

A TRIBUTE CAPTAIN ABRAHAM GODWIN

Paterson, N. J., is proud of the fact that one of its pioneer settlers also became Paterson's Revolutionary hero. Captain Abraham Godwin was born in New York on 23 November, 1724. He came to what is now Paterson in 1753, purchasing a tract of land in what was then an Indian settlement known as "Tetauwi." He prospered and later built a large stone house which later became the noted Godwin Hotel. In 1772 the court in Essex County had granted him a license to conduct the place as a tavern.

At the outbreak of the American Revolution, Godwin espoused the cause of the colonies which led to his financial ruin. All that he had accumulated was lost to the Tories who held his paper and called their loans.

In December, 1776, when the American Army was retreating through New Jersey, destitute and in need, it was this man who went among friends, and after making himself responsible, collected a supply of food and clothing for the discouraged troops. He then acted as their scout and led them through Newark mountains, placing them in safety on the road to New Brunswick.

Later Godwin enlisted in the cause and was commissioned as a Captain of Marines. He served on board "The Lady Washington," was wounded in action, and died as a result of the wounds and exposure. He was buried from the camp at Fishkill-on-the-Hudson, all the honors of war being accorded him. His grave has not been located at Fishkill, but Paterson's S. A. R. Chapter, named after him, has erected a boulder to him in the town's beautiful park.

On 7 October, Reverend John H. Clifford, best known as "Doc of the Marines," visited Paterson as the guest of the Veteran Scouts of Troop 51. While there he visited Eastside Park, and, in the presence of the members of the Abraham Godwin Chapter S. A. R., placed a wreath on the stone which had been erected to commemorate the loyalty, patriotism and heroism of one of the country's first Marine officers.

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The following lines were written by Dr. William H. Rauchfuss, president of the S. A. R. Chapter:

CAPTAIN ABRAHAM GODWIN

Noble patriot so true
Highest honors still are due
For the fearful sacrifice
That you made! Your voice still cries
"Citizen, still carry on
Work that was so well begun!"

You gave up all worldly wealth;
You too lost your strength and health!
Your young sons "received the call,"
Took the oath to march or fall;
Still their spirits seem to say,
"Carry on! right now! to-day!"

Your poor wife, bereft of home,
By the raid was forced to roam;
Then, depressed, your heart gave way:
For your soul the loved ones pray.
Resting in eternity,
"Carry on!" still comes from thee.

QUANTICO DANCE COMMITTEE HOLDS QUARTERLY ELECTION

By Corporal I. Schneider

The Enlisted Men's Dance Committee of Quantico held their quarterly election of officers at the Hostess House, September 28, 1926. The following officers were elected for the ensuing quarter: President, Quartermaster Sergeant R. A. Rowlee; Assistant Chairman, Gunnery Sergeant W. Smith; Secretary, Mrs. Raley; and Assistant Secretary, Corporal I. Schneider.

The past officers were given a vote of thanks for their successful administration. Particularly was Mrs. Koth's departure from office noted, and she was congratulated upon her good work during her long tenure as secretary of the dance committee. Mrs. Koth has an able successor in Mrs. Raley.

At the present writing plans are under way for the Hallowe'en Dance to be held at the "gym" Friday evening, October 29. Chaplain Nivers has been successful in chartering a special train to Washington for the girls from there. The train will leave Quantico the night of the dance at 12:30 a. m. (Saturday). The regular excursion tickets will be good on this train.

Sergeant Major Lang, chairman of the sub-committee on decorations, is very busy with plans on decorations for this dance. We are looking forward to some decorations that only Lang can devise.

We must not omit our refreshment committee, better known as the "chow hounds' friends." Mrs. Hedges is the able chairman of this sub-committee and you know you just can't go hungry if she has something to do with the "eats." The Sergeant is a mess sergeant and he, too, likes to see that the girls from Washington get a bite to eat, not reminding you that the boys from the post, too, can eat their fill after the regular intermission.

The weekly meetings of our committee are getting more interesting. For the last two or three meetings we have had almost every member of the committee present. With the coming of a new administration we look forward to bigger and better doings at our dances.

Don't forget to tell your girl friends about our Hallowe'en Dance; DATE; Friday evening, October 29.

U. S. TEAM SHOULD BE IN ROME RIFLE SHOOT

By Major General John A. Lejeune

The forthcoming World's Free Rifle Championship Match to be fired in Italy in the spring of 1927 is of more than passing interest to us in the United States. Our team, after holding the championship for several years, was defeated last year by the Swiss, who are the strong contenders with us for the coveted honor of being the world's best marksmen. Bad luck also came this year by the British taking from us the Dewar Trophy and with it the small-bore championship of the world. It is therefore incumbent upon us to redouble our efforts if we are to retain our leadership as a Nation in marksmanship.

Of the sports that are contended for internationally, rifle shooting is truly an American product. Golf came from the grassy hillsides of Scotland, and polo originated upon the dusty plains of India,

but the skill of accurate shooting with the rifle was developed in the plain and homely environment of the American frontier by our pioneer forefathers. It was such dire need that produced the superior weapon and the superior marksman in the days when the rifle ranked ahead of the axe as a utility implement of the American household.

There have been many changes in the conditions of our people since then, and one of the most marked is the relegation of the rifle from its honored place over the fireside to the dusty corner of the attic.

As I see it, the object of national and international shooting contests is to substitute the stimulant of competition for the necessity that once obtained but no longer exists, of being a nation of marksmen and thus regain the ground that has been lost since the days of Daniel Boone. That such contests are excellent mediums for the purpose is demonstrated by the marked revival of interest in shooting that has resulted in the comparatively few years since the advent of our national matches.

HEADQUARTERS NEWS

By "TaBob"

Bob O'Toole, Chief of the Muster Roll crew is back on the job, after a dandy auto trip in the Middle West with Mrs. O'Toole. He got in St. Louis the morning after they won the pennant and says the old town was certainly upside down.

Incidentally Bob's outfit is all excited; a very unusual incident has occurred, one without precedent; Charlie Hunter, our Headquarter's Sergeant Major, has applied for and been granted two weeks leave. No one can remember a similar occurrence since the war.

Our aged, decrepit, but genial Chief Clerk, Charlie Snell, has been sipping some of Ponce de Leon's beverages lately we fear; to see him on the tennis courts no one would suspect his "three score and seven." Maybe he is going to offer himself as a Davis Cup volunteer next year; we're for him.

Archie Moore reported from a trip to his home in Ozarks; and brought back some wonderful fish stories, but no fish.

With the World Series out of the way the main athletic interest of Headquarters is turned to bowling; except of course on the days when the Marine football team plays.

Everybody got a real kick out of seeing five real generals on the alleys, as well as two colonels and a major. And none of them seemed out of place either; in other words, "a Marine is always at home, at any time, and any place."

Their one-box tournament was a "hit," and we have a hunch that when the season opens next year, and they line up again the fur will fly.

Maude Atwill, who engineers the bonus work, is back from a forced vacation, spent partly in the hospital and the rest at home. She says she is better, and looks the part, and we're glad she is back.

Quartermaster Clerk Burns Goodwin is back from a month's leave, and Pat Mulhearn reports "his army" in splendid shape.

Monral L. Smith is back from leave and George Aubinger is able to smile