



Rowing patrol back from Pier 2 South Basin. M&M damp, dark and cold.

Reminiscences

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two Libertys blew up on the West coast. But you stood muster on Monday, ready to be called for an explosive detail at the Island. It was no different for you than for others who sailed the ships to their foreign destinations, unloading them in the greatest of danger.

Out there that day, deep down below deck, looking up at that "hole in the blue," you watch 500-pound bombs come scinging over and down. You think, "Who next will see these bombs overhead?" . . . You admired longshoremen who did a swell job and the carpenters who kept a fast pace securing the cargo with dunnage . . . Wonder how everything is at home? . . .



Armed Guard Mess on a Liberty. The Navy treated us royally aboard the merchant ships and many a cup of hot java helped watchstanders through those eight long hours. But, what is this TR doing? On relief from a fire watch, no doubt!



Scout car on inspection at B&A in protection of waterfront facilities. In this war there were no waterfront disasters such as occurred in the first World War. Note Customs House tower over jeep and gun on merchant ship.

Will you ever forget those hours on Charlestown bridge, or was it Fore River or Northern Avenue? There you learned about the life of a bridge tender. Was it cold! Say that again. You studied blinker at a training school and now you try so hard to read that terrifically fast tender from across the water, only to discover with disgust it's a welding job . . .

Everyone griped; so did you. But the Regulars had a word for it! At first it sounded like the declension of just one word. But it was definitely "Coast Guard" and soon you appreciated its effectiveness in properly expressing yourself or describing a given situation . . .

During those early days en route to post on the truck you didn't feel very much at home, but the Regulars soon accepted you. You became "salty" and took things in stride . . . Chow at the Base could be awfully good, but at times you had to be awfully rugged . . . Out on post it was easier to make a paper plate sandwich for the birds; then drink the coffee before it got cool enough to taste . . .

Watch chiefs were the fellows who had a "snap" in the office, you thought. Nothing to do but fumble with directives, shuffle assignment-to-duty sheets, and finally give you the most unpleasant post possible, considering the weather. Everything snafu? Yes, but the system did get working and the gold did, a pretty good job after all . . .

"Loose talk sinks ships" was a slogan taken seriously. *Queen Mary*, *Aquitania*, *Empress of Australia*,