermometer packing Nurse take his temperature daily. The true cause of his predicament is unknown, so place your bets gentlemen, will he return or won't he?

Jungle QUESTIONS

BY 'KRUGIE'

QUESTION:- What is your opinion on the "Point System"?

ANSWERS: From F.A.T.F.

Caj. C.E. SHIPE, C.W.S.:-

I feel that the point system is the best that can be used at the present time, in that it favors the men who spent time in forward areas when the going was rough. However, some interesting situations would arise if a point were taken off for every leave or T.D., as I have an idea some men would end up with a "minus" core.

Spl. Art WINGENTER, 5TH AIR FORCE:-

I guess the system is okay but I have no faith in the promise, they are too often broken. I'll believe it all when I see that Golden Gate. If the Army had run out of paper before the plan was printed it would have buckled up before it got started. In short, I'm not gonna lose any sleep over it because I won't get home before they're damn good and ready to send me home.

Pfc. W.C. NEAL, 5TH AIR FORCE:-

My opinion is that the point system is absolutely fair in every respect. As I see it, the basic idea is to assure the earlier return of men who have had to stand life in New Guinea and other such places. Those who have had to undergo privations here are certainly entitled to get home before those fellows who have had all the conveniences and pleasures of living in Australia. You can quote me as saying "I'm for it".

Sgt. J.O. GALLAS, 5TH AIR FORCE:-

Since I haven't been overseas long enough to be affected immediately I hadn't given it very much thought. However, I believe the fundamental idea is sound and very fair but in actual practice it may turn

out to be a disappointment. By the time a lot of us finish sweating out the list of eligibles the war will probably be over. We can at least hope it works out.

Sgt. W. KIRK MATHIS, 5TH AIR FORCE:-

I figure the point system doesn't mean a thing. I personally believe there are enough well-trained men in the states to replace every one of us who have put in our minimum time over here. Those tough "Commandos" in the states have had their share of the "horrors of war" over there. How, about us getting in on a little of it before it's all over?

NEWCOMERS

This week's PALM PALM brings you three new columnists and one cartoonist. Don Johnson, Phil Thompson and Jack Jacobs are the columners while Bob Baling is the lad doing those cartoons. We are really happy to welcome these boys, both for the material they bring and the representation they make for their various units and sections.

The addition of these men to our Staff broadens the scope of PALM PALM; it makes our paper more thoroughly representative of the entire Headquarters; and it certainly will give this newssheet more appeal to its readers.

-We're very glad to have you with us, fellows.



Generally Speaking

By-- Thompson

This being my first endeavor to write, I will begin by stating that, generally speaking, I'm generally speaking; or, I failed to report--I have nothing to report.

Linton Eaton, X-2 radio genius, has been having a little difficulty lately. Everyone is clamoring to read a book he just received, "The Private Life of a Transmitter", with 1200 diagrams.

It was brought to my attention that station FATF might well do with the services of Ralph Eisenheim and Russ Dingler. Both boys can be found every evening practicing on their respective instruments. Ralph plays the sweet potato and Russ a tin flute, and their music really opens the gates.

Eddie Hart and Izzy Brodie are conducting an open forum in their tent one night each week, with a guest speaker. The subject for debate last week being "Points, Points, Who's Got The Points". The guest speaker was George, Capt Elliott's native. Coincidentally, George is only a few points behind "you haven't got your bags unpacked yet" Handschuch whom everyone knows leads by a large margin.

"Preacher" Parsons, that lovable old character in FATF's supply, went to great pains to see that we received our cigars spotlessly clean and untouched by human hands. Nice blue gloves you have, Preach, but let's see you take them off now.

Conspicuous for their absence are X-2's six-for-fivers and bullers deluxe, Red Atoll and Sam Shapiro, who are enjoying rest leave in Australia. I think they made a mistake sending them both at once but then I guess the Australians need an education.

Private (I don't know what to do) Dexter then asked to police the immediate area around the radio shack, politely acquiesced. (Whatever that means) That was last Wednesday. If anyone sees him wandering

THE POINT SYSTEM

Now in the month of January,
Nineteen hundred and forty-four,
The spirits of New Guinea men
Were ever wont to saar;
For the work came down,
Thru channels and by rumor
That they'd be going home,
In August, or maybe sooner.

Main purpose of the scheme, they say,
Was to keep that old demon gloom away;
(For some call it morale,
Even if you're sad--
Though I always thought morale
was just to make you glad.)

The system, it seems,
To get home to the "joints"
Evelves on the principle
Of Malaria and "points".
(The system, I guess,
Is like the one now makin'
The folks back home
Surrender "points" for bacon.

So everyone is a-wishin' and a-sweatin'
And I'm sure aidin' and abuttin'
My chance to get on that sacred list--
'Fore it's lost in our New Guinea mist.

And now I'd like to have it known
That the time will come
When I'll be blowin'--
(And at the risk of ruining this good poem
Just before I'm leaving you for home,
There's one "point" I'd like to stress--
How's about me getting your girl's address.

around with a handfull of cigarette butts,
please tell him he can stop now.

Someone asked Sam Davis the other day if he was getting fat. "No, just bloated", was Sam's reply.

Pete (The Grecks is good people) Ellew, received a pair of socks yesterday. Everyone who knows Pete wonders what he intends to do with them. I can't even shame him into wearing them.

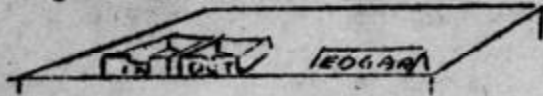
Sad sights around camp:

Izzy Brody trying to comb his hair and smooth down his nose.

Everyone in camp looking for mail---and not getting any.

That's all for now, see you next week!

Orderly Room's



(Ed. Note: During the prolonged absence of Edgar, our regular columnist, Capt. Elliott, in collaboration with Lt Patton, continues in his place)

The gloomy and depressed look on the faces of the early campaigners seems to have taken on a new light the past few days--Thanks to Maj Sinton having given the boys all the latest dope on the "gettin' the hell outa here" situation. We at least know now that we are not in that category of "forgotten men". There is now something to look forward to in the coming months and we in the Orderly Room personally encourage every man to set an example for the constantly arriving new men by working as hard and conscientiously as you have in the past few months.

For the Record: Rumor has it that Pvt Herman had his shoes off for two days trying to count up to forty points.

S/Sgt (I wish I was a Yankoo) Bolton dropped in and said he had a date with one of the native gals over at Angau the other night but nothing much happened as she didn't know the meaning of unconditional surrender.

This Hq can boast just about as loud as any on having representatives from so many branches of the Army, not forgetting the Navy and Marines. To make the place even more cosmopolitan, our latest addition is Lt. Tedder, Vet. Corps---and do we have a job for him! Some few hundred cans of bully beef are waiting in the store room to be contaminated; and, lest you forget, cans of dehydrated eggs are on the same shelf!

Wonder where these fellows have disappeared to who used to be seen around the suburbs of the camp swinging the pole with a net on the end? The butterflies seem to have had the upper hand for the past week--surely there are some loyal and gallant volunteers to carry on! No one has given up in New Guinea yet!

In closing, we would like to give you our choice of New Guinea's most famous greeting: "Hi'ya, bud, how many points ya got?"



The
Palm
Leaf
to -

Lt. L. D. Knecht-----Comm Team X-2
Capt. J. J. Foley-----Marine Corps
Capt. E. W. Straw-----F.A.T.F.
Pvt. Edwin Filippini---Comm Team X-2
Cpl. Charles Kowalski--Comm Team X-2

During the past few days nearly everyone in Headquarters has been munching some very delicious candy bars. The efforts of the above named officers were largely responsible for the procurement of this candy and the two enlisted men worked hard and long in distributing it. To them all, our grateful thanks.

SUGGESTION BOX

From P/Sgt Peterson: "Almost every time I walk out the exit of the Mess Hall I run into someone at the end of the chow line--with the result that he spills his chow or I spill the remainder of mine--why wouldn't it work to make the exit where the entrance is and vice versa?"

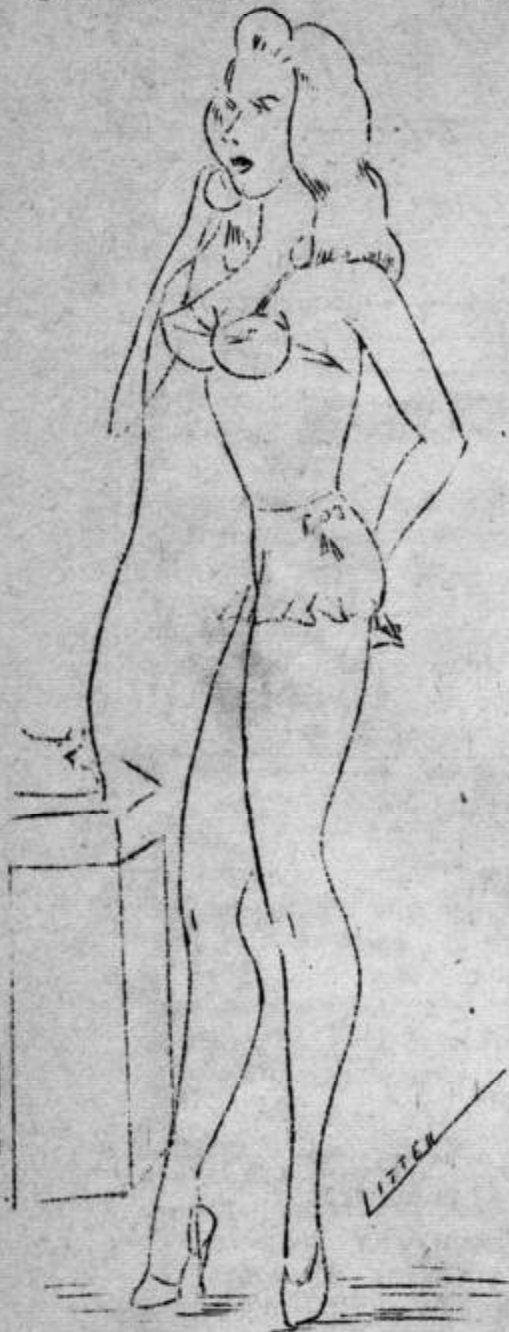
From innumerable and long-suffering personnel: "About three or four times per week we have some sort of lemon or lime drink for lunch. There may be some fellows who are able to drink this stuff--but there are scads who can't. Why can't we have a container of plain water, chilled if possible, for those who do not care for this other concoction?"

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

PALM-PALM wishes to again acknowledge grateful thanks to Distribution's Archie Lindsay for his valuable help in the printing of this paper.

GUINEA GAGS

"CARELESS CONNIE"



It was just a question of who
could say Yes or No the longest—
and I would have to have a cold!"

BY LITTEL At midnight and the streets
were dark,

The passing cars were few,
Just then a girl walked by
In the flower of her youth.
I told her if she'd like a ride,
Then she stopped-breathed a sigh -
Alas, I could not wait.
I took her to a lonely lane
Where stars light up the sky,
My very blood ran thru my veins
With the feeling of do or die.
Her eyes were deepest blue,
And when I touched her hand
I knew that she was mine -
The fairest in the land.
I put my arms around her waist
And kissed her lovely lips,
And as I drew gently away
My hand dropped to her hips.
Twas then I found out who she was:
To hit me like a bomber,
For on her hip was slung a gun -
She was "Pistol Packin' Mamma"!



"All I know is that they each have a
USO Hostess permit."