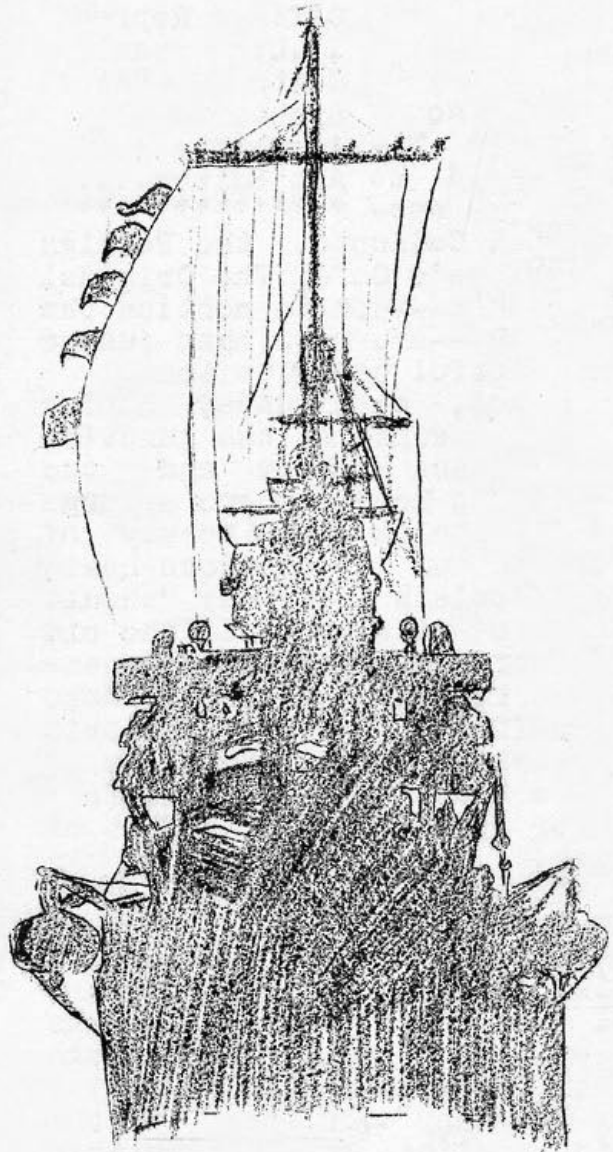


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U.S.S. ERIE

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(By J. A. NOEL, - American Vice Consul.....at Mazatlan Mexico)

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and scrape bottom half the way. But once you get there you are rewarded by a sight you will never forget. In five minutes' time you are dropped from the dry barren hills of Mexico into a village of old Russia. It is almost unbelievable. The architecture of the big, thatched roof houses, the little two-wheel carts, the big fat goose, the peasant women dressed in

A good number of Navy men at one time or other during their career have been stationed at San Diego, just sixteen miles north of the Mexican border. To try to tell them something about Tijuana would be just so much wasted effort.

Caliente, the Foreign Club, Mariana's Cafe, The Original Caesar's, and---not to mention the Molino Rojo---are more than just a lot of colorful names to them.

Many, too, on a Sunday outing have turned south at the junction of the Ensenada Highway and the Agua Caliente Road, where a large billboard extolls the beauty of the Plaza Hotel and cautions hesitating motorists that they "should not fail to miss it". In the old days (before '29) a trip to Ensenada was a real adventure, as those of the ERIE who ever made the trip will probably testify. Nowadays it is but a matter of three or four hours for even the most ancient of jalopies.

Of the two or three million American tourists who crossed over the Border into Baja, California, annually in the years before the repeal (and while the roulette wheel and the "chuck-o-luck" cage were still making monkeys of us) I wonder how many ever took in the most interesting trip which that part of the country has to offer? I mean---A visit to the Russian Colony at Guadalupe Valley. Not more than fifty, I'll wager.

Guadalupe Valley lies about 28 miles northeast of Ensenada. To reach it, one must travel over the God-awfullest road you ever saw.

You cross one stream 13 times

native costumes, and bearded old patriarchs, are all entirely Russian. There is nothing at all to remind you that you are still in Mexico. It is just a sleepy little village that time and civilization have somehow passed by.

An old man with a long beard will invite you into his home and set out before you an assortment of Russian foods and home-made wines; and you will be surprised to find that most of the villagers speak to you in English.

They are strong, healthy, handsome people, those Russians of Guadalupe---hardworking, God-fearing, and honest. Tillers of the soil, all of them. And as they peer out with their twinkling eyes from their bearded faces, you have a feeling that their lot has been very hard, that their way has been very long.

The Malakans are a religious sect opposed to conflict among men. When war broke out between the Russians and the Japanese at the turn of the century, the Malakans of the Kars region looked about for a new home. At first they thought of settling in France, then Canada, and finally decided on California. They reached Los Angeles in large numbers during the years 1902 to 1906. Looking for a spot to carry on as they had in the old country,

(Continued on page 3)

a group of them approached the Mexican Government, and Diaz granted them permission to colonize the Guadalupe Valley. Some two hundred and fifty families moved into the colony. And there for over thirty years they raised wheat and lived their own lives, unmolested by the outside world.

Lately, however, the colony has been breaking up. The older folks are passing on and the younger generation are not content to carry on in their fathers' footsteps. Many have migrated to the United States. No more than fifty families now remain, and they are for the most part, too, waiting to move on. Long dry years, and consequent failures of crops, together with the rigid agrarian program of the Mexican Government, have done much to discourage the colonists. One small group has picked out a site in the back country of San Diego county--the old Santa Maria ranch-----near Pomona, where it intends to start out anew. I wish them luck and happiness, for all that they ask of life is the right to work and live in peace among their fellowmen.

I once suggested to Peter B. Kyne, the author, that the life of those peace-loving Malakans would offer a wonderful background for a novel. He seemed interested, and promised he would visit the valley sometime. Their story deserves to be told---I wonder if it ever will.

Ed. Note: Vice Consul Noel made his headquarters in the Eric a great deal during our visit to Manzanillo. To him, the PatLog Staff is grateful for this interesting article--and we take this opportunity to express sincere thanks in behalf of the Ship's Company.

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\* CONTRIBUTIONS \*

If your contributions are omitted in the issue following submission, they will be printed later.

When there is more material than than room, some will be held over for the following issue.

The curtain rises on a bar-room somewhere south of the Rio Grande, in a certain Pacific Coast seaport. Time is 9:45 p.m. Two sailors, obviously U.S. and well under the weather, are leaning over the bar and facing a worn and harassed barkeep.

Goof-Goof: Ten times now I told you I want to use your phone; how much longer-----

Little: Yes, cerveza-pusher, we ask you one civil question----Where is that phone booth?

Goof-Goof: I'm startin to count to ten, and if that phone aint found by then I do my monkey-act right on top'er this bar.

Bar-keep: Santa Maria, Senores, I no speak de Eenglish. Carramba, que ostupidos.

Goof-Goof: ...three, four, five.. Little, what comes after five?

Little: Look in the S and A Manual. (turns to barkeep and screams) Dont stand there, Montezuma,,,,get us long distance on the wire, pronto.

Goof-Goof: I don't want to talk to pronto, I want Norfolk.

Little: You'll talk to whatever answers and be glad of it...(bicycle bell jingles outside) There it is, ...there 's that damn phone booth, right behind the curtain (----both rush, reeling and rocking, toward the curtain and fall against it. A shot rings out followed by choice Spanish invective as a caballero--with handlebar mustaches emerges, smoking 6-gun in hand. Goof-Goof and Little are seen only as two white flashes streaking through the door.)

Goof-Goof: That was the worst tempered phone booth I ever been in.

Little: Forget it, here's the dock. Goof-Goof, my eyes don't focus, is this the boat?

Goof-Goof: (after considerable peering into the darkness) Yes, mus' be it. You get in an' I'll follow.

Little: My God, up to my neck in Copra. Guess where we are, Goof-Goof?

Only a soft and peaceful snoring is heard.

There was a Chief Petty Officer whose date so enthralled him that he completely lost all senses of time, and when he finally broke away, he ran from near the Plaza to the boat landing like a madman, only to find he had mucho time. By "date", I don't mean "of the month"; do I, Daladier's subject?

WATCH FOR THE SPECIAL CHRISTMAS EDITION DECEMBER TWENTY FOURTH



Ah, "Doopward de Duchm'n" hits the beach pretty often now...and it is romance...in the Bull Pen. Age is no drawback, when the Duchm'n goes in for it...suppose 'tis as much fun for the older as it is for us youngsters.

Would it not be a very interesting spectacle to see Safranski turned loose in the Bull Pen?

Believe it or not, the Eric definitely will return to Balboa..... "some of these days"...maybe.

Is Callan aboard?

Groucho Hunnewell recently went in for an afternoon of romancing, recently...and it was so beautiful.... ducky, too, quite distinctful....in unique style.

"Chongo" will miss playing "fingers" with "Chingo" after the Erie makes departure from the harbor of the Bull Pen area?--?--?--?



Just Hall, Trying To Thinkup some thing for next issue. Well, what about the port-holes, they're on the starboard side, aren't they? Whiton: \*, xa: 1/2 d9? he85%\$?#/ova3x.

Recruit: So the starboard gangway is on the starboard side?

Whiton: Yes. Recruit: And the starboard boat boom is on the starboard side?

Whiton: Yes - everything on the starboard side is called starboard. Recruit: (Cont'd above)

\* LIONS SWEEP POTOSI SERIES

The Erie Lions made a clean sweep of the two game series with the "Potosi" by taking the second game with a decisive 14 to 1 victory.

A nine run explosion in the first inning sank all the Potosi's hopes of victory. Eller and Mayer, the first two men up singled in order and Joe Catanzarito smacked one into left field for a three-run homer. After Nemece singled, Hall tripled to center and Pirozzi immediately drove him across with a single. Duncan went out pitcher to first. Nietrzeba singled and Eller, up for the second time came through with his second hit of the inning.

Mayer and Catanzarito flew out to end the inning.

McNiell and Pirozzi connected for the circuit in the fourth and fifth.

The lone Mexican tally was the result of a homer by Calleja, Potosi catcher, a terrific smash over the grass huts in left field.

Thirteen Potosis struck out before the combined efforts of Duncan, Draper, and Nietrzeba. Nietrzeba fanned seven in three innings.

The game was played at Santiago before an enthusiastic throng of 300 persons.

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\* MARINES RULE IN SOFTBALL \*

In the softball competition, the Marines are leading the parade. As a result of the two decisive wallopings they administered to the First Division, 21 to 7 and 22 to 3, they feel that they are champions of the ship, and challenge any Division to dispute it.

In the two games played they hit the ball hard for a total of 43 runs as compared to the 10 that the First Division was able to garner.

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Editor's Note:

Catch page 5 of every issue of the Patrol Log. Joe Catanzarito is doing a splendid job in the Sports Department, and will continue to offer you a fine Sports sheet.

\* BOX SCORE

POTOSI		AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Quintones	cf	3	0	1	1	0	0
Luna	3b	3	0	1	0	1	0
Ferriguen	lb	3	0	0	9	2	1
Calleja	c	2	1	1	5	0	0
Taifan	2b	3	0	0	2	0	0
Romero	lf	3	0	1	0	0	0
Rodriguez	ss	3	0	0	0	0	0
Eligio	p	2	0	0	1	6	0
Jones	p	1	0	0	0	1	0
Farraer	rf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Totals		26	1	4	18	10	1

ERIE		AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Eller	2b	4	2	2	1	0	0
Mayer	cf	4	2	2	0	0	0
Catanzarito	lb	3	1	2	6	0	0
Nemece	lf	3	2	2	0	0	0
Hall	c	3	1	1	13	0	0
Pirozzi	SS	4	2	3	0	3	0
Duncan	p	2	0	1	0	1	1
Draper	p-rf	2	0	0	0	0	0
McNiell	3b	3	2	2	1	1	0
Nietrzeba	rf-p	3	2	1	0	1	1
Totals		31	14	16	21	6	2

Score by innings:

	Potosi	000	100	0	R	H	E
Eric	901	130	x		1	4	1
					14	16	2

Summary: 2b-hits Nemece, Mayer; 3b-hits Hall; Home runs Catanzarito, Calleja, Pirozzi, McNiel; Double play, Duncan to McNiel to Catanzarito. Hits, off Duncan 2 in 2 innings, off Draper 1 in 2 innings, off Nietrzeba 1 in 3 innings, off Eligio 10 in 3 innings, off Jones 6 in 3 innings. Struck out, by Duncan 2, by Draper 4, by Nietrzeba 7, by Eligio 2, by Jones 1. Stolen bases, McNiel, Mayer, Eller. Umpire, Cpl. Weatherford. Scorer, Cpl. Lubera.

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\* ERIE HAS GREAT TEAM \*

The Erie has a great base ball team this year, and expects a lot of support from the Ship's Company. The team has batting power, speed and accuracy afield, pitching, real spirit, and is smart. It is worthy of your support.

Since St. Laurent has been handling the C.P.O. evening smack funds his C.P.O. shipmates have been on his trail ashore like the Dies Committee after Fritz Kuhn.

Hilton, conversing with a native belle with the aid of a Spanish Beginner's Book, completing his first phrase, "Un Menito while I look in de book, Savvy". Keep up the good work, Hilton.

The Flag Office, on December first, looked like Mussolini's Plotting Office, but it turned out to be our Musto and Guduilli taking examination---trying to become C.P.Os.

Bitting and Danes are still holding out on the water-wagon until December 25. Both of them would like to cut it short, but after all five bucks is a lot of money.

What popular Platoon Sergeant has his photo in the public eye?...and what we mean, is PUBLIC.

Many pictures of the giant "Manta" have been sent home in the last few mails. By the time the newsies get back home "How many will hold titles to catching it?"

Did you happen to see one Mr. Britz and a Sergeant Maltz qualifying for the "anchor class" at Santiago?

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\* ADVANCEMENTS IN RATING \*

The Patrol Log extends hearty congratulations to the following men who will be advanced in rating effective December 16.

In connection with the advancement the PatLog offers a bit of advice, well worth remembering - "It is so much easier to lose the rate than it is to get it".

- |                 |              |
|-----------------|--------------|
| Knuckey, W.A.   | F1c to MM2c  |
| Catanzarito, J. | GM3c to GM2c |
| Sawyer, D.A.    | S1c to Cox   |
| Golangolo, T.   | F2c to F1c   |
| Morse, P.P.     | F2c to F1c   |
| Holley, H.C.    | S2c to S1c   |
| Mundo, J.       | OS3c to OS2c |

She stood so straight  
So sweet and fair.  
And all about her  
A lovely air.

For there stood love  
Unyielding, undying.  
With lips so pure  
Unstained by lying.

She's never untrue  
But ever waiting.  
The proper one  
To think of mating.

She'll never fail  
Altho you are friendless.  
For her's is love  
Unquenched and endless.

I'll love her long  
Be it ever risky.  
That lovely delicious  
Bottle of WHISKEY.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\* ALMOST THE TRUTH \*

The Erie is now flying the flag of  
COMMEXRON

\*\*\*\*\*  
\* MANZANILLO \*  
(Tune of O-Sole-Mio)

Oh Manzanillo, And Amapala,  
Yes, Puntarenas, Corinto, too-  
All these --- and even more,  
But I like best,  
Life in Balboa.

\*\*\*\*\*

