

APRIL 1970
VOLUME 18, NO. 6



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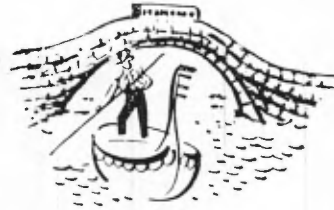
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THE HOWLING GALE

CADET MAGAZINE OF
THE USCG ACADEMY

VOLUME 18, NO. 6
APRIL 1970

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As your new editors in chief, Paul Ljunggren and I would first like to commend the Howling Gale staff of 1970 for the outstanding achievements they have attained.

First they have managed to withdraw our problems in the realms of financial affairs ensuring an easier staff change. Second, the Gale has served well both the interests of cadets and their friends and relatives.

The general philosophy of the new staff is basically the same as the previous staff. The Gale is about cadets, for cadets, and by cadets. For the friends and relatives, we will attempt to give a complete picture of a cadet's life and thoughts through descriptions of cadet activities, original literary works, and humor in photo essays.

Perhaps a few statements concerning the appointments to this year's staff are in order. It must be recognized that there are two basic, but not distinct, divisions in staff duties: 1. Administrative 2. Literary. Paul Ljunggren will serve as the leader in the administrative capacity while the latter duty will be this editor's responsibility. Phil Volk and Frank Kline will assume the "Big Brother" role as managing

editors committed to ensuring efficient operations in accounting handled by Jim Reed, advertising handled by Rod Bowles and Pancho Cleveland, and photography handled by Buck Baily. Copy editors Norm Sealander and Rick Sasse will correct and refine rough drafts while maintaining the author's style and intentions. Rick Harding will take charge of giving accurate descriptions of sports events while free lancer Robin Wendt will provide occasional witticisms. The artists Ken Borden, Ralph Lewis, and Al Klingensmith will enhance articles with their sketches as well as designing the cover and drawing cartoons reflecting on some subtle forms of cadet thinking. Bob Hallock will mastermind the problems confronted in layout.

Our staff is never too large. All interested cadets are requested to submit ideas or criticize constructively the existing format or policies of the Gale. All letters to the editor from any of our readers are appreciated and will receive due attention. We are convinced that the future path for the Gale rests with you, our readers.

J.E. Taylor

"Whether t'is nobler in the mind . . ."

The winter's first snow fell in late October and the first dry ground was not seen 'till April. We stayed throughout the winter in the clap-board house built many years ago by my father. The biting wind tore through the thin walls; the whole building shivered on its foundation as we tried to bolster each other's hopes. We ran short of firewood in January and Tim died in February; little Tim, the youngest child of my second wife, delicate little Tim, not yet two years old, curly blond hair and large, soft eyes. He froze to death one night as the bright stars glistened like specks of ice in the frozen sky. He was buried in a shallow grave for the cold ground was hard, digging was impossible. This death was Emily's first loss, and for weeks she would not be consoled. We hoped and prayed that spring would come soon.

The spring was of little relief to the stark landscape of the farm. Making crops grow on these forty barren acres seemed impossible, even the wildflowers seemed to die before they could bloom. But I still believed that with hard work by myself and my family, we would prosper. In April the government took my oldest son, the only surviving boy of my first marriage. They took him away to fight a war against slavery. Yet I remained a slave to the soil, and the farm was a hard master. Gideon died fighting the enemy in the backhills of Georgia, and his death pierced my hard soul as nothing before had done. I still don't know where he lies buried.

The violent spring-floods took away the hen-house along with what leathery birds had managed to survive the winter. Murraine took the cattle.

The land would yield no sustenance other than that necessary to support a miserable existence. What the land did give up to us was wretched from its grip with all our strength. The only crop that could be harvested in abundance was the stones used to build the foundation and stone steps of the house, and the long stone walls enclosing empty fields. Cecile, my sixteen year-old daughter, worked beside me in the fields and with her stepmother in the kitchen. The flowers of her youth were strangled by the weeds of the fields. She was a young virgin, yet she had the manner and complexion of an old widow. My beautiful child was withering before me. And I was helpless.

It was August. The sun was high overhead but dark clouds were moving over the horizon. The slow stamp of my feet scattered the grey dust. My shirt stuck to my back; sweat made rivers in the creases of my forehead. As I came back to the house for my noon meal I heard my younger daughter whining. My head pounded.

"Shut your mouth!"

But she continued to whine. The sun beat relentlessly overhead. The dark heavy clouds moved closer.

"Shut up I said!"

She cried even louder. I grabbed her legs and swung her head into the stone steps. A red spot appeared. I swung her again. Her skull shattered, blood and grey matter exploded in all directions. Emily stood in the doorway and screamed.

"Don't," I pleaded, "Please don't."

But she continued to scream. I grabbed an ax handle and hit her across her neck. She gasped and fell. I smashed the handle into her face. Blood poured from her nose. I swung again and blood gushed from an eye. My next blows were aimed at my unborn child. Again I swung the ax handle into Emily's face, crushing all bone under the blow. The dark angry clouds now blotted the sun. Looking behind me I saw Cecile and Christopher. Cecile screamed and they both started to run. My first blow caught Chris in the ear and blood stained his long blond hair. In two or three swift blows he too was no more than pulp made from flesh, blood, and shattered bone. I threw my club after Cecile and blood flowed from her temple. But she continued to run.

As the rain fell I sat in the dirt and softly cried. My tears mixed with the dirt, rain and gore, forming a mire complete with every human sorrow. That's how they found me, sitting in the mud and silently crying.

As I look through the bars of my cell window I can see the shadow cast by my gallows. Despite the early hour a crowd has gathered to watch. I hear someone coming to get me, the heavy foot and clanking keys. I know that I stand on the threshold between two worlds. I move between them. Through one door I clearly see hell, but I cannot tell whether I am entering or leaving.

" . . . And by opposing end them."

David Gauthier

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RICHARDSON'S VIETNAM

The question has been asked scores of times, only phrased differently by various inquisitive cadets. Why did you come to the Coast Guard Academy after being an enlisted man? What was duty in Vietnam really like? I always tried to answer as truthfully as possible, but the complete answer is as complex as the questions would appear not to be.

Let me first backtrack and introduce a little personal history. After graduating from high school, I enlisted in the Coast Guard and subsequently went to recruit training at Alameda, California where I attained the honor of being designated Recruit Battalion Commander and Company Honorman and then on to electronics technician school at Groton, Connecticut. Next came romantic old New Orleans for a very enjoyable eleven months. However, during these months of wine, women, and song on liberty time, I felt a strong desire to rise from my position and learn if the potential I felt was capable of being developed.

I had enjoyed being a Coast Guardsman and felt that the service was willing to afford me every opportunity to grow. To me the Coast Guard despite all its triplicate forms, antiquated vessels and gear, and its inadequate budget had a very meaningful purpose: To save life and property. I became in my spare time something of a "gung ho" sailor, much to the surprise of my apartment roommates by studying the history and activities of the Guard. I realize that our organization was able to boast of rescuing in excess of five times its own budget in property, not even taking into account its history of saving hundreds of endangered lives. I then decided to give something and so I came to apply for admission to the United States Coast Guard Academy.

Idealistic, possibly, but Emerson perceived my feelings when he wrote:

"There are degrees in Idealism. We learn first to play with it academically as a magnet was once a toy. Then we see in the heyday of youth and poetry that it may be true, that it is true and gleams and fragments. Then, its countenance was stern and grand and we see that it must be true. It now shows its self ethical and practical."

In the meantime a classmate at electronics school named John asked me to take his voluntary billet to go to Vietnam on a patrol boat. His father had become fatally ill while John was processing overseas. The doctors gave his father about three months to live and the Commander of Personnel at District Headquarters had agreed to a change if John could find a volunteer. Two hours after being asked, I had agreed to go to Southeast Asia.

The training at Alameda, Camp Pendleton, and Coronado Naval Base was rigorous. We learned to do without food for a week, fire a wide variety of every conceivable weapon and do many other things which are still classified. The day neared. We were ready and on edge. A bus ride to Travis, A.F.B. and twelve long hours of flight found us easing out of our chartered jet at Tan Son Nhut Air Base in Saigon. Even though



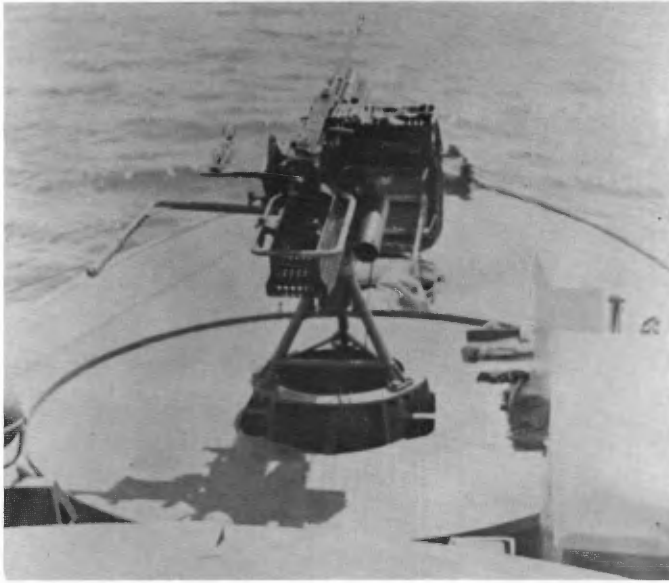
it was well after ten in the evening, the oppressive heat brought streams of perspiration to our rumpled uniforms. The humidity in the atmosphere was like so much cotton candy wrapping itself around our bodies. All of us from the young j.g.'s to the salty chiefs were caught up in our own personal thoughts as we stared around us at the terminal area. Many structures bore huge holes gashed by enemy mortars and rockets.

Even though for some of us there would be no return trip we were caught up in the unique sights of poverty and Oriental culture as we were transported by strangely fenced-windowed vehicles to the Air Force transit barracks. Everywhere small Orientals scurried amongst their taller American allies.

Upon arrival at the barracks, a processing sergeant showed us our sterile looking rack and informed us of the times chow was available. None of us slept much during those first few hours. Thoughts of our future actions danced through our thoughts as we lay in the fast soaking beds. Finally I dozed off only to be aroused by the wail of sirens and the blasts of near-by explosions. We dashed madly for the heavily sand-bagged shelters expecting any minute to be treated to an inexpensive trip to the Pearly Gates. It was only Charlie letting us all know that he hadn't taken his football and gone home. None of our party met St. Pete that night.

The next day we met with repeated frustration in trying to get to our newly assigned duty station which we were told was Division Eleven on the island of Phu Quoc in the Gully of Thailand. Two days later though, found us winging our way south in a camouflaged C-130. The jungle spread below in beautiful patterns of greenish hues broken occasionally by the fiery orange flames of exploding artillery shells. Our landing could be described as anything but reassuring. One minute we were at two thousand feet nearing the strip and the next we were swallowing our stomachs and braking to a fast halt. The object was to avoid ground fire from the always waiting VC.

"Welcome replacements, we've been looking for you for over eleven months." There were eight of us who had been designated for Division Eleven, the rest of our party from the States had left yesterday for Cat Lo and Da Nang. Chief Petty Officer Jim McPherson turned to me and asked what all those barracks were for and a helpful Navy Lieutenant smilingly



answered for the 27,000 Viet Cong prisoners here. After picking the Chief and myself, the Lieutenant reassured us that this area was a haven for tight security. For some reason or other the odds still didn't seem good if the "gooks" decided on a suicidal banzai.

Later that morning, the Chief and I were shown aboard the Coast Guard Cutter Point Mast and introduced to our new shipmates. The first class boatswain mate gave me an unfriendly state as boatswain are liable to do with young, green third class ETs. The rest of the crew seemed amiable enough and soon after showing me around the technician I replaced went aboard our "mother ship," to await his long-desired homeward trip. Twelve months seemed one helluva long way off.

The next eleven weeks were full, to say the least. We worked long hard hours and spent better than eighty per cent of our time underway. In addition to my duties as an ET which meant caring for a number of radios, a radar, a sonar, and other necessary electronic gear, I was assigned as a .50 caliber machine gunner, and mid-watch helmsman. Luckily I drew duty with Chief McPherson, who had come from New Orleans and had been second-in-command of the ill-fated buoy tender, CGC White Alder. Many times the Chief and I were able to keep each others spirits out of the doldrums of Nam-depression. Our cutter's underway time was spent primarily searching Vietnamese and Thailand junks and trawlers for possible Viet Cong bound supplies or disguised enemy soldiers. The other times were used to shell suspected enemy positions, night operations, and aiding the South Vietnamese Navy as directed. Such aid consisted of medical evacuations (medivacs) and supply runs to friendly villages. The hazards of such actions are obvious. Boarding was dangerous from the possibility of grenade-throwing Charlies and night operations consisted of easing in by the beach in a fourteen foot Boston Whaler attired in jungle greens and armed with grenade launchers and M-16s. The object was to find the enemy and direct mortar fire before he spotted you. Being young, impetuous, unmarried, and adventurous I often volunteered for night ops hoping to replace a more reluctant shipmate. The

CO tried to pester him for the chance. I have often wondered if now I would be so quick to hunt for the wily guerrillas.

Approximately eleven weeks after my arrival, my Commanding Officer, a very fine young Lt. (j.g.), Charles Henkart, asked me to come to his stateroom. He then proceeded to show me the message which told of my academy appointment. His congratulations fell on stunned ears. I had just about given up on the appointment because of the obvious costs of training and sending me to this war zone. The Coast Guard had again decided that ambition was worth developing and I was grateful. Yet in many ways I regretted leaving this remote peninsula. The men on this boat and I had gone through something very special together which a person can only understand if they have faced combat with true friends. Also I had come to respect these tough and wiry little South Vietnamese who in the last twenty years faced so much war and misery. Their country was beseiged by an aggressive enemy of no small appetite and I still feel some honor that maybe, just maybe, I had helped them ward off the communism that attempts to devour them.



Despite my immediate hesitancy, I realized that my chance to do the most good undoubtedly now lay alongside the Thames River in Connecticut. After a one day layover in Saigon, I was headed for my new role as a cadet. Admittedly I did not look forward to my future boot camp-like training. Yet the meaningful words of advice from my Base New Orleans Commanding Officer, Commander Kenneth A. Long reaffirmed my desire to stick it out. He had told me, "The Academy can be a grueling four years, but the effort all becomes very worthwhile when you save that first distressed life . . ."

Within twelve hours after landing at Travis Air Force Base I was being escorted by Summer Ensign Johnson to my room in Chase Hall to meet my hopefully rewarding future starting as a swab.

by Cadet Third Class
James Richardson

WINTER WEEKEND CONCERT

On Friday, March 6, CGA presented its Winter Weekend Concert. Two well known vocal groups performed; Dennis Yost and the Classics IV, and Little Anthony and the Imperials. The Classics IV were on first, performing such favorites as "Stormy" and "Traces" and their new hit, "The Funniest Thing." The highlight of the evening came with Little

Anthony and the Imperials. Using a skillful blend of good music and showmanship, Little Anthony brought the house down and received a well deserved standing ovation. Both groups did a good job and it was a very successful concert.

Michael W. Brown
Academy Music Critic



Dennis Yost and the Classics Four



Little Anthony and the Imperials

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THE DAY THE EAGLE WAS RECAPTURED, ALMOST

It is a well known fact that the Eagle was obtained from the Germans after WWII as a war reparation. Also well known is the fact of the great value of the Eagle to the Coast Guard. However, little is known of the resentment of a small group of German Naval Officers who were there during the transaction of the Eagle into American hands. This is the unknown story of one of those bitter German officers who took matters into his own hands.

****Capt. Von Wimpleshlitz**



After 25 years of searching, the captain and his band of followers Lt. Bush Anheuser, Seamen Schwenkwiezer, and Bsm. Frazlepabst, stumble upon the secret hideaway.



Uncertain about apparent top notch security headed by Cadet 2/c Hums-kids, the captain decides to skirt the guard house.



After a high explosive charge, the impenetrable wall of reinforced concrete, is reduced to pumice.



Assured they have left the enemy behind they march confidently toward the Eagle in fine tradition.



However, they soon discover they have lost themselves in the intricate roadway system of the base and must ask a nearby on-the-ball cadet for directions.



The band of men take a five minute break in which the captain and the lieutenant formulate plans, when out of nowhere,



They are nearly discovered by Cadet 2/c Half-Moon and are sent scampering to shelter.



Taking every precaution, they stealthily sneak aboard the great glorified bark.



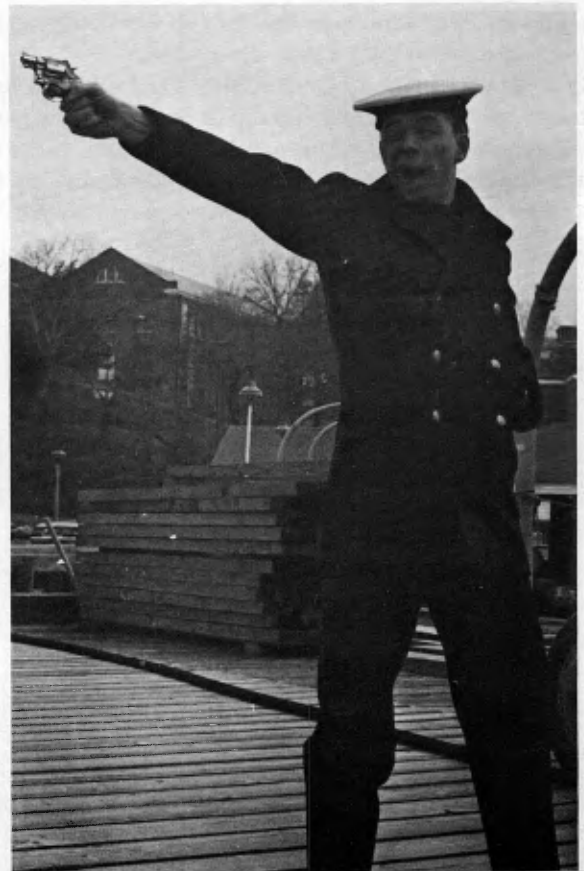
Close hand-to-hand combat ensued and after a hard fought struggle, Cadet OOD Res Trictilleaster was forced to relinquish his command.



Under direction of Von Wimpleshlitz, years of pent up revenge are fulfilled as the OOD is forced to walk the sprit.



After proper change of command ceremonies, the ship is rechristened the Vorst Vessel. Having thought through the escape plan for 25 years, the captain's dream is fulfilled.



But unknown to the captain, a state of emergency has already been declared, and at a last ditch effort, a crack member of the cadet pistol team attempts to foil the escape.

End—Of course this effort was successful as can be seen by looking at the Eagle's personal slip and seeing the beautiful sailing ship still there. Our thanks to cadet 2/c Zero for his fine efforts, for which he will be decorated.

USCGC VIGOROUS

And Its Short History With the Coast Guard

There understandably seems to be reason for visitors and parents to inquire about the training ships located opposite each other on the Thames extending the length of the Academy pier. It could be simply answered by the fact that there is only one training vessel, the Eagle. The other is part of a proud fleet of 210 foot cutters bearing such names as Active, Confidence, Reliance, and Vigilant. The Vigorous, a Medium Endurance Cutter, is the 15th in this fleet and is the first to bear the name.

Operating under the command of the 3rd District in New York, the Vigorous is primarily a Search and Rescue unit, but finds time to enforce fishing treaties with the Communist Bloc and take its part in the control of pollution. A monthly schedule is comprised of two weeks on patrol and two weeks in port. In port watch is of two types, that of "C" status and "B-6" status. "C" is a period of ship repair in which a ship cannot be required to get underway, as "B-6" allows all the ships personnel to return to the ship in two hours and be underway enroute to the scene within six hours.

Since arriving in New London May 11, 1969, and being commissioned July 29, this vessel, under the command of CDR George Wagner has taken part in many cases. In its first three months it saw action 12 times in comparison to the four times in six months for the Yeaton, which was replaced by the

Vigorous. The biggest of these cases was the splitting of a Liberian tanker 300 miles southeast of New London. The 210 departed with a helicopter aboard while on "B-6" status to assist with five other cutters in search of the stricken Keo. After six days, the New London vessel returned with a lifeboat and a body from the vessel which had but a bow section remaining afloat. Ditched aircraft have proven to mean action in such cases as the two day search of a Pilgrim Airlines flight this winter which carried visitors to the Academy, but fell to its end in Long Island Sound; and the direction of a search by the Vigorous with four Coast Guard and four Air Force helicopters in search of a ditched airplane south of Cape May. Also credited are the interceptions of over five Communist fishing vessels in violation of territorial waters.

The Vigorous, with its 3" Mount, in accordance with Coast Guard regulations, has firing sessions twice a year. The ship's crew consists of 8 officers and 53 enlisted men. Officers stand one watch per day at sea, and one watch every six days in port. Stationed aboard the cutter at the present time is Ens. Paul Prokop '69, who holds the jobs which are typical to his rank as a new Ensign aboard a 210' vessel. Presently serving as Assistant 1st Lieutenant, Gunnery, PIO, Voting, Investigation, Cryptoboard, and Exchange Officer, Ens. Prokop will serve his 1½ year billet while a new Ensign from the Class of 1970 reports to his new assignment aboard a very capable vessel in a very modern fleet, the USCG Vigorous.



ELAINE



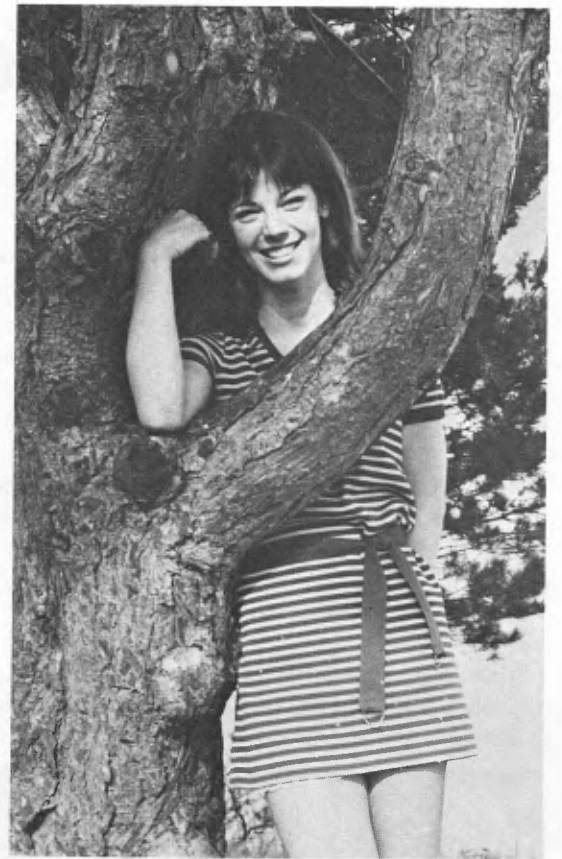
The Howling Gale's Girl of the Month for April is Elaine Leavitt, and she is a perfect example of why a young man's fancy turns to what it does when spring arrives. Elaine is a 20 year old native of Chevy Chase, Maryland. Her main interests are psychology, tennis, body surfing and keeping camel drivers away from her one and only.





Elaine's love for nature and life has kept her active, and with a middle name of Rutherford, she needs to be friendly to all. The Washington area is said to be the prettiest spot in the nation in the spring, but with Elaine there, it just might be all year round.





THE THRILL OF VICTORY

ENTER THE YOUNG

The future of tomorrow is in the hands of the "young." This year, the Winter Sports turned to the young (the new freshmen) for the help they needed. In all cases, this proved to be a profitable move. If no concrete proof is available to support this statement, we can surely say, "wait till next year!"

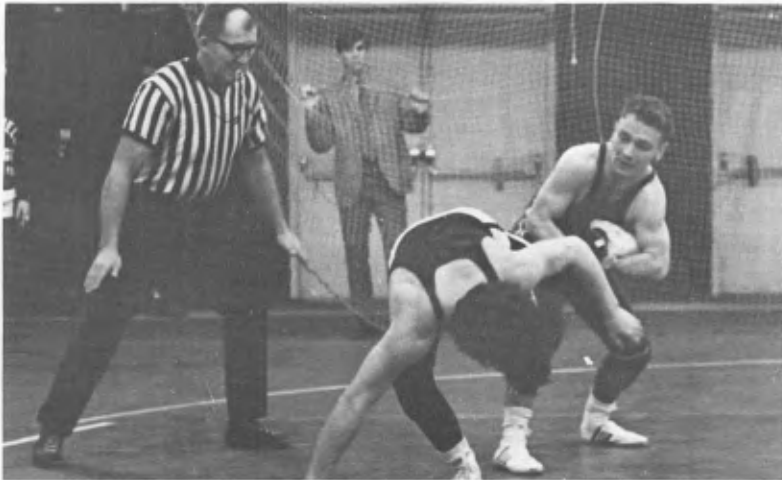
You may ask how this is possible. To take rookie player and expect him to become a superstar in one season? Impossible. But it is done all the time. The New York Mets did it; the Celtics are the classic example of the aging of their players. Surely, this was the idea behind all of our Coaches this season.

The biggest example of this move seems to be the basketball and the wrestling teams. Basketball started as many as three freshmen at one time. Wrestling had four rookies that

were standouts. Wrestling finished a rather fair season at 7-6, losing the last two each by two points, but with their ex-rookies next year, they can look forward to an even better season. The Basketball team never gave up once during any game and with one year under their belts, the rookies can count on an excellent season next year.

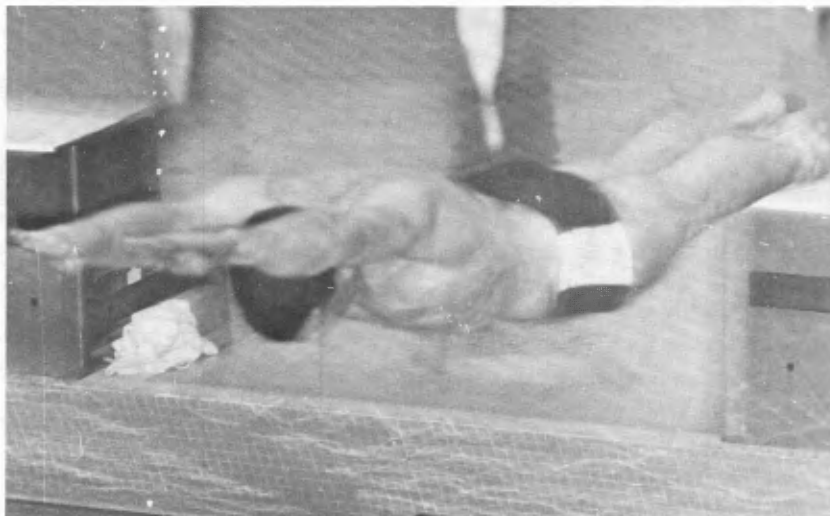
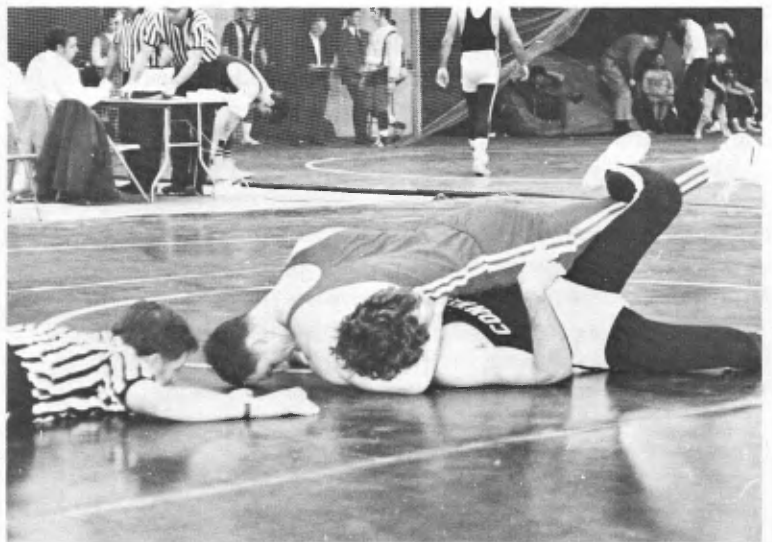
The swimming team is the outstanding consequence of such a move. Last year they recruited many freshmen. Well, this year they improved their record well beyond that of last year. Next year can be even better if this year was any indication of what young blood trained by veterans can do.

To all our winter coaches, we extend congratulations on fine seasons and feel confident that through your efforts, the coming seasons will be just as prosperous for you and your players.



THE AGONY OF DEFEAT

— WINTER SPORTS REVIEW



BASKETBALL

Amazing! This was the year of the Mets; underdogs everywhere were throwing off the onus of defeat and springing through the sweet fields of victory. However, this season calamity struck; the Boston Celtics did not make the play-offs and CGA's basketball team had an unblemished record.

It's not fun to look back at a long season and see a series of defeats unbroken by a win, but perhaps from the shambles of '69-'70 we may build a better future. It must be said that the future is bright indeed, with only three men graduating, plenty of returning lettermen, and a fine squad of frosh players coming up from a winning team.

One real bright spot of the season was the play of the second classmen. Joe Kuchin showed tremendous improvement and an aggressiveness needed in any sport. Ken Bicknell started slow but put it all together in the last few games. Finally, Frank Kline at last showed some sign of the player he is! He came out from hiding and excelled in the latter portion of the season. With these three returning, the experienced 1st class nucleus will be great.

Although the Bears never won, the squad never quit trying. The hustle on the court was outstanding and the attitude of the team members was excellent throughout the season. The record does not indicate the effort put into the season. If effort counted, the record would be turned around.

For the cadets and guests who attended the discouraging battles, some good feelings can be felt To know that the squad appreciated the moral support throughout the long season.

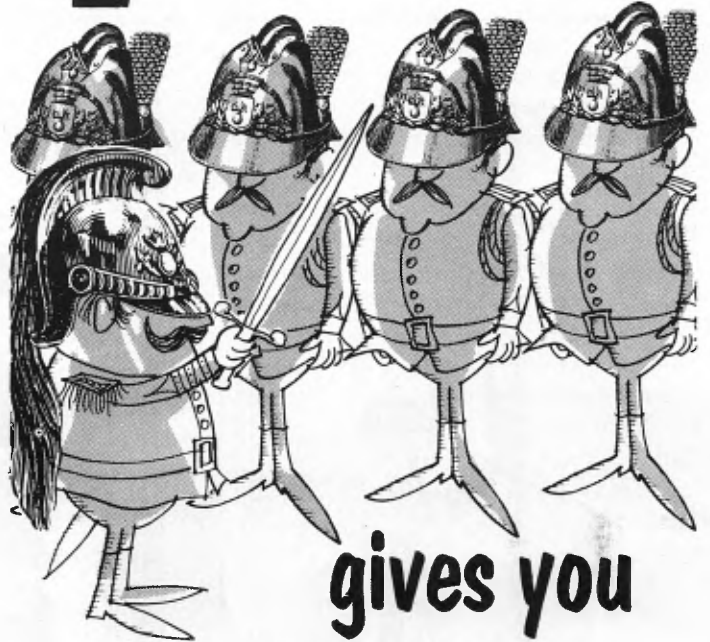
WRESTLING

The wrestling team closed out its 1969-1970 season on a sour note, losing its last three matches. Up to that time they were 7-3, dropping to 7-6. However, things aren't as bad as they may seem. The last two meets were decided in the last bout each time and were dropped by two points each time.

Desire is a word which we oftentimes confuse with want. One could say the Desire of the wrestling team is a want but it can be better generalized by saying that it is a part of you. You live, sleep and eat wrestling. To sacrifice for almost five months at grueling practices all week, not eating at the same time and just for a few minutes on a mat—to prove what? This is where desire enters. Your whole world must be wrestling. The 1969-1970 team was motivated completely by desire.

The highlight of the season was the New England Championships at Springfield College. By far they were the team envied by all for their stamina and endurance. During the last two weeks of practice it was hard to tell if they were getting ready for wrestling or track. Tom Mills, one of the hardest workers on the team, placed second at 142. He practically pinned his way to the finals getting there by way of two falls and one mass victory. Freshman Mark Davis placed second in the freshman class. A total team effort placed the Varsity 9th overall and the Freshman team 6th overall. Ed Page and Steve Riddle advanced to the quarter finals before being eliminated while Ed Bauman placed third. Dan Andrew and Charlie

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Lenhart placed fourth in aiding the Freshman Team. Even as this article is being written the team is still practicing for the National Championships next week at Ashland, Ohio.

HARDS

GYMNASTICS

A great deal can be said about a good second effort, both in an individual performer and in a team. The "second-wind" seems to be what supplied the momentum to bring the 1969-1970 Gymnastics team from a midseason mark of 2 wins, 5 losses to a final season mark of 6 wins, 6 losses by winning 4 of the last 5 meets.

On such a young team all competitors contributed substantially but some performances were decisive in securing victory. In the 102.15 to 100.15 victory over Ithaca College, first and second places by Mike Kirby and John Malmrose in both sidehorse and parallel bars, coupled with second places in high bar and long horse by Paul Russell and Herb Williams respectively, brought victory in favor of the Cadets. Confronted with a 4-6 record and the last meet of the season against Queens College and Nassau Community College, Kirby and Malmrose secured first and second on the side horse while Paul Russell led a campaign of first places on high bar and long horse, and second places on Parallel bars, floor exercise, still rings, and long horse captured by Mike Kirby, John Egbert, Mike Hathaway, and Herb Williams secured the victory for the cadets.

INDOOR TRACK

After dropping a close meet to Fairleigh Dickinson, the indoor track team rebounded to win four straight and end the season with a 5-1 duel meet record. The mile relay team also won at the Philadelphia Classic and Boston A.A. games, and the team placed third at the C.G. Relays.

Boston State; Bates, Amherst and Central Connecticut all fell under an onslaught of Cadet record performances. Of eleven duel meet events, records fell in seven of them. The record setters were lead by team captain Paul Jackson, setting a new mark in both the mile and the 1000 yard run, Don Estes breaking the two mile record, Bruce Platz jumping to new heights, Denny Sirois and his pole bending to hit the rafters on his way to a new pole vault record, and Don Gerber and Don Hertz establishing record throws in the hammer and shot put.

SWIMMING

The swimming team closed out its 1969-1970 dual meet season with a successful record of 9-4, improving on last year's record of 6-7. The team can look forward to an even better season next year with returning freshman such as Pete Milner, Chris Sprague, and Art Carlson and Tajr Hull. Depth of this year's team was accounted for by upperclass Steve Poole, Dean Harder, and Bill Phillips. With the loss of Coach Newton, the swimmers will be losing a vital part of the team. The team is now looking forward to one of its best showings in the New England Championships.

Smitty

SPRING SPORTS

— REVIEW —

BASEBALL

The baseball team, coached by Coach Pinhey and Coach Combs, is looking forward, with great desire, to another winning season. Spring practice has already begun in Roland fieldhouse, and during Spring leave the team will be travelling to Florida, for several games.

The team is a young one this year with only two Seniors, but then again, one of them just happens to be a .417 hitter, centerfielder, and captain, Phil Sherer. Not lacking in experience or depth, there are eight returning lettermen including a winning nucleus of pitchers composed of Wenn Harper, Larry Bouis, Steve Putnam, and Jim Brokenik. Charlie Bills and "Chief" Cornell are both back in the infield. Charlie Beck, Paul Barlow, and Jay Carmichael round out the outfielders.

Craig Eide and Don Gilbert have come back from their side-lining injuries of last year and look strong in practice. The "Rookie" department adds still more depth to the team furnishing Scott Anderson in the outfield, and several fine pitchers and catchers.

The schedule shows twelve home games in a twenty-two game season with such opponents as MIT, Springfield, and NYU, not to mention Wesleyan. "Hustle" is the key word for the season, and when you come to a game, do not be surprised to see Pete Rose in every CGA uniform.

GOLF TEAM

As the days get warmer and longer, and everybody turns their attention to the coming of spring, the golf team looks forward to improving its 7-2 record of last season. The team has lost three players from last year's squad, but has added four good 4/c to a strong six man nucleus left from last year. Members of the team are Co-captain Al Sabol '70; Co-captain Russ Wilson '71; John Smith '71; Kirk Smith '72; Fred Litchliter '72; Bob Wells '72; Roger Mitchell '73; Tony Yamada '73; Ken Bradley '73; and John Jarrel '73.

With the addition of a championship golf course named Blackhall, it is easily understood why the team is considered among the best in New England and has a chance to represent the area in the NCAA tournament in June.

The team is coached by two true masters of the game, head coach Ralph Crandell, New London seniors and club champ, and Lt. Jim White, 1967 First District golf champ. In only two years these men have developed one of the best CGA teams and things can only look better for the future.

TENNIS

As the typical New England spring rolls around, the CGA tennis team moves from the inside courts of Roland Fieldhouse to adjust once again, to the faster surface of the outdoor courts. The academy netmen of 1970 may be a surprise to many, but to the players and their new coach, Lcdr. Howell, the season should be one of the finest in recent years. Returning from the squad of last year's winning team are Jim Clarke '70, Jay Taylor '71, Greg Johnson '72, Ed Beder '70, Pete Barrett '71, and Phil Bird '72. The surprise comes with the addition of the fourth class who have already shown promise and will definitely be in contention.

The twelve match schedule is headed by Rhode Island, Springfield and Albany State, who were the only teams to mar last year's record. Also, for the first time the team will be entered in the New England Tournament in May.

OUTDOOR TRACK

Led by Captains "Uncle Mark" and Denny Sirois, the track team moves from the warmth of the 5th deck to the cold, wind, and rain of another beautiful New England spring as outdoor track begins. With the first meet not until the 7th of April, the thinclads hope to have time to get used to the new environment.

Coming off a winning indoor season, the team hopes to pick up where they left off last year as the Easterns and New England's Champions. The challenge will be a tough one as UConn, the 1970 New England champions, will remain as an outdoor threat.

The team's strength on the track should depend on the sprinting of the Rabbit and Joe Tamargo; Uncle Mark and the lame turtle in the quarter; and Paul, Don, Tim, and Dexter running the distances.

It could be hard to top last year's performances, but you can bet Coach Tucker and his boys will compete with repeated thoughts of past victories.

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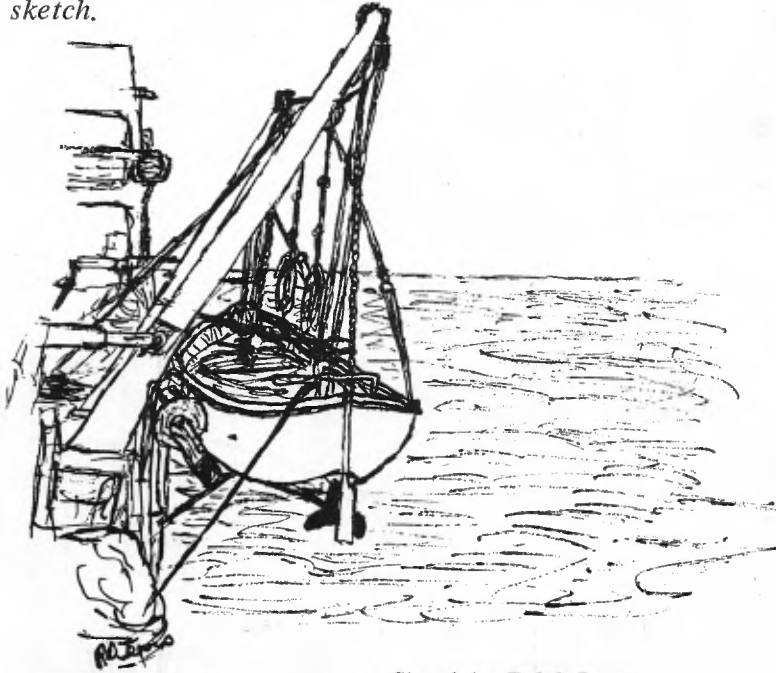
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THE ARTISTS OF THE GALE

As a general rule the artists must adapt their sketches to a particular article or piece of literary work. In this manner their outlet for creativity is somewhat stifled. For this issue the artists were at liberty to sketch anything in their imagination after which Norm Sealander and Dan Shotwell were asked to compose poetry appropos to the sentiment of the sketch.



Sketch by Ralph Lewis

A SMALL BOAT RIGGED
ANTICIPATES EMERGENCY,
READY TO DROP
SHE CLINGS TO PROUD EAGLE
BY THE SAME FRAIL LINES I USE
TO CLING TO LIFE.

A SMALL BOAT RIGGED:

ALWAYS REMINDS ME
I CANNOT SAY VAINLY
"I CONQUERED THE SEA"

ALWAYS REMINDS ME
TO SAY AGAIN THANKFULLY
"SHE SET ME FREE"

-Sealander-

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SHIPS—

THIS FRIGATE ROLLS
TO CANNON BLOWS
TORN SAILS AND SOULS
AS COURAGE GROWS

Thad Allen





GIRL—

YOU ARE THE SUNSHINE OF A SPRINGTIME
LAUGHTER IN A CHILD
A POEM FREE OF VERSE AND RHYME, PLEASE
COME STAY WITH ME A WHILE

Thad Allen

SON'S MEMORY —

*IN A FAR AWAY WAR
WHERE DEATH WAS NOT FAR
I DEFIANTLY CARRIED
DEEP IN MY SOUL
YOUR PRIVATE PROMISE:
INFINITE POSSIBILITY
CERTAIN ETERNITY*

Norm Sealander



Soldier and Child

*I MAY FALL, AS SOLDIERS WILL
THE BATTLE WILL BE WON
BUT THEY CANNOT TAKE MY SOUL FROM ME
I LEFT IT WITH MY SON*

Thad Allen



A Company

As the final make opens, we see A Co. again under fine leadership. At the helm is Jimmie Brown, aided by Doug Stevenson as executive officer. The A company staff is rounded out with Gale "Spud" Fisk, Admin. officer; Steve Riddle, Athletics; "Tex" Worley, Maintenance; and "Sandy" Sanderson, C.P.O. The platoons are commanded by Tom Davis, Tony Souza, and George Waselus, respectively.

In the recent Inter-company meets, Bob "Igor" Tabor was hosed out in the wrestling finals and took second place for his weight division. In track, Alpha's only place was "Rocket" Schwehr, pulling out second place in the mile. However, A Co. is anxious for the spring competition to begin and looks like it will have strong teams in the spring sports to vault itself back into its winning ways.

B Company

A glance at the old company bulletin board shows that although spring fever is felling many a Cadet, Bravo company has yet to fall under her spell. The winter competition is wrapped up and B Co. has taken first place honors in J.V. Basketball and ping-pong. Captain "Steely" Muller led the B-ball team to an impressive 11-3 record. The stars of the court were Johnny Gaughn, "Spider" Bills, "Chief" Cornell, Craig "Viking" Eide, and "Wilt" Sherwin.

Under the able leadership of Henry "Flash" Rohrs and Jay "Squish-bod" Taylor, the tabletoppers produced another fine first place season. The team

included Woody Collins, Greg Johnson, Ron Poppelle and Phil Kramer.

During the transition between I.C. Sports seasons, George Wright won the 150 year freestyle to place B-Co. third in the swim meet. An outstanding effort was displayed at both the annual track and wrestling meets. Individual honors in track were: Tony Wooten, 1st place in the high jump; "Bozo" Willis, 2nd place in the long jump; and in wrestling; "Deano" Turner, 2nd place in the unlimited class; "Rocky" Wall, 2nd place in the 152 weight class; and Bob Wells, 4th place in the 145 weight class.

Denny Pittman has proven to be one of the most able company commanders B-Co. has had. He now moved on to First Batt. Commander in the final make. His trusty XO, Joel Thuma, has kept moral high both on and off the stage—a fine representative of the men of Bravo.

Our new company commander is Hal Henderson and second in command is Jay Sadilek. Under their leadership, Bravo will dominate the spring competition.

On the Varsity Baseball scene, no less than six members of the company have made the team. Heading the list is Phil Sherer, the team captain.

All in all, B-company is the company on the go!

C Company

C-Co's varsity B-ball team hung on after a long season to sweep the title game from Echo and put Charlie on top of the Basketball heap. Smooth Ed, John Clark, John Fearnow, and Hots Ketchen were the firsties who went the distance in their last big game.

The J.V. B-ball team wished the season could have lasted a while longer. After dropping four of their first five games, they took eight in a row, spoiling two teams bids for the top post and ending up third in the league. Murph, Rhinoc Rog Cools and T-Bone played their final season, but there are some good swabs left for next year.

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but in spite of the efforts of Snooze and Ed Beder, they failed to finish in the money.

With spring leave quickly approaching everyone's thoughts are on Florida or Bermuda or home. The first class are thinking of their billets and graduation.

Smooth Ed got the bid to lead the company in the final make and he promises bigger and better things for the spring, both in I.C. Sports and Drill. With a little luck, Charlie company could be on top in the final standings.

D Company

D Company is back and in true form. With the results of Winter competition, the Delta Deamons once again step into the lime-light as overall winner. But if you think this is good just watch as the D-Co. boys make it two in a row this spring.

Also this Spring the Corps is being well represented by none other than D-Co's very own J.B. (Texas) Beach as Regimental XO. The good old CGA Delta seems to be in good hands as Rich Keig and Larry Lannier take over as CO and XO. The forecast is for clear weather and smooth sailing and from all indications it looks as though D' company will be out front all the way.

E Company

Going on the premise that true grain expands the brain, the third make didn't make waves, just a few Ripples. Through midnight planning sessions, Tricky Doe, Spiro Mitchell, and what's-his-name exemplified that he who governs least governs best, despite overwhelming odds of grinks and rhubarbs. There were other minor conflicts: Theo vs Plymouth engineers, Bag's open-door-policy vs PC's open mess, Hag's birthday party goers vs germ warfare by Conn College, and OX vs the temptresses of Park House. The Bagel Beauty and the Swedish wonder lost to the sorcery of Meg for girl scout of the make.

Competition in sports was tight but rewarding with a big I.C. Wrestling victory, and surprising second place finishes for the track team, both basketball fives, and the J.V. volleyball team. There are strong indications that athletic good fortunes will continue.

In fact, the overall outlook is optimistic in E-Co. under the watchful brow of the new head man.

F Company

As the Troop awakens from its long dormant sleep to the crispness of the Spring air, we find ourselves heading into the home stretch and June Week.

Putting the Troop through its steps in the Spring Reviews is Michael Flessner. Jay Carmichael swings in as second in command with Denny McLean, Administration Officer. Mike Flessner plans to do away with morning company meetings,

replacing them with victory celebrations. So it's quite evident in what direction F-Co. is headed—the top—number one.

During the intersession between the Winter and Spring I.C. sports seasons Foxtrot Company won the inter-company track meet behind the help of double winner Ed O'Brien. The company gained valuable points with respectable finishes by Dorian Parker and Brad Troth in wrestling and chalked up a number of points in the swim meet as well.

As always Pat Popieski and Fred Litchliter's boys have been drilling consistent points onto the Troop's scoresheet with wins at Drill Down. Recent winners have been Freddy Montoya, Eric Meslin, and Mike Toczek.

The Spring season looks good as the members of the softball, sailing squad, tennis, and newly formed soccer teams come back from their ski excursions and the tropics of sunny Florida during leave. Ed Labuda's softball squad looks like a

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sure repeater for the loop pennant. Four in a row looks mighty good. The soccer team looks as if it will hold its own and then some on the field.

So until next time, when the bare facts will be our answer, the Troop will continue to show that determination it takes to be winner as well as an integral member of Foxtrot Company.

B.J. Stoppe 3/c

G Company

Fresh from its last oil change of the year, Golf company is set to roll into June week. The throne room is now under new management with J.Q. Neas as CO and Rod Weir in the XO rack. The platoons are piloted by Gary McGaffin, Jon-Jon Vaughn, and Davey Jones.

Things are looking up for G-Co. in the I.C. battles. Bakers and his boys took the handball title with John cropping the individual tournament himself. "Gipper" Gipson and Bill Gamble took weight class honors in the wrestling brawl. Even our instant Mermen surfaced with second in the IC swim meet. Tom Love and John Wood turned in strong individual performances in the team effort.

As this is written, Easter leave looms large on the horizon. Textbooks are gathering dust, and maps are used instead. Once

again it's time to haul down the B-4 bag and leave scenic New London as far behind as possible.

After leave, drill season and the last big push (also known as the "last big slide") to graduation await the intrepid Golfers. While the firsties figure out their mileage, the underclass are figuring out their QPA. Both numbers become equally important June 3rd.

H Company

As Spring rolls around and minds wander to thoughts other than Academics, Hotel Company's returning Company Commander Sam Apple is no different. Tutoring Sam is XO Steve Rottier, who with his new found freedom can dedicate all his time to his new position. Ralph Yates, Dave Wilson, and Zeus are heading the platoons this last make. But not to be out done, however, Ralph Utley closes out a long CGA career as Regimental Adjutant. Returning after a brief stint as Duty Daddy is none other than Goodie to the familiar role of social leader, accompanied by his more than adequate accomplice, Myron. So as other companies are anxiously awaiting a new IC season, Hotel Company is again looking forward to the weekend.

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