Once Gay Yacht Club Now Devoted to War

GRIM war has transformed the once gay Houston Yacht Club on the Bayou. Gone is the swimming, socializing and dancing, for the Eighth Naval District of the United States Coast Guard. Just a few months ago, it was alive with frigates and troopships, the entertainment of many guests from coastal points as far away as Florida. They broke up clouds of sail which belled in the breeze and sent their fastest yachts skimming over the bay in Gulf Coast Lipton Cup races. In other areas, the Yacht Club was a dance and party with some of the local celebrities as the highlight. Today, the Yacht Club is a drab, enticing and policy-oriented atmosphere.

Recruits arrive at the training center and are lined up before Boot Camp Mate (First Class) J. W. Smith, the figure in the center. It's a quick, effective manner how they train new men and become a part of brilliant social gatherings.

In getting to being his own characteristically, a recruit must do his own laundry. This is standard practice and gives the recruit an important task in the ship. A recruit must clean and fold sheets, clothes, and other items before he is allowed to go on leave.

Yacht Club grounds never before experienced anything like this, Boot Camp Mate, Chicola, being a class in handling a submachine gun.

Recruits learn the ropes of handling a submachine gun.

Introducing John Duran, another first class, contacts on duty and all that goes with it. Every recruit must learn the international flag code and master the Morse code before he is qualified for sea duty.

Chew time is always welcome. Food is plentiful and plentiful and the boys dig into it with gusto.

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Relaxation time with a bridge or two, or just passing time. Maybe there's a pair of old friends around, who could say?