



# LISTEN UP!

**CENTRAL BUCKS DETACHMENT #636**

**Marine Corps League Of Pennsylvania, Inc.**

**Commandant: WILLIAM R. MILLER**

**Editor: DON H. GEE**

**VOLUME XVI, Number 10**

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**CENTRAL BUCKS  
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P. O. Box 1372  
Doylestown, PA 18901-1372  
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2nd Wednesday of Month  
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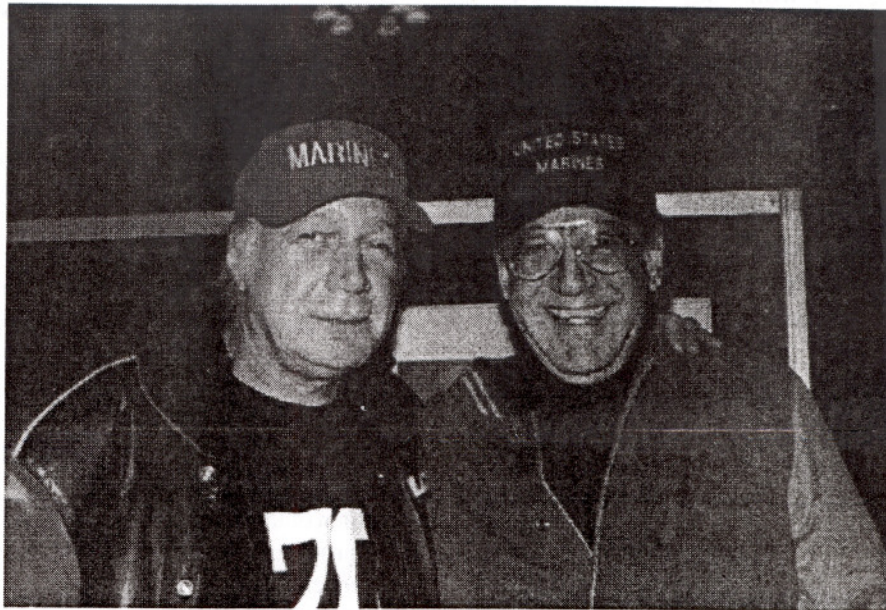
**MARINE OF THE YEAR  
ROBERT J. CODY**

## PULITZER PRIZE WINNER DIES

NEW YORK (AP)--Eddie Adams, a photojournalist whose half-century of arresting work was defined by a single frame - a Pulitzer Prize-winning Associated Press photo of a communist guerrilla being executed in a Saigon street during the Vietnam War - died Sunday. He was 71.

Adams died at his Manhattan home from complications of amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, or Lou Gehrig's disease, said his assistant, Jessica Stuart. Diagnosed last May, he quickly lost his speech but remained alert and worked into his final days.

"Eddie Adams was an enormous talent and an inspiration to generations of AP photographers and staffers. His courage and creativity left a mark that will live forever," said AP President and CEO Tom Curley.



**EDDIE ADAMS (left) , sans signature porkpie hat, with fellow Combat Photographer Mike Minardi**

In addition to his photographs of 13 wars, Adams' images of politics, fashion and show business appeared on countless magazine covers and in newspapers around the world. His portraits of presidents ranged from Richard Nixon to President Bush, and those of world figures included Pope John Paul II, Deng Xiaoping, Anwar Sadat, Fidel Castro and Mikhail Gorbachev. But fame - instant, enduring and discomforting - resulted from a single photo taken Feb. 1, 1968, the second day of the communists' Tet Offensive, in the embattled streets of Cholon, Saigon's Chinese quarter.

(See EDDIE ADAMS, Page 5)



# COMMANDANT'S COLUMN

Marines,

Since our meeting on September 8, I have been on vacation in Maine for 10 days. The wife and I rented a cabin on a lake at a camp site and my daughter who lives in Maine was able to join us as well. Then we spent a couple days at her home in Houlton, ME, way up near the Canadian border. We drove home in a driving rain storm from the hurricane that came our way. Now it's back to work time and everything else. I had my boss bugging me about some unfinished business, Rifle Team Captain Bill Rosenberger bugging me about getting some practice for the Department Rifle Match coming up this weekend at Indiantown Gap, and PR Officer Don Gee bugging me to get the Commandant's Column submitted. I won't say what my wife is bugging me about. Guess I have to adapt, adjust, and overcome. As usual, it has to be done in five minutes or less. You know the drill. I did manage to go to the range today and squeeze off a few rounds. I don't know where they wound up but I know they were heading in the right direction after I pulled the trigger.

We are forging ahead with plans for the Birthday Ball scheduled for November 6. Junior Vice Comman-

dant Jim Powell is right on top of things and is keeping me informed as well. We are hoping for a good turn out this year. Get signed up and come out for an evening of fun, food, entertainment, and most of all, camaraderie with your fellow Marines.

On a more serious note. As most of you know by now, we lost a Marine from our area--KIA in Iraq. Cpl. Barton Humlhanz was on patrol when his vehicle was hit by a rocket. He was buried on Sept. 4 in Doylestown Cemetery in the veterans section with full military honors. Our MCL Detachment was well represented at his viewing on Thursday Sept. 2, and again on Saturday for his funeral. I could not be there for the viewing due to my being in Canada that week. However, I was able to make the funeral on Satur-

day along with several Marines from our Detachment. We even had some members from the Northampton County Detachment, including their Commandant. I want to extend my personnel gratitude to all and especially to PC Budd Pierce who took control and put it all together for this fallen Marine.

Lastly, I must say that as the head of our Detachment, it was my duty to express our condolences to the family of Cpl. Humlhanz. To hold the hand and stare into the face of a grieving mother who was burying her only son was more than I could bear. This tough, hard-nosed Marine was humbled beyond words.

Semper Fi,

*Bill Miller*

## Former Marine Pleads Guilty To Wearing Unauthorized Medal

(AP)-- The head of an organization that honors military heroes faces a possible prison term after agreeing to plead guilty to wearing an unauthorized medal.

**Dallas R. Ricker**, 69, admitted wearing a Navy Cross medal he hadn't been awarded, prosecutors said Thursday. The medal is the military's second-highest award for valor after the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Ricker, a retired Marine sergeant from the Birmingham suburb of Hoover, is chairman of the Marine Honors Society, a nonprofit group that recognizes military leaders.

He agreed to plead guilty to a misdemeanor federal offense that carries a maximum of six months imprisonment and a \$10,000 fine. Under the law, Ricker could also get probation. No hearing date was set.

Neither Ricker nor his attorney immediately returned telephone calls seeking comment.

In a statement, U.S. Attorney Alice Martin said part of honoring military heroes is policing the awards system that recognizes them.

"Those who violate the law by wearing decorations which they have not earned may expect to be prosecuted," she said.

An investigation began last summer after Ricker brought a group of Medal of Honors recipients to Washington for an event that was supposed to be free, said Carol Cepregi of the Congressional Medal of Honor Society.

The recipients wound up having to pay for the trip, she said. Federal agents were tipped off that Ricker was seen wearing a Navy Cross and began a review, she said.

After checking Ricker's military records, the FBI determined he had not earned the medal, Cepregi said.

"We hear about these phonies at least once a week," she said.

### LISTEN UP!

**LISTEN UP!** is the internal information publication of the CENTRAL BUCKS DETACHMENT #636, Inc. of the Marine Corps League of Pennsylvania, Inc. It is published monthly by and for the members of the Central Bucks Detachment.



# Highlights

The regular meeting of the Central Bucks Detachment, Inc., of the Marine Corps League of Pennsylvania, Inc., was held September 8, 2004, at the Albert E. Atkinson American Legion Post #210, 315 North St., Doylestown, PA.

There were 16 members present including all officers except the Senior Vice Commandant. **Distinguished members in attendance included Past Commandants Budd Pearce, Bob Sundling, and Frank Yohe; Past Commandant of the Department of New Jersey Ed Hoth; and Marine of the Year Bob Cody.**

The Minutes of the August 2004 were unanimously accepted.

**The Paymaster's Report** was not delivered because **Paymaster Bob Cody** did not receive the monthly bank statement. He will present a two-month report at the October Meeting.

## OFFICER REPORTS

**Commandant Bill Miller** reminded the members the Department of Pennsylvania will hold its Staff and Member Meeting in Plymouth Meeting next month. The Department's Winter Staff Meeting will be held in January in Grantville, PA.

**Junior Vice Commandant Jim Powell** reported the Detachment's Birthday Ball will be held November 6 at Williamson's Restaurant in Warminster. Festivities are scheduled to begin at 6 p.m.

**Judge Advocate Bill Jerrom** reported the Detachment had no legal problems.

**Sergeant-at-Arms Bill Mickelson** reported he had received a request for the Detachment Color Guard on Sept. 20.

**Quartermaster Bob Duff** stated he had nothing new to report.

**Chaplain Ed Hoth, PDC,** reported his services were available but not requested since the last meeting.

## COMMITTEE REPORTS

**Marine of the Year Committee--Marine of the Year Committee Chair Bob Cody** announced the committee would vote on Marine of the Year nominations at the Oct. 13 Meeting and requested nominations be submitted as soon as possible.

**Rifle & Pistol Team--Past Commandant Budd Pearce** reported the Department Rifle Match will be held Sept. 24-26.

**Young Marines--Young Marines Liaison Bob Sundling, PC,** reported on the Young Marines Unit's recent activities.

**Adopt-A-Highway--Adopt-A-Highway Coordinator Budd Pearce, PC,** set Oct. 16 as the date for the next highway clean-up.

## GOOD OF THE LEAGUE

**Past Commandant Bob Sundling** proposed the Detachment award Certificates of Appreciation to **Suzanne Pearce** and **Peggy Sundling** for their service to the Detachment. He also reminded members of the continuing need for items to be sent to our troops in Iraq.

There being no further business, the meeting was adjourned until 7:30 p.m. on Wednesday, Oct. 13, 2004.



## ***Just Having Dinner Alone***

*by Lori Kimble*

I was sitting alone in one of those loud, casual steak houses that you find all over the country. You know the type--a bucket of peanuts on every table, shells littering the floor, and a bunch of perky college kids racing around with longneck beers and sizzling platters.

Taking a sip of my iced tea, I studied the crowd over the rim of my glass.

My gaze lingered on a group enjoying their meal. They wore no uniform to identify their branch of service, but they were definitely "military:" clean shaven, cropped haircut, and that "squared away" look that comes with pride.

Smiling sadly, I glanced across my table to the empty seat where my husband usually sat. It had only been a few months since we sat in this very booth, talking about his upcoming deployment to the Middle East. That was when he made me promise to get a sitter for the kids, come back to this restaurant once a month and treat myself to a nice steak. In turn, he would treasure the thought of me being here, thinking about him until he returned home to me.

I fingered the little flag pin I constantly wear and wondered where he was at this very moment.

Was he safe and warm? Was his cold any better? Were my letters getting through to him? As I pondered these thoughts, high pitched female voices from the next booth broke into my thoughts.

"I don't know what Bush is thinking about. Invading Iraq. You'd think that man would learn from his old man's mistakes.

Good Lord! What an idiot! I can't believe he is even in office. You do know, he stole the election."

I cut into my steak and tried to ignore them, as they began an endless tirade running down our president. I thought about the last night I spent with my husband, as he prepared to deploy. He had just returned from getting his smallpox and anthrax shots. The image of him standing in our kitchen packing his gas

mask still gives me chills.

Once again the women's voices invaded my thoughts. "It is all about oil, you know. Our soldiers will go in and rape and steal all the oil they can in the name of 'freedom'. Hmph! I wonder how many innocent people they'll kill without giving it a thought? It's pure greed, you know."

My chest tightened as I stared at my wedding ring. I could still see how handsome my husband looked in his "mess dress" the day he slipped it on my finger. I wondered what he was wearing now. Probably his desert uniform, affectionately dubbed "coffee stains" with a heavy bulletproof vest over it.

"You know, we should just leave Iraq alone. I don't think they are hiding any weapons. In fact, I bet it's all a big act just to increase the president's popularity. That's all it is, padding the military budget at the expense of our social security and education. And, you know what else? We're just asking for another 9-11. I can't say when it happens again that we didn't deserve it."

Their words brought to mind the war protesters I had watched gathering outside our base. Did no one appreciate the sacrifice of brave men and women, who leave their homes and family to ensure our freedom? Do they even know what "freedom" is?

I glanced at the table where the young men were sitting, and saw their courageous faces change. They had stopped eating and looked at each other dejectedly, listening to the women talking.

"Well, I, for one, think it's just deplorable to invade Iraq, and I am certainly sick of our tax dollars going to train professional baby killers we call a military."

Professional baby killers? I thought about what a wonderful father my husband is, and of how long it would be before he would see our children again.

That's it! Indignation rose up inside me. Normally reserved, pride in my husband gave me a brassy boldness I never realized I had. Tonight one voice will answer on behalf of our military, and let her pride in our troops be known.

Sliding out of my booth, I walked around to the adjoining booth and placed my hands flat on their table. Lowering myself to eye level with them, smilingly said, "I couldn't help overhearing your conversation. You see, I'm sitting here trying to enjoy my dinner alone. And, do you know why? Because my husband, whom I love with all my heart, is halfway around the world defending your right to say rotten things about him.

"Yes, you have the right to your opinion, and what you think is none of my business. However, what you say in public is something else, and I will not sit by and listen to you ridicule MY country, MY president, MY husband, and all the other fine American men and women who put their lives on the line, just so you can have the "freedom" to complain. Freedom is an expensive commodity, ladies. Don't let your actions cheapen it."

I must have been louder than I meant to be, because the manager came over to inquire if everything was all right. "Yes, thank you," I replied. Then turning back to the women, I said, "Enjoy the rest of your meal."

As I returned to my booth applause broke out. I was embarrassed for making a scene, and went back to my half eaten steak. The women picked up their check and scurried away.

After finishing my meal, and while waiting for my check, the manager returned with a huge apple cobbler ala mode.

"Compliments of those Marines," he said. He also smiled and said the ladies tried to pay for my dinner, but that another couple had beaten them to it. When I asked who, the manager said they had already left, but that the gentleman was a veteran, and wanted to take care of the wife of "one of our boys."

With a lump in my throat, I gratefully turned to the Marines and thanked them for the cobbler. Grinning from ear to ear, they came over and surrounded the booth.

"We just wanted to thank you, ma'am.

(See **EDITORIAL**, Page 6)



# EDDIE ADAMS

Drawn by gunfire, Adams and an NBC film crew watched South Vietnamese soldiers bring a handcuffed Viet Cong captive to a street corner, where they assumed he would be interrogated. Instead, South Vietnam's police chief, LtCol. Nguyen Ngoc Loan, strode up, wordlessly drew a pistol and shot the man in the head.

Adams caught the instant of death in a photo that made front pages around the world. It would become one of the Vietnam's War's most indelible images, shocking the American public and used by critics to dispute official claims that the war was being won.

In later years, Adams found himself so defined - and haunted - by the picture that he would not display it at his studio. He also felt it unfairly maligned Loan, who lived in Virginia after the war and died in 1998.

"The guy was a hero," Adams said, recalling Loan's explanation that the man he executed was a Viet Cong captain, responsible for murdering the family of Loan's closest aide a few hours earlier.

"Sometimes a picture can be misleading because it does not tell the whole story," Adams said in an interview for a 1972 AP photo book. "I don't say what he did was right, but he was fighting a war and he was up against some pretty bad people."

Adams won a 1969 Pulitzer Prize for the Saigon execution picture, among the more than 500 honors he received in his career, including a 1978 Robert Capa Award and three George Polk Memorial Awards for war coverage.

Born on June 12, 1933, in New Kensington, PA, Adams served as a Marine Corps Combat Photographer in the Korean War and became one of the nation's top photojournalists with newspapers, the AP from 1962-72 and again from 1976-80, and with *Time-Life*, *Parade* magazine and other publications.

A crafter of images, Adams also cultivated his own - a prickly personality with a studied flamboyance that included a black wardrobe, a neck scarf and a wide-brimmed porkpie hat.

*Parade* chairman Walter Anderson, a

longtime friend, called Adams "eclectic, incomparable, cantankerous," and skilled at "capturing tension" in his photos.

Adams had no social or political agenda, but was at heart "a hard-news photographer, always sharply focused on the picture that tells the story," said Hal Buell, AP's former executive photo editor.

"He was also a perfectionist who would go to the mat over anything he saw in the editing that he felt detracted from the story - but he was most critical of himself, for opportunities missed or not up to the high standards he set," Buell said.

Once, after making a portrait of comedian Jimmy Durante, Adams discovered the tip of Durante's trademark "schnozzola" was out of focus, and lugged his gear back to do the job over. "Duranter saw him coming," recalled Buell, "and said, 'You screwed up, huh, kid?'"

Adams' latest project included a video profile featured on Jerry Lewis' annual 24-hour Labor Day Telethon to raise money for the Muscular Dystrophy Association - an event that Adams himself

(From Page One)

once regularly photographed.

"I'm touched by the courage and strength he's shown in facing ALS," Lewis said.

Although his photo from Saigon endured as his most powerful image, Adams was more proud of a photo of boat people fleeing postwar Vietnam that helped spur Congress and the Carter White House to admit 200,000 Vietnamese refugees to the United States.

In 1988, he founded the Eddie Adams Workshop "Barnstorm," an annual gathering at his farm near Jeffersonville, NY., where established professionals and promising newcomers could take part in photo shoots, lectures and instructional clinics. More than 100 teachers and 100 students attend the event each October.

Stuart, the director of the workshop for several years, said its programs would continue.

Adams is survived by his wife of 15 years, Alyssa, and a son, August; three children by a previous marriage, Susan Ann Sinclair and Edward Adams II, both of Atlanta, and Amy Marie Adams, of New Jersey; his 100-year-old mother, Adelaide Adams, and four sisters.

## C-B Detachment Marines on the Net

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<http://vetrecs.archives.gov/>

When you submit your request online, a signature form downloadable from the site can be sent to you for completion and submission. The National Personnel Records Center will then send you an e-mail acknowledging your request.

## EDITORIAL

*(From Page 4)*

"You know we can't get into confrontations with civilians, so we appreciate what you did."

As I drove home, for the first time since my husband's deployment, I didn't feel quite so alone. My heart was filled with the warmth of the other diners who stopped by my table, to relate how they, too, were proud of my husband, and would keep him in their prayers. I knew their flags would fly a little higher the next day.

Perhaps they would look for more tangible ways to show their pride in our country, and the military who protect her. And maybe, just maybe, the two women who were railing against our country, would pause for a minute to appreciate all the freedom America offers, and the price it pays to maintain it's freedom.

As for me, I have learned that one voice CAN make a difference. Maybe the next time protesters gather outside the gates of the base where I live, I will proudly stand on the opposite side with a sign of my own. It will simply say, "Thank You!"  
*(\*Lori Kimble is a 31-year-old teacher and proud military wife. A California native, Mrs. Kimble currently lives in Alabama)*

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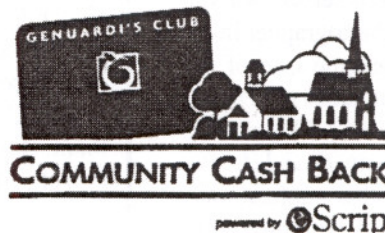
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# USS REAGAN Reaches Home Port

By Jeff Wilson

ASSOCIATED PRESS

ABOARD THE USS RONALD REAGAN - A smiling Nancy Reagan greeted sailors aboard the aircraft carrier USS Ronald Reagan on July 23 as it arrived at its homeport in San Diego Bay for the first time.

Thousands of spectators, mainly relatives of sailors aboard the ship, filled grandstands along the pier at Naval Air Station, North Island, in Coronado, CA. Others lined the mainland side of San Diego Bay to witness the arrival of the Navy's newest carrier.

Under overcast skies, a flotilla of pleasure boats and fire boats shooting 50-foot streams of water escorted the ship, and sailors in white uniforms lined its edges as it reached the dock to the cheers of the crowd.

Mrs. Reagan had arrived aboard the ship by helicopter as the vessel approached the San Diego coast.

Deputy Defense Secretary Paul Wolfowitz greeted her on deck before

Mrs. Reagan, wearing a white pant suit, passed along rows of sailors, shaking their hands and exchanging greetings.

The late president's son Michael Reagan, actor Tom Selleck, the country music group SheDAISY and the news media were also aboard, after flying out a day earlier as the ship cruised hundreds of miles offshore.

The USS Reagan towers 20 stories above the waterline and is nearly as long as the Empire State Building is tall. Its flight deck covers 4 acres.

Mrs. Reagan had christened the partially completed ship in 2001, breaking a bottle of American sparkling wine against its bow. She was on hand in Norfolk, VA, again last year when it was commissioned, telling the crew to "bring her to life."

Capt. Andres "Drew" Brugal, the executive officer, said he was thrilled to be hosting Mrs. Reagan aboard the ship.

"Obviously it's kind of a sad time right now, so close to the president's death. She's the sponsor of the ship and we're very happy to see her," he said.

Mrs. Reagan visited the ship's Ronald Reagan Room, a museum featuring the former president's cavalry uniform, movie posters, a video presentation and a chunk of the Berlin wall.

In a nod to Reagan's Hollywood days, the ship also has a celebrity walk of fame with such names as Alfred Hitchcock and Spencer Tracy on the mess deck.

Ahead of the ship's arrival, a carnival atmosphere prevailed along the pier. SeaWorld workers dressed as whales and a Navy band playing rock music shared space with vendors hawking souvenirs, soft drinks and commercial services.

The ship sailed May 27 from Norfolk with a crew of 3,600, making its lengthy journey through the Straits of Magellan at the tip of South America.

Reagan died June 5 at 93.

"It was probably most fitting and most appropriate that at the time of his passing, a carrier strike group named in his honor was in fact conducting the very same kind of operations that he espoused through his presidency - peace through strength," said RAdm. Robert Moeller, who commands the carrier strike group named for Reagan.

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## 2004 SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

**DETACHMENT MEETING**  
**8 SEPTEMBER**  
**1930**

**DETACHMENT MEETING**  
**13 OCTOBER**  
**1930**

**BIRTHDAY BALL**  
**6 NOVEMBER**  
**WILLIAMSON'S**  
**RESTAURANT**  
**1800**

**DETACHMENT MEETING**  
**8 DECEMBER**  
**1930**

## BUMPER STICKER OF THE MONTH

If you can read this...  
I can slam on my brakes  
and sue you.



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I hereby certify I have served as a U.S. Marine for more than 90 days, the character of my service has been honorable and, if discharged, I am in receipt of an Honorable Discharge. By signature on this application, I hereby agree to provide proof of Honorable Discharge/service upon request.

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