

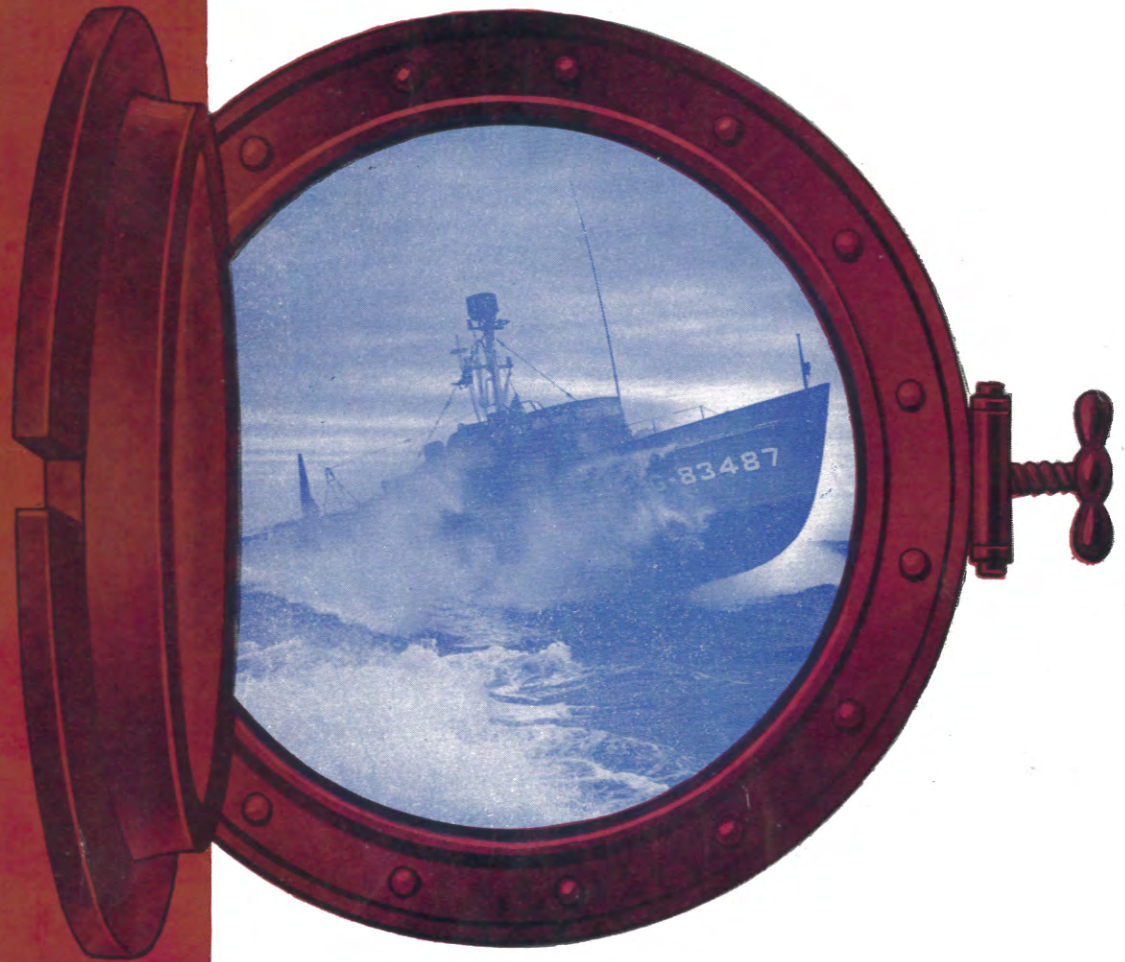


Vol. III, No. 4

The BUG

• STUDENT RADIOMAN SCHOOL

MARCH 1945



**UNITED STATES
COAST GUARD
TRAINING STATION**

ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY

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MARCH, 1945

Vol. III, No. 4

THE BUG

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Atlantic City, New Jersey

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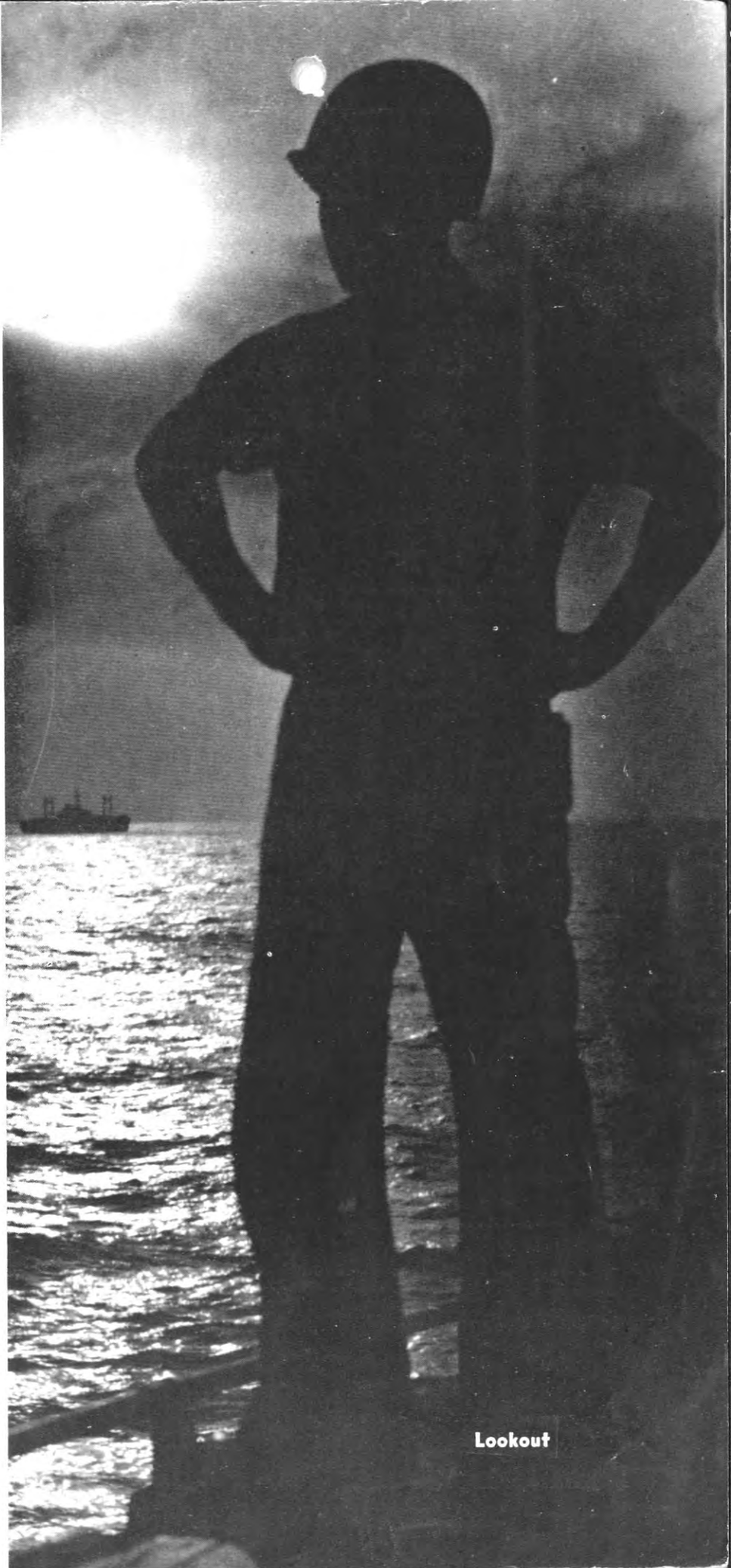
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Lookout

MAIL CALL

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Letters from alumni published on these pages have had all information intended for Alumni Notes deleted. Such information will appear or has already appeared in the Alumni Notes column. . . To all Coast Guardsmen and to all who read THE BUG—this is your department; your letters are invited.

Helicopters

Dear Editor—

Let me congratulate you on the presentation of the Helicopter Article in the February issue of "The Bug", especially in the arrangement of the photographs and the captions used. One error did creep in and that was the date this station was designated as a helicopter base. The proper date is 1 December 1943. . . .

I also wish to congratulate you on turning out such an excellent publication.

Comdr. F. A. Erickson, USCG
Commanding Officer

Coast Guard Air Station
Floyd Bennett Field
Brooklyn, N.Y.

New London Class 36

Dear Editor—

The Radio Gang on the ship, just showed me a copy of THE BUG, for January, 1945, and I was surprised to find a copy of the picture of Class 36, from the old New London Resident Radio School. I was a member of the class for quite some time until I was, through some quirk of fate, disenrolled. I was very pleased to see some of my old friends' pictures in that old photograph. At least two of the boys, that I know of, have been listed on the casualty list.

I would really appreciate it if you would print this in your mag, in the hopes that some of the boys would remember me and

IWO JIMA VETERAN



Walkie-talkie in hand, Walter Szafarz, RM2c (Class 13), helps to establish a beach-to-ship communications system. He is a member of a specially trained CG beach party operating from an LST which participated in the recent much-publicized assaults on Iwo Jima.

drop me a line. I have tried to keep track of some of them but it is a hard job. I would like to hear from some of the old gang.

Afterthought—If they don't remember the name, they might remember the guy that wrote the poem concerning Corteg.

R. K. Gibson BM1c
(Class 36—New London)

USS "Bath"

Peacoats, Rates, Etc.

Dear Editor—

Just a line from the somewhat tropical shack of the old 758 to let you know that we are receiving THE BUG regularly and look forward to it, as it is the only medium we have of knowing what is taking place away back yonder in that paradise of suds and lovely lasses that trek to the boards over the weekends and make life worth living for the lads on Virginia Avenue. While all of that has been consigned to the limbo by us, we brighten many an otherwise dull evening by spinning tall yarns of the days that were; the mad exodus for Lou's Virginia Bar for a couple of cold ones and then the dash for the 1:45 on Saturday afternoons.

Enough of reminiscences and I shall give you not only our own personal reaction, but also that of other boys out here about the paramount issue of whether or not, one should wear the badge or more correctly put, the shield of our organization, upon our peacoats. Of course a peacoat is as essential in these latitudes as a birch-bark moose-mating horn is in the Bronx, but being members of the U.S.C.G. we think we are eligible to put in our two-bits worth. We heartily agree with the boys on the "Poole" DE-151 as to their view-point on the question and are shocked at Mr. Lindsay's declaration that he deems it necessary to have to carry a rate in such a prominent place for the maintaining of good order, etc. We thought that we had been taught the responsibilities of a petty officer and I know from past experience that a little rate flashing isn't always taken kindly by belligerents. But suggest that said Mr. Lindsay get a chance to exercise his prerogative, say in a suitable locale of rugged Ketchikan or Hawaii. We are working under the Navy and this is the straight dope without any embroidery. The Coast Guard ships out here have been complimented time and again for seamanship, appearance and general efficiency. We think performance speaks better than anything else and we are happy to be able to be in an outfit that is finally being recognized as a sea going unit and not one comprised of sand pepes, dune hoppers and such.

C. B. Elkins RM3c (Class 17)

USS LST 758

That's Good

Dear Editor—

Would like you to know everyone, not only RMs, but everyone on board enjoys THE BUG.

R. J. Summers RM3c (Class 41)

USS LST 831

Pinup Conscious

Dear Editor—

Received our issues of October and November BUG just the other day and we really had a field day. We usually start out with an argument to see who's going to read it first, that is of course after we've all had a



FROM CLASS 43 TO THE PACIFIC

Not so long ago he was a Virginia Avenue resident, but now Robert C. Youngblood, RM3c (Class 43), pictured above, is operating aboard a Coast Guard vessel which took part in the initial Philippine landing assaults.

good look at the month's pin-up girl. Our motto along that line is "Keep them coming". I've talked to many an alumni on other LSTs and we all agree the picture of Linda Darnell was the best yet. "More" is all we can say.

Of course we can't spend all our time looking at pictures; when it comes time for the fight to begin the Coasties are usually called upon to do a little of it. The profits of our battles can be proven by the Japanese flags painted on every bridge.

All of us gadgets of the 202 are alumni of good old Atlantic City Radio School and are proud to say we had the opportunity to attend such a fine school. It was six hard months we all agree, but they were six months well spent, the best in our service life we might add. Many a night is whiled away shooting yarns about those good old days in A.C. and Philly, not excluding those cold nights waiting for the 11:59.

We, the radio gadgets of the 202, would like very much to hear from our old classmates. Speaking for myself, all I can say is I hope not all the boys from Thirsty Thirty are as thirsty as I am at present. My kingdom for a night at Mahoney's or the K of C with the gang all there. How about a big reunion in A.C. after war, thirtyites?

In closing we wish the best of luck to THE BUG (a swell magazine) and to all students on getting their eagles. We remain the four code happy gadgets of the LST 202, long may it sail.

C. R. Storms RM2c (Class 30)

For The Radio Gang

USS LST 202

Class 12 Recollections

Dear Editor—

This is the note I have been intending to write for over a year now—to express my admiration for your splendid efforts in THE BUG and my appreciation for receiving them every month. Though I complimented Editor Bennett when I was on leave in A.C. last July, I nevertheless want to really get it "on the record". As Sec.-Treas. and BUG Representative of Class #12, I had a very pleasant (though minor) association with the staff.

Though some twenty months have slipped by, my recollections of the grand old days aboard the Morton are as vivid as ever. I

think so often of: the apples we used to give Petroski on Saturday mornings (before procedure test); sweating out 8, 12, 16, etc. words with Van Cleave; fire watches in the wee hours; the fish on Fridays; and most of all, that swell gang of classmates. I won't try to claim for Twelve the most brilliant students, the best school record, or the most promising future—but I will say that I know not one of us would change the number "12" for any other! I send my very best to each



Elmer G. Anderson RM2c (24), Walter L. Wohlfel RM2c (24) and Allen S. Clark RM2c (12).

and every former member. Someday, I hope to see them all again—yes, even Mike Co-viello.

My shipmates, Elmer Anderson, RM2c and Wally Wohlfel, RM2c (both of Class 12) wish to join me in saluting THE BUG and wishing you even greater success in the future.

We enclose a snapshot—for better or for worse.

Allen S. Clark RM2c (Class 12)
USS "Bronco"

Surrealist Query

Dear Ed—

There was quite a lapse of time between my readings of THE BUG. Read it, naturally, while squirming thru the six months with Class 24 (hurrah!), but hadn't seen it for almost a year. Something new has been added in the interim—and something potent. THE BUG is a talked-about magazine these days and, I might add—a source of considerable pride for the spark boys. It ranks as "must" material with our gang and promises to be the most widely-read publication in the shack.

I've been wondering if your surrealist artist of the Jan. issue was the Chapko stationed at NMP about Dec. of 1943. If so, would like to swap notes with him. Matter of fact, would like to hear from some of the boys of 24 who have apparently disappeared.

Incidentally, the Alumni Notes column was a stroke of genius—we really eat it up. Could stand a lot of letters too.

F. R. Patton RM2c (Class 24)
USS "Bayonne"

Tops

Dear Editor—

Just got through reading THE BUG and we sure think it is a swell magazine here in the shack. I have been to several training stations and THE BUG tops all papers and magazines of any of them.

M. S. Barrett, RDM3c (Class 14)
U.S.C.G. Unit 334
Bodie Life Boat Station
Nags Head, N. C.

Drum & Bugle Corps Notes

Dear Editor—

Just received your December '44 issue of THE BUG and find that my enjoyment is still as great as when my first issue was purchased in chow line at "The good ole Morton".

Was quite surprised to see a picture of the Drum and Bugle Corps in this issue and noticed how large it is. Can remember when it was first formed and how we used to drill on the Boardwalk, play for the drill competition between classes 20 and 21, and parade down the main stem. Often thought that bass drum was heavy but would give a lot to be back there playing it now.

Keep up the good work, for nothing can beat THE BUG in our opinion.

Merle J. Pettis Jr. RM2c (Class 20)
C.G. Unit 80

◆ The picture in the Dec. '44 issue of the D & B Corps at the Penn-Cornell football game in Philly was a minor hoax: it was taken at the 1943 game. We used it because no picture was taken in '44, yet the Corps performed in the same V formation both years. The picture shows 32 men in the Corps, which was its approximate size in '44 too. But today there are 45 men in the outfit and it's still growing—Ed.

Patience, Perspicuity, Perseverance

Dear Editor—

All of that nerve wracking training given me while back at that "Dream Haven" is still fresh in my mind and that in itself is a compliment to the coldly efficient staff of instructors. Frankly, I left the Morton Manor with impressions stamped—or is it stomped?—on my garbled brain matter, that the staff and the officers in charge were utterly devoid of any emotions resembling or coincidental to that of the human species, but quickly I was to realize just how well meaning this six months "obstacle course" in human relations and training is. My respect and admiration is humbly yours for your patience, your studied perspicuity and perseverance with all

those that are fortunate enough to populate your class rooms. We actually feel grateful that we are still considered members of the "A.C." sponsored by "D. C." Radio School.

THE BUG is, to us, a pleasant nostalgic half hour's "leave" in Atlantic City. To all you lads "knocking yourself out"; the only advice we can give you is "relax" and enjoy it while you may.

W.R. Chapman RM3c (Class 29)
C. G. Unit 91

Pinups Give Him Strength

Dear Editor—

There is only one Radioman aboard this ship, as you know, but you'd think there were twenty or more. All of the crew read THE BUG in its entirety, and all agree with me in saying that it is really "On the Ball". Of course, before letting them have it, I remove the Pin-up Girl. Otherwise, the first one who got his hands on it would remove it to be posted in his locker. And you know, a Radioman has to have something like that to give him strength while he's copying a 200 group message.

I've contacted a few of my buddies through the Alumni Notes. The other fellows all look through that section carefully, a few of them have located fellows they know.

Joseph J. Green (Class 39)
U.S. Army FS-263

Going Berserk?

Sirs—

I noticed on your poster, on the lobby deck, that contributions of all sorts are accepted for the monthly publication of THE BUG.

On said poster you ask if one has bad dreams. Brother I've had so many bad dreams since I've been here that I am starting to wonder if I am still of sound mind.

A few nights ago I had the worst one of all. I dreamed that I was on a battleship that was sailing down Atlantic Ave. I have only been here a short time—four weeks to be exact; and I was wondering if these bad dreams were a normal reaction to the training I am taking. Do you think I am going

Continued on Page 36

ASSORTED RADIO SCHOOL GRADS SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC



Collected in one spot "somewhere in the Pacific" for long enough to get their picture taken are: First row, squatting: S. F. Brinsco RM2c (11), A. G. Norton RM2c (non-grad), S. Langille CRM (non-grad), R. S. Floyd RM3c (36). Second row, sitting: O. L. Reedy RM1c (non-grad), W. H. Daniel RM2c (2), A. V. Hackett RM2c (non-grad), C. F. Besanson RM2c (non-grad), J. F. Decolias RM3c (16), D. E. Nist RM2c (9), R. G. Oftedal RM2c (5). Third row, standing: J. J. Grazulis RM2c (15), T. L. Homberger RM2c (9), M. Kallo RM1c (New London), C. Hendrickson RM3c (12), S. Martinson RM2c (11), Lieut. (jg) Willard. Back row, standing: M. L. Broughton RM2c (28), L. VanDyke RM1c (non-grad), A. O. Berquist RM2c (10), J. L. Brown RM3c (36), D. A. Morris RM2c (14), S. G. Kanellos RM3c (36), Harold L. Johnson RM3c (21), J. B. Bell RM2c (8), and E. R. Gronlund RM3c (12).



COVERING THE WATERFRONT



After The War

The saying that the best way to retire the national debt would be to raffle off a discharge every day always gets a good laugh, and generally the additional comment, "Dammit, it *could* be a good way." Apparently every one of us would give anything to find that little piece of paper.

Yet we might profit from the experiences of many men who have already received discharges, for one reason or another, in this war, and from the experiences of veterans of the last war.

They report that as soon as they donned civvies again they felt restless, ill at ease, lonesome—as though things were somehow not right. If we heed the warning signals, we can expect to experience the same maladjustment to our new lives.

If there is anything we can do about it, it is probably to plan carefully and intelligently *now* for our postwar jobs, try to get signed up for a job before getting out of service, and step right into it when the unpleasantness is over.

That's why THE BUG is running a series of articles on postwar opportunities for men with radio training. You radiomen in the Coast Guard have



THIS MONTH'S BACK COVER
Chosen as one of the ten best Coast Guard photos of 1944, this spectacular picture of war pyrotechnics was taken during a Nazi night bombing attack off North Africa coast.

nothing to lose, and perhaps much to gain, by seriously considering these opportunities and working toward them now, even though the end of the war may be far off.

Nothing to lose—and possibly the job to give you the jump on the next man and avoid "maladjustment" for yourself.

Situation

A gentleman (enlisted), who "made" these columns once before, seems to have a knack for getting into situations, and returns to the limelight. Seems he was walking down Virginia Avenue one evening when the bugle on the Morton roof started sounding Evening Colors. As he came to attention he noticed another enlisted CG across the street blithely continuing his stroll. This was too much, so our man positively bellowed across the street: "How about more respect for Colors! It's your flag too!" At this point a passing car came to a screeching and sudden stop beside him, a door was flung open and an Army major leapt out, snapped to attention and saluted.



Everything Would Be Dandy

Among the luxuries of civilian life which a serviceman lacks and thereto finds it strangely difficult to accustom himself are napkins at meals and soap and towels in public heads. That's why we were glad when soap dispensers appeared in heads in administrative buildings here recently.

Now if they'd keep soap in them, everything would be dandy.

IWO JIMA--WORSE THAN NORMANDY

The story below, received just as THE BUG was going to press, is the first account by a Coast Guard eyewitness of Iwo Jima landings. It was written by Stuart L. Parker, CSp, a Coast Guard Correspondent.



MOUNT SURIBACHI

Approaching Iwo Jima, gunners on a Coast Guard landing barge look ahead at Mount Suribachi, the volcano on whose slopes the Japs were entrenched with mortars which poured deadly fire onto the beaches. Many Coast Guard assault craft were wrecked and many men killed in the treacherous landing.

Aboard A Coast Guard-Manned Assault Transport at Iwo Jima, Volcano Islands—(Delayed).—Our landing boats and those from all the other transports trying to put men on Iwo Jima beaches are taking terrific punishment which far exceeds any thing our boat crewmen experienced last summer in Normandy or Southern France.

The entire beach area is littered with wrecked boats. The wreckage is so thick along some parts of the beach that the boats by now are finding difficulty in spotting a space clear enough to hit land.

Jap mortar emplacements, concealed in the sides of the volcanic peak which dominates one end of the island and in the high wooded area looking down on the beach from the other end, are laying a constant barrage right at the water's edge.

Many of the boats have been hit by this barrage. Others have breached and swung sideways so that the crews themselves cannot get them into deep water. Salvage boats, which ordinarily keep the beach clear by refloating or towing out and sinking wrecked craft, are unable to get into the beach long enough to work. The mortar fire drive them off each time they go in.

Nevertheless, our youthful boat crewmen, most of whom are of teenage, are going in to the beach time and again.

As they approach the shore, the water becomes dotted with shell splashes and they can see what has happened to many of the landing craft on previous trips. It is only by an unrivaled exhibition of courage and skillful seamanship that our boyish coxswains have been able thus far to keep a flow of men and materiel going into the beach.

Most of them are veterans of D-Day at Normandy and they say that this is worse, for worse. The Jap mortars control the beach.



THEY GOT THE BOID
Fresh from graduation, diplomas in hand, a few Spar 5 girls line up to show hard earned crowns triumphant on their arms.

PD PETTY OFFICERS FORM CLUB OFF STATION LIMITS

The Permanent Detail petty officers at the training station have organized a Petty Officers' Club with clubrooms located in the Moose Hall building on Atlantic Avenue. Approximately 85 percent of the station's POs signed up as charter members.

Results of elections of members of the Board of Governors of the club are as follows: S. Chartok RM1c, President; Nathan Caddy CRM, Vice-President; Charles Bennett Y2c, Secretary; A. Vigil CRM, Pat Flaningham RM1c and James Cann BM1c, members-at-large. Appointed as Treasurer and accordingly also a Board member is George Barrett CRM. Leonard Goldsmith, Cox., is Assistant Treasurer.

Grunt-Groan Artists And A Gal Cavort Here With USO Show

Grappling in more ways than one (see picture at right) was evident the other night when something new was added to the list of attractions offered



"OH, MY ACHIN' TOM TOM", VARIETY SHOW COOKED UP BY CLASS 53 THESPIANS, TO PLAY HERE SOON

An original stage play written by Barre Shlaes and Roy McGhee of Class 53 is now in the embryonic stage of production. The play is entitled "Oh, My Achin' Tom Tom", from the class of the same fame. It appears to be something new and delightful in the way of local entertainment.

The show will be given in the station auditorium in the latter part of March, for the benefit of the students and faculty.

The purpose of this extravaganza is purely for the entertainment of all, including the cast. It also appears as though this may be a new and more intricate method of griping or getting steam off of the class chest.

"Oh, My Achin' Tom Tom" is a farce

comedy, lampooning the Radio School in redskin style. The characters are to be Indians, whereof there will be twenty-two Coastie warriors and one Spar squaw in the entire cast. The lucky gal picked for the feminine role is lovely Mary Whitney of Spar Five.

In "Oh, My Achin' Tom Tom", there will be released five new song hits including two parodies, on "Don't Fence Me In" and "I'll Go The Other Way", all written by Barre Shlaes and an unknown collaborator.

Costumes have been designed by George Hayes of Class 53. The show is already in full rehearsal and the situation augurs favorably for a very entertaining evening at the expense of Class 53's thespians.

USS *Serpens*, A Coast Guard Manned AK, Is Reported Sunk

Listed in a recent announcement by the Navy Department as sunk and lost in the South Pacific was the U.S.S. *Serpens*, a 14,250 ton ammunition ship manned by Coast Guardsmen. According to a newspaper story, there was no official comment concerning loss of life, but "it is assumed that the bulk of the crew of 200 of the *Serpens* is missing, although her commander, Lieut. Comdr. Perry L. Stinson was not aboard at the time of the sinking.

This brings the announced ship losses among Coast Guard vessels in this war to 15. Beside the *Serpens* they are: *Leopold*, *Alexander Hamilton*, *Acacia*, *Muskegat*, *Natsek*, *Escanaba*, *Bedloe*, *Jackson*, *Lightship Vineyard Sound*, *Wilcox* and LCI(L)s 85, 91, 92 and 93.

SPARS TO INSTRUCT HERE; OTHER NEWS ABOUT SPARS

SPARS are spreading their wings over more and more fields daily, it seems. The big news here is that four girls from SPAR Class #5 are being retained as instructors. Mary Keefe will teach code, Mary Whitney and Dorothy Ambler are in the Theory and Procedure Departments respectively, and Wanda Kalar will help instruct teletyping. All are radiomen third class.

SPAR Class #5 graduated on March 3rd, and another class will report here soon to replace them.

Other news of SPARS includes the announcement that the first girls to go overseas have arrived in Honolulu. Meantime the SPAR boot camp in Palm Beach is no longer. Recruits now get their training at Manhattan Beach.



by the USO troupes that have been showing some great shows here the past few months. Featured in the station gym were four matches between two pair of muscle men who not only put on a good show but also demonstrated some fancy holds in the art of self defense. Seems that four men in one ring were too many, and at the half way mark the ring ropes gave way and part of the match took place amidst the spectators. During the intermission entertainment was provided by the young lady in white who literally had them "rolling in the aisles" with her Betty Hutton antics.

All in all, it was strictly an unusual evening, very different from the run-of-the-mill USO shows.

Chaplain's Corner

Lt. (jg) M. C. INSKO, USNR

The Still Small Voice

I've always been fascinated by the life story and the legends surrounding the prophet Elijah. A fearless Zealot, he was not afraid to challenge a king and queen even at the risk of life.

We are familiar with his public test on Mount Carmel against the false prophets of Baal. He flings his challenge at the people—Either worship God or worship Baal! Elijah compels the people to admit that "The Lord He is God." It is an hour of great triumph; a great victory but also a dangerous one. Elijah has offended the powers that be. The queen, Jezabel, sends word that she will have her revenge. Elijah's life is in danger; he flees to the wilderness and he prays for death.

There follows a magnificent 'parable in action' in which Elijah is taught that the work of God cannot be accomplished overnight. God said to him:—"Go forth and stand upon the mount before the Lord." Elijah felt a great stormy wind that could rend mountains and break rocks, but God was not in the wind. Elijah witnessed an earthquake but God was not in the earthquake. He witnessed a fire but God was not in the fire. Afterwards there was heard the still small voice.

Elijah understood then that God works through the still small voice, hence he must not be discouraged when the forces of evil are loud, mighty, destructive.

We make the same mistake as Elijah! We want the "good" world to come about over-night in one flashy triumph. We are impressed by the wind, the fire and the earthquake, by the terrifying voice of the demagogue and the dictator. We forget God is not with them.

The sinister and evil forces in the world cannot be permanently destroyed no matter how great our military victory. There will always be selfish, frustrated, over-ambitious men in the world. There will always be warped personalities who would set nation against nation and group against group. We can, however, with patience and persistent effort, keep these forces under control so that they do little or no damage.

The tremendous crashings of war do not represent the voice of God. It is represented rather in the still small voice—the conscience of mankind—and that is always alive. It will never die!

Hast Thou A Savage Breast? Classroom Phones Give With Music In Rest Periods Now

Rhythm has replaced monotony in Code and Watchstanding classes at student radio school now, and it's a new wrinkle for sure. After each thirteen minute session of listening to code signals, students can listen to popular music piped to them via their phones from "platters"—for the brief duration of their rest periods.

The musical programs are varied. A little of everything is included, from novelty comedy numbers, jitterbug boogie-woogie and "sweet" stuff to latin rhumbas, tangoes and congas. It has been found that the most popular recordings are the sweet-music renditions of quartets such as the Ink Spots and Mills Brothers—they best have "charms to soothe the savage breast"—even the breast of a hepcat. "I Wanna Get Married" rates high right now.

Everyone at Radio School is well pleased with the results. Lieut. (jg) Gaugh, who originated the idea, definitely expect higher student morale and, thus, higher class averages. Code and Watch Standing instructors report not only quieter rest periods but also that students are obviously more receptive psychologically to the copying of code due to the sedative effects of the music during time out. The students themselves seem to find nervousness induced by the tedium of copying code is greatly relieved and that they are, psychologically speaking, much refreshed during code and watchstanding class periods.

SPAR 5 SHOVES OFF



It's the end of the Radio School road for the gals of Spar Class #5. On the 5th of March they departed for stations throughout the country. The girls shown above are part of a draft of twenty-two who were hoisted into a truck for the trip to the station.

Newsletters

Local miscellany, random chatter and picking up of loose ends.

How times Change:—Restricted men on the station have a new deal—a special section of the Morton barracks is reserved for them, where they must live as prisoners-at-large under guard. Their costume is dungarees from 1620 to 0730 daily and they are mustered and marched to chow as a separate group. Makes the status more unpopular than ever. . . All permanent guard night posts have been taken over by TRs; the PG is abolished and bull gang men stand the day watches. . . The old gripe about the grim length of Theory and Procedure lectures is no more. They've been shortened to fifty minutes each, but are scheduled twice a day instead of once a day for each class. . . Theory has replaced the most difficult CREI textbook with one written locally in much-simplified, more understandable language. . . Cigarette lines queue up even at Ship's Service store these days—and no matches. . . Dental Clinic has expanded to include two rooms, five chairs, four doctors. . . The Clarendon, its face lifted, is once again full of men.

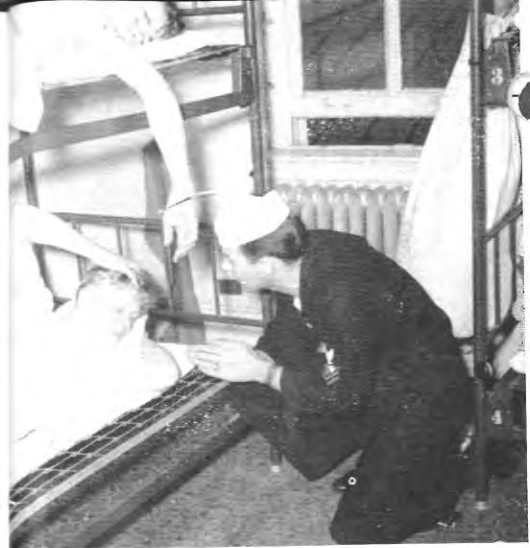
School Days:—Alumni may be interested to know these all-time Watchstanding records for any given week: Class 20 with 97.67 for numeral text messages. . . Class 35 with 95.81 for stick copy. . . Class 46 with 96.03 for 5 letter code. . . Class 35 still holds highest average for code, cipher and stick copy with an average of 96.1. . . Statistics indicate that alumni and present Student Radiomen average in the upper one third of CG and Navy personnel—as far as intelligence and education go. AC RMs, both students and grads, average better than six points higher than average sailor on the General Classification Test.

Instructors of Yore:—Gone but not forgotten are these Watchstanding instructors who have shipped out at one time or another: Addimando, Allum, Byerly, Magnarelli, Russell, George, Schuch. . . Lt. (jg) Layman was on *Samuel Chase* for several months but returned to take over WS again.

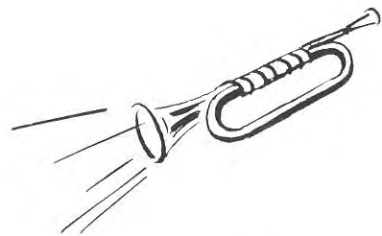
Station Personnel Donate To March of Dimes and Red Cross

A total of \$435.82 was donated by Station personnel in the March of Dimes paralysis drive last month. Now the week of 5 to 10 March has been designated for a drive to collect contributions for the Red Cross War Fund.

Seven Types of Bedcheck Petty Officer -- at Reveille



← 1. **THE PLEADING TYPE.** He gets on his knees and BEGS the boys to get up. Nothing brutal or GI about him at all. It would break his heart to put a man on the books, so he says, "Please, fellas, get out of your sacks. If you don't get up pretty soon the OD will put ME on report."



← 2. **ROUGH, NOISY TYPE.** This guy comes roaring into the room raising bloody murder. He is equipped with a stentorian voice, a shillelah with which he bangs on the bunk, and a penchant for yanking off blankets and dragging you to the deck by your feet. It works, but he's not popular.



3. **POLITE TYPE.** Tiptoeing into your room, he shuts the window, announces the exact time, reports they're having scrambled eggs for breakfast, tiptoes out, turns out light as he goes. Same picture also for the PO who says, "I'll give you guys just one minute to hit the deck!"



← 4. **PRACTICAL JOKER TYPE.** With this fellow all's fair in love and war. Anything for a laugh, he thinks—so he gets an accomplice, rigs up a torture machine and sparks the lazy sleeper into howling, leaping consciousness. Notice the diabolical leer on the monster's face.



5. **"MR. ABELL'S THE OOD" TYPE.** Strolling into the room, he nonchalantly polishes his nails, has a routine something like this: "It's no concern to me, fellas, whether you get up or not. You might like to know, though—Mr. Abell's the OOD." Magic words! They work like a charm.



← 6. **SHY, BACKWARD TYPE.** You hardly ever see this fellow; in fact you can't be sure he exists. When he has the duty an arm snakes silently into the room soon after reveille, the light snaps on—and he disappears. When you wake later you wonder how the hell your light got on.

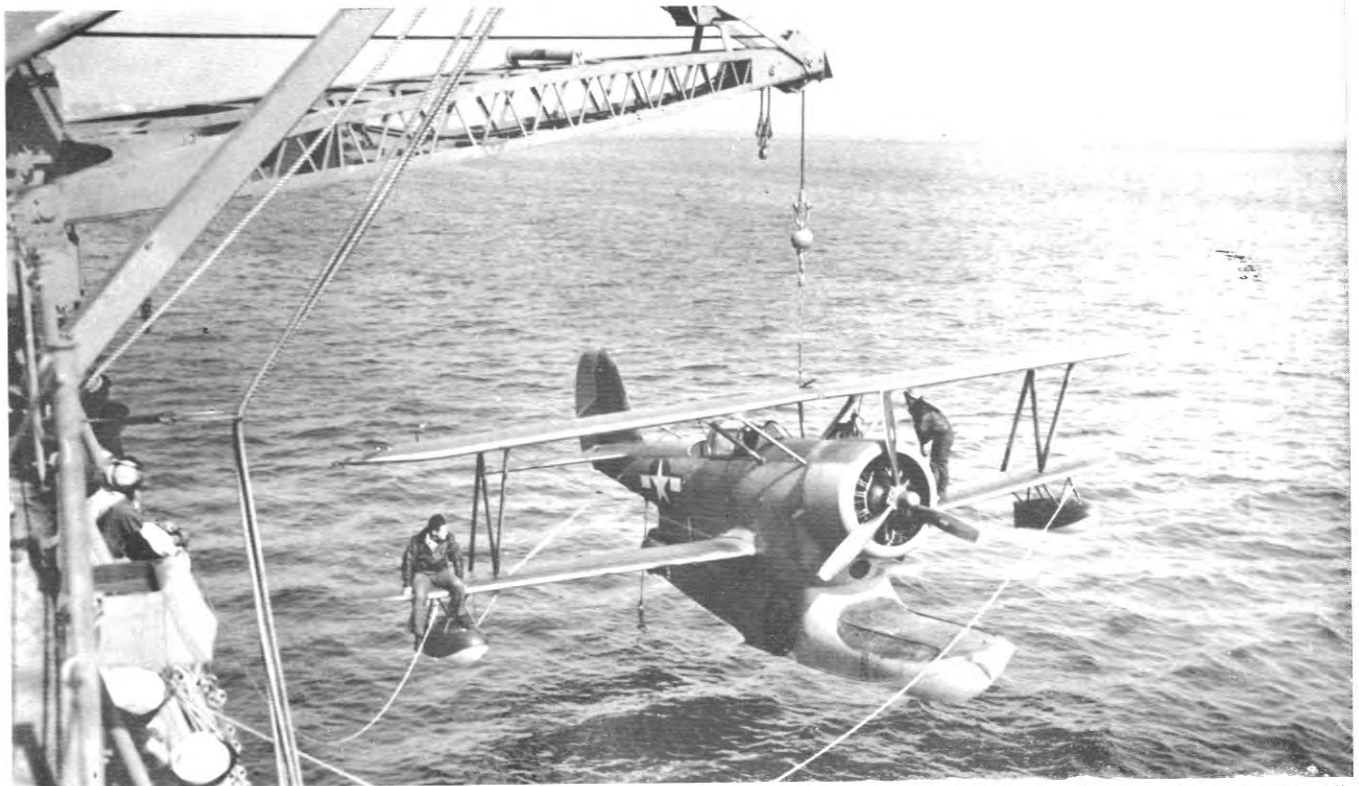


7. **PAD AND PENCIL TYPE.** "What's your name, Mac?" and "Next time through I'm taking names," are his favorite expressions. He puts 'em on the books first and asks questions afterward. But a lot of the time he's just bluff, uses the pad to scare you and never turns your name in.



The Coast Guard Camera in a World at War

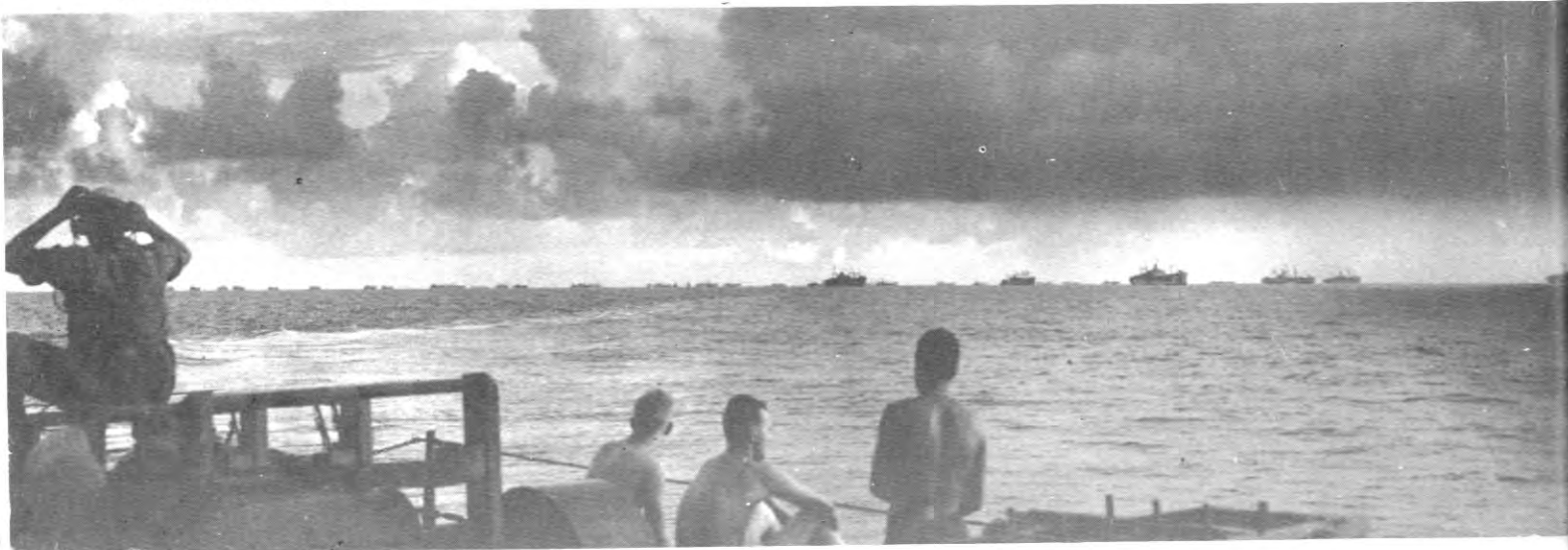
"FLEA FLEET" Coast Guard patrol boat skims the icy Atlantic in tests to determine boat best fitted for Air-Sea Rescue duty.



RECONNAISSANCE PLANE is launched from the deck of a Coast Guard cutter in the Pacific, with two CGs riding the

wings to keep the ship in balance. The launching of a "duck", as crewmen call their plane, takes only a matter of seconds.

THE REMARKABLE TWO-PAGE PICTURE BELOW IS ACTUALLY TWO SEPARATE PHOTOS WHICH FIT PERFECTLY TOGETHER BY SHEER CHANCE.

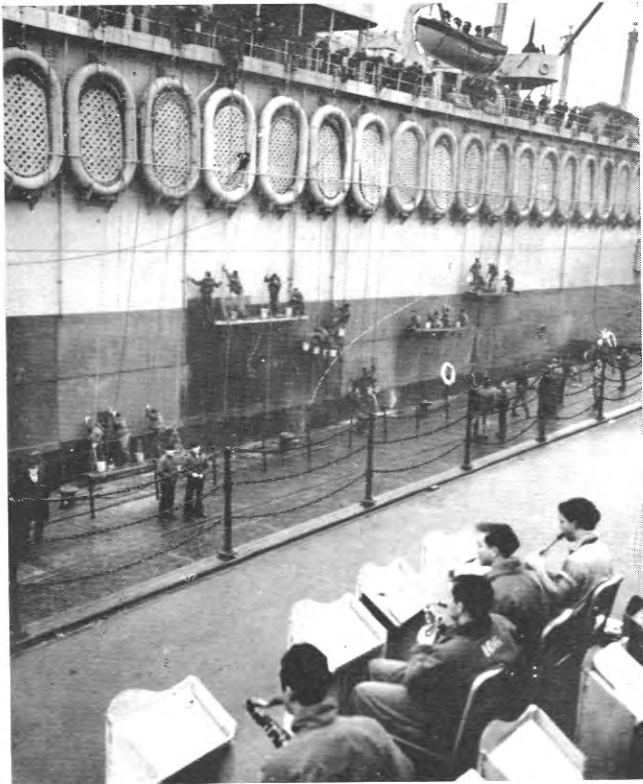




ICEBREAKERS, of which the U. S. Coast Guard has several, are having a busy winter keeping waterways open for vital shipping.



ROCKING CHAIR serves as a taxi to take wounded Filipino boy to an American medical station during first Luzon assault.



MUSIC WHILE YOU WORK—Coast Guard orchestra digs it and the hull of their troop transport gets a fast paint job.



HIS LEG BROKEN after a mid-air collision, a Navy pilot is rescued by Coast Guardsmen from St. Petersburg Air Station.

TAKEN FROM A COAST GUARD FRIGATE AND LST, THEY SHOW TWO MIGHTY AMERICAN BATTLE ARMADAS MOVING AGAINST THE JAPS.





How It Felt To Be Wounded On Luzon

On the Luzon Beachhead, (D-Day)—“The wounded don’t cry”—but they do some very peculiar things.

I was wading ashore from a Coast Guard landing barge, the last man to leave, when I was hit in the hand by a mortar fragment. I hardly felt the impact of the shrapnel and I didn’t even hear the terrific explosion of the mortar itself. When I had made my way across the beach under the slope of a sand dune, I felt calm and collected. I lay there and watched the mortars shoot up like tiny fountains around the landing barges as they moved into the beach. I was mentally calm enough to estimate where each barge would land, and judge its possibilities of being hit, but I was so physically nervous that I couldn’t hold a canteen of water to my lips. It wasn’t until a quarter of an hour after I had been hit and had been treated by a corpsman, that I realized I wasn’t wearing my helmet. I found it later at the water’s edge, 10 yards from the sand dune. My typewriter was half-way between the dune and my helmet. The coxswain of the barge later told me that he had seen me hit. Although the shell fragment couldn’t have been much larger than the size of a walnut, he said it had spun me around completely. I have no recollection of this.

An Army sergeant told me that shrapnel had hit him in the leg fracturing his ankle and also scraping his chest. He tried to find a corpsman to stop the bleeding around his chest. He didn’t even realize that he had been hit in the ankle.—By John G. Cole, C.Sp.

CUTTER IN LIMELIGHT

Manila—The on-the-spot landing by troops of the 11th Airborne Division at Nasugbu Bay, 13 miles below the mouth of Manila Bay, which formed the second flank of the forces that liberated this city 48 hours later, was directed from aboard a small Coast Guard cutter. Lieut. Gen. Robert L. Eichelberger, Eighth Army commander, who was using the cutter as a temporary flagship, decided to turn what began as a reconnaissance tour into a major landing.

The Coast Guard Here and There

BY COMBAT CORRESPONDENTS

AND HE TOLD THEM SOMETHING ELSE TOO — TOJO IS A 天 伊 天 天

Aboard a Coast Guard-Manned LST somewhere in the Pacific—If this ship ever has occasion to evacuate child refugees, Coast Guardsman Raymond D. Grimes will not be designated the man to play father.

Grimes has had previous experience. The young Coast Guardsman was serving aboard another ship when four scared Japanese children—one a two-week old boy—were found in the wreckage of Tinian after the assault there. Grimes, a hospital apprentice, was ordered to care for the children.

“Besides the baby, there were two

Eskimos Know Old Army Game, Too

Veteran Coast Guardsmen stationed in Alaska chuckled when two recently arrived buddies made purchases in the native curio market.

One G.I. Joe proudly displayed a miniature, gayly colored totem pole, about a foot in height, for which he had paid ten dollars. His companion from Chicago was equally jubilant over a multihued shawl replete with Eskimo designs, which he explained was painstakingly woven by a princess of the Thlinket tribe.

But souvenir-wary CGs were unimpressed. They turned over the totem pole and pointed out a tiny inscription burned into the wood. Although it was covered with paint, it was easy to decipher the words, “Made in San Francisco”.

The Chicago G.I. scrutinized his scarf. His face dropped: there was a tiny label, “Made in Chicago”.

other boys and a girl,” said Grimes. “The eldest boy was about 7 and the girl about 4. The kids couldn’t speak a word of English.

Without previous experience in the woes of fatherhood, young Grimes made the baby a dress out of a pillow slip, and diapers out of the triangular bands ordinarily used for arm slings.

But he lost his adopted family after 2 days. The chaplain caught Grimes trying to teach the oldest boy uncomplimentary and profane remarks about Japanese rulers.

—By Stuart L. Parker, C.Sp.



General MacArthur Appears On Luzon And Yanks Think That It's An Air Raid

Aboard a Coast Guard-Manned Assault Transport at Luzon (Special)—General Douglas MacArthur probably doesn't know it but he caused a near-riot when he appeared on the Luzon beach-head in a jeep a few hours after the first assault troops had landed.

The General had visited the front lines several miles inland from the beach and was on his way back.

His jeep was put-putting along the beach, followed by a truck filled with photographers and high-ranking Army officers. A soldier, working at a supply dump, yelled "There's MacArthur!" Soon dozens of soldiers were running toward his vehicle, hoping to get a glimpse of America's five-star general.

Someone, seeing the running troops, thought it was an air-raid and yelled "Japs; air raid!" That started the stampede. The beach was deserted in record time. They ran for foxholes, trees, bushes—anything that afforded shelter. Many dived under trucks and tractors which their drivers stopped at the first warning.

FACTOGRAPHS

Since the Coast Guard was entrusted with the International Ice Patrol in 1914, not a single life has been lost as a result of a ship's collision with an iceberg.

* * *

Nearly all of the 2,200 boats borrowed by the Coast Guard Reserve Fleet have been returned to their owners.

* * *

A Coast Guard cutter made the first naval capture of the war when the *Northland* captured the enemy ship *Boskoe* off Greenland.

* * *

The Coast Guard today mans and operates considerably more than 5,000 vessels.

* * *

Coast Guard fliers have searched more than 90,000,000 square miles of sea on anti-submarine patrol since Dec. 7, 1941.

There were a lot of foolish-looking men on the beach after they realized the mistake they had made.

—By Clifton B. Williams, *Sprc.*



Ox Cart Supplants Red Cross Car As Ambulance On Luzon

Aboard a Coast Guard-Manned Assault Transport at Luzon (Special)—Seen on the Luzon beach-head during the recent invasion was probably the strangest ambulance ever used in modern warfare.

Filipino natives, injured in the fighting farther inland, were transported in a crude two-wheeled cart pulled by a slow balky ox, to Coast Guard, Navy



and Army field medical stations established on the beach-head.

This native ambulance made many trips throughout the day, carrying dozens of wounded to safety. It was slow, and occasionally it was funny; especially when the balky ox would break into a run and attempt to get away. Then pandemonium would break loose. The Filipinos would jabber, scream and chase the runaway ambulance.

Basketball A Bright Spot In Pacific Island Routine — CG Team Bilges A Navy Outfit

At a Coast Guard Base Somewhere in the South Pacific (Special)—Back in the United States basketball draws more spectators and players than any other major sport. Out here in the South Pacific, and especially at this faraway island outpost, it's considerably different.

It's the first week of January, even if the mercury in the thermometer has tried to set an altitude record during the day. The gym is a clearing in the palm-and-coral island landscaping and the "hardwood court" is really cement, serving as the tennis court for former hotel patrons who stopped here during pre-war trans-ocean plane trips. The crowd is just a scattering of officers and enlisted men, greatly out-numbered by the ever-present flies. A man leaving the bench and going into a rough, tough game is a coward for using this excuse to get away from them.

At this island a five-team league has been at it hot and heavy for almost two months. A Coast Guard quintet, with three wins and two losses, is in the upper division of the standings, against such competition as the Army, Navy, Army Transport Command and Naval Air Transport Service clubs. During a short stop at this island, which is really just a hunk of white, flat coral sticking up in the middle of the Pacific, we watched a game between the Coast Guard and the Navy's ComYeoPharms that would be hard to beat for thrills. At the half, the Coast Guard sat precariously on the short end of an 18-to-4 score. At the final whistle, they were out in front, 29-to-23 in as great an uphill battle as you'll find anywhere.

It was a great victory for the Coast Guardsmen and an even more pleasing one for the team's coach, Chief Pay Clerk Frank J. Salamone, as he pocketed a bit of "lettuce" that once rested in a Navy officer's pocket.

But that's basketball, back home or out here where, with a few necessary alterations, it helps us all remember the days that were and the days to come.





ELECTRONICS

VARIETY ITS KEYNOTE

By JOHN MILLS

Author of "Electronics, Today and Tomorrow"

A well-known author analyzes the electronics field in an article written expressly for Coast Guardsmen.

Photo courtesy Westinghouse

THE engineering art recently named "Electronics" is today riding high on a wave of advertising. It is only a part of the broader science of electricity; but it has a wonderful future in prospect. Those who wish to participate in that future should recognize the several types of work included under the broad name of electronics.

First, there is research and the development and design of new electronic appliances. This requires a good theoretical basis of mathematics, physics and electricity plus creative ability and inventiveness.

Second, there is manufacturing which like any kind of manufacturing involves the problems of shop processes, the flow through a factory of raw and finished materials, and the organization of manpower. The manufacturer does not necessarily have to know how to design the product he is making or how to utilize it after it is manufactured, but he must know how to produce it economically.

Third is the utilization of electronic equipment. Electronic devices are used for many purposes just as are motors, generators, switches and relays. A motor can run a hoist or a pump; turn a propeller, or drive a rolling mill or printing press. And the user need know relatively little about the design of such equipment but he must know a great deal about what he wants it to do, and hence he able to select the proper device. He must be very competent in his own field but usually he will select from catalogues the electronic appliances he needs according to power output, cost, size, reliability and other characteristics.

Fourth is the installation and maintenance of electronic equipment. This usually requires a limited knowledge but much skill and experience with the com-

mon types of equipment. It is much like the work of installing motors with their wiring and switch controls, or steam engine equipment with its auxiliaries. On the side of maintenance it is similar to the work of those who maintain power equipment or machines for manufacturing, telephone switchboards, or teletype printers, or do servicing of radio sets. In that regard it is somewhat like the work of a garage man who knows how to test a car, how to tune it up, and how to locate and replace defective parts. A good background knowledge of what electronics is all about and actual experience are required for this sort of work. There will be more of these jobs the more widely electronic equipment is used in various types of manufacturing, in remote control systems and so on, as well as in the communication arts which include telegraphy, telephony, picture transmission and television, whether the transmission is over wires, through cables or by radio. Also, as every man in the service knows there are today very many skilled jobs of maintenance of electronic equipment used for military purposes.

Fifth, is the business side, buying and selling. That side of industry is about the same whether the thing bought and sold is electronic, or mechanical, or whether it is a textile, or a food, or a drug. It is business and the seller in general will know very little about how to design the product he sells or even about how it works electrically or mechanically.

Electronics, in other words, offers the same variety of jobs as did electricity in its early days. There was research, design and invention; there was manufacture and utilization; there was installation, testing and maintenance; and there was all the business side of the industry. Except for those concerned with research and design and with the processes of testing, most of the work might just as well have been done with mechanical devices or hydraulic or chemical instead of electrical. The name of an industry is always very broad in its coverage of types of work. A large percentage of the people who work in radio, for example, know nothing at all about electrons and electromagnetic waves; they are concerned with programs and sponsors, and with selling time, accounting for it and collecting the money. The further development or utilization of electronic equipment will of course, make more jobs; but most of them won't be so much different from jobs in other types of industry.

And even on the side of research and design, the same general basis of a good knowledge of physics and of mathematical ability is required in electronics as in aeronautics, or hydraulics, or steam engineering. If a man does not have that background there will still be many other types of jobs; and in any of them the more he knows of the physical background of the industry which he hopes to enter, the more effective his work can be whether it is the business side of selling or the side of manufacturing. On that basis the rule would be: study, study, study and learn all one can and then adapt the choice of work to one's general abilities.



John Mills, for some thirty years a top ranking expositor of electrical science, author of a dozen books, is currently Director of Publication with Bell Telephone Laboratories. During World War I his pioneering text on radio was widely used in the Signal Corps. His latest, "Electronics, Today and Tomorrow" is a vivid explanation, written for the layman, of a dramatic, important science.



Preparation NOW For Your Post-War Career

Interested in radio or electrical engineering? Schooling through USAFI today may give you jump on next guy tomorrow.

This article was prepared by LeROY COTTER, Sp2c, with the assistance of L. F. B. CARINI, RT1c, Associate of the Institute of Radio Engineers.

Illustrated By J. OROSZ, USCGR

IN THIS the third of a series of articles designed to help radiomen in the Coast Guard who are serious about it to prepare themselves for interesting and well-paying careers on their return to civilian life, the matter of education in electronics is taken up. The first article (THE BUG, January 1945) discussed the opportunities in the machine tool industry, with radio manufacturing concerns and laboratories, and in applications of the electric eye control tube. Last month THE BUG published a follow-up covering further new jobs opening up particularly in the field of communications for the public. Now, if your interest has been quickened by reading those previous articles, this one will show what you can do *now* to prepare yourself for a skilled job in the electronics field after the war.

Armed Forces Institute

By taking advantage of the U.S. Armed Forces Institute while you are in service and the GI Bill of Rights when you return to civilian life, you can with every good reason expect to get a complete college education. Perhaps you may find you still need a few credits to graduate from high school; you will probably find that your high school in a case like this will allow you enough credits for your student radioman courses to make your graduation complete. (See THE BUG, Feb., 1945, p 5). You can apply to your high school for the credits on studies completed there, and the USAFI, which has a description of the Atlantic City Radio School course, can recommend to your high school further credits for that course. In this way you can find out where you stand—and take correspondence courses through the USAFI to complete your high school education if that is still necessary.

As a high school graduate you are eligible to enter college through the USAFI *while still in service*. By enrolling in the USAFI *now* a radioman would not only be occupying his service time in an interesting way, but would also be cutting down *resident* time required at a university after the war. You will find that resident time at the university is a far more expensive way to get credits than through the fully-accredited USAFI method.

Radio Engineering Requirements

In order to give an idea of how to go about actually getting started, a list of subjects required for a radio engineering degree at an average university is given below. It is suggested that you concentrate on *required* subjects in working off your credits:

ACADEMIC

English 1 & 2. (minimum requirements)

Technical Exposition. ($\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 year on preparation of technical reports, oral and written, for lectures and for publication)

General Psychology. (1 year) and electives on *Sales Psychology*, *Applied Industrial Psychology* or *Personality* (depending on which ultimate engineering specialty student is aiming at)

Engineering Business Law.

GENERAL SCIENCE

Chemistry

Physics 1 & 2

Acoustics

MATHEMATICS

College Algebra

Descriptive Geometry

Trigonometry

Differential Calculus

Integral Calculus

- Slide Rule* (1 semester)
BASIC RADIO ENGINEERING
Radio Theory 1 & 2 (principles of radio)
Radio Measurements (a course in advanced engineering calculations)
Radio Design
Engineering Drawing (1 to 2 years)
Communications Engineering
Electronic Applications
Television
Laboratory Work (in connection with all courses)

Since all the required courses must eventually be taken in order to graduate, it is most advisable to take only the academic courses by correspondence. Because most radiomen have not had liberal experience or education in the more intricate subjects they would soon find if they learn them by correspondence that, lacking laboratory equipment and explanations and demonstrations by professors, they would get very little out of the courses even after many hours of hard work. The professors and laboratory equipment will be theirs when they



become resident students after the war.

So don't knock yourself out over the intricate courses now. Instead, plan your schedule intelligently by taking applicable courses naturally adapted to self-study by the USAFI. Your first best bets are English, Psychology, the Slide Rule and Mathematics.

College Course—Two Variations

There are actually two variations of the ordinary four year college course. First is the learn-while-you-work plan in which universities and industries cooperate; this generally requires five or six years of college rather than the usual four. The plan provides for the student to spend alternate three month periods working in factories for wages, and as an ordinary resident student at the university. Students are given appropriate jobs, selected by the Personnel Manager in cooperation with the college engineering staff, designed to permit each student maximum application of the technical training he has received on campus. While this plan gives the same Bachelor of Science degree as the regular four-year program, it has several advantages over the latter: 1) it gives practical experience along with regular resident education; 2) wages earned at the factory help pay for the periods at the university; and 3) through contacts with factory employers, many successful student-employees are frequently given permanent employment by the industry or its affiliates.

Men in their late twenties may find the second variation of the standard engineering course more inviting, for it only requires two years of college to complete. Certain mid-western colleges, in particular, offer an accelerated two-year engineering course crammed with intensified studies, offering *only* the engineering subjects. Because no academic courses are given and because the school year is twelve months long with no vacations, the complete engineering course can be given in slightly more than two years. It is a comparatively tough schedule and the courses are excellent. Most, but not all, of the colleges offer a BS degree for the two-year course; but since the academic courses are omitted, the two-year degree is not fully accredited by the Association of American Colleges and Universities.

Technical Schools

If college is absolutely impossible for you for financial or other reasons, your next best bet is found in the *nationally known* technical schools. Here you can receive relatively brief but intensified resident training in radio alone. The total cost is reasonable, for the complete course usually does not exceed a year

or a year and a half. Although these schools cannot give an engineering degree, their graduates are generally acceptable throughout the radio industry. As in the two-year college engineering course discussed above, no academic courses are taught in these technical schools in order to speed up the training. Some of the best known technical schools of this type are: C.R.E.I., Washington, D.C.; RCA Institutes, New York City; American Radio Institute, New York

"ELECTRONICS" IS NAVY'S NEW TITLE FOR RADIO DIVISION

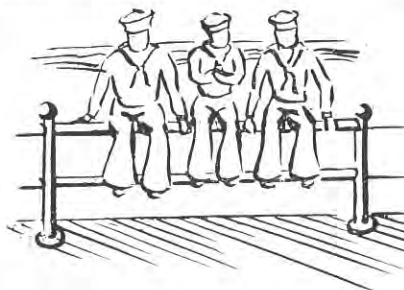
The war has so hastened the development of electronics devices that the word "electronics" is rapidly assuming the stature in our daily lives that the word "radio" has held for two decades. The latest important indication of this trend is in a recent Navy Department announcement that it has changed the name of its Radio Division in the Bureau of Ships to ELECTRONICS DIVISION.

Naval communication, navigation, ordnance, gunnery tactics and the all-round battle efficiency of planes and ships of the Navy have been vastly affected by electronic devices. In fact, it is generally conceded that our Navy's planned development in this field has given us the edge on our enemies and thereby contributed emphatically to our naval victories.

Capt. J. B. Dow, the Navy's Director of Electronics, recently observed that accelerated research in electronics has advanced the art by at least 10 years.

City; Port Arthur College, Port Arthur, Texas; and the School of Engineering, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Technical schools are set up primarily as business enterprises, so you should definitely distinguish between nationally known and local schools of this classification. Some nationally known schools



are recognized to some extent by industry, but graduates of local technical schools are likely to end up hunting for free-lance jobs. This also applies to all correspondence schools (including nationally advertised ones) *with the exception of the Armed Forces Institute.*

Since, then, the USAFI courses are the only ones accredited, you should al-

ways remember that regardless of how well some non-USAFI technical correspondence course which you may take is prepared and regardless of how much you may actually learn from it, your credits will not necessarily be recognized in terms of prestige, wages or responsible jobs; if you take non-accredited courses there is no guarantee that you will ever receive educational or industrial credit for your training.

Education In Private Industry

Most of the large manufacturers of electrical and radio products have specialized—and very valuable—training available to their employees. If first you get a postwar job with such a concern and then are able to make qualifying scores on various aptitude tests the company can give you, your employer will send you to one of the company's specialized schools where you study and learn in one field only—such as receivers, transmitters, and so forth. Successful completion of the six months to a year course (during which time you are being paid your wages) automatically entitles you to a responsible position with your company, since you are then qualified as an expert in one specialized field.

Beginning Your Engineering Career

If you really mean business about qualifying yourself for one of the thousands of postwar jobs in the rapidly expanding field of electronics, here is what you should do. Step right up to your Education Officer and let him know that you want to enroll in college (or high school if you are not yet a graduate) through the Armed Forces Institute, and do it as soon as possible. Tell him that you want to be a radio or electrical engineer. He will help you select a university, the required subjects, and arrange for your enrollment.

You will find that the courses (including textbooks, study assignments, guides, examinations and correction of your written work) will cost you but a fraction of what these same courses cost resident college students. The student pays one half the enrollment cost of each course and the Government pays the other half. Thus a correspondence course normally costing \$15 costs the military student only \$7.50 through the USAFI.

Soon after your application goes into your university and to the USAFI, you will receive your textbooks and other study and assignment material—and you can put your rat cap on, for as of then you are a full-fledged college freshman. As you send your written assignments in to the university, college professors will mark them with

COAST GUARD COMMUNICATIONS

This is the tenth of a series of articles prepared for "The Bug" by the office of the Chief Communications Officer, Coast Guard Headquarters.

Visual Signalling (2)

The following interesting article on Visual Signalling (continued from last month) appeared in the June 1927 issue of Headquarters Communication Circular.

Flashing Lights and Motion

In addition to flag codes various other methods of visual signalling, such as the use of shapes, motion, smoke, lights, flames, rockets, etc., have, of course, come into being and are used in various ways. The two now most commonly used of these methods are flashing lights and motion. Under flashing lights may be grouped such systems as the heliograph, the blinker light, signalling searchlight, etc., while under motion may be placed the semaphore and wigwag.

Heliograph

The heliograph is probably the most efficient, in point of distance covered, of all visual signalling appliances. Briefly the heliograph is an instrument for signalling by flashing the sun's rays from the face of a mirror. If the mirror is directed exactly at the required spot, its flashes cannot be read more than ten yards on each side of the latter when the distance is a mile, or fifty yards if two miles. The mirrors, sighting-vane, and other mechanism for adjustment are mounted on a tripod. Communication has been established over 215 miles.

Ardois System

The blinker light, signalling searchlight, etc., are all quite familiar to signal personnel. A system of signal lights known as the Ardois was form-

erly in general use throughout the Navy and Coast Guard but has now been replaced by more rapid means of night signalling. The Ardois consisted of four double lanterns arranged vertically. Each lantern could be made to show white or red and the apparatus was operated by a keyboard like that of a typewriter. The code used was telegraphic, originally the Naval Code and later the International Code

ELECTRONICS APPLICATIONS IN INDUSTRY

As a matter of passing interest, here are a few typical applications of electronics in production control in industry:

Automatic counters:—Counts number of articles on a conveyor line.

Automatic sorters:—Rejectors sensitive to color, weight, thickness, size, or sequence cycle to detect imperfect articles.

Color analyser and comparator:—By indicating percentage of light reflection from two samples, paints and dyes are matched.

Flaw detector:—Detects cracks and holes in ribbon or tubing.

Pyrometer:—Measures temperature of heated materials in motion.

Industrial temperature controller:—Baking and heating ovens kept at constant temperature at all times.

Conveyor synchroniser:—Maintains equal speeds between several or more production belts moving through various departments.

Stroboscope:— "Stops" optically (though not actually) any rotating, oscillating or vibrating motion not ordinarily discerned by human eye. Used to determine the speed of moving pulleys, shafts, gears, etc., by coordinating optical and mechanical sequence of operation.

Electron Micrometer:—Measures thickness by eliminating the human element of a variable pressure which is inescapable and introduces errors in mechanical mikes.

being used, a red light signifying a dot and a white a dash; each display being a letter.

In connection with the Ardois system it is related that when the Revenue Cutter *McCulloch* reported to Commodore Dewey on April 17, 1898, for duty with the Asiatic Squadron, some doubt was had as to the ability of the *McCulloch* to properly cooperate with the fleet owing to the fact that she was not equipped with a signal yard or any means of night signalling and lack of time and material would apparently preclude her obtaining any. Nothing daunted, the crew, of the *McCulloch* set to work and, in the course of the next two days the vessel was coaled, painted 'war color', two 3" field guns were mounted on deck, signal yard rigged on the foremast, and when, on April 27, the *McCulloch*, under fire from the Spanish shore batteries, steamed into Manila Bay with Dewey's victorious squadron she carried a 'hay-wire', 'soap-box' Ardois system which in point of operation was the equal of any in the fleet. This improvised Ardois system was the work of Lieutenants John Mel and Henry Schoonborn.

Radio vs Visual

The importance of an adequate means of visual communications cannot be overestimated. Visual signals provide the primary means for local tactical operations and administrations. Since the advent of radio telegraphy the tendency to depend more and more upon radio has grown with a consequent neglect and inefficiency of visual communications. In time of war radio silence will be imperative and no message will be sent by radio if it can be sent by land wire or visual. It is, then, extremely desirable that a high rate of efficiency in visual communications be maintained not only as a matter of war time preparedness but for the further purpose of relieving the air of a considerable volume of the traffic now unnecessarily transmitted by radio."

suggestions, comments and grades, and return them to you. In other words, your status while enrolled in college through the USAFI is exactly the same as it would be if you were actually going to class on the campus like any other college student.

This article has not been prepared at the behest or suggestion of any officer or publicity agent for the USAFI. Rather it is the idea of the enlisted men on the staff of THE BUG, offered to show radiomen in the Coast Guard.

who already possess valuable training in a field with a dynamic and paying future, that a generous opportunity exists—available for the asking. A great many radiomen are probably just "sitting out" the war—doing their service jobs and waiting for it to end. The man who uses his spare time now to study and prepare himself and give himself the qualifications the electronics field will require will stand a good chance of landing a fine job and security soon after he returns to civilian

life. He will have something to offer. The others, who just sit it out now, may find themselves lost in the scramble for postwar jobs.

The USAFI offers you the opportunity to get the jump on the next guy, and brother, you may need it. And remember, the important thing is actually enrolling—not just dreaming, thinking and talking about it. Get started. Your own action is the only key to this marvelous opportunity—it's yours for the asking.

BRIEFINGS

Flatfoot

"Flatfoot" may seem a crummy title to hang on Bill Lange, RM2c, but it's the correct vernacular for what he was and will be again come peacetime. Politely, it's "policeman".

William J. Lange was born July 21, 1916 in LaGrange, Illinois, one of those part-of-the-city suburbs of Chicago. Several summers between schooling in LaGrange and a year at Lyons Township Jr. College he spent with two brothers and a group of LaGrange kids travelling the Orpheum vaudeville circuit, billed as "The LaGrange Cadets". He worked for Western Electric in Chicago for two years, then took his Police Dept. exams. From 1939 until early '42 Bill was on the LaGrange police force, following in the footsteps of his father (still on the force), going to night school, attending a police school run by the FBI in Chicago, becoming a fingerprint expert. He was variously a patrolman, desk sergeant, man-in-charge of fingerprints, and rider in patrol cars (nos. 491 and 492, if anyone's interested)—and his experiences include everything from nabbing a guy who shot up a neighbor's house on Hallowe'en because he didn't like the neighbor to getting stabbed in the leg in a tussle with an insane negro.

So when Bill became a CG in '42 and went to Manhattan Beach they put 90 SPs under him, covering the Coney Island district, for 14 months. Then he came here to Radio School; and after graduation, by becoming a code instructor, joined his brother Tom (mailman and entertainer) on PD. Incidentally, Bill has three other brothers beside Tom—one a CG, one a Naval cadet and the third in the Army.

As an instructor, Bill Lange is anything but coplike. The traditional "Whereinell d'ya think yer goin', a fire?" attitude is completely absent. In fact, Bill is cheery, but quiet-spoken, and unassuming. Very conscientious, he gets to know his students personally and well and uses more human psychology in a day than all the policemen in Christendom are supposed to have heard of. The volume of Bill's mail—from men he has taught—is another clue to his popularity. Rated a topnotch instructor and swell guy by students and instructors alike, Bill Lange is a man we'd like to see running police affairs in our neck of the woods after the war.



MURDER

A Short Short Story

By KARL WALDNER

He stood quietly and apparently sincerely undisturbed in front of the mirror. How deceiving his appearance was. Half an hour ago he had deliberately shot and killed a man. A murderer!

Not a single mistake . . . no clues left unavoidably or thoughtlessly behind . . . the perfect crime! He turned abruptly, bent and adjusted some knobs—music softly, soothingly filled the room. Then at a small bar he expertly selected the necessary ingredients, the gentle tinkling of bottles striking discord with the low music. A monogrammed cigarette dangled carelessly from his mouth.

The gun and silencer dropped from the middle of Stantons Bridge will never be seen again . . . no one noticed . . . the body will not, as yet, have been found. His mind automatically and systematically repeated these facts, relentlessly searching for a forgotten 'something'. A roundabout way back to the hotel . . . gloves—as if suddenly remembering that he still had them on he drew them off and flung them over by his coat, hat, and cane. He made sure that the clerk at the desk, the bell hop captain and the girl in the elevator had all seen him, and one at least must have noticed the time of his arrival.

The phone rang penetratingly. His head jerked towards it, as ashes spilled on the carpet unnoticed. His hand reached out.

"Who? Yes, speaking . . . What? Murdered—my God! Yes, yes I've been here quite some time. . . Right away? All right, Pamela, I'll be waiting. Yes. Goodbye, darling."

Steadily he returned the receiver to the hook, paused as if meditating, then swiftly gathering up his outer garments, he hurried towards the bed chamber.

Having changed, he entered the living room and mixed another drink. This was nearly gone by the time a muffled knock drew him, anxious, to the door. He opened it to admit a young woman—a woman whose sophisticated smartness was breathtaking. They settled themselves in silence. She looked at the empty glass in his hand.

"Well, am I to be offered a drink?" She spoke indifferently, yet her voice was taut.

"Of course, darling. Please sit down while I attend to it. Where—how—did they find him?" He asked it over his shoulder.

"In his study—slumped over the desk; as if asleep—it was awful . . . but, yet, somehow I don't seem to mind. Whoever killed my step-father . . . made it so much easier for us—didn't he, Boris?" She stopped as he handed her a drink, and their eyes met. She stared . . . "You—!" she gasped. Wide-eyed, she shrank slightly away.

He smiled, "Yes, Pamela. Remember sometime ago you suggested it . . . you dared me, and you meant it!"

Pamela's eyes remained as if hypnotized. A smile slowly braved its way across her lips. The ringing of the door bell interrupted her. He cautioned her with a look and made for the entrance. Faintly he heard her hoarse whisper: "Boris, good heavens, I—I didn't really believe you had—the—guts!"

At the door a tall, darkly dressed man confronted him and introduced himself as Inspector Linwoode. Boris stood cordially aside and Linwoode snooped his way to where Pamela sat, now perfectly self-controlled. With a friendly glance the Inspector acknowledged her presence.

"An unofficial visit Inspector, or—" . . . He hesitated a split second . . . "—or can we be of any assistance?" Pamela laughed softly in back of Linwoode. Boris: "A drink, Inspector?"

At the bar preparing Linwoode's mixture he thought, what can be the reason for his visit at this time? . . . does he know? — but that's utterly impossible, there isn't a chance in a thousand of having let a clue. . . he can't believe—perhaps, suppose he does! He listened.

" . . . your step-father was shot to death tonight, Miss Thornhorn. Not accidentally, but premeditatedly and deliberately murdered. Though at first we didn't have a single clue . . ." The Inspector looked searchingly into Pamela's face, then turned to Boris. "May I smoke one of your cigarettes? . . . Thanks." He studied the monogrammed initials briefly, lit up, inhaled deeply and continued.

"Custom-made, eh?" His eyes fell to Boris' immaculately groomed hands. . .

* * *

"Well, where's the rest of the blinkin' business? Isn't that a rather tight place to leave a man?" asked Prombly Sr. of Prombly & Prombly Inc., publishers.

"I'm sorry, dad, that's just the trouble; I've several endings in mind, but none of them fit right, somehow or other. Perhaps you might have a suggestion."



Stuff 'n' Nonsense

By BARRE SHLAES

The Bos'n's Mate Comes Home On Leave

At one time or another, I feel quite sure, all our readers have met one of those strictly G.I. BM's . . . but for those who haven't, just try missing a formation or try coming in a few minutes late over your liberty time and I can assure you that you'll meet one haste post haste, as it were. To give you an insight into one of these GI's private lives, we now take you to a typical American home, where we find an anxious young wife and her mother awaiting the arrival of her husband who has just received his first leave in a year, from the Morton. *As the scene opens, the wife is speaking.*

Wife: "Just think . . . after three years in the Coast Guard, Oglethorpe is finally coming home on a 48 hour liberty."

BM: *(Enters)* "Ten shun!"

Wife: "Oglethorpe, darling."

BM: "At ease."

Mother: "You can't talk to my daughter like that."

BM: "Shut up or you'll get a week on the restricted list."

Wife: "Oglethorpe, aren't you going to kiss me?"

BM: "Wait until I give the command. *(Looks at watch)* Time for chow. Fall in. Line up, dress right . . . dress."

Wife: "Isn't this the right dress?"

BM: "Where's Junior?"

Wife: "I think . . ."

BM: "Over the hill eh? Tomorrow morning he goes on clean-up detail. Now after chow we're going to clean this place from top to bottom. *(To mother-in-law)* You there, clean the head and see that you stay there till five o'clock. Forward . . . march."

Wife: "But Oglethorpe . . . mother can't stay in the head all night."

BM: "Quiet . . . her name is on the list. *(He looks at watch)* Ten o'clock, Lights out . . . *(yelling)* lights out . . ."

Wife: "Yes, dear."

BM: "Get away from that sack."

Wife: "Yes, dear."

BM: "On your feet . . . on your feet."

Wife: "But darling, this is your first night home in three years."

BM: "On your feet. Tomorrow's inspection. We'll sleep on the deck."

NEXT MORNING

BM: "All right . . . all right . . . hit the deck, hit the deck. Now we'll take roll call. Wife?"

Wife: "Here."

BM: "Mother-in-law."

Mother: "Here."

BM: "Junior."

Jr: "Here." *(Comes out in raincoat.)*

BM: "Why aren't you in uniform?"

Jr: "Well daddy, you see . . . when I woke up this morning my mattress was..."

BM: "Oh . . . I see . . . well report to the sick bay and have that fixed."

BM: "Grandfather."

Wife: "Night watch."

BM: "All right, all right . . . any other goldbricks going on sick call?"

Mother: "I am."

BM: "All right, fall out."

Wife: "Oglethorpe . . . you can't talk to mother like that . . . I want a divorce."

BM: "See your chaplain. . . All right fall out and get your duffle bags."

Wife: "Duffle bags?"

BM: "Yes . . . we're taking a cruise to Coney Island . . . but first line up for your shots."

Mother: "Shots?"

Jr: "Shots, daddy?"

Wife: "That's all I've been waiting for." *(Pulls out gun and shoots him).*

Salty Daffynitions

BOOT: A CG Sad Sack. Begins service calling everyone Sir, assiduously saluting same. Asks endless questions. Chief predicts he's no good; 4 months later he's an ensign.

COX'N: Very undesirable rate. Ruthless individual without conscience or sympathy. Clandestinely referred to as "striking for chief".

CHOW: Something eaten between cups of coffee. Serves no useful purpose other than as wonderful material for griping.

LIBERTY: What every CG lives for. Shifts into high gear with big plans. Ends up at USO. Returns with terrific story of his escapades.

MAC: When you hear it, it usually means you, but can mean anyone. Used as a greeting, but more often when giving someone a bad time. Also like this: That's all, Mac. —"Klew"

Inquiring Reporter

By DON REES

The Question

Should service men and women receive any state or federal bonuses in addition to mustering out pay?

The Answers

John Robeson, Sealc, Class 54—"In



the first place, I don't think that the bonus money would help the individual man or woman as much as it would help the country. Therefore I think that any proposed bonus money should

be used instead to lessen the national debt."

Jean Kalar, RM3c, PD—"Well, I

think that home and jobs should come first after the war and that means that the men must again be the breadwinners. Therefore the men need bonus money to start on their home planning. I also think states should allot the money."



Pacific Giordano, Sea2c, Class 62—



"Sure, two or three hundred dollars is a lot of money, but I don't think that a man can re-enter civilian life and get a good start on that amount. In my opinion, all of the states should help to readjust the returning servicemen."

Thomas Harrison, Sealc, Class 58—

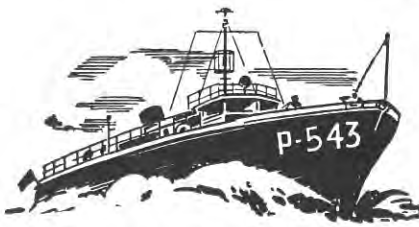
"I'm really in favor of bonuses over and above the mustering out pay. I think it would be a good idea to have all of the states agree on the same amount, though.



In this way no one would feel that they were gypped by getting less than the next guy."

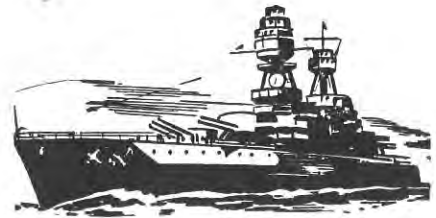


"I don't give a damn if you ARE a Colonel, you're still too young to smoke."



Salt Air

By STINKY



We haven't seen any robins yet, but so help us, somebody must have seen a daffodil or something. . . How else to account for the sudden **Urge Department** news splurge this month we don't know. . . Just look what's happening to Bachelor Row. . . **Monsma** got married on February 14. . . **Elwell** dittoed on February 25. . . "Shorty" **Derrickson** announced his engagement on February 18. . . Lou "Ho ho, ha ha, hee hee" **Winer** actually hitches onto the apron strings on March 18. . . And come April, when birds and bees start making beautiful music together, similar beautiful music will be made by **Cotter** (the 21st), Spar **Mugford** (the 24th) and **Konopka** (the 14th), as of the dates mentioned. Bill **Lee** and **Linke** and a few others must be feeling ancient as the devil; it doesn't bother **Lee**, but Otto is likely to latch onto the affirmative with almost anybody, he's getting so envious. . . Happy daze, everyone.

Here Today, Gone Tomorrow Dept. . . We have said several regretful farewells recently. . . To **Jarden** (whose CGMag concession has been taken over by "Get 'Em While They're Hot" **Roberts**), going on same ship with Mr. **Batey**. . . To Charlie **Ashton**. . . To the very popular Mr. **Coombe**. . . And to Mrs. **Cobb**. . . Marty **Moser** shoves off this month. . . Meanwhile a slew of people have checked in, and welcome to them: Lieut. **Layman**, back to his Watchstanding haunts. . . Lieut. Comdr. **Lewis**, Finance Officer; Doctors **MacKenzie** and **Bobrow**, in Sickbay and Dental Clinic respectively; Spar Ens. **Buchanan**, Black, Chamber; Spar Lieut. (jg) **McCabe**, Educational Officer; Radio Electricians **Ramsey** (Code I) and **Moyer** (Procedure Drill); and CBMs **Papuga** and **Dietz**.

While still vital statisticing, we note in our crow book four new two-strippers. . . **Hennig**, **Retzer**, **Turner** and **Yeagley**, as of February 1.

Remarks of the month and stuff. . . Include **Sekulich's** joke-telling the first night of working at the POClub. . . Then there's the note found in a Spar student's room by the Inspection Party: "Jane Doe is in sickbay, which allows for her drawers." . . And **Duncan**, restraining himself with difficulty when the code lads try his patience, gets

ready to read 'em off: "All right, you guys with any religion, take your 'phones off."

Chief "Dixie Boy" **Reiner** pulled the prize stunt of the month—locked himself into Code Room 4 and had to be rescued. . . Ask (once is enough) morale muguls **Shaw** and **Schemerhorn** to tell you about expansion of their office. . . **Konopka** is taking a course in criminology, 'Nuff said.

Notable Events. . . Uncle Otto **Linke** got bopped by a br---pardon, a woman. . . Harry **Witt**, with that headshave, looks like a boy again. . . "Off-again-on-again" **Hibler** is (was) off again (that thing with wheels). . . **Mason** acquiring a Sp(M) rate; congrats. . . the Post Office boys **not** taking so many leaves. . . Lonewolf **Petts** still a Senator Grill fixture. . . Nothing newsworthy on the **Ducher** front in ages. . . whazzamatter? . . The clannishness of the Infirmary boys is impregnable. . . They still think the PhMs have the hardest jobs of all! . . The A #1 Grand Prix for bags-under-eyes goes to **Dinkelacker**. . . Leave us mention, for the helluvit, that happy pair, the electrical boys, **Lahey** and **Mizinski**.

POClub regulars, **Black**, **Chartok**, **Burns**, **Barrett**, **Caddy**, **Cann**, **Konopka**, **Sayers**, **Rosen** and others can't wait for that fuse to blow out each night for an excuse to run downstairs for a quick one (a coke for **Burns**, please). . . Orchids to the Huffduff Dept. for high, infectious morale; they're long on hard work and long on fun—even if Chief **Collins** does keep annoying the editors.



"Halt! Advance, Mr. Dillon, and be recognized."

. . . And, **Mayberry**, you can send this issue home safely.

Hayden should be very happy now. . . Why is **O'Halloran** so teddibly concerned about the ifs and buts in his OCS business? . . . Warning to the future Mrs. **Cotter**: He puts his name on **everything** that belongs to him with a rubber stamp he has. . . If interested, Prof. "Svengali" **Carroll** can put you in a trance. . . ask **Mikesell**. . . Where did **Buckalew** get that last note in his Spar graduation trombone solo?

Departmentally speaking. . . There's an awful lot of speechmaking in **Code I** these days. . . While **Code II** has **Beard**, **Best** & Co. in dungarees setting up new tables. . . Given more help, **Supply** might top **Pay** for general wackiness. . . The soprano voice of "Stretch" dominates **Materiel's** squawk-box these days. . . **Personnel** isn't the gay, personality-and-pep place it once was. . . Coded social invitations are the thing in **Watchstanding** now. . . **Theory's** morning newspaper makes 3¢ go a long way—it's shared by some twenty people daily. . . Things mighty quiet on the **Procedure** front since Mr. **P.** departed. . . The current craze in **Student Records** is for pictures underneath glass on desks—with **Waldner's** chopped down to a measly foot-square job. . . Few cigs, no matches, no kleenex, no thisa and thata, and the **Ship's Service** boys go batty with gripes. . . **Maintenance** (bullgang to you) men all reportedly joined CG because ships, stations, etc. are so clean—they didn't know who kept them clean. . . **Morale Dept.** expanding like mad. . . **Small Stores**, hidden away as it is, is doing a landoffice business. . . **Codes III** and **IV** and **Procedure Drill** have kept noses so clean we can't get a thing on 'em.

Carpenter **Snyder**, with a bum shoulder, deskwatches it full time in Clarendon now. . . And Bill **Craig** is holding down day OD job in the Morton. . .

Before leaving, we should tell you about an item which appeared in the Elks' Bulletin sometime back, soon after the Elks gave a party for Spar 5 gals. It described the affair as successful and then went on, "Charming Lt. (jg) Sue **Thompson**, in charge and Always Ready, was much pleased." We won't go on any further. . . Back again come Spring.



Seashore League Goes Pfft; Sparks End Court Season In Tie For 1st In New League

At a meeting of Seashore Basketball League coaches early in February it was agreed to break up the league because of an infraction of the rules. At the time the Radio School five was tied with Hap Farleys in second place, behind the Casu Corsairs. Following the breakup, an all-Service league was organized including Radio School, the Navy's Casu Corsairs, Cape May Navy and Brigantine Navy.

The season ended on March 5th with the Radiomen and Casu Corsairs in a tie for first place; the tie will not be played off. The Radiomen have been a hot-and-cold ball club, dropping five of their last ten encounters. Two of the losses were by one-point margins, the others to teams rated among the top service teams in this area, Lakehurst Navy, Cape May Navy and the Corsairs; the latter had previously beaten St. Josephs, LaSalle and the powerful Medic quintet.

The Fort Dix game on February 5 here was a rout, with the Radiomen piling up a total of 92 points to the soldiers' 33. In the next-to-the-last game against the Casu Corsairs the Sparks lost a thriller 61-51, after leading throughout until the last quarter; both Carroll and Greenberg were injured and had to be taken out in this game. But revenge was sweet on March 5 when the Radio Five came back in an overtime period to whip the Corsairs 58-55. In this rough and tumble game Nelson was high scorer with 21 points.

As far as the varsity is concerned, that wound things up, uniforms have been turned in, and the young men's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of baseball. Next month THE BUG will publish the basketball season summaries in detail.



Sideline Shorts

By OTTO LINKE

Basketball:—The Sparks completed a 36-game schedule this season, which is quite a stack of games for any ball club. . . Maggs Magnarelli, back in AC for a while on TD, added his color and fight again to local courts. . . played his heart out in every game, as usual. . . Nelson and Purce, the set-shot twins, continued to swish 'em through with ease. . . in the Fort Dix game they had a field day, scoring 18 and 17 points respectively. . . Jim Eden (59) and CBM Dietz were recent newcomers to the team. . . both fast and shifty and good eyes for the bucket. . . Bruiser Marone still getting his big hulk off the deck in fine style to get those rebounds. . . Derrickson still the biggest little hustler. . . This year's ver-



sion of Sparks may have been a so-so ball club, but they've poured it on in the point column, averaging 56 points per game in their last 10 encounters. . . That last game with the Casu Corsairs was a dilly, running overtime. . . the Corsairs lost three men on personals and had to draft a spectator for substitute service.

Intramural Slants:—Miller (53) is now leading scorer in the 2nd half with 53 points, while Osterle (58) is second with 45. Botchmany (52) has moved down to third with 40. Class 52 is tied with 56 for 1st with 4 wins and 1 loss each. These intramural contests are getting more heated as they enter the finals.

Bowling:—Recovery League 2nd half schedule, well underway, has Radio School tied for third place. Smith and Ortyl, new members, have replaced Ashton and Dwyer. Smith is in No. 1 spot with a 169 average, followed by Gaskill (168) and Ortyl (165).

VARSITY BASKETBALL SCORES

RS	Opponents	Class	Won	Lost	Pct.
43	Lifeboat Station	44 (L)	4	1	.800
40	Hap Farley	41 (L)	4	1	.800
39	Lakehurst Navy	50 (L)	6	2	.650
92	Fort Dix	33 (W)	2	3	.400
65	AGSFRS	30 (W)	2	3	.400
29	Cape May Navy	41 (L)	2	3	.400
62	Brigantine Navy	41 (W)	2	4	.333
80	AGSFRS	45 (W)	1	3	.250
51	Casu Corsairs	61 (L)	1	4	.200
58	Casu Corsairs	55 (W)			

Intramural Basketball Standings as of 27 February (Second Half)

Class	Won	Lost	Pct.
52	4	1	.800
56	4	1	.800
53	6	2	.650
51	2	3	.400
57	2	3	.400
58	2	3	.400
54	2	4	.333
PD	1	3	.250
55	1	4	.200

Game At High School

O'Leary Sets Track Records; To Run Against Haag

Donal O'Leary, Class 56's track sensation, recently set track records of 2:19 for 1000 yards and 4:32 for the mile at the U. of Penn track during the Middle Atlantic Championships. His other recent accomplishments: running 2nd to Charlie Beekham in the 880 at a NY AC meet, time 1:58 against Beekham's 1:57; running 4th in the AAU Nationals mile run; winning an IC4A 3/4 mile special in the excellent time of 3:08.8. On March 10 O'Leary runs against Gunder Haag.







BUGS IN OUR BONNET

BUG Pin-Up

←← Geraldine Fitzgerald

Warner Brothers

A cotton-tail rabbit, nibbling thoughtfully at his evening carrot, noticed that his son was in a particularly jovial mood. "What makes Junior so happy?" he asked. Mama Rabbit explained, "He had a wonderful time in school today. He learned how to multiply."

Wife to late retiring husband: "Is that you dear?"

Husband: "It had better be me."

An unobtrusive gentleman in the museum was gazing rapturously at a huge oil painting of a shapely girl dressed in only a few strategically arranged leaves. The title of the picture was "Spring." Suddenly, the voice of his wife snapped, "Well, what are you waiting for? Autumn?"

"Jim took me for a ride to Philadelphia last night."

"That's where you made your mistake."
"No, it was in Pleasantville."

Then there is the old maid who always travels in a Pullman upper because she likes to have a man under her bed.

Even Adam was interested in radio. Didn't they take a rib from Adam to make Eve, so he traded his spare part for a loud speaker.

First Old Maid: "What were you screaming about last night?"

Second Old Maid: "I had an awful dream. A man was chasing me and chasing me and chasing me and he couldn't catch me!"

Lady of the House: "Nora, you were entertaining a man in the kitchen last night, were you not?"

Nora: "That's for him to say, ma'am. I did my best."

There was a young lady from Maine
Whose face was exceedingly plain;
But her dad had a cellar
They say was a heller,
So the boys came again and again.

A girl doesn't have to watch the speedometer to know what her boyfriend is driving at.

At a certain Government hospital a sailor who was in a room by himself challenged every knock at the door with: "Who goes there, friend or enemy?"

Women are wise about facts and figures. A girl with a good figure soon learns the facts.

Found a little rabbit
Called him Jim.
Got 18 more,
Her weren't no him.

A number of years ago Hitler wrote his "Mein Kampf". Now it is reported that he has just written a sequel called "Mein Gott!"

"Willie, if your father had a full barrel of rye whiskey and a half barrel of bourbon whiskey how much whiskey would he have for sale?" Willie did some rapid calculating and replied positively, "One hundred gallons." "Why, Willie," exclaimed the teacher, "that isn't right!" "I know," shrugged Willie, "but Dad gets away with it."

There's nothing strange in that the modern girl is a live wire. She carries practically no insulation.

SALTY

I've been on more ships
Than you have trains.
And I've weathered more gales
Than you have rains.

I've passed more buoys
Than you have poles,
And eaten more hardtack
Than you have rolls.

I've used more seabags
Than you have socks,
And crushed more enemies
Than you have rocks.

I've got more barnacles on my skin
Than you have hairs upon your chin;
I've got more salt in my two ears
Than you could use in twenty years.

Man! Am I salty!

—Carl Cohen (Class 51)

Private: "Her niece is rather good-looking, eh?"

Corporal: "Don't say knees is: say knees are!"

A pretty young miss, visiting her aunt downtown Saturday night, was given the aunt's paycheck to take home. On the way home she was held up.

"Help! Help! I've been robbed!" she screamed. "He's taken my aunt's pay!" A police officer quieted her.

"Cut out the pig-Latin and tell me what happened," he said.

The glances that over cocktails seem so sweet

May be less charming over shredded wheat.

It's not the ice that makes people slip. It's what they mix with it.

Drunk, in telephone booth: "Number, hell—I want my peanuts!"

Joe: "My wife is scared to death someone will steal her clothes."

Jim: "Why don't you insure them?"

Joe: "Oh, she's got a better idea. She has some guy stay in the closet and watch them. I found him there the other night."

Wife: "You deceived me. Before our marriage you said you were well off."

Husband: "I was then, but I didn't know it."

The boat had just left the dock when a sprightly little flapper stowaway was discovered in a lifeboat. The captain ordered her sent to his cabin. "I don't know what to do with you," he said as he questioned her. "Say, skipper," she finally said, "how long have you been a sailor?"

Intuition is the instinct which tells a woman she is right whether she is or not.

Judge, angrily: "You say this soldier stole your money out of your stocking?"

Girl: "Yes, your honor."

Judge: "Then why didn't you put up a fight?"

Girl: "I didn't know he was after my money."

"Is there a factory on that road?"

"No—That's Lover's Lane."

"Then that's why that girl remarked she'd been through the mill."

"Is that Venus?" asked the sweet young thing.

"No, that's Jupiter," said the Prof.

"How clever," said the sweet young thing, "to be able to distinguish sex at this great distance."

Father: "Remember, son, beauty is only skin deep."

Son: "S' deep enough for me. I ain't no cannibal."

My kitten has gone gallivanting,
I don't know where she's at.
Curse this city
That lured my kitty—
By dawn she'll be a cat.

"Well, I guess I might as well put the motion before the house," said the chorus girl, as she danced onto the stage.

Wife: "That brazen Miss Smith boasts she's been kissed by every married man in town except one."

Husband: (absently): "Wonder who he is?"

Overheard in the P.X.: "I don't know much about women—only what I've picked up."



ALUMNI NOTES



Class 1—ALBEE RT1c on PC-469. . . KOTEFF RM2c on "Mills".

Class 2—FELDMAN RM1c on "Dione".

Class 4—WALLACE RM2c on "Evansville".

Class 7—SOMERVILLE RM1c at NMK.

GAHAGEN RM1c at CG Unit 91. . . ZWISSIG RM1c on "Cyane"—wnts hr fm Jimmy Wilson & 'Kay' Brannon.

Class 8—WILKINSON RM1c at CGUnit 91. . . CRIDER RM3c on "Mills". . . CRAWFORD RM2c—was given MD in November, 1944. . . HINKLE RM2c on "Gen. Mitchell"—wounded in Normandy D-Day Invasion. . . HOBBS RM2c in S. Pacific—wife gave birth to a baby girl Jan 21st. . . HANNA RM2c on "McLane". . . HUDSON RM1c on "Belleville". . . EVANS RM2c at CG Radio Sta, Norfolk. . . CUMMINGS RM2c on Hawaiian Islands.

Class 8a—PERRY RM1c on "Ingham". . . B. HUNT RM1c on "Eastwind". . . ECKERT RM1c on "Dione". . . HOBBS RM2c on "Ontagon".

Class 9—HOUCK RM3c on "Gen Meigs". . . NIST RM2c with 145th AACs Sqdn.

Class 10—WORLEY RM3c on "Muskegon".

L. CROOKS RM1c on "Intensity". . . BERGQUIST RM2c with 145th AACs Sqdn. . . NOLAN RM2c on "Mills". . . BUERLE RM2c at C.G.RadioSta, Norfolk.

Class 11—NOWICKI RM3c on "Ingham". . . B. PRICE RM1c on "Sweetgum". . . BABULA RM2c on "Gen Meigs". . . BARKER RM1c on "Dione". . . L. H. ANDERSON RM1c on "Ontagon". . . LOWE RM2c on "Cyane".

Class 12—HEADNICK RM1c on FS-182—wnts to hr fm classmates. . . A. CLARK RM2c on "Bronco".

Class 13—HAND RM1c on PC-469—wnts hr fm "Chet" Haag. . . GINNITY RM2c, STRIGGA RM2c on "San Pedro". . . KENNERLY RM2c on "Ricketts". . . ORMAND RM2c on "Wakefield".

Class 14—ROBERTSON on LST 71. . . HARLEY on "Arbutus". . . R. H. McINTIRE RM2c on "Gen Meigs".

Class 15—NORKEVECK RM2c on "Ingham". . . SHELLENBERGER RM2c on LT-58. . . ORTH on FS-355. . . HOLLASCH RM2c on FS-389. . . PROSSER, O'CONNELL, MUDRICK in Alaska. . . G. DAVIS on FS-363. . . HESS, RUSIECKI on "Gen Mitchell". . . JACOBSON and MONKERS both got MDS. . . J. NEUBAUER on "Pandora". . . HANSON RM2c on "Westwind". . . R. HARRIS at NOV. . . ALBERTS, McKIBBEN at Academy. . . ANDRES on "Adm. Capps". . . B. STEVENSON RM1c on "Eastwind".

Class 16—DRISCOLL RM2c on PC-469. . . AIKENS on LST 761. . . J. DRAPER RM1c at Navy 26 FPONY—wnts hr fm some of the boys.

Class 17—KOUBA RM2c on "Mohawk". . . FARRELL on "Ingham". . . HARRISON Slc on "Shreveport". . . NIMICH RM2c on "Enceladus". . . ELKINS RM3c on LST 758. . . OZENNE, ROBERTSON at Sitka, Alaska. . . W. O'CONNELL, W. BRADFORD at Radio Ketchikan. . . BROTHERS on PF-51. . . CONLEY on PF-46. . . AUDINO on AK-95. . . BERNHART RM2c on "San Pedro".

Class 18—K. GARRETT RM3c on LST 20.

Bailey BUTTS RT1c on "Mills". . . BUNTROCK RM3c on "Cyane".

Class 19—R. BROWN on "Ingham". . . M. MAYER RM2c on "Sweetgum".

Class 20—RYBERG RM2c on "Ingham". . . PETTIS RM2c at CGUnit 80. . . E. HORN RM3c on FS-362.

Class 21—SCHNEIDER RM2c on LST 16. . . THORGERSEN RM2c on "Pandora".

NOTICE TO ALUMNI

When you write THE BUG, how about saying how you like the series on electronics. We will always appreciate your comments on the magazine's various features—other than pinups, jokes and Alumni Notes, which we know you like. And if you have any axes to grind, write 'em down—we'll give them an airing in Mail Call.

—The Editors.

Class 23—PYLE RM2c on "Woodrush". . . LOGAN RM3c on "Tupelo". . . GOWING RM2c, CONDELL RM3c on "Hydranged". . . MATTINA RM3c on FS-195. . . HUTCHISON RM3c on FS-549. . . SOKOL RM3c on "Gen Meigs".

Class 24—MANN RM2c on "Mohawk". . . PATTON RM2c on "Bayonne"—wd like to hr fm classmates. . . POCHOS at San Bruno, Cal. . . BRODSKY on LST 431. . . E. ANDERSON RM2c, WOHLFEIL RM2c on "Bronco". . . QUINTO RM2c on "Rockford". . . AMOS RM3c on "Uniontown".

Class 25—CANESTRA RM2c on "Mohawk". . . HARTFIELD at Morgan City, La. . . BRACKIN RM3c on "Gen. Meigs". . . SHEEHAN RM3c on "Brunswick". . . BAKER ARM3c at CGAir Sta, S.F.

Class 26—LAMPHERE RM3c on "Mohawk". . . TRUSTY RM2c on "Eugen".

Class 27—HNASKO RM2c on PC-469. . . DEVORE RM2c on "Eastwind". . . JUDD RM3c

on "Mills". . . L. C. CARPER RM3c on "Ontagon".

Class 28—GUNTHER on "Racine". . . DILLLOW RM3c at CGUnit 91. . . J. ROBERTS RM3c at CGUnit 194—wnts hr fm Quinn, Stimmel, Relbe, Romano. . . ANDERSON RM2c on "Eastwind". . . BATH RM3c on DE-320. . . JASIULEWICZ RM3c on "Modoc".

Class 29—INGELS RM2c on "Mohawk". . . CONERLY RM2c, TUCKER RM3c on "Evansville". . . CHAPMAN RM3c at CGUnit 91. . . KLATSKIN RM3c at CGUnit 194.

Class 30—RANSLEBEN RM2c on "Ingham". . . STORMS RM2c on LST 202. . . LEWIS RM3c on "Muskegon". . . ROSEN RM3c at CGUnit 193. . . J. HUMPHREY RM2c on "Eastwind". . . CARNEY RM3c at Cape Lookout D/F Sta. . . WILCOX RM2c on "Gen Black".

Class 31—LAMPART RM3c on "Ingham". . . RETLER RM3c, R. HAGUE RM3c on "Intensity". . . GRUBER RM3c on "Mills". . . HUNTER RM2c on "Dione". . . SCHUNK RM3c at CGUnit 197.

Class 32—SOLOMON RM3c on "Mills".

Class 35—O'GARA RM3c on LST 202. . . PODSCHUN RM3c on "Muskegon". . . FERTIG RM3c on "Gen Meigs". . . HURWITZ RM2c on "Mills".

Class 36—RESNICK RM3c on "Muskegon". . . D. HUMPHREYS RM3c on LST 20. . . KANELLOS RM3c with 145th AACs Sqdn. . . HIGLEY RM3c on "Cyane". . . FRANCIS RM3c on "Samuel Chase". . . PETERS RM3c on "Gentian". . . M. O'BRIEN RM3c on "Keywest". . . SULMANETTI RM3c on LST 784. . . DULONG RM3c on LST 762.

Class 37—M. STEINBERG RM3c on "Modoc"—wnts to hr fm Wolsky, Tenzer, Finney, Surez. . . MAXEY RM3c on "Dione".

Class 38—COLBY RM3c on "Evansville". . . DANGLER on FS-525. . . VUKOVICH RM3c on "Hermes". . . WELLS RM3c on "Dione".

Class 39—J. J. GREEN RM3c on FS-263. . . TILTON on FS-526. . . HAMSON on FS-528. . . BEHRENS on FS-347. . . BASSMAN RM3c on "Richardson".

Class 40—WORTEN RM3c on "Muskegon".

Class 41—TRIVIN Slc on "Gen Meigs".

Class 42—EATHERLY RM3c, BOZEMAN RM3c on "Evansville". . . W. TAYLOR RM3c on "Racine". . . CUNNINGHAM RM3c at USCG AMD. . . JACHIM Slc(RM) on U.S. Army F-129. . . DiPERNA RM3c on "Fitch". . . ALLBRIGHT RM3c on "Gen. Howze". . . BREJSKA RM3c on LST 795. . . MONGIELLO on an LST.

Class 43—ALBRITTON on "Racine". . . DiCARLO Slc(RM) on U.S. Army F-116. . . YOUNGLOVE RM3c on LT-218. . . BARTON RM3c on "Cyane". . . DUNCAN RM3c at USCG Trasta, New Smyrna, Fla. . . STANLEY RM3c at CGAirSta Biloxi, Miss.

Class 44—F. B. BAKER RM3c on "Mohawk". . . L. PERRY RM3c on "Ingham". . . THORSON RM3c, GREGORY RM3c on LST 202. . . LANDIS RM3c, GUGLIELMO on LST 20. . . KARP RM3c on LST 168. . . GOODMAN on LST 18. . . BRENNER, BROWN, ISAACSON on LST 170. . . SUSSICK, DELOZIER on LST 22. . . DAVIDSON, NAGENGAST, BERRY on LST 26. . . HARRIS, KOOISTRA on LST 66.



"I tell ya, I'm getting scared."

Spare the Spars

by Poopdeck Polly

"Yes, Lovey." This expression identifies Catherine ("B.A.") Clasby, Sea2c, the girl who takes laughter with her wherever she goes. A native Bostonian (and typical), Kay was born Oct. 3, 1922 in Waltham, Mass. Like most people she went to school; and after graduating from St. Mary's High she attended the Boston School of Dental Nursing. Two years' experience as a dental assistant made her qualified for her work in the Dental Clinic here.

The desire to do or die for her country hit Kay in September, 1944 when she enlisted in the Spars. Palm Beach took all the rough spots off and prepared her for service life. Reporting here in November, 1944, she was hit with her first taste of homesickness. Quickly recovering, she soon made the top of the list of favorite Spars with her dry sense of humor and friendliness for she is like a ray of sunshine on a cloudy day.

Proud of her brother who is an AM2c in the Navy and her brother-in-law in the Army, she will sit and talk about them for hours at a time. Whenever she has a chance she listens to Stephen Foster's music and attends good plays (she doesn't like them too too risqué). Winter sports, including skiing and skating, are her favorite forms of recreation; and when she gets a chance



Catherine Clasby, Sea2c

to relax she will be found quietly reading a book of romantic history.

Her postwar plans include an orphanage (she says), but when the Marines are mentioned we get the idea that it may be a private one.

We take off our hats to the gal who wants tiers and tiers of apple pies instead of a wedding cake when she is married, and give her a vote of thanks for making Spar Barracks a jollier place in which to live.



It took some time to get accustomed to the booming voice of the male Cox'n shouting "Hit the deck" over the P.A. in the morning after listening to the gentle voice of the Spars, but by now we are all used to it. . . We welcome HARTGLASS, newcomer to the staff of Sick Bay, and say hello again to Pat ANDRAE. The girls are both PhM3c. Welcome also to Spar 5 grads

Mary KEEFE, Mary WHITNEY, Dorothy AMBLER and Wanda KALAR, instructors respectively in Code, Theory, Procedure and Teletype. . . Hope too many people didn't miss WING and WILDER being chased by the Chinese laundryman. . . ANDRUS is offering a reward for the capture of the person who gave her scarlet fever. SMITTY seems to think that LAMPHIER's results to her 1st (etc) squad to the rear march looks like to the winds march. She'll lose a squad in the ocean next. We all hope WING will be out of sick bay soon. . . It is great to get Valentines but BRESLIN has been having trouble remembering who's who and why. . . Reluctantly, we say so-long to MRS. COBB, MISS LITTLE and MISS BECKETT and hope our paths will cross again soon. And so-long to Carol BUCKALEW Y1c, who leaves her husband and a host of friends here, and leaves her job to Peg BENNETT — in favor of wearing civvies. . . CLARE should make connections with those California calls just once. . . Just what is the word on the visit REX took to D.C.? The grunts and groans in the Dental Clinic a while back were the results of a horse-back ride COL-LINS and CLOUTIER took. . . MAT-THEWS had the barracks in an uproar when she sighted a mouse. . . In case you wonder who the latest addition to the ranks of PD Spars is, we just got the word she is known as DUSTY and is a Cox'n striker. With spring in the air, Cupid should give us lots of news for next month. So long for now.

MITCHELL, HAMPTON, GADEK on LST 67. . . GREGORY, THORSON on LST 202. . . LAROCQUE, MILINKOVICH on LST 68. . . CONGDON on FS 272. . . HENTZ RM2c, HETTFELD on LST 204.

Class 46—R. LOUDEN S2c on "Gen Richardson". . . CAPONE RM3c at CGBase Navy 47 FPOSF.

Class 47—DESMOND RM3c, CARDWELL RM3c on "Evansville". . . PLAISANCE, SIGNORELLI, FINNEGAN, LEVEY, on "Alexandria". . . EVANS S2c on "Vigilante". . . FORTINO, VOIEN, SHOCKLEY, MEADOWS, WHITNEY attending Army school for assignment to Army boats. . . DESMOND, CARDWELL on PF-70. . . HENDERSHOLT Slc(RM) at Radio Sta, Meadowdale, Wash. . . WEINTRAUB, PETRICH at Naval Air Sta, Jacksonville, Fla. . . FERYAK RM3c at NavAirSta Banana River, Fla. . . JACKSON, JAKUBICZ on PF-101. . . W. BOND RM3c on Government Island, SF. . . I. A. SMITH RM3c at CGRadSta Port Isabel, Tex. . . COLLINS, NavAirSta, Charleston, S.C.

Class 48—MARRACCINI RM3c at NOB Norfolk. . . CHRISTIAN RM3c, BLOEMER RM3c, BRODSKY RM3c, ABATE RM3c, KENNEDY RM3c at RecSta, New Orleans. . . PELTZ RM3c, QUINN RM3c, COLGAN RM3c on "Chase". . . KENDRICK RM3c at CGAirSta,

St. Petersburg, Fla. . . RONK RM3c at Nav TraSchool at Casco Bay. . . MULLIGAN RM3c at Ketchikan. . . REESE RM3c at Unit D10, PFS, NOB Norfolk.

Non-Alumni—DAMEROW CRM, BUSHWELL



RT1c on "Mohawk". . . DOLAN RT1c, FRASER RT3c, PAVLEK RM3c, STRAUGHN RM3c on "Bayonne". . . M. BUCHANAN CRM, W. MILLER RM1c, S. ABBADESSA RT1c on "Sweetgum". . . NORTON RM2c, BESANSON RM2c with 145th AACs Sqdn. . . MILNER RM2c and DIGIANO RM3c on "Mills". . . JHNATOLYA RT3c on "Woodrush".

Curtis Bay—HAND CRM, ALEXANDER CRM, WEBSTER RM1c, RICKERSON RM1c on "Ing-ham".

New London—RYDER RM1c (Class A-1) on "Mohawk". . . BOYD RM1c (Class 35) on "Cyane".

SPAR Alumni—SHIVELY, VANDERZEE, KRIEGER, RUWE, (All Spar 1) at Radio Shack Detroit. . . NOVSS RM3c and GREINER at St. Petersburg, Fla. . . BARR RM3c (Spar 4) at Tampa, Fla. . . TOGSTAD RM3c at DCGO St. Louis. . . KLEMCHUCK RM3c at CGAirSta S.F. . . MALLOT Slc(RM) (Class 3) at COTP Monterey, Cal. . . PARENT RM3c at Brookline, Mass. . . HOOK RM3c and MARLOVITZ RM3c (both Spar 3) at D/F Sta, Bethany Beach. . . COFFMAN RM3c at Com Cen NYC. . . REAVES RM3c at CGBase Sault Ste Marie, Mich. . . DOYLE RM3c (Class 1) Seattle.

Permanent Detail—DAVIS BM1c on "Chambers". . . ALLUM RM1c on "Mosley".



What's Done In 51

By JIM BURNS

Graduation is just around the corner which means the class of 51 will be leaving the "Rest Home" at the Hotel Morton. We will be leaving behind memories of good times and bad ones, but we hope that our next station will have as many bars as Atlantic City. Being Jack CHERRY's roommate, I know that he is going to miss the Harbor Bar. It takes two beers and a tall glass of seven-up and CHERRY is on the loose. . . ABRAHAM, KOZELKA, BRITTON, and CALDERON have signed up for the pleasant duty at the beautiful island of Formosa. They are really looking for a soft touch. . . "Bumps" McDONALD has been going to Philadelphia every week lately; could it be that he has a grandmother up there or could there be another reason? He always comes back all beat to a frazzle. (Granny must be quite a jitterbug). . . STOREY has to go shopping for a pipe now, because he is pretty sure of becoming an instructor. After all, an instructor isn't an instructor unless he has a huge barbaric pipe hanging from his fangs. . . We are all wondering if BROWN is going to contribute 35c to SINATRA and have his hair (mop) cut for graduation. He stands about 5 ft. 8 inches right now, but with one of SINATRA's "de Luxe" haircuts, he will be lucky if the tips the scales at 5 ft. 6 inches. . . GREGORY ought to be called "The Human Q. Signal Book," because he really knows his P's and Q's (clap clap). Incidentally, our boy GREGORY bought himself a brand new camera just so KUZNICKI (Class 52) could take some pictures of his left arm. . . Class 51 is proud of the way SLATKY has been blowing those "Hot Licks" on the trumpet. He is really a large part of the backbone of the station's dance band. . . KOZIOL can't wait till 10:00 o'clock (2200) to dream of REX, so he sacks in at 4:30 in the afternoon to get some extra

dreams. . . We must admit that we will all miss "Loring" BRITTON. How about that Loring; you can sure tell he is a Republican just by his "call sign." We will miss his pleasant personality, his good humor, and his familiar phrase, "Very good, very good." . . We are all very curious to see if CALDERON will comb his hair for graduation, or just go up on the stage still looking like a character out of one of Mark Twain's novels. . . KAPLAN lives in Brooklyn, but still considers himself much too lar from the Bronx. He won't be satisfied until Washington establishes a D/F station in his backyard and puts him in charge of it. . . "Flash"—last minute news—"Bumps" McDONALD was officially seen by Code Instructor Smith walking on the Boardwalk arm in arm with five females. Some fellows are really selfish. . . By popular vote, OHLIG was nominated as the most "Code Happy" spark in 51 (but definitely). . . SINATRA just simply cannot fall asleep at night unless he has his beautiful red and white striped silk pajamas on. . . That ends the scuttlebutt for our class. I would now like to turn a little serious. Class 51 has really been a fine class, and has established a good reputation for themselves here. We had a good basketball team, and ended up second in the first round, and fought hard in the second round but didn't do quite as well. We always lost a game by only a few points which is a good record. We also fought for pennant liberly by taking time for our studies, and won pennants in the various subjects. I think it is only fitting and proper that the Class of 51 should thank SMITTY, ROBERSON, YEAGLEY, BANASIK and all the other instructors who gave us that extra push, which helped us bag our crow. MACUSKI says he is going to feed his eagle bird seed so that it will grow bigger as time goes by. We wish to thank the materiel instructors who taught us that there is more than just taking code in this course. When we shove off from Atlantic

City we are going to miss a mighty fine bunch of fellows, such as, "Broad Shouldered" SEQUIN, "Anyhow" ATHERTON, "Slick" WATROUS and his California smile, KELLY's modesty, OHLIG's cartoons, SCHWARTBAN's and BACHAND's fists. All in all we are going to miss each and every one of the gang. Here's hoping we all meet each other when this mess is over. That's all, SPARKS.

Buzzing Thru With 52

By WILKINSON and ESTY

First let us explain that ZUBYK, our regular correspondent, has been granted six days sick leave (lucky boy). So this duo is taking over pro tem.

Now comes the 22nd week, assignments to be picked up, and here's the latest dope on the cast of characters in '52'.

RITTENHOUSE—just back from a splendid vacation in the 800 block—so restful. You've done a fine job as President of the class. . . PADVE—a living study on what six months at radio school can do for a person—take me back to L.A.! . . . STORMS—the man who came thru without an error in the 21st week—P.S. He didn't take the test. . . THOMAS—saw him one recent Wednesday at a very popular nite spot, and with a very attractive girl—but why bring her mother along, Tommy? . . . BASIL—a forty-eight with trousers in the cleaners. The pants he wore—such a fit. . . BOTCHMANY—says "Ah yes, there's good news tonight—ker-splooosh". . . FISHER—literally spends hours in front of the mirror combing down a cowlick that won't stay cowed. . . CURTIS—the British Navy has been long seeking a solid sender. A man with the British rhythm has been discovered—that's Curtis. . . ESTY—"The California Comet"—liberty hound par excellent. . . ALDRIDGE—here's a boy that enjoyed 10 days worth of smoking in his sack. . .

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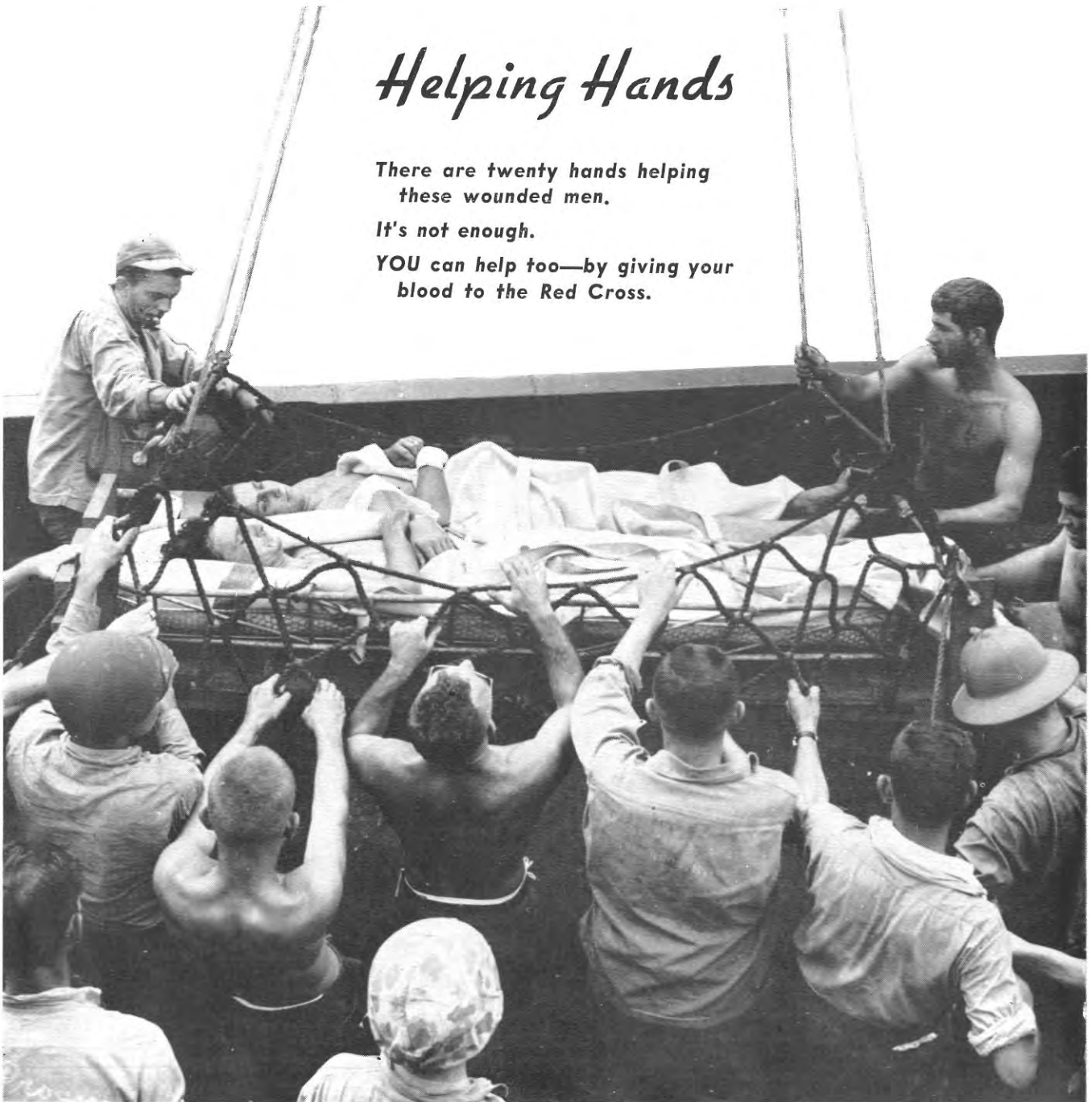
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MURPHY—words fail me now—what a character! . . . ANDICKO—to quote from Duncan, "Red, will you please get in step." . . . LOFTS—make this boy happy and rush him off to Michigan—that is all. . . BACCI—the first fellow from '52' to get his crow—lots of luck wherever you go. . . McDERMOTT—"The man who came back"—and how's that 9:30 A.M. chow? . . . DeCOLA—one of our greatest authorities on the misuse of call signs. . . LEONBRUNO—he had one '48' too many, so he took a rest cure for a while. . . DOUGLAS—our amateur detective—usually engrossed in a detective thriller. . . KLACKING—a hot man on the key—you can see him change colors "from a white to a rosy red" when sending. . . SEIPEL—now manages a football and basketball team. He's cultivating a moustache, and what a battle. Nine on one side and eleven on the other. . . KUZNICKI—'tis rumored that he's shopping for a diamond. Who's the lucky girl? . . . CLARK—has a twin brother who graduated recently. As alike as two peas in a pod. Wish you could sail together—the confusion would be amusing. . . PASQUINI—it's said that he and Andy Devine went to the same school together. . . GENUNZIO—hats off to a fine code man and the last 'solid' in the class. . . KENT—says code must have originated in Mars—its out of this world. . . JOHNSON—he's a red-hot golden foot on the key. Pardon me, did I say foot? . . . SMITH—me-thinks there's more to this than meets the eye. . . SUTHERLAND—from D.E. to P.D. in 24 weeks—success story, the hard way. . . VERNER—success—one RM3c and now two strikers in the family. . . ZUBYK—the eyes had a temporary set-back. But he'll come thru with 52 on the 10th. . . KERNOHAN—"Solid John" whuzzat! Sounded like it might have been code—almost. . . WARD—is an accomplished trumpeter, the tune that sounds the sweetest to us is Liberty Call. Yes—he plays it beautifully. . . Maurice Chevalier has nothing on BRENNER—his songs in French are, shall we say—tres bien! . . . CLIFTON—says that code on Monday morning sounds like the beat, beat, beat of the tom tom. . . WILKINSON—"I love to dance". The only man in the history of the school that gained weight. What a constitution. . . BLACKWOOD—a good draftsman. The home beautifier. . . SKAGGS—lonesome without his southern buddy SCRIBNER. . . BROWN—do you reckon he'll get an orchestra up aboard ship? . . . FRIDLINGTON—he'll listen for hours if you've got the jokes. . . DiCASOLI—the deacon will hold solemn conclave every morning on that LST. . .

And this is the last you'll hear from us—at least in Radio School—we're shoving off on the 10th for good. Be seeing you.

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Shoot The Breeze With 53

By HERBERT ZEILENGOLD

With the going getting tougher and tougher and the vision of the white eagle coming more and more into focus, Class 53 enters its 18th week of higher learning and lunacy.

About the higher aspects of learning, Shakey MacGEE has this to say, "I was nothing when I enlisted in the Coast Guard and have gone down steadily ever since."

Barre SHLAES, our class president and John MacGEE have written a smash musical comedy called "Oh, My Achin' Tom-Tom." It promises to be the hottest thing to hit this station since its beginning. . . . Nomination for the handsomest Coastie in the C.G. Radio School goes to Chris ECENFELD, with a personality to match. . . . Dave WELD, quiet and unassuming member of our class, has the magic touch. Any transmitter he touches comes across with solid jive. . . . John WEIR offers this little ditty for our pleasure, "A guy met a Spar and called her cute and a hotel boatswain mate said extra duty!" John has quite a collection of those dittys and all for the asking. . . . Our sympathy to Vito

DeBARRI, who is quite despondent over his thrushes jilting him over Humphrey Bogart. . . . Nat LAIBSTAIN's voice can be heard all over the 3rd deck in the defense of his native Norfolk the ---- of the world. . . . Get a gander at the pipe that Bill CUMMINGS is sporting around these days. It hangs over his lower lip like a bent water faucet. . . . Speaking of pipes, Pop MURTHA really goes in for the extremes. Murtha has a corn cob affair which in a few weeks will give off an odor of city dumps. . . .

Witty Remarks: Slim SCHWEIKER on his way to code room was bypassed by Eddy SHANNON. Slim called out to him, "Where are you going in such a rush?" To which the serious Mr. Shannon replied, "I am going over to the code room early to get characters that confuse me." . . . An inquisitive individualist asked John HENDRICKS why some country folks in Pennsylvania don't use buttons, to which the humorous Mr.

Hendricks answered, "The same reason they don't use automobiles. It ain't practical." . . . Lou KWOLESK is all smiles these days because his one and only is coming to the graduation party. Irresistible!

The Year Book entitled "73" is out and pictures of all you handsome men, or reasonable fascimiles, are plastered all over it. Some of the pictures didn't come out too good, especially those of Thomas BYUICK and Tex BLANCHARD who look like the devil's own children.

Eddy GRUCA, the class virtuoso of the harmonica, is out of Sick Bay and is glad to get back at the keyboard. Everyone is glad to see Eddy back and hope that Curly HAYES doesn't blacken his other eye.

My thanks to Mr. Hayes for witty remarks which appear in this column and to all those who have helped make this column a reality.

The eagle is breathing on our necks and tempers are easily excited. Just turn around, 53, and clutch the white fowl and ring his own neck. Then to a taxidermist for stuffing and finally have a tailor sew him on your best uniform.

Who's Sore At Fifty Four?

By CYRUS DRYDEN

The sun is beginning to shine, and that means that our stout hearted basketball team is winding up a rather successful season. . . . The mainstay of the team was built around the sterling ball-handling of Charlie HELLER, Larry McNULTY, Mel ANDERSON and the old south's Robie ROBERSON. Off and on DIETZ,

WEIN and BALAJIAN have acted as fifth man; lately the play of Floyd (George) PACE is the talk of the court. We cannot sum up basketball's activities without honorable mention of the swell spirit of one of our classmates. Although never actually a player he has been coach, scorekeeper and chief rooter.

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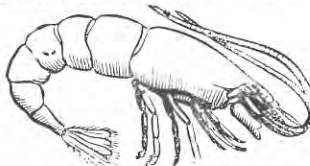
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None other than John SHANE, one swell Joel. . . Johnny WITT has come through in fine style by allowing his wife to present him with a ten pound future president of these United States. . . Dick DUPREE became a benedict on the second of February. . . The beautiful bride was Rose Frances Bellafiore of Jamaica Estates, Long Island. . . Carl CARLSON journeyed to New York recently with his favorite brand of baby carriage lubricant. . . his roommates including yours truly eliminated the responsibility of dragging it all around New York. . . BEAUMONT (the instructor's instructor) is alleged to be capable of taking forty words a minute on the sole of his shoe with a piece of burnt cork. . . This reporter is now trying to chop the stuff into solid granite with a hammer and chisel. . . the class meetings for the last few months have been taken up almost entirely by plans and discussions for the coming class party. . . We know it's going to be a lulu. . . Bert BERTOLINI was seen taking a live mouse on a string for a walk down the companionway and Frank SLATER talking to an imaginary dog. . . Is this what code does to people? . . . Ever since Floyd PACE's wife went back to Iowa he's been in a daze. . . Going to be a pappy. . . Richard Charles GUINEY is seriously considering changing the spelling of his name to GUYKNEE so often is it misread. . . Is it true that Harry ANTROBUS is always the first on the porch at liberty muster? . . . Contributions will be accepted for a new mirror for "Hairless" ANDERSON's room. . . claims the present one makes him look too ugly. . . Jack CAMPBELL is in the Philadelphia Naval Hospital. . . Hope you're back with us soon, Jack. . . George MILNE spends his week ends in New York SPARRING around. . . Those old Saturday morning tests must have been quite a strain on the eyes as comrades POLLACK, SMITH and MARCOTTE are now

sporting specktickles. . . "Shorty" LADNIAK claims to be a lifetime bachelor but there is a persistent rumor abroad that some JANE is taking up a lot of his weekend time. . . Every fourth trip to Boston "Boats" GOULART gets a free ride so often does he patronize the line. . . Lemuel Q. SHOEMAKERNAGEL makes many excursions to room 369, never arrives with an armful and seldom leaves empty handed, so Stan DEATON volunteered to plant five on his whiskers but wound up with a fat eye instead. . . Must be that Saratoga mineral water that makes our Lem so rugged. . . Dillon MILLER says payday makes his BONES ache. . . Bob BLAU says that Washington is sho a big place and it sho is beautiful but it sho ain't Texas. . . Remember this little column is always open for any news scandal, scuttle or just plain dirt, so so long, all you feather merchants and land lubbers, until next month if I last that long . . . CD.

Keep Alive With 55

By DON REES

To corroborate and to prove without a doubt that fact is stranger than fiction, the class went code happy this past month and won a code pennant after having gone three months without one glimpse of that noble liberty banner. To add to this and to the wonderment of all, we came in second for the highest code speed average in the twelfth week of school. At this rate 56 will be beaten to a standstill within the month.

This recent resourcefulness and new found ability of the class was due in part to some of the incidents that have been going on around class and during off hours. For instance, MARTZ with his mind continually on code, keeps putting lighted cigarettes behind his ear. FERRIS and his practical jokes paid

off when he retreated from giving a hotfoot and ran smack into a door. "Mousy" McKENNA gets his intellectual boosts from weekly visits to his home in Irvington, N. J. Recently he told us that he went to JUNIOR highschool the last time he was home and saw quite a few of his old classmates and teachers. RANDALL has become a dyed-in-the-wool vulture for culture the past few weeks and accredits his 94 average in procedure to his forthcoming marriage. Although everyone seems so optimistic, we have one pessimist in PILKO who feels heart broken now that the government has transferred his SPAR. The galloping dominoes have hit the deck for the last time and MURRAY doesn't plan on picking them up now that the good marks have been coming his way. PIERCE can be seen with one of those half acre grins any day now; his wife has arrived in A.C.

OBITUARY:—SCHUTH, beloved member of class 55, damaged his hand on Sco—rather on Feb. 10. His hand is now survived by his left hand and happy opponent.

ABOUT TOWN:—BRADEN, BUCK, BROWN, BROUN and BLUM of room 344 all came into class stiff one morning last month. P.S., stiff from riding bicycles to Longport. QUESTIONS—Who was that lovely lady we saw SMEAD airing on the Boardwalk the other day? Everyone has been wondering why COKE has gone on the alcoholic list. Eddy MORAN was refused said drink at Mahoneys and that's the reason we wonder. Last month we had HAMPTON playing the piano. After a recheck it was found that CLARKE is the ivory tickler, but this by no means leaves HAMPTON out because he is quite a rug-cutter. Apologies to both for the mixup.

QUICKIES:—DUESBERRY is off women for the nth time. . . IZZO prefers bowl haircuts. His is a dilly. . . CASASANTA has a new girlfriend. . . I. L. SHERER is taking a premed course from a student nurse. . . and

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CARGILL says "Polygamy would be my idea of perfect rehabilitation after the war."

We would like to say so long to one swell screwball: WOODWARD, that boy who has always amazed us in every class. ALSTEADT, another fine fellow on the quiet side, has gone to what we hope will be an enjoyable occupation. In closing we would like to say a word to BUCKNER, our former theory instructor, "Thanks, BUCK, for being so patient and we hope that you are feeling OK again after your recent illness."

Dah Dits From 56

By STAN WINER

Decimate, decimate mucho, might well be our theme as we near the end of our fourth month. Watch Standing and Procedure Drill are now on our curriculum, 56 is at last in the advanced bracket and each day finds us closer to that long-awaited day in May.

How many of you saw the debut of Coast Guard Trasia's now famous quartet? 56's WATKINS, HOLCOMB and KATZ and 57's SHAW—nothing amateur about this group—all were professional musicians before entering service and Watkins was a former arranger for West Coast bands as well as professor of music at Falfurris, Texas.

MORELLO, we notice, has moved his former second deck vocalizing to the auditorium for all to enjoy, tho' far be it for Spar 5 to say anything complimentary about 56, nevertheless we heard not a little swooning in the ranks.

You all hear about brother RIGGINS (the executive type). Rig volunteered to sougee lecture room 4 all by his onesy; a painter by trade in civvie days, he just can't stand looking at dirty bulkheads. Among our class room quizz kids we list SCHRAM as the boy who actually knew what was happening in theory, and our silent lad, "Solid" JOHNSON, who never says a word but doesn't miss a trick. The GEMMI-GIBBONS feud continues and the situation remains fluid. "Fat Boy" leads by a pun or so. Every time GIBBONS opens his trap the mouse puts his foot in it.

56 selects as the Spar of the month that very charming blonde young lady in dental clinic who so capably and conscientiously cleaned all our teeth; from the entire class, thanks for a grand job.

Notice that the boys are always on deck for those USO shows featuring the sexy song birds, which seem to be "strictly stock" with the camp shows. The gags remain unchanged but the legs remain unclad, so who's complaining?

SCOOP:—President CORLEY of the renowned Thursday Club wishes to announce the big blowout luncheon to be held at the Entertainers Club; for as he says, "Now boys, we must wind up the season with a bang." The last meeting ended in a near riot with Vice-President CONNELL the recipient of a bust in the mouth.

Now here's where we give you a knock down to the character of the month. A man we are proud to claim as our very own, whose conquests are legendary, whose victories legion. Yes, you've guessed it, it's none other than Donald "Fleetfoot" O'LEARY, better known as the Flying Irishman. Don recently smashed all existing track records for the thousand yard and the mile run at Franklin Field, Philadelphia. To Don we say, well done. Class 56 and the Coast Guard Trasta are proud of you.

Then there are our renowned social climbers, FLOOD, SUTTER and THE RABBIT, recently seen in one of Manhattan's smartest niteries. Who were the debbs in the frilly

frocks, fellows? Oh well, no matter what the gin mill clips, the hangover is just as lousy. Mind you, we are not adverse to imbibing ourselves, but those four bit boiler makers sure leave us limp on Monday mornings; not only that but it shows. What say DOWD? Never touch it! Then close your eyes before you bleed to death.

In Scotland members of the police force are taught that the quickest way to break up a crowd is to pass the hat.

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Static Chasers of 57

By DOUG BROOKS

Come one, come all! You are about to witness one of the most spectacular thrills of the century. We are taking you behind the scenes with class 57. So hang on to your hats. Here we go!

First, we take you into Scotty's morning code class. Here it is 7:45. Scotty: "Take your seats, typing assignment three." There is a mad rush as the boys take that last drag and try to get to their seats before Scotty

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sees us. "The next man who comes in late gets clean-up detail tonight." In walks SILLS.

There is some serious typing for a period of 15 minutes. "Take a rest, boys; T M O 9 with the typewriter. McGRATH, put your feet on the deck."

The morning begins to drag along and now you see some guy limping out of the room. Yes, it is now 9 o'clock. There goes CARLISLE to Sick Bay

A wave of joy fills the room as Scotty says, "Mixed code with the typewriter."

Finally 9:30 arrives. "Row one dismissed." 200 men make a dash for the door. "All right, come back and take your seats, and go out as I tell you."

Now, we look in on the model theory class. It is a few minutes before muster is called, and we find President TUCKER talking to the class. "I was just called in to Mister Dillon's office again this morning. Now, if it isn't asking too much, please, fellows, try and keep the noise down." There is a moment of hurt silence in the room. ABRAMS turns to ACUNIS: "How long is a short circuit?" CARRICO gives HICKS the hot-foot. BAUMAN looks dreamy-eyed at TALBOT—"Isn't that Spar really a beauty?"—And then from some far-flung corner comes the comment of an expected sea-bag inspection. "All right, you guys, wise up and for crying out loud, knock off that noise!" Yes, it is none other than our able Vice-President, Mr. EDWARDS. Instructor Gaskill walks into the room and the noise is brought down to a roar at which it remains until 11:25. Then it starts up again. Gaskill promises a sight-seeing excursion on the Boardwalk. Not a creature stirs, not even PARNAU. At 11:30 BOROSKI wakes up to lead us to the chow-hall. There is the usual uproar on the porch as MASTERSON and ORTYL make a break for the head of the line.

To wind up the day, we all take a weary trudge to Lecture Room 1 for Procedure. Nevertheless, weary though the climb may be, the class is not nearly so tiring. As a

matter of fact, it is our favorite class. (I am sure that mail call at the end of the period could have nothing to do with this.) Banasik throws call signs and Q signals at us, and, though we love it, at times it does become a little confusing.

We drop the curtain on this little episode as the class leaves Procedure and marches proudly and with a high spirit (on liberty

days) up Virginia Avenue.

KENDALL, our theory brain, missed a question on the last week's exam, bringing his average down to 99.5 for nine weeks.

Overheard on the daily news broadcast a few days ago: "... the Russian war communique said—Now hear this, now hear this, the safe is now open."

See you next month.

Keeping 'Em Straight In 58

By P. W. BRINKMEYER

Well, ol' 58 did it. We finally came through and won a couple of pennants. The boys seem to like the extra liberty so we're gunning for more of them. If they were handing them out for duty in "Code Room 7" or for "Procedure On The Boardwalk", we would undoubtedly have them cinched.

Quite a few of our former classmates have "hit the road" lately and we all wish them the best of luck in their future assignments. Their leaving necessitated a re-election of some of the class officers and we are now represented by "Jim" LYONS as president and "Red" WRIGHT as vice-president.

Our basketball team, ably lead by "Flags" CAPEN, defeated classes 53 and 57 but dropped a decision to class 54. The boys are really hot now and looking for more games.

We've put in half of our stay here and time is really flying—but so are the fellows. "Bulb Snatcher" THOMAS leads the big parade to the "Rasslin' Room" in the Franklin and "Mike" VERGES, our drummer boy, leads the stampede to the "V.B."

"Noisy" WARD and "Valentine" SCALE are being true to the gals in blue, but "Hot Lips" REESE and "Louisiana" ROBERTS have rebelled and are courting a couple of WACS.

"Model Husband" VICKERMAN reports that "Tyrone" TROOP, the Staten Island yodler, entertains the boys on the fourth deck with his lurid songs sung Street Singer style. "Gum Beater" NIEHOFF is buddy-

buddy with "Artist" MESSER, but it's all for art, and are those drawings sharp.

"Sandwich Stealer" CASHANIN and his room-mate "Code Happy" CHIANESE have been cheating on their partner "California" COOK. They aren't sharing the loot of grub that they snatch from the incoming liberty hounds. "Frenchy" LITRELL wants to know why we can't hit the treasury up and get a private phone for "Lady Chaser" PANSKY. He says that Pansky is losing weight from that long run to the phone and if this keeps up for a couple more months they'll have to have a nurse feed him vitamin pills between calls. By the way Littrell, how are things down in Yeardon?

"Chubby" APTER almost fouled up here recently; the bed check caught him washing his seaman stripe after taps. We appreciate the try anyhow, Apter.

Nobody in Procedure class bothered to wake "Rip" HERBERT and his snoozing buddy, "Sleepy" EHRMAN on one of those "Blue" Mondays recently, and they both missed noon chow. We should give them more co-operation than that.

"Money Bags" LANE, our treasurer, wanted us to remind you guys that haven't kicked in with a payment on your dues, that you'd better do it now. He says he's short now and could use it. Hmm—maybe we'd better call in the F.B.I.

Well, that's it fellows—don't say we didn't tell you.

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On The Line With 59

By ED BOHTLING

To use a time worn phrase, the service is a great mixer of men and Class 59 is a true cross section. In our recent election during which we re-elected our acting officers by an almost unanimous vote, we came up with the following fellows to represent us for the coming six months. In the key position we retained Jim "General" GRANT who is to be aided by his right hand man, ALVIN—just married—WILKE. No organization is complete without a secretary and treasurer, that position is under the able guidance of "Keys" MELILLO. The handling of our sports activities is to be aptly done by Jim HOLD-RIDGE, and I think that it would be hard to find a better man. While these men held office on a purely temporary basis the first month, they worked hard and I think that their re-election shows clearly that we are behind them all the way.

To help those of us who are not quite able to get those high marks, we have several student instructors who will help you in any way possible. The facilities are there, fellows; remember, the mountain didn't come to Mohammed. The fellows to see are Lee ELLIOTT, Don HAWS, Jack PHILLIPS and Bill TERRELL for Theory. If you have procedure troubles, Sid BURR, Jim JENSEN, Carl OLSON and Rich RICHARDSON are the fellows to see.

We are off to a good start as is evidenced by the fact that we went over the top in the March of Dimes campaign recently as well as the blood donors drive. The code pennant for that extra liberty eluded us by a mere .02 of a point, much to our disappointment of course. Remember our motto, raise the class average by two points a week and shine with 59.

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To leave the subject of studies for a while, I hear that we have some good cagers in the class, and in no time at all our court quintet should be making its debut. Watch the bulletin board for further details.

We haven't been together long enough yet to dig up many choice morsels of scuttlebutt; however, read on, my good men. Why does everyone congregate in Room 141? I understand that the rightful occupants are going to display a U.S.O. sign. Might as well, ANDERSON. Who is that lad, who one night at the roller rink asked a maiden fair for her phone number and was given the Morton number?—eh, "Chicken"? Forewarned is forearmed so, all you Spars take notice, beware of the Washington Wolf in the person of "Mustache" FOX—he is a terror. The last item for this issue is Alvin "Just Married" WILKE came in looking very tired a certain Monday—just a cold, the man says. Oh yeah? So long.

Going Like 60

By HERB HAYDEN

Trailing in the New Year came the better half of Class 59, namely Class 60. Five score and one brave men to attempt to acquire the habits of a radioman. As the needs for a leader became somewhat pressing, a gallant young fellow bearing the name of John SHICKO appeared and was elected as a temporary president. We then chose "Handsome" Stanley CAFARO as his temporary assistant. At the permanent election two weeks later SHICKO was again chosen as president. I think we all agree that he is a very capable and efficient leader. For our vice president, we chose a powerful looking young gentleman who answers to the name of "Irish" John GALLAGHER, and thinking that our boy CAFARO looked more like an athlete than a vice president, we presented him with the job of Athletic Officer. We have as our secretary-treasurer "Honest" (we hope) Frank VENTRY.

As we look at the background of the class, we find that we have 23 states represented as the hunting grounds of the boys. N.Y. leads the field with 13 representatives followed by California with 10, 5 boys from the Bay State, and the others from Mo., Wash., Ill., Ohio, Conn., Ga., Wis., Mich., Fla., N.C., Okla., Pa., Tex., Colo., Ore., R.I., N.J., Me., Ark., and Neb. About 25 fellows are from boot camp and others are mostly salts.

We have been working together as a class just about six weeks and it seems as though the B section of the class happens to be rolling a little faster than the A section. From my recollections of moving vehicles, I have found that you can always move faster when all the wheels are moving together, so let's go and hit the pennant trail in good stride. We've got a code pennant under our belts so far and with a little cooperation we'll slow away a few more.

To get a line on some of our leading personalities, we find that "Bottleneck" EBERHARDT has nearly made his rate as PD man on YEAGLEY's cleanup detail. Jimmy O'BRIEN has recently worked in the old sucker deal (holy matrimony). Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien. Lecture room 5 must really get a good going over on Monday and Thursday with that extra large cleanup crew. How about it, HINKLE? I understand that Ralph PIZARRO is still trying to live up to the merits of his theme song "Rum and Coca-Cola".

As my allotment is nearly used up and my pen ceases to scrawl, I shall close in correct procedure, di da di da dit.

MAIL CALL

Continued from Page 3

berserk or is there still a chance of my getting back to normal?

I am afraid to ask anyone, personally, about my case. That is why I am presenting my problem to you. I hope you can give me some helpful advice.

Anonymous Student
CGTS, Atlantic City, N. J.

◆ Suppose we leave it to the men in the field, who managed to survive the training, to answer your question. Has he a chance, RMs?—Ed.

Memories

Dear Ed—

Thanks for sending that good "ole" mag every month. It sure is appreciated and helps to pass away a lot of lonely time. THE BUG helps to bring back a bunch of good memories of A.C. and don't we need it. For that's about all we have to keep us going—a bunch of memories.

J. E. Cunningham RM3c (Class 42)
U.S. Army FS-144

Plug for the Five B's

Dear Editor—

We have been getting THE BUG regularly every month, and it really hits the spot. Not only with the Radio Gang, but with the other fellows on the ship also. We all think it's one of the best magazines put out. Keep 'em coming. We get a lot of enjoyment from reading the interesting articles, the jokes, and news about buddies we met while at the school. We all wish we could be back there amongst the beautiful buxom Boardwalk bathing beauties, but we're out here in the Pacific pitching and hoping the war will end soon so we can get back where we want to be and where we belong.

Radio Gang
USS "Ontonagon" AOG 36

What We Are Fighting For

Dear Editor—

Concerning the article "I Dare You to Read" (THE BUG, Dec. '44), and what we are fighting for is the concern of every individual who believes in the democratic form of government. We aren't just fighting to "get it over with" as many magazines and newspapers have stated many times. We are fighting for what we believe in, the democratic form of government, to prevent the situations that have occurred in Europe and occupied China. We are fighting for the loved ones back home, we are fighting to keep the things our fathers fought for in the last war and to preserve their integrity. The present war isn't any different than any other war, we are fighting for that in which we believe.

I enjoy reading the "Bug" and I want to thank you for your efforts and hard work. It must be a tough job keeping tabs on all the CGs all over the world.

Edmund J. Nimick AM2c (Class 17)
USS "Enceladus"

Beachhead at Steel Pier?

Dear Editor—

Just a little note from some of the old Class 44 gang. . . . As for liberty, I think you have the edge on us. We've had a two hour

liberty since coming aboard here in December. The Filipino gals seem to look white to us already, but we would like to know where the hell all the SP's come from. We've already had our first taste of battle and hope to make the next beachhead at Steel Pier.

Roland E. Hetfeld RM2c
Paul J. Hentz RM2c

USS LST 204

Great Lakes Convoy

Dear Ed—

1st QSO I've had wid THE BUG since I left AC. It was a real pleasure to hear abt the gud ole days and get a line on how the guys fm rdo schul hr been making out.

Of course this ltr wud not be complete unles it had a few wds of praise for THE BUG. No kidding, fellers, everyone on the "Woodrush" has nothing but praise for that publication. From the Skipper down they enjoy the jokes most of all, also the chance they get to hear abt the rest of the CG. Thanks fm the whole crew and keep 'em coming.

The ship got a little local publicity a few weeks ago when we assisted in the first mid-winter Great Lakes convoy of history. Had plenty of ice and cold weather during the trip. My Louisiana blood is not used to this sort of weather.

We wl bcnu.
George C. Pyle RM2c (Class 23)
CGC "Woodrush"

Plank Reserved

Dear Editor—

Y'know, when they told us that Atlantic City was the best place in the world to be stationed, we believed them. But now we find ourselves dreaming at odd moments . . . wishing we were back!

Just to stroll along the Boardwalk . . . breathe that tangy salt air . . . (on second thought, delete the last phrase) . . . whistle at the Philadelphia commandoes . . . eat hot dogs . . . guzzle beer at KC's or Mahoneys . . . crawl home from Code Room Seven . . . wotta life!

Anyhow, we have a plank reserved in the 'Walk for after the war. And every splinter of it will be ours, personally, just to stand in the middle of and dream of all that was.

Walt Taylor RM3c (Class 42)
USS "Racine"

SPAR-TAR SPLICE



After two years in Greenland where he helped establish the first radio station in that country, CRM Henry Kochollek came back to the ComCenter in New Orleans where he met, courted and married Spar Mary Spangenberg. They are pictured after their honeymoon.

Hurricane and Heinz

Dear Editor—

Received the December issue of THE BUG the day after Xmas. I enjoyed it more than ever before. A few of my shipmates have read it already and they enjoyed it too. The jokes got quite a few laughs and my Executive Officer got Lana Turner to add to his collection of pictures of the fairer sex.

The letter from H. J. Heinz Co. interested me too, as I was one of the men Mr. Heinz talked about; altho my name was not listed. The name of Geo. Stangitis Slc was also omitted. The letter written by H. J. Heinz bore a true note of appreciation and was a fine gesture on his part. I was a member of Class 44 and we graduated the Sat. after the hurricane. Chief Whittington was the fashion plate of the affair in his dazzling whites. . . . Has any class topped Class 44's record of 44 pennants? 44 for 44!

O. H. Rischmann RM3c (Class 44)
FS 150

◆ Class 44's pennant record is still high by a long shot. No other class has yet come close—Ed.

Fame

Dear Editor—

Dec. issue of BUG came thru in fine style—I would bet that this copy is about the most widely read copy issued. Lots of boys out here from old A.C. Our Chief Storekeeper, Chief MacClowd, comes from Seattle, 13thND but when he saw THE BUG he started telling me all about the "Spinning Block"—See how famous youse guys are?

Got a bang out of the profile on Joe Cardinale in Dec. issue—Swell job whoever did it—Ole Chaplain Joe. . . .

W. A. Blaney SK1c
San Francisco, Cal.

Attention, Room 328

Dear Editor—

We receive THE BUG every month, and let me tell you I think it is a damn good mag. By the time we get it in the shack it is worn through by wardroom use. They like it more than we do and they have to go some to do that.

Tell the fellows in room 328 to take good care of that room, because I hope to spend a couple of weeks there after the war, just for memory's sake.

Bob Ritler RM3c (Class 31)
USS "Intensity"

Bear Down on Press

Hi Fellas!

The best of everything in the New Year for continued success with your magazine! We on the "Ingham" really pore over the contents when the latest issue arrives, telling us where all our old radio school classmates are—jabbing the Japs or hunting the Huns.

Seems as if in all the issues someone passes on a bit of info for the boys who are going "through the mill" now. One thing I'd stress for them to bear down on is press—plain language copy. When you are completely out of touch with daily newspapers for a long spell, and when your Rdo won't pick up anything but Tokyo Rose that's when the boys in the shack can really shine with some PX for the old man and the crew. We've had a lot of luck with ours through persistence. We have a nice list of PX schedules made up, so that when anyone feels the press urge, all he's gotta do is to glance at the sheet, pick out a station, tune and copy.

James A. Ryberg RM2c (Class 20)
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