

**LT..COL. A. H. TURNAGE**  
Commanding First Battalion

that good old Second Battalion flavor on next Sunday afternoon. The results of that game, if favorable to us, will be reported by your correspondent in the next issue of *THE LEATHERNECK*. If unfavorable to us, we are sure that the Second Battalion will brag for three or four columns about it. I feel confident that the task will be mine.

### A COMPANY NEWS

By Bench Mark

Now, let's see. We'll pitch this tent here. No-o-o. Maybe it would look better over here. On second thought, I think that it should go over there. O. K. Everybody over here to dig ditches! By means of these few opening remarks, everyone should know that we have finally arrived at our destination, Culebra, P. R. We have been in camp just one day, and everyone is busily engaged in transforming a barren hillside in the semblance of a home. The trip down on the *USS New York*, the *Gotham Queen*, was very smooth and on the whole was enjoyed by everyone. The only trouble was that the boys just couldn't get it into their heads to clear the second deck when mess gear sounded in order to give the messmen a chance. Oh, well! Rome wasn't built in a day—or a week either.

The only thing that I didn't like about the whole trip was the fact that the last night there happened to be a full moon and the myriads of stars, and two or three married men and a couple of those who are in love, tried to convince Bench Mark, among other things, that he should forsake single blessedness and assume the yoke of double harness. I don't like to mention any names, but I promised them that they hadn't heard the last of that

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# THE SECOND BATTALION, FIFTH MARINES

Lieutenant Colonel Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., USMC, Commanding

**T**H Company E winning the Post Basketball League Championship and after putting the finishing touches on our Battalion Center of Resistance, we again found ourselves preparing for another Fleet Marine Force maneuvers, this time to Culebra Island, in the West Indies. By the time this bit of news reaches the press we will have completed the first leg of our cruise.

Leaving Norfolk on January 15th, we encountered rough sailing, or at least that was the opinion of a good number of our new men who spent most of their time at the rail and they weren't taking in the sights either. Eventually, we arrived and dropped anchor at the Isle of Culebra. Immediately upon anchoring, the process of transporting equipment ashore began and with a rough sea running through the bay our job proved to be a difficult one and a slow one. However, a camp, which was to be our home for the next two weeks, was awaiting us and it took us but a short time to shake it down and get squared away.

Our senior NCO's took advantage of the first week-end of liberty on the island by engaging the senior NCO's of the First Battalion in a game of softball, with the agreement that the losing team furnish free beer for all hands of the game. From what we gathered, the game was a complete success, not to mention Sergeant Major Christian being the star with three strike-outs and eight errors. No wonder Sergeant Major Shaker is laughing himself to death lately.

The game came to a close with the First Battalion on top, but the Second Battalion took over the beer situation regardless.

With our first week-end of liberty gone by, we are now settling down to the business of carrying out the different combat problems that have been in store for us and so we leave you now and take to the hills.

### HEADQUARTERS COMPANY SECOND BATTALION

This time, dear readers, we come to you from among the Sierras of Culebra Island, known to all Marines as a swell place to get a nice sun tan. And I can truthfully say that most of them are well on their way.

Our Staff Sergeant, Thomas, met his Waterloo with 1st Sergeant Butler last night in a game of *Acy Ducey*. Sergeant Thomas has worn the belt for some time in this company, and not only did the first sergeant win the tournament, but he also is drinking beer at the expense of Thomas. Salty Pfc. Byers has at last solved his problem of working hours. Instead of gold-bricking all the time he now works five minutes and thinks thirty minutes about what to do next: "Some system, eh?"

Private Bell, who is Message Center Chief, is still trying to snow the Sergeant Major in that he is holding down a Staff Sergeant's job but the Sergeant Major has at last got wise to the Georgia windbag. Every one is wondering why Pfc. Cronk is looking so glum of late; could it be that he has been gazing at the bottom of too many rum bottles or has the girl friend stopped writing; personally, I think he has taxed his brain

too much trying to figure out how so many ants get into his bunk. Most of the boys no longer doubt that their ancestors were monkeys because they, too, like to climb coconut trees.

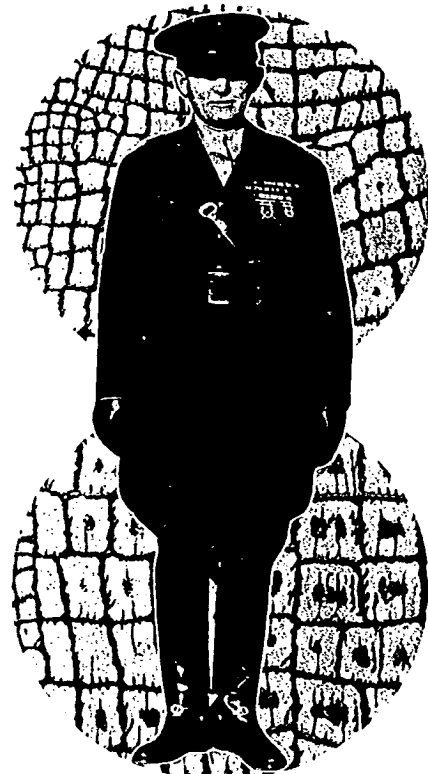
After a hard day's work all the men turn to for a few hours swimming at Fire Wood Beach, some of them can be found riding the natives' horses over the hills and ravines, while others are amusing themselves by learning to speak Spanish. The new men that have just joined the FMF from Parris Island are amusing the older men of the company. Due to the fact that this is their first trip away from the States and home and they sure can ask plenty of questions, but the old-timers get quite a kick out of them and are very considerate and answer to the best of their ability.

Corporal Price, at 10 o'clock last night, was wondering where his sugar report was forthcoming; usually he gets as much as the whole company put together, but here all gets reports but him. Maybe some day Vern you will fall heir to one or two.

### COMPANY E NEWS

By Joe

Although this article is being written on Culebra Island, I must attempt to shift the scene to the not so tropical town of Quantico, Va., in order to bring to light incidents which should be known. The New Year's holiday ended abruptly



**LT.-COL. LEMUEL C. SHEPHERD**  
Commanding Second Battalion

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