

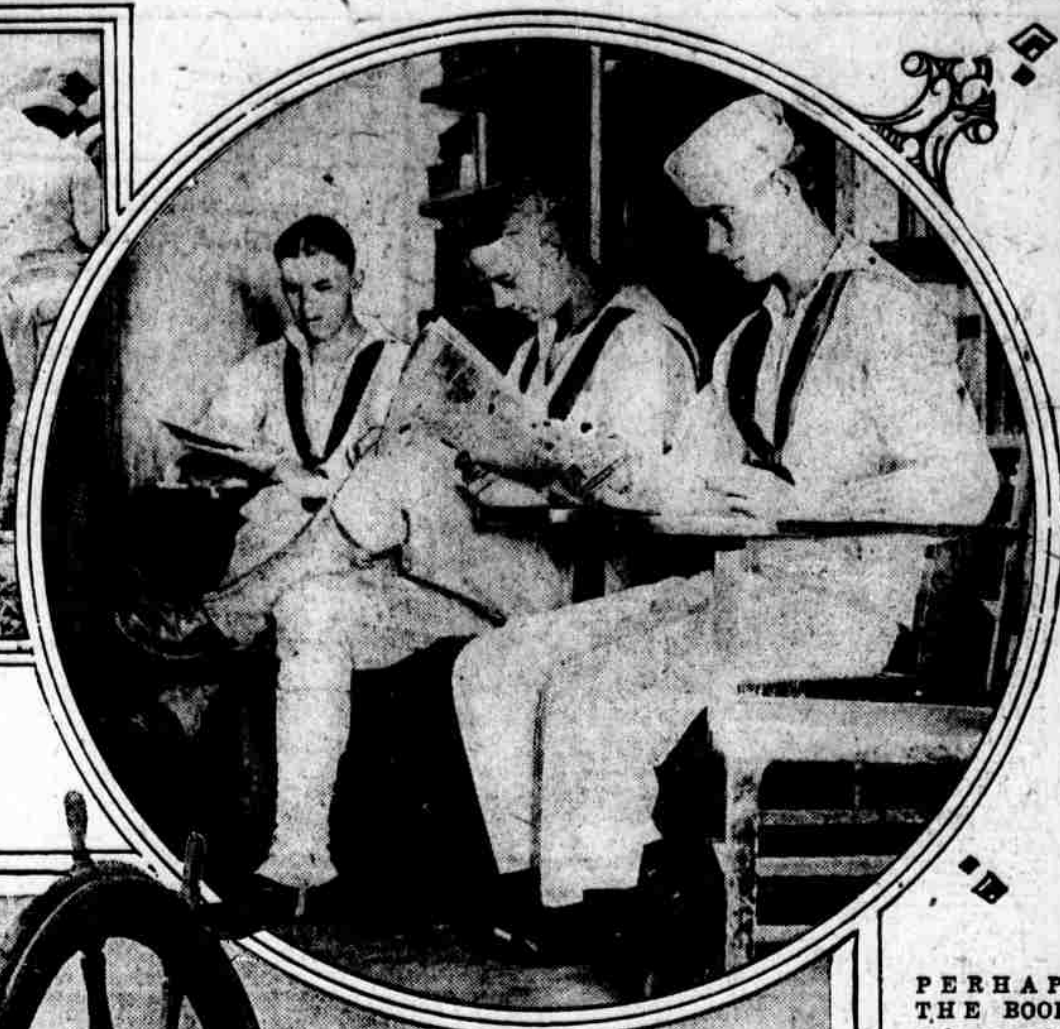
Evening Public Ledger

Philadelphia, Thursday, June 27, 1918

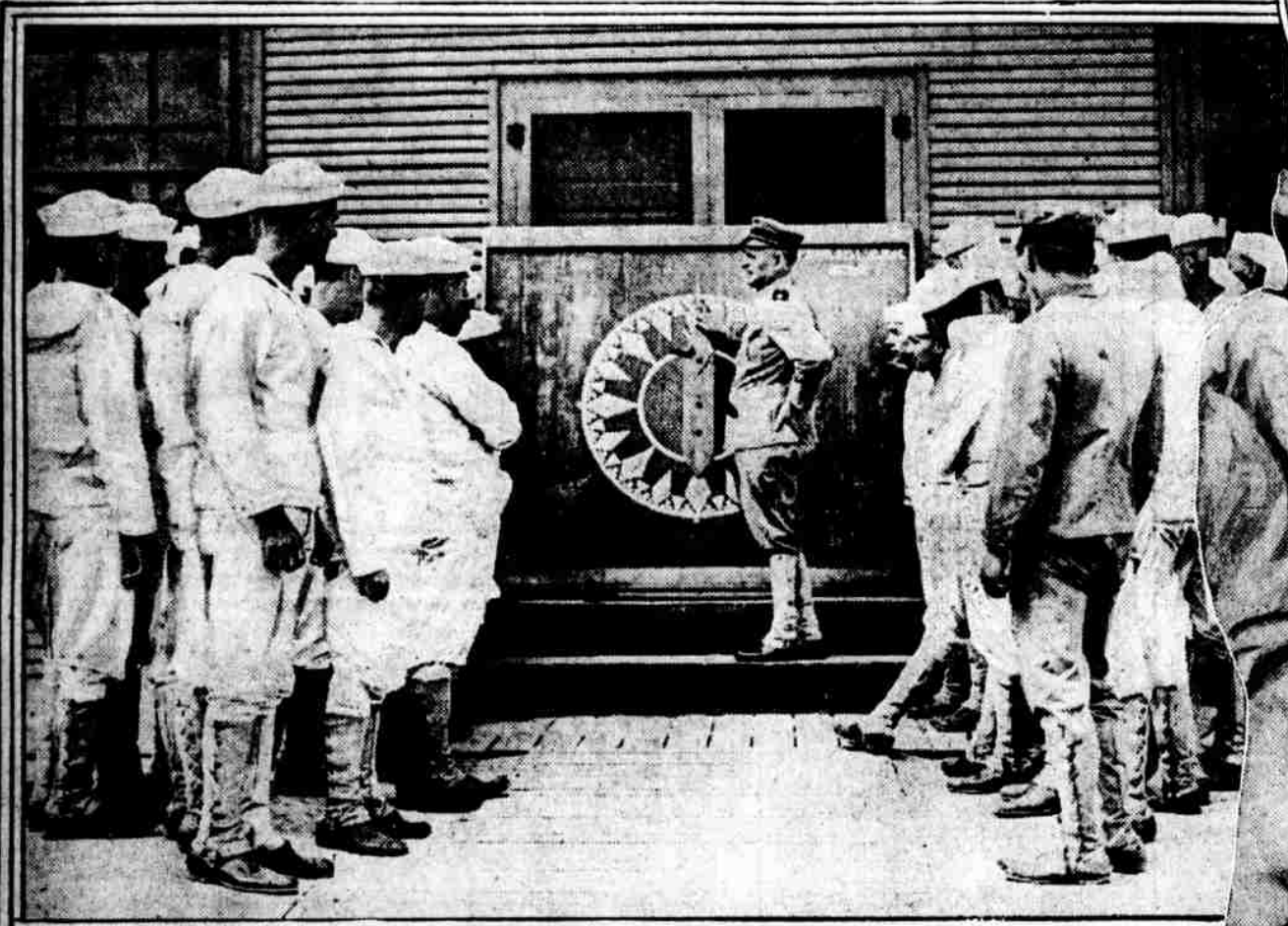
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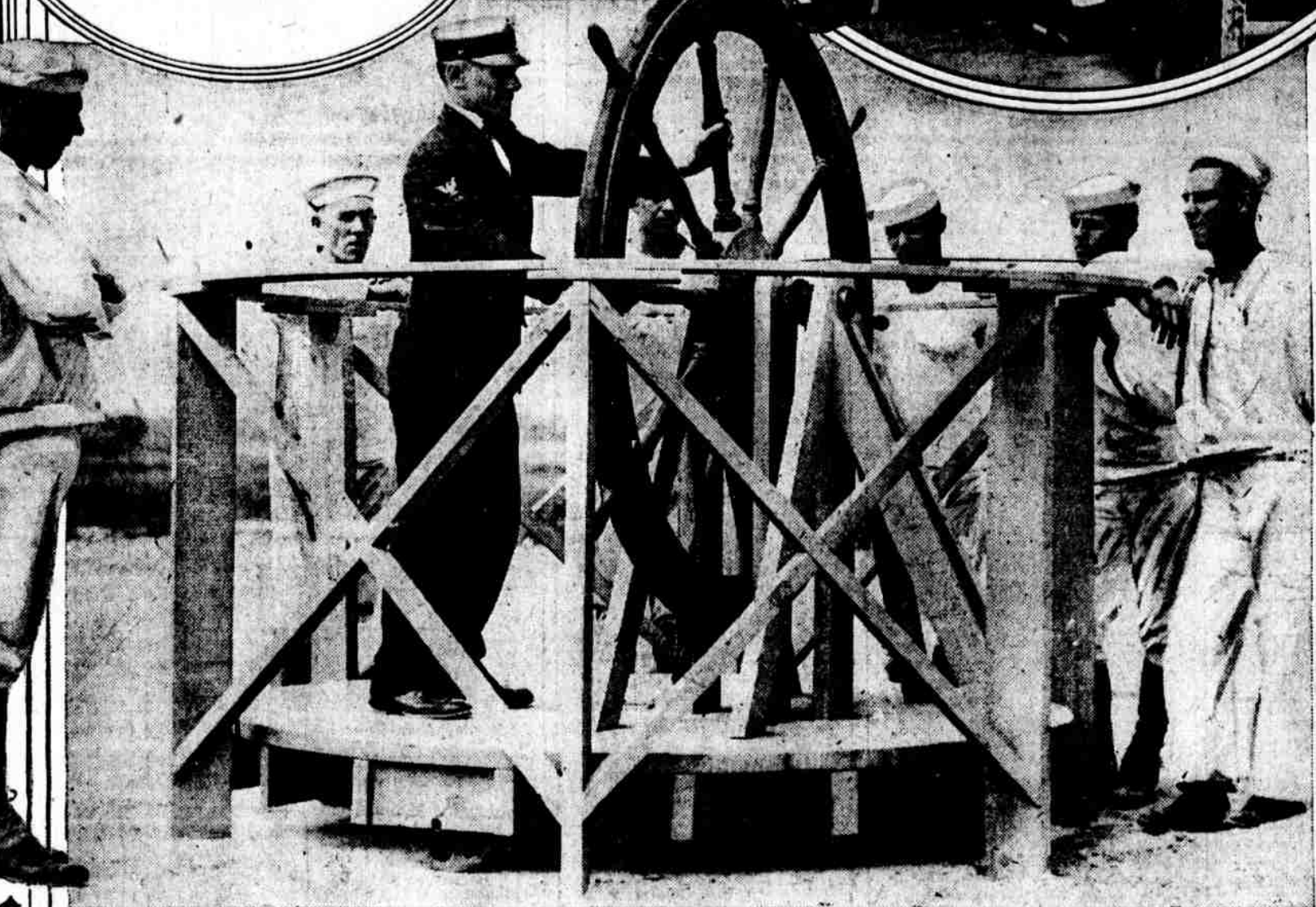
A YEAR AGO THE PESKY U-BOATS meant little or nothing in the lives of these sturdy young Philadelphians, now naval coast defense reservists at the Cape May base, where they are learning to man the guns that are helping wipe the submarines from the seas.



PERHAPS THE BOOKS and magazines you contributed to the soldiers and sailors are resting on the library shelves at Wissahickon Barracks. If so, you can rest assured they are being immensely enjoyed.



With Uncle Sam's Coast Defenders Acquiring Their Sea Legs at Wissahickon Barracks

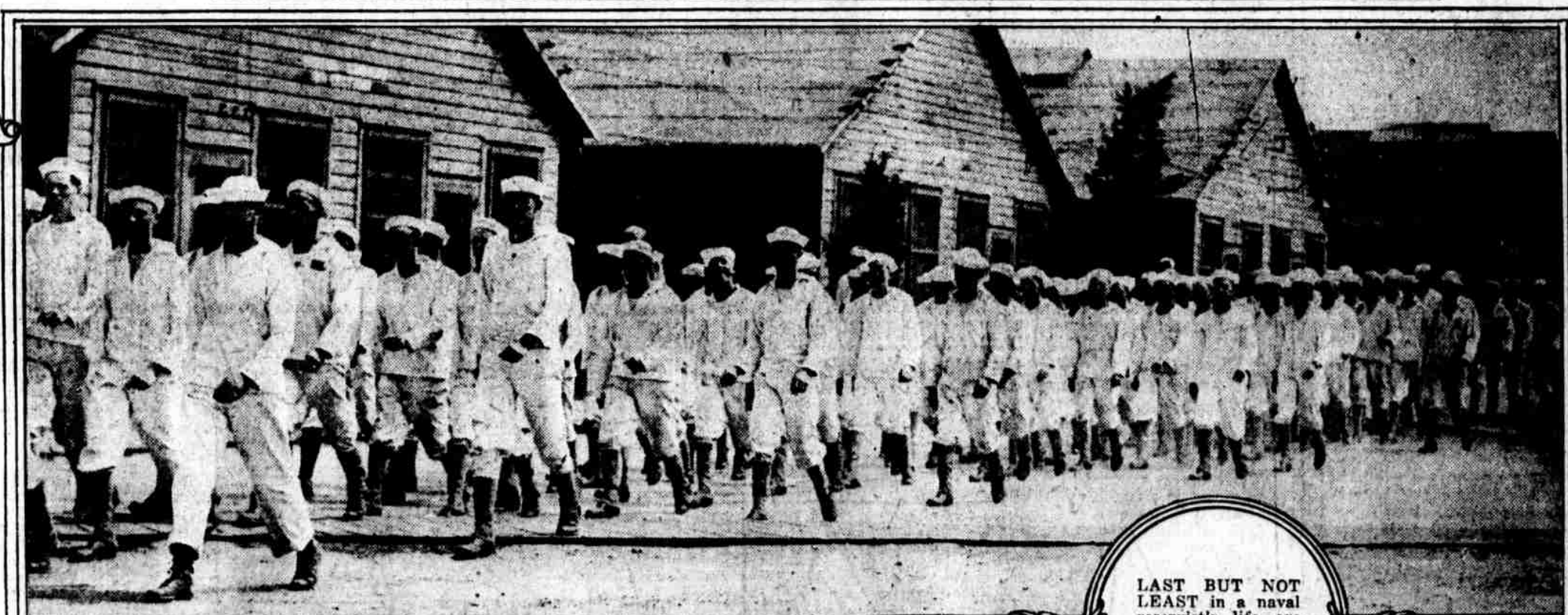


A GOOD SAILOR must be a good pilot, and since they are turning out only good sailors at Cape May, the science of steering is not being neglected.



TO A LAND-LUBBER the compass is an instrument of great mystery, but, of course, that no longer is true of the lads at Cape May.

DESPITE THE UNPOPULARITY of duty with the "kitchen police," these assistants to His Honor the Cook cannot exactly be called disconsolate.



LAST BUT NOT LEAST in a naval reservist's life are the hike and the signal drill, exactly as here portrayed.

