DIARY OF A GUARDIA OFFICER
(Very much deleted)

By Colonel Robert L. Denig, U.S.M.C.

15 November 1929

After a smooth run up the coast from the Canal Zone, the Nitro anchored about three miles off Corinto. The shore appeared as a plain sprinkled with palms and rimmed by white breakers, backed up by a receding line of volcanic peaks, several of them lazily putting out smoke.

While admiring the view, a motor sailer put out from the harbor and came alongside. The crew were Marines, the passengers those bound home on expiration of duty or on leave, and Joel Davis, who had flown down to get me and also pick up some good Chicago meat.

After a conference between Davis and the Supply Officer we went over the side with a yard of pork chops, a bunch of celery, and were speedily taken ashore in the Captain's gig. The walk up the long hot dock made us thirsty, so a halt was made at the Dane's for beer. He had come to Nicaragua some years ago to take up coffee lands near Matagalpa. The recurring revolutions forced him, among others, to the coast. The Marine Detachment at Corinto staked him to a bottle of whiskey, then bought it back at retail. This started him on the way to the affluence and respectability that he now so abundantly enjoys. His establishment contains a drinking room, made entirely of beer
bottles arranged in artistic designs, much as the bones of dead monks are displayed in certain monasteries in Europe. The Dane is tall, so tall that in spite of his stoop he is usually a head above all drinkers that visit him. A cat, with arched back and upright tail is always purring about his legs.

The Dane, known by all as "Chris", has just been made the Danish Consul. He proudly shows an ornate copy of uniform regulations, that prescribes a heavy broadcloth long-skirted coat, covered with gold embroidery. Appropriate to the 90 degrees or more that marks the "low" of the thermometer in Corinto.

Our thirst quenched, we ambled down to the beach near the point back of the American Consulate; donned "shutes", packed the pork and celery with care, threw in my fine black bag, stowed the mechanic in the bottom of the amphibian and started the motors. The rush of air to the rear blew out the fire of a woman cooking in a shack and incidently nearly blew the shack into the street. Davis stopped the engines on noticing the commotion. Two dollars paid for the repairs and the spoilt meal.

Another start, and after taxi-ing down the beach on to the smooth water we were soon off for Managua. The trip was smooth and made at an average height of 2000 feet. Visibility, clear. Volcanoes and mountains lined our route on the north and the ocean to the south.

Leon, the first town, looked like a blotch of red, with red lines running out in all directions; these were the streets lined.
with red tiled houses. The red diminished as the houses became fewer and the color finally faded out in the green of the fields and woods.

Davis kept me well informed about places and things by means of notes passed back to me, such as "This next town is Leon - Thrasher is stationed here"; "The little volcano you see straight over the first hill and to the right of the big one is Momotombo in Lake Managua"; "Straight across the lake and about 100 miles north is Ootolal". At Managua we zoomed a few times over Davis' house to let his wife know he had returned. Then a look at the Campo de Marti and the golf course on the loma behind and on to a landing at the aviation field.

We waited for Mrs. Davis to show up in answer to our zooms, but she never came. She was out playing bridge. An aviation car took us to town through clouds of dust, mules, ox carts and pigs. Passed General and Mrs. Williams out for an afternoon drive on the bumpy road. Stopped at Headquarters where Colonel Rhea put me up, then to the Davis casa which was cool, pleasant, well screened, plenty of water, highballs, callers and dinner. After the roast pork, all hands off to the club, where we enjoyed a cool breeze and other pleasantries until ten thirty when I went back to Rhea's and turned in.

14 November 1929

Early coffee with the patio birds, shower, breakfast; then
reported to the Brigade Commander and the Jefe of the Guardia, the latter, General McDougal, which ended in my being commissioned a Colonel in the Guardia with orders to proceed to Ocotal tomorrow to take over the command of the Northern Area of the Guardia.

15 November 1929

Left Managua by plane at 7:45 and landed in Ocotal at 9:15. The distance is about 100 miles almost in a due north direction from the Capitol. It was a good day for the trip, visibility good except for a few minutes when we ran into some clouds near the Estili and Condega passes. After crossing the lake, the course was over flat heavily wooded country with a boggy appearance from the rains. The ground rose abruptly some 2000 feet and we had to get well up in order to clear the Estili pass. There the air got bumpy, the plane made sudden drops, quick rises and jerky twists. The mountain peaks seemed just a few feet below, I thought too near.

With the map I got a good idea of part of the Northern Area. All towns except Estili are small and squalid looking. On nearing Ocotal, pines began to appear, then whole forests of them. Ocotal means pine grove. Just south of Ocotal is a high steep mountain, by the same name, which we went around, and almost immediately the town was below us. From the air it appeared to be roughly eleven blocks long by five wide, in the center is a
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plaza the size of a city block, on which of course is the church. The landing field, about a mile and a half to the west, is laid out in a six hole golf course. The grass cut short and the greens smooth.

On landing the first person I saw was Weitzel, then Q. M. Clerk Weideman. The only other passenger with me was Doctor Smith. I brought with me one trunk, a hand bag and bedding roll. The rest of the cargo was food and mail. An enlisted pilot brought us up.

We drove into town on a White truck. I moved into the Guardia Headquarters with Wynn as a room-mate. He is a Major in the Guardia and the Area executive. Ate my first meals at the Marine Officers' Mess, two blocks away, with Rosell.

There are about 2000 people here, the better class, Spanish. The poor, all Indians, long straight black hair and straight noses. No colored people noticed so far. The poorer class women wear black silk shawls, go bare-footed, have their hair in braids. The men dress like in any other Spanish-American place.

The houses are all one story, built about patios, with flowers and trees. They are built of adobe brick, painted and white-washed. Floors are of tile. The rooms in the Guardia Headquarters are about 20 feet square and nearly as high, with the walls fitted with hooks for hammocks. Bathing facilities are gas drums fitted with shower heads. Water is brought from the river on donkeys.
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Zapaloties are legion and hop about in the patios and streets, or perch on the rooftrees. Dogs, donkeys, cats, pigs and small horses make up a large part of the street life. Ox carts with solid wooden wheels creak about. We have macaws, parrots and chickens in the patio.

There are quite a few well stocked stores, having cloth, canned goods, liquors, candies, etc. Also several saloons – Leatherneck Inn – Marine Club – Pola Nigre – Hotel Casion Imperial. The town sports three cars owned by natives, they can't go more than a few miles in any direction.

The plaza is clean and is lighted by the Marines with a make-shift plant, assembled from various sources. Movies are given each night in the plaza to which the populace comes. The Marine and Guardia quarters are also lighted by electricity. There are two small ice plants, ice three and a half cents a pound.

On one side of the plaza is the "city hall", the only two-decker in the town, it is all scarred up with Sandino's bullets, the church opposite is also scarred up, but by Marine bullets, both fired in the battle of Ocoital. This took place on July 16, 1927, when the combined Marine and Guardia patrols stationed here, were attacked by superior numbers. The fight had lasted some fourteen hours when the combat planes arrived and chased the bandits away. This was the first Guardia fight.

So far I have met the judge; Jefe politico; two native
doctors; school teacher; the ice plant owners and one Bermudez. The latter, last week on his way to his finca with his brother was jumped by some bandits. His brother, the school teacher here, was killed and Bermudez took shelter behind his mule, a bullet went through the animal, killed it and wounded him. He was left for dead, later he came in and gave the alarm. The loot amounted to about $150 and two pack animals. From conversations it seems that murders are of daily occurrence.

Three officers have just come down with malaria in some of the outposts, so patrols are now escorting corpsmen to treat them. Then there is a patrol out with the Guardia Quartermaster, Lt. Fox, to examine some places with the view of later establishing outposts.

Ocotal is the nerve center of the area, messages are coming in all the time, by radio, telephone, telegraph, airplane and runner. The vast majority are of course routine despatches such as this from Telpaneca, "0516 SEVEN ENLISTED SERGEANT SCUDDER IN CHARGE WITH FIVE MULES ALL MOUNTED WITH SIXTEEN PACK ANIMALS ARRIVED FROM SAN ALBINO AT 1532".

The Guardia forces in this area number 535 men and 25 officers, the latter mostly are Marine non-coms. The men are a sorry sight, as they are not yet used to their shoes.

Vogel, the Guardia chief of staff, is at present in command, he will probably return to Managua in a day or so.
17 November 1929

We are now in the transition period from the wet and hot to a dry and cooler season. So far I have not noticed any mosquitoes, flies seem to be few. Blankets are of real use. Last night I used three. As I have just got my thermometer I can't tell what the temperature has been, but today it has not been over 70° in this room. The breeze is cool. Early morning shower is rather a chilling event. I have put it off. Saw my breath.

Rode to Mosonte with our "medico" CPkm. Burr, and an armed guard. Good wide trail, beautiful country, poor horses. The Guardia horses do not amount to much. Passed plenty of mozos, Indians, coming to and going from town with their wives. The latter of course had all the loads. A couple of miles out is a cross by the wayside. Here a few years ago a bandit cut the heads off of four of his mozos as he did not like them. He also killed his mother and cut out her heart, killed his father and ate his tongue.

On hill tops are crosses to indicate a village is near. In Mosonte the main street was lined with crosses to show the way to the church. This place has about 200 people with about 2000 more tucked away in the valleys about. The garrison is two Guardia officers and 35 men, billeted in the ramshackle jail, pole walls and dirt floor. The Guardia has had all the weeds cut. This is a hardship on the inhabitants, as now they have to build "Chick Sales", before bushes and pigs solved the prob-
lem. Hence the cycle - man - pig - tape-worm, which made pork taboo. There are no moons, stars or diamond cut decorations, as, the "heads" have no walls.

The Padre of Ocotal lives most of his time in Mosonte as he does not approve of the manners and customs the Marines have brought. The magazines they take have taught the girls to wear short dresses and bob their hair. He therefore feels as if he were losing his grip.

The Padre runs a store when not engaged otherwise. It is the only store. The church is full of cheap dolls and paper fringes. Two old bells from Spain are interesting, also a big rattle for Easter services. On a pillar in the church was a list of people showing the days that they have exclusive use of a blessed image for their homes. It is a money maker for the Padre. There is so much land here, he can't make anything out of renting graves. Hence no bone piles.

19 November 1929

This morning Vogel returned to Managua by plane. He has been here a month. He came up to investigate the Tolpaneca mutiny and relieve Hoyt who is now on an inspection trip to Grenada.

Four transport planes in this morning and they brought my last two trunks. We have regular planes daily except Saturday and Sunday. In addition to my trunks, the planes today brought up some passengers, food, mail, films and post exchange supplies.
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They returned with mail, nine sick and three well passengers. The trip down takes an hour. The field is so located that you have a beautiful panorama of mountain peaks that rise up to 3000 feet all green now and covered with pine trees, to the west is a rugged gap or notch through which the Coco River breaks, to the east the valley just recedes in the distance.

Dunlap left a big name for himself among the natives. The command at that time was large and included a band. He gave many parties and made the various factions get together.

Called on a married couple, first cousins, married to keep the cash and ranches in the family. Their house is large, but as the Marines have taken most of the houses in town, they had to take in another cousin. As the two outfits do not get on together, a spite wall has been built right through that cuts the rooms, porches and patio in two parts.

Our Guardia mess is not so hot, weak soup, fillet, papas, bananas, rotten coffee, beans of course, all of which costs about $1.50 a month. Prices are high due to the garrison pay rolls, but at that big turkeys on the hoof can be had for one fifty. Eggs are two for five.

Pine planks are costly, about ten cents a foot, nevertheless the people have a vision of a municipal hospital. The real reason is they want to cut in on the government lottery. Places with hospitals get a percentage.
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We have a lot of recruits here, Indians all. Their shoes hurt. They seem clumsy. Can't read. We have a school teacher whose job is to teach them to write their names at least. But as the Guardia is so poor it can't furnish paper or pencils, I guess the going will be hard. The equipment is terrible, old cast-offs of the Marines mostly. When they go the Guardia will have hard sledding.

It is now 71\(^\circ\) at 7:30 p.m. Most have gone to the movies to see "Blood Ship". I saw it in Quantico so am staying here. The movies are open air in the plaza. Two machines, no waits and no jumping or flittering. Officers in the center, up-stage in rockers, N.C.O. staff to one side, others to the back. Townsfolk all about, especially the kids who make mad scrambles after cigarette and cigar butts tossed out of the roped off area. Most everyone has on sweaters or jackets as the evening would be cold without them.

We have a ten year old kid who sleeps on the back porch and is being trained as a messenger boy and boot-black. He is fitted up as a sergeant, has an old gun and a white pony. He was brought in from an outlying post. His father was killed by bandits. His mother then deserted the kid and ran off with another bandit. When found he was living in a lean-to that he made himself and was rapidly turning into a wild animal.
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23 November 1929

Today being Saturday, held a two hour inspection, much improvement noticed. There has been much scrubbing and cleaning up in the past week. After inspection I gave notice that next Saturday it would be in barracks, and that all clothes and shoes would be laid out on the bunks. Botas is shoes, but I said it so it sounded like "butas". For each man to lay out a pair of butas was some order. No wonder the stolid ranks smiled. There are many dangerous pitfalls in any foreign language. Here you must never ask a woman if she is embarrassed, as that means encente, and don't ask a girl if she is "mucho caliente" for though she may be it is not good form.

One of the prisoners died today, which is not pleasant as only $2.50 is allowed for a coffin and all other expenses. Will have to take steps to see that they are released in time to walk away.

I understand that a Lt. Commander is to come up as Area medical officer. H. O. Smith is due next month as relief for Rossell. Weitzel has his wife's picture upside down as several mails have come in without a letter from her.

The mozos are almost slaves, as the upper strata have them all in debt to such an extent that they can't get out, for they have to work it off at about ten cents a day. The mozo is afraid of the upper class as they are armed. The upper class is afraid of the mozos due to their numbers. The "file" of the bandits
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are that way as they are afraid of the Jefes.

25 November 1929

Got a letter from Washington in just four days twelve hours. Airplane all the way. Washington-Miami, Miami-Managua, Managua-Ocoetal.

Weitzel got two letters today, with air-mail stamps, signs, etc., but they came regular mail, marked "Insufficient Postage". Anyway, Catharine's picture is reversed.

The telegraph operator at Dipilto came in with a friend for protection. They are scared of their lives. In dipilto lives, according to them, a most beautiful woman. The Guardia sergeant and the woman went to bathe in the limpid mountain stream, they were busily engaged in "you splash me and I'll splash you" to the tune of a phonograph, when the operator and his friend happened along on a stroll, and spied the sylvan scene. The sergeant threatened the operator with shooting if he told me. Back to the village ran the operator, sent a telegram to the President of the Republic, closed up shop, came here and refuses to return while the bad sergeant is there. (The mujer is a liberal and not a conservative I take it.)

Have Captain Fox as a room-mate now. Buse gave me an apple, it came down by plane, am saving it for breakfast.

28 November 1929 - THANKSGIVING.

For dinner in the Guardia mess, boiled turkey then fried a la Maryland, sweet potatoes, peas, mashed potatoes, olives,
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cranberry sauce, pie and candied ginger. We have no oven at present, that is the reason for the fancy turkey. The pie did not amount to much. Dinner was interrupted by the following radio:

FROM: C.O. APALI
TO: ARZA COMDR OCOTAL

0528 THE FOLLOWING WAS INTERCEPTED THIS MORNING CALL OF STATION UNKNOWN QUOTE ABOUT SIXTY BANDITS REPORTED TO HAVE SURROUNDED CAMP AND FIRED INTO BARRACKS WITH MACHINE GUN TWO MEN KILLED INSTANTLY FIRST SERGEANT ARMED ALL TO DEFEND POSITION OUTSIDE OF BARRACKS UNQUOTE 1030

We checked up and found it could be none of our outfit, all fourteen outposts heard from. The Marines not having heard from one post, sent out a radio and while waiting for a reply a radio from G. B. Erskine was intercepted stating it was an outpost in his area, Jinotega. Ten men attacked, by surprise, by 100 bandits with machine guns. Three were killed at first burst and four wounded. Erskine with one column and two others from different places put out in pursuit. Later two planes landed at Ocotal, they were informed of what happened, after taking on bombs, they took off to see what they could do. Later in the day contact was made but the bandits scattered. Houses that they were using were burnt down. The Guardia outpost lost nearly all of its arms, a bad feature. The trouble is that when a bandit band scatters into the bush, they may not assemble for several days. Each man looking innocent makes the best of his way to some agreed point.
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There was a murder and kidnapping by bandits at another place, a patrol was sent out to investigate. A patrol of an outpost came in with four prisoners, one a proven captain of Ortez.

29 November 1929

Had a wedding tonight, an ex-sergeant of Marines and once a guardia officer married one of the best looking girls in town.

We assembled at the home of the bride, large house with big patio at 7:30 and sat stiffly around in chairs while all the guests arrived. About eight o'clock the procession formed and marched to church, two blocks off. First went two maids of honor, dressed in white silk net over pink, silver slippers and hose to match. Hair covered with a tule turban with a knotted bow over the left ear. Big bouquets of roses and white lillies, not annunciation.

The bride followed in regulation head gear, orange blossoms and long veil. White silk dress, higher fore than aft. Cape-like train that hung from the shoulders and at least 12 feet long. Small boy, dressed up till it hurt, carried the train. He was followed by the flower girls and then the bridesmaids, six in number, dressed like the maids of honor.

The groom stalked along in solitary grandeur, followed by 30 couples, previously matched. In this group Rosell and Buse each had a girl. Weitzel and I led the common herd arm and arm.

Boys carried lanterns to light the way. Our Guardia dog
"Sargento" chased a stray sow through the ranks. Of course all the mozos and mujers were out to see the show.

We filed in the main door of the church, where about two years ago Sandino's forces fought the Marines and Guardia. The bridal couple and its supporters stood in front of the high altar. In the main aisle down the center stood the 30 couples in column. The rest of us crowded forward on either side so as to see and hear better, which did us no particular good as there seemed to be nothing to hear. The rest of the church was filled with lavanderas and the like, all with big black silk shawls over their heads which they held by grasping under their chins. One girl of Indian features, next to me, was by far the best looking person in church, in spite of her poor garments and bare feet. The ladies of the 30 couples had bright colored mantillas over high combs, which made an effective splash of brilliancy down the middle of a sea of black silk. Our other Guardia dog, "Blanco" elected to run up by the altar and look 'em over. Then a baby near me with bright eyes, said "Ah!" and "Goo!" in loud tones and reached for the candles with which the church was lighted. It kept it up throughout the ceremony in spite of long commands from it's mother to pipe down. Some of the "30" got the giggles.

The groom then retired with the Padre, I suppose to settle accounts, for when they came back, after leaving the maid in front of the altar, the Padre pronounced them man and wife. The
bought then deposited her flowers at the foot of the image of the 
Virgin Mary. No kiss was given in the church.

The 30 couples then separated, the men to one side, the 
women to the other and thus made an aisle for the wedding party 
to pass down, headed by the bride and groom arm in arm. At this 
stage the small train bearer had difficulties, as each time he 
stooded over to pick up the train it just evaded his grasp. He 
finally caught up with it at the door of the church. The parade 
wound its way back as it came, but without incident as the 
Guardia dogs, having done their best, gave it up as a bad job.

Back in the house the bride and groom standing far apart 
held a reception. Then all flopped into chairs, ranged about 
the walls, Spanish fashion, and looked at one another till the 
drinks were passed.

The house was strung with electric lights by the Marines. 
Heavy lace curtains hung at all doors, they were put up for the 
event, only used on such days as this. All floors and the patio 
were inches deep with pine needles, that smelled fragrant.

In one of the back rooms was a bar and table loaded with 
peanuts, candies, cookies, olives, pickles, cigars, cigarettes, 
boiled eggs, and toothpicks.

The cake was built like a pyramid and stuck all over with 
artificial daibes. The Marine baker was the artist. The bride 
out it into small pieces, while Rossell and I passed it about, 
each small piece on the end of a fork. No dishes. Baked in the
cake was a needle, if a man got it he would have to sew for himself all the rest of his life. If a woman got it, she must need remain a virgin. A woman did get it, but I don't believe in such stuff. There was a ring also in the cake, which meant marriage, a girl with lots of gold teeth got it. Most of them have fine white shining teeth. The other trinkets were a religious medal and a ship. The former makes a monk out of a man or a nun of a woman. The ship is assurance of much travel.

The groom, as part of the ceremony, gave the bride 13 gold coins, having to do with Christ and the 12 apostles.

Finally the pine needles were swept up from the floors, a phonograph turned on and all hands took to dancing. The Occitanian girls can step out.

We had Guardia sentries in front of the house to keep the people back, nearly the whole town was out to see, there being few diversions for the populace. It is the custom to crowd about, even to the extent of crashing the doors.

We all wore our guns in church, we had them in our hip pockets, so they were hidden by our blouses, but they made quite a bulge. This is my first wedding with a gat on my hip. The town was well patrolled so no surprise stuff could be pulled off.

The bride's sister from Honduras was here, she got in yesterday, after a 40 mile ride. I had a patrol escort her and her party from Las Manos via Dipilto. Will have to send her back the same way. There are other guests that we will have to escort home through the bandit areas.

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Past midnight now, temperature 69 degrees.

30 November 1929

Reported today that the kidnapped boy was found killed, all hacked to pieces.
Picked up a Guardia deserter from the mutiny at Telpaneco.
Establish two new outposts on the Honduras border tomorrow.
There was a dance at the Grand-Imperial Hotel in honor of the newlyweds. All the fair ones of one set were present. They go in for gold and silver slippers, feet I noticed in all cases were small. The girls, 23 of them, sat in one row, the men opposite. Good arrangement to look them over. When the bride arrived she went down the line of girls and embraced them all, sort of a loose hug, hands on each other's shoulders. Much champagne to toast the bride. Refreshments included chewing gum. When the groom left the bride at the altar the other night, everyone thought he went to pay the Padre, but it was only to ask him to the reception, he not wishing to talk of such matters in front of the altar.

Two more contacts today. Bagged three bandits.

2 December 1929

Post at Las Manos established. The Guardia officers on these posts certainly earn their pay. All alone in wild mountains, no one to talk to except Indians. Native food, no beds, mud houses, no news. There are no settled inhabitants near this
post, all having fled to Honduras or been killed off. Hamas is in command. A prisoner, a bandit, was shot in trying to escape. He will probably die. Sta. Maria post established, with Fergusson in command.

5 December 1929

It seems that about 6 young women shoved off for Sta. Maria, the servant question for some families has become acute. I have received demands for their return. The servants work for three dollars a month and are always in debt to the employer. The employer will even make a dress for the servant, and then charge them for the material and labor, the latter they lay on heavy, so it is easy to keep them in debt. The law says that a servant cannot leave while in debt.

6 December 1929

This morning it was thought that we had located a band of bandits. Patrols were sent out to make contact and three planes took off to help. Later the planes came back and reported that all they could see were the patrols. This afternoon a rumor started that contact had been made. Evening - the bandits 60 in number, dressed in khaki, have been located in Cerro San Juan. Five Guardia and Marine patrols closing in on them. Am not looking for results, as the outfit that located them broke contact and went to the nearest garrison to report. They lost one man, killed, a guide, two mules and one horse killed and one mule captured, the latter recovered later.
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Sent two medicos to Somoto with a patrol to vaccinate about 2000 people, as that place has not yet been covered.

7 December 1929

The only result of all the operations last night, was, that one "raza" shot and killed one "capo" - personal row. I have come to the conclusion that 75 percent of this contact stuff is the bunk. The people generally are hysterically nervous and shoot on sight. Life to them is cheap, murder in itself is nothing. It only interests them when it hits at home.

It now seems that the Guardia patrol from Totogalpa has all gone to hell, got most of them locked up for being drunk. The killing last night was due to booze. Marines are going to sit on the town.

General McDougal goes home via Pan-Air for a short stay on the 11th. Wynn has just been promoted, wants a change of scene. Hear that Leroy Hunt is coming down, hope he relieves me, he would like it here. Peck and Larsen are due here in a few days for inspection.

A radio was just intercepted that 500 Marines left Quantico for Haiti yesterday. Captain Winters has a good radio set and we can often pick up programs in the States. We frequently get news here two days ahead of Managua, they seem to wait for relays from Panama or the Special Service Squadron.

Tonight the town is all out parading, church fiesta tomorrow. The Guardia asked permission to parade tomorrow. They have made

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a big lantern of colored paper, one side says "Ave Maria, G.N." and the other side has the Nicaraguan coat of arms. Most of the dwellings have alters banked with flowers, where they can be easily admired from the street. For the past week the girls and boys have been parading with lighted candles. The girls come first and sing some verse, the boys in the rear take up the refrain. Cart loads of aguardiente have been distributed to the tiendas, firecrackers are going off, so the annunciation of the Virgin Mary is going to be the excuse for the mozos to get gloriously drunk.

8 December 1929

Have been making up packages of money, the pay roll of outposts. A plane flies over the station and when the proper panel is put out, drops the money. It then circles about until another panel is displayed, indicating that the money has been retrieved.

There were a lot of drunks last night in honor of the church fiesta. The game is to get pie-eyed and beat up your wife or woman. Last night the women had the beat of it. In one case the wife chopped off most of her spouse's left breast with a "outacha". Another woman battered up her man's head with some heavy instrument in great style. The jail is full of others who took part in equally pleasant episodes. This fiesta will last until January 4, so there will be many parades and much singing, then the headaches.

The Alcalde won't tell the Padre to clean up his yard as he
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is afraid the Padre will ex-communicate him. Had to take a hand in this.

9 December 1929

Wynn just got back from an inspection trip of the northeastern part of the Area, has been gone two weeks. Lt. Clauson arrived from Jicaro with malaria. Small-pox has broken out to the south especially about Trinidad, they want vaccine. A patrol just brought in the Guardia murderer of the other night. He had his arms tied behind him and a rope about his neck, made fast to the saddle horn of his guard. He must have had a pleasant walk from Totogalpa, especially at the crossing of the Coco.

Dispatch from Mosonte that the Guardia there had indulged in a friendly fight, and one of them had his hand cut off. Borrowed a truck from Rossell and sent the medico out. Sent another medico to vaccinate the people in the small-pox area. They all want to be fixed up. The Rockefeller Foundation furnishes the serum.

In Quilali there have been 71 deaths from malaria. Quinine costs five cents a pill there. Have to keep the Guardia supply in a safe. Aspirin costs twenty cents for three pills. The Bayer Company has published songs in Spanish on the charm of aspirin, illustrated with the pictures of lovely girls.

13 December 1929

Friday. Got a telephone message last night from Apali that an important radio was coming through in code. We got all set
and as it came in, decoded it. It was to the effect that there
was a marked change in the deportment of the Guardia command in
San Juan de Telpaneca and that in the event of a mutiny to hold
the first sergeant and a private as responsible. Rossell, at
once sent an officer and 20 Marines there, they had an all night
hike. Another mounted detachment was sent to Telpaneca when the
last mutiny took place. Got a message that the father of a Guar-
dia that I had transferred as a trouble-maker was mixed up in the
affair. A Guardia in Jicaro got a letter saying that San Juan
was going to walk out. Ortez had an ultimatum delivered, demand-
ing the surrender of the post or he would give all Guardia there
a pass to visit St. Peter. Twenty-two Guardia want transfers,
only about a third of the garrison is now thought to be loyal.
A prisoner escaped from Quilali, his guard had lately come from
San Juan. Despatch just in that Lt. Harris, C.N. had contact at
Sabana Grande, three bandits killed. At Jicaro a prisoner at-
tempting to escape was killed.

My laundress is drunk and I have so far recovered one shirt,
rest being traced. She is overpaid also.

15 December 1929

I thought Sunday was going to get by without the usual ex-
citement. About five in the afternoon heard call to arms. Saw
a Marine truck stop at the hospital next door with Rossell, yelled
to him for information. He said a Marine had been shot at avia-
tion and they could not find the doctor. Hence call to arms.
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Gave him the Guardia doctor and off they went. Not long before they returned, Russell said "too late, he is dead, and here is the boy that did it." Not a Marine after all, but a caddy at the field. He had a crippled arm from a bandit gun shot, and was trying to work a shot gun. Unable to handle it he asked another kid to open it for him. Gun went off and nearly blew him in two. Got all witnesses, felt sorry for the eleven year old kid who is scared to death. He is the only person I have really felt sorry for so far. The father of the boy is now making a casket in the patio.

Civil prisoners jumped to 43 today, an increase of 9, all taken in a saloon brawl. More are coming in.

About 15 young ladies called with the request that I decorate the building with flags and lights on the 31st, and also take part in the religious parade. I told them that most of us would be in the hills, they said they would pray for us.

22 December 1929

Last night I got back from a four day ride to look over "H" Company.

Wednesday morning as I started out for my mild trot about town to see that all was well and the people behaving, I saw a patrol start out for Las Manos, a post on the Honduran frontier. It was a beautiful day and I got suddenly struck with wander lust. So ordered the patrol back while I packed my saddle bags and bedding roll. When all was on a pack mule, we shoved off. Lt. Himes
DIARY OF A GUARDIA OFFICER

(Gunnery Sergeant, U.S. Marines), and myself and ten men. We put out the point a man with an automatic and followed on in patrol formation. The nine miles to Dipilto, the first post, was easy with nothing much of interest except we climbed a thousand feet. Dipilto is a small town, one store and a church, tucked away in a deep valley. We got there about 1:00 p.m. and while lunch of beans, rice and tortillas were cooking in the lean-to of an Indian woman, I inspected the sixteen Guardia there under a N.C.O. Examined the church with its broken candle sticks and dirt. Then called on a couple of Indian women who were making pottery by hand, no wheel. They were good looking and liked to chat as they worked fast with their hands in forming the jars. At 2:00 we shoved off north again. The trail got worse, full of deep black mud and steep. We crossed the Dipilto stream time and time again. The country was wild and here and there a deserted house. I only saw five that were occupied in nine miles. Passed a few Indian families headed south from Honduras with loads of potatoes, cabbages and plantins on mule back. The women all walked. The only time that women ride is when they have on shoes and that is not often. From the north end of the trail we could see Oootal mountain 25 miles to the south. It is nearly five thousand feet high and we looked down on it. At Casa Blanca we then turned up to Hamas' camp. A ride in inky darkness with only the mules and horses knowing where to step. His camp was much higher than where we got the view of Oootal mountain (called by some natives Dunlap Mountain as they}

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DIARY OF A GUARDIA OFFICER

liked him so much). This put his place at least 5,500 feet up. It is a ranch house on a spur. He has cleared the brush away so as to have a clear field of fire. There were four families in the place. When I came, he chased all but one out, consisting of a woman and some children who do the cooking such as it is, washing and messenger work to nearby Honduras. We got there about 6:30 p.m. and supper was served while I was washing. They can't understand why wash before eating. It was mostly tortillas and beef. The tortillas taste like wet wash smells. I just don't like them. While we ate to the sound of a phonograph, kept wound by a Sergeant, a woman arrived and complained that the Guardia hurt her good reputation. They said, it seemed, that she was not faithful to her husband. Which was a lie as she only slept twice with the Guardia. As I am a sort of judge or police magistrate on most of those 4,000 square miles, I had to be a Solomon to settle the case. She is still faithful but the third time she will begin to totter. There are four rooms. Hamas has one of the middle ones which he uses with the beans, ammunition, telephone and other supplies. Guardia are on both sides of him and the family in the kitchen at the end. Pine knots are stuck about the walls of the kitchen where all the men congregated and played with Chinese cards, the only ones that they know. One had a guitar and played and sang by himself. I got posted on his defense scheme and location of the four trenches. We then studied stars which were as near and bright as any I ever saw. We turned in late, 8:30 p.m., and were soon asleep. I could hear the sentry
I got up early and looked at his two pet waterfalls, each about fifty feet high, one for bathing and the other for washing clothes. The drinking water comes from a nearby spring. We were planning a day of ease, when in came a man about exhausted and tears in his eyes. He had a tale to tell. The previous day he was bringing his family back to Ooctal from Honduras where they had lived for the past few years due to the unsettled state of things in Nicaragua. At a certain point they had been fired on by bandits. He grabbed the baby and ran back. He looked about and saw some men grab his wife; another woman, his daughter and a mozo ran in another direction. He heard more shots fired and was convinced that all had been killed. He took the boy to Honduras, got a guide and looked us up. I at once formed a patrol, packed the animals and started out to investigate. The man and his guide carried spades to bury the dead. Our route lay by the frontier town of Las Manos so I decided to stop there and confer with the Colonel there. His name is Nunas and he has five soldiers but no arms. I had an old pistol that I was taking to give him. We sent a runner ahead and after an hours hard ride, our trail mostly up and down, we met him on the border.

The presentation was made with due formalities and handshaking across the border post. Sort of a one brother in arms to another. Nunas took pictures. We gave him our information and he promised help from his side. We then headed for the scene of the crime,
DIARY OF A GUARDIA OFFICER

Twenty-two miles away.

First we climbed Diyote Mountain to a height of 5,000 feet and followed the ridge. The view was wonderful, limited only by the ends of the earth. Abandoned coffee groves abounded. All trees heavily laden with big red berries like cherries. Some big orange trees gave us plenty of fruit to take the place of water. Blackberries fat and juicy snagged us as we passed. Wild flowers and flowering trees in abundance. The commonest flower was the cosmos. Then there was bunch grass, looked like the kind we fed our horses in Santo Domingo, only this was like lemon verbena in smell and cattle won't eat it. Water cress was luxuriant at each pool. Sweet gum trees all turned red reminded me of Quantico. One side of the mountain towards the trade wind was tropical in its profusion of trees, undergrowth and flowers. This was the wet side. The other side was pine and near the top oaks. Acorns as big as hen's eggs. The ridge was sharp, knife-like. You could easily fall off in either direction, one side into the tropics and the other into the pines of Baguio, P.I. We finally descended through the pines. The trees were on an average nearly four feet thick, wide apart and the grass beneath short with a reddish purple fuzzy bloom. A cool to cold wind moaned through the tree tops and Spanish moss and cones fell at intervals. Beautiful wild horses would stand and watch us a moment, then snort and run off, manes and tails flying to the breeze. This side of the mountain being dry, the slopes were gradual. Deer were startled and took off to the ravines that
DIARY OF A GUARDIA OFFICER

were cool and more sheltered. All about was the sound of tinkling water as it fell on the rocks and into clear pools. This country is a cross between Baguio and Bavaria but not a soul lives here. Mostly due to the fear of the bandits. About 2:00 in the afternoon the point reported an armed man but they did not fire as we were expecting to meet other patrols. We formed a skirmish line and advanced for about two miles but did not get him. A full blooded Indian sergeant with sub-Thompson stuck to me at all times. I could not get ten feet from him. He never smiled except when he noticed certain signs which he took evident delight in explaining to me. The reason we expected to bump into other patrols is this. I telephoned my movement to Ooctal before jumping off at Las Manos. I also sent a radio to Santa Maria. The radio was out. So a plane was ordered to drop a message there with instructions for them to send out a patrol to meet me on the following day. I also was informed that two other patrols were out in that general area. The world is big so we did not meet.

We then came to where the man said all the things had happened to him. On a small knoll that covered three foot trails we found where two men had lain as lookout. In a gully below we found where six more had slept and the fresh remains of a fire. A gunny sack that had contained lemons the man said. We then went to where he said he was when the fire was opened. Here we found some lemons, a torn piece of a woman's dress, the page out of a child's book and two fired cartridges. The hill Indians followed all trails left by the dispersed family but we found no bodies.
DIARY OF A GUARDIA OFFICER

It was now getting late so we shoved off for Ocoona, where I had ordered the Santa Maria patrol to meet me. We got there as the sun was setting. It is a deserted village all inhabitants having turned bandits. We collected the beds, mahogany frames with cow hides stretched over them so tight that they sounded like drums when hit. We built a fire, had supper of canned ox tail soup; hot dogs, bread, cheese and oranges. The Guardia did well on tortillas and cheese both made at the home camp, they then picked ripe coffee, found an old tortilla stone and roller, two old tin cans that they opened out, and set up a coffee shop. One rolled all the beans to get the pulp off, the rest squatted about and picked out the beans. They were then dried and roasted on the fire, ground on the stone, roasted some more, then put in a can with brown sugar and presto we had coffee. But it was rotten. They all felt sorry for me as I did not eat tortillas.

Sentries were posted and all hands turned in to be eaten by mosquitos as we were down in a hollow. During the night a guard reported a white dog, stood too. Investigation disclosed it to be a cat. Up early and all hands tried to catch a beautiful black horse. No luck.

Near the camp was a large dead pine. Perched in its top was a big black crow, about him in circles flew two beautiful jalapas. They yelled and chattered but the crow only said “caw” and sat on. I went down to the river and took a fine bath. My friend the Indian sergeant, Ortiz by name, sat on a rock and -31-
DIARY OF A GUARDIA OFFICER

covered the country in general with an automatic and grunted approvals at my bathing and shaving. About 10:00 a.m., Lt. Ferguson (Coy.Sgt.) and patrol, arrived from Santa Maria in pursuance to airplane message. I rode off with him for his station 10 miles away over a mountain range. Lt. Hamas and his patrol left in search of the lost family. Our ride was up and over a 3000 foot ridge, pines, cold wind, and magnificent view over most of Honduras. The mountains seemed to have every color you could think of. The pines were festooned in the finest Spanish moss I have ever seen. Santa Maria, 10 miles from the nearest other post, a month ago was a deserted village. It now has about thirty people outside of the Guardia. It is high up, cool, devoid of insects. The church was only half built but the sacristie contains vestments, bible, etc. The body of the church is full of trees and big lizards four feet long disport themselves on the altar and baptismal fount. The robes and bible stay on. A good looking Indian girl cooks for the two Guardia officers and two Marine operators who live alone out there. They earn their pay. She is one of the girls who ran away from Cootal.

Her beau, a Guardia corporal, hung about. I told him she could stay if the big church bell was brought over and hung as an alarm bell by the officers' quarters. He smiled and in ten minutes the bell was being mounted, all hands assisting. Wedding bells.

An old woman makes the tortillas over the line in Honduras but she can't count, so some days 96 come, other days 110. They gave her a piece of paper with 96 marks, one tortilla for each

-32-
mark. No luck. So now there is a box with 96 small stones. She puts a stone over each tortilla till all are gone. Fine results. Something like the recruit here when given a group picture was much pleased. "But please, Sir, which am I?" Left the 21st at 7:10 a.m. for Ocotal with ten men, one officer and twenty animals. We covered the 40 miles by 6:00 that night. Country the same, deer scampering and quail by the hundreds. Big blue butterflies like the kind they make fancy ash trays out of fluttering about. Wild flowers of all kinds some like a perfect pink powder puff. A horse fell off a cliff but it did not hurt him a bit as he slid gracefully down. Entered Naqueligo, a practically deserted village but unfriendly towards the Marines and Guardia. Entered with automobiles up front, the people keep quiet. Stopped at El Bosque ranch beyond. Fed all hands including horses for 80 cents. Each man had a tortilla, cup of milk and cheese. We had some of our own canned goods that they heated, made us coffee and gave us bananas all served daintily on the best petticoat with lace for a cloth. Horses got ten ears of corn each. Got back to have to order out two patrols on all night marches to help a place which expected an attack. Turned in after 4 days of hard riding and slept well.

25 December 1929

Weitzel has a Christmas tree mostly hung with ketchup bottles. Have sent over presents for all to be placed on the tree, packages containing anything from a toothbrush to a box of matches, to be opened over egg nog at eleven this morning.
27 December 1939

These people when they put your shoes away after cleaning, always put the right shoe on the left of the other. When the tractors came here the mozos would not come within a block of them. The big American mules, borrowed from the Army in Panama, caused consternation and awe, the people just stood dumb with their eyes popping out, then they broke into loud applause.

Awakened from my siesta by the receipt of a telegram from a Guardia sergeant in Palacaguina, "Lt. Alexander was attacked by bandits by the Rio Grande. Do not know where he and his seven guardia are". Last night I received a wire from him, "Bandit group in Rio Grande two leagues east of Palacaguina, am clearing immediately stop Alexander". While trying to decide just where he was, got a radio from the Marines in Condega, "Natives report hearing bombs about 11:45 this morning east of Palacaguina stop in reply to my telegram to Palacaguina the operator at that place states that bombs and rifle fire were heard in the direction of Rio Grande". Two patrols were sent out from nearby posts to his assistance. Then from Condega, "Have just received telegram that Alexander's patrol was attacked by bandits at Rio Grande. Operator in Palacaguina told operator here that patrol was ambushed and only two men have returned. We are endeavoring to get further information now. Shall we send patrol?" From Pueblo Nuevo, a similar telegram came, ending "will await orders to proceed". Other radios and wires came in with scraps of information, then at 4:30 I got this "Lt. Alex-
ander nine enlisted guardia returned at 3:40. Had contact in Rio Grande at 12:00 last night, taking eight prisoners, one pistol, two shot guns and six fighting knives. Cleared Rio Grande at 3:00 a.m., arrived La Plazuela at 5:30 and cleared there at 9:00 for Palacaguina was ambushed five miles east of here. The bandits are in guardia clothing and used rifles don't think they had any automatic weapons for they did not use any they cleared in the direction of Cuje. Estimated to be about 20 in number. I saw seven in guardia clothes and used hand and rifle grenades. One guardia slightly wounded in the neck and I got slight scratch on arm from grenade. Bandit casualties unknown. One guardia lost rifle in contact. Please send grenade discharger first opportunity as mine was lost in contact. All very quiet here Alexander. A hospital corpsman and discharger have gone forward. Our motto "one excitement a day" we seem to live up to.

30 December 1929

The whole town is busy decorating for a church festival tomorrow. The parade starts from Mosonte about one league from here. The Marines have loaned trucks that are being decorated. A foot bridge constructed over the Dipilto. The streets are festooned with paper flags and flowers. The people have been making them for weeks. I have loaned the Guardia bulls and prisoners to help clean up the town.

On New Year's Day we have asked the Marines Mess to egg nog.
Am having the bull cart beautified with hundreds of pennants. Capt. Fox and I cut up 94 yards of green, yellow and red cloth to make them. The bulls horns and hoofs have been gilded, garlands of flowers are being made to hang about their necks. With this outfit I will call on Rossell and bring him in state for the egg nog and roulette. Have six dozen eggs so far.

Have had a red flag with two green stars made to hoist on the cart. Had dinner last night at the Marine Mess, brought back an apple, we only have bananas.

Have had about 20 mules with water casks on their backs hauling water from the river to wet down the sandy street in front of Headquarters. After supper saw a guardia drawing pictures in the sand. That gave us an idea. Had the street smoothed off, then got a lot of sawdust that had been dyed in various colors and used it to make pictures. A guardia emblem, Marine Corps device, a battleship, a pretty girl, an aeroplane, "Adios 1929 - Hola 1930" and other things. Most of the town came to look. We had the block well lighted with electric lights, oil lanterns and gasoline lamps.

The procession which left Mosonte at 7:00 did not get here till 9:00, so I wandered about town to look at the other decorations. They had several hundred children dressed up, girls as angels and boys as Roman soldiers. They were grouped in various formations about arches of pine branches. The angels mostly in the position of prayer, and shivering in the cold wind. The captain of the Centurians had my sword and his lieutenant used the scabbord in lieu of one. The parade was led by Rossell and Buse,
there were about a thousand people in it, mostly Indians. All held lighted candles, the women had children on their hips and bundles of food on their heads. The Marine trucks, all five of them, had religious tableaux. The parade ended at the church.

1 January 1930

This forenoon our parade was formed, the Somoto band, a five piece all horn outfit led the way, followed by Fox on a white charger as master of ceremonies. Then the bull cart, all resplendent in its bunting, with two arm chairs and the two-starred flag flying. The "boleros" were all dressed up in true Spanish style. All the water mules, Marine and guardia, brought up the rear, each with a pennant fluttering. On nearing the Marine Headquarters, the bull cart had a flat tire, a wheel came off. Midst the playing of the band and cheers of the populace, it was replaced. At Rossell's a halt was made, stirrup cups drunk all around and then he end I rode in state to the Guardia Headquarters. Firecrackers went off all along the line of march.

The party consisted in drinking up all the egg nog, made by Doctor Terrell, the contents of which was 72 eggs, 8 gallons of milk, and 8 quarts of whiskey! Roulette lasted till sun down. Wynn cleaned out the crowd.
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6 January 1930

Chief Pharmacist's Mate Burr left for the States today, he was a lieutenant in the Guardia, and medical officer for this Area. Lt. Comdr. Hugo Baskë is his relief. Captain Cartwright also left.

Had H. N. Stent prepare the following schedule for an inspection trip:

Tuesday, 7th, Ocotal-Apali, Plane 30 miles.
               Apali-Jicaro, Mule 13 miles.
Wednesday, 8th, San Albino, round trip 14 miles.
Thursday, 9th, Half way patrol, San Juan.
Friday, 10th, Inspect San Juan, 28 miles.
Saturday, 11th, San Benito, 12 miles.
Sunday, 12th, Quilali, 15 miles.
Monday, 13th, Inspect Quilali.
Tuesday, 14th, Jicaro, 25 miles.
Wednesday, 15th, Inspect Jicaro.
Thursday, 16th, Jalapa, 22 miles.
Friday, 17th, Inspect Jalapa.
Saturday, 18th, Apali, 22 miles.

151 miles by mule - 60 miles by plane.

8 January 1930

Left Ocotal yesterday by plane with Captain Stent for Apali, about 30 miles distant. The trip was somewhat bumpy but only took fifteen minutes against seven hours by mule. We did not have to go over any high mountains but such as
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there were, were interesting to look down on as all the pine needles were dried making the hills look brown with green patches where the pines grew. Apali is a small Marine post, one company. The officers have a new frame house, big porch all screened. The C.O., Captain Schwerin, has his mess jacket, civilian dress suit and tuxedo hanging up. On New Year's he and his two officers were dressed up in state for dinner, he furnishing all the glad rags.

A Guardia patrol picked us up in Apali and we shoved off for Jicaro, a 13 mile ride over a good trail. It was fairly hilly and there were several hair pin turns where in the past had been ambushes. Passed a place where Marines had camped one dark night. A band of bandits camped the same time on another hill not far off. Morning came, mutual surprise, so the story goes.

Jicaro, a small town of 103 adobe houses built about a square that contains a bat infested church. The guard of the day fell in as I rode into town on my mule. Stent, Clausen, the two regular officers, live in a three-room house with three Guardia officers. It is an old adobe, brick-floored building. Well infested with fleas and rats. Had a regular Guardia dinner, sat about and talked, took a hot bath and went to bed, had my white blanket under me and three over me. It was cold. You can't really finish a day here without something serious taking place. We had brought 25 pounds of big fine onions with us.
DIARY OF A GUARDIA OFFICER

It was discovered that half were gone. Investigation. Development. Guardias had swiped them and given their girls two nice onions each. The ladies in question were sent for and given the option of returning our luscious onions or getting locked up. The onions came back.

Today we rode to San Albino a gold mine about 7 miles away. It is owned by one Chas. Butters, an American, who is some relation to Captain Earl P. Finney, U.S.N. Sixteen Marines under Lt. R. D. Leach hold the place down. The mine property covers the sides of a bowl shaped hollow and is now mostly in ruins. He has a claim for $7,000,000 against the Nicaraguan government for it.

The machinery, all large and heavy, had to be hauled up on bull carts which was some undertaking. Sandino took the place and operated it, till chased away. Butters got about 100 tons a day out of the various shafts which assayed from $17.00 to $30.00 per ton. A few months ago there was a battalion of Marines here, electric lights, movies, hot showers, etc. Now the place is abandoned except for the 16 men and one officer. The electric plant was washed away by a flood. The big safe cracked by Sandino. The few people are all dying of malaria. Every once in a while Leach sends out a "meat patrol" to look up the best meat animal they can find, bring it in and slaughter it. If the owner wants his money he has to come and claim it by identifying the brand on the hide. They won't bring corn in for sale, you have to go and get it. The only game I saw
was quail, so tame that the horses nearly stepped on them. There are a lot of red and blue and yellow macaws, or jilapas, screaming with harsh discordant notes.

Several days of long rides ahead, tomorrow to San Juan 28 miles through virgin country for the most part, or coffee fincas, the special home of the outlaws. Go to bed early to be ready for an early start. Dr. Terrell is up this way making the annual physical inspections of officers. I was examined before leaving Ocoital and passed. Was also vaccinated as there is a case of smallpox in Ocoital.

Rode through a nest of "chigoes" today and then spent some time in brushing them off. Tomorrow I will itch all over. Many of the natives carry cow's tails mounted on a stick that they use to sweep the bugs off their bodies. I will get one. They also are blessed with "Niguas" here. The corpsman had to cut some out of a Lieutenant's foot last night. They dig way in, lay eggs in a sack which in time hatch and spread. The game is to cut the sack, the size of a grain of barley, out without breaking it. If you always keep your shoes on you are supposed not to get them. Pigs spread "chigoes".

9 January 1930.

Jicaro by the way, was once Sandino's headquarters. Here he lived with about five hundred men to hold the town and occupy the trenches he had on the hills about the place. The hills surround the town on all sides, the streets ending at
the foot of them. So it was considered as a strong place. Floyd first came in here with a Marine column followed a day later by a Guardia force. This was December 1927. While he was here Sandino was on a nearby hill watching the show. When Sandino pulled out of town he placed five mines, but they failed to function. The mines, or bombs, were gathered up and dumped in a head. A short while after a prisoner in cleaning up dumped some hot ashes in the "head". A big explosion followed. One hand of the prisoner was later found.

In the square in front of this office stands the church, dusty, dilapidated and now the home of bats. I must have counted several hundred alone, suspended over the altar. These are small bats but in the hills about live vampire bats with large bodies and big wing spread. They cause much trouble by attacking mules and horses. They usually attach themselves to the neck or rump and make a deep hole from which a long stream of blood flows.

Left Jicaro at 8:20 a.m. with Captain Stent, one Guardia officer and a ten man patrol. On leaving the town we passed by the cemetery, an over-grown, dilapidated field, most of the crosses being made of forked sticks only. The first twelve miles of the ride was through country much like the trails back of Santo Domingo with most every foot of it a trap. We began to climb, winding our way up and up to about 4000 feet, the trail being about one foot wide with steep drops always present to one or the other side. Near the summit of the trail
we came to some pine covered knolls. At the foot of one are two lonely graves of Guardia killed in an ambush, on 10 January 1929, the place is called Guanacastilla.

Our descent now began into the valley where lies San Juan. The soil turned to a deep black loam that still holds the first rain that ever fell on it. The average depth of the mud was at least two feet. How it hangs to the mountain sides I don't know. The mules just plowed on and on, sometimes sliding for ten or more feet at a step. All one can do is to lay back in the saddle with the full assurance that no mule will hurt himself. The hoofs of the animals as they are pulled out of the mud go "flop", "plop", "shush" and "bang". They sound like paper bags, firecrackers, slamming of doors, and pistol shots. At Guanacastilla we picked up a patrol that came to meet us under Lieut. Stevenson, O.K. So now our army, in greater strength, entered the last stretch, and what a stretch. Deep mud under foot and all about coffee trees loaded with bright red berries. My mule got completely mired. A stump near by enabled me to step daintily off. He floundered and struggled and with one mighty lunge rose to the surface. A shower of mud knocked me gracefully off my perch. Don't mention coffee lands to me. Next, Lieut. Stevenson's horse fell with him, they pitched up against a tree twenty feet below. He broke his spurs off but otherwise was not hurt. Close shave. We stopped at a ranch house or rather coffee finca, Balsemo, for a rest prior to going over the final ridge that
would take an hour. Coffee was piled all about, thousands of pounds. Long rows of Indian girls on mats were sorting the good from the bad berries. New coffee was made for us here by the "wife", an Indian woman in summer clothes, high heels, big earrings and an inclination to talk, smile and flirt. At half past five we slid down the last slope for a thousand feet, slap, bang, into San Juan. A Marine patrol, under Lieut. R. Hunt, fell out for "an armed party". The Guardia fell in for "El Coronel". I yelled "never mind the guard" and "rompea filas", and got off my mule after nine hours of hard going.

San Juan, in a deep valley, sports then houses of mud and sticks and one of planks which is the officers' quarters. It belongs to a bandit so no rent is paid. The feature of this post is a hot shower, kept going by a bucket brigade. The quarters are good, likewise the cook, a woman whose daughter waits on the table and frequently answers in English in phrases best not recorded. She was all dressed up in new patent leather shoes and powder, and two big red orchids in her hair. However, the honor she paid me was too much, for the next day she appeared minus the shoes and with a slight limp. I complimented her on her beautiful new dress. "Oh! no, Coronel, it is very old, I have nothing else to wear." Which expression is without doubt of spontaneous growth the world over. That night I slept under all my blankets and froze.

Inspected the post, starting with a call to arms. The
place fairly bristled with five machine guns, a 37mm, trench mortar and six automatics in addition to the regular small arms. It was cold all day. The Marines walked about bundled up in blankets. About noon a plane was heard. Panels were put out, soon a plane swooped down out of the clouds and dropped a bundle of medicine for a sick Marine. It circled about and dropped another bundle of magazines, one being the Navy-Pennsylvania football programme of last year. Then with a wave of his hand, the pilot was off like St. Nick. A Guardia came in wanting a transfer. Asked why, he pointed to the fowls about. There were about fifteen roosters and only one hen. And yet Indians have no sense of humor. That night the Marine cook came in with a Guardia who had stolen butter for his girl, one of the three in town. We had all the houses searched and confiscated blankets and other articles of military issue.

11 January 1930

After another cold, cold night, shoved off with a strong patrol for San Benito. Again a mud ride up high mountains, through coffee land, always deep in black sticky and liquid mud. At the 3000 foot line we entered pines again and dry going. Turned down a trail for an orange grove that Stent said was not occupied. The trail showed signs of having been much used and we so remarked. At the grove we found an old woman who was not overjoyed to see us. She had four other younger women about her, seven dogs, a pile of corn, many pigs, chickens and turkeys. Two rather young men, one picking oranges.
They were not keen to sell, but did give us three hundred of
the finest oranges I ever tasted for thirty cents. Lieut.
Stevenson came out of the house and remarked on the big kitchen.
things had a tense look and we pulled out after eating our noon
day show. We backed tracked on the trail, crossed the ridge and
headed down the other side for San Benito. We got the wrong
trail and had a long ride along the ridge that was in the shape
of a half circle, then down into a deep valley and up a small
mountain to San Benito. San Benito is a single ranch house
perched on a small mountain completely surrounded on three sides
by a deep valley backed by high ridges. The house is well built
with a stone porch all about hung with ferns, etc. All floors
were deeply laid with pine needles. The front room with a fine
view through the gap was prepared for me and the bed freshly
made. They had been expecting us for several hours as we had
sent them word the day before (error). After cleaning up we
had dinner about 5:30 p.m. Turkey, roasted! on an American
iron stove! rice, potatoes, gravy, squash, coffee, lemon pie,
salad and a native liquor to top it off. The hostess, a widow,
chatted away and insisted we eat more. The patrol was well
fed; at the same time. We then sat on the porch and watched
the sun set and the moon come up. The sunset through the gap
on the Dipilto range eight thousand feet high. It got cold
and blankets were brought out. Sentries were posted and we
turned in early. I was soon asleep with the strong smell of
fresh pine all about me. The total distance ridden since leav-
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ing Apali, seventy-three miles.

12 January 1930.

Sunday, got up early, a beautiful day. The valleys below banked in white clouds out of which rose green peaks almost touching a sky of deep blue. A gentle breeze blew laden with sweet smells of pine, coffee and numerous other flowers. I shaved and washed up on the porch, then sat down to a breakfast of oranges, turkey, beans, eggs, toast, coffee and oatmeal with fresh milk. Nearly bursted with hospitality.

We came out at 9:10 and found all animals saddled and patrol ready. The Sergeant reported firing to the east. We listened and there was a burst of rifle fire, then bombs. The last bomb went off at 9:15, then silence. Our hostess remarked "Oh! the Quilali patrol". But no look of surprise passed over her face and she expressed no wish for our safety. Question - who told her that there was a Quilali patrol? Did she know that trouble was on foot and was relieved to find we had escaped it? Anyway we took off at once for the point of pre-arranged meeting. It took us an hour and ten minutes of hard going to get there. No patrol awaited us. We halted to adjust saddles, first taking security measures. A mozo then rode in from the direction of the firing and reported that there had been a fight about an hour ago, that he heard it, also that his boy had seen many bandits the day before follow us out of the orange grove and head in the general direction of Las Cruces. He was recognized as one of our host's mozos. I sent him to San Juan
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with a message to the effect that heavy firing had been heard near Las Cruces at 9:15, that the Quilali patrol had not arrived and that I was showing off at once to investigate. Prepared all for action, three automatics, grenade discharges, suitably posted in the column. Point well out in charge of one officer.

At the highest point lies Las Cruces, just a junction point of trails at the meeting of several mountain ridges. It is open pine country with high knolls above the trail. Here Capt. Bruce was ambushed on 1 January 1928 and killed. His patrol suffered many other casualties. His grave was on the highest point, with the whole world below. Just beyond this point the Guardia all got interested. There were late trails of men in the grass, while below was a wide one as if made by a falling body. We heard or saw nothing of any people but did pick up hob nail prints all coming our way, Guardia shoes. We saw a mule and tried to lasso it. Failed and shoved on to Quilali. Got there at 2:45 p.m. Found out that they had received word of firing and that the Quilali patrol was still out. Fed mounts and took saddles off as they had just covered fifteen miles of the worst kind of going. Talked the situation over. 4:00 p.m. the trail dog "Bonita" came in and went to her puppies. She had gone out with the patrol. Five minutes later three Guardia arrived all torn up with thorns. They had taken off their shoes to make better time. They reported a contact with one man wounded, they had seen him fall. At 4:20 two more came in, one shot through the testicles and right leg. They reported another man
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badly hit in the body who called out "mameta" "little mother", placed his hands over the wound through which blood squirted and fell down the mountain side. The patrol, only ten men strong, jumped into the brush below the trail and returned the fire. The lieutenant ahead had been cut off by the bandits with five other men and they were separated. The bandits, anywhere from fifty to one hundred, then opened up heavy fire and threw home made bombs, five all told. I then sent a patrol out to search for the other wounded and missing. At 6:50 p.m., Lt. Uhrg, G.N., came in with four men. This accounted for all but the wounded man. At 8:20 p.m., I sent our patrol up north to a well known bandit area with orders to search all houses for men. It was under Lieut. Hunt, U.S.M.C. and Lieut. Stephenson, G.N. At 8:50 the first patrol came in with the body of the dead Guardia strapped across the saddle of a mule. He had been hit in the stomach, chest, both legs, right arm nearly blown off by an explosive bullet, left arm shot through, hacked in the crotch with a "cutacha" also badly burned with torches in other places. He had been stripped, at 9:55 p.m. I ordered out all available men from Jicaro.

13 January 1930.

Jicaro got the relayed wire at 11:00 and sent for the Alcalde for guides. All men who lived in the neighborhood to be investigated, claimed that they did not know the way, so they were put in jail, the Alcalde was forced to be the guide. The column got under way at 11:50 p.m. and at 6:30 a.m. today,
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joined forces with Hunt's patrol, having covered 27 miles in 8 hours and 40 minutes in the night and on mountain trails. They brought the Guardia doctor with them, Chief Pharmacist's Mate Long, U.S.N.

The neighborhood was thoroughly searched. No men found, only women and children. Requested plane transportation last evening for two wounded. Got the Alcalde of Quilali and told him at daylight to have all men, women and children on the aviation field to cut the grass, also to make a coffin. The coffin was built by the light of a bonfire where the men of the town hacked and sawed all night. The combined patrols searched the field of battle, found much expended ammunition, one cutacha and some bloody socks in the bandit position. At 11:00 a.m., two planes came out of the mountains and landed. They brought mail and many Christmas cards and the last Army and Navy Register. Loaded the wounded man, all hands said good-bye to him and off they went. Then held a military funeral with as much ceremony as possible. The three volleys were with ball cartridges aimed into bandit land with the hope that one bullet would reach home.

The ambushed patrol was preceded by two natives who disappeared when firing was opened. They were recognized. Sent men and searched the mountain on which they lived. Caught them. Information was extracted but of not much use. We may get more. All hands then got some rest. The patrol was too small, had no automatic weapons or grenades, contrary to
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Standing orders. Dispositions were faulty, had no point cut.

Our losses, one killed, one wounded, one horse and equipment, one rifle and ammunition and one pistol lost.

14 January 1930.

Left Quilali at 8:00 a.m., first the San Juan patrol and twenty minutes later ours. I looked over the point of contact with care. It was at the place we had noticed the tracks. The ambush was laid to hit Stent and me, thus getting the Area Commander, the Battalion Commander (Stent), one Marine Officer (Hunt), and one Guardia Officer, to say nothing of the men. The bandits had at least four makes of rifles, one Springfield, some Krags and Con-oons, home made bombs and probably shot guns, and of course, pistols. The point selected was about 300 yards east of where Bruce was hit. They held the high ground with all rifle positions covering the trail from the direction in which we were to come. Our point was to be hit as it turned a sharp bend. Then the column was to be hit from the flank. The mountain side below had at least 75% slope.

Made a collection of the contents of two bombs, consisting of old bolts, nails, staples, sewing machine parts, bullets and other junk. Set fire to the knolls and pushed on, past the Bruce ambush. Fired the trail the whole distance, some fifteen miles as it was too much overgrown. Got to Jicaro at 4:45 p.m. Ride of twenty-five miles, having covered one hundred thirteen miles in this swing of the circuit.
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Got the following message by plane drop:

FROM: O.O. SANTA MARIA
TO: AREA COMMANDER COOTAL

PATROL HAD SKIRMISH WITH BANDITS ON TOP OF MOUNTAIN IMMEDIATELY SOUTH OF LOS ROBLES ABOUT 1630 YESTERDAY. AFTER FAIRLY HEAVY FIRING UNTIL 1900 THE BANDITS STARTED SCATTERING TO SOUTHEAST AND SOUTHWEST. AMONG ARTICLES CAPTURED BESIDES FOODSTUFFS WERE ONE HUNDRED AND TEN Rounds OF KRAG AMMUNITION, ONE DYNAMITE BOMB AND FOUR CAPS, THEIR FLAG AND BUGLE, A LARGE NUMBER OF MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES SUCH AS BLANKETS AND GUARDIA EQUIPMENT AND CLOTHING. ACCORDING TO PERSONAL OBSERVATION AND INFORMATION OF CIVILIANS THE BANDIT FORCE NUMBERED ABOUT EIGHTY MEN.

IT IS PARTICULARLY CERTAIN THAT ORTIZ, SALINAS AND SALGADO WERE PRESENT. CLOTHING OF ORTIZ AND CANTEEN WITH INITIALS AND NUMBER OF SALINAS WERE CAPTURED. BANDITS WERE USING THOMPSON HAND GRENADES AND DYNAMITE BOMBS BESIDES VARIOUS TYPES OF RIFLES. ONE GUARDIA SLIGHTLY WOUNDED FROM FRAGMENT OF DYNAMITE BOMBS. JUDGES FROM CRITES HEARD FROM BANDIT FORTIFICATIONS AND OTHER SIGNS LEADS TO THE BELIEF THAT NO LESS THAN FIVE BANDITS WERE WOUNDED. AFTER BANDITS RETREATED OUR PATROL MADE CAMP FOR THE NIGHT ON TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN. AT 0430 TODAY ONE OF THE SENTRIES SAW MEN COMING UP THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN WHEN THE Sentry CHALLENGED THEM THEY GAVE THE BANDIT PASS WORD "NICARAGUA" THE Sentry FIRED ON THEM. FIRE WAS CONCENTRATED ON THE TRAIL BANDITS WERE ON. AT DAYBREAK A SEARCH WAS MADE AND SPLATTERED BLOOD WAS FOUND INDICATING AT LEAST ONE WOUNDED. ABOUT 0630
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PATROL PROCEEDED TO LA QUEBESERA, VIJACUAL AND LAS PALMAS AS SOME OF THE BANDITS LAST NIGHT RETREATED IN THAT DIRECTION. AFTER RATING AT LAS PALMAS PATROL RETURNED TO SANTA MARIA VIA LOS ARRILLAS, AND PALO VERDE WITHOUT FINDING ANY FRESH SIGNS OF BANDIT MOVEMENTS. FOR THE BENEFIT OF AVIATION FIRE WAS SET TO THE MOUNTAIN TOP AND IS STILL BURNING. COMPLETE WRITTEN REPORT OF SKIRMISH AND PROPERTY CAPTURED WILL BE SENT INTO OCOTAL WEDNESDAY WITH PAYROLL PATROL. ACTIONS OF ALL MEMBERS OF PATROL VERY GRATIFYING. 17012 JAN. 30 FERGUSON.

13 January 1930.

LT. LEVENSKY WITH 20 MARINES CLEARED OCOTAL AT 0635 FOR GACAU TO FORM JUNCTION WITH CAPT. HAKALA AND 15 GUARDIA FROM SOMOTO. LT. PAIGN WITH 10 MARINES CLEARED OCOTAL FOR SOMOTO AT 0645.

Got information last night that the bandits have men in Guardia uniforms in their points or as decoys. This adds one other element of danger that I have taken steps to cover today.

18 January 1930.

Preparatory to coming here, Jalapa, I had a message to send to the muleto, a civilian, was told off. He was afraid to go. In fact he would never go more than a hundred yards or so from the barracks. He was fired forthwith. Results followed in quick order. His daughter, Victoria, (great name for the offspring of such a father), the waitress and dishwasher, quit in sympathy. Then the cook, an old hag, would not work without the girl, so she was canned. She runs a cantine on the side

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and handles washing. A man was sent to buy out of hours. He got a bottle of booze. So she was fined and her license was taken away. Then all laundry was counted and she being shy two of Mrs. Stent's finest towels she was docked still more. (Note: Mrs. Stent is in California, only her husband and towels are here). Then her house was looked over and some government property found, more fines. That is the way cooks are treated in Jicaro.

Of the gente who would not act as guides, six were looked up and the Alcalde was forced to do the job. On a check-up we found that we had the town policeman and local judge in durance vile. They were first required to dig a new head for the Guardia, twenty feet deep. I then asked them if they knew the road, they said that they did not at first but later they remembered. We then turned the Judge-out with the local cop so that the fines could be collected. A sense of humor helps a great deal.

Left Jicaro at 8:10 a.m. with Captain Stent and Lieutenant Hughes, O.N., and a 15 man patrol, also Captain Clauson. We met a halfway patrol and came through without any trouble. The first half was more or less hilly and very much a jungle, macaws and Toucans were plentiful. Then some long tailed, long armed monkeys enlivened a tree. Near the half way point the country became more open and a fine big buck was sighted. A Guardia was told to shoot it but of course he missed. We now entered the "plains", flat and covered with cattle and horses. This
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one was about five miles wide and 20 long with the mountains on both sides. It runs N.E. so the trade winds shot down the plain at times with considerable force. As you could see in all directions it was a great relief. No ambushes here. The last few miles before entering Jalapa was muddy and through heavy brush. Here we nearly got another deer. Luck was against us today.

Reached Jalapa at 2:00. While at lunch an "ordinancia" came in and reported planes. We went out on the "rampart" while panels were displayed. Mail was dropped for the local garrison and Buse who was evidently the observer included a note for me.

Our ride here was 24 miles, making a total so far of 157 on mule back. I have left now, 24 miles to Apali where we go tomorrow, Sunday. Then Tuesday the 21st plane to Cootal, 30 miles. These two trips will then have finished the northeastern half of my area.

Lieut. Hughes, C.N. came here with us. He is the regular C.O. and had been on a week's leave. The men were all so glad to see him that they had festooned the barracks with paper flags and had flowers on the table. The populace was also dressed in their best bibs and tuckers and turned out to see what manner of beast I am. At supper the garrison, all Indians, set off firecrackers in our honor. After the first bunch had gone off they yelled "Vive el Coronel", and then gave voice to various forms of war whoops. Next Stent was honored and so on down the line to "El Radio", the private of Marines who operates that important adjunct. Then they put on a serenade combined with
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A native dance on the field in front, under the lights of burning "goote", pitch pine sticks. It was called the dance of the Mare, one man with a false face had rigged about him a wicker horse. He danced about and would approach one of the spectators who would reach out. The mare would act kittenish and whinney and neigh, then kicking up would prance off. The next act was another man with a false face and lasso trying to rope the mare. It was all quite comical.

On our way here we picked up a couple of gentry armed with lasso and branding iron, the latter new. They had no papers so we arrested them as a couple of likely horse thieves.

Stent has been on the hunt for leopard skins. A lot were brought for our inspection but as most had been used for bedding they were rejected. Leopards are shot in the mountains about here, likewise mountain lions. The natives call them "el tigre", Jaguar, is, I believe, the proper name for us to use. While on the subject of natural history, a young faun was brought in only a few weeks old. One of the officers bought it for a dollar. Called here a Cordoba. Snakes abound also, during the past month three coral snakes were killed in the officers' wash house in Saco. Now a thorough reconnaissance is made by all who use the place. There are also fir-de-lance, poisonous as well, two mules were killed by them last week. Stent got a few boas that he has skinned and cured.

The feeding of the mules is an amusing stunt. Piles of corn are dumped here and there about the lot. One pile per mule.
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Each mule is certain that the other mule's pile is bigger and better. The result is kicking, biting and much squealing.

A Guardia killed a chicken. When dressed but not drawn it was discovered that by squeezing it's sides like a toy it would squawk. We all had to play with it. Then in San Juan there was a big rooster that was just as bowlegged as could be. Quilali has a donkey called "John Bananas". He is independent, eats meat or anything else from the galley. The townspeople have complained about him as he walks right in the houses and eats up the tortillas.

In the flower line we have here the red and yellow wild flower that harbors the peaty little "chigoes" in Quantico, wild carrot I think. Begonias and marigolds grow wild. The former big, fine plants, and the latter small. Maiden Hair ferns are plentiful also sensitive plants. Big, red, white and purple morning glories are the joy of the early day on the trails.

A Guardia was put on as cook in Jicaro after the domestic upheaval. The next morning the "Doo" said, "Well, he has some idea of sanitation, he is shoveling it out". Sure enough he was cleaning the galley with a scoop shovel.

We passed in our travels three houses that had been bombed by planes, good hits had been made. I also examined a house that had been attacked by bandits who used homemade bombs. The walls were all stuck with nails and pieces of old iron.

Some time ago the Sergeant in Las Manos when the Tieninte was away, got drunk and shot up the camp. That was all very well
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till he hit a private in the neck who quite properly got mad and looked up the Sergeant and reported it to Ococtal. Then Captain Hakala having a patrol from another post in camp decided to put them on guard. The 1st Sergeant drew up the guard list. The outsiders refused to mount guard. Hakala said, "Very well, make up another guard roster". The second bunch mounted guard. He ordered the new guard to look up all on the first list, which was duly done.

This is the prize. Trouble in Dipilto. The C.O. was in Ococtal. The telephone finally worked. Voice in Dipilto, "Don't worry Tieninte, everything is all right. Private Ortez refused to go on guard, so I shot him." You must have a sense of humor to serve in the Nicarabian army.

Most of the officers in this battalion have malaria. All posts have run out of quinine. One Chief Pharmacist's Mate (2nd Lieutenant, C.N.) covers the area. He is on the go from one post to another and must ride it in all kinds of weather, always with about 15 men and officers as an escort. Think of making sick calls with automatics and a chance of a scrap at each foot of the way.

20 January 1930

Back again in dear old Ococtal. In peace, safety and security. As I got out of the plane, Captain Kelly, new arrival, told me I had to go to Managua for a conference with the Jefe Director. So I am off tomorrow via the plane route, and I don't
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like it. You get there in 1 hour 15 minutes though.

Left Jalapa Sunday morning and after a muddy ride met a half way patrol of Marines. The rest of the way was over pine hills and open plains. Cold day like early Fall. Got a great meal in Apali, hot bath, bunk and everything. We shot at big cranes, armadillos, watched squirrels and enjoyed the ride.

Got mail and a Christmas tree.

I am tired having done 167 miles on mule back and 60 by plane to say nothing of much walking. Must get my gear together for my Managua trip.

23 January 1930.

I left on the plane the morning of the 21st. We had a stretcher case on board so flew high to avoid the bumps, high above the fluffy white clouds. Coming down we passed through the bumpy strata and got a good one that nearly doubled up the patient. I grabbed his legs to keep them down. Managua is as I found it when I came through. Hot, dusty, flat and most uninteresting. I am staying with General McDougal. The Vogels are there too. She goes home in a few weeks to Washington. Here you sleep on the top of sheets, Oootal under blankets. Here you are hot at breakfast, in Oootal you eat it with a sweater on. They just wanted me down here to talk certain things over and as he expressed it, to let me have a good time after arduous work on the trails. I go back on the plane tomorrow. Saw Captain Sanderson, aviator, and he gave me a watch sent from home. It keeps good time. The stores here
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are dirty and poor. Santo Domingo is a Paris in comparison.
Living from all accounts is high.

Some got decorated at parade for having been instrumental
in the suppression of banditry and driving Ortiz out of the
country. While the medals were being pinned on the Guardia up
north was still chasing Ortiz.

Racicot arrived in Coatal as I was leaving, he had his
pet saddle with him. Just had a long talk with General Williams
who sent for me in regard to the Admiral's visit and what Peck
had said about conditions in the north. Wynn goes to Jinotega.

Get Salzman as Executive Officer.

Went up the Loma with Rhea. It is an old crater back of
the town on which the President is building a palace. The view
is most extensive and interesting. The city below, the lake
beyond, rimmed with mountains, with the cool peaks of Nueva
Segovia far to the north. To the west stretch a line of vol-
canoes. In the Loma is a deep crater lake. The largest wash
tub I have ever seen. The sides of the crater were hung almost
from top to bottom with Managua wash, while on the water's edge
splashed and beat the lavanderas. We then took a walk about
the town, flat uninteresting. Poor houses, no churches worthy of
the name, stores about like those in Porto Prinée. The plaza
is fenced, and jamed with trees and small stands. The Conserv-

ative Club on the water front is a new building and well ap-
dointed as to bar, card tables and toilet facilities but other-
wise barron. A few really pretty young ladies properly dressed
as to style were partaking of cocktails while mostly Lincoln
cars waited their convenience.

A portion of the town is paved, the other streets make the
old Washington bridge look like a sheet of plate glass. Principal
amusements, calling, cocktails, bridge in the afternoon, and
golf.

I am No. 3 in the Guardia. The General and Vogel being
senior to me. I have a force of 2 battalions and one separate
company. Wynn will go to Jinotega as Erskine's C.O.

24 January 1930.

Back again in Cootal. Left Managua at 7:30 a.m., landed
here at 9:00 a.m. At 7:30 it was already getting ready to
steam up in Managua. Soon we were high in the air, six passen-
gers and baggage including myself. The whole trip was mostly
above the billowy white clouds. The early morning sun on them
made the effect of piles of pure snow. It was, however, monoto-
nous. I felt as if the trip would never end. Watched my Hamil-
ton all the time. Finally I saw below me the top of a familiar
peak, through a gap in the clouds. Soon we came to a landing
and I stepped out in a clear atmosphere and a cooling breeze.
Stretched my arms, took a deep breath and felt at home again.

Of course, I complained that it was hot in Managua, but was
assured I was mistaken. Be that as it may when I got up to come
back here at 6:00 a.m., the thermometer stood at 78° and on land-
ing here my first duty was to check up. My room at 9:30 was 68°.
It is now noon and it is only 72°. The breeze has life in it.
27 January 1930.

Nothing new today except that four patrols had minor contacts yesterday, took some prisoners and a few arms. There is nothing in the air except that there are about 75 men out now hunting for what they can find. It is quiet here, perhaps the lull before the storm.

29 January 1930.

Racicot, who has been in Managua, returned today. He at once went up in a scout plane to see what he could see of some operations he is pulling off on Mara Macha, a mountain near here. Sanderson was his pilot. It was a rough trip.

"Little dove that in the wood is sweetly wooing,
The raising sun is coming with nice light.
Don't forget the one that loves you,
Your true friend.
Don't forget the one who prefers your sincere friendship.

"I would like to be the moon that is shining in the east.
While you, my darling, are quietly sleeping
And in your dream listen to me a minute
And come to dry my tears
Manola of my Eden.

"I would like to be the breeze
That blows over the fields
To kiss your forehead, my girl
To enter through your window everywhere
To go into your bed-room
And tell you what I know, pretty woman.

The above is one of the letters captured January 12th in a contact at Los Robles. I don't know if it is original bandit poetry. It was in long hand. Anyway, I too would like to be that "breeze", in that one respect my bandit friend and I are
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brothers under the skin. The other papers were mostly prayers to the 33 angels of Heaven, Christ, Saint Augustine, Saint Mary, etc. "Comfort my hand, my mind, my valor and my sword------". "Oh! what a shot is coming that has made me so afraid." The full prayers cover a closely typewritten page.

2 February 1930.

Tonight a show, home talent, all the best people of Ocotal were in the play either as actors or audience. The stage was small and rather rickety, but the only effect that had was the upsetting of a few flower stands. The women were all dressed in their finest, but as hats are not worn here, the attempt to look "chic" in the creations they turned out for the occasion was rather pathetic. Love scenes did not look like those in the movies. Rocioott sat next to me, and Sergeant Crow just behind.

All of the Ortiz family were present, except of course the illustrious elder brother, who has a $2000 reward hanging over his head, as he is now the principal bandit in the area. The whole family are blond and of small stature. His sister is quite good looking, in her Spanish headdress and high heeled shoes. The play was "Madame Adela" and was advertised as a "fine criticism of the customs, social and spiritual, of the world". Prices were 50, 25, and 10 cents. Among the girls who took part in the play were Mariita Almendarez, Irma Loyo, Moncho Castillo, Azucena Peralta and the Mariitas, Angelina, and Chepita Calderons. The actors were Ignacio, Jose Arturo and Roberto Calderon, Sal-
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Nador and Gilberto Peralta, Carlos A. Jaruin, and Trinidad Albir. All knew their parts.

5 February 1930.

Started another small war in the San Juan area, hope to get some good results. Have a court of inquiry considering a shooting affair near Somoto in which a tobacco peddler was killed. Another religious parade tonight, about 500 women, all with candles and singing. Every orderly I have tried is dumber than the next, they insist on dumping the waste paper basket on the floor, then sweeping the trash out. Do my own dusting as the confusion they make of things is just too much. Getting warmer now, but blankets are still in order at night.

6 February 1930.

Tommy Turner flew in today. He looks well but I gather that he is not over-enthusiastic over flying conditions down here.

Got a radio from Stent asking that the Alcalde of Jicaro be removed, as he was going to look him up anyway, when he could catch him. Another radio stating he had seized all the drugs and poisons of a local doctor who had just died, and wanted instructions. Fixed him up on both.

8 February 1930.

Today so far only inspections and routine matters to occupy my time and official thoughts. These, however, include four
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Killings. Of course there are bandits and rumors of bandits and now we have small-pox breaking out here and there. That is why I was vaccinated some weeks ago. Tomorrow if all goes well, I leave for an inspection tour of the southern half of the area. While away, mail will be most irregular as there is no way to send it at stated times. Roughly my schedule is:-

Feb. 9th  Go to Somoto
" 10th  Inspect "
" 11th  Go to Pueblo Nuevo
" 12th  Inspect "
" 13th  Go to Limay
" 14th  Inspect "
" 15th  Go to Estili (Mail)(Marine Post)
" 16th  Inspect "
" 17th  Go to Trinidad
" 18th  Inspect "
" 19th  Go to Estili (Mail)(Marine Post)
" 20th  Go to Condega "
" 21st  Go to Darali
" 22nd  Inspect "
" 23rd  Go to Condega(Mail)(Marine Post)
" 24th  Go to Palacaguina
" 25th  Inspect "
" 26th  Go to Oootal (Mail)(Marine Post)

Of course there may be delays. Also I may be able to get mail drops and also to send some, but the latter is doubtful. I have to cover the entire area once in three months, and believe me it is some area. The part I am going to is much more populated than the other sections of the area. I am getting a pair of mules from the Marines, one to ride and the other for my baggage. Will change about. Ortiz, my Indian/sergeant and Private Gun Man, goes with his trusty "maquina" and grenades.

The movie last night was "The Mad Hour", it was translated in Spanish as "The Happy Hour".
9 February 1930.

Sunday, I pulled out at one in the afternoon, on my trusty mule "Genivive", with the other, "Lady", carrying my pack. Sgt. Ortiz and his machine gun kept close at hand. At the Marine Headquarters, Captain Moran was waiting with his patrol to escort me to Totogalpa. The ride there was dusty, clouds of it, but the sky was overcast and the wind was cool, especially as we climbed the shoulder of Ocootal Mountain. Colonel Racicot came along for the ride. Captain Hakala was with me, he is in command in Somoto and was returning to his station. In Totogalpa we met the Guardia patrol lined up, and I crossed over to them with due dignity and ceremony. We then started for Somoto.

The country is getting all dried out and the landscape is "brown", no high ranges were passed over but they rose on our flanks. I amused Hakala by telling him that school in Quantico was not half as bad as it was painted. He can see only Stadiums. 5:45 we pulled into Somoto. Distance covered was 21 miles. "Sandino" was with us all the time. He is a dog of the doubtful origin, what they call a trail dog. Travels from post to post with patrols. When near here he ran ahead and announced our arrival. So the guard was all drawn up under Lieutenant Atha, G.N.

Somoto is the second city of Segovia, has about 2,000 people. No house over one story and all of course made of adobe. The better ones whitewashed. It is approximately five by eleven blocks in area. The church built in 1815 is the most imposing structure. All churches in Segovia face west. It faces the
plaza on the opposite side of which are the barracks. The officers’ quarters are on a third side. Comfortable house, patio and screened-in mess room on the porch, from which you glimpse the massive peak of Somoto Mountain with its varied colors. It is truly an enchanting spot.

10 February 1950.

Held inspection in all its phases. Then looked over the city some more. The church was shown off with evident pride by a woman who was proud of all its belongings. The small organ from New York! A crude Virgin from Barcelona, a worse painting from Seville, and a figure of Christ with the hue of an Indian from Guatemala. This church was built by Indians when the place was under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Guatemala.

I visited stores and spent fifty-five cents for five small slates and pencils for the Guardia school. The command was paid off and in spite of abundant hard liquor it was a quiet night. Only two men late in coming in and all sober. Perhaps they were on their good behavior.

I called on the Toledo family and their two daughters. To show how afraid these people are, the father, who has a coffee finca some distance out, saw a man in khaki with a cane and limping. Toledo and his party, not knowing the man, drew their pistols and galloped bravely by. They are sure this strange man is a bandit and would not go to their estates today. Any strange face is not to be trusted. Then a young man failed to...
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return when expected, all his friends were sure he was waylaid by bandits. He came back after it was good and dark. His horse had gotten away and he had to return on a burro. This was too much for a high born caballero so he returned in the dark so as not to expose his shame.

The Guardia, on being paid, go out and settle with their lavanderas, get a hair cut and in a few cases a shave, the Indians are smooth skinned. They then invest in loud socks and cheap perfumes and powders. It is then time to think of serious matters, like drinking. This outfit has been impressed with the idea that no Guardia should be seen drunk. That the sober one takes the drunk home. This resolves itself into two men sitting at a table. Finally one says "you are drunk and I must take you home". A denial is forthcoming and the battle is on. We have a man in the brig who lost a battle with his wife, she scalded him with boiling milk. He says he will leave her and go to Honduras if we let him out.

The Guardia near Quitali had a contact yesterday, one wounded. I do not get away today as the Pueblo Nuevo outfit is heading 250 mules north. So I have to wait till I can get a patrol. This throws me out one day.

The streets here are paved with big rough rocks. The local gente, and officers who have been stationed here, can walk along on a dark night and only put their feet on the smooth ones, a great convenience as I nearly break my neck. It has been cold. The plaza with brown leaves and bon-fires give the impression of
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Autumn. We are over 2000 feet up and the wind is cold - great sleeping, no mosquitos.

18 February 1930.

Left Somoto Grande at 9:05 this morning and made Yalaguina at 11:10 where we waited until 1:05 p.m. for the patrol from Pueblo Nuevo that was escorting the mules. They were delayed as the mules insisted on drinking and taking the wrong trails. Yalaguina is just a mud town, filthy dirty, of some sixty houses. It sports a ruined church and a telegraph office. I looked the former over. The altar was a mass of the crudest wood carving with painted medalions. The telegraph office is in the municipal building. It has three rooms, one is the jail, the door was wide open but in the rear of the room is a massive "stock" that can hold four men by putting their ankles in notches, then placing the heavy top beam down, you have secured your man.

Cleared at 1:10, reached Pueblo Nuevo at 3:45, having covered 21 miles in four hours thirty-five minutes of travel, twenty minutes out for fixing a pack, so four hours and fifteen minutes was not bad at all.

The latter part of the trip was through a dried up country and most dusty as we used a bull-cart road. Such a road, The dust was red, like the Manassas road. Was glad to take a bath when I got here. We went over no high mountains but followed valley bottoms. At one place we passed through a valley that was filled with trees in bloom. They looked like peach blossoms
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and just as pretty. There were pretty birds, one with the coloring of the bird of paradise took my eye, also a black bird that sits on the backs of cows and bulls to eat the ticks, all same caraboas. Then there was a tree that had big yellow blooms that looked like roses. The cactus is also in full flower. That ends my natural history notes.

Pueblo Nuevo has perhaps 1,000 people, plaza, church, and Guardia barracks. The streets are terrible and I have been warned about the fleas. Sent my laundry down to the river and ate corn beef and poached eggs, canned fruit, rolls and coffee.

Lieut. Torrez, C.N., and I, then took chairs and sat near the plaza and watched the Guardia and local gente play indoor baseball. When in Managua I got the gear for that purpose to fit out five posts. When playing they used all the English terms though they cannot say anything else. Lieut. Torrez, a corporal in the Corps, speaks better Spanish than the natives. He has a neat house, well appointed table and is ambitious. The Marines once were here and he carefully preserves the signs they left so as to feel more at home. He said he gave up mixing as he learned nothing and got no new thoughts. I guess he lives a lonely life with only an occasional busy-body like myself to talk to. In Somoto are two officers, Hakala, a regular, the other a Sergeant (Lieut. Atha, C.N.). The latter is tall, blond, rosy complexion, clean as they make them, all his clothes and linen just so, all marked with care. Table cloth and napkins on the table, always clean. He is quiet, knows his job. In

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Somoto and here also, they have night schools to which the Guardia officers make all go, who have no visible means of support. That keeps the streets clear of loafers. They either go to school or jail. They also give diplomas. The Guardia has school twice a day and much progress is being made. Nearly all can now sign their names. That is a great help.

The Guardia school is held in the school house some distance from the barracks. The detachment is formed and marched to school under arms, a machine gun is then placed in the door and school begins. I looked all the work over, but failed to look at the writing of the orderly. So the rest of the day he just hung about and was always writing when I would look his way. Finally I took the hint and asked him to let me see what he was writing, he was as pleased as Punch. Rushed about and got his copy book and smiled all over. He has learned to write since December. That shows what children they are at heart.

As to costs, here are a few: catsup $1.00 a bottle, soda crackers $0.025 each, that is $1.00 for ten cents worth at home, Lea and Perrins $0.60 a bottle. In Somoto I amused myself in reading the Portsmouth, N.H. papers a month old. Got some Peruvian money that has been stamped in its center with the die of the Guatemalan dime. The latter country has no coinage but counter stamps that of other countries to show that it is of full weight and legal currency.

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14 February 1930.

Limay, the smallest post in the area. It has the reputation of being the hottest town in Nicaragua and I can well believe it. It is to leeward of a high mountain range low down on a flat dusty plain. The mountains all about are bleak piles of rock that shimmer like copper in the sun. The country is like the desert between Santiago and Monte Cristo in Santo Domingo at its worse. There are 108 mud and pole houses with a few better built adobe ones for good measure. The Guardia has one for a barracks for fifteen men. The officer lives in another, one room, no looks and dogs running in and out all the time. He pays $30.00 for room and board. The food is all native, beans, fried eggs, fried rice, etc. It is served by a dirty woman with from three to five dirty little kids hanging on to her skirts. The hot wind comes in gusts when it does come and blows clouds of dust over everything. The sun is sizzling in the sky. From the front door I can see the mountains up Somoto way. Pines covered, cool, watered, Paradise. It is thirty-five miles from here to Estili, with a four hour ride across the plain and up the mountain with the blistering sun on your back. So I will shelve off at five to escape the worse of the heat when I go to Estili. If I had to live in a hot hell hole like this I would go nuts in no time.

On my last day in Pueblo Nuevo I held inspection, and the post showed up well in all respects. Lieut. Torres, G.N., went into the kitchen in the afternoon and made mince pies, roast
chicken, mashed potatoes, etc. We ate it in his outdoor dining room watched the full moon come up, put on sweaters and were comfortable. Got up early. It was cold, could see your breath for an hour or more. Shoved off down the valley and climbed a fair size mountain where we hit some high plains, no trees, short grass and a cold wind. The rocks were moss covered. At the edge of the plain we looked down into a deep valley on the other side of which rose a series of high mountain peaks, all cliffs and jagged. In the distance lay a small plain. It seemed miles below. It just shimmered in the heat. We started the descent at first through huge boulders like the Devil's Den at Gettysburg, but quickly it got dryer, hotter, and more and more parched. Met Lieut. McDonald and a small patrol. The last ten miles was over the plain in clouds of dust. The plain grows fine big iguanas, saw a lot some four feet long with spiked backs and ugly heads. They are quite brilliantly colored.

Arrived at 3:15 dirty, tired and thirsty and nothing but warm well water to drink. Had inspection today. It passed off well enough but all I could really think of was the cool hills of Nueva Segovia.

15 February 1930.

Pulled out of the hell hole of Limay at 5:00 p.m. with Lieut. McDonald, G.N., hot ride over the plain in spite of the setting sun, made the base of the mountain at 7:00 and commenced the climb at once. Three hours of up, up, up, it was black as
hades and the trail was slick rock and frequently right on the edge of a cliff. At eleven we reached the top, ahead was one of the high plains of Segovia all bathed in moonlight. A cool breeze hit us in the face. Men, animals, all felt better. We stopped and ate beans and felt at home. A hard ride over a stony trail brought us to Estili at 2:00 a.m. Then turned in and had sweet dreams. Found Captain Salzman, and seven other Guardia officers here. They came by truck from Managua for duty in this area. I held them up to go north with me on Tuesday. Three of these officers are natives. They will be a problem I am afraid.

16 February 1930.

I commandeered one of the cars and went to Trinidad to inspect. A rough ride of 16 miles that took an hour and forty minutes of hard going. But it was an auto ride. Trinidad is another dump on the low plains to the south, so I was glad to get back. Took the Indian sergeant along. He was enchanted with the beautiful wide road. The worst country road in the States could not touch it. But he complains of the heat.

In Trinidad one of the Guardia has small-pox. He is kept in the barracks, no other place to put him. There are 35 other cases there among four hundred people. Only two time pieces here, an "Old Ben" that goes at times, and a wrist watch that only functions when on its face. Both are in the possession of the Guardia. The rest of the people, including the telegraph operator, just look at the sun. Hence the receipt of
telegrams before they are sent.

The Nicaraguan officers are fussing about the cold up here. The 55th Company of Marines is stationed here. Captain Richards in command. Has a picture of "Sport" Barber on his desk. We leave tomorrow at 6:00 a.m. for Condega about 18 miles north. I am taking the mountain trail to keep cool and see the sights. On the 19th I will go to Darali. The 20th I will try and make Palacaguina and Gootal the 22nd or 23rd.

Have wired to have my mail dropped at Condega tomorrow. Estili is somewhat larger than Gootal but not so well built or as clean or cool. The stores are better, they have ice and electric lights and can be reached from Managua by car. There is an aviation field here as well.

Yesterday being Sunday, both Trinidad and this place were full of machete fighters. The Guardia doctor spent his time as he does every Sunday in sewing up cuts. I looked the haul over this morning and a fine bunch of mince meat they are. Well I am that tired I just can't do justice to my theme any longer.

18 February 1930.

Cleared Estili at 6:50 a.m. with an escort. Took along the eight new officers reporting for duty. Three of them native officers. When they arrived in Estili the Guardia looked them over with a critical eye and remarked that the outfit was going to hell or words to that effect. From which I judge their lot will not be a bed of roses. At 4:30 we pulled into Condega, thirty miles north after a hot ride, for part of
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the way is up the leeward side of Blando Mountain but when we reached the crest the view was worth the climb. It can best be described by looking at the best mountain picture you can find in the Geographic and saying, there it is. Range after range, one behind the other in all colors of brown, green and purple, overhead blue skies and white clouds. Pine scented air and cool breeze. Condega is a Marine Post, small place, delightfully cool. Good chow and spring beds. The Marines live in the church, officers in tents with tile floors. The N.C.O.'s sleep about the altar, the company office is placed about the baptismal fount. That night I saw the north star, big dipper and the southern cross and false cross all at one time, to say nothing of other constellations. Clear as a bell.

19 February 1930.

Sent the new officers on to Cootal under a strong escort as Ortiz the bandit was reported in the neighborhood of their route. In fact the town of Palacaguina through which they had to pass was expected to be attacked and all night a patrol was standing by to go to the assistance of the Guardia detachment there. I cleared at 7:30 for Darali, a ranch house 16 miles over a mountain range. Got there at 11:00 held inspection and started back at 2:10 p.m., getting back to Condega at 5:20.

20 February 1930.

Had a fine night's rest and cleared for Cootal at 7:20 a.m. via Palacaguina. This is a small dirty place with a church that
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is occupied by the Guardia. The baptistry has a railing about
it and is used as a brig. The galley is back of the high altar.
All doors are entrenched and lunettes of breastworks are built
about them. I don't envy the Guardia lieutenant's job in that
place. Inspected and rode on through the edge of the Chuè
valley, a bandit stronghold. Was met south of Totogalpa by a
Marine patrol of twenty that took me on in. Stopped first in
Totogalpa to arrest a would be murderer but he had flown the
town. The man he shot was not dead yet. I will get him yet as
he lives in Ocotal, is the butcher there. Got into Ocotal at
4:00 p.m.

21 February 1930.

Got back last night having covered ninety-five miles in
three days and inspected two posts. Weitzel gave a dinner for
Wynn but I was too tired to go. Have not had breakfast yet so
don't feel any too peppy. In fact feel sick.

Wynn leaves this morning, Captain Salzman (Major, G.N.),
relied him, he goes to Jinotega as Erskine's chief. The
latter's time is up in March. Captain Fox, Quartermaster, is
now turning over to 1st Lieut. J. D. O'Leary (Captain, G.N.).
Then there is 1st Lieut. C. F. Good (Captain, G.N.). Another
new one is 1st Lieut. C. A. Williams (Captain, G.N.). He goes
to Somoto today to relieve Hakala. Racicot is off inspecting
at San Albino. He sent a wire for the Washington Birthday
turkey dinner to be held up till his return.
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Doctors Baske and Terrell say I have amebic dysentery, going to send me to Managua tomorrow.

22 February 1930.

Washington's Birthday. A scout plane came up and I was evacuated to Managua. Left at 11:00 a.m. and landed on the stroke of noon. By three o'clock they found the dysentery bug, amebic or some such word and began to shoot me in the arm with emetine. The treatment takes nine days, two shots a day, during which time I will be here. Then a gap of about ten days and another dose of emetine. The last no doubt in Ootatal. I must have picked up the bug in either Limay or Trinidad both hot hell holes in the low lands. The real reason Baske sent me here is for the additional comforts this place provides. I am the only patient in the new S.O.Q., have a corner room with two big windows, running water, electric lights, rocking chair, big fine bed, bath and toilet next door, screened in porch, good chow, plenty of fresh milk and eggnogs and nothing to do.

24 February 1930.

I had as callers, General McDougal, Colonel Rhea, Colonel Vogel and Mrs. Vogel, she sails for home on the Saint Mihiel on March 9th. Major Wynn came in twice, he preceded me from Ootatal by one day and leaves tomorrow for Matagalpa en route to Jinotega. He takes his new exec with him, so Erskine will be homeward bound in March, his time is up. Wynn told the staff he would rather stay in Ootatal as a Major than be a Colonel in Jinotega. With
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him came Sheard. Major Wright, the paymaster, blew along. Captains Patchen and Savage stopped in. Both are in G.N. I have not been lonely. Dr. Smith, who has been in Ocoital comes in frequently. Dr. Davis is in charge here and has me as a patient. He is a Lt. Commander. Like them both very much.

The plane that brought me down took some mail to Ocoital. It was opened on the field so I could get mine. (Slight delay here while I drink a glass of ice cold milk). Captain Lewis has just come in, says his family is all O.K., that he has 14 months more to do and is going to put in for an extension.

There are no vacancies in sight for Hunt, but I understand that he is on the waiting list. While here I will inquire about him.

25 February 1930.

Feeling fine, good night's sleep, big breakfast and all that. Have to pick up on my notes so I will have a complete picture of dear old Nicaragua. In Somoto the priest owns the only auto', a Ford touring car. It dashes madly up and down the few passable streets at four dollars per hour. The Guardia's always rent it on pay day. It's fenders are well bumped by collisions with fast moving bull carts. One of a chain of German stores has just opened up. They sell cheaper than the natives do, mostly stuff made in Nuremburg. A freshly caught German lad runs the place, blue eyes and light hair and a scant understanding of Spanish. I think he looked us over with a haughty air. He gets room and
board and $21.00 a month that is to increase to $200.00 a month at the end of two years.

In Pueblo Nuevo is a defrocked priest, who has a store opposite the church. He was defrocked or is in the process of being because he has lived too openly and long with one woman. If he gives her up and goes somewhere else they say it would be O.K. But he won't. So he is damned. Anyway he makes more out of his store than preaching. He has a player piano and entertains the girls at dances. Sells beer and all the people are for him. Says that if the authorities want to defrock him, they will have to come in person.

In Pueblo Nuevo they have a dreadful beast that walks only at night. It is the Cadejo. It has a luminous body with balls of fire for eyes. It can't have life as we know it, for bullets have no effect upon it. Near the sentry post back of the barracks is a well, painted white. It has eight bullet holes in it. Another post is not far from the cemetery. The two white-washed pillars at the entrance of the graveyard have 21 bullet holes in them. The Guardia officer there, has with great difficulty, put a stop to these fears. Perhaps. Anyway these apparitions only appear on dark nights or in the rainy season.

Thereabouts they have a dread disease called Ojo, meaning eye. Hence "The Evil Eye". Some mean woman bewitches babies they get sick and die. You can tell if it is Ojo by putting a fresh broken egg in a saucer by the bed. If it is uncooked in the morning it's Ojo. A Guardia came to Torrez, the G.N. offi-
and said his baby had it. All the proofs were tested. He had salts given and did what he could but Ojo got the best of him.

Now if a woman who is in the family way wants to go fishing or is with any party doing the same, she must first wash out her mouth and clean her neck with the water that they are going to fish in otherwise they won't catch any.

The phases of the moon have a lot to do with certain things. You must not do this or that if the moon is not just right.

In Limay I noticed that the bees dig holes in the adobe walls, in which they lay their eggs. The heat hatches them out. Some houses were one huge bee hives with thousands of holes. The bees were so thick that I was almost afraid to enter. Their buzzing was almost deafening.

Saw a tree that had been uprooted, the dirt was washed from the tangled mass of roots. But they still clung to the round rocks that they had enfolded. It looked for all the world like a mass of snarled and twisted snakes holding huge eggs. It was repulsive.

Saw a big yellow, red and black banded coral snake. He had by the head, and was trying to swallow, a big brown snake. They struggled about. Had them killed.

Outside of my windows here is the drying yard of the Post Laundry, some twenty beautiful girls hang out the clothes. They arrive in the morning in silk stockings and shorts. Their hair comes down in long braids, or just loose, or tied tight
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back of the head and bushing out like three mare's tails. The
independent wash women hang about outside the gate to collect
and deliver. They always have on their best to set them off.
On a chair outside my room, is a honey bear that chases up and
down after the lavenderas. It is hot as hell here now.

27 February 1930.

Parades

Coming along fine. Last night I went out to see the evening
parade. Major Eastman, on a white horse, held it. Two
days of the week the Marines hold it and other days the Guardia.
Saw a lot of children galloping about on ponies. Young Butterick
was on a big grey horse.

Two nights ago I went to the movies but it was too hot for
me and they have only one machine, makes it drag. We have two
in Ocotal. I sat next to Mrs. Bacon. She looks well. They
are about to go home expecting orders every day. Hopes to go
to Quantico. She says that six months is all she can stand
and would welcome any outlandish place at home and think it
Paradise. Tomorrow night there is to be a minstrel show, she
sings in it.

Yesterday we had one of Managua's famous dust storms. The
wind rose to almost a gale force and the air was filled with
fine dust, most of it coming from the country miles beyond.
The dust settled over everything. My sheets were yellow and I
had to shake them all out before turning in.

In Condega they have two pet deer, at night when it gets
cold, they come and snuggle their noses under your pillow ask-
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...ing to be taken in. One usually sleeps under Capt. Buchanan's bed, the other under the 1st Sergeant's. We have a young one in our patio in Ocotal now. Still has his spots on. He has a rug in a corner and knows it as his bed.

I hear that what I have been working for is now an order. Inspections only once in six months instead of every three. That will make it easier and much pleasant.

28 February 1930.

Went with Dr. Davis to see a minstrel show at Campo de Marti, called "Deep Night in Darktown". Mrs. Bacon, all blackened up and wearing a white and silver dress was Deep Night. She sang beautifully as she always does, and was responsible for the fine training of the chorus.

Got mail from Ocotal. Had heavy rain up there which will they think, give a bumper bean crop. That "Pee-Pee", the last patio bird had gone under the axe on Washington's Birthday, a turkey he was and as tender as a maiden's wish. Buse has orders for Cuautico and is delighted.

2 March 1930.

Today, Sunday, hot and glarey. After trying to nap, I got up, took a shower and went over to the Guardia for my mail. Not a person about, and States mail by plane and steamer in these past four hours. Guess I won't get it today, as it is some hot walk over there. This morning I went to church in the camp.
Fifteen people all told, six women. Captain Sheard and Mrs. Bacon were there.

Had dinner with Sheard at the Dutchman's, a fine steak, fried and sliced tomatoes. Called on the Jefe and Vogel but they were taking their beauty sleep so left cards and clippings about the heat waiting up home. We then went to the park to hear the Guardia band. There are two adjacent plazas, one full of trees with the band stand, the other just grass and benches. The former is hotter and is the mozo park, the other on the lake is for the elite. All Managuas' beauties were out walking round and round. Red dresses much in vogue, the darker the dame the brighter the red. In the mozo plaza all skirts knee length or shorter. Hair is either bobbed or worn in long curls down in front over each shoulder or down the back. No happy medium. To see a buxom woman in short skirts and long curls who is at least forty is rather a new sight. In the elite park they are lengthening. They sent "Miss Nicaragua" to the Miami contest, the first one, the best locker could not go as her father objected to her being seen in a bathing suit.

Last night I called on Colonel Rhea and had dinner at the brigade mess. Tomorrow, Monday, the 3rd, I take flight for Coctal, thus ending a pleasant rest cure. Should be there by nine a.m. It is four now and I am dripping again.

3 March 1930.

Got up at 6:30, shaved and all that, had breakfast at 7:00, then rode in a car with a broken spring (Guardia car of course)
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to the aviation field. Watched the gang there eat breakfast. I had orange juice with them. At 8:30 I mounted into the rear seat of a Corsair, with Lieut. Palmer as pilot. We raced down the field, bump, bump, then all was smooth and we were in the air. Circled the field and gained 2,000 feet and off over the lake. It was a clear day, hardly a cloud and a steady breeze, as we crossed over the lake we mounted to 5,000 feet which altitude we kept till we dove over the top of Ocoital Mountain to the field. Going over Estili it was quite humpy, at Condega pass we hit some dandies. Everything below was just as clear as could be, and the trip was most enjoyable but to me cold in my light sweater after the heat of Managua. On landing I found Weitzel and Lieut. Cunningham to meet me. Shortly after a White truck arrived with Captain Buse, Dr. Terrell and Captain Stack, a new arrival. Came in here and found all glad to see me and my belongings well cared for. Stent is here from Jicaro, he cancelled his leave. Found the Alcalde of Jicaro locked up in our jail. This afternoon the principal gente of the town have been after me to let him out and that they would be responsible. Told them I was sorry and all that.

Tonight I have dinner with Weitzel, so I know there will be plenty to eat. It is much cooler here as I fully knew, in Managua I watched the thermometer, and each afternoon it got up to 96° with a hot, dusty wind. It has not gone above 80° here and no wind or dust.

The poor old Guardia leads a hand to mouth existence and we are never quite sure that we will get paid.
6 March 1930.

Quite a bit doing about Somoto with bandits. There was a small contact, and a native rumor has it that a Guardia officer was killed in a fall from his horse while pursuing the bandits, his neck broken. Later official report says it was only his wrist.

Las Manos shot up, twenty men sent to reinforce the place. Guardia has small-pox in Santa Maria.

Buse left for the States, taking a monkey.

8 March 1930.

Letter from Wynn in Jinotega, he is pleased with his new assignment.

I had all parrots and jalapas dispossessed of their quarters in the patio, am tired of their constant yelling.

Prisoner escaped, but later he walked into a Guardia patrol, he is now back in durance vile.

Had a sergeant out dressed as a woman to get information. He ran into the same patrol, that was returning from a combat mission, they, poor souls, being curious, arrested him to find out if "she" really were a woman.

13 March 1930.

Such utter quiet on this front for so many days, I am getting genuinely apprehensive for the welfare of this country. The only excitement was a runaway horse, that made two trips by this house, kicking and rearing with it's saddle under his belly. People ran
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out in front of him waving their hats, then beat it. We cheered the horse. When that was over we all sat down again and waited for the next show.

We are now short of men, officers and all supplies. Not a pair of shoes left for issue. Dr. Baske and Captain Salzman are going on an inspection trip to Jicaro tomorrow.

The Admiral should be in Managua in a few days for his inspection. The future of this occupation will again come up. Principally a reduction of Marines. Should see Peck up here.

15 March 1930.

Sent a telegram to Wynn about bandits in the El Silencio area being reported as going into Jinotega and the possible meeting place as La Rita. Got a reply which when decoded read - "COMBAT PATROL ORDERED TO ATTEND PARTY MENTIONED STOP PLEASE HOLD PARTIES IN YOUR OWN BACK YARD STOP WYNN". As Salzman and Baske were about to start on an inspection trip, I replied - "SALZMAN AND BASKE ARE OFF FOR JALAPA,

PLEASE KEEP YOUR BANDITS IN MATAGALPA,

THE BOYS WOULD DESIRE A GOOD CONTACT TODAY,

BUT NOT WITH THE BANDITS SO KEEP THEM AWAY."

17 March 1930.

Lieut. Sabater came through on his way home after two years up here. The Admiral and Peck are in Managua.

Special dinner tonight thrown by O'Leary, the Q.M., of the G.N. up here. He claims to be Irish and to celebrate that fact,
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along with a more important one of being put on the Guardia payroll, he is giving us soup, turkey, cranberry sauce, olives, rice, french fried spuds, ice cream, cake, fruit salad, beer and white wine. Guests of honor Dr. Terrell and Major Weitzel. Much conversation. No one went to the movies.

At 11:00 p.m. Colonel Racicot came over with a plan for some operations in El Silencio.

Bull carts with supplies for us left Leon.

19 March 1930.

Skunk in the neighborhood, located as probably in a drain under a house across the street. Cleared all people out of the block, posted Guardia about with shot guns, officers had rowing pieces also. Used smoke candles, no skunk. Later the school teacher, Maria Teresa Salcedo, coming by from school, spotted the animal, pounced on it, tied a cord about it's neck and dragged it in the Guardia Headquarters, demanding ransom. We paid up quick and had the "Sorra" removed to the city dump and dispatched. Moved out for a while.

Got 24 recruits from Estili, they marched barefooted the 60 miles.

23 March 1930.

Orders have just come in to reduce the Marines in this area to 200, that just cuts the strength in half. The movement starts tomorrow by plane. San Albino, San Juan de Telpaneca, and Estili are to be withdrawn at once and about 100 from here.
DIARY OF A GUARDIA OFFICER

Metagalpa and Jinotega are also to be cut down by a half.

This is a great place, tonight the usual open air movies in the plaza. On one side, at the church, people parading with lighted candles and singing. On the other side, from the Guardia jail, loud oaths and shrieks, from a bunch of drunks.

Got the following letter:

"Ocotal, 21 March, 1930.
To the Colonel of the Guardia Nacional.
Dear Colonel:

I am sorry to take your time explaining my situation, but it so happened that the night of the 18th I got very drunk outside of my house and without knowing what I was doing I tried to go to town, and for this reason the Lieut. confined me in the jail. This is the first time I have committed an offense, and it was because I was out of my senses. I have been working with the Marines for the last two years. I have had two contacts with the banditas, one in Las Palancas and another one in El Zapote when I was working with the Captain in Somoto.

I have offered my services to the Marines and I am always ready to work for them any time they need me. For this reason I beg from you to release me from jail.

I promise you to enlist in la Guardia and do good work. Lieut. Ramirez knows me very well. I have never been punished before. This is the first time and I did it because I did not know what I was doing. I was very drunk. I promise you not to do it again. I have in my possession a letter of commendation from the Marine General. Respectfully yours, /s/ Juan B. Rivera."
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I let him out.

REFLECTIONS IN THE EASTERN SEGOVIAS -

The oranges at Las Naranjas. The best this side of Jaffa.
The big feather bed at San Benito; not the same—San Benito—ask Stephenson.
The Colonel's picture gallery. Would like to have it.
Wonder what drove Hughes to the Penitentiary? Long's Lotion?
The wide sweep of the Jalapa Plain. What a place for a cavalry battle.
2-foot fish fresh from 'neath the gliding waters of the Santa Clara.
Nights less hideous and perro-land less populous since Howard Stent's return.
Bon place a sejour.

MAC.

26 March 1930.

Racicot goes to the West Coast, 67 others leave also. They are going to try and put 44 more commissioned officers in the Guardia. Have funds promised now to run till June.

30 March 1930.

The ice in the Yukon has broken up. Our bull cart train came in, a most inspiring sight, especially the 82 pairs of shoes for 509 men. O'Leary is all puffed up, no use trying to talk to him with that stuff on his hands. The escort of 24 "railroad" Guardia I am sending on to Jicaro.
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The El Silencio war is on again, in lieu of going myself have sent Stent to San Juan. Gregon Williams is off for the Coco river south of El Silencio.

31 March 1930.
Garrett arrived and took over the command of the Marines from Racicot.
Grayson is reported to have had a contact near San Juan. Have ordered patrols out from Las Manos, Dipilto, Coctal, Jalapa, and Jicaro to block all northern trails.

2 April 1930.
Just got word that Lieut. Hussa, with Quilali patrol, had a small contact near Santa Rita. Yali attacked, sent Pueblo Nuevo patrol to watch trails leading west from there. Apparently there is also some activity between San Juan and Telpangea. Later - Pueblo Nuevo patrol went all the way to Yali. Have been real nice to Good, gave him Quilali to command, the furthest out and most lonely post we have.

5 April 1930.
The El Silencio war is over.
Captains Croka and Yowell reported, the former will relieve Salzman as area executive, Yowell goes to Jicaro. All patrols back except Somoto which has not been heard from for five days. Talk of abandoning the Marine posts at Apali, San Fernando and Condega. R. Hunt and Livermore had two contacts near San Juan, two bandits killed.

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8 April 1930.
Gregson Williams and Levonski located by plane near the Coco south of El Silencio, they got a drop to return. Salzman left for Managua. Yowell for Jicaro. All Guardia commissions have come except mine, the government printer having overlooked mine. Marines have begun to give up buildings, cash about town getting scarce. The hunters of this mess went out at four this afternoon and got back at six with a fine buck.

10 April 1930.
Holy Week will soon be along, as nearly all work stops then will have to lay in sea stores. Flowers in the patio, all from seeds from the States, are coming up in great style. Dr. Baske has gone in for sweet peas, O'Leary for shamrocks, mine are Zinnias. Bandits reported south of Pueblo, sent Limay and Pueblo patrols out to look them up. The clouds are getting more numerous and darker, indicating the approach of the rainy season.

MORNING SCHEDULE
5:00 church bells ring.
5:30 turkeys gobble.
6:00 cook's parrot yawped.
6:30 the water donkeys clattered by.
7:00 the maid rattles dishes.
7:30 prisoners with much talk clean patio.
8:00 decide to get up.

Winters leaves for the States. I fell heir to a Marine bunk with fine mattress. Can now read in bed with comfort.
17 April 1930

Holy Thursday. Everything is at a standstill, stores of all kinds closed for five days. All transportation is kept off the streets. Down south no trains run. Banks are closed, have been since the twelfth and remain so till the 21st. All of this is an annual custom.

18 April 1930.

At 6:30 this morning Stent brought me a telegram, that said in substance, that at 1:00 a.m., a sergeant, G.N., overpowered a sentry at Jicaro and turned a heavy Browning on the Officers' Quarters.


One 1st Sgt., G.N., seriously wounded.

All were abdominal wounds. Am leaving at once by plane and mule for Jicaro with Dr. Baske, will get there about 2:00 p.m. Dart's body now on the way to Apali. I will make an investigation, etc. Radio just in, Young died.

The man who did the act is assumed to have been crazy. He was reduced a few days ago and was to have been evacuated to the south today. Dart was married. Had been in the G.N. one week and only reported for duty in Jicaro last night.

Left Ocoyal at 9:15 a.m. Apali was reached at 9:30. We came to a stop by the body of Lieut. Dart, which had just been brought in by a patrol. I ordered the body of Sgt. Young to
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be brought in from Jicaro and left with a combined Guardia and Marine patrol for Jicaro at 10:25. About half way, at 11:30, we met a patrol from Jicaro under Lieut. "Pat" Kelly, U.S.M.C. (Capt., G.N.) with the body of Young wrapped in a shelter half and strapped on a horse. The Marines and Guardia came to attention while the body was turned over to the former. We then went our separate ways. Both Dart's and Young's bodies were evacuated by separate planes to Managua.

The first thing I did was to have all effects inventoried. Sent Dart's and Young's clothes by runner to Apali. Appointed a board of inquest and one of investigation. The latter I had to cancel as an order from Brigade said they were appointing one of inquiry. The wounded sergeant is all O.K. His wounds are not serious, flesh ones in left arm and chest. I shall be here a few days and may take advantage of being here to inspect this area.

Patrols from Quilali with Hussa, and Jalapa with Walery, have also arrived.

21 April 1930.

This is what happened according to my view of it.

Sergeant Morales, who was disliked by practically everyone, had been reduced on the 12th for debts and other irregularities. On the 17th, while acting Sergeant of the Guard, he got drunk and was relieved by the 1st Sergeant who had just arrived in Jicaro. Later in the day the 1st Sergeant arrested
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an old Jicaro Guardia for drunkenness who resisted and was
kicked in the head and taken to the sick bay for treatment.

About 7:30 p.m., the old Jicaro men assembled in front
of the office in a surly mood, and protested having new non-
commissioned officers trying to run them. Lieut. Young
thought that the new sergeant should be relieved as they
certainly would kill him. The Commanding Officer, Yowell,
thought otherwise and he was not relieved.

At a little past midnight the sentry at the machine gun
nest near the office, saw Morales go by with a rifle and
noticed that his right foot was bare. He came back about
12:30 a.m., and started to move the machine gun. He had been
drinking. The sentry asked him what he was doing. He replied
that as he was Sergeant of the Guard he could move the gun
where he pleased. The sentry then went to the Corporal of the
Guard at the barracks about a hundred yards away, and told him
what was afoot. The Corporal said "Tell the Officer of the Day",
but made no move to investigate. When the sentry came back
Morales was readjusting the gun out in front of the emplace-
ment. The sentry told him that the Corporal of the Guard was
coming. Morales replied that if he did he would kill them both.

The night was overcast and the moon at the quarter, so
nothing could be seen at any great distance, in fact, the Cor-
poral of the Guard at his post could not see what was being
done. The sentry, a slow-witted man, did not report to the
Officer of the Day, but watched Morales move the ammunition

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boxes and place sand bags on the legs of the tripod mount. He then swung the gun on the barracks and door to the office.

Shortly after, or about 1:10, he fired a burst of three shots at the office door. Lieut. Young got up on hearing the shots, and ran to the door. He was met by burst of fire and hit seven times, in the left arm, chest, abdomen, and shoulder. The 1st Sergeant Gonzales, whose bunk was in the office, sat up and was wounded in the arm, he rolled out of bed and ran to the Armory for a Thompson gun. The telegraph operator came in from the bunk room and at once started calling Apalí. The Marine Operator there was reading in bed, he heard "Jicaro bandits" - "Urgent bandits", he answered at once and got Lieut. Watchman, the Commanding Officer on the telephone. In the meanwhile all other Guardia had gone to their posts. Morales scattered those assembling in front of the barracks with a stream of bullets, fortunately none took effect.

There was then a lull and the Guardia operator went towards the door to see just what was happening. Lieut. Dart then ran to the door with his gun, got there first, and was met by a burst of fire, he fell dead, shot through the head. The operator ran back to his key and reported what had happened. He had to hug his table as bullets were passing his back by about four inches. He heard Morales yell "Keep coming out you son's of bitches, American bandits; and see a real man Morales."

The sentry at the sick bay then fired up into the hill to the south, thinking the place attacked. Morales swung the gun
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on him and sent a stream of tracer bullets into Abolino's house just behind the sentry, setting fire to his stock of dry goods. During this lull Kelly dragged Young and Dart into the back room. He and Carceres then ran into the patio and down to the Sick Bay corner to see why the Lewis gun was not firing. The crew said they could not fire on account of the Guardia in the barracks beyond being in the line of fire. At this time the men who were near the M.G. heard Morales working at the slide, the gun had jammed. He then took up a rifle and said, "Adios! Adios!" put the muzzle to his head and pulled the trigger with his toe of his bare right foot and blew his brains out. All this time the sentry was in the M.G. nest and would not fire, as he was afraid of Morales and someone called to him not to fire as he would get a court. The gun was adjusted to just clear the parapet, no bullets hit it, fifty-four shots were fired, thirty hitting the screen door of the office. They were all from three feet six inches to five feet in height. Bed numbers one and four were hit five times, bullet holes on number six, furniture in line of fire well splattered, the whole place was a sea of blood. It is not all gone yet. The whole affair lasted about five minutes. Schwerine had to roll out of his bed as the bullets were just clearing his body. Dr. Long, after examining Dart and Young, dressed Gonzales' wounds.

Croka arrived today.
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22 April 1930.

Last night the "gente" were all sure that Ortiz would attack, sent out a couple of patrols to look the country over towards Las Vueltas. Looked the machine guns over and then turned in. Kelly wanted the table to write a letter quick, so he could say all was quiet.

At 10:50 this morning, six planes circled over the plaza, and one dropped the precept for the Court of Inquiry. I am President; members, Lt. Comdr. Baske, Captain Croka; Judge Advocate, Kelly. We met at 11:00, made Musa interpreter, and took testimony till 10:00 p.m.

Sent a patrol to Apali for mail.

The pet monkey fell out of a tree, he was certainly surprised and showed it in his expression as he rubbed his head.

Sent an officer to Quilali to keep Good company. Lieut. Forsyth joined the Guardia yesterday.

24 April 1930.

Received the following telegram:

"FAGAN, HUNT, PAYLY AND JIM SCHWERINE, ARE SET FOR THE SUMMER AND ALL SERENE. PLENTY OF LEWAY TO QUENCH THEIR THIRST. THEY WENT ON THE PAYROLL THE TWENTY-FIRST. STENT"

To which I replied:

"JIM SCHWERINE AND HIS TRUSTY GANG, WILL WET HIS COMMISSION WITH A BANG. AT ABOLINO'S HOUSE ON THE CORNER NEAR, WITH GREAT BIG DRAUGHTS OF ICE COLD BEER".

The first had reference to the above officers being placed on the pay-roll.
A patrol under Livermore sent out from San Juan two nights ago had contact near Las Vueltas, one bandit killed. Only loot was a silk embroidered handkerchief, with "Viva Sandino" on it.

The San Juan garrison was reduced to Lieut. Stevenson and nine men, so the bandits hit the place at 10:00 p.m., and fired on the garrison from three sides, using dynamite bombs. The few civilians helped in the defense and the attackers were repulsed without Guardia casualties. The hills about were well sprayed by two machine guns. San Juan has only about ten houses in a deep valley, almost a ravine, so it is easy to attack the place. Sent out a patrol last night, not yet heard from.

26 April 1930.

Patrol back, no news. Food supplies getting low, ate the last two ducks, Capt. Yowell the chef. Eleven now in the mess.

Looked at the bell tower of the church early this morning, and saw a man hanging by his neck. Investigation showed it to be a dummy dressed up as a Guardia officer. This is Good Friday, as well, the people say it is Judas. Have my doubts.

Good was threatened by a Cabo in Quilali, who was heaved into the brig. Sent orders to reduce him and publicly strip off his chevrons. Later he tried to escape and failed.

The drill sergeant in Ocotal has just been stabbed by a recruit, he is dying.
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Yesterday, sent a radio for a typewriter, it came by plane to Apali in a big box. It was given to a runner on a horse, he made good time and delivered it. On opening the box the roller for the machine was found to be missing. Late today a bull cart lumbered in with the roller. All our efficiency shot to pieces.

The court still grinds on; 31 witnesses so far. Another attempted escape in San Juan.

1 May 1930.

All the old Jicaro men were sent to Oototal yesterday.

Left Jicaro at 3:30 and got to Apali at 7:45. Reason for the slow trip, was a mule that was always losing his pack. Am glad to get out of Jicaro. It was hot there, space crowded, food bad. Two weeks was plenty, to sit and sit and hear witnesses up till 11:00 p.m. every night. It is cool here, comfortable, good food and hot water. Watchman is in command.

2 May 1930.

Left Apali by plane and at 10:23 landed in Oototal the beautiful, grand and bustling county seat, with it's bull carts, golf course, ice plants, schools and movies. The road from aviation was all in bloom with trees that looked all the world like apple blossoms, that showered their petals on our happy party returning from the front. Found my zinnias in bloom, various colors. The rose bushes that I cut back in full regalia of sweet scented flowers. The mangoes getting fat and -100-
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the papayas yellow and ripe.

Baske is tickled to get back, he has used his medical kit full of saws as a pillow this whole trip.

8 May 1930.

Received a telegram last night that on the 5th McDonald and his patrol was ambushed at Naranjo, later was again ambushed when returning to home post. Bandits lost 2 killed, 1 Guardia wounded. At 10:30 last night a radio from San Juan stated that it's administrative patrol returning from Jicaro and due at 2:00 p.m. had not shown up. That heavy firing lasting for an hour about 3:00 p.m. was heard to the north. Kept radio open and received reports, of a negative nature, at half hour periods. Knew that a contact or ambush had been had, as there was information to the effect that for the past two days the bandits were laying for the outfit. At 3:00 a.m. the Apali and Jicaro outfits cleared. At 7:00 a.m. received a report from San Juan that Livermore had returned, had a fight, lost two killed and three wounded. Lost 11 mules killed and much supplies of food, clothing, pack and saddle equipment. The planes went over the area but visibility was poor. In three weeks we have lost 2 officers and 6 men killed and 5 wounded. Eleven mules killed and much supplies lost.

A native runner with home mail and delicacies for Good was killed on his way to Quilali. So there are some sweet words from his wife he won't read. 7:00 p.m. two more of Livermore's patrol were killed. 10:00 p.m. The Telpaneca
patrol here for the pay-roll and supplies, got word that the bandits were waiting for their return. Cleared the patrol. Later - contact made, radio reception bad, can't get particulars.

9 May 1930.

At 4:00 a.m. sent out another patrol to pick a fight. Lt. Bateman, G.N. out of Telpaneco, hit part of the bandit force that attacked San Juan. Contact north of Amucayan, patrol captured 19 animals, 19 saddles, 1 U.S.M.C. pack saddle, 2 rifles, 1 pistol, 4 cutachas, 2 bombs, 11 sticks of dynamite and other articles, much of it taken in the Baryal Hill contact of Livermore.

10 May 1930.

Captains Gregon Williams and O'Leary had contact at Agua- cate, killed the jefe of the outfit and one other, also captured much war-like supplies.

Esteli, acting on information from here, made two important captures of wanted men.

Santa Maria is out to the south and may have some rare shooting.

Turned the Ortiz mansion inside out but got only a few springs for guns. Destroyed part of their farm house as a machine gun emplacement was found in it. Also found some proclamations calling on all Nicaraguans to rise and take the blood of the Huns of the North. It was printed in San Marcos, Honduras. Honduran soldiers are deserting and infiltrating.
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into Segovia via Malacate and Totacacinte.

Reports in that many bandits have been buried since the Livermore contact at Baryl Hill.

13 May 1930.

Lieut. Smith, G.N., out of Esteli, operating on information furnished from here, had contact at Miraflor, 6 bandits killed and much supplies captured. One Guardia wounded.

There are 4 combat and 7 administrative patrols out today, so most anything can yet happen.

Captain Kelly took the records of the Jicaro affair to Managua today. Pefley ordered to Dipilto.

Sandino is reported on the border. Ortiz in Honduras. O'Leary has a bad knee, is in Condega. Have some of the principal gente of Somoto, Pueblo Nuevo and Dipilto in the jail. Raided the Gonzales family in Daraali and took all arms from them, even the 10 rifles the President wanted them to have.

14 May 1930.

Much excitement about the possibility of an attack on Jalapa and Jicaro. Managua all upset about it. Have sent 3 officers and 45 men to Jicaro. Four officers and 40 men on the way here from Jinotega.

As for Ooctal - Denig, Dr. Baske, Forsyth, Stent, O'Leary, and 14 sick, lame Guardias hold the fort.

O'Leary has started afternoon teas, with real tea and
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cookies. He is in bed with a bad knee, hurt it in the contact of the 10th. Had to evacuate him here by plane from Condoga. He is reading the Bible and said that Deuteronomy, Chapter 3, verse 11 reminded him of me. I have the iron bedstead.

Have asked for 1000 pair of shoes. One of the Guardia at Baryal, when dying of wounds, willed his shoes to his buddy, with the lieutenant as witness. A commentary on the shoe question here. We have 3 pair of size 11½ for 54 men in the store-house.

Made a request on the Jefe Director to have the family of Miguel Angel Ortiz, bandit leader, deported from the Northern Area, and to restrict the El Silencio area.

15 May 1930.

Received the following message from Managua:

"1. Your recommendation regarding the Ortiz family has been referred to the President and he directs that the Ortiz family be deported from the Segovias, which are in a state of siege, and removed to the city of Leon where they will be directed to remain within the limits prescribed by the Department Commander, Western Area, Leon.

2. The President also directs Senorita Lola Matamoros, Telpaneca, be removed from the Segovias and directed to reside at Leon under similar conditions, until further orders."

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Further directions were also received to make a restricted area of El Silencio.
Small planes will come up daily for a while.
Sandino is said to have crossed the border at Las Champas.

16 May 1930.

Sandino reported today as going to try and cross over the Malacate Pass tonight, have prepared an ambush for him. Jicaro has a combat patrol at Sta. Barbara. Dipilto is standing by for orders.
Reinforcements from Jinotega are in Esteli.
Much ammunition received today by plane. Shoes, hats, etc., are en route.

17 May 1930.

Got out a proclamation yesterday, to the effect that the Departments of the Segovias being in a state of siege, and martial law being in force, the area in and about El Silencio is prohibited. This was distributed by planes, patrols, and by local officials.
The Ortiz family are all under arrest. Lola Matamoros, one time mistress of Sandino, was brought in by a Guardia patrol from Telpaneca. She is a buxom Indian type, rather light complexioned, when she arrived on her mule, dressed in a bright mantilla, high-heeled shoes and gay parasol, she was some picture. Nothing shy about her, as she allowed I must have a bed for her in my quarters. Put her next door in Maria
Marquin's.

Just saw a radio from the Brigade for the Marines to reinforce San Fernando at once by ten men, that number come up by plane tomorrow.

18 May 1930.

Radio in code from Good in Quilali that he had just captured a spy sent by Ortiz. That Ortiz would attack his post tonight or tomorrow night with 250 men and asked for reinforcements. Thank goodness I landed 5000 rounds by plane at his post yesterday. Have most of the men I can find in the Malaquite Pass and up Totocacinte way. Forty-three men and 3 officers should arrive tomorrow, they are hiking in from Jinotega. The 2nd En., H.Q. in Jicaro is yelling for shoes. The Marines have reestablished a post in the church tower here. Cootal is far from dull just now. We are bound to have more contacts this week. The Great Northern is out for blood. 6:30 p.m. - Radio from San Juan states that as the mules were being driven from pasture, the muleiros were fired on by bandits, one Guardia severely wounded in the arm. They expect an attack but state the garrison can handle the situation. That makes four scraps for this outfit in three weeks.

Will deport the Ortiz family and Lola by plane tomorrow.

19 May 1930.

So far this has been a great day for Cootal. To begin with the expected attacks failed to come off. We also had patrols
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out and they failed to make any contacts.

At six this morning I notified the Ortiz family and Lola to be ready to leave at nine. Under the charge of sentries they collected their gear and were assembled at Guardia Headquarters. The only privately owned Reo Speedwagon in town, driven by the Alcalde came for Lola, while a crowd of several hundred of the principal gents collected to see her off. She was dressed in new silks, powder, paint and big ear-rings. She had to leave in the white truck, instead of the Reo, with the Ortiz clan, all sitting on boards, laid 'thwart ship for seats. People lined the road to the aviation field, and on the field were about 300 more. There was much weeping and gnashing of teeth. The big event was a contest to see who should put the 'chute on Lola. A pair of dice were produced and Hans O. Martin won the honor. I fixed up Eva Ortiz. One in-law tried to make a speech but he was soon told to quit. It was a great relief to see six potential or actual trouble makers take the air. Later - heard that all the exiles got sick in the plane, which had only one bucket. They landed in Managua looking bedraggled.

20 May 1930.

First day of rain.

Latest dope, from various sources widely separated, places Sandino in Nicaragua near Totacocinte, north of Jalapa. The latter place is due for an attack tonight. Other news is that
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the bandits have a 37 m.m. and will attack Comoto - Pueblo Nuevo and Esteli. More Guardia reinforcement on the way here. Strength today 46 officers and 512 men. Twenty-five Marines have returned, and I understand more will follow.

Garrett writes that Colonel Rhea is quite concerned over the trend of things, and I know that the Guardia Headquarters and President Moncada are also.

Metcalf is expected here to relieve Weitzel.

25 May 1930.

War-like rumors have quieted down, perhaps the bandits who are reported as coming in from Honduras are organizing. Then again the rainy season has started. We have now had four days rain. This always slows up bandit activities. There is a "little dry season" in July and during that time activities may pick up. Major Salzman has returned to this area as Yowell's relief.

There is a new Medical Officer for Marines, Commander Freeman. All officers in San Juan are now down with dysentery. Am trying to get them out, as they have no medicine or proper food there.

The past week has been a great disappointment. I had predicted at least one contact. It came, about two hours too late to get under the tape for the week. Result, two wounded prisoners, one seriously in the hip and the other not so bad in the head.

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Jinotega has now a restricted area and is also beginning to deport people. Mrs. Sandino from San Rafael was the first to depart.

28 May 1930.

O'Leary being on his feet again, the following memorandum has been despatched to all posts, Northern Area:

"It is thought that the knees of Captain O'Leary, our popular Quartermaster, and the back of the Colonel's mule Josephine, will be well and healed soon. Bearing this in mind the above combat unit will be available to the various posts as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Jioaro</td>
<td>June 7th</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>San Juan</td>
<td>June 8th</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quilali</td>
<td>June 9th</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jalapa</td>
<td>June 10th</td>
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<tr>
<td>Santa Maria</td>
<td>June 11th</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One day for rest</td>
<td>June 12th</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dipilto</td>
<td>June 13th</td>
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<tr>
<td>Paper work at Hq.</td>
<td>June 14th</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Telpaneca</td>
<td>June 15th</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Having cleaned up the Somoto area his services are no longer required in that zone.

Esteli may have this shock unit on call.

Bandits must be staked out and fully identified prior to contact."

29 May 1930.

The patrol of reinforcements from the south arrived yesterday by shank's mare. Four officers, McQueen, Carlson, Anderson and Freeman, with forty enlisted. I let them stay here all day and was preparing to send them on to Jioaro by
easy stages, when last night I received a longocode message, to send without delay a force of at least two officers and forty men to hunt for Altamarino, about Yali. Message was decoded by 6:30 p.m. and they cleared under Carlson at 11:00 p.m. on an 80 mile hike. At 6:00 this morning got orders cancelling movement, they were then nearing Apali, so no harm was done.

San Juan expects another attack. Have one of the killers of Bermudez; arrested him as a horse thief. Got word that the gentlemen in Honduras objected to the reedy looking animals they were getting from Mr. Toledo of Telpaneco. Will have to look up where Mr. Toledo got his horses. Pinched the Alcalde of Totagalpa and his friends for shooting off guns inside town. They are relatives of our table maid, more complications. Have the brother of the chief of police here in jail. Got orders to deport several of the principal people in town. Have them all in jail. I am also ordered to tell a Senator from this department to leave Ocotal, but as he is immune from arrest, I am further told "to induce him to leave by the tactful and judicious use of moral suasion". Am about to get tactful. I fear me there are a lot of other people slated for Siberia. Deportations are on in force all over the land and just to think it all came from a modest request on my part to deport the Ortiz family. Since then the Sandino, Blandon and Altamarino families have been deported.

We wanted a shower head so the Marine quartermaster allowed as how Mrs. Chomorro had one in her yard that was not paid for
and was Government property. The Guardia, having no feelings in the matter and not willing to let our brothers-in-arms be robbed, sent and got the shower head, but by some mistake in orders, the Guardia brought the drum, piping and other fixings as well. It seems that Mrs. Chomorro was in Managua and Mr. Chomorro in bed, so "Charlie" and her helper came to protest. I told them to see the Quartermaster. This started the passing of the buck. Shortly after I got a code message from Managua saying that Mrs. Chomorro had received news to the effect that a great misfortune had befallen her family in Ocotal and requesting a report. The last sentence read “the President has directed that she remain in Managua”. I guess from that she must be deported; don’t know. Somoto with two patrols in the field, Limay with one, and Pueblo Nuevo with one, are trying to run down bandits that sacked the La Gracia mines.

1 June 1930.

Day before yesterday I locked up one of the Paguagua boys as we captured a letter in a contact written by him to a bandit. Today as a Guardia patrol under Croka passed the Orosi Ranch near San Fernando, shots were heard. The Guardia point fired and rushed the position where the shots came from. A man jumped and ran, first throwing away a pistol belt and holster. On searching the house, Horatio Ortiz, first cousin of Miguel Angel admitted firing but not at the patrol. He claimed he was shooting at the Guardia dogs with the point and to prove his contention he pointed to one he killed and two wounded. Nevertheless
bullets swished over and by the point. The only reason he is not dead is that a spring stuck in the Thompson after the 3rd shot. Horatio is now in our fine Ocoté jail.

Two more gentlemen will be deported by plane tomorrow.

1 June 1930.

First number of the "Great Northern News" out today. It is the official news organ of the Segovia Wrecking Company, Incorporated. It has a leased wire to Managua, buzzer to Jicaro, Zopilote to Jalapa, and other foreign stations. It is thought it will fill a long felt need up here, with it's timely news. O'Leary is editor-in-chief.

Extracts from this publication following give a clear picture of past events:

O C O T A L

Recent arrivals here include Captains McQueen, Carlson, Anderson, and Lieutenants Freeman and Livermore. Lieutenant Hussa went through to Managua on his way to the Candidates School.

The ladies of the station gave a bridge tea on Tuesday. Among the departures from the station during the past week were several prominent Gente from Ocoté, Telpáneca, and Somoto. They are opening new homes for the summer at Leon at the invitation of the President.
DIARY OF A GUARDIA OFFICER

TELPA NECO

Open season for all sorts of game will begin today.
Several families have arrived for the sport. It is expected that many parties will be arranged by the Guardia in El Silencio and Cerro Blanco. The Brass Hats from Headquarters are now arranging for the shoot in that neighborhood over the 4th of July. Ammunition, while expensive, is still plentiful. The allowance is somewhat reduced this year, however, being now restricted to una cartouche por hombre. No dynamiting or wholesale killing will be authorized except in certain areas. Lola has arrived at Leon and will not be back for the season. The rains have started and will be welcome change from the heat of the dry season.

JICARO

Major Salzman has taken over the Battalion and Sandino has disappeared. Several new officers and men have arrived to be with the major for the summer sports. El Chipote and environs will soon resound with the happy laughter of jolly sportsmen and the crack of the Krags while the game scurries for cover.
Never in the history of the Segovias has the outlook been better for a successful season. The costumes of the huntsmen are more varied than ever and one of the outstanding improvements are the new styles of footwear. Between hunts and showers, bridge will be the order of the day; the more bridges the better. It is rumored that some of the prominent people of Jicaro will soon be leaving for a vacation in Leon.

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PUEBLO NUEVO

The Condega bridge Whist Club will meet at Palacaguina on next Tuesday evening. The hostesses on that evening will be Mrs. Donehoo, Fagan and Makus. A Spanish supper will be served consisting of tortillas and frijoles. The guest of the evening will be Lieutenant Torres of the Guardia Nacional who is here for the shooting. A feature of the evening will be the arrival of the guests; it has been arranged that they shall be conveyed from their homes on the backs of mules captured from bandits by the Guardia and using saddles captured from the Marines.

SANTA MARIA

Latest news from the Gibraltar of the Northwest indicates seasonal slackness. Tourist from Honduras, altho coming in droves, are not using the Santa Maria route this year. The fashionable route into Nicaragua is now through the watering places of Danli and Totocasinte. There is one bad detour near the Malcata Pass thru El Poste. The sad case of the death of a bandit prisoner is reported from this point. The circumstances in this case are somewhat different from other attempted escapes inasmuch as this man took the wrong trail. The man was, very appropriately, buried beside the trail and this should serve to remind his former messmates that, the path of glory leads but to the grave. El Salvador newspapers please copy.

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SOMOTO

This delightful stopping place is noted as being the home of the brilliant catch of the season, Salgado. It rests in the shadow of Somoto mountains and is particularly noted for its Chibolas and eddies in the cool of the evening. Society is all aflutter over the promise of the Salgados to return and open up their country place there; business interests also indicate their early return as there are a few throats left to be cut near the Guardia Barracks.

QUILLALI

The new Guardia Home is now nearing completion and when completed will be one of the show places of Eastern Segovia. Society is looking forward to the house-warming which should be held about August 1st. The building inspectors of that district, Ortiz and Pedron, have promised to call and look the property over. They have made several offers for the property and may yet take it over. Captain Good has refused every offer so far, however, and will not give up his ancestral home without a struggle. Lieutenant Reed refused to be dropped from the air and it was necessary for the plane to land before he disembarked.
DIARY OF A GUARDIA OFFICER

D I P I L T O

Captain Perley and Lieutenant Burns have landed and have the situation well in hand. Lieutenant Burns reports that they have been on a continuous patrol for the last two weeks. Keep up the good work that's what keeps the bandits guessing. The latest report on the road situation is that it is wet and getting wetter.

T O T O G A L P A

Where there is no Guardia, there is no news.

M A N A G U A

News from Managua continues about the same. Society holds forth at the Club Oficiales each Saturday evening. Speculation is generally rife as to the possibilities of Sandino's return together with next pay-day (both are doubted in some quarters). Many society leaders are returning to the capitol by plane from the provinces for the season, amongst the most prominent of the inner circle is Lola Matemorcas and Mrs. Sandino. Invitation committee: Messers Moncado, McDougal, Denig, and Stent.

P A L A C A G U I N A

Lieutenant Nakus reports that unless someone stops him that he will clear about 0000 tomorrow, for Condega, on his regular airplane patrol. Lieutenant Torres will be left in command.

M I S C E L L A N E O U S

When better papers are published, please send us a copy. Subscription rates; one pair shoes, field, per year.

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2 June 1930

Ferguson with the Santa Maria patrol on an administrative trip here was long overdue. While worrying about this, a radio from Santa Maria told of that place being fired on at long range. Later another radio said the 1st Sergeant's mule had returned. Sent Forsyth out to the field to have the planes go out and look for the patrol.

Just as they were about to take off, Ferguson arrived. It seems that the 1st Sergeant, Napoleon Reyes, who is a poor rider, fell off his mount; much time was lost in trying to recapture the animal. The time so lost made the soare and nearly precipitated another small war.

Dr. Terrell left for the States. Released Max Paguagua.

5 June 1930.

MoQueen ordered to Somotilla.

This is a peaceful country, I have now covered 72 miles in an automobile and talked three times on the telephone. Just got a radio that heavy firing on the slopes of Chipote was heard and it is thought that Captain Good is having a fight. Am asking for small planes to come up and have a look and be ready to evacuate any wounded that might result.

Rain and more rain and Lillian Gish plays in the movies tonight.

6 June 1930.

Captain Fagan and Lieut. Makus had a contact north of...
DIARY OF A GUARDIA OFFICER

Palacaguina. One bandit killed and probably some wounded. ✓

Three fully equipped animals captured, bandit camp destroyed.

McQueen in Limay. Croka cleared Condega for Esteli.

7 June 1930.

Fagan again in contact with about 100 bandits at Tamarindo.
Lieut. Cobb had contact at Mancallan near Trinidad. Bandits lost five killed and seven wounded. Long list of arms and various equipment captured. List ends with 93 tortillas. The Jefe of the group, Cardoza, was captured.

8 June 1930.

Special plane came with official mail. Orders; First, to open up the restricted area. Second, to investigate the report that Guardias had entered Honduras. Necessary orders issued.

Have had three contacts in two days, the really important thing is the capture of 13 horses with saddles, as our stock is not in such fine shape.

One of the new Ford all-metal planes arrived today. All hands went out to see it.

10 June 1930.

The garrison in Pueblo Nuevo staged a shooting match while Capt. Fagan was away on patrol. Result, 4 wounded. One Molino started the affair, he is said to be a relative of Salgado, a bandit of that area, he was quite well shot up, both arms broken. Donehoo from Condega galloped over with a Marine patrol and sat on the lid, while a patrol cleared from here at -118-
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1:00 a.m. with both Guardia doctors.

11 June 1930.

Dr. Baske arrived Pueblo at 9:30, hard trip due to heavy downpour. Three of the wounded evacuated at once to Condega on stretchers, thence to Managua by plane. Among them was Molino, a prisoner; the telegram stated they could not bathe him due to his wounds. Suppose that has something to do with lockjaw. Hear that one of the men died in Managua.

Dr. Baske wanted to return today, so I ordered him to Condega to catch a plane. It rained so hard plane could not land, so he sent me a telegram, "What do?" I consoled with him by following telegram:

"The plane came by
High in the sky.
Due to rain
You waited in vain.
Much to my sorrow
You must wait till tomorrow."

The Medical Director of the Guardia, Commander Hale, Colonel, G.N., was expected in Ocotal, to inspect and Baske was anxious to be present. He came back with:

"That I should fail
To meet Doctor Hale
Fills me with regret and sorrow"

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"Hope he will stay
And not fly away,
Till we come home tomorrow."

"Off to the capitol far away,
Nichols must be on Friday.
Kindly see what can be done
So he won't miss examination."

"Now that we have made our call
How we ache for Oootal.
My Oootal, fair to see
Plainly I hear you calling me. Baske."

Nichols was a pharmacist's mate going up for "chief".

12 June 1930.

General McDougal flew up today, met him at the field, all officers present. He had me write an order in regard to patrols not approaching nearer than one mile of the Honduras border. It seems that every time a Guardia patrol gets in sight of the border, it is promptly reported as having crossed, with the result that Washington wants to know all about it. No patrol has crossed the line to the best of my belief.

14 June 1930.

The officers' orderly in Pueblo who was one of the wounded, died in Managua. He was a good kid, loyal and hardworking. He was the one who was so anxious to show me that he had learned
DIARY OF A GUARDIA OFFICER

The sergeant is in a critical condition, but the prisoner is expected to live. The Guardia who evacuated them to Condega were most disappointed that the prisoner could not walk. Sgt. Madrigon asked Dr. Baske to let the prisoner try it, he was getting so heavy.

16 June 1930.

Have seven Guardias in irons here, for their part in the Pueblo affair, it now looks as if it were a mutiny that went off too soon. Will try them all, also have three others to court-martial for the Jicaro shooting.

Had a cheese cloth ceiling put in my room, it makes it much lighter and keeps the droppings of wood ants out of my hair.

Back wall of the patio fell down, with a loud crash, we thought we were being attacked. O'Leary reports only one Zopilote hurt.

Jicaro got a first class Chinese cook today, had him under guard in Managua so he would surely make the plane.

19 June 1930.

Major Salzman broke a tooth off on the trail. He is on his way back to Managua for duty. This area has been reorganized as one unit, no more battalions and separate companies.

The Guardia school teacher's father was killed today, gored three times by a bull.

Trials of the Pueblo Guardias ended, the man who gave Mo-
lino a rifle and told the others to stand back got 15 years
for hard labor.

21 June 1930.

Telegram from Jicaro "1st Class cookie Juan was shot and
instantly killed at 0600 by Cabo Martine. Body buried in
Jicaro. Notify next of kin." This was followed by the routine
report "All secure in Jicaro." I don't know what happened, but
cookie is "no mas", the only imported cook in Segovia. Later -
Most of Jicaro has cleared on patrol for Murra.

Jinotega is in an uproar. A group of bandits, 250 strong,
reported to be led by all the big jefes, Sandino included, is
now supposed to be attacking Yali. Wires are cut so not much
information. Have asked Metcalf to send a patrol from Condega.
All our posts have "stand-by" orders. Esteli is being rein-
forced, planes taking Guardia there. Jinotega has had 2 con-
tacts, near Yuoca Puoca we hear, planes came on the scene and
helped out with 58 bombs and much machine gun fire. It is
expected that there will be a scrap today involving all the
bandits, over a hundred Guardia and the planes.

San Fernando, a Marine post has been discontinued as of
today.

We are due for a week of dry weather, according to local
lore, 24 June to 1 July is called the "Canícula de San Juan"
when no rain falls, then rain until the 15th of July, when a
month of dry weather sets in, called "La Canícula", in other
words, "dog days".

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R. Hunt to Pueblo. Jicaro and Quilali out towards Murra.

22 June 1930.

Sandino seems to be located south of the Coco and north of Yali. Messages coming in great numbers, Forsyth real busy, decoding, coding and filing on the two nails that take the incoming and outgoing messages, and is our filing system. Sent the following order to cover all fragmentary ones:

TO TELPANECO AND ALL OTHER STATIONS.

LARGE BANDIT GROUP IN VICINITY OF TWO FIVE THREE DASH THREE THREE ZERO WITH JINTOEGA PATROL UNDER WEBB IN PURSUIT PERIOD. JICARO PATROL REINFORCED NOW IN QUILALI PROCEED AT ONCE SANTA CRUZ THENCE SOUTH THROUGH PANTANO VALLEY AND GAIN CONTACT. PARAGRAPHS SAN JUAN COMMA PROCEED AT ONCE ONE OFFICER TWENTY TWO MEN TO VICINITY OF LA RITA TWO FOUR FOUR DASH THREE FIVE ZERO AND GAIN CONTACT PARAGRAPHS TELPANECO COMMA ONE OFFICER EIGHTEEN MEN PROCEED AT ONCE ALONG COCO RIVER TO VICINITY CHAMASTE TWO FOUR ZERO DASH THREE FIVE NINE PAYING PARTICULAR ATTENTION TO PROBABLE CROSSINGS OF THE COCO PARAGRAPHS PUEBLO NUEVO CAPT HUNT WITH TWENTY FIVE MEN WILL PROCEED EAST TO TIGRE TWO THREE ONE DASH THREE FOUR ZERO AND GAIN CONTACT PERIOD TEN MEN WILL LAND CONDEGA TOMORROW TO REINFORCE PUEBLO PARAGRAPHS PALACAGUINA ONE OFFICER TEN MEN PROCEED TO BRAMODERO TWO ONE NINE DASH THREE FOUR FOUR TO DENY BANDITS USE OF TRAILS IN THAT VICINITY PARAGRAPHS MARINE PATROLS FROM APALI TO SAN JUAN COMMA OCOTAL TO TELPANECO PERIOD CONDEGA NOW HAS PATROL OPERATING TO EAST OF CONDEGA PERIOD BE PREPARED FOR ONE WEEKS OPERATIONS DENIG 17222 JUN 30.

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Having a hard time transmitting it, several radios are out, land wires out and can't reach all places. Using runners and patrols where possible. Contact planes coming at 10 instead of 6 as requested, tomorrow.

Turned in at midnight.

23 June 1930.

Up at three this morning. Got off this order:

"TO TELPANECA
LARGE BANDIT FORCES WITH SANDINO AT LAS MUEBES TWO THREE THREE DASH THREE FOUR SEVEN AND PAVONIA TWO THREE EIGHT DASH THREE FOUR FIVE PERIOD OTHER GROUP NORTH OF LOMA AZUL TWO FIVE ONE DASH THREE THREE FOUR PERIOD TELPANECA WILL CLEAR WITH FULL FORCE FOR LAS MUEBES VIA CANOAS TWO THREE TWO DASH THREE FIVE SEVEN PERIOD SAN JUAN PATROL WILL BE FORTY FIVE MEN DENIG 04323 JUN 30.

Still trouble in getting messages through. Planes have made a drop at all stations of orders 17222 June 30, and 04323 June 30. Sent Captain O'Leary to Condega to speed things up. 7:00 p.m. all patrols under way at last. Sent Barker with 12 men to hold down Telpanceca. Somoto and Santa Maria out on local stuff. 11:15 p.m. many code messages coming in now, mostly to the effect that Sandino has given us the slip and the Guardia is foot-sore and weary. Three officers down with dysentery. Jinotega patrol back, is clearing tomorrow for Pantasma valley.
24 June 1930.

San Juan Day. Horse racing in the streets. No new developments. All patrols are out, no reports of contacts. Listened to the ship's bells strike the hours and half hours. All Guardia posts use that method of giving the time. I doubt if one in a hundred people up here ever saw the sea.

25 June 1930.

The Canícula of San Juan still hangs on. Very pleasant, cool, green, outdoor movies, fine sleeping weather and unfortunately as well, bandit weather. Strength today 625 and half of them are down Jinotega way, keeping Wynn's bandits out of our back yard. No contacts so far, but there are a lot of foot weary and sore men. Code - code - code - more bandits - 50 well armed between Esteli and Limay - Sandino is said to have passed by Sta. Cruz at 2:00 p.m. the 22nd for Segovia. Now I got him and Wynn sent me a message not to brag too soon or too long or something. Plenty of other details, we comb out Darali area tomorrow, what is the use, as the situation as I write, and communications are so slow that we can't keep up with the procession.

2:00 p.m. got the following pick-up from O'Leary:-
8:00 A.M. JUNE 25, 1930 LOS NUBES, NICARAGUA.
Memo for Colonel Denig, Ocoital.

Makua w/10 enlisted joined me at 8 P.M, June 23rd, at Darali. Cleared Darali w/38 enlisted 4 officers at 2 A.M. June 24th. Reached Bromadero at 5 A.M., after difficult march.
DIARY OF A GUARDIA OFFICER

At Los Potreros (222-344), four Guardia disguised as deserters, learned that Umanzor and Chavarría with about 100 men headed for area about 205-350, passed through Los Potreros from Camolote about June 19th. Have paper signed by Umanzor and owner of house obtained from—enclosed. Sighted two scout planes about 9:15 June 24th near 223-347, laid out panels on high ground but planes passed to south of us without stopping.

At Camolote, learned that 40 bandits, Jefe unknown, passed through headed for Jocote (220-342), near Bromodero on Condega Yali trail. Arrived at Los Nubes at 3 p.m. June 24th, and learned that large party of bandits under Jefe unknown, passed through headed north for El Silencio—majority hatless and without blanket rolls, believed to be fleeing after contact by Webb. Am convinced concentration bandits has been abandoned. Will rest here today and if no orders are received, will follow any information received. Have no information of Sandino. People here all unfriendly, except haciendo at Los Nubes—Sad case here of three young children dying of malaria—Request that planes drop quinine here for them. People here claim that no quinine or other medicine can be bought at Yali due to Guardia restrictions. Name of father of this family is Gilberto Centeno. He has fled as the bandits want to kill him. Seven Marines and one Guardia visited Los Nubes for food about five hours before our arrival. Men and animals well. Weather very cool with some rain. No sign of other Guardia or Marine patrols. Hard country to travel in due to high hills. O’Leary.

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No contacts. Pueblo and Quilalí ordered out to investigate parts of above information. Good is in Sta. Cruz.

Letter from Salzman, he wonders if the Jicaro cook died with his boots on, as he left them there and they sent someone else's to him instead. Will get off a code message and find out.

26 June 1930.

O'Leary with 5 officers and 74 men are in Yali. Bandits reported south of Pueblo. Esteli and Limay cleared to look for them.

28 June 1930.

Still trying to direct far flung patrols with poor communication or none at all.

At 8:00 a.m. Captain Schwerin was ambushed near Cedrale in El Silencio - Coco river area. He was wounded in the left elbow. One Guardia lost his eye and one killed by a bomba-del-lata. Bandit casualties unknown. After a half hour fight Guardia withdrew. Schwerin was nearly killed in the Jicaro affair.

Captain R. A. Anderson, south of the river, heard the firing and marched on it. Had contact in same locality at noon. One Guardia killed. Captured a Sandino flag and some arms and bombs. Got both messages while at an Arbour Day ceremony as guest of honor. Anderson goes on Guardia pay-roll today.

Sent Livermore and Krebs with 29 enlisted from San Juan in pursuit. Trying to get Quilalí out, radio there evidently out of commission.

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6:00 p.m. O'Leary with Telpaneca, Cootal and Palacaguina patrols is in the latter place.

30 June 1930.

Somoto patrol under Castillo had contact last midnight on Somoto Mountain, one bandit killed, some arms captured.

Orders came placing the Central Area patrols under my command. Strength now 55 officers 750 men.

11:30 p.m. more messages, trying to straighten out a tangled mess. Patrols out of touch. Jinotega patrols have different maps from the ones we use. No coordinates on them, and of a different scale. If I ever get the chance I will fix up the map question.

Have located Pullor in Yali; message from Haynard that he is marching on El Silencio.

O'Leary and R. Hunt back in Cootal.

Another new news sheet has made it's appearance, this time from Telpaneca, and is called "The Telpaneca Gaboon". It is profusely illustrated and has a Rotogravure section.
1 July 1930.

Captain R. Hunt, with the aid of Guardias, and bulls, raised what we think to be the highest flag pole in the country. Our blue and white Nicaraguan flag can now be seen several miles fluttering over Ocoita, the Queen City of the North.

Livermore back in San Juan. Puller reported by runner with 4 officers and 74 men as having entered the Northern Area and requests orders.

It looks as if the large bandit groups have dispersed for a time, but they will join again, as there are as many bandits today as there ever were.

3 July 1930.

Have had the planes for the past two days searching for Puller and Maynard, no luck. R. Hunt left for Managua for further duty in Corinto.

4 July 1930.

Puller and his patrol, grown somehow to 90 men, reported in to San Juan.

Many firecrackers all day. This morning a polo game, mounts were the water mules, old brooms for mallets and a basketball completed the equipment.

Dinner, roast turkey flanked by an assortment of canned vegetables.

The "Shooting of Dan McGrew" - Nicaraguan style, a love
At Caoalo, which is some four leagues from Limay, on the main road to Esteli, on 1 July, Pio Guzman shot Cabo Pedro Molina #1288, at about ten p.m., with a thirty-eight caliber revolver. Pio Guzman shot Cabo Molina three times, once through right elbow, once through right shoulder and the other shot penetrated both testicles, entered left leg and went clear through limb without striking bone. The circumstances were as follows.

At about 8 p.m. on the night of 1 July, Cabo Pedro Molina eloped with Senorita Genera Guzman, age eighteen years, the daughter of Senor Pio Guzman, who resides in San Juan de Limay. A few minutes after the couple had eloped, the girl was missed by her father, who went to the Guardia barracks and asked the Corporal of the Guard if Cabo Molina was there. The Cabo of the Guard informed Pio Guzman that Molina was out. Shortly after this Senor Carmelo Castellon informed Pio Guzman that his daughter, Genera, had eloped with Cabo Molina and that the couple were going towards Esteli. Upon learning of this, Pio Guzman, armed with a thirty-eight caliber pistol, and accompanied by his son, Gasper, who was armed with a rifle, and Luis Morales, left to try and overtake the girl and Cabo Molina.

Upon reaching Caoalo, and near the house of Viuda de Don Basilio Guevara, the party overtook Genera and Cabo Molina, where Pio Guzman shot Cabo Molina, after an argument. Cabo
Molina was armed with a rifle but did not shoot. After Pio Guzman had shot Cabo Molina, Guzman placed Molina upon his horse and escorted him close to Limay, where Pio Guzman disappeared, but I have information that he is in Honduras.

Witnesses to the shooting are Genera and Gasper, who I am holding at Esteli. Cabo Molina was brought to Esteli on 3 July and at six p.m. same date, Cabo Molina and Genera were married by the Alcalde, in the presence of the Juez Local and the Jefe Politico.

5 July 1930.

Maynard is in Yali, failed to get across the Coco. Lost a mule in the attempt. Some of his men have small-pox and he reports no shoes, clothes, etc.

Early reports that Lieut. G. C. Smith, G.N., had been ambushed, two other patrols cleared from Esteli and one from Pueblo to look into the situation.

6 July 1930.

Smith with Esteli patrol ambushed Blandon near Rodeo at the finca of Senor Rodriguez by Moropotente Mountain. Bandits numbered 75, their loss was 12 killed, 12 wounded and 1 captured. Much equipment and ammunition taken including 25 saddle animals. Guardia lost nothing.

Good cleared Quilali for south of Las Cruces to investigate bandit group. Pueblo still out. Croka with Cooral patrol in Palaquighina. Puller arrived Quilali.
8 July 1930.

Heard from native sources that the wounded in Smith ambush amounted to 14 and that 4 have since died.

Lt. Comdr. Gladden flew up on duty connected with the electoral mission.

Also arrived by the air route, Dr. Gordon D. Hale, Commander (MC) U.S.N., Medical Director of the Guardia and Dr. Horace R. Boone, Lt. Comdr. (MC) U.S.N., in charge of the Guardia hospital in Managua.

Received a telegram announcing General Neville's death. Broadcast it to all stations.

9 July 1930.

Our doctors left for Managua. They liked it here and said they had not seen such a happy mess, but we ate too much. They also liked the outdoor movies.

Headquarters much elated over the Smith contact.

Lieut. Burns, C.N., had a contact on the Las Vueltas Susacallon trail south of Ula Ranch. One bandit killed.

11 July 1930.

The zinnias are doing fine, have the hospital patio full of them now. Lieut. Buchlein (MC) C.N. has raised some that are seven inches in diameter.

A sergeant fell off the porch in Trinidad, he has been unconscious for two days. Sent him to Managua by plane, after a 12 mile hike on a stretcher to the nearest field. There are
only three 2-story buildings in this whole area. This illustrates the dangers of skyscrapers.

Another contact. Captain E. F. Carlson with a Guardia patrol hit the bandits at night near Pasma, killed two and wounded seven, he has some prisoners, much loot taken, including horses, bombs, grenades, dynamite sticks and other gear. Bandits no doubt fled into the Zona Disputado.

Bandit rumors are spreading again today - Esteli, Limay, Trinidad, Jicaro, Ocoatal and Palacaguina have all cleared on various missions. We may have banditas for breakfast, three of the patrols have left the area. The Great Northern goes far afield to bring home the bacon. But as a rule it is "dulce," or unrefined sugar eaten in raw state. Nearly all contact reports list so many pounds of "dulce".

Lieutenant Anderson has resigned from the Guardia, he was stationed in San Juan.

12 July 1930.

Perley ordered to San Juan; he will do some mapping on the side.

Native reports place Umanzor as hiding over the border at Las Limas. He was wounded in the Anderson contact of 28 June near Ojoche. These same reports say that his band is broken up, that five were killed and many wounded or missing.

Matthews is chief of staff but I hear he is to go to Jinotega, to command the Central Area.
16 July 1930.

Quiet Day. Croka back. Perley out of San Juan burnt up three bandit camps and otherwise pestered the brigands. The amount of "frijoles" he has burnt would fill several freight cars. We have no transportation to salvage the beans. Levonski out of Telpaneca had a contact in the Zapote area, killed two and wounded one, all identified and wanted on criminal charges. Wynn goes to Leon.

17 July 1930.

Scout plane crashed ten miles from Managua, the pilot and a gunnery sergeant killed.

Makus out near Yalaguina. On the trail he usually wears a 10-gallon grey felt hat. Juan Baptiste Rivera, ex-bandit and Marine scout reported to be active with a group of five west of Somoto.

All the bandits are love-sick. Here are a few of the captured letters in free translation: "Divine Carmen: I wish to go into your prayers, and to swear that I will love you forever until I die, as my love for you is eternal, and my hopes will never die, they are ever green like the leaves of the trees."

"Sr. don Julano: I put all my breath and all my love in the hands of the owner of my heart. If you want I can embrace

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you in my arms, together my heart; I want to be in your heart to extend my great love. I would like to be in your arms and near your heart. This love is forcing me to live in an eternal trouble in which you are my unique hope, and this hope is supporting my existence, and they are my heart hopes, and the symbol of my eternal love which will never die."

18 July 1930.

Del Valle arrived today on his way to Quilali via San Juan to visit Good. He had lunch at our mess and dinner at the Marine mess. Trinidad, Telpaneca, and Jicaro are the only posts that have patrols out. No rain, have had very little for twenty-seven days, not enough to speak of. Mileage to date.

Plane 520, horse 590, automobile 84 miles.

21 July 1930.

Sandino and Pedro said to be concentrating southeast of Santa Fe. All northern area stations have stand-by orders. Jicaro sent a strong patrol to Quilali.

Another war gone wrong, illustrating why one should not jump at conclusions.

FROM: CO ESTELI

TO: AREA COMMANDER GN OCOTAL

GROUP OF ABOUT THIRTY BANDITS UNDER SALGADO FIRED ON DOCTOR CASTRO MIDWAY BETWEEN ESTELI AND EL SAUCE STOP DOCTOR CASTRO ESCAPED BUT HIS MOTHER AND TWO SISTERS ARE STILL ON THE TRAIL STOP THIS HAPPENED AT 1630 THIS DATE STOP REQUEST PERMISSION TO SEND OUT PATROL TONIGHT STOP 20315 JULY 21. MCDONALD.

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FROM: AREA COMMANDER
TO: CO ON ESTELI

REF YOUR 20315 STOP PERMISSION TO SEND OUT PATROL IS GRANTED
REPEAT IS GRANTED STOP DENIG 22015 JULY 21.

FROM: CO ON ESTELI
TO: AREA COMMANDER ON OCOTAL

REFER MY 20315 JUAN CASTRO BROTHER OF DOCTOR CASTRO HAS JUST
ARRIVED WITH MRS CASTRO AND HIS TWO SISTERS FROM EL SAUCE
AND STATE THAT THEY ONLY HEARD FIVE SHOTS FIRED AND STATE
THAT DOCTOR CASTRO HAD BEEN DRINKING STOP DOCTOR CASTRO NOW
STATES THAT HE DID NOT SEE ANY BANDITS BUT THAT HE HEARD
SOME SHOTS FIRED AND THAT HE FIRED HIS PISTOL IN THE DIRECTION
OF THE FIRING WHICH HE HEARD STOP STORY OF DOCTOR CASTRO IS
NOT NOW BELIEVED AND PERMISSION TO SEND OUT PATROL IS RECALLED
STOP 21015 JULY 21 MCDONALD.

22 July 1930.

Del Valle is back and had lunch with us, he has made a
rapid swing about part of the area, one night stands. I don't
think he is particularly crazy about our country.

Forsyth just back from a patrol, he stalked a group high
up a hill, only to find that the party was burying a woman.
Imagine his embarrassment.

23 July 1930.

Captain Kelly and Lieut. Freeman of Jicaro cleared for the
Pantasma Valley.

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25 July 1930.
Kelly reported in at Jinotega, had no new information.
Getting a new radio set for Jalapa, one of their particular
troubles is dampness, so they are to put this set in a small
closed room and keep lanterns burning.
Lieut. Stephenson near Las Palmas fell in with a small
group, captured three men, one was wounded.

26 July 1930.
Sta. Maria had a small brush with a group armed with shot-
guns.

28 July 1930.
Captain Kelly with patrol of 30 men had contact at a place
called Las Cruces, south of the Coco in Jinotega. Lieutenant
Freeman was seriously wounded and one private also, another is
missing. Native rumors say firing last two hours. Rather long
I think.

29 July 1930.
Earthquake last night, no damage.
Fokker transport crashed in attempting to land here,
caught its landing gear in rough brush, plowed its way along
and finally hit a stump, turned up on its nose and broke all
to pieces, and wrecked our new radio outfit for Jalapa. The
pilot and mechanic climbed out none the worse. They hitched
a couple of tractors to the wreck and pulled it out of the way

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so other planes could land. One of the spectators yelled out, "Oh! goody, now I have something to write home about." -/\-

Last of the Jicaro prisoners tried here, sent to Managua.

Croka left for Jalapa.

Captain Kelly carried his wounded a day's march back to Jinotega, then started right back for Quilali looking for another scrap.

31 July 1930.

Kelly back in Quilali. Bateman is sick in Telpaneca, sent Bushline with a patrol to look after him. Forsyth back from a short patrol. Pueblo ordered out to look up bandits reported in the neighborhood.

The following letter is purported to be genuine: [unclear]

INTERCEPTED LETTER FROM SANDINO TO ALTIMORANO.

Mio Amigo:

Things she go very bad with Army de Liberacion y Patria. All time mio hombres go together bastante Guardia she come looking down the bushes. These Guardia say "Where are the bandits?" I, too, say the same thing "Where are my bandits?" Salgado he say the Williams in Somoto is bad egg. Ortiz tell me that the Yankee beasts Pefley and Livermore raise hell in San Juan. No defender of libertias with mujeres is safe any place. Has any body here see Kelly? Everywhere bad news for the cause of the Autonomistas. Much close watch to be made in Telpaneca with dos hombres Levondki y Bateman. Bateman she very sick with ocolantura and go soon to Ocotal.

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Telpaneca she have new bombas name Telpaneca Caboon. You must go very slow. 'Dos tall beastie del Norte Capitan Carlson much throat cutting of our gallant followers near Jalapa. Do dese Yankee pigs try to keep us from Nicaragua? Never have such a bad bunch of secundrels come to Nicaragua. Who is dese man Coronel Denig? Who is dese Great Northern? Acui un Russian Doctor nombre de Baske?

What hear you from Quilali, the fair 'City de la Futurs'? Has el otra mal hombre Capitan Good murdered any of our brave followers? Be on your guard always against the blond giant from Oklahoma, el Bad Bill Croka, latest reliable and persistent information place him as scheming with Carlson in the bushes around Macardli (240-403).

El Nuevo Cornel del Guardia en Jinotega de la nombre Mathews. These man must be watch very close. His brave solders and too bad he is not fight by the side of the saviours of our country. We will yet win if the rains hold off a little longer. Every day the machos are stuffing themselves with Post Exchange chocolates and their end is certain.

Send agents to Esteli as I must find out more about the Scotch warrior McDonald and the murderers Smith and Cobb.

Reyes Lopez owed me quince cordobas and now they have killed him. Also find out for me the name of the man in the grey felt hat.

My agents have captured several documents from the Marines and you will get much laughter from them. Many medals, Cruces
DIARY OF A GUARDIA OFFICER

de la Mare, have been given by the Yankee Government to Marine oficiales for having driven you and me from our native land.

What fools---What fools:

'to El Major Necitred:

For having brought bastane bananas and hired many bull carts between April, 1927, and December, 1929 at great danger to himself by rickety cocheros above and beyond all call of duty in the cities of Matagalpa, Oootal, and Managua, Nicaragua. He is hereby awarded el Cruz de la Mare by a greatful Government.'

You may keep this copy as I have no use for it.

I hear that the Yankee Commandante Denig will go on leave in November por una mes and that he will then command el nuevo Southern Area de la Guardia. We shall lie low until that time comes.

Adios por Libertad Y Patria - Vamos a' morir por nuestra patria.

A. C. Sandino.

2 August 1930.

Lieut. Freeman died in Jinotega at 7:30 p.m. of wounds received at Las Cruces on the 28th of July. Palacaguina cleared on a bandit chase.

4 August 1930.

New Ford all metal plane in attempting to land here failed to make a go of it. The pilot gave her the gun to make another

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try, the left and center engines failed to respond. Plane
pulled around and crashed. The six people on board made lucky
escapes just ahead of the flames that started almost at once.
The fire got so hot that half of the craft just melted away,
the molten metal flowing down a slight knoll on which the plane
rested, as if running from a furnace. Nearly all the mail de-
stroyed. Captain Hans O. Martin and Lieut. Gulick were cut
and bruised. Martin was worried about his new suitcase. Lt.
Caceres, a Guardia officer, educated in the States, was bring-
ing us an apple pie, somehow he got it all on his face. He
looked terrible, someone said to him "What's the matter?", his reply "We just crashed."

Blandon is loose again on the eastern side of Esteli.
L. P. Runt is in Managua staying with Salzman.

6 August 1930.

Left Ocoital at 8:30 a.m. with Dr. Basko, Captain Forsyth,
Lieut. Barker and Torres and 18 men, arrived Somoto at 1:45
p.m. Distance covered 20 miles. Cleaned up and after dinner
we sat in the moonlight, wrapped up in blankets, as a cold
wind was blowing.

Got a relayed message that Lieutenant G. G. Smith, G.N., with
25 enlisted had a contact with about 45 bandits at Nance Dulce
that lasted two hours. Bandit losses 12 killed and 12 wounded.

Another telegram informed us that Fuller had been made
Major General Commandant, broadcast it to all stations.
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7 August 1930.

Reinforced by Gregon Williams and his patrol, we cleared Somoto at 7:00 for Espino, where we arrived at 10:45. Beautiful ride, near the end of which we went through the gorge of the upper Coco, much like Watkins Glen, N.Y., on a larger scale. Then up and up, to Espino which is on the edge of a cliff about 5000 feet in elevation, from which you can see nearly all of Segovia. As we approached Espino we heard bugles and looking towards the sound, that came from a mountain top, we saw the red-white-red flag of Honduras. We then displayed our blue-white-blue one. At Espino, some ten miserable shacks on the border, in Honduras, we were met by General Plate and his staff. We had a conference on the bandit question over a banquet of coffee, cheese, coffee, tortillas, coffee, sardines, coffee and beans.

The Honduran troops, 30 in number, had big heavy rifles and machetes and an assortment of uniforms from Hungarian Hussar to just plain mozo. None had shoes, some had sandals, all had their toes stubbed from the rocks. Back to Somoto, latter part of the ride through heavy rains. Distance covered 30 miles. Genevive lost 2 shoes. Got a message that "Hunt will go to your area".

8 August 1930.

Inspected Somoto, fine outfit. Sent Dr. Baske with a patrol to Pueblo to look out for Captain Bales who is sick.

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I left at 1:15, back in Ocotal at 6:00. Met Bleasdale on the trail en route for Somoto, with a Guardia escort. He gave me news from home, he just having arrived for electoral duty.

9 August 1930.

L. P. Hunt, Stan Fellers and McGorkle, reported for duty. Hunt is area executive, a major in the Guardia and on the payroll. Fellers I am sending to Santa Maria, he is on the payroll too. McGorkle, a 2nd Lieut. G.N., goes to Somoto. Marines held a smoker in the evening, boxing, etc. The Jefe Director sent for me.

11 August 1930.

Left Ocotal via airways. Colonel Matthews came in from Jinotega. We held a conference about a drive the Jefe wants to put on. The General has a new house nearer the water front which gets the breeze. Food is 100% improved since Mrs. McDougal came down.

12 August 1930.

The drive has been decided upon in the area between the Coco and Jinotega. Sent by wire the set up, for Hunt to put in proper form. He and the gang in Ocotal will make a fine job of it. After the show progresses a few days I will move my P.C. to Jinotega as it is thought that closer control can be effected from there.

The General had Salzman, Sheard and Miller in addition to us for dinner last night.

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14 August 1930.

Matthews left for Jinotega yesterday.

Capt. Evans flew me from Managua at 8:25. Landed in Ootital at 9:35, good trip in a scout, few bumps. A much frayed cigar was the other passenger.

Spent the rest of the day smoothing out the field order, in view of later information, and getting it run off on the Marine mimeograph. Fixed up 20 maps, by putting arbitrary coordinates on the Esteli and Kenyon maps. The Segovia map is the only one that has them.

Prepared airplane drops for all posts till past midnight.

15 August 1930.

Planes made all drops of the field order by 5:00 p.m. This sets the works in motion. Tepaneca got their's last, should have been among the first as they were to jump off today. This will set them back some hours.

Lieut. Cobb, G.N. had a contact at Los Carbonales, two bandits killed and four wounded. He has a patrol out of Esteli.

16 August 1930.

All patrols are under way, average hour of clearing 8:00 a.m.

Juan Rivera was killed today near Darali.

17 August 1930.

Planes made four of the five drops sent out today. All patrols at the correct locations, for the final jump off.

Amateur theatricals tonight.
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18 August 1930.

I took off from Ocotal with my adjutant, Captain Forsyth, in two scout planes and headed for Jinotega via Quilali and the area beyond, in which our five large patrols are assumed to have reached. I had in my plane all the drops that we hoped to make. They were rather good sized ones and contained, besides the necessary orders and such information as we had of the operations, the latest press dispatches and local news, cartons of cigarettes, cigars, tobacco, matches and odds and ends. It was a perfect day for flying, clear, smooth and just the right temperature though I had on a woolen shirt and sweater. On the way to Quilali we passed near the crest of Las Cruces where the ambush of last January was laid for my patrol. I noticed by the instruments that the trail at that point was about three thousand feet in elevation. We dove down on Quilali and I heaved out a bundle of medicine and mail and almost hit the panel, as we swooped up I looked back at the men rushing out to retrieve the drop. They signalled IT (retrieved) and on we went. At the Pantaema river we began the search for patrols. Back and forth we went over a strip about ten miles wide and twenty long. First on one wing and then the other. When the pilot, Lieut. Pugh, thought he saw something he would circle about and get down as close as he could. Nearly all the country was heavily wooded, clearings were few and far between. Near the Coco were a few bare pine clad hills otherwise you could with great difficulty make out
at infrequent intervals a trail here and there. There was no place that a plane could possibly land. After about an hour and a half of looking I saw smoke in the distance and wrote a note to Pugh. By the time I had done this we were down in a deep valley, so when he looked at me inquiring, I motioned up and over. We cleared the top of the mountain and far down the other side we saw the smoke. On reaching it I saw it was a house that had evidently been fired a few hours before. It was in ashes. We searched the ground carefully and followed up a small valley but saw nothing. Then the other plane with Lieut. Young and Forsyth, put in an appearance and led us back to where I saw in a clearing near a house a Guardia panel laid out with an arrow and bandit sign. I made them a drop, then we circled the spot and dropped them a note asking for their number; it was sixty-one, Jinotega. They then laid out the casualty sign but, which due to dirty panels, we mistook for "out of ammunition". The other plane dropped a note asking for distance of bandits and were answered, five miles. So we went in the direction indicated and found from thirty to forty horses that had evidently been ridden lately as you could see the sweat marks where the saddles had just been removed, in a small pasture. Some men ran from a small house. Three bombs were dropped by us, we searched closely and got down almost to the tree tops hoping to draw fire. None came. Seeing nothing else we took off for Jinotega to give the news and landed at 2:00 p.m., after nearly three hours in the air. We talked it over and decided
that the planes should go back to drop the rest of their bombs. They did. But with what results we have not heard.

The aviation field is about five miles from Jinotega and we rode in on mules that were waiting for us. Got in about 3:30 and met Matthews. Jinotega is long and narrow between two mountain ridges. It has it's plaza and church. Poor streets, but running water, just installed last week and electric lights. The Guardia barracks, office, officers' quarters (Commissioned Marines), officers' quarters (non-commissioned Marines), are in four separate places. Not compact as we are in Ocotal. Ten Marines under a Captain are stationed here, in still another locality. They are nice to have about as they sport a canteen and radio. I soon found that they keep everything under lock and key, close all doors and windows at night, toilets inaccessible and padlocked. In fact the whole atmosphere of the town is depressing, as if they expected to be blown up any minute. Jinotega is somewhat larger than Ocotal but I cannot say that it is any cooler in spite of their bragging about it. Anyway, with the door and windows closed at night, you would not know it.

The "grape-vine" telegraph among the natives says that there has been a contact lasting several hours this morning. These rumors got more certain as the day went on. With what we saw and the native reports I am sure of it.

19 August 1930.

The planes again searched the area and reported a patrol
DIARY OF A GUARDIA OFFICER

with two stretchers at a certain place headed in this direction. About 8:30 p.m. the Jinotega patrol returned with three wounded men, two severely, one dead, and a wounded mule. Two machine guns knocked out by direct hits and one man had his canteen shot off. All this in a patrol of twenty-two men. They had been ambushed at 9:00 a.m. the day we found them. The scrap lasted about ten minutes. When we saw them they were making stretchers, etc. The two severely wounded men have six bullets each. One, I think, will die. They were all in the point. At best we can figure three bandit casualties as only three trails of blood were found. Another patrol heard the firing and marched on it and gained contact about 10:00 a.m. without results, as far as we know, on either side. The wounded men were carried thirty hours on improvised stretchers made of coffee screens and doors.

20 August 1930.

This has been a quiet day, too much so. Forsyth and I, for excitement, went calling on the gun metal blonds. At supper I received a long telegram from Oocotal. To the effect that Baske had passed his fortieth birthday, free beer for the working man, no rain in Oocotal, big fire in hospital excusado, no lives lost, Doctor had risked his life above and beyond all call for duty, congratulations on the progress on the Eastern Front, the Great Northern expects many contacts, O'Leary has funds, Reconnaissance before, during and after contact, signed Hunt.

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I am going to try and drop it to all Northern Area patrols tomorrow for their morale. I call the war dogs off tomorrow and return to Coctal the twenty-second. The General wants Matthews' and my presence in Managua after that.

Planes picked up the Telpaneca and Coctal patrols and made drops to them.

21 August 1930.

This afternoon Captain Puller's patrol returned with fifty-one captured animals, forty-four saddles, some rifles, bombs and dynamite. These were the remains of the group we had bombed on the 18th. It is supposed it was Ortiz's band and they must have had a pleasant time of it.

The events leading up to the final capture of the horses were:

8:00 A.M. 18th Grave's Jinotega patrol was ambushed by this group. One Guardia killed, three wounded. Bandits suffered some casualties.

10:00 A.M. 18th MacAfee's Corinto Finca patrol having heard the firing marched in that direction and hit them again. No Guardia casualties, bandits unknown.

1:00 P.M. 18th I flew over the Grave's patrol with the wounded, asked directions of bandits, found horses and dropped three bombs.

3:00 P.M. 18th The planes went back and dropped nine more bombs. Result, two bandits killed and nine horses. This is what a patrol found later so more damage may
have been done.

100 P.M. 19th, Fullar hit the same group, killed two probably more as blood was found but darkness prevented further search. Captured all the horses.

Forsyth and I went to call on the school teachers and took them to the plaza to hear the Jinotega band, composed of some light bent and cracked assorted horns. They played in the band stand and were energetic as they attempted pieces quite beyond the range of the instruments. We then went to the Jinotega Bar, the "Ritzy place", had refreshment and started a dance to which the local Guardia officers were invited.

22 August 1930.

Took off in a scout plane with Forsyth in another. We had drops for all patrols and long red streamers tied to the wings as a signal for "recall". At Corinto Finca we made a drop, then began our search. The forest was so dense and the mountains so big and steep that it was like looking for a needle in a haystack. We found none of them. At first we had trouble in breaking through some of the passes due to winds and rain. It finally cleared to a beautiful day and I got a fine view of Chipote from all sides and top. The towns of Quilali, Yali, Telpaneca, Darali, then home to Ocotal. Saw a patrol, which I took to be Croka's, burning smoke candles in the distance, but the other plane which had the drops failed to notice them, so we passed by. In all about one hour forty-five minutes of flying.
DIARY OF A GUARDIA OFFICER

San Juan back in Quilali. "Li" by the way means spring.

23 August 1930.

A Marine patrol going from Palacaguina to Condega got hit at a river crossing and a Marine was hit three times in the left arm and hand losing two fingers. I at once organized a combined patrol out of Oxotal and Somoto to give chase. Somoto reached Palacaguina in four hours from the receipt of the orders. From all reports Segovia is again filling up with bandit bands, and it looks as if things would become interesting. All Stations are now in the field with no reserves left. I have not heard a word from Captains Good, Carlson, Major Groka or Lieut. Levonski for ten days. They each have patrols, almost anything might have happened to them.

24 August 1930.

Williams cleared from Palacaguina with the combined patrol at 5:30 a.m.

Yesterday we arrested a priest dressed as a woman at a Fiesta in Palacaguina. He claims he was acting as a servant to another priest. We always have an event a day up here.

I was certainly glad to get back here where everything is in one building, and all is therefor, so jolly.

25 August 1930.

Yesterday we got out eight citations issued under my
authority as Emperor of Segovia, King of Esteli, and Duke of the Lesser Outposts, making certain patrol leaders count of this or that and Field Marshal of the Great Northern. The seals were beer labels and a carved wood baton went with each. They followed the approved forms but were quite foolish in all other respects. I bought the batons in Jinotega. We got a lot of fun out of it. Hunt did most of the work while I looked on. Good and Carlson back in Quilali. San Juan cleared again. Williams still out.

26 August 1930.

The murderers of Bermudez have been disposed of. Visited the schools with the Jefe Politico. The children all seemed bright and falling over themselves to answer questions. Equipment is poor, and teachers get twenty dollars a month.

Esteli and Pueblo cleared on bandit information. Report just received that Captain G. F. Good, Lieutenants Burns and Caceres with a patrol of 40 men cut of Quilali had a contact on the 20th with Pedron Altimirano on Guapinol Mountain, captured arms and ammunition and other stuff, including Pedron's personal effects. Destroyed his camp. One bandit killed and one wounded. San Juan patrol under Perley destroyed a camp as did Carlson also. Carlson is suffering from Malaria and ptomaine poisoning, joined up with Good early the 21st. Heard the firing and marched on it.
27 August 1930.

R. Hunt back from Managua, off to Quilali to take command. Good arrived Cootal with full report of his contact. He attacked at dusk and broke up the headquarters group of Altimirano, reputed chief of staff of Sandino. He captured a big heap of correspondence, nearly all of it of great value. Among the letters was one from Sandino dated August 16th, saying that the Guardia were marching on his camp and to be ready for anything. It was at 8:00 a.m. on that date that the movement began, and all orders were made by plane drop the afternoon before. There either is a leak or his intelligence section is on the job. There is another letter from him saying that he was wounded in the left leg, at Yucoa Pucca I figure. So that settles that moot point.

There is a fine chance that Pedron was killed, at least he was gravely wounded. One of his sons, an adjutant, was killed and some others wounded. As the bandits got away in the dark through the jungles, the above is largely based on shouted warnings and directions made by them. Good also destroyed a large intrenched camp. In all he has, I believe, pulled off one of the most effective blows against the present revolutionary movement.

28 August 1930.

Left Cootal at 9:35 in a new Ford plane and landed in Managua in 65 minutes, field to field. Was the only passenger.
DIARY OF A GUARDIA OFFICER

Brought the captured correspondence with me. Matthews is here, another conference. Staying with General McDougal.

Got a telegram to hurry back as we are all invited to a wedding on the 30th, and it was expected that the Great Northern would make several contacts.

Guardia money is tight, no funds so far to pay officers, but I guess it will be forthcoming, it always has.

Further translations of Good's captured correspondence proves that Sendino is in Nicaragua and dug in, in the mountains of Guapinol, some 30 miles from Quilali. That he was wounded, but getting well, also at present he is well armed but lacks ammunition.

The following love letter proves that liquor is plentiful but loot has been scarce:

"Encampment "Gusaneral" 29 May, 1930. Senora Victorina Altamirano--- Where ever you may be:

Dear Sweetheart:

I received your affectionate greeting together with that of your family and hope that on receipt of this letter you will be enjoying good health and that nothing has happened to you. I arrived in good health and with no mishaps, thanks to God.

I am always thinking of you and always dreaming about you at night. And with this I prove to you that I shall never forget you. I want to say also that I am sending you a pair of stockings and a thimble for Carmelita. This is all
that I was able to get due to the fact that I was drunk and
was able to get nothing more. If you have any cigars or to-
basco do me the favor to send them to me for I have none,
pardon my frankness.

I am sending you all my love and kisses with
the hope of seeing you and loving you, dear sweetheart, and
everything that your heart desires.

Very affectionately,

Patria y libertad,

/s/ Fernando M. Dabila.

The Poet Laureate of the Segovias got out the following
epic on the last campaign:

On the eighteenth of August with 45's
Hardly a bandit is now alive
Who remembers that fatal day and year
When Sandino ran like a wounded deer.

On a damned hot day in the early Fall
The boys crashed down on Guapinol,
The bandit chief got a hell of a scare
And moved at once from his mountain lair.

Over the mountains winding down
Horse and mule into Bilas Town
Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of that famished Guardia Horde.

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Croka and Pefley, Carlson and Good,
Slashing and cutting and searching for blood.
Levonski and Livermore, Salley behind
Touching off shocks till they were half blind.

Down near Pantasma there arose such a clatter
The planes took a dive to see what was the matter.
Then what to their wondering eyes should appear
But the man in the gray hat with a bottle of beer.

The Bandit Queen leaned on the cuaa sill
And shook her fist at our bad Bill,
"Shoot if you must this old gray head,
But please don't burn our house", she said.

Strong men cried and women prayed
But Bad Bill said, "Be not afraid,
The planes are coming, we need some smoke,
I hope they see us before we choke".

The smoke rolled high and hit the heavens
The planes came by with Captain Evans.
The Mujeres cried and some did pray
That Bill would burn himself some day.

The war is over our shoes are gone
Tortillas are weak without any corn.
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The thunder mug captured at Guapinol
Was never mentioned on our honor roll.

29 August 1930.

Major L. P. Hunt, Captain W. W. Davies, and Lieutenant Broderick laid an ambush last night at Rodeo, not far from Dipilto. Result one killed, one wounded, 10 animals and much contraband captured. Davies has been in the area less than 24 hours.

The General, Matthews, Dr. Hale and myself had dinner at the Salzman-Sheard establishment. Very good. Have a trial of a Telpaneca mutineer and murderer to pull off. Then the elections are coming along and C. F. B. Price wants troops all over the landscape. He is what I call a C of S to Captain Johnson, U.S.N., who is in charge of the elections.

1 September 1930.

Arrived at the Managua field just in time to see the Fokker taking off for the northland. Called up Captain Evans and he brought me home in a scout. Fine trip, we got up to 7500 feet then came down and made the Esteli Pass, apparently just clearing the pines. Landed in Esteli and talked to Smith and Cobb, the Guardia officers there. We then took off for the Condega field, the pass there has high cliffs on either side full of real rough air, causing sudden drops. Circoled about the field and looked the people over. Saw patrols from various near-by stations that had come for mail, supplies and

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to renew contact with the outside world. The Fokker was being unloaded. Then hopped over El Tigre mountain to Ocoita.

5 September 1930.

 Julian Smith arrived with his hunting dog, a fine pointer. He is to be President of a General Court to convene in Telpaneca to try one of the mutineers and a murderer of Trogler, a Guardia lieutenant of a year ago.

The election time is upon us, having patrols escort a horde of Ensigns, Army files and Marine officers to their various election stations. All saloons have been closed. So we now have a prohibition problem on our hands.

It has been so quiet for the past four days that I am expecting the head to blow off somewheres. Good weather and full moon tomorrow, Saturday, spell trouble.

The officers at these Great Northern Headquarters, have organized a band. One base drum, one snare drum, and one piccolo. They seem to be able to play anything.

Looked over the enlarged aviation field that Metcalf built. Fine piece of work. The golf course as a result is enlarged also.

7 September 1930.

The war for the suppression of banditry has broken out just south of Trinidad, all wires are cut from there to Managua, Matagalpa and Jinotega. Could not raise any of these places by radio, inexperienced operators is one reason. For nearly

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two weeks we have had no rain and this is the middle of the rainy season. The bandits it seems are taking advantage of the dry spell.

Hunt has been to Somoto and Pueblo Nuevo and is now in Palacaguina. Gets back tomorrow, he will then go to Esteli on an investigation. He has begun his travels.

J. C. Smith off to Santa Maria to call on Fellers and have a look and taste of patrolling up this way. Will bring him back via Dipilto.

Later - It is Blandon roaming about near Trinidad. Esteli Guardia took over San Isidro while the Guardia from that place went looking for Blandon. Also reinforced Trinidad. Kelly is out with two patrols in the Las Vueltas area.

8 September 1930.

McDonald had a contact near Sebaco at La Concepcion, one bandit killed, some ammunition captured.

About the same time a Central Area patrol under Lieut. C. B. Stearns, G.N., had a contact in the same vicinity. Two bandits killed, a full Lewis gun drum and one rifle taken.

Kelly at Ologalpa with two officers and 30 men had a contact. Two killed, one wounded and a house destroyed.

We will now go into winter quarters.

13 September 1930.

Just got a telegram that the northern part of Leon and Chinandega provinces pass to the control of the Northern Area.
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In other words all north of the line, southern point of Esteli to Palo Grande on the Rio Negro. This makes six more posts in a region hard to reach.

Got news of a bandit group in the mountains near San Juan, three patrols cleared and one under Livermore made contact near Balsamo, it only amounted to one bandit being wounded, the rest scattered in the high brush and got away.

Levonski had a contact near Telpaneca, killed 3 and destroyed the camp of Reyes Lopez.

Colonel J. P. Smith arrived in Dipilto last night from Santa Maria, his eyes smarted so from dust that he asked the Guardia sergeant for boric acid, he took what was handed to him, and washed his eyes. It turned out to be salicylic acid. Lieut. Klein called me up greatly excited, thought sure that Smith was blind for life. We brought him in on a mule, and then sent him by plane to Managua. His whole trip was made blindfolded. He carried his dog in his lap from here to Managua, via two-seater plane.

14 September 1930.

Had dinner at the Mantilla household, the school teacher was there and all her girl cousins. Captain Good and Dr. Berry, here on leave, were the other guests. It was a plate affair, macaroni with tomatoes, potato chips, fried rice, some kind of scrambled chicken, beer, dessert and coffee. The phonograph went all the time and dancing was enjoyed.
15 September 1920.

This is the Independence Day of Nicaragua, 109 years since it gained its freedom and the 4th year of the existence of the Guardia. So, at 8:30 this morning I fared forth with the Jefe Politico, Francisco Moncado; and watched the school children have their exercises on the baseball field. They consisted of recitations, flag raising and various drills. Inspected the new hospital that the town is fixing up on the 80 cordobas per month that it receives, as it's share of the lottery. We then went to a cantina and had beer till a big kind hearted tortilla man set up two quarts of champagne. Had lunch in the bosom of my official family. The table was decorated with zinnias sent by Mrs. Jefe Politico. She also sent a bowl of a native dessert that was very good. Pueblo has just taken the field, so the war goes merrily on.

16 September 1930.

Croka off to command the new military department of Esteli. Bandits reported east of Jicaro. Good has a birthday tomorrow, he is preparing a big feed and free beer. He is now the mess caterer and food has improved wonderfully. Old "Saddle-bags" the bare foot cook thinks he is grand. It looks as if one of the lieutenants in San Juan is getting the small-pox, Baske says that the radios seem to indicate it. Two recruits went over the hill a few days ago. Today they are back. Their mother, a fine type of Indian woman, walked
them back 40 miles. She said that though she did not approve of their enlisting, they had to play the game that now they were in it. She also added that she hoped I would not be too severe, as they were really good boys.

18 September 1930.

Colonel Smith's effects sent to Managua by plane, he is evidently not coming back. Don't know the reason as we heard he was getting on fine. Hunt in Esteli on an investigation evidently has some hot dope as he has asked for some more automatics to be sent him at once by plane.

19 September 1930.

Sent three Brownings to Hunt in Esteli, he feels sure he has located Blandon's camp, and will take off tonight to act on the information. Pataste fired on by a large group, thought to be Ortiz. Somoto and Pueblo cleared for there. Sent Lieut. Reed with a detachment to garrison San Lucas, south of Somoto.

20 September 1930.

Hunt and his punitive expedition of 4 officers and 45 men rode through the night and at 8:40 this morning hit Blandon's camp at El Achiote, bandits were alerted by some woman, result only five of them killed and two wounded. Guardia casualties two slightly wounded. Others present, Croke, Smith, Cobb and Dr. Long of the G.N.

Established a post at Totogalpa under Barker. This place and San Lucas to be maintained till after the elections are
over. McGorkle in at Somoto with three prisoners.

21 September 1930.

Ortiz in northern Chinandega. One sub jefe and group
in Esteli wants to surrender. Metcalf and I rode to Dipilto
for lunch with Klein. He has a clean post. On the way home
one of our horses dropped dead. I have read that horses of
Nicaragua are of Arab stock. Still no rain. Distance covered
so far - Plane 1430, horse 699, auto 172 miles.

22 September 1930.

A Guardia died last night, had a military funeral today.
Another dropped dead at drill in Jicaro. Several attempted
prison escapes made, as the Guardia was evidently on the job,
all failed.

Got a radio from General Butler for Stan Fellers, wanting
to know the friends of one Mary Baker. As he is in Santa
Maria and the radio is cut, can't answer. We are all wondering
who Mary is and why the rush.

24 September 1930.

 Hunt back in Esteli, burnt a large camp of Blandon's on
Bromodero Mountain near Concordia.

Got orders from Managua for an expedition to the Cua
neighborhood, as they have information that Sandino's camp
is near there. Jinotega also got similar orders. Issued
the necessary instructions.
25 September 1930.
Jalapa, under Carlson; Jicaro, under Kelly; Quilali, under R. Hunt; got off for the Cua war. They probably will be gone in the wilds for a week or more.

29 September 1930.
Am 46 years old today. Events of the day. Fiesta in Moscate. Major Price and Captain Ridgway, U.S.A., of the electoral mission arrived. I set up beer for all hands in the little cantina on our corner. Then Price adjourned the crowd to the Imperial Hotel for more. Marine patrol from Condega got hit near Palacaigua, two seriously wounded. Guardia patrol cleared for the combat area. Planes came to evacuate the wounded, one shot twice in the back died in Managua. He was riding at the tail of the patrol when fired at from the rear. Mail from the States. Posta - dessert for the mess from the school teacher. Flowers from another senorita. Chickens from Mrs. Chamorro. Cocktails at Bleasdales. Dinner here, Mrs. Chamorro and her staff of "Charlie" and others waited on the table.

30 September 1930.
Inspected Dipilto and the new road the Guardia is building to that place. The Jefe Politico and Price were along. It is now finished for 3.7 miles. Price put on a turkey dinner at the Marine Mess. Cocktails, wines, ice cream and everything.
1 October 1930.

The Marines are putting up some permanent barracks in Managua. Metcalf is down there now on some conference about doing the same here. Murray has reported for duty at the Capitol and will we hear, relieve Weitzel. Dearing to come here as Metcalf's relief.

Lieut. Calvert, G.N., out of San Francisco de Guanigulapa, had a contact between El Salto and Jicote. This is one of the new posts assigned to the Northern Area on September 13, am not sure of the spelling yet. Anyway, Vaquedano, whom we have been after for some time was killed as was also Juan Padilla who laid the ambush for me at Las Cruces on January 12th last. So in time all accounts get squared.

The Jalapa patrol just reported the destruction of two camps.

A bandit sub jefe surrendered in Esteli, he was with Sandino. I have asked for the usual instruction, which will be amnesty.

2 October 1930.

Robert Hunt with the Quilali outfit ambushed a bunch of bandits in a fleet of pitantes at Boca de Cua. Seven bandits were killed, boats capsized and all bandit goods lost in the river. The rest swam ashore to the opposite bank and got away. Later he jumped a camp in the same area and killed three more, and destroyed much captured ammunition. A "pitante" is a canoe, usually made of a single cedar log. Sides built up by planks.
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Bottom thick to withstand hitting rocks. I am now fixing up a commission for Hunt as Admiral of the Coco Navy. He can then use the outboard motors stored at Quilali, left, I believe, by Edson's Coco River patrol.

A new war has broken out in northern Esteli.

4 October 1930.

Jicaro patrol is back from the Cua War, they have been out for ten days, had a contact, wore out all their clothes, ran out of food. Ate monkeys. Had to cut their way out through the brush for four days. Lost 15 mules that died or had to be abandoned for lack of forage. They have cleared again.

Capt. Davies had a contact on Chipote Mountain, captured a few arms, a Sandino flag and wounded one bandit.

Ismael Peralta reported to be at large near Pavona. Ordered Quilali and San Juan out to look for him.

Play Russian Bank with Metcalf every night before the movies.

5 October 1930.

More and more bandits reported south of the Coco. Telpaneca ordered to clear. San Juan has cleared as per orders of yesterday. Quilali's radio is out of commission we think, anyway they don't reply to yesterday's orders.

The GREAT NORTHERN NEWS, out today, summarizes the events of the past two months:
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Frightful torrential tropical rains—Wish we had a little.
Smoke screens on the Pantasma—the King of Esteli and Mig's
trainer fly to Jinotega for the 2nd Crusade, from the smiles
they had a good time. Boys will be boys. The battle of
Pena Blanca. Someone tipped Sandy off. Puller smacked them
good. Good came along and captured all the papers of the
bandits Marine Corps Institute. The old bandoleros are on
the run. Will the Guardia fight? Ask Dad, he knows. Where
are the old time ambushes of the Silencios and the Vueltas?
Some dope about the tour in the Guardia being 30 months.

Wonder if it's so? Two year tour in the Brigade and four
years in Haiti. Hot Dog, Where is my wandering boy tonight?
Bad news all around for the soldiers. The Navy sunk and Marines
to be cut to 10,000. Already cut 1,000. Hunt sinks Sandino’s
Navy on the Coco. Everything evens up in the end. Now for
the outboard motors. Oh Well! Here’s hoping they keep the
Army up to 125,000 as that’s the least they can OPERATE on.
The new flying field at Ocotal. She’s a daisy and done very
quickly and cheaply too. Wish the OLD TIMERS could see it.

Major Metcalf deserves much credit. Sorry to see Donehoo and
Watchman go to the railroad. They rate it tho’ as they have
done their bit. Watch the scoreboards now that the new B.A.R.s
are here. The Croka Hunt Club has already jazzed Blandon and
his group. The Great Northern has several new subscribers this
month, Somotillo, Villa Nueva, El Souce and all country north of
that line. That’s the idea—KEEP ON GROWING—Our traveling
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executive is back home again but just for a short stay. He is trying to get the job put on a mileage basis.

Flower of the GREAT NORTHERN
-The SNAPDRAGON-

6 October 1930.

All indications seem to point to bandits being in force south of El Silencio. Quilali finally got the message and has jumped off. A group of bandits east of Ootol killed two men. Dipilto out after them. An Esteli patrol is headed for Colon.

The marriage of young officers of the Guardia is looked upon with disfavor at headquarters in Managua. It has the order says, caused a difficult and burdensome problem.

7 October 1930.

Hunt cleared from here at 7:00 a.m. Gregon Williams from Somoto same time. Patrols to meet and combine at Palacaguina. This evening, as Hunt was about to clear from Palacaguina, one of the Guardia was bitten by a coral snake. Dr. Titsworth, G.N., started to work on him but had to leave with the patrol. The rest of the treatment was carried on by Dr. Baske through telegraph messages from here to the practicante there.

8 October 1930.

Guardia now out of danger.

Carlson reports his only contact was on the 6th with a Boa, twelve feet long and eight inches thick. He amputated his head with a machete. He informs me "You will find his remains at the
top of the mountain as you go down into San Pablo".
Bandits apparently have all gone east.

9 October 1930.
Captain Fellers in from Sta. Maria for supplies. Pepeley
back in San Juan, no bandits seen. Carlson cleared for To
cacinte to try and get Sandino's woman.

12 October 1930.
Condega Marines had a contact last night.
Got permission for General Plata to cross the frontier
from Capules to Las Manos via Coyolar. He will be escorted
all the way by the Santa Maria patrol.
Carlson still after Sandino's woman, Villatoro.

14 October 1930.
Hunt is back in Telpaneco after eight days out of sight.
He had hard going from all reports. Dr. Titsworth who is with
him is too sick to go further, also one Guardia. Salgado took
the occasion of Hunt's arrival there to have a letter delivered
demanding surrender. In reporting the demand he informs me
that Telpaneco is a quaint old place where Fanny is still known
as a girl's name. From which I gather all is well.

15 October 1930.
Heavy rains began today as all the natives said it would.
Esteli is out bandit chasing. Hunt returned all bitten
by fleas, mosquitos, garrapatos, and chigoes. Don't know how
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he can gather so many peats together. Lieutenants Brauer and Coffman reported for duty in this area.

16 October 1930.

Lieut. Cobb, while going to his station at Trindad from Esteli bumped into about 20 brigands, killed 2, wounded 4, and captured some arms.

17 October 1930.

The Guardia left at Telpaneca by Hunt's patrol died today of pneumonia. They had a difficult time of bringing him in, especially in crossing the Coco, as he was delirious and had to be carried all the time.

There are today 250 Guardia and 17 officers in the field and all converging on Pena Blanca in Jinotega. The Central Area has two patrols of about 100 men doing the same. This we hope will be the last drive before the heavy rains. No news from the various patrols for 36 hours. I am booked to move my P.O. to Jinotega tomorrow. Just got a radio that Forsyth and I on the way there will be expected to make the "drops" to patrols. Great stuff as I am such a fine air sailor. So far I have an almost perfect score in hitting panels with messages tied to a stick.

Ocotal Guardia won from the Ocotal Marines at baseball 9 to 7. Broadcast the startling result to all stations and the Jefe Director.

McDonald fought armed bandits at El Chaguite, one killed,
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Oregon Williams out after Salgado.

19 October 1930.

Did not have to go to Jinotega.

At Santule a Guardia patrol under McDonald had a brush with bandits. One bandit killed.

Cobb at San Vicente killed 5 in a scrap and captured 3 rifles, much ammunition and some supplies.

22 October 1930.

Ortiz, according to native reports, is in southwest Segovia, cleared patrols to look him up.

We have a new patio game. It is played with beer bottles as pins and nice round jicaras as balls. The only trouble is that both "props" sometimes break. We have several trees in the patio. The Aztec Indians called them Xicalli which was changed by the Spaniards to jicaro, by which they meant chocolate cup. These cups, elaborately carved, are used in all Central America. The fruit, a round green gourd, contains seeds that makes feed for animals, and also from which some kind of a drink is brewed.

23 October 1930.

O'Leary off for Corinto for duty. Having in mind the outstanding possibilities of Segovia as a resort, he took with him an advertisement pointing out all of our attractions. He has instructions to see that all tourists coming through Corinto get a copy. We have high hopes that it will bring many sight-
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seers:

WHEN VACATION TIME COMES

DON'T FAIL TO VISIT THE SERGOVIAS VIA THE GREAT NORTHERN

EVERY SPORT IMAGINABLE  SALUBRIOUS CLIMATE  GOLF
MOUNTAIN AIR  HORSEBACK RIDING  TENNIS  POLO
MOVIES  OUTBOARD MOTORS AT QUILLAI  BANANA GROVES AT
JALAPA  AIRPLANE FLIGHTS  LATEST TYPE FORD PLANES
TRAPSHOOTING  BEAUTIFUL GIRLS  CHAPERONS  BAND CONCERTS
SPANISH FOOD  SENORITAS  CASTANETS  ROSE BOWERED PORCHES

IN THE PALE MOONLIGHT  LIVERY STABLES  MOTORING
PICTURESQUE WASHER WOMEN ALONG THE COCO  EXPERT MEDICAL
ATTENDANCE  MOUNTAIN CLIMBING AT SANTA MARIA AND SAN JUAN
FIREWORKS AT ALL CHURCHES  FREQUENT MILITARY DISPLAYS BY
SELECT TROOPS  COLLECT ADIOS' AT SOMOTO  SOFT DRINKS
SEE THE CORONEL BEAT THE MAJOR AT RUSSIAN BANK  BASEBALL
THE STUPENDOUS ENGINEERING PROJECTS ON NEW DIPILTO HIGHWAY
THE TELPANECO GABOON

RATES REASONABLE:  HUMANS  22 CENTS A DAY
                      ANIMALS  14 CENTS A DAY

Good is now rooming with me. Last night was the first
cold one of the approaching dry season, 64 degrees. No rain.

26 October 1930.

Hot day. Hunt cleared with a patrol for Caryool. Bales
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in town from Pueblo, looking for news, food and equipment. Lieut. Caoceres had a small affair at Santa Clara, no known casualties.

28 October 1930.

Hunt back, found nothing in his travels. Pefley and Livermore at El Salto had a fight, wounded two, captured three horses with supplies and burnt four camps.

Quilali had a contact also some of the bandits were wounded, Vargas' camp burnt to the ground. They are usually located in or near "milpas" or maize patches.

30 October 1930.

Yesterday Capt. R. Hunt left for Managua, will go to the east coast for duty.

Captain Johnson, U.S.N., of the electoral mission flew up and spent a half hour here.

Livermore had a contact southwest of San Juan at Las Vegas. Two bandits killed and two wounded. Some arms and bombs captured. Much bandit property destroyed.

A woman captured in the contact gives information that indicates trouble.

31 October 1930.

She says that Ortiz and Sanchez are planning to ambush the San Juan patrol on November 2nd, Election Day, while it would be escorting voters to Telpaneca. The bandits of course know that there will be such a patrol as on registration day.
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the voters, over an hundred, had been so escorted, and they were notified that they would be again. She placed the combined group at about 100 and in addition to other arms had four automatics.

It is my duty to see that the voters get to the polls and also to break up bandit groups as well as to concentrate to protect posts that might be endangered.

1. Ordered a strong combat patrol from Jicaro to San Juan to reinforce.

2. Ordered San Juan to clear with a strong combat patrol to escort the voters (three officers, 40 men, 8 automatics). Southern trail.

3. Ordered Telpaneca to lay ambushes near Pericon on the night before the voters left and to meet them at Pericon.

4. Quilali to cover this crossing of the Coco to prevent more bandits coming into the area (El Silencio) or to ambush those leaving.

5. I, with three officers and forty men to cover the north trail.

I began to collect the necessary animals and men for my patrol by bringing them in from two outposts out of the danger zone and by making requisitions on the people for mules through the Jefe Político.

At 3:30 p.m. it was reported that not enough animals had been collected so it was ordered that they should be confiscated in the streets. This was done over much protest by those
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dismounted. We cleared at 4:30 with still three men on foot. As we left to town there were many people looking on but not a single animal could be see far or near.

About three miles out we passed through the village of Mosonte where some horses, all saddled, were tied in front of a cantina. We took them and kept on our way. At St. Rosa, one of our outpost mules gave out so a fine horse was roped in a pasture and the mule left in it's stead.

The moon was now up and out way led over a high pine covered plateau with short grass. There was a cold north wind all of which made traveling fine.

A few minutes before eleven we approached Ciudad Antigua and as we created a ridge I noticed a light. I thought that peculiar as these people are always in bed and locked in long before that. I figured it was a "wake". Then decided to spend the night there. I then closed in on the point, with the main body. When the first house was reached I was about forty yards from the point. The house with the light was just beyond and on the other side of the street.

I noticed Major Hunt turn back of the first house and dismount. (He had the point). He advanced a few steps toward a group standing in the street. He too thought it was a "wake". Then several shots rang out from the group. I quickly looked back and to my side thinking we had got into a trap. Seeing nothing I looked ahead again. The point had now spread out and was engaged in a fire fight. I saw two men run to my left
and took a couple of shots at them before they jumped over a bank. My mule began to graze. As more fire came from the bushes I thought it best to dismount and advance on foot. Emptied my pistol into a banana patch where six men were reported to have run. By this time a couple of automatics got into action and also the rifle grenades. The bandits had scattered into the tall brush and the moon was hid by a heavy bank of clouds so fire was at random. We pursued over the bank down into the river valley, beat up the brush on both sides for a ways. Then I called off the fight and assembled at the place where the firing started.

It seems that the bandits about thirty strong had entered the town in two groups. We saw only half of them. They came about 10:30 and had robbed three places when we arrived. The group we bumped into had a pile of sacks filled with loot and three men prisoners that they were tying up and no doubt would soon have killed. Most of the town knew nothing of the affair until they heard the firing and for ten minutes there was plenty of that. The people who woke with firing thought, of course, that a massacre had started. I was having a fine time when I suddenly remembered that flashes coming my way no doubt had bullets in front of them. Then I noticed I was smoking a cigar and the last two times I had done that I had gotten hit. I threw the cigar away. Then I thought of leave and was from then on more careful of cover.

The charge into the river was caused by my yelling at a
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Guardia whom I thought was shooting high, "bajo". The whole bunch then jumped down the bank and the chase was on.

Several bandits ran down the street a few Guardia took off after them but they got away. The group on the other side made their getaway.

Tom Mix in his best movie style could not have put on a better show. Pale moon light due to the clouds, adobe houses, strange shadows, fleeting figures, bombs, rifle and pistol fire, automatics, charging Guardia down the main street on galloping mules, three men tied and ready for slaughter, weeping women, crying babies. The battle of Ciudad Antigua, a place that had not been molested since Henry Morgan raided it a few hundred years ago.

In the 17th Century crews of buccaneers were broken up by Sir Henry Morgan, they formed bands of outlaws and took refuge in the Coco river valley. During the latter part of that century some 300 English and French pirates crossed over to the Coco river from the Gulf of Fonseca and thence made their way to the Atlantic. Hence the blue eyed and light haired natives so frequently seen. There is quite a group of them in Ciudad Antigua. However, the Indians in Segovia constitute the mass of the population, along with those of Spanish and negro races crossed. Spanish colonies were settled to gather gold, so women were not brought over the result was a mixed race.

One ten year old boy with sparkling eyes and trembling
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with excitement and pride told me over and over again how the bandits had robbed him of his hat and puttees. I sat on my mule and let him have his say. He enjoyed it so much.

We then found out from an old woman that perhaps the other group was in a potrero on a hill side. Sent a detachment under Torres to drop some grenades in it. It was now midnight so I had the church opened and billeted the men. The animals were put in a potrero which was said to have a fine fence.

We got a few candles and some bananas for lunch and all turned in. I slept on a bench and had for a view the high altar sparkling by candle light. The Guardia slept in the niches under the pictures of the Saints. Hunt used the base of the baptismal fount for a pillow. It was quite a picture.

1 November 1930.

When daylight came we searched the field and found a dynamite bomb, a red hat band, a cutaoha, three bloody hats and much bloody clothing. So at least three got hit. At another place about ten of the brigands dove in their hurry through a cactus hedge and left on the spines bits of flesh, skin, clothing and much blood.

It was then discovered that three of the animals were gone. The fence had been cut no doubt by the bandits when approaching the town. We took three other animals to replace them and ordered the Alcalde to search well for the beasts.

Got a runner off for Apali the nearest radio station.
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and cleared for Carbonal at 9:00 a.m.

It was a fine day with the exception of a few cold driving showers on the high exposed mountain ridges. The day before we had covered twenty-four miles; this day was to be eighteen miles of hard going to Carbonal, a likely place to find bandits. I was much interested during the day in the trees and flowers and the added attraction of always expecting to be ambushed. We searched houses and the point from time to time would take a pot shot at a man running away. No damage done. About 4:30 we came to Carbonal which felt as if it were six thousand feet up, five mud houses, filthy and smelly, but the wind was strong and cold so it was not so bad. As we neared the house that we intended to use two men ran and they never came back. Three women and a girl were there. We put them to work making tortillas and sent to the other houses and put the women to work doing the same.

The establishment consisted of a shack made of poles set about six inches apart and no "chinking", a covered porch effect and a pine board shack with a home made chappel and one out house full of corn. The pole shack had two cow hide beds. I took one. Two fire places, we used both. A lot of gourds for water, pigs, chickens and a calf to say nothing of a pack of hungry dogs. We had supper, coffee, tortillas, cheese and water. Built a pine fire and enjoyed the sunset. You can see far from Carbonal and we were on the highest point. Got information that the group at Ciudad Antigua was under Roque.
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Vargas, a one armed gentleman trying to get along in the world. Turned in early, I in my cow hide bed and two feet away the four females in the other bed. They slept foot to head and covered up with a few dirty cotton rags. The whole surroundings of the house was a sea of pig, calf and other refuse, but they seemed to like it that way. They were to the windward of me so the air was none too good. A cold rain came up and beat in. It drove all the live stock to cover. A Guardia chased six pigs out from under my bunk. The old Indian woman then got up and patted the biggest and said it was too bad the "Macho" objected to such a friendly soul. Mama cow then appeared and the calf tied up under Hunt's hammock began to bleat. He cut it loose to get some Hunt's ham.

2 November 1930.

At 4:00 a.m. the Guardia began to get breakfast. The four women sat up and stared at the operations. Finally the old one put on a dirty straw hat, stepped out into some pig manure and the day was officially on.

Cleared at 8:00 a.m. for Santo Domingo and took the ridge trail into Telpaneca. All ambush places were gone over but no soap. Reached Telpaneca at 11:00 a.m. Shortly after San Juan and Telpaneca patrols came in with their voters.

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Apali Marine patrol arrived, acting on our message of yesterday. I now had nine officers and one hundred and nine Guardia in town. Telpaneca is one of the oldest places in Segovia but is now in a most run down condition. About one thousand Indians were in town to vote. Only about fifty perhaps could vote. They were just like cattle and vote for the party their owners tell them to. One came in twenty-four miles and then did not know his name. No one could help him as all names tried were not on the list. Another whom we picked up on the trail, in answer to a question said he did not know who he would vote for but it would be for the party in power, that he would go into town with us and find out who was in power and so vote.

In Telpaneca there was a Frenchman whom I had looked up some months ago as a supplier of arms and ammunition to bandits. He was so glad to see me that he had a table moved on to the walk so as to get the breeze and insisted I have a drink with him. A crowd of Indians gathered of course. He offered me a cigarette, I declined as is my habit, and broke out my pipe. The Indians were delighted and crowded close to watch me fill and smoke it, there were at least fifty. It seems that they do not use pipes and seldom if ever see one.

They say that when Lola was arrested for her trip to Ocoyal and Managua, many of the people of Telpaneca prayed in the Plaza in front of her house for her safe return.

It was here that the Telpaneca mutiny took place just a year ago. The two Guardia officers were put in the brig. I
DIARY OF A GUARDIA OFFICER

read this diary still on the wall:

"Captured at 7:05 a.m.
1000 Guardia still in town.
1100 Heard planes overhead.
1300 They are surely going to kill us.
1330 They are looting but otherwise in good order.
1420 They will probably take us out any time now.
1510 Look under the end stone for my money, etc."

They were not killed but taken away on the trail where they managed to make their escape. One was Levonski who is on duty here now.

The elections went off well, no trouble.

3 November 1930.

Cleared at 8:00 a.m. on the thirty-six mile hop back to Ocotal. Before starting Capt. Perley of San Juan wanted me to go with him and look his place over, but I had other plans. He was ambushed and the Corporal leading the point was killed at the first burst. Quite a fight followed in which one bandit was killed and five wounded. So again I missed a good scrap.

Got back at 7:00 p.m. Total distance covered eighty-eight miles.

Genevive, my mule, delighted in walking on the edge of the trails and at places that were particularly steep and scary she would stop and look down as if to say, "Now aint that sumpin'" "Where could you get that on the outside?"
DIARY OF A GUARDIA OFFICER

This just about covers all the details of the last great campaign. It was lots of fun while it lasted.

4 November 1930.

The Guardia is being reduced through lack of funds. The bandits seem to be increasing in numbers. I don't know the answer. Have orders to send 12 officers and 160 men south. Just got through reducing by 100 men. Well this will be someone else's troubles not mine. For October there have been ten contacts, nine of which were in the Northern Area. Much supplies captured. Twelve bandit camps destroyed and twenty-six bandits killed.

R. Hunt in Managua is just in receipt of his belated commission as Duke of Boca de Cua and Admiral of the Coco Navy. He acknowledges by this MSG "Emperor of the Segovias period assumed command as Admiral of his Majesty's Naval Forces this date period Admiral Barge standing by for trip to Bluefields".

Kelly in Jicaro has also been elevated. He sent a wire from Jicaro, which in part says, "Intend to make tour my Domain and visit my subjects shortly is it in order to request permission proceed Managua in order acquire appropriate regalia."

We have begun to tag dogs according to law. Cootal is full of a motley crew of them of all possible combinations of breeds. The tags are discs of tin out from cans and marked by a nail used as a punch. Tax fifty cents. Selling few tags, as long strings of ours are leaving town, tied in tandem to

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DIARY OF A GUARDIA OFFICER

their owner's horses tail, bound for their fincas in the country.

5 November 1930.
Broderick cleared with Ocotal patrol to investigate bandits reported to be in vicinity of San Fernando.

6 November 1930.
The people in Somoto felt as if they were in danger as there were persistent native reports that Jose Leon Dias was hiding a few leagues off preparing for a surprise attack on the town.

There was a Somoto patrol in Ocotal at the time buying rice and beans as none can be obtained in it's home station due to the drought. Capt. Williams telegraphed that he wanted his outfit back as soon as possible and that it should be reinforced by at least one automatic rifle.

I took Hunt and twenty men and cleared at once (4:30 p.m.), we galloped into Somoto at 9:00 p.m. twenty miles away. On entering the town I got all tangled up in the telegraph wires that had been out. We waited for the attack but none came.

7 November 1930.
We cleared early to search the vicinity where the bandits were supposed to be. Covered twenty-five miles of rough going, if there were any bandits they would not come out and fight. At one place on entering a deep gulley a mule with a saddle broke from the brush and ran. We chased it and examined
the country with care. I thought for a time that perhaps we would uncover a band, but no luck, so no fun. The man who had been riding it could not be found either. I examined all houses, most of them had been deserted for a year or more.

In one I got a nice Indian stone as head, I asked the Guardia what it was and they all said a lightning stone, it falls from the clouds in thunder storms. I tried it on many natives and they all told the same story. They say that only once in a while do they dig one out of the ground. So you see the present generation don't seem to know what the ancient Indians used.

At another house five women were working, making tortillas, they had enough meal ready to make about 300. I asked them why so many so far away. They replied to sell in Cootal. Now Cootal is 35 miles off. So I told one of them to report to me in Cootal with 300 tortillas the following day or I would burn her house as a bandit supply center.

8 November 1950.

Tortilla woman showed up with all the tortillas, she had walked the whole way with a pack mule loaded to the suppers with them.

Broderick's patrol went to Ciudad Antigua, it found where one of the bandits had fallen over a 50-foot cliff in his flight and hit on jagged rocks. The natives are looking for his grave as the bandits carried him off. He brought in his hat band, red and black.
DIARY OF A GUARDIA OFFICER

9 November 1930.

I understand that they are still trying to get me government transportation, but on what ship I have not the faintest idea. Anyway I will sail on the 29th, cost what it may. I am getting tired of this constantly ordering people out into the sticks and not knowing if they will get back.

I shall probably leave here about one week ahead of sailing time, spend a day or so in Managua and the rest in Corinto where I might swim and fish. Tomorrow I shall begin to pack and ship my gear by plane to Managua so it will all be there when I follow.

Dearing came up a few days ago, he is at present suffering with the cold. Put on woolens this evening then went to bed in self defense. I guess I must be a hardy mountaineer.

Just ordered Santa Maria and Dipilto to clear for the border. They both will have a fine night march up where it is real cold and where they can both jump from crag to crag thousands of feet in the air, all to run down a reported bandit group. They are to look the ground over from Las Limas to Las Manos. Pueblo cleared for N. E. of Darali.

10 November 1930.

Williams with Somoto patrol burnt a camp where I was a few days ago, near the place where I had the horse episode. Must have missed it due to the brush and "high hills". I don't seem to have any luck. Pueblo - Sta. Maria and Dipilto -186-
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all out.

11 November 1930.

Doctor Baske's relief, Doctor Bach reported here for duty. Baske is booked to go to Leon. There is a great deal of talk about further reductions in the Guardia, which may mean a change in his detail also mine which I hear is Granada.

Planes dropped a few bombs north of Somoto, have not heard what the results were.

Dearing is a radio fan. He is not having much luck with his gear. He is afraid it will be dull for him here without the radio. I told him to do like we all have done, do without.

13 November 1930.

Martial Law

Martial Law again declared in the Segovias which makes our work easier and must also mean that Captain Johnson, U.S.N., and his electoral mission is through up here. They have all left this area.

The lack of rains have had a most disastrous effect on the Segovias. The beans and corn have dried up and there is a near or real famine in the land. People are dying off in great numbers. Water at San Lucas has been so low that the Guardia have actually suffered, let alone the village.

14 November 1930.

One year finished for me in Oootal.

Dr. Baske left for Managua today, duty here completed. All hands sorry to see him go. He kept us all in good humor.
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He grew each kind of a beard during his tour, that he could find a picture of. Ortiz reported south of Pueblo, have sent patrols from there, Limay, Soñoto, and Palacaguina to find out if it is so.

15 November 1930.
Hunt and Dr. Bach left for an inspection trip to Santa Maria.

News came that Condega would be abandoned by the Marines.

17 November 1930.
Condega evacuation has been started. I believe the Guardia is to take over, with what I don't know. That just leaves Ocotal and Apali with Marine garrisons.

Got orders to turn over the command to Roy Hunt and go to Managua on the 24th. Good and I had dinner at the Salado's.

18 November 1930.

We take over Condega. Ortiz loose again. Bastante Bandits Bumming Bout so Croka, Williams, Davies and Brauer are out playing Bandelero, a popular game hereabouts. Hunt is missing out on the fun as he is enjoying the delights of the Capitol.

Got transportation on the Sapelo for the 28th.

Have written 33 goodbye letters to officers in this area.

20 November 1930.

General Plata from San Marcoos reports Ortiz as in western
DIARY OF A GUARDIA OFFICER

Segovia, am sending patrols out to look into the matter.
Another contact reported in northern Chinandega.

23 November 1930.

Jicaro patrol under Lieut. Gomez, G.N., had a contact
near El Golfo and the Jefe of the band was mortally wounded.

McCorkle out of Somoto wounded two in a scrap at El Sauce,
captured some bombs, dynamite and detonators. El Sauce is
about 12 miles N.W. of Somoto and not far from the Honduras
border. The first report of this fight came from General
Plata on the 20th in San Marcos seven miles off, who reported
hearing firing in the direction of Tamarindo. The direction
was correct but Tamarindo is a mile and a half nearer to San
Marcos than El Sauce.

On November 28, 1929, about 3:00 a.m., Yali was attacked
and the firing was heard by both Marine and Guardia sentries
in Ocotal, though the air line distance is 28 miles and the
intervening country mountainous. This is the record. Firing
has frequently been heard up to nearly 10 miles.

Big good-bye dinner tonight.

24 November 1930.

Most all the gente of Ocotal out to the field to see me
off. A company of Guardia was on hand to do honors. Made
them a speech, in my finest Castilian. Fine trip to Managua,
except of a man in front of me who got plane sick and had the
bad judgment to open a window.
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Staying at Otto Salzman's.
Got messages and letters from all hands as I left wishing me a happy time on leave.

26 November 1930.
Captain Evans flew me down here. We left Managua about nine in the morning and did a little sight-seeing en route, by flying over the craters of three active volcanoes, Momotomba - Cerro Negro - and Telica. We went to within a 100 feet I guess and had a real good look. The colors of the craters, the formation of the cones and the lava fields spreading out fan shape below was to say the least a most interesting sight. These cones are about 5000 feet high and rise from a plain like Fuji in Japan. At their feet were ponds, separated from each other by narrow strips of lava about ten feet wide. One pond would be green, another blue and a yellow one tuckered in between. On the leeward side the trees were like white skeletons having been killed by the gasses. They reminded me of the pioneers of civilization leading the way and dying of the hardships - This is the cool season but for me from Ocotal it is certainly hot enough. O'Leary has a new house with nothing in it, two bunks and one chair and a wash basin. His wife gets here in five days. Tonight we have Thanksgiving Dinner at "Chris", the beer parlor. I suppose all the foreign colony will be there. The vice consul, Teal, is from Manlius, my old school.

Distance covered - Plane 1640, horse 852, automobile 200 miles.
27 November 1930.

Took a trip to Cardon Island at the entrance of Corinto Harbor. Island has a Navy rifle range. Fine surf on the seaside.

28 November 1930.

Sailed on the Sapelo at 9:45 a.m. With two month's advance Guardia pay in my pockets. Captain Lewis the other passenger.

11 December 1930.

Landed Norfolk at 9:30 a.m.

17 January 1931.

Sailed from New York on the S. S. Columbia with Maud and Jim, for Nicaragua, via Barranquilla and Cartagena in Colombia, the Canal Zone and Punta Arenas in Costa Rica. All advance Guardia pay spent.

1 February 1931.

Arrived at Corinto. Hot. The U.S.S. ASHEVILLE at anchor in the harbor. Met by Captain O'Leary and all hands put up at his house for the night. Renewed acquaintance with "Chris". Gave the O'Leary's a dinner at Lupone's Continental Hotel. It seemed to be sixteen courses long with various wines in between.
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2 February 1931.

Left Corinto by train at 8:00 a.m. Hot, dusty ride to Managua.

The O'Learys went along as far as Chichigalpa where they got off to spend the week-end at the San Antonio sugar estate. Lieut. Stephenson, G.N. came aboard to pay his respects. At Leon, the women were selling fried fish with huge pop eyes, that took all my desire to eat one away if I ever had one. E. A. Craig came on board to make a call. Arrived in Managua at 2:30 and were met by Salzman and Denham. Went to Denham's house which I had taken over with servants and all. Our DeSoto came on a flat car with a Guardia in it so it would not be stripped of all parts.

19 February 1931.

Reception at the American Embassy in honor of Admiral St. Clair Smith.

22 February 1931.

Went to the Guardia Hospital to watch an operation performed by Drs. Hale and Boone on one of the two Guardias wounded in McGorkle's contact near Potaste on the eleventh in which eleven bandits were killed. This Guardia had a fragment of a grenade in his back. The piece was found to have nicked the spinal cord, so no doubt he will soon die.
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24 February 1931.
A sick horse turned loose on the lake front near our house finally died. The Zopilotes having failed to complete their job, Dr. Hale's sanitary gang had to go to work.

12 March 1931.
Dinner party at Pedrocita's given by Somoza to which Sheard and I went.

19 March 1931.
President Moncado held a reception at his Pink Moorish Palace on the brink of Tiscapa Lake. This is his saint day - St. Joseph. Champagne served and a circle of rocking chairs soon formed in each room.

30 March 1931.
There have been about 160 Guardia contacts since I first came to Nicaragua. There have been ten this month, resulting in 16 bandits being killed and 33 known wounded. Guardia losses 1 killed and 5 wounded. This was an average month. In January there were 19 contacts.

31 March 1931.
Today like any other at this season in Managua, when I went to the office at 8:30 a.m., hot, still and not a cloud in the sky. Jim had gone to school, Maud was at home with the usual duties that devolve upon one running a house with servants speaking little English.

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I attended to various errands, then put the car in the garage attached to Guardia Headquarters and walked over to my desk a few hundred feet away. It was on a stone porch almost flush with the ground and covered with a heavy tile roof.

At about 10:15 I began to question an American newspaper man who had just come from the Segovias. Shortly after I felt a distinct shake, looked up from my papers and decided it must be a truck, asked another question and started to write the answer when it began to shake violently, I ran out at once as all the others did. The ground seemed to be jumping with trip hammer force and about the same speed. At about fifteen feet from the building I turned to look at the General's car parked by the porch. As I had read that cars were such safe things in a quake, being so well cushioned and I wanted to see for myself, also I was interested in the corner of the building where I sat as it appeared to be rapidly going to pieces. My turn to the right on my right leg was beautifully timed with a violent blow of the earth that knocked me right over. I proceeded to get up and noticed that my right foot was pointing the wrong way for the position of my leg. So I decided at once it was broken. I took a look at the heavy roof which seemed to be about to fall on me and yelled to the others some thirty feet away to drag me off, which they did almost at once. Falling stones and shattering buildings fascinated me and I made mental note of the fact

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that it was like a bombardment. I actually saw stones in the buildings shattered and fly apart as if struck by a shell. Then dense clouds of yellow dust arose cutting visibility to a few hundred feet. That seemed familiar too. Then looking to the north I saw dense clouds of black smoke over the city. The fire had begun in the market.

A stretcher was procured and I was put on a truck. Dr. Hale said to take me home and he and Dr. Boone would fix me there. No one seemed to realize what had happened. In the meantime I had sent Col. Sheard, C.M. to my house to see how Maud was. Well the truck started and with me was the newspaper man, Mr. Trail. We soon saw that the town was down and that perhaps we would have trouble in getting to the house. The streets were blocked, bloody people ran about. Dead and wounded were lying here and there. Then I got a real scare and urged speed. We had to make many detours and it took a full half hour to go the distance I usually made in five minutes. I could not see ahead, lying as I was on the floor. But I recognized a corner and said to Mr. Trail, "At the foot of this street is a two story house, is it up?" "Yup" he said, "it is up." I felt fine, but I had misgivings again when I saw them pull out some dead from a house. I saw about thirty on my way home.

Finally we got there and I saw Maud and the servants and the two doctors. I was carried to the shade of a palm tree, not far away and my leg set. They said it was not
broken but badly sprained. I was left there with a Marine as a guard while Maud did some real salvage work at the house.

I remained under the tree from about 11:30 to 4:00 in the afternoon. Throughout this time the earth rumbled and shook at frequent intervals and now and then a house would go down with a crash. People streamed by with a few belongings and it seemed as if one in three had blood on him. Many came to me to ask for the doctors. I was a Marine and a Guardia officer so of course, could produce them. There was a hydrant near me. People would turn it on to give dogs a drink, wash their faces, etc. I told them that in an hour there would be no more water. That did not seem to register at all. 

When I was placed on the grass I told Mr. Trail to take the truck and find the school children and Jimmy. He went away and came back later with information that all the children were safe in the camp. About me a camp was being formed. The Marines, helping Maud, had collected water, smokes, food, my gun, chairs and pillows and my strong box containing all of March pay.

Maud's story: - When the quake came she thought the first shake was bull carts. She was upstairs. Then the real one began. She was washing her hair and scantily dressed. It was bad but she thought it would stop. They had in Japan. The servants screamed so she went below and not seeing too much damage she went up again to get clothes. The next shake came. The light fixtures fell. The furniture upset. A tour-robe bounded off a high wardrobe and just missed her head. It
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broke open when it hit. So she made her way down the winding stairs in a cloud of dust. The kitchen wall fell. The house maid grabbed her and they ran into the street. Over the market a funnel-shaped cloud of dust and smoke rose into the air and seemed to bear down on them. The servants wrapped their heads in towels from the clothes line and made her do the same, yelling "Tornado". Then the natives all fell on their knees and began to call loudly on the saints. When that was over she went back and began to salvage money, silver and clothes. Running out each time a shake would come and wondering all the time why I did not come. Then Col. Sheard came and the doctors, then me. From then on she worked like a beaver with the aid of two Marines who came fully armed and announced "Martial Law". About three in the afternoon a Pay Clerk, Phillips, came over to me smoking a pipe and after looking me over said, "You know your son was hurt". I said, "Out with it, tell the truth". He said not badly. "He is all right just scratched up." He had a car so I sent for Maud and she went with him to the camp and got Jim. She also got our car and drove it back and filled it with all she could that was valuable and what she would need.
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Jim's story: - He did not feel the small first shake, but ran for the door of the school with the other children when the big shake came. He was hit on the head by falling tiles, was knocked out and mostly covered up by debris. A small boy by the name of French went back and dragged him out. Then he rescued a little girl out of a big waste basket into which she had fallen. Q.M. Clerk Schonfeldt whose boy was in the school arrived in his car and found Jim covered with blood in the middle of the street herding the kids together. He took him and a small girl who seemed to have broken legs and rushed them to the hospital, where Jim was patched up and given anti-tetanus. He stayed in camp till Maxi found him, sitting on a curb wondering what it was all about.

During the afternoon various people gave me bits of news, from them I learned that Dr. Baske had been killed at the penitentiary with several hundred others. That Mrs. Murray had been pinned in her automobile by a falling wall, near the market and burned to death. The Murrays were our next door neighbors. Major Murray at the time was in Matagalpa. It was said that at least 500 people had been killed at the market, which was a mass of flames.

Chief Q.M. Clerk Willis had just arrived in town when the shock came, he was in the railway station. Not knowing his way about he followed the tracks carrying his heavy bags, he came upon me lying under a royal palm, in the Railroad Hospital grounds, with an engineer soldier from Granada stand-
DIARY OF A GUARDIA OFFICER

ing guard over me. I asked him where he was going, he did not know, but was looking for someone to report to.

At 4:00 p.m. an ambulance came and got me. Maud and Jim followed in our car, we made our way to the Field Hospital in Camp de Marte. The route back was a different one from the one I took going down so I saw a lot more dead and wounded. Maud was so intent on her driving through the stones and beams littering the streets that she did not have a chance to notice such things.

We got a corner room, I had the hospital bunk while Maud and Jim got canvas cots. Shakes seemed to come all night long at twenty minute intervals. The building made of wood and beaver-board swung back and forth, with my flashlight I could see the ceiling moving to one side then to the other as much as three feet. The city was on fire and the glow lit up our room. To all this was added the frequent dynamite explosions as the engineers from Granada and Marines blew up houses to arrest the spread of flames.

1 April 1931.

The hospital is small but the surgical teams at work performed during the afternoon and night 100 major operations. All about were wounded, mostly yelling, "aye, aye, aye!" Next to me was a woman, separated by a beaver board partition who had a fractured skull, both eyes out and other wounds. She gave birth to a boy after twenty-seven hours of agony. She
later died. Right in front of me was a boy about eight, dying. He was nursed by his sister aged twelve. The rest of the family no doubt lost.

Heat and dust frightful. Water scarce, ice gave out, food plentiful but field rations. Everyone over-worked, tired, worn and dirty.

Heard three shots, Jim ran to the gate near the hospital, and came back with the laconic report "Hell, they missed him". It was a sentry taking a pot shot at a looter.

4 April 1931.

Saturday morning. An ambulance took us all to the aviation field, where we were met by Major Mitchell. He had his hands full, dispatching planes for Corinto every few minutes. Besides the Marine planes the Pan-Air had about five planes in to help in the evacuation of the women and children.

We were placed in a Fokker, Marine Gunner Oochionero, whose hips were crushed in the fall of Lupone's Grand Hotel, was the other stretcher case. Then there was a movie camera man with his films, he made a great fuss till they put a "chute" on him. He claimed that he and his films were too valuable to take any chances with. H. P. Becker flew us down. Fine smooth trip and such a relief after the heat and dust of Managua. Even Momotombo and Telica look cool and calm with the smoke rolling out of them.

A truck took Oochionero and myself from the new Corinto -200-
DIARY OF A GUARDIA OFFICER

field to a corner near the base of the pier, where a crowd
gathered to look us over, as well as the other refugees, most
of whom were dressed in various odds and ends. O'Leary served
apples and cold beer. I drank some beer which was strong on
an empty stomach. The beer, coupled with the Corinto climate,
made me feel as if I did not care, as they had to carry me
anyhow.

Captain O'Leary was up from Corinto on duty and was in
the railroad station to take the train back when everything
began to tumble. He walked down the tracks to my house, with
a brief case in his hand. Found me, left the case in my charge
and headed for Campo de Marte. From there he walked to aviation
and returned by plane to his station at Corinto to take charge
of rescue work there. I asked for him but he could not be lo-
cated, we carefully guarded the brief case. I thought perhaps
he had been killed by a falling wall. A couple of days later
it was known that he was in Corinto. I took the brief case to
Corinto with me. He was surprised to see it. It contained a
tooth brush and a pair of pajamas.

Captain Bales was sent to Managua from Pueblo for treat-
ment for malaria. The plane he was in, landed during the
quake. He was more or less out of his head, so a corpsman
put him in one of the barracks at the field. I kept making
inquiries for him, but no one knew where he was or that he
had arrived. The corpsman, well occupied with his duties for-
got to report about Bales. It was several days before he was
located, wandering about in a daze and quite goofy. The last day I was in Nicaragua he managed to get in to see me.

We were taken on board the Chaumont as part of the consignment of 185 women and children. Then the real fun began. It seems that the regular passengers are terribly put out in having to move and double up.

They took an X-ray just before I left Managua and it showed a crack but not a real break near my ankle. The picture could not be taken at once as they had to fix the powerhouse first. My leg has been very painful but is quieting down now and I will be using a cane in a few months they say.

Maud salvaged nine trunks, one box, seven suit cases, and the car. About all we took with us.

We had quakes every few hours up to the time we left, and I understand the killed will number at least 2000.

13 April 1931.

Landed at N.O.B. Norfolk. Carried ashore on a stretcher, newspaper reporters gathered about. One gave me the latest paper and on the front page was an account of Captain Harlan Pefley's death, killed in action at Logtown on the eleventh.
OCOTAL, NICARAGUA 1930
School teacher Maria Theresa Salcedo and her staff with Colonel Denig G.N. visit the Marine Corps air strip. In the background is a U.S. Marine Tri-motor Ford transport plane.
SKIRMISH AT CIUDAD ANTIGUA
31 OCTOBER 1930

A FIRE FIGHT BETWEEN THE NORTH TRAIL
GUARDIA PATROL COMMANDED BY COL. DENIG
WD BANDIT GROUPS UNDER ROQUE VARGAS

BLOOD STAINS

3 GUARDIA HORSES
Got Away

PASTURE

BANANA
GROVE

BANANA
GROVE

POINT DEPLOYED

COL. DENIG
MAIN BODY

TO OCOTAL

207

2ND BANDIT GROUP

1ST BANDIT GROUP

To CARBONAL

GROUP 1

GROUP 2

GUARDIA

MY ROUTE
PROCLAMATION

The Department of the Segovias being in a STATE OF SIEGE, andartial Law being in EFFECT, the following order is issued on the
ty of the President of Nicaragua, and ALL PERSONS will comply
ith said as hereinafter provided:

All civilian populace living within the area bounded by a line
run through the towns or places listed below, will, not later than
June, 1930, move with their property to one of the following towns:
Caro, Jalapa, Quilali, San Juan de Telpaneca, Telpaneca, Palacaguin-

Residence of any member of the civilian populace within this
stricted area, described below, except in one of the six (6) towns
we mentioned, is PROHIBITED, and any person or persons found living
this restricted area after 1 June, 1930, will be considered as
-sists and dealt with accordingly.

RESTRICTED AREA

Area enclosed by a line drawn cast from CIUDAD ANTIGUA to
TELEMA-SAN PEDRO-SAN ALBINO-SAN GREGORIO-HURRA-then SOUTH to
PUJON-RELLINGON-PALALI-then WEST to CHALASTE- along NORTH bank of
G RIVER to TELPANCEC-then NORTH to CIUDAD ANTIGUA.

CIUDAD ANTIGUA IS NOT INCLUDED IN THE RESTRICTED AREA.

All civilian populace are cautioned when leaving this RESTRICTED
EA, to bring with them such property and cattle as they may desire
nc.

All civilians upon leaving this area will present themselves in
son to the Jefe of the Guardia Nacional in the town which they have
osen to enter. They will be assigned a place to live and work to do.
ey will further be furnished with a card, and will be required to
resent themselves to the Jefe of the Guardia Nacional of the town in
ich they are living once every two weeks.

The Jefes of the Guardia Nacional in the above mentioned
ms will be required to keep a complete list of all civilians, re-
ting in-compliance with this order, such list to contain full in-
tion on each person.

All civilians reporting in compliance with this order will be
quired to live within two (2) miles of the town at which they
resent themselves.

By order of the President of Nicaragua.

[Signature]
Robert L. Denig
Colonel, Guardia Nacional.
NOTIFICATION TO MR. GONZALO LOVO, IN OCOTAL

The undersigned General and Supreme Chief of the Army Defender of the National Sovereignty of Nicaragua, exercising the powers conferred by the aforesaid Army and confirmed by degree number twenty six of our military institution.

RESOLVES:

To order Mr. Gonzalo Lovo, owner, at Ocotal to deposit the sum of two hundred Cordobas as an obligatory contribution for the support of the war which said Army has initiated against the droves of North American bandits who with insolence of grandeur are trampling on our National Territory.

The owner, Pedro Gonzalo Lovo, will give the aforementioned contribution to any one of the Leaders of our Expeditionary Army.

To wit:

General Pedro Altamirano, General Carlos Salgado, General Ismael Peralta, General Simon Gonzalez, General Francisco Estrada, General Miguel Angel Orthez y Guillen, Coronel Pedro Bladón or Coronel Domitilo Ledezma.

National and foreign investments in our national territory will be used for the National defense of Nicaragua.

Foreigners who do not agree with this resolution must leave the distant boundaries of our national territory.

Nationals and foreigners who disobey this order will be subject to procedures conforming with the laws of our military institutions on the day that our Army takes control of the Republic, or when any of the towns where the rebels reside, fall under our command.

General Headquarters of the Army Defenders of the National Sovereignty of Nicaragua, Las Segovias, Nic., Central America, twentieth day of July of the year one thousand and thirty.

FATHERLAND AND LIBERTY

CESAR AUGUSTO SANDINO

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THE ESTELI POOL AND POLO CLUB holds its regular Sunday meeting on Saturday night. Although they play on a miniature course, these boys roll naturals. The gentlemen above also play Bandelero in their spare moments. According to recent reports the following things are never seen in Esteli----------Helen-Smith passing up a chance to scoff (even tortillas)-Cobb staying in the office-Carlin-Torres speaking Chinese-Doc Longs horse Frank passing up an exhibition with some mule (todos son sympaticas)-Bandits (live ones)-Long spending money-Clothes without holes in them-Ropa for the Guardia-American chow-Subways and Night Clubs-Apartment House Talkies (Movies, that is)-Señoritas with white necks-Long losing money in a crap game-Smith winning dinero-McDonald ditto-Smith got his hat on straight-Beauty Parlors-Ice Cream ditto-Marines-Fal Arches or Dandruff-Halitosis or Athletes Foot- Smitty do you remember the chow on board the Colombia?---

-----WILL----

Coming issues of ---1--- for books and Magazines to w's the moments as our thumbs have run out of joint---
The Editors.
Native Officers Corps, Guardia Nacional de Nicaragua

By Lieutenant Colonel Robert L. Denig, U.S.M.C.

On January 2, 1933, the United States Marine forces will be withdrawn from Nicaragua, where for nearly six years they have been in occupation and developed the Guardia Nacional.

On this date, which is the day after the newly elected President takes office, Nicaragua will be faced with taking over and maintaining an efficient military and police organization which the Marines have built up with great patience and sacrifice for the protection of the Republic.

Just how Nicaragua will carry on "on its own" after the departure of the Marines is a matter of discussion at the present among persons familiar with the country. Probably the most important task of the Marines in that Central American country has been the organization of its Guardia Nacional de Nicaragua, a combination of police and National Army, which has been a boon to the progress of the country.

The Guardia Nacional de Nicaragua had its inception at a conference between Mr. Stimson, special representative of President Coolidge, and General Monrada, the present President, held at Tiptapa, a village in the eastern outlet of Lake Managua. At this conference, on the second held within one week, hence known as the Second Tiptapa Agreement, it was decided on May 11, 1927, that the United States would train American officers to train and command a national constabulary. This new force was to be given the mission of conducting a fair election. To this end it had to prevent the intimidation of the voters and fraud in the polling booths, so it would have to be impartial in composition.

This agreement made it necessary to disband and abolish the Nicaraguan National Army. On May 12, 1927, a Colonel of the Marine Corps was appointed Jefe Director in accordance with the request from the Nicaraguan Government. Work was started immediately in the enlistment, organization and training of forces. The original enlistments were from the Senators Guards and Urban police and only numbered a few hundred.

On December 22, 1927, an agreement was entered into between the United States and the establishment of the Guardia, a national police force to be composed of Native Nicaraguans, by the loan of commissioned officers of the Marine Corps to direct the task of organization and training.

This organization was to have military and police force of the latter in all respects, with the charge placed upon it of preserving internal peace and security of individual citizens. Its charge was placed upon all fortifications, buildings, grounds, prisons, penitentiaries, vessels, and other government property, formerly used by the National Army, Navy and Police Force. Control was vested in the President of Nicaragua.

The Guardia Agreement put the original strength at 93 officers and 1,136 enlisted men, under the belief that when the then existing civil war terminated this force would be of sufficient strength to handle all police matters.

This preliminary estimate was too low, as the civil war was replaced by a condition of anarchy in which armed bands roved over the countryside committing depredations. Later these bands were organized by Agusto Sandino into a more or less cohesive force, which he ruled from various headquarters in Nueva Segovia with some success. The presence of United States Marines in Nicaragua was used by these bandits as a pretext to justify their raids on the peaceful inhabitants and foreigners.

To meet this situation the Guardia on October, 1930, was increased to a total strength of 2,256. Of this number 72 officers and 1,000 enlisted was at all times to be kept in the bandit infested area of the Segovias. In practice this number has always been exceeded.

Due to financial exigencies the strength was soon reduced, but increased waves of banditry and the withdrawal of Marines from the outlying posts made it necessary to increase its numbers until it stabilized at about the following strength (July 16, 1932):

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Area</th>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Radio</th>
<th>Medical</th>
<th>Men</th>
<th>Total</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Northern Area</td>
<td>57</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>624</td>
<td>696</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Central Area</td>
<td>54</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>627</td>
<td>635</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eastern Area</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>292</td>
<td>324</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Southern Departments</td>
<td>51</td>
<td></td>
<td>4</td>
<td>413</td>
<td>454</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dept. &amp; Managua</td>
<td>47</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>145</td>
<td>202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>City of Managua</td>
<td>20</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>160</td>
<td>180</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>TOTALS</strong></td>
<td><strong>254</strong></td>
<td><strong>23</strong></td>
<td><strong>23</strong></td>
<td><strong>2,256</strong></td>
<td><strong>2,556</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

In addition to the regular Guardia force there has grown up since the latter part of 1930, three separate auxiliary forces. Their organization was primarily due to a desire to augment the Guardia in order to more thoroughly control the areas in its charge. Financial difficulties prevented the permanent enlistment of more men, the President, however, from a fund voted him by Congress for the defense of the Segovias, set aside a portion (after pressure), to pay for a force called Auxiliaries. They were originally enlisted for three months and placed under Guardia command. Except for the short term of enlistment they are Guardia. Their original enlistment has long since expired, but they are kept in service as long as money is forthcoming for their pay, clothing, rations, and equipment. Their distribution is as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Department</th>
<th>Number</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Department of Leon</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Department of Chinandega</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>TOTAL</strong></td>
<td><strong>150</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

A second force is known as Civicos. This force is unpaid and is composed of the more reliable men of...
The neighborhood. It was brought into being with the idea of having ready at hand a group of citizens who could help in the defense of the town, take the trail with combat patrols and even take over the entire defense of the place, thus releasing the regular Guardia for field work. It also identified the principal people of the "plaza" with anti-bandit measures. The Civics have given excellent service. In cases of emergencies they report at the Guardia Station, are issued arms and place themselves temporarily under Guardia control.

The third group are the Municipal Police. All the important cities and towns had guardia detachments for which they made no direct contribution, although some Guardia were primarily engaged in urban police work. The spread of banditry in the rural districts made it incumbent to send more troops in the field.

Early in 1931, Guardia Municipal were recruited in each town that had agreed to support such a force. The terms of the Guardia Agreement placed them under the Guardia Nacional, though attempts were made to have them a purely separate organization, in some cases to be subject to the command of the Jefe Politico, and in others, to the Alcaldes, in which case they would be used for partisan purposes. These police are Guardia in every sense of the term, except that they are in their own homes and cannot be taken out of the municipality which supports them.

Their distribution in July, 1932, follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>City/Department</th>
<th>Number</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>City of Managua</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cities in Dept. of Managua and Carazo</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cities in Dept. of Leon</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cities in Dept. of Chiriqui</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cities in Dept. of Chiriqui and Masaya</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cities in Dept. of Bluefields</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cities in Dept. of Rivas</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cities in Dept. of Chocales</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>City of Matagalpa</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>City of Esteli</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>City of Jinotepe</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>271</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The Guardia and its auxiliaries are equipped in infantry, with its main arm, the Krag rifle, and in addition thereto, with 471 automatic arms, about half being the property of the Marine Corps.

Communications are maintained by the use of a government telegraph, and 11 radio sets loaned by the Marine Corps.

A great deal of transportation is furnished in addition to combat work by Marine planes. These three arms, arms, radio and planes, will be a most important factor in the final turn-over, as the Nicaraguan Government will have to replace these at a large expense or else materially curtail the operations of the Guardia.

In February, 1931, the American State Department counselled the gradual withdrawal of marines from Caragun, and the final evacuation of all Marine and naval personnel from Nicaragua following the national election in the fall of 1932. Subsequently, the final date was set as of 2 January, 1933.

This decision resulted in the speeding up of plans for the transfer of the Guardia to Nicaragua.

From the inception of the Guardia, plans were formulated to replace American officers by Nicaraguan officers. From the inception of the Guardia to Nicaragua, plans were formulated to replace American officers by Nicaragua officers, who should have shown by their conduct and examination that they were fit for command.

In 1929, there were several native officers in the Guardia who had held commissions in the Voluntarios, an auxiliary force organized in 1928 for operations in the Segovias in conjunction with Marine and Guardia troops.

Early in 1930 a class of nine Nicaraguan officers, who had been commissioned to try the Telpanec mutineers, were given a three-months' course of military instruction and assigned to duty in the northern areas. They as a class did not reach up to the expectations placed in them. Having been originally commissioned for a specific purpose, and not for military duty, they soon displayed the fact that they were not temperamentally fitted for life in the lonely detached posts of the Segovias.

With this class was commenced the Military Academy, located in Managua. The plans called for a school year of nine months with a period of approximately one month active service in the field with patrol against bandits. The month in the field resulted in the weeding out of all those physically or mentally unable to stand the strain. Two classes were enabled to take this full course, before it was found necessary to cut the period of instruction, due to the decision to withdraw all Marine forces by January, 1933.

Cadets for the Military Academy are procured from the ranks of deserving non-commissioned officers of the Guardia and from civil life. All names are submitted to the Jefe Director with supporting papers from influential citizens. Each candidate is then investigated by the nearest Guardia officer. The Guardia Headquarters then prepares a list of the desirable candidates and submits it to the President for his approval. The President examines this roster, paying particular attention to family connections and political affiliations. After a final examination the class is formed and starts on its course of instruction.

The Military Academy is conducted by Marine officers and embodies the following courses:

(a) *Department of Military Science*, Military exercises, Tercenery and Inspections, Guard duty, minor tactics, Equitation.

(b) *Military Intelligence*, Hygiene, First Aid, Military Courtesy, Manual of arms, Care of uniforms, business of being an officer.

(c) *Infantry Arm*, Care and handling of rifles, pistols, automatic weapons and grenades.

(d) *Engineering Department*, Military engineering, construction and maintenance of roads, Topography and map reading, signals and communications.

(e) *Law, International Law, Civil and Penal codes, Study of the Guardia Nacional*, its establishment, regulations, etc., Courts-martial proceedings.

(f) *Accounting Department*, Bookkeeping duties of district commanders and administration of prisons.

(g) *Physical Education*, Exercise with arms, calisthenics, bayonet drills.

(h) *Academic Department*, Study of English and elementary mathematics.

When it was decided to withdraw all Marine commissioned and non-commissioned officers from the Guardia by January, 1933, the course was curtailed in some respects and speeded up in others in order to be sure that sufficient trained Second Lieutenants are available to fill the vacancies caused by this
The classes were increased in size and additional funds were appropriated to carry out the new plan.

In July, 1932, the officer strength of the Guardia totaled 303, composed of the following classes:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Authorized</th>
<th>Native</th>
<th>American</th>
<th>Vacancies to be filled</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Marine Corps, line</td>
<td>162</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>161</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marine Corps, radio</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Navy Medical Corps</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nicaraguan, line</td>
<td>96</td>
<td>96</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nicaraguan, medical</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>TOTAL</strong></td>
<td><strong>303</strong></td>
<td>50</td>
<td>253</td>
<td>253</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

All of the native officers, except four, hold the rank of second lieutenant; the others are first lieutenants. In addition to the above there is a class of eighty-five students attending the Military Academy. This class is expected to graduate and be commissioned in December, 1932.

If the officer strength is to remain at the same figure as at present, one hundred and twenty-four (124) officers must be found, and all the higher grades must have to be filled.

Considering line officers only, the situation at present is set forth below:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rank of Officers</th>
<th>Authorized</th>
<th>Native</th>
<th>American</th>
<th>Vacancies to be filled</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Officers</td>
<td>162</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>161</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Enlisted</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Officers</td>
<td>150</td>
<td>54</td>
<td>96</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

There are 238 vacancies in total.

The existing native officers and the class to be graduated will probably care for the lieutenant's grade and chiefly the captain's, provided the officers' strength is not down. The real difficulty comes in the field officers. These, without question, will be from deservants and politicians, and eventually will all be of the party power.

It was planned to turn over the smaller commands (except) to Nicaraguan officers on December 15, 1932, the higher commands (Areas, Departments, and General Headquarters) to the officers designated by the newly elected President upon his assuming office. This was based on the assumption that enough American officers would remain a few months after the evacuation in order to assist the new appointees in their duties.

The decision to withdraw all American officers on January, just one day after the new President takes office, is not in the plans for relief. This interval during which Nicaraguan officers have an over authority in the field with American personnel in command and responsible for the area, as a whole, would have to be reduced to a minimum. Furthermore, Americans should be relieved at the latest possible date in order to leave Managua the main force. The time between the final turnover of the Guardia and the final evacuation should be as short as practicable.

Calls for getting the Nicaraguans in the field as possible after November 4th and assembling Americans now in the Guardia at Managua by the end of December.

To do this, Nicaraguans would have to be promptly appointed to the senior grades. This has proved to be a stumbling block, as politics control the appointments in what was hoped to be a non-partisan military force. Political differences go hand-in-hand with bitter personal animosities, and the party in power need not consider public opinion, so long as it retains the support of the armed forces and the office holders.

It has developed that the appointment of senior officers is a purely political function. Political and family affiliations are carefully examined and have to be above reproach before appointment.

There is hardly any possibility of appointments in the higher grades being made before the 4th of November, when the President-Elect is known, and the probabilities are strong that they will not be made until 1 January, when the new President takes office.

Should the President appoint officers to the higher command ranks, the new President would almost certainly revoke the commissions. Furthermore, no one would accept appointment without assurance that it would be made permanent by the incoming President and such assurance would be impossible to give. Thus, changes would be made at the very time that stability is most needed, and the smooth working of the Guardia would be completely wrecked.

A plan to overcome the refusal of the President to appoint officers to the key positions is to have the presidential candidates of both parties prepare lists of names made up of members of both parties who would be acceptable to him. Immediately after the election has been declared the President to be requested to appoint those on the list of the President-elect. These new officers would then work with the American officers until the new President takes office, when he will make their commissions permanent. Both candidates by this plan would have to pledge themselves to continue the appointees in office.

Politics being what they are in Nicaragua, the parties being first and last for themselves, such an agreement might be difficult to get, and the President may or may not appoint those designated by the President-Elect, especially if he is of the opposite political belief and the names be of those whose families are not to his liking.

At best, there is sure to be a shake-up in the Guardia; it will soon become a partisan force, used to further the party in power.

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Among the many good things in the Corps

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Product</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Grape-Nuts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poet's Tassies</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poet's Bran Flakes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poet's Nuts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poet's Whole Bran</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maxwell House Coffee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jell-O</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lemon Jell-O</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Calumet Baking Powder</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walter Baker's Chocolate</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL FOODS
DISPENSING JUSTICE

The Northern Area of the Guardia consisting of the Depart-
ments of Nueva Segovia, Jinotega and Esteli was under my juris-
diction both militarily and administratively. Headquarters was
at Ocotal, the capitol of the Department of Nueva Segovia. To
the north, high up in the Sierras above the 5000 foot line,
was the small village of Dipilto. As it was only about two
hours distant by mule, I frequently went there to enjoy the
cool breezes.

Upon my arrival, invariably there was a great influx of
natives with complaints. As I was the Area's Chief Adminis-
trator they looked upon me as their judge or alcalde who would
listen and settle their disputes. Usually the problems were
minor and easy to decide but every so often a particularly
difficult case would arise and I would have to refer to my
law book. This book was a copy of an old novel call "Dri and
I", which I kept in Ocotal on a shelf above my desk with two
book ends to hold it up. When I left on inspection trips I
took it with me in case it was needed.

One day a woman, who was extremely angry, registered a
complaint against Razo Rubio of the Dipilto Guardia. She said,
"The Razo says I am a bad woman." I replied, "Well, are you
a bad woman?" She said, "Yes, she was a bad woman but she
didn't like to have anyone as low as a Razo tell her so."

This presented a problem so I reached for my "law book,
opened it at random and ran my finger along the lines. This
gave me time to think. Finally I said, "Ah, it says here,
'The lower the rank the less the offense, and punishment
should be meted out accordingly thereto'.' So I told the Razo that for punishment he had to go down to the river and take a bath to wash his sins away.

I am afraid that this was a streak of cruelty because the stream was extremely cold and Indians don't like to bathe. But the justice meted out from that red-covered novel was perfectly satisfactory and always continued to be satisfactory as long as I was in the Northern area.
THE PHONOGRAPH

One day the Guardia First Sergeant at Dipilto telephoned and asked for permission to come to Ocotal to see me. From the conversation, I gathered that he had saved enough money to buy a phonograph and would like to have me order it for him. I told him to come in and a few days later he arrived. He again stated his wish to own a phonograph and turned over to me the necessary cordobas to purchase one. The phonograph was ordered from Managua and it wasn't long before it arrived by Marine air transport. The First Sergeant was notified and soon he arrived with an escort to take the phonograph records to Dipilto. An armed escort was necessary wherever you went because of bandits.

On the first pleasant Sunday that came along the First Sergeant with his girl went to bathe in a limpid mountain stream. There on the bank he set up the phonograph and together they went swimming. While they swam and splashed each other the phonograph sang merrily on.

It happened on that Sunday that the Dipilto telegraph operator and his friend decided to take a stroll. The path they selected lead them in the direction of the swimmers. As they approached the stream music from a phonograph was heard. This made him curious so he walked to the stream and spied the First Sergeant and his girl playing, you splash me and I'll splash you.

The telegraph operator was greatly intrigued and said, "Bravo!" or something to that effect. Whereupon the First

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Sergeant looked up and threatened the operator with shooting if he told me, the Jefe. With that he ordered him away in no uncertain terms.

The telegraph operator saw that the First Sergeant had his Tommy-gun on a rock within easy reach so he started to run and ran all the way to Dipilto, which incidentally was only a short distance away. There he ticked off a telegram to the President of Nicaragua stating that his life had been threatened by a Guardia Sergeant and that it was no longer safe for him to remain in Dipilto. With that he closed up shop, went to Ocotal, and refused to return until the Sergeant left.

As all telegraph messages to and from Nueva Segovia had to go through my office I decided to let this one go forward and see what would happen. The next thing I knew the President took it seriously and ordered me to conduct an investigation forthwith.

I immediately sent for the First Sergeant and the telegraph operator. When they arrived at my office I questioned each. From their answers it developed that the Sergeant told the telegraph operator that if he didn't hurry and leave the area he would shoot him. Furthermore, he claimed that he said it in a friendly way but failed to realize that the operator was one of the fifty-four sons of the President of Nicaragua.

All of this goes to show how careful one must be.
A BABY SHOW IN DIPILTO

Dipilto was a nice little mountain village, of perhaps fifty people, nestled high up in the Sierras. The Guardia Detachment stationed there was commanded by a Lieutenant who was a Naval Academy boy. There he lived with his native troops, lord of all he surveyed.

One Sunday I decided to pay him a surprise visit, and on approaching the village I saw that it was in a gala mood. As I rode down the main street it seemed that all of the Indian Mothers from miles around had gathered. My youngster from the Naval Academy was holding a baby show. The prize being one cake of Life Bouy soap! In Nueva Segovia there was nothing you could give one of these women that they would treasure more than a cake of soap.

I asked the Lieutenant what was the big idea and he said that he was having an uplift movement.
VACCINATION IN NUEVA SEGOVIA

Not long after my arrival in Ocotal, in November 1929, an epidemic of small pox developed in the Northern Area. The Rockefeller Foundation had already provided enough serum to vaccinate the estimated population, but the question remained; Who would do the vaccinating? No native doctors were available and my command had only one U.S. Naval Doctor and a few Chief Pharmacist Mates to take care of the needs of the scattered Guardia Detachments. After much thought I hit upon the idea of having my "practicante", the Naval Doctor, instruct a selected group of Guardia Sergeants in the art of vaccination. With this accomplished they would then visit the villages and isolated ranches throughout the area and do the deed. Eventually over 20,000 people were vaccinated using these "medico" sergeants.

It wasn't long after the vaccinating began before word filtered in that the inoculation was terrific, if not downright appalling. It seems that some had scabs all the way from elbow to shoulder and they were certain that they were going to lose their arms. There was nothing we could do to relieve their fears except tell them that it was "muy bueno", that is, very good. They seemed to be satisfied with my diagnosis and I am happy to report that none of my 20,000 patients died or lost a limb.
THE PUBLIC HEALTH DOCTOR

In Ocotal, near my quarters and office, lived the first cousin of the President of Nicaragua. He was a doctor and the towns sanitary official—El Medico de Sanidad—The Public Health Doctor.

One day it happened that a dead man was found in a nearby field so I sent word to the Medico that he should take charge and bury the man. When the Medico arrived at the scene he said that it wasn't up to him to bury the man because the Guardia had found him and therefore they should attend to his last rites. I allowed that as he was the Medico de Sanidad it was his job. With that, he put on his hat and marched down the street to the telegraph office. There he sent a telegram to his cousin the President informing him of my unreasonableness. While the Medico was taking care of his telegram I had the dead man carried to his house and laid down on the entrance floor. With this accomplished I went to my office, sat down, and awaited the results.

Soon the Medico came down the street heading for home. He was whistling, singing and swinging his cane with a great deal of triumph because he had sent a telegram to the President. As he passed by office door, which opened onto the street, he gave me a dirty look before turning into his house. With a flair he opened the front door and nearly fell over the dead man. He came charging into my office and demanded that I tell
him who had put the dead man in his house. I told him that I had no idea, and as a matter of fact, I didn't know that there was a dead man in his house. With that he said that there certainly was a dead man there and that I, as the head of the Guardia, should see that he was removed immediately. To which I replied "No, no I couldn't do that. You found the dead man. I didn't. And, it was his responsibility to remove and bury him." So there wouldn't be any shenanigans I placed a Guardia sentry at his house. The Medico worried and worried but finally he sent for the grave diggers who performed the last rites.
BERMUDA ONIONS JICARO

On one of my visits to Jicaro I took with me some very large Bermuda onions as a special delicacy for the commanding officer. They were set upon a table, in his quarters, and greatly admired by everyone.

In the evening after the beer had been thoroughly cooled, in the nearby running brook, it came time to make sandwiches. These were to be onion with slices of Vienna sausage, of which we had large quantities. Consternation reigned! Three of the onions could not be found.

All of the native Guardia, who worked around headquarters, were brought to the quarters and questioned. Each claimed innocence of having taken the onions. To get to the bottom of this mysterious disappearance I had their private lives investigated. This line of action brought forth the discovery that Razo Umansor had a sweetie, an Indian girl who lived on the edge of the village, of whom he was inordinately fond. So, on a hunch I sent an officer with some men to search her shack and, lo and behold, there were the onions. When asked where she got the onions she replied that the Razo had given them to her. Razo Umansor was next questioned. He said that onions were such a great treat and so seldom seen that he could not resist the temptation to give his girl three nice onions.

As punishment the Razo and his muchacha were ensconced in the kitchen so that they would have the pleasure of slicing the onions for our sandwiches. I am sure that they were both much repaid by the beautiful aroma.
A few days ago I received a letter in which the writer
induced me of the great quantities of "sopa de mondongo"
I used to eat. I don't know what this sopa is in other
in American countries, but it is tripe soup in the
Jaguan hills.
I couldn't get away from it, even in my own headquarters,
re I had an Indian woman as a cook. She was something to
ld. Her hair literally touched the ground and she wore
hats that had the effect of panniers on her sides. She had
eeth, and it was the ambition of my mess to buy her a set.
was always a pleasantry we had with her, and she looked
ward to the day when she would go forth with flashing ivories.
skirts were so prominent that her nickname was "saddlebags",
al she could do was make "sopa de mondongo".
One day a friend in Managua sent to me by plane some
iful Idaho potatoes. Upon seeing them our mouths began
water at the thought of roast beef and baked potatoes and
sted potatoes and all kinds of potatoes. Whereupon, we order-
the slaughter of a bull and carefully instructed "Saddlebags"
the preparation and cooking of the potatoes. At dinner time
all sat down for the feast, but when the potatoes appeared
she had done was to peel them, cut out half of the center,
fill the void with cheese. I fired her forthwith.
A few days later I started out on an inspection tour. Each
than I visited had even worse food than I. So when I arrived
Jicaro I gave the commanding office there permission to go to Managua and find a cook. After inspecting two more posts returned to my Ocotal headquarters.

The Jicaro commanding officer after some days in the great metropolis sent me a dispatch which said, "I have pro-tired a Number One Chinese cook. All officers of the northern area are invited to come to Jicaro whenever they are hungry!"

Then flew to Ocotal and completed his return journey by muleback, the only way he had to get there. Upon arrival he sent another dispatch stating the same thing and requested me to see that the Number One Chinese cook was safely brought up from the capitol.

My interest in the cook had become so great that I had him arrested and confined in Managua for safekeeping. On the proper morning he was escorted to a plane and flown to Ocotal. Went to the air field to meet him and he turned out to be just an ordinary Chinaman with a huge sombrero, and packing, of all things, two guns. He had evidently been warned that he was going to a very, very dangerous area. He was then transferred under guard to another plane and flown to Apoli. The officer who had found him in Managua was waiting there with a pack train and extra mule to take him to Jicaro. All along the line I got dispatches about the progress of the Number One Chinese cook. Finally he arrived in Jicaro. Once again dispatches were sent all over the area inviting everyone to come.

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Nothing more was heard about the cook for about five days, then one morning, before I was up, my adjutant entered my room and said, "colonel, look at this." I took the dispatch he handed me. It said, "Number One Chinese cook shot and killed this morning." Shortly after that another dispatch arrived. It was routine one required of each station every morning. It said, "All quiet in Jicaro." Then, a few minutes later another dispatch arrived which said, "Have cleared Jicaro with a patrol for Murra." Murra is in the mountains and was a bandit hang-out.

At this point I decided that there wasn't any use for that officer to stay in camp and receive all the criticism that would descend upon his head because of the loss of his Number One Chinese Cook. He might as well take to the hills.

Later that morning I ordered an investigation and discovered the following. Number One Chinese cook couldn't even boil water. He was a complete wash-out. That morning as he crossed the patio an officer looked up, saw him with his excuse for breakfast, and said, "Somebody ought to blow that Chinaman's head off."

In the patio was a Guardia Cabo cleaning shotguns. He heard his jefe, picked up a shot gun and blew the Chink's head right off.

I immediately ordered that the Cabo be tried by general court martial. He was acquitted on the grounds that he had obeyed the orders of his superior officer. In addition his action had saved his commanding officer from being in jeopardy of life and limb by serving lousy chow after all of his glowing invitations.
A few weeks later I had the occasion to visit Jicaro.

I rode towards the village I saw by the side of the trail

new grave with a head board inscribed as follows: "Ling Hing,

is now making much whoopie with his ancestors."