

Marine Wins in Yacht Club Races

Corporal Foster Takes First Place at Guantanamo Bay

The last race of the Fleet-Station series of six races of the Guantanamo Bay Yacht Club was sailed on Sunday afternoon, 25 March, 1928, the winner of the series being the Station, with an average of points of 54.5 against 34.8 for the Fleet. The individual winner of the series was Corporal James W. Foster, U. S. M. C.

Prior to the sailing of the first race, Commander G. E. Thomas, Medical Corps, U. S. N., of the U. S. S. "Utah," presented a cup to be held by the Station or the Fleet each year and to be inscribed with the names of the winner. Therefore, for the year 1928 the "Commander Thomas Cup" is held by the Station and will be suitably engraved.

In addition to the large series cup, Commander Thomas also donated cups to be presented to the winners of first, second and third places, respectively. The winner of the first place cup is Corporal James W. Foster, U. S. M. C.; second place cup, Captain C. C. Soule, U. S. N. (Commandant and Commodore of the Yacht Club), and third place cup, Lieutenant F. E. Fitch, U. S. N. Vice Admiral A. H. Robertson, U. S. N., Commander of the Scouting Fleet and Honorary Commodore of the Yacht Club, presented the cups after the final race and gave a short talk.

The standing of the final score for the series is as follows:

Cpl. J. W. Foster, U. S. M. C.....	86.2
Capt. C. C. Soule, U. S. N.....	69.7
Lieut. F. E. Fitch, U. S. N.....	69.
Gun. Sgt. T. J. Anten, U. S. M. C....	68.7
Mr. F. R. Crowther.....	62.2
Ensign J. H. Wellings, U. S. N.....	51.7
Mr. H. G. Parker.....	51.1
Sgt. Wm. Melton, U. S. M. C.....	49.8
Lieut. J. L. McKenna, U. S. N.....	37.
Bos'n R. V. Svendsen, U. S. N.....	32.5
Lt. Comdr. W. E. Brown, U. S. N....	30.7
Lieut. (jg) W. W. Weeden, U.S.N....	29.7
Mr. W. J. Parkyns.....	28.7
Ensign W. F. Royall, U. S. N.....	28.5
Bos'n M. H. Clark, U. S. N.....	9.
RMic. C. T. Drexler, U. S. N.....	0.

After the presentations for the Fleet-Station series, Admiral Robertson presented Lieutenant J. L. McKenna, U. S. N., with the "Captain of the Yard's Cup"

for the winner of the Yacht Club fall series of races of 1927, which has been inscribed with the winner's name. He also presented the inscribed tennis trophy to the winner of the 1926 tournament, Mr. George Meisel, and in turn presented the same cup to the winner of the 1927 tournament, Mr. R. A. Devenish.

The Major General Commandant has written the following letter to Corporal Foster commending him on his skill in out-sailing the sailors:

the other Marine crews of the Battle Fleet, thereby returning to its place in our trophy locker the Marine challenge cup. The California Leathernecks got away in the lead at the start, but this position was soon wrested from them, leaving it anybody's race until well down the course the Mountaineers forged to the front with a display of determination and stamina that secured them the lead to the finish, defeating the efforts of the fighting "Maryland" crew to overtake

them in the last few yards. Immediately after the race the crew was assembled on the quarterdeck of the "California" and the Commander-in-Chief of the Battle Fleet returned to their possession the cup, complimenting them upon their achievement.

Spurred by the success of the past two years it goes without saying that the Wee Vee Marines will make a spirited bid for the cup in next year's contest.

Affairs of the Guard have moved along very smoothly in other respects. The recent transfer of some of our non-commissioned officers have resulted in the promotion of A. R. Freeman to sergeant; Otto Venohr, E. B. Shiflet and H. S. Stevens to corporal.

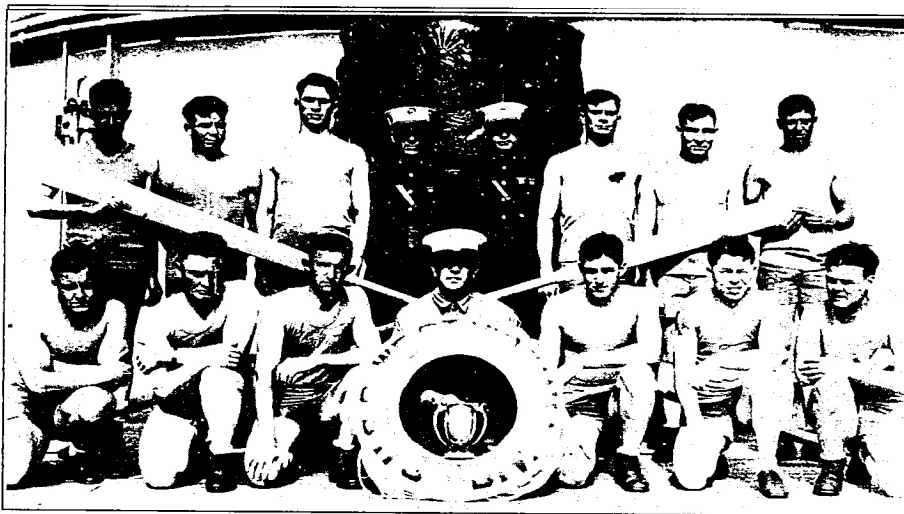
The detachment is very sorry to be losing its present commander in the near future. Captain John T. Walker has been ordered to the staff of the Basic School, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, upon arrival of his relief.

GUANTANAMO BAY, CUBA

By "Cervoso."

Well here we are again. This place is sort of dead, for the "Kittery" has forgotten to stop here with troops for several months, and believe me it is sure lonesome without new faces. When you have to look at "mushes" like some of our non-coms it is enough to give you the "jimmies."

The baseball team is sure knocking them off and have won 11 straight games, beating the U. S. S. "Memphis," Antares, Scouting Fleet, 38th Division and many others and no doubt would win the Fleet championship but they couldn't get the cup anyway even if they win it. So, after the game with the "Arkansas" next Saturday it will about finish baseball



Battle Fleet Champs, Marine Whaleboat Crew, U. S. S. "West Virginia." Top row, left to right: Wicks, Coker, Scoonover, Capt. Walker, Lieut. Cloud, Newcomer, Venohr, Stanley. Bottom row, left to right: Manzer, Sanders, Reece, Beaird (coxswain), Fredericks, Millard, Thorson.

10 April, 1928.
From: The Major General Commandant.
To: Corporal James W. Foster, U. S. Marine Corps.

Via: The Commandant, Naval Station, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

Subject: Your skill in the handling of small sailing boats.

Reference: (a) Circular letter of the Guantanamo Bay Yacht Club.

1. With much satisfaction this office learns of the fact that you won the Commander Thomas Cup for the year of 1928.

2. This achievement is not only a personal victory but is an act which reflects marked credit on the Corps of which you are a member.

3. The display of such superior skill should be an incentive for the other members of the command to maintain the record established by you.

4. A copy of this letter has become a part of your military record.

(S) JOHN A. LEJEUNE.

MARINE DETACHMENT, U. S. S.
"WEST VIRGINIA," SAN
PEDRO, CALIF.

By. J. C. Newcomer.

In a hotly contested race staged 25 February, 1928, at San Pedro, the Marine whaleboat crew of the U. S. S. "West Virginia" again demonstrated their ability as master oarsmen in defeating

here, as the sad news, yet good for those concerned, is that Derr, Smith, Hannah, Sullivan, Godfrey and old Van Horn are returning to Quantico, presumably for baseball. They go with the best wishes of the Station and the Barracks, for we have all enjoyed their short stay here. Their sportsmanship is par, and we hope they all make the team. Van Horn is, we hear, going to be made a first sergeant. He is an excellent comrade, and a good soldier and there is not a man in Guantanamo Bay who is not hoping he gets it.

The swimming team of the Marines and Station men competing in the Fleet championship are getting in trim under Lieutenant Stuart. We are expecting a draft of men within a few days with hopes of getting rid of some of our oldest timers here, but no word of replacements have been received yet.

Sam Passmore, chauffeur extraordinary, has been promoted vice Willhour, who is about to return to his native land, his FSS having expired. Pop Conyers has been "soursour-journing" in the hospital for several days with malaria fever, during which time all trucks were under the able charge of Weaver, who did wonderful under the circumstances.

The speed boat is in "duress." Thomas is relieved and Holtser is now "coxswain." We are hoping it will soon be back on the water as it is a long trip for a cold one in the forty footer.

The sail boat race (catboat type) is getting to be quite a Marine affair. With seven races run in this series, the Marines have copped 10 places. Anten has four first, three seconds; Melton has 2 first, 2 seconds, 1 third; Corporal Foster has 1 first, 2 thirds. The Navy has not shown a clear set of heels in this series.

Well, Sandino better watch out now. Thirty men from this post sailed aboard the U. S. S. "Arkansas" for Managua. Peggy O'Neal and Trotter, both sergeants, went and many other good men and we are all sorry to see them go, both for personality and the need we have for them here. We are now down to 103 and it hurts and hurts, for this is one post that needs men. Let's hope they will get back shortly so we can resume our old status.

MARINE DETACHMENT, U. S. S. "FLORIDA"

By Lea Febiger.

A month to go and we'll be back in the States after a three months' sojourn "south with the birds," spent for the greater part here at Guantanamo Bay with a little of Gonaives and Port au Prince, Haiti, thrown in. But perhaps after spending December in Boston the Cuban and Haitian climate has been appreciated; and then, too, Guantanamo is such a good place to save money! (And Port au Prince is such a good place to spend it!)

This guard is so brimful of athletes that it is surprising that we have no representatives on this year's Olympic team. However, this ship goes out for athletics in "real Florida fashion" and the Marines are well represented.



Sergeant Harry Byrd's baseball team is bidding for the championship of the ship. In playing with other divisions the Marines so far have won five out of six games which is as good an average as any division on the ship. M. P. Rumbaugh is in the box with A. S. Shaffer at the receiving end. E. L. Bouma is high man when it comes to runs.

The brutes in the detachment got together, formed a tug-of-war team and walked (or pulled) away with the ship championship. The sailors, of course, had no chance with Lester Johnston, N. (Brute) Newland, Jim Gruesser and such huskies on the team.

C. F. Mutti is on the "Florida" swimming team and in the meet between the "Wyoming," "Arkansas," "Utah" and "Florida" took second place in the hundred-yard race.

On the track team we have George Rea, W. D. Martin, Ray Sundin and F. M. McCorkle. In the track meet between the battleships of the Scouting Fleet the "Florida" came through with first place and, out of forty-seven points won, nineteen were won by the Marines on the team. Martin was the star of the meet, winning the four hundred forty yards and was also anchor man on our winning relay team. First Sergeant Fred Siegenthaler is again coxswain of the Marine whaleboat crew which has every appearance of being a winner.

Corporal G. C. Crump and Sergeant Ernest E. Fritts in the near future will contend with one another for the acey-deucey championship of the guard; they have now played several hundred preliminary games.

While in Boston last winter we were all sorry to lose Sergeant James Smith who was transferred to the Boston Navy Yard for further transfer to the West Coast to be discharged. We have just heard that he has reached San Diego after a stop off in Nicaragua. Sergeant Smith is close to the thirty-year mark in the service. When he left the ship he was given a big send-off. The detachment was lined up at the gangway. The captain of the ship shook hands with him and then Sergeant Smith was piped over the side with Marine side-boys at the salute.

For two weeks Captain Pefley had the guard firing on the rifle range. Twenty-one men qualified as expert riflemen and twenty-seven as sharpshooters. Private First Class John L. Martinez was high man with a score of three hundred eighteen points out of the possible three hundred fifty.

Three times a day, before each meal, swimming call is sounded on the good ship "Florida." This event is presided over by a guardian angel in the form of a Marine with a loaded rifle who is known as a sharpshooter. He sits on a perch by the diving board on the main deck and his eagle eye searches the water for any shark who might wish to swim in company with the "Florida's" "first-class

qualified swimmers." As yet no sharks have put in their appearance.

Since our last communication to The Leatherneck Corporal Harry Byrd has been promoted to sergeant and Privates First Class Edward H. Aebly and George C. Calvert to corporal vice Sergeant James Smith and Corporals J. B. Syverston and L. A. Tibbetts, transferred.

Before leaving Hampton Roads for southern waters glad to welcome 2nd Lieutenant John F. Hough on board to take the place of Lieutenant Calvin R. Freeman, who went to the "Lexington" as junior marine officer.

"TID BITS" FROM 47TH COMPANY 11TH REGIMENT, NICARAGUA

By Sol.

Well, here we are. We haven't been heard of in the States as yet, but nevertheless we are here. First of all we were organized at Parris Island at the spur of the moment, and then the trip.

We got on the boat at Charleston and the weather was fair all the way. But the boys have decided not to ship over in the Navy. For simple reasons, we never saw so many scrubbing brushes, paint brushes, and swabs in our life and there are the reasons.

Finally we landed in Corinto and we proceeded for the hills. The officers have decided to mount us. Well, here is the real dope: The boys were all issued a mule, for no good reason. Everyone got his pick. One mule whether he liked him or not. Sergeant Orudt, formerly from the Naval Prison at Parris Island, picked one and named it Genevive. But she objects to him playing "Tom Mix." The other day he fired a shot over her head so they both had a misunderstanding and the Sergeant got the worst end of it.

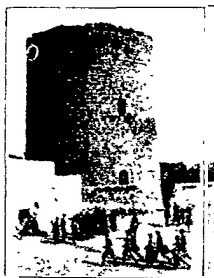
We have a few well-known men with us, Captain R. Hunter, one of the old bush fighters from Santo Domingo and Haiti. We also have Lieutenant Humphrey. Everyone knows the Humphrey family in the Marine Corps. The boys are with him all the way. God help Sandino if his platoon runs onto him.

Lieutenant Piper sure pulled a fast one. He went out on a two-day patrol with his platoon and decided to see Nicaragua first. And it was fully seven days before he reported to his base.

Gunnery Sergeant Wilk keeps in spirits as long as his money holds out. The other day he hiked from Matagalpa to Jinotega and the Sergeant was bringing up the rear. He showed up one hour late, claiming it was due to his mule being too slow. "That's no excuse."

As for as us being a mounted detachment, it is a joke. All you do is feed, water, groom, saddle and then lead him up and down the hills. My mule gave me the razzberry yesterday because he had an easier time of it than I did.

Sergeant Taylor, the star coach of the rifle range, Parris Island, is also with us. We call him the "Prince of Wales." He is not yet equal to the Prince as he fell off his mule only twice, but there is no doubt he will catch up with the Prince at the rate he is going. Private



First Class W. (Fat) Young was transferred to Headquarters Company because his mule objected to carrying 250 pounds.

The boys are all trying to raise potatoes. Some of the boys lost their razors and some haven't any.

Doc L. J. Gerende, our Hospital Corpsman, started a fad and now the boys are all goateed. The chow is terrible what we can get of it. Sergeant Peltz is the mess sergeant and that accounts for it. We got a treat the other day—the boys got three hard tack apiece and three men to a can of beans.

Sergeant John Kelly, formerly of the post laundry of Parris Island, now acting first sergeant, with his melodious voice, "you hear that," etc.

The girls in Beaufort must be awful lonesome as we have most of the Parris Island sheiks here. Corporal Roberts, Corporal Cox, Corporal Williams and Corporal "Chief" Hamyust. Corporal Hamyust is one of those unheard of brave men. We had a little battle the other night about ten o'clock. It lasted a short time. The Chief, in the excitement, lost his mess kit and after the smoke cleared away the boys were mustered and the chief was missing. After a check-up had been made, we discovered that he deliberately, at the risk of his own life, went out in the woods to look for his mess kit. The two best pals he has is his mess kit and his mule.

Private Shackelford and Private Solomon, formerly of the mounted patrol of Parris Island, are still mounted, only on mules now.

Our slogan here is: All we do is sign the pay roll, but no tortillos. In other words, flapjacks.

We thank you.

"NOTES FROM CAVITE"

By S. L. King.

It seems that every other post is always represented in The Leatherneck except this one, so I will endeavor to send in a line.

To begin with, I will give you an idea who is who: Major J. P. Willcox is our commanding officer; Capt. E. J. Mund is the post quartermaster officer; First Lieut. R. Skinner is duty, Post Exchange and athletic officer; Chief Marine Gunner A. D. Ryan is prison, patrol officer; Marine Gunner Higgins is duty and mess officer; Q. M. Clerk W. V. Harris, Chief Pay Clerk E. L. Straight.

Our top sergeant is Staff Sgt. Oconley, while our D. W. (Peggy) O'Neil is the corporal in charge of muster rolls. Cpl. Ratliff is the pay roll clerk. Then we have for our mail orderly none other than Pfc. Woodard, who is a regular bicycle cowboy.

Another fellow that deserves to be mentioned is Pvt. E. J. Lewis, who holds down the job as managing editor of the station weekly, "Bamboo Breezes."

This station has livened up in the last year and is not at all as dull as it was since Chaplain Riddle took hold of the place. We have a dance every month which is always a big success and also we have a smoker each month that is al-

ways good, soldiers, sailors and marines taking part. Pvt. Lombard is proving himself a sporting little fighter and hasn't lost a fight yet.

Washington's Birthday was celebrated in grand fashion here with a pig roast at the receiving ship; then there were all kinds of contests all during the afternoon—pony races, greased pig, etc. The Marine that won in the pony race rode just like a regular Texan should and won by several feet. Casanova won the prize by throwing the ball the farthest. He also won the 100-yard dash.

The Marines won the 1927 cup for being the best baseball players in the league, the cup was presented to the Marine team by Eddie Hart of The Dreamland. Another pay day has passed and we have our last month's "Jaw Bone" all paid, ready to start anew.

A late order has just been published that after July 1, 1928, men who have thirty months in here will go back to the States, which will be a relief to some, for some fellows have been here for thirty-six months or more now.

The efficient boat orderly, Pvt. R. Trimlett, is going back to the U. S. at last. The next Henderson carries quite a few short-timers back. Sam (Red-Pfc.) Smith is again in the galley cooking beans and spuds after a tour of duty as prison guard.

Duty here isn't so bad now as the privates have one day on and two and sometimes three days off. The "Pittsburgh" left about 18 men here for duty. Our Post now boasts an enlisted strength of 185 real "honest to gosh Leathernecks."

Sgt. Bell, the Post Exchange steward, is leaving us soon to return to the U. S. via the Suez we understand. We wish him a pleasant tour of duty in Quantico and also a pleasant trip back.

At present time it is predicted that we are to have a rest camp at Baguio, P. I., for the enlisted personnel and officers. Corporal Rogers just returned from a ten-day leave up there and says it is a fine place and it's cool enough to wear greens.

The "Little Corporal" has got him a new bike now. When it comes to getting up smoker bouts and programs—well, he's right there. Cpl. Caro, you know.

Every one is cleaning up equipment, etc., for the Commander in Chief's annual inspection next week. So, if we pass that all right you might hear from this place again sometimes.

Q. S. D.

By Slim and Jim.

Gyrenes, take notice. You are on the verge of reading the dope from Brigade Signal Company in Haiti. To the best of the writer's knowledge, this is Signal's initial splurge into Leatherneck publicity, but will be continued if occurrences warrant.

The baseball season closed recently with Observation Squadron 9M as the

proud possessors of the Howitt cup. Sorry to say Signal's team never got beyond third base, but our team strived to win each game, "than more no man can do."

Quite a few of our short-timers shoved off for the States on the last "Kittery," including Manning, Thompson, Fleming, and Puckett, thus causing quite a shortage in our personnel. However, we have been promised replacements in the near future, which should bring our company up to standard. Cpl. Denny Dobbs shoved off for Coco Solo, C. Z., for further transfer to Nicaragua. We hope he doesn't cop off too many medals down there.

The entire company has been industriously shining equipment for the last few days in preparation for the initial inspection by the new Brigade Commander, Colonel Gulick. Most of the boys more than ever resemble convicts with their regulation haircuts. "Archie" Archer, the dashing Legation driver, has kept putting his haircut off, but it won't be long now. Duffy, our petite police sergeant, says this is his last inspection in Haiti; but we have our doubts.

"Boots" Bakutes, runner-up in the chow-hound championship contest which incidentally was securely held by Manning, is getting short, but will probably ship over for "Cook" Richards' "once-a-week" biscuit.

We received four new Indian motorcycles via the last "Kittery" and Battling Jacobus, our veteran motorcycle driver, can be seen at any time proudly riding the first to be put in commission, while Firpo Ferstl looks on with envious glances. Jake's face is shining almost as much as the finish on the new cycle.

Sgt. H. L. Smith, our star dot and dash man, can be continually heard sounding off "one and a butt" Happy lad. Also Cotton Orms, who was supposed to be short, has extended for one year, and the company is wondering what the attraction is.

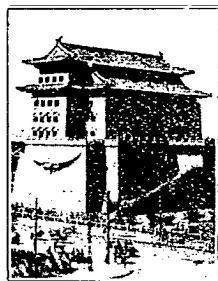
Haley, our galloping messman, has vowed to shanghai the first likely looking man he sees, to relieve him from mess duty, as he is dead set on going out with the line gang, and is getting tired of Ryan's growling about this and that in the galley.

Our top sergeant, Kiley, and Corporal Andrews of the line gang have been on the range for a tryout for the rifle team, and so far have been doing some very good shooting.

Trumpeter Wilkinson says he can make a trumpet sound like a saxophone in a few more lessons. He is using a canteen for a mute, and is overlooking his motto, though, "Good will toward men."

Willy Williams, our most beloved cook, says he doesn't mind cooking the beans; but when the gang says he doesn't boil the read lead properly he gets peeved and says if there was any mistake it was in the Gooks cook book.

The company was well represented at the dance last night down at the 2nd Regt. Gym. Dutch Besch, Red Williams and Dizzy Vosburgh say the punch was the magnetic point, but you can never tell.



Lovey Kruchten, our motorcycle mechanic, says he is reminded of the ole farm while he was assembling the new motorcycles. Surely a horse doesn't need to be assembled when a farmer orders one.

Our commanding officer, Capt. M. J. Kelleher, Lieut. K. W. Benner, and Ch. Mar. Gnr. J. J. Mahoney have the company up to standard and we will say we have the best officers in the Marine Corps.

Will close the station down as there is too much static and interference under the tropical moon.

Look out for us in the next issue.

FIRST BRIGADE, U. S. MARINE CORPS, PORT AU PRINCE, REPUBLIC OF HAITI.

Colonel L. M. Gulick has joined us from Nicaragua to take command of the Brigade, and was officially welcomed on the 23rd of February, relieving Colonel P. M. Rixey, who was temporarily in command here, after the departure of Colonel J. T. Myers on the 26th of January.

The marines continue to have the situation well in hand, but "Lindy" did the landing, thus making another record worthy of note. "The Prince of Wales" of the United States "dropped in" on us on the sixth of February for a two-day visit, and all of Haiti turned out to bid him welcome. The marines kept the field clear, and he was met by the American High Commissioner and the President of Haiti, who decorated him with the Haitian Order of Merit. The Aviation Squadron took charge of the other half of "We," and demonstrated that they knew their stuff. In regard to his landing his comment was that Port au Prince was the only place on his trip where he had an even break. We hasten to endorse everything previously said about the Colonel, he made a large hit with us, and we were sorry to see him go so soon.

Opportunity is being accorded all hands to learn to speak French. The Second Regiment has employed a French teacher and invited the brigade to enroll in its classes. All one needs is the ambition, the rest is furnished.

The twenty-first of February saw us in mourning. Second Lieutenant John T. Harris, U. S. Marines, with Homer Howell as a passenger in his plane, crashed in Port de Paix, Haiti, instantly killing them both. The air currents along the north coast of Haiti are tricky, and it is thought that in passing from one air stream to another, the plane stalled, high enough to cause a crash but not sufficiently high to come out of it. You old timers will probably remember Homer Howell. He was an ex-First Sergeant of Marines, and was an officer in the Gendarmerie d'Haiti for a number of years. He was the Port de Paix agent of the United Fruit Company, and well liked by all. Jack Harris had many friends and was an excellent pilot. The whole brigade mourned his passing.

The baseball series for the Howat trophy ended with Aviation and the Second Regiment tied for first place. The play-off game gave the cup to Aviation. The trophy itself is worthy of contest. It was presented to the brigade by Mr. J. S. Howat, the British vice-consul, as a mark of his esteem for the marines here. We more than appreciate this evidence of cordial relations at present existing, and hope that they will continue long into the future.

Whenever one speaks of Mardi Gras, the mind turns to New Orleans. Not after a tour here, however, distinctly otherwise. Haiti has one every week, and for vim, vigor, vitality, quality, queens, and costumes, the world is ours. Three rip roaring days were all that were allowed by Presidential decree, but they were crowded. Don't think that the pageant was all there was to it. Many members of the brigade depose to interesting sidelines.

SUBMARINE BASE, COCO SOLO, PANAMA

By M. & P.

Well, fellows, since our last item we have plenty to broadcast. Sunday, March 18th, we lost "Big Jim" Balis and Joe Vitek and we are sure that it was a deep regret to the members of this command as well as the Coco Solo nine to lose two such buddies and splendid pitchers.

Both Balis and Vitek have written their names in gold on the honor roll of the Army and Navy League and the Isthmian League. The splendid pitching of these two erstwhile Marines has caused their names to be emblazoned across the sport page headlines of our no mean dailies, Star & Herald and the Panama-American. The Navy (Coco Solo nine) won the A. & N. League pennant, defeating Fort Clayton three straight games.

Due to the present conditions in Nicaragua, we have lost eight men that were transferred to Managua for duty. On the 19th of March we received a radio from Headquarters relative to the entire command being transferred there. We can boast of being of the minute-man type here for an hour after receipt of the radio we were packed, sea bag and all, ready to camp on the trail of our friend, General Augustino Sandino.

About five hours after receipt of the radio we received another revoking the previous one. It was rather a disillusionment to us as we were all so eager to go. In June of this year we lose approximately half of our command due to the expiration of their tour of foreign duty. It is with regret that we lose these men for we are as a large family here and we will have to initiate the new men into our fold by teaching them the "Esprit de Corps."

Well, fellow Marines, we have said our little piece, so we will now sign off for some other Gyrene may wish to broadcast.



HOWAT TROPHY WINNERS—CHAMPS OF FIRST BRIGADE LEAGUE—VO SQUADRON 9M

"PHILADELPHIA'S PERFECT MARINE"

By Sergeant T. I. Ball.

Corporal William F. Murphy, better known as "Spud," of the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, was selected by the Post Adjutant to represent the Marines from the Navy Yard Barracks in a "Correct Posture Contest" held by the Evening Bulletin for uniform men of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Fire and Police Departments.

The following clippings and photo from The Evening Bulletin are self-explanatory, so read for yourself.

It was a hard job for the Captain to determine which was the best type. Both Murphy, the Marine, and Clark, the sailorman, were perfect.

Murphy, whose home is 7605 S. Bancroft St., had been selected as the Marine candidate by Lieutenant H. H. Hanneken, post adjutant. He was formerly attached to the 20th Company of the 5th Regiment of Marines and recently returned from Nicaragua where he had been a member of the expedition that pursued Sandino. Two men fell mortally wounded when Murphy's detachment was ambushed.

Corporal Murphy is being paid-off shortly. He tells us that he is thinking of joining the State Police of Pennsyl-

vania, so we "Leathernecks" had better watch our steps while crossing Pa., for he's a perfect "Jirene," leaving the service with papers to prove it. We hope "Spud" will ship over.

MARINE GUARD, U. S. S. "NEW MEXICO," FLAG SHIP

The "Wonder Ship" is everything that the name implies as far as the Marine Guard is concerned. The boys are thinking of Long Beach, Seal Beach and other haunts where they spent their shore leave. Now they are wondering if that particular "Dainty Miss" will remember that he is lonesome.

Sergeant Lo Gudice spends all his time playing the phonograph, his preference seems to be Four Walls, Breeze, and such selections as bring memories.

Sergeant Sitton is still playing a lone hand, but he will soon break down and go to some one for counsel. Port your helm and give that red head a gangway for he's going to town.

Private First Class Hays returned aboard for the cruise and discovered fifteen new men in the guard. No one has caught up with him yet, but it's a cinch he was not working for the Crawford Airport.

The detachment sent two of its best

rifle shots, Corporal Hessler and Corporal Tyson, to San Diego prior to leaving San Pedro. We are watching their records with keen interest for they were with Captain Ashurst's crack rifle team that won the U. S. Fleet Championship at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, last year.

Gunnery Sergeant Nordstrom, Sergeant Sitton, Corporal Laughlin and Corporal Payne have been gathering material for the ships rifle team this year. They took twenty likely candidates to the Marine Range at La Jolla for two weeks prior to departure from the South. They claim that the ship can be proud of the team they have chosen to defend her trophies.

The guard transferred some first class men to San Diego, their hearts were set on going to Nicaragua and we wish them the best of luck. They are as follows: Corporal "Pop" Whitter, Private First Class "Red" Eck, "Flip" Farnum, "Kike" Priatte, "Brilliant Bobby" Burns, "Blimp" Kinsey, "Limie" Rollins, Harry Shunard, Harold Baer and F. Norling.

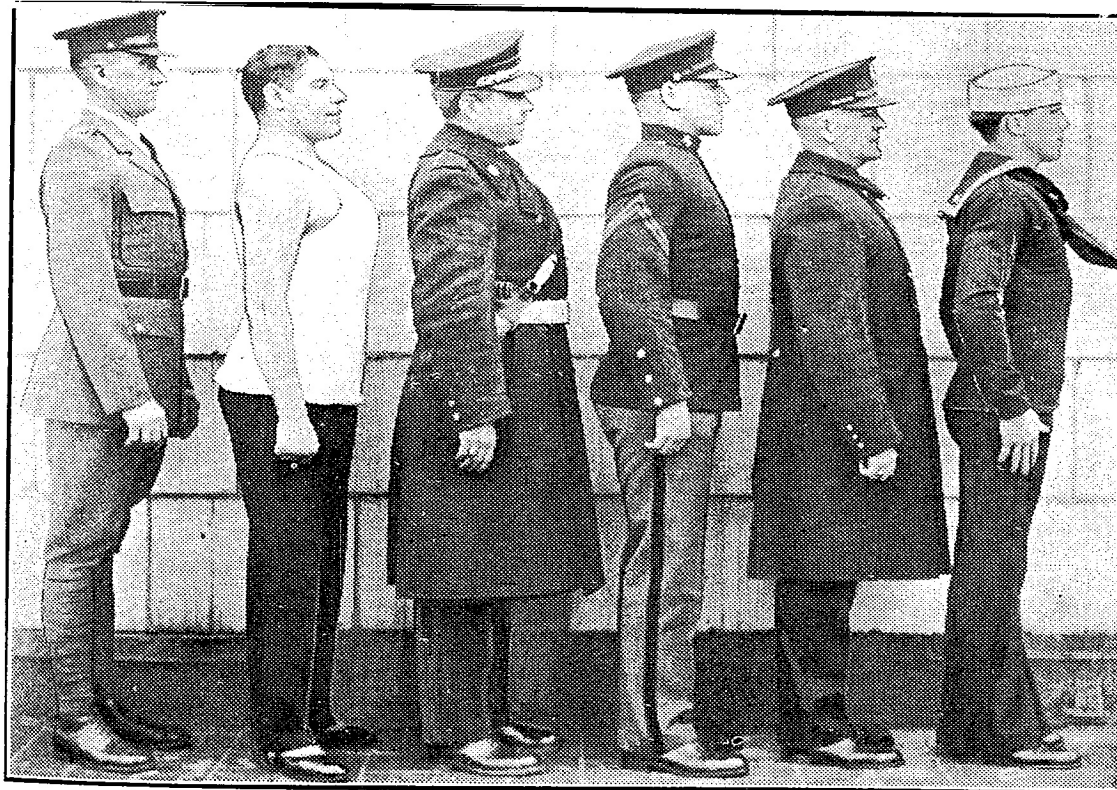
Sergeant Jones was detached from the ship at San Francisco for duty at Mare Island; our loss is their gain and he will be missed by the crew of Gun Number 9, which he captained.

Private First Class Wilcox received a favorable reply to his request for a special order discharge and we left him at Mare Island to be paid off. He was a

stock raiser in Wyoming before shipping in the Corps and all hands wish him luck upon his return to civil life and the cattle game.

The work of Private First Class Eck in the race boats and wrestling squad will be missed by the ship, but Tommy Lyon, late of San Diego, will carry on. He comes to the ship with a fine record and Lieutenant "Jack" Kennedy, our athletic officer, who has made many fleet boxing champions, is well pleased with this lad's future. By the way, you can change his address from Marine Base, San Diego, California, to Marine Guard, U. S. S. "New Mexico," enroute to Bremer-ton Navy Yard.

She's still a "Wonder Ship," gang. What of those "Fair Ones" of Tacoma and "those blondes," in Seattle, will they be there when the "New Mexico" pipes "Lay off the liberty party," we wonder?



What Captain Rodriguez, Correct Posture Exponent, saw when various uniformed types of postures appeared at The Bulletin to undergo inspection by him. Reading from left to right they are Private Joel Anderson, Quartermaster Corps, U. S. A.; Captain Rodriguez, Jerry Mulhern, a policeman from Foot Traffic Station "A", 15th and Vine Sts.; Corporal William F. Murphy, U. S. Marine Corps; Paul Coady, hoseman attached to Engine Company No. 20, 10th and Commerce Sts., and William Clark, of New York, a sailor on the U. S. S. Oklahoma. All were adjudged perfect specimens by Captain Rodriguez.

(Courtesy of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)