



Arming for a night on the waterfront: Duty belt, holster, provost stick, lanyard, revolver, flashlight, whistle.



Here we saw equipment back from Greenland, found gasoline cans surreptitiously stored, discovered at least one fire and found hose lines frozen. No complaint about nothing going on, with American Express using one section of pier.



Many a TR found himself up Chelsea Creek on an oil farm.

things; pea soup fog, choppy seas, the galley stove, streaks, many a tedious tour of duty around the ammo ships or a certain British man-of-war . . . Responding to calls and searching for victims . . . There were really excitingly dangerous moments in sloppy weather and high winds and breaking seas—you were soaked to the skin, numb with cold, fearing for the tightness of the hull . . . Heavy going and the CG38684 sends SOS when motor fails . . . Try boarding a freighter in tough weather with not even a lee on their anchor . . .

TRs recall many an exciting rescue resulting in the saving of lives. It was then knowledge of first aid and artificial respiration paid off . . . Some craft capsized; others at the mercy of wind, tide and sea were saved by vigilant picket crews . . . On constant duty at the signal tower, TRs communicated by blinker with merchant ships and patrol boats on duty . . .

You tell of checking passes at the cat-walk, waving 'em by at the Bell House, stopping them all at

B&A, or taking a bit of abuse at the Ramp . . . It was a long hike out to the scrap pile and you got filthy with coal dust . . . You become nostalgic as you think of a soft watch at Wiggins and search for words to describe the sun setting against a mackerel sky. Big black irregular shapes of lumber stand like huge monsters against a crimson drop . . .

Another time you were on a freighter, all alone for four hours without relief, deep down where the cargo is stored! You were amazed at the hugeness of a Liberty's bowels and the depth of those yawning chasms called holds. It was awfully cold topside, too. But that night at Castle Island was really beautiful, in a freezing sort of way, as the snow swirled round the riggin' brightly illuminated by flood lights . . . Waterside, that put-put-put-put told you the boat patrol was out there, too . . .

Sometimes loading secured early and you cut the cards with the Regulars for a chance to return to Base. Did you ever win? . . . Sunday