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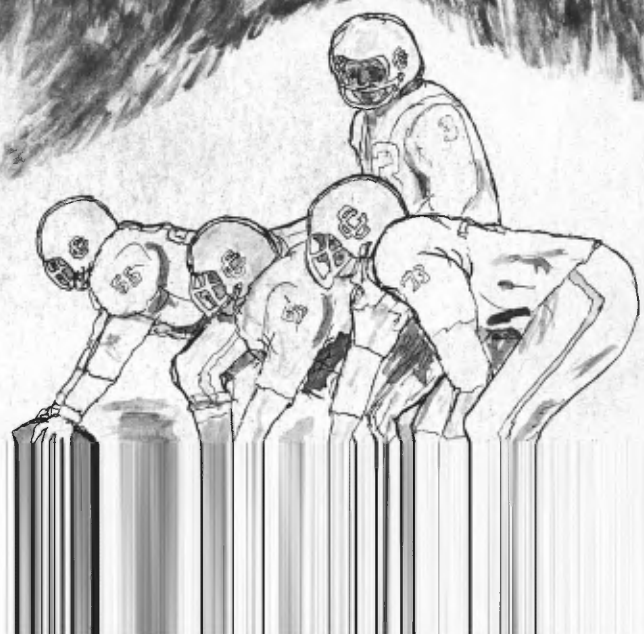
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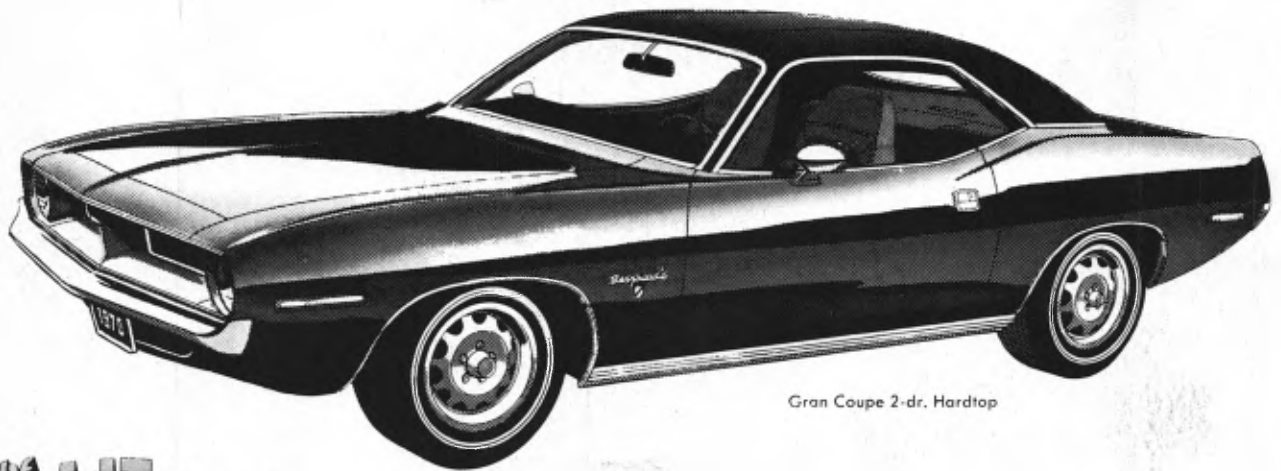
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THE HOWLING GALE

CADET MAGAZINE OF
THE USCG ACADEMY

VOLUME 18, NO. 2
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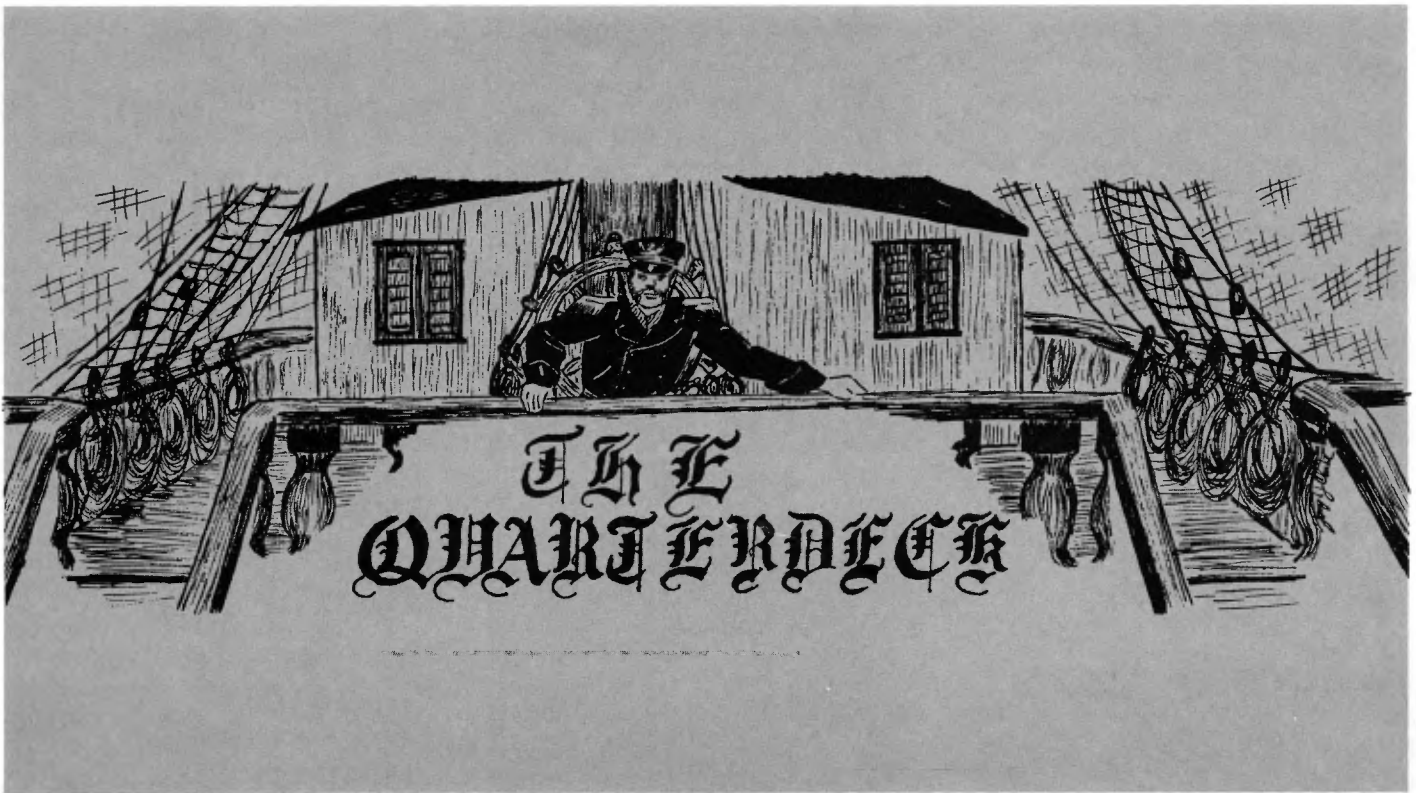
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What of the recent Moratorium. This editor had the opportunity to take part in the Moratorium Day activities at Connecticut College on October 15. My role was that of an observer, not a participant or an antagonist. From all that I have read, the happenings at Connecticut College that day were representative of what was occurring around the nation. This editorial is written in the belief, and the hope, that cadets have an interest in an event which involved a large segment of the American academic community.

The morning was devoted to seminars and the afternoon to a reflective gathering on the green. The afternoon ended with a march through downtown New London and a demonstration at the Submarine Base. There was no flag burning, no blood letting, no destruction of draft cards—in general the demonstrators were orderly and well mannered. But here I am not interested in cataloging events but rather in recreating a mood. Overall, the response of the Moratorium participants was predicted on emotion rather than reason. The students were not merely protesting a particular governmental policy, they

were embarked on a holy cause—to redefine the basis and structure of most of American society. Such an attitude breeds several prominent manifestations. Adherents become inflamed with an almost missionary zeal. In this state of euphoric intoxication, the “involved” can be led in any number of directions. In effect, the specificity of the cause loses importance, the mere act of participation having taken its place. The Moratorium suffered from this lack of a definite orientation. Its scope was too broad and its alternatives too weak.

Protesting war is tantamount to protesting a disease. Both are regrettable maladies of the human condition. Likewise the toll of American dead in Vietnam is a tragedy. Also hard to dispute is the desirability of being able to bring American fighting men home. These were some of the main themes of the Moratorium, and it is not surprising, when viewed in their own context, that such issues could command a good deal of support. Finding suitable subjects to protest is an easy manner—not so easy is the mustering of the intellectual wherewithal necessary

for a problem's solution. The holding up of a sign proclaiming American casualties in Vietnam and the profering of a cogent alternative to American involvement are two entirely different acts. The first is an emotional-physical response while the latter requires a great deal of thought. As mentioned before, the Moratorium, while generating a good deal of emotion, gave rise to little serious consideration of the real issues involved.

The profile of American accomplishment in Vietnam has been a ragged one. Progress has been shrouded by the long years of fighting. At the Moratorium, a good deal of oratory was directed to the moral basic for America's initial involvement in Vietnam. Such discussion is not without merit, but any conclusions drawn cannot be related to the real question at hand—i.e. what to do about the half million American fighting men now in Vietnam. In this regard, President Nixon has proposed the gradual withdrawal of our troops with the South Vietnamese Army assuming an increasingly larger share of the fighting. The Moratorium called for an immediate and total severance of the American commitment. The Nixon administration was chided for not proving receptive to the voiced demands for this withdrawal. What was lacking—and the omission is a paramount one—was an expression of how best to accomplish this spontaneous recalling of American troops. In this respect the Moratorium failed. It became essentially descriptive rather than objective. Instead of being a positive event from which a meaningful alternative to present policy could be evolved, the Moratorium proved itself an impressive, but largely unproductive, expression of general student frustration.

Thus far I have been largely critical of what the

Moratorium produced in the way of positive results. Those who took part in the Moratorium are not to be condemned for their participation. Their actions were not unpatriotic. To dissent is a fundamental American right—one which must be jealously guarded. The extremist who cloaks himself in a red, white, and blue mantle, heaping abuse on anyone having a contrary opinion, is as much a danger to American society as is the violent anarchist. At Connecticut College, Moratorium Day was manifested in a peaceful demonstration against elements of American policy—an exercise in a characteristically American right and privilege.

As a final note, a word to our collegiate contemporaries. There will be more Moratorium days in the future. If the tone of these coming days of protest is consistent with that of October 15, they cannot be objected to. The danger lies in the interjection of violence. A demonstration based largely on emotion follows a dangerous evolutionary course. Spontaneous violence can erupt and lead to widespread destruction—not only of property but of the credibility of college students as a viable force in building American society. Students everywhere owe it to themselves and their society to thoroughly examine the issues confronting their generation. What must follow is a meaningful projection of alternatives, and this can come only after a sincere confrontation with the problems at hand. The responsibility to be imposed is a tremendous one, but so are the potential talent and energy which could be channeled in productive directions. At stake is our history, and the question of whether our generation will add an amendment to that history or be passed over in a footnote.

E.J. Beder



A Company

As the first make draws to a close and Thanksgiving approaches, A-Company, as predicted in the pre-season write-up, is right in there fighting for top spot. The aerial tennis and regular tennis team both finished with good seasons, racking up the points in company competition. The softball team came through with the real victory, tying F-Co. for first place in diamond competition.

The Company continued its winning ways by capturing first place in two of the fall reviews. The A-Co. boys have been on top in drill down competition also. A "tip of the hat" goes to Cadets fourth-class John and Rothaupt for first and second places finishes in the competition.

The winter phase of IC sports should be equally promising for Alpha Company. Varsity and JV basketball look real good, as the A-Co. boys have speed, good ball handling and outside shooters in the back court. They are complemented by tall husky stalwarts on the front line for inside shots and rebounding power. The handball team should fair equally as well, led by the quickness of Phil Cappel and Barney Turlo. Although short in the height department, the IC Volleyball team will make up any deficits with agility, quickness, and a good team effort.

Watch for the A-Co boys in varsity sports also. They will be leading the way in wrestling as the mat

men look for an undefeated season. The swim team will also be anchored by A-Co athletes as they attempt to scuttle all opponents.

B Company

There has been a wild rumor flying lately that a new pack has been formed at CGA solely for the purpose of outstripping all competition. There have been no scientifically sound theories proposed to explain this athletic carnage, but a few reliable sources (who wish to remain anonymous for obvious reasons) seem to feel that the responsibility for these deeds may well be placed upon the Bravo Boys.

Since everyone knows the Bravo Boys from last spring's competition, there is no need here to go into a complete history of this notorious group. The following is but a partial listing of the various and sundry acts perpetrated by the Bravo Boys within the past few weeks.

Despite the crushing loss of Neutrino Man Sadilek, the Boys have been wrecking the proverbial havoc upon all comers on the IC gridiron. "Chief" Cornell, "Dil" Dahlinger and "Big Tony the Camel" Tange-man have proved to be a combination which is impossible (if not harder) to stop. Not to be outdone by the IC department, the Varsity Bravo Boys have been putting forth that "extra something". Dave (Shinkicker) Binns has been more than living up to his jovial reputation for being a nice guy on the soccer field, and "Hawk" Hiel has been practicing an

unusual tactic for those tight plays (he dives at the opponent's ankle and bites it). Those disciplines of Mercury are at it again too. Paul Jackson and Bob Alling are continually able to capitalize on a program which most of us use only in situations of dire peril. Charlie Pike's exploits with the oblong spheroid are too spectacular and numerous to mention here, so we won't. Rounding out our far-reaching and comprehensive assault on all phases of competition we have Glenn Kolk and Rich Muller tending the sheets, if you will, down at the docks.

So once again, the Bravo Boys are out in front of the pack going full-bore, all the way! What can we say?

C Company

There once was a company called "C"
 Number One they were destined to be.
 The C.O. named Crane
 Got it into his brain
 And out came this winning decree;

Be it known to the people about
 That Charlie is first without doubt.
 In aerial tennis
 We're number one menace;
 And elsewhere we're not too far out.

To turn our attention to ball,
 Our leader, although he is small,
 With sureness of glove
 And some help from above,
 Can put Charlie on top for the fall.

While out on the varsity scene,
 We contribute a lot to the team.
 While Davis is running,
 Pichini is gunning
 And in some sports we really get mean.

In football we make the team go,
 With players like Mooners and JOE'
 There's T-Bone and Rodnose,
 And more only God knows;
 The list sounds like murderer's row.

This poem doth surely grow long,
 So this is the end of my song.
 Although it twas verse,
 It couldn't be worse.
 Thank you so much, Duane.

Charles



"A Company held at short yardage."

Photo by Buck

D Company

With the arrival of mid-semester D-Co has begun to look forward to Thanksgiving and Christmas as being obtainable within our lifetime.

Despite a setback in drill, D Company has recovered and is looking forward to the first place spot in weeks to come.

The Delta Demons are also excelling on the IC circuit with the football, softball and aerial tennis teams all possible contenders for the coveted No. 1 position.

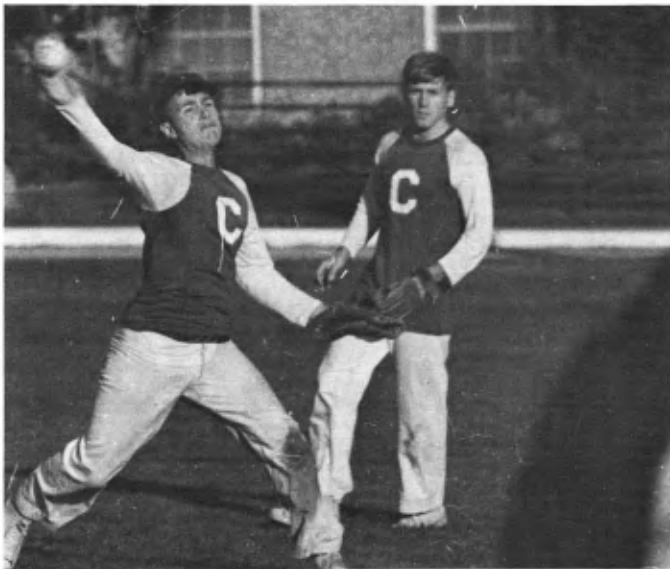
So watch out gang, the Delta machine is in high gear and don't be surprised if there aren't some ribbons on the D-Co group-pole real soon.

E Company

As the summer changes to fall and then to winter, to spring and then back to summer, E-Company is changing too. The transitions are felt each week. It seems as though every day brings forth a new experience, each week a new test. The weeks gather and become months. First Homecoming and Mid-Semester are here, then Parent's Weekend and finally leave and the end of a semester.

Even as these changes are taking place, the Echo Machine is adapting to the new experiences of academics and non-academics. As the Varsity teams finish for the fall and the emphasis turns to winter, the company can feel proud of its accomplishments in IC sports, drill, and other areas. In drill and Drill Down, Echo has always been on or near the top. The company's proven much in IC competition and with the months ahead will prove even more—Our new Tac Officer will insure we continue to be well—"trained".

Transitions are taking Echo to the top—We'll stay there too!



"Charlie Company throws for home plate."

Photo by Buck

F Company

As the fall IC season takes the far turn, we find Foxtrot's entry hugging the inside rail. Coming on strong, the Troop is a sure bet to take all the winnings and a free weekend next spring.

Supporting this theory is the power hitting of Bob Johnson and the "wonder glove" of Al Scanga who with the rest of the F Company batmen have clinched first place and the championship in IC softball for the third consecutive season. Also adding points in the company's favor are the tennis, aerial tennis, and football teams which have come up with key wins.

On the drill field anyone could spot F company's precision from the first "step off" until "fall out" was given. And continuing with our Drill Down

tradition, Roger Mitchell and Fred Montoya have taken first and second places respectively.

With this enthusiasm, spirit, and teamwork the Troop can only look forward to a truly rewarding year.

G Company

As the academic year rolls on, so does Golf Company by piling up points in regimental competition. Golf Club, behind its fearless leader, Greg Voyik, has left its mark on company drill competition by finishing in the top three positions in almost every drill this fall. IC football captain Davey Jones has his 'giant killers' moving by knocking off once undefeated Bravo and piling up even more victories for the club along with IC softball and tennis. Greg Auth, one of the club's many Drill Down pros continues to help kick the foundation out from under the so-called 'Impregnable House of Drill Down' by finishing in the number one position for G Co.

Golf Club has a good many sharpshooters this fall. J.Q. "Rabbit" Neas heads the rifle team this year with Dave Moore, Danny Benefield, and Jimmy Ng shooting as key members for the team. The pistol



"Troth rounds the end for foxtrot, the fall sports champions."

team is aided this fall with the steady hands of John "Woodie" Wood, "Floatin' Bill" Miller, and Jim Richardson.

With the fine showing in regimental competition already this fall and with the club's enthusiasm, who knows, we might even finish at the top of winter competition.

H Company

November has arrived, and with it come thoughts of Parent's Weekend and Thanksgiving. Four days sure will be nice. The month of November finds Hotel Company at the top of the list in of all things, Company Competition. With several surprising (to everyone but us) wins in drill, and a group of IC teams that can win when they want to, Hotel jumped off to an early lead in total points. The lead dwindled, but under the able leadership of Sam Apple and the rest of Hotel's fine 1st class, we can expect to end up where we belong—ON TOP. So as November rolls along, the Top deck is becoming more solidly prepared as the home of the Top Company. Aichko. What more can we say?

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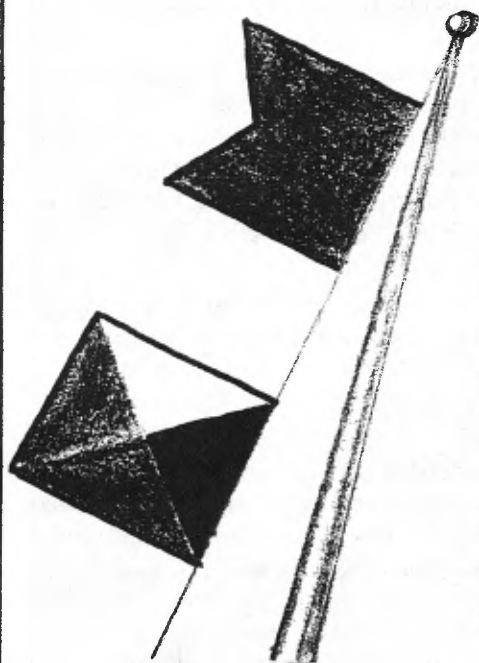
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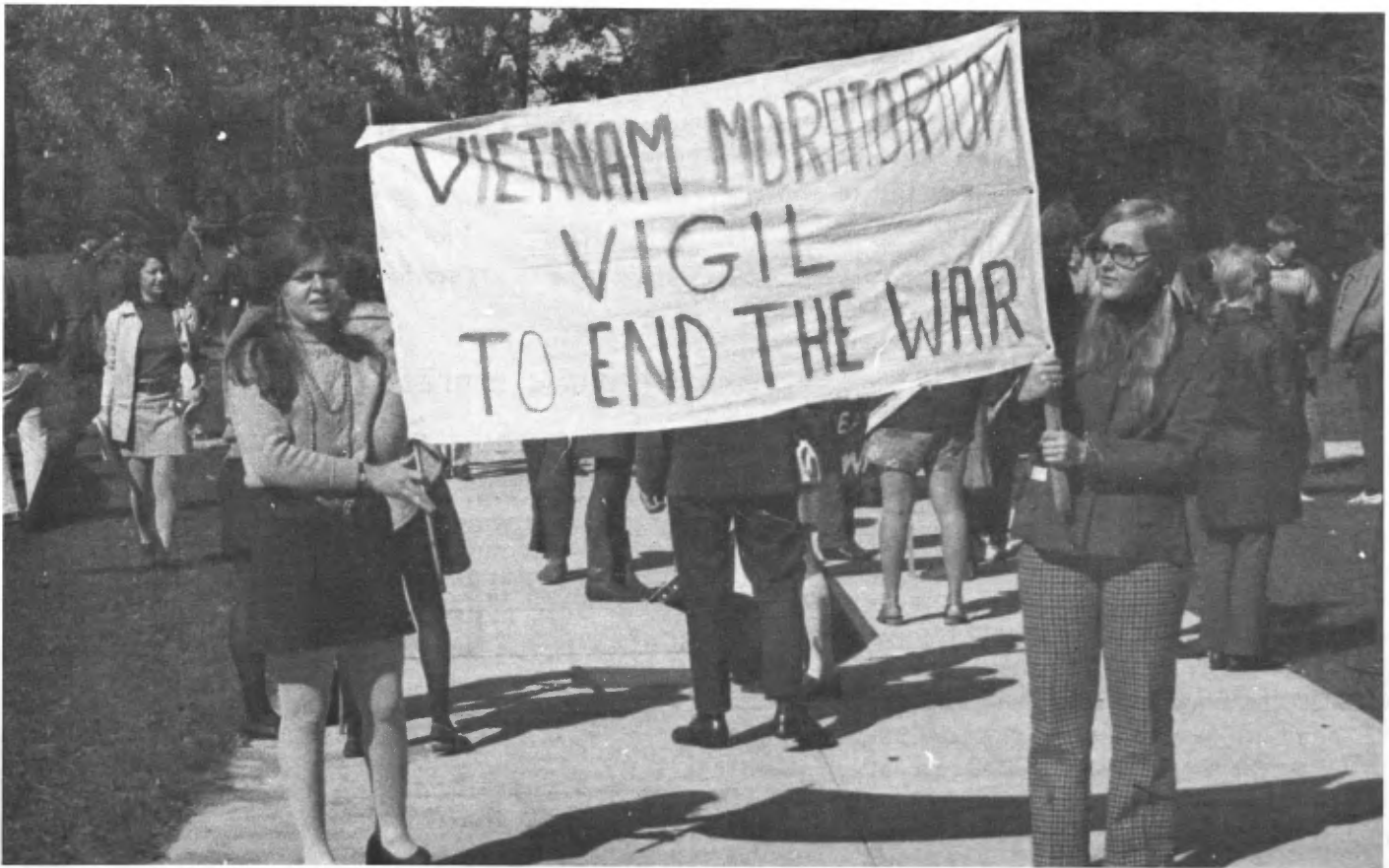


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M-DAY

To the Cadet Corps, Wednesday, October 15, was simply another routine day. Reveille was held as usual; the salute gun fired promptly at 0800 and again at sunset. As Wednesday, it was "Hump Day" and as the fifteenth it was only sixty-five more days until Christmas leave. Yet to others, outside CGA's cloistered halls, October 15 was M-Day—protest day, opposition day, dissent day, raise havoc day, contemplation day. Over one million Americans took an active part in the moratorium day demonstrations in an effort to make heard their sentiments regarding the Vietnam war.

Indeed, as members of the armed forces, and more importantly, as individual citizens, cadets watched with interest the events and consequences of M-Day as reported in the national press. However, M-Day experienced support locally, also, as the students and faculty across Mohegan Avenue at Connecticut College organized a full spate of activities.

On the 15th classes were held only at the discretion of individual professors, a ruling approved by the faculty, thus

enabling greater participation in the moratorium. Few classes were held, fewer still were attended.

The moratorium activities commenced at Connecticut College with a well attended memorial service and candlelight vigil held on the evening of October 14. Local clergymen of disparate faiths conducted the service. The clergymen included Rabbi Irving Spielman of Temple Bethel, Father Edward Dempsey of St. Joseph's Church, Rev. Norman McCloud of the Second Congregational Church and Rev. J. Barry Shepard, Chaplain of Connecticut College who concluded the service by arranging today as "a time of great tragedy, turmoil, and a new awakening of hope."

Hope, for some, was to be found in the activities of the following day as the frustrated anti-war contingent was provided its opportunity to rally and protest en masse in an effort to demonstrate the sincerity of their goals. But all was not march and protest.

The morning of October 15 was devoted primarily to a series of seminars concerning various aspects of the war. Professors Kent Smith and James Baird presented a seminar on the "History of Asian American Relations." Citing the history of U.S. involvement in Vietnam as "paranoic" and "pro-western", Professor Smith remarked that the war was a defeat for American policy and certain American attitudes—not a defeat for us as a people. Regarding dissent and the moratorium Professor Smith asserted that "If we stop making as much noise as possible they will simply escalate the war again." Professor Baird countered that "Our government will

not tolerate dissent either at home or abroad." Commenting on American hegemony in the world he claimed that "We feel as Americans that our prosperity will buy anything we want and contain anything we want." Further, "We are in blind service to some kind of military-industrial complex." When questioned concerning the limits of dissent following the seminar, Professor Baird contended that in a conflict of this nature, activists are justified in showing no restraint or limit to their dissent—including the use of violence.

In another seminar, Professor Ronald Glassman presented a perceptive analysis on the "Sociological Implications of the War." Alleging that the "U.S. is on the verge of creating a new social organization," the war is only exacerbating inflation, the conflict of black versus white and black versus labor. Due to the nature of present volatile conflicts and the general anomie of society," Professor Glassman warned that "If you want to see the birth of fascism, you're living through it."

In a later seminar, Professor Dauhn examined "Nixon's Political Dilemma." Charging that the alternatives of escalation, withdrawal, and a continuation of present policies, spell political catastrophe, Professor Dauhn suggested that the President choose prompt withdrawal as the most prudent and viable means of ending the Vietnam war, however realizing that whatever his decision may be it will meet derision from either the right or the left. Other seminars included "Economics of War Expenditures, Private Industry, and the Peace

Dividend" and "Implications of the Nuremburg Trial for the Modern American State."

Curiously enough, for such an emotional issue, the seminars were conducted in a reserved and decorous manner and were well attended, experiencing capacity crowds. Each seminar commenced with a statement by one or more faculty members, then questions and further discussion ensued. It was evident, from a student perspective, that the seminars were more an effort to understand the issues than a platform for denunciation and protestation of the war. It must be observed, however, that only one side of the issue was presented, but of course one must remember that this was presumably a day of protest, not necessarily of ratiocination.

Other morning activities included a "rap session" and canvassing in New London.

Compared with the studied reserve of the morning seminars, the afternoon rally was freighted with elements of emotionalism. Anti-war poems were read in a general lament of the American dilemma. A host of speakers addressed the gathering of approximately 300 individuals (Enrollment of Connecticut College exceeds 1400 students) including President Shane, Dean Cobb, William Griswald, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, Professor Kent Smith, and Katy See, president of the student body. The rally was concluded with a song—what else but, "Where Have All the Flowers Gone?"

Following the rally many students engaged in a silent walk



"President Shane speaks on the war."

Photos by Beder



from the college to the New London War Memorial. Their ranks swelled as members of the community joined the march. Some individuals in the march wore black armbands, others toted signs, and others simply walked in silence.

Other planned activities included a vigil at the Sub Base and petition and letter writing to congressmen and senators. And of course any protest would not be complete without its fast. Those wishing to fast signed dorm lists expressing their interest and money not used for food was donated to the Committee for Responsibility, an organization aiding war victims in Vietnam. Ironically enough, some of the abstemious ordered pizza from downtown, so as not to dampen their revolutionary fervor.

To some the moratorium was a day off, a chance to relax on a sunny autumn day or simply a chance to catch up on studies. To others it was an opportunity to define oneself through action. Yet to some it was a holy cause; but to many more it was a moment to weigh the implications of the war and reflect soberly as concerned individuals in a time of crisis.

The moratorium raised another issue apart from that of the war—the issue of the role of the university in a national political crisis. Traditionally the American university has ideally allied itself with no political stance or position. The university has been a forum for the exchange of disparate views rather than the promulgation or acceptance of one. When a college faculty decides that class attendance be left to the discretion of the individual conscience of each instructor, then a serious question may be generated concerning the right of the student to attend classes cancelled by his teachers. Should the student be free to attend classes if he does not wish to express his interest in a political demonstration or forum supported by his instructor? Although it may seem trivial to

some, academic inviolability is, nevertheless, an issue which could increase in importance as the war waxes and intellectuals entrench themselves increasingly in the anti-war movement.

E.J. Blanchard



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However, Hannibal had found one that he knew—his brother's. Since that had happened a few hours ago, the general had not come out of his tent.

No matter, he no longer cared. It will all probably end with the rising of the sun . . .

The sun heated the dark brown hair on the back of the ape's head. The head dropped down to tear another strip of meat off the bloody carcass. A moment later the head popped back up to chew and to listen.

A scraping sound caused the ape to whirl around and face the intruder. A second ape, larger than the first, was hungrily eyeing the banquet.

The intruder circled his adversary, but the owner of the diseased carcass held him off with screams and growls. Finally, hunger giving him courage, the newcomer leaped to the attack, aiming for his opponents jugular. The hairy bodies crashed to the ground and rolled over and over, biting and gouging.

A paw fell against a rock, and then grasped it. The rock and paw swing in an arc and the fighting ceased. One figure stood up and stared at the bloody object in its palm. Man had discovered his first tool . . .

K.R. BORDEN



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WAR

“WAR”

The battle is on. The battle of the bands that is. This year the Academy boasts at the present four rock bands. Two of the bands are totally new. However once all of the bands get in action, look out! It should be hot and heavy . . .

One of the returning bands from last year is the “*Raspberry Regime*”. Under the leadership of Terry Hart with Karen Weidenbain, on vocal, the Regime is always moving. Woody Collins and Mike Farrar on lead and bass guitars seem to have a never ending trove of music into which they dive frequently. Ron “Mouse” Frazier brings his organ into play and is only rivaled by J.J. “Gigs” Giglio for production of sounds. Gigs only passion seems to be producing a beat which he does consistently until every once in a while “something has got to give”. And finally there’s Max Sheep on his hot sax. Who never fails to produce “that” sound. The Regime is unsurpassed for its great electronic lighting effects all of which are the brainchild of Bruce “Mac” McCurdy, the Regime’s manager. So the Regime moves forward!! And of course upwards!

“*Words of Wisdom*” the totally new fourth class band has appeared frequently this season. This group was the first to appear in bell bottoms and boots, and make the total scene. “Wisdom” will play anything from hard rock to deep blues. The vocals parties are handled by Mike Wisdom and Curt Kelly, who also holds down lead guitar. Pete Rodda and Jeff Stevens finish up the guitars, and with Rusty Sprouse on drums, Andy Thompson on his mind blowing organ and Dorion Parker on the Sax the “Words of Wisdom” never fails to produce a good show.



“WHY US?”

It’s finger-popping time! Now with boss rhythm and robust blues come “WHY US?”. Getting together to perpetuate the sounds of Motown, Blood, Sweat and Tears, and the like, the group has seven soulin’ members. Coming on like Dionne Warwick is Miss Micheal Graves from Connecticut College. Dave Irvine and Mike Stevens take care of the string section, doing their thing on bass and rhythm guitar. Jay Taylor mellows on trumpet with R.T. Brown on sax. Also able to deliver some smooth trumpet, but primarily the organist, is Andy Thompson. Pete Pichini backs up all this goodness with some of the snappiest drums around. With all these goodies around and that previous element of time “WHY US?” seeks to work up the beloved oldies and the now numbers for “ons” at the Academy and for some of the local functions.



(Above) Terry Hart goes on strong

(Left) “Words of Wisdom”, Mike Wisdom and Curt Kelly

HISTORY
REPEATS

ITSELF



STORY AND ARTWORK BY K.R. BORDEN



All he had heard for the last 18 hours was the sound of his own breath going through the hoses of his suit. Each breath reminded him that he had only four more days of air left—four days he wasn't going to share with anyone, including the only other surviving crew member. Somewhere out there he was waiting for the Martian sun to set so he could claim his share.

Neither of them worried about food. Food comes in plastic bags, while air comes in tanks which rupture in crash landings.

Slowly the yellow orb dropped over the edge of the world leaving the two moons to provide a faint light. The gloved hand clutched a knife for reassurance.

A second pressure suited body jumped from a nearby rock formation and landed on the back of the first. The attacked tried to twist the helmet off his opponent's head as the armored bodies rolled over and over. The knife reflected the light of the twin moons as it rose and fell.

One pair of insane eyes watched another try to pop out of the head they inhabited. They watched a face turn blue as they banged around in the helmet. The eyes telegraphed the message to the brain which leaped over the brink at the preview of its own death. The figure jumped up and ran off into the night . . .

The tank recoiled slightly as it sent another projectile into the Paris Prefecture of Police. As the dust and rubble subsided two figures broke from the cover of the building and dove into the bushes on the other side of the street. Rustled foliage marked their progress as they crawled to the other side of the traffic island and peered out.

Prayerful eyes in the prefecture watched them break cover and then disappear behind the monument flanking the tank.

A few minutes later the two figures appeared again, edging around the monument with two lit Molotov Cocktails apiece. After the tank fired again the two men broke cover and raced for the tank. From ten yards away, the four cocktails were tossed. The unsuspecting tank was drenched in flames.

The first German to try to escape caught a bullet in the

head, blocking the hatch for his helpless comrades. The two assailants fled the awesome heat and stench of the funeral pyre . . .

The tongue swept the parched lips of the powder blackened face. The eyes watched the circling French cavalry prepare for another attack on Wellington's square. The ears tried to sort out commands through the air.

A squadron of the cuirassiers wheeled and spurred their horses towards the mass of muskets and bayonets.

"First rank, fire!"

The finger yanked at the trigger. The musket roared and kicked the shoulder. The ears picked up the screams of the wounded, the neighs of the horses, and the plinks of the musket balls piercing the breast plates of the cuirassiers.

"Second rank, fire!"

The roar of the muskets broke over the head and the deafened ears were treated to the same sounds as before.

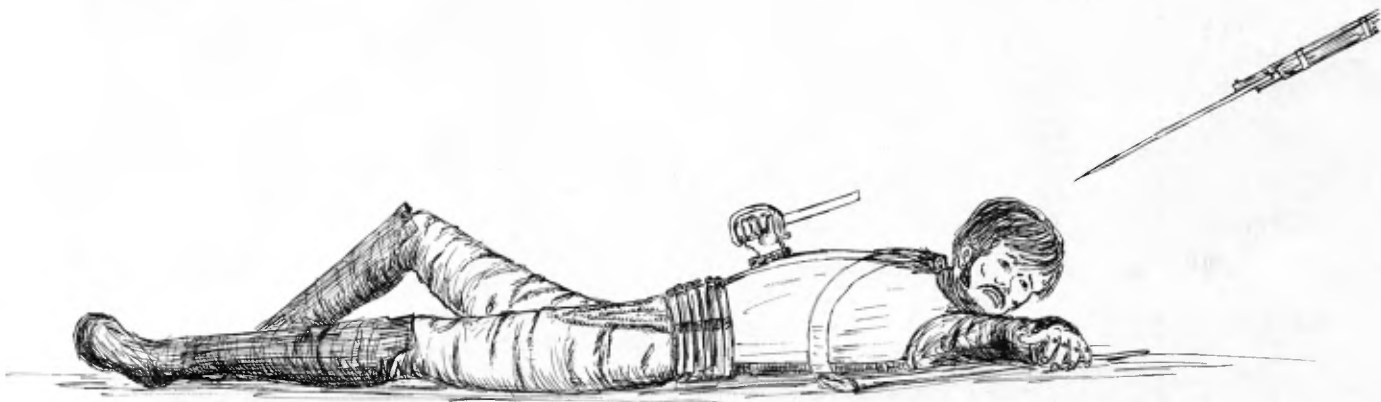
A Frenchman pitched over the head of his dying horse and landed in front of the feet. The young man gazed up at the eyes in resignation. The eyes did not answer; the face did not change expression. The arms lifted the rifle and impaled the Frenchman on the bayonet . . .

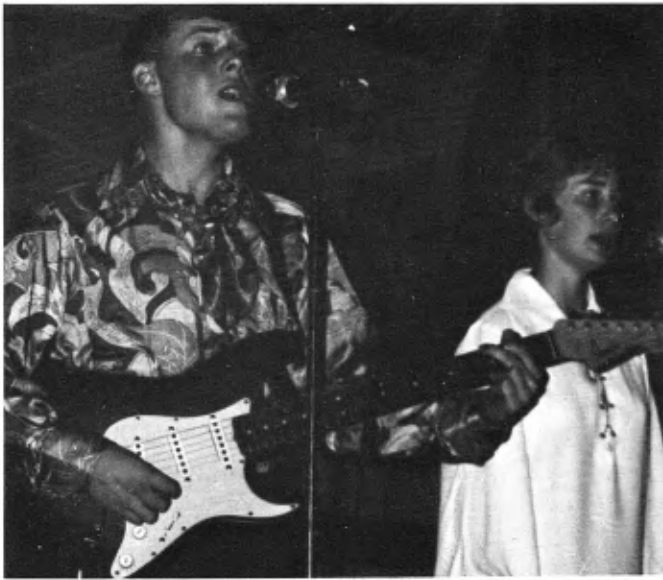
Safe behind the barricade, the Carthaginian stared at the grisly head sitting next to him. He didn't recognize the face, but of course he couldn't expect to. Thousands of his comrades had fallen in the last weeks.

They had defeated every Roman army sent against them, literally crushing them with their elephants. But now, still another army had surrounded them, catapulting the heads of their comrades into camp.

The Carthaginian turned the head towards them. The nose was smashed in. A gash had cut through the scalp and bone over the foggy eyes. Mud filled the broken jaw.

No, he didn't recognize the head. Probably no one could recognize most of the heads that rained on the camp periodically. They were beyond recognition.



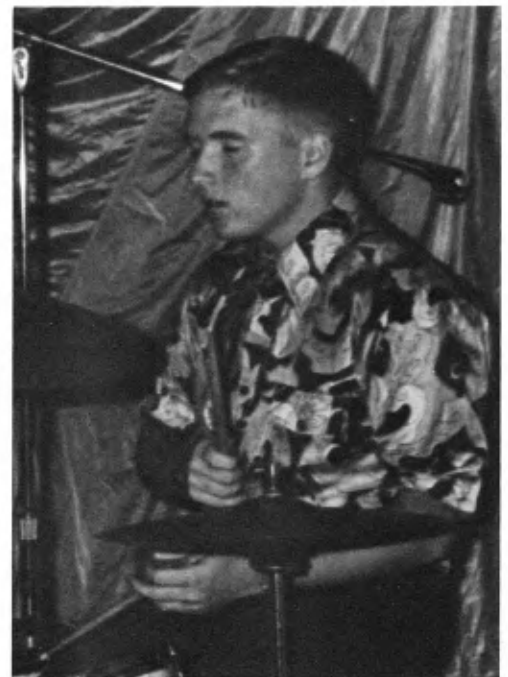


Woody, Karen, the "Regime"

"THE CAPTAIN'S MAST"

This unique band composed of nine young men with dubious musical ability and lots of experience with the spirit and intent of the regulations. They seem to be as restricted in their playing ability as in their liberty. Proof is said to lie in the pudding, and do we have the pudding.

Gill Calhoun, the only member of the group with a legitimate excuse for not having any musical talent (he manages the group) will soon become an expert on the geographical boundries of the New London-Groton area. Our trumpeter, Jeff Parks, the only fourth classman in the group, has not yet turned to a life of crime. However with the expert leadership provided by the eight other members, he undoubtedly will soon be brewing his own mischief in the true tradition of "The Captain's Mast". Chuck Farnsworth saws down the world with his mean trombone. "Turkey" Hathaway, on lead guitar, plastered an absolutely perfect swab year



(Above) Nothing like a drum solo—

(Left) The men of the "Captains Mast"



with "misconduct" on the infamous night of August 21. Dave Dilley, playing bass guitar, will have plenty of time next month to practice along with Hughy Grant on drums. With only more demerits, Norm Henslee and Ben Stoppe will find themselves permanent members of the weekend band. Billy "half-man" Bannister gave up the Idlers for the "Mast". He has played the sax ever since he could lift one up—about six years ago. Billy first played in the "Sons of Sol", a rock group that consisted of 1/6 of his graduating class; 3 out of 19.

All four rock groups will be playing for various informals on Saturday nights at the Academy. For a good time take in one of these dances in Billard Hall.

- Bob Hallock 3/c
- Rube Brown 3/c
- Jay Taylor 2/c



As November arrives, so does Miss Sandy Smith as the Howling Gale's choice of The Girl of the Month. A freshman at Conn College, Sandy's interests range from marine biology to sports, swimming and tennis being her favorite. She has a love and a talent for modern dance and enjoys simply having a good time. Whether it's a walk through the woods, cheering for the gridiron warriors (C.G. of course), or a quiet moment of contemplation, Sandy is there with a quiet seriousness or that certain smile which means so much. With Sandy around the prospects for the long winter ahead don't look quite as bleak.



SANDY



NOTHING IS FREE

If you were to die how would it be?
Would it be from falling from a tree?
Or would it be from a small thin wire?
Makes no difference as far as I can see.

It makes no difference as far as I can see
Whether your death be accidental
Or whether your death be planned
Either way you will be dead as far as
I can see.

The reason behind the death is all that counts
It's not how you die
It's whether you die for something you see
Or whether you die for something over
which you disagree.

Can't you see
I would gladly die for something agree-
able to me
Life is short we all agree
So if I die it will not be for free.



Mortality

HIDING

No one hides by dying
Death is many feet deep and many feet wide
Clear to the bottom for all to see
Not a very good place to hide.

DEAD

It's not easy to find the way
Society has built many walls and pits around it
Few will be different to obtain it
Conformity is the way today.

Talkers fail faster
It takes action not verse
The strong fail as easy as the weak
Some win only by dying.

Happiness is like a flower
It's like the warm sun and cold snow
Happiness is life and color and sound
It's worth the chance of failure.

Be happy and life is full
Be sad and your life is dead.

If this isn't happiness search somewhere
for what you seek. Don't let your life
die. Believe in what you want.

PRICE

Every man has a price for his life
Some men give their lives for freedom

Others die for wealth
No one has the right to change this price.

ANOTHER DAY

It's warm in the sun
The wind and snow have stopped
The sky is blue and the grass is green
The flowers bloom and babies cry
Perhaps the earth will last another day.

THE TRUTH OF SLEEP

Sweeping are the powers of sleep.
We are men of dreams.
So fine the dreams and so poor the light.
Why can't they be one in the same.

Afraid to act on what we see,
To smile at something different.
Why must there be two truths.
A truth for dreams and a truth for light.

Sky is blue and grass is green.
A lie is a lie,
And love a dream.
Let me live my dream.

Let my life be as in my dreams,
My fears be true fears.
Set my search towards its end.
Let me live my dreams.

IS EVERYTHING LOST?

A flash of light and innocence is gone.
Polluted by the dirty air of society.
Drowned before it learns to swim.
A miracle of nature a thing gone past.

Still all is not lost,
It has a mind, but opportunity of use is slim
Confermity is the word today.
It's easier that way.

Beauty is all around.
How much will it see?
Garbage tends to hide the scene.
It's a fight to win and thus to see.

Hope is not lost.
Man may someday overcome.
Nature will reign
And the air of life will be clear again.

KEL CAL



In the shadow of their goal posts
As the light began to die
The battered losers dug down in
To stop the foe's last try.

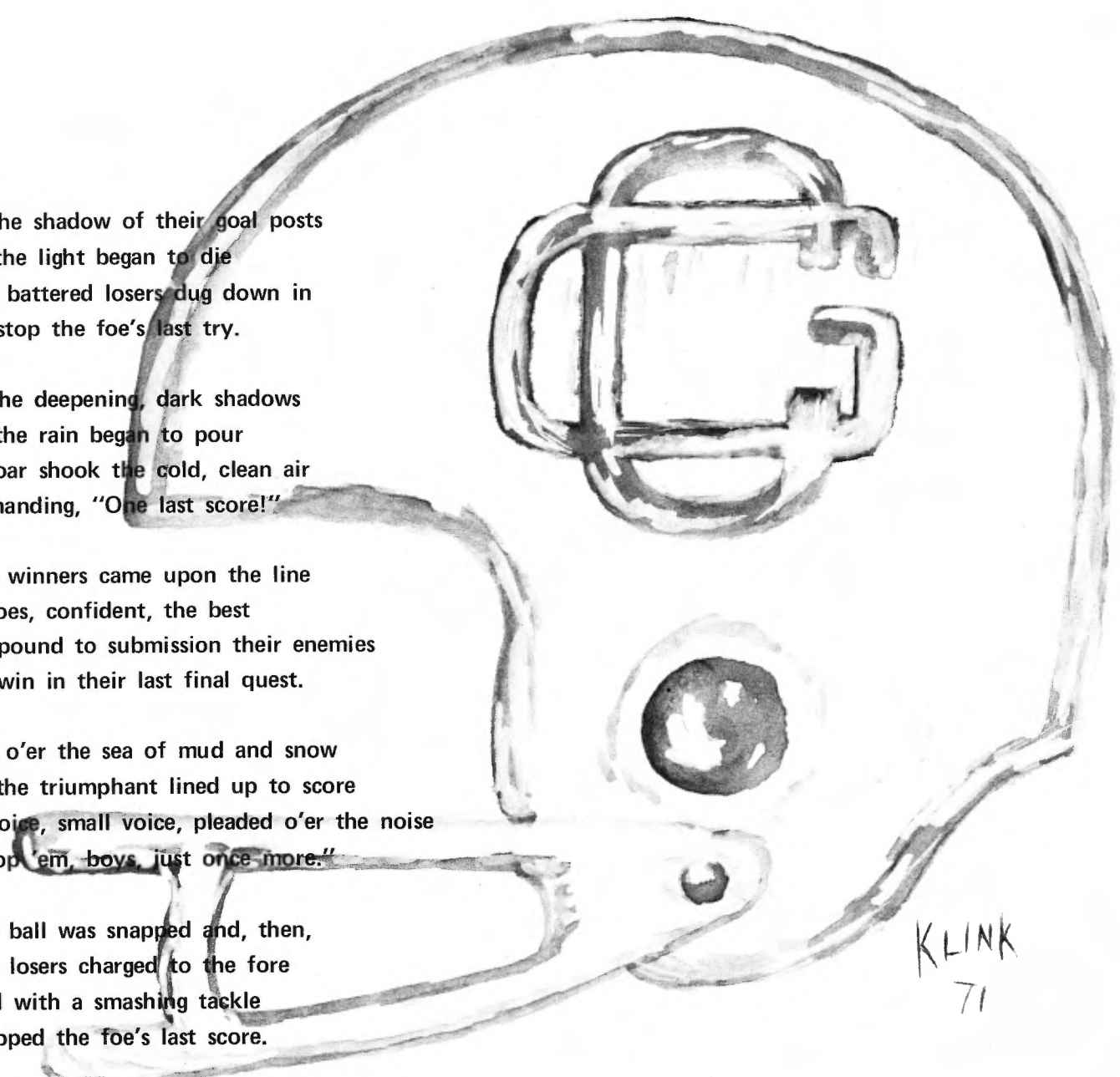
In the deepening, dark shadows
As the rain began to pour
A roar shook the cold, clean air
Demanding, "One last score!"

The winners came upon the line
Heroes, confident, the best
To pound to submission their enemies
To win in their last final quest.

But o'er the sea of mud and snow
As the triumphant lined up to score
A voice, small voice, pleaded o'er the noise
"Stop 'em, boys, just once more."

The ball was snapped and, then,
The losers charged to the fore
And with a smashing tackle
Stopped the foe's last score.

So when your problems attack you
And your troubles line up to score
Don't give up and quit just then
But stop them, just once more.



KLINK
71

ANONYMOUS



Western Electric
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The process of welding leads to studs on semiconductor diodes presented Western Electric with a number of interesting technical challenges.

First, the only way to tell a good weld from a defective one was to select leads from sample lots and bend them back and forth until they broke. We needed a more reliable and efficient method.

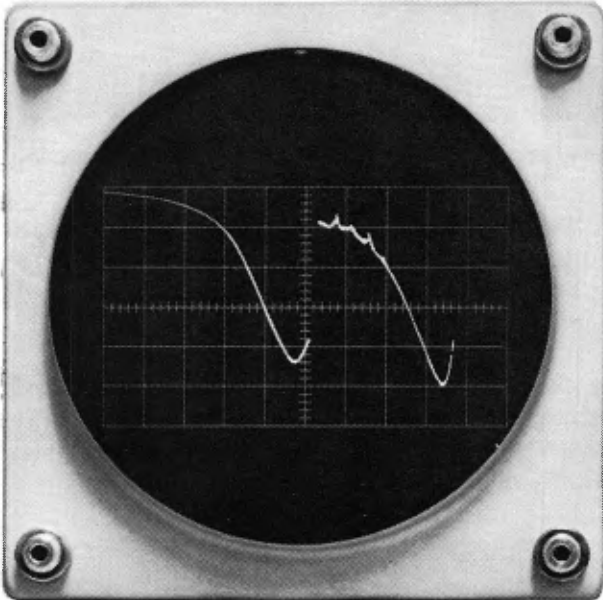
Another challenge centered around the difficulty of identifying which of the six welding

heads on each machine was in need of adjustment. Occasionally, the entire machine had to be shut down and each head checked microscopically.

So we compared photographs of current wave forms on oscilloscopes and found that certain kinds of wave forms indicated defective welds. We found two points on the curve where critical differences existed between defective and satisfactory welds.

Experimentation led to the development of an electronic discriminator that not only rejected defective welds but also marked the malfunctioning welding head. It is still necessary to stop the welder to adjust the heads. But knowing exactly which head is defective before the machine is shut down saves us considerable time. And money.

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The picture that was worth a thousand diodes.

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Admiral Engle, Capt. Kelly and Capt. Palmer watch CGA's defeat by the Cardinals.

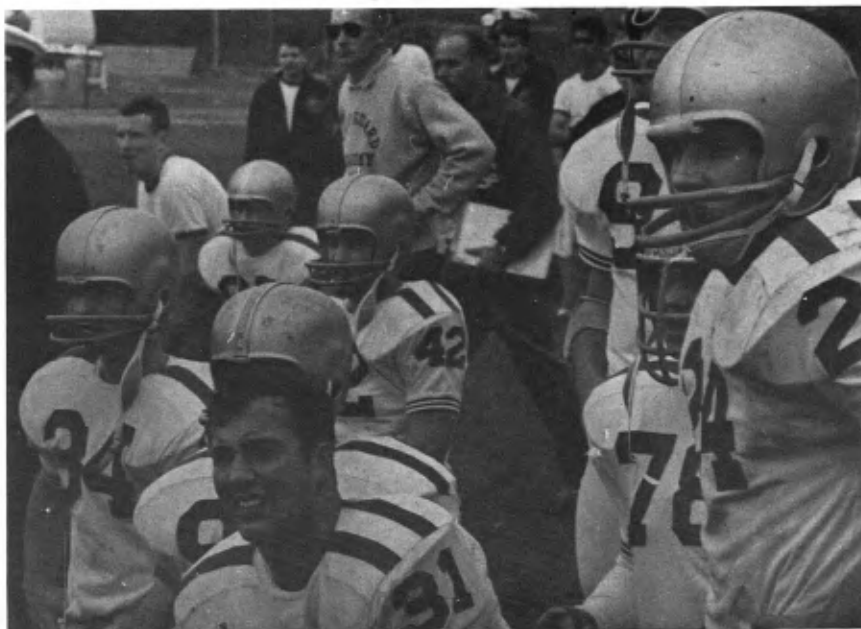
The football game at Wesleyan on 11 October was a bad trip, a real bummer. It was homecoming for the Cardinals and the stands were hungry for a win. Senior defensive back Steve Rottier was seriously injured on the opening kick-off, and senior George Johnson was injured later in the game.

Frank Kishman made the only score for the Cadets. The Bears were simply no match for the charged-up Cards, Wesleyan was out to even the score for last year's upset, their attack and defense were strong and determined. The combination was unbeatable.

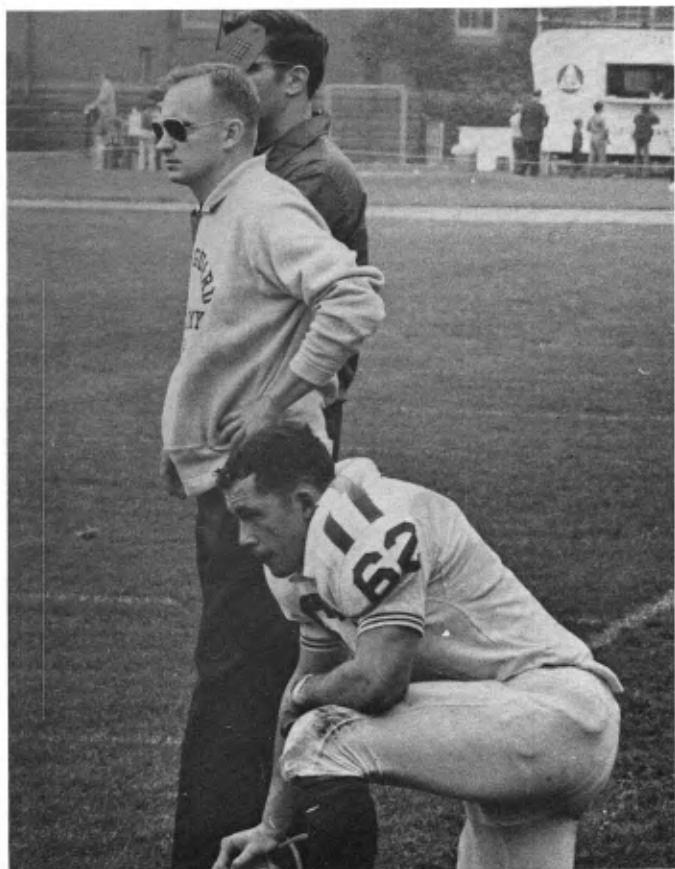


Kim MacCartney guards the left as the Cardinals swoop in from the right.

C O A S T G U A R D - 7



The defensive unit concentrates on action near the end zone.



Vic Guarino confers with coaches Tad Schroder and Cdr. John Mahon.



George Johnson nurses the sprained ankle that put him out of the ball game.

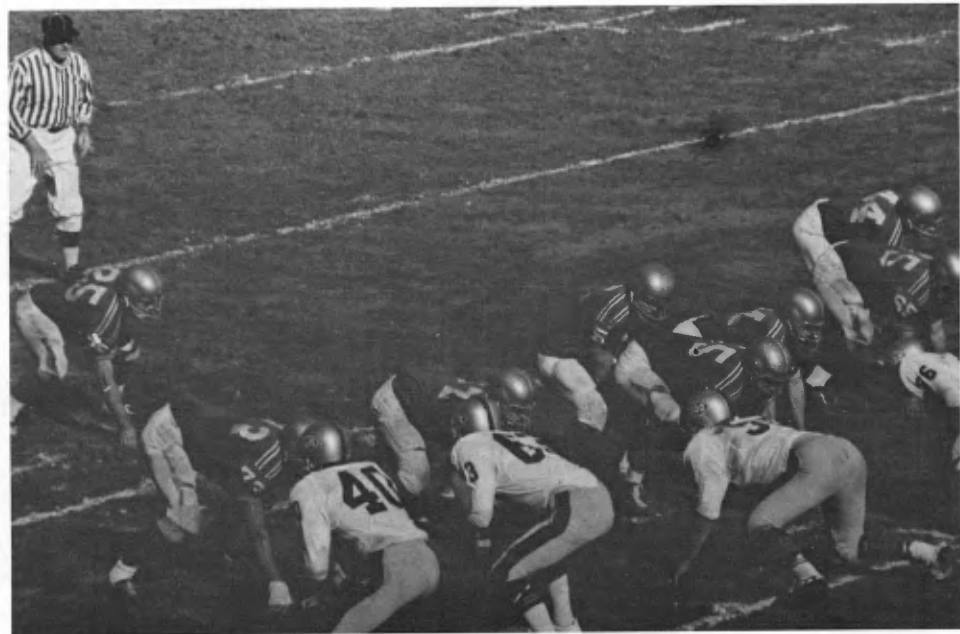
Photos by WRIGHT

VICTORY



On 18 October the Bears faced Southwestern of Memphis, Tennessee on Jones Field. Besides being a perfect football day it was CGA Homecoming. The stands were packed and you could feel the electric tension in the crowd. Last year on Homecoming the Cadets broke a four-year losing streak with an upset over Wesleyan. The Cadets were in a similar winless and underdog position again this year, would they, could they do it again?

A second period field goal by Randy Mullins of Southwestern was the only scoring of the first half. The third period was a battle of the defenses, both teams moved the ball but were unable to score. Early in the fourth period CG quarterback Guy Goodwin tossed a 32 yarder to junior end Tom Mawinney on the Southwestern 18. Three plays later on 4th and 2 a fake to Charlie Pike, then a pitch-out to Frank Kishman put the Cadets on the board. The kick was no good but the Cadets were ahead 6-3. Twice within the final minutes Southwestern was in field goal range, but key tackles by senior Vic Guarino dropped the SW quarterback and ended the threat. A final aerial attack by SW was killed on the CG 24, by Myron Tethal's interception. Goodwin ate up the clock. SWEET VICTORY!



IN THE BEGINNING . . . at the line of scrimmage Guy Goodwin is ready for the snap with Charlie Pike at fullback and Frank Kishman split right.

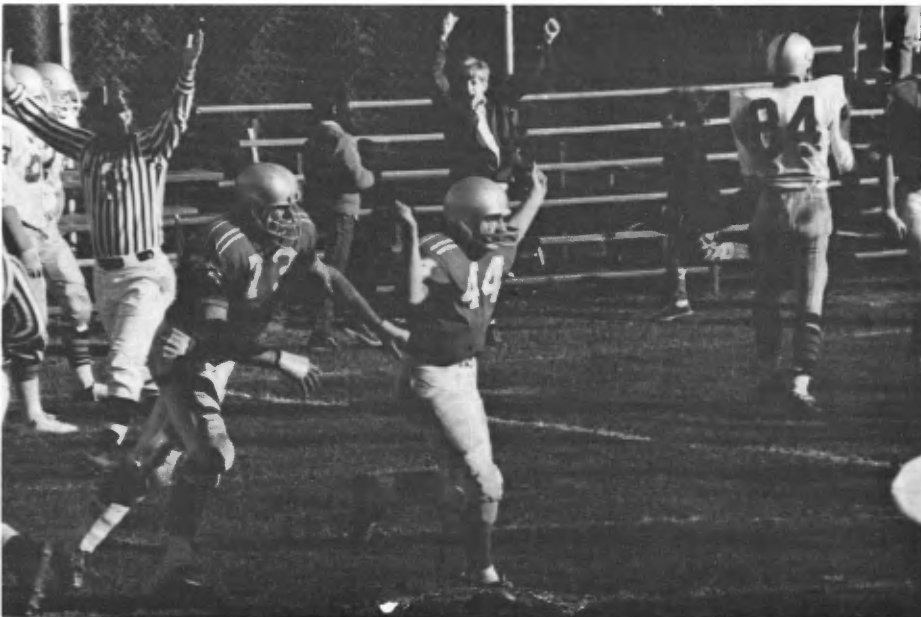
S O U T H W E S T E R N - 3




Winning football games makes Cadets happy . . .



. . . alumni couldn't be happier.



IN THE END, Goodwin faked to Pike then pitched out to Kishman going around the right end. Jim Olsen is about to make the congratulatory tackle in the end zone.

Co-Captain Marty Hoppe heading in one  of his goals.



ACADEMY OLD TIMERS

"HUMMER"



In the past several years the Coast Guard Academy's soccer team has gained more and more respect as a power in New England booting circles. One person who helped put the Bears in the winning circle is Lt. Martin Hoppe, who is now back teaching at the Academy and is assistant soccer coach.

Lt. Hoppe graduated with the class of '65 and was a four-year letterman in basketball and soccer. Known by his friends as "Marty" or "Hummer" he led the team in his second class year by tallying seventeen goals breaking the Academy's record of goal scored in a season. It is no wonder then that, for the first time in academy history, the CGA booters had a winning season.

In his first class season Marty, scoring a record breaking nineteen goals, led the Bears to a first place finish in the NCAA Atlantic Coast Small College Soccer Tournament. To top off his fine season of play he was voted MVP of the tournament and elected by the coaches of New England to the All-New England Team.

Dave Szen '73

Editor's Note: This new column is the brain child of Dave Szen '73. Every month he proposes to give a short rundown on an Academy athlete who has graduated and is stationed at CGA and participating again in the athletic program.

M.F. Pettingill

FUN FOR SOME

This year's team seems to be characterized by a strong defensive. Led by team captain Ralph Yates of East Longmeadow, Mass. the defensive backfield includes Denny Sirois, Bill Willis, Sam Apple, and Tom Paar. Halfbacks are Ernie Blanchard, Dave Binns, Joe Kuchin, Charlie Brown and Steve Brooks. The offensive line includes Bobby Vail, "Otis" Wiese, Chuck Bills, Gary Hiel, Marc Pettingill, Jim MacCartney and Frank Tintera. Kelly Callison spends most of his time shuffling around in the goal mouth complaining about nothing to do.



The soccer team is enjoying a slight mid-season lead in statistics. The record stands at 3-2-3 with five games to go, five very tough games to go. On 25 October there is the annual grudge game with WPI. Both teams like to hit and run. It's always a fun game to watch, although not necessarily fun to play in. On Parents Weekend the cadets will play the (shrinking?) Violets of NYU. The Violets include a lot of foreign boys with finesse and the Bears will be relying on hustle and lots of "hard-nosed soccer" for a win. Three days later the Bears take on their traditional New England rivals the Bantams of Trinity College. Trinity is always sharp and has lots of foreign talent. November 8 finds the Bears taking on nationally rated Army. On November 12 the season closes against UMass at Amherst.

★ ★ ★

AS WE GO TO PRINT . . . the football teamover came favored WPI 30-22 on the scoring of Gonor, Pike, Jones and Platz. The cross-country team finished third overall at the Albany St. Invitational, but they still maintain their dual meet undefeated streak. The soccer team lost a tough game to WPI 2-0.

RUN FOR FUN

As it gets colder and colder and colder the cross-country team runs harder and faster and farther. Some people would think that it is all in trying to keep warm. Whatever it is Coaches Steve Eldrige and Ed Tucker have a team that just won't quit. Coach Eldrige, formerly the most inexperienced member of the team has taken a crash course in Elementary Intestinal Fortitude and is now in his doctoral work in Advanced Pavement Pounding on the cross-country team.

With a spicy mixture of dedication and insanity the team members shake off the miles and the cold. When talking with them you get the idea that they just don't know how or what it is to lose. Winning is contagious and these guys have it bad. There are a few teams that have single runners that run faster, but as of yet there has been no single team that has the depth and power that we do. In cross-country it's not the lone superstar who decides the race, the team that has consistent finishers is the winner. Race after race Don Estes and Bob Alling finish, if not in a first place tie, then at most second and third. Freshman Dennis Bohlayer has moved up to third place on the team, and may by the end of the season return a triumvirate to power. Senior Terry Timberly has been hampered by some leg troubles and is running fourth. Close behind the leaders come Jim Davis, Paul Jackson, and Jim Norton.

Consistency is 15 wins in 15 starts and a combined 2 year record of 32 wins in a row. Years ago it was said "Consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds". I guess Ralph Waldo never ran cross-country, this is one area where a consistent winning tendency is also very rewarding.



FUN IN THE SUN

The Academy's yacht squadron and sailing teams have had a very busy fall season. The Luder 44s and occasionally the Shield's One-Design crews have participated in inter-collegiate races and even a few races sponsored by local clubs, which includes The Fishers Island Race, The Commodore's Cup—where the Academy yachts ARTIC TERN and BLUE GOOSE took first and second in their class—and the Fall Off-Soundings. In addition the Academy sponsors it's own racing program and invites local clubs to sail competitively against Academy crews in Luder 44s. There is a strong feeling of friendly competition within the yacht squadron and within the area's yachting community as a whole.

In one-design racing it is skill, tactics and strategy, not individual ship's differences, that determine a race. As a consequence the crews of each yacht take pride in their accomplishments. Each of the yachts has a crew of eight to twelve cadets of all classes. There is a job for everyone and a great need for teamwork.

Traditionally the skippers of the Academy's yachts are first class cadets. The CONGAR has recently been refitted and is under the able direction of Paul Hagstrom of Turlock, Calif. The Nebraska farm-boy Rodney Wier has "made good in the big city" and leads the ARTIC TERN. John Hughes of San Francisco, Calif. mans the helm on the SHEARWATER. The BLUE GOOSE, winner of recent intra-squadron match races, is captained by Mike Adams of Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. The STORY PETRELIS under the amiable and able direction of bouncing John Quill of Newburyport, Mass.

This season second classmen have proved to be willing and competent as crew chiefs on two of the Academy's yachts. Dave Hendrickson of Holden, Mass. and Al Gracewski of East Lyme, Conn. are both trying for the captains chair on the new Academy yacht GERONIMO. Dave Isabell of Naugatuck, Conn. has the 'con' on the ARION.

Break Away

Except for a train trip north to Wyoming after my folks died, I have never been more than forty miles from this backward, neanderthal community of Snake River City. The atmosphere here is as poisonous as the venom from the rattlers who have lent their name to both the swollen stream which crawls across the prairie and the small town rooted to a bluff overlooking that turquid brook. Yes, poisonous. But don't misunderstand me. I don't mean poisonous to the body, but to the mind. The people in this little patch of humanity, isolated in the center of an empty prairie, press on each other. They cling; they bite; they scratch; they rob each other of goodness as slowly and surely as the Snake River, eating away at the sands of the bluff, robs the town of its base. Both serve equally in undermining the town of its supports.

It is no wonder I wanted to leave, to get away? And to take Betty with me? Ah, Betty—a luxuriant flower in a field of dried up cacti. I had great plans for Betty and me. We would be married soon after I had completed school at one of the eastern universities. I would become a famous inventor and Betty and I would live only in the best and most beautiful places. I wasn't about to drown in a sea of ignorance.

I remember the first time I asked Aunt Prudence for the money to go to college. And why shouldn't I have asked her? The old hag had more money than she knew what to do with. But dear Aunt Prudence screamed, and hollered, and yelled, and carried on like a little boy whose mother was trying to force spinach on him. I thought she'd jump out of her wheelchair, grab me with her withered arthritic fingers and throw me bodily out of the house. I returned to my dirty little tinker's shop on Main Street. There, among the broken radios, bicycles, and small steam engines, I thought about my future. I would never be able to fulfill my dreams with the money I could make from my fixit shop, although I really was quite good at repairing things. I even had some inventions, which, when patented,

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would bring me great fortunes. Did you know it was I who designed and built Aunt Prudence's wheelchair? Everything from the velvet cushions and brass tacks down to the breaking mechanism, all were mine. Every month I checked the breaks, oiled the ballbearings, and did whatever was necessary to keep my beloved Aunt's wheelchair in good condition. But for all this she never gave me one nickel. She would just say, "Thank you, Fletcher" and then grin, revealing her yellow teeth and black, gaping holes where the teeth had rotted away.

Dear old Aunt Prudence was an ugly, miserly, sickly, coniving old hag. Her wizened face was topped by a few thinning locks of dirty grey hair. She sat all day shriveled up in her wheelchair under an old gas lamp in that dark dreary house and worried about her money. Indeed, her money was her one redeeming feature. To amass her fortune she badgered Uncle Horace until he had died of sheer exhaustion. She was forever fretting about rents and deeds and mortgages. Her glasses perched on the pointed tip of her pinched nose, she would sit in her chair, reading notes and papers. I was her only relative and would inherit all she owned; but just as she needed help to do nearly everything in life, it seemed she would also need help to die.

Lord knows she had helped Uncle Horace to his grave. Her strident voice forever haranguing the poor man to work longer and harder until he died of a heart attack while counting rents. The shock drove Aunt Prudence to her wheelchair (though Horace's life insurance kept her in mildly good spirits). Uncle Horace had found his peace, but I was still looking for mine.

Ever since Uncle Horace's funeral, Aunt Prudence has visited the grave every Tuesday evening. I never knew whether she went to pray for him or to scold him. The family burial plot was outside of town, on a hill overlooking Snake River. The hill sloped gradually up for a little better than a mile, was topped by a crown of gravestones, sloped gradually for about fifty yards then plummeted sharply into the river. Horace's grave was on the short riverside slope. Every Tuesday I would drive Aunt Prudence in the Model T truck to the top of the hill, help her out of the cab and into her wheelchair. I would leave for about a half an hour while she stayed alone at the grave. When I returned she would be waiting impatiently on the summit. All the way home she would scarcely say a word. She just sat there with that sardonic smile on her dried up lips.

That particular Tuesday she wasn't waiting for me when I returned to the graves for her. I walked to the peak of the hill and spotted her beautiful red velvet cushioned wheelchair caught on a snag in the murky Snake River. The muddy water made a wreckage of the chair's beauty and fine craftsmanship when pulled from the water. It was too battered to discover exactly what had happened to Aunt Prudence. The sheriff decided that somehow the brakes had failed and, unable to control the chair once she had started down the hillside towards Horace's grave, she plunged into the river. It was a pity the way it ruined such a magnificent chair.

The next day her body was dragged out of the river about five miles downstream.

I wore a black armband for a few days, and received many condolences. Everybody expressed the opinion that it really

was a pity a fine mechanic like me had not checked the brakes before that fatal trip. If only they knew! I had adjusted the brakes that very afternoon, and, as far as I'm concerned, they worked perfectly.

David R. Gauthier



VOLVO'S NEW CAR

This new four door sedan is the latest addition to Volvo's line of automobiles. Styling highlight is a new front end design dominated by a vertical grille. Called the 164, the new car features reclining leather seats for added luxury and Volvo's most powerful engine for added performance. Other standard equipment includes power steering, power disc brakes, whitewall tires, tinted glass and an electric rear window defroster. Basic options are limited to automatic transmission, air conditioning and a variety of radios and stereo tape players.

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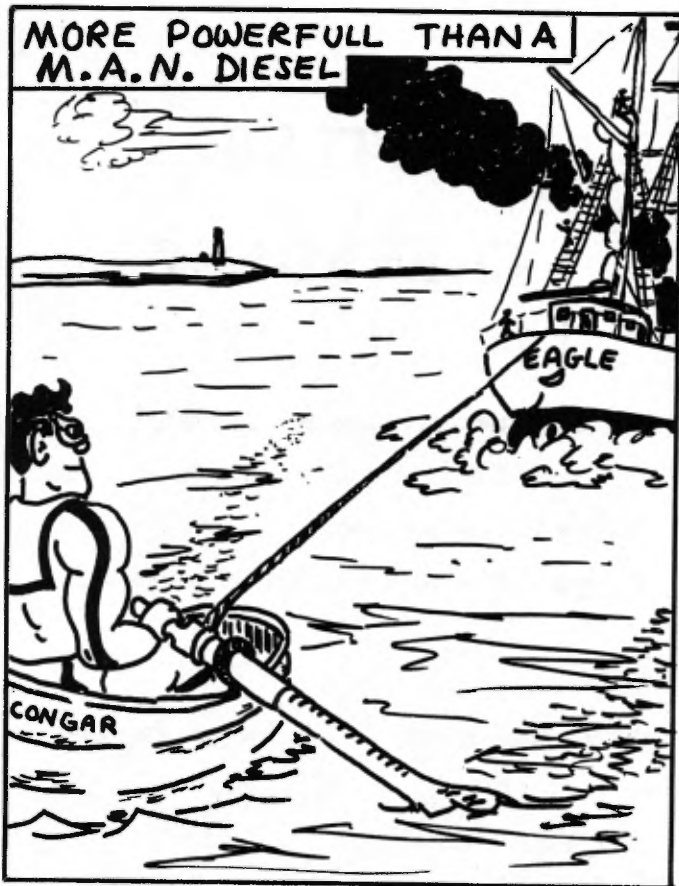
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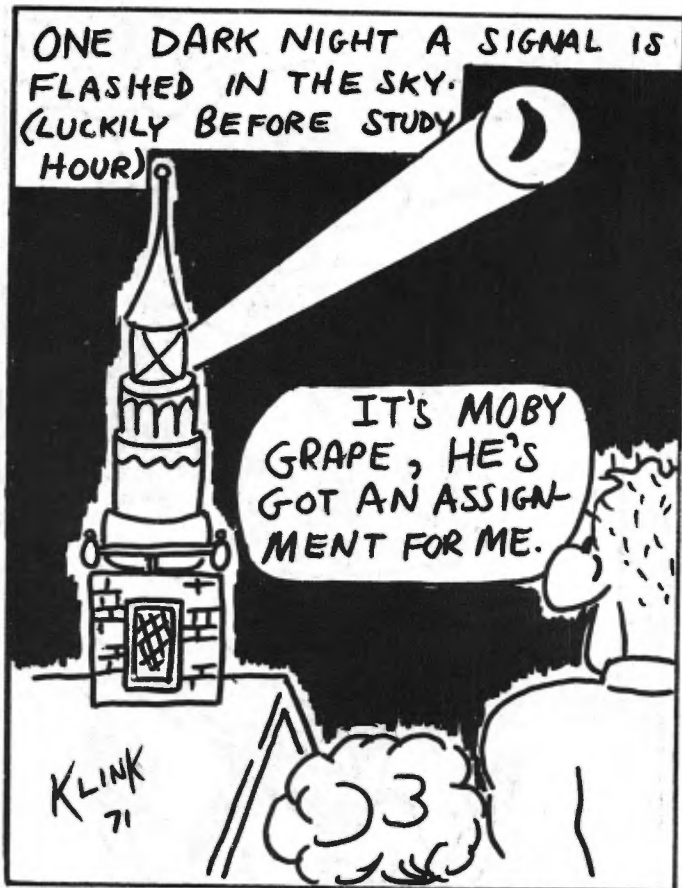


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"Boys from Seaside enjoying the game action with Cadet escorts at the win over W.P.I."

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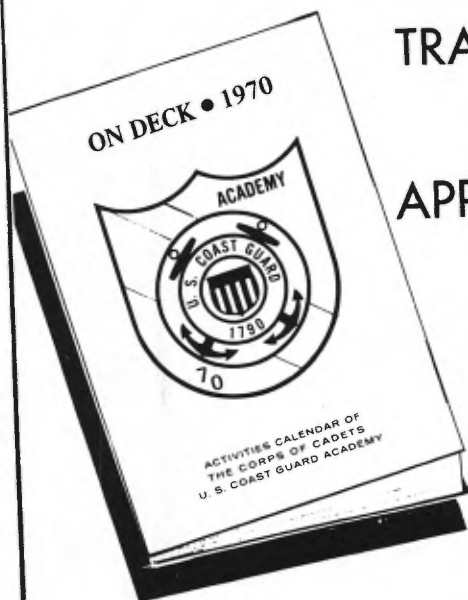


"Captain Curtis J. Kelly, Commandant of Cadets receiving the game ball from the Coast Guard victory over Southwestern of Tennessee from team captains Guy Goodwin and Vic Gaurino."
 (U.S. Coast Guard Photo)

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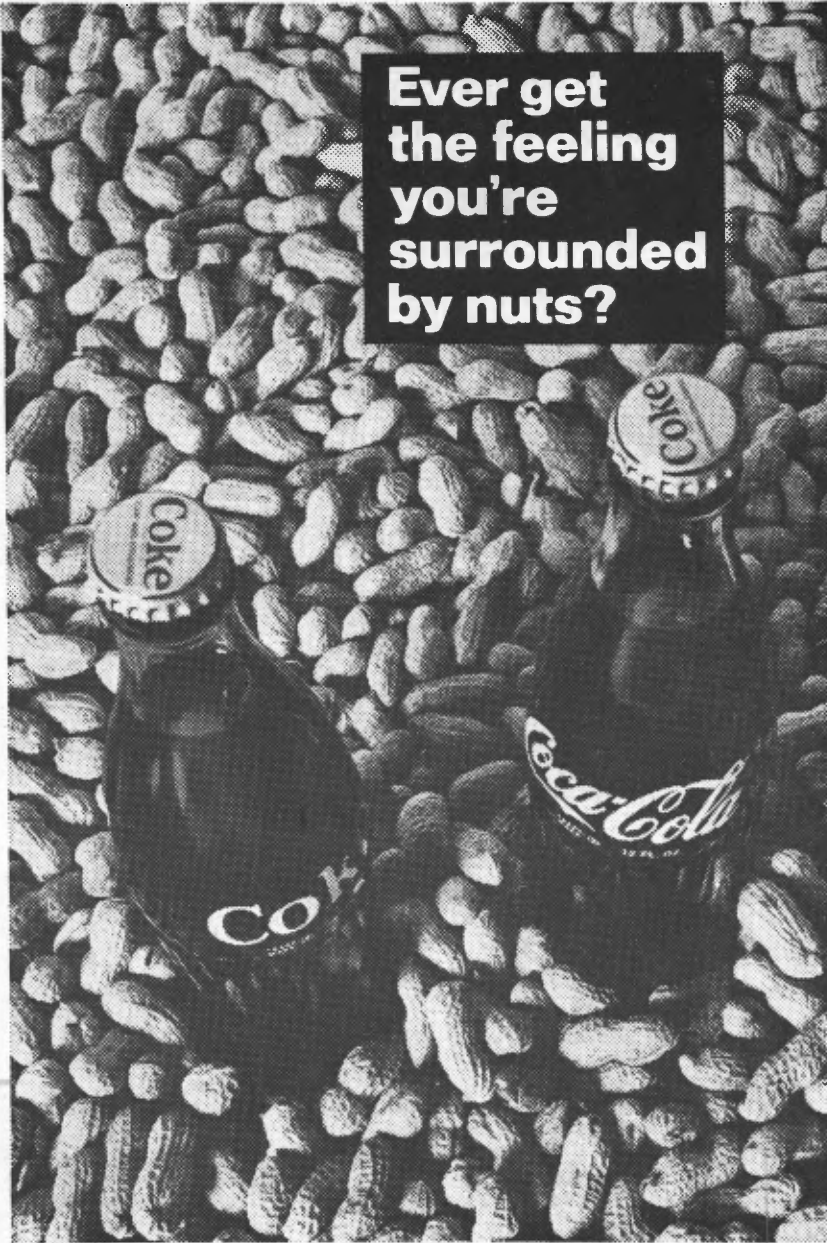
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