

FEBRUARY 1970  
VOL. 18, NO. 4



# GALE

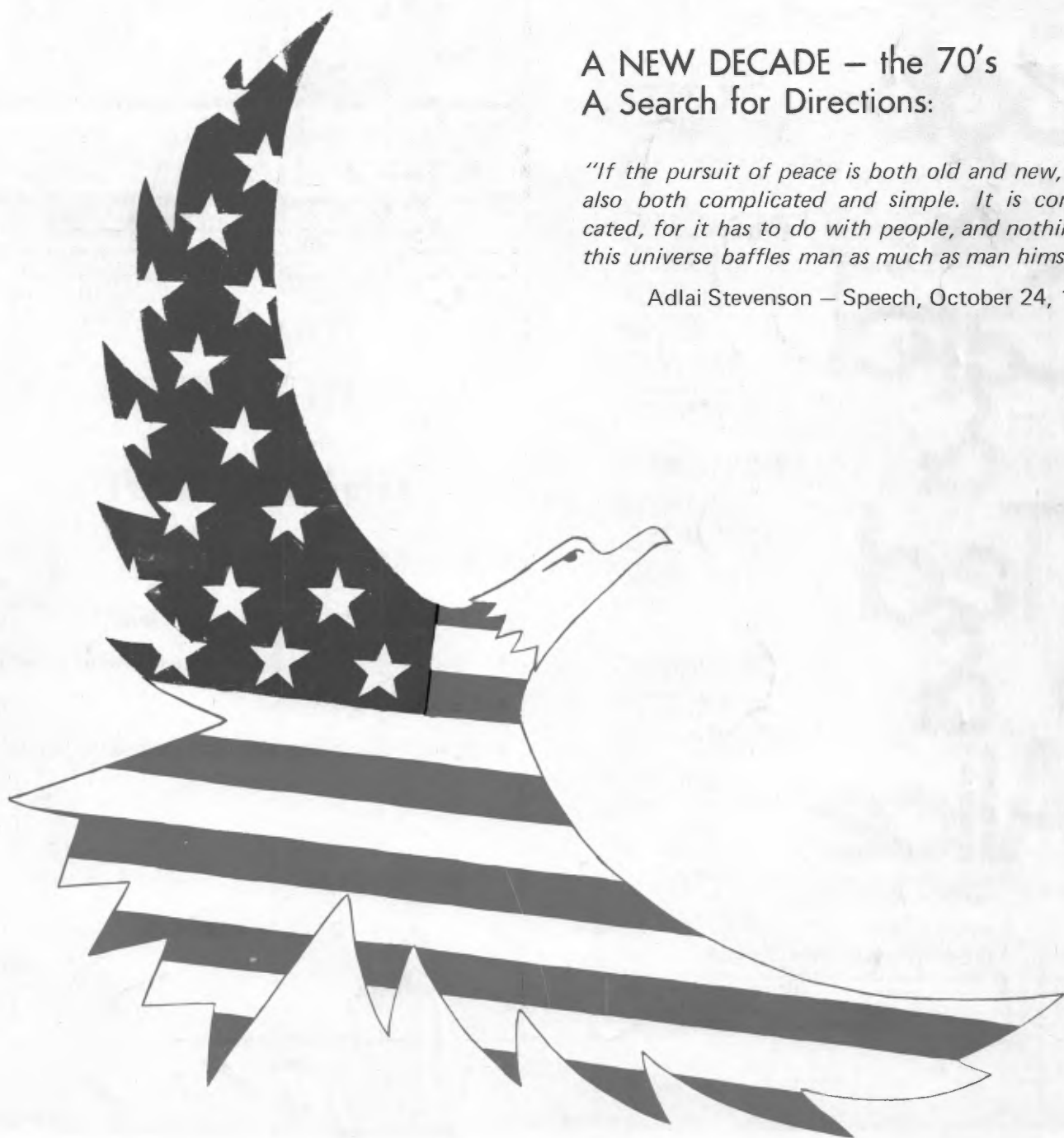
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# VULTURES

by Mark A. O'Hara

The old man had had the fever for ten days now. Pedro left the old man to go into the living room. He stood there for a moment looking at all the people sitting and talking. Remembering his duties, he looked once more and then in disgust left the room.

The richly furnished living room of the giant ranch house was populated by the old man's relatives. All had come, some for the first time, when the old man had been stricken. Most of them were Easterners. These business executives stuck out in the simple farm background.

"No, I think he shouldn't last too much longer."

"That's what you've been saying since we got here nine days ago, and he hasn't died yet."

"I think he's hanging on this long just to spite us."

"I wouldn't be surprised if he was. It sounds like something he'd do."

"He better hurry up and die because I'm getting tired of waiting."

Each in turn had gone and seen the old man to offer him their sincere sympathies.

"Where were you when I was just barely making a living?" retorted the old man.

They would stumble over words for a second, and then they would answer that they too were just able to scratch out a living. Turning over and grumbling to himself, he went to sleep to relieve the pain of the fever.

"Remember when he couldn't even earn enough to support himself?"

"Yes, and he'd try to get us to help him. I told him he had made his bed now he could sleep in it."

"He came to me too, and I gave him the same. I wasn't going to waste my money on some penniless brother-in-law."

"Look at the size of this ranch and this house."

"This furniture is better than what we got at home. I'd give anything to have just a few of these pieces."

"I never saw so many cows at one time. They're all over the place."

"I bet uncle makes a heap of money when he sells 'em."

"I wonder how he got to be so wealthy?"

"No one knows. He disappeared for a few years. We gave him up for dead, and then we learned that he was out West making money from cattle farming. Mother said before she died that he was a disgrace to the family for even taking up the occupation of a lowly farmer."

"And as a farmer he made all that money. It seems unfair that the Lord let him have all that money raising dirty cows, while we work hard in a hot office and don't make anywhere as near as much money."

"There's one thing; you don't have to worry about the old man taking all his money with him. He's got to leave that."

Pedro entered. They all looked at him. Pedro knew what they thought, but he didn't care. He went into the old man's room.

"Pedro," called out the old man.

"Yes, sir."

"I want you to saddle up my horse."

"But, sir, the doctor said that you weren't to be moved."

"Hell with the doctor. I'm not going to die in this blasted bed without seeing what I've built with my own hands for one last time."

"But . . ."

"But, nothing. Get my horse ready!"

As Pedro went to do the old man's bidding, he glimpsed the old man struggling to his feet to dress. Again, he passed the relatives. The sound of their talking filled his ears like the buzz of bees in a hive. Again, Pedro could feel their scornful eyes peering at him.

"I don't know where my brother got that man for a foreman. He's a Mexican."

"I've heard they're a dirty breed."

"Imagine that. My brother hasn't as much brains as the horse he rides. Why, I remember when he was a little boy he . . ."

"Martha!"

". . . He used to waste his . . ."

"Martha!"

The old man struggled into his clothes. This was the first thing he had done in ten days without someone rushing to his aid.

"Momma, why hasn't Uncle sent us something if he was so rich?"

"Well, dearest, your uncle thought that we didn't like him."

"How could he think that, Momma? I always like rich people."

Pedro again intruded upon the relatives, ignoring them. He went straight to the old man's room. The old man stood there in the clothes in which he had ruled the ranch.

"Is my horse ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good."

Into the living room, the old man walked slowly. Upon the sight of him, the room hushed for the first time in ten long days. Not a word was uttered as the old man crossed the room. Pedro followed him all the way to his horse and tried to help him.

(Continued on Page 25)



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SKIING [page 28]

# THE HOWLING GALE

CADET MAGAZINE OF  
THE USCG ACADEMY

VOLUME 18, NO. 4  
FEBRUARY 1970



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HERE TOO LONG!  
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GIRL OF THE MONTH  
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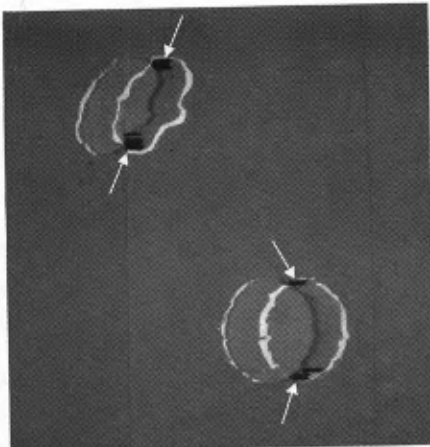
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The Howling Gale is a magazine, published monthly except July, August, September, leave periods and examination periods at no cost to the government, by the corps of cadets of the United States Coast Guard Academy, Box A-37, New London, Connecticut. Single copies 50 cents. Subscription rate \$3.00 per year. Second class entry authorized at New London, Connecticut.

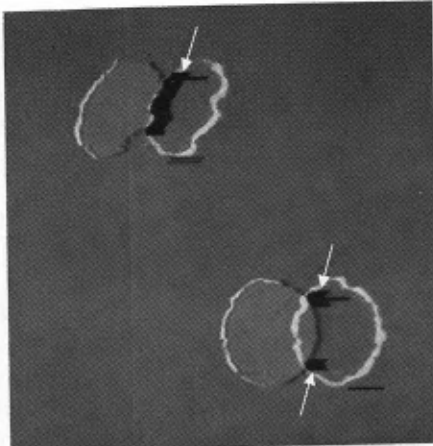
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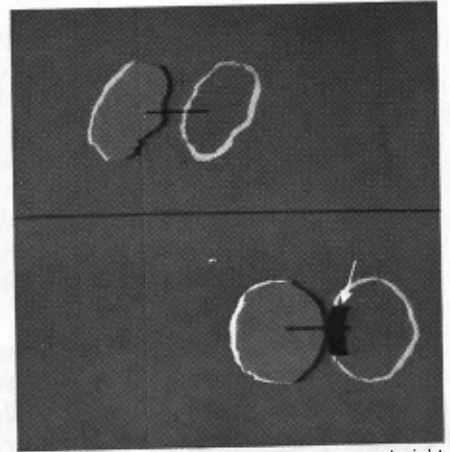
## How Western Electric spots dots with TV.



Delay line circuitry creates duplicate, overlapping "ghost" images for pencil mark (upper left) and



regular .025" dot (lower right). The points where the images cross can be made to produce black areas



(marked by arrows). The ghosts are moved right or left, and the positions of the black areas tested

How would you use automation for drilling holes when every hole has to be in a precise spot, but every spot isn't exactly where you expect it to be?

That became a critical problem for Western Electric when we started using a polyethylene with very superior electrical properties as the base laminate in printed circuit boards. Unfortunately this material showed a tendency to shrink when the circuit pattern was etched in the copper on the board—not enough to affect its electrical properties, but enough to dislocate the dots which indicated where holes were to be drilled for placing components. The shrinkage was unpredictable but could move a dot by as much as  $\frac{1}{32}$ "—more than its own diameter.

What that meant was that we could not use a conventional tape-controlled drilling machine, which put the drill in precisely the same spot every time. We needed a machine that could, in effect, "see" a dot, no matter where it was, tell it apart from an accidental marking of about the same size and shape, and put a drill right through it.

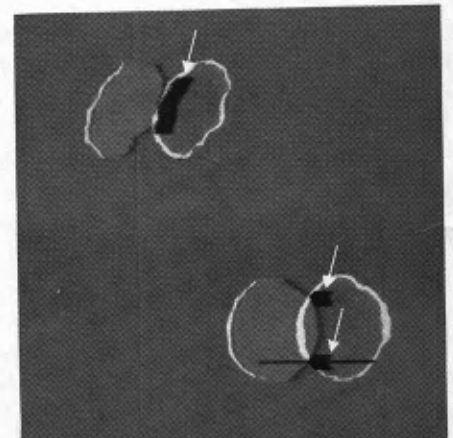
Engineers at our Greensboro, N.C., Works made such a machine. It consists of a TV camera hooked up to circuitry which removes the grays from the picture, turning it into a series of true on-or-off digital pulses; and logic circuitry which can respond to such pulses and activate a mechanism which moves the board around.

Once the dot has been roughly centered beneath the camera, delay line circuitry creates a second image which is first superimposed on the original, then moved by successive stages to the right. The points where the two images meet—i.e., where the two circles cross—will be in certain positions if and only if the original dot is a perfect circle of the proper size. Logic circuitry tests these positions, and if they are not exactly right, it won't drill and the circuitry sets itself to search for another dot. If they are, it lines the dot up, moves the camera aside, moves the drill into position, and there you are.

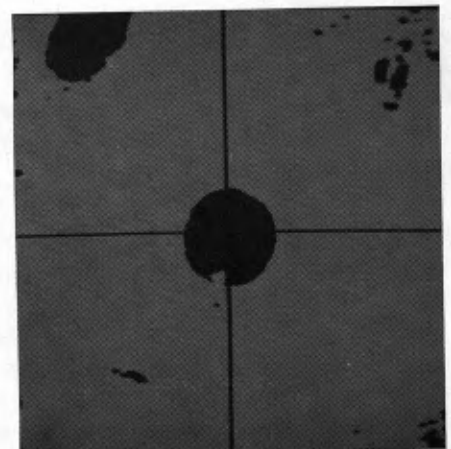
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**Western Electric**



Black areas appear in right positions only if marking is a circle of the proper size.



The pencil mark having been rejected, circuitry lines up acceptable dot for drilling.

# THAILAND

The DC-8 rolled to a stop in front of the terminal and an Air Force sergeant came into the cabin and welcomed us to Bangkok, Thailand. We had already been welcomed to Honolulu, Wake Island, and Manila and had spent some nineteen hours in the air between those places so we were not overly impressed. Our ultimate goal, Thailand, had been reached but we were tired and hungry and in a small sort of daze.

The first thing that awakened us to our new surroundings was the heat. Leaving the air-conditioned plane was like thrusting your head into a warm clothes dryer. The humidity made it all the more stifling and after only a short walk with a heavy load of luggage we were soaked in our own perspiration. Needless to say, after living in the same uniform for two days it had almost become a living thing itself and this latest exertion made it obvious to ourselves and anyone within ten feet, that a change was imperative.

We were hustled into buses on the other side of the terminal along with the large number of sullen looking military personnel who made the trip over with us and who were reporting to new duty stations in Thailand. Typical military reasoning dictated that we should be bused to the other side of the airport, about three miles, to pick up our baggage and be told where to go next. So we were—bussed that is. However, after we had been at the passenger compound for about an hour everybody had been told what to do and where to go except us. We had no idea about our next move and nobody knew where we should go, save for one frantic airman at an information desk whom we bothered repeatedly and who had a very definite idea of where we could go. Since it wasn't getting any cooler and there was no relief in sight, we thought we might be there already.

Although we didn't know where we were in relation to downtown Bangkok, we did have an idea that we ought to get there because that was the location of the Chao Ihya, a hotel that serves as Officer's Billeting in Bangkok. After a minor tag team match with a gang of porters who were about as determined to carry our luggage as we were that they wouldn't, we found and boarded the bus to the Chao Ihya.

We now entered into the marvelous and exciting world of the Oriental driver. In Thailand they drive on the left side of the road and sit on the right side of the car, while the unindoctrinated foreigner huddles in the middle of the back seat. The road leading into Bangkok from the Don Muang Airport where we landed is a four laner. In the country there are water buffalo along the road every couple of blocks but as you approach the city these are replaced by accidents at about the same intervals. The intersections are either four way go's

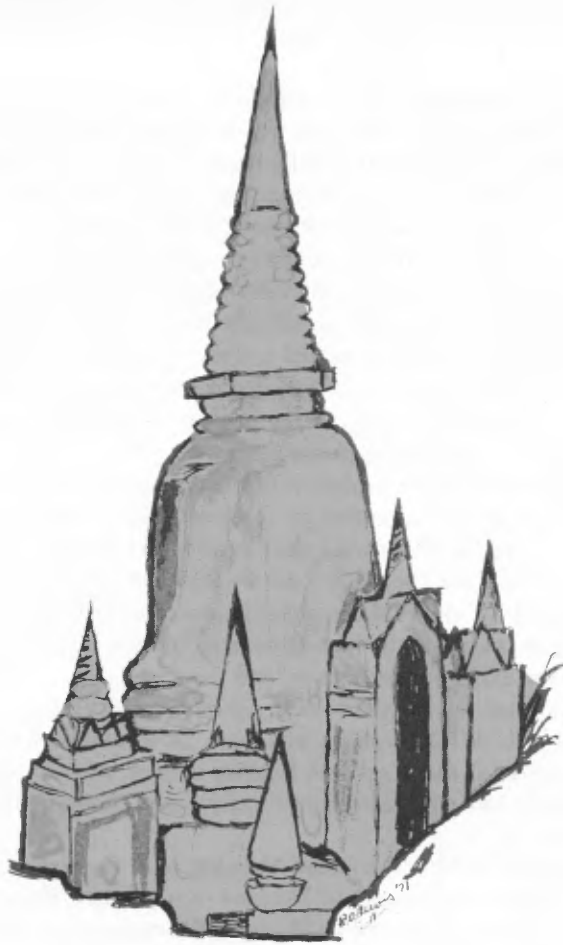
or a variation on our own traffic circles with the largest vehicles having the right of way. There are large numbers of traffic cops who run about frantically blowing their whistles while the Thai's dutifully ignore them; but at least the police are available to stand around at the accidents.

Our arrival at the hotel was followed by the usual scuffle over the luggage. This time Dave and I succumbed to superior numbers and walked into the hotel empty handed. I never did shake that porter completely.

The Chao Ihya, named after the aromatic river that flows through the heart of Bangkok, turned out to be quite a plush layout. It was staffed by Thais but the guests were all American officers as per contract. The rates had a great bar with Happy Hour three times a week. Of course there were no vacancies.

We were fortunate enough to link up with an Army captain who had had considerable experience in Thailand. He said he was going to the First Hotel, which was just a few blocks away, and we were welcome to join him. With great reluctance we climbed into a taxi for the trip to the First. It turned out to be a pretty nice place although somewhat more expensive. The good captain had some connections here, however, so things evened themselves out. He introduced us to a porter named Suc (pronounced Sook), who had taken care of him on many previous occasions. Before we knew it we had a car and a guide to show us around that evening. It had been our intention to get caught up on our sleep that night but the idea of nightlife in Bangkok had stimulated our imaginations. We hurried to our rooms and cleaned up, since it was already early evening, and proceeded down to our waiting car. It turned out to be quite an evening. The night spots in Bangkok compare favorably with the best, and the worst in Los Angeles, New York, Copenhagen, and probably anywhere else. The native liquor is not recommended since it is made with formaldehyde and has many undesirable after effects on westerners, such as death. American liquors were rather expensive outside the Officer's Club. Thai beer is just about undrinkable to anyone who has not been there for some time but we forced ourselves, just for the experience. On the whole, it was the complete evening and our efficient guide left little to be desired.

Besides being an interesting evening, it was an expensive one. A vacation in Southeast Asia in addition to being slightly out of vogue, is a real strain on a Cadet's finances. If you include a big evening in Bangkok, you'd better be ready for some lean times as the trip progresses. So it was that we decided to shorten our planned stay in the big city and head up north to visit Dave's father, Colonel David Maloney, U.S.A.F., who was stationed at Nakhon Shanom on the



Laotian border. Before we left though, we thought we'd take a look at Bangkok in the daylight. At first glance it looks like any other modern city with large hotels, office and government buildings, and a traffic problem. The second and third glances however, tell the real story. The large buildings are often in poor repair and show questionable durability. The smaller buildings huddled between them leave no doubt as to their poor construction and they are generally quite dirty. The dirt, more accurately filth by our standards, is what really distinguishes it from an American city. Debris and garbage were very much in evidence on sidewalks and in gutters in all but the most exclusive districts. The smell of this debris, coupled with that of a certain sauce which the Thais seem to put on all their food, left a very pungent odor in the air which I never did get used to.

We roamed about the city on foot, admiring some of the more than four hundred Buddhist Temples, and alternately enjoying and being repulsed by some of the scenes we came across. Our plan was to show the city to ourselves rather than taking some tour which would hook us out of some of our dwindling resources. We were so cautious about being taken for a ride that we hardly noticed it when we were. However, it came to pass that as we walked down the street in our collegiate civies, swinging our cameras, and probably looking like a couple of live ones to all the conn men in the vicinity, we were approached by a neatly dressed young Thai who started to speak to us in his own language. The little bit of the native tongue that we had picked up the night before wasn't

much use to us at that point, so we confessed that we didn't understand him. In perfect English he then said he thought perhaps we had been in Thailand for some time and knew the language.

Did this give us a clue? No, we blissfully announced that we had only arrived the morning before. I'm sure if I had looked into his eyes at that point I would have seen dollar signs, but, unfortunately, I didn't. He walked along with us, explaining that he was a government employee out on a break. He was going to U.C.L.A. later in the year to study on an American grant. His story was quite good and he had all the answers. I still might have been suspicious when he said he'd never heard of Lew Alcindor, but I wasn't. Before long we were on our way to the waterfront in a taxi. Arriving there, our friend paid the driver and hailed a boat which Dave and I jumped into like two lobsters into a pot. We then got a really great tour of the river and canal system of Bangkok. It is in this area that the population lives in houses built over or quite near the water. The real estate behind these homes is a dense jungle inaccessible by land. After about an hour on the canals our gracious host directed the boat back to the dock and announced that we owed the driver 300 baht—about \$15.00. There wasn't a whole lot we could do under the circumstances so, overcoming our initial panic, we paid up. It finally occurred to us that we had been taken, to put it mildly. How bad we had been taken we found out later when we discovered a four-hour tour of the canals could be had for \$2.50.

That little escapade wrecked what little remained of our budget but we were philosophical about it. After all, we had discovered the most picturesque part of the city. We had in fact seen Siam, which is what that part of Bangkok is known as and what the whole of Thailand was called before World War II. Of course we didn't hit it off quite as well there as Yul Brynner had but we learned a bit about the ways of the Oriental.

There was no longer any question that we had to head for the nearest source of funds, which at that point was Dave Maloney's father. We sacrificed a portion of our remaining resources to return to the air base to hop a flight north of Nakhon Shanom. There were two C-130 flights a day but they were booked up three days in advance and we were told that it would be impossible for us to get to NKP (Nakhon Phanom) in the foreseeable future. There was nothing new about this, however, for ever since we had arrived at Andrews Air Force Base in Washington, we had been told that what we were attempting was impossible. Dave made a couple of phone calls and discovered that a C-47 would be coming through Don Muang enroute to the air bases at Korat and NKP. It wasn't scheduled and there was little chance that we could get aboard—officially. Nevertheless we grabbed our baggage and went out to the apron. Shortly the old "Gooney Bird" taxied in. She only shut one engine down and a couple of passengers jumped out with their bags. The flight sergeant was already swinging the door closed when we ran up and asked for a lift. He checked with the pilot, who happened to be Colonel Maloney's roommate, and pretty soon we were winging our way north leaving any number of frustrated officers sweating in the passenger terminal.

It was late afternoon when we landed at the Royal Thai Air Force Base at Korat, located in east central Thailand. Needless to say, there weren't many Thai Air Force planes there but there was a modern air base and a number of other items which are not, currently, for publications. I know the question that's running through a lot of minds right now, and the answer is yes—there was an O-club. As a matter of fact, it was one of the most outstanding that we encountered. Altogether, the whole place was quite unique. Here was a thoroughly equipped, completely Americanized, military community rising out of the miles of surrounding jungle. The people in the immediate area lived in what, by our standards, must be described as object poverty. Before the United States had entered the picture, they had nothing but what they could scrape from the land with their hands and occasional help from a water buffalo. With the air base there, many of the population enjoyed a modest prosperity from what they earned doing odd jobs around the installation. Still, their living conditions would make Appalachia look like Beverly Hills.

We discovered a major problem at all such installations was graft. A Thai officer was always the base commander and any native labor employed had to be approved by him. The kickbacks he received for allowing Thais to work on the base were enormous. Doubtless this sort of thing doesn't do much to improve our image in the eyes of the people but there is almost nothing that can be done. To override the Thai commandant in the distribution of contracts would undermine the whole structure of Thailand's ruling class and would, more than likely, sign the end of U.S. influence in that country. It's just another item about Southeast Asia that gnaws at the traditional western values.

A dip in the pool simultaneously refreshed us and finished us off. We had been planning to get a good night's rest since our travels had commenced nearly a week before. Now sleep was no longer a good idea, it was a necessity. We hit the rack for a solid twelve hours.

The next morning found us back aboard the C-47 headed for NKP. Colonel Maloney picked us up on the apron in his jeep. I'm sure everyone will be glad to know that the first thing we were treated to there was a haircut. We really did look a little ragged.

Nakhon Phanom sits right on the Mekong River, across from Laos. About all we are permitted to say about the base is that there is one. We were probably as close to a war zone as any cadet in recent history has been. During the day we amused ourselves with picture taking in and around the bomb shelters while at night we watched aircraft drop flares over suspected infiltration areas. We took a bus into the town of NKP the evening of our arrival and on the way we were delighted to

hear that the Pathet Lao occasionally amused themselves by taking shots at the buses. Slowly it was occurring to us that the lark we were on was deadly serious to most of the people around us and might become the same for us at any time.

The town of Nakhon Phanom was comparable to the poorer sections of Bangkok. Streets and buildings were in a terrible state of repair and bicycles were the principle mode of transportation. The only significant landmarks were the ever present Buddhist Temples and a clock tower built by Ho Chi Minh. Down by the river we peered across at the mountains of Laos. Seventy-five miles to the east lay North Vietnam, the author of so many of America's woes.

Colonel Maloney treated us to a really exotic Thai dinner in the town before returning to the base. There really was not much to do at NKP so the next morning we boarded a trusty Goony Bird for the flight back to Bangkok. Fortunately for Dave and I, Colonel Maloney accompanied us back to the city. We again stayed at the First Hotel and I'm sure Dave's dad was annoyed at the connections we had there.

We spent the next two days sightseeing and getting a little extra rest. A full morning was spent on an extended tour of the canals of Siam and the floating market, thus completing what we had started with our extortionist friend a few days before.

On the third day Colonel Maloney had to return to NKP and we had seen enough of Thailand to satisfy our interest. We went to the airport at Don Muang in the morning and said our destination was California. They said it was impossible and, naturally we took off that afternoon enroute to Okinawa and Travis Air Base in San Francisco.

The week we had spent in Thailand, aside from being enjoyable, had given us valuable insights into a crucial area of the world. To the spoiled offspring of a middle class American family, Southeast Asia seemed like a terrible place to live. The heat and humidity, the poverty and deplorable living conditions, the accumulated filth; all of these repulsed us and generally made the area look of questionable value. This outlook however, neglects the paramount consideration—the people. Much of what was upsetting to a westerner was not even given a second thought by the native. The necessities of life were present and since they had never known the luxuries of our existence, they did not miss them. Making a living demanded most of their time but if they were allowed to pursue it, they did not complain. We, the Americans, were and are out of place in Thailand and probably the rest of Southeast Asia as well. The problem we must resolve is whether our presence is an aide or a detriment to the needs of the people there. Whatever else we do in that part of the world, if we neglect to consider the people we will fail.





Take your mark



Set



Climb



ARGHHH

# ***SON OF YOU KNOW YOU'VE BEEN HERE TOO LONG IF***

*by: J.Q. Neas*

Once again Academy life has closed in on the intrepid author and another mind-bending storm of genuine CGA humor(?) has vented its fury on the ivy covered walls. The following "Quickies" are highly recommended as first aid for academic shell shock and other maladies peculiar to Cadet life.

You know you've been here too long if:

You sleep through a meal at home on leave because no one blew a bugle beforehand.

You request your favorite breakfast at home and embarrass your whole family. (ground beef on toast with cream sauce)

The only screwdriver you're familiar with anymore is of the liquid variety.

You're perfectly happy wearing all your like-new vintage 1966 civvies.

Icebreaker means more to you than a kitchen utensil.

You have dreams about water-skiing behind your very own 311.

You ask for "Semper Paratus" when the band plays requests at a party.

You find out ocean station isn't a place for refuelling at sea.

You discover WHEC isn't a local radio station.

You discover WSUB isn't a Coast Guard submarine... it's a local radio station.

You try to talk your father into putting three two-barrels and cheater slicks on the family Rambler station wagon.

You have to enter a room sideways to keep from scratching the doorway with your antlers.

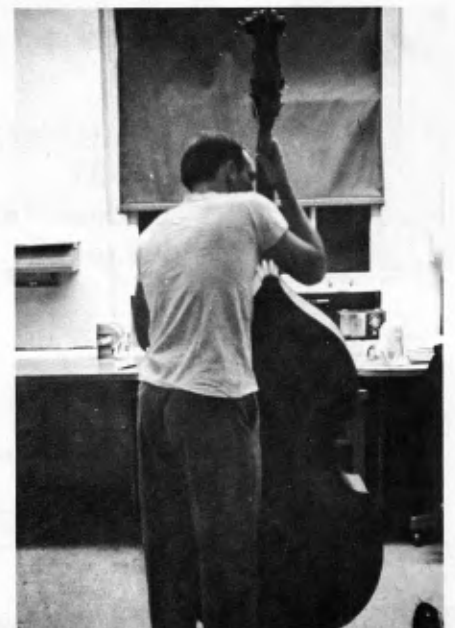
You break into a cold sweat when someone mentions the word "tree".

You bleed salt water when you cut yourself shaving.

The girl of your dreams is Tugboat Annie.

You come away from a lecture all "hung up" on cellos.

You find yourself writing weird articles like this when you should be working on any one of five term papers that are due tomorrow.



I like my bass

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# *Random Thoughts While “On the Outside Looking In”*

by Chuck Talar '69



*“The great use of a life is to spend it for something that outlasts it.”*

William James

To begin with, a word of caution: my experiences, as Cadet and equally as seminarian, are not to be taken as nominative. We all define situations; as they appear to us, so they become for us. Thus my experiences are one man's definition and should not be taken beyond.

The normal person lives, struggles, experiences joy and sorrow, gets married, has children, and does not waste his time in asking whence, whither, and why.<sup>1</sup>

I left the Academy at the beginning of 1/c summer to study for the Roman Catholic priesthood. The reasons for my choice are both complex and personal. However, in a negative sense I did not derive enough personal satisfaction in the Coast Guard, nor did I feel that commissioning would materially alter that. In a more positive vein, a vocation is exactly that: a call, in this case a divine calling. Thus a priest is one chosen, as well as chooser. I sought the meaning of life—of purpose in a routine grown sterile and stifling. And a part of it, I suppose, was simply youthful idealism. (“Isn't that what being young means—to want to save the world?”<sup>2</sup>)

My expectations regarding the seminary were vague. I had heard of it as well-structured, and quasi-military in operation. This gave rise to visions of an exchange of CG black for clerical black, military exercises for religious, with appropriate (though minor) alterations in the routine of the day. (A few years ago, this would largely have been the case. The Cadet Regulations saw its equivalent in the Seminary Rule (which had the additional force of being “God's will”), the bell—*vox Dei*—called seminarians rather than the bugle, and the *Running Light* had its somewhat equivalent in the *Manual of Piety*.)

At St. Mary's I did exchange black for black, but not structure for structure. Although the “house” meets for Mass and prayer, life is fairly collegiate: most things are left to the individual's discretion. This is tempered by the confessor-penitent relationship (each seminarian chooses one of the faculty as his confessor), and it is largely through this that the general guidelines of the Seminary program are implemented.

The confessor-penitent relationship, characterized by honesty and openness on both sides, provides the student with an invaluable means of coming to terms with his own social maturation and priestly commitment.<sup>3</sup>

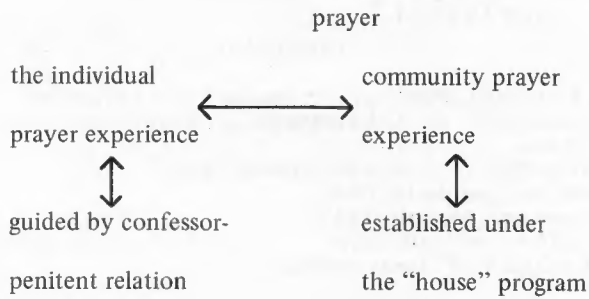
And so—no system to rebel against, no regulations to break to assert individuality, no playing games with officers and upperclassmen. In fact, relationships with the faculty are one of the more rewarding advantages of seminary life.

In contrast to the Academy structure, the formative process here initially struck me as highly internal, less imposed. The seminarian in many cases is given greater responsibility and freedom in his formation. In the matter of prayer life, highly central in the life of both priest and seminarian—there is an individual dimension to prayer—the encounter of a man with his God. And there is a “social” dimension—both in community prayer experience (“For where two or three are gathered together for my sake, there am I in the midst of them.” Matt. 18:20) and in community Eucharist.

The frequency, type, and place of individual prayer is left to the individual. (The confessor-penitent relationship tempers absolute individual responsibility.) The “house” assembles as a

community of faith in prayer. This gives direction to individual prayer, raises the insights and questions of others, and occasions a shared experience, sometimes an experience of great beauty. (I am thinking particularly of the Easter liturgy.)

Schematizing (a thing I love to do)



The gist of all this analytical gaming is that a formative process of this type does not confer the luxury of a secure socialized identity, of defined position and interposition. It reflects of necessity post-Council thinking—and rethinking. It is now commonplace in some circles to label the priest as man without a profession, the perplexed professional, and to talk of the priest's crisis of identity. The transformation of the priestly function, in process throughout the last century, is reaching climax. The priesthood for which we prepare is uncertain, in flux—the supportative structure is itself changing. It is a challenge, a difficult one, but then the challenge to love, to love God, man, self has never been easy.

So then, although my resignation was not without some regrets (after all I was a well-socialized Cadet: I miss the 30 Scooties/month, paid Carribean vacations, helpful swabs, and in some of my weaker moments, Conn. College), there have been compensations—aside from becoming a connoisseur of altar wines, the year-plus has been a real learning experience, a year of seeking meaning in long-used words, of seeking a reality, the reality of God, of Christ, of the Spirit of learning



about myself, of appreciating things on all sorts of levels: love, friendship, laughter, and tears.

And so, the past was good preparation for the present; the advantages I derived from the Academy outweigh its detriments. And as for regrets, well,

To live in anxiety about what might have been or what we have missed is to wish our lives away and love the joy of creative living—joy in life itself, joy in beauty.<sup>4</sup>

In all this analysis I still haven't answered the question. Have I found what I want? I guess I don't know, but I offer a few thoughts. As they were written on a Saturday morn 3 a.m., it is quite probable that they will say little to you. If so, you might try reading them at a compatible hour and perhaps they might acquire a bit more intelligibility.

Reflections and projections of highly subjective meaning and (probably) limited clarity.

I see the universe in all its indeterminacy—I see the officer I might have been (and could still yet be); I see a woman in the shadows with my unborn sons crying for release from her womb ("My love warm as the sunshine sittin here with me she's here with me")<sup>5</sup> I see the priest I aspire to be. The choices range the horizon; I hasten toward them, yet continually look back to the past, carrying it with me ("Served my time—served it well; you made my soul, a cell"<sup>6</sup>). For we all carry the burden of ourselves, whatever the uniform, whatever the life-style. So whatever my commitment, whatever the object of my life—all lies in the shrouded indeterminate future. I know this—that I must escape—transcend the cell of self and past, for

to live you must nearly die giving up the need to say i look to your soul for the answer look to your soul.<sup>7</sup>

Following Christ's bloody track we must seek to transubstantiate the man in us into spirit, and so merge with God.

This is what I seek, though my route search is unfinal. But for the present to search is enough. For we do not work as laborers for pay; we struggle, we go on, not simply for a promised reward—but because that is what we want.

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Tennyson

Notes

1. Nikos Kazantzakis, *Report to Greco*, Bantam Books, 1966, p. 341
2. Nikos Kazantzakis, *The Last Temptation of Christ*, Bantam Books, 1961, p. 466
3. “Means and Programs Used in the Seminary College”, p. 22
4. *Listening Magazine*, Winter, 1969
5. “Summer Ram”, James Hendricks
6. “Live and Let Live”, Arthur Lee
7. “Look to Your Soul”, James Hendricks

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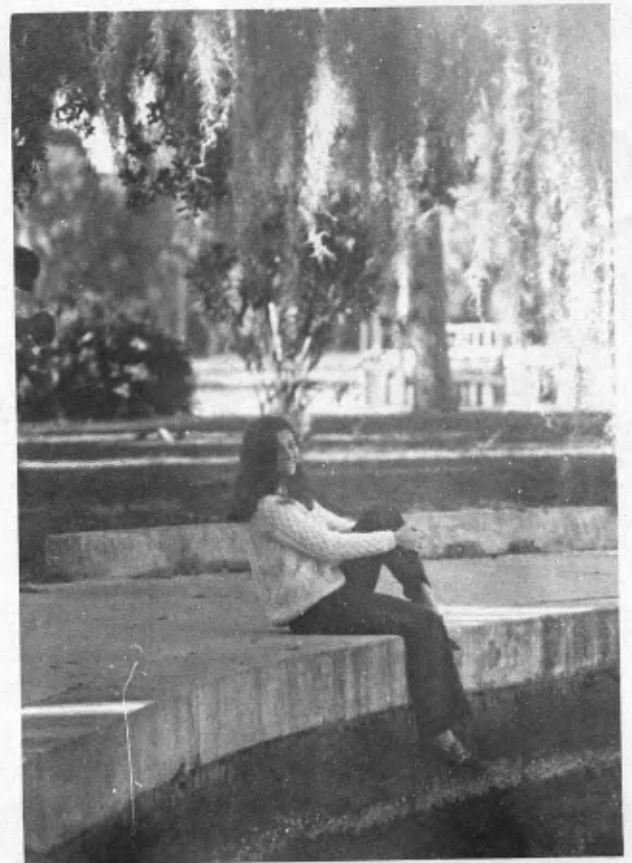
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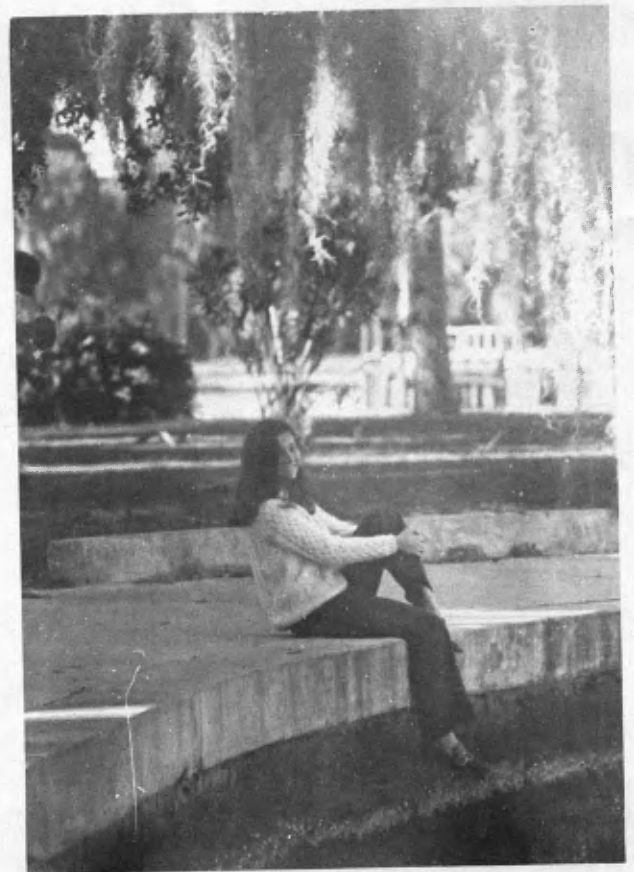
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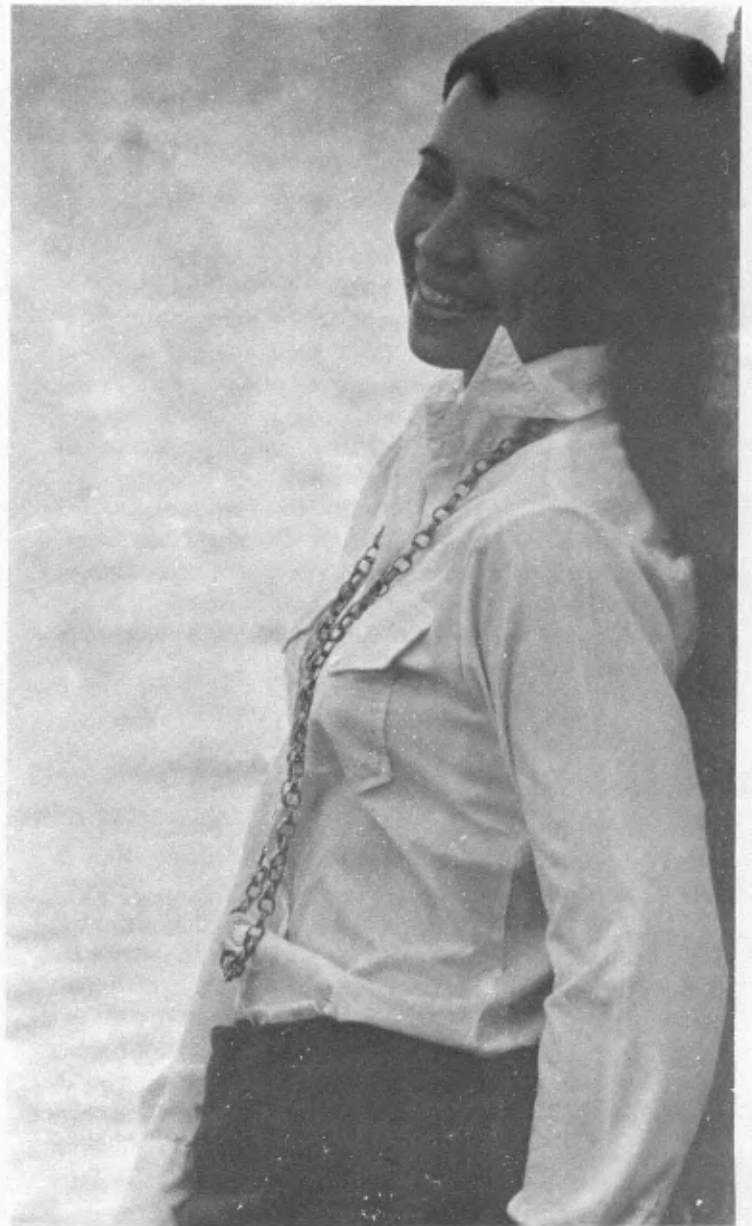
# Jackie ...



# Jackie ...









## A Company

The beginning of 1970 finds A Co under the command of Gale Fisk as Mike Pawlik leaves the company for the Batt staff. We also find Tom Davis with a ranking position in the staff as Batt Commander. Bill Anderson and Jim Brown take control of the first and third platoons, and the "Chet Set" finds itself alive and well, again under the command of Chet Walters.

With the beginning of the winter sports we find A Co dominating the Swimming Team with Doug Phillips, Jim McCarthy, Fred Johnson, Jim Armstrong, Phil Bird, and Dave Nicholson. In track we are represented by Rabbit Cross, who may still be on his way to the Boston State Meet, Doug Stevenson, and Tom Allard. Tex Worley adds points to the Pistol Team along with Tony Bordieri. Frank Kline and fourth-classmen Ducan and Shuck are found playing basketball this season.

In I.C. sports we find our Handball Team in third place, led by P.J. Cappel and Barney Turlo. We discover Tony Souza, Gale Fisk, and Tom Davis on the B-ball courts, backed up by the J-V Team with Chet Walters, Murray, and Gerner.

It all adds up to the A Co gang striving for an active and winning winter sports season.

## B Company

The Bravo Boys are back again, looking forward to another equally exciting semester. Led by Denny Pittman, B-Co is picking up right where it left off.

The intercompany sports teams of ping pong, handball, volleyball, and both varsity and junior varsity basketball are looking forward to a repeat performance of last winter's competition.

Although intercompany sports occupy the time of many members of the Best Company, the varsity sports are teeming with Bravo Boys. Among others are Jimmy Norton and Dave Edwards in wrestling, Glenn Kolk and Bob Hallock swimming, Paul Jackson and Mark Pettingill running track, and Dave Binns and Gary Heil playing varsity basketball.

With clear sailing ahead, B-Co. is looking forward to continuing its winning ways this winter, with Easter leave as a reward for its efforts.

## C Company

As the sizzling sixties sink slowly into the sunset and the swinging seventies situate themselves succulently over the sleepy but satiated Corps of Cadets, Charlie Company casually connives to Conn. Connies, contemplates Calculus, and copes with continuous quandries.

Ed Dennehy, small but insignificant, sees the company spirits looking up, but then he sees everything looking up. Seriously, Ed's name now appears among those greats who have been company commanders in the past. Just how serious a condition this is, remains to be seen.

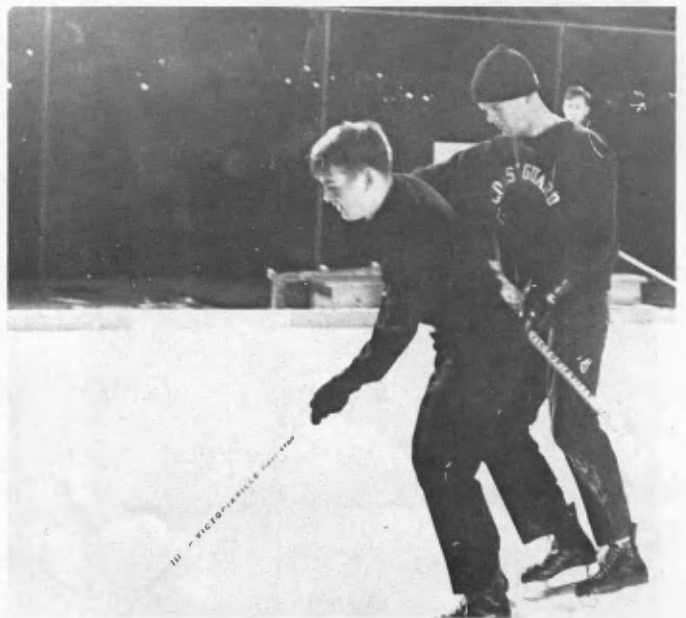
Even with urban renewal completed in the third class ghettos, and the second class undergoing an identity crisis, Charlie Company emerges organized and ready for another semester.

I.C. sports deserve mention in this brief article. Well, that was it. However, Charlie Company being Proverbial Poly-anna's, seek to win spring competition; to wit our drill down boys have brought home a second and first.

Charlie Company is on the go, with hopes of better records this spring in I.C. sports, and more victories in drill. Charlie is a definite contender for overall competition.

## D Company

Back at the Winter Paradise, Bill Kozak and Jim Beach are riding herd on the infamous Delta Demons for the long haul till Spring Leave. Assisting "Zak" and "Tex" in trying to keep the D. Co. boys as good Cadets are "Duke" Hodukavich, Dave Irvine, and "Gunther" Boetig.



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The D. Co. machine is starting up once again as company competition, Varsity sports, and those never ending academics resume once more.

The I.C. sports looking promising with Larry Lanier heading basketball, Rich Brandes in charge of handball, and Casey Edwards leading our world famous volleyball team. Participation has been very good and consequently D. Co's superior ability has been making itself felt once again.

Although the beautiful New England weather is in the midst of ice cubes, you can bet Delta will be making it plenty hot for the rest of the Corps in the coming months.

## E Company

There's no denying that winter has a way of being the low point of everyone's year as shown by the continuing frustrations of most Firsties with cold seats and steering wheels, some trying to make it without snow tires, and the villainous problem, the ubiquitous inch-thick layer of mud and salt on that "shiny" new machine. The underclass feel it in different ways (in most cases), but we all can take hope in the indications given upon our immediate return from leave that things are getting better at last, and that maybe "they" are listening to us.

The company finds itself suffering through this yearly low point with "Doc" Cooley's official supervision, with "Mitch" looking over his shoulder. I.C. competition has recently brought some darkhorse victories which immediately brings to mind handball. We hear that Mel Garver won the team's first game. E Co's men were sorely disappointed when they found out that the services of Theo wouldn't be available due to his . . . injury.

Despite losing quite a few of our numbers lately (demolition experts Dave Belz and Tom Rodino trying hard to be included), Echo hopes to continue doing "its thing."

## F Company

As the new decade swings in, many make resolutions to be different, but here in F-Troop we are going to keep our same old beat and that's winning.

Under the new command of Jay Carmichael, of Bellbrook, Ohio, and XO Denny McLean, of Tucson, Arizona, the Troop will continue to stay on top of the Corps.

Rounding out the chain of command are platoon commanders "Crack" McGrath, "Vince Lom" Beales, and Bruce Stubbs. Outside the company area we have Dave Reichl as Regimental Maintenance Officer. Of course at every formation you will hear the scream of "fall in" by Battalion Adjutant "Mac" McDonough.

But now a new semester is here and the I.C. teams have come on very strong. In their first games varsity basketball, handball, volleyball and JV volleyball have come through with big wins to start us off right. As things look right now our handball team is going to be the one to beat.

Right now we think that there should be a bit of congratulations to the Class of 1973 for coming in and really taking on the Foxtrot spirit. Not only do we have fifteen on Dean's List, but also fourteen making Commandant's List, including a magic eight who wear the dual star combination of Superintendent's List.

Finishing out their years here at the Academy are Michael Flessner and Michael Allen who are participating in a scholars project with the new National Data Buoy System. Allen has just returned from a week at sea conducting actual tests on their dry run theories while Mike Flessner has been making weekly visits with representatives of the Buoy System in New York City and other cities in a search to find the ideal anchorage materials for the new type buoys.

## G Company

The Golden boys have returned from a glorious 2-week engagement with the outside world. Like everyone else we have changed company commanders. Johnny Vaughn has finally gotten a new room and the Old Man his two stripes. The latest changes to the Regs have made most of the 1/c Daddies, although you won't hear too many people being called son. The second and third class have made amazing progress in choosing their wardrobe, 2 by 2, while the 4/c rediscover that modern miracle, the radio.

Trying to make a comeback via the IC trail, our basketball

team leads the circuit . . . with age, that is, as the four-wallers rely on some half-Baked Falconry. With Easter Leave lurking around the corner the Golden boys will be diligently working for an encore.

## H Company

Hotel Company is back in the groove again after a much-needed Christmas break. The new Company Commander is Ralph Utley, the only first class in H-Co to be on the Superintendent's List—he should be, he's had an extra year to square away. His roommate is XO Roy Castro.

After achieving the impossible dream of free weekends, the only 1/c concern is where they will be next year. The senior football players are looking forward to the player draft. Guy Goodwin says that the Philadelphia Eagles would be fine. The non-football players, unfortunately, will have to pick a billet. Most of the men are awaiting offers from the different ships, and Dave Maloney says he'll hold out for the best offer.

Good luck, Dave!

The underclass on the fourth deck are remaining as inconspicuous as possible. They enjoy their new freedom and they don't want their new Platoon Commanders in the way.

In IC sports, H Co. is struggling to win something. Our Volleyball team seems to be the answer, and they are presently undefeated, losing once in the past two years.

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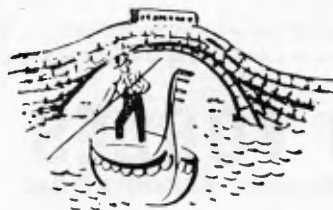
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## The Tortoise and the Hare

An editor is more than a copy boy, collecting articles, correcting grammar, and typing copy sheets. It is within the job description of the editor to editorialize, to have and state opinions. The ideas and opinions stated in an editorial are those of the editor advanced on their own merit in response to condition or even. With all due respect to Bob (Rabbit) Cross and Steve (Turtle) Rottier, I write this editorial.

Aesop's fable of the tortoise and the hare is the source of many clichés—e.g., it's not the fast start but the steady going that wins the race. The assumption behind the clichés is that any forward movement, no matter how slow, will eventually get one to, and across, the finish. Only if it is a certainty that the opposition is a "hot dog", that is lots of show but no sticking power, will the basic assumption hold up.

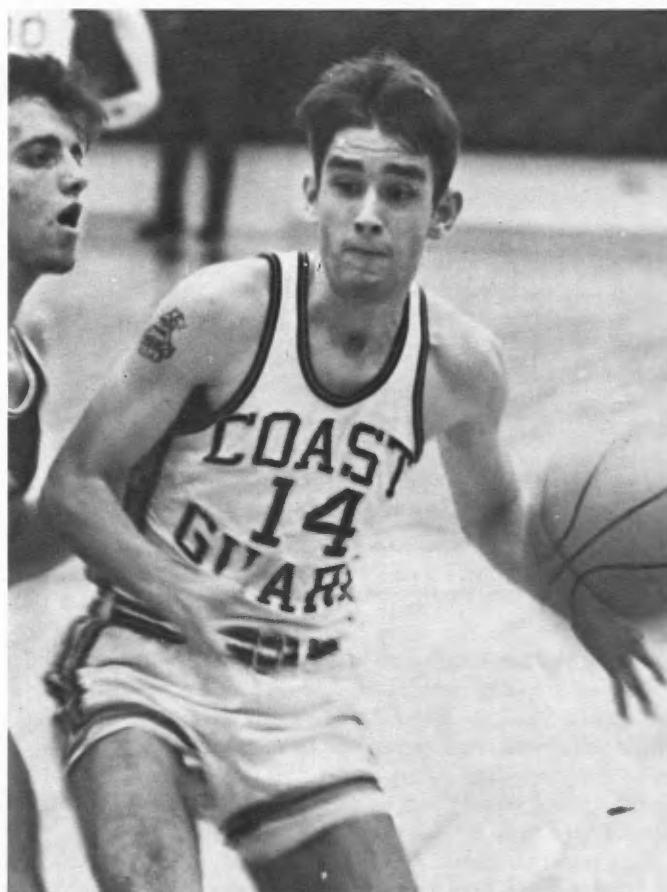
In earlier reports on the basketball team, Kent Kirkpatrick told of a new coach, new attitudes, new heroes and a new strategy that would be used this year. The new, and anything but dynamic attack of the basketball team is patterned after



the lumbering advance of Aesop's turtle. The team plays slow-down basketball, stressing ball control and taking only the sure shots, never pushing for a shot. Needless to say, this type of game takes time, there are very few drives on the basket, the fast break is unheard of.

Watching the game from the stands is sheer frustration. The creeping pace of play cannot be wholly attributed to team strategy. It seems that the players are unfamiliar with the plays and each other, none of them are smooth and natural in their plays, transitions, deliveries and shots. There is no power, no punch, no don't let me fool you. There is no snapper in this turtle. The enforced slowness seems to be an attempt to cover up the weaknesses in our ball handling and play making, passes are made with such deliberation and fore-thought that they are "telegraphed" to the opposing team. There is a paradox here, although we aren't strong ball handlers the game strategy calls for lots of individual dribbling and fancy moves.

Slowness in itself wouldn't be so detestable if it guaranteed infallible scoring. If we scored every time we got the ball the scoring on the floor would at worst, be even, and ultimately



the game would be decided on shots from the foul line. So far this season, our poor ball-handling has only led to an excessive number of turnovers for the opposition.

There is no basis for the assumption that other teams are "hot dogs", that they won't take advantage of opportunities, that they don't want to win. Our trudging offense is backed up by a leisurely defense. Our rebounders, like the lowly terrapin, never leave the ground. We do not, under any conditions, play the fast break, and we are especially weak in defending against it. Even a lazy rabbit can go like blazes for 100 ft. Sorry, turtle, you had better stick with the longer races.

It is my hope that in the near future, relative to humans and not terrapins, that the ungainly tortoise will be metamorphosized into, if not replaced by, the smooth, powerful, graceful advance of the sea turtle, moving in seeming effortless in three dimensions.

m.f. pettingill  
Sports Editor

## Swimming

Starting things rolling again has been an up-hill struggle for the CGA Mermen after three relatively easy victories before Christmas and a long vacation. But the overall performance of the team demonstrates that this is one of the strongest teams in recent years at the Academy.

One week after leave we met the second strongest team in the league, Wesleyan. While not an outstanding meet from our viewpoint, the free relay set a new team record. This relay was composed of Tajr Hull, Art Carlson, Bill Armstrong, and Pete Milner. The team showed good times but needed more conditioning.



The next meet was with MIT, a school which we have not swam for many years. The score of 67-37 (MIT) does not reflect how close the meet actually was. In every race we battled to the last length and lost by a tenth of a second. While the loss of the meet was discouraging, the times produced were not. Chris Sprague, Fred Johnson, Ed Kingham, and Pete Milner set a new team record in the medley relay. Bill Phillips broke the two-minute mark in the 200 free-style and set a new record. In the second half of the meet, Chris Sprague returned again to set a new 200 backstroke record.

Our latest competition, RPI, whom we have bowed to the last two years, failed to overthrow us this year. Slowly but surely we pulled ahead to the point where no one could stop us. The final score of the meet was 52-43, and brought our record to 4-2.

Freshman action has been exciting also. After losing to Williston, the best prep school in New England, the team came back to win over Kennedy Prep with Pete Milner setting a new record in the 100-yard free-style.

All in all the team is very strong this year with a large number of freshman who are daily setting new records. The team is now building to peak for the next meet with Brown University.

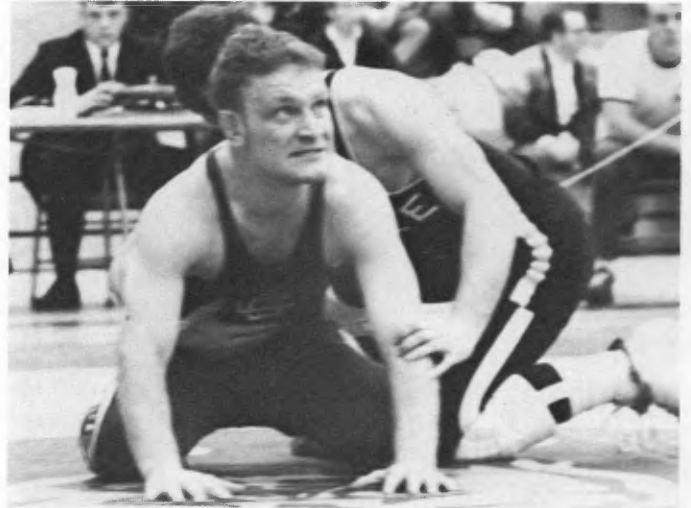
Beads Flessner



## Wrestling

Thus far the Wrestling Team has shown great skill, strength, and much fortitude as they have compiled a solid 2-1 record. Their skill comes from the captain of the team, Troll Mills, who, along with Pat Stillman, have displayed to each of their opponents the tricks of the trade that Coach Eldridge has been drumming into their dehydrated bodies each day since early November. The strength comes mainly from the arms of Steve Riddle and Freshman Fred Svenson who have literally beaten to death their opponents before they decide to show mercy by pinning them. The fortitude is displayed by the whole team—Dave Edwards, Jim Norton, Charlie Beck, and help from able bodied freshman such as Mark Davis, Ed Bauman, and Tom Knorrning.

After a fine showing in the Coast Guard Tournament, the team prepared to whip W.P.I. by a score of 34-10. After what was a good leave, the boys came back and dropped a tough match to a strong Wesleyan team, 24-16, but the team is ready to give it back to them in the New England Championships. Just recently, Wesleyan overpowered Williams College, 25-10.



The team hopes to better last year's record of 9-2, and from the looks of it, they will. Their reputation spreads near and far. Their foes now refer to our new set-up in the Fieldhouse as the "Pit", and express feelings of fear of having to come and wrestle us here under such adverse conditions, and all the boys have to say is that they sympathize with them. Good luck Bears!

"Hards"



## Indoor Track

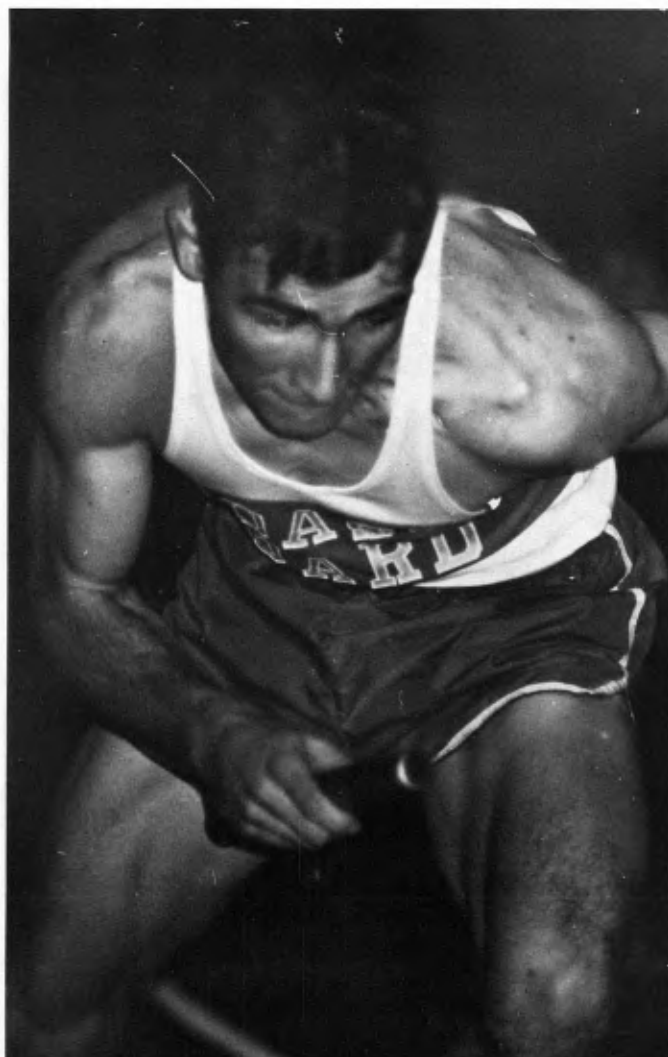
All good things must come to an end. The track team 29 meet winning streak that stretched over a 3-year period was snapped by Fairleigh-Dickinson on 20 Jan. in Roland Fieldhouse. It was the second and perhaps hardest meet of the year. Earlier the team beat Colby, 82-22, with great performances turned in by senior Paul Jackson, winner of the mile and 1000, and freshman Tom Allard, who won the long jump and pole vault, setting a new Academy record of "13-7".

Fairleigh-Dickinson came to the Academy with a bone to pick. They had never beaten us, and it appeared that it was now or never, since the previous years had been "building" years for them, and the team was at maximum strength. Fairleigh's two outstanding distance runners, Bob Bailey and Phil Pzpa, are both seniors and will be graduating this year, so Fairleigh was set for one last effort.

Bailey beat Don Estes in a photo finish in the mile, and Fairleigh's Ken Foley edged Tom Mawhinney at the tape for a win in the 60. Denny Sirois and Gary McGuffin scores a 1-2 in the pole vault for CGA, and Don Gereber won the weight throw 45'-3". Juniors Bruce Platz and Stan Norman got 1-3 in the high jump, and Don Estes and Terry Timberry ran an absolutely inspired two-mile, finishing 1-2 in front of Bob Bailey. Paul Jackson finished second in the 1000 with a personal-best time of 2:12.8. Marc Pettingill finished one-tenth of a second of the winning time in the 600-yard run, and took third.

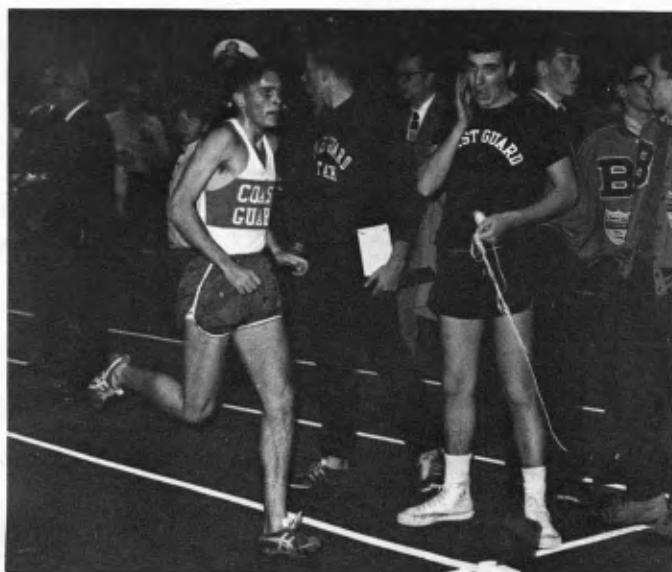
With only the mile-relay left to run, the score was CG-50, Fairleigh-49. The relay counts five points, nothing for second, whoever won the relay, won the meet. For the first two legs, it was dead even with both teams leading at times. At the second hand-off, CGA dropped the baton, and Fairleigh romped to a 60 yd. win. Fairleigh won, but who knows for sure, what if . . . .

On 24 Jan., selected members of the track team went to Philadelphia to run in the Philadelphia Track Classic, an invitation meet. Winning performances were turned in by: Paul Jackson in his heat of the 1000-yard run. Marc Pettingill in his heat of the 600-yard run (Jim Davis placed second in that same heat), Bruce Platz in the high jump, and the Mile Relay Team of Tom Mawhinney, Bob Cross, Bob Robichaud, and



Marc Pettingill, in their heat. Heats were seeded on a time basis, and where as winning a heat isn't necessarily an overall win, it is an indication that you have beaten others of very close potential, I guess it is just a case of being just a little more equal.

—Uncle Markie



## Gymnastics

We started high and dry this year when we travelled to Lowell Tech for a tri-meet with the latter and Yale. Coast Guard walked away with honors and a 2-0 record as a stepping stone to a long season. Our next meet pitted us against U. of New Hampshire (there). We got our feet wet as we deftly dropped our winning streak to 2-1. Montclair State of New Jersey whipped us on their own territory and there we were, knee-deep at 2-2.

We met MIT on our own floor minus our second man in floor ex, and our first man in vaulting, Jay Ely (Jay is no longer with us due to a lack of understanding in the basic social amenities.). By the end of the meet we were waist deep in the creek, 2-3.

We are looking forward to our meet with Southern Conn who finished second in the nation last year. This time our first man in floor ex and our second man in vaulting won't be long.



It seems that Tim Doherty is sitting out the rest of the season in his room performing flaccid mental exercises.

But things are looking up. Madman, our leader, paves the silver path haunted at night by visions of all-engulfing hard boiled eggs covered with peanut butter smothering and drowning.

How can we lose?

## Rifle

Working on the premise that a rifleman and his piece are the ultimate . . . ah . . . weapon, the Cadet Rifle Team has started blasting away at the second half of the season. The hard core is at it again, and you have to be hard core to walk the frozen tundra to the range every day. Not that it's cold or anything. The Southern contingent threatens to migrate any day while the bluecoats shout, "Invigorating!", through chattering teeth.

The only smudge on the first half record was the ultimate effort Army pulled out of its helmet before Christmas. The Whoops shot within four points of their range record and spoiled our otherwise enjoyable visit at Hudson High. The rest of our New England Collegiate League opposition was shot down in flames. The second half of the season is highlighted by a trip to Navy, as well as the routine plundering of our league foes. The big Invitational in February will draw some of the top schools in the country, including the boys in the powder-blue PJ's from The Citadel, and the girls in the amazing Levi's from West Virginia. Two sectional matches fill out the schedule with the season's ending at the finals in April.

It all adds up to a season of hot competition for the Nautical Nimrods, and hopefully some fresh New England records to improve on those held by CGA from last year.

Butterball

## Letters to the Editor . . .

**Dear Editor:**

Congratulations! The Quarterdeck has spoken with thought provoking insight on the Moratorium Day activities at Conn. College.

Your final note, addressed to your collegiate contemporaries, should be advanced to all men.

Sincerely,

T. J. Wojnar, CDR, USCG

U.S. Coast Guard Activities Europe

Box 50

F.P.O., New York 09510

**To the Editor:**

Messrs. Ed Beder and Glenn Kolk

Editors-in-Chief

THE HOWLING GALE

United States Coast Guard Academy

Box A-37

New London, Connecticut 06320

Gentlemen:

Just a note to tell you that your publication THE HOWLING GALE is an excellent example of fine reporting at the Academy. I enjoyed reading the latest copy and wanted you both to tell your staff they are doing an outstanding job in providing this magazine for the Academy.

Sincerely,

Walter L. Mazan

Assistant Secretary

for Public Affairs

**To the Editor:**

Editors-in-Chief, "The Howling Gale"

USCG Academy

Box A-37

New London, Connecticut 06320

Gentlemen:

The November issue of your magazine came to our school recently. I read with considerable interest the editorial on the Quarterdeck page. May I tell you I thought it to be one of the most lucid and logical articles on the subject that I have read. It is refreshing to read something that is clearly written in positive language not cluttered with cliches and nebulous high sounding phrases.

Although I am Supervising Principal of our school, I choose to teach one period a day a group of college bound Seniors. I thought your editorial worth while enough to read to them. I hope I may continue to have the privilege of reading your editorials in future issues.

Sincerely yours,

Thos. H. Graham, Jr.

Supervising Principal



# VULTURES (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4)

"Don't help me! I pay you for being my foreman, not my nurse maid."

He mounted the horse as gracefully as he had done always. Pedro could hear the loud murmuring from the living room caused by the old man's emergence.

"Shall I go with you, sir?"

"No! And I don't want anybody to follow me. If anyone does, I'll shoot. Got that straight, Pedro?"

"Yes, sir."

"I want to say this. If we don't meet again, I want you to know that out of all my acquaintances, you are my only true friend."

He rode off before Pedro could reply. A tear filled Pedro's eye. But he was a man. He wiped it away and started for the barn; he had chores to do.

"Look, Daddy. He's riding away."

"Yes, son, he is."

Pedro finished what chores he could. The sun was nearing the horizon. He began to fear for the old man. He had not returned, but nothing could be done until dawn. He went to the bunk house.

"Why my brother would do such a foolish thing, I'll never know."

"Like I was telling you, he was a very strongly-willed youngster. No one could tell him anything. For all we know the idiot might be dead."

At the word "dead" the room was filled with more violent conversation. They talked and quibbled for the rest of the night. Some only took time out to put the children to bed, and others not even that.

Pedro rose early to send out a search party for the old man. He did his morning chores with some difficulty. He could again hear the old man's relatives bickering.

"I think I should get the cattle."

"What? You wouldn't know what a cow was if you saw one."

"I'd know one better than you would."

"Since I'm his closest sister, I should get the house."

"I'm just as close as you are. Why shouldn't I get the house?"

"Deary, you wouldn't know what to do with it."

"I would too . . ."

"Listen, both of you. You can't have this whole house with its furniture. There are others besides yourselves in the family."

"All right then. I get the kitchen furniture and china."

"And I get the living room furniture."

"No, I wanted the couch."

"You can't have the couch. I said I wanted the living room furniture, and that includes the couch!"

"Then I'll take the coffee table."

"No!"

"Since you gentlemen have most of the farm, I think it's only fair that I should get the gold watch."

"What? You're only a cousin, and I say as his brother I should get it."

"No, you shouldn't, I should."

"Shut up!" I should."

"I get it!"

"No! I do."

"No . . ."

Finally the search party returned. Pedro stood waiting anxiously for the news. As he waited, he was plagued by the yelling and fighting. There was nothing left to be taken.

"What did you find?" asked Pedro.

"The buzzards got him."

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# POETRY

## WALK ON, YOUNG MAN

Walk on, young man.  
The world is changing.  
Do not idle here.  
You must learn to cope  
With the "new" world.  
Progress moves on  
While you kick pebbles here  
By the water's edge.  
No time to ponder.  
One must adapt himself  
To the ever increasing pace  
About him.  
Do not contemplate the old.  
It's in the past.  
Think of the future.  
That's where you'll be tomorrow.

"Won't the sea be here tomorrow?"

Yes, but the sea is always there.  
You must move on.  
You can see the ocean tomorrow.

"There's always a tomorrow  
That never comes,  
But there's only one today  
Where man still fights  
His petty wars,  
Watches the impoverished starve,  
Quibbles with his neighbor,  
And loves those scarce beauties."

... sit down, young man,  
With me.  
We'll watch the incoming tide.

## SUNDAY TO SATURDAY

Whether Sunday breathes warm  
Or weeps wet,  
A small babe  
Is brought to the old gothic structure  
To be baptized;  
Then on Saturday  
Brought again in a box.

Life is  
Baptized on Sunday  
And buried on Saturday.

by Mark A. O'Hara

## FEMALE

A wailing cry  
Where there was nothing.

Opal, inquisitive eyes  
And dainty fingers  
Exploring the unfamiliar.

Germinating adolescence  
With unfathomable eyes  
And flourishing elegance  
Culminating to an expedient splendor.

Plump femininity;  
The conscience smile  
Expressing the inception  
Of a wailing cry  
Where there was nothing.

## A WALK ON THE EVENING BEACH

Dusk.  
The soft mumble of the waves,  
The cooling sand,  
The evening breeze.  
A cricket song  
Here and there  
In the high grass.  
An emerging crab  
Venturing forth  
To mingle with his neighbors.  
A pelican  
Listlessly gliding  
Just above the barely moving waters.

A lone treeker  
Lost  
In the cool,  
Refreshing,  
Silence . . .

## OKLAHOMA

For the first time in ten years, Cadet Musical Activities has produced a Broadway musical. Early this month, two performances of the Rogers and Hammerstein musical, Oklahoma, were presented by the cadets assisted by professional signers and thespians and girls from the schools and colleges in the area.

The lead female roles were played by Diane Mosher as Ado Annie, Barbara Johnson as Aunt Eller, Barbara Kane as Laurey, and Christine Tordenti as Gerti Cummings. The lead male roles were all played by cadets with the class of '73 predominating. Tom Donlon 4/c was Ali Hakim, Mike Crawford 4/c was Jud Fry, Tom Hadley 4/c played Curly, Tom Meisenzahl 3/c was Ike Skidmore, and Terry Robertson 2/c performed as Will Parker. Members of the Coast Guard Band played in the orchestra and the whole show was ably organized, supervised, choreographed, directed and conducted by Professor Janse, Director of Cadet Musical Activities.

The last time cadets put on a musical was in 1960, when they performed the Mikado, a Gilbert and Sullivan production, excerpts of which they traveled to the White House to perform for President Eisenhower and the visiting President and Mrs. Charles DeGaulle. At that time, Professor Janse was Director of Cadet Musical Activities as Chief Warrant Officer Janse, USCG.



Ed McKenzie 1/c

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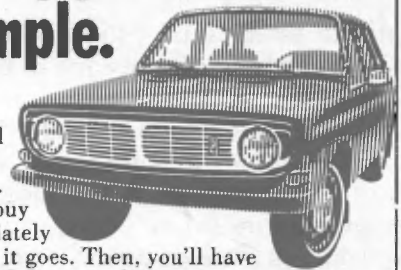
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The consensus of the nation seems to call for a restitution of our environment. Vociferous men of public affairs are united in their exhortations in behalf of natural preservation. The focus of our national concern has shifted from international affairs to our own domestic problem of environmental control. Who can argue that man needs to exercise caution in the consumption of his resources and the deposition of his wastes. Granted that it is a difficult proposition to oppose, it is an even more difficult one to effect. The contradiction of course lies in human interests. Certainly there is an advantage to being able to breathe clean air and to drink clean water. But it is also convenient to drive an automobile, drink from a disposable tin can, etc. It becomes evident that what is needed is a balancing of human wants with environmental imperatives.

Lack of foresight is a characteristically human failing. Environmental procrastination can then be partially understood on strictly human terms. It is not surprising that the inheritors of the American continent neglected it—all in a spirit of obliviousness to the ultimate consequences. For them there was no sense of urgency—the land and its resources seemed limitless. Not so we have found. Environmental polemics are a means of arousing this sense of urgency, but the fact remains that man has not yet been confronted with a life and death proposition of environmental restoration. Is then the rhetoric of concern premature. Hopefully not. One of the inherent dangers of procrastination is that a slight miscalculation can change a bad situation into an irrevocable one. An error in planetary mechanics makes second efforts difficult. Affirming the need for cleaning nature's wounds, we are confronted with a host of alternatives. A few insights into ourselves and our environment are perhaps in order. They will help provide, or at least define, the guidelines for a cogent and sustained program of pollution control.

Goals need to be set. It is important that these goals should be rather narrow in their scope, designed to produce tangible results. Such results would serve as the stepping stone for the next environmental assault, and so on. It is dangerous to initially propose measures promising a panacea for a complex and many faceted problem. Optimism quickly turns to *disillusionment*, and the vital momentum of concern

is lost. The assignment of environmental priorities will not be an easy task, but it is a necessary prerequisite to a coordinated pollution control effort.

Man finds himself in the context of the twentieth century. The theme of the present is progress, and the mode of advancement is technology. Environmental control is not synonymous with halting progress. Rather it is a rechanneling of creative effort along lines designed to promote human advancement while controlling some of the deleterious effects of growth. Man must breathe initiative and challenge as well as air. To regard efforts to restore the environment as turning back the clock is to do the entire movement a disservice—nostalgia is a poor substitute for reason. All of man's needs must be assessed—needs of which a clean environment is among the inputs—and a balance struck. Herein rests man's coming intellectual adventure.

As an impetus to antipollution measures, it has been suggested that present man owes it to future man to keep his house clean. Morally perhaps a sound argument, but one commanding few historical endorsements. A much more persuasive case can show that environmental control is in man's immediate best interest. Here again a balance is necessary—this time between material comfort and man's psychological and to a lesser extent physical needs. How much is the sense of well-being fostered by fishing in a clean stream worth—a gallon of gas, a ream of paper—who knows. However, one thing is becoming apparent—as society becomes more advanced and responsibilities and demands on the individual increase, the intangibles of human-environment interaction become more important. Perhaps here rests a natural incentive towards pollution control which awaits exploitation.

We live in an age of specialization. It is ironic that the most effective means of reclaiming our environment will be the nonspecialist. He will be both scientist and humanist, combining an intense sense of scientific inquiry with an equally intense social awareness. Mankind is the master of science—determining its priorities, outlining its objectives. The social technician must become responsive to human needs. Meaningful survival and human progress can go hand in hand—it is only apathy and survival which are mutually exclusive.



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