

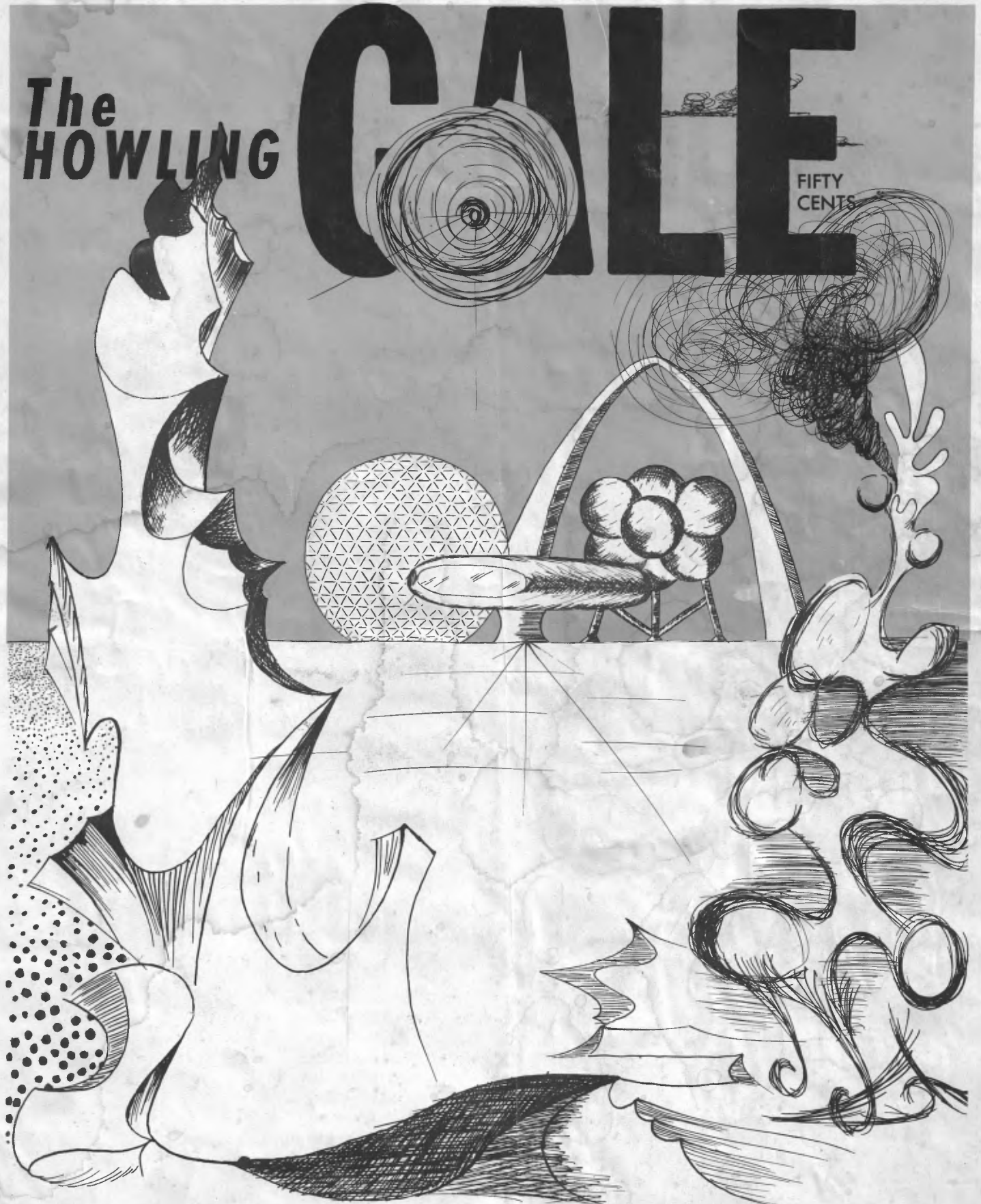
Tara Maloney

NOVEMBER 1968
VOL. 17, NO. 2

**The
HOWLING**

GALE

FIFTY
CENTS



ACADEMY 2000

FOOTBALL QUEEN



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MISS

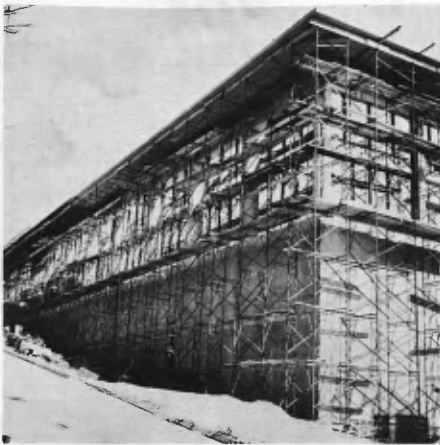
Colleen Sullivan

CGA's queen of football hails from Riverside, California. She is 5'5" and measures 36-23-35 from tip to bottom. Presently a sophomore at California State College at Long Beach, Colleen is a French major and hopes to teach at the high school level in the near future. Skindiving, swimming, and miniature golf are the favorite hobbies of this California girl of the sun, now New London's girl of the smog. She will reign during Parent's Weekend, November 9th and 10th, all expenses paid by (yours truly) THE HOWLING GALE.

THE HOWLING GALE

CADET MAGAZINE OF
THE USCG ACADEMY

VOLUME 17, NO. 2
NOVEMBER 1968



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THE NIGHT ORDERS

The Waldorf Astoria — with its padded headboards and chandeliered bathrooms — was our home. Wine, women, and song, ah yes! And, lest we forget, the scene of the annual Associated Collegiate Press convention. This is the second consecutive year that the HOWLING GALE has sent representatives to this conference (last year's was in Chicago), and the Academy TIDE RIPS organization joined forces with us this year — the first time they mixed thoughts (and a few 7&7's) with college magazine and year book editors throughout the country.

Being a magazine of a military school, it is commonly thought that

we are extremely limited in what we can say, think, and do. But within our little sphere of influence, our own little grain of sand, we find that we have comparable freedom of expression with any college magazine in the country, barring of course Columbia's and Berkeley's. I can feel the askance looks now as I state this, but in line with good taste and common sense, we are almost college Joes as far as magazines are concerned.

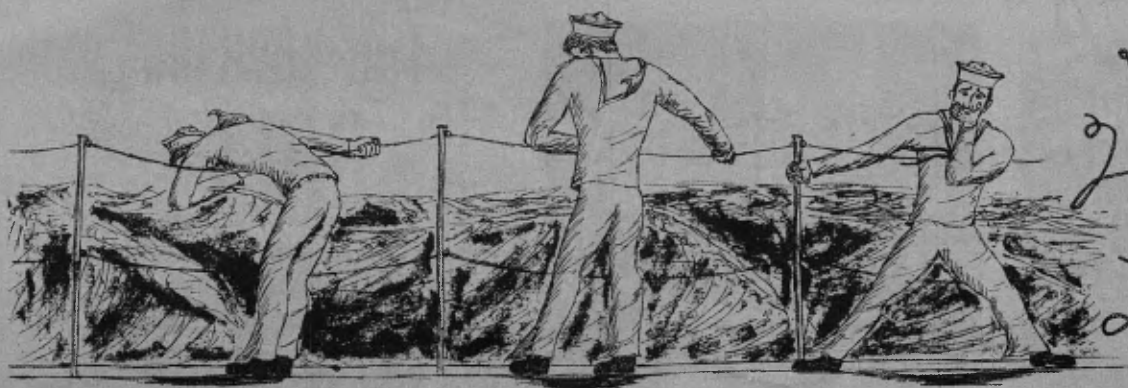
Expansion is our theme for this our November 1968 issue. By looking at proposed plans for future facilities here at CGA, you begin to feel how Hopley Yeaton would, after stepping off the good ship Dobbin, to discover our present set up. This begins on Page 11.

The last issue was well received, and we thank you all for your kind comments. All we can say is "keep your money and letters coming," in that order. We are beginning to see the light of day financially, but moths still abound in our treasury, which is actually a King Edward's cigar box and a check book. More subscriptions and advertisements are definitely on order.

Parents' Weekend this weekend, November 9-10. And our football queen will be there, flown via Howling Gale all the way from California. Next year's queen's coming from Conn. College, I hope. We can afford the cab fare . . .

See you Christmas.

DDR



The Hearing Line

SOCIAL AMENITIES

"Well grounded in seamanship, the sciences, and the amenities . . ."

The amenities? How can it be possible to be "well grounded" in the amenities? And, in the first place, just what, fauna or flora, is an amenity?

Definition: amenity is the quality of being pleasant or agreeable, a manner expressive of or conducive to pleasantness or smoothness of social intercourse.

And a Cadet is well grounded in being pleasant and smooth in social contacts. Picture – a young, suave, debonair Cadet sauntering leisurely down the tree lined, spotless boulevards of the greater New London area. On his arm, of course, is the charming vivacious green eyed blonde with a feeling for the gayness and grandeur that is New England. She has the sculptured face and the lithesome, slim body of perfection that is so common to this area. She dances gaily along the street, her feet appear to be barely touching the sparkling white pavement. Her mouth is opened slightly, her teeth glittering in the sunlight and you can hear her bubble with happiness and the carefree attitude of youth. Her shimmering blonde hair streams out behind her. Her escort – the suave young man presents a figure that can only be admired. Walking straight and tall in his spotless, tailored blue suit, trimmed with well placed gold stripes and buttons that accentuate his every feature, he eases himself through the life around him, which has stopped in awe to let him pass.

Later, after dark, you know that you will find them at the theater gathering culture, or perhaps at the new

Parisian night club enjoying an evening of dancing and light-heartedness. You would be certain to find them in a quiet restaurant on the bank of the river at dusk, sitting by the window, with a panoramic harbor quietly bringing its day to a close. There they are – in the dim candlelight atmosphere, leaning slightly toward each other across the small table and gazing directly into each other's eyes.

Ah, but this man is certainly well grounded!

But standing in the way of that golden Pie-in-the-Sky goal of Social Amenitability are a few obstacles. There is first and foremost the CONDUCT GRADE (lightning crashes in the background). It is rather difficult to be a gay blade when you are alone and restricted to your room after dark. Next, is money, spelled \$\$\$\$\$. If you save your monthly allowance for a couple of months, then you are ready for the lithesome blondes, the sparkling boulevards, and the Parisian night club. Truly a weekend to remember. Only two more months, my dear, then we shall again parade the streets lost in happiness and love; that is, if I'm not restricted.

A true indication of amenity is your class. The higher you go, the more frequent and bountiful are the privileges, until you reach the middle of first class year. Then you are THE ULTIMATE. You are suave, vibrant, alive, young, and thrilling, socially amendable par excellence, which is about equivalent to a first semester freshman at Purdue or UCLA or any other college.

But all seriousness aside, to be socially amendable, that is, full of the social amenities, is a goal well worth achieving, well worth being well grounded in. It is but one of the many challenges that faces the Cadet in his day to day existence.

These fingers once trembled uncontrollably.

The affliction, Parkinson's disease or "shaking palsy." Its cause, a bit of diseased tissue deep within the brain—making the hands tremble uncontrollably.

For years, doctors tried many ways of destroying the troublesome spot. Today, in carefully selected patients, operations for Parkinson's disease are performed safely and successfully with a new type of surgery based on cryogenics—the science of extreme cold—that was pioneered by Union Carbide.

Working with surgeons at Saint Barnabas Hospital, New York City, Union Carbide designed equipment by which the intense cold of liquid nitrogen, at 320 degrees below zero F., is applied with pinpoint exactness to the diseased tissue. Instantly frozen and destroyed, the uncontrollable trembling ceases.

Medical science is finding more and more uses for intense cold—another example of how Union Carbide takes familiar things and puts them to new and beneficial uses.

Union Carbide Corporation, 270 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. An equal opportunity employer.



**UNION
CARBIDE**

THE DISCOVERY COMPANY



A Company

To date, A Company ranks up with the leaders in InterCompany competition. In IC sports A Company holds a solid second in three sports. The softball team owns a 7-3 record. Barry Kane's hurling and the hard hitting of Bill Bowen and Chuck More lead the team in their drive for first. The aerial tennis team is in there too with a 7-3 slate. The quick paddles of Steve Hungness and Ed Walsh have proven to be winning ones. The tennis team led by Mike Pawlick has a very impressive 9-1 record with more wins to follow. Overall A Co.'s IC teams have racked up 23.5 points.

In Varsity football, Rabbit Cross showed Norwich his lightning speed with his 63 yard TD sprint. John Finklea provides the pile driving force for many first downs. Tom Davis, Gale Fisk, and Nick Burakow light the spark which ignites the Bear's tough defense. Ben Satterwhite and Jeff Walters show our opposition what the Class of '71 can do.

In Drilldown 4/c Coker and Wissman have added 4 points to IC competition. Jobs well done!

With all this talent, the other seven companies better watch out because A Company is IN THERE!!!

B Company

It has been a good month for the Corps BEST company. The Bohemian's IC tennis team is undefeated and the football and softball teams are having respectable seasons. Mem-

bers of the tennis team include Ed Carapezza 1/c, Henry Rohrs 2/c, Greg Johnson 4/c, and Greg Goodwin 4/c.

Fourth-classman Bruce McCurdy and Ben Abiles won weekly Regimental Drilldowns this month.

On October 11, the Company was honored to have as a visitor RADM. Bullard, Commander 8th Coast Guard District. The 8th District sponsors B-Company under the company adoption plan. District headquarters are in New Orleans, La.

Bravo Company would like to congratulate quarterback Charlie Pike 3/c and tight-end Bob Wise 1/c for their part in the fine victory over Wesleyan. In addition we would like to praise members of all teams involved in the sweep over Wesleyan and the Freshman Football victory over W.P.I.

C Company

The big-hearted, Go Bears, all-the-way Charlie Company has made its way through another month. Our IC teams have been doing very well and those of us on Varsity teams have been doing outstanding jobs. Our adopted 7th District sent up RADM. Pins to talk with our Company Commander. We can expect a closer tie with the District in the future. Also, the Admiral spent much time discussing his "maneuvers" as a First Classman.

At the same time a certain 1/c was in the process of collecting material for his book entitled "What To Do And Say On A Date With An Ad-

miral's Daughter" or "I Want My First Billet In the Transportation Department." And last, but not least, a member of our company has won the Cadet Dubious Achievement Award.

D Company

When people talk about the action scene, they're talking about Delta Company. Since Howling Gale's last issue, things have been happening up on the 4th Deck. The company was honored by a visit from the Commander of the 17th Coast Guard



District, RADM. Hammond. The 17th Coast Guard District, with headquarters in Juneau, Alaska, is the sponsoring district for D-Company. The first classmen of the company were privileged to meet with the Admiral, and his visit was a memorable occasion for the whole company.

On the side of Activities, the company came back two weeks in succession with victories at Drilldown. The proud winners were John Whitehouse and Jim McEntire, class of '72. The company also placed 2nd in drill competition on three different weeks.

A big aid to the football team's fine victory over Wesleyan was cornerback Al Boetig. We look for more fine work from Paul Holland and Bob Bush, Class of '71. We're hoping they can keep up the good work.

E Company

Once again Echo Company has all the other companies running scared. Even before the first make "the machine" has rolled up an impressive 3 firsts in drill out of a possible four, thus establishing a tough goal for our competitors and has put up a good showing in football at the same time. Up until the first week in October, the softball team had not been doing so well, but lately it has been doing a superlative job of beating all comers.

So sports fans and parade lovers, keep your eyes on E-company as they march into another year as NUMBER ONE.

F Company

THE FOXTROT FOCUS

Once again your fearless forecaster is back to comment on anything of importance. The F-Troop IC teams have been doing quite well, especially the football team which is entrenched in second place and the softball team who has simply made the race no contest as they remain undefeated 11-0 with but three games remaining.

Homecoming weekend was indeed a big weekend for all and was marked by an impressive win on the drill

field for F-Co. marchers in a review for the various District Commanders. RADM. E. C. Allen, 5th District Commander visited the district's adopted company and presented us with a binder of the floating units of the 5th District.

Another fact worthy of note is that twenty-five per cent of the undefeated Freshmen Football team are F-Troopers. Also, Don Estes 3/c is one of the front runners on the Varsity Cross Country team which sports an 11-0 record.

It's all victory for F-Co.!

G Company

GOUP POLE GOSSIP

The high point of the month in G Co. occurred on 11 October with the visit of RADM. Tighe, 11th District Commander and Golf Company Sponsor, in conjunction with the Annual Conference of District Commanders and Company Sponsors. Admiral Tighe was previously Commander of the 9th District which sponsors Alpha Company and seemed pleased with his promotion to the sponsorship of our company. Here "within the Walls", Dave Humphrey's IC football team (7-4) has slipped to second place while Pete Lenes's softball team (7-4) has held their third place position. The aerial tennis team (6-6) is in a close race for third place and it appears that only the company's tennis team will fail to capture points in the Fall Competition.



H Company

It appears the hottest thing in H-Co is the Corps wide weekend, Steve Rottier, and the coffee pot. Company competition doesn't find us in the higher levels, but with the new review system, we can watch and see how it is done. Maybe we can get overtime—IC sport fans are awaiting a comeback, but an injury has taken our captain from the football team to the tennis courts.

WHAT'S NEW

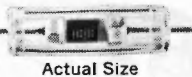
WITH THE COMPANIES?

READ:

COMPANY HAPPENINGS

Our laser raises resistors' resistance.

Zap! And another delicate, precision resistor is trimmed to exacting tolerance—right through its glass envelope.



In times past we trimmed these resistors by mechanically removing deposited carbon from the ceramic cores—before we sealed them in an inert atmosphere. But the heat of sealing the glass capsules sometimes changed the resistors' value.

Now we're using a new method:

Glass enclose the resistor first. Then direct carefully aimed q-switched laser beams through the glass. With about 20 to 40 billionths of a second pulses, some of the carbon is removed, in the form of spaced strips, increasing resistance until the exact value is reached.

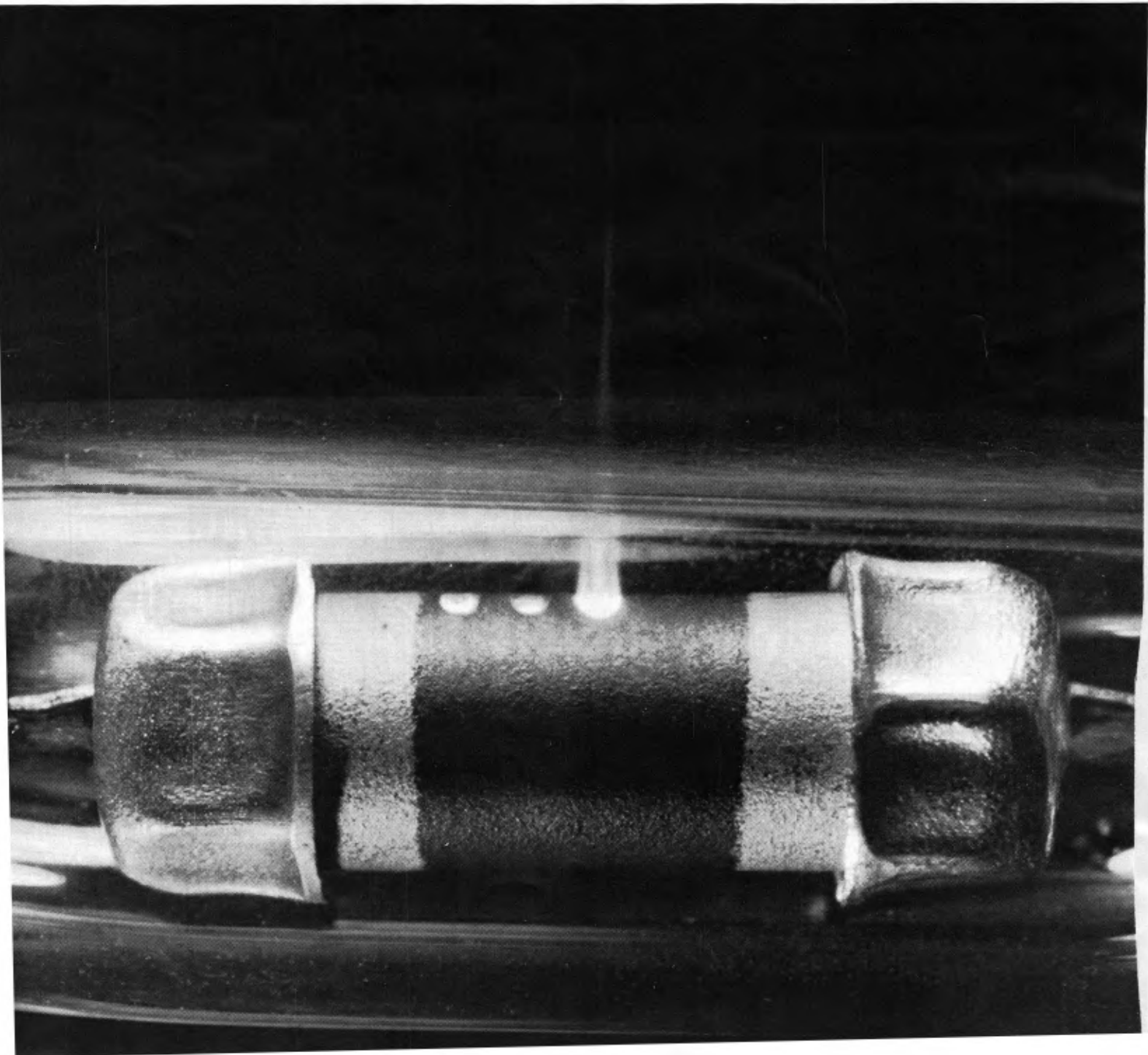
Western Electric builds these devices to withstand trying conditions. Long-distance coaxial cables have them in repeaters every four miles. Without high

reliability and stability, messages might be garbled by device variations caused by tropical humidity, desert heat or winter cold. So, we've had to develop some equally rigorous manufacturing techniques.

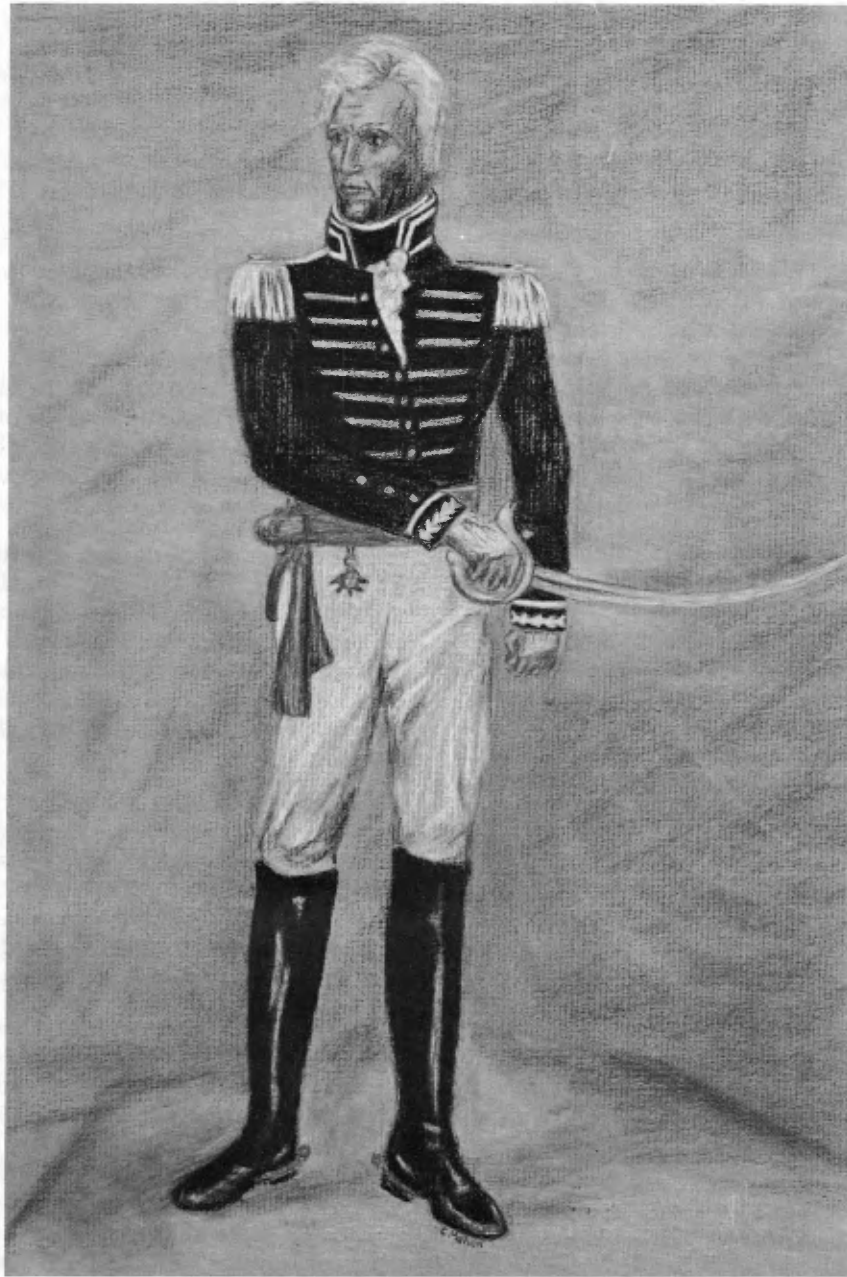
Not everything we make for the Bell System is required to battle the elements, but all must have the same kind of reliability. Because we're in the Bell System to help it serve you better.



Western Electric
MANUFACTURING & SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM



THE HERO PRESIDENTS



ANDREW JACKSON – OLD HICKORY

A TOWER OF POWER

TOWERING in popularity above his famous contemporaries—Adams, Clay, Webster, Van Buren, and Calhoun—was Andrew Jackson, the seventh President of the United States, and the second of the Hero Presidents. Old Hickory, as the press knew him, or more simply “The General,” as his

intimates called him, dominated the political scene from his election in 1828 up until the outbreak of the bitter Civil War. In later years, Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman were both likened to this cantankerous soldier president, and both men considered the statement a compliment.

There is no doubt that Andrew Jackson and his influence on the political climate, known appropriately as Jacksonian Democracy, cannot be ignored, for it shaped and molded the times in which he lived.

Born in the rough and tumble days on the Carolina Frontier, the will

and strength to carry on a good fight were ingrained in Jackson. At the tender — if Old Hickory could ever have been “tender” — age of 13, he joined the militia and marched off to fight during the Revolutionary War. And later as a storyteller around a fireplace, Jackson loved to tell of the time, when as a young prisoner of war, he was struck by the sword of an English Officer when he refused to shine the Gentleman’s boots. Stubborn like a mule, but intelligent like a fox, these were the qualities that would remain with the “Gineral”, throughout his long and action-packed life.

After the Revolutionary War was won, he emigrated to Tennessee and there grew to maturity. He began a successful career as a lawyer, and acquired land, slaves, and blooded horses. His influence got him elected Senator in the United States Congress and he helped draft the Constitution of Tennessee. With the outbreak of the War of 1812, Andrew Jackson assumed command of the Tennessee Militia. And thus he began his ascent into national history.

As brash and daring as he was as a child, Andrew Jackson was in bed recovering from a pistol shot received in a street brawl with Thomas Benton, future Senator from Missouri, when news reached him that the Upper Creek Indians, roused and led by the great Chief Tecumseh, had captured the American Ft. Mims above Mobile, along with 269 white scalps. The Creek tribe, long allies of the British, represented a real military force, and within a month Jackson met them head-on with 2500 militia men and a band of friendly Choctaw Indians. The year was 1813.

At first, the Tennessee militia men showed a strong tendency to turn heels when they saw Indians and panic. But after Old Hickory Jackson flexed his muscles and executed a few cowardly militia men to create encouragement to others, his men knuckled down and broke the back of the powerful Creek nation. Losing only 26 men and 23 Indian allies, compared with 557 Creek Indian losses, Jackson gave Tecumseh some of his own bitter medicine, while establishing a Jacksonian military precedence: if you did battle with the “Gineral”, you stood to lose in big numbers. The Creek Indian treaty opened up 2/3 of Alabama, the heart of the Cotton Kingdom, to white settlement and Negro slavery.

Exercising his own authority, General Jackson continued into Florida and crushed the British, who had recently landed in Pensacola. But the battle that would forever burn the name of Andrew Jackson into the books of history was yet to come — The Battle of New Orleans.

The strategy of the British was to annex Louisiana, thereby forcing it to become a British satellite. The Redcoats landed in full force with 6 ships, 14 frigates, and 7500 well trained troops. General Jackson, who did not know the meaning of defeat, went to the rescue with but 5,000 tired militia men and 2 15-gun sloops of war. By fate, a transportation delay kept the British from moving directly into New Orleans. This gave crafty Jackson the military edge that he needed.

Jackson dug in, and on January 8, 1815, massacred

the British regulars as 5300 redcoats marched in strict column formation into the face of his entrenched men. The result of the bloody, though one-sided battle, was 2,000 British killed or wounded, while a fantastic low of 13 Americans lost their lives. Old Hickory had won again, and won big. Since the peace treaty for the War of 1812 had been signed two weeks earlier on Christmas Eve, the astounding victory had no military value, but the brilliant General won a name for himself, a name that skyrocketed him into the White House.

Jackson was the epitome of the American Dream, a man with a myth that proved to the poor and down-trodden that a man born in a log cabin, as indeed Jackson had been, could become rich and a military hero, and be popular and well versed enough to be elected to the highest position in the land. In 1828 he was elected President of the United States, States, the favorite of all, except those intellectuals who had been pushed out of office and who wanted no part in the homespun aura of this great man.

The President elect was a striking figure. A rugged 62 years old, 6’1” tall, 145 pounds, slim and straight as a ramrod, he packed Washington on the day of his inauguration. After he was sworn in and had delivered his address, he saddled a horse and rode up the street to the White House, with an informal and unplanned parade of people following him, the Pied Piper of Washington.

But the throng did not stop at the White House doors. It followed the new president into the Presidential mansion. The press of well wishers was so great that Jackson had to escape for his life via a rear window. Glasses were broken and trodden underfoot, punch was spilled, and damask chairs soiled by muddy boots. A riotous beginning to an active eight years.

But was this great military hero equipped to handle the complex responsibilities of the White House? As a man, Old Hickory saw no shades of gray; everything was either stark white or dark black. A stern disciplinarian, as witnessed by many militia men, Jackson was accustomed to be in command and to be therefore obeyed. He was quick to anger and slow to forgive, but possessed a gentleman’s sense of honor and a gallant attitude toward the “fair” as he called the other sex. He was quick to institute his own brand of Americanism, Jacksonian Democracy.

So was Andrew Jackson fit to govern? Ask Old Hickory, you could count on him for a straightforward answer.

Jacksonian Democracy was truly a nationalistic movement which opposed disunion and knew no geometric limits. It held a vast contempt for the intellectuals, and for this the opposing Whig Party used the jackass as a symbol of the supposed ignorance of Old Hickory. The symbol was happily adopted by Jackson’s Democrats, and remains their symbol to this day. Jackson believed in equality for the white man only, and did not want to pull men of wealth down, but wanted to give every man a fair chance to rise. He wanted roads, canals, and



railroads to be chartered and aided by the state, with no federal government intervention or sharing the expected profits.

A sign of Jackson's times was a new appetite for political and military titles. Before Jackson made the Washington scene, nobody thought of addressing officials under President as anything but plain "Mister". But from Jackson on, every man had to be "Senator-this" or "Mister Secretary-" or "Mister Governor-that." As the writer W. S. Gilbert parodied at the time: When everyone is somebody— Then no one's anybody.

When Jackson assumed the Presidency, his brawling and active life was beginning to catch up with him. No President suffered from so many continual and painful illnesses. When he was sworn in, he carried two bullets in his body which constantly poured their poisons into his system. He was plagued with constant headaches, chronic dysentery, nephritis, and bronchitis. He had

two severe pulmonary hemorrhages and several attacks of dropsy. The Old Hickory it appears was rather wormy.

But this did not hamper his style. He was a noisy debater and duellist and introduced the Spoils System to federal politics, which catered to mediocrity and diluted high office with the incompetent and corrupt. He was suspicious of privilege and ruined the Bank of the United States by depositing federal funds with the state banks. His slogan — Let the people rule — brought federal politics down to the state and local level, but Old Hickory was not disinclined to use constitutional force if needed. When South Carolina refused to collect imports under his protective tariff, he ordered army and navy forces into Charleston, a strong reminder of who's boss in the nation-state conflict. In an effort to bring the nomination of the President closer to the people, he instituted the national convention as the nominating device instead of the age-old Congressional caucus, a remnant of Washington's days.

After "reigning" for two terms, the indomitable Jackson appointed his successor, Martin Van Buren. After a term of Whig opposition, he returned to the saddle in the person of James K. Polk, known as Young Hickory, who was followed by Zachary Taylor, a tired old general who died in office. Then came Franklin Pierce and James Buchanan, who had been previously aged in Old Hickory's wisdom. So, although Andrew Jackson died in 1845 at the ripe old age of 78 years old, his influence in American politics lingered up until the outbreak of the Civil War.

A tower of power, Andrew Jackson was a man who knew what he wanted and always knew how to get it. Strict, unyielding, with skin as thick as leather, he lead the country like he did the Tennessee Militia, with an iron fist, allowing no questions of his authority to arise. A very successful General, he was a popular and influential President who turned the political structure of the time upside down. Andrew Jackson, the second of the Hero Presidents.

NEXT: ULYSSES S. GRANT

The Scrubby, Seedy-Looking General

IN THE GUARD

THE Coast Guard icebreaker Glacier (WAGB-4), largest U. S. icebreaker and veteran of 13 South Pole voyages, will carry special communications equipment to the Antarctic Sea this winter in a program designed to test and improve satellite communications equipment in three areas: tele-communications, navigation and weather.

On board the USCGC Glacier will be a satellite communications terminal designed and produced for the Navy by Electronic Communications, Inc. (ECI) of St. Petersburg, Fla. It will be a duplicate of satellite terminals developed for use in the forthcoming Department of Defense LES-6 (Lincoln Experimental Satellite) communications relay program.

The Coast Guard has been engaged in satellite communication experiments since February of 1967. During the spring of that year, the U. S. Coast Guard Cutter Klamath transmitted the first ship-to-shore, voice and radio-teletype message by satellite. Since that time, the



COAST GUARD ICEBREAKER GLACIER

SATELLITE COMMUNICATIONS

The Coast Guard Experiments in New Area of Ship-to-shore Transmission

Coast Guard has engaged a number of its cutters in satellite communication experiments. Another first was achieved this summer when USCGC Casco transmitted radio-teletype signals from Ocean Station Bravo in the Atlantic to the USS Josephus Daniels off Cape Horn and later in the Pacific.

The 310-foot Glacier has been modified to serve both as an icebreaker and an oceanographic vessel. In company with two other icebreakers, its initial mission will be to penetrate McMurdo Sound at the beginning of the antarctic summer to resupply U. S. Naval Support Forces, Antarctica (Task Force 43).

She will carry some 16 scientists and full equipment to take deep core samples from the Antarctic bottom, engage in bottom photography, obtain specimens of Antarctic marine life and other oceanographic assignments.

Following the McMurdo penetration, the Glacier will conduct the second comprehensive survey of the Weddell Sea, the first was in the early part of this year. The Glacier will make maximum use of her satellite navigational system for positioning in this unknown sea. She will also use her satellite weather receiver to observe weather and ice conditions in the Weddell Sea during the expedition.

Utilizing NASA satellites ATS-B and ATS-C, the Coast Guard is researching the development of small, economical satellite communication equipment.

When launched sometime this fall, LES-6 (Lincoln Experimental Satellite) will provide an operational test of satellite relay for communications between widely dispersed tactical units, including aircraft, surface ships, submarines and ground vehicles. The satellite was designed and built by MIT's Lincoln Laboratories in Cambridge, Mass.

Equipment on the Glacier will work through the LES-6 satellite with communication facilities of the Naval Electronic Systems Command in the Washington,

D. C. area.

While the broad objective of the Glacier tests is to prove the feasibility of satellite communications with units in the antarctic region, the immediate purpose is to evaluate propagation characteristics from arctic regions where auroral and other electromagnetic disturbances frequently play havoc with conventional communication links.

The satellite communications terminal on board the Glacier will have the capability of handling 100 words-per-minute two-way teletype traffic utilizing ECI-developed digital modulation techniques. The installation will include a 60-watt UHF transmitter, a power amplifier to generate a 1-kilowatt output, a receiver, modulator-demodulator, antenna, control unit, page printer, keyboard, tape reader and tape reperfector.

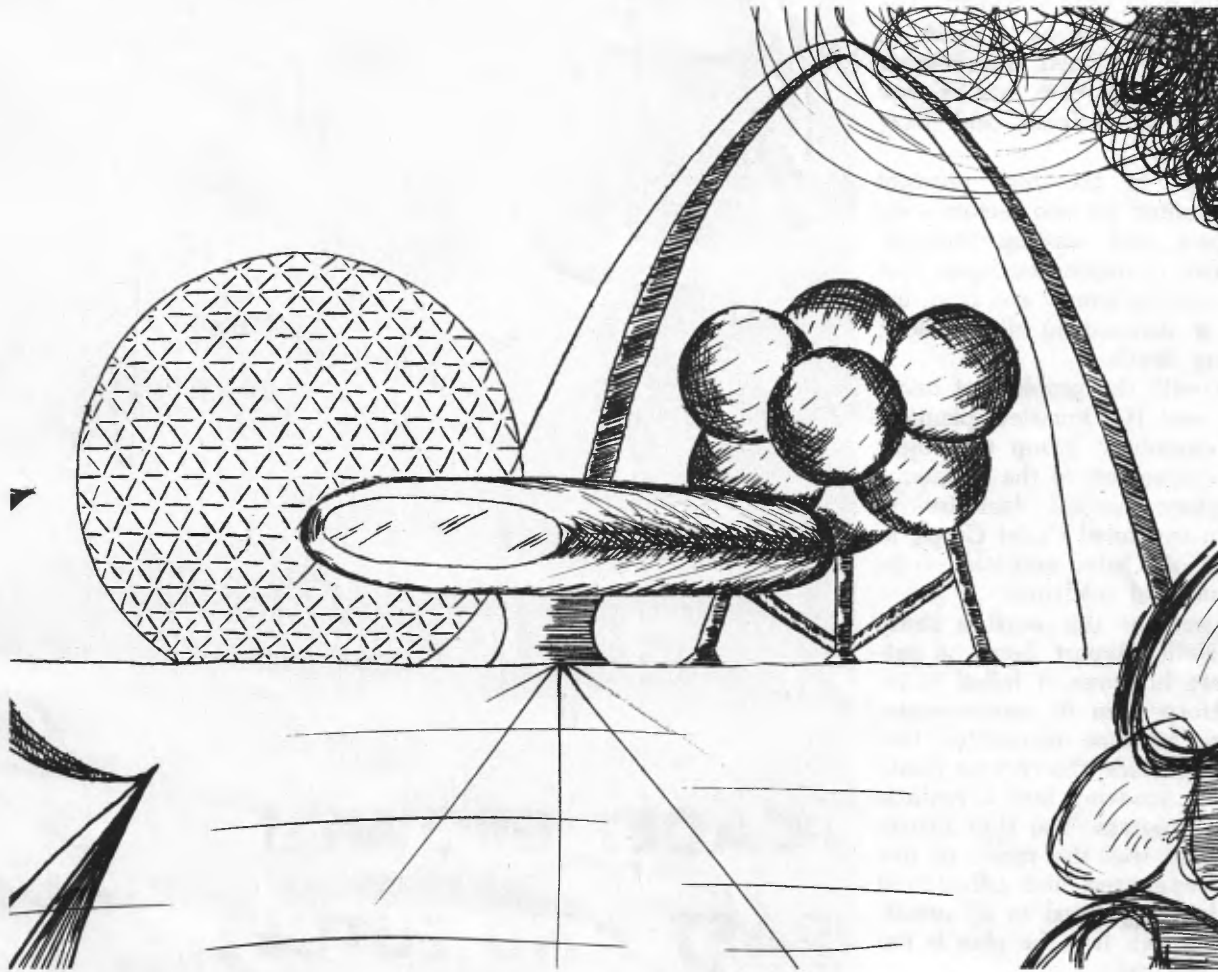
The terminal is an improved and modified version of equipment previously produced by ECI and employed by the Navy in the highly successful LES-5 satellite communication relay test program. The LES-5 program quency satellite relay for tactical communications; demonstrated technical feasibility of ultra high frequency satellite relay for tactical communications; demonstrated technical feasibility of ultra high frequency satellite relay for tactical communications; demonstrated technical feasibility of ultra high frequency satellite relay for tactical communications; demonstrated technical feasibility of ultra high frequency satellite relay for tactical communications.

The 60-watt UHF transmitter on the Glacier will be all-solid-state, smaller, lighter and affording higher reliability than that used in the LES-5 program. Its companion receiver will also be all-solid-state in design.

Under the command of Captain Eugene E. McCarty, USCG, the Glacier will depart Long Beach, Calif., this fall. The 9-month cruise will include a stop at New Zealand en route to Antarctica, a northward voyage to South America and a return trip to the South Pole regions.

The Glacier has taken part in antarctic exploration programs annually since the inception of Operation Deep Freeze in 1953.

HOWLING GALE FEATURE STORY



ACADEMY 2000

The Future. The great days have faded — the end is in sight.

Before, what lay ahead could only be seen through crystal balls and the pattern of tea leaves on the bottom of a cup. But now . . . today . . . man has screwed a flimsy handle upon his environment. The future can be seen as mathematical symbols on data tape fed into huge electronic mouths. Computers. Given today, therefore, tomorrow.

Scientists have replaced gypsies. And computers have replaced tea leaves.

ACADEMY 2000 . . . The future plans for expansion of the Academy fall under the UNIT DEVELOPMENT PLAN (UDP). Using the modern

linear programming methods, the growth of the officer Corps was extrapolated, and upon these figures the required expansion of the Acad-

emy, the womb of the Coast Guard, was determined. The case in point: by 1980, the officers corps of the Coast Guard will be up 50%, to nearly

6,000 commissioned officers. The desired percentage of Academy graduates within the Corps is 50-55%. The necessity for Academy growth is therefore quite defined and distinct.

The question is, then, not IF, but rather a more difficult and hazy HOW?

Expansion in the real physical world is limited by two factors — existing space and existing finances. Just as fire is dependent upon fuel and air, without money and land, expansion is doomed to die a slow, smoldering death.

To aid with the problem at hand, Academy and Headquarters planners hired a consultant group to project future requirements of the Academy, to inventory needed facilities to handle an expanded Cadet Corps, in all facets of Cadet activities — athletic, social, and academic.

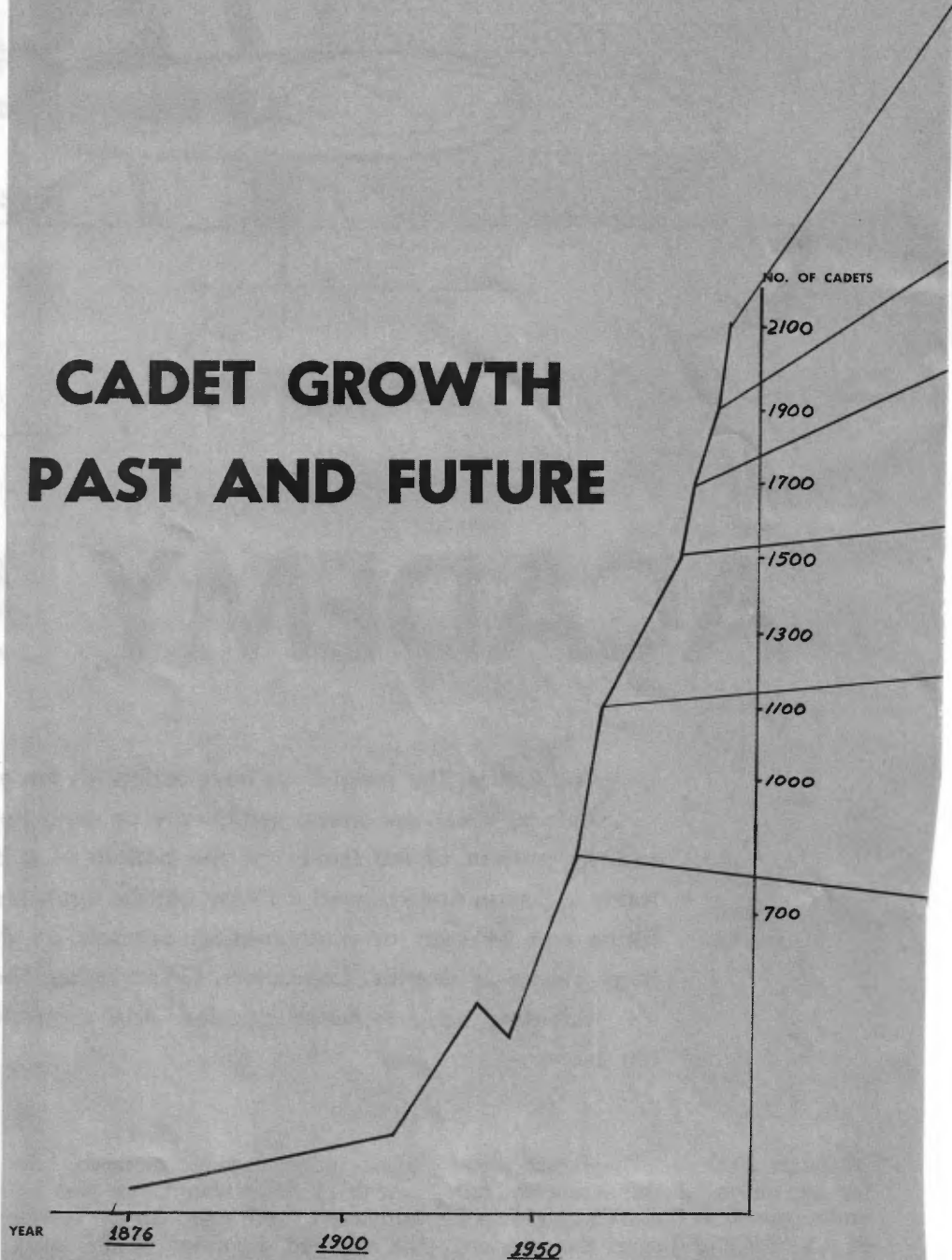
The result of this outside study was the Heller Report. Being an outside report, however, it failed to include introspect in its recommendations. An Ad Hoc committee was formed, to include the current thinking of the Academy into a realistic expansion program. The Unit Development Plan was the result of this Ad Hoc committee, and although it has not been accepted in all details at Headquarters, it is the plan in the works at this time.

This year, six acres to the north of the Academy have been purchased, and this summer work will be started to construct a new library, science building, and food services building — the tempo of work dependent upon the appropriations granted to the project. In addition, 8½ acres of the Thames River Shipyard have been purchased, and plans are included to construct a Coast Guard Station on this site. It is hoped that the south end of this shipyard will be turned over to the Academy to be used for future expansion.

In addition to the UDP, private monies are being channeled into the Academy Fund, to be used exclusively to enhance the existing facilities. With these non-appropriated funds, special projects — including a golf course, a guest motel, a privately owned bus line, and an ice skating rink — are now under consideration.

Academy 2000, quite a different place than Academy 1968... see for yourself.

CADET GROWTH PAST AND FUTURE



At 2100 who can say? But a golf course and recreation area off base are suggested, as well as expanding the Cadet barracks. 2100 Coast Guard Cadets! Poor New London!

At 1900, the crystal ball becomes a little hazy. But barracks for Cadets will be expanded, and a new Academic building and Administration building will be constructed. Parking facilities will be expanded — after all, can you imagine if all 800 of us now had cars to park on base?

1700 Cadets is enough to stagger the imagination, but plans are underway to build a new off-site football stadium, a visitor center, and an Academy museum. Also, a new hospital will be built, and the old hospital will be converted to barracks area. The Cadets mess facilities will be expanded.

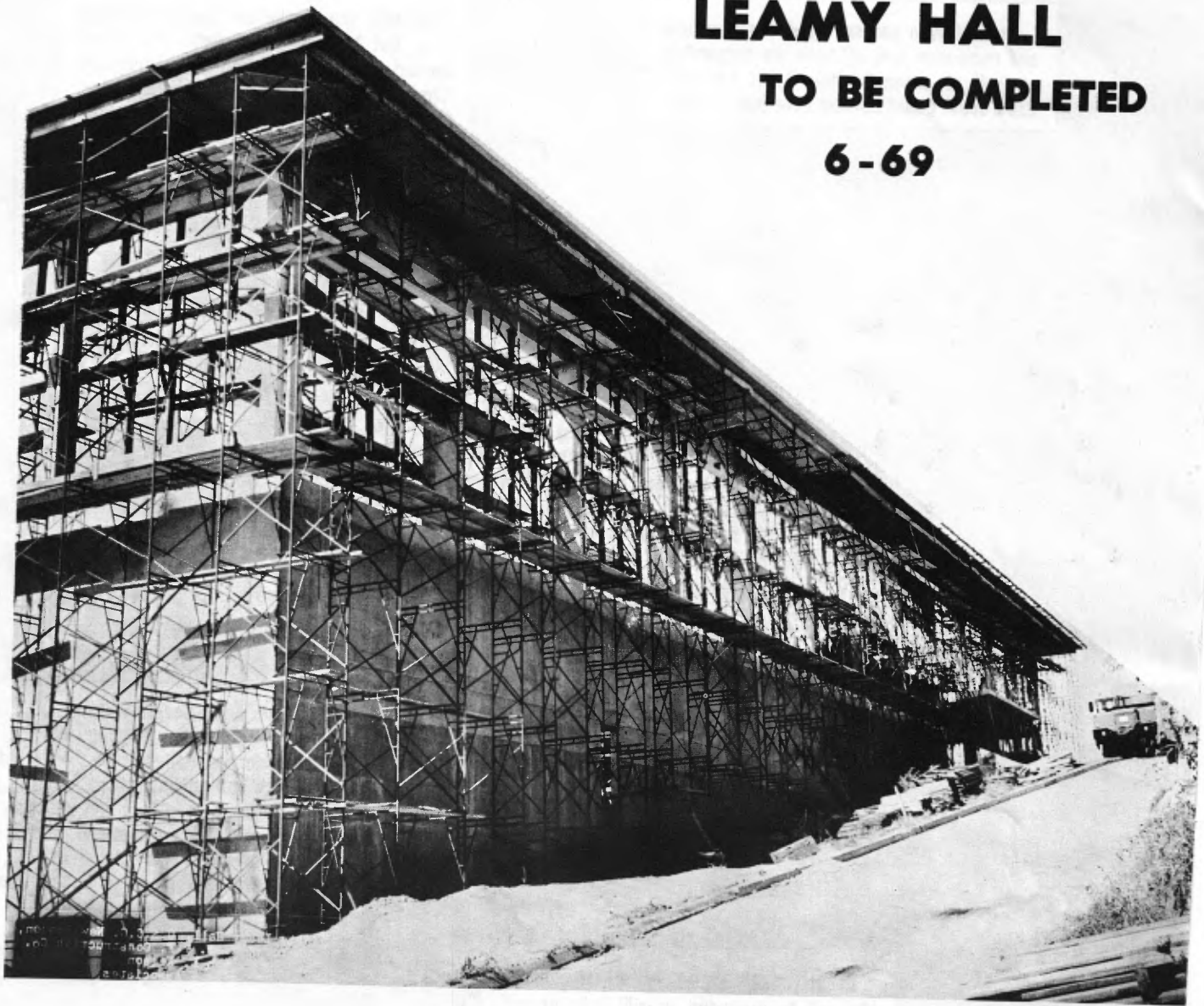
By 1980, 1500 Cadets will call CGA their home. The Science Building will be expanded. Munroe Hall will be converted to a research and administration building, and the waterfront area will be improved. A skating rink will be completed, and a new enlisted barracks will be built. A new barracks for Cadets on the Northern property will be underway.

At the 1300 Cadet figure, MacAllister Hall will be expanded, as will Saterlee and Hamilton Halls. Roads on base will be re-routed and drastically improved. More parking spaces for cars will be included, and the Chase Hall mess area will be renovated.

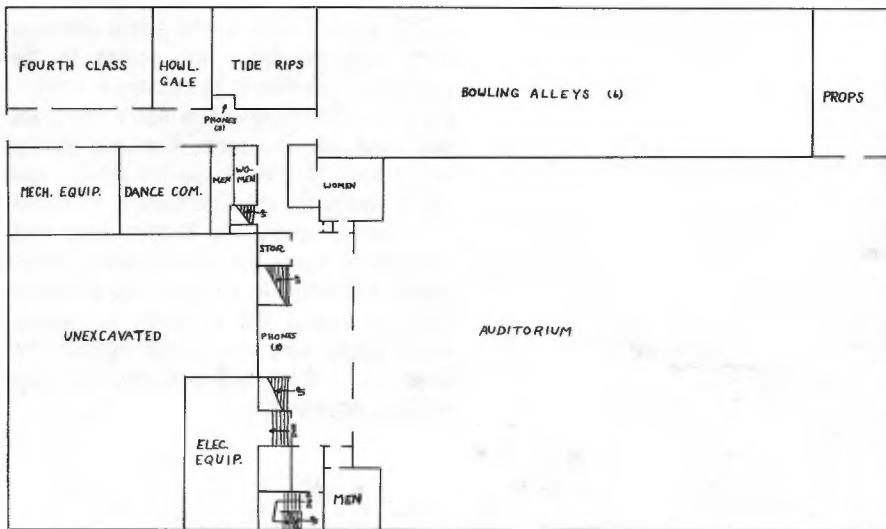
By 1973, the Corps of Cadets will be 1100 strong. By then \$7.4 million, the largest shore construction appropriation in Coast Guard History, will have been spent on a new Science Building, Library, and Cadet Mess. In addition, the new Chase Hall annex will be expanded to inclose entirely the new quadrangle. More parking space for 100 cars will be built south of Leamy Hall, and playing fields will be enlarged.

A VIEW INTO THE FUTURE LEAMY HALL →

**LEAMY HALL
TO BE COMPLETED
6-69**

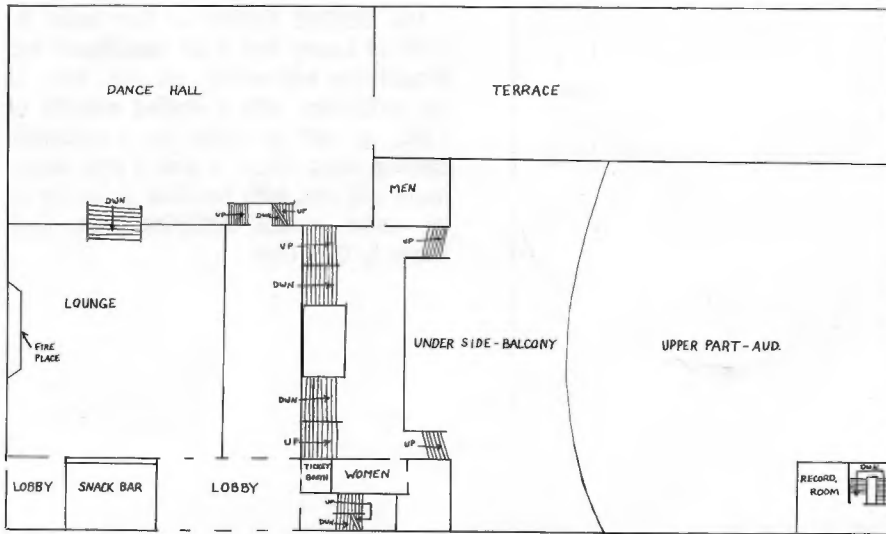


**A COMPLETELY
MODERN RECREATIONAL
FACILITY**



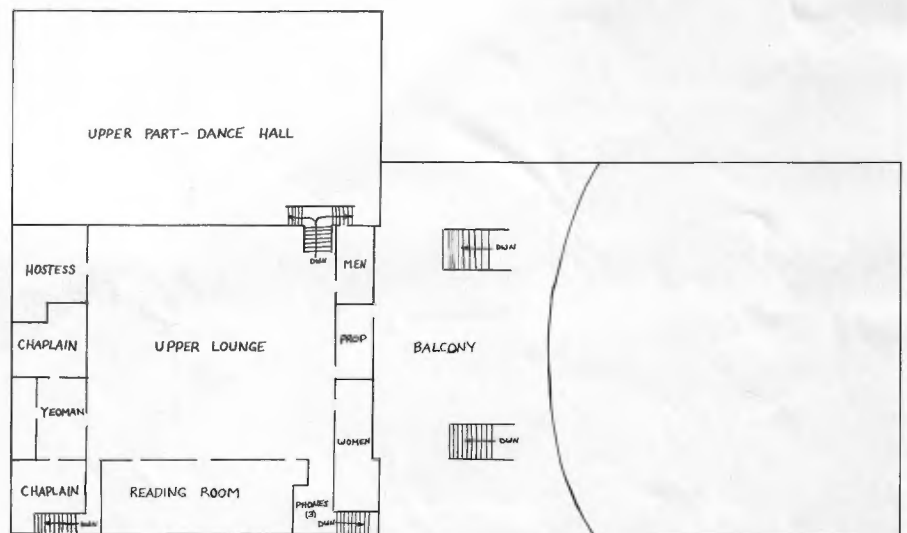
THE SECOND FLOOR — The entire interior of Leamy Hall is air conditioned and acoustically engineered. On this floor is the auditorium, with a seating capacity of 1,500, as well as space for 6 automatic bowling alleys. There is also a level underneath this one, with facilities to handle all the Cadet musical activities, from Rock Bands to Glee Club.



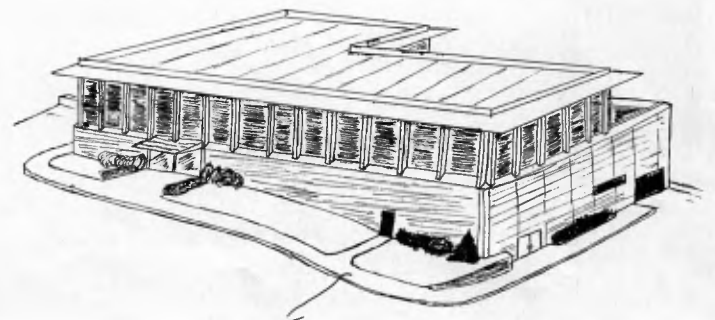


THE THIRD LEVEL is the street entrance level, with the lobby and access to the auditorium, whether it be balcony or orchestra seats. The lounge show has a fire place and snack bar. The dance floor and terrace are actually $\frac{1}{2}$ level above the lounge, and stairs supply the lift. The terrace overlooks the Thames River. The Record Room has facilities to record music and monitor closed circuit television. In addition, the entire interior of Leamy will be wired for music, with a master tape deck-control system. The dance hall will be decorated with two large hanging chandeliers.

THE FOURTH LEVEL houses the balcony, an upper lounge — which is $\frac{1}{2}$ level again above the dance floor — and office spaces for the Cadet Hostess, Chaplains, and Yeomans. The Reading Room will give a quiet spot for Cadets to read and meditate, whichever suits their temperament.



**FROM OUT OF THE
MAZE OF SCAFFOLDS,
CONCRETE, AND CRANES,
THE FINISHED PRODUCT →**





The Coast Guard Academy Ala 1932 — SATERLEE HALL —

AND FOR THE CHRONIC CYNICS — A VIEW — SOMEWHAT RESTRICTED — FROM BEHIND THE WALLS.

THE United States Coast Guard Academy situated on the sludge filled sewer called the Thames River in the scintillating metropolis of New London, Connecticut is a sight of sharp contrast.

The Academy has grown in size and scope. The new research facilities are the latest in advanced architectural design. The Academy can also boast of its ultra modern gymnasium, movie auditorium, hospital, and cadet recreation center. In spite of these 21st century additions the Academy still retains its 19th century charm in the form of the cadet barracks, Chase Hall. Recently built with

the newest dull red bricks on the market it is a stereotype of the original dorm.

Although being an exact duplicate of the gloomy walled 1876 model on the exterior, there have been vast improvement on the interior.

The original interior decorator with his 80 years of experience and such accomplishments as designing the cells of Sing Sing and Alcatraz was again forced from retirement. By rearranging the new furniture, changing the color of the bulkheads (walls) and decks (floors), and increasing the lighting he almost overcame the fact that the finished product is still an ACADEMY ROOM (shudder!) You can't put curtains on a life raft.

One must realize that these accommodations were not built to live in, but built to last for ages to come. By using this as the criteria to evaluate Chance Hall we can conclude that it has been a tremendous success. With a coat of paint on the walls and a coat of wax on the floors it will endure to house cadets inadequately for centuries.

C.A.H.

UNCOVERED! A PLOT TO UNDERMINE THE ALL – MALE SECURITY OF CHASE HALL!

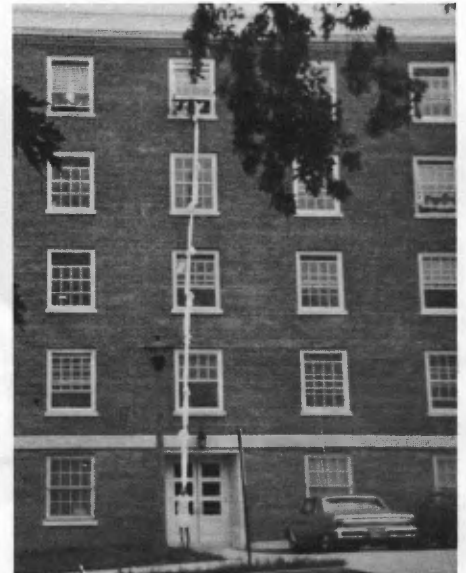


THE MODUS APPERANDI — HERE, LOWERED EFFICIENTLY BY MEMBERS OF THE GANG, IS THE STAIRWAY TO THE STARS.

The word “plot,” when whispered in intimate military circles, will immediately bug eyeballs, open mouths, and bring about hushed gasps of “I don’t believe it!” or “You don’t mean—” . . .

Plots are generally countered by a handful of military men who make up an ingenious elite — The Intelligence Team. THE HOWLING GALE, being primarily military in its role, has its own group of investigators — let’s call them HOWLING GALE INTELLIGENCE — although the term might in itself seem contradictory.

Never cringing in the face of a certain plot, the HOWLING GALE INTELLIGENCE team stationed itself outside Chase Hall, armed to the teeth — as they say it in the business lingo — with twenty-five power f 1.8 lenses, mini tape recorders, and five paper mate pens. And as the culprits worked, our own Intelligensia captured it all on film.



AN OVER-ALL VIEW OF THE DISTASTEFUL PLAN.



LATED TO MEAN THE REASON WHY THE GANG EXISTS. HERE SHE SMILES AT OUR INTELLIGENCE AGENT.



S
h
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Miss November

Sheryl, a 20 year old miss, is a cute little junior majoring in interior design at Washington State University. Standing 5'5" tall, and quoting the latest figures 35-22-35, she goes for water-skiing, popular music, and Coast Guard Cadets. How can you beat that for good taste? With her long blond hair and winning personality, she was a runner-up for 1968 Homecoming Queen at W. S. U. now she's Miss November, CGA.

THE TASTE OF VICTORY

BILL BOWEN, SPORTS EDITOR

The Varsity Football team's upset victory over Wesleyan, 26-23, marked the ending to a Homecoming Weekend sweep over the Cardinals in three sports. More important, however, was the end to a nightmarish losing streak that extended over 22 games and three years. It took a team that has more guts than weight, a determined defense that wouldn't give up, down to the last minute of the game, and an offense that matured almost beyond belief. The game was filled with outstanding efforts; but in the end it was a team effort that stifled a good Wesleyan team.

The Offense, led by Charley Pike's running and passing, showed the poise and confidence of a veteran squad when, with Pike briefly out of action, Guy Goodwin was able to come in off the bench and direct a scoring drive that was capped by his 69-yard touchdown pass to Tom Mawhinny. The offensive line which was weak against Norwich only one week earlier provided good support all afternoon.

The defense, which in the past three games was good, was nothing short of fantastic. Twice they stifled Wes-

leyan drives within the five yard line and another time held for three downs before the Cardinals managed to cross the goal on an end sweep. The entire defensive unit was superb. The near riot scene all around the Academy was testimonial enough to a well earned victory, a victory which capped Sports weekend which saw the Soccer team score three goals in a wild second half to beat Wesleyan 3-1. This victory puts the booters into contention for the NCAA Playoffs in the College Division. Bob Thorne put through two goals and John Miner one as the team brought its won-lost record to 2-2-1. They've lost only to Air Force and Westchester State, two of the teams in the NCAA University division. At just about the same time, the Cross Country team was bringing its record to 9-0 with victories over MIT and Wesleyan. The Freshman Football team scored its third victory of the campaign against no loses with a 13-8 decision over WPI. This one went right down to the wire with WPI gaining a first down on the Coast Guard two yard line. The Frosh held for five plays and went on to run out the clock. All in all it was a sensational weekend that had to be seen to be appreciated.



IN THE BEGINNING, THERE WAS APPREHENSION, HOPE, AND A DESIRE TO STOP A SEEMINGLY NEVER ENDING STRING OF DEFEATS.



PRIOR TO THE KICKOFF, COACH PINHEY GIVES THE OFFENSIVE UNIT SOME LAST MINUTE INSTRUCTIONS.

WESLEYAN VS. CGA



AS WESLEYAN MOVES RELENTLESSLY TOWARD THE GOAL, COACH STEVE ELDRIDGE GIVES DEFENSIVE SIGNAL CALLER GEORGE JOHNSON THE WORD.



WESLEYAN SCORES TO TAKE THE LEAD 23-20.



HEAD COACH TAD SCHROADER QUIETLY PLOTS HIS NEXT MOVE AS A CRUCIAL MEASUREMENT FORCES THE CARDINALS INTO A FOURTH DOWN DEEP IN THEIR OWN TERRITORY.



A SHORT PUNT GIVES THE CADETS POSSESSION IN WESLEYAN TERRITORY.



WITH A CRUCIAL THIRD AND LONG YARDAGE SITUATION, CHARLIE PIKE GETS THE GREEN LIGHT FROM COACH SCHROADER.

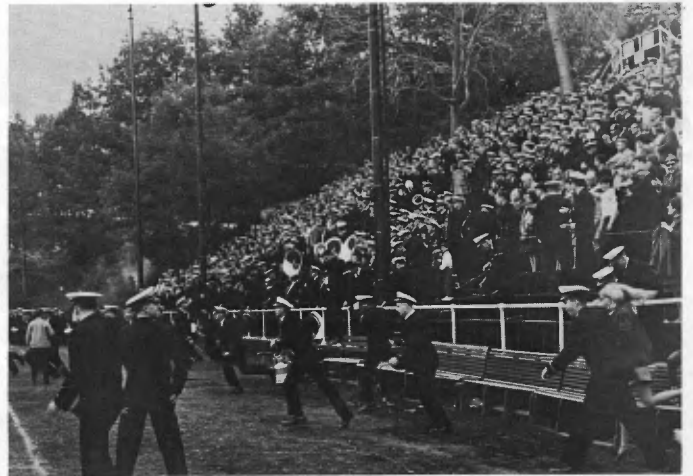
OCTOBER 12, 1968



MINUTES LATER — THE MOOD CHANGES AS CHARLIE PIKE SCRAMBLES INTO THE END ZONE PUTTING THE ACADEMY ON TOP 26-23.



AN EXHAUSTED DEFENSIVE UNIT RELAXES AFTER AL BOETIG INTERCEPTED A LAST DITCH WESLEYAN PASS WITH 2:32 LEFT IN THE GAME.



THEN — PANDEMONIUM BREAKS OUT.



ON THE FIELD.

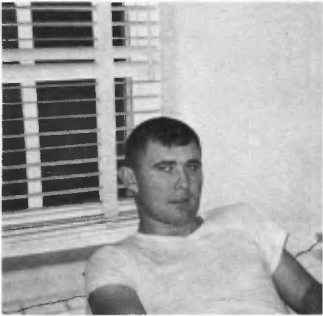


AND IN THE BARRACKS.

BEAR DEN



Vic Guarino '70
Westerly, Rhode Island
Nickname—"Gorilla"
Letters — Football, 2
Interests — Girls (especially one), Sports, Leave



Gale Fisk '70
Sterling, Michigan
Nickname — "Potato"
Letters — Football, 1
Interests — Sports in general, one winning season



Tom Davis '70
Belgrade, Montana
Nickname — "Tom"
Letters — Football, 1
Interests — Football

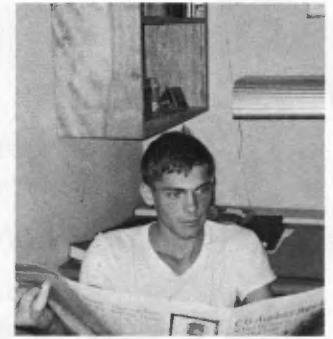


Vince Kinal '69
Manville, N.J.
Nickname — "Vince"
Letters — X-Country, 1; Track, Indoor and Outdoor, 1 each
Interests — Having a good time



John Finklea '71
Ft. Walton, Beach, Fla.
Nickname — "Horsebite"
Letters — Football, 1; Baseball, 1
Interests — Sports, Horses, Girls, Spanish

Tim Terribery '70
Redwood City, California
Letters — X-Country, 2; Indoor track, 1; Outdoor Track, 1.
Interests — Running, Girls, Math



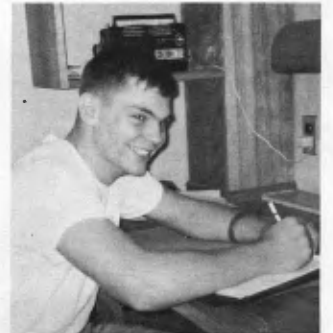
Kelly Callison '71
Granada Hills, California
Letters — Soccer, 1
Interests — Cameras, Cars



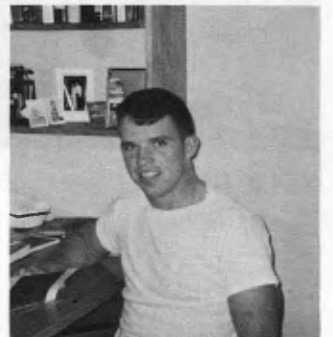
Ralph Yates '70
East Longmeadow, Mass.
Nickname — "Rowdy"
Letters — Soccer, 1
Interests — Soccer and Cheez



Charles Pike '71
DeQueen, Ark.
Nickname — "Charlie"
Letters — Freshman Football, Freshman Wrestling
Interests — Sports, A certain Girl



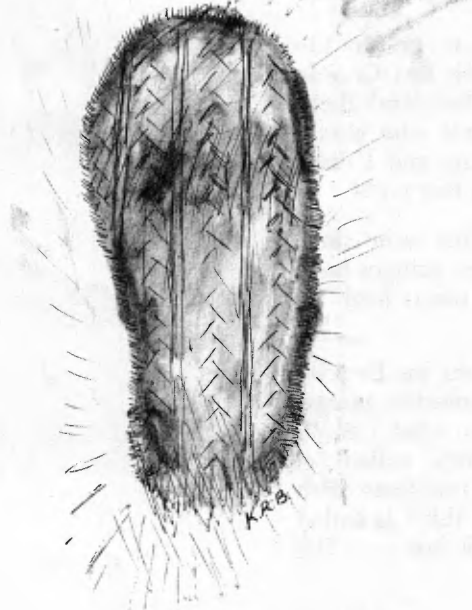
George Johnson '70
Penn Yan, New York
Nickname "Jawge"
Letters — Football, 2
Interests — Girls, Comics, and Cokes



HOW DID I GET HERE? WOULD YOU BELIEVE . . .



I WAS A TEENAGE WETBACK



I don't know exactly when the idea first came to me. Maybe it was because of all the gringo turistas I saw in Santiago, the town near my little village of Ebanos, or maybe it was much more than that, but anyway, once I made up my mind I was as stubborn as my father's donkey.

My father and mother, they work hard all day on the 3 acres we call our rancho. Me, I work hard too. Ever since I quit the Village School in the third grade I have been working for old Don Samuel, picking oranges from his orchards, for two pesos a day. I am eighteen now and for fun on Saturday nights we go to Santiago where, when the occasion is right, me and my amigos roll a fat turista for fun and profit.

But even that is almost gone now. There was a day when the local policia would turn their back while we made money in a dark alley, but Gonzalez, the new jefe de policia, a mean, big man, with a Pancho Villa mustache and pistol like a cannon, he has said that anybody in his police force caught being bribed would be in the local calabozo until the Pope, he got married, so most of our fun is now gone.

Then too there was Dina. Ah, my friends now there was a woman with beauty to launch the entire Mexican Navy! Well, maybe not all, but $\frac{2}{3}$ anyway. The other one sprung a leak and is being fixed. Her eyes black as onyx, her hair shining and long, her complexion brown as a well-cooked tortilla. Que bella!

I had been seeing Dina from the time I was fifteen, but her parents, they never liked me, a poor orange picker. But on Sunday nights she would pretend to be sick when her padres went to Saniatgo to go to church. Her mother would go to church to pray to the holy spirits and her father would stay in a cantina and drink some. In the meantime I spent a precious few hours with her, hidden because neighbors talked, but this Sunday, it was different.

I met her as usual at 8 o'clock behind the house, and immediately I knew there was something wrong?"

"Dina", I said, "You look unhappy. What is wrong?"

by

P. M. Roriguez

"Ay, amor!" she cried, bursting into tears. "How can I tell you? We are going away next Wednesday. My father has heard that money is lying on the ground in Texas, and we are all going away—Oh, I am so sad!"

Well, amigos, I was sad too. Now *all* my fun was gone. And maybe it was then that the idea came to me.

I too, would go to Texas!

It was two weeks before I got the nerve to talk to my parents about it. But one night as we all sat eating our humble meal, I said, "Father, I have been thinking."

My father and mother stopped eating and looked at me. My thinking, they knew it was a bad sign.

"About what, hijo?" said father, trying to keep his voice from quavering.

"Well, you know I love you and are good to me, but there comes a time when a boy must become a man, and," I took a deep breath, "I am going to the United States, and manana!"

"Ay, dios!" cried mama, rising to hug me and spilling a plate of beans on my trouser leg. She began to cry.

Father he looked at me with eyes filled with wisdom.

"My son," he said, "I know why you must go and I know you would be unhappy if I made you stay, so go, with my blessing!"

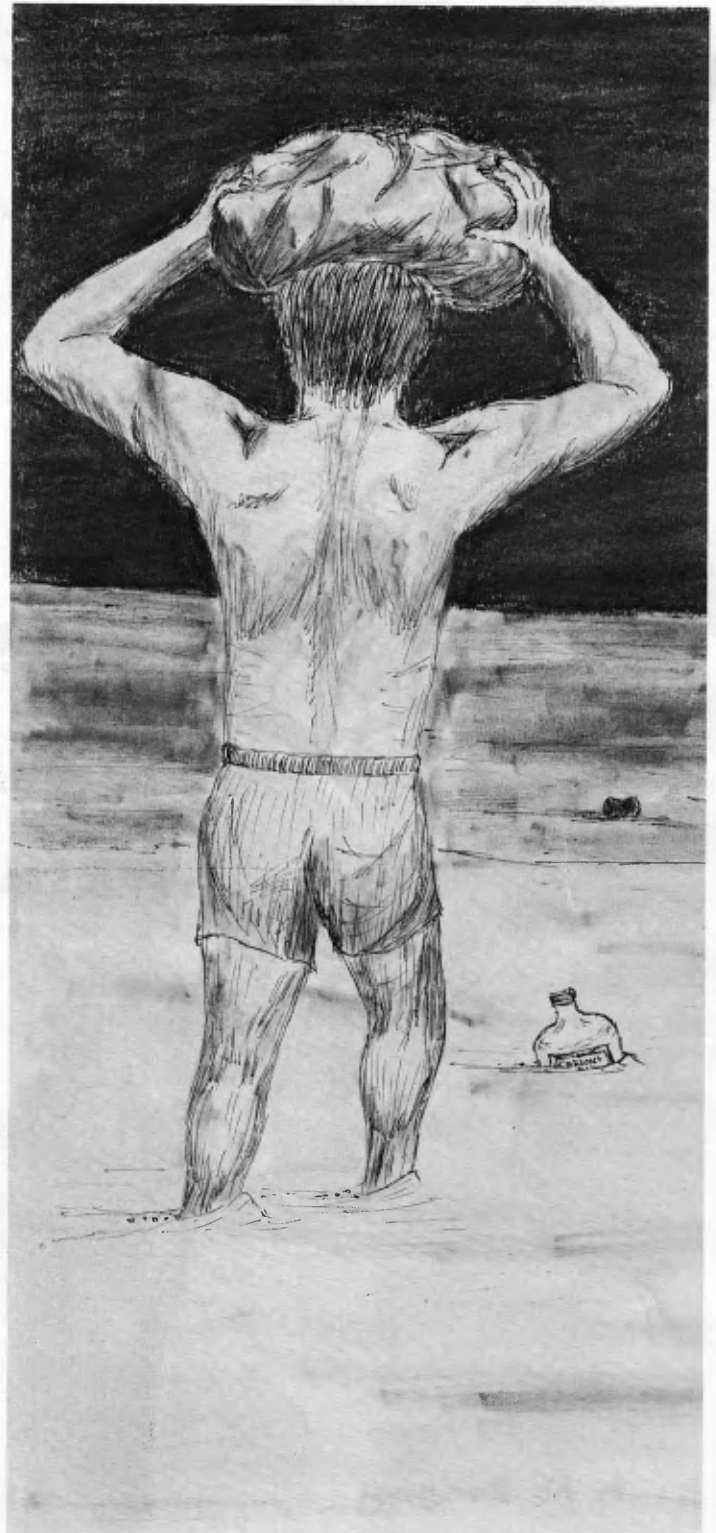
It was a sad night. My mother filled a small bag with things I would need for my journey — two brightly colored pink, green and blue plaid shirts, an extra pair of trousers, and my other set of underwear since it might be weeks before I arrived in the United States. I also took my 8-inch switchblade which had made me so much money in better days in Santiago.

But I knew it would not be easy to get to the United States. I would have to swim the Rio Grande River, the "father of waters", it was called. And there were those gringos called the border patrol who would send you back if they caught you crossing, and I don't think I can swim the Rio Grande twice in one night.

And I knew too from the turistas that ever since we beat them at the Alamo a long time ago, gringos have not liked us. But time, I was sure, must heal all wounds.

And a bad time it was too to go into los Estados Unidos! Every four years there was a revolution against el presidente, and this was that year. From what I could understand, the presidente of that country, called "el B.J." by the turistas, was having many problems with the rebel general, George Wallace, who I think is called the "father of his country". A big tough hombre. His wife Martha must be big too.

To find Dina after I got across was a problem I





would worry about later. The sun rose, I with it, and I was ready!

Tearful good-byes were said and I got on the road early for the 350 kilometer trip to the river. The sun was hot and the way dusty – everywhere I stepped I left a mark, “U. S. Royal” from my shoes which were made from the tread and sides of a tire.

I only walked about 15 kilometers before I got a ride with a truck driver to the town of Reynosa on the border. Luck was with me!

In Reynosa I got off, hot, tired, and hungry. I bought six tacos with the last of the money kind old Don Samuel had given me for picking his oranges. I wasted no time, and as soon as the sun set I walked away from the town to the edge of the Rio Grande.

I looked across the mighty Rio – it was maybe forty meters wide. This made me happy – a strong swimmer I am not.

I took off all my clothes behind a bush and carefully put them in my small bag. I decided to wade in until it got too deep, and then swim. The moon was full, which was not good, but it was only forty meters to Dina and fortune!

Well, amigos, I waded in and kept wading. The water never got to my knees. Banana peels and empty beer cans floated in the water next to my legs. Ah, I could tell I was almost to America by such signs of Civilization!

I was there! No sooner had I put my foot on Texas ground when to my dismay I heard a voice say:

“Stay where you are, hombre. We don’t catter to wetbacks – do you have immigration papers?”

Standing by a mesquite tree I could now make out a man in uniform with a hat like Smokey the Bear. He had a gun even bigger than Gonzalez. A Border Patrol!

Many thoughts raced through my mind. Should I tell him I was an American enjoying a skinny dip? No, he probably wouldn’t believe me, my english it is so bad. Should I tell him I have Amnesia? No, he wouldn’t believe that either. Think fast, or it’s good-bye Dina!

I had it! I knew what to do – I had once talked to a gringo who knew much about such things, would it work? I had nothing to lose. I answered:

“Senor, I refuse to answer because it might tend to incinerate me!”

So now I sit here in the station and they want to send me back. But they won’t. I know my rights.

The NAAM will hear about this!

author’s note – Any similarity to persons living or dead is not entirely accidental. And lest people of Mexican descent take umbrage at the fun being poked at a tremendous nation and people, please remember only a truly great people can laugh at themselves and their foibles – And I am proud to be one of those people.

VIVA MEXICO!

PMR

THE HUBBEL PAY PLAN

— EQUALIZING THE MILITARY —

CIVILIAN PAY GAP

The Hubbel Pay Plan is of great importance to all of us here at CGA, for it not only will affect us here at the Academy but will have a profound affect on us when we graduate. If it goes into effect on July 1 as proposed, the Armed Forces will come under a revolutionary new pay plan designed to put men in tune with salaries earned by their Civil Service counterparts. If adopted the pay system will completely do away with the present system of basic pay allowances now found in the armed forces, such as clothing, housing, and food, and replace them with one basic pay allowance. As a result a man will earn the same amount regardless of whether or not he is married or not, and whether he lives on base or not. No longer would a man's pay depend on conditions. However, he would still get special pay for submarine, flight, jump, and pro pay.

The Hubbel Pay Plan will also incorporate a contributory retirement system in lieu of the present system. A host of other changes are found in this new pay system, designed to make the service more attractive.

The most immediate effect, however, will be a 9.1% pay hike with some men getting more than the 9.1 and others getting less due to the irregular gaps between military and civilian rates.

The Hubbel Pay System is designed to eventually

make the Armed Forces attractive moneywise thus taking the first step to the formation of a voluntary service and ultimately ending the draft.

The ever widening gap in the pay grades between military and civilian was one of the major factors contributing to the development of the Hubbel Pay System.

An example of the gap can be seen by the following figures:

grade	% diff.
0-7	10.5%
0-6	13.1%
0-5	12.2%
0-4	8.2%
0-3	3.4%
0-2	7.3%
0-1	13.5%

It is the hope of the Hubbell Pay System to correct these glaring gaps.

However, the outcome of the Hubbell Pay System will depend on the coming election. No matter who wins, there is sure to be a definite rehashing of the whole proposal with the final outcome yet to be seen.

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HE IS LOYAL, THRIFTY,
 CLEAN, BRAVE, REVERENT,
 HELPFUL, FRIENDLY, KIND,
 COURTEOUS AND CRAZY
 ABOUT BROADS...
 AND WHO, DISGUISED AS
 MILD MANNERED CHARLIE
 NOBLE-CADET, FIGHTS
 A NEVER ENDING BATTLE
 FOR TRUTH, JUSTICE AND
 THE CADET WAY OF LIFE!



HERE WE FIND OUR HERO
 ARISING IN HIS HUMBLE
 SURROUNDINGS, GREETING
 A NEW DAY... BUT OUR FRIEND
 DOES NOT SEE THE DANGER
 WHICH OVERSHADOWS HIM...



THROUGH THE AFTERNOON
 CLASSES HE SENSES
 THOSE PEERING EYES...

440

THE FINAL BELL RINGS AND CHARLIE RETURNS TO HIS ROOM ONLY TO FIND SOMETHING THERE AWAITING HIS RETURN FROM CLASSES...



WHO IS KNOWN FOR STRIKING DOWN UPON CADETS WITH HIS AWESOME POWER...



YES - IT WAS A LONG BITTER STRUGGLE, DRAWING UPON ALL OUR HERO'S STRENGTH — BUT THE MIGHTY FOE WAS TOO POWERFUL ...



... AND CHARLIE NOBLE — CADET SUPER HERO, LOSES AGAIN.

BUT THERE WILL BE OTHER DAYS AND OTHER FOES TO CONQUER —
SLEEP ON, MIGHTY WARRIOR!

ONE LAST THOUGHT: ON BLIND DATES



Between the time a boy starts dating and the time he gets married, he is guaranteed to come across a creature called a "Blind Date". Blind dates come in an assortment of sizes and shapes . . . all ridiculous.

Blind dates are found everywhere. Their names appear in discarded address books, and their numbers on telephone booth walls. Blind dates are arranged by everyone, including agencies, relatives, and guys who—up until you see what they've stuck you with—were your best friends.

It's a pity on blind dates: Popular girls belittle them, popular boys ignore them, parents console them, Dear Abby advises them, and spray deodorants protect them . . . sometimes.

A blind date is Neatness with a run in her stocking, Primness with mustard on her chin, Shyness with a loud voice, Poise with her slip showing, Femininity with a hint of a mus-

tache, and Hysteria in gym bloomers. She is Yogi Berra in pedal pushers, Irene Ryan in a Bikini, Fred Gwynne in a shift, Shirley Booth in stretch pants and Dan Blocker in hip-huggers. She is the girl across the street who looks like the boy next door.

A blind date is never a show girl, a model, a student nurse, or a farmer's daughter. She is always a nurse's aide, somebody's clunky cousin from out of town, or a member of the Girls' Field Hockey Team.

A blind date is a composite: She has the gender of Elizabeth Taylor, the figure of Richard Burton, the hairdo of Dr. Zorba, the elocution of Casey Stengel; the facial expression of Alfred E. Neumann, and the aroma of the Pittsburgh Steelers' locker room during half-time.

A blind date likes nice-looking boys, night clubs, moonlight walks, little compliments, some attention and lots of respect. She doesn't particularly care for insults, laughing out

loud when you first meet her, introducing her to your friends as an April Fool joke, taking her to Supermarket Openings, asking her to split the check, or taking her to Lover's lane and . . . leaving her there.

When you take out a blind date, you can't win. Who else can ruin your evening just by showing up? Who else laughs out loud during the newsreel? Who else wears Vicks Vapo-Rub for cologne? And lipstick on her teeth? Who else puts on galoshes to go surfing? Who else has diaper rash at 17? Who else has a measurement of 38-25-38 . . . on her leg?

But, at the end of the evening when you take her home, and she turns softly to you and shakes your hand and slams the door in your face . . . you shout after her the words that millions who have dated blind dates have shouted before . . . CAN I SEE YOU AGAIN NEXT SATURDAY NIGHT?

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