

WEEKLY PALM PALM

VOL I NO. 5

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NEW GUINEA

THE CHRISTMAS SCENE

Christmas Day, in the Year of Our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Fortythree is again upon us. And though to some of the world's peoples it may appear to be a forlorn Christmas, it need not be thus. There is yet, as always, a multitude of things for which we all remember and observe this day. There are, perhaps, memories of happier Christmases and of weather more suitable; and no doubt there is reminiscencing of a lighter and more contented atmosphere, of jovial and genial companionship within the family circle. This we recognize and are proud to know; for these men who can yet remember these things with reverence and tolerance are victory bound.

Our Christmas will be lacking a few things this year--but there will be others to balance the scale. If there can at any time exist a greater degree of love within a Mother's heart, or a wife's

or sweetheart's, it is now. And our very absence from those whom we love is ever wont to draw us closer to them and strengthen the bonds which hold us. On the material side of our Christmas

lie a number of things.

We are being besieged with packages; our forthcoming Christmas dinner will be in keeping with our traditions; and a Christmas party at our Club will fill a space which might be left blank.

This is still the time of year when the hearts of free men beat stronger; when the oppressed and downtrodden take a new lease on life; and when tyranny will take another step backward. This is Christmas--your Christmas and ours.

Our Staff bids you Season's Greetings. God rest you all, Merry Gentlemen, and may all the rest of your Christmases be white!

The Editor.



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

Hear from Dick Grunewald that there is really going to be a "DO" Christmas nite in the Shack. Be sure to eat plenty of pretzels to prepare your thirst. From evidence of the last event, we should really have a swell time. This time however we will supply boxing gloves for Tex Dent, so he wont lose so much time running around looking for an incident. Boy, are those Marines working in A-2, on the ball, here is the report they put out after four weeks of laborious work: It has been officially announced this morning at 8 A.M. that the Japs have taken the important base---Salhopatica. We admit this but doubt the enemy's ability to hold it. The latest dispatch states the strain on the rear is tremendous. We have caught them on the run several times trying to evacuate along the lines. Several flank movements have been undertaken while the action at these times has been only gas attacks. The Nips try to suppress the report but it leaked out and the Allies got wind of it. The Nips now realize the value of Scrap Paper.

Furlough News: Lt. Congdon, (U.S. Navy man in Hq.), breaks toe after dropping Gin Bottle on Toe in lounge in Princes

Cafe.

Captain Arthur Pete Gorman explaining to a fair Aussie Gal how the Rhumba started: "Very few people know how the Rhumba started---a Nudist backed into a bayonet."

Major Mac Cubbin braggin' about his brother who is an artist: "He paints men and women. He paints "MEN" on one door and "WOMEN" on another."

Did any of you see Captain McKinney accepting Lt. Roger's bet of climbing the Palm Tree. Well he did it all right. This should prove to you that even officers can't get home on Section 8's.

Asked Lt. "RED" Aycock (also U.S. Navy) what was the size of his home town in Alabama---Lt. Aycock: "Boy, its so small they haven't even got a village idiot."

I was asked why I never write a crack about Colonel Divine or General Smith: Are you kidding? I like being alive!!!

Red Jacobs was telling Harry Coates about his uncle: "My uncle was very romantic. He fell in love with a girl once and told her if she didn't marry him he would die. She said, "NO!". Sixty years later he died."

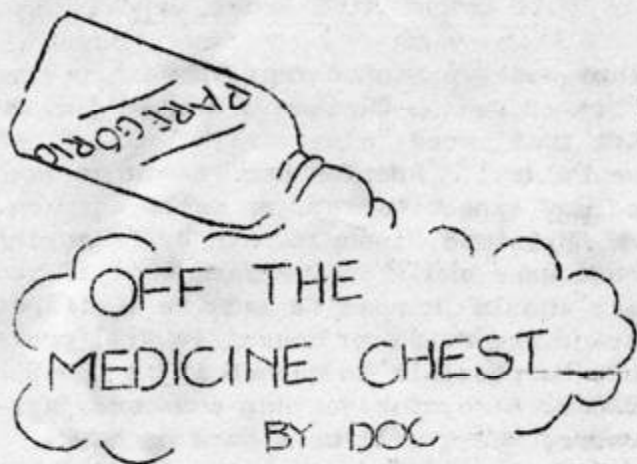
Best wise crack of week: Those two natives from Madang were asked why they dyed their hair red! They replied, "We wanta look like Boss Man Gober."

M/SGT RAYMOND B. ORNER

We are feeling badly over the loss of Ray Orner. Ray was that dark haired M/Sgt in Weather. He was one of the best forecasters in the SWPA. It was his job to fly on early morning Reccos and report the weather by radio to the waiting bombers. His decisions and forecasts were respected by all. He was one of the men with the most time overseas.

On December 16, Ray was out in a B-24 on a Weather Recco. He never returned. It is more than presumed that he was killed.

Ray died for his country--the supreme sacrifice. He always had a smile and a handshake for everyone. Words cannot describe the type of man that Ray was, the only fit tribute to him is: They broke the mold when they made him.



My Dearest Darling,

I'm tired tonight. So damn tired.
I'm tired of the rats
Who drive me into the rain.
I'm tired of the mosquitoes
That drill into my brain.

I'm tired of the women
With the black-tan breasts.
The G. I. nurses who
Give the officers no rest.

I'm tired of the sardines,
Hard-tack, and bully beef.
Of atabrine, vitamin pills,
And smoke stained teeth.

I'm tired of the insects,
The jungle, and the heat.
Of looking at rectums, sores,
And chigger-bitten feet.

I'm tired of inspections,
And the G.I. life.
Of Hitler, Tojo, and
The Whole damn strife.

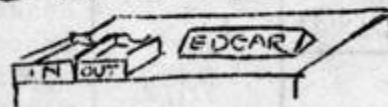
But, darling, I'm tired most of all
from reaching for the handle to flush
the toilet and finding it not there.

I'm damn tired!

Goodnight,
Horace.

P.S. MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Orderly Roomers



A PILOT'S LAST WORDS

An army pilot lay dying
In a wreck, at the close of a day,
And his buddies had gathered around him
As he stirred in the oil, where he lay.

He propped himself on his elbow,
T'was plain he would soon be dead,
And he called his buddies closer,
And this is what he said -

Take the spark plugs out of my liver,
The crankshaft out of my brain -
Take the magneto out of my gizzard,
And assemble the engine again.

Take the ailerons out of my kidneys,
Get this rudder off of my neck,
Take the landing gear out of my spine,
There's a lot of good parts in this wreck.

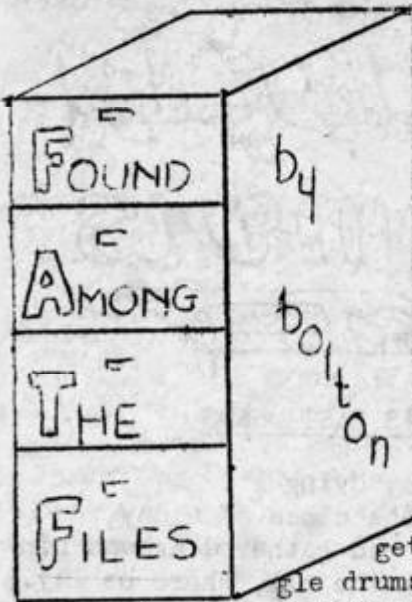
Gather up those fuel lines,
Untangle those cables, too,
And straighten out that cowling,
So we can get her back in the blue.

I'll be flying a cloud in the morning,
With no Japs around me to cuss.
So, get the lead out of your pants and
get busy,

There'll be another guy needing this
bus!

Cpl. Douglas L. Taylor
First Air Task Force
New Guinea

(Ed. note: Cpl Douglas Taylor, Sq.
Supply, is guest-starring for col-
umnist Edgar this week.)



The beating of jungle drums welcomed the morning of December 18th, the circus had come to town! I mean the OCS Board had descended upon Dobodura, and applicants, both militant and reprobate, were streaming in from all the local villages. To get back to the jungle drums, the following

phrase is quoted from one of our competent country cousins, (Comm Team X-2), as a message sent by said drums to a couple of eligible Abos from the local ANGAU Village who were evidently on TD at Kokoda Village: "To Tribe Chief Kokoda Village. All eligible OCS applicants, (Simians included), are to proceed to this Headquarters by first available packmule to appear before OCS Board now convening." At this point we extend our thanks to the Comm Team X-2 member who exerted every effort to break the jungle code down into legible English so that our readers might gaze upon its contents.

And so they came, mulesore and weary, but spirits were high for it isn't every day that one can afford such a Board. Upon appearing before said Board subject Abos were highly praised and accredited with unusual qualifications; in fact, so unusual, they were requested to submit applications for direct commissions---thus depriving them of receiving their brass like the mass. We sympathize with the unfortunate, (a matter of opinion), individuals and commend them for their abortive attempt. The moral of this fable is, "Stay at home and be content with your wife---Let the foreigners fight the war."

Attention is invited to the softball diamond now under construction across the road from the Officers' Club. This diamond is to be used by all Officers and Enlisted Men assigned or attached to this Headquarters, so lend a hand in the furtherance of the diamond so that softball

TO CONFIRM OUR SUSPICIONS

Last week we hinted that there might be a bit of fun on Christmas Day. We now lift that word "hint" right out of our vocabulary! Brother Horn tells us that you may expect turkey, or maybe chicken, for Christmas Dinner. And by snooping round here and there we find that if you lads should happen to acquire a thirst during the evening hours, it will probably be possible to quench it at the SAD SHACK. Also, for you hep-cats and jazz-lovers, there will be a band on hand. Personally, we like that sweet and hot music--but we also have a penchant for a Christmas Carol or so about this time of year. Get your voices in shape, men, and let's plan on having a little song-fest. There's a quartet in one of those tents in the area and we're gonna utilize them.

Now reposing on Ye Olde Bulletin Board is a message from one Richard Enos. From it you may learn the proper proceedings concerning the financial matters of the evening. Dick says he wont come around and put those tickets in your stocking, so let's get in line early to pick up the ducats.

Christmas comes but once a year - let's make our "once a year" something to remember. We'll be there Saturday nite wishing you all a Merry Christmas.

activities may resume their normal functions.

Frequent Sights Around Camp:

Francis H. Lapine ambling precariously down the dim dusky trail, monkey wrench in hand, seeking the leak in the precious pipeline.

Sgt Monroe J (only one to a man tonight) Horn messing around in the mess, exerting every effort to produce a suitable mess from a mess.

Capt. Gober O. (the Abos pride) Elliott grining over another of those frequently received sugar reports from Melbourne, bearing the inscription "SWAK" (Send Wife an Allotment, Kid).

According to our commonly quoted friend, George Bernard Shaw, there are two tragedies in life, one is to not get your heart's desire, the other is to get it.

Finis.

Jungle Queries

by Krugie

QUESTION: What would you like more than anything else for Christmas?

MAJOR A. P. STEELE - Air Engineers

What I would really want most is quite out of the question. However, I would appreciate a written guarantee of spending my next one at home. Some say the idea of Christmas and Palm Trees do not mix, but strangely, the first Christmas was celebrated under palm trees and in a climate not unlike what we have here. There's no sense in expecting too much for Christmas here. If we believed in Santa Claus we might have built chimneys on some of these Hdqs. buildings.

CPL. R. J. BRENNAN - 5th AAC

I'd like to have a 2-foot section of the bar at Jack Dempsey's joint in New York City (a suburb of Manhattan now). To grace this section I'd like to have a full size "whispering skillet" of good ice-cold (Ed.-what's that?) beer. Three months ago I'd have asked for a gorgeous babe to go with it, but I've been in New Guinea too long to know what to do with one. What we need here is more race equality.

SGT. PHILIP SIEGEL - 46th Service Gp.

Boy, how I'd like to get a good E-Flat Alto Saxophone with a good supply of reeds. Aside from the pleasure of resting my soul in sweet music, I'd be able to get back at certain guys. By this I mean those Marines in the next tent who keep us awake with lights on all night. Would I give those babies hell with my exclusive imitation of a love-sick fog-

From Our Chaplain

America is not just a space marked off on a Rand-McNally map. It is not just a sprawling land with Washington as its Capitol and a length and breadth that orators embrace in sweeping gestures and flowery sentences. It is a place where your home is, in a land of liberty and religious freedom.

America is a crazy kind of country that started out believing all men were created "free and equal" and made that belief come true. A gracious God blessed it with everything that makes life rich and full and abundant and contented.

We love our country with all our heart and so we are seeing to it that no enemy robs it of its beauty, its freedom, its justice for all. That love of it means a Christmas separated from our loved ones. That would be more difficult to endure were it not for the fact that we can be united with them in welcoming into our hearts the Prince of Peace who came to bring peace to men of good will.

Our sacrifice of today is worthwhile and the Christmas Greetings we wish to each other now are given in promise of merrier Christmases to come.

Father
Boggins

horn. Since I'm just beginning to learn how to play a sax it would be plenty rough on those Marines for a long time.

M/SGT JAMES F. HARRIS JR. - C.W.S.

A fellow might just as well "ask for the stars", so here goes. I'd like more than anything else to get a trip home and be able to arrive on Christmas morning. I can picture the surprise and happiness my appearance would bring after two and a half years of being away. It would be a treat to be able to see how some of those hard-fighting U.S.O. Commandos do their soldiering on Christmas Day.

GUINEA GALS BY LITTA



"I suppose this is boring to you after seeing so much of the authentic native dancing in New Guinea!"

ANNUTHER POEM

Starkle, Starkle little twink,
Who the Hell you are I think;
I'm not under the alcorfluence
of Inkelhol
Though some thinkle peep I am.
I fool so feelish,
I don't know who is me.
That the drunker I sit here,
The longer I get.



"CARELESS CONNIE"

"I told him that my family was away on a two week vacation, but he said he didn't mind coming in and waiting."