

WEEKLY PALM-PALM

VOL II NO. 2

WEEKLY PALM-PALM

January 13, 1944

FATE INSIGNIA

Distinctive, unique and original—that's the way our insignia has been described. Originated and designed by PALM-PALM's Bob Littell, it is now in for official approval. It is truly one of the most outstanding insignias we have ever seen.

Our writing staff is somewhat depleted these days. Three Annis are now on leave. We hope to welcome Major, McAdams & Handschuch back into the fold at an early date.

The initial "discussion group" held in the SAD SHACK last Saturday eve, with Navy's Lt. Corgey presiding, was a huge success. Further meetings of this sort have been planned by Lt. Rogers and next Thursday night, same place, same time, Major Sinton will be present to give us the lowdown on the "going home" situation.

FATE FOOD

As some of you may have noticed, there was a cooking school visiting our kitchen recently, with the main idea being to make dehydrated foods more palatable. We have interviewed the cooks and they tell us that what with the new innovations learned at the school, dehydrated carrots, eggs and potatoes are still dehydrated carrots, eggs and potatoes. We're glad to know that's settled.

Not long ago we read a few lines to the effect that some soldiers had been known to swear, drink, gamble and, upon occasion, to think about women. We are breathless! To think that all these months we have been consorting with such people! We trust that all you lads will be very, very discreet in the future as such talk is apt to ruin the Army.

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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 Sgt. Joe H. McAdams
 Cpl. Joseph Poole
 Sgt. Charles H. Urdangen
 S/Sgt. William J. Watson Jr.

Sports Round Up

By a Pinch Hitter

Before an estimated crowd of 2-3 persons the FATF E.M. and Officers played a stirring (not sterling) 9-inning softball game last Friday afternoon. The game itself was not anything to write home about as it was marked by the usual few hits, fewer runs and more errors.

However, each and every one of these games always intrigues us; there's always the machine-gun patter of Senor Hernandez, Dohmann's chanting chatter (Swing, Swing, S-T-R-I-K-E), Dick Rogers' back straining, bendings and subsequent moans, Knudsen's long legs flashing back and forth all over the place (winning ball games, too), Shipe's stoic delivery and professional wind-up, Fat Boy Sieudella aimlessly walking into those fly balls, Long Arms Strawkas covering first base and everything else within 50 feet, Tramdack catching

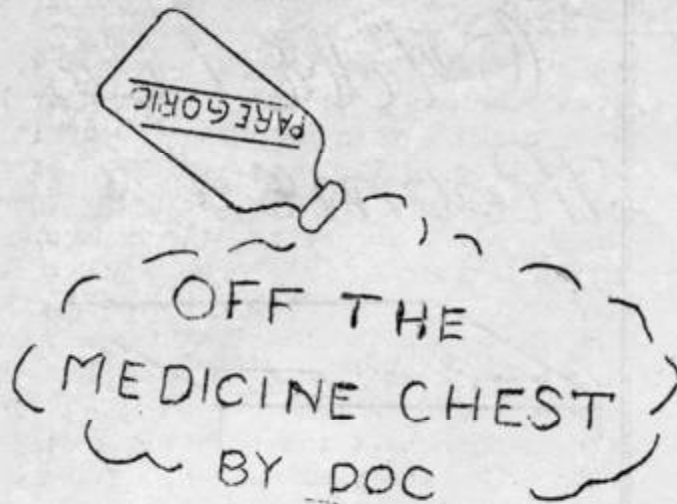
flies off Bolton, (no pun intended), and Goss sometimes replacing that dour look with a smile when someone gets a hit.

We witnessed the game from a vantage point entirely new to us, being the man in the black cap behind the pitcher. We might further add that our being inveigled into umpiring this game was like leading the sheep to the slaughter; several times we caught the catcher and third baseman of both teams trying to exterminate us with hard tossed balls across the diamond. The real danger, though, was being the target of a cross-fire of vile epithets bandied between the two teams.

If it makes any difference at this late date, the score of the fracas was 2 to 1 in favor of the Bar and Leaf boys. Star of the game was undoubtedly Knudsen; heaviest hitters were Watson and Gavre (strong man Gavre lucked one out of the ballpark to put the game on ice), with Hernandez probably copping top money for base stealing. At the end of the game, the opinion was expressed by several of the enlisted men that the man most likely to succeed was the umpire. (And we know what they mean, too.)

We are very happy to tell you that our regular sports editor, Joe H. McAdams will very probably be back in the near future to resume his duties. It will be a relief--both to have an umpire and a columnist.





DO YOU THINK OF ME?

Do you think of me, my Dear,
When the lights are low or out?
Do you think of me, my Dear,
When the iceman is about?

Do You think of me, my Dear,
As upon the bed you lay?
Do you think of me, my Dear,
When the iceman says, "Let's play"?

Do you think of me, my Dear,
As he strokes your lovely hair?
Do you think of me, my Dear,
When you question, "Do I dare"?

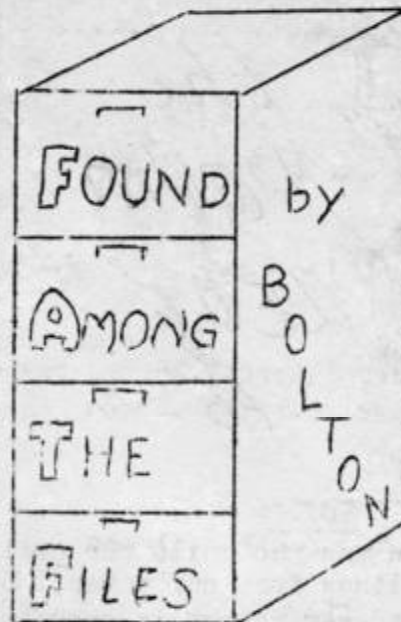
Do you think of me, my Dear,
When your emotions begin to flame?
Do you think of me, my Dear,
As you play this passionate game?

Do you think of me, my Dear,
As about your neck his arms entwine?
Do you think of me, my Dear,
As he hands you a lover's line?

Do you think of me, my Dear,
When he caresses your lovely cheek?
Do you think of me, my Dear,
When your lips he begins to seek?

Do you think of me, my Dear,
As upon this bed you lie?
Do you think of me, my Dear,
As the time grows nigh?

Do you think of me, my Dear,
As he asks, "You will, or you wort"?
Do you think of me, my Dear?
I KNOW DAMN WELL YOU DON'T!



Never before in the annals of all G.I. history has there been introduced such a stimulating, morale boosting, personnel replacement plan for a more discontented, down hearted group of individuals as the one about to be put into effect for the visiting firemen of New Guinea and surrounding territory. From the day the first

American Troop Ship broke through the waters bordering Australia and our beloved tropical paradise on which we now reside, the rumor started that "After a year overseas or a year in New Guinea at the most, you would be returned to the United States." It has taken higher authorities some two years to confirm this legendary rumor, and in performing their little act of intercession have even taken into consideration that parting (especially from New Guinea) is not such sweet sorrow. Now that they have finally been awakened as to our future welfare and introduced a plan in correction of same, the bearded rumor, started many years ago is to be considered Napoo. Now that we have been assured of a return trip home, and upon completion of same, always keep in mind that there are still many more lonesome lads back on the mosquito infested Isle of New Guinea who are just as desirous of returning home as you were, so exert every effort to fulfill their ultimate desire, even if it requires raising kids as replacements for them.

And so, as the evening sun dips behind the mountain ranges, we will bid adieu to this tropical isle of enchantment, waving palm trees, native women--Aw, to hell with you, Fitzgerald.

Correction: Last week's paper was No. 1 of the Vol. II Series, instead of No. 6 of Vol. I as stated on the Title page.



The
Palm
Leaf
to -

THE AIR ENGINEERS

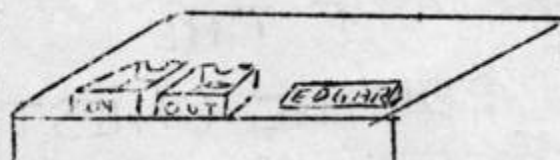
These are the men who build our offices, lay the pipe lines for our water, build our showers and our messhalls, operate the sawmill, build our stage and the many other necessary jobs which we are apt to take for granted. They helped in the erection of both our clubs, they build desks and chairs--generally making it a better place to live in, an easier place to work in.

T/Sgt. Singleton	Sgt. Slutter
S/Sgt. Loos	Sgt. Speece
Sgt. Beling	Sgt. Urdangen
Sgt. Roys	Sgt. Ward
Sgt. Shafer	Cpl. Cirri
Cpl. Ethier	Cpl. Grubstein
Cpl. La Barre	Cpl. Ianigan
Cpl. Voytilla	Cpl. Yanke
T/5 Grier	Pfc. Adorjan
Pfc. Akerholm	Pfc. Bellar
Pfc. Betschart	Pfc. Conrad
Pfc. Corby	Pfc. Dart
Pfc. Cervasi	Pfc. Geslin
Pfc. Grotnor	Pfc. Helms
Pfc. Horel	Pfc. Kamrad
Pfc. Lary	Pfc. Leach
Pfc. Mc Callum	Pfc. Mc Donald
Pfc. Mc Garry	Pfc. Miller
Pfc. Nelson	Pfc. Nitz
Pfc. Norman	Pfc. Schmansky
Pfc. Wallin	Pfc. Warren
Pfc. Wolfe	Pvt. Capaletti
Pvt. Carter	Pvt. Clifton
Pvt. Daniels	Pvt. De Graf
Pvt. Edwards	Pvt. Gump
Pvt. Izvorski	Pvt. La Pine
Pvt. Morris	Pvt. Riddle
Pvt. Tipple	

Major Steele
Lieut. Lang

Capt. Strickland
Lieut. Sutherland

Orderly Roomers



(Editor's note:- We know that all of you are always interested in what's cooking down in the Orderly Room and since Edgar is still on leave we have persuaded Capt Elliott to give us the lowdown. We have no doubt that the following will straighten you out on the question concerned.)

The Orderly Room has been over-powered with questions for the past week, such as this: "What is our quota?", "Will my name be on the first, second or third list?", "How will my 18 months' New Guinea time stack up with the 'per diem' and zoot-suit guys who have had 20 months on the original battlefront down south?", "When are the replacements coming (as if they were worried)?", "Do you think it is a good idea to pack my "A" bag now, as my "B" bag has never arrived?"

Now in order to answer all these questions cheerfully for all the old timers, it would take a lot of time---more time than I can take. So, to clarify the situation for all concerned, I refer you to the Minister of Propaganda, Pvt. Herman, who knows all the facts and doesn't mind taking the time to tell them. Ask the cooks on Herman's shift---his propaganda speeches can be heard in the Mess Hall every third day from 6:00am until everyone is converted. Incidentally, Private Herman is on shift in the FATF Mess Hall on Christmas Day, 1944.

Who really wants to go home, anyway? The people back there are having to eat old-fashioned eggs these days--you know, the kind you have to break.

The Orderly Room wishes to announce that its Acting Co. Clerk is no longer the last man on the roster. Ott is now a P.F.C.

Jungle Queries

BY
'KRUGIE'

QUESTION: What is your favorite form of recreation here?

ANSWERS: From F.A.T.F.

1st Lt. J. C. Hensel:-

I have NO--repeat--NO time whatever in which to partake of any form of recreation or relaxation offered hereabouts. For that reason I'm not qualified to judge the comparative merits of sport. My essential duties require the fullest application and concentration of all my abilities and faculties. Inasmuch as the successful prosecution of the war rests very heavily on my burdened shoulders, I feel I should give it my all.

Cpl. W. A. Ransone

My big sport has been the favorite of millions whether it's in New Guinea, New York, New Orleans or Timbuctoo. It's the age-old pastime of "seven come eleven." For the past couple of weeks I've been forced to be non-professional since my broker, Sgt. Buechel, has been on furlough. Something had better happen soon 'cause I can't let these right-arm muscles stay flabby too long.

PFC J. J. Dohmann

Softball is my favorite sport here. It helps break the monotony of working and loafing. It also gives us dogfaces a lot of satisfaction when we beat the Officer's team. Oh, for some of the sports I'd like to indulge in, but you just can't find 'em all here!

Cpl. H. L. Blalock

Brother, my favorite indoor and outdoor sport is DREAMING, and I do mean in caps. I can't put into print all the things I have been dreaming about, but most of it

^{or}
I'm Open to
Suggestion!
BY
JOYCE BARNETT

I was brought up very well --
I wouldn't say "damn" and I wouldn't
say "hell".
In fact I'm told I'm a very nice gal --
But I'M OPEN TO SUGGESTION.

Wasn't born today, and my eyes are open
wide --
But I can't say "yes" if I've never tried,
So it's maybe, brother, that I'm on your
side --
For I'M OPEN TO SUGGESTION.

I'm a quiet little smalltown maid --
From the straight and narrow track
I've never strayed.
On the Primrose Path I'd never
make the grade --
But I'M OPEN TO SUGGESTION.

When you ask me once, I'll say
"that's not nice" --
But don't hesitate to ask me twice;
For I'm a little girl who's afraid
of only -- Nice,
And I'M OPEN TO SUGGESTION.

(Again this week we present a poem by Miss Joyce Barnett, the Australian lass with such catchy rhymes. Much of Miss Barnett's work has been set to music-- if any of you budding musical geniuses have a tune for the above, we shall be only too glad to forward it to her)

concerns the day I can ramble on back home. No telling when that blessed day will be, but as for me--the sooner the better, AMEN!

PFC Willie Nusz

There are several things that a fellow can get into here. Personally, I like playing horseshoes. It's a favorite sport from 'way back when and it's one I always went in for, as I come from a farm. Pitching horseshoes may not make the headlines like other sports but you have gotta know your stuff and there is plenty of competition in the game.

GUINEA PIGS

By LITTEL

ODE TO A YANK

MET YANK,
 NAME HANK,
 LONG, LANK,
 (NO RANK)
 DROVE TANK.

.....

BEING FRANK,
 HEART SANK,
 MIND BLANK,
 PLAYED PRANK,
 GOT SPANK,
 HATE YANK!!!!!!

By A.N. Orymous



"CARELESS CONNIE"



"And he told me I was his
 first 'probable' that had
 ever turned into a 'definite'"

9000