



THE HELM

Spring 2012

Published for members of the USCGC Duane Association

2012 REUNION DATES ANNOUNCED



By Stan Barnes, President

Our 2012 reunion will be held at the Ocean Plaza Beach Resort on beautiful Tybee Island, Georgia, November 7–11, 2012. For reservations you can call 912-786-7777. Tell them that you will be attending the USCGC Duane reunion in November. Your contact person is Kellie Zieba.

The price for rooms are, inside \$89.00 per night and ocean view \$129.00 per night, +13% tax, breakfast included.

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We have several tours of Savannah lined up and dinner at several local restaurants. Please let me know when you make your reservations and the name of your guest so that I can make up

nametags and keep track of those of you coming. As always, we will have a auction; so bring an item or two. There is free parking on site. We will arrange transportation as needed, and most likely we will car pool. If you plan to fly to Savannah, let me know, and I will make plans to pick you up at the airport. I will have more info in the summer edition of the Helm. If you need more information sooner, call or email me. Check out the Ocean Plaza Resort on the web .

In the last edition of the Helm, I mentioned that I was going to put together an Emergency Notification list. I had planned to use the telephone area codes but in looking at the amount of work involved, I have decided to make it much easier by just getting the message to Rick Bogdan so he can put the message on our web site. If the message is about a reunion I will contact those who have made their reservations either by phone or e mail. I hope that this will persuade all of you to check out our web site more often.

The Coast Guard We Once Knew

George Finch

Oregon City, OR 97045



I liked standing on the bridge wing at sunrise with salt spray in my face and clean ocean winds whipping in from the four quarters of the globe—the cutter beneath me feeling like a living thing as her engines drove her swiftly through the sea. I liked the sounds of the Coast Guard - the piercing trill of the boatswains pipe, the syncopated clangor of the ship's bell on the quarterdeck, the harsh squawk of the PA system, and the strong language and laughter of sailors at work.

I liked CG vessels -- nervous darting 255s, plodding buoy tenders, and light ships, sleek 327s and the steady solid hum of the twin engines on the HH16E. I liked the proud names of Coast Guard ships: USS *Bayfield*, USS *Cavalier*, USCGC *Taney*, USCGC *Cosmos*, the Wind class Icebreakers and the USCGC *Bibb* just to name a few.

I liked the lean angular names of CG “shallow water cutters” the 82 footers, *Pt Hudson*, *Pt lookout*, *Cape Trinity* and the *Cape Higgon*. Named for locations around the states. I liked liberty call and the spicy scent of a foreign port. I even liked the never ending paperwork and all hands working parties as my ship filled herself with the multitude of supplies, both mundane and to cut ties to the land and carry out her mission anywhere on the globe where there was water to float her.

I liked sailors, officers and enlisted men from all parts of the land, farms of the Midwest, small towns of New England, from the cities, the mountains and the prairies, from all walks of life. I trusted and depended on them as they trusted and depended on me—for professional competence, for comradeship, for strength and courage. In a word, they were “shipmates”; then and forever.

I liked the surge of adventure in my heart, when the word was passed: “Now set the special sea and anchor detail. All hands to mooring stations for leaving port,” and I liked the infectious thrill of sighting home again, with the waving hands of welcome from family and friends waiting pier side. The work was hard and dangerous; the going rough at times; the

parting from loved ones painful, but the companionship of robust CG laughter, the “all 9 for one and one for all” philosophy of the sea was ever present.

I liked the serenity of the sea after a day of hard ship's work, as flying fish flitted across the wave tops and sunset gave way to night. I liked the feel of the CG Cutter in darkness - the masthead and range lights, the red and green navigation lights and stern light, the pulsating phosphorescence of radar repeaters—they cut through the dusk and joined with the mirror of stars overhead. And I liked drifting off to sleep lulled by the myriad noises large and small that told me that my ship was alive and well, and that my shipmates on watch would keep me safe.

I liked quiet mid-watches with the aroma of strong coffee and PBJ sandwiches—the lifeblood of the CG permeating everywhere. And I liked hectic watches when the exacting minuet of haze-gray shapes racing at flank speed kept all hands on a razor edge of alertness. I liked the sudden electricity of “General quarters, general quarters, all hands man your battle stations,” followed by the hurried clamor of running feet on ladders and the resounding thump of watertight doors as the ship transformed herself in a few brief seconds from a peaceful workplace to a weapon of war—ready for anything.

And I liked the sight of space-age equipment manned by youngsters clad in dungarees and sound-powered phones that their grandfathers would still recognize. I liked the traditions of the CG and the men and women who served so valiantly. These few gave so much in service to their country. A sailor could find much in the CG: comrades-in-arms, pride in self and country, mastery of the seaman's trade. An adolescent could find adulthood. In years to come, when sailors are home from the sea, they will still remember with fondness and respect the ocean in all its moods—the impossible shimmering mirror calm and the storm-tossed green water surging over the bow.

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And then there will come again a faint whiff of stack gas, a faint echo of engine and rudder orders, a vision of the bright bunting of signal flags snapping at the yardarm, a refrain of hearty laughter in the wardroom and chief's quarters and mess decks. Gone ashore for good they will grow wistful about their CG days, when the seas belonged to them and a new port of call was ever over the horizon.

Remembering this, they will stand taller and say, "***I was and am a Coast Guardsman.***" For "***Once a Coast Guardsman always a Coast Guardsman.***"

Reprinted from the CG CW Operator's Association newsletter



Crossed the Bar

Jimmy D. Jones

Henry Keane Oct. 5, 2011

Visit the official Duane Association web site created and hosted by Rick Bogdan.

<http://home.comcast.net/~whec33>

You can download a membership application and PDF copies of this newsletter.



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U.S. Coast Guard Base Boston — Today

Photos by Jay Schmidt



The “new” USCGC Spencer

**USCGC DUANE
SHIP'S STORE
ORDER FORM**

ITEM	PRICE	SIZE
TEE SHIRTS	\$24.00	S M L XL 2X
POLO SHIRTS	\$28.00	S M L XL 2X
SWEATSHIRTS	\$32.00	S M L XL 2X
WINDBREAKERS	\$45.00	S M L XL 2X
HATS	\$20.00	
PATCHES	\$8.00	
SHIPPING:	\$8.00	
TOTAL:	\$ _____	

NAME:
ADDRESS:
PHONE NUMBER:
E MAIL ADDRESS:
RATE/RANK:
YEARS ONBOARD:

ALL ORDERS LARGER THAN 2X WILL HAVE AN ADDITIONAL CHAGE

SEND YOUR ORDER TO: USCGC DUANE ASSOCIATION C/O STAN BARNES 381 STAGE ROAD, SANBORNTON, NH 03269

Spring 2012

Not a member? Join the USCGC Duane Association

2012 Membership and Renewal Application USCGC Duane Association

Membership runs from January to December. Dues are \$35 year.

Name

Spouse name

Your nickname (first name)

Street

City

State

Zip

Telephone

Email (required for download notification)

Years served on Duane: 19__ to 19__

Rank/rate while on board

Highest Rank/rate

USCG year retired

2012 Membership

Renewal

New Member

I wish to receive the newsletter: Via mail (black & white) Download (full color) from our site

Please send a check for \$35 made out to "USCGC Duane Association" to:

Tom Grabowski, 705 Meadowbrook Road, Trafford, PA 15085

Please cut along lines before mailing

