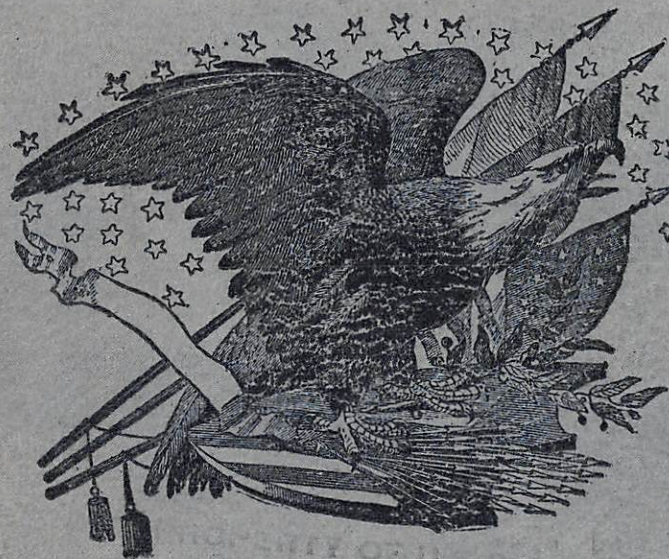


April 5, 1928.

THE COAST GUARDSMAN

NEW YORK DIVISION

*"All for the Honor, Growth and Progress of the
Service Under All Circumstances and at All Times".*



Anniversary Issue

1927 - 1928

Published at
Section Base Two
Clifton, Staten Island

April
Nineteen
Twenty-eight

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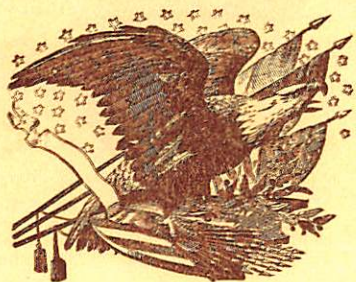
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Easter Greetings to Our Readers

PLEASE MENTION THE COASTGUARDSMAN

THE COASTGUARDSMAN

Publication of New York Division



Advertising Manager: Mrs. W. J. ZALESKI, L. C. G. W.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Honorary Editor

Commander E. D. JONES, U. S. C. G.

EDITOR

Boatswain W. J. ZALESKI, U. S. C. G.

Distribution Manager

Qm. 1c., J. W. KELLY

WE CUT A TOOTH

Well fellers, the Coastguardsman is a year old, with this issue, in spite of the prophesy that it couldn't last three months. There is a certain amount of consolation in that, but it is far from satisfying us with the progress, or rather the lack of it, made in the first year. There is codles of room for improvement, but it cannot be done by a few. The "Coastguardsman" was never intended to be a "clique" periodical, but it would seem so to the uninformed. The reason for that is: No method of appeal or persuasion has met with any degree of success in getting the various units in the division to send a little copy. Perhaps, we expect too much when we ask someone in each unit to contribute ten or fifteen minutes once a month, and let us know what is going on in that unit. How about it?

Well, I suppose, it's the appropriate thing to give a brief history of the Coastguardsman since its inception. Well, here goes:

In February, 1927, the editor conceived the idea, which was not original, but prompted by the perusal of some of the publications of the vest pocket edition Bases. Here, was the N. Y. Division, the biggest and best in the Service, without any representation, except when the local scandal sheets would find something to knock us about.

Printers ink comes high in New York, so the Editor canvassed the Officers and men of the Base for voluntary contributions to pay for the first issue. One Officer and one man were willing, insofar as they were able. Scotty Sanderson had six bits. Melvin Sutherland Marsh had 40c, so the idea fell through.

When all hope seemed lost the present Advertising Manager, borrowed the necessary amount and took the gamble. She then took an extensive tour of Staten Island and Brooklyn, and sold enough advertising space to pay off the mortgage and buy herself an Easter hat. The editor's share of the rake-off was a pair of lavender garters, that were woolworth what she paid for 'em. Since that time she has managed to keep the Coastguardsman out of the hands of the receivers.

THE FOLKS AT HOME WILL WANT TO READ IT, TOO

THE COASTGUARDSMAN

The Coastguardsman is not unmindful of the valuable assistance of Mr. Duke, who is still a member in good standing in the Printers Union. His favorite expression regarding this phenomena is: "In time of peace, keep your powder dry". Nor do we overlook the value of Commander Jones' blue censoring pencil that kept us out of the libel courts. To date, no judgments have been found against us.

It gives us pleasure to honorably mention Irving Cobb Abkoude, the Colfax' star key duster; Yeoman Weaver, who writes the Births, Deaths and Marriages; Harry Levin, who keeps up the fires for the Gresham's Charley Noble; and Quartermaster Kelly, who writes "Things", which is his alibi whenever he is accused of sleeping on watch; M. Robbins, our high salaried artist, has never failed to come across, whenever he was needed.

And last, but not least, Our Advertisers, who really made the publication possible.

Allow me in conclusion, to become serious enough to sincerely thank all of you, for the invaluable help you all rendered.

This goes for everyone but the Advertising Manager. I'm still wearing lavender garters.

THE EDITOR.

APPRECIATION AND CONGRATULATIONS FROM THE COMMANDANT

TREASURY DEPARTMENT
UNITED STATES COAST GUARD
WASHINGTON

Boatswain W. J. Zaleski,
Editor, The Coastguardsman,
Section Base 2, U. S. Coast Guard,
Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y.
My dear Mr. Zaleski:

I have your kind letter of March 7, 1928, inviting me to prepare an article for publication in the first anniversary issue of The Coastguardsman. I congratulate the editors and managers of The Coastguardsman on the attainment of the first anniversary of the establishment of your excellent publication, which so ably represents the fine Service spirit of the New York Division of the Coast Guard.

I am tremendously sorry to have to say that the heavy pressure of official matters at the present time precludes my preparing an article that would be worthy of The Coastguardsman. Please be assured that I greatly appreciate the splendid spirit of service and the faithful devotion to duty of the officers and men of the New York Division. I congratulate The Coastguardsman and wish it the fullest measure of success.

Cordially yours,
F. C. BILLARD,

THE FOLKS AT HOME WILL WANT TO READ IT, TOO

COMPLIMENTS OF THE DIVISION COMMANDER

Editor, The COASTGUARDSMAN,
Section Base Two,
Staten Island, N. Y.

Sir:

The Division Commander notes with interest the approach of the first anniversary of the publication of the COASTGUARDSMAN, and desires to take this opportunity to extend his heartiest congratulations and best wishes to the editorial staff and to all others who have contributed so greatly to its marked success as a Division publication. He has noted the cheerful, clean tone of its articles, and has been impressed with the marked influence it has had in creating and maintaining a proper morale at Section Base Two and aboard other units in this vicinity. The editorial staff can view with complacency its admirable work during the past year, and it is hopefully predicted that the influence of the publication will increase as it grows with age, until it will command the commendation of all those who are fortunate enough to read it.

It is realized that the work of Base Two in particular, and of the patrol boats attached thereto, has been greatly handicapped by the lack of proper facilities on the base ship, and it is thought that the completion of the structures which are about to be erected on Pier 18 will provide for the comfort and convenience of the men in such a way that little will be left to be desired in the manner in which the Base and Division activities at Staten Island will be handled.

It is felt that each and every officer and enlisted man making headquarters at Staten Island is to be congratulated on the whole-hearted manner in which duty has been performed. The work of the Service is not easy, and it is known that often hazardous and trying conditions of wind and weather call for the best that is in the men, and that they have responded with all that is in them, without any thought of self. This ready response to all calls, under any and all circumstances, speaks well for the class of men we have at Staten Island, and augurs well for the future activities of the Service. Each man has a right to feel that his work has been well done and that it should meet with the approval of those in authority. This office is sure that it has met with the unqualified commendation of those in a position to know the merits of its accomplishments. It is confidently predicted that the work of the Base during the next year will in every way be commensurate with the efforts put forth and the results obtained during the past year.

The COASTGUARDSMAN has the best wishes of the Division Commander for its growth and success, and he hopes that it will meet with that support from the officers and enlisted personnel of the Division which its aims and objects so highly deserve. It would appear that its motto should be, "*ALL FOR THE HONOR, GROWTH AND PROGRESS OF THE SERVICE, UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES AND AT ALL TIMES*".

A. J. HENDERSON.

THE FOLKS AT HOME WILL WANT TO READ IT, TOO

COMPLIMENTS OF THE BASE COMMANDER

According to the Colfax Harmony Four "cawn and 'taters" can only grow, and grow right, in "Ol' Virginny". At any rate they seemed to inspire Commander Jones to take 15 days leave to go down there to investigate. If "Ol' Virginny" hasn't changed in the last few years the Commander will find "corn" "still" in Va., and 'taters are also used for the same purpose.

The Commander in his haste neglected to write an article for this Anniversary issue before shoving off. But the mail man can penetrate the wilds of Virginny where the revenue agents fear to tread.

There are ten things that Commander Jones sincerely loathes. One is the extraction of a nerve from an aching tooth. The other nine are writing articles for publication.

The editor's greatest accomplishment is the realization of a year old ambition in finally coaxing the following out of the fountain pen of the Base Commander:

To the "Coastguardsman" and to "the personnel of Section Base Two":

The first year's publication of the Coastguardsman coincides with an active and successful year's operation of Section Base Two. Our success for this period was made possible only by the prompt, cheerful, and efficient co-operation of the officers and men attached and the Commander of Base Two takes this opportunity of expressing his appreciation of that fact to the entire personnel of the Base. He confidently expects that the coming year will be an equally successful one, both for the Base and for the Coastguardsman.

E. D. JONES.

Thank you Commander. We hope you have a fine time in the jungles and hope you will not pronounce 44—fo'ty fo' when you get back, and we hope you return in time to prevent the Warrant Officer's "Rest Room" in the new building from being seven feet square. Can't play pinochle in such cramped quarters, Captain!!!

THE WELCOME MAN

There's a man in the world who is never turned down, wherever he chances to stray; he gets the glad hand in the populous town, or out where the farmers make hay; he's greeted with pleasure on deserts of sand, and deep in the aisles of the woods; wherever he goes there's the welcoming hand—he's The Man Who Delivers the Goods. The failures of life sit around and complain; the gods haven't treated them white; they've lost their umbrellas whenever there's rain, and they haven't their lantern at night; men tire of the failures who fill with their sighs the air of their own neighborhoods; there's one who is greeted with love-lighted eyes—he's The Man Who Delivers the Goods. One fellow is lazy, and watches the clock, and waits for the whistle to blow; and one has a hammer, with which he will knock, and one tells a story of woe; and one, if requested to travel a mile will measure the perches and roods; but one does his stunt with a whistle or smile—he's The Man Who Delivers the Goods. One man is afraid that he'll labor too hard—the world isn't yearning for such; and one man is always alert, on his guard, lest he put in a minute too much; and one has a grouch or a temper that's bad, and one is a creature of moods; so it's hey for the joyous and rollicking lad—for the One Who Delivers the Goods!

THE FOLKS AT HOME WILL WANT TO READ IT, TOO

APPRECIATION

It has never been the policy of "The Coastguardsman" to devote a page to eulogistic and laudatory praises of the ranking Officers of Our Service accompanied by their life size photographs. It still is not. We hope to gain their regard on our merits.

We are however forced out of our shells on this auspicious occasion. For want of better immediate form of representation, the Coastguardsman presumes to voice the sentiments of the personnel of the New York Division, at this time.

Rear Admiral F. C. Billard, Commandant,
Captain A. J. Henderson, Commanding N. Y. Division.
Commander E. D. Jones, Commanding Section Base 2.

Sirs:—We, the Officers, men, and the Coastguardsman, of the New York Division gratefully acknowledge your expressions of commendation. In a like measure of sincerity we herewith pledge our allegiance, fidelity, loyalty and any other trait within the scope of our capability, necessary to ably assist you in the performance of our duty for country and humanity.

The organization of our government can indeed take pride in being represented by executives of your integrity, under whom we are proud to serve in the propagation, maintenance, and defense of the traditions of Our Service, the Coast Guard, the backbone of the government in peace, in war, and in any emergency, where we have earned the exclusive right to the motto: "SEMPER PARATUS"

Chronological Observations of Goofy Ike

April has 30 days, so that it will jibe with the Nautical Almanac.

It starts off with Palm Sunday, on the first, but don't let that fool you.

The 6th is Good Friday. Lay in your supply of hot cross buns, before that day.

The 8th, is Easter Sunday. Every Coastguardsman, who is not out on Patrol that day, will be seen walking, nonchalantly down Fifth Ave., in a three gallon hat, frock coat, spats and weather permitting, a cane.

The 14th, is a day upon which, even Goofy Ike, refrains from wise-cracking. On this day the greatest President of the greatest country in the world was assassinated in 1865, by a depraved mind.

April 19th, is Patriot's Day, in Massachusetts. On this day, the Cabots

and the Lodges will formally bow to each other, either on Beacon St., or Commonwealth Ave.

25th, we declared war on Spain, just 30 years ago. Dewey knocked the slats out of the bull-fighters, after cutting up his aerial, so that A1F could not interfere by ICW.

26th, Southern Memorial Day.

27th, Grant's Birthday. Abe always did think that Ulysses knew his carrots.

30th, Louisiana purchase in the year of 1803. Big hearted Napoleon sold us a fairly good hunk of real estate, which was later subdivided into States of lesser importance. Nap couldn't be bothered with it at the time, because the Limeys and the Pretzel Twisters kept him kind of busy over there.

31st—Sign the payroll.

Don't Forget The Dance On The 3rd

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Gresham's Charley Noble

"Fishing any good?" asked a curious individual, looking over the rail of a bridge.

"Any good?" answered the fisherman below, "why I caught forty bass out o' here yesterday".

"Say, do you know who I am?" asked the man on the bridge.

The fisherman replied that he did not.

"Well, I'm the fish and game warden."

After a moment's thought the fisherman said: "Say do you know who I am?"

"No," replied the officer.

"Well, I'm the biggest liar in the county."

Gent: (on phone)—"Hello!"

Voice: "Hello, is Boo there?"

Gent: "Boo who?"

Voice: "Don't cry little boy, I guess I have the wrong number."

When about to deliver a lecture in a small town the well-known speaker asked the chairman if he might have a pitcher of ice water on the platform table.

"To drink?" inquired the chairman.

"No," answered the speaker; "I do a high-diving act."

Since Tomlinson had his teeth "pulled out" he can now drink soup without opening his mouth.

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The chief boatswain's mate was drilling the boots at Swedish Exercise: "I want every man to lie on his back, put his legs in the air, and move them as if he were riding a bicycle," he explained; "now begin." After a short effort one of the men stopped. "Why have you stopped, Cassidy?" asked the boatswain's mate. "If you plaze, sor," was the reply, "oi'm coasting."

Seaman (abled body) Rockford was standing on the dock when the pie man came by and wouldn't stop. We found out later that the pie man looked at Rocky's face and decided that the competition was too great.

Parson Johnson: "De choir will now sing, 'I'm glad Salvation 's free,' while Deacon Ketchum passes de hat. De congregation will please 'member, while salvation am free, we hab to pay de choir for singing about it. All please contribute accordin' to yo' means and not yo' meanness."

HARRY LEVIN, *chief yeoman*.

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Co-Operation

"We must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately," Benjamin Franklin is reported to have said at the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

It ain't the guns nor armament,
Nor fines that they can pay,
But the close co-operation
That makes them win the day.

It ain't the individual,
Nor the army as a whole,
But the everlasting team-work
Of every bloomin' soul.

The Coastguardsman congratulates C.Mo.M.M. Mader and Mrs. Mader upon the arrival of little Raymond Merrill Mader, a lusty 8-pound future Coastguardsman. Raymond was born with a 48" stillson in one hand, and a wheel puller in the other. Well, we hope Raymond Jr. will grow up to be as husky and as good a mechanic as his dad.

What Price Glory

Mr. Singer, our burly Base Engineer Officer had just finished handing the cake to the 160 (reluctantly, by his own admission) for engineering performance, when Mr. Rivard, the Base Carpenter handed another cake to the 160 for busting more window glass than all the rest of the boats put together.

Commander Jones leaving on fifteen days leave admonished the gang to repeat history by making another seizure before he returns. As we promised to do our best, we hoped that he would get back on time, because "Smiling Jimmy" is kind of hard on liberty breakers.

Looks as if Base 2 will lose the services of Boatswain Krager, of the 213, soon. It is rumored that he is offered a partnership in Clarence Darrow's advisory staff.

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DIVISION TWO DESTROYERS

By Ensign KENNETH A. COLER

Due to the detached duty of Division four, Destroyer Force, in Southern Waters, where they join with Division One in the enjoyment of Floridian Beaches, this unit will be temporarily detached from New York and will base at New London.

The whole division regrets leaving this locality and the pleasant associations with Base Two and the New York Division, especially so now that our Pay Clerk Bergmeister has gone to so much trouble to establish what might be considered the finest office in the Force. Pay clerk Meade is so upset he is considering transporting his director chair along with other items of furniture.

The excellent morale of the division is reflected in the attitude of the officers and men, all of whom are anxious for their new detail. It is expected, of course, that this sudden shift will work a slight hardship in isolated cases, but in keeping with the spirit of the service they are "Always ready."

The division has, also, been temporarily divided into two groups. The Ammen and the Patterson, plus the Paulding of Division Three will form one group, while the Porter, McDougal, Terry and Roe will form the second unit. On March 26th, accompanied by all of the necessary ceremonies, the Porter will transfer the Flag to the McDougal and then proceed to the New York Navy Yard for an overhaul period of about two months.

BAD FORM

Porter: Ever attend a pajama party?

Roe: And HOW!

The attention of the whole division has recently been centered on preparation for the approaching small arms target practice. Now that the weather is warmer groups are continually engaged in triangulation drill and are frequently using the range built by Ensign IMLAY of the HENLEY for the New York Division.

The first group from Parris Island has returned. Gunner's Mate first Class Morrison, of the Patterson; Boatswain's Mate second Class Kruzinsky of the Porter and Chief Gunner's Mate Larsen of the McDougal testify to the fine treatment and instructions given by the Marine Corps—whom we all hope will be gloriously beaten by the Whole Coast Guard Team in Football this Fall. These men are now busy instructing groups in the use of small arms and will be valuable on the range.

The second group, consisting of Chief Gunner's Mates Dwyer of the Porter, Webb of the Roe and Wheeler of the Terry has now left and are expected back in about three weeks.

HOW ABOUT DOC CRISTY?

Lieutenant Commander: Ever See a two-gun man?

Commander Thorne: Yah—Go down to the Terry.

The death of the infant daughter of J. M. C. Anderson, Sea 1c, attached to the Porter is announced, with regret. The unit, to a man, offers him its sympathy.

THE FOLKS AT HOME WILL WANT TO READ IT, TOO

The building of a ring has been contemplated. The money has been collected, that is one-third at least, the lumber ordered and at one time loaded on a truck. This had to be cancelled owing to the moving of the ships. It will be undertaken upon the return of the vessels in the spring. This has not, however, stopped the interest in boxing. Allison and Carr of the PORTER shape up well to carry off the honors in their division, Lawson is shaping up well too.

The interest is keen in what will be the outcome of the famous ride of PAUL REVERE.

Doctor Cristy heard the other day that no change was contemplated in his status. The very next morning he was transferred to the Colfax for duty while the division was in New London. That same afternoon he was ordered to the Academy. He trembles for fear of what will happen when he is at last ready for a change of station.

Here's a slogan for the ALL COAST GUARD FOOTBALL TEAM.

"MAR THE MARINES"

Here's one for the men who are giving the money.

GEAR FOR THE TEAM"

That first word's not quite what we meant, but still it'll have to do.

Lieutenant Stiles, Lieutenant (jg) Connor, Ensign Coler, are now members of the ASPA. Machinist Bomberger has taken up an active interest.

If you're thinking of taking up aviation at least wear your spring underwear and Light Fall Suit.

This last patrol saw the TERRY come through the worst storm of the season. Hove too near Pollack Rip Light Vessel in the teeth of a gale, that at times reached hurricane force, it was only due to the masterly seamanship of Commander Coffin that the vessel was brought to safety through the snow.

NEWS FROM THE McDOUGAL

Our basket-ball team is whipping itself into shape for the forthcoming game with the Coast Guard Destroyer Force team. The exact place and date of the game has not been definitely decided upon as yet. This game should prove very interesting as the McDougal has lost but one game to any other Coast Guard team.

So far, the McDougal claims the championship for units based at New York and any team in the New York Division wishing to dispute this can send in their challenge and it will be accepted. Our team has defeated such teams as the U. S. S. MEMPHIS, The Newport Naval Training Station and the U. S. S. GRESHAM and we are most certain that the Mickey can give any other team a run for its money. The end of the basket-ball season is drawing near, so send in your challenges early.

THE FOLKS AT HOME WILL WANT TO READ IT, TOO

IT COULDN'T BE DONE

After a thing has been done, everybody is ready to declare it easy. But before it has been done, it is called impossible. One reason why people fear to embark upon great enterprises is that they see all the difficulties at once. They know they could succeed in the initial tasks, but they shrink from what is to follow. Yet "a thing begun is half done." Moreover the surmounting of the first barrier gives strength and ingenuity for the harder ones beyond. Mountains viewed from a distance seem to be unscalable. But they can be climbed, and the way to begin is to take the first upward step. From that moment the mountains are less high. As Hannibal led his army across the foothills, then a-mount the upper ranges, and finally over the loftiest peaks and passes of the Alps, or as Peary pushed farther and farther in the solitudes that encompass the North Pole, so can you achieve any purpose whatsoever if you heed not the doubters, meet each problem as it arises, and keep ever with you the assurance IT CAN BE DONE.

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,
But he with a chuckle replied
That "maybe it couldn't, "but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried,
So he buckled right in with the trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that;
At least no one ever has done it";
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat,
And the first thing we knew he'd begun it.
With a lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,
Without any doubting or quiddit,
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,
There are thousands to prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point out to you one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you.
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
Just take off your coat and go to it;
Just start to sing as you tackle the thing
That "cannot be done," and you'll do it.

Look Before You Leap

A certain petty Officer on the Col-fax was recommended for promotion. He was proficient and it looked like a cinch until Mr. Bradbury looked up his deportment status.

The little book showed that this petty Officer had taken a little unauthorized sneak across to Bay Street and didn't get away with it. That petty Officer will wait 3 more months before he is eligible for promotion. The difference in pay will aggregate 48 bucks for those 3 months. Kind of expensive little sneak.

Quartermaster Wood is starting off a tarpaulin muster with a dime for the benefit of Henderson (messenger 3d class), Colfax. The proceeds of this subscription will go toward the purchase of a pair of Twin-Six, water-cooled, force-feed, lubricated, roller skates, size 12½ M.

Don't forget the dance for the benefit of the League of Coast Guard Women, on the "U. S. S. Briarcliffe", Tompkinsville, Staten Island, on Tuesday, April 3, 1928, at 8:30 P. M. Nugent's Orchestra. Admission \$1.00. Ladies free.

THE FOLKS AT HOME WILL WANT TO READ IT, TOO

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PLEASE MENTION THE COASTGUARDSMAN

THINGS

By J. W. KELLY, QM1c

RECOGNITION

"The Coast Guard," states the New York Daily News of March 13, 1928, "given a task worthy of it's long Pre-Volsteadian tradition, has shown itself magnificently equal to that task . . . quietly, without dramatics, with absolute efficiency."

To anyone who knows anything at all about the news-value of an event, the fact is obvious that the amount of such value is in direct proportion to the amount of dramatics involved.

Therefore it stands to reason that the very quietness and efficiency with which the Coast Guard went about the work of transferring the passengers from the stricken Robert E. Lee, aground and pounding to pieces in a dangerous surf, was dramatic enough to elicit editorial comment from a paper which specializes in spectacular happenings.

There are many people who have never heard of the Coast Guard in connection with anything other than the activities of rum-smugglers. Why?

Because it's personnel have always gone about their task in a quiet, efficient manner, seeking to place lives saved and property salvaged and protected above sensationalism.

There is no need for scrambling and disorder, nor yet for ballyhooing, in an organization which has for it's motto:

"SEMPER PARATUS."

Swedish Punch

A local boy came back to the Base one morning recently looking as if a cyclone had struck him. His face was, to say the least, dilapidated. After the usual expressions of sympathy a friend inquired as to what had hit him.

"Everything," was his terse rejoinder, "including the Scandinavian!"

Maybe It's A System

It was a grand and glorious St. Patrick's Day . . .

Even at that, WHY did the so-called orchestra on the ferry to New York wear shamrocks in their hats? We miss our guess if they were ever any nearer to the Emerald Isle than the English Channel, on the way over from Mother Italy.

But they did afford Oscar and I something more than a grin when, right in the middle of "My Wild Irish Rose," the violinist gushed forth into an obligato of garlic-tainted invective as a string broke.

Right From The Cob.

Smock, the SK2c from Indiana, should have remembered the affectionate regard and esteem in which he is held and not have waxed wroth because someone designated him "The Keeper of The Keys."

These Impoverished Noblemen

Has anyone ever noticed that upon this royal barge there is a King, a Prince and a Duke?

It's A Dog's Life

Six new arrivals put in their appearance this month when Nigger, our Stygian mascot, became the mama of a new detail from Dogdom. From statistics compiled by patient observation of former litters we conclude that only one will survive to eventually wear hash-marks.

Of the other five two will go over the hill, one will be exterminated by the alley-cats in the B. & O. yard, one will succumb to indigestion and the other will expire of chagrin the first time it sees it's father.

Paternal Exageration

"That kid," boasts Mader, the dashing CMoMM who recently became a proud papa, "takes after his dad. Lookit—the only thing he wakes up for is to take a drink!"

The Modern Toddle Degenerates

In a recent issue of the National Navy Club's "HOME PORT" there appeared a paragraph to the effect that their dancing teachers were often unable to discern the difference between . . . pupils and . . . many who have been dancing for years."

Now's your chance, boys! All you yokels who would like to learn but who fear to expose your clumsiness—Front and Center! The girls might mistake you for Arthur Murray!

It Ain't The Heat . . .

It seems that the usual conversation anent the weaker (HA!) sex was going on in the quarters. Upon the name of a certain young lady being mentioned somebody opened up with: "Boy! She's a hot one!"

"Hot?" queries Yeoman Hess. "Listen, son—you don't know the half of it. That Baby's humid!"

A Fling From The Hieland

Despite our best efforts the Evening Graphic scooped us on this one—but here it is, anyhow:

1 pr. of tights—two Scotchmen.

Perhaps She Used A Barrel

G. G. Myles, Sea. 1c, who toils, and incidentally spins some of the darnedest yarns ever heard aboard the Colfax, returned recently from the wilds of Harlem and a big souvenir-hunt. Myles reports that his most prized trophies to date are three silver flasks, one bottle of perfume, six lipsticks and a large piece of flaming red silk.

Why the silk, George? Have you no decency left? . . .

A Slug From The Armory

An efficiency expert, according to "DUCKIE" Duckworth, who rests upon the generosity of the medical officer, is a guy who can teach sardines to grow square, for canning purposes.

For What Consideration?

Oscar spins us the one about the drunk who stood for three hours in a subway station and howled above the roar of passing trains until seventeen men approached him with offers to sign his name to an endorsement for Lucky Strikes.

As it turned out, the poor nut was only a truck-driver, and so . . .

And Now A Few Words About Our Anniversary . . .

Coincident with this issue The Coastguardsman is one year old. Not exactly a hoary age when you look at the Saturday Evening Post, but considering that all the work in connection with it's issue has been done in the spare time of it's staff and that the paper is offered to you free of charge, it seems to me remarkable that it has attained its first birthday.

We all know, or should know, that a Base paper promotes morale. Perhaps it does more in this direction than anything besides mass athletics, where the competitive spirit operates at high frequency. But after all a paper that you can send home to the folks should prove to them that you are at least being taken care of, besides giving them some sort of an idea as to your activities and interests away from the family fireside.

What say, gang—shall we drop a nickel in the hat next pay-day?

Don't Forget The Dance on April 3rd !!!!

This month's ten questions:

HOW MUCH CAN YOU GUESS?

Note: (Incorrect answers to these questions will be found on next page.

1. What does a seagull lean on when it turns a corner?
2. Where does a light go when it goes out?
3. Who invented flat-hats?
4. Why did Davy Jones locker?
5. What is the only difference between the rating badges of a Water-tender and a Machinist's Mate?
6. Why does a girl say NO when she means YES?
7. Which is the other side of a street?
8. What is a cocked hat?
9. Where is the best place to be when the ship sinks?
10. What should one do when finished eating spaghetti?

They do say that long ago there was a husky Boot who was tried and convicted of murder. It seems that someone told him to hoist the Ensign, and he did—by the neck!

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This one was a sticker for the Ward room navigators, even "High-Pressure" himself, until Smiling Jimmy came along and doped it out in the bogey time of 1 minute 40 seconds.

A fish's head is 10 inches long. Its tail is as long as its head plus ½ of its body. Its body is as long, as its head plus its tail. How long is the fish? Answer in May issue.

P. R. Kelly, our puny little C.Mo. M.M., who, representing Base 2 at Parris Island, disgraced us, by running second high score in target perforation contest there.

Kelly was voluble in his praises of the Marine Corps, who were teaching the young idea there, how to shoot. (firearms).

W. Morrison, G. M. 1c of the Patterson, also thought a lot of the "leathernecks," according to his article in the March number of the "Coast Guard."

A bunch of good Marines is worth a trip to China, let alone to Parris Island.

JOSEPH STERN

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Answers to Foolish Questions on
previous page.

1. It's suspender buttons.
2. It don't go out. It remains in the same place—you just can't see it in the dark.
3. He died before we could line our sights on him. Let this be a lesson to you.
4. That comes under the heading of matrimonial advice. We refer you to Betty Lee.
5. The guy who's wearing 'em.
6. Why ask us? We made the same mistake you did.
7. The side you are on if you were only on the other side.
8. Another one of those darned triangular affairs.
9. On leave.
10. There isn't very much you can do. However, you might try sending your uniform to the laundry.

J. W. K.

SIMPLE APPARATUS

By

P. VAN ABKOUDE, RM3C

Ted Newton, tall, well-built, twenty-one, and thoroughly disgusted with the world, sat on a bench in paper-littered Battery Park, thinking away the remainder of the hour that the firm of Boll & Boll, Inc. grudgingly gave its employees for their lunch.

Idly he stared out across the harbor, his mind filled with rebellion at the monotonous life he was leading. He glanced at his Ingersoll. Another fifteen minutes—then back he would go to his boresome, grinding job as filing clerk. He winced at the thought. He, Ted Newton, wasting away his youth in a stuffy old office! He could not stand it much longer.

A great, three-stacked passenger liner passed, bound seaward. Ah, there was Life! Free, open air—the sea—adventure! The thought made him jump up, to the surprise and chagrin of the human derelict at the other end of the bench. That was what he needed: Adventure! But how to start? Slowly he walked toward South Ferry, pondering. Would he be able to get a job on some steamer? They probably wouldn't want a man without experience. Thus battling mentally, he blindly walked into a sign that was standing on one side of the pathway. He backed away, mumbling to himself. What a stupid, dreaming—Adventure! Advancement! Join the U. S. COAST GUARD!! The words fairly blazed in front of his eyes. He read the sign again. Yes, it was true! Here was the answer to his problem. Eagerly he scanned the action-photos on the other side of the sign. He saw that the Coast Guard safe-guarded the country from sea-going lawbreakers; smugglers of rum and dope, saved lives upon the ocean!

He became suddenly aware that someone was standing beside him. He

looked up into the ruddy, smiling face of a man in Chief Petty Officer's uniform.

"Well, me lad," grinned the C.P.O., "ye sure look t'be mighty interested in them pictures. Feel like shippin' in?" Ted smiled back at him. "Yes, that is, maybe, if you'll tell me a few things about conditions, and so forth."

"Oh, gladly lad, gladly. That's what I'm here for. In the first place And here he told Ted about quarters, pay, chow, etc. and ended with, "—the Coast Guard's motto, me bye, is 'Always Ready' or in French, 'Simple Apparatus'—something like that." Ted laughed. "Semper Paratus, you mean. I still remember some of my school Algebra."

"Oh well," soothed the Chief, "I knew it was something like that. Well, what do you say, lad? Are ye joinin'?"

"AM I?" cried Ted jubilantly, "does a duck swim? Lead on, Brutus, lead on!"

"Naw, me name ain't Brutus," objected the C.P.O. "It's O'Hara."

"Glad to know you, O'Hara. My mother was Irish too. My name's Newton."

"Ye're a fine lad, Newt, and I'm sure glad t'meet ye. Well, let's go to the office. It's right across the street here. Comin'?"

Thus Theodore Newton, Jr. became Apprentice Seaman, U.S.C.G. As, an hour after the foregoing event, he boarded the Staten Island ferry on his way to Base Two, he suddenly remembered that he had, in his excitement, forgotten entirely his former position of clerk. O well, he should worry. He had been paid his weekly twenty dollars the day before, and they could, for all he cared, keep the measly two days' pay. He'd never go back to that place again!

The ferry landed, and Ted took a trolley, which soon brought him to

Pier Eighteen. As he crossed the lot his heart beat with pride at sight of the array of destroyers, cutters and patrol boats. He wondered what vessel he would be assigned to. That was to be seen—. The Dock guard, after glancing at Ted's papers, escorted him up the gang-plank of the "Colfax."

Four thirty. The quartermaster on the Colfax struck "One Bell", which was echoed and re-echoed from the destroyers and cutters at the opposite pier. Down the gangplank came Ted Newton, fully attired in dress blues, which, oddly enough, fitted him well. The white hat may have been a bit too large, but—anyway, Ted was bound for the city. His pal Jack Winters, with whom Ted shared a room in a cheap hotel on Twenty-third street, of course knew nothing of the happenings of the afternoon, Ted wondered what Jack would say. Jack was five years older than Ted, and had been out of work for nearly three weeks. Perhaps Jack would join too!

An hour's travel and Ted stood in front of the door to their room. From within came the voice of his pal, raised in song. That surprised Ted. Jack was usually rather quiet. Must be feeling good! As Ted opened the door, the voice inside stopped, followed by a loud "Hic!" There stood Jack, quiet, good old Jack, with a bottle in one hand, and a drinking glass in the other, swaying dangerously. He smiled with half-closed eyes.

"H-hello there, shailor—Hey, what the—ish that you, Ted? Hic—or 'm I sheeing things, eh?"

Ted, his face expressionless, nodded.

"It's me—Ted, Jack."

"Har, har," laughed Jack, "Thash funny. J-join Navy, eh? Shtew bad, Teddy, shtew bad. That shpoils ev'thing. Shee—hic—I packed all our shtuff. 'Sno use now, Teddy. Y'

joined N-navy. Shtew late."

It was all Greek to Ted.

"Too late? What's the idea, Jack. Where are you going?"

"Gonna make shome dough, kid. Gotta nishe job today. Two hunnerd a month an' grub. Plenny drinksh too, an' bonushes f'r every load we get through. Gonna be a rum runner, Teddy ol' boy, hot shtuff!"

Ted gave a gasp of surprise. Jack a rum runner! And he, Ted, a Coastguardsman now. They would be enemies! That would not do at all. Jack thought he was in the Navy, which was quite natural, but should he tell him the truth?

"Well, 'smatter, kid. Shick? You should be—hic—happy."

Ted still hesitated. He was afraid to answer for fear he would say the wrong thing.

"'Fraid, eh? Aw, don' worry 'bout me getting caught, kid. Ol' shkipper always gets blame, not ush."

"That's not it, Jack, but you see, I'm not—er—I'm not what you think—er—"

"Har, har. 'Asha good one," laughed Jack, "only paradin' around, eh? Sho much better. Gonna come wit' me, Teddy? Plenny dough, kid."

Ted shook his head sadly.

"No, Jack, I'm not parading. I'm in the Coast Guard! Jack! You see what that means, don't you? We'd be enemies! Please, old pal, don't let two hundred a month break our friendship!"

His friend's lips curled in a sneer, and his fists clenched.

"Ceash Guard, eh? That cheap, rum snoopin'—"

"Jack!"

"Aw, sh'dup! I'm goin'—don' wanna bother wit' you. Outta way!"

Jack picked up two suitcases and started for the door. Ted stopped him halfway.

"Wait now, Jack, you're drunk, old

man. Better get some sleep—"

But Jack's rum-dazed mind would not reason. He wrenched away angrily.

"Git way! Shleep yourself. I'm goin'."

The door slammed between them.

A week passed. Ted had been assigned to the CG-348, now on patrol along the New Jersey coast. The sea was moderate, and Ted, off watch, was sitting in the shade of the wheel house, deeply in thought. The unfortunate event of a week ago was still preying on his mind. At times, memories of the happy days the two friends had spent together, came to him. He had thought their friendship unbreakable then! They had been more than brothers. But now Jack was only a common smuggler—a criminal! And all on account of that rotten liquor-cutting bootlegger—the man who hired Jack. His heart cried out for revenge! He'd find that man, he'd—

His thoughts were interrupted by the sudden roar that came from the engines due to increased speed. Something was up! He looked around at the great expanse of water. Ah—right past the bow was a small trawler. It was about a mile ahead of them. Ted's heart leaped. Was it a rummy? Or was it another harmless freight boat? The patrol boat was gaining rapidly, and they'd soon find out. The trawler, however, suddenly increased its speed also, so much so that it looked as if it would easily get away. For perhaps a minute it raced, then all at once came to a sudden stop. They heard a crash, and the runaway listed fearfully—she was sinking! It had hit some unknown, submerged object.

The general alarm bell in the patrol boat's "Crew's Quarters" began to ring shrilly.

"Stand by to lower the dinghy!"

came the orders from the pilot house. Ted jumped into action. In one leap he was at the little life boat and quickly unfastened its canvass cover. The coxswain came running aft, and together they swung the boat out above the water. By this time the CG-348 had arrived at the scene of the disaster, and at the same time the stern of the ill-fated trawler disappeared into the sea. Eight heads bobbed in the water, and four more figures clung to a small life-raft, cries for assistance coming from some of them. The dinghy was lowered quickly, and two men in it rowed feverishly about, stopping now and then to pick up a dripping form. Suddenly Ted gave a yell. "Hey! That man there is drowning!"

Without another word he dived directly for a head that was just disappearing. He came up holding the man's head by the hair, and "tread water." Someone threw them a life-ring, and Ted quickly pushed it over the man's head and under his arms. The bow of the 348 nosed slowly up to them, and many helping hands easily lifted Ted and his burden up on deck. Somebody patted Ted's shoulder, and said something about dry clothes, but Ted did not hear. He was looking at the face of the man he had just saved. He caught his breath—it was—Jack!!

Two days have passed again. Once more it is four-thirty, and again we hear "One Bell" resounding from pier to pier. Emerging from pier eighteen we see two gobs. One is smiling happily—the other's face is serious.

"And Ted," the serious one was saying, "I'm saying it again: I don't think, after what I've done, that I'm good enough for the Service. There was a 'load' on that trawler, you know, and I'm not—"

"Shh! Keep still, you ham! The very fact that you repented it was

enough to make you good enough."

Jack smiled weakly.

"You saved my life, Ted, and I'm stickin' with you for good. Some day maybe I'll be able to repay you, kid. I sure found out what this Coast Guard has for men; they're of the real stuff! Ted, you'll forgive an old pal, won't you?"

"Aw, of course," grinned Ted, "and as for the stuff the Coast Guard's made of—well, look at the motto it has. There's your answer! Just remember it. It is 'Always ready!' Jack—and in Greek,—er—I mean Spanish—oh, anyway, it's something like 'Simple Apparatus!!'"

We were sorry to see Bob Craven, C. B. M.—160 lose a bet to Silent McClung, 3rd oil can 160. Craven wagered two packs of camels that he could bring the 160 alongside and tie her up alone in one minute, and lost the bet by 12 seconds. Oh yes, McClung handled the engines!!

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No foolin' fellows it's easy to qualify as sharpshooter or expert rifleman, and the C. G. has the money to pay you for qualification. All it requires from you is a willingness to follow instructions and a real sincere desire to shoot well. Base Four and Base Nine are out to get our scalp, there is no reason on earth why we should not qualify just as many if not more than those fellows. Bring your troubles along over to the range on Pier 17 and let's thrash them out together, don't be afraid to ask all the questions you like, that's about the only reason for my being here as coach, to help you out in every possible way, so let's snap into it and burn up a flock of ammunition, and above all don't forget that \$3.00 per month, it's waiting for you all.

Yours for a gang of bullseyes,

Sincerely,

T. R. KELLY.

BASE ATHLETICS ?????

The editor in search of copy accosted a chap who seemed to be well read and spoken and asked him to write an article for this issue on the subject of athletics. This was the answer in substance: "Mr. editor, you are publishing a periodical that is a Booster. If I wrote an article on the lack of cooperation in the line of athletics here at the Base, you would never publish it."

After thinking it over I have decided to publish what I think he had on his mind. Base Two is a shining example of a perfect athletic failure. There is any amount of athletic talent here, but it seems that we will have to wait until Mussolini abdicates in favor of his successor before we can hire his services to organize any semblance of athletic status here commensurate with the position of Base Two.

Will some one please suggest a plan that will enable us to become a factor in the athletic field of the service, and send it in to the Coastguardsman? This article is not a complaint. But it seems that there should be some time allotted to the men to allow them to become as proficient in sports as they are in their work. I think that Base Two deserves that consideration.

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

EDITOR.

Lord Nelson got a mark of 3.9 in "Air Bedding" for originating the following: "England expects every man to do his duty."

Mrs. Bradbury expects every man in the Division that is not on patrol to be present at the dance on the Briarcliffe on the third. 'Nuff Sed.

DON'T FORGET THE DANCE

THE FOLKS AT HOME WILL WANT TO READ IT, TOO

Ladeez and Gentlemen—and Friends! We have the great honor to announce that Professor Scotty Sanderson, E.P., G.I., O.D., and C.B.M., has discovered a great invention! It is a marvelous and original idea—worthy of the eminent and noble dome of Scotty. It is an invention that will completely revolutionize navigation; in fact it will beat any sterling engine when it comes to revolting. Just to prove that Scotty is a very extraordinary Scotchman, he has given the idea to suffering humanity at the price of \$000,000.00! Of course the new miracle will cost huge sums of money, but what does that count when man can then navigate his bays and inlets with sweet strains of music on every side? A mere trifle! Mark!—No longer shall we hear these raucous, blaring horns; no more sounds like a giant blowing his nose; no more unharmonious, monotonous clanging of bell-bouys—ah, and Skipper shall welcome fogs instead of dreading them. Just imagine: You are returning to the Base from City Island, in a thick fog. Do you listen for "two blasts every 1.00375 seconds", or "one bell and a half every so-and-so"? Heavens no! You take off your ear-muffs, and the first thing you hear will be the sad, mournful strains of the "Prisoner's Song". Execution Rocks! Further down, as you are nearing the East River, a gang of "Mr. Zero's" army are warbling that beautiful melody, "Shall we ga-a-ather at the river-r-r" which we know comes from hell gate. Again, just ahead, the song, "How dry I a-a-am!" assails your ears. Right! It's New York City. You go down the East River, and soon you hear, "—and although she's barred, from the navy yard," which speaks for itself. Aha! What's this? "She was only a Coastguardsman's sweet-heart, but she wouldn't 'board' any 'rummies'." Must be the barge office. At the same time, off to port, you hear, "Parade of the wooden soldiers". Guess what?

For the next fifteen minutes all is quiet but for the beautiful cathedral chimes on the old bell-bouys. You feel you must be getting near the base now, and sure enough, "'mid pleasures and palaces—there's no place like home!", is gently wafted to you with the breeze, from the end of pier eighteen.

Gennemen, our hero, Mr. Sanderson, deserves great praise! Soon he shall receive the acclaim of the entire world! In closing, we announce that contributions are now in order, for the purchase of a beautiful, steel pocketbook with a time-clock, which will be donated to Scotty at a great ovation to be given him in front of the Capitol in Washington, D.C., as soon as his invention is put into effect. I thank you.

P. V. A.



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BIRTHS — DEATHS — MARRIAGES

Rael H. Freeman, MoMM 1c., honorably discharged March 12th.
 Harvey H. Madden, MoMM 1c., undesirably discharged March 7th.
 Joseph Pittner, Sea 1c, transferred Fernandina, Fla., March 1st.
 Charles R. Selbaugh, Y. 3c, transferred to Seneca, March 1st.
 Perly R. Chambers, Sea. 1c., transferred Squad. 2 Off Shore, March 7th.
 Geo. J. Peterson, Sea. 1c., transferred Squa. 2, Off Shore patrol, March 7th.
 Charles L. Duke, Lieut. J. G. (T), transferred McCall, New London, March 14.
 Earl Hancock, C.B.M. (a), transferred Base 8, March 20th.
 Haydon Lamb, B.M. 1c., honorably discharged March 1st, reenlisted 2nd.
 Oliver Pigford, C.B.M., honorably discharged March 2nd, reenlisted 3rd.
 Charles H. Willis, C.B.M., honorably discharged March 2nd, reenlisted 3rd.
 Frederick W. Heckler, C.MoMM, honorably discharged Mar. 3rd, reenlisted 4th.
 Harry Pickering, MoMM 1c., honorably discharged March 9th, reenlisted 10th.
 Diomicio Cruz, Off. Std. 2c., honorably discharged March 10th, reenlisted 11th.
 Harold Wallace, B.M. 1c., honorably discharged March 11th, reenlisted 12th.
 John A. Hanson, B.M. 1c., honorably discharged March 14th, reenlisted 15th.
 Irving Einstracht, C.MoMM, honorably discharged March 16th, reenlisted 17th.
 Walter Sakelag, MoMM 1c., honorably discharged March 16th, reenlisted 17th.
 Joseph A. Speck, B.M. 1c., honorably discharged March 16th, reenlisted 17th.
 Francist B. Silva, Q.M. 2c., honorably discharged March 16th, reenlisted 17th.
 Harold W. Rhoades, C. MoMM, honorably discharged Mar. 17th, reenlisted 18th

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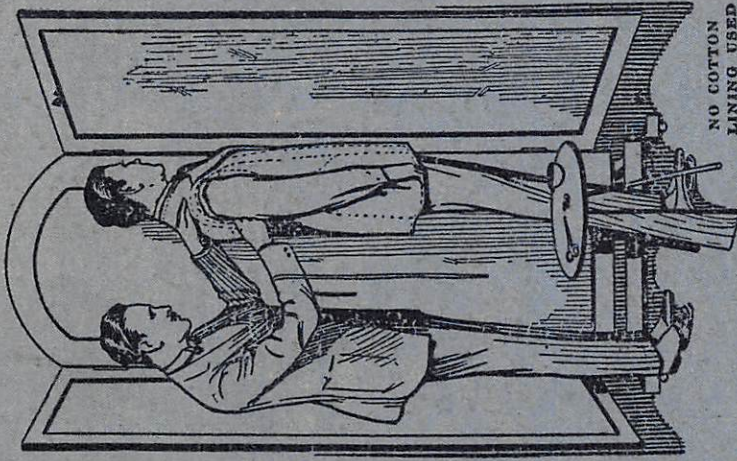
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