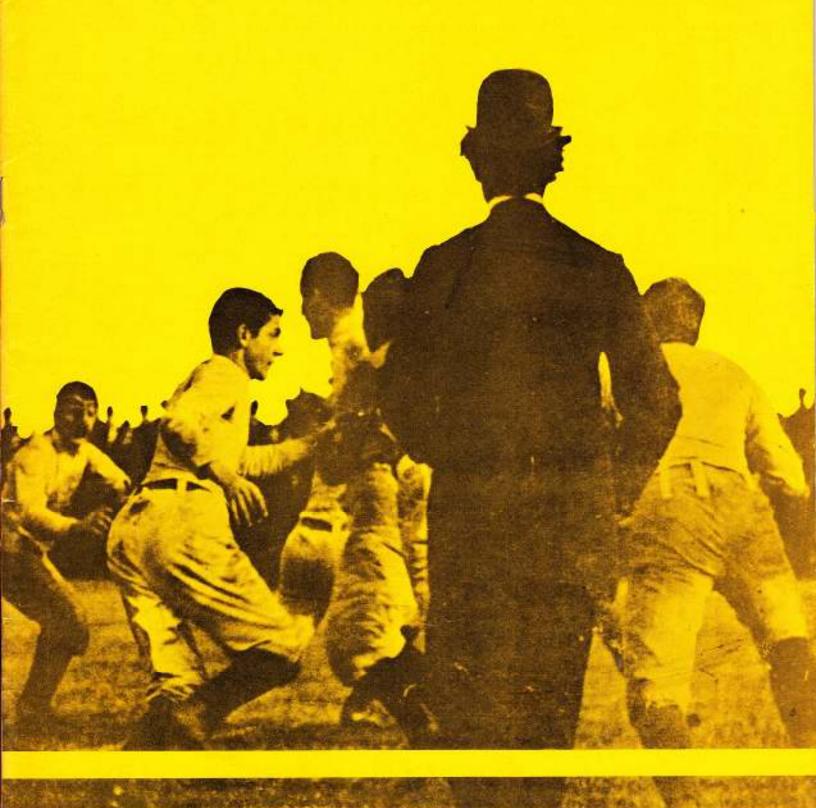


Volume XLIV 1966 – 1967



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and all the other blithering idiots that form the 85 man Pointer team this Year.



"Without gate money, without losing any time from prescribed academic work, without suspicion of affering inducements to players to 'take a course' at the Academy, they play a clean gentlemanly, graceful game, and their record is an object lesson in honest manly, strenuous sport for sport's sake."

—C. W. Whitney, Harper's Weekly, 1896

Army Football -- The First Ten Years

by John La Belle

Today, one of the first associations with West Point springing into mind is, of course, the Army football team. Like all other innovations, however, football at West Point started humbly, building to its present position only through countless years of determined effort. Not of least importance in this rise, were the first, successful seasons between 1890 and 1899. After the Navy game of 1890, the Army team finally organized itself into a regular squad in 1891, and began its steady rise to a position of national football prominence. Here are a few of the stories and statistics, anecdotes and facts about those first ten years.

1890—Only one game was played that year, and that one against Navy. "Foot-ball" was new to West Pointers and, unfortunately, the cadets dropped this first game to Annapolis 24 to 0. Perhaps of more than just general interest, was the little-known fast that the referee for this game was a Navy midshipman named Belknap. In any case, Army was still well represented with Walker at quarter-back and a young cadet at halfback named Michie.

1891 and 1892—Army and Navy traded wins during these two seasons. Army, with Michie as captain, avenged the previous year's defeat with a 32-16 win at Annapolis in 1891. The Middies came back, however, with a 12-4 decision in 1892 and forged one game ahead in the interservice rivalry. 1892 also included games with Wesleyan College (6-6), Stevens (42-0), Trinity (24-0), and the Princeton Reserves (14-0) for a very successful season.

1893—This year saw an initial football budget of \$737.18, all of it contributions from officers and cadets. Expenses that year ranged from \$636.00 for the new coach, L. T. Bliss, a former Yale player, to \$168.00 for "sweaters and ankle supports". The schedule was expanded to nine games with an eventual record of 4-5 against many of the established teams of the East (Yale, Princeton, etc.). Incidentally, the average weight of the Army team was 166 pounds that year, with the backs weighing 153 pounds.

1894—A new coach and a healthier budget gave football a different outlook in 1894. With Hannon Graves, another Yale player, running the team and \$2,000,00 to spend on it, Army compiled wins against Amherst, M. I. T. and Union College while losing to Brown and perennially strong Yale. In all, West Point scored 95 points to their opponents' 22. Where did all that money come from? Well, \$537.00 of it was collected by the class of 1894 the year before.

If you've been wondering what happened to the Army-

Navy game, a small quote from the Superintendent's Report on Athletics to the Adjutant General dated 12 December 1893 should set your mind at ease. According to the report, "My (Superintendent) conclusions are that football as controlled here has been beneficial to scholarship and an aid to discipline, and should receive a proper degree of encouragement; but that the match game with the Naval Academy has done much to undo them, and being objectionable otherwise, should not be permitted to recur." The Superintendent viewed the intense rivalry between the Academies as a potential threat to improved relations between the services. Coupled with other reasons, his report and later decision caused a lapse in Army-Navy football until 1899.

1895—This season opened with a 50-0 win over Trinity, Army went on to collect five victories, losing only to Harvard and Yale. 1895 saw the first use of a professional trainer and the authorization of the Army major "A" not only for the athletes of that year but also for those of the four previous years. Six of the members of the 1891 team pictured (pg. 2) were awarded the "A" for athletic excellence. Press relations also were established with New York papers in order to obtain professional coverage of

the Army games.

1896—West Point finished with a 3-2-1 record scoring 93 points to 45 for their rivals. The team began the season with only four starters and, in four weeks, developed a new center, both ends and tackles, a quarterback and one halfback. This, too, with practice sessions only on Wednesdays and Saturdays. It was remarkable that Army could face strong opponents as Yale and Princeton with such an inexperienced squad. 1896 also produced one of the first attempts at Intramural football between classes, with the Second class taking that year's championship.

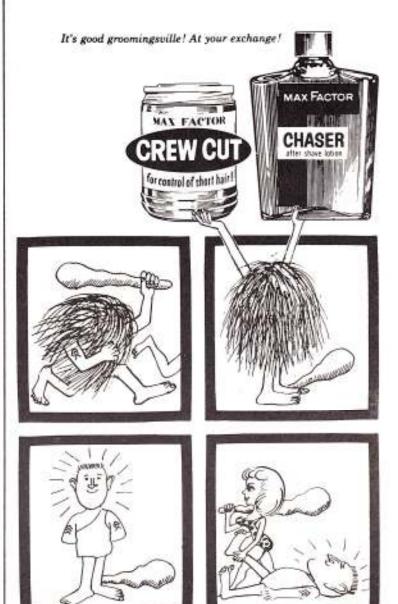
1897—This season was phenomenally successful for the Army team. Among its five victories were Trinity (38-6), Tufts (30-0), Lehigh (48-6), and Brown (42-0). The squad tied Yale (6-6) and lost only to Harvard (10-0). In the Brown game, West Point averaged twenty yards gain for

every single minute of game play.

1898—An unusually light team still managed to compile a 3-2-1 win-loss record. Averaging only 164.3 pounds but over 23 years of age, the 1898 Army Football team made up for its lack of bulk with plenty of seasoned experience. This year, however, was the first in West Point football history, that the entire assistant coaching staff, led by Head-Coach Koehler, the Master of the Sword, was composed of Army graduates, all former football players. Also, West Point finally got an All-America player—C. A. Romeyn, a fullback, and a team rank of fifth in the nation.

1899—A new development was added to cadet football—the "C" squad. Extremely successful, the "C" squad scored three crushing wins for a perfect record that year. Army ended what would otherwise have been a medicore season with a resounding 17-5 victory over Navy. The Middles had been favored in the first game of resumption of the interservice classic. In fact, Navy actually played with a "six-year man" on its team. It didn't make much difference, though, as Army completely overwhelmed Annapolis in every category. The cadets could not have realized a more fitting end to a decade of organized football.

And so, football at West Point not only survived those first few difficult seasons of adjustment, but astonishingly enough, rose to national ranking within eight short years. The turn of the century brought little change, and even today, the Army football team retains its position of preeminence in American football.



A Scouting Reports Y 1966



PENN STATE-

by Bob Lenz

New faces in the crowd will make or break the Nittany Lions during the 1966 season, but an old face in a new place will not have any earth-shaking effect. Head coach Joe Paterno has taken the helm after working for retired Rip Engle for 16 seasons and he promises few drastic changes. The new faces belong to the tremendous number of sophomores putting on blue and white jerseys this year. Seventeen yearlings reported for fall drills, most of whom are still around, and at least six will appear in the starting line up. But if this is to be one of the youngest teams ever at Penn State, it certainly will not be the worst, Seldom has such inexperience been rated so high.

The Lions are stressing defense this year because the offense was able to muster very few sustained drives in spring practice. Veteran ground holders are Dave Rowe (6-6, 260) and Ed Lenda (6-2, 235) at tackle, Mike Reid (6-2, 238) at middle guard, and linebackers Jack Henry (510, 212) and John Litterello (6-1, 210).

Offensively, Penn State will need a tremendous push. A perfect defense can do no better than tie a game, if the ball carriers can't score. With little ability to sustain a drive and with no outstanding open field or breakaway runners, Penn State's points will come sparingly. Any genuine hope comes from the backfield, while a fainter hope is that the line won't open like a sieve, Bill Rettig (5-10, 210) plays fullback, Jack White (6-1, 195) is the signal caller, and Mike Irwin (6-0, 180) fills the wingback slot.

The Nittany Lions will be, by far, the heaviest team to touch Army soil this year and they are rated for an identical 5-5 record. The prophets were definitely optimistic in light of Penn State's four road trips to Michigan State, UCLA, Georgia Tech and West Point. Incidentally, one of the Lions' five wins is supposed to be against the Big Rabble. But in our favor is homecoming, on home ground, before the Army Twelfth Man, and to top it off, we have the Army team.



NOTRE DAME-

by Paul Haseman

There are a few new faces out in Ara Parseghian Land but not many. The Irish lost only eight of last year's lettermen, so things look good not because they have the horses where they need them but because they are riding the Parseghian wave of success-only three losses in the past two years. But aside from these intangibles, a solid team with everything from last year and more seems to indicate another great season for the Irish. But as good as they are, weak spots do exist and every team on their schedule will be testing these sore points. A big problem is the lack of a successor for Bill Zloch. Finding a quarterback is one of Parseghian's greatest worries. He has an inexperience junior in Tom Schoen and a prospect in sophomore Coley O'Brien in whom Parshegian put most of his faith in last spring's practice sessions. However, even if neither of these QB's comes up to expectations, things do not look too bad with Nick Eddy (5.1 average for 585 yards last season) switching from right to left half while he vies for All-American honors and Larry Conjar (3.5 average for 535 yards) running up the middle from his fullback slot. Of the two, Conjar was the biggest threat at Shea Stadium a year ago and he hasn't slowed since then. On defense a spot exists where Army may make some money, Nick Rassas and Tom Longo are missing along with one other regular from Notre Dame's formidable defensive secondary of a year past, Going through the air looks to be the only way, as the Irish line is held tight by Jim Lynch, team captain and outstanding linebacker. Sharing the linebacker chores are veterans John Horney, Mike McGill, and Dave Martin, while Kevin Hardy, tipping 270 pounds, takes his rebuilt knee and teams with Pete Durunko at tackle, If Parseghian is worried about his weak spots at quarterback and the defensive backfield it doesn't show. If any worry exists, it will be over the question of ten wins in a row this year. The question will be answered after Army leaves South Bend.

RUTGERS-

by Bob Young

The Rugters' football campaign this year is part of the university's Bicentennial, and all of their games have been



dedicated to the celebration. The spirit will need help from the flesh, however, if the team wishes to surpass their 3-6 record of last year. In fact, the New Brunswick, New Jersey, team is favored over Lehigh and Lafayette only for this season,

The desire for a victorious season may be costly to many of the older team members, for the Scarlet Knights are trying to mold a new team. The nucleus includes some thirty sophomores recently corralled by Coach John Bateman. Quarterback Fred Eckert will be back again after his sensational performance in a losing effort against Army. Unfortunately, he never again regained the consistency he displayed in that one game and, unless he does, will not be a serious threat.

This year Coach Bateman will install a Multiple and Double Wing T offense. Jack Emmer, at split end, will be a key to this offense, as will halfbacks Ralf Stegmann and Charley Mudie. Problem points are the positions of offensive guard and tackle.

Defensively the Scarlet Knights are not well off at all. The entire defensive secondary packed their bags and diplomas and went their separate ways last year. Much of the line will be replaced. It will be led by versatile veteran Sam Brown at tackle.

An interesting note for spectators is the fact that Rutgers will place-kick with Jim Dulin, the soccer-style specialist. This might make the difference in a game or two, but it will not erase the present problems. Several players are going to have to play well both ways to field a winning team. The Scarlet Knights will have to reorganize their jumbled team if their celebration is to be a pleasant one.



PITTSBURGH-

by Bob Young
This year Pittsburgh will be piloted by Coach Dave Hart,

last year's defensive backfield coach for Navy. This alone should be enough to put fire in the blood of Rabble fans, if not the fact that two years ago in the Army-Pitt clash the Panthers emerged with a 24-8 victory. This year Coach Hart will run the two-platoon system, but when the going gets tough he will use six stalwart two-way players led by team captain Jim Flanigan (230) at middle linebacker.

Several severely restrictive problems beset Pittsburgh in their spring practice this year. Unusually bad weather combined with excessive injuries slowed the team considerably. Their successful plays are few and their coaching difficulties multiply with a new offense, the I formation.

The Panthers will find no bed of roses on offense. Bob Dyer (175) at right half will be surrounded by three rookies. Standout end Bob Longo (210) and tackle Greg Keller will return to an almost completely green line. Defensively the cards are not stacked much better. The Pennsylvanians allowed 310 points last year (remember the 48-63 circus with West Virginia?) so things can't get much worse. Flanigan and middle guard David Drake (225) will play an important part in slowing opponent's offensive tactics this year.

Coach Hart is hopeful that the five hoys injured in spring practice will be able to make the scene before Pitt's first game against UCLA. The 3-7 record from the 1965 season is in jeopardy when the Panthers go against Duke, Navy, Syracuse, Notre Dame, and Penn State, as well as Army and UCLA, and they are pre-seasoned for a 1-8-1 record.

Pittsburgh will have to surmount their injuries and seriously organize their plays to be a formidable team this season.



by Bob Lenz

The sounds of '65 return, and unfortunately the tone isn't very pleasant. The campus at Knoxville that gave birth to a team with an 8-1-2 record last year (including a 21-0 victory over Army) is scheduled to produce better than ever this year. Southeastern Conference coach of the year Doug Dickey played an almost entirely sophomore team last year. This year the team will be almost entirely juniors—yup—same guys!

'The offensive team will be dynamite. Charlie Fulton (180) and Dewey Warren, touted as the country's best pair of alternating quarterbacks, will lead a team loaded with talent. Richmond Flowers, the noted hurdler, will lend his speed to the wingback slot. Walter Chadwick (205) at tailback and Bob Mauriello (220) at fullback shouldn't allow any slack in the Volunteer attack. Leading the back-

field into battle will be John Boynton (225) and Terry Bird (215) at the tackle spots, Robbie Franklin (205) and Charles Rosenfelder (210) at guard, and Bob Johnson (6-4, 230) at center.

Opposing teams will have to fight their way through a defense of Doug Archibald (200) and Paul Naumoff 210) filling the linebacker slots, Mike Gooch (210) at end, Mack Gentry (205) and Derrick Weatherford (220) playing tackle, and Bobby Morel (212) at middle guard.

The Vols have decided that, unlike their teams of 40 years ago, they won't build fame on goal line stands. They intend to stop the enemy at midfield and use that potent offense. And nobody in Tennessee seems too worried about a basically new coaching staff. With a runner who likes to pass and a passer who likes to run, there doesn't seem to be any reason for concern about the possibilities of a successful season. The game that the Volunteers lost a season ago was to Old Miss by one point. People say they are headed for a 7-3 record. Others think that the only loss will be at the hands of Alabama. Either way the Big Rabble will need to reach deep into its bag of tricks to emerge with a victory.



GEORGE WASHINGTON-

by Bob Lenz

The Colonials were behind the eight-ball for most of the 1965 season. With six of their offensive regulars lost for one to six games, they still emerged with a 5-5 record. The eight-ball hasn't moved a bit for the coming season and the Washington, D. C., team is again picked for a 5-5 record. The biggest loss is their No. 1 quarterback who didn't handle his books as well as he handled the ball. Add that to the number of players graduated, and it would seem that Coach Jim Camp would be building a new team.

Coach Camp doesn't think so, and he will field a fairly experienced group of hard-hats. Junior quarterback Glenn Davis, after spring practice, is touted as the most rapidly improved player. Tom Metz will return at offensive end after catching 32 passes for 340 yards and rushing for a 5.1 average. He will play both ways—with logical justification—he played every minute of defense last year and was the all-conference safety. Pat Smith (220) will open at center and will be flanked by lettermen guards Brad Cashman and Richard Hester.

The defensive team has as much or more to offer. Picked for all-conference ends are Bruce Keith (6-3, 225) and Norm Neverson (6-3, 220). Leading the pack of defensive tackles will be sophomore Paul Janssen (6-3, 215) and Ralph Beatty (6-2, 230), and Louis Astolfi and Bob Paszek are filling the linebacker slots. The talented toe of Mark Gross will return after accounting for 38 points last season, including 17 straight points.

Many people looking for a green team will be surprised; the Colonials do not fall into that category. Coach Camp should be able to solve the majority of his problems, but the George Washington team will need its fair share of good breaks to fulfill that 5-5 expectation in the Southern Conference.



CALIFORNIA-

by Bob Lenz

Go West, young Army; and California, here we come. The Golden Bears may well learn a lesson this year by the invasion from the East, for the Big Rabble is the preseason favorite.

Our Pacific Eight foes play a host of formidable opponents this season, to include Michigan, UCLA, Southern Cal, Stamford, and Penn State, as well as the Black Knights. They are favored *only* over San Jose State, quite a contrast to their 1965 season (5-5).

Coach Ray Willsey has lost twenty players from last year's squad. Inexperience should be the main cause for early season losses, but the Bears also have every reason to develop into the dark horse of the West Coast. Their backfield has speed, since it includes several members of the impressive Berkeley campus track team. There is added weight in the line, especially from the new sophomore class. The hopeful brick wall from last year's freshman team is centered on tackles Bob Hammes (235) and Ed White (260) and center John Frantz (240). Outstanding as a freshman was halfback John Fay (180) who averaged 8 yards per carry. The newcomers at tackle will be integrated into a unit led by All-Far West Dan Goich (230) at tackle, and Bob Crittenden (210) and Mike Brown (220) at the guard slots.



California has experienced hands returning at the linebacker and safety positions, but this may be one of their weakest links (no match for Tawney Towny & Team). This jet set forgot the jet and definitely lack the necessary speed. In fact, it was this same defense that allowed Notre Dame, UCLA, and Southern Cal to roll up a total of 139 points in the three games. Low score doesn't win!!!



The Locker Room

by Emmett Mahle

This is old news by now, but this writer and the entire Pointer Sports Staff would like to take this opportunity to congratulate Townsend Clarke on being named Captain of the 1966 Army Football Team. Townie was also picked on most of the pre-season all America teams and justifiably so. He has made more tackles in his career than any other Army player in history. To say that Townie gets down low is the understatement of the year. In order to get under him, you either have to be a human mole or else have been buried there. It sure feels good to see that familiar "56" on the field.

Sometimes in the world of sport, irony works its way into the play of things and an amusing story is the result. Here is a true story that came to this writer's attention during a recent visit to the University of South Carolina in Columbia. It seems that a certain football coach at L.S.U. a few years back felt that his opening game had been just a little bit too rough for a number of years running, so he decided to do something about it. In order to work in a "breather" as the opening game, he scheduled the weak but willing University of South Carolina Gamecocks. This game was to open the 1966 footbabll season. This coach, after lending his services to an up-state New York independent, found himself in Columbia coaching those same weak

Gamecocks. Let's hope he's not holding his breath as he opens in Baton Rogue as L.S.U.'s breather opener.

I don't know if the Viet Cong are duffers or not, but they sure must have a lot of trouble with rough, water traps, etc. I hear that if your ball is wiped out by an incoming mortar round, you get a two stroke penalty not to mention loss of the ball. Paul Hahn, the world-famous trick shot golfer, is going to do his best to promote good feeling and also put in a good word for golf when he visits South Viet Nam soon. Hahn is going to drive 600 balls with the word peace on them into the jungles of South Viet Nam in hopes the V.C. will read them instead of wiring them as booby traps.

The Pointer Pre-season All-America team that appears in this issue is the result of long consultations, close considerations, and careful determination of past performances and future promise. We realize it may not jive with your picks for the best in the nation, and so we will back up our position with an article in the next issue consisting of statistics illuminating our choices. In the meantime, if you have a gripe that can't wait, send it to this column and we will print it.

The Army Rugby Club received a big boost this year as Capt. Pete Dawkins, former All-everything at Army who later played rugby at Oxford, arrived on post as a social science instructor. It is hoped that he will have time to help Maj. Field, our British Exchange Officer, who is presently doing an excellent job of leading the ruggers on to victory.

Some interesting facts about next year's schedule; Air Force at Colorado, Southern Methodist at Dallas. That sounds like a good deal for the members of the class of 1968 from out West. Speaking of breather openers, for 1968 it's the Citadel. What can we say?

EDITOR'S NOTE: Address any correspondence to the Pointer Sports Editor, West Point, N. Y.



Pyrene . . .

. . . plebes revolt about not enough week hyphen ends dash many go awol . . . attention all cadets comma attention all cadets pause all first classmen report to theater to pick up books comma bring four overgrown blebs comma laundry cart comma and a hoist pause capital i say again . . . me thinks capital i signed up for a course on how to organize your own library . . . c dash store going frantic . . . seems they have to lenghten all left sleeves on firstie dress dash coats for some unknown ringson . . . school started again at capital hudson capital high . . . can tell because students form cliques on plain every once in a while and yell at each other . . . seems to be violent comma some are armed with guns and same with knives . . . oh well comma funny people do funny things . . . some go to capital holiday capital inn exclamation point . . . big week dash end coming up . . . s dash one and s dash two have sword battle to decide who stands with queen commo meanwhile sargeant major makes away with her . . . can smell distinct odor of capital nittany capital lion in high dash lands overlooking chapel . . . seems to be in same precarious position where a certain mule can rain a series of vicious blows upon his defense each more terrible than its predecessor comma thereby resulting in the complete and decisive annihilation of the forces which will in turn render him suitable for the initial contact . . . so much for verbage . . . now a serious note dosh hmmmmmmmmmmm musical sign . . . congratulations to capital mister capital vincent . . . go capital I capital s capital u . . . glf

THE POINTER PRE-SEASON ALL-AMERICA TEAM

THE POINTER TOP TEN

- 1. Michigan State
- 2. Alabama
- 3. Nebraska
- 4. Purdue
- 5. Arkansas
- 6. Notre Dame
- 7. UCLA
- 8. Georgia Tech
- 9. Miami
- 10. Ohio State

OFFENSE



Quarterback	Bob Griese	Purdue
Halfback	Clinton Jones	Michigan State
Halfback	Floyd Little	Syracuse
Fullback		
End		
End		No. Texas State
Tackle		
Tackle		
Guard		Nebraska
Guard		Texas
Center		Navy
DEFENSE		
End	Bubba Smith	Michigan State
End		
Tackle		No. Carolina State
Tockle		
Linebacker	그 사람이 많아 살아 살아보고 그래요? 하는데 이번 살아 있다면 하고 있다면 하는데 하는데 하는데 하다.	
Linebacker	Jim Lynch	Notre Dame
Linebacker		Mississippi State
Halfback	아이들의 마음에 가는 그 전에 반으면 되면 이 프라이트를 하면 하지만 하게 되었다. 그리고 있는데 이 아이라면 다.	
Halfback		
	Tom Beier	
	Granville Liggens	

Appalachian Incident

The Traylors had lived peacefully on their little farm for years before the War. Travis' parents had never been affluent enough to think of owning a colored servant, though; in fact, the Traylors really knew very little about them, or the War for Emancipation, except that it was getting very much closer as the spring of 1864 came to Georgia.

Then one day Travis saw Sherman's blue-uniformed men swarm over the countryside, and the events that followed became a nightmare to him. Gunfire, smoke, and general havoc surrounded Travis; he saw a burly Yan'see corporal horsewhip his father to death; he saw his mother and his pretty nineteen-year-old sister raped by other soldiers and then shot. Terror seized Travis; he grabbed his Winchester which had stood behind the kitchen door for as long as he could remember, shot at the corpor who bent over the drooping form of Travis' father, and, when he saw the blood on the Yankee's right cheek, he turned and ran, and the gruff shouts of men and the reports of rifles followed him through the cotton fields.

Travis ran on and on, until he fell, almost unconscious with exhaustion and confused terror, into a stream bed about two miles from his home, where he lay trembling until the next morning.

Travis woke to a silent, charred world. As he looked around him, he saw only burned ground and ashes where the sprouting green-leafed cotton plants had stood the day before. Behind him only the smouldering flame of the Traylor's barn stood above the black wasteland; the house had collapsed in the night. Travis stood up slowly, walked out of the ditch, and through the soot toward Macon.

The years after the War's end were hard on Travis, for throughout the Reconstruction, the Yankees seemed to control the entire South. But although he found no steady jobs, Travis managed to survive, barely at times. He stayed in Macon for a year with an aging aunt, but the Yankee carpetbaggers cheated her out of her property, and she died shortly thereafter. So, as for Travis, he drifted from small town to town, working his way slowly northward along the Ocmulgee River.

The spring of 1870 found Travis on the outskirts of Atlanta, where he found his first steady work, helping to rebuild devastated sections of that city. Travis spent his nominal wages, however, not on decent food or clothing for himself, but on supplies he and Susan would need when they returned to the Traylor farm; for Travis and Susan Lee would marry soon.

It was the thought of Susan, the war-orphaned girl who he had met when he first entered Atlanta, that occupied Travis' mind as he walked through the city one day in early May. Only vaguely was Travis aware of the crowd gathering about the platform from which a politician from the North voiced his Reconstruction plans. Travis' mind snapped sharply back into focus, though, as the politician made an unwittingly caustic remark about the former Confederacy; the crowd stormed around the Yankee, a few epithets were hurled, followed closely by a brick, which knocked the unfortunate speaker to the ground as lifeless as the masonry which had struck him.

Travis watched the local sheriff elbow his way through the mob toward the prostrate man; then, wanting no more



to do with this scene, Travis turned away. Not until late that afternoon did Travis learn one of the ugly facts about his species; he strolled past the telegraph office on his return from work, then stopped to read the horror the most recently posted bulletin: "\$2,000 Reward for the capture, dead or alive, of dark haired youth, 6'1", apx. age: 19, responsible for the death of N, Y. Representative Arborn, this 8th day of May, 1870."

This poster made two things immediately clear to Travis Traylor: the citizens of Atlanta would sooner accuse an innocent man of a crime than involve one of their own, for it was surely those citizens who had provided Travis' description; and secondly, that he must hide somewhere far away from Atlanta for a couple of months, at least until the crime was forgotten in the turbulence of the era. The carpetbaggers hired killers all over the countryside; Travis figured the ones in the vicinity of Atlanta would be eager for "this \$2,000 Reward."

With this in mind, Travis ran to Susan's little shanty on the outskirts of the city, was unable to dissuade her from leaving the city with him. Together they tied a few essential articles—an ax, fishing gear, matches, nails, a length of rope, and a few cooking utensils—into a blanket which Travis slung over his back. Susan carried three more blankets and a tarp, and under cover of the descending night, the lovers set out for the forested mountains to the northwest.

Sam Warren loved to kill. It was just that simple. Sam had grown up in the Catskill Mountains of New York, and was introduced, out of necessity, to a twenty-two caliber rifle when he was twelve. By the time he was twenty, Sam was thoroughly familiar with most of the rifles of the day and particularly loved to hunt. There was a feeling about downing a live animal with a well-placed rifle ball, the youth felt, that was unparallelled.

When Sam was conscripted into the Union Army in 1861, he had no idea what was to happen to him; as the War progressed, however, and Sam fought his way southward, he gained a passion for combat. The excitement of squeezing off a well-aimed rifle shot and seeing a man fall before his sights, Sam decided, was superior to hunting game animals.

Consquently, not many of Sam's few friends were surprised when, at the War's end, Sam stayed in Georgia, through which he had just ravaged with Sherman. With the coming of the Reconstruction, Sam was told, there would be a need for experienced, Union-loyal, riflemen to help enforce the new laws throughout the South. These men would come to be known as "bounty hunters"; despite the title, Sam felt he would be able to derive a certain amount of enjoyment from the job.

However, sometime during his fourth year at that particular trade, Sam began to wonder whether he had chosen the right profession after all. The feeling he got from shooting men in peacetime, most of whom he knew

(Continued on page 23)

HOMECOMING QUEENS



Bonnie McCown, Brightwaters, Long Island —Tom Barnes A-1



Dawn Johnson, Trenton, Michigan — Bux Trevathan E-1

1st Regiment



Kari Fraas, Norway-Robert Keller A-2



Debby Greeby, Plymouth Meeting, Penn.— Skip Greeby E-2



Arlene Kirschenheiter, New York City, New York-Bob Knapp B-3



Joy Marie Ward, Fairfield, Calif. — Phil Kinney E-3

3rd Regiment



Karen Christiansen, Long Island, New York —Bill MacAdams A-4



Sunny Schoendorf, Marrick, Long Island— Alan Aker E-4

4th Regiment





to The Honorable Carl Vinson

Sincerity and dedication are his bywords. The results can be seen throughout a half-century in our nation's Congress. He has come to represent an attitude of concern for national security and a firm stand for adequate, progressive armed services. He is the Honorable Carl Vinson, recipient of the 1966 Sylvanus Thayer Award.

The award has been an annual presentation since 1958 by the Association of Graduates of the United States Military Academy. It is named for Sylvanus Thayer, class of 1808, superintendent of the academy from 1819 to 1883. Honoring the principles of character, discipline, and knowledge which he promoted, it is given in recognition of an outstanding American citizen upholding the ideal of the USMA motto, "Duty, Honor, Country."

The ideals in that motto are manifestations in the life of Congressman Carl Vinson. His fifty years of service in the House of Representatives were fruitful ones. He served for thirty-three years as member and then chairman of the old House Naval Affairs Committee. In this post Representative from Georgia was the backbone in the creation of the controversial two-ocean fleet, a system which more than proved itself in the trying early days of World War Two. As his committee became integrated into the Armed Services Committee after the war, he soon took the reins of that influential group. Obvious effects of his leadership lie in the 149 pieces of legislation that emerged as law from his committee. With acute awareness of the tension in cold war aggression, he continually urged increased military power and preparedness. From his first action on the floor of the 63rd Congress in 1914 to his last with the 88th Congress in 1964, Representative Carl Vinson was giving. He gave all that he knew and felt for the image of a free and safe America.

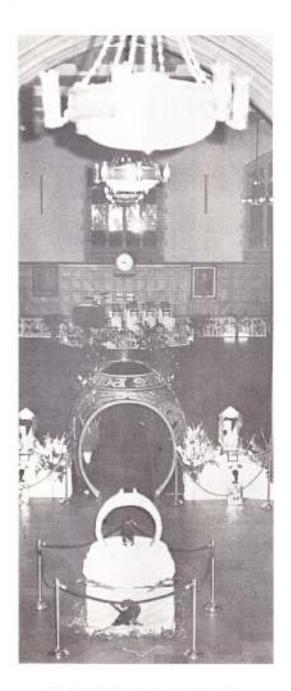
In honor of the presentation at West Point, Congressman Vinson attended a review by the Corps of Cadets. Dinner followed, at which time the Award was made. Among the distinguished guests were General Wheeler, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Schuyler, President of the Association of Graduates, and the Honorable Mr. Resor, Secretary of the Army.

In his acceptance speech Congressman Vinson spoke from the position of one who has done, to the Cadets, in the position of those who will do. He praised the quality of man that emerges from West Point, urging that each graduate challenge "the test of leadership." With the theme of all his years in the House of Representatives, Mr. Vinson stressed that the United States "maintains a strong, modern military structure", "with each service indispensable to our security." A last remark, summarizing his feelings for all the years of selfless service to the United States, was one of advice to the Corps. "Be proud of your heritage, be proud of your leaders, be proud of the greatest nation in the world, our democracy, and be proud of yourselves."

The United States is justly proud of the Honorable Representative from Georgia, Carl Vinson.



RING HOP



The stage as it was set for one of the milestones in a cadet's four years at the Academy.



It may look like only a ring, but to some it's the mark of an important ochievement, to some the key to success; but to all of the first class it's the symbol of a great challenge.



It was a beautiful evening, as even the casual observer could testify to.



This happy group, believe it or not, are part of the two black long line waiting to go through the ring.

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS



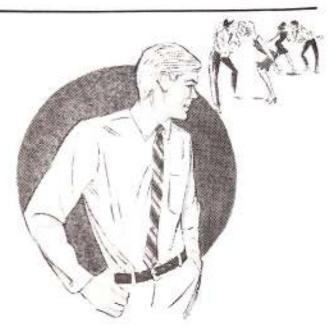




John: What do you say we go through the ring, Mary.

Mary: But this is the fourth time,

Mary: And besides, John, I didn't think they allowed this sort of thing here.



VAN HEUSEN "417" TRAVELS WHERE THE ACTION IS:

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in a handsome new setting.
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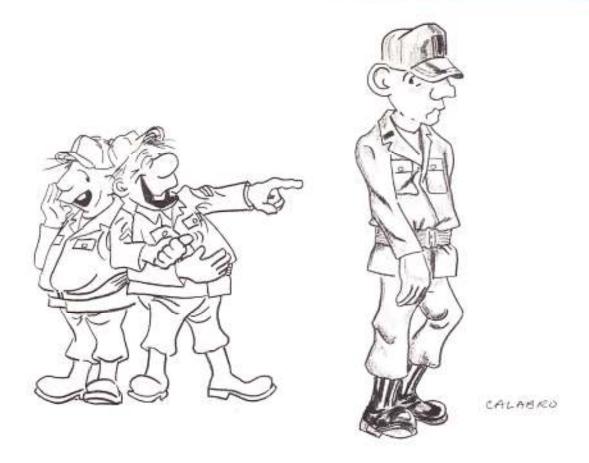
Key ring and Buddha Cuff Link/Tie Tac Set not included. Swank sole distributor. Available at fine stores everywhere.

AOT Impressions

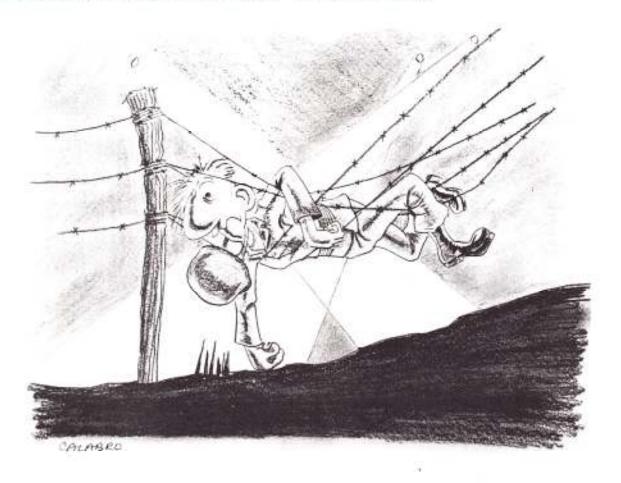


by Calabro and Danihy

Before the actual AOT program began, the fact of "first impressions" was pointed out to us, and we were all reminded that we were representing West Point and should act accordingly. Consequently, the members of 2nd AOT attempted to present themselves in a manner befitting their station.



AOT'ers were quick to perceive that the troops held them in awe, and the greatest respect was shown to the acting 2nd Lieutenants who were funny brass and said things like "white trou" and "boadle".



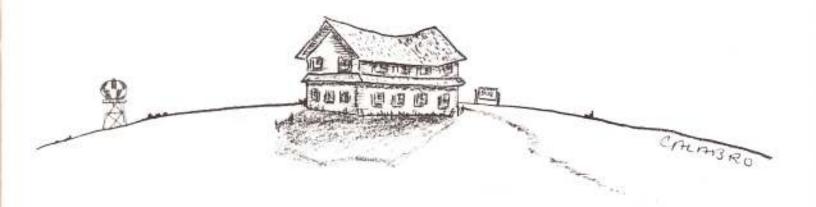
It was not long before the cadets were asked to prove their mettle. Many led squads and platoons on tactical maneuvers, displaying their high level of combat readiness.



Of course, at social functions, there was training of another sort, involving alertness, level-headed thinking and proper military bearing.



The cadets were well versed in the equipment which they used during their month's duty. No matter how technical the job became, the cadets always rose to meet the occasion.

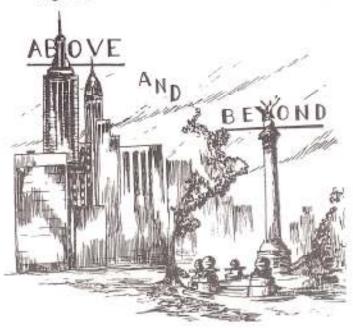


After a hard day's work, usually ending around four in the morning, the cadets could return to their billets, comfortable quarters tastefully decorated, and designed to allow the professional soldier to forget about the day's problems.



At the end of the month, most cadets had a party thrown for them, at which fond forewells were said, toasts made with apple-cherry-berry punch, words of appreciation given, and final handshakes as the officers fought back the tears they felt welling up inside of them.

CALABRO



by Danihy

HOMECOMING

Alone again this evening, the old man had wandered to the cliffs, and there he sat, the old poet. Torn and battered, he seemed a part of the cliffs upon which he rested; yet he was old only as the wind and the sea are old, for his eyes were abiaze with the Mediterranean sunset.

O. Tide, your voice has not changed in all these years!

The memories of other days are washed once more upon your sands and dashed against your rocks! Sing your rumble sigh, a song of my Princess coming home again... as she did so many years ago. Sound the trumpets, awaken every eye, lest the pleasure of her beauty be lost!

O, course of life, much trodden path of life,
Awake your tired avenues tonight!
Purgate your streets of mortal sin and strife
And shine anew with gay, unblemished light;
For with the dawn a new and eager stride
Will grace your paths and beautify your ways,
Your sullied ways, where other souls have died
Before the journey's end and yet with days.
A precious flower she is, fresh from the beal
Of morning, blassomed full and fashioned soft
By God's own hand and with his glary fed,
An earthly angel born of minds aloft.
Tonight her form adorns thy aged gate,
A fragile, forceful form in ready state.

Coming home again, but fading now, with every stroke of the tide, as the sun melts into the sea . . .

With his craggy face still lifted to the horizon, he beheld the mysterious notions of his mind; but there was something different in his eyes. The sun had set, the fire had gone out.

As one walks to class or listens to conversations held in the various cadet gathering places, it is painfully evident that for quite a few cadets the fire has, indeed, gone out. The conflagration of inquisitiveness and the search for knowledge has been quenched by, in some cases, disinterest, in others a misconception of the fundamental idea of education. These cadets have allowed their present status as students at the United States Military Academy to

occupy all of their thoughts and to dictate all of their actions.

West Point, as a system and an institution, is demanding and time-consuming. It demands of the students a proper budgeting of his time and covertly directs his off-duty interest. All of this is proper and necessary; however, if the student is not aware of this imbalance between his professional and private life, he may unconsciously distort the latter so that it fits neatly into the twenty-four hour curriculum of West Point.

This distortion is not the fault of the system, but of the student. He may allow himself to become so enveloped that, just as the civilian has difficulty grasping the problems and frustrations confronting the cadet, the cadet finds equal difficulty in comprehending the world of the civilian.

Though there may be no pressing requirement for the civilian to have a working knowledge of cadet life, it is highly dangerous for a cadet, a future Army officer, to show an intellectual disdain for the social, economic, and personal problems which confront those people who will make up the large majority of the forces he will be commanding. This danger arises because our Army has been, traditionally, an army of citizen-soldiers, men who carry their problems with them when they enter the military service, and if the officer does not have an awareness of the meaning and origin of these problems, he may not be able to help resolve them for the soldier.

Thus, there is an obvious need among the cadets for the type of knowledge of the civilian world which simply cannot be obtained by walking down Forty-Second Street or attending an occasional party at the Manhattan Hotel. However, it is possible to glean this information from the art, music, drama, and literature of our society, for in these art forms are expressed all of the problems, frustrations, pitfalls, and hardships which confront modern man. Making oneself aware of, and taking an interest in, these forms of social commentary not only brings about a certain amount of aesthetic enjoyment but also provides a window through which anyone can obtain a reasonably reliable picture of our society as it exists today.

The books, plays, and movies to be reviewed in this column are by no means a complete list. However, they may be able to serve as indications of the trends in literary, artistic, and dramatic circles, and consequently, your interest in these areas may very well be the beginning of a greater rapport between you and the men you will eventually command.

MOTION PICTURES

MISTER BUDDWING — MGM — release date, October 1966.



"A man on the run, in search of himself."

Mister Buddwing, starring James Garner, Jean Simmons, Katherine Ross and Angela Lansbury, is the taut and absorbing story of a modern man's desperate search for his own identity.

Packed into a single frantic day, his attempts to relate blurred, fragmented memories of the past with the vivid realities of the present lead him into a fascinating and fantastic series of romantic encounters and bizarre adventures, during which he calls himself, Sam Buddwing.

Buddwing is a man in shock, torn between two traumatic conflicting emotions over which he has no control. Regardless of personal cost, he is driven to discover who he is, and who and what he was. At the same time, he is haunted and tormented by the fear of what recapturing the past will reveal.

The camera is skillfully and dramatically utilized in the unfolding of Buddwing's story. It probes and reveals what his eyes see of the present while simultaneously stimulating the dark recesses of his mind to recreate the past.

Literally, nothing is ever told the audience beyond what is revealed on the screen. The audience never learns more about what has happened in the past than Buddwing does himself. The motion picture basically becomes the mirror of a man's mind, and everything that develops fits into this framework.

Slowly, the pieces of the puzzle begin to fall into place, and in the dramatic conclusion, Buddwing knows who he is and the reason for the traumatic emotional shock that buried the deep past in the innermost recesses of his subconscious mind.

.

Same old story. Here we are, now what do we do? Weekend visits to New York City always seem to elicit the same response. Rather than make specific suggestions, we advise making your own decision by picking up a copy of either of two publications designed to give a visitor a better insight into New York entertainment facilities. The New Yorker and Cue supply all the information necessary about dining, theater and night life. Both are available at any newsstand and will prove invaluable in planning a worthwhile weekend. Interested in Discotheques? They'll tell you about Shepheards in the Drake Hotel or Arthur on the East side. Maybe your tastes run more toward the lavish trimmings of the Copa with Johnny Mathis or the loud and lively Basin Street East with performers like Trini Lopez or the Righteous Brothers. The New Yorker lets you know who's playing where this week and, for the financially insecure, Cue lists cover charges and dining prices for most of the notable restaurants and night clubs. How about music? You can find everything from Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic to Dizzy Gillespie at Carnegie Hall. Maybe you can't wait to hear the Southhampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band as you chug beer and devour peanuts at Your Father's Mustache on 10th Street. Sports events are listed, too, and you'll find such out-of-the-way favorities as crew, Karate, and, for the scratch-sheet set, trotting at Yonkers and racing at Aqueduct, Suppose you find that dream date has a little brother you just can't shake lose. No problem. The New Yorker even gives the location of that great classic "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" as performed by the Gingerbread Players and Jack. There is no end to the diversity of interests you'll find in either of these magazines, Pick one up on your next visit. You'll be surprised at the problems it will solve.

APPALACHIAN INCIDENT . . .

(Continued from page 9)

were guilty only of minor infractions of the law, was not entirely rewarding. But the money he received for eliminating these "Southern rabblerousers", as one Jeffersonville deputy had called him, kept Sam at the job despite his doubts. Sam told himself, when all else failed, "I got to keep at this job, save money enough to get back to the folks in New York", and this cheered him up somewhat.

It was in the summer of 1870, after a very uncertain year of 'law enforcing', that Sam was summoned to Atlanta; a northern politician had been killed, and the local lawman needed a competent man to find the killer. Sam learned in Atlanta that the sheriff had lost the murderer's trail at the river to the west, and that Sam was the sheriff's last hope. Sam had, long before, established the reputation which put him in demand all over the countryside. The sheriff thought he noticed a dread in Sam's eyes when he learned the age of the 'killer', but he went to the back of the jailhouse to check on a prisoner, and when he returned to the office, the hunter was already gone.

Sam had once tracked a wounded white-tailed deer through twelve miles of mountain wilderness in New York; he had no trouble following the faint trail of his victim. His horse carried him out of Atlanta, west to the Chattahoochee River, and northwest along it; after two days' travel Sam crossed that river, went around the Buford Reservoir, and into the mountains of Southeastern Tennessee. It was a long trip, though not difficult until the trail led into the mountains. Sam thought a lot about the 19 year-old youth he was hunting down, about another boy he had once shot at during the War, and, he wondered about his future.

On the afternoon of his sixth day out of Atlanta, after two days of hard tracking through the mountains, Sam spotted a thin line of smoke, the vapor-like smoke made by burning cedar, rising from a still distant ravine; he knew instinctively that his search was ended. Sam rode on another two miles, made camp, cleaned his rifle, and prepared for the next day's work.

The morning came too soon; Sam threw his bedroll and rifle over his shoulder and walked to the ravine. He crawled to the edge of a ridge which overlooked the gorge, rested his rifle across the bedroll, and looked into the telescopic sight. After a quick search, Sam located a ramshackle lean-to at the edge of a small clearing, and a stone-encircled fireplace in which trout fried, all of which he judged to be about one-hundred yards away. He set his sights accordingly. Then he waited.

The hunter was roused from a trouble sleep by a distant voice, and he looked quickly into the rifle's sight. A young man stood by the lean-to; he matched the sheriff's description well. Sam's index finger covered the trigger, as the crosshairs rested on the youth's breast pocket.

Then Sam stopped breathing, surprised to see a girl suddenly embracing his target; he had expected to find the young man alone. And as he looked again, something about the youth struck Sam hard; the dark hair, the manner . . . the hunter's mind raced back again to a small farmhouse in Georgia in 1864. A drop of sweat rolled access the scar on Sam's right cheek, and fell onto his right hand, which he pulled from the rifle suddenly, as if afraid he would be burned by the metal.

Sam stood, took his bedroll back to his horse, and started the trip back to Atlanta. Only the rifle remained, still pointing at the lovers who stood in the sunshine, forgetting the cruel world around them; he would not need nor want that rifle, Sam decided, in New York,

Swingline PuzzieMENTS



[2] Take two TOT Staplers from three TOT Staplers, and what do you have?

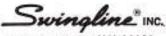


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ANSWERS I. Sere, But they don't celebrate Independence Day! 2. The two bast idea, because if there is one thing better than having one TOT Stapler, it's herror than having one TOT Stapler, it's and unstul!

Please don't zlupf Sprite. It makes plenty of noise all by itself.

Sprite, you recall, is the soft drink that's so tart and tingling, we just couldn't keep it quiet.

Flip its lid and it really flips. Bubbling, fizzing, gurgling, hissing and carrying on all over the place.

An almost excessively lively drink. Hence, to zlupf is to err.

What is zlupfing?



Zlupfing is to drinking what smacking one's lips is to eating.

It's the staccato buzz you

It's the staccato buzz you make when draining the last few deliciously tangy drops of Sprite from the bottle with a straw.

Zzzzz111upf!

It's completely uncalled for, Frowned upon in polite society. And not appreciated on campus either.

But. If zlupfing Sprite is absolutely essential to your enjoyment, if a good healthy zlupf is your idea of heaven, well...all right.

But have a heart. With a drink as noisy as Sprite, a little zlupf goes a long, long way.

SPRITE. SO TART AND TINGLING, WE JUST COULDN'T KEEP IT QUIET.



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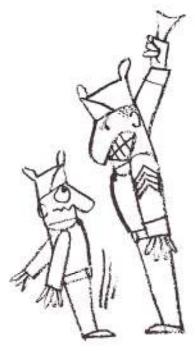
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Chicago 90, Ill.
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STREET



Once a young private named Brown Dressed up for a night on the town.

But the Sarge saw his brass,

Said, "I'm pulling your pass.

Till you Brasso those buttons, you clown!"

MORAL: Dress up with Brasso or get dressed down.



TENN-SHUNN!

Send your Brasso limerick to Brasso Div., R. T. French Co., Rochester, N. Y. 14609, U.S.A. We'll pay \$5 for each limerick published.

BUCKNER WITHOUT TEARS

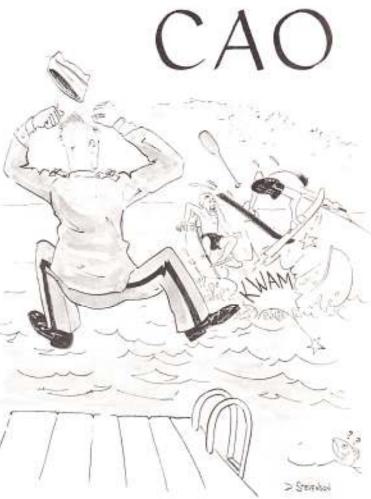


"Yeah, well next time I'll pick the place for the picnic."



"The West Point Country Club patrons."





S-1

S-3



BEST OF THE LINE '69



What phase of infantry training did you say this was?









"Ready or not, Here I Come"

"Good Morning Recondo!"

RECONDO





The Memoirs of Randell G. Whitewick

Captain, United States Army

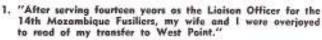
Assignment: West Point Academic Instructor

CHAPTER ONE: CHANGE OF ASSIGNMENT





2. "After saying goodbye to my commanding officer"





 "And finally reported to my new commander, the head of the Math Dept."





5. "After receiving his warm greeting,"



6. "I spent the evening discussing the following day's classes."





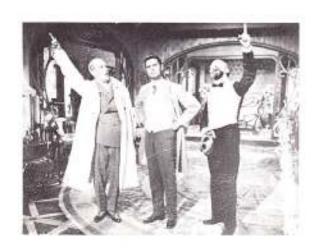
"While having only a few minor problems in discipline."



"I was glad to see that nothing had changed since I was a cadet."



"After seeing my first rolly,"



"I knew that the spirit of the Corps had not died, "



"And that I was truly home again."

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and a floor, steel-framed interior wall panels easily erected by two men, even a stainless steel threshold that lasts a lifetime—anything that means better houses erected faster for less money.

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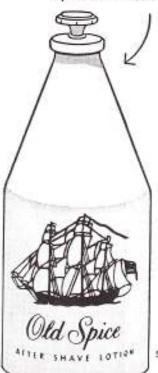
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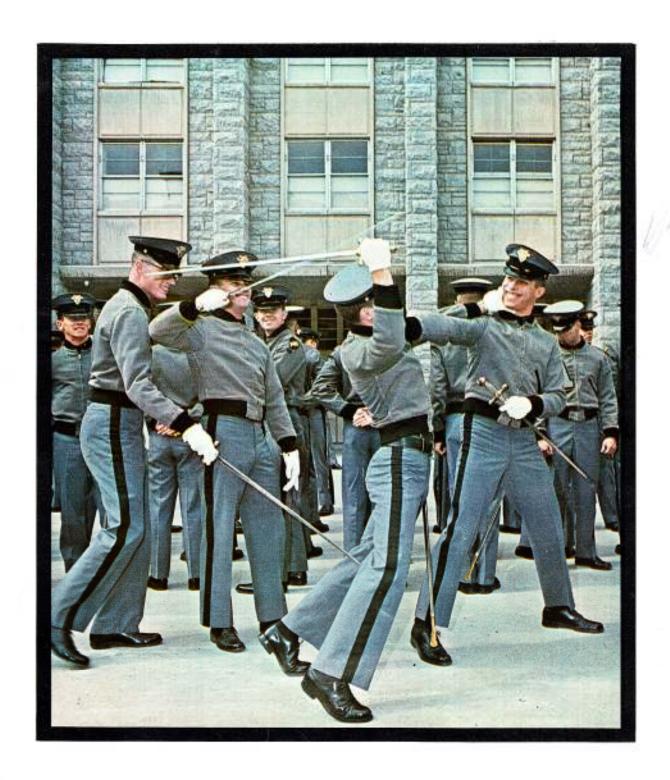
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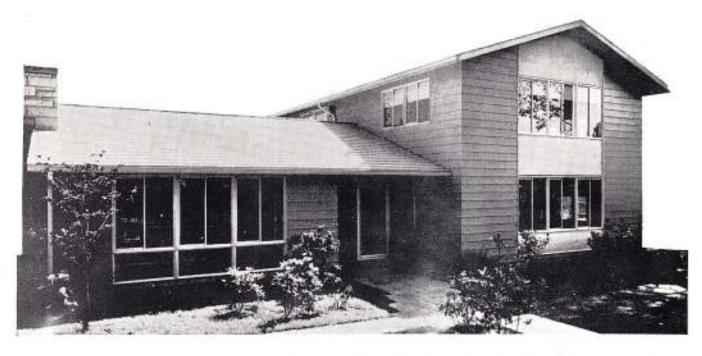


AR PRINCE



B SQUAD ISSUE

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AR PRIMER

Read along with us. First flip to page 4, where you'll meet the "WHAT ME WORRY" CADET. If you make it through this, then you're ready for MIDDLEMEN on page 7. Rush on. Do not pass go! Do not collect \$200. Your reward is ABOVE AND BEYOND on page 9. If you're still with us, then there's nothing left to do but read B-SQUAD WEEKEND on page 13. While you're at it, you might glance at page 16, where the artistry of razalaS comes to full bloom. If you're hungry, you might try a NIBBLED EAR on page 18; if you crave exercise, SECOND TEAM awaits you on page 23, B-SQUAD FOOTBALL makes its appearance on page 24, quickly followed by TWO SCENES on page 28. You may now finish up by giving a smile to RANDELL G. WHITEWICK on page 30 and PYRENE on page 32. Any way you cut it, you're bound to lose.

W T

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ABOUT THE COVER . . .

As in all spheres of life, those who don't make the Big Team must fill their time the best they can. This extends even into formations. Those who don't have to warry about command voice usually end up falling asleep or making the Errol Flynn scene.

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and all the other blithering idiots that form the 85 man Pointer team this Year,

An Essay On The Pseudo Socio-Religion Of The "What Me Worry" Cadet

AN EDITORIAL

by Ketter and Danihy

In order to define the subject of our study, the "What Me Worry" cadet, we must first differentiate him from the paragon of the cadet ranks, from the MacArthurs, Pete Dawkins, Robert E. Lees, and Clint Lanes of yesteryear.

He is not the star of the football team, nor is he a star man. He has never been a member of the Math Forum, and he's never been in the Mezzanines of the Library. It's highly unlikely that he has ever impressed young ladies from Vassar, and it is equally unlikely that he spends his spare time with stereo Heath Kits, building model airplanes, practicing leg exercises for fencing, working on an oil painting of Trophy Point, studying first aid for skiing accidents, analyzing chess games in the New York Times, measuring his bicep in the mirror, taking flintlocks from the museum and disassembling them in his room, studying stars in the evening with binoculars, folding parachutes in the Area, beating Navy on the sailing team, or doing anything else considered really worth-while.

This type of individual has been completely over-

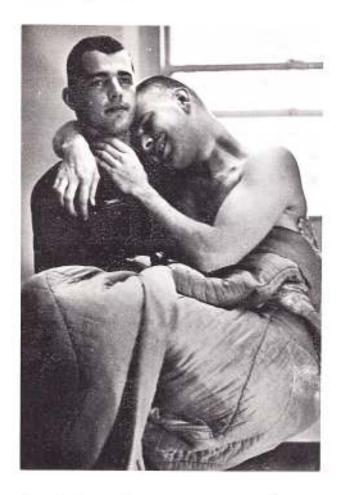
looked by his hometown newspaper, except for a paragraph every Christmas announcing that the son of Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So is home visiting for the holidays. Likewise, no howling mob of Fourth Classmen has ever rushed him to the "Poop Deck" to read the orders.

Quite the contrary, the subject under study here leads a very quiet and undisturbed existence. He eats, sleeps, and occasionally studies. His main diversions are playing in the halls with his counterparts, talking to his counterparts in their rooms, playing with the switches on the lamp on his desk, and, most important of all, sleeping. He is, in fact, undistinguished in his every endeavor, except for sleeping. For sleep, in its varied forms, is his forte. If the subject were ever to arise in polite conversation, he would shine. He has stereo records capturing the snores of famous people, he holds stock in the Scaly Mattress Company, and he has handed in term papers on how the loss of sleep has led to the defeat of great military leaders.

Sleep, and the equipment needed to pursue this activity, is the center of his world. He draws his identity



"The Classic Pre-Natal Position"



"... Gurgling and Slurping, and Devoid of Knowledge."

from it, and receives solace and comfort because of it.

When questioned as to how this phenomenon has come about, our subject will offer in his defense the usual trite replies: His day is so demanding that if he didn't use every free minute to rest, his system would cease to function; His doctor has warned him that if he doesn't get over twelve hours of sleep a day he will be dead before he is twenty-four; His Mother has asked him to take care of himself; or, the most useful blind of all, "An hour in the rack is an hour away from "the Rock"!

However, all of this is nothing more than subterfuge. His problems and needs are more basic. All he really wishes to do is to return to the womb. Life is too much with our suffering subject, and since he is always too tired to put up any defense, he returns to the greatest security yet known to man.

The normal position assumed by the inveterate cadet sleeper lends credence to this theory. Notice, if you will, the legs pressed firmly up against the chest in the classic pre-natal position. Observe the thumb stuck securely in the mouth. All that is missing is the umbilical cord, and this lack is usually compensated for by the Mother's apron strings firmly attached.

The fact that our subject does attempt to return to the womb leads us to another idea. Each time he awakens, he is, like the fabled phoenix, reborn; a gurgling, slurping infant who has yet to obtain the first iota of knowledge. This fact is evidenced by the grades he receives in the classes he should have studied for, but rather, slept.

This dependence upon sleep for his very existence has caused our subject to form strange habits. He is intrinsically attached to all the equipment involved in the sleeping process. No one may sit on his bed, under pain of bodily damage, and his "Brown Boy" is his most prized possession. He would fight in its defense with a vigor heretofore attached only to the defense of Mother, Country, and Apple Pie.

Our "What Me Worry" cadet is a rather uninteresting type. He is aware of this fact, even though his best friends won't tell him, and he derives a certain distinction from this. His horizons are limited, his dreams mundane. He is destined for the ranks of the "also ran", but is not in the least bothered by this, as long as he gets enough sleep in the process.

An ironic twist to his existence is that, though he receives two to three times more sleep than the average cadet, he, invariably, is the one to fall asleep in class. He can't help it. He is completely unprepared, and as the pressure builds, his defense mechanism takes over and he turns to the security of sleep. Even the fear of smashing his head against a desk or falling out of a window does not deter him. If he is sleeping, all is right with the world.

Our subject's actions show clearly that he is bored with studies, bored with his friends, and bored with himself. One wonders what will happen when, eventually, he becomes bored with sleeping. Will he beat his wife, inspect on Sunday mornings, chew cigars? What will he tell his children when they look up into his colorless eyes partially covered by drooping eyelids and ask, what did you do at West Point, Daddy? If he tells them the truth he is doomed to lose their respect, to have his wife leave him, and to be run over by a herd of rampaging llamas. A sad commentary on a man's life!

And when our subject is dead and buried, and his classmates, finding some extra money in their class fund, decide to erect another in a series of monuments, choose him for veneration, his life shall be summed up by the inscription on the base of the statue:

To sing your praises.

To tell of your fame.

I'd do all this,

But I've forgotten your name!



Imagine having the beautiful sound of stereo right in your own automobile.

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Push, click, as quick as that, instant auto stereo. From Motorola —you have exactly the music you want, exactly when you want it, at your fingertips. You can listen to a special concert, hear your favorite pop orchestra, ballad, bop, or a Mexican brass band. One tape plays eight tracks of uninterrupted stereophonic music . . . up to 80 minutes of beautiful sound you've selected.

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From highway to home—lab to launch site—Motorola electronics engineering brings exciting futures to your fingertips.



THE MIDDLEMEN

by La Belle

Everyone knows the starmen and the proverbial "goat" of each class. Few, however take notice of the ordinary breed of individual who plads steadily and with determination content with just enough of those seemingly clusive "tenths" to stay in the running for the next Vassar mixer or Culture Club trip section. Not surprisingly, then, these are the men who eventually wind up the unsung middlemen of their classes.

In the spirit of this issue, the POINTER presents a brief look at each year's champion of mediocrity—the middleman.



CLASS OF '67-STEVE TOELLE C-2

With a solid 299th out of 597, Steve is dead center in his class. Coming from Cheyenne, Wyoming, he typifies the out-doorsman image as the President of the Scoutmasters Council and an avid football fan. When not playing football with his fellow firsties, Steve officiates in the sport on the intramural level. Asked for his philosophical comment on his distinguished (or dubious???) position, he reflected deeply and replied in the true tactical tradition. "Being in the middle of your class is like having interior lines on your classmates."



CLASS OF '68-SHEP McCAFFREY F-1

Another sports enthusiast, Shep comes from Alexandria, Virginia and plays football and squash in his spare time. Not content with athletics, he is a member of the Spanish Club and works for SLUM AND GRAVY. Presently on intramural track (a fine sprinter and hurdler), Shep's biggest achievement was the most valuable intramural player award for F-1 last year. What does he think of his 373 out of 744 standing? "I think it's just great."



CLASS OF '69-JEFF GILSON A-1

Jeff cames to us from Green Bay, Wisconsin. Coincidentally, he works for the POINTER staff and, believe it or not, actually likes to go to parades. A popular yearling in A-1, he enjoys skiing and plays intramural tennis. We weren't too surprised, though, that he never budged from bed throughout our interview. When asked about his initiating a brilliant campaign to improve his class rank, he only looked up and mumbled, "Looks like I've been trying too hard already."

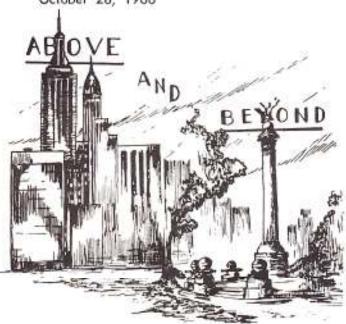
Class of 27 says.

"Put Cal underground"

"I'll help too,"
"So will I",

PAUL BERRIGAN
MASSMAN CONSTRUCTION CO.
TOM MCMANUS
UNDERGROUND CONSTRUCTION CO.





A MOOD OF MEDIOCRITY

by Dennis E. Coates

(Part Two of a series of ten "Old Poet" shorts)

The fourth week of rain had begun, no different from the first, and the old poet sat within the worn frame of his crude, stone front window. The dank odor of the storm, once alive in his lungs, had long since lost its freshness. He could see the streets, now streaked with mud, and only a few of the peasants ventured beyond their doors to lower their heads into the steadily hissing rain.

The somber dreariness of the weather seemed to hold his long face in a listless trance, for he remembered the days of his youth, as a warrior in the emperor's army. So many of the days then were spent in preparation, and during those times his heart reached out past the veil of everydayness and groped for meaning.

Am I doomed to spend the spring of my years in a stagnant pool? Is there not a single thing outstanding left in the entire world? Why does the earth sing a song of mediocrity?

Why does each dismal day unfold the same
And with such slow succession seem to flow?
What lazy, unseen foe am I to blame
For emptiness when joy I used to know?
The winds of time and circumstance have blown
Me hard into the very core and stone
Of death's own life and life's own proud defense;
And all my idealistic dreams were thrown
aside to slowly fade, return from whence
They came, never again to spark my listless sense.
Now, pressed by life's blunt sword, I dare retreat
To fade into the haze of memory's cloud,
Where joys once dead begin their fond repeat,
And shades and shadows blend within its shroud.

Like a sickness it was then, and like a sickness it was now, the awful mediocrity of everything. The sickness had caused a fever within him, just as it had in his youth, and he turned away, as was his manner, to let the fever pass.

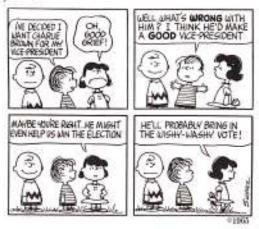
Mediocrity, the bane of modern man's existence. He slips into it, he's chided for it, he rationalizes over it, and ultimately, he accepts it. Each one of us is mediocre in one way or another, and most of us have difficulty in accepting this limited mediocrity. Yet, envision a person who exemplifies mediocrity in every manner, shape and form. A person who must bear the suffering of a thousand deaths every time he opens his mouth to speak, every time he performs some action, and even, at times, when he is doing or saying nothing, but just standing in his mediocre way.

It sounds as if one could only pity such a person, and surely be averse to hearing, at length, of his woes. Yet all of you have, at one time or another, followed this person on his frustrating walk through life, and more, have laughed at every step, for he is Charlie Brown, the cartoon character created by Charles Schulz.

In a broad generalization, Charlie's mediocrity spreads and fills the three most important parts of a young man's life: love, work, and play.



Charlie has the confidence of an 80 yr. old wombat. Even though he eats Peanut Butter sandwiches, he still considers himself as "nothing". Of course, there's really little he could do, even if a girl would pause long enough to speak with him. He's up against a brick wall, for girls, with their inherent knack, see right through him, right through the bold facade he'd never have the courage to put up and into that huge core of "wishy-washyness".



Charlie would make a great cadet. He has all the necessary motivation to apply himself in the typical cadet manner to his studies. He would definitely be among that large mass of bleary-eyed cadets who outline their papers, compose their rough drafts, and type up the final copy, all in one excruciatingly long evening.



However, Charlie differs from these cadets in one important way. He accepts the judgement of his teacher's marks with a stoicism completely lost on the professional "goat". Of course, even if he did wish to argue over his grade he wouldn't, for he knows that he'd only be proven wrong and would probably end up suggesting that his original grade be lowered.



Charlie's inability in athletics is matched only by his ability to worry over it. He manages a baseball team consisting of himself, four boys, three girls, and a dog, and yet he still believes that he should win. When he doesn't, which is always, he blames himself. Lucy may be picking dandelions in center field, Linus will get tangled up in his blanket, and Snoopy will be searching the skies for the Red Baron, but in Charlie's mind, it's all his fault, and he suffers greatly.



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Chere once was a boot from El Paso

Who knew what to do with his lasso.

But his brass it was dingy, And his dates they were stingy

Until he was told about BRASSO. Moral: G

Moral: Girls take a shine to a Brasso man.



TENN-SHUN! Sandyour Brasso limerios to Brasso Cox, R. T. Franch Co., Rochester,

Charlie, then, is nothing less than the twentieth century's Common Man. We laugh at him, yet we can't help sympathizing with him, for we are all subject to the little failures which fill Charlie's life, and maybe by laughing at Charlie and his problems, we may just learn to laugh at ourselves, and be the better man for it.

BOOKS: Men Who March Away (Poems of the First World War),

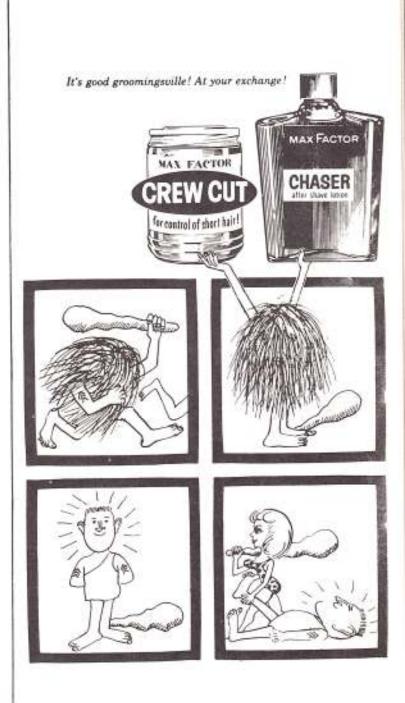
I. M. Parsons, Ed., Viking

Lying dormant within the breast of every man is a message, in some made more radiant by the extremes of joy and sorrow; within every man lies the soul of a poem. But only a true poet can give a worthy body to that soul and fashion this message into lines so beautiful that they sing in the ear and stir the heart of every reader.

Men Who March Away is a collection of poems written about World War I by the men who fought its battles. The poems are assembled according to the successive tones of the war: Visions of Glory, The Bitter Truth, The Pity of War, The Wounded, The Dead, The Aftermath. Among the poets represented are D. H. Lawrence, Thomas Hardy, and Rudyard Kipling.

Surprisingly, the visions, pities, and bitter truths of the war are not best expressed by the above mentioned masters, but by a talented group of lesser-known poets. Perhaps the best effort of any is presented in the very sensitive, lyrical lines of Wilfred Owen. "Dulce Et Decorum Est" and "Futility" are outstanding flashes of mood and setting in words that bring the reader's heart under fire: "Bent double, like old beggars under sacks/ Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we curse through sludge/Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs And toward our distant rest began to trudge." Other fine poems are by such men as Wilfred Wilson Gibson, and Siegfried Sassoon.

Along with nearly a score of fine poems, and perhaps even one great poem, are all the rest, songs that neither sing nor stir the heart, in spite of the depths of human experience from which they sprang. But is not a rose just as beautiful even though it blossoms among dandelions? Almost certainly any reminiscent veteran of the Old War would agree, and it was for this proud audience and for those who join in tribute to them, that this collection was intended. Quality aside, probably nowhere else can be found such a stark revelation of the passions that actually drove those men of uncertain destinies who fought WWI.



They Took The El Away

Ever since they tore down the El
The Bowery has been a freer place.
In the day in the summer
Sunlight streams down
And snow in the winter
On the wide and busy street.
In the night the lights burn
Over the endless bars and cheap hotels.
The neon lights burn bright
In red and blue and green and gold.
Burn bright for the Shamrock Inn and Hotel Majestic.

The El is gone and with it the gloom
Of perpetual shade day and night.
But the men of the Bowery
Are still there
Though they took the El away.
And for them there is nothing but shade
Day and night,

They come up to you and say I'm a bum, I'm a bum. Come up to you in their filthy rags While you wear a clean white shirt. And they ask for a dime For some coffee or a drink.

So you give them a dime
Or you turn them away
With a sneer for their stench
But the dime does more hurt
'Cause they're lost
Though they took the El away.

STEPHEN M. HERMAN

A Salute...

Alameda County's 1,000,000 plus citizens join with local governmental bodies in saluting the grid teams of the United States Military Academy and the Golden Bears of the University of California.

> City of Oakland Alameda County Board of Supervisors Oakland Chamber of Commerce

This is your chance, Student #7026941. Drink Sprite and be somebody.

Take heart. Take a dime. Then take a bottle of Sprits from the nearest pop machine. Suddenly it's in your hand. Cold. Biting. Tart and tingling. You cackle fiendishly and rub your hands together. (You should; they're probably chilled to the bone by now.) You tear off to a corner, alone, but within earshot of your fellows.

And then? And then? And then you unleash it. SPRITE! It fizzes! It roars! It bubbles with good cheer!

Heads turn. Whisperings. "Who's that strangely fascinating student with the arch smile. And what's in that curious green bottle that's making such a racket?"

And you've arrived! The distinctive taste and ebullient character of Sprite has set you apart. You're somebody, wh...wh, whoever-you-are.



SPRITE, SO TART AND TINGLING, WE JUST COULDN'T KEEP IT QUIET.



Here it is, the middle of February. There's not a leaf on the trees, but there's plenty of clouds in the sky; big fat, gray blobs that just seem to hang over West Point and Vicinity, 1:25000. You had two classes this Saturday morning, one in which you scored with a 1.9, and the other in which you astounded everyone, including yourself, by going 2.1, making your average for the day a rather innocuous 2.0.

Of course, after classes you wended your way out into inspection in ranks, and after allowing your feet to get suitably numb, your Tactical Officer makes you aware of the fact that you have an icicle in your chamber, for which he is going to exact from you two demerits, which puts you one demerit over for the month.

You return to your room and make preparations for the festive weekend ahead of you. Your roommate has lined you up with a blind date. You fought it all the way, but finally succumbed after he promised you that she was at least 2.9 and drove a purple Jaguar.

Your roommate rushes you on, and you are forced to leave the room without having spent as much time on the part in your hair as you would have liked to. You know that she is going to notice this and dislike you the whole weekend for it.

The wind has come up as you trudge through Central Area, turn right onto Thayer Road, and finally trip over the door step leading into Grant Hall, defacing your "spit-shine".

Oh, you think to yourself, the image is truly broken now. You can feel your confidence seeping out of you like Mess Hall ketchup through Mess Hall bread.

You adjust your eyes to the gloominess of the interior of Grant Hall. You glance surreptitiously at the walls to make sure that everyone is hanging in their proper place. Following your roommate, the two of you wend your way among sofas and legs until your roommate suddenly grabs you by the tail of your short overcoat and says, "Look, there they are!"

You gaze off into the general direction that he has (Continued on page 20)



"... and how she just loves to draw blood and give injections . . . "



Serf's Up

M-Q TEST

Here is The Pointer test to determine your mediocrity-quotient: score yourself a plus for every description in the left-hand column you feel some affinity to and a minus if the right-hand column appeals to you. If your total score is positive, you are not one of the 2,987.

Non-mediocrity is:

- Ladycliffe
- Brace palsy
- -LeRoy's voice
- Using MA 201 Flash Cards
- Wearing a collar-stay to reveille
- Vince Tallarico's shoes
- Writing your girl two letters a day
- A plebe dragging through Central Area
- Being a file-closer
- Ten debate team trips a semester
- Paul Dietzel as a coach
- A plebe with a General-type father
- Going through the Holland Tunnel
- Being pinned to a Post Toastie
- Coming to left-shoulder arms at a parade when everyone else is at right shoulder arms
- Giving a 30 minute ovation when the Air Force Academy's only lasted 25 minutes
- A Cullum Hall hamburger
- Reading TM-5-607-A302 in your spare time
- Turning on the lights after reveille
- Wearing spit-shined shoes to class
- Wearing buff-shined shoes to your Tac's Conference
- A Beast Barracks haircut
- Being a member of the Culture Club

Mediocrity is:

- Not being able to play for either the Goats or the Engineers
- Dragging a tangent girl
- Being on Orienteering Intermurder
- Being a firsty platoon-sergeant
- The color gray
- Attending weekday parades
- Anodized brass
- Apple Brown Betty
- A 15 and 20 slug
- 3 demerits for not opening your medicine cabinet during SAMI
- Wearing khaki trou around the barracks
- GI underwear
- A Polack joke
- A summer leave at home
- Folding your laundry the night it comes in
- Being Treasurer of the Portuguese Club
- A firsty drunk during June Week
- A strawberry sundae from the Boodlers'
- -8 demerits on the 15th
- The Cincinnati Reds
- Grape Nuts for Breakfast
- A Catholic Chapel acolyte trip to New York
- Signal Corps for a branch choice
- "Go Army, Beat Kansas State" before take seats
- A third classman going on special inspection

Total Score

A KIND OF NON-DESCRIPT GRAY

Photos by razalaS by Calabro

When The Pointer decided to publish an issue exalting the commonplace, we knew we would be at no loss for examples to cite. So the other afternoon we took a walk around compus in search of the ordinary.

We found it all around us—average people doing everyday things in an adequate manner, typical situations and typical items from the run-of-the-mill West Point scene.

But by the end of the afternoon, we were beginning to see that there was a little more to it all than the mental picture we all try to forget the minute we go on leave.

Here's what we saw-business as usual. Or is business ever as usual?

This place is full of everyday things . .





Hot Dog trucks - (off-limits) Water fountains (overflowing) Door knobs (all kinds) \$







How about things we car around here?

Hamburgers in Grant Hall (Will Miss Roast beef for Sunday Supper (Ecch!!) The movies we see aren't always fi Nancy Ocrhlien please report to the Guard's Dask . . .)

rate either . . .

Most other places in the world, the sanity of these three gentlemen would be in serious doubt. Somethin' wrong with your neck buddy?







And codets trying to con middle-size girls . . .

You say you've never been to West Point before?

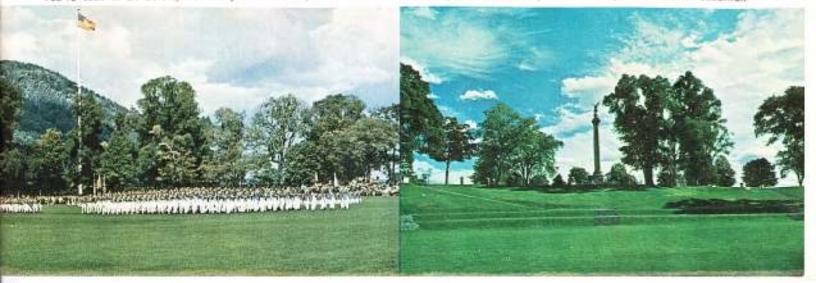


Wha's that funny little man with the camera?



Sometimes it looks as if she's seen it before.

You've seen it all before, haven't you? It's always the same and it's always there. But if you look twice, sometimes it's beautiful.



THE CASE THE NIBBLED EAR

by Steve Herman



Whenever it stole somethin,' the Bot left behind its calling card: a stiff with fang marks in the neck.

The name's Mortch, Sledge Mortch, private "I." Least I was once. Used to handle stuff the city cops wouldn't touch. They got regulations to follow, and city hall. Me? I made my own rules. Sometimes hadda cross the line, but like I say, that was all part of the job. Like I say, I took care of the boys headquarters couldn't go near.

On the night of the 14th I was down at Moma Sicily's joint celebratin' Bastille Day with Hershel, my secretary. I was about to toast Hershel's health with a glass of Chianti, 1964, when Mama's boy, Heppelwhite, brings me the phone.

"Hello," I says.
"Hello," he says.

"This is Mortch. What can I do for you?"

"Sledge? This is Wendell Krutch." Krutch was on the homicide squad downtown. He used to send me lots of business.

"What do you want, Wendell?"

"The Bat's struck again."

"Yeah?" "Yeah."

"Where?"

"The Museum of Middle Eastern Antiquity."

"No kiddin'? What did it do?"

"Stole three tons of the Encyclopedia Babylonia, in cuneiform, Also killed a guard."

"Same way?"

"Yeah. Fang wounds in the neck." "Ugh! I'll be right down."

I gave Hershel enough bread for the cab ride home after she polished off the Chianti. Then I went right over to Krutch's office. When I got there, Krutch was dead. He was slumped over his desk. The look on his ugly puss was blood-curdlin'. And there was fang marks in his neck.

Right then and there I made a vow to get the Bat and make it pay. Wendell and me was buddies in the Army.

After the boys in blue carted off Krutch's corpse, I searched his office for clues. I got permission from the chief, since Wendell and me was such good friends. There was nothin' but the open window. I figured that's how the Bat got in. This was one helluva sly Bat.

I didn't know where to begin, so I decided to go see Gamal Abdul Jones, curator of the Museum of Middle Eastern Antiquity. When I got to Jones' uptown flat, the butler led me to the study. As soon as I saw the fang marks in Jones' neck, I figured he was dead. The Bat was makin' me mad.

The butler didn't know nothin'. He said that Jones was live and kickin' twenty minutes earlier. I called the cops, closed the window behind Jones' desk, and cut out.

I was up a blind-alley. This guy, the Bat, was a rough customer. For months it'd been stealin' all kinds of useless junk from all over town. It lifted stuff like the Civil War cannons from front of the courthouse, the Giant Gladiopossimus from the municipal botanical garden, and a stuffed Himalayan Panda from the zoo. Whenever it stole somethin', the Bat left behind its calling card: a stiff with fang marks in the neck.

The Public demanded action. The cops was gettin' nowhere. That's when Wendell Krutch called me into the case. Like I say, I snoop around in places where the cops don't go,

Well, I was up the creek. This Bat had me stumped. Whenever I got stumped, I used to go see Mick-the-Mouth. Mick's a professional fink. He hangs around the Fountainbleau Pool Room on the south side of town and sells the poop to anybody what's willin' to pay the price.

So I says to the Mouth, "Mouth, I got troubles."

The Mouth says, "We all got troubles." I gave him a sawbuck. Now he's got less troubles. He says, "Speak."

"Mouth, I gotta get a line on the Bat."

"Bat? Who knows from the Bat?" It cost me ten skins more. He says, "The Bat's a tough cookie. It plays for keeps."

This was goin' to cost me money. I gave him ten more, Then the Mouth says, "This Bat's a weirdo, man. Like, it collects stuff."

I was gettin' a case of the jaws, so I says, "Look, Mouth, for a small fortune I don't gotta hear what I already know," The Mouth gets this real offended look on his face, so I soothe his pride with another ten.

"What I mean, Sledge, is this here Bat collects stuff 'cause it's a hobby. You dig?"

"Yeah, I dig." Then I think for a minute. "So why does the Bat kill so many people?"

The Mouth looks like he's deaf, so I grease his palm again. Now he hears better. "So who says the Bat can't have two hobbies?"

"Yeah," I says, "but that ain't enough. You know anything else?"

"Yeah," says the Mouth.

"Shoot," I says.

"Okay," he says, "this is for free. The Bat's a dame!"
That was all I needed. "Thanks, Mouth." I gave him a
fin, then I split.

This was going to be a tough case to crack. I grabbed a cab uptown. When I got to Hershel's apartment, it was two in the morning. She was expectin' me.

"Hi' ya, Sledge," Her voice flowed like warm honey.

When I saw her, I swallowed hard. She was—how do you want to hear it—very seductively dressed? I could hear my heart thumpin' under my A5. I felt a little bit weak in the knees. Then she drew me into her apartment.

I half sat and half fell onto the couch in Hershel's living room. She cuddled up next to me, "Boy, it sure is hot in here," I said. She said nothin'. She began to run her hand across my chest.

"Hershel," I said, "I know who the Bat is."

"I know," she whispered. She nibbled at my ear,

"Hershel," I said. "I promised Wendell I'd nail his killer."

"I know," she said. She breathed her hot breath on my neck.

"Hershel," I said, "you're the Bat, ain't you?"

"Yes," she said.

"Why," I said.

"For you," she said.

"That's what I figured."

She kissed me passionately. I tingled all over.

"Sledge," she said, "I have to have you all to myself. This was the only way."

"You planned it to come out like this?"

"Yes, Sledge, I planned everything."

"How do you make yourself into a bat?"

"Well, sweetheart, you know that I have been taking a correspondence course in Organic Chemistry."

"So you whipped up a potion that turns you into a bat?"

"That's right. The prime ingredient is an elixir of jellyfish tentacle."

"Ugh."

"It's not that bad. Tastes a little like a vodka martini."

"And the antidote?"

"Halavah."

"Holy mackerel!"

"Then I had to be able to anticipate all of your moves. So I mixed up a little concoction that gives me telepathic powers,"

"No!"

"Uh-huh. It's made out of spider's feet,"

"And I bet it tastes just like scotch and soda."

"Nope. Orange juice."

"Hershel, you are sickening."

She kissed me again. The woman was breathtaking. After 'bout a minute-and-a-half of her passionate, breathtaking embrace, I passed out from anoxia.

I came to three hours later banging from the ceiling by my feet. Next to me hangs Hershel. She was nibblin' at my ear with her delicately formed mouth parts. She was the most beautiful bat I ever seen. And I guess she thought the same about me.

THE B-SQUAD WEEKEND. . .

(Continued from page 13)

indicated and there, sitting underneath General Eisenhower, are two girls.

You approach stealthily. They look up, and it's indifference at first sight. She doesn't impress you, and you obviously don't impress her. The two of you are formally introduced, and each smiles weakly. You suddenly notice to your horror that she is wearing a gray coat. Your roommate offers the comfort of the Grant Hall boodlers and they accept. You move to help her remove her coat and, oh my Gosh, she's wearing a gray skirt and a sickly

yellow blouse.

In a few minutes you are sitting, staring at each other over watery large cokes. You start pushing your ice cubes around with your straw and she begins searching through her bag for Gosh only knows what.

She finally looks up at you, again smiles weakly, and says, "So you go to West Point." You are almost moved to tears. You own up to the fact, and there is again silence. Your roommate and his date are laughing and secretly holding hands under the table, and all you want to do is go back to bed.

You remain in Grant Hall until you feel you are going to scream, then your roommate suggests that everyone split up and meet at the Weapon's Room at 1700. You feel the urge to kill coming on, but you restrain yourself. You move to help her rise, but she's way ahead of you and you say the hell with it, you're not going to open any more doors the rest of the weekend.

Out the two of you go, and as a blast of cold air



strikes you straight in the face you turn to her and say, "Do you go to school?"

She says that she does, that she is a student nurse. You say, in a half-hearted jovial manner, "My, that must be interesting." She looks at you as if to say, you'd better believe it buddy, and then proceeds for the next hour to tell you all about the wonderful diseases she's seen, and how she just loves to draw blood and give injections, and you're sure you're going to be sick right out on Thayer Road.

Finally, your body has become so numb that you seek shelter in the Library. Not to be bested, you give a twenty-five minute discourse on the West Point Library while running up and down the four flights of stairs. As she stands panting in front of the rotating world, you think to yourself, that'll show her.

Out into the cold again, and you take your glove off long enough to see what time it is, freezing two fingers in the process. A half hour to go. You suggest the Mess Hall as your next point of interest, and she mumbles something which sounds closely like, "I don't really give a damn!" You disregard it and trudge on.

The doors slowly creak open and there before you is the Mess Hall. You drop your voice two octaves and say, "Rather impressive, isn't it?" She glances over at one of the tables and says, "I see you eat off of plastic plates. Does the silverwear match?"

You turn without a word, not even caring whether she is following. You know that you are going to the Weapon's Room. You also know that you don't want to go to the Weapon's Room because there is bound to be a line and your feet hurt and your neck is bleeding and your underwear has ridden up.

Before you even begin to walk down the hallway you can hear Roger Miller singing the woes of the "King of the Road," and you suddenly wish for cotton for your ears. You stand aside as she hangs her own coat up, smiling secretly and hoping that she'll drop it.

In you walk, and the noise hits you from every side. Kids screaming, girls laughing, busboys knocking everything in sight over, and the record has stuck and someone is kicking the side of the machine in the best spirit of military engineering technology.

You see your roommate and his date sitting in a booth. They are still holding hands under the table. You motion Florence Nightingale forward and you confront your roommate. He looks up at you and is forced to turn away, unable to stand the terror in your eyes.

He offers you both a seat, but his date has to powder her nose, so off they both run. You watch them until they disappear. Then you collapse. You spread your arms on the table, place your head on your arms, and silently begin to cry.

You are now in South Auditorium watching an Elvis Presley movie. You have just come from the Weapon's Room where you watched your date devour three hamburgers, two milk shakes, one order of french fries, and a chocolate sundae. She is now sitting next to you in the darkened theatre, sleeping contentedly. Your roommate and his date are sitting on the other side of you, holding hands.

You watch Elvis jump around and flutter his eyelids for an hour and a half. The picture ends, the lights come on, and you lean over and wake your date up. She scratches and smiles, then she realizes where she is and who she's with, and she begins searching through her purse again.

Back to the Weapon's Room again, this time for informal dancing. You've now lost about a pint of blood from your neck, and as you make like an ape, you can feel your collar digging in, searching for the juglar vien.

The party is over for the evening, and as you watch the two of them drive off in your date's '56 Volkswagen you envision them being attacked by hordes of screaming Highland Falls high school students, thus forcing them to break their dates for tomorrow.

It's Sunday, and you've got the "Sunrise Service".

Determined to prove that she can do everything you can, and better at that, she meets you out in front of East Barracks with her V.W. You squeeze yourself into the front seat and she says that she's sorry that the heater doesn't work.

Sunday services are "real" as usual, and as you plummet down the hill you wonder what actually has been accomplished.

You lust after a change of scenery, so you breakfast at the Thayer Hotel. One dead egg, two live pieces of bacon, one mauled piece of toast, \$1.75 please.

The time between chapel and the afternoon movie is the bleakest of all. You suggest that she take time to pack, but she's already done that, so you buy the Daily News and she buys the New York Times, and you sit in the foyer of the Thayer Hotel and ignore each other.

Occasionally you laugh at the comics, and she tears herself away long enough to give you a superior look. You catch yourself about to tell her to pull her chin in. You think better of it. You wouldn't want to confuse her, seeing that she has two of them.

It's movie time again. It's something with Sophia Loren in it, and you miss all of the dialogue because everyone is screaming and hollering. The only reason you aren't screaming and hollering is because you know that she's ready with one of those looks and you might be forced to punch her in the nose.

The movie ends with an audible sigh, and the teeming masses push and shove to get to Grant Hall first. You follow the crowd, catching sight of your roommate and his date up ahead, holding hands.

Even the soda "jerks" behind the counter at Grant Hall give you trouble. You hate the world, you hate yourself, you'd like to kick your date in the shins.

Your roommate makes the decision that the girls will leave at five, which means that there is still an hour and a half to go.

The two of you sit on a couch and stare off into space. Your roommate and his date are sitting opposite you, holding hands. You begin running the zipper up and down the front of your dress coat until she gives you an evil stare which makes your hand fall limply into your lap.

Forty-five minutes left to go. Will you make it? She begins talking about what she doesn't like about boys. It sounds as if she's known you all your life.

Twenty minutes. You start formulating in your mind how you're going to say goodbye.

It's really been swell? No, that's too hypocritical. When will I get a chance to see you again? No, anything but that. Ten minutes. You've begun to fidget. You decide to make a show and ask for her address. She says that they're in the process of moving and she's really not sure what their new address is. You wish you had kept your big mouth shut.

Two minutes. You're on the edge of the couch, making signs at your roommate. He finally sees you and grudgingly gets up. The four of you bundle up and leave Grant Hall.

Over to the V.W. They both get in, and you're still trying to think of some final greeting to give to her.

She rolls down the window and looks up at you. You stand there for a second then smile weakly and say, "Well, it's been real."



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October 28, 1966

SECOND TEAM SECOND BEST



This is the story of Terry, the athlete who, as good as he may be, cannot quite reach the heights of the varsity team. It is a tale of all teams and of all men who are dedicated to those teams, regardless of their abilities.

Terry became interested in sports—well, I guess it was when he learned to run. It was fun to play tag, to run to the corner and back with the other kids, and to be asked to play ball on the sandlot, But it wasn't fun to always be second and runely the winner. Second best—but not the best. That's where it all started: Terry's desire to be first; that inherent competitive need to finish one shead of second best.

Terry had that desire and, obviously, everyone else did too. Well, he just couldn't. He tried and tried and tried but he always finished behind the best, so he took his hall and went home. Just quitting was Terry's answer, and he didn't have to prove it to anyone! He was happy that way—for a while. Then he started growing up and realizing that there were others just like him, except they didn't quit! So Terry tried again.

He picked his favorite sport and tried and tried. They had a good team, a great team, and had received state and national recognition for several years. They even practiced on Saturday and Sunday afternoons. That made it harder for Terry, but this time he wasn't quitting. And, you know, he still couldn't make that varsity team. There were about twenty more like Terry and they all just stayed right there and worked.

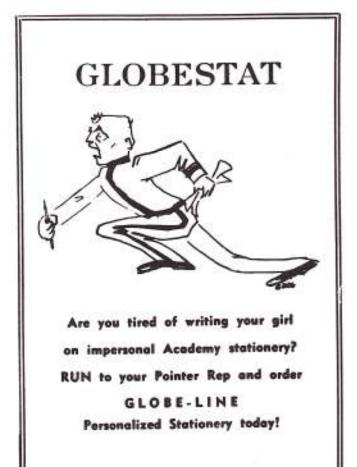
This was fine until one day Terry was asked about his team and what position he played. He told them he was on the second team and when they walked away they were laughing. Why? He was so mad there were tears in his eyes. What was so bad about being on the second team? He had tried hadn't he? He had given every effort and no one could say differently. After all, the second team made the first team.

Right then and there Terry started thinking. It was the second team that helped, that provided the hamburger, that pushed the varsity to whatever heights were to be reached.

The first team is the best team, and there is no doubt about that. But how did they get to be the FIRST TEAM? How did they beat the opposition week after week? Not just by warming up with extra effort on Saturdays, or even by wearing pretty jerseys and carrying fancy equipment! The first team is first because the second team is there, driving and pushing and working every minute, Monday thru Friday. No starting team can ever claim to reach to top without paying sincere thanks to the boys that sit on the sidelines, for in that second team lies the true reason for greatness.

Terry doesn't have the desire to beat them just to make them look bad, or just to better his chances to push someone else out of the way. His desire is to make them look bad so they can change and be better, and then be better on Saturday, too. The harder he works and the more expect he becomes means that someone else is having to work harder and become better just to stay on top.

And if Terry does his job, if he tries with everything he's got, then he can't help but be better and the first team will be better because of it. Then when the game is here and there is no more time available for practice, Terry can look at that team, the number one team, and say: "That's my team, they're the best, and I helped make them that way!" No second-stringer could be prouder and no first team can ever ask for more than that!







BSQUAD

"Cadets Rip Wildcats"; "Army Shuts Out The Crusaders"; "Black Knights Crush Nittany Lions"-the headlines fill the papers and the magazines, spelling out a new upswing in Army football; but like every success story, behind it there is a little woman (or in this case, some big men) who has helped to make the story so successful. In the case of the Army Team, these unsung heros comprise the B-Squad football team. Made up of 60 men, enough to back the A-Squad 11/2 to 1, the B-Squad sweats and strains all through the week, only to join the rest of the Corps on Saturday, in watching the game from the stands. Mention B-Squad football to a Cadet, and you get replies like, "not good enough," "practice dummies," "cannon fodder," or "huh?". In actuality, the B-Squad is a team in its own right, with its own games, coaches, individual stars, and esprit de corps.

The head coach of Army's B-Squad is Tom Ford. A three year halfback at the University of Texas, Ford graduated in 1964 after playing in three consecutive Cotton Bowls for the Longhorns. In '62 his set-up run against Ole Miss was the deciding factor in the Texas Bowl victory. Coach Ford is assisted in his duties by Major Rhea of the Department of Tactics, who coaches the offensive line. The task of teaching the defensive line and backfield goes to Lt. Colonel Webb of the Quartermaster Corps and Major Elton of the Physics De-

partment respectively.

So far this year the B-Squad has had a highly successful season. The team's strength lies in their versatility. Each week they learn a new offense and defense to run against the Varsity, so on Saturday they are able to incorporate these attacks with a few basic plays of their own. By the end of the season, their offense and defense consists of the best plays from about nine different college elevens. Needless to say, the opposing teams find it difficult to perform against them. In their opener, the Squad trounced the R.P.I. Varsity 14 to 0. Both scores were a result of long pass plays from Dick Shipley to Bob Szigethy. Testimony to the enthusiasm and spirit of the B-Squad is the fact that five R.P.I. men were literally knocked out of the game. The team's second game against the Dartmouth Junior Varsity, was also won, this contest by a score of 14 to 7. Again both touchdowns resulted from passes, one from Shipley to Szigethy and the other from Bob Kennedy to Dave Horton. As the final gun sounded, the Black Knights were on Dartmouth's five. The remaining two scheduled games are against the Yale and Princeton Junior Varsities. The B-Squad also has its own Navy game; this year they play at West Point on November fourth—against a Naval Service team from Quonset Point, Rhode Island.

Considered by many of their teammates to be two of the best men on the Squad, are John Joseph and Dave Horton. John, better known as Jock, holds down the outside linebacker spot on the defensive team. Jock, a four year letterman in high school, won almost every possible "All Team" honor, ranging from All District to All West Pennsylvania. First Classman, Dave "Thunderer" Horton hails from the notorious football state of Texas. Due to an injury, Dave did not play his senior year in high school, but in spite of this, he has come on strong for Army, playing at the halfback spot. The team's best scatback, Thunderer is held in high esteem by the rest of the B-Squad.

The team begins an afternoon's practice by warming up on their own. This is followed by a 15 or 20 minute practice session in which they work on the Squad's own plays and patterns. The rest of the period is spent running the plays and defenses of the current Army enemy against the Varsity. The B-Squad is given these plays at the beginning of the week, and usually manages to have them memorized in time to use them in their record contest that week. In spite of the fact that they learn a new game every week, the B-Squad plays as competent and as aggressive a brand of football as any varsity team.

Think of that Army defense you saw in action against Penn State, and the rampaging offense of the Kansas State game; imagine the job an opposing team must have playing against the Rabble. Then imagine playing against this same team four times a week, and you begin to get an idea of the B-Squad's job. In spite of the fact that they get little or no credit for what they do, the esprit de corps of the B-Squad is tremendous. They remain a close-knit group of football players, who consistently gives more than its best, yet still manages to have fun and enjoy playing ball. This Saturday, when you watch the Black Knights in action, remember the unsung heroes who sit in the stands with you, for the Varsity's performance on the weekend depends on the B-Squad's performance during the week.

B-Squad Lacrosse



Hidden in a corner of North Athletic field is a group of individuals, little-known and rarely seen in action. This year's B-Squad lacrosse team is currently in its formative period. At present, all the lacrosse players who aspire to this year's A. B and C-Squads are working together. They are practicing three days a week under the auspices of Coach Adams and his staff. The B-Squad as such, will not be formed until lacrosse goes "in-season" in March. At this time, its members will begin working together in preparation for the five-game schedule they face this spring. They are scheduled to play the CCNY Varsity, Hofstra JV, Syracuse Lacrosse Club, Princeton JV. and New Jersey Lacrosse Club.

B-Squad lacrosse has been in existence at West Point almost as long as the lacrosse program itself. Throughout the years it has provided a "feeder system" for the Varsity. On B-Squad, the inexperienced players can gain both experience and confidence. The system places stress on the development of the individual so that he will be able to advance and help the varsity team. To aid in this aim the squad is limited to underclass members. Some first classmen take part as assistant coaches, but not as players. As an example, last year's team, which compiled a record of one win and three losses. against a schedule almost identical to this year's, was composed primarily of Yearlings.

As a result of B-Squad experience some men make the varsity roster as did a cadet named Eubanks in the class of '60, who went from B-Squad to 1st string ALL-AMERICA, and Captain Bruce Cowan of the Department of Mathematics, who, in 1961, tossed in the clinching goal in the victory over Navy. The great majority never quite make the varsity, yet they stick with it either as players or as assistant coaches. Three ex-players are assistant coaches this year: Asa Clark, John Boyt, and John Severson.

At this time Mr. John Orlando is the B-Squad coach. But when spring practice begins, he will coach the Plebes, and Captain Dwight Beach, an ex old "B-Squader" himself, will take over. On March 1, "in-Season" practice will begin, and those dedicated, but unsung individuals who back our varsity will be hard at work again. They will be giving their all in support of the varsity. Let's show them how important they really are by giving them our full support in their games this Spring. Chris Cole

Club News

by Larry "Bill Crosby" Jordan

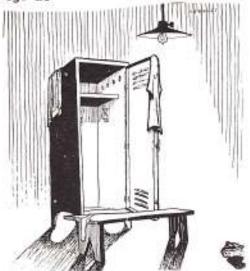
Where is he? This is the question poised at rallies when the services of that champion of right, justice, boodle, and Army athletics are needed. Ever wonder what Army Man does when he's not rescuing football players? Our hero, the masked marvel, is busy at work supporting another vital, tantalizing phase of Hudson U. Sports. As the Marvel's able assistant, this reporter accompanies him to the various club activities being held on campus. In order to keep my hero's true identity secret from those evil elements, we have been forced to conceal ourselves as ordinary cadets. But no longer can the cries of the oppressed student body go unanswered. Where was he? He was there, and here's what he saw.

RUGGED RUGBY

Hearing reports of a new and terrorizing activity instituted by OPE on Howze Field, we sped there in the Super Jeep only to find the Army Rugby Club hard at work. Combine football and soccer, add a lot of spirit, hard-playing, and solid contact, and you have some idea of Rugby. Encompassing the best points of all contact sports, Rugby is unique, yet far from being the silly, English school-boy game some conceive it to be. Anyone who has even seen a rugby game can well appreciate the truth to this statement. In its sixth year of existence, the club is eager to better the successful record it compiled last season with wins over Yale, Cornell, plus clubs and schools in the New York area. One of the high points of the season was participation in the St. Louis tournament.

Under the direction of President Chad Keck of D-1, the squad has been going through extensive workouts and practice sessions on off intramural days. The other officers include Preston Miller, William Robinson, Jim Brierly, and Randy Pais as vice-president, secretary, custodian, and coach respectively. In the coaching department Army Man awarded the Rugby Club the Golden Supporter for total excellence. Already under the tremendous leadership of two experienced men, Majors Field andd Mason, the ruggers acquired a third source of supreme ability in the form of Captain Pete Dawkins of West Point everything fame. Whether it's experience, technique, encouragement, spirit, or knowledge the club needs, they are well supplied in all categories. Because of its status as a club, Rugby presently belongs to no intercollegiate league, but finds plenty of eager and talented competition. In addition to return engagements with Yale and teams at the St. Louis Tournament, participation in the Notre Dame Tournament will highlight the season. The ultimate comes around Spring Leave when the USMA Rugby Club will take the sport back to its homeland to play Sandhurst, the Royal Military Academy, Satisfied that all proceedings on Howze Field were in the interest of USMA sports, the Dynamic Duo of Army Man and yours truly streaked back to assume our rackoid disguise.





The Locker Room

by Emmett Mahle

Since this is the B-Squad issue, I would like to take a few lines of this column to mention a former member of the hard-working group of guys on B-Squad who has since moved up to become one of the stars on Army's tough defensive unit. His name is Dean Hansen and as Army's "rover linebacker", he has earned himself a spot alongside Townsend Clarke as one of Army's top defensive stalwarts. Dean bided his time the last two years and picked up valuable experience on the B-Squad until he got his big break at the start of this season, Because of an ankle injury, Ollie Johnson was unable to start in Army's opener against Kansas State and Dean was called on to plug the gap. Dean did so well that he has been there ever since. This just goes to show you the caliber of the players that make up the B-Squad and how it helps to supply and back up the varsity's efforts.

Football fans must be taking some interest in what goes on in Viet Nam these days; the ones in Iowa particularly. Some wretched soul planted a homemade land mine beneath the turf on Iowa State's Clyde Williams Field before their game with Nebraska, and since Nebraska was favored and unbeaten the blame leaned toward the hometown Iowa State fans. Fortunately, it was triggered off by a sod-rolling machine three hours before the kickoff and no one was injured. The incident and halfback Harry Wilson's 37 yard touchdown run for the Huskers were most of the excitement in Nebraska's 12-6 win. I hear that the Iowa State fans are getting a V.C. advisor to help perfect their technique before the next game.

Looking back over Army's past seasons, the 1944 football team, as everyone probably knows, was one of the all-time great squads. Coach Earl Blaik was in his fourth season at West Point and had compiled an 18-8-2 record, which was good but not spectacular. But this was the year that two guys by the name of Davis and

Blanchard came on the football scene. That year Army had a perfect 9-0 record as six Army players made the All-American list, including Henry Foldberg, a familiar name around the Academy today. The 1944 Black Knights probably broke the all-time scoring record as they piled up 504 points to their opponents' 35, with the widest margin of victory coming over Villanova, 83-0. Blaik's steam roller went on to rack up a 27-0-1 record for the next three years to completely dominate college football.

While we are telling stories about past teams getting taken to the showers, there is the incredible but true Georgia Tech-Cumberland game of some years back. It seems that one of Tech's opponents cancelled out at the last minute and hurriedly scheduled in their place was the team from the little town of Cumberland, Tennessee. They were a game bunch but not even soot in the eye of huge Georgia Tech. Cumberland's best play all day was a five yard sweep around left end. Rolling out on one play, the Cumberland quarterback fumbled the ball and yelled back at his fullback to pick it up. His fullback yelled the immortal statement, "You pick it up, you dropped it." As would be expected the Yellow Jackets came off the field victors with the final score Georgia Tech 220, Cumberland 0.

It's getting pretty close to that big event scheduled for November 26th in the quaint old town containing the famous Ben Franklin Hotel. A-Man is getting ready for our traditional battle with the Navals so why don't you, too? Pull out all those old Beat Navy buttons, polish them up, and then concentrate on the games we have remaining, keeping one eye on the big game.

GOOF.

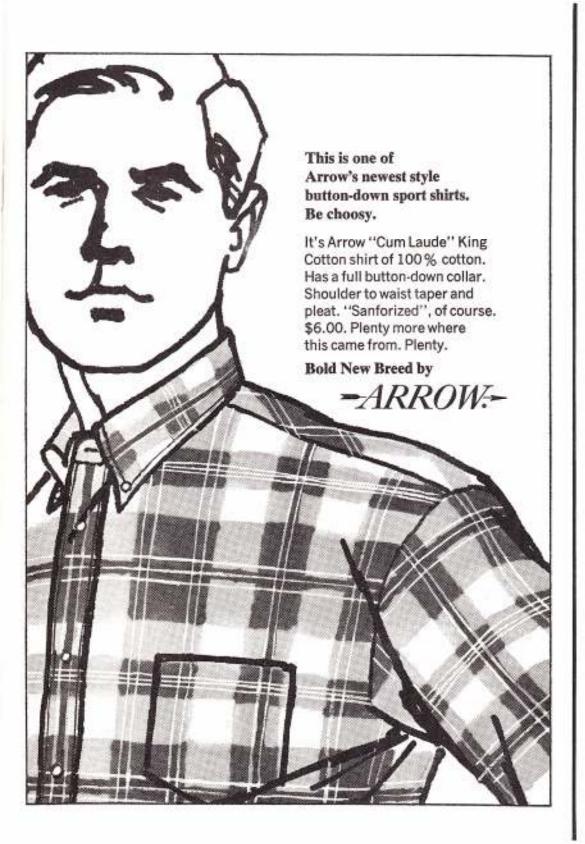
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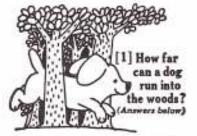


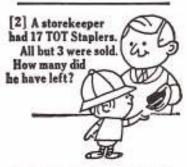
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ANSWERS 1, Hell-way, After that, he is running out of the woods! 2. Threel And, their's that about the story of the buying them like crary, because next to a notebook and a pencil, they're the handlest little school item you can own!

TWO SCENES

by Danihy

Scene: a blustry day on Trophy Point, Two people stand on the grass near battle Monument. Above them the trees are swaying in obeyance to the winds' howling demands. Before them stretches the majestic Hudson River, white-capped and turbulent.

Cadet: You're not happy, I know you're not. I can

see it in your eyes. What's the matter?

Girl: It's nothing really, John. I'm just a bit tired, that's all.

Cadet: No, it's something more than that. You're not happy with me, are you. That warm bond that once linked us together has somehow been lost, hasn't it?

Girl: I hadn't thought you'd noticed, I've been trying to maintain a brave front so that this weekend, which you so deserved, would give you a modicum of happi-

Cadet: You're truly noble, Martha, but you should be thinking of your own happiness also,

Girl: Yes, I know, but each time that I do I feel as if

I am cheating the man I once truly loved.

Cadet: Stop, Martha, don't persecute yourself so. You're not to blame. It's me. Somehow I've lost the capacity to be loved. I am a rock imbedded in a world of

Girl: No, it's not true. You are kind and warm and the type of man any woman would be proud to be loved by, It's me, I know it is. Somehow I've lost my identity amid the turbulence of my life. I'm no longer a real

Cadet: Martha, oh Martha, don't say such things. You are a real human being. You are realer than anyone else I know. You live, you just don't exist. You love life hecause you are not afraid to soar above the mundane trivialities which fill most peoples' lives.

Girl: No, no John. Open your eyes and see me as I really am. I'm a female statue, a cold, hard, bitter person lashing out at all of those who stoop to help me. No one could ever love such a creature.

Cadet: Martha, I love you.

Girl: John, Oh John.

Cadet: Yes Martha, speak to me. Tell me what is in

Girl: John, do you think it's possible? Cadet: Anything is possible, Martha.

Girl: Is there still hope? Has all not been lost? And I really hearing these wondrous things?

Cadet: Yes Martha, it is real. I am here, and together we can find ourselves and each other.

Girl: To live again, to love again. Yes John, it is possible. We are reborn again in the all-consuming fires of our love. Hold me John, I need your strength.

Cadet: Wait Martha. My arms will soon draw you

Girl: But John, why must we wait?

Cadet: Because, Martha, there's an officer behind us.

Scene: The cadet restaurant in Grant Hall. Two people sit opposite each other at a table. The juke box blares out discordant notes behind them, and the smoke and noise and light swirl around them, engulfing them in a whirlwind of distortion.

Cadet: Hey Mabel, you look like a hound dog. You

got something stuck in your craw?

Girl: What's it to you? Can't a girl even think without you buttin' in?

Cadet: Hey, you bored with me, or somethin'? You got some other guy?

Girl: Ah, yah dumb cluck! Someone tries to be nice to you, not to hurt your stupid feelin's, and you go and louse it all up.

Cadet: Where do you come off bein' so high and

mighty? Don't you ever think a no one else?

Girl: Yeah, except when that person's supposed to be you, then I get all sick inside.

Cadet: You bettah cut it off right here or you're gonna get what's comin' to yah in spades. I ain't as big a lug as you make me out to be. I know what's what,

Girl: Ah, you wouldn't know your own name if they didn't stick that tag on your shirt. You think you're talkin' to some hash-slinger, well I got news for you huster, when you're with me, you're with class.

Cadet: Says you!

Girl: Yeah, says me! You man enough to make somethin of it?

Cadet: If you weren't a dame I'd slug vah right where you're sittin'.

Girl: Anyone ever tell you you ain't got no couth? You don't even know how to treat a lady when you're

Cadet: It ain't that, it's just that I ain't been with a lady recently,

Girl: You sayin' I sin't no lady? I'll come over there and tear your eyes out.

Cadet: Sit down before yah trip over your hair, (There's a slight pause as the girl begins to cry)

Cadet: Hey Mabel, what'd you open the floodgates for? I ain't hit yah or nothin'. Hev Mabel, cut that out, you're gonnah embarrass me. Listen, von stop crvin' and I'll get yah a coke. How 'bout it now, stop them tears,

Girl: You never say nothin' nice to me.

Cadet: Ah, I say lotsa nice things. You're just talkin' so much you never hear them.

Girl: Well, say somethin' nice now.

Cadet: You mean right here, with all these people around?

Girl: Yeah, right here. Cadet: Ah, Mabel . .

Girl: Come on yah big lug, say somethin'.

Cadet: Don't rush me. I'm thinkin'.

Girl: You'd better hurry it up or I'm gonnah come over there and bust ya one right in the nose.

Cadet: Go ahead Mabel, there ain't no one I'd rather have bust me in the nose than you.

Girl: Gee, yah really mean it?

Cadet: I said it, didn't I? I ain't gonnah say somethin' I don't mean. I ain't like those other crummy bums you hang around.

Girl: You bad lippin' my friends? What makes your friends so good? I don't see any of them walkin' around with red cashmere coats on,

Cadet: Yeah, well I bet if they could they'd wear red cashmere coats, and they'd wear yellow silk ties too.

Girl: If you don't stop it I'm gonnah get up and

Cadet: You do and I'll knock you right down in the scat again.

Girl: Yah can't do it.

Cadet: Oh yeah? Why can't I?

Girl: 'Cause you'd get reported for P.D.A.



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1st Lieut., United States Army

Assignment: West Point Academic Instructor

CHAPTER TWO: IN WHICH I OBTAIN A DATE FOR A CADET



 Mr. O'Leary, my best student, told me that he was having some difficulty with the opposite sex.



 And proceeded to talk with the Codet Hostess about his problem.



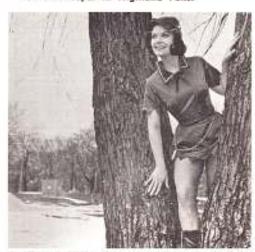
He assured me that my cadet would be bragging pro the following weekend.



2. Se I took him under my wing,



 She suggested that I talk with her cousin, an inn-keeper in Highland Falls.



Sure enough, she was waiting right where he'd said she'd be.



 Mr. O'Leary was a bit reluctant to go through with it.



9. They spent the whole weekend in Grant Hall.



 And when her Father came to pick her up on Sunday,



8. But I finally persuaded him.



10. They soon formed a warm friendship.



12. He knew that he was a changed man.

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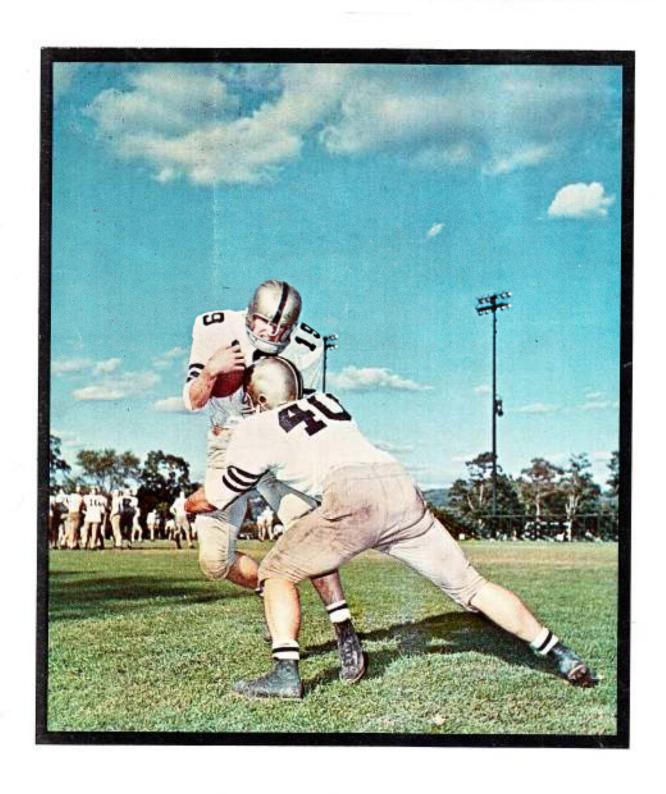
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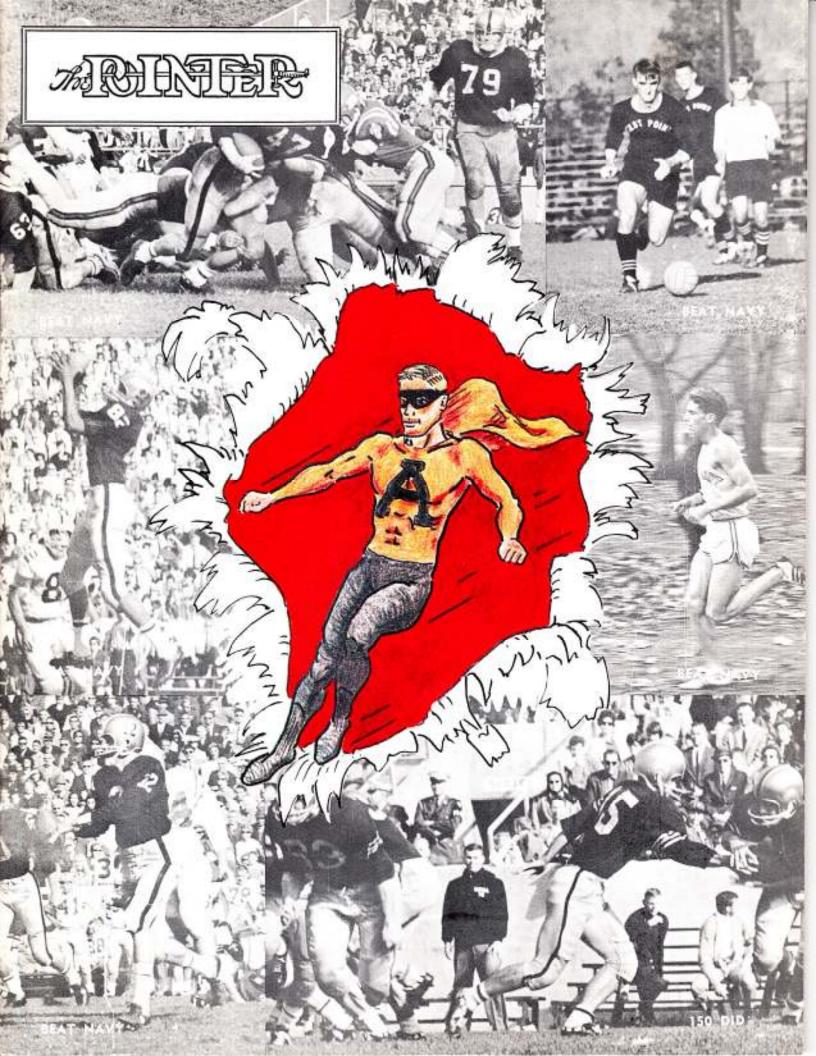


just want the facts . . . just facts first regiment capital powerless . brown pelts help win west . . . that apostrophe s how the west was won . . college life dash protest draft at student union . . . woo poo life dash re dash up for draft at capital snuffy apostrophe s . . . would you believe quote hats off close quotes inspection at dinner . . . well comma then how about a twenty four page quote capital d close quotes list . . . 67 plans strong team at capital le capital man this year ancker clankers from crab town meet iron capital irish clover, most likely . . . sint solil qu bas of ergus takes roommate apostrophe s blind date for him . . . capital xylene capital yak . . . do you like football comma capital xylene . . . oh goody comma yes . . . used to play in high school . . . do you play football commo ergy . . . no comma capital i apostrophe m on quote capital b close quotes squad dash that apostrophe s a way of life . . . sure is romantic here . . away from everybody commo have our own music and it apostrophe s not even cold . . . is the sun really out . . . it apostrophe s so dark and coxy . . . what are all these pipes question mark . . . do you collect them question mark . . . no commo capital exlene . . . they are steam pipes . . . capital i think we can go up now dash everybody is gone . . .





B SQUAD PRACTICE



Western Electric plots short cuts to probability

The answers to many questions in statistical quality control are based on the cumulative binomial distribution:

 $P\left\{m \leq c\right\} = \sum_{m=0}^{c} \frac{n!}{m!(n-m)!} p^{m}(1-p)^{n-m}$

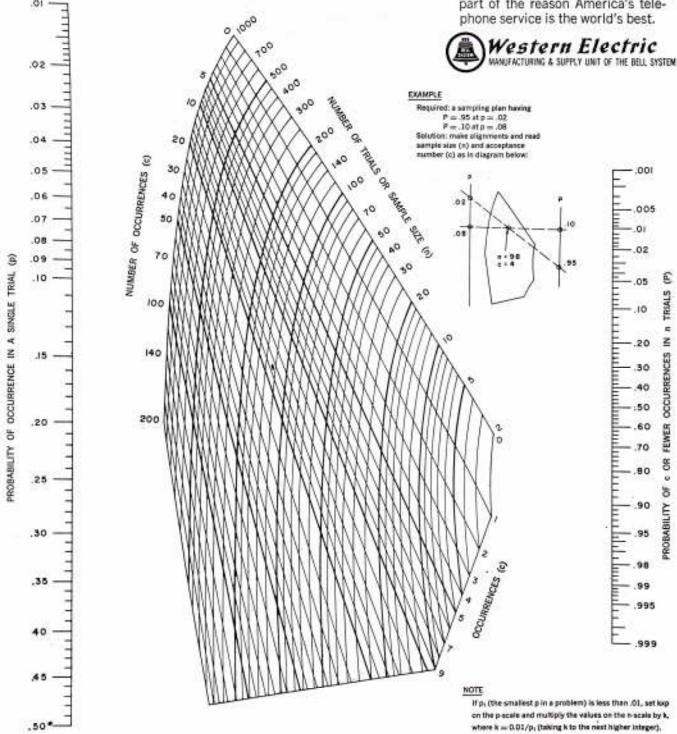
In practice, binomial problems, are usually solved by resorting to analytical approximations and cumbersome tabular methods to reduce the computational burden.

Because quality control is of

such paramount importance to Western Electric, and because the communications equipment we make for the Bell System is subject to increasingly higher quality requirements, the approximations are of decreasing value. Accordingly, our engineers have developed a nomograph which virtually eliminates computation, facilitates evaluation of alternative solutions, and permits direct solution of some

problems not otherwise directly solvable, except by approximation. We have found it extremely useful and timesaving, and we felt that if you are engaged in work requiring statistical analyses, you might, too.

If you are so engaged, the usefulness of the nomograph is evident. If you are not, we ask you to consider it only as another example of the ingenuity Western Electric brings to its manufacturing job in the Bell System, which in turn is part of the reason America's telephone service is the world's best.



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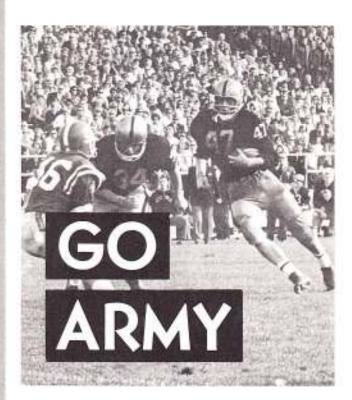
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ABOUT THIS ISSUE . . .

The month of November brings with it Army's biggest month for Sports. Cross Country and Soccer meet Navy on home ground this year, and all of the Rabble is in Philly for the biggest football game in either school's season. The Pointer takes a look at all aspects of Army sports during this month, and brings the reader right down on the field into the locker room.

The cover this month is a complete Photo Staff effort, with help from artist Dave Carroway, giving a pictorial taste of what's inside.

COMING IN DECEMBER . . .

The December Issue of The Pointer will bring you such Christmas goodies as a Cadets Guide To New York, the Pointer Game Bag, Mad Magazine Looks at West Point, and, of course, the Pointer Pic. So be good, and you might find us in your stocking. Get Your Copy of

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The Corps travels to Philadelphia, and the question arises as to what to do during such a brief visit. Of course, there's the Ben Franklin Hotel, with its closed and open parties flowing out into the hallways. However, if one craves a different form of entertainment, Chestnut Street, on which the Ben Franklin is located, lends itself admirably.

Walking no more than ten blocks down this street, one will pass no less than four movie theaters, at which are playing, Seconds, with Rock Hudson, Dead Heat On A Merry-Go-Round, The Sound of Music, and The Blue Max. Also in this ten block area there are two or three fairly good restaurants, the best of which is The Beef House, offering ample steaks at reasonable prices.

If one's interest is a bit more esoteric, there's The Bird Cage, right across the street from the Ben Franklin, offering a different atmosphere with a Go-Go mood.

The four movies mentioned above should hit just about everyone's taste. The Sound of Music needs no introduction, and The Blue Max, mixing sex and war into a fairly palatable dish, will be just what you expected. Seconds is directed by the same person who made The Manchurian Candidate, and he does an equally admirable job on this story of an underground organization operating in New York which gives people a second chance at life. Through psychological manipulation, drugs and plastic surgery, those people who have been disappointed with their lives are allowed to start all over with a new appearance and a new identity. However, the identity is purely illusionary, and here is where the picture comes of age. The once mediocre banker now looks like Rock Hudson and believes that he is an artist, though he has no actual ability in this area. As this "reborn" person begins to realize that the society he has been placed in is a society composed completely of other "reborns", where no one is really what he seems, the horror mounts, and the audience leaves the theater having received their money's worth,

The last picture, Dead Heat On A Merry-Go-Round, is another story. James Coburn plays a promiscuous con-man who never really comes to life on the screen. There's a lot of motion and pertinent dialogue, but it's all for naught. Coburn falls flat on his face, and the audience falls asleep. After an hour of stealing the audience's time, the motion picture settles down into a fairly decent tale of a well-planned bank robbery. The picture's director has chosen to make a rather strong judgment on Coburn's actions at the end of the picture, but it is wasted because the character that Coburn portrays is never developed; the people move and talk, but the audience is never allowed to become involved,

Navy weekend promises frolic and festivity with the many attractions of the lights of Philadelphia, Movies and theater entertainment are numerous and varied. Following are items of special interest.

Screen entertainment features William Holden and Richard Widmark in Alvarey Kelly. This highly-touted western drama is playing at Cinema I, the Cinema-on-the-Mall, the Merben, the Community, and the Doylestown theaters. Dear John is another popular motion picture, showing at the Andorra. Broadway, Capitol, City Line Center, College, Ellis, Logan, Orleans, Tower, and Uptown theaters. Warm and hilarious, The Shamless Old Lady with Sylvie plays at the Yorktown and Cinmea II theaters, "Our Man Flint" James Coburn spices Dead Heat on a Merry-Go-Round at the Arcadia. The Palace Theater brags of a gyrating Ann-Margret in The Swinger coupled with the guffaws of Dr. Goldfoot and the Girlbombs. James Michener's masterpiece Hawaii explodes with life in portraits by Julie Andrews and Richard Harris at the Stanley Theater. Another sensation, Dr. Zhivago, with Julie Christie, plays at the Boyd, Jack Lemmon and Judi West grace the Stanton Theater in The Fortune Cookie. The Midtown Theater boasts of the sweet strains of "Eidel Weiss" by Julie Andrews in The Sound of Music. Jewish history in Poland is the gripping story of The Last Chapter playing at the Castor, History enthusiasts would be enthralled by the sterling performance of Is Paris Burning? at the Goldmen Theater. Shocking and thrilling are Susanna York and Warren Beatty in The Kalvidoscope at the Randolph Theater, Humor, excitement, and simply awesome talent are the calling cards for the surfing documentary, The Endless Summer, at the Lane Theater. Old Faithful, My Fair Lady, plays at the Century. The Hill Theater features Jason Robards in A Thousand Clowns. Salome Jens and Rock Hudson star in Seconds at the Moviestown Plaza. The Appaloosa with Marlon (Continued on next page)

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ABOVE AND BEYOND . . .

Brando is screen enjoyment at the Ambler Theater.

Plays in Philadelphia highlight a newcomer, My Sweet Charlie, with Louis Gossett and Bonnie Bedelia, now at the Forrest Theater. The Musical Man of La Wancha with José Ferrer is a popular piece, playing at the Erlanger, Music is always lively at Philadelphia All Star-Forum Concerts and the Grand Opera Company. Night Club entertainment is top notch at the Latin Villa featuring music by the Bill Muller Quartet. The Beefers Inn is another haven for light steppers and "Razz Ma Tazz."

BOOKS: On the trip down to Philly, if you have nothing better to do, you might start one of the better books to appear on the literary scene in recent months. One of these is Edwin O'Connor's All In The Family. Once again Mr. O'Connor looks at Boston and its politics and weaves about this well-used frame an interesting, and sometimes poignant, story of an Irish family that enters the political scene and finds success, only to lose its most treasured possession, its identity as a family.

Mr. O'Connor's strength lies in his 'characterizations, which are believable and varied. Each person has his own special story, and each of these compose a certain part of the larger story, that of the family itself.

Of greatest worth is the book's first chapter, Mr. O'Connor sets a mood in this chapter which he eventually returns to at the end of the book, and it is the most moving of all his efforts.

Another new book is The Fixer, by Bernard Malamud. This is the story of a Russian Jew who is falsely accused of killing a young Russian boy and of draining the blood from his body for religious purposes. He is quickly imprisoned and soon placed in solitary confinement. He begins to live a horrible dream, forced to live in complete degradation, forced to question his own beliefs, and unable to do anything to improve his lot or to make a defense against the accusations.

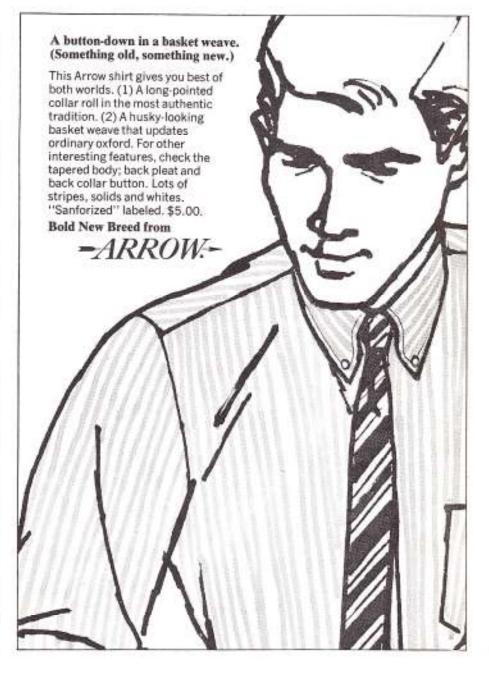
As the protagonist's ordeal contin-

ues, a greater circle of people become involved with him. His own brutal self-appraisal forces others to the same appraisal, until everyone he comes in contact with is stained with his suffering.

Mr. Malamud delves deeply into the mind and soul of this hapless individual, and paints a picture of an ordinary man caught up in a vortex of politics and prejudice and fear. The picture is real and vivid, and the reader easily becomes involved with the main character's sufferings,

The third book to be mentioned is The Detective, by Roderick Thorpe. This is a truly different type of detective story, which deals with personalities, searches into the past, and a demand for self-evaluation, however painful.

The detective, once a member of a police force where he distinguished himself, mainly on the weight of one



ABOVE AND BEYOND . . .

murder case, accepts the task of learning why a young widow's husband committed suicide. The job, seemingly average at the beginning, slowly becomes highly personal, involving all of the detective's life. As he goes deeper, he stumbles upon graft and corruption, first in those about him, and then, with the realization that he himself has been living a lie.

This is one of those books that

can't be put aside. The drama builds, the plot thickens, until, at the climax, a truth is unearthed which is so frightening that, if the detective accepts it and continues his job, his career will be ruined.

This is Russ Kennedy of Balboa Island, California, on an in-port field trip as a student aboard. Chapman College's floating campus.

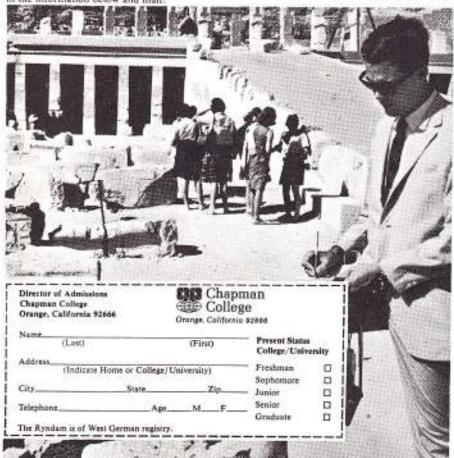
The note he paused to make as fellow students went ahead to inspect Hatshepsut's Tomb in the Valley of the Kings near Luxor, he used to complete an assignment for his Comparative World Cultures professor.

Russ transferred the 12 units earned during the study-travel semester at sea to his record at the University of California at Irvine where he continues studies toward a teaching career in life sciences.

As you read this, 450 other students have begun the fall semester voyage of discovery with Chapman aboard the s.s. RYNDAM, for which Holland-America Line acts as General Passenger Agents.

In February still another 450 will embark from Los Angeles for the spring 1967 semester, this time bound for the Panama Canal, Venezuela, Brazil, Argentina, Nigeria, Senegal, Morocco, Spain, Portugal, The Netherlands, Denmark, Great Britain and New York.

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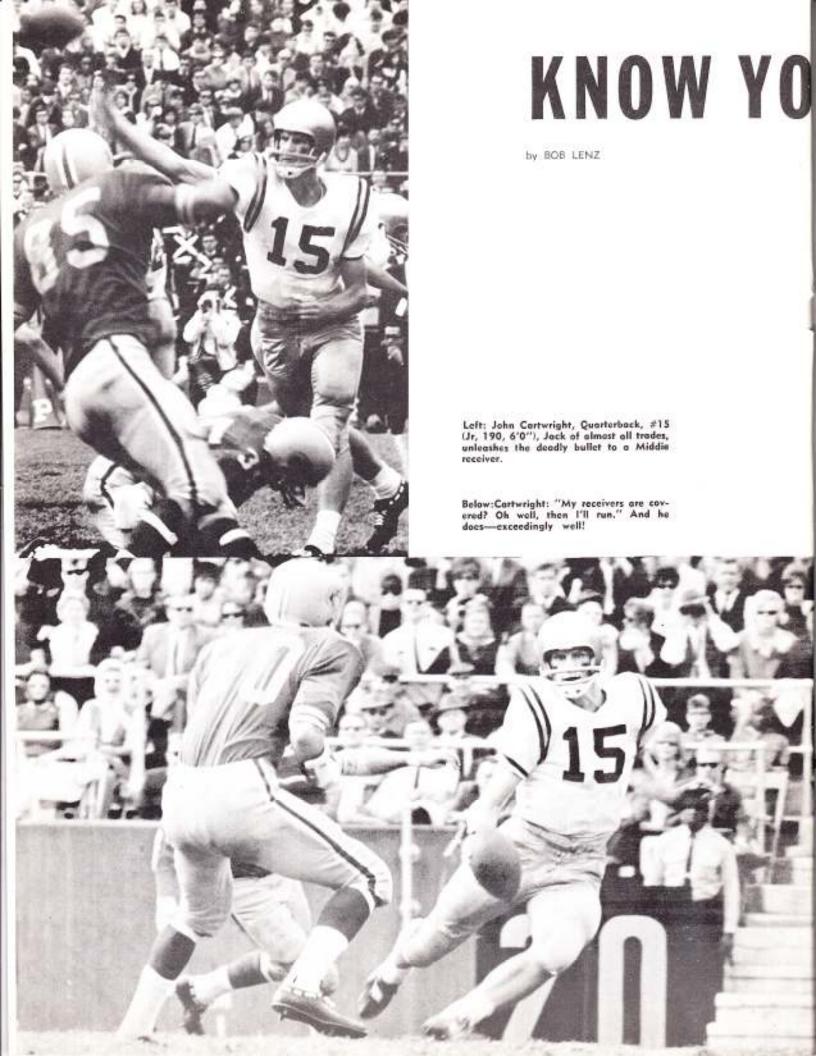


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UR ENEMY

photos by DAN POPOV

Tom Daley, #35 (Soph, 205, 5'10"), the Middie fullback, charges forward to take the ball from Cartwright's hands and keep on going through the line. By midseason he replaced the veteran Danny Wang.





John Church, #45 (Jr, 180, 6'0"), Navy's place kicker, is dangerous on both field goals and kick-offs. His favorite and most frequent target on the kick-off—in or over the end zone.



Rob Taylor, #82 (Jr, 191, 6'2"), is Cartwright's favorite receiver. He climaxes many catches by tramping into the end zone . . . as he does above . . . 57 yards from the line of scrimmage.



As frequently as the opponents throw, Rick Bayer, #28 (Jr, 204, 6'3"), the defensive halfback, will steal the ball. Here he slips between shocked Pitt receivers; 40 yards later he touched paydirt.

> "Nobody stops my boys!" Harry Dittman, #58 (Sr, 250, 6'6"), a pre-season All-American pick, turns to thwart the efforts of a would-be tackler. Carrying the ball is Danny Wong, #36 (Sr, 192, 5'7") on his concrete pillar-like legs.

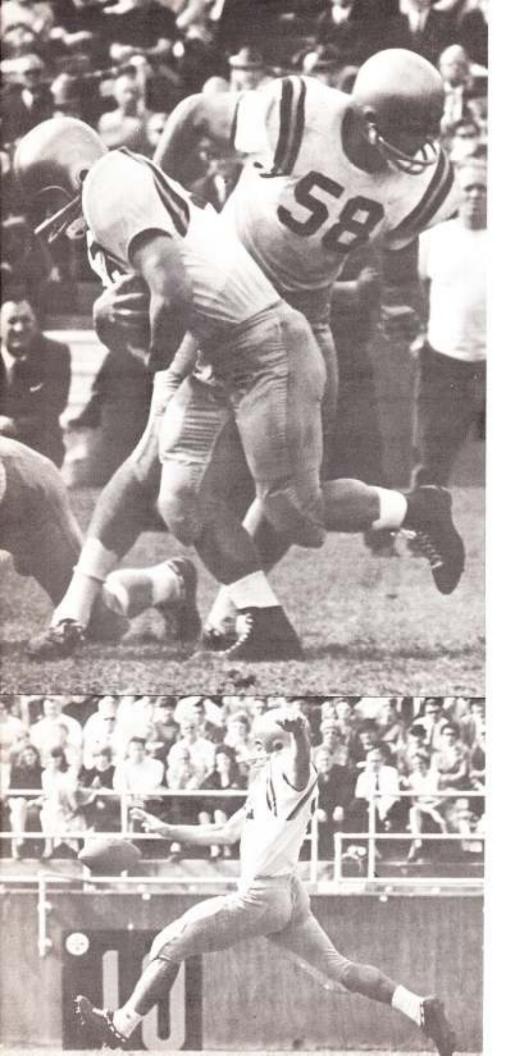


In complete control, Cartwright will always drop to one knee as he calls the plays in the huddle.



Terry Murray, #24 (Jr. 174, 6'0"), the Navy left halfback, carries the ball on approximately 40% of the plays from scrimmage.

> Dave Church, #42 (Sr, 177, 5'9"), puts his toe into the ball frequently to pull Navy out of the Deep Six. This one carried for 73 yards. Not his longest though—last year he booted one for 74 yards.





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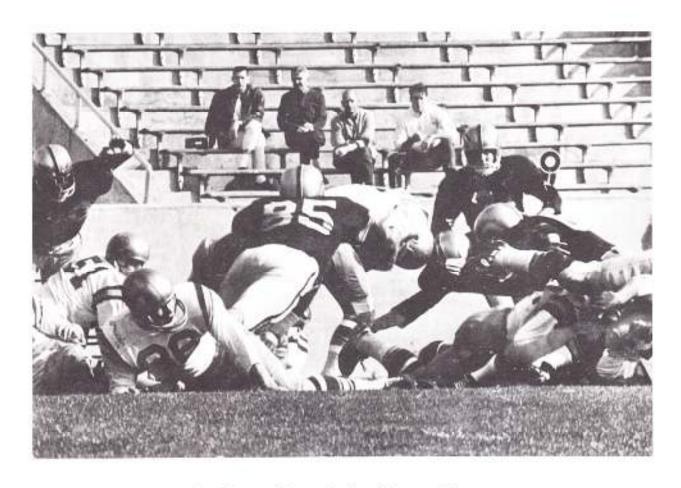
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150 lb. Football:

The Little Rabble

by Bill Shaeffer



The defense made its own breaks and then saved the game.

As anybody who has ever been associated with a 150 player knows, the team's main enemy is weight. In order for a person to be able to play in a game on Saturday, he must weigh in at or below 154 pounds 48 hours before game time. This causes various degrees of difficulty among the team, Men like Larry Izzo start at 5:30 after one Saturday's game trying to get back down for the Thursday weigh in; others, like Harry Hayes, who saunters on to the scales Thursday wearing grey Jackets, parkas, shoes, and carring a load of books smirk quietly as they make weight with several pounds to spare. Different players use different methods to make the weight for games. All are authorized to miss any meals they wish, so some simply starve themselves, while others live in the steam room, or run, or try various combinations of methods. The players, off-season, normally weigh between 150 to 180 pounds and they play at around 170 pounds, Although all players must make 154 before the game, they can weigh more at game time, and this may result in mass orgies at supper on Thursday nights. Food disappears as fast as the waiters

can get it to the tables. Some of the experts manage to gain up to ten pounds by Thursday night, and upwards of 20 or 25 by game time. Of course, this means that much more weight they have to lose for the next week. "Ha Ha", laughs Harry Hayes.

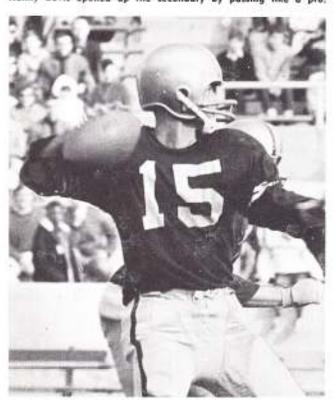
In the 150 Pound Eastern Collegiate League, there has been a fairly consistant order of finish. Army or Navy first, Rutgers third, and the others afterwards. There are several reasons for this, the first being motivation on the part of the Cadets (yes, I mean honest to goodness motivation). How many College students who play for other schools can you imagine starving and sweating in order to play for a football team most of their classmates have never heard of? The second reason for the domination of this sport by the military academys is the fact that most Cadets, or Middies, were outstanding athletes in high school. This provides Coach Tipton, and his Naval counterpart, with a nice amount of talent to choose from.

The head coach of the 150 team is Eric "The Red" Tipton. A 1939 graduate of Duke University, Tip was selected as an All-American in '39 and named to the football Hall of Fame in 1965. Coach Tipton came to West Point in 1957, taking the Cadets to a League Championship that same year. Since then the Little Knights have taken 4 more titles, the latest in 1964. Coach Tipton is assisted by Lt. Johnston, who coaches the defensive ends and tackles. Capt. Welch, who has charge of the offensive centers and guards, Maj. Cody, who leads the backs, and Major Macedonia, who coaches the defensive linebackers and middle guards.

The Little Rabble played their first game of the season at Michie Stadium against Rutgers. In a reversal of the normal type of game played by the 150's the centest developed into a defensive battle, with Army ending up on top of a 4-0 score. The first safety was scored on a joint effort by the defensive unit, with the second resulting from a punt blocked by Harry Rothmann. According to Coach Tipton and his boys, Rutgers was a test game for the offense, which ran with new plays and three quarterbacks. The resulting lack of coordination, a problem which has since been well taken care of, was the cause of the low score. The whole defense looked "lean and mean" while Sophomore Van Evans showed promise of becoming an outstanding pass receiver, and Jim Greenlee looked good in the fullback slot.

The game with Columbia started out as a defensive battle with Team Captain Gary Atkins and defensive ends Larry Izzo and Harry Rothmann leading a charge which kept Columbia with its back to the goal line. In the second quarter, yearling Jim Greenlee opened the scoring with a 15 yard smash over left guard. Van Evans, a 9.8 sprinter for the track team, used his speed to full advantage as he streaked to a TD on a 38 yard pass from quarterback Ken Bevis. Van, a firm believer in that old saying "The Fourth Quarter's Ours", proved it by raising his TD total to 4 with runs of 75, 15, and 3 yards. The Little

Kenny Bevis opened up the secondary by passing like a pro.



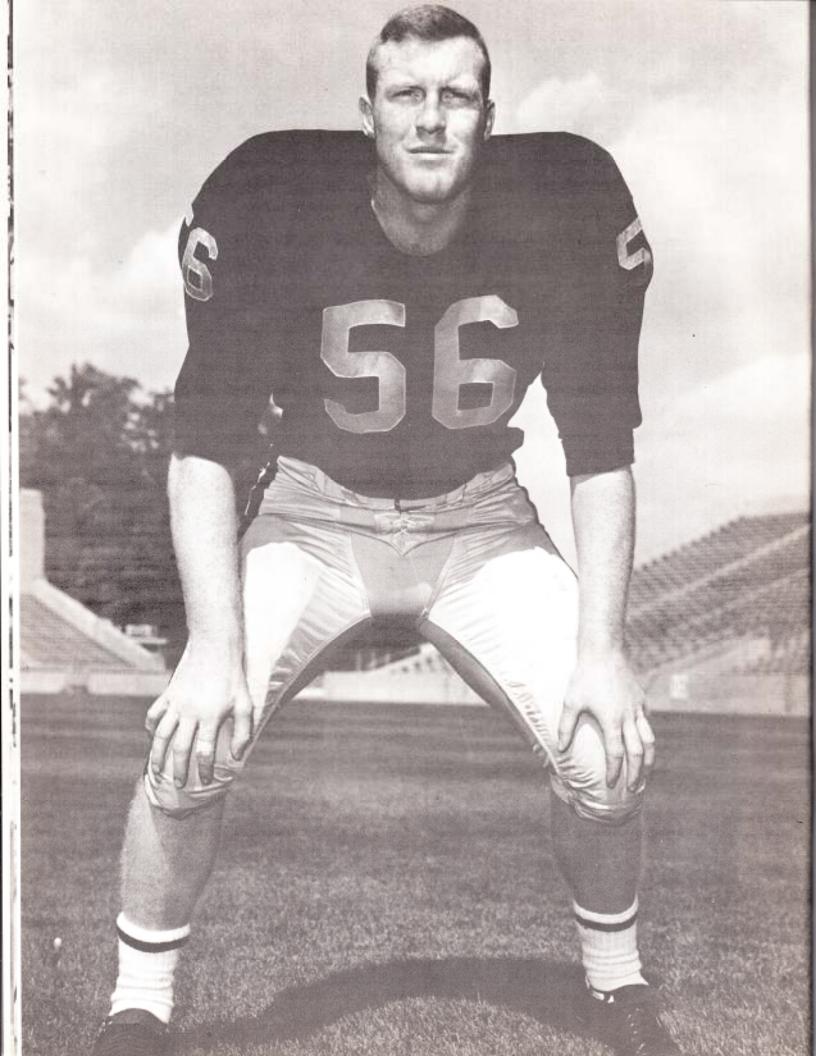


Catches like Emmett Mahle's broke Middie's back.

Knights scored a total of 30 in the 4th quarter to win 43-0.

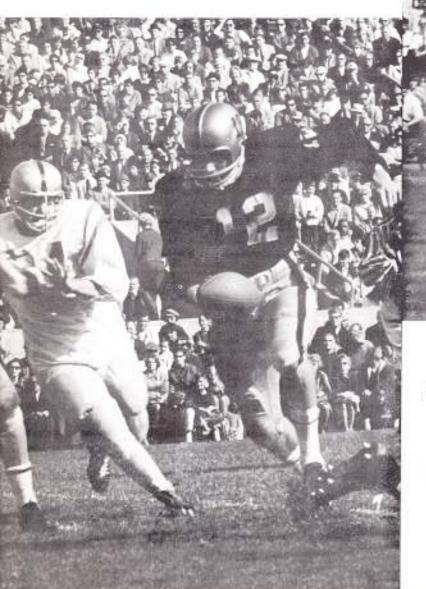
One word describes the Navy game-GREAT. The defensive line was an iron wall and Navy was forced to play a passing game. The Little Middies scored in the second quarter, two plays after pass interference was ruled in the end zone. The mids got two more points on a safety when the snap from center went over Steve Frankiewicz's head in the end zone. The Little Rabble was fired up for the second half and drove to a score, with Harry Haves going over from the one. Then Army and Navy (see-sawed back and forth until), with less than a minute to go in the game, the Knights got possession on the Navy forty. On second down, Ken Bevis launched a pass to Tom Dyer who caught it between two defenders on the seven and raced into the end zone. The Corps had to be cleared from the field before the game could be completed. Final score: Army 13-Navy 9,

Tom Dyer, hero of the Navy game, had been sidelined with a knee injury and had only practiced twice the week before the game. On the scoring play, the pass was supposed to go to Emmett Mahle, who had made several fine catches during the game. Mahle, however, was knocked down by two Navy defenders and Ken Bevis looked for another receiver. Due to the fine blocking of the Little Rabble forward wall, Ken had more than enough time to wait for Dyer to change his pattern. The win should he a big boost for the Army 150 lb. team in this year's title race.



POWER IN MOTION

"The words 'Army-Navy Game' unfailingly bring to my mind a picture of mass excitement, strongly voiced confidence and spirited loyalty."



"Every West Pointer, I am sure, reacts to the phrase in the same way;"



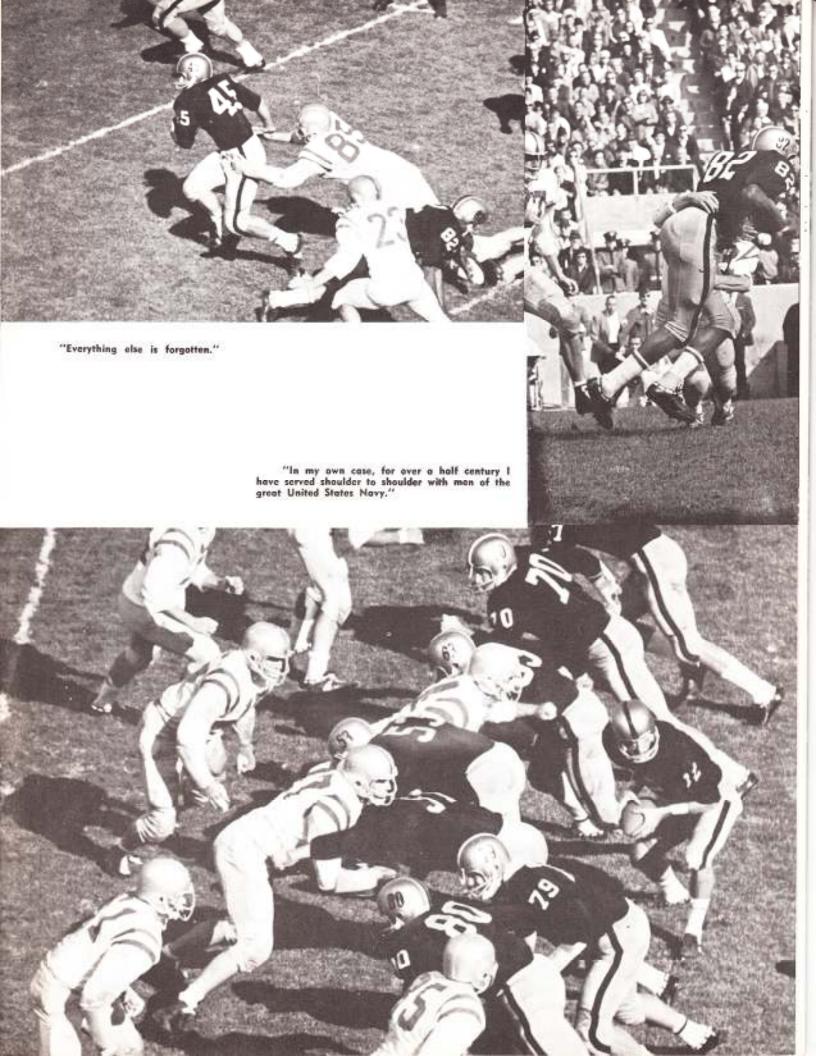
"and, at the game, whether a player on the field,"

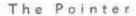
"a member of the Corps,"

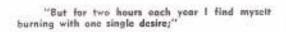


"an alumnus who may have been for many years on the retired list,"

"he loses sight of himself as an individual and becomes a part of the blazing determination to sink the Navy."





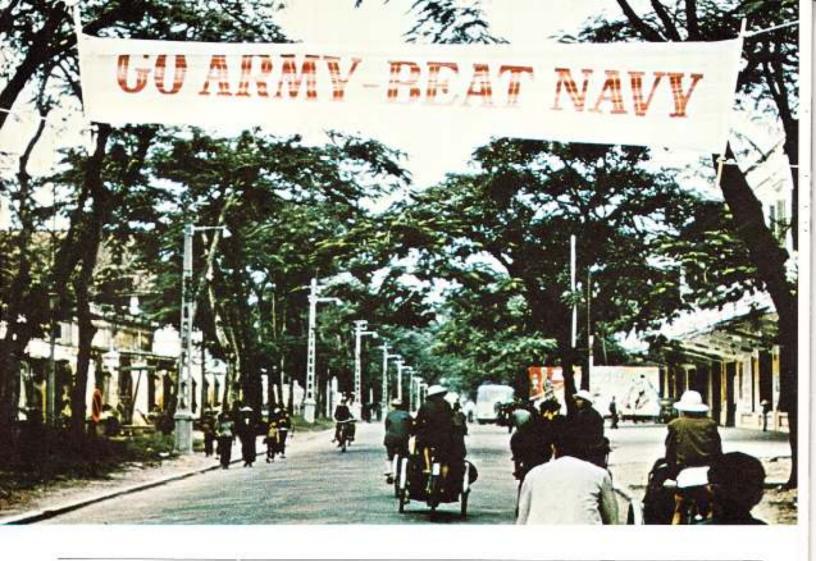




"to see the Army team, on John F. Kennedy Field, bury the Middies in an avalanche of touchdowns."



DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER



Support From the Front

by La Belle

It is difficult, in fact impossible, for any cadet to resist involvement in the terrific excitement of the Navy game. Navy Week builds toward its inevitable climax with numerous after-Taps rallies, mess hall rallies complete with important guest speakers, fanatic rabble rousers, and that final sendoff with the band blaring and the Army team escorted to South Gate by the entire Corps and an M-60 tank. The game itself is the culmination of an always spirited football season, one in which the whole Corps finds itself involved.

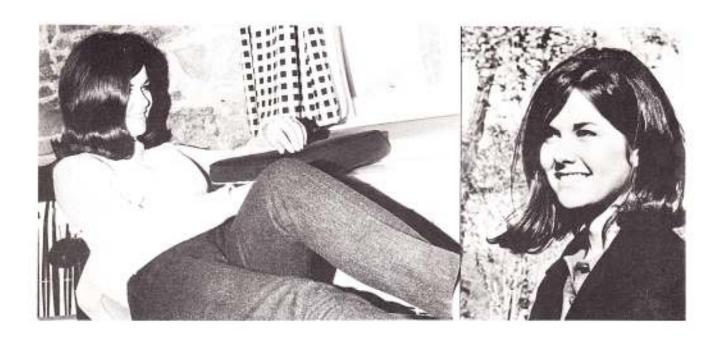
Yet the importance of the Army-Navy game reaches far beyond the gray fortress walls of West Point. Few cadets stop to realize how important this event is to the countless graduates of the Military Academy and the whole Army itself. The Army team is the Army's team, and its progress is followed throughout the entire world, but especially the outcome of that final game matters. From Alaska to Zambia, if there's an Army man around, you can bet he's interested in the game.

Even with the war, the American fighting men in Viet Nam still manage to follow the Army-Navy game. Last year the game was heard over radio with a television videotape shown as soon as it became available. This year there is a chance that the game may be viewed as it occurs via television satellite. In case, the men in Viet Nam are very explicit about their support of the Army team as evidenced by the picture, The photo shows a sign hung last year over a street in Da Nang and expresses clearly the spirit generated by the Army-Navy game even in a war-torn area.

In places removed from the war, elaborate preparations are often made for the game's coverage. In Panama, for example, where both Army and Navy officers share the same officers club, the progress of the game is chart'ed on a huge table and each play is recorded by moving the teams back and forth on the table much in the same manner as major war game maneuvers and operations are charted.

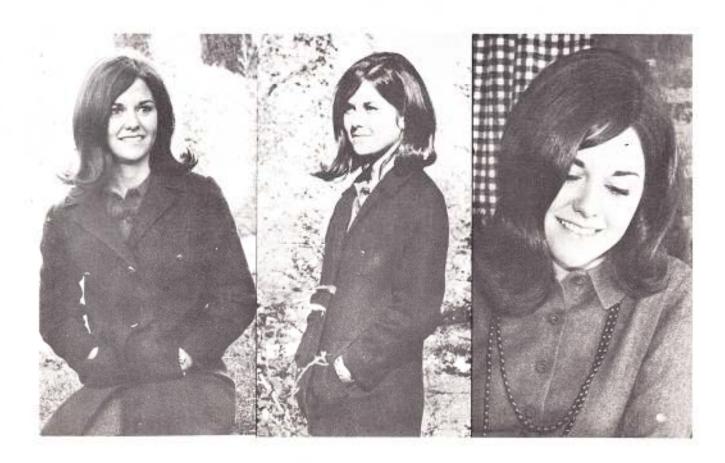
From newly commissioned second lieutenants in Ranger classes all the way to eminently distinguished retired graduates at the Army-Navy Country Club, the Army-Navy game elicits the same emotional response. General MacArthur's speech to the Corps at a rally in the 1950's is still remembered today. Even in this issue, you'll find the sentiments expressed by General Eisenhower on the importance of the game, and telegrams of support will flow in from men like General Westmoreland, the commander of the U. S. Army, Viet Nam. Followed enthusiastically by Army supporters stationed at posts all over the world, the Army-Navy game truly remains an event whose significance knows few international boundaries.

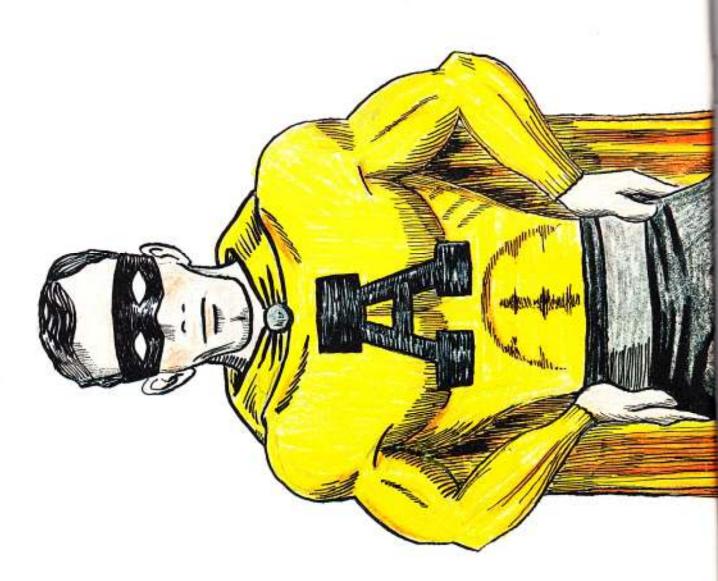




zzzz Eileen zzzz

With winter fast approaching, it's nice to have some little source of warmth to brighten up our otherwise chilly existence. And what seems warmer, than our Pointer Miss, Eileen? No stranger to the cold, Eileen McGovan comes to us from North Attleboro, Mass., where she is a 20 year old student at Stonehill College, See—things are warmer already.







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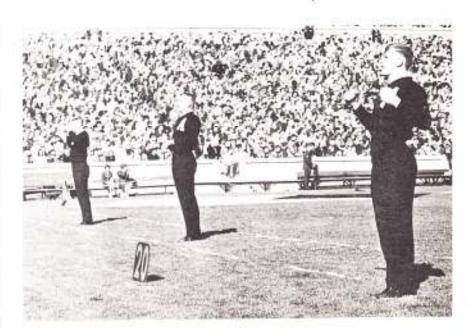
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Spirit of the Rabble

Gak! What are a million plebes doing running madly about the vicinity of the plain. Has the Corps really? Is it a revival of the food riots of 1819? A "go-home-for-Christmas-early" demonstration? If you will, the "Rabble Rousers" are at work, Yup, sports fans, this is but one manifestation of the hard work and planning going on behind the scenes, being perpetuated and yes, instigated, by our cheerleaders. In this instance, it is the hand of the fourth estate leading the "Rocket," Such actions as organizing and training the fourth class arm of our spirit mentors are just a part of the tremendous job the Rabble Rousers have done this year. Notice anything about the quality of this year's rally speakers? I'll bet you probably were able to stay awake and listen to what they had to say for a change! How about those gobs of Max-pictures plastered on your grey-cell doors every week? The chamber of commerce didn't distribute them. And how about the game





films and scouting reports narrated by the coaches? In case you are wondering, it all came about with the reorganization of the Rabble Rousers into the cheering squad, for lack of a better word, and the administrative section, A deserving description of the TO & E would require FM - 00. Dave Hale is honcho of the whole shooting match, but I suggest you ask one of YOUR classmates who is involved for more details. You see, all classes and all types of talent are involved. Anyone from track-driver to clerk-typist participates. This group has contributed immeasurably to our athletic success to date and will continue to do so in the future.

The Rabble Rousers have left fittle doubt as to their importance in the Corps this year, Their enthusiasm and tremendous originality have been a genuine bonus to Army Athletics down on the field where it counts. Recently this reporter had interviews with two of the men who make the Rabble Rousers go, Dave Hale, the Cadet in Charge, and Chad Keck, the Head Rabble Rouser, Our conversations covered many interesting topics,

I was especially curious how they,

as the people most directly concerned with spirit, felt support for the Army teams was faring. I got a quick response to this question. "Spirit at the games has been outstanding. The Penn State game had the longest period of sustained spirit I have yet seen," was Dave's remark. Our man on the field, Chad Keck, said, "It seems to be more sincere. I think that there is more spirit coming from the upper classes than in the past. I think that I would rather call it support than spirit."

Always one to turn the coin over, I hope my next question is regarded as constructive. Both Rabble Rousers felt that improvement could be noted in some areas, "Spirit can be improved by going to football practice, I don't think people realize how interesting these sessions have become under Coach Cahill," commented Dave Hale, This feeling was seconded by Chad Keck who added, "support for other sports is an area where spirit has always been sort of lax. Plebes have a chance to support their own teams, There is room for improvement."

The emergence of "A-MAN" has quite an interesting story. It seems that

(Con't on next page)



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Spirit of the Rabble . . .

the new Rabble Rousers began meeting during "June Week" to develop new approaches and ideas for rallies. Out of the brain-storming sessions came the idea of skits. A casual suggestion to have a take-off on Batman was used as the first skit, Because of the overwhelming response given "A-MAN" by the Corps, it was decided it might be a good idea to keep him around for a while. I was told by Chad Keck that many of the skits came out of brainstorming session at Snuffy's. By the time this article goes to print, "B Squad", "A-Man's" side kick, should be on the scene. When I asked if "A-Man" was going to make the Navy trip section Chad replied, "We would rather like to keep gimmicks off the ball field. Although any time his services are needed he can be counted on to be there."

Why have this year's Rabble Rousers gained such a fine reception? Chad Keck accounted for it this way ."We feel that we can't expect the Corps to receive us as an organization unless we have something to offer. We tried to be interesting and to unite spirit and support for Army Athletics. We are pleased with the way our actions have been received."





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The POINTER

Sports Personality of the Month

Coach Eric "The Red" Tipton

In this issue, the Pointer pays tribute to a great athete and member of our USMA coaching ≼aff, Coach Eric Tipton.

Coach Tipton played his college football and basehall for Duke University from 1935 to 1939. He played fullback for one year and tailback for two years as Duke won three straight Southern Conference championships. In his senior year, Co-captain Tipton was on everyone's All-America team as he led his undefeated and unscored upon Blue Devils to a perfect 9-0 record that sent Duke to the Rose Bowl against the U. of Southern California. Duke grabbed the lead with a field goal in the third quarter and held that lead until the last fifty seconds of the game, when USC threw four passes to score the only touchdown against Duke that year and upset them, 7-3. As a result of his spectacular play in the game, Tipton was named to the USC all-opponent team.

Coach Tipton also starred for Duke in baseball as he hit over .400 in all three of his varsity seasons. He led Duke, from his center field position, to three straight conference championships. "Tip" went directly to the Philadelphia Athletics after graduation and spent the next 14 years in professional baseball, never dropping below the Triple A level. He made the Triple A all-star team 5 out of 7 times and had his best year in the majors in 1944 when he batted .296.

Coach Tipton, recently elected to the National Football Half of Fame, is in his tenth year at USMA as varsity coach of both the baseball and 150 lb, football teams.

Sir, we offer our congratulations!

VICTORY ON THE HORIZON

ARMY CROSS COUNTRY

by Larry Jordan



Cross country, already one of the winningest teams at Army, looks forward to becoming an all-time great Army team, its performance thus far this season has been superb, with the season outlook excellent. Under the generalship of Coach Carleton Crowell, the harriers stretched their winning streak to 20 with their solid victory over N.Y.U. The last loss handed to West Point came at the end of the 1964 season. After the Syracuse meet. Coach Crowell's 13 season record stood at W-68, L-28, Coming to the Academy in 1951 to coach the track squad, he started wearing a second hat as cross country coach in 1954. A graduate of Wisconsin and an outstanding quarter-miler, he has coached at both Wisconsin and Tennessee. Teams under him have won the Heptagonal title four times and have placed second in the IC4A meet twice. This year Coach Crowell hopes to increase his seven-five edge over Navy by one more.

The experts predicted it would be extremely difficult to improve over last year's tally of finishing undefeated in meets, winning the Heptagnal title and snatching third in the IC4A. With the help of several talented and determined individuals, Army is proving that even the experts can be wrong. Such stalwarts as Paul DeCoursey, Jim Warner, Greg Camp, Jon Nolan, Jim Lucas, and Bob McDonald have been consistently putting Army in the place column. DeCoursey, who was the 1965 Heptagonal champ and holder of the Academy course record at 27:38, has been leading the harriers to victory, Gloom was cast over Army's otherwise sunny skies when it was announced that Paul would not be running again as a result of a heart murmur. Paul's loss will be deeply felt, for he is a great athlete and competitor.

With DeCoursey's absence, even more weight will be placed on the shoulders of junior Greg Camp and Jon Nolan, who have been finishing two and three for Army, After a rugged summer of work, they are in the hest shape of their lives as evidenced by Camp's 25:04.8 at Syracuse with similar results turned in by Nolan, holder of the Academy outdoor half mile record. Two other juniors holding letters are Bob McDonald and Mark Spellman, who along with John Anderson round out the Cow contribution. Yearlings include Ron King. Jim Lucas, Bob Hoffman, and Ron

Captain, and only First Classman on the team, Jim Warner recently returned from the hospital and is rapidly regaining strength. After last year's fine performance in taking second in the Heps and third in the IC4A, illness slowed him down to a standstill earlier. He is still recovering, finishing ninth against Syracuse, Jim should be in good form for the Heptagonals in New York City, November 4th, and the IC4A the 14th, By November 19 and the meet with Navy, he, along with the entire team, will be in top shape and eager to go.

With all looking forward to the Navy meet, few can ignore the Middy strength, Coached by Jim Gehrdes, in his 15th year at Annapolis, they were Heptagonal Champs in 1962 and 1964, Navy has several strong runners. Some to be watchful of are Buzz Lawlor, Jim Dare, Dick Brantigan, and Dick Moore, Lawlor, captain of the squad, holds both Navy's indoor and outdoor mile records. In the five meets be entered last year he never finished lower than fourth. Dare, a junior, is supposed to be Navy's best, finishing lower than 5th only once. Brantigan and Moore are both returning lettermen. With two such determined teams, the competition promises to be excellent. With Army's superb squad and the added advantage of running on its home course, we expect to see another tremendous victory over Navy November 19th.

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VICTORY ON THE HORIZON

by Andy Maron

For awhile in mid-season it looked as if our three year string of extremely successful seasons was going to end this year, but a great week in which Seton Hall and West Chester State fell in successive shutouts put the Cadet booters back in stride. The team is now ready for the final push toward the big game with Navy and possible admission to the NCAA championship playoffs. If a continuation of the last two games can be engineered, then we will be in a strong position for the longed-for invitation to Berkeley, California.

Army entered this season boasting a 12-1-1 record from the previous season, and with 9 returning lettermen. Eight lettermen did not come back from that fine team that went to the NCAA semi-finals, but the returning nine are planning a return to the tournament this year. The biggest problem this season has been the halfback line, Unfortunately, the entire line graduated last year, leaving critical gaps to be filled. Horst Sperber, a reserve letterman, has filled into one of these gaps, where he has been joined by Bob Behncke, Jim Nielsen, and Al Vitters. Behncke has been the real surprise, as he has turned into the workhorse of this line.

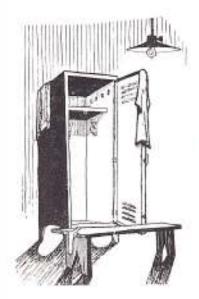
There never was any worry about the offense, however, The whole returning front line has contributed beautifully this year, Captain and All-American Joe Casey, fresh from his record-shattering 22 goal 1965 season, is as tough as ever. He has booted in 13 so far this year to lead the team. Casey is being pushed for this lead by another Captain, baseball Captain John Boretti. John has 11 goals so far and intends to challenge "Case" for the lead. Mike Palone, the other returnee, and Bill Friese each have 7 goals, while Yearling Steve Allaire has 4. So as one can see, our offense is no problem; in fact, if the team continues at this pace, they will set an Army season scoring record. Let us hope this record-shattering pace continues.

Defensively, the Cadets have allowed only 9 goals in 9 games while compiling 4 shutouts. Unfortunately, the time the other team scores is the time we choose not to score, thus accounting for our 3-2 overtime loss to Hartwick

and the 2-0 defeat by Brown. The goal has been handled by Mike "Spider" Spinello, a definite All-America candidate. Mike is big, quick, and experienced, and handles the goalie assignment without much difficulty. Jim Alich has played capably during his stints in the net also. A trio of lettermen bolster our fullback slots as Ed Milinski, Jack Graziano, and Ernie Heimberg provide the backbone of our defense. Playing often and contributing extensively are Jim Haas, who has replaced Heimberg on the 1st team, Joe Sowa, and Lindy Blackburn.

This team has had and continues to have but one objective-victory over Navy. The last time an Army team beat the Mids was in 1958, 3 long games ago. We came close last year with a 2-2 tie, but that does not count. Navy is tough as ever, as they are riding a 39 game victory string in regular season play. Captain Schwanabeck's Middles are working toward the NCAA tournament also and they have no intention of losing just to be nice to us. The game will be close and tough, with Army gaining a slight edge from the home field. Give Navy the favorite role, due to their superior record. But don't count out the fighting Rabble, for Coach Palone's soccer team is always in there fighting and, They Want This Victory!





The Locker Room

by Emmett Mahle

While the Corps was in New Brunswick supporting the Big Rabble, this writer had the opportunity to view the one-sided Navy-Pitt game in Pittsburgh with front row press box tickets, compliments of the AAA. Here are some observations made during that game: Navy, although having a mediocre 4-4 record so far this season, has a wellcoached ball club with their share of talented players. John Cartwright, as fine a passer and runner as you'll see, teams with halfback Terry Murray to provide most of the offensive punch. Rob Norton, the Middle split end, has real good hunds and is a constant threat on the long bomb. The two Church boys, John and Dave, although unrelated have related skills as they provide Navy with a strong kicking game. The defensive unit is good and tough, but not spectacular, with strong points being at defensive halfback and tackle. To use an old, but in this case true, phrase as Cartwright goes, so goes the Navals.

After the game, we somehow got passes to the Navy locker room and there met and talked with the very personable head coach of Navy, Bill Elias. Knowing that we were already treading on dangerous ground, we kept our questions pretty general and did not bring up the Philadelphia Question. We thanked him and then left, passing by the Navy trainer, who stood there with an astonished look on his face.

For those of you who missed it, during the last part of October the Army Rugby Club had set up a display outside South Auditorium complete with action pictures, a mannequin suited out in a rugger uniform, and the 1967 Army schedule. The first match on that schedule is with the Royal Academy team, with the match to be played at Sandhurst, England, over Spring Leave. When March 1st rolls around, Randy Pais, the cadet coach, will probably have more guys show up for the team than he could ever use.

The United States won more medals than anyone at the 27-nation Little Olympics in Mexico City, but team members had difficulty with the rarefied air. The Games were held in advance of the 1968 Olympics to give athletes and

doctors present in the high-altitude capitol of Mexico, a chance to study the effects that the climatic conditions there would have on performances. These urned out to be generally below par, and predicted that record-breaking performances in 1968 would be at an all time low.

There is an old saying among true sport fans that you should never leave an athletic contest before it is over. Manyo peple have kicked themselves because they haven't had niugh foresight to follow this rule. The 10,000 or so fans who watched the Army-Navy 150 lb. game on Oct, 29th in Michie Stadium, probably will never leave a game in the future before the last gun has sounded. Those of us who were present will always be thankful for those last 43 seconds.

Address any opinions or comments to Sports Editor, The Pointer Magazine, West Point, New York.



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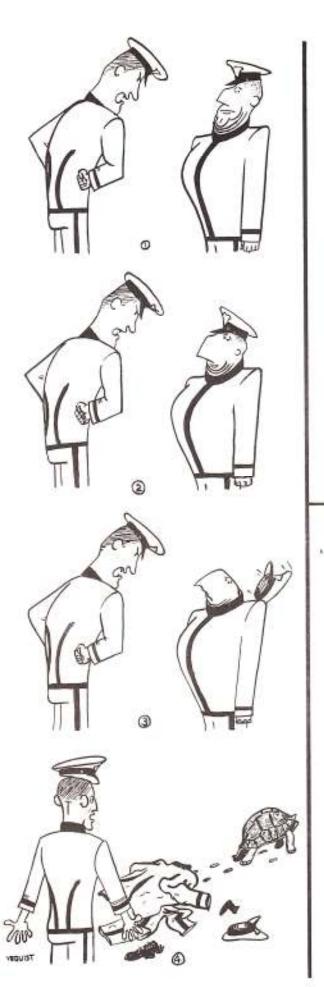


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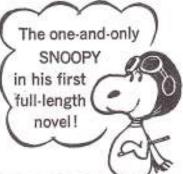
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RIDING CLUB

The newest extracurricular activity at U.S.M.A. is the Cadet Riding Club, sponsored by the officers and officers' wives in the West Point Riding Club. The cadet club is presently renting five horses for its activities.

The club is not a social organization. Its purpose is to provide instruction in basic equitation and stable management. At present, only English riding is being taught, due to the fact that English saddles are not as expensive as the western variety, Plans for the future include an increase in the number of horses and quantity of equipment, trail riding for qualified cadets and their dates, and a pentathalon team (triathalon plus riding and fencing). Those with greater foresight envision possible Olympic competition in pentathalon and even a polo club. It is emphasized that all expansion plans depend on the support and enthusiasm of the members of the club.

There are openings for cadets of all classes, with no experience necessary. Instruction is provided by qualified cadet instructors. Work on the stables which are located at Morgan's Farm, south of Highland Falls, is done on a strictly volunteer basis, utilizing such free time as off-intramural days and weekends. Records are kept of participation in the work programs, in order to give credit to those who deserve it as a basis of priorities once the club is well established.

This fall the cadet club sent three members to New York City to see the presentation of the West Point Challenge Trophy for international jumping at the National Horse Show in Madison Square Garden. This is the first time cadets have been to this show since 1947, when horseback riding ceased to be a part of the OPE curriculum. The club already has an invitation to New York City to participate in the NYC Mounted Police Invitational, and for June Week the club will put on a riding demonstration for returning graduates.

The club is already in full swing. On Sunday, 30 October, at the New York Military Academy, Cadet Tom Watson, Third Class, Company B-1, won a blue ribbon for his First Place finish in the Military Riding Class (open jumping division). His mount was Cadet Grey owned by Brigadier General Scott.

The officers of the Cadet Riding Club are John Hart, president; Tom Hill, vice president; and Zeke Wimert, training officer. The officer in charge is Major David H. Rumbough, Department of English



SKI DIVING CLUB

In the relatively few years it has been in existence, the U.S.M.A. Sport Parachute Club has compiled an admirable safety record. This is due mainly to the dedication and high standards of performance which are demanded by the members of themselves and each other. They conform strictly to the standards set up by the Parachute Clubs of America, the pioneer of American sport parachuting.

Under the guidance of Lt. Col. Reamer W. Argo Jr. Assistant Professor of History of the Military Art, the club has already had one meet this fall with the Hudson Valley Sport Parachute Club, and has trained 100 new jumpers. The training lasts two weeks and is closely supervised by O.P.E. and qualified members. Weather permitting, the members jump throughout the winter. This winter, a few of the experts will be sent to Otis A.F.B. Mass. for high altitude qualification. High altitude in sport parachuting means anywhere from 15,000 to 30,000 feet!

Bob Shaw, the club's president, outlined a full and demanding schedule for this spring, when the sport returns to in-season status. Highlights of the spring season will be trips to Ft. Bragg, Ft. Campbell, and the Air Force Academy. Home meets include competition with Massachussetts University and the Citadel. This all leads to the West Point Invitational, the major event in national sport parachuting, in which all of the Nation's top club teams participate.

Other officers for this year are: Tommy Thompson, vice president; Lou Davis, custodian; Doug Stevenson, secretary; Pat Curran, safety officer; and Mike Lighthill, rigger. Of the club's twenty in-season jumpers, ten are approaching one hundred jumps, and five are expected to reach two hundred jumps and a class D classification.

Don't just sit there. Wallace Middendorp. Make a noise. Or drink Sprite, the noisy soft

What did you do when Joe (Boxcar) Brkczpaluj was kicked off the football team just because he flunked six out of four of his majore? What did you do, Wallace Middendorp?

drink.

And when the school newspaper's editors resigned in

protest because The Chanceller wouldn't allow the publication of certain salacious portlons of "Night In a Girl's Dorwitory"

you just sat, didn't you? You've made a mockery of your life, Wallace Middendorp! You're a vegetable. Protest, Wallace Middendorp.

LACE MIDDENDORP SAT HERE

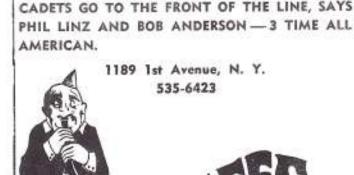
Take a stand. Make a noise! Or drink Sprite, the noisy soft drink.

Open a bottle of Sprite at the next campus speak-out. Let it fizz and bubble to the masses.

Let its lusty carbonation echo through the halls of lvy. Let its tart, tingling exuberance infect the crowd with excitament.

Do these things, Wallace Viddendorp. Do these things, and what hig corporation is going to hire you?

SERITE SO TARY AND TINGLING, WE JUST COULDN'T KEEP IT QUIET







Mountaineering Club

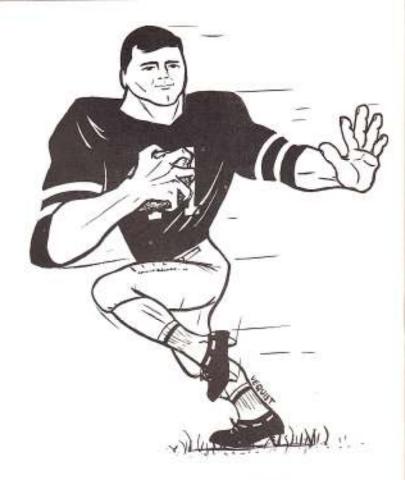
by Chris Biltoft

Suppose you happen to be passing through Central Area some Sunday afternoon and see an incredibly worn and grubby looking character clanking around with all kinds of ropes and weird metal things hanging from him. You stop and think: Either he is a gross plebe returning from his punishment hike or he is a member of the Mountaineering Club just returned from the hills (ask him what's for supper, and if he doesn't know he is probably the plebe). There are, however, a few of us who enjoy doing a little rock climbing on weekends, so we got together this little outfit called the Mountaineering Club,

Club activities this year include weekend climbing at Blackcap and the Recondo mountaineering area, and occasional trips to New Paltz, N. Y., where the Shawangunk Moutains present some of the best technical climbing in the east.

At this point you might ask yourself; Why should I be interested in rock climbing? The only answer to be offered is in terms of personal satisfaction and relaxation—I rarely worry about the problems of the world while hanging by my fingertips from the edge of a cliff.

Club advisors Major Huff and Sgt. Major Brosseau, President Bob McEldowney, and club members have a wealth of climbing experience and are always willing to show newcomers the ropes,



-BY HIMSELF

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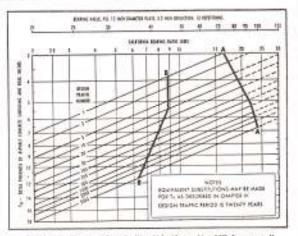
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The Army Team As Seen By . . .







Contributions!!

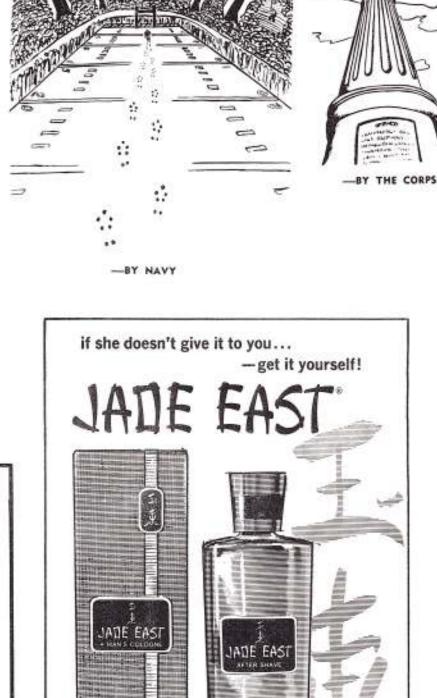
Girls, what do you think of West Point? The editors of the Femmes issue of the POINTER would like to know.

Can you write, take photographs or draw? Then your time has come, because the January issue, the Femmes issue, is exclusively yours.

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MOBILE MEN IN BLACK



At the loud clap of a cannon your men in black and gold mounted on four sturdy mules move swiftly down the side line, urging on the Army Team. These are the Army mules and riders. The mule, a symbol of sturdiness and resolve, has long come to be a symbol of hard-fighting, tenacious Army teams. The man who leads this rousing charge is a first classman Ken Strong. Recently I had the opportunity to speak with him about the Army mascots and the men who work with them.

The mule riders are chosen only after considerable screening which culminates in a competitive elimination. This year's mule riders, Ray Heath, Clark Stave, Jim Lewellyn, Chuck Stone and Ken Strong, are no exception, as their skills attest. Both Heath and Lewellyn vault, and Strong jumps the mules over a miniature goal post after each Army score.

This year a conscientious effort has been made to bring the Corps closer to its mascots. They have been present this year at more rallies than ever before, at all home games, and, when possible, at away games. Efforts have been made to bring them into Washington Hall. (Did they get in?) First comes the idea, right? The Corps should feel free to approach the mules at games, I was told by Ken Strong.

Contrary to popular opinion, "Max" is not an Army mule nor was he ever. It is rather odd, of course, how little Cadets know about the Army mules. The name was a creation of the Rabble Rousers, which meant, "maximum effort". The real mules are named K. C. Mo (for Kansas City, Missouri), Traller, Hannibal II, and Buck Shot. Hannibal II was a gift from the Missouri city of that name. Buck Shot came to West Point as a gift from the Air Force Academy. Troller, the oldest of the four mules, came to the Academy in 1949 when the Army pack mules were deactivated. He is one of the few genuine Army pack mules still around in this country.

Riding the mules is not just a week-end affair. The riders are responsible for much of the upkeep of equipment and care of our mascots. They train every day after class, practicing stunts and exercising the mules.

"I feel the mule riders have done much to generate spirit," Ken Strong said. There is little to dispute this claim. They are playing a very valuable part in the total picture of Corps esprit and team support.





CADET BAND

by John Shull

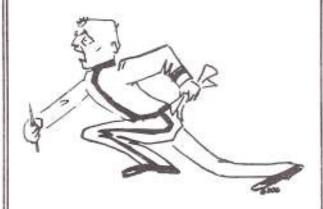
"Rally, rally, rally!" Washington Hall is jarred at its concrete moorings with the roaring spirit of the Corps during football season. A boost comes through a cymbal's clash, for that spirit is the Cadet Band. The staccato of "The Parade of the Charioteers" or the racing trumpets of "William Tell" enliven these rowdy repasts and give them a heighth of esprit that sets USMA in the mood to whip anyone. Perhaps one hears the Spring notes of "Green Peppers" or the delightful pleasantry of "The Pink Panther"—these and many more are the Cadet Band's contribution to the cohesive morale of a 3,000 man team.

The 70 member band is directed by CWO Ken Whitcome. He is a talented arranger and songwriter both for the Cadet Band and the Helicats. Together with the Assistant Officer-In-Charge, Lt. Colonel Daigh, the two give the musical group stable direction and supervision. Cadet officers include First classman Tom Jacobus, President, First classman James Findley and John Adamson, Vice-President and Manager, respectively, and Second classman Bob Alexander, Secretary. These are the men who really run the show—the cadets. They put considerable time into organizing the musicians into a smooth, well-coordinated playing unit.

Mess Hall rallies are not the entire existence of the Cadet Band. Its weekly Sunday rehearsals aim for bigger and bolder things. In the Fall it plays at plebe and 150-lb football games, both at home and at some away. From its ranks a fifteen man dance band is provided for Cadet Hops. Entertainment at the annual and infamous Goat-Engineer game is also in its charge, including such gaiety as a sitirical half time performance.

Winter sees the musicmen at basketball games, wrestling matches, and in concerts. A trip to Annapolis is no unwanted fringe benefit during Gloom Period. Spring and lively times again witness the spirited strains of the Band's fight songs on the baseball diamond. The entire year for the Cadet Band is an active, noisy, rollicking rush from rally to rally from music sheet to music sheet, from note to note in jovial support of Army teams and Army spirit.

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2nd Lieut., United States Army

Assignment: West Point Academic Instructor

CHAPTER THREE: THE ARMY-NAVY GAME



 Taking leave of my adoring wife for a few days.



3. Navy soon arrived,



5. and their cheerleaders.



2. I flew non-stop to Philadelphia.



4. and I got my first look at their team,



6. After pulling a few strings,



 I got to see the hostess of the Ben Franklin Hotel.



8. Maid service was excellent,



9. and the hors d'ocryes were different.



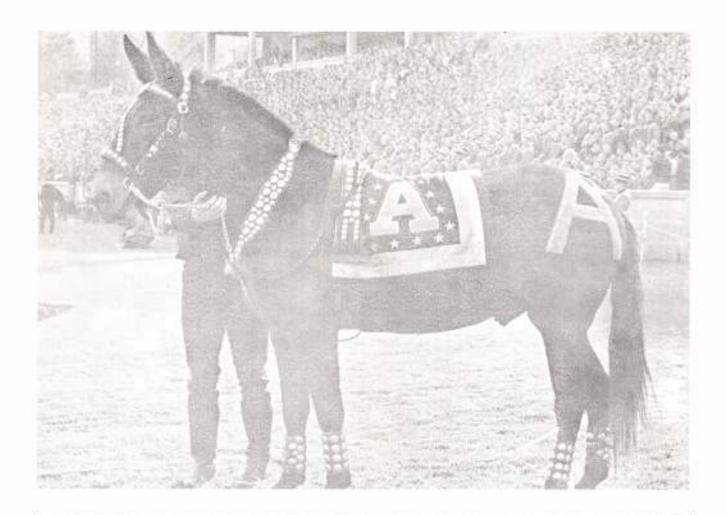
 Same played new and interesting games at the Hotel,



11. while others danced the latest dances



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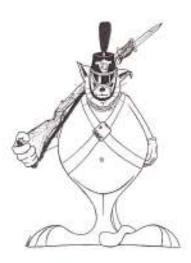
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Pyrene . . .

looks like ma and e finally applying their own lessons . . . woofers achieve mass comma surprise and eight of nine principles of war . . . simplicity left out . . . after a week of diligent comma painstaking comma dauntless comma self dash sacrificing practice comma which shows true dedication to the cause comma the corps of cadets is ready and determined to invade the geat city of brotherly lave and demonstrate to the world that it is not only number one in the east comma but first in the nation at taking off hats in unison . . . saw craig butler at capital c dash store . . says his art book must be a misprint . . . shows good guys in red question mark . . . capital a capital p capital e cagerly awaiiting pft on day after the weekend . . . they expect capital t capital d trophy for most privileges yanked in a single day . . . cows not so happy about new juice . . . now possible to go d on the three week plan . . capital t capital d also get in licks on cows . . . gives them two weekends thanksgiving comma yea exclamation point . . . makes criteria two point three in all classes comma boo exclamation point . . . ergus has nightmares . . . wakes up yelling quotation marks wait comma pickett comma don aspostrophe t attack close quotation marks . . . after month of ce decide to kiss off branch choice . . now study vietnamese and read infantry magazines . . . our p hoped that coffee call would keep troops awake second hour . . . instead everybody wents to go to latrine during class . . . thump comma thump goes sound of weary feet plodding weary way to class across boardwalks . . . are second lieutenants eligible for debtors prison mark . . . and yet comma deep down inside heart of every man who ever knew fury of on lab there grows spark which will ignite into flame as usec spring grand prix takes shape . . . pound the navals . . . glf dash jer



not about to describe them. We are interested in the micro-photo just above — specifically the little

rectangle in the center. It's a minuscule chip of silicon produced in Motorola's semiconductor labs-on the verge of creating a scientific revolution all its own.

The chip's dimensions are 0.060" by 0.080"—about the size of a baby B-B. That tiny area incorporates 14 transistors, 10 resistors and 2 capacitors—performing the same circuit functions as the 26 discreet components shown below. It's Motorola's chip off a new block of electronics-it's an integrated circuit.

But why all the fuss?

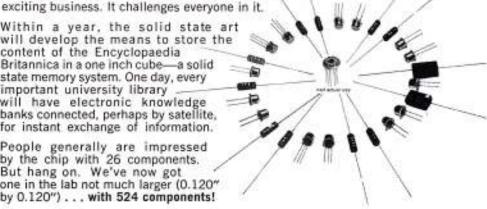
Because the integrated circuit is the key to untold electronics marvels, hitherto impractical. Because its small size, weight, and power consumption lessen the cost of complex systems and improve performance, Because it's more reliable, to boot.

Integrated circuits already are used in design plans for amazing new computers - computers which will, in effect, function as special extensions of the human brain. Computers which, in time, will almost think. It's an

Within a year, the solid state art will develop the means to store the content of the Encyclopaedia Britannica in a one inch cube-a solid state memory system. One day, every important university library will have electronic knowledge banks connected, perhaps by satellite, for instant exchange of information.

People generally are impressed by the chip with 26 components. But hang on. We've now got one in the lab not much larger (0.120" by 0.120") . . . with 524 components!

Hip chip? You bet.



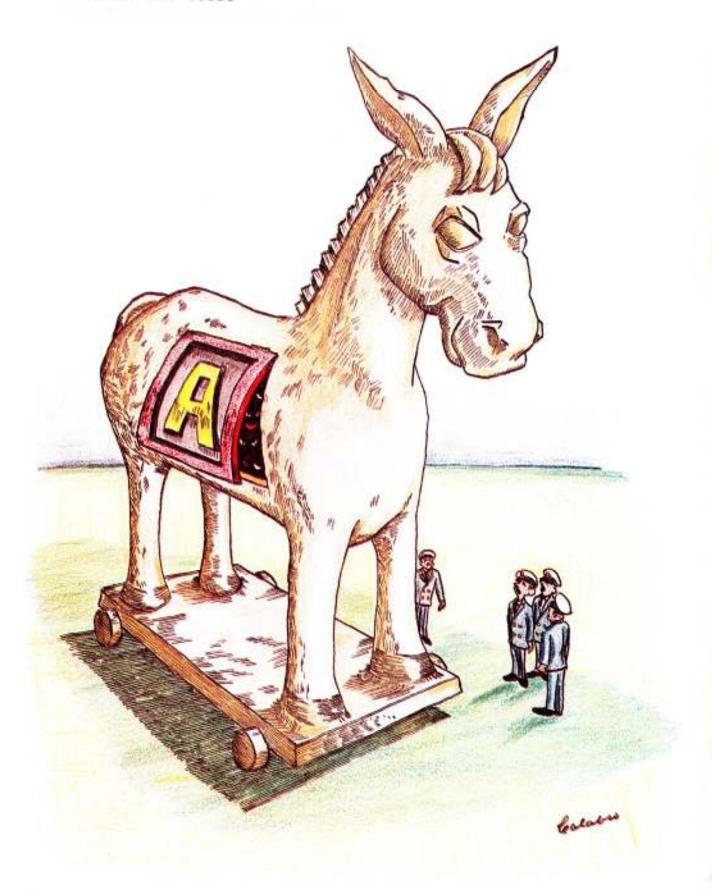
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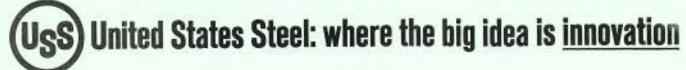
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The rig and its drilling equipment are new, but U.S.

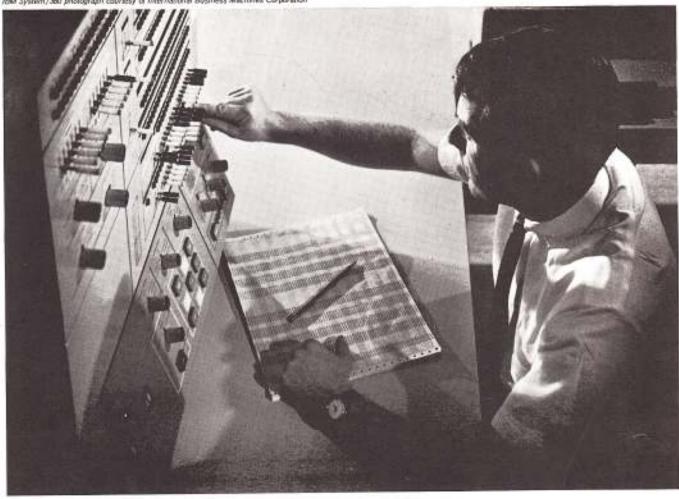
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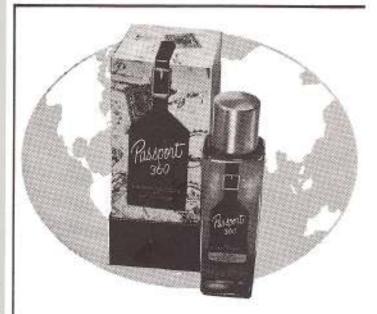
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THE COVER . . .

The face, the eyes, the hair—the misty memory of her. Christmas of today with all its new tokens, its glamor and gaudiness, cannot take away from the reality, the beautiful simplicity of a relationship. That image of her in a happy, foggy past, is the spirit of Christmas.



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Presenting The Drinking Song for Sprite: "ROAR, SOFT-DRINK, ROAR!"

(To the tune of "Barbara Fritchie")



Traditionally, a lusty, rousing fight song is derigsur for every worthy cause and institution. But we wrote a song for Sprite anyway. We'd like you to sing it while drinking Sprite, though this may cause some choking and coughing. So what? It's all in good, clean fun. And speaking of good, clean things, what about the taste of Sprite? It's good. It's clean. However, good clean things may not exactly be your idea of jollies. In that case, remember that Sprite is also very refreshing. "Tart and tingling," in fact. And very collegiate. And maybe we'd better quit while we're shead. So here it is. The Drinking Song For Sprite. And if you can get a group together to sing it-we'd be very surprised.

Roar, soft drink, roar! You're the loudest soft drink we ever sawr! So tart and tingling, they couldn't keep you quiet: The perfect drink, guy, To sit and think by, Or to bring instant refreshment To any campus riot! Occooh --Rear, soft drink, rear! Flip your cap, hiss and bubble, fizz and gush! Oh we can't think Of any drink That we would rather sit with! Or (if we feel like loitering) to hang out in the strit with! Or sleep through English lit' with! Roar! Soft drink! Roar! Yeabhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, SPRITE!



SPRITE, SO TART AND TINGLING, WE JUST COULDN'T KEEP IT QUIET.





Christmas Leave approacheth, with a chance for everyone to see what the outside world has to offer. In the area of motion pictures, there is quite a range to choose from. Two of the newest of these are Is Paris Burning, released by Paramount, and Penelope, an MGM offering. The pictures include the two most important ingredients for modern movie viewers, that is, sex and violence, so they should be well attended over the holidays.

Is Paris Burning, is, of course, the film adaptation of the highly popular book by Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre. Briefly, it is the story of the liberation of Paris by the American and Free French forces in 1944. It covers a period of ten days wherein the Allied Command finally makes the decision to take the city while the resistance movement from within finally moves out into the open in an effort to wrest their city from the Germans.

All of the shooting for the film was done in France. Quite a bit of it was done right in Paris, where the actual incidents occurred over twenty-two years ago, with the rest of the footage being filmed at an Army base outside of Paris. Diverting traffic and halting pedestrians, while changing the facade of streets to that of the forties, was all included in the effort to add realism to the film, and from all advance notices, the attempt was highly successful.

The film has as an impressive list of stars as has appeared in any show in the last decade. This list includes such notables as Jean-Paul Belmondo, Charles Boyer, Leslie Caron, George Chakiris, Kirk Douglas, Glenn Ford, Robert Stack, Simone Signoret, and many others. Thus with a cast such as this, and with a rather intriguing story to work with, Is Paris Burning should provide a fairly enjoyable evening for mostly everyone.

A few interesting sidelights in the making of this picture deal with the props used, especially the tanks and other weapons. The machine guns were operated by air and gas, filtered through plastic valves connected to spark plugs. The impact of a shot was created by discharging gelatine capsules filled with earth. Hand grenades were manufactured from plastic, and heavy cannons were removed from the tanks and replaced with lighter, plastic-covered steel tubes. The fire, smoke and recoil action of the tank guns were also operated by an automatic electrical device.

(Continued on Page 6)







WELCOME RETURN

It is quite apparent
that young men have
welcomed the return of
the smart-looking double
breasted blazer.
We contribute our wool
flannel natural shoulder
model with side vents,
welt edges and metal
buttons... all in all an
item you can hardly afford
to be without these days!
Sizes 35-44... \$45.



Rogers Peet Co

NEW YORK • HARTFORD BOSTON • WASHINGTON



ABOVE AND BEYOND . . .

(Continued from Page 4)

The other motion picture under scrutiny is Penelope, starring Natalie Wood, Peter Falk, and Jonathan Winters. The movie itself is another piece of Hollywood fluff, but it has 'Natalie Wood, so no one really cares, The story generally deals with a young girl, Natalie Wood, who has a thing about stealing. She steals jewels from her husband's former girlfriends, Phi Beta Kappa keys from sex crazed anthropology professors, and money from her husband's bank. Though the story is not too demanding, it is light and bright, and may serve as a relatively valid escape from the general boredom of Christmas leave, serving to make one forget how much you yearn to return to your Alma Mater.

As has already been pointed out, Natalie Wood is all over the screen, and the screen has never looked better. Miss Wood's wardrobe seems to have been designed with the idea in mind of covering the least amount of feminine form with the least amount of material, and the effect is nothing short of spectacular.

Advanced literature on the film makes a point of the fact that the wardrobe ran up to about a quarter of a million dollars, which is certainly a bit high for nothing.

All in all, this is a fairly good film to go to when your spirits are low. Just don't bring the girlfriend along, RECORDS:

The Dean Martin TV Show—Reprise—ten selections from the little old wine-drinkers' TV attempt which, remarkably, sound all the same. And for realism in recordings, if you listen real close, you can hear Dean bumping into the mike, lighting eigarettes, and sipping on a between song coke. For those fanatic favorites of the liquid member of the Rat Pack the album should be greatly appreciated. For those of us, however, who just don't understand, it is very difficult not to yawn and doze through the whole recording. The Anita Kerr Singers, Slightly Baroque—Warner Brothers,

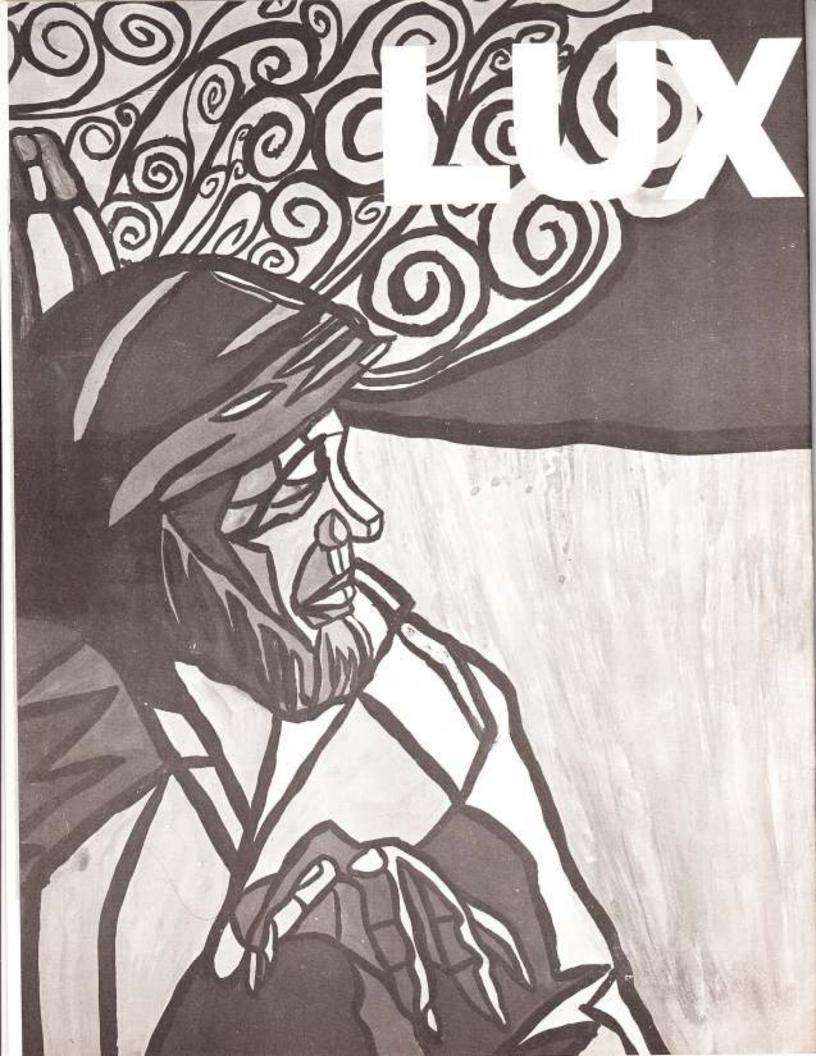
With Yesterday and Marianne Faithful, barogue is in, and Bach must be turning over in his grave. However, done well, the sound comes across light and breezy and highly enjoyable, and this may be said of a few of the selections on this album, though not many. Miss Kerr's greatest problem is that she swears that she arranged the numbers in the baroque fashion, but the proof certainly isn't in the listening. Two selections, "My Love" and "If Ever I Would Leave You" are reminiscent of the Swingle Singers, and do bring across the highly unique flavor of the baroque style. In general, the album is nothing new, and slightly disappointing when so much could have been done with it.

Turning our gaze inward for a second, it seems a sad state of affairs that while cadets complain on occasions about the lack of things to do around West Point on weekends when the plays and musicals put on by The West Point Players are so poorly attended by the Corps in general.

There are people within the Corps who have yet to see an actual dramatic play or musical on a stage, and they really don't know what they are missing. The quality of the shows done by this group is consistently high, and the whole atmosphere of a live show makes for a highly enjoyable afternoon or evening.

Thus, the next time you feel compelled to cry out into the night because you are terribly bored, and you know that the West Point Players are putting on one of their shows that weekend, pull yourself out of your lethargy and take a chance; you're sure to come out a winner.





MAGNA

by Danihy

It was a cold night, the coldest it had been in a long time. Night had fallen early, yet it had brought with it none of the customary stars, and the two moons which usually shone with such brilliance were shrouded in a thick cover of clouds.

The wind whipped through silent streets, coming down from the moutains, and carrying with it a bitter cold that the old men said held a cleansing power. It would burn out the evil in the land and in men's souls, and leave both naked to face nature at its cruellest.

You had heard the old men speaking, but he was young, and he held little with the old ways, the old superstitions. It was cold because it was winter, and there were winds because there was a storm coming, it was as simple as that. The old men were stupid, they hid behind stories and would not face the world as it was.

For Yon, life was a harsh succession of bitter winters bringing with them brigands from the hills in search of food, and scorching summers, parching everything in sight and leaving the land with the stillness of death upon it. Yon's life was completely centered about his cattle, those thirty or forty shaggy, lean animals which gave him his livelihood. He tended them with a certain compassion he did not even show for his wife, Yet this was logical, since if his wife died there was always another woman to be had, but if his cattle died, he would be ruined.

This then was the reason why Yon was out on such a bitter night. His son, Mando, had failed to bring the cattle in from the hillsides where they were grazing during the day, and now Yon had to go out on this bitterest of nights in search of them. He had thought of bringing Mando along with him to teach him a lesson, but his wife had not allowed it, so Yon wandered the hills of his home alone, in search of cattle which had, in all probability, either wandered many miles away, or had been captured by one of the bands of robbers known to be in the area.

The wind wailed and moaned, and Yon pulled his collar up and hunched his shoulders against the cold. He walked along a small path which ran parallel to the side of one of the numerous hills. The cry of the wind was such that he had little or no chance of hearing his lost cattle, so he would have to depend on catching sight of them if he ever wished to find them.

Tears filled his eyes as he searched the night. He wiped them away with the sleeve of his coat and looked again at a small cluster of trees ahead of him. He could barely make out some shapes clustered around the bare trees, and he hurried forward to get a better look.

He moved swiftly yet silently over the ground, for there

was a chance that the forms were brigands instead of cattle, and he would have little chance against them, he being armed only with a stout pole almost as tall as himself.

As he drew closer he saw that the shapes were actually cattle, and he moved up to them, calling to them by name, and urging them forward.

There were ten of them and he moved them down the trail with a firm guidance in search of the others. An hour passed, and he had found another fifteen. The size of the herd had grown, and he found it difficult to handle them, so he moved them off the path and headed them in the direction of the nearest house, belonging to Morik, the richest man of the community.

As he drew close to the house he could see a lamp burning in one of the windows. He halted the herd and called out, but there was no movement inside. He reached down and picked up a few small stones, which he threw against the window. Now he saw movement, and in a second the window opened and a large man with an amazing amount of white hair thrust his head out into the cold.

"What is it? Who's out there?" the man cried.

Yon yelled back, "It is your neighbor Yon. I have part of my herd with me. May I leave them in your barn while I search for the others?"

The man's head moved in search of the person whose voice he had just heard, but the night was so black that he could see only the forms of the cattle moving restlessly. He cleared his throat and spat into the wind, then called out, "Neighbor Yon, there is a man and his wife in the barn. They are travelers without a place to stay and I offered them my barn. If you must, put the cattle behind the fences, and let them stay until you return. Their coats are heavy and they will not freeze."

Yon, giving no answer, began to move his herd in the direction of the fences thinking, as he went that if it were his decision, the cattle would get the barn, and those people would have to fend for themselves.

He drove the herd into the confines of the wooden fences, closed the gate, and latched it. He turned and began walking towards the hills again, pulling up his collar as he went.

He searched for another hour without success. He was now over ten miles from his home, yet his fear of losing his cattle drove him on. He followed the path until it ran into another, and he paused at this junction to rest. As he sat behind the cover of a large boulder he gazed up into the dark sky and cursed the hidden moons and the clouds which covered them. Without their light his job was twice as difficult.

As his eyes searched the skies, he noticed that the clouds (Continued on Page 28)







Kerry



We added a bit of Irish sparkle to the Holiday Season with our Christmas sweetheart, Kerry Ann Harrigan, from

Westbury, Long Island. She's a 20 year old education major at St. John's University. Among the things she likes best are Music, the Theater, West Point (?), Mustaches and Paul Baerman, B-1.

There is a lot of the Joy of Christmas in that smile but for Kerry the joy is there not just on Christmas Day but all the other 364 as well.







He: Hortense . . . they're playing our song!

She: Yes, Edgar, it brings back those wonderful days when we first met in the lobby of the Sheraton-Atlantic Hotel ... seven years ago.

He: Seven wonderful years
and every college
vacation since then
we've been coming back
to New York and the
Sheraton-Atlantic,
For Thanksgiving,
Christmas, Mid-years,
Spring vacations

Sibe: And the Sheraton-Atlantic has such convenience to theatres, museums, libraries, Lincoln Center, Fifth Avenue shops, and with such swinging restaurants right in the Hotel and dancing nightly and such low prices... no worder we students always make out best at the Sheraton-Atlantic.

He: You were always such a romantic, darling.

STUDENT RATES:0

 Single
 \$8.00 per person

 Twin
 6.00 per person

 Triple
 4.50 per person

 Quad
 4.00 per person

Faculty rates are low too:

Single ... \$8 • Twin ... \$12 For reservations contact your Sheraton Student Representative or in Boston disk 1617) HU 2-2004 for immediate confirmation of student rates.

*Student rates do not apply March 17-38, 1907

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PLEBE CHRISTMAS

by JOHN SHULL

"Sir, there are five and a butt days until Christmas Leave for the Corps of Cadets."

Thus, the holiday is proclaimed in the minute caller's stentorian tone. That fete is the vapor of a Plebe's dreams—it is mystery to his whole intelligence. The thoughts of going home—a girl, the folks, a girl, civvies, a girl, a car, a girl, sleep—all are beyond his belief. His many hours of subconscious and unconsciousness, whether in Mathematics or in nightly slumber, create mirages of an oasis of unequaled pleasures and Epicurean extremes amid the desert of Plebe Year. Until after that last class, until the gray walls vanish down the highway, until familiar sights of happier surroundings take form—only until then will a Plebe know, beyond desperate imagination that he is truly to be given a Christmas Leave.

This has not always been a Plebe's Nirvana. Ask the "Last Class," '67, about Christmas. A typical response is a schizophrenic mixture of fishwife's harangue and Class Pride. Yes, '67 was the last class to endure the confinement of Plebe Christmas. But what is Plebe Christmas, anyway? What did it mean and what does it mean now?

There was a time, way back before the Revolution of 1964, when Plebe's spent the week and a half of Yufetide vacation inside Academy limits. Those in the sequel, the Class of '68 on, look to a West Point Christmas with disinterest, in comparison to the comforts and delights of that holiday at home. The place was not quite so drah as might be pictured, however, Every Upperclass facility became a renlity, bar one—the sacred Flirty, of course, A hop was held almost nightly. Skating, skiing, and dragging were the sports that drew the crowds. The hilarious Rebel Relay at the skating Rink was a highlight that no one could afford to miss. The antics of a gangly Georgian Plebe completely unaware of the solid state of water were about as predictable as an Army-Navy Game.

The Weapons Room—so long a forbidden figment of Fourth Class fancy—became a well-known haunt during Plehe Christmas. The First Class Club was equally a haven as Plebes soon put on the facade of a man with chevrons. Needless to say, chins out was the order of the day. The whole air of West Point was one of class spirit, one of defiant laughter at the phantoms of ogres on leave. Food seemed to taste a little better as there was always plenty and no "Days" to recite in the relaxed atmosphere. Sleep came faster without the tensions and anxieties of a day of the Fourth Class System. Unfortunately, the days came faster, too, with the hours of good times passing quickly. There were thoughts of home and speculations of what a leave was like, but time was filled with frenzied activity and nostalgia was declared a forbidden character in the flurry. Those thoughts of home only made the period harder to endure.

One of the objects of greatest interest and a subject of many guffaws was the Plebe Chain of Command during the holiday. The lowly stripeless Plebe became anything from Squad Leader to Brigade Commander for a powerful, hectic week and a half. With six months military training, his instinct, and occasionally his intelligence to guide him, the Fourth Classman rose, or stumbled, to the challenge of leadership. Many Plebe leaders made faux pas, greeted by classmates, laughter, but the experience was a valuable one, anyway. This brief period of command was an important factor in knitting a Plebe Class together. Often leaders emerged that would remain at the compass for the entire four years.

The spirit of Christmas enlivened West Point during the Plebe Holiday. Christmas trees, the during projects of many, were often decorated with unique haubles of artistic improvisation. Alcoves became warm and cheery places, incredibly. One Plebe in the Class of '67 had his own source of entertainment from his tree. As his family was coming up for the holiday he had placed their presents under the tree, one of which was a radio for his sister. The clever fellow meticulously unwrapped the gift each night to enjoy its sweet strains, made all the sweeter by the ingenuity of his cache.

Christmas is something in the heart, apart from geography or commercialism. Plebes proved this in their Christmas with the happiness that they generated at West Point. And, of course, with tensions suddenly completely unwound, the spirit of pure fun sprang forth. Often inside barracks were as white with shaving cream as the outside was with snow. New games were found. New privileges were enjoyed as the barracks became almost a home, where before it was just that tolerable place of lodging. The real home was never really out of mind and depression came often, but a great attempt was made to make West Point a fair substitute.

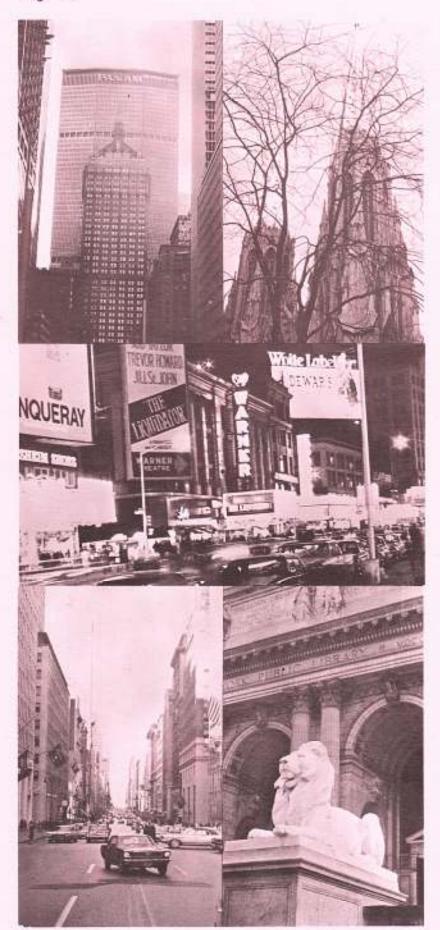
For many years Plebe Christmas maintained this novelty of class spirit and organization. Parents rarely came because of the cost of travel and the inconvenience of the visit. In the late '50's and early '60's, however, jet travel gained popularity and a majority of Plebes had their parents and their girl up for the vacation. The crowds resembled those of June Week in size, and facilities became cramped. The whole meaning and uniqueness of Fourth Class Christmas had began to fade. The idea of a class unity and the knitting quality of such an experience together was lost in the reunion atmosphere of West Point. Essentially, the thought was that if a Plebe was with his family for Christmas at West Point, then he might as well, and more conveniently, take Christmas Leave. This argument took form in the minds of men with stars and eagles and soon the decree was made: Let them go; cut their bonds and free them. Grumblings came from those who had come before and tidings were sung by those who came after. The decision was enforced and Plebe Christmas became only a memory.

It was a pleasant memory and a mark of pride for those of "The Old Corps" who spent Christmas at West Point. At the time, to the "New Corps", it seemed no comparison to the envisioned joy of home. Later, though, the memory became enhanced with the realization that it was a time of espirit—espirit de Corps. It was the jelling of a class unity from the fun and the responsibility of the holiday. It was a time to remember.

ONE WAY

New York

18



Museums

- American Geographic Society Broadway & 156th
- American Numismatic Society Broadway & 156th
- Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science & Art 4th Ave. & 7th
- Gallery of Modern Art 2 Columbus Circle (Huntington Hartford Collection)
 Tues.-Sat. (11-7 p.m.)
 Sun.-&Hols. (12-6 p.m.)
 Closed Monday
- The Soloman R. Guggenheim Museum 5th Ave. & 89th
- 6. Institute of Sound, Cornegie Hall
- Lyndhurt (National Trust for Historical Preservation) 635 S. Broadway, Tarrytown
- Morine Museum of Seamon's Church Institute of N. Y. ("Free Admission, Ancient, Modern Models")
- Museum of Contemporary Crofts 29 West 53rd
- Museum of Early American Folk Arts 49 West 53rd
- Museum of Famous People 133 West 50th St. ("A Dramatic Advance over the Traditional Wax Museum")
- Museum of Modern Art 11 West
 53rd
- 13. Museum of Primitive Art 15 West 54th
- Museum of American Independence (Hey Foundation) Broadway & 155th
- 15. City of New York-Museum
 - al American Museum of National History Central Park West and 79th
 - b) Metropolitan Museum of Art 5th Ave. & 82nd
 - c) The Cloisters Fort Tyron Park
 - d) Museum of New York City 5th Ave. & 104th
- New York Historical Society (Open Daily & Sundays, Closed Monday) 170 Central Park Way
- 17. Old Merchant's House 29 East 4th
- Ripley's Believe It or Not Museum 1539 Broadway
- New York City Public Library 5th and 42nd

Upper left: Lower Park Avenue (Beautiful at night) and St. Patrick's. Center: Broadway by night. Lower left: The Grand Canyon of the East and New York Public Library.

The Village

There are several easy ways to reach the Village from midtown Manhattan.

Subways will get you there in from five to fifteen minutes. The bus might take half on hour. The Village is so convenient that even a taxi from midtown would not be more than \$1 or \$1.50, and take you right where you want to go.

BY BUS: The Fifth Avenue and the Number 5 bus will take you down to Eighth Street, a block above Washington Square.

BY SUBWAY: The IND (Independent Line), both the 6th and 8th Avenue division (Express or Local) take you quickly to the West 4th Street Station, only one block from Washington Square. The IRT Seventh Avenue-Broadway Line (Local) will take you to Sheridan Square in the westerly part of the Village.

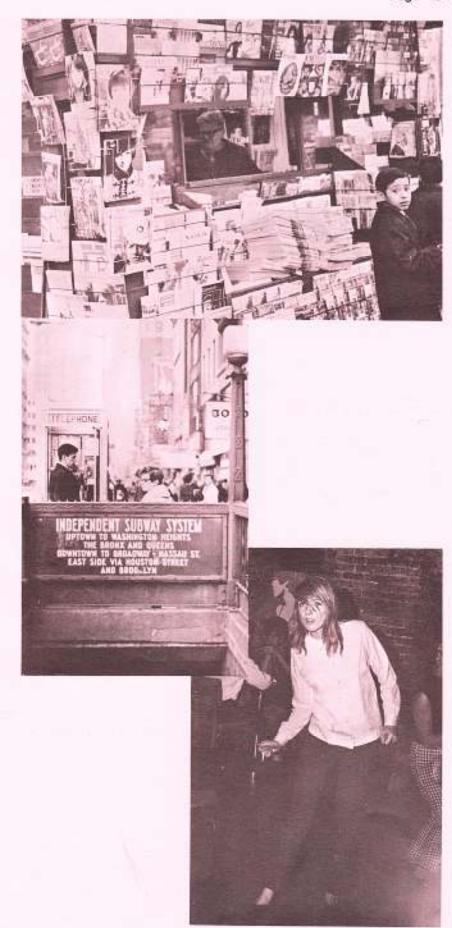
THEATERS

Players Theater 115 McDougal Street Art Theater 8th St. East of 5th Ave. 8th St. Playhouse West of 5th Ave. Bleecker St. Cinema Bleecker & West Broadway Way Greenwich Theater West 12th St. at 7th Ave. Waverly Theater Sixth Ave. & 3rd St. Loew's Sheridan 12th St. & 7th Ave. Garrick 152 Bleecker St. The Village Theater

NIGHT SPOTS

2nd Ave. at 6th St.

The Tin Angel 145 Bleecker Ye Waverly Ann 16 Bank St., corner Waverly Place The Limelight 7th Ave., South Le Bijon 146 West 4th St. Luchow's 110 East 14th St. The Derby 109 McDougal St. Hilly's 62 West 9th St. The English Pub 313 6th Ave. The Steak Joint 53 Greenwich Ave. Minetta Tovern 113 McDougal St. Le Snack 72 McDougal St.



Top: You name it, he sells it. Center: Ticket to ride. Right: A notive.



Where the Action Is

to hold a black belt in karate. Moving into the bar area, you'll find all the drinks are \$1.50 each. You can dance till 3:00 a.m. currently to the music of the "Free Spirits", an exceptionally talented group. Loose and comfortable with plenty of weird decor, you'll meet a new and interesting crowd. Weekend minimum is \$5.00 per person but the time you'll have could easily be worth it.

The Rolling Stone 304 E. 48th St. (Second Ave.)

A small, but enjoyable two room setting with the typical discotheque atmosphere. The action begins at about 8:30 p.m. with guest stars such as Joe Cuba of "Bang-Bang" fame. Primarily a young crowd. You'll like the low-lighting, compact bar, and a couple of cute entertainers named Joyce and Jeri, \$3.50 minimum and bring your I.D.

Tom Jones 152 E. 55th St.

Right out of Fielding's classic, you'll love the English Pub decor, soft music, and waiters complete with knickers and leather jerkins, Dancing till 3:00 a.m. and reasonably priced Bullburgers (charcoal grilled), chicken chunks, and plenty to drink, make for a very satisfying evening. No cover or minimum.

Latin Quarter Broadway and 48th St.

For those of you who like a stage show that's "different", the world famous Latin Quarter is the place to go. Currently featuring a Paris Revue, don't bring your girl if she blushes easily. The place is usually packed and the prices will take a tremendous chunk out of your wallet. Even so, you can have a very "interesting", if expensive evening.

The Scene 301 W. 46th St. (8th Ave.)

Within walking distance of both the Manhattan and President Hotels, *The Scene* is all you'd expect the ultimate in "mod" to be. You'll be met at the door by "Skippers" a surprisingly good-natured overseer type who just happens The Cheetah Broadway and 53rd St.

A very young crowd highlights this unusual teenage mecca. The place is jammed on weekends and you never can tell who you'll gyrate into. Reminds you somewhat of an enormously crowded elevator and there will be times when you won't be able to turn around, much less dance. Some very talented "rock" groups provide the entertainment and there are even movies upstairs. \$5.00 on Saturday evening and you'll have to fight your way around the rest of the night.

Trader Vic's Plaza Hotel, 5th Ave. & 59th St.

Kind of a long wait but worth it for the Polynesian decor and the high class atmosphere. Reservations are a must.

Bring lets of money and preserve to snow your girl. The

Bring lots of money and prepare to snow your girl. The cocktail lounge is a good stopping off place on your way

around town.

For wasting time on some long afternoon try ice skating at Rockefeller Center, 49th Street and 5th Avenue or go up and browze in F.A.O. Schwartz's Toy Store, 58th Street and 5th Avenue.

Schrafft's 46th and 5th

For daytime dining in a Baroque manner. From 35c for an ice cream soda to \$2.10 for swordfish steak.

Top of the Six's 666 5th Ave.

Plush Georgian atmosphere with a view of Central Park from the 35th floor.

The Cattleman 5 E. 45th St.

For after theater dining, it can't be beat. Western atmosphere and dishes to go with it. Steaks, chops and earlymorning breakfast are specialties.

ALSO WORTHY OF NOTE:

Hawaii Kai Roundtable The Riverboat Cavanaugh's Mamma Leone's Mr. Laffs 1638 Broadway 151 E. 50th St. 5th Ave. & 34th St. 260 W. 23rd St. 8th Ave. & 48th St. 1189 1st Ave.





New York, You Don't Need An Apologist

by Steve Herman

People from a vast and nebulous region known as "out of town" are constantly cutting New York down. They say that the streets are dirty, the air is dirty, and a sizeable segment of its population is dirty. They don't like New York subways, which are dirty, its buses which are dirty, and the conversation of its cab drivers, which is generally dirty. A good number of the city's restaurants are dirty, along with sixty-five per cent of all New York hotels, and ninety-nine point fortyfour per cent of New York's stray cats, who number nearly half a billion-a conservative estimate. Thus, visiting "out-of-towners" all agree that New York is a very dirty city.

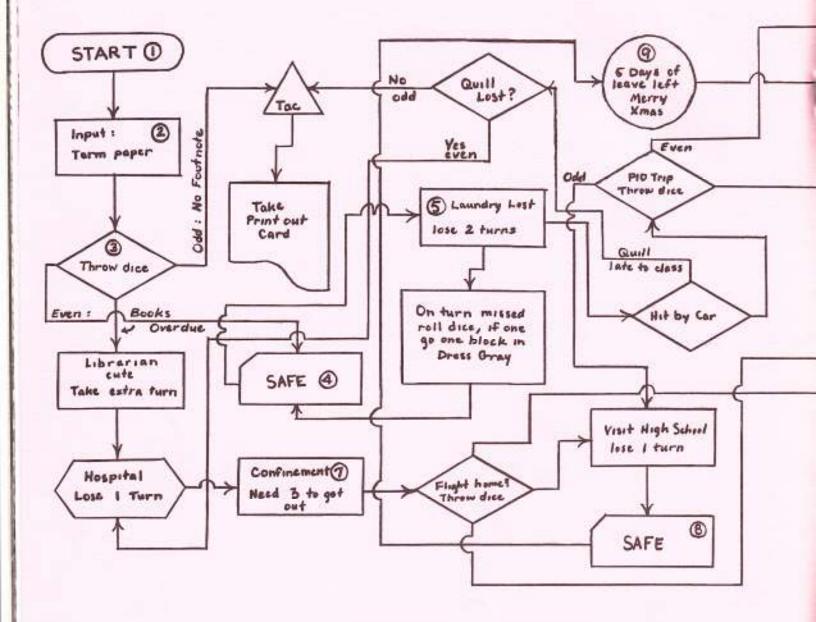
Now, when a vacuum cleaner salesman from Sheboygan is in New York to attend the annual Snappo-Super Giant convention at the Hotel Galactic. he will write letters home to his wife, Irma, describing the city in a very poor light. "Irma, honey, the place is very dirty. The streets are dirty, the trains are dirty, and the air is dirty. I don't know why anybody would ever want to live here, much less visit. I can hardly wait to get home to good old wholesome Sheboygan." Naturally, Mr. Snappo, the Super Giant, does not tell Irma what a blast he is having. In fact, this trip to New York probably con-stitutes the best "good time" he has ever had. Irma tells all the wholesome old biddies in her sewing circle that her husband says New York is a very deprayed place. And, of course, the following summer New York City is assaulted by a horde of tourists from Sheboygan. The tourists all have a ball, and when their year's savings are totally depleted, they return home to tell all within earshot that New York is a "nice place to visit, but one wouldn't want to live there."

I have no idea how many tourists visit New York each year. I am sure the number is approximately equal to the city's population of stray cats, but it is all very irrelevant. Native New Yorkers are totally indifferent to the deprecatory opinions of "out-of-towners." More than eight million people live in New York City. Some of them like living there and some do not. I am a native of New York, Brooklyn to be more specific, and I consider myself a member of the crowd which genuinely likes the place.

The population of New York is a marvelous alloy of Italians, Jews, Irishmen, Negoes, Germans, Puerto Ricans. Orientals and a few Anglo-Saxons. They do not always have sweet things to say about each other, but a very definite harmony exists among them nevertheless. Unfortunately, you must be a New Yorker to detect the very subtle warmth that is shaved by the city's inhabitants. The "out-of-towners" feel nothing more than frigidity emanating from what they consider a hapless melange of ethnic minorities. The "out-of-towners" miss a great deal.

A good New Yorker loves his city for very solid reasons. The city has character and personality. When one has lived in New York nearly all his life, he is accustomed to the unwashed streets and unwashed air. He expects cab drivers to curse and bums to ask for handouts, He is not shocked by the weird antics of junkies and kookies. He might not like all this, but it does not sicken him either. Indeed, all of (Continued on page 21)

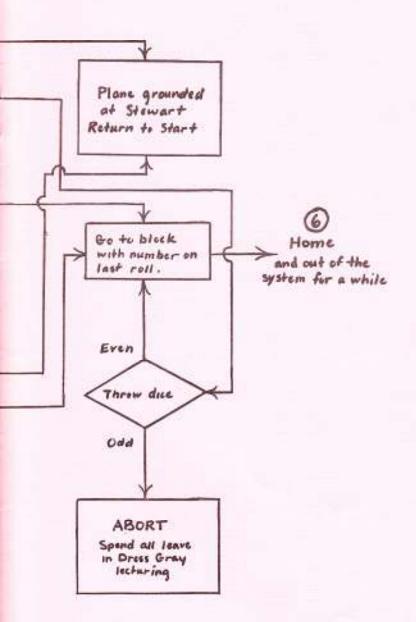
How to make a bold statement. You're making a statement when you wear this Arrow Decton Perma-Iron Cum Laude, With authentic detailing, too, Gently flared button-down collar. Back collar button and box pleat. Shoulder to waist taper. "Sanforized" labeled. Wear it and make a statement: it's great to be alive. \$7.00 long sleeves. \$6.00 short sleeves. In plaids and solid colors. -ARROW-



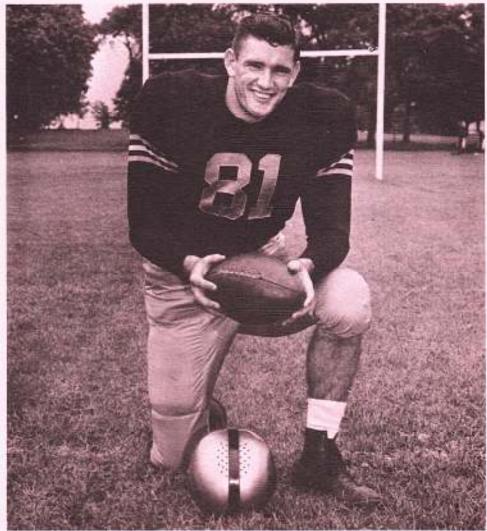
GOOD DEAL NUMBER?

INSTRUCTIONS:

- Each cadet selects a marker to move along flow chart. (Firsties may use rings)
- 2. Place marker on Block One marked START,
- Use one die. (A square eraser is a good substitute)
 Roll die and move to block number indicated on die.
- Upon landing on a decision block () go directly and throw die again. If even, follow "yes" direction. If odd, follow "no" direction. Do not count this movement as a turn.
- At block labeled TAC, take a print-out card and proceed as directed.
- Lose two turns at Block Five but continue to throw die. If "one" is thrown move to side block and wait for next turn to resume play.
- Block Six marks end of game, A "six" must be rolled to get home. If a number other than "six" is rolled, go to block matching number on die,



- Tac on leave. Coach Palone taking his place. Tells you to go to Block Four.
- Tac infuriated at your stupidity; punches you in the mouth, Go to Hospital.
- Go to Block Seven for "Bringing gross discredit upon the Corps of Cadets, i.e., getting hit by car in front of GAP, Sat. before parade.
- "The size of the offense doesn't matter. It remains that if you had acted in this manner in combat it would have cost you and your platoon your lives. As a lesson I'm giving you 22-44-2" Go to Block Seven.
- Tac very democratic. Tells you to roll die and go to Block of number rolled. If six is thrown, roll die again (he's not that democratic). Do not move to Block six.
- Awarded 6-9 for wearing mod tie to class, not even tucked into shirt!
- "I realize this is unusual, but I've decided to make you write "I won't be naughty again" 700 times. It's now 2130, have it in to me by Taps tonight, Go to Block Two.
- "Your problem centers around the fact that your Beast Barracks was too easy. Therefore I'm recommending that you go through Beast again." Go to Block One
- Go to Block Seven for "not talking to date in military manner, South Aud., 1935 hrs, 17 Nov."





The POINTER
Sports Personality of the Month

LTC J. Dan Foldberg

This month our hats are off to one of Army's all-time greats, LTC J. Dan Foldberg.

Dan started on his road to athletic success at Sunset High School in Dallas, Texas, and continued with one year at Texas A & M. Entering West Point as a member of the class of 1951 and finishing as president of the class, LTC Foldberg made time for four years of football and lacrosse and three years of basketball. Only Army's opponents are sorry that he did. No. 81 amassed a three year varsity record of 11 touchdown receptions, which is second only to Whitey Grove's record set in 1933. In his junior and senior years he caught 42 passes for 612 yards and had a rushing average of 7.1 yards in eight carries. Dan was captain of the 1950 squad and made everyone's All-America team as one of the best ends of all time. With Dan on the field, Army's record was 25-1-1, no small achievement for any team.

Not content to limit himself to football, LTC Foldberg led the 1951 Army lacrosse team to a tie with Princeton for the National Championship, including an 11-5 shellacking of Navy, and earned a spot for himself as a second team All-American.

In 1953 player Foldberg became Coach Foldberg as he guided a team in Tokyo to the Far Eastern Army Championship and runner-up in the Far Eastern All Services playoffs. Changing roles again, he officiated high school football until 1960. The present generation of the Long Grey Line will remember Dan's enthusiasm as he coached the 1965 Goat team to a victory over the Engineers.

To West Point's Senior Infantry Instructor, Sir, we offer our congratulations.



ARMY CAGERS FACE TOUGH SCHEDULE

by Pat Jonas and Bill Shaffer

The Army basketball team, under the leadership of coach Bob Knight and team captain Dan Schrage, will face the toughest schedule in Army basketball history as the Knights hope to better the record it posted last year. After losing such stars as Mike Silliman, Bill Helkie, and Dick Murray to graduation, the team still has a strong nucleous around which to build. But team captain Schrage is opitimistic about the coming season after seeing the offensive capabilities of Billy Schutsky, Mike Noonan, and "Spider" Jordan,

Dan came to West Point after a year at Quincy College in Illinois on a full scholarship. Before Quincey, Dan played basketball, baseball and track in high school at Breese, Illinois. At Breese, Dan was MVP and was named as an honorable mention All-State hoopster.

Once again, defense will be the key to victory, especially against such teams as Ohio State, Princeton, St. John's, and NYU. The schedule includes only nine home games with twelve away contests. Coach Knight is looking forward to the game with Ohio State, still coached by Fred Taylor, Knight's playing mentor during his playing days at Columbus. This game and the Charlotte Invitational Tournament will highlight the Christmas season for the Army team. Included in the Charlotte Tournament will be Davidson, Fordham, and Maryland. Davidson is once again expected to be one of the top ten teams in the country. Princeton, St. John's, and NYU will probably be the features of the home season since the Navy contest is to be played at Annapolis.

The latest word from the Army roundball scouts indicates that the Corps should get ready for another typically successful basketball season to include hair-raising games with New York City teams and the wild NIT week that we've come to expect. The team has been having enthusiastic and, according to the players, never ending practice sessions since 15 October, All reports indicate that this hard work will pay off in another successful season.

The team's starting five is made up of the five lettermen who return from last year's season. At the center position is big 6'6" Mike (Feet) Noonan who comes from Elgin, Illinois, a town which is almost as big as Mike. The forwards are seniors Dan Schrage and Billy Schutsky, "Schuts", a High School All American, came all the way from Hillside, New Jersey, Two more seniors hold down the guard spots, one, the team's only southerner, Ed Jordan from Montgomery, Alabama, and the other a Dayton, Ohio boy, Jocko Mikula. Jocko will undertake a new campaign this year to intimidate the opposing teams, by adding several inches to his program height, making it 6'. Another outstanding player is "Judge" Hughes, so-called because of his practice of holding down the bench. Several new sophomores have invaded the ranks, including Steve Hunt from Massachusetts, forward Dave Groff, and a name that is sure to become outstanding in Army basketball, Mike Krzyzew-

Due to an extensive running program which Coach Knight began in September, you probably saw the team in combat boots taking both the Cross Country hills and the Michie Stadium steps in stride; the team seems to be in better shape than it was at this time last year. They will continue to play Coach Knight's game of ball handling and control, using what appears to be a more balanced attack. The team has scrimmaged L.I.U., Connecticut, and Fairfield, looking progressively better with each game. In the Fairfield contest, the rough edges appeared completely smoothed down and the team worked extremely well as a unit.

NEW YORK . . .

(Continued from Page 17) the unpleasant characteristics of the city make terrific issues for political

city make terrific issues for political debate—another source of municipal charm,

Of course, New York has three or four zoos, dozen outstanding museums, theaters, and parks in profusion, some very interesting newspapers and the best pizza west of Naples. The crime rate is high, and from time to time there is a fine scandal in government. Then, there are the Giants, the Rangers, the Yankees and best of all, the Mets, who reflect the incredible spirit of New York with spectacular precision. A good New Yorker, one who lives there and likes it, will never be satisfied living anywhere else because New York City is the most exciting region in the world. And you have to live there a while to know it.

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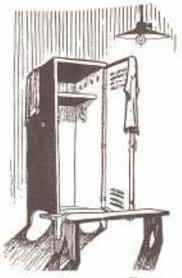
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The Locker Room

As Jack Wood so aptly put it, the Navals were not only out-played, out-fought, and out-hustled by our fantastic Army Team, but the Corpa finished the job on the Middles by completely out-yelling, out-rhyming and out-skitting our rout-step brothers from the banks of the Severa.

A-Man and his hard working counterpart in crime stopping. B-Squad, were superb in getting the Corps up week after week, and then climaxed the season with an academy-winning performance that had 102,000 fans applauding their efforts. The Rabble Rousers have been in existence for several years now, with each year bringing new ideas and a change-over in their ranks. But anyone who has witnessed a pre-game rally this year will have to admit that even Rocko McGuirk will have to take a back seat to the outstanding efforts of Tom White, Chud Keck, Bill Gonser and the other members of the Rabble Rouser staff, both in and behind the scenes. Our hat goes off to all of them for a tremendous job.

The Corps of Cadets may not outshine the Old Guard when it comes to marching, but at least everyone wears a hat in formation, our battalion commanders don't chew gum in public, and we try not to get sick in front of 50 million people. I guess after watching waves for so long you tend to march like that. The Bob Dy lans of the Corps were at their best, as time after time the cat-calls and rhymes of the Crabs were outdone by the quickthinking, future Robert Frosts of the Corps of Cadets.

This entire magnizine could be filled with words of praise for both our football and soccer teams, but due to our limited space here, we can only say "WELL DONE" and that the magic scores of 29-7 and 3-1 will always be remembered. Probably one of the highest praises that could be given to an athlete or group of athletes was given to the Army Team by the Philadelphia Inquirer, when it simply said, "They came to play."

Address any opinions or comments to Sports Editor, The Pointer Magazine, West Point, New York.



You have never seen such Bunny slopes—and they're straight. For the stalwarts who prefer more curves, there's the "Perll" and the "Corkscrew" (trails — not drinks). The 9 lifts carry some rather challenging curves too... then there's the Lounge, Wild Boar cafeteria, bar, fireplace... get the idea?

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MAD LOOKS AT WEST POINT







Left to right: Sergio Aragones, cartooniss, Len Brenner, Production Man and Jerry De Fuccio, Associate Editor.

While on a trip to the Mod offices (for educational purposes only, The Pointer staff was treated to a demonstration of the very talented pen of Sergin Aragones, Mod artist. Taking hints from the Cadets present, Sergin's pen flashed with his impression of Cadet life.

The Pointer now reprints them, with Sergin's permission for your enjoyment.



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QB Dewey Worren Tenn.

FB Larry Conjar N.D.

LH Nick Eddy	N.D.	22	6-0	195	Sr Lafayette, Calif.
RH Richmond Flowers	Tenn	19	6-0	177	So Montgomery, Ale.
Cen George Goeddke	N.D.	21	6-3	228	Sr Detroit, Mich.
GD Tom Regner	N.D.	22	6-1	245	Sr Kenosha, Wisc.
GD Bryan Hondru	Penn St.	21	6-2	230	Sr N. Plainfield, W. Va.
Toc Terry Bird	Tenn	22	5-10	209	Sr Elizabethtown, Ky.
Tac Rudy Konieczny	N.D.	19	6-0	225	Jr. Fairview, Mass.
End Jim Seymour	N.D.	19	6-4	205	So Berkeley, Calif.
End Bob Lango	Pitt	20	6-4	215	Jr Baldwin, Pa.
DEFENSE:					
End Alan Page	N.D.	21	6-5	238	Sr Canton, Ohio
End Bill Morgan	Penn St.	25	6-2	190	Sr Harrisburg, Pa.
Tac Pete Duranko	N.D.	22	6-2	235	Sr Johnstown, Pa.
Tac Kevin Hardy	N.D.	21	6-5	270	Jr Oakland, Calif.
MG Bobby Morel	Tenn	21	5-9	212	Sr College Grove, Tenn.
LB Jim Lynch	N.D.	21	6-1	225	Sr Lima, Ohio
LB Paul Naumoff	Tenn	21	6-1	209	Sr Columbus, Ohio
LB John Perngine	N.D.	19	6-0	210	Jr Norristown, Pa.
DHB Horold Stancell	Tenn	21	5-11	183	Sr Knoxville, Tenn.
DHB Bob Dyer	Pitt	22	5-9	182	Sr Doylestown, Pa.
Saf Tom Shoen	N.D.	20	5-11	178	Jr Euclid, Ohio

BY TEAMS: Notre Dame, 12; Tennessee, 6; Penn State, Pittsburgh, 2; Kansas State, Holy Cross, Rutgers, Geo. Washington, California, Navy, 0.



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- 2. Draw a Christmas tree in the top left-hand corner.
- 3. Put 8 balls on the tree.
- 4. Put x's in each ball,
- 5. Put a star on top of the tree.
- 6. Draw snow flakes down the left hand side of the page.
- 7. Slap your roomate on the back and wish him a Merry Christmas.
- 8. Recite, out loud, the first verse of "The Night Before Christmas."
- 9. Draw a candy cane anywhere on the page.
- 10. Put a bow on the cane.
- 11. Write the number of hours until Christmas.
- Divide this figure by thirty (30) and add to this quotient the monthly demerits you expect to receive for December.
- 13. If the sum is greater than 13, you must stay here for Christmas.
- 14. Now, Go back and read the instructions and do only number one.

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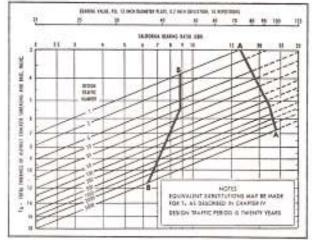
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LUX MAGNA . . .

(Continued from Page 9)

in the western section of the sky seemed to be parting. He watchd as the dark, heavy masses drew apart, slowly revealing what he first thought to be one of the two moons, yet immediately he knew this couldn't be so, since they always traveled from north to south. Yet the light given off by this heavenly body was easily as bright as either of the two moons, and he studied this strange body for a long time, finally coming to the conclusion that it must be a star that had just been born, and thus was strong and bright in its youth.

As he sat there, the cold invaded his body and he soon rose and began walking again, occasionally glancing up at

this bright star.

He moved quickly down the path, the light from the star making his movement easier. Suddenly, he stopped, and with his right hand shielding his eyes, he gazed down the path. Coming towards him were four riders, clearly outlined in the star's light. Thinking immediately that they must be brigands, Yon scurried off the path and up into a clump of bushes.

The four riders drew closer, and Yon shifted his position so that he would be out of sight from the path. As they drew abreast of him, Yon lost his footing, and though he grabbed at the bushes around him, he tumbled out onto the

path directly in front of the four riders.

They reined-in their horses, and one of the animals reared up, thrusting its two front hooves high into the air and tossing its rider onto the side of the road. The other three men quickly dismounted, two running to their companion's side, the other coming over to You and holding the point of a sword against his throat.

Yon, filled with fear, looked up at the man and saw that he was dressed in the manner of a noble, and as the man's two companions drew up beside him, he saw that they too were dressed as nobles. The man holding the sword looked down at Yon and said, "Who are you, and what were you

doing in those bushes?"

Before You could speak another of the men said, "Be Dorik is dead. His head struck a rock when he fell."

You moved uneasily under the sword, for he knew that his life was surely doomed now. The point of the sword pressed into his throat and a voice from above him said, "Speak now, or we'll slit your throat and leave you for the jackals."

Yon swallowed heavily and spoke in a high, wailing tone, "I am Yon, I live three valleys away with my wife, my son, and my cattle. This night my cattle are lost, and I am out in search of them. I was hiding in the bushes because I thought that you were brigands. I meant you no harm."

The pressure of the point on Yon's throat eased and the three men standing above him spoke to each other in whispers. Finally, the sword was withdrawn and the three

men drew back and allowed Yon to rise.

"Listen to us herder," one of the men said, "you will take our companion to your home and keep him covered

there until we return."

You needed and watched as the three men turned, walked to their horses, then mounted them. They moved up to where You was standing and You called out to them, "When shall you be returning?"

"When we find what we have come to find," came a voice out of the darkness as the three horses moved quickly past

Yon, riding to the West.

You watched them until they rose to the top of a hill, and as they disappeared down its other side, he moved to their

fallen companion. He took a blanket from the man's horse and gently wrapped the man in it. He then moved him to the side of the path, tethered his horse to a bush, and began walking down the path again. He wished that he could ride the horse, but he knew that if the three nobles returned and found him doing so they would surely kill him.

Fear for his life had also held him back from taking some of the riches that had been hung on the dead man's saddle. You had recognized some of them. There had been two beautiful vials in which only the sweetest of perfumes was ever carried, and there had also been a leather case embroidered with gold thread, the type the rich moneychangers carried to keep their gold in.

You had seen the same riches hanging from the saddles of the other men, and all that he saw led him to believe that they were on the road to pay homage to their king, as all nobles must do at least once a year, for only a king

was worthy of such gifts from such men,

The light from the star grew brighter, and he moved on into the night. He traveled two or three miles, finally coming upon a small forest. Through the trees he could see the lights of two fires, and as he moved in among the trees, he saw the forms of men moving in and out of the firelight.

He moved to within fifty feet of the camp, and as he crouched in the darkness, holding his staff close to his body, he could hear the sound of harsh laughter and loud talking coming from around the two fires. Slowly he moved closer, his body tensed for the first sign of danger.

He moved silently to the edge of the small clearing, and gazed out into the light of the campfires. There he saw fifteen or twenty men, and half as many women, sitting around the two fizes, laughing and joking and eating large pieces of meat. At the other side of the clearing Yon could see thirteen of his cattle, enclosed by two ropes strung between four trees.

You shifted his weight uneasily and wondered what he was going to do. He certainly couldn't attempt to take his cattle back, for these men were surely bandits who would kill him as soon as they caught him. He looked out again at the people devouring his cattle, and the sight of this made his blood rush through him, and he made a movement as if to rush out into the clearing.

This saved his life, for as he shifted his position, a hard, wooden staff came down beside him with a tremendous

force.

He turned his body and saw towering over him the largest man he had ever seen. Two powerful hands gripped the end of the staff, and as the bandit lifted the weapon to strike what would surely be a death blow, You thrust forward with his staff, catching the man in his midsection with the point.

The huge man bellowed out in pain and drew back a few steps. You quickly pulled his staff away, then swung it around, catching the man on the bridge of his nose. There was a resounding crack, and the giant slumped forward.

You stood, and looked back into the clearing. The man's cry had alerted the others, and they had already began to move into the woods in search of the trouble.

You moved swiftly through the trees. He held his staff high so that it would not be caught among the trees, and as he ran he could hear the shouting of the other men as they came across their fallen comrade.

The woods seemed deeper than when he had entered them, and Yon thanked the gods for having sent such a bright star, for without it he would never have been able to move as quickly as he did.

Finally, Yon stumbled out of the trees and up onto the

LUX MAGNA . . .

path. He heard the pounding of feet behind him and he stopped and turned to defend himself. Two men rushed at him, and Yon blocked both of their thrusts with his staff. Quickly his hands changed their grip on the smooth, hard wood, and with a sharp, abrupt motion Yon lashed out at one of the men, striking him in the throat. The man fell to the ground, and Yon turned to face his other attacker. The man was larger than Yon, with massive shoulders, and handled his staff with a dexterity which easily equalled that of Yon's.

The two men circled each other, looking for an opening. The large bandit lunged out at Yon, but Yon knocked the other's staff to the side. He brought his own staff around in a blow aimed at the man's head, but the man recovered quickly, and blocked Yon's attack.

The two men circled each other again, Each watching the other's eyes. The big man made a move as if to strike at Yon's head, and as Yon moved to block this, the man shifted his position and struck at Yon's side.

The staff smashed into Yon's ribs and sent him tumbling down off the path. As soon as he had stopped rolling the big man was upon him. You rolled to dodge a blow aimed at his head, but the man was on him as soon as he stopped.

The staff came down again, hitting Yon in his chest. The pain ran through his body and Yon thought that he was going to faint. His vision blurred as he saw the towering figure raise the staff high above his head.

In desperation, Yon kicked out with his feet. They caught the man in his stomach and doubled him over. The man stumbled a few steps and Yon pulled back from him.

The large man began to fall, and as he did Yon kicked out again, striking the man full in the face and flipping him backwards. The man fell on his back and lay silently. Yon, his breath coming in short gasps, could hear the sounds of people on the path, so with his last bit of strength he pulled himself up and began stumbling up the hill. His fect seemed like heavy weights as he moved through the bushes. He half walked, half crawled up the hill, and when he had reached the top he let the motion of his body carry him forward.

Half-way down the hill his feet were caught up by some rocks and he fell, rolling down to the bottom. There he lay, unable to move, no longer caring what happened to him or who found him. He opened his eyes and the sky seemed to whirl in front of him. He squeezed his eyes shut, then opened them again.

As he lay in the dirt at the bottom of the hill, his eyes focused on the bright star he had seen earlier, and he stared at it. He forced his mind to work, and he slowly realized that the star had not moved since he had first seen it. It hung high in the western sky, glowing like a lamp in a darkened window.

The clouds above him slowly began to disappear, and the two moons that Yon had known since childhood appeared. He noticed that even their brightness was nothing compared to the star which hung in the heavens.

When he felt rested, he got to his feet and began walking. He walked in the direction of the star, for this was also the direction of Morik's house, where he had had to leave his cattle out in the cold because a man and his wife, complete strangers, had been given the barn as shelter.

He plodded wearily along, the star acting almost as a sign, leading him back.

Lux Fulgebit hodie super nos, quia natus est nobis Dominus; et vocabitur Admirabilis, Deus, Princeps pacis...

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The Memoirs of Randell G. Whitewick

Master Sergeant, United States Army

Assignment: West Point Academic Instructor



 Once again, it was time for the Cadet's Christmas leave.



3. But unfortunately my wife disagreed.



In fact my wife has decided to spend the time with her mother.



 The thought of going to Bermuda accurred to me.



4. And her mother disagreed.



6. I decided that was fine with me.



 I had never been too sure about her from the start anyway.



Soon the boys in my Friday night bowling league who were eager to came along and I arrived.



 A few of my students had come down to Bermuda also.



 Everyone was having a quiet, restful Holiday.



 Except me I was too anxious to hear from home.



12. Perhaps I'd been a little too hard on her.

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In addition to what day it is. What date it is. What month it is. And what time it is accurately and dependably, year after year. It's self-winding, ten karat gold-filled top, stainless steet back case Black or a white dial, with raised markers and a matching band. Shock-resistant precision movement, seventeen jewels, lifetime unbreakable mainspring and balance staff. An exceptional watch for moon watchers. sun worshippers, or anybody who'd like to know the time of day, #1737, \$125





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Pyrene . . .

will christmas capital a leave ever come . . . will term papers ever be finished . . . and so drags the corps capital c into gloom period . . . why comma getting so cold band refuses to play and corps capital c marches on comma a capital a dash capella to the cafeteria . . . ergus capital e in big hurt . . . tac thinks he can give him enough demos to take away christmas capital c leave . . . other night comma out of room after taps . . . cought by a period a period . . . quick thinking . . . puts jacket on backwards and yells rally capital r rally capital r rally capital r on way past o period c period . . . two dash two came down today . . . out of room after taps . . . five demos . . . improper wearing of uniform . . . seven demos . . . is christmas capital c leave capital I part of pfc apostrophe s question mark . . . roommate went on sickcall for cough . . after several weeks of fighting . . re lee all capitals . . . balcom x all capitals . . . Craig b all capitals finally put down for the last time . . . the short overcoat comma engineering marvel , , maximum weight for minimum heat . . . aren apostrophe t collars made to protect ears from cold question mark . . . ergus capital e and roommate have picnic in room comma but roommate lost lunch box . . . ergus capital e says quotes if you can guess how many sandwiches I have in my lunchbox comma I apostrophe II give you both of them unquote . . . roommate guesses three . . . loses comma it apostrophe s all in the game . . . have a merry one . . .



ALONE. But plug it into a data processing system ... and duck!

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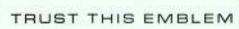
memory bank and it can time, virtually instant it can give you a entire payroll from while you're Vermont, Instantly, how much fuel you



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Dumb-Dumb machine? Maybe, Or maybe just lonesome. But once it gets together with a system . . . look out!



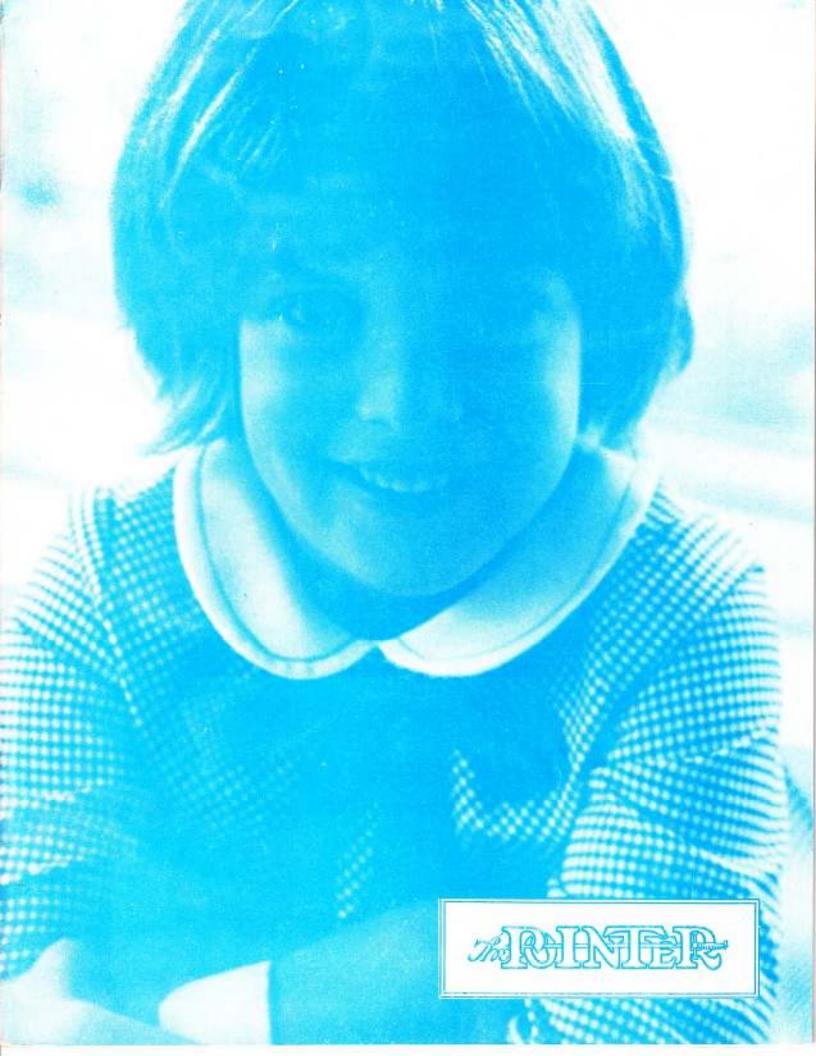


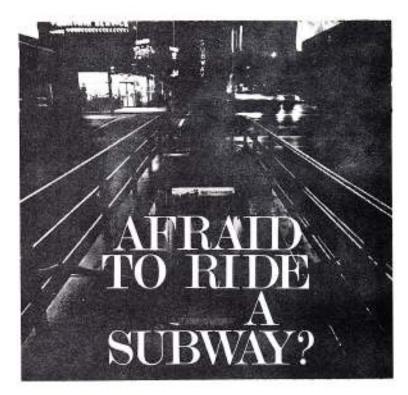
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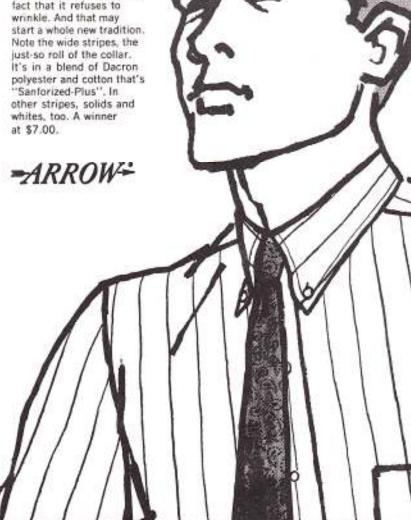


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The sand lay golden in the glow of twilight

That evening we went walking,

The sea shimmered as the sun sank from sight,

There was no need for talking.

The sky was rose and amber of hue, And LOVE was new.

The snow was soft and deep in the twilight

That evening we went walking.

The stars shot sparks from a blueblack night,

There was no need for talking.

The air was crisp and cutting with cold,

And LOVE was old.

Anon.

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ABOUT THE COVER . . .

"Thank heaven for little girls"... a beautiful smile, bright eyes, a fresh complexion. A portent of things to come. Love and warmth wrapped up in an energetic little package.

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by John La Belle

From the drama of "The Caine Mutiny" to the light comedy of "The Pajama Game", the West Point Players are once more amply demonstrating their diversity. Under their Executive Board headed by Major Huff (Ordnance), the Players have chosen the well-known musical hit for their next production. Scheduled dates for this presentation are 17-18-19 February and tickets can be obtained through Company representatives.

The West Point Players are a remarkable group of stage enthusiasts. Very few have had professional experience, yet most share similar interests in the theatrical field. Predominantly composed of officers, their wives, Post enlisted men, and airmen from Stewart AFB, the Players enjoy this opportunity to express their creative talents. And these talents, if not strictly "Broadway", are still surprisingly considerable. In any case, what little the Players lack in professional experience, they more than make up for in dedication and perseverage.

The latest production is an excellent example. Choosing a difficult play containing not only complex staging but also intricate dance scenes, the Players proceeded to "masufacture" a dance repertoire using members without previous dance experience almost entirely. Under the direction of Betty Hatch, the "dancers" have made wonderful progress, and will be more than ready for opening night.

Briefly, "The Pajama Game" concerns the happenings in a small pajama-manufacturing factory. A new superintendent, Sid Sorokin, is eager to continue plant refficiency at a maximum. He is aided in this endeavor by Hines, a time-study expert. The superintendent, however, must deal with the company union and especially the union grievance representative, Babe Williams. The story ranges from factory to picnic grounds to union hall pursuing the love interests of Sorokin and Babe and also of Hines and another employee, Gladys.

The Players cast includes thirty-seven dancers and chorus. Major Karl Day (Ordnance) is the efficient Sorokin, while Pat Woodmansee portrays the volatile Babe. The dance leads are capably handled by Betty Hatch as Gladys and Richard Martin, an airman from Stewart, as Hines, Some of the other roles cast Bob O'Brien (USMA Band) as Prez, Ted Blanche (Dental Clinic) as Joe, Mary Anne Chamberlain as Brenda, Ann Schoommaker as Mae, and Phil Uhlmann (USMA Band) as Pop. Perhaps a bit more familiar to members of the Corps are Mabel (Harriet Eyster—Cadet Hostess). Charlie (Captain Dave Stem—CO, 57th MP Co.), and the Salesman (Major Sam Focer—English).

Right now, however, there seems to be more to do behind the scenes than on the stage. This area, too, is bubbling with talent. Directing the entire production is the task of Major Hank Hatch (ESGS), and Co-producers are Major Dave Richards (Math) and Major Ron Salvador (MP&L). Coordinating and acting as Assistant to the Director is Major Jack Neal (French). Construction is handled by Major Barney Rose (Math) ably assisted by Shirley Courtois and Tine Johnson, and in heavier situations by Major Maurer (Math) and Captain Johnson (Physics). Set Design, Props, and Costumes are the female province, provided for by Barbara Hayden, Maureen Demers, and Evelyn Wertz respectively, Finally, the musical arrangements are in the hands of Vocal Director Rod Rothlisherger (Post Chapel Choir) with Hal Gibson (USMA Band) directing the orchestra, and Major Bob Mills (Physics) running the Sound department. Special Effects are Provided by Major Jerry Demers (ESGS).

All these efforts will go into making "The Pajama Game" another West Point Players triumph. Although the production is still in its developing stages, the outcome is almost certain to be an extremely enjoyable performance.

ABOVE AND BEYOND . . .

MOTION PICTURES:

When Alan Prentiss, an American diplomat, blows up the quarters of a peace conference during its session in Venice, killing all the delegates, including himself, it marks the beginning of the excitement, suspense and explosive action of "The Venetian Affair."

Filmed in color, the cast includes Robert Vaughn, Elke Sommer, Felicia Farr, Karl Boehm, Boris Karloff, and Lucianna Paluzzi.

Vaughn is an American newspaper photographer, a former CIA man who was fired because he loved and married a seductive beauty played by Elke Sommer who just happened to be an enemy agent. Fenner (Vaughn) is assigned to cover the Prentiss bombing, yet soon finds himself the target of an assortment of Communist agents, murderers, assasins, and blackmailers. In the true espionage tradition, he manages to overcome such trivial obstacles in his search for the answers to the Prentiss affair. And who does have all the answers? Boris Karloff, of course, as Dr. Pierre Vaugiroud, Karloff has discovered that arch-villian Karl Boehm is using a new and mysterious drug which effectively freezes the human mind turning the victim into little more than a robot. Such evil must be overcome, and Fenner proceeds to dispatch the ruthless Bothm. In between, however, there is always a little time for the affairs of the heart. Fenner succeeds equally well in this extracurricular area with such filmdom beauties as Elke Sommer, Felicia Farr, and Lucianna Paluzzi to aid him.

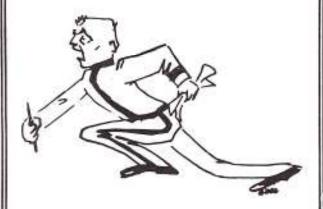
Produced by Jerry Thorpe and E. Jack Neuman, the picture was directed by Thorpe from Neuman's screenplay based on Helen MacInnes widely successful novel. Adding to the effectiveness is the music by Lalo Schifrie.

In filming "The Ventian Affair," Thorpe and Neuman used an off-beat approach. They decided to place the locale of this tale in one of the world's most colorful cities, Venice, Italy. There, they made scenes of the cast navigating some of the 160 canals between the 183 tiny islands of the city, on a few of the 400 small bridges, and in such spots as the Piazzi San Marco, the Basilica of Saint Mark, the Ducal Palace, the Forte del Carta, the 10th Century Bell Tower, and the Grand Canal, Yet all this was filmed during the rainy season in order to stress the contrast between the brilliant color and the bleak, cold, drizzly days and nights.

"The Venetian Affair" promises to satisfy the avid espionage enthusiast and should prove exciting to anyone else who enjoys a good, suspense-filled film,



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Suiyoobi: Wednesday

by ROBERT M. BROWN, II - Co. D-1

Mori listened to the wind push the side of the house in and out: how rhythmic it would push in, then subside, allowing the wall to return to its normal position, only to be pushed in again. In and out, one, two, back and forth, gently the house slept with an occassional snore when the plumaria tree scratched roughly against wooden louvers. . .

. . . In the distance could be heard the surf cursing the ancient lava flows that had pushed it out to where it was

now confined. A constant warring that had taken its toll in black beaches of seemingly lazy lagoons or white-toothed reefs which rise and fall with the moods of the sea was in progress. The moon had set hours before, and yet the faint smile of gapped-tooth coral could be seen in its florescence. But the tide was coming in and by sunrise would wipe its smile off.

Mori stole into the kitchen and took four rice balls out

of the wooden bowl. Carefully replacing the cover, he shuffled soundlessly out onto the lanai where he had thrown his multi-stained sweat shirt and sandals the day before. Pulling the sweat shirt over his head, he took a breath of yesterday's pleasures: the smell of terivaki, dried salt water among a host of rice and sand grains . . . and the overpowering smell of old sweat. Damn, The sandals were still wet, but the sand ground familiarly into hard soles of unshod feet as he slipped them on.

You must wear shoes in order to drive, especially the old Ford. Once a proud machine, it was brought to the islands and remained behind when a hable family returned to the mainland. Now it was rusted by the salt-bearing trades and scorched in the Ewa sun.

Mori stepped out of the door and the surf cried. He was ready. Akahi. Akahi was his board's name neatly lettered across her nose; ten-three, there was a beauty in her simple lines. A coat of wax protected her green and white fiberglass body. Akahi: number one, was given to her by Kimo Akana. He, too, knew that she was good.

The sun was even with the Koolaus and about to peer over as Mori tightened the last strap of the surf board to the Ford. Kona winds had stopped early yesterday; they had stopped au-hea, the rain sickness, Yes, the sickness of seeing the waves too big, too close, and much too fast was ended. This day, catch the morning waves at Waimea and then the afternoon sun and surf... and with evening, the new tide. "First step have to be taken, Mori, or how else you finish," papa Tsuhako-san always said.

The door slammed and the engine idled as Mori looked at his watch: 6:10. A thirty-five minute drive around the harbor and into Manoa valley. Mori thought to himself, "Toki will be up in another few minutes. But she won't wait long," he promised putting the soiled sandal to the gas pedal.

Jane Tokiko Nakatani. No one but Mori ever called her by her middle name. And then he had shortened it to Toki . . . why? It made her feel different. She had been Jane. Sure she was an AJA and had gone to a Japanese school and learned what was to be learned, but that was something to remember only when she saw her grandparents. Honolulu was like any other large American city, and Jane was like any other girl . . .

. . . At a picnic at Ala Moana, she had met Mori. With stars glittering down on the darkened park, the moon, in opposition with the sun, rose high into the blue-inked heaven, and the fragrance of the surrounding sea seemed to be the glory of the jeweled setting of that evening; or at least it should have been. The moon was there, the host of stars and the steady sound of the surf, too. But, it wasn't as she had pictured it to be. It was simple. She had never seen Mori before and then she saw him, spoke to him and walked along the beach at ebb tide . . . no cannons, no music, no enchanting or exotic perfumes. It was simple, peaceful and almost hallowing being there with him. She often wondered why . . . or how . . . or whatever it could be . . . but no longer. It was Mori . . . her Mori . . .

... The lunch was packed last night, Good. I hate to rush around in the morning. 6:25, Mori will be here in a quarter of an hour. I'll wear the blue muumuu over my green swim suit and the yellow straw hat; Waimea doesn't demand the best, does Mori? Yes. Fried chicken, sushi, potato chips, fresh pineapple and mago, coke, teriyaki . . . all here but the ice . . .

. . . What had he said to her after they left Ala Moana: ko ko ni saciari. Those words, at first so foreign, were later remembered as being said as a promise to be fulfilled. Japanese is such a painful language to remember. He brought her to the door, and without a smile on his face, he spoke his good-night with discipline, and added with a deeper duty, "Tokiko-san, ko ko ni saciari: here is found happiness. . ."

. . . The paper bags are on the table. Draw fresh water to put into the thermos jug . . . remind Mori to pick up some ice in Kalihi. 6:35, am I ready? Better leave a note for Mom . . . she'll not remember where I've gone.

Mom

Mori and I have gone to Waimea; don't save supper. We'll eat at the Tsuhako's.

Lane

The green Ford, 6:45, he is on time.

"Good morning Mori," she shouted as she came running out of the house. He lifted the brown grocery bags from her arms and placed them in the back of the car and let her in through the driver's side, 'We'll have to get some ice,' she stated with a laugh on her lips. He nodded in reply.

And the Ford backed down out of Manoa valley with the two in the silence of the radio. The ice was bought at Ashi's Texaco station in Kalihi. Kam highway directed them out to the other side of Oahu. Haleiwa was running 4 to 5, with good intervals, easily breaking on the rock covered beach. KPOI had said this would be found and at Waimea, 6 feet in sets of nine, with an occasional 9 foot wave that runs a bit harder and faster than the rest.

Waimea: rugged, crashing, pounding waves rolling en mass out of the blue horizon casting themselves in battle array against a valiant earthenwork beach . . . smashing into the lava rock standing alone in their midst, But neither was an advancing victor nor a retreating vanquished and none moved to avoid the other. The spray of the waves screamed, 'Move!' as they slid into Pele's rock island which thundered, 'No!' as it stopped each successive wave. A different portion of the lava barrier and a different wave rushing constantly forward, though nothing really moved: the same surging sea and the same immovable rock.

The Ford stopped on the crushed coral sand,

Mori had that look on his face that he reserved for both her and the sea; a mixture of love and possession. Not jealous of the sea, the sea did not have Mori as she did. The sea did not know Mori as she did. He'd help her carry the mats, bags and the transistor radio down to the beach . . . then he'd run back to get Akahi. Akahi, his board was not a rival either. Little did that matter though, Mori was a surfer and a good one, too. But I am his more than the board or the sea.

'Toki, come on in; I'll take you out,' he ordered as he raced back with Akahi under his arm. A moment later, with his sandals kicked off and his sweat shirt thrown across her blue flowered muumuu and straw hat, they both continued his race to the surf. Once there, she dove gracefully in and yelled at him to follow . . . or at least toss Akahi to her.

'Mori, Mori . . . the water is fine . . . hurry, jump in,'
(Continued on Page 30)



THE KERMIT

by Mary Harris

A kermit is a creature of small stature, usually of military occupation, who seeks to retreat into his home each night to remain unnoticed by the existing world. One such kermit, Colonel Tic Tack, was chosen, unknow to him, to

embark on a great adventure.

Taps had just begun to sound as Colonel Tack pulled himself from his evening drink to answer the door. Slowly he approached the hammering noise, disposing of his drink and straightening his appearance on the way. Before he could completely open the door a cadet, whom he recognized as first classman Mathy Marshmellow, was squeezing through the door, and dropped his snow covered parks to the floor.

"What the hell"

"Sorry, Sir; I will explain in a minute. We have little time. First get me some coffee and pack some food, yes, we'll need food."

There was another knock at the door. Colonel Tack swiftly threw the door wide open and saw three more cadets on his doorstep.

"Come in, come in," called Mathy from the kitchen. "Are

the others on the way?"

"Others?" the bewildered kermit queried.

The smaller cadet, obviously a plebe, tried to nod his half-braced chin.

Before the kermit could shut the door three more cadets pushed into the room. As he stood half-dazed trying to collect his thoughts, the plebe, Parkie, he believed they called him, had hung the seven gray coats on the hooks in the wall and was busy serving the others at the small card table set in the middle of the room. "My food, all my food," he thought, "they're eating up all my food."

"Now see here Mr. Marshmellow "

"Sit down, Sir, and have some cake. We need to discuss our plans before we start. As you will be our guide, I..."

"Guide, plans, what are you talking about? I'm not going anywhere. And what are you doing here?"

He took a small rumpled paper from his pocket and read: "A map of Woo Poo Mountain, Sir. Somewhere living in the heart of that mountain is a great goat, and we have to kill it before tomorrow at reveille. The goat has at the base of its left horn the key to the Thayer Hotel where our drags have been locked. Parkie has some food packed for us; we had better get started, Sir."

Almost before the colonel knew what was happening, he and the seven cadets were trudging through the snow with the wind slapping them in the face. Though not knowing quite why he was participating in this adventure, the kermit followed after the troop, doing his best to keep up with them. After an hour of walking the colonel began calling the others to stop. He had forgotten his gloves and his hands had grown numb.

Suddenly there was a loud rushing sound. "My God," cried one of the cadets, "it's a landslide, we'll all be buried."

When Mathy regained consciousness, he had no idea of how much time had passed. He sensed that it was getting late and he had to get the others together quickly. In less than thirty minutes every one but Parkie had been found. The rest decided to go on without him. The troop had no sooner set out when an opening in the snow appeared. Treeman, the only remaining plebe, was chosen to make the descent into the hole. A rope was fitted under his armpits and three men slowly lowered him into the hole.

It seemed to be a long time before Treeman was pulled up from below the snow with his story of a narrow tunnel

leading to a chamber filled with hay.

"It must be the goat's cave," cheered Colonel Tack.

"It must," echoed Mathy. "And now, Sir, it has come time for you to champion our cause and to kill the goat. Here, take this saber, it's a good sharp one. From the reception desk in the library."

"Me—kill the goat—but I can't, I've never fought a goat before."

"You are the only one who can do it, Sir. You can't let us down after leading us this far . . . Thank you, Sir, and don't forget, the base of his left horn."

The tunnel was very narrow and very dark. As he crawled on his hands and knees closer to the chamber where the goat was, the smell of hay became more intense. Then, just before him, he saw the goat. It was large and deep blue in color. At the base of its left horn was a sparkle of gold— "the key" thought the colonel.

With a look of horror, Tack grabbed for his nose—he had forgotten about his allergy to hay—but it was too late. A sneeze, unequaled by any sneeze since, vibrated the entire cave and woke the goat who had been asleep.

The fight that ensued was terrible. At last the goat lay silent—the scene before the Colonel's eyes was unbelievable. The goat, in rage, had thrown his head back piercing himself through the heart with his own born.

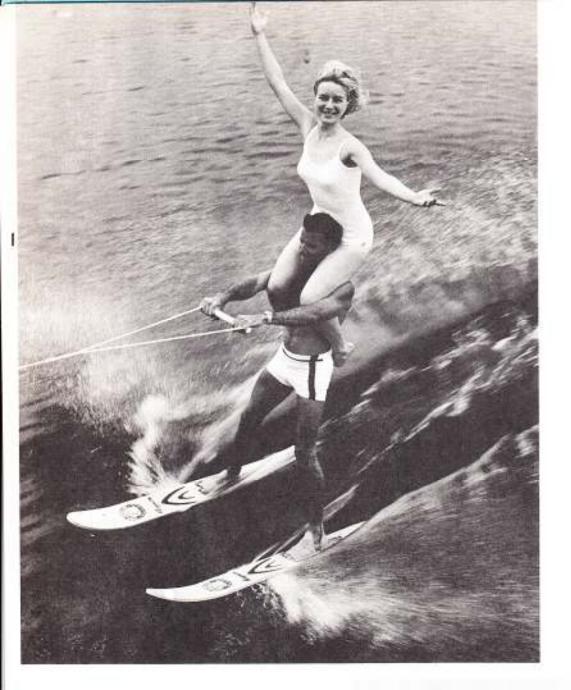
Remembering his mission, the kermit climbed onto the goat and tore the golden key from its horn. A small rustle came from the back of the chamber. The kermit turned with a start, losing his balance, and fell from his perch on the goat's head.

"Parkie, we thought you were dead."

"No excuse, Sir."

The journey back to the Thayer was silent. The cadets had completed their mission, and the colonel was completing D.R.'s.





January's Pointer Pic

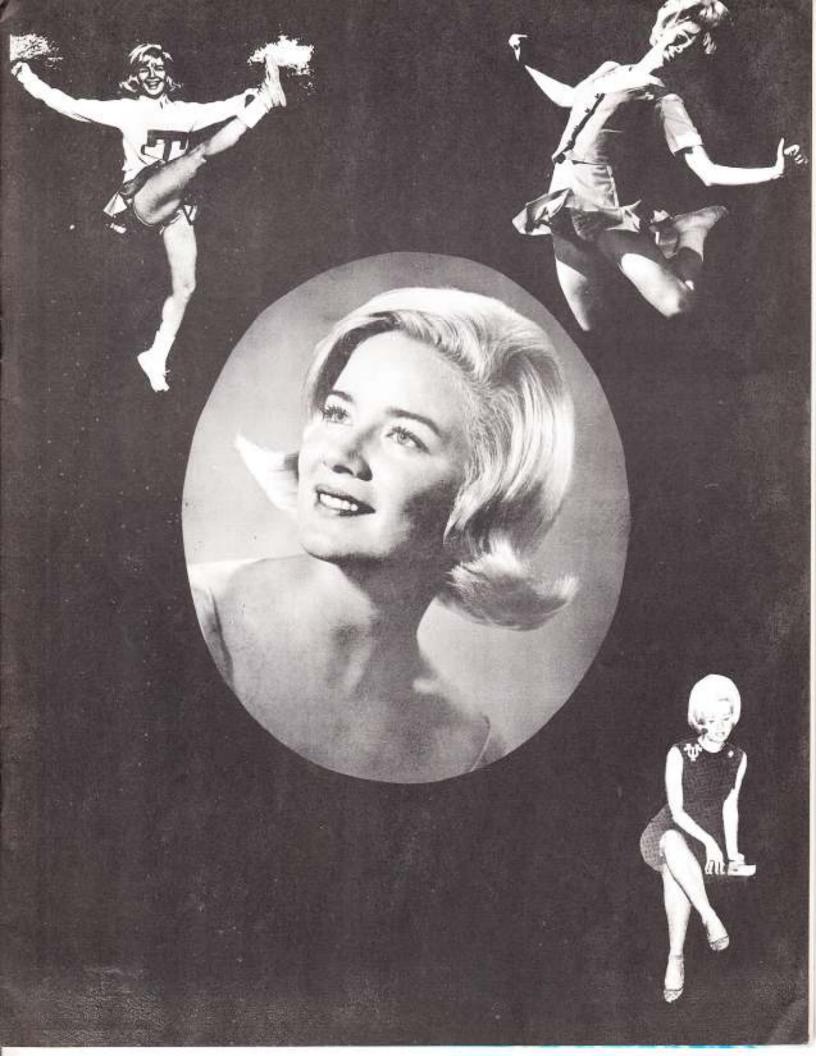
. . . Mary Huddleston, University of Tennessee, Knoxville.

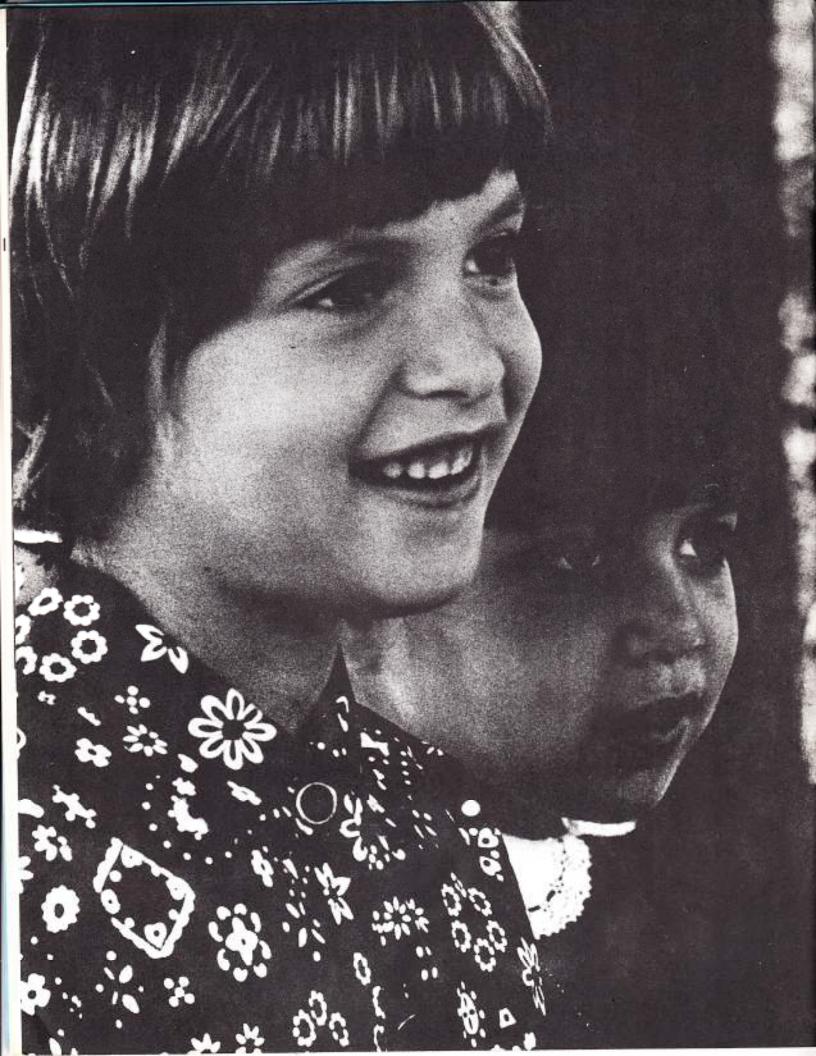
. . . A girl that catches the eye. Beauty in motion, loveliness in a classic pose. Sunlight and the water illuminate the golden hair, the bright smile. Candlelight and soft music glow and shimmer in her presence.

Mary, a girl not easily forgatten.





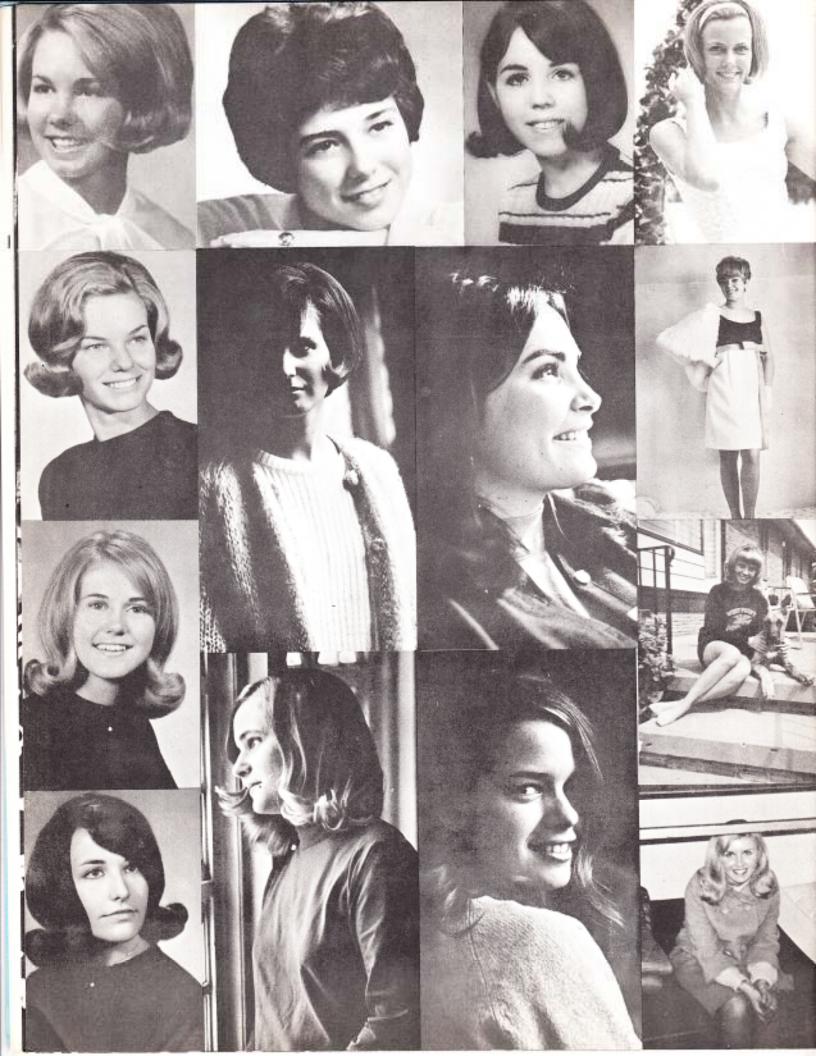


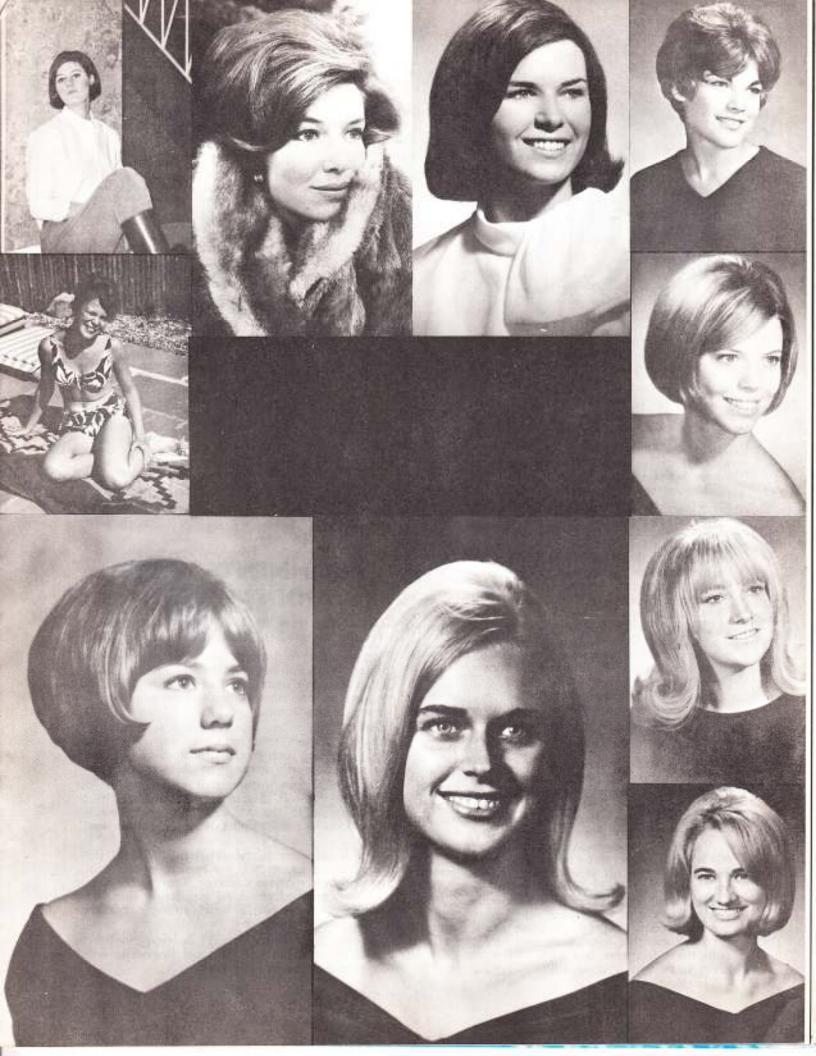


Mhooss











WHAT IS A CADET

(Eds. note) The following is a comment made by a young lady about our contemporaries at the Air

Force Academy.

Between the security of childhood and the insecurity of second childhood, we find a fascinating group of humanity called cadets. They come in assorted sizes, colors, and states of sobriety. They can be found anywhere—on land, in the air, on O.D.P.'s, on confinements, in bars, in love, and always in debt. Girls love them, towns tolerate them, and governments support them.

A cadet is laziness with a deck of cards, and protection from commanding officers with a copy of **Playboy**. He has the energy of a turtle, the slyness of a Lt. Colonel, the sincerity of a liar, the aspirations of a Casanova, and when he wants something, it is usually content having just a

period of liberty.

Some of his likes are girls, women, females, dames, and the opposite sex (just to mention a few). He dislikes: answering letters, his uniform, superior officers, his coffee, or getting up in the

morning.

No one else can cram into an alpha blouse a little black book, a pack of Luckies, a picture of Tuesday Weld, a comb, a candy bar, a can of beer, and what's left of last month's pay. He likes to spend some of his money on liquor and girls, the rest he spends foolishly.

A cadet is a magic creature. You can back him out of your home, but not out of your heart. You can scratch him off your mailing list, but not off

your mind. You might as well give up!

He is your one and only good-for-nothing, (blurry-eyed bundle of worry), but all of your shattered dreams become insignificant when you see him after three month's restrictions and he looks at you with those big eyes and says, "Hi there! Sure is great to be with you, again!"

COMMENTS FROM POINTS WEST

Commentary from a South Bend female college after the Army-Notre Dame Game, 1966:

So the dirty old maids went out with the uniformed West Pointers and had a fine time. The Cadets couldn't understand why Notre Dame didn't want us, and now we can't understand why we wanted Notre Dame.

Army regulations must provide for men with morals, manners and male-ese, for never have SMC girls met such modern masters of the medieval art of courtly love.

Despite certain instances of never-met or lost dates, the Pointers' day at Notre Dame was in direct contrast to the Miller's Tale scene weekly dramatized in the Reignbeaux on any other weekend.

Our women are as fickle as the Wife of Bath now, and no longer will we husk our own coats, buy our own rootless beers or wear Notre Dame cowboy hats. And the area supporting the heavy woolen uniform is ever so much stronger than that fulfilling ND t-shirts.

If only Saint Mary's could be transplanted to Ladycliff, we could tell the local Reeves to enlist now and meet us in New York.

Lynn-Del

Secretary-Pennsylvania

I think this place swings—it's just like home. First Impression

Very dismal

P.D.A. is nothing new to me—I put up with it at home.

I always have a good time when I come up here. It's not what you do but who you do it with.

Mary Ja

Newspaper Reporter—New Jersey Been coming here & months

I was first impressed by the codets and the grounds and still am. However, serious discussion with codets seem to indicate that West Point is dainy on awfully good job with one exception. It is failing to awaken potential intellects, a prime purpose of most institutions of higher aducation.

P.D.A. is ridiculous—It's one thing to stand in front of Grant Hall necking and another just to hold a girl's hand.

It seems to me that the people who go through school here and ratain there humanness in the best sense do so despite the system and not because of it.

Th dances could be improved. I don't see any reason why they couldn't have more entertainment.

Debble

Secretary—Philadelphia First time here

It's very nice—I like it except for the rain. P.D.A. 'Veil, if it's a rule it's a rule, but rules on be corried too far.

I think the guys should have more weekends ran just a few a semester.

Margaret

Works for C.B.S. programming computers First time nere

Contrary to what I've heard from Gary, I think it's a very nice place—everybody's cheerful.

P.D.A. is a bit too much.

The afternoon was good up to a point and then I started to get bored.

The food in the Weapons Room is pretty bad.

I've always wanted to come to West Point all my life and now that I'm here, I'm not sorry—besides I'm going to see Sammy Davis, Jr., tomorrow.

Carol

Photographer-Philadelphia

West Point should realize that there is more to being a man than military life. We can teach them something too. The steps to the Field House should be lighted.

There should be more and better eating places.

The dress gray uniform should include a shirt under the coat, so they can take the coat off.

Linda

East Strausburg State College, Penn. First time

Some are conceited. Beautiful compus.

Geneva

Very similar to Princeton—the buildings and compus, that is.

So for everything seems very pleasant. P.D.A. is a silly rule—no special reason, I just think it's a silly rule.

Diane

Ladycliff-Been dragging 6 months

I like it sometimes.

The place is not normal,

I think P.D.A. is bad—they should throw it away.

I think the movies should be better.

I think the dances are good.

Lodycliff should be allowed to use the library more.

Plebes are too much alike, Yearlings are the best cadets, the most fun and the most individual. I don't know anything about the cows, and the firsties are snots.

Read Pointer—They should rerate Ladycliff.

Carol

The New School—N.Y.C. Works partime Been drogging year and a nolf.

It's very pretty-it depends upon your date and not how you like West Point.

Most cadets are well-mannered, easy to get along with, fairly intelligent, some are narrow mindea—their education lacks culture.

Dances are just like anywhere—like I said it depends on who you're with. There is confusion on what the girl should wear,

P.D.A.? I always managed to get around it. It's nice when you don't want to neck with your date. Rules are made to be broken.

The girls here could be a lot better looking—there are a lot of real dogs.

Ava Ladycliff

Dragging here 2 years

I don't like it at all—It's all military. Everything has to be done in a certain way at a certain time. You never have time or are allowed to do what you want,

I don't like P.D.A. either—that's what I mean—you can't do what you want—you're always being watched. They do it in other schools. I don't see why this school is different.

The dances are all right, They'll pass. Cadets should be allowed to cut classes. They should have as many cuts as the number of credits the course is worth.

I don't think the guys should have classes on Saturday. And they should have more weekends off to go where they want.

.Margaret Secretary—N.Y.C.

The campus is very nice.

The fellos should be able to have cars before they're seniors.

I think it's terrible—they should be able to hold hands at least.

They should have different bands for the dances.

I think the guys should be able to get out a lot more-like every weekend.

Kathie

P.D.A.—It's hard to do anything in an Austin-Healy. First impression—I just think they're pretty normal guys, I don't like suspenders.

Linda

Oueens College, Been here twice

Do 1 like it? Seriously, yes. It's different—lot to do.

I enjoy watching sports.

9.D.A. is good—the boy gets to know the girl more for what she is.

Cadets are very well-mannered, and interesting and mature. I think they know what they want out of life. They all seem to be very patriotic.

The first time I saw all the cadets I thought they were conceited slabs, and now I see that they are human.

The dances?--The bands are good but it gets monotonous.

What really impressed me are the parades. They're really something to see.

Joan

Secretary, been dragging year and a half.

It's very nice up here. The scenery is beautiful—keeps my feet sore and my weight down.

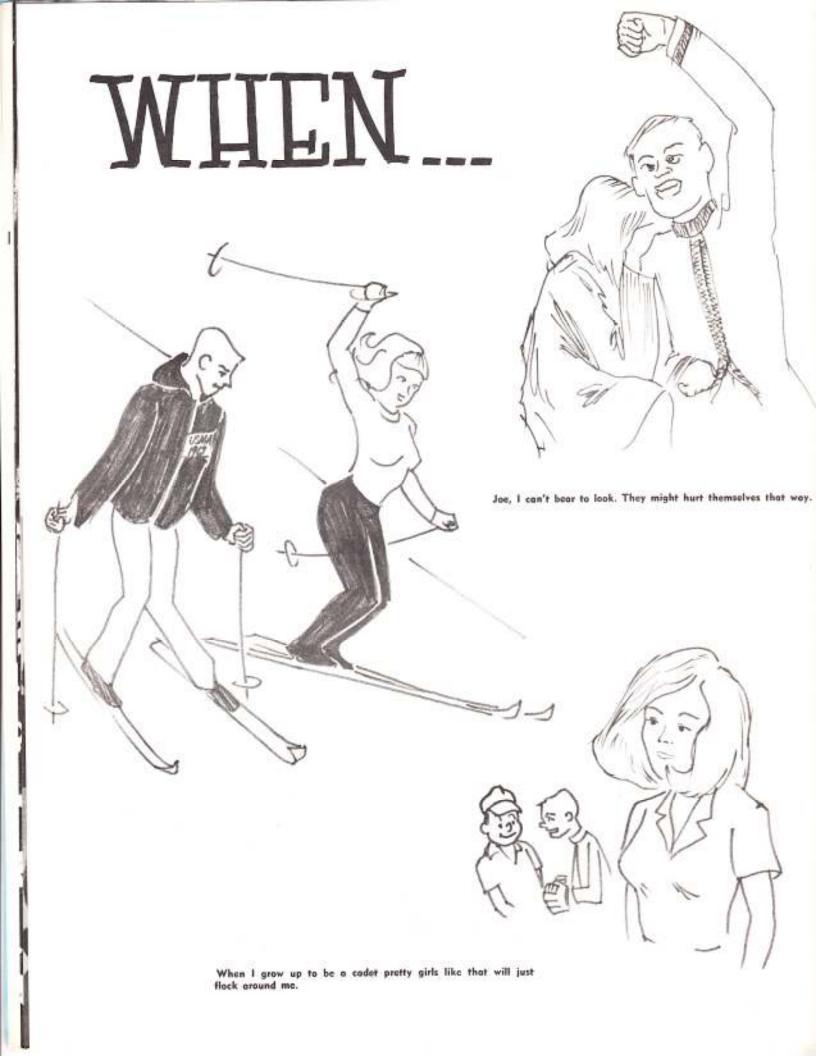
P.D.A. is a good thing—there are just some things that you shouldn't do with a boy in public—it should be kept private.

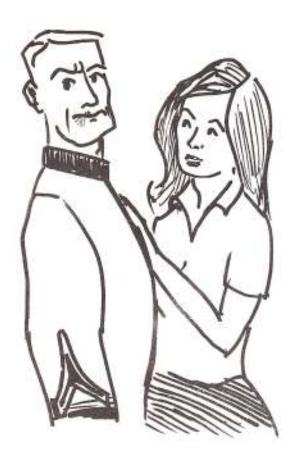
The mess hall is very nice—everything is organized and the food is good.

The dances are nice but they don't play enough slow dances.

Read Pointer.

I don't understand it at all.

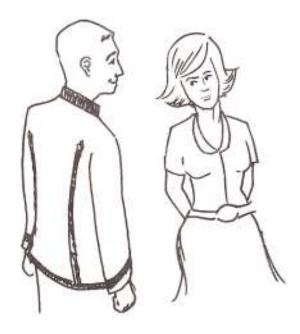




Did you hear what that nice man said, you'll get to read about it.



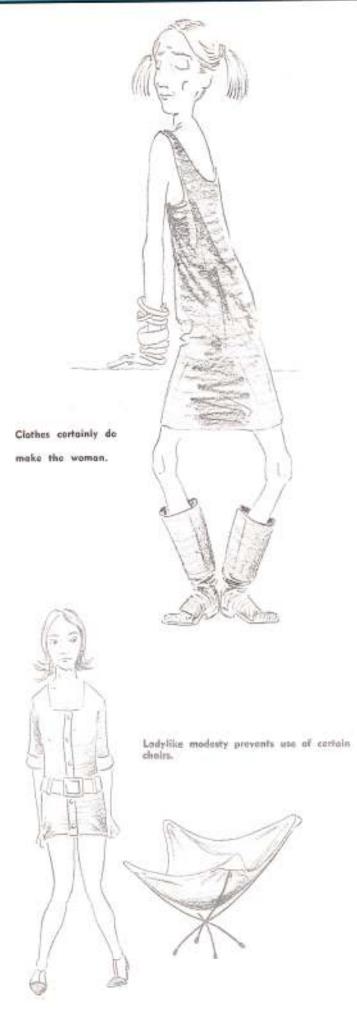
Well I guess you could say Jocy's reommate has a nice personality.



Well, I'm sure if I told Jimmy how well I know you, he won't be nearly as mean to you.



The Businesswaman.



By Carraway



It con't cook, but it slinks like croxy.



Clothes for those who'd rather switch than fight!

For those who are undecided.





Some styles bring out the beast in men.



How To Date Girls For Fun And Profit Engagement Isn't Really The End Of The World

by Danihy

There I was, a plebe of almost four months. I had finally memorized the number of Rah's in the "Long Corps Yell", so I knew that it was clear sailing for the rest of the year. Having this burden lifted from my shoulders, I commenced to put my efforts into a more serious and demanding area, that of dating.

I was young, innocent, one might say even pure as the driven snow, and I thought that the best way to relax on a weekend at West Point was to be in the company of some

young lady. Little did I know.

Having little or no contacts in the West Point area, and having spent my High School years doing chores around the house, I was somewhat at a loss as to how to go about finding a member of the opposite sex to escort. I was contemplating going to the Cadet Hostess with my problem, but before I could I was visited by a Second Classman who, while flexing his muscles and readjusting the comb in his back pocket, told me that he was about to offer me the chance of a lifetime. His fiancee was coming up for the weekend and she was bringing along a friend. I was being offered the distinct privilege of escorting said friend for two glorious days.

I don't really remember too much about that weekend except that my date had a mustache and kept on asking why there wasn't any place to get a drink "on campus". Sunday evening found me stunned. All my dreams had been shattered, and I found that I was bordering on complete nervous breakdown. Something had to be done, or I would eventually crawl under my "brown-boy", never to be seen again. After much soul-searching I made a decision. I was through being nice and sweet and cuddly like a puppy dog. I was going to become ruthless. I therefore started to get just trims at the barber shop, had taps put on my shoes, and began working out with weights. The weeks passed, and then my chance came. My roommate's childhood sweetheart, who today is married and has two kids, was coming up, along with her older sister. I accepted the date, and started memorizing all the sarcastic remarks I had ever heard, which amounted to "Your Muddah wears combat boots", and, "What's a rotten girl like you doing in a nice place like this".

Finally Saturday came, and as we strolled over to Lee Hall to meet our dates I scraped my taps along the ground to gain confidence. The girls were paged, and I was introduced to my date. We sat down in the corner, and I wasn't sure whether she could see me flexing my muscles underneath my dresscoat. There was about a minute of silence in which I could see she was breaking down under my cold,

icy stare.

Finally, she turned to me and said, "Are you in any pain?" Without batting an eyelash I came back with, "Your Muddah wears combat boots!" I could see that that had gotten to her, she was almost completely helpless. She cleared her throat, a sure sign of insecurity, and asked, "How do you like West Point?"

I casually tapped a cigerette out of the pack, lit it and inhaled deeply. Again giving her that cold stare I answered, 'What's it to you?" I would have waited around to see her completely fall apart but I had to leave abruptly because I had lit the wrong end of the cigarette and I was sure that I was dving.

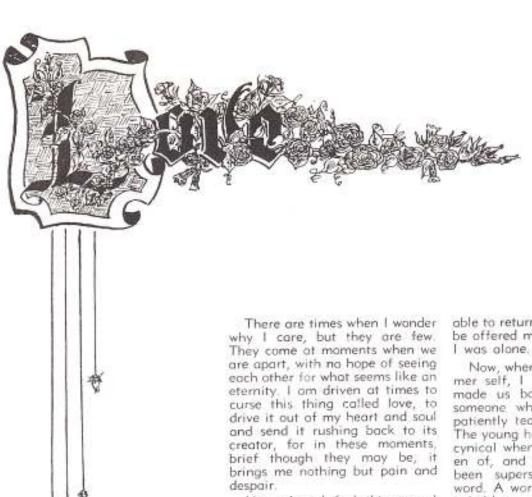
I fainted in the men's room and remained there most of the day, but I heard later that my date had been speechless

and kept on mumbling for the rest of the day,

This sort of thing went on for about a year and a half. I remained ruthless and cunning, never letting them get the best of me, always making them pay for their large cherrycokes. Sometimes I even went so far as to refuse to hold their coats for them. I remember one girl I had a little trouble with until I took her into the library and ran her up and down the stairs for four hours, then took her to a dance.

Then about six months ago something happened. I had a blind date with a student-teacher from Yonkers. All Saturday afternoon I tried to be scathingly sarcastic, downright brutal, but nothing worked right, and I found that my heart wasn't really in it. Saturday taps found me sitting at my desk, slight tremors in my hands and toes. I dated this girl again, and then a third time, but I don't really care to discuss it because I get all mushy inside and sometimes I even cry a little.

What it all boils down to is that this afternoon I gave this girl an engagement ring, one especially selected from the back page of the Army Times. I came back to my room about an hour ago and asked my roommate to touch my arm. He did, and said I felt cuddly like a puppy dog. But I don't care; I don't care if the world laughs. I'll take the taps off my shoes and put on forty pounds. The only thing that really bothers me is that my roommate keeps on asking me if he can touch my arm again.



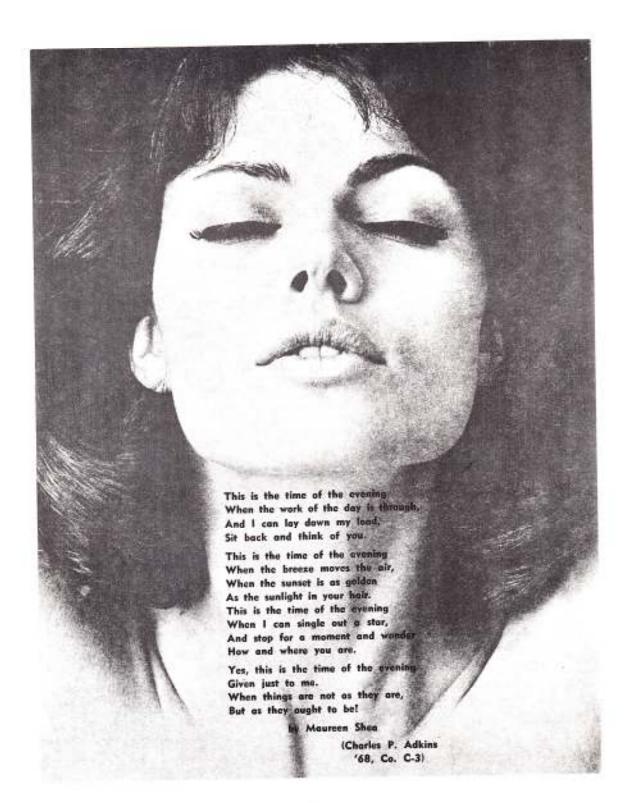
Yet, when I feel this way, I think also of the girl, that one person who moves my life as no other can: I think of her quiet beauty and the bubbling laughter which is mine I think of quiet nights and sun-filled days, of the ocean pounding in our ears as we run along the water's edge.

There was a time when I thought I needed no one, that I could be happy alone Yet those days found my laughter stilted, my happiness strained, my life a constant rushing and movement, advancing towards nothing. I was too proud, or too blind, to admit the need within me. And there was also fear, a fear of love without response, a fear of emotions set free only to be dashed and broken.

My thoughts dwelled on the incapacity of others to love, never realizing that it was I who lacked this ability. I who would not be able to return the love that would be offered me. I was afraid, and I was alone.

Now, when I remember my former self, I praise the God who made us both for sending me sameone who cared enough to patiently teach me how to love. The young have a tendency to be cynical when emotions are spoken of, and love, the idea, has been superseded by love, the word. A word tossed about as if it held no more meaning for the human race than "rock" or "stone". Children are embarrassed by the idea, and defend themselves by taunting those who have found that love, the love of a woman, is what makes meaning out of madness, turns drabness into hecuty.

I have found love, and now that its warmth and security completely envelop me, I never wish to let it go. I feel a certain sadness for those who run from it, for they are only running from happiness. So when I begin to feel that love is hurting me, I pause and analyze my unhappy mood, and I soon realize that what I feel is only loneliness and the frustrated desire to be with that one person who makes my life complete. I realize this, and expectantly wait for the time when I can once again look upon this girl and say, "I love you."



In Memoriam

September 4, 1966 Sunday

Dear John,

I know it has been some while since I've written. I sincerely apoligize for my rudeness. It's just that I've been so busy and working so hard that I never seem to have any time to myself anymore. You're not the only one I've neglected to write. I haven't written a soul all summer.

John, there is something I must tell you. Possibly this is one reason I've been hesitating in writing you. Did I ever tell you that I had gone with a fellow last year for about four months? Well, his name is We were quite serious last year (winter) and finally decided that we should both date other people for a while and find out whether or not we were really in love and meant for one another. This July and I went out for the first time since February. After that one date we both knew we wanted to be back together—for good. John, I love very much. It is as hard to explain as the way you said you loved me. It's just there and you know it. is a wonderful person and we've both had an awful lot of time to think. On November 29 he's giving me his "pin". See. we both have our birthday on the same day. I'm going to accept his pin with all my heart. We plan on getting married the Christmas of our Senior year. This may all sound terribly sudden and fast to you. Actually, it isn't. It's been a long time, and I know I do love him and want to marry him.

John, I have no idea what your feelings are toward me now. I hope you have come to realize that I wasn't really meant for you and that possibly I happened to be a girl and that time.

I don't want us to stop writing, unless you wish to. You're a pretty wonderful guy, and I've told you this before. I want us to be good friends and for us to continue being honest and frank with one another. Please think about it and don't feel you're obligated to write. knows about you and he knows I've written to you. He in no way tried to discourage me from writing you: in fact there is another girl he is writing to. They are just good friends and she knows about me. There is one thing I've learned and that is, love isn't selfish.

Take care now and study hard. I'll do the same. Please forgive me for not writing, I really hope I hear from you.

As	always,						

The World Of Winter



He: Hortense ... they're playing our song!

He: Seven wonderful years
... and every college
vacation since then
we've been coming back
to New York and the
Sheraton-Atlantic,
For Thanksgiving,
Christmas, Mid-years,
Spring vacations

She: And the SheratonAtlantic has such convenionce to theatres,
museums, libraries,
Lincoln Denter, Firth
Avenue shops, and with
such swingling restaurants right in the Hotel
and dencing nightly and
such low prices... no
wonder we students siways make out best at
the Sheraton-Atlantic.

He: You were always such a romantic, darling.

STUDENT RATES:0

Faculty rates are low too:

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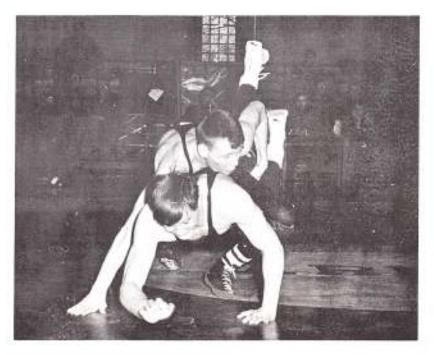
*Student rules do not apply Worth 17-18, 1967.

SHERATON -ATLANTIC

HOTEL Broadway and 34th St., N. Y., N.Y. 10001 (212) PE 6-5700 Ration Hills Jr., V. P. & Gen. Mgr.



Army's Ed Cutting (15) and George Charest (12) watch as puck cludes Massachusetts goalie in record 17-2, Army win.



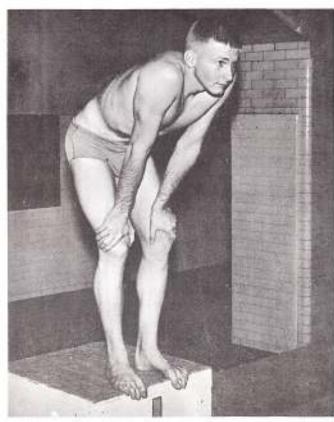
Veteran performer Gary Fowler uses his experience to good advantage as he takes down his 130 lb. apponent.

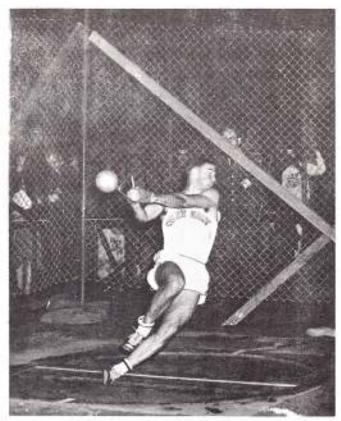
Sports

Waiting for the starter's pistal is veteran swimming star, Dick Kline, who has been a consistent winner for the Army swimming team.



Army star Bill Schutsky reaches high for (shot) (rebound) as Princeton players move in. Army played well, only to lose to the powerful Princeton five by three points.





With every muscle bulging, Army track team captain John Graham, prepares to heave the 35 lb. weight during meet at Field House.



Army high jumper, John Armstrong, heads for the foam after clearing bar in dual meet with Harvard.





It's head over heels as Jimmy Byrnes tries to subdue his 123 lb. apparent who has other ideas in mind.



A loose ball waits to be claimed in rough action during Army's victory over Seton Hall.



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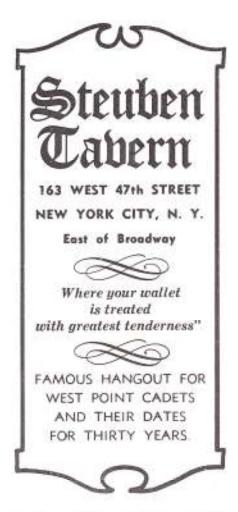


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The world is underwater, in that world, skindlivers have made the self-winding Zodiac. Sea Wolf their undisputed finit choice. Big. luminous, easy-to-mad chial. Teated and guaranteed for waterproofing? and accuracy 660 feet underwater. Sweep second hand and ministrice besaft to bell your lime under at a glance. Unbrewkable lifetime mainspring and balance staff. There's no better watch, no better value for active sporthmen. Meer's or ladies! black or white dial. Model 1750 W, \$110.

⊕Zodiac

. .





from El Paso
Who knew what to do
with his lasso.
But his brass it was dingy,

But his brass it was dingy, And his dates they were stingy

Until he was told about BRASSO. Moral: 0

Moral: Girls take a shine to a Brasso man.



TENN-SHUN! Bend your Brasso little just to Brasso Div. R. Y. Franch Co., Rochester,

SUIYOOBI: WEDNESDAY . . .

(Continued from Page 7)

she teased, Mori saw her in the water: smiling with her long black hair pushed back and her breasts just below the water like two well formed, demanding waves eveningly matched and peaked.

The board splashed into the next white water followed by the surfer who disappeared under the foaming remnants of that wave. She grabbed Akahi and started out for the first wave. He came up and saw her on his board picking her way through the maze of waves. 'So she thinks that she can get to that reef before I can,' he thought. There were no others to watch as he dove back under the waves. With strong steady strokes he shortened the distance between himself and Toki. Toki looked back as he paddled Akahi onto the reef. A few more yards and she would be over the reef... in a few strokes, Mori would be into the reef.

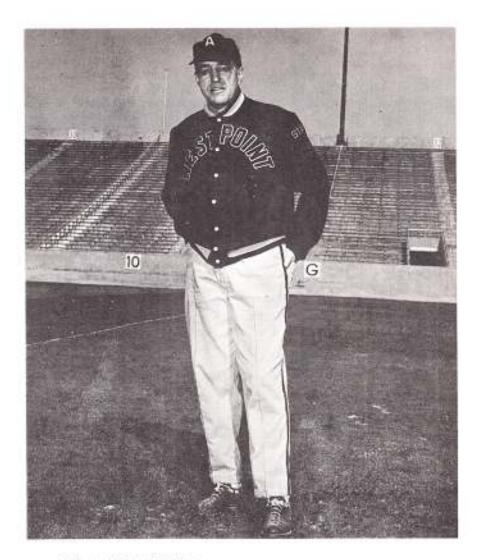
She waited directly over the reef. He'll come up and try to knock me off the board. But I'll take him with me and then so close to him and the sea, for that moment world would pass.

Odd that he hadn't come up, yet. A chill went over herbody as she sat on Akahi beneath the Hawaiian sun.

Her eyes searched the clear blue-green water. 'God, no!' she cried aloud. The coral-toothed reef smiled knowingly back, swallowing the smaller fish, too.







The POINTER
Sports Personality of the Month

Thomas B. Cahill

The POINTER staff takes off its hat to a great man and a great coach, Thomas B. Cahill,

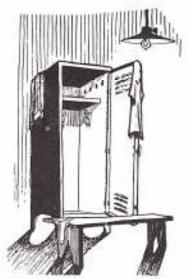
Coach Cahill started his career by becoming an athlet: himself. From Fayetteville High near Syracuse he moved to Niagara University and excelled as a football end, a basketball guard and a first baseman.

After World War II, Army Capt. Cahill became Coach Cahill as he guided the Manlius School grid teams to a 56-8-2 record and became the 1956 Coach of the Year in Central New York State. In 1957 Tom became head coach at Riverdell Regional High School in Oradell, N. J. and tutored this team to a two year record of 9-6-1. Army had been in contact with Cahill before, as he filled our ranks with Manlius players, but 1959 brought him into the fold as Plebe Mentor. In seven years the records showed 27 wins in 45 games and that most important 6-1 season in 1965.

Bingo! A change came, the deck was reshuffled, and quickly too. Three days before the 1966 spring game we had an old face in a new place and Tom was our head coach. No one was happier than the Army Team; they wanted him and they showed it in the most dynamic practice sessions at West Point in many years. The season came and went, and we saw the record climb to 8-2 with a victory over Navy. Those of us that are here know how wonderful it is, and it was great enough to make our coach the 1966 National Coach-of-the-Year.

When the roar of the crowd has died the Corps will still be here, Army football will be here, and so will Tom Cahill, the man who has earned the right to smile.

To the man of the hour, the day, and the year, Sir, we offer our congratulations!



The Locker Room

by Emmett Mahle

The 1966 Army football season was made a complete success over the holidays when Head Coach Tom Cahill was named Coach of the Year by the Football Writers Association of America. In the nationwide balloting, Cahill won by a decisive margin over 32 other coaches, while receiving more than 27% of the 561 ballots cast. Our hat goes off to Coach Cahill and to the entire Army Coaching Staff. Congratulations on a job well done.

Representing the Army Team in post-season bowl games and turning in outstanding performances in the process were Don Dietz and Dean Hansen in the North-South Classic and Mike Neuman in the Blue-Grey game.

Fellow golfers out there will testify to the fact that it's hard enough to score well on the green pastures without adding other obstacles. After trying to sink a long one on a beautifully manicured green, I would hate to have to putt on a hard, sand green. But a National Golf Foundation survey reveals that there are 372 courses in the United States with sand greens. Among the states, Kansas, with 73, has the most, while Missouri and North Dakota are next with 43.

Even though basketball isn't supposed to be a contact sport there are a lot of people who would argue that this isn't the case. U.C.L.A. Coach John Wooden is one of these and he has

come up with a plan to protect his fabulous young star, Lew Alcindor. Wooden says he's thinking about starting a film record of his sophomore star as a protective measure. Although Alcindor's career has only started, Wooden has begun to detect signs that big Lew, the most publicized player in a decade, was being roughed up, "My biggest concern is getting proper protection for Alcindor from the officials." Wooden said. "Our first opponents have not intentionally roughed him up or used brutal tactics, but there has been some pushing and shoving going on." It's quite natural for an official to miss this roughness when a man of his size is involved. I may have to compile a film to illustrate my point. And I have enough material already for a pretty good start."

If you don't think there's any money in baseball these days, then ask Giant centerfielder Willie Mays. Under questioning by John Gilbert, a militant defender of shareholder rights, Giant's President Horace Stoneham confirmed that Mays was paid \$125,000 in 1966. Thus Mays was the highest paid employee or officer in the organization, topping even Stoneham's \$80,000 salary.

Jim Crowley, one of the famous Four Horsemen of Notre Dame, convulsed the Hall of Fame banquet audience in New York a few weeks ago. Inducted into the Hall of Fame with eight others. Crowley was called upon to respond for the group. He recalled a 25-2 victory over Princeton in 1923. "I do not want to seem immodest," said the former halfback, "but I scored all of the points . . . for the opposition. I punted from our own end zone. It was a windy day. The wind caught the high punt and brought the ball right back to me. I signaled for a fair catch. The Princeton boys mauled me something awful. That was the two points, but most embarrassing was that Rip Miller, another Hall of Fame inductee, ran up to the official and said Princeton should be penalized for roughing the kicker."

The Army Rugby Club has already begun practice sessions, and are working toward another fine season of competition. With trips to such places as Sandhurst, England, and South Bend, Indiana, and with rugged action that can't be beat, the Rugby Club is getting to be one of the most popular clubs at the Academy.

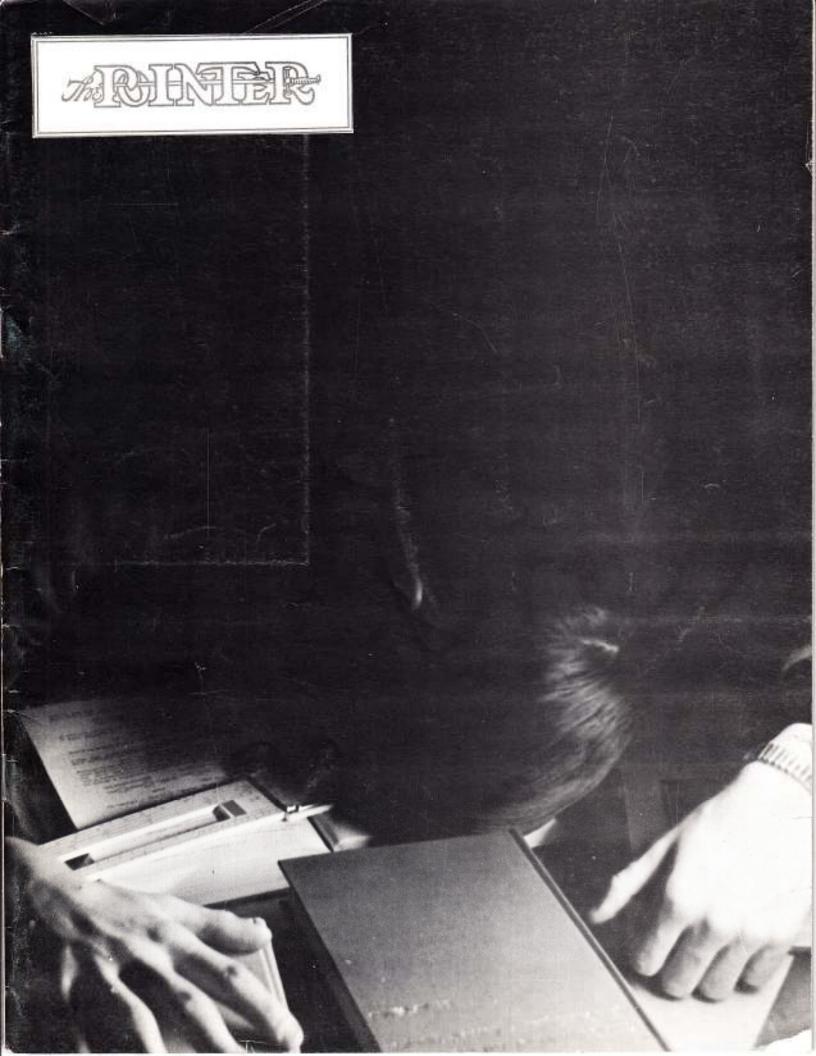


hoppy gloom period . . . frs are over . . . boris figured out a way to beat the exams . . . he sacrificed a plebe each night . . . cars are coming sooner or later . . . td tried to make it later for some who made it sooner . . regiment still in shock . . . the capital red capital leader is going air force . . cows get the green death . . . two in my company have already attempted suicide . . . mp apostrophe s looking for big day on march 9 . . . with 580 new cars on post they expect a new world record in tickets . . . tac came through today . . . thought attila the hun had made ami . . . boris still hasnt decided about his car . . . it will either be a volkswagen or a corvette . . firsties turning in everything to c dash supply . . . vince apostrophe s a and a showing a big profit this month . . . man of the year award goes to capital bob murril comma who wrote 2100 words on his leadership paper without a single footnote . hard time deciding where to go for semester break . . . ended up at the weapons room . . . after the first two frs boris went ahead and bought his infantry brass . . . there is a cow on my table who talks about solids at broakfast . . . i may drown him in the water pitcher . . . keep watching the clock tower . . , if the stock market noes down much more a junior tycoon in my company may jump . . . toc went over the pay of a second It and his necessary expenses . . . with airborne pay and the relief check i might make it . . . my brother at college reports that he doesn't get extra weekends for deans list . . , he gets fifty two either way . . . corvette owners disturbed about having to stay on , what will be the slug for dring 125 mph on thoyer rd question mark . . . old line armor file down the hall decided to go infantry . . . said a moving faxhale attracts the eye . . . we get cream at supper again . . first thing you know we will actually start getting real food . . . weather bureau puzzled about persistent cloud formations over west point and vicinity
. . . oh well . . . if winter comes can soring be for behind question mark . .

ier







Computer designs "impossible" filters for Western Electric

For years, engineers have known that better electronic wave filters could be designed by using the insertion parameter theory. But the complex mathematics of this theory, sometimes carried to 45 decimal places, made it impractical to handle.

Until now Western Electric engineers at our Merrimack Valley Works in Massachusetts have used the image parameter theory, experience, and experimental methods to design filters. But now, together with engineers from Bell Telephone Laboratories, they have worked out a computer program that solves their problem.

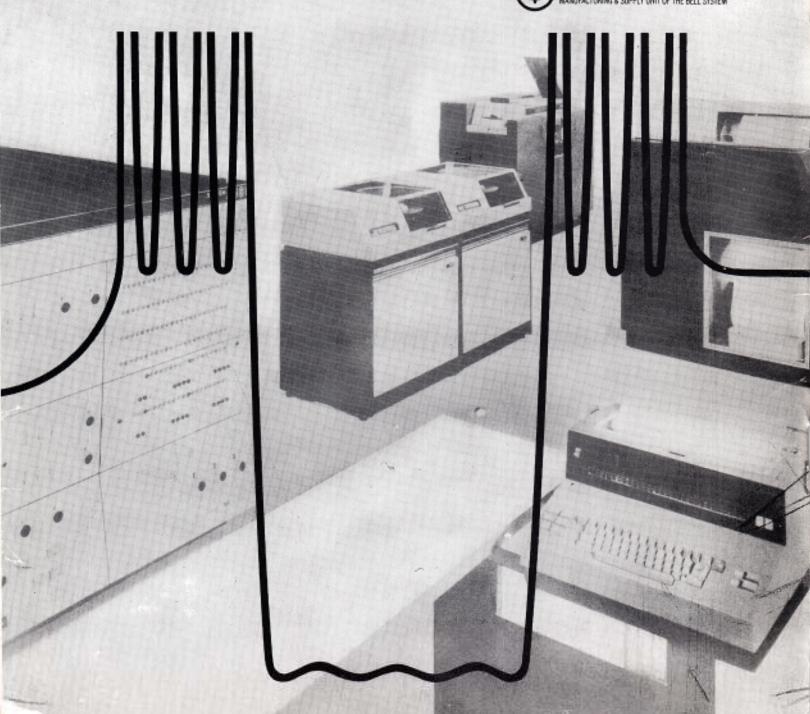
Using the insertion parameter theory and the computer to design a band-pass filter, they reduced the number of inductors needed, cut the cost of components by 36%, shortened design time 81%, and slashed engineering prove-in time by 86%. Moreover, they reduced attenuation in the band-pass region and sharpened filter cutoff between pass and stop regions.

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many thousands of electronic wave filters for the Bell System each year. With band-pass filters, for example, we can transmit many conversations at once over a single pair of wires. Naturally, we have a definite interest in synthesizing filters with maximum performance and minimum cost.

Such uses of computers to cut costs and improve performance is another way in which Western Electric helps its teammates in the Bell System bring you dependable, low-cost communications service.

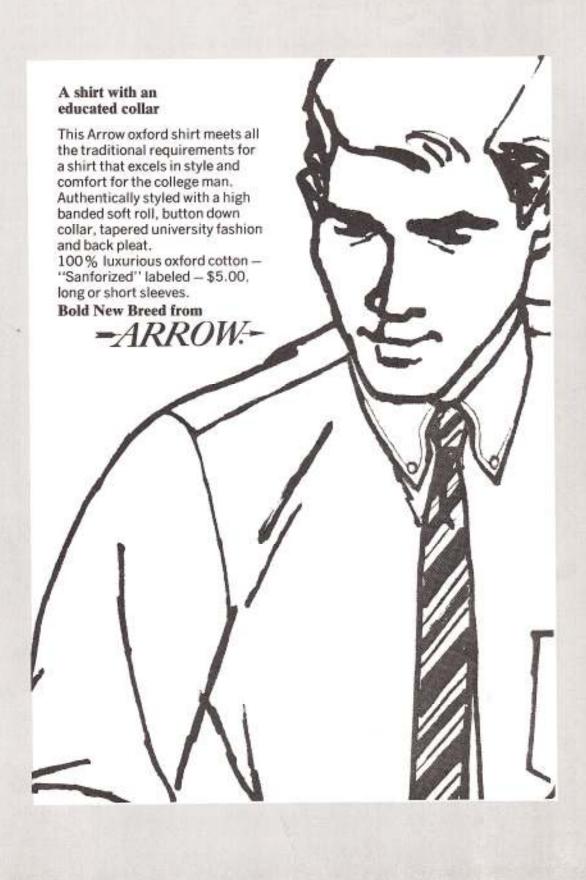




The islands of hope through Gloom: the sought after peace of mind, a bit of cheer from a friend or two, an occasional good meal, and the taste of a little adventure.









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FEBRUARY 24, 1967

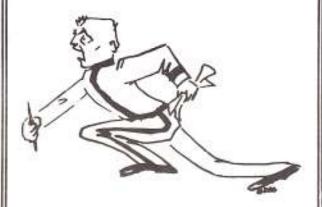
VOL. XLIV, No. 6

GOOD GRIFF GLOOM



Don't miss the VIETNAM or the PRAY-BOY issues when things brighten up.

GLOBESTAT



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by John LaBelle

BOOKS:

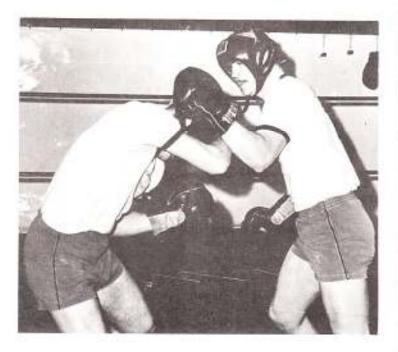
For those of you interested in a modern advenventure story with an archeological flare, **The Menorah Men**, a novel by Lionel Davidson, is an excellent choice.

From the opening prologue, a puzzling scroll fragment, to the final scenes in a rabbinical court-room, the action moves from the staid settings of Kensington Palace Gardens in London to the kibbutzes and ruins of Israel.

Lionel Davidson has constructed an exciting tale of the quest for the true Menorah, the famous seven-branched candelabra of Israel. Historical records supposedly confirmed that the Menorah was taken from the Temple by Titus and carried triumphantly to Rome. Two thousand years later, however, a scroll fragment is uncovered and partially translated. It is found to contain startling evidence that Titus' Menorah was an imitation and that the true Menorah was actually buried somewhere near the modern Jordanian border. Unfortunately, the Jordanians also acquire a similar fragment and the race to recover the Jewish treasure begins in earnest.

Enlisted in the Israeli cause is the brilliant Semitic scholar, Casper Laing. The Menorah Men is the detailed account of Laing's trials and tribulations in his search for clues to the burial place of the great candelabra.

Laing encounters opposition from many sources, both Israeli and Jordanian, but manages to continue his archeological endeavors. His efforts finally result in an unusual and unexpected conclusion, and an enjoyable experience for the reader.



BALLAD OF A PUG

To some a mat, for some a bat To others a pigskin is king

You play their games, but your own true fame And talent lies in the ring.

You practice long, the will is strong This one sport is your pet

You bend the back and run the track No question why, just run, forget.

Your eye is keen, your muscle lean The vision does not die

You fight, and find, suddenly behind, A dozen foes now lie.

Then the night of the last big fight Forcing a calm repose

Cool without hurry, your only worry A battle-weakened nose,

This man is swift, he is quite deft He thinks he knows who's best

But they've all gone down, and now this clown Must follow with the rest.

He keeps his wit-is hard to hit He's seen some good times too

But at last he slips, the parted lips Meet your fist—it passes through,

With battle heat, you chop the meat And then the fighting blurs

You see his head, now painted red But no—the blood is yours.

The darn nose, the whistle blows, The frowning judges heed.

A moment's quiet and then the riot He shouts—you quietly bleed.

-John Dodson

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Where your wallet is treated with greatest tenderness"



FAMOUS HANGOUT FOR WEST POINT CADETS AND THEIR DATES FOR THIRTY YEARS.

C G and H ...



It began on the very first day of Beast Barrocks . . . everything I did just seemed to go right . . . my shoes were always shiny . . . my bross always the best . . . and upperclassmen never gave me any trouble . . . and I couldn't help feeling like I was dumping on my classmates . . .



Every year followed the same pattern . . . I had to really try to do things wrong to keep from being the best in my class . . . to keep from dumping on my classmates . . .





So I began to intentionally foul things up . . . I'd scratch my brass . . . pound the toes of my shoes together . . . give my roommate a dress off and run out of the room before he could give me one . . . and it worked . . .



Yearling year I deliberately threw the Buckner Stakes . . . and cultivated rust on my rifle for inspections in ranks . . . Cow year was no better . . . I wrote myself up . . . because nobody else would . . . It wasn't easy . . . but I did it . . . because I just couldn't let myself dump on my clossmates . . .

And now I'm a firsty file closer . . . and I have my ring . . . and I have my car . . . and I have my girl . . . and I have every weekend free . . . and I have none of the worries and responsibilities of rank . . . and I can't help feeling like I've dumped on my classmates . . .

599th Night

by Mike Hart

They called it the 500th Night Celebration; to be more precise one should have called it the 494th Night Best-dealever dance. Those few short miles to Bear Mountain Inn and the slightly different "uniform", (civilian ski attire) made all the difference in the world. It was more than a dinner and more than a dance. For one thing, it was probably the biggest single event that the class of '68 (or any other class for that matter) ever celebrates as a group.

The festivities started Friday after school after the drags started arriving. The Crest Room in the Hotel Thayer was available for supper to cows and their dates. After supper, there was an informal hop at the Hotel featuring the "Nite-Ryders." Saturday was like most Saturdays: class, parade, inspection, and an afternoon of athletic events.



". . . in their beloved civvies . . ."

But Saturday night was the main attraction. Cows were allowed to leave post at 1700 (most had done so by 1702) in their beloved civvies, remembering to go directly to Bear Mountain Inn. As soon as everyone managed to find a seat and get settled, dinner was served. The meal consisted of broiled chicken, the customary baked potato and peas and dessert. When the task of feeding the hungry masses was completed, the tables were pushed back to allow room for plenty of dancing.

Great music was provided by the "Nite-Ryders" and the slightly fabulous group of yearlings known as "B. Arnold and the Traitors." With both bands turned on full volume most of the night there was more than enough action for anyone—and if dancing didn't satisfy you, you simply invented your own form of entertainment.



". . . dinner was served."

A report on such an evening would not be complete without some mention of the drags. There was one unfortunate soul present (namely, Me) who went stag due to some quirk of fate. I took it upon myself to take necessary data (measurements, personality quotient, whiteness of teeth, etc.) to compute an average. As might be expected from the class of '68 ("No task too great . . .") the final grade was an all-time Academy and pool record . . . 2.687 without an increment! !

When it was all over and the seething, teening masses cleared the area, I think there was only one regret which almost everyone shared: for reasons unknown such events occur with such limited frequency that it seems a great shame not to have them more often.



". . . there was more than enough action for anyone."

THE GAR



CAL 4000

by Tom Moore

At first glance the crevasse appeared normal, or as normal as any eighty-foot gap in the ice could look. Then one morning Kosgrov, the Russian geologist, told us that it was growing. Since it was Artic winter, what little thaw would occur was four months away; but Kosgrov was adamant so we followed him.

The crevasse was located in an ice valley, between two peaks about five hundred feet high. The air temperature at the time of our arrival was 46° below zero, measured on the surface. Kosgrov had, however, lowered several recording instruments into the slit and was busy taking readings. The barometric pressure appeared normal, but his temperature recording was far different than we had expected. The Russian explained that the temperature in the crevasse had been averaging from 40 to 50 degrees higher than outside air temperature and recently the difference had grown. In fact, the thermometer located a hundred feet below the surface was recording a temperature of 34°. Kosgrov's crevasse was growing, and at such a rate that the mass on which our station was located would be split in a matter of weeks.

Naturally our first thoughts were on the cause of this heat. Could it be an underground stream? This was not likely since the station was located only twenty-six miles from the North Geographic Pole. What then was the cause? Carmichael, the British physicist, argued that this was only some freak occurrence which would soon pass. Nothing like this had been previously recorded, and most of us believed that Carmichael's scientific curiosity was being challenged by fear of the unexplored.

A call to Center approved my request to explore the crevasse. Next morning, four members of the team set out over the two miles of ice to the crevasse. We were armed with bandoliers of reinforced nylon rope, picks, pitons, and oxygen equipment. Arriving at the site we discovered that the helicopter from Center had left meters and several radios, and we set up a base camp approximately two hundred yards from the crevasse. We left our large radio and moved to the edge of the gap.

The sides were like the inside of a glass, with no hand or footholes visible. The ropes were anchored at the top, and McGuire, the Irishman, stationed himself at the edge, as the remainder of the group inched down the sides. We carried lights, but the black was as thick as fog and they soon proved useless. At the one hundred-foot level the air was noticeably warmer. So much warmer that our fur parkas were not needed. At the two hundred-foot level the combination of increased temperature and insulated garments proved too much to contend with. We stopped at that depth to remove our outer clothing.

Our ropes stretched a thousand feet into the darkness

when I heard a muffled noise beneath me. A second later my foot struck solid ground. The noise had merely been the rope touching before me. For some reason it was brighter, although we were more than one thousand feet beneath the surface of the earth. The lamps now afforded us enough light for movement, and we proceeded along a narrow path between the walls of the crevasse. By this time we were dressed solely in our underclothes and were still uncomfortably hot.

As we walked along, the route widened and the visibility improved. The walls were very smooth, but the ice had been replaced by a stone resembling marble. It was hot to the touch. We turned a corner and Masters, an American, spotted a light. We extinguished our torches, thinking that it might have been a reflection. But no, it shone more brightly, illuminating our path and leading us around another turn into a large vault. The room was about one hundred feet square and extended into the dark above our heads. It was cooler there and we felt a slight breeze. We ventured on and once again entered a kind of tunnel. We had been walking on a slight downhill grade and I estimated that we had progressed about three miles from our starting point, to an approximate depth of two thousand feet. This new path led us still deeper and once more the air grew stifling.

A quick glance showed us that the walls, at a height of some ten feet, were glowing. As the air grew still hotter we entered another room, larger than the first. That was when we first saw him. Just a fleeting glimpse, but enough to discern his form. Definitely human, though smaller. Our curiosity overcame apprehension and we followed the shape. We followed for several hundred yards when suddenly it turned and faced us. It was a devil, or at least it looked as I had pictured a devil might look. Wings, small but well developed, a tail, and pointed ears. The sight shocked us and we turned, only to be confronted with fifteen or twenty more of these creatures. It was foolish to run or struggle, but we tried and were quickly subdued.

That was yesterday. Our radio is gone. It is difficult to say whether or not Center will deem it worthwhile to send someone after us. We have not been harmed, but we also have not been given food or drink. The heat is intense and our only hope is with Masters. But is it hope? He broke away a few hours ago. If he does not get through, it is possible that they might send a party after us. If he does get out, and somehow they believe his story, can they be blamed for not sending anyone? There are certain things which must be accepted and man must realize that he does not understand everything. I am looking at a devil and wondering if maybe we scientists think we know too much. If Masters fails we will probably be given up for lost. The more I think about it, Masters must fail if life up there is to continue; for how many of you could accept the fact that there really is a Hell. I can, I am There.

E E E A D E

by Calabra

A few weeks ago, we took a trip down to the big city to see what was happening in the realm of female Rabble Rausers. We thought the Corps would like to see what the competition has to offer in the way of inspiration for athletic excellence. We weren't at all disappointed with what we saw and we don't think you will be either.



Left: Another tough assignment for the intrepid men of "THE POINTER". Center: The girls from St. John's: Jane Rudloff, Ellen Tuminelli, Rita Smith, Mary Ellen McKee, Diane Richert, Rosanne Burke and Lorraine Benvenuto, Bottom left: Two points behind . . . c'mon defenso.

Out at St. John's we met Jane Rudloff, a moth major from West Hempstead, the hoad cheerleader for that school, Jane may be one of the last of the good people; and her cheerleaders were as pretty and friendly as they were talented.









Toothiest smile in the East.



Pace: Ronnie Wenjer, Marianne Gerzetn, Lucy Stanganelli, Ann Marie Jara, Monica Guttens, Ann Scarnato, Ronnie Mariarty, Kay Kunz.

That night in the wilds of central Brooklyn, we got to meet the girls from Pace and their counterparts from Brooklyn College. There was a heavy security guard to contend with in the form of a couple of the officials from Brooklyn College's athletic office, but once we convinced them that we were for real, we were rewarded with a glimpse of both cheerleading Squads in a practice session—Ann Marie Jara of Pace and Alice Blumenstein from Brooklyn were our hostesses.



GoI



Brooklyn College: Somewhere in that mob are Sheri Gail Cohen, Janet Silvers, Loretta Karnfeld, Affie Weinstein, Dawn Shapass, Tunic Sultan, Shelia Schaer, Alice Blumenstein, Diane Schlansky, and Susan Weiss . . .



Sign up list for POINTER trip to West Point . . .

Up on 138th Street, C.C.N.Y. was having at Farleigh Dickinson. So we grabbed a cab and \$2,00 later arrived at the City College campus where again we saw a great display of talent on the part of the girls of both schools.



On the way back to the Academy, we came to the conclusion that we had samething to say to our Rabble Rousers . . . but on second thought we figured we'd let it go. They may be prettier and more shapely down in the city, but we've got something they don't have to make up for it—a gold and gray cannon.



7 little indians from C.C.N.Y.







"I got the nickname, 'Spike', while playing intramural football at the Academy."

Soldier - Sportsman

An Interview with General William D. Eckert, Commissioner of Baseball.

by Andy Maron and Emmett Mahle

(Editor's Note) Lieutenant General William D. Eckart, age 55, retired from the United States Air Force on March 31, 1961. At the time of his retirement, he was assigned as the Air Force Comptroller.

After graduation from the United States Military Academy in June, 1930, he attended the Air Corps Flying Schools at Brooks and Kelly Fields, San Antonio, Texas, from which he was graduated in October, 1931, with ratings as Pilot and Observer. In 1938 he was selected as one of two officers for advanced education at the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, from which he was graduated with a Master's Degree in June, 1940. He commanded a B-17 group of the 8th Air Force in

the European Theater of Operations and later became Chief of Supply and Maintenance for the 9th Air Force, which was engaged in support of the U. S. Army in Europe. From 1945 to 1956, General Eckert held a number of top managerial jobs. In 1956 he became Vice Commander, Tactical Air Command and was instrumental in solving problems involving high performance aircraft. General Eckert logged time in F-100 Super Sabers, F-101 Voodoos, and Mach II F-104 Starfighters. He also flew the C-130 Hercules, C-131 transport and KC-135 jet tanker. He was then selected as Air Force Comptroller holding responsibility for the management of approximately \$14 billion in contracts for aircraft, missles, equipment, and construction.

He retired in 1961 with many awards to his credit, including the Distinguished Service Medal, two Legions of Merit, the Distinguished Flying Cross, the French and Luxembourg Croix de Guerre, the Bronze Star and the Air Medal.

He is and was an avid sports enthusiast, playing championship tennis and squash while in the service. He has two children, one of whom, William Douglas, is a cadet at the United States Air Force Academy.

In November 1965, he was selected to be Commissioner of Baseball to succeed Ford Frick.

Pointer: Sir, we noticed that you had worked on The Pointer for two years; did you ever think that someday The Pointer would be interviewing you?

Gen. Eckert: No I really couldn't think then past my military career. This was foremost in my thoughts, especially flying.

Pointer: Sir, had you always been interested in flying?
Gen. Eckert: No, I became interested in it at the Academy, and was especially inspired by Lindberg's flight.

Pointer: Sir, what was your sports background in the Academy; over the years?

Gen. Eckert: I participated in 35 sports, never excelling in any. Except maybe the jumping team.

Pointer: Sir, how did you get your nickname, Spike?

Gen. Eckert: I got it playing intramural football. I was a Plebe at the time, and as you well know, the upperclassmen don't know Plebes' names that well. I made a particularly good play that day and was congratulated with "Good play, Spike." Why "Spike," I don't know. The name stuck.

Pointer: Sir, what influence did West Point have on you as a sportsman? As Commissioner of Baseball?

Gen. Eckert; Well, West Point gave me an awareness of the public, and a sense of public interest—also, a sports-mindedness. It taught me the value of discipline and a sense of equity and fair play.

Pointer: Have you found any similarities between baseball and the military?

Gen. Eckert: Yes, there are a great number of similarities.

Both are governed by rules and regulations. Both involve highly skilled, competitive groups of young men from varied backgrounds and different ethnic origins. They both have definite, enthusiastic, forward-looking, career-mindedness. On the business side, both involve many contracts, both individual and group oriented. Essentially, both involve working with people.

Pointer: So actually, sir, when looking at it closely, there is a great similarity between baseball and the military.

Gen. Eckert: Yes, both involve extensive physical training, a lot of traveling and a direct association with the surrounding community.

Pointer: Sir, how and why do you think you were selected as Commissioner of Baseball?

Gen. Eckert: I was confronted in the summer of 1965 and asked whether I might be interested in taking the job. At the time I was about to take a high government post. I asked then, in examining my record, to speak to my business, as well as military, associates concerning my qualifications for the job. I was appointed to succeed Ford Frick in November of 1965, (Editor's Note: General Eckert was selected from a list estimated to contain 100 to 150 names.)

Pointer: In your interpretation, can there be other objectives of baseball, rather than the more playing of ball games?

Gen. Eckert: As I see it, one of baseball's prime purposes should be to increase good will, not only in the United States, but all around the world. We have attempted to accomplish this by such things as sending the Dodgers to Japan last Fall, sending players to Latin America during winter seasons, establishing the major and minor league meeting in Mexico City this year, and sending baseball stars to such places as Vietnam, Greenland and to hospitals around the world. By the way, on the Japanese trip, there were no incidents of anti-U. S. or anti-Vietnam demonstrations.

Pointer: During your tenure as Commissioner, what specific things do you feel you have accomplished?

Gen. Eckert: I have been extremely pleased with the strides that baseball has made in the past year. Attendance has gone up to an all-time high of 25 million customers, a figure which all other sports combined can't match. In addition the T.V. audience has increased 58% during this period, with 5 out of the 6 top ratings, according to the Nielson poll, going to baseball. We have also made significant strides toward stabilizing the minor leagues; we have changed the college rule to allow the student to complete 4 years before signing a professional contract; we have increased player benefits by strengthening the pension plan, increasing medical and insurance programs, and established a full-time executive director for personnel; and we have sent to Vietnam such accomplished stars as Stan Musial, Harmon Killebrew, Hank Aaron, and Joe Torre, with tremendous success.

Pointer: Sir, there has been a big controversy during the past few years over the power held by the Commissioner.

Have you been able to discern what power you actually have?

Gen. Eckert: Well, you can read the powers right here in the rule book, but I think I know what you want. I try to get the job done by dealing with people instead of using some autocratic technique. By promoting understanding and increasing motivation instead of simply issuing orders I feel that the task can be accomplished better. I definitely feel that I am not a czar. The arbitrary use of power is no good; there are better ways to lead, administer and manage. Pointer: Sir, when did you really begin to feel comfortable in you job?

Gen. Eckert: From the first moment I walked in the door. Certainly I had a lot to learn, but there was no discomfort, Being inexperienced just means more work and I thoroughly enjoyed every minute of it.

Pointer: What were your feelings toward baseball before you became Commissioner?

Gen. Eckert: Well, I definitely felt baseball was our national sport, with a great tradition and a great meaning for many people. Baseball, I felt, did more for young people than any other sport. I have always felt baseball has just the right combination of excitement and relaxation.

Pointer: Have any of your ideas toward baseball changed since you became Commissioner?

Gen. Eckert: No, but I have become aware of many other aspects as well. I have been exposed to the huge enterprise of baseball with its great spectrum of activities including T.V., relations with foreign countries, stadium facilities, and many other business activities. Baseball is a great enterprise, far more than just a sport.

Pointer: Sir, how do you feel a career in baseball compares with other professions?

Gen. Eckert: As far as comparison with other sports, I have been glad to see the growth and progress in other sports. Even though we have the results we will not be complacent, we will continue to investigate a change when we deem it in the best interests of baseball. I feel that baseball offers one of the finest careers in the country.

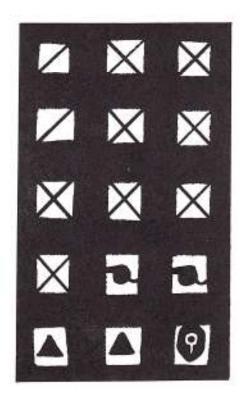
Pointer: On behalf of The Pointer and the entire Corps of Cadets we would like to thank you for taking time out of your busy schedule to talk with us.

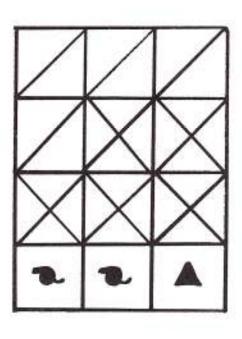
Gen. Eckert: Well, it has been a real pleasure for me and I hope to make the Met game at West Point next Spring.

(Editor's note: The above interview took place in Gen. Eckert's 20th floor office in the Trans-Bank Building on 5th Avenue. It was not tape recorded, therefore the answers given are not necessarily verbatim, word for word, quotations by the Commissioner.)



THE SOUTH-WILL-RISE-AGAIN GAME

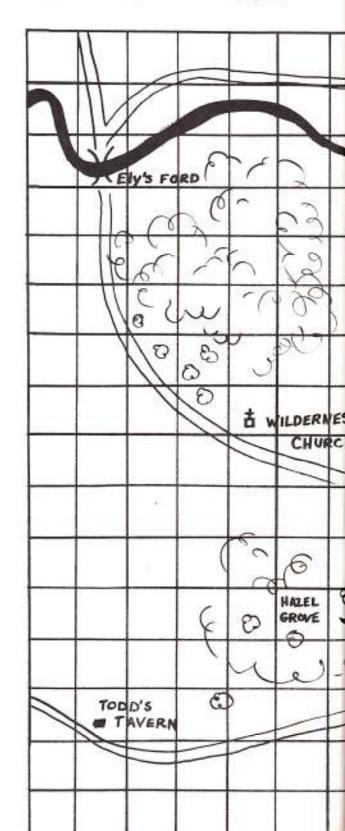




At Chancellorsville, Lee was able to outfight a force twice his strength. If the South is ever to rise again someone has to repeat that accomplishment. Let's see if you can do it.

Available are a number of pieces representing Cavalry, Infantry, Artillery, fortifications (the triangle symbol), and a gunboat for the North. The Cavalry, Artillery, and gunboat pieces may move two spaces for each turn; the Infantry is allowed only one space per move. The number of moves is determined by drawing cards from a normal playing deck. A King equals thirteen moves, an ace one, etc.

To do battle you must land pieces on the enemy's pieces

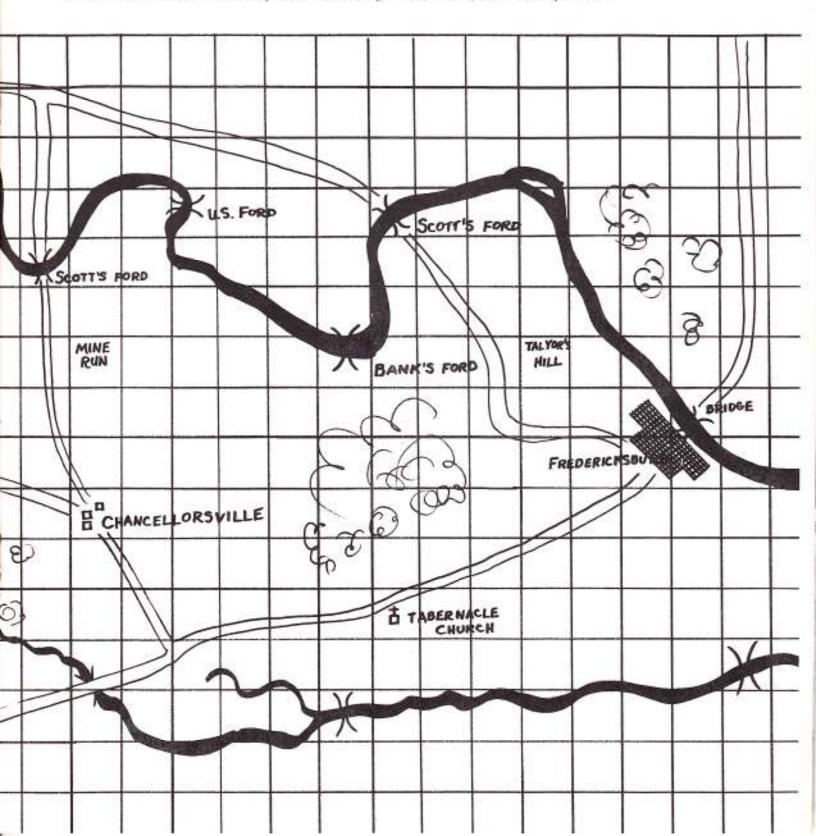


as in Chess. The combat power of each unit is as follows: Infantry, Artillery, and the gunboat have two units, the Cavalry one. To win a battle you must put more units of combat power on a square than the enemy has there. Then the victor is allowed to retain his excess number of units plus one other unit. If the units are equal, all the units are eliminated. For example, after drawing, the Union moves two infantry and one cavalry piece, totaling five units of combat power, on to a square occupied by two Confederate Infantry units, totaling four units of combat power. The result is that the Union will retain any two units, here, logi-

cally, the two Infantry units (one infantry piece).

To fortify, before drawing the player offers to lose his draw by placing a triangle on a square occupied by some of his units. This then doubles the combat power of this force if attacked. It costs the same loss of to displace fortified units.

To begin, the South places its forces at will anywhere south and west of Hazel Grove while the North may move anywhere north and east of Taylor's Hill. Forces cannot cross a river except at a ford and the gunboat must move only on a square touched by the river.



Page 18

Gerry...





Blonde green-eyed Gerry Turner graces our pages from Arlington, Texas. Along with her cheer-leading role, Gerry has an interest in almost every sport including running track, "I hope I haven't disillusioned you; some boys think that girls who go out for track aren't feminine, but I think that just depends on the girl." We completely agree.

Mary Ann...





Miss Mary Ann Walsh, a student at a nearby college, is seen gracing the pages of this month's **Pointer.** Her interests are wide and varied; she favors creative writing and has a number of published articles to her credit. Despite part-time modeling last year, she found time to win the title of Miss Rensellaer County and may go on to the New York State crown this coming summer. When Mary Ann graduates from college, she aspires to be a second-grade teacher. We notice that although "little children love Mary Ann," big boys do too.

The Halfback

by J. E. FitzGerald

He took a long pull on his daiquiri, placed it back on the aluminum table in the shade, and gazed out at the clear, pale-blue water of the sound. He was tall and possessed the build usually reserved for ex-athletes. His slightly protruding mid-section was the only hint that he was over thirty. In fact, Roger Taylor was thirty-one, supposedly in the midst of the proverbial "prime of life." Only the slight frown on his wide brow gave any indication that he was not content and well-adjusted.

Roger Taylor was not content and he certainly was not well-adjusted. On the increasingly infrequent occasions when he was frank with himself, he admitted that he was dissatisfied with life to the point of boredom, For all intents and purposes, he was an extremely successful businessman with a five-digit salary, an attractive wife, a three-handicap at the country clubin short, an accumulation of what some men term the finer things in life. His close friends pointed to his background at Princeton and offered that he was destined for such success. There he had played ball for three years, rowed number five for two more. Sophomore year had been his besthe frequently caught himself reminiscing about his winning touchdown in THE GAME. After that, however, old grads up for homecoming used to categorize him as one who had "never lived up to his potential." He saw some action when he was a junior and even less his final year. Nevertheless, he won his coveted three monograms and that made him a sought-after member in the more exclusive clubs, which in turn had access to the finer girl's colleges. That was how he met Vicki Principal, a sophomore at Smith when he was a senior. Her father was chairman of the board of more large corporations than he could look after, and when they were married the June after Taylor's graduation, he gave them a split-level home out on the Point

along with a large bank account. Taylor, of course, had proceeded rapidly and directly to the vice-presidency of Consolidated Enterprises, his father-inlaw's pet project.

Now, however, despite this rather scintillating back ground, Taylor was scared. For the past five or six years he had been comfortably settling into the accepted upperclass mode of social life. The initial three or four cocktail parties a week had brought him to the point where he had now increased his alcoholic intake to an alarming amount. Rarely did he go to bed without feeling of stupor, and his wife and job no longer held their great appeal to him. In short, Roger Taylor was at a crisis in his life. He was on the brink-a little longer and he knew he could not stop himself from drifting off on a sea of indifference. On the other hand, he still had within him the spark that could enable him to overcome these difficulties and reverse this trend toward nothingness. Perhaps he could even achieve a smattering of the success that he was once capable of attaining.

He was multing over this dilemma while sipping his drink in the clubhouse patio. The drink could be rationalized as part of a gradual deceleration. He considered his job, his friends, his home and family. By the time he saw his wife come driving up in their white station wagon, Taylor had made his decision.

He rose when she joined him and gave her a slight kiss. They briefly discussed the stock market and plans for the new swimming pool they would be building in the fall. Vicki showed him the new gown she had picked up for that evening's dinner party. When Taylor called the waiter and ordered a round of drinks for him and his wife, he had all but confirmed his decision. He knew his troubles would be all over. As he raised the frosty glass to his lips, he felt confident his wife had not seen him deposit in it the tiny white capsule.



Your Father



"It was a stupid thing to do," he thought as he walked past Mr. Sullivan's store. "I wish I had never met her." He stopped to look in Mr. Sullivan's window, as he had done countless times before. The fading sun cracked and streaked at the window, giving everything inside a glimmering gold appearance. He looked at his own reflection in the pane, stepped back and turned away, disgusted with what he saw.

He hustled across the street and continued walking until he came to the corner of the town square. The square was small and pretty, which was in direct contrast with the court house behind it. The court house was big and bulky, but it was pretty too; only in a different way. He could remember sitting here in the square years ago, when his father had gone off to fight the Johnny Rebs.

Nothing had changed at the court house after the War, or even in the whole town, for that matter; except that his father hadn't come back. For him, that was enough to change the world.

"I wish I had been old enough to go," he thought, allowing himself to reminisce, "Then maybe I could have spared myself some of the pain that followed."

He wasn't thinking of his father now, but about what had happened after that. About the dancer that had come to town, that was the thought occupying his mind. He had been sitting right here in the same spot when the ceach rolled in, and had watched her climb down with her one little bag. Every man on the street had turned his head and tipped his hat as she walked by, down the street past Mr. Sullivan's store, and into the dance hall.

She was beautiful, with her long auburn hair gently rolling off her shoulders; too beautiful to be a dancer. Why, she couldn't have been more than eighteen, and that would have made her three years younger than himself. He couldn't understand why a girl with her good looks, and as poised and dainty as she appeared, would want to work in a saloon.

He didn't see her again for almost a year and he had almost forgotten about her. He was too busy helping his mother in the shop, keeping the shelves full of the leather goods that came in once a week. He did it the same way his father had, before the War, except that he didn't take any business trips to the city that had kept his father away from home almost half the time.

Now he couldn't understand why the trips had been necessary, because the shelves were always stocked and the customers seemed just as happy as ever. Perhaps it had just been a changing trend in business. The only trips he made now were the ones to Mr. Sullivan's store, to buy materials for the displays he kept in the windows.

And there it was that he saw her. She was looking at rolls of cloth when he came in, and she was just as beautiful as ever. Her soft voice made him blush when she spoke to him and he looked uneasily at the door. But she held up two samples of cloth and asked him which would look better when made into a dress.

That was easy for him to decide. He didn't care for checkered patterns and the light yellow seemed to accent her radiant hair.

"I like the yellow best," he swallowed hard, trying to clear his throat.

"Thank you," she whispered, "the decision wasn't so easy for me. But I would like you to be the very first to see the dress when I finish it."

He left the store then, only to see her again later in the week. This time he forced himself to walk over to her and ask how the dress was coming. Straight acid couldn't have dissolved the lump that crept into his throat.

It seemed only fitting that he should invite her to Sunday dinner in the hotel. She accepted at once and promised to wear the new dress for him.

The dinner had been perfect and he had enjoyed being with her. It was the first time that he really noticed her face, her eyes, her beautifully-shaped lips. And she were absolutely no face powder at all.

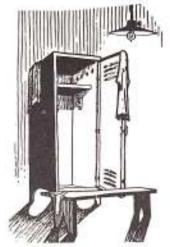
"She didn't have to," he thought out loud; "her smile would have tamed a grizzly bear."

They saw each other many times after that, the Sunday dinner becoming a ritual. Each time they were together he became less reserved and almost eager to tell her about himself. They

(Continued on Page 28)







The Locker Room

by Emmett Mahle

There are many great players today in college basketball, with Lew Alcindor of UCLA probably heading the list. But anyone who has watched an Army game this year will testify to the fact that you'll have to go a long way to find a player with a more graceful shot or one with more moves for his size than Bill Schutsky. You almost suspect him of not looking at the basket sometimes, but he does take a casual glance toward the hoop as he gracefully sends the ball arching through the air. He is the picture of relaxation on the court as he almost indifferently puts in point after point. Before he leaves the Academy he will, almost certainly, have earned himself a spot among the all-time Army basketball greats. I, myself, can't wait for him to unleash all that talent against the Crabbies from down Maryland way. 0

Being the Commissioner of Baseball is a full time job and one that not only requires a complete knowledge of the game, but also calls for a strong personality, experience as a leader and manager of men, ability to adjust to changing rules and situations, self confidence, and the ability to make decisions and to stick to them; as a matter of fact, he has to be ready to meet and cope with almost any situation, After a year and a half as Ford Frick's successor, former Air Force Lt. General William D. Eckert has proven to everyone that not only can be get the job done but get it done with the professional attitude and efficiency that has been lacking in that office for some time. We were very fortunate in getting an interview with Commissioner Eckert and gaining access to the "control center" of baseball itself, That interview is contained in this issue. Serving as public relations man and the Commissioner's right hand man is Joe Ricchler, one of the great baseball writers of all time. Not only is he a very personable guy but one of the most knowledgable men in baseball today. After showing us around the complex of offices, we were introduced to the men and women who help run the administrative side of basehall. It was a unique experience for us, but surely not the much-questioned man in the spotlight, Commissioner William D. Eckert.

Track is a sport that involves tactics, but not brutal ones. In no way possible should it be classified as a contact sport, but it didn't appear that way during the running of the annual Knights of Columbus Track Meet in Madison Square Garden on the night of February 3rd. This writer was fortunate enough to watch that accidentmarred meet, that at times resembled last year's running of the Indianapolis 500. Noel Carroll of Ireland finally was awarded the victory in the 880 after being elbowed, pushed, and then almost knocked down at the tape, In the relays, usually only one or two men fell as 6 teams vied for running room on the 160 yard, 4 lane board track; but in the college division of the 880 yard relay, 12 teams started with 4 teams placed in 3 staggered starting positions. Everyone in the stands knew what was going to happen, but they could only wait for the inevitable. Sure enough, on the first baton pass 4 runners fell, completely disrupting the race and possibly injuring two of those runners. On three or four other occasions runners fell (from either being pushed or from the results of overcrowded races.) Track is not a contact sport and never will be,

The meet itself offered some fine performers for the large crowd to watch. John Thomas looked like his old self as he won the high jump at 7 feet. Other familiar names included sprinter Mel Pender, middle distance ace Bill Crothers of Toronto, Canada, vaulter Mel Hein, Jr., and half miler Peter Farrell brother of former St. John's star, Tom Farrell. We managed to grab Bill Crothers after the meet and say a few words to him, He is best remembered for his second place finish behind Peter Snell in the 1964 Olympics held in Tokyo.

TRACK

HOCKEY

SWIMMING

by Charlie Hill

The indoor track team has enjoyed a successful season, largely due to the help of the Yearling class. Led by Van Evans, undefeated in the 60-yard dash and once beaten in the broad jump, the Yearlings are the scoringest class on the team. Frank McCullough, also a sophomore, is undefeated in regular season meets in the 60 yard high hurdles.

In addition to the Yearlings, the first and second class have made a large contribution. Dan Seebart, once beaten, established a new academy shot put record of 56' 21/2" in the St. John's meet. It took a field house record by Allen of St. John's to beat Dan. John Armstrong has been a consistent winner in the high jump with a best jump of 66".

Army also has exceptional depth in the other field events. John Roundtree and Steve Kujawski provide a good 1-2 punch in the pole vault. Both have cleared 14' 61/2" with a pair of wins each. In the 35 lb. weight, team captain Billy Graham has the best collegiate throw in the nation of 60' 2". Bill has been bothered by a bad back. but has lost only once. He should regain his form in time to break his Navy meet record of 61' 41/2". Larry Hart and Tom Wing are fast improving in the 35 lb. weight throw, and give Army the best 1-2-3 combination in the country. Larry also throws the shot, and should soon return to 55' throws.

In the runing events Army is just as strong. Bob McDonald has run 4:10.3 in the mile, and last week reeled off a 1:52.7 for 880 yards in the 2mile relay. Jim Warner proved that he has recovered from a long ailment by breaking the Academy record for the indoor mile run with a time of 4:08.4. In the same meet at Pittsburgh, Greg Camp set a Pittsburgh field house record in the 1000 yd. run in 2:11.4. Warner ran a 1:56.6 in the 2 mile relay which, along with McDonald's 1:52.7, brought the team home in a new field house and academy record time of 7:42.3. Jon Nolan has turned in the best 66 time this season with a 1:11.5. Presently recovering from a knee injury. Jon should be ready for Navy. Ron King and Larry Lemaster, both Yearlings, are improving fast in the 600 also. Finally, the mile relay is composed largely of Yearlings. Sheridan Groves and Frank McCullough, both hurdlers, and Brian Morrill represent the Yearlings on the relay.

This year, the Army bockey team has compiled a respectable 9-7 record, as of 2 February. Although this record falls short of some of those in past years, the team has shown great promise, and still has a chance of receiving a bid to the ECAC tournament.

Captained by Brick Anderson, the team has a wide range of upperclass talent, including a large number of sophomores. On defense, Bob Casey joins Brick (the leading defensive scorer). Terry Kennedy, and John Boretti to form the stalwarts of the defense. Sorely missed on defense is the talent of John Avard, one of the harder-hitting men on ice, who is out with a pulled muscle. The position of main importance, goalie, is held down by Tom Newell and Jim Cowart, both of whom have seen a great deal of action. In the Hamilton game, won 6-2 by Army, blocked no less than twenty-two shots, demonstrating the goalie's importance in Army victories. Tome's season percentage of saves versus attempts is an amazing .880.

Offensively, Coach Jack Riley has a number of exciting and talented men to choose from. He rotates three lines, one consisting of Ken Smith, Eddie Cutting, and Patty O'Keefe; another made up of Dave Merhar, Tony Curran, and Mike Palone; and the third consists of John Albrecht, Ned Doyle, and Al Olson. The Army scoring has been high and not dominated by any individual. The four leading scorers are closely bunched, with Dave Marhar ahead with 31 points, Eddie Cutting with 26, and John Albrecht and Kenny Smith each with 25 (as of February.)

Coach Riley is pleased with this relatively young team, especially considering some of the unique problems of cadet athletics. This team, Riley feels, has the potential to better its present record, as those who have watched them play will readily agree.

Ice hockey is a demanding sport which combines the hard knocks of football with the continuous exertion of soccer. Considerable dedication is necessary in order to excel, and it is obvious from the performance that the members of the Army hockey team have this dedication to their sport.

by Pat Jonas

The Army swimming team has combined talent, experience, and strategy to win six of its first seven meets. The lone defeat was at the hands of Yale who sought to avenge a 48-47 defeat last year which ended a Yale jinks of more than two decades over Army swimmers. Olympic gold medalist Don Schollander was a big factor in the Yale victory this season,

Several returning lettermen give valuable experience to the swimmers. Kerry O'Hara, the team captain, remains undefeated after seven meets in the 200-yard backstroke and is always a strong contender for first in the individual medley. Dick Kline, another first classman, specializes in the 200yard butterfly, and second classman Joe Guignon offers strong competition in that event,

Well known to all Army swimming fans and perhaps better known by his numerous listings in the Academy swimming record book is All-American Jay Williams, a second classman who can beat a fish at its own game. Jay consistently racks up victories in the 200 and 500-yard freestyle. He only missed winning once this year when a lad named Schollander nosed him out in the 200-yard event. In addition to these events, Jay provides a valuable first leg of the freestyle relay.

All-American John Landgraf has been side-lined for several weeks with a long illness, but is quickly regaining his strength and good conditioning. He should be ready to resume his spot in the breastsroke in plenty of time to help defeat Navy. Even with Landgraf not competing, the team has a talented third classman, Barry Kerr, who has provided consistent victories in the breaststroke. Barry doesn't limit himself, though. He also swims the 200 and 500-yard freestyle and the individual medley. Another talented yearling who seems to insure a bright future for Army swimming, is Pete Heesch. Pete leads the team in the 50vard freestyle and the 100-yard freestyle. Yearling Mike Pettit is a strong back-up man for Heesch in the 50. Rounding out this year's strong team are the divers led by firstie Wayne Sholtenbrand and yearling Pete Hyde. Wayne is a master of twists, turns, and flips, and his talent puts him in a class with the best divers in the East.



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Jim Jackson

××× RIFLE ×××

by Ray Williamson

Members of the varsity rifle team started the 1966-67 season off with a bang last December by defeating their first opponent, St. Peter's College.

The team from St. Peter's came closer to the Army score than any other team has managed so far this season, but the cadets won by a sound twenty points, 1355 to 1335. One week later the cadet marksmen faced two outstanding teams from West Virginia University and The Citadel. Army won the match with a score of 1379 points, while The Citadel took second place by one point, 1356-1355.

On return from Christmas leave, the team fired against visiting teams from the United States Coast Guard Academy and the City College of New York. In their finest victory of the season, the cadets decisively outscored both of their opponents by more than 100 points. The City College of New York was second with a total team score of 1286, while the Coast Guard Academy took third with 1270 points.

The sixth win of the season for the varsity rifle squad came as the cadets defeated Norwich University, 1373-1304. Penn State's rifle team lost to the Army sharpshooters by a score of 1400 to 1330 one week later.

In the Penn State match, the varsity established a team record for the newly-adopted International target. The team scored 1400 out of a possible 1500 points, which Sgt. Maj. Alfred O'Neal, who coaches the varsity and plebe rifle squads, describes as a "pretty good score."

The record was originally established early in the season when the varsity started firing on the new targets and has been increased three times since then. Not too many teams in the country can come close to matching the Army performance,

One high-scoring cadet, Dave Taylor, totaled 286 out of the possible 300 maximum. His scores were 99 for the prone position, 97 from the kneeling position, and 90 points in the standing position.

The big difference between the International and Standard targets is the value of the graduations on the bullseyes. The Standard bulls-eye has a value ranging from five to ten, while the International target has a value of zero to ten. The Standard target has twelve bulls-eyes and the International target has eleven, but only ten of these are fired at for qualification.

Despite tough competition from West Virginia and The Citadel earlier in the season, Army's hardest opponent this year will be the United States Naval Academy team which will fire against the cadets tomorrow. On March 4, the varsity squad will fire against a visiting team from the Royal Military College.

Two weeks later, the team will compete in the final match of the season, the Intercollegiste Sectionals. Teams from all over the nation will fire and an order of national standing will be announced after computation of team scores.

→ WRESTLING >

by Cris Cole

This year's varsity wrestling team is a young team with only one senior appearing in the first nine. The season started before Christmas with the team's appearance in the 7th Annual Coast Guard Academy Tournament. In this meet the team placed third behind East Strausbourg and Westchester. Two more meets took place before Christmas with the grapplers facing Maryland away and Columbia at USMA. In these two meets Army tied Maryland (14-14) and beat Columbia (35-3).

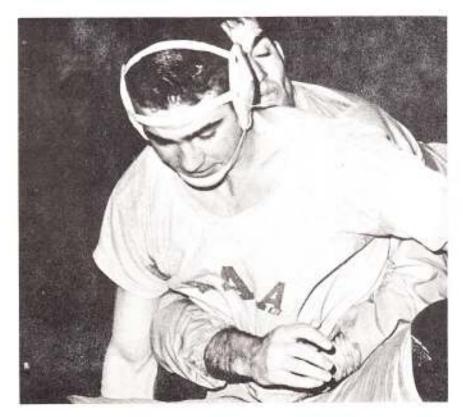
There was no action for the team over the holidays, but soon after the team began to jell, and the starting lineup became: Jim Byrnes, a sophomore, at 123; senior Gary Fowler at 130, and Claude Johnson, a junior, at 137. Sharing the 145 pound weight class are junior Jim Kelly and his back-up man, Ken Hughes, another soph. Russ Baker, a junior, shares 152 with his alternate, Third Classman Mark Hoffman, Yearling Mike Nardotti has grabbed the 160 spot from the Captain, senior Roger Heimann. At 167, a sophomore, John Dinger, has taken over and at 177 stands the veteran Jim Harter, a Cow. In the big category, 191, Second Classman Hugo Croft is number one and sophomore Paul Raglin is close behind.

With this line-up, Coach Alitz be-

gan his 1967 schedule facing the University of Iowa (19-14), Yale (29-8), Springfield (25-6), Penn State (9-23), and Pittsburgh (20-16). On February 4th the team met Syracuse and then Lehigh the following week. Westchester State, Navy, and the EIWA and NCAA Tournaments round out the season. It is interesting to note here that Lehigh and Navy were pre-season picks as the top teams in the East, Beating Lehigh will have special meaning to Coach Alitz because he wrestled with their coach at the State College of Iowa.

Although young, this year's team is gaining experience and maturity rapidly. While it may not produce a national champion this year, it is characterized by good balance throughout. The team's strength lies in the middle and upper weights. Experienced hands are Gary Fowler and Jim Harter. Hugo Croft turns in a steady performance in the upper weights and Mike Nardotti is steadily improving in the middle. Coach Alitz has conservatively described the team as one which can beat the average team and turn in a very respectable performance against the best. So far the team's record is 5 wins, 1 loss and 1 tie, more than a respectable showing. At the time of this printing, the squad will be facing Westchester State.

Jim Kelly



CIL /LINGE with VARIETY

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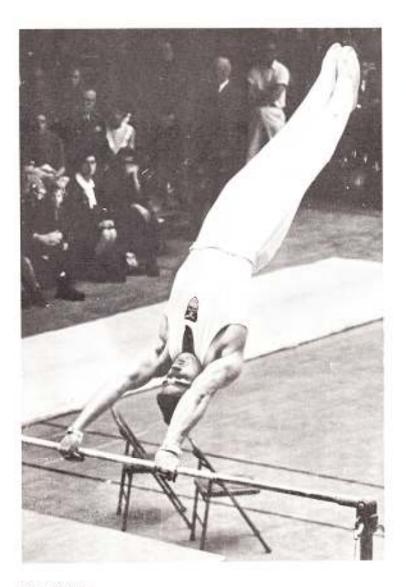
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Rick DiNicola

by Bill Schaffer

To the majority of Cadets, the word "Gymnastics" brings to mind memories of Plebe year, head stands, and quill for dirty white tennis shoes. Unknown and unsupported by most of the Corps, West Point boasts one of the East's finest gymnastics teams, with several top individual athletes.

To date the team has lost only two meets, one of these to one of the "power" schools in gymnastics, Penn State. The other loss came at the hands of Springfield. In spite of the fact that Springfield is the top ranked team in the East, Army lost by only a few points. One of the brighter spots of the season so far was the upset victory over Indiana University. Individual stars include captain Jack Oullette on the rings, Don Warner on the parallel bars, and Charlie Beckwith on the side horse. The teams highest individual scorer is Barry Robella, who manages to perform in both the free exercise and long horse events. Rick DiNicola holds down the all round slot, while Mike Kelly on the long horse, and Dana Groover on the trampoline round out the list of first place men.

One of the nation's "big men" in Gymnastics, Frank Wells, coaches the Army team. Coach Wells was one of the organizers of the National Gymnastics Clinic, and a judge at AAU meets. Assisting the head coach is LT. Bud Williams, a graduate of Penn State and an outstanding performer on State's gymnastic team. Together these

GYMNASTICS

101 101 101

coaches have built up the team, pushing and working them hard in both practice and in meets, creating an excellent Plebe team at the same time. This year's team is based on depth rather than individual stars in each event. This outstanding amount of depth has been the deciding factor in many of the meets.

The squad's last meet of the regular season is with Navy. Although the Naval team is strong on the p-bars and the long horse, the men in grey have been consistently outscoring the Mids in comparative meets. Following the regular season, the Easterns, or Regionals, will be held during Spring Leave at Springfield, Mass. The top eight men in each event will then go to the University of Southern Illinois for the Nationals. Oullette, Robella, and Beckwith should make a good showing in the Easterns and the Nationals.

Take a normal Cadet, with an exceptional sense of balance, and Tarzanlike arms and chest; make him spend all of his afternoons working in the hidden Gym on the fourth floor; require him to lose weight like a wrestler or 150 boy, but don't let him miss meals; and give him little or no support or interest from his student body; all this together adds up to An Army Gymnast. Although we can't do much about the weight or the practice sessions, we can remedy the support situation. Since the football team inspires rallies and the basketball team rates the Cadet Band, there's little left for the gymnastic team, except our presence at its meets. We can manage that!



Barry Conway

SQUASH 1966-1967

by D. A. Carlini

Under the tutelage of Coach Cullen who is in his fourth year at West Point, the Army 1966-67 squash team will face the ultimate challenge-Navy-Saturday at Annapolis. That challeng will be to render the Middies a defeat that would prevent them from clinching the national championship. But since Navy beat Harvard, and Harvard beat us 8-1, the Army team could have some hard going. Coach Cullen says:

Navy possibly has their best team in over a decade. We'll definitely be underdogs. But we're playing much better since Harvard beat us in December, and I feel that it will be a good match. It won't be an easy victory, however.

This year's team is captained by first classman Jim Allen. The other first classman are Lee Cage, Chris Commons, and Lee Preston. Alternating at the number one position with Allen is second classman Barry Conway. Besides being a fine squash player, Barry has won recognition in tennis. Last year, he was ranked sixth in the East, being the only sophomore in tournament that received recognition. The four other second classmen on the team are Bill Gardepe, Chuck Vehlow, Billy Campbell, and Dick Barrows. It is interesting to note that it was Bill

Gardepe and Dick Barrows who paired to win the decisive doubles match that gave Army an upset victory over the highly favored Navy tennis team. They are hoping to extend their winning ways in a victory over Navy in squash.

The boys play a very high caliber of squash with five out of the nine players having only two or three defeats in their varsity play this year. The National Intercollegiate Squash Championship to be held at Wesleyan University in Middletown, Conn., is coming up on 3-4 March. Each college in the nation is allowed to send a fourman team. Coach Cullen is hoping that Army's top four will be able to do well in the singles and the four man team competition.

Even though a very successful year in Army squash is drawing to a close, prospects for next year are bright. Coach Cullen considers plebe George Alcorn to be unquestionably the best squash player to enter the Military Academy in a very long time. Alcorn is undefeated in competition and is also the first player ever to have played the game before entering the academy. Along with five returning second classmen and the upcoming third class prospects, Alcorn should make next year's Army squash team tough for

any opponent to contend with.

4 & 5
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PISTOL

by Bob Young

The pistoleers of Army have managed to compile an impressive record this year. Their unerring aim has scored for them in six straight victories this season, extending their record, under Coach Sgt. Maj. Roberts, to 32-2. In his fourth season as coach, Coach Roberts, a member of the All-Army pistol team from 1957 until 1963, can also boast of three national intercollegiate titles. Along with Officerin-Charge, Major Oberg, captain of the West Point team in 1958, Coach Roberts appears to be moving his team toward its sixth title.

Forming the nucleus of the seventeen man squad are All-America selections Bob Merritt and James Stanley, All-America second team choices Tom Cullen, team captain Mac Hartley, and Jared Florance. Merritt, Stanley, Cullen,

and Florance are returning lettermen.

Among the victims of the Army Sharpshooters this season have been such impressive teams as the Coast Guard Academy, MIT, the Merchant Marine Academy, the Port Authority Police, and Villanova. Air Force is the only team to defeat West Point during Coach Roberts' tenure. Last year, Army, under pressure, produced an Academy record in their defeat of Air Force, and at the N.R.A. Sectionals at MIT, where Army will meet Air Force again, Army will be shooting to set a new record, avenge their loss to Air Force and pave the way to Coach Roberts' fourth intercollegiate championship.

CADETS GO TO THE FRONT OF THE LINE, SAYS PHIL LINZ AND BOB ANDERSON - 3 TIME ALL AMERICAN.



YOUR FATHER . . .

(Continued from Page 21)

exchanged tales of childhood and laughed and giggled like the little children they had once been,

She seemed very interested when he told stories of himself and his father, almost too interested. She cried when he told of his father going off to fight the Johnny Rebs and never coming back. He understood when she told him about her father, a Johnny Reb who had gone to fight the Damned Yankees and had been killed somewhere on the line.

They didn't discuss that subject again for many months and the discussions had turned more toward them and their relationship. In less than a year he had visited the jewelry store for that once-in-a-lifetime purchase,

That next Sunday he had been as queasy as the first time he had talked to her. It took her long minutes of prying to finally prod him into saying what they had both wanted him to say.

"Will you marry me?" She cried in gushes and rivers and he tried to kiss the tears away while she fought to re-

turn each and every one.

They spent the following Sundays walking around looking at houses, pecking in shop windows, and making plans for the weeks to come. They shared more intimate stories as the time passed and it seemed natural that they should once again talk about their fathers. He had taken her to the shop his father had started and he and his mother continued to run. When they reached the front of the store a look of horror spread across her lovely face. She began needling him with questions, asking more about what his father had done, about his business trips, and what he had looked like.

She was breathless now and almost choked, gasping for

"Can't you see?" she whimpered. "Can't you see what

has happened?"

He didn't understand, not even faintly and he told her so. Then, as she began explaining, the look of horror moved

"Your father . . . your father, oh, can't you see?" she whispered. "Your father," she was crying now, "I'm your

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The Memoirs of Randell G. Whitewick

Sergeant, United States Army

Assignment: West Point Academic Instructor

CHAPTER FOUR: PERMANENT LEAVE OF ABSENCE



 I received a call from the Dean, saying that my department could have a holiday when the woofers were graded.



2. We all jumped at the opportunity . . .



3. even though I didn't have much of a chance.



4. We worked till the wee hours . . .



5. but my socretary was very understanding.



6. She was reluctant to let me go . . .



7. but after saying goodbye to my wife . . .



8. I grabbed my bags and hit the road.



9. I had some trouble at the gate . . .



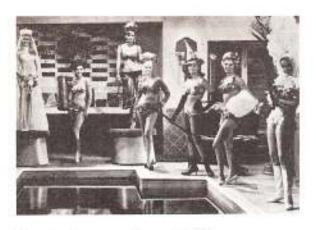
10. however, my family was very persuasive.



11. Spotting a matel, I decided to stop.



 One look at the staff indicated a highclass place . . .



13, and the room service was terrific.



14. During my stay I picked up a bad habit . . .



15. that got worse every day.



16, it proved to be the death of my friends and i.



17. My wife was heartbroken.



 But grateful cadets erected a monument in my memory.

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Pyrene . . .

february comma february comma what a beautiful month . . . I may slash my wrists . . . the only good thing about this month is that march is coming . . . boris is still mad about branch drawing . . . they wouldn't let him go peace corps . the cow down the half slipped in juice lab the other day . . . we now get capital wabc through his left ear . . . my tec thinks it is his duty to do something about the traffic problems when firsties drive . . . so he is making sure none of us has feps for march . . . i think is is fine that my other roommete get an assignment in the eighty second abn . . . but the next time he yells quate airborne exclamation point unquote when getting out of the top bunk at reveille i shall become violent . . . ground hog day was a big thing around here . everyone came to see if boris would cost a shadow as he emerged from the brownboy . . . got a big laugh in ordnance yesterday . . . the p really expects me to remember yearling math . . . the air force file downstairs is taking his flight status too seriously . . , tried to fly down to dinner formation from the fourth floor . . . the cast will be removed soon . . . think the place next door is about to crack . . . he was caught trying to take a bayonet to baxing last week . . intermurder skiing almost set a record . could have been first sport to never have a meet . . . went d on my first english theme . . . the p said it looked like something I had written at two am the night before . . . i congratulated him on his perceptive analysis . . . boris decided not to get engaged . . . the ring would cost him a four speed transmission . . cows back from air force academy still cant believe it . . . their scps dont look so good after seeing what the zoomie plebes get . . . well comma hold on comma troops . . . june will come . . . or so rumor has it

ler



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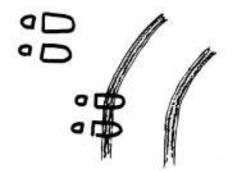
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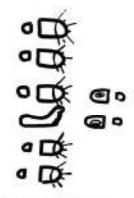


WHEREVER YOU FIND IT

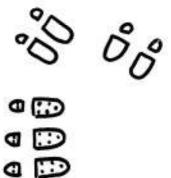
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You have to watch these New York Cab Drivers, Sam.



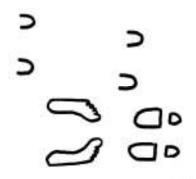
Guess what, croughthead!



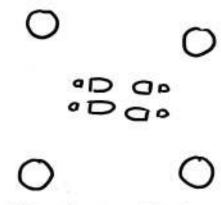
Jim here's our best defensive end. He's hard to knock off his feet.



Yes sir, Ringo here's the quickest trigger in Dodge.



Lady, I don't care if your husband is Lard Godiva



I say old chap, it's getting too dark to hunt elephants.



Who's?, Mister!

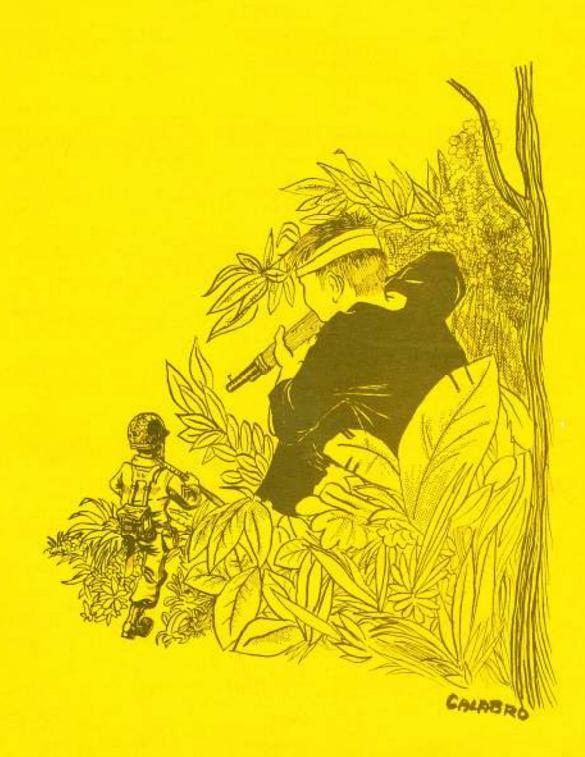


The about face . . . Ready . . . Two

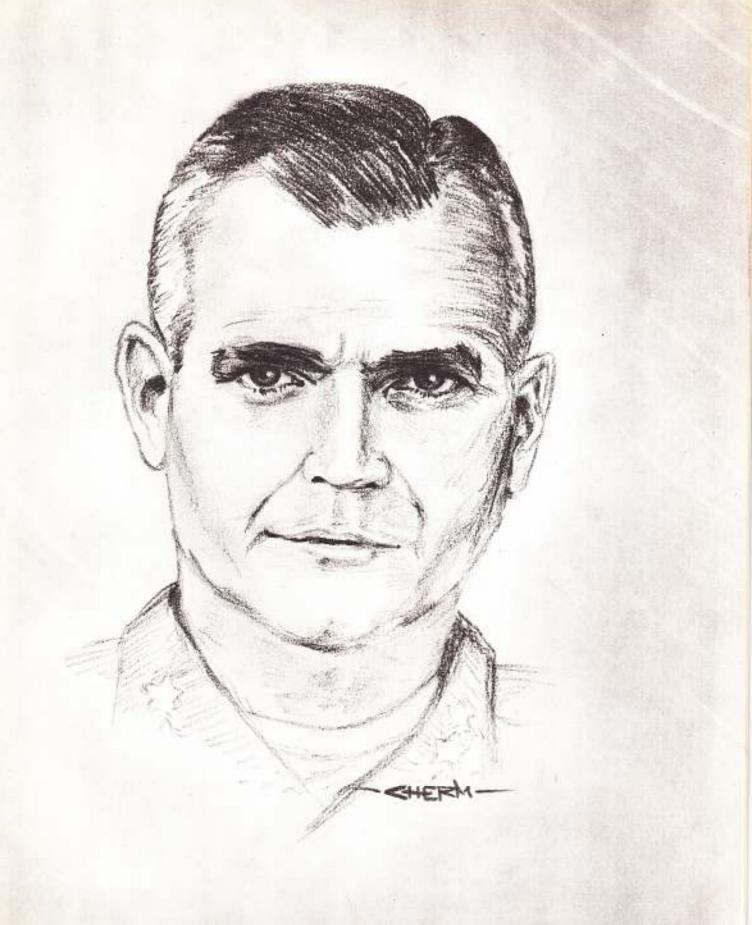


Yes, Mrs. Hunt, I think we can arrange a basketball scholarship for your son.

AR REPORTED IN









1 JAN 10c+

MACOT PP

Dear Mr. Trevathan:

Thank you for your letter of 1 December and the request to contribute on the FOLKTER. It is My pleasure to inclose an article which may serve as the introduction to the magazine. and who may serve in vietname
is approaching graduation cadets to the challenge of a tour in
article may awaken these cadets to the challenge. Thank you for your letter of 1 December and the FOINTER. is approaching graduation and who may serve in Vietnam. I hope this short in Vietnam and in Vietnam and in Vietnam and the challenge of a tour this nation and article may awaken these cadets to the information about this nation perhaps give rise to their seeking more information.

article may awaken these cadets to the challenge of a tour in Vietnam and perhaps give rise to their seeking more information about this nation the war we are fighting.

Because of the great emphasis placed on small unit actions in this evaluation of the great emphasis placed on small unit actions in this evaluation. I have taken the liberty of forwarding to you several evaluations. the war we are tighting.

Because of the great emphasis placed on small unit actions in this conflict, I have taken the liberty of forwarding actions are typical or reports of squad and platoon sized unit leader in Vietnam and you may them as you see fit. Again, I thank you for giving we this opportunity to speak to the

them as you see fit.

Cade to through the POINTER.

General, United States Army

From the Commander...



Photo by Newsweek - William Cook

As you approach the day of graduation and commissioning, you experience certain anxieties, and have questions about your future. This anxiety and wonderment is to be expected. It does not differ from the experience of thousands of other college students as they approach their graduation day.

Indeed, for many of them, their concern will be far greater than yours. During your years at the Academy you have acquired along with your education and training a fundamental set of values, a philosophy, a belief in a way of life. You have been trained to serve your nation; to be a leader of men.

As an Academy graduate you are dedicated to the service of your country. It will not be your national policy, but it will be your job to carry out the national objectives as directed by the Commander in Chief.

For those of you who will serve in Vietnam, your job will be a challenging one. The enemy you will meet is tough, trained and determined. You will fight under the most extreme conditions: In chest-deep water and mud; through mangrove swamps, bamboo thickets and dense jungle and over rugged mountainous terrain.

This is a different and difficult war. There are no fixed battle lines. It is a war of ambushes and assassinations, of terriorists and booby-traps. It is one of searching and waiting. It is a war that will test your mental alertness, your physical endurance and the tactical and technical competence of you and your men.

I can say without reservation that the men you will lead are well-trained and as fine as any fighting men our nation has ever sent into battile.

As I have said, your job will be a challenging one. In addition to destroying an enemy who is equally determined to destroy you, you will have the job of helping the Vietnamese people. To do this you must first see them as people and try to understand them as people. The tenacity, courage and leadership which you demonstrate on the battlefield must be matched by your compassion and understanding in the cities, villages and hamlets, wherever you lead your men.

I can think of no more important or honorable role for an Academy graduate than the one we have here. You will serve your country in a cause that is both right and just. You will serve a people who share with you the same ideals and hopes and the same aspirations for a better world for themselves and their families.

I have the greatest confidence in your ability, courage and dedication as you prepare to join the long Gray Line which has distinguished itself repeatedly here in Vietnam. I know that you will write a new and brighter chapter in the history of man's relationship to man as you add lustre to the Academy's proud reputation of Duty, Honor, Country.



MEANINGST OF THE USER & APPLIES OF THE CHIEF OF INCOMENTAGE

A SEPTIMENT

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About this month's Pointer: Traditionally, the Pointer has followed a modus operandi that emphasized such pursuits as satire, humor, sports, etc. This issue, however, has been devoted almost exclusively to an extensive portrayal of the Vietnam conflict, which certainly has a direct relevance to cadets, first classmen in particular.

Our copy begins with a letter from General William C. Westmoreland, in which the Commanding Officer gives a valuable insight into the action and its relation to cadet life. For the factual-minded, we have a categorized history of developments, a situation map, and a documentary of current actions. For a breather, the reader can flip to our illustrated tributes to Bob Hope and Chris Noel, the inspiration of the American fighting man. More features you won't want to miss,

—a soldier's wife analyzes the difference between a drag's idealized view of her cadet and the reality an Army wife must face.

----interviews with officers on Post who relate their experiences in Vietnam.

—essays illustrating the conflicting elements of the American reaction to the war: our policy position vs. prevalent anti-Vietnam sentiments. All this and more in the pages of this month's Pointer.



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A VIEW OF THE WAR

--- FROM THE OTHER SIDE

by J. P. O'Connor

You say you are a professional soldier? Interesting . . . I have been fighting for over 23 years. The Vietnamese people have been fighting for thousands of years to free themselves from successive conquerors. I am a soldier of the Army of the National Liberation Front, what you call the "Viet Cong", which is continuing the historic struggle of the Vietnamese people.

How did I get involved in this war of national liberation? It was rather easy—I was merely swept up by the
nationalistic feelings of 1944. The Japanese yoke was inolerable. As a student of 14, I felt that action—particularly
violence—was necessary, rather than a peace kept with
clenched teeth. So I joined the Viet-Minh. I was quickly
involved in operations with them, attacking Japanese outposts in order to obtain more arms. When those imperialists
finally withdrew in 1945, they left the corrupt Emperor Bao
Dai as a puppet head. He quickly gave way to a truly
democratic government—the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, under our great leader—Ho Chi Minh. Then, almost
at once, Chinese, British and French troops moved in and
occupied our land. Guerilla warfare once again became the
order of the day.

Six months later, in 1946, the British and the Chinese left. The French remained in force, holding some vague idea of making Vietnam "independent" but still within the French Union. We quickly saw that a protracted struggle was going to be necessary. So, as we made visible signs of peace, agreeing to all their "benevolent" demands. General Giap began an intensive training program in the North to build a liberation army. Soon we had over 100,000 men.

The French demands were soon increased from impossible to absolutely impossible and, naturally, our people would not accept these demands. Frequent spontaneous clashes broke out between our people and the French imperialists.

On December 19, 1946, our Army attacked Hanoi. It has been looked upon by Westerners as the "official" starting point of the "Indo-China War".

All this time our forces were conducting operations on a small unit level-what you would call "Phase II". The French, in June 1947, with very little thought, installed the puppet Bao Dai as head of the "State of Vietnam". In January, 1948, Bao was persuaded to take up new residence in France. The war continued at the guerilla level. In 1949, Bao Dai returned and soon after the French began counterrevolutionary operations against us. Our government, the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, was, at this time, recognized by Russia, Communist China, and Yugoslavia. The French quickly obtained the United States' and Britain's recognition of their puppet state. The Chinese Communists agreed to support us in our struggle against the French, and began sending equipment. General Giap then activated 5 Infantry and 1 Heavy (Artillery) Divisions for conventional operations. The fight was now begun in earnest. The bankrupt French asked the reactionary United States for aid. In March, 1950, Viet-Minh riots occurred in Saigon. In

May, the Viet-Minh Border Campaign was begun. Soon, all French garrisons along the Chinese border were destroyed. That summer saw the intrusion of the U. S. Military Mission into our country.

In the next four years, our forces ranged over all of Indo-China, infiltrating at will, ambushing any French column we desired. After more than 25 campaigns, the French
forces, completely thwarted, had their back broken in the
annihilation at Dien Bien Phu. Realizing the stolid determination of the Vietnamese people, the French in 1954 agreed
to withdraw. But they, like the Japanese, did not allow us
full independence, for they and the other Western powers
sliced Vietnam into two. The chief of state of the reactionary South was Diem—the appointee of the corrupt Bao Dai.
Clearly the battle was only half won; victory was torn from
the people's teeth by the Western diplomats at Geneva.

In the North, the Viet-Minh took control and set up a democratic government. Already, it seemed, the South was splitting up, as many different factions down there fought Diem's tyranny. But, in 1955, his regime was saved from the ashes through U. S. MAAG intervention. With the support of the Americans, Diem defeated the factions and won an "election" over his opponent Bao Dai. Undoubtedly, Diem was aided by the confusion over which candidate was more corrupt. Diem's regime, the Republic of Vietnam, was proclaimed existent on October 26, 1955. Ironically the French, who had constantly interferred with Diem's rule, were finally ousted from South Vietnam, in April, 1956.

The imperialist Americans began to build up their "advisory" efforts in 1957 while the elections Diem promised failed to materialize. That year, in my overwhelming hatrod for the Southern dictatorship, I volunteered to join the National Liberation Front (NLF) Army and I entered South Vietnam via the Ho Chi Minh Trail.

The NLF, called the "Viet-Cong" by the reactionaries and imperialists, began guerilla operations at the formative levels. We raided government posts for arms, began our political indoctrination and recruiting among the people, and established secure bases, some close to Saigon itself.

In 1958 and 1959, the NLF Army began to step up operations to the small-unit level. Our bases of support were now quite strong; we had the support of the people. Thousands of young men embraced our cause and our force grew.

In 1960, our efforts were even beginning to tell on the reactionary army—what you call ARVN—itself. Their forces were deteriorating through desertions. They had seen Diem's rule for what it was—corrupt and morally decadent. The Americans began increasing their support. Their MAAG began a "counterinsurgance plan". In September 1960, the "Lao Dong", the political arm of the Viet-Minh, announced officially their plans to liberate South Vietnam. In the fall of 1960, we kept our promise to the people and began battalion-size attacks upon Diem's forces. Liquidations of local representatives of the dictatorship were carried out. Even the enemy's elite Airborne Brigade turned against its master, Diem, in an attempt to remove him. Unfortunately, the majority of the reactionary forces were still under his com-

plete domination, and the coup failed. In 1961, we increased our main-force strength to 30 battalions and raised the levels of our regional and local troops. We were becoming well-organized—our political workers permeated down to every city block and country hamlet. The wave of popular support was with us—destroy Diem!

Seeing their puppet fail, the Americans sent in more "advisors" and increased their mountains of arms and equipment, much of which fell into our hands and aided our

cause.

From 1962 through 1963, the NLF Army increased its size to 25,000 regulars and 100,000 part-time volunteers. During this same period, despite the massive U. S. effort to prop up Diem, the South Vietnamese Armed Forces deteriorated. Another attempt, made by two VNAF pilots who were disgusted with Diem, saw an air attack on the Presidential Palace. This action was just a small indication of the desire of the people: Overthrow Diem!

The Buddhists, well organized and seeing where the path to true democracy lay, began their revolts and demonstrations in May, 1963. Finally, on November of that year, the Diem yoke was lifted by a coup of his own generals. While the corrupt RVN generals fought, couped, and countercouped against each other, our forces made major attacks. The U. S. government poured in dollars to bolster a tottering government and increased their force of "advisors".

By April, 1964, our regular-force strength was at 45 hattalions. Soon it seemed Vietnam would again be one. Major attacks were conducted throughout the year. Several imperialist "Special Forces" camps were annihilated. The desperate Americans launched air strikes against North Vietnam in what they called the "Tonkin Incident". We retaliated with bombings of our own against the barracks of the Americans.

In January, 1965, we launched a victorious "set-piece" battle at Binh Gia. In March we attacked Pleiku and Quinhon. The American Marines, whose history is permeated with imperialism, landed at Danang. Our forces were eager to tangle with such monsters.

With the reactionary government on its knees and victory close at hand, the United States unloaded thousands of troops to physically thwart the desires of the Vietnamese people. By the middle of that summer, 125,000 imperialist soldiers had engulfed our land. The North Vietnamese Army (NVA) entered our side in October 1965, attacking Pleime with our forces. It was good to see that the NVA was retaliating against the air atrocities of the U. S. air bandits.

Our Army and the NVA quickly engaged these intruders but they have met only varied success due to the overwhelming U. S. superiority in aircraft and artillery. Man to man, the U. S. soldier was not found to be better than us. He could be defeated by determined efforts of our soldiers.

Our forces now were slowed down by the barbaric U. S. air attacks upon northern Vietnam and their harrassment of the Ho Chi Minh Trail. Also, their overwhelming fire-power has turned our fighting superiority into a inferior position. One cannot pit flesh against fragmenting steel casing and win. Consequently, with the U. S. troop level up to 400,000 presently, the NLF Army is pursuing the classic tactic of avoiding contact with the enemy. These tactics, which saw success in Communist China and in certain situations in the Indo-China War, are certainly to give us eventual victory. The Americans are, after only seven years, impatient for victory. Why, I have waited some 23 years. What are a few more? After all, I have a lifetime . . .



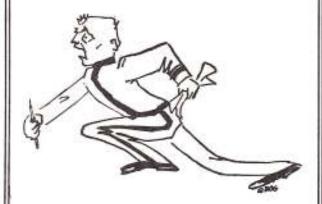
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Hardcore Vietcong unit is dug in positions in the Mekong -



Nguyen Huu Tho (with necktie) chairman of eration Front reviewing a Vietcong unit on a tion, presumably in Tayninh Province north

THE VIET CONG

by John Dallen

South Vietnam has had to live with war for a long time. But political and military interest sometimes seems pathetically lacking. The Vietnamese motion picture industry for example, has failed to produce a single patriotic war film in the last ten years. No single doctrine or philosophy dominates the country. Consequently, the nation is without a single unifying party, and by default the most powerful single influence is that of the enemy—the Viet Cong.

Just who are the Viet Cong? Strickly speaking, an insurgent guerilla army controlled by a cummunist party—
the People's Liberation Party. This party directs both military and political warfare in South Vietnam. The "spokesman" for the Party is the more widely known National Liberation Front, or NLF. The Front is not a government as
many believe. To be sure, representatives are present in
every province of South Vitnam as well as in Hanoi, Peiping, Algiers, Moscow and Budapest. No notion, however,
has recognized the NLF as the legitimate government of
South Vietnam. Nor is it not even an NLF capitol. Headquarters is simply a small cluster of brick and thatch houses
in the jungles of northern Tayninh Province near Cambodia.

The leader of the Front is a rather colorless lawyer-politician in Saigon named Nguyen Huu Tho. Tho is Chairman of the Presidium but in spite of the Front's attempt to make the movement seem "home-grown," he calls no shots in the war. The organization that does direct the war is the People's Liberation Party. The party controls the Viet Cong army and provides for a shadow government for South Vietnam. There are executives at the top, commissars and central committees on the provincial level, and district and village chiefs at the hamlet level. The only elections in this shadow government are Communist controlled ones at the grass roots level. However, the Party, through the Viet Cong, collects various taxes, runs hospitals and operates schools in all areas where they are militarily able. The Viet Cong are popular where control is light and land remains undisturbed.

Both the Viet Cong and the NLF claim to be independent of North Vietnam. Realistically, this is hardly the case and the situation is worsening as time progresses. The People's Revolutionary Party takes orders from the North through Lao Pong, leader of the North Vietnamese Communist party. Almost all the Party's leaders are trained in the North.

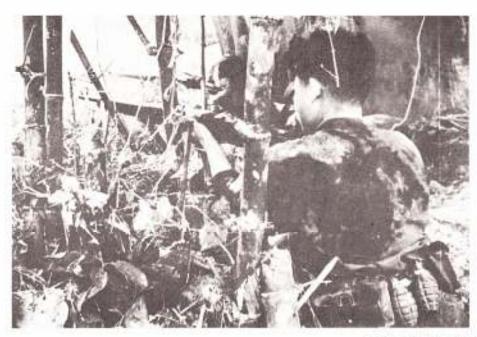
But the true Viet Cong that an American faces and fights is not from the North. This Viet Cong soldier is not the same soldier as in the northern infiltrater. This Viet Cong is a small, wiry South Vietnamese peasant in his late teens or early twenties. His sandals may be made from rubber tires. In his free moments he reads comic books and plays cards with his comrades. Until recently, his entire unit was South Vietnamese in origin. Now he may be used to fill a depleted North Vietnamese regiment.

The Viet Cong units themselves have been hard hit, but the desire for ultimate victory remains. No longer is the



National Librubber planta-

of Saigon.



Male and female Vietcong guerrillas using homemade riftes and grenades to ambush government unit from behind the edge of a village.

Photo by Newsweek

Viet Cong objective one of attrition, but one of annihilation. Their hope is that if enough casualties are inflicted on the Americans, they will think twice about the war and withdraw. This hope is strong enough to keep the 300,000 true believers in the movement active.

These followers still control a major portion of South Vietnam. Most missionaries of non-Buddist faiths have been driven from the regions. Viet Cong attacks are meticulously planned and constant indoctrination of the populace is practiced. The Viet Cong lack both strategy and dominant leadership at their helm, but their organization is excellent. The idea of Viet Cong invulnerability is still prevalent in many areas.

With casualties increasing so rapidly, the Viet Cong movement has had to step up recruitment of new soldiers. Young men are forced from their villages by threat of torture or similar coersive methods. Rarely can there be found a politically-oriented recruit. Even voluntary workers may join only because a brother lives in North Vietnam.

After initial recruitment, the "volunteers" are used as "Local guerrillas." They are then promoted in accordance with their revolutionary zeal into regional or main force units. These Viet Cong are called Bo Doi. Endless "thought-control" sessions confront the Bo Doi and revolutionary phrases must be memorized while Radio Hanoi messages are copied in notebooks. If a soldier show signs of deviation, then Kiem Thao or self-criticism sessions are arranged until the error of his ways is confessed.

Not all of the Viet Cong's activities are concerned with propoganda or terror. The Viet Cong have a knack for making the jungle hospitable. Smallpox vaccine is cultivated in water buffalo and cholera vaccine on the stomachs of dogs.

Nevertheless, the war is trying the Viet Cong organization severely. Taxes are now compulsory and often unreasonable. A Communist official may call a public meeting to demand that each of the increasingly reluctant farmers reveal the size of his crop. Most of the new reinforcement is coming from North Vietnam. Thus even more of the control of the war is passing northward. This causes resentment among the Viet Cong toward the Northern soldiers.

Viet Cong conscription, officially, is for three years for those between 18 and 35 (sometimes 45). Even 15 and 16 year olds have been demanded. American bombings and strafings force the Viet Cong to keep moving, eat cold meals and consider no area a sanctuary. The Viet Cong are not paid for their services, and leaves are becoming increasingly rare. Conservative estimates indicate over 1000 Viet Cong defections a month.

Unfortunately, the spirit of the Viet Cong is not broken. The Viet Cong are considered by some as among the best fighters known, and the conviction that victory will someday come is still unshakable. It is said by the Viet Cong that the country has been under the yoke of colonialism since the French landed in 1858 and that the history of Vietnam is the history of the Viet Cong struggle.

ROLLANIS

by JOHN FORBES

NUMBER COMMITTED

275,000 men

45,000 North Vietnam regulars

62,000 main force Viet Cong

10,000 local and district Viet Guerrillas

58,000 political and administrative cadres and support troops

ALLIED NATIONS

,000,000, meni

404,000 U.S. Forces

600,000 South Victnamese, South Korean, and Australian

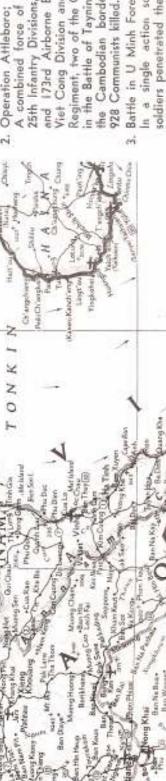
MAJOR LAND OPERATIONS

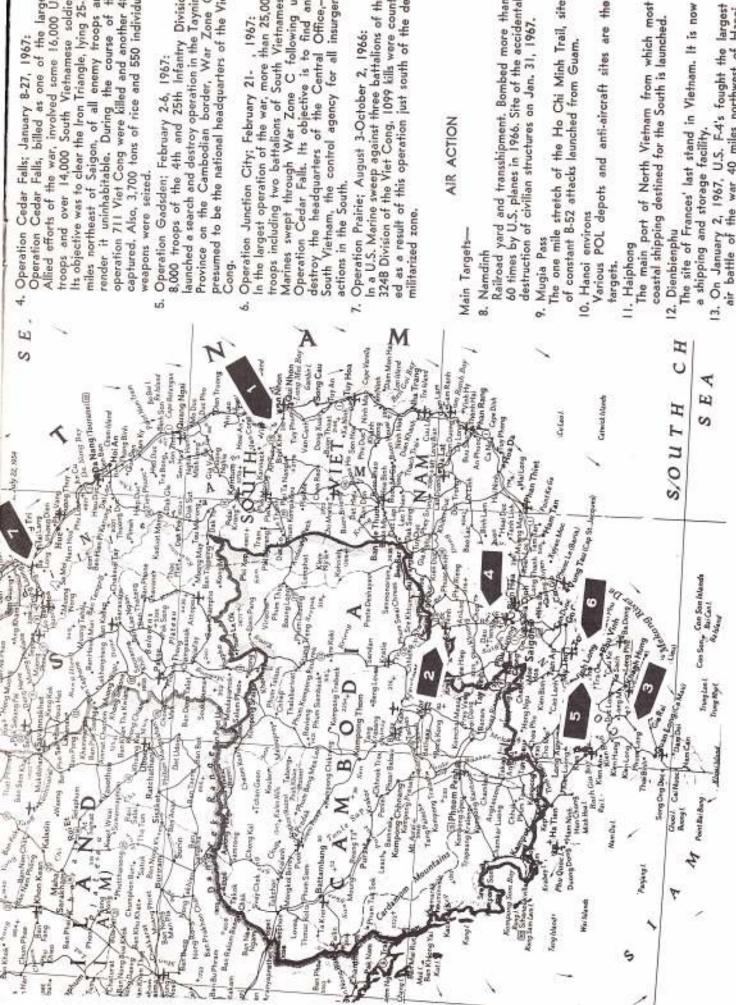
The 1st Cavalry (Airmobile) swept through the central coastal area 28 miles NW of Quinhon and 305 NE or Operation Irwing; October 2-25, 1966:

South Koreans in a coordinated effort killed 1071 and Saigon, killing 902 Viet Cong and capturing 908. captured 457.

in the Battle of Tayninh 50 miles north of Saigon on Cambodian border. The operation resulted in A combined force of 20,000 men from the 1st and Viet Cong Division and the 101st North Vietnamese and 173rd Airborne Brigades clashed with the 9th Regiment, two of the Communists best fighting units, 25th Infantry Divisions, and the 196th Light Infantry Operation Attleboro; November 3-12, 1966:

hold in the U Minh Forest 125 miles southwest of Battle in U Minh Forest; December 13-31, 1966; soldiers penetrated





Its objective was to clear the Iron Triangle, lying 25-30 Vietnamese soldiers. miles northeast of Saigon, of all enemy troops and operation 711 Viet Cong were killed and another 488 Operation Cedar Falls, billed as one of the largest captured, Also, 3,700 tons of rice and 550 individual Allied efforts of the war, involved some 16,000 render it uninhabitable. During the course of Operation Cedar Falls; January 8-27, 1967; froops and over 14,000 South

Operation Gadsden; February 2-6, 1967; 8,000 troops of the 4th and 25th Infantry Division

launched a search and destroy operation in the Tayninh presumed to be the national headquarters of the Viet Province on the Cambodian border, War Zone

In the largest operation of the war, more than 25,000 froops including two battalions of South Vietnamese Marines swept through War Zone C following up South Vietnam, the control agency for all insurgent Operation Cedar Falls. Its objective is to destroy the headquarters of the Central Operation Junction City; February 21-

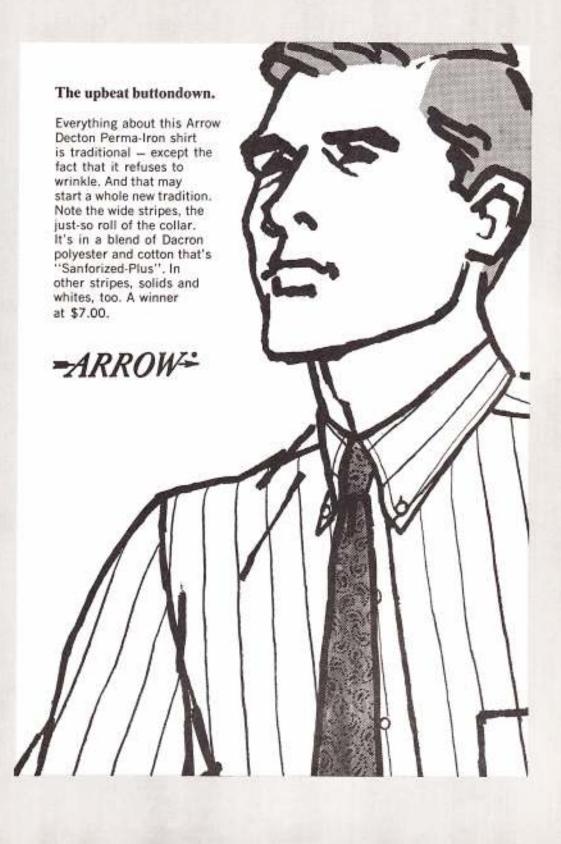
In a U.S. Marine sweep against three battalions of the 3248 Division of the Viet Cong, 1099 kills were counted as a result of this operation just south of the de-Operation Prairie; August 3-October 2, 1966;

Railroad yard and transshipment. Bombed more than 60 times by U.S. planes in 1966. Site of the accidental destruction of civilian structures on Jan. 31, 1967.

The one mile stretch of the Ho Chi Minh Trail, of constant 8-52 attacks launched from Guam.

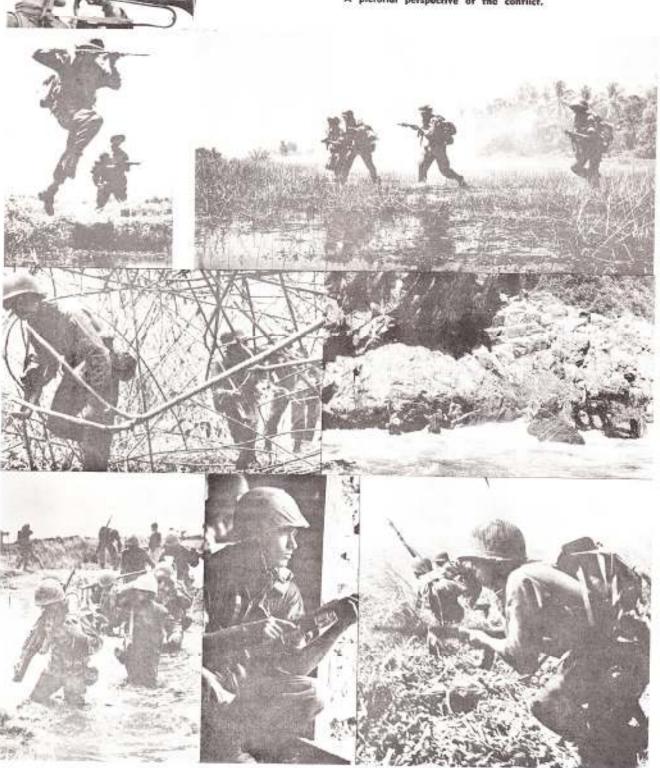
The main port of North Vietnam from which most coastal shipping destined for the South is launched.

13. On January 2, 1967, U.S. F.4's fought the largest air battle of the war 40 miles northwest of Hanol, downing 7 Communist MIG 21's.



THE WAR

A pictorial perspective of the conflict,



PFC Ira Rolston signals his company to move out as the U.S. Army takes up the war beside the Victnamese units. A war fought through a variety of elements, and at a great cost, it is now being wan by the combined efforts of the United States troops and the South Vietnamese troops.

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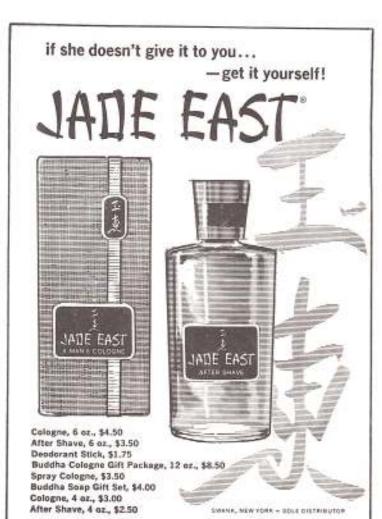








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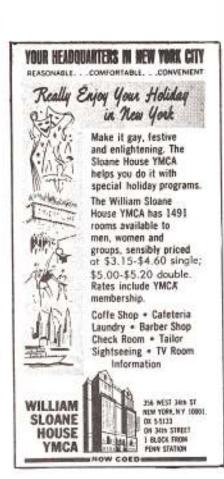
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In all it's a war of waiting, with some setbacks, and continuous searching. To those that distinguish themselves there is little satisfaction as long as the threat to their freedom and their children's freedom exists.







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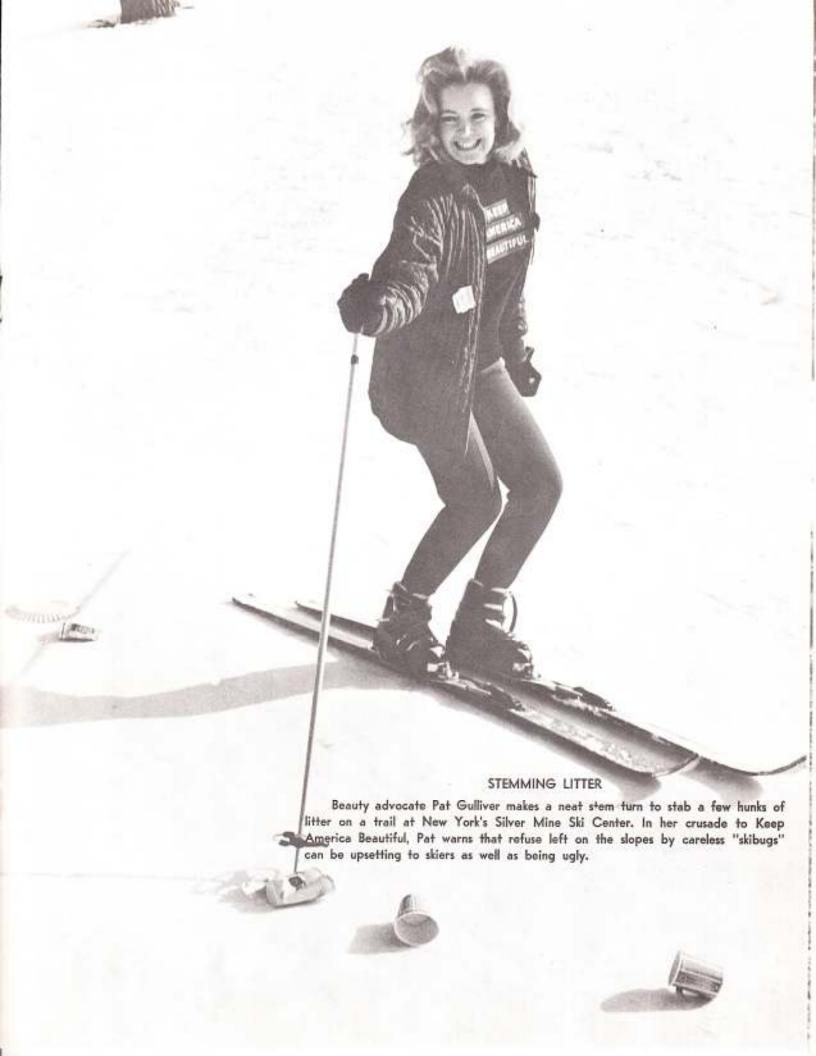




But even with all the suffering and conflict there is occasional play and little victories for instance converting a faw Vict Cong or protecting some of the Vietnamese families in this, a world all to itself, yet with so much importance to the outside.







A TRIBUTE ...



World Wide Photo

Christmas recalls many different things to many different people. To some, the beauty of a Christmas tree aglow, before a blazing fireplace. To others, the Nativity and rebirth of religion. To many, it is simply the pleasure of getting home and relaxing for awhile, seeing Mom and Dad, and renewing old friendships. While all these people head for home and the Christmas dinner, one person heads for the hottest spot he can find, and cold "C"-rations. To countless millions, he has brought new meaning to Christmas and Christmas cheer. During the past twenty-five years, he has spent sixteen Christmases overseas, and none of them at home, bringing Christmas a little closer to American troops. This extremely selfless man is none other than the veteran entertainer and comedian, Bob Hope.

Bob's quips and shows have cheered nearly two and a half

million men, in four continents. He has been seen or heard on every communication media from vaudeville to television. He has produced record albums and five books, been in T.V. shows, and in movies. So many of his old movies are on T.V. now that he says that he can dial around the channels and watch his hairline recede. He has entertained five presidents, and made jokes about them to their faces. His "private" life has been one mad whirl of benefits, tours, golf matches, and charities.

Though these feats have made him famous, the things that have endeared him to millions are his USO tours. Bob has played in every hotspot from WW II to Korea, to Vietnam. He says that he is the only person to have kidded Russia in Moscow and gotten away with it. His comments on that trip—"We had a successful trip, we came back."



General William C. Westmoreland (right center) and Premier Nguyen Cao Ky (left center) watch the Bob Hope show from th VIP box.

Photo by Ralph Boatwright

During this quarter century of entertaining he has had harrowing experiences by the score. Once his plane, flying back from North Africa, was struck by lightning. "Someone told me to do something religious," he croaked, "So I did. I took up a collection."

Hope was in Saigon Christmas Eve '65 when terrorists bombed the officers quarters, called "the Hotel Brink." During a show on Christmas Day, in the Mekong Delta area, Hope told the troops, "A funny thing happened to me as I was driving through downtown Saigon to my hotel last night. We met a hotel coming the other way." During that show, Hope's troupe was performing before a sandbag barricade, before armed men, with the sound of artillery in the distance.

On his recent trip to South Vietnam, the USO was forced to keep his itinerary secret for fear terrorist bombs might be planted along his route.

In '65 he nearly lost half of his troupe when engine trouble forced their helicopter down in a blizzard. The copter forced down contained Singer John Bubbles, Madman Jerry Caloway, Bandleader Les Brown and only one Female, actress Janis Paige. In the other chopper sat Hope with Jill St. John, Anita Bryant, Anna Marie Alberghetti and Ann Sidney.

But Bob Hope's popularity doesn't lie in these incidents, or his books or his records. It lies in the hearts and memories of the American soldier.



General William C. Westmoreland (center right), thanks entertainer Bob Hope for his many years of service to the U.S. troops in the field.

Photo by Ralph Boatwright



World Wide Photo

Saigon's answer to Hanoi Hannah.

In Vietnam three months ago, one might have turned on the radio and found himself listening to the appealing purr of Hanoi Hannah, an announcer for Radio Hanoi. Broadcasting for an hour each night, she blends music provocatively with anti-Americanisms, obviously directed at our GI's in South Vietnam. Here was yet another example of the line of Axis Sally's and Tokyo Rose's, all dedicated to the demoralization of the American fighting man. When Hannah started broadcasting, we found ourselves faced once again with the dilemma of combating man's best friend, the feline. It was beginning to look like one of those impossible situations when U.S. Armed Forces Radio came up with the answer—and what an answer!

In December of last year a beautiful miniskirted blande appeared in Saigon. Her name—
Chris Noel, a disc jockey from Los Angeles,
California; her mission—to entertain the troops
with a daily radio program. Since then, the most
popular program on Saigon Radio has been "A
Date with Chris." Her blues and ballads program,
highlighted by her captivating voice, has done
much to boost the morale of our troops in Vietnam.
Needless to say, the guys more than appreciate
her being there. For them, she is the girl back
home, the one who really "cares." Already she has
instilled a spirit that just can't be replaced. Each
of us is deeply indebted to this girl from L. A. who
has unselfishly done so much for our troops in
Vietnam.

a Tribute

to

Chris Noel

by John Ellis



CAPTAIN BILL TAYLOR

An 82mm mortar attack and a spoiling attack by a company of a North Vietnamese battalion fighting to defend their regimental CP cost the lives of several troopers of Co. B, 2nd Bn, 5th Cavalry, as well as the Co. CO and the First Sergeant. It happened on a rock outcropping called HILL 534, a part of the CHU PHONG hill mass, on August 14, 1966. The loss of Captain Bill Taylor and First Sgt. Kenneth Hawsey stunned the company and the rest of the battalion.

In March 1966 when Captain Taylor got the company, it was hard for him to conceal his elation. This was tingled by a certain amount of awe at the responsibility involved. From March through July, Captain Taylor honed his unit to a fine edge of fighting ability. His interpretation of leadership was a blend of example, mission, and troop welfare. I say blend because in his mind mission and troop welfare were inseparable; insuring that the men took their malaria tablets, put out flare pots, and kept their heads up was "the same ball of wax." When First Sgt. Hawsey joined the company in July, the team became complete; what Captain Taylor didn't think of, First Sgt. Hawsey did.

Since most soldiers used their

ponchos to construct "hooches" in the field, it was extremely difficult to keep dry during the rainy season. Captain Taylor solved this problem while his company was securing a stretch of Hwy 19 just east of Pleiku. He obtained salvage ponchos from the division salvage yard and had Victnamese tailors sew rain jackets from the scraps. The minimal cost of the labor was willingly horne by Captain Taylor and the other officers in the company.

Just as soon as feasible after a combat action, Captain Taylor would assemble the personnel, critique the action, and give "orchids or onions" as appropriate. At this time he would also present Combat Infantryman Badges to those soldiers who had seen action for the first time. In his own words, "Too many soldiers get their CIB's for the first time when it is nailed on their boxes in Saigon." Even though the soldier's fatigue shirt was normally dirty, torn, soaked with sweat or rain, and without rank or insignia of any sort, you could always tell the men of "Tiger 6," as B Company was called, because of the blue and silver flash above their left breast.

On 1 August when the battalion moved into the CHU PHONG hill mass, the fighting progressively became more intense. In each case of enemy contact, Co B acquitted itself well. Five VC were caught out in the open and then nine were killed in a night ambush; and more of the same. On 13 August, as Co B inched towards the top of HILL 534, a platoon of Vietnamese regulars, from North bunkers concealed in the primary jungle underbrush, opened fire on the leading platoon elements. Captain Taylor immediately responded by leading his other two platoons in a shallow envelopment of Charlie's left flank. The flanking force came under intense automatic weapons fire from supplementary bunkers resulting in light casualties. The aggressive, willto-win spirit of the Bravo Co troopers, combined with heavy artillery fire, allowed the NVA no respite and nightfall found both sides still engaged. First Sgt. Hawsey checked the men and requested that he be allowed to take a patrol and move the seriously wounded to a PZ (pickup zone) which he had noticed on the route up.

Just after dark, the patrol moved out carrying its five most seriously wounded on improvised poncho stretchers. The movement was agonizingly slow and noisy, through bamboo thickets, brushwood, over rock faces, looking for a small, one-ship clearing where the Air Force "huskies" could hover and evacuate the wounded.

After seven hours the patrol found its PZ and even with a severe ground fog the huskies and the escorting gun ships went in for the evacuation with the help of "Spooky" (the illuminating flare ship). Hawsey had accomplished the impossible; it was later determined that three of the wounded probably would not have made it through the night without medical attention. But there was no time for rest; the patrol had to get back to the company in the event Charlie decided to test the troopers in the morning. Driving his people to the limit of their endurance, Hawsey and his band reached the company base at 0645 hours on 14 August.

At 0700 hours "Captain Bill" as he was called by his company, finished giving his orders for the company attack. At 0715 hours the North Vietnamese dropped a barrage of 82mm mortar shells into the Tiger 6 perimeter. Most of the shells went off as tree bursts and both the company commander and his first sergeant were severely wounded. Keeping his one remaining radioman with him, Captain Taylor moved to an exposed vantage point where he could direct the actions of the bulk of the company. Right on the heels of the mortar attack, the NVA pressed home a company size ground attack, trying to gain time as it was later learned, to evacuate their regimental CP. Captain Taylor died directing an Air Force tactical air strike. First Set. Hawsey was killed by a burst of automatic fire while he was shouting encouragement to the left flank platoon.

The sky troopers of Tiger 6 held and when the smoke had cleared, 128 dead NVA were counted in front of the position.

Author's Note: I have been asked to write an article on examples of leader-ship and I have chosen this incident because I think it most closely indicates the fine balance between the concepts of mission and troop welfare. Captain Taylor was not a graduate of USMA. Both Captain William E. Taylor and First Sgt. Kenneth Hawsey received awards for their valor in this action.

Major Arthur M. Harris

ATTENTION: To Tomorrow's Army Wife

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following unsolicited letter was received from Mrs. Thomas B. Russell who directs it toward prospective Army brides.

West Point, it's like the castles you read about in fairy tales as a child, remote, rustic, and romantic, and your cadet out shines any Lancelot, or Galahad. You, you're the envy of your friends and classmates with your lovely A-pin and now your beautiful minature. It's all so glamorous.

I know, I was you not long ago. I polished that drag rail, ate my share of hamburgers, and ruined many a stocking on Flirtation Walk, all in the name of love.

Today I'm an army wife talking to you future army wives. Look with your eyes, and not your hearts, girls. Picture your cadet not in his dress uniform with the white cross belts and shiny brass buttons and that handsome tar bucket. Picture him rather in combat boots, dirty, sweaty fatigues and a helmet, carrying a grease gun and sloshing through a rice paddy in Vietnam. And you, picture yourself back home changing diapers or expecting a child, each day climaxed with the receiving of a letter. Where is the glamor now?

As I write this my husband is setting up housekeeping in a five man tent in Vietnam. We've been married six years and just made our fifth change of duty station. This is my ninth house and our fourth child was born six weeks ago. It's our second hardship tour but we feel we have been fortunate to have had as much time as we have had together. According to army regulations now he could come back from Vietnam after a year and within sixty days get ordered on another short tour. It could and has happened to some.

It is likely your cadet chose his career before he chose you. He has spent four hard years studying and training to be an officer. The government has spent a lot of money and time making him into a soldier, a leader of men. They need him! He says he wants and needs you.

We are in a war and in all probability will be for some time to come. Will you be a helpmate to him? Will you cheer him when he's depressed; hide your own feelings and emotions when they might keep him from performing his duties to the best of his ability? Can you adjust to new surroundings easily and quickly? Can you raise a family in a wartime atmosphere? If you think you can do these things, then marry your soldier. Take him for better or worse, and if worse it be at times, make the best of it. Remember you're not alone, and he is worth it!



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LEADERSHIP

Leadership—there is no single definition. It is the test of a moment of decision —it is spot ingenuity, the sense of knowing what to do, how to do it, and simply that one must do it. Leadership is an understanding of people, the realization of personalities and their conflict. It is the will to continue and urge others to continue when giving up seems so much easier. Leadership is many things in many circumstances. Leadership is Vietnam today.

As our attention is focused on Southeast Asia, on its harsh, seemingly hopeless war, the question of leadership arises, American people want to know what motivates the men up front. They want to know what a command means. And what are the traits that make our American and Vietnamese leaders? What is the source of their strength? These questions are best answered by examples.

Major Conroy, of the Office of Military Instruction, recalls an incident that occurred while he was an advisor to a Vietnamese sector operations officer. Far out on a peninsula in this sector was a Vietnamese Regional Forces Company Outpost which had very limited radio communication. The outpost, attacked by a Viet Cong Battalion, was in trouble because they had no organic fire support greater than mortars and were outside the range of supporting artillery. In the mensoon storm weather they could only call for help to

their sub-sector headquarters back up the peninsula. The message went from there to the mainland sector headquarters. An American advisor at another sub-sector learned of the message and came to the outpost's aid. He knew that an American destroyer lay off the coast within firing range. With this knowledge he relayed the message, now in English, to the Division Tactical Operations Center, which, with its greater radio range, contacted the destroyer. Through this unusual and ingenious five link communication system, in English and Vietnamese, the destroyer got the fire mission and the outpost was saved. Seventy-three Viet Cong were reported killed in the action. The resourcefulness of the outpost commander and the American advisor made the difference between a successful defense and a lost outpost.

Major McCarthy, Tactical Officer for Company A-1, remembers the men he served with in Vietnam for their aggressiveness and initiative. These are definitely leadership qualities. "When in doubt, do something positive" is the attitude of the men. The Vietnamese forces perceive this staunch characteristic in the Americans and appreciate greatly their presence. Major McCarthy looks back on an incident demonstrating warm reciprocal relationship. In an assault a young American Lieutenant had fallen with a serious elbow wound. An old Vietnamese private saw the danger to the officer, helpless out in the protocol lists for embassy parties. Then

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open, and fell on the American saving his there is the man in battle garb with the life. The satisfaction in the deed was enough for the old soldier, but a Silver Star was his reward as well.

Another incident furnishes a strong example of positive leadership. A Vietnamese force was trying to take a hill. The soldiers were becoming seriously demoralized by repeated unsuccessful attempts. The integrity of the unit was in grave jeopardy. Seeing the danger of the situation, a tough American Airborne Non-Commissioned Officer, an advisor to the force, organized a patrol. Taking only four men, he went out at night and brought in all the Vietnamese dead. The religious leanings of the people, of course, give them a sense of un-easiness until their dead are properly buried. The morale of the troops was reknit by this simple, but daring gesture. The company took the hill the next day. In understanding the temperament of his men and sensing their low spirits, the American had been able to give them the strength to rally.

To Major McCarthy, Vietnam is men doing their job. The jobs vary, and the leadership requirements are many, but the dedication must be the same. There are many jobs-some are clerks and typists, sweating over a war's paperwork in the hot offices of Saigon; some are cooks at the Special Forces Camp in Pleimei, preparing the hot stew, fuel for an army; some are general's aides, distraught over

M-16 Rifle. He is doing his part, too-and sacrificing.

Major Modica has Vietnam memories of men with willingness and enthusiasm, men that always have the desire to give beyond their duty. These are the men that soldiers want to follow, Major Modica recalls many times when district advisors would volunteer for additional operations outside their own district. This attitude won the fierce loyality of the Vietnamese and helped hone well-disciplined fighting units.

An example of this spirit and perseverance was witnessed by Major Modica during a Viet Cong seige on a Vietnamese Village compound. The enemy unit was quite superior, forcing evacuation of the steadily, village. Helicopters. worked through hazardous conditions, from 2 a.m. to 6 a.m. The move was rapid and efficient, saving the peasants and the soldiers in the village. The organization and esprit during the whole operation was an-other claim for the leadership in Vietnam today.

Major Conroy, Major McCarthy, Major Modica-these are just some of the men here at the Academy who have seen Vietnam. They have seen its mud and its blood. They have felt its hunger, and fatigue, and pain. They have known its sor-row and futility. The problem was and is that of a terrible war. The answer was and is leadership.



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Photo by Newsweek

THE VIETNAM WAR

Popular Support or Widespread Dissent?

by John La Belle

Wars are, indisputably, intricately complex operations and their success is dependent upon many important considerations. Perhaps most crucial of these is the popular support necessary from the public at home.

The Vietnam war is no different and points out clearly both the necessity for firm cooperation and the resulting consequences if such support is not the paramount concern of the large popular majority. The French learned this lesson well in their struggle for continued control in Indochina. Unpopular wars are all too often disastrous wars. But is the war in Vietnam really unpopular?

According to Newsweek magazine, a recently conducted Harris survey would indicate growing support for the war. Traditionally, views on war are divided into two extremist groups, the "doves" and the "hawks." The "doves", those who favor a quick settlement, withdrawal, and the end of hostilities, comprise a suprisingly small 12% of the population. The "hawks" can do only slightly better. Here, 18% advocate continuation of the war, further escalation, and in some cases bombing of Communist Chinese air bases suspected of aiding the North Vietnamese cause.

Yet, the majority of "middle ground" citizens are aware of the need to support the present handling of the war as evidenced by an increase from 43 to 55% of those interviewed who favored continued military pressure. Even more indicative, 67% advocated continued bombing. Also important were the 71% convinced of the need to fullfill a protracted struggle, thus dispelling the idea that U. S. interest in the war would decline over a long period of fighting. Far from the already noted extremes, most U. S. citizens would agree to a peace settlement in place of continued warfare, but only on terms favorable to the U. S. and with concrete assurances against a Communist victory in South Vietnam. Many, however, would permit a neutralist South Vietnamese government, perhaps similar to that in Laos, or even one with a Viet Cong or Communist segment.

The most common reflections of present popular interest in the Vietnam war are, of course, the demonstrations, both pro and con, primarily by U. S. students. There have been numerous outbursts throughout the country and the antiwar faction has managed to stage protests widely publicized here and in foreign mations. Examples of these protests are often commonplace, sometimes unique, in their attempt to



Pickets Outside United Nations.



convey the anti-war point of view. Many are almost aggressive in their quest for peace. A group of 1/4,000, mostly students, staged a march to a projected rally site in Oakland, California but were stopped by police at the Oakland city line. This march was conducted after an anti-war teachin on the Berkeley campus. A similar march was conducted with 10,000 participants parading down Fifth Avenue in New York City. One of the more dramatic incidents also occurred in New York when David Miller, a self-proclaimed pacifist, publicly burned his draft card, an act punishable as a federal offense. In the same vein, 38 persons were arrested for illegal demonstrations at Selective Service Offices in Michigan and four more would-be protestors were arrested before completely organizing a march in Columbus, Ohio. Demonstrations against military installations were also common. The Oakland march was diverted toward the Oakland Military Depot, a troop-transfer station, and eleven students were arrested for a sit-in at Truax Air Force Base in Madison, Wisconsin. Such actions were not exclusively western or mid-western. Eastern protests were also numerous. A thousand participants marched from Harvard to Boston Common, and Yale students drove sound trucks into downtown New Haven to express their dissatisfaction with the handling of the war. Certainly more unique, however, was the anti-war float entered in the University of Michigan Homecoming Parade. Similarly, stundents in Austin, Texas conducted a "Death March" complete with skeleton and casket in order to dramatize the plight of the suffering Vietnamese victimized by "the cruelties of a U. S.-promoted war." Finally, students at the University of Colorado at Boulder decided an effective method of protest could easily be utilized at the annual Homecoming game. The demonstrators obtained a block of seats and formed a flash card section with the message, "Peace in Vietnam-Negotiate Now" expressing their hopes for a peace settlement through conferences and arbitration. Such examples of acti-war sentiment comprise only a sampling of the total number of sit-ins, sleep-ins, teach-ins, and various other 'ins" employed.

But there were counter-examples of pro-war action and feeling. More than 200 people were on hand to protest the Oakland marchers. The Claremont Colleges organized a 1500-man march under the auspices of the Committee to Support American Fighting Men. This demonstration was orderly, well-controlled, and enthusiastically exhibited patriotic spirit. Just as students were the principal organizers of the anti-war demonstrations, students were also the driving force behind the pro-Administration movement. Michigan State University undergraduates started a drive for 15,000 signatures on a petition supporting President Johnson in his stand on the Vietnam struggle. An ROTC unit of the University of Tennessee fired a rifle salute to the U. S. troops in Vietnam as part of the opening ceremony for a debate tournament. More than 600 University of Texas coeds initiated a pen-pal program with soldiers in Vietnam. A teach-in at Rutgers University, originally scheduled as an anti-war effort, attracted many pro-Administration supporters. Washington, D. C. students also held a teach-in to show support for the handling of the war. In fact, there were almost as many examples of the pro-war demonstrations as there were instances of lack of support.

Even so, there are underlying principles necessary for an understanding of why such demonstrations occur, especially those of the anti-war faction. Obviously, wars have rarely been popular. U. S. history is filled with incidents—the Tory protests of the Revolution, the Civil War draft riots, etc.—which prove this point. Yet the simple unpopularity of war can hardly be a major reason for the present demonstrations. What then are the reasons?

Many protestors claim to be conscientious objectors. This, however, is certainly not the major reason, since only 20,000 out of the 30 million men presently registered with the Selective Service Board are classified as true conscientious objectors. Some demonstrators become adherents of a policy of non-violence or passive resistance when confronted with any type of conflict. Others claim their futures and careers would be permanently jeopardized by participation in the war. Still more protest on far more sophistacated grounds, such as citing the Nuremburg War Trials results as justification for disobeying government laws or "orders" when they are considered to be immoral. Another reason advocated is the rejection by many demonstrators of the mandatory nature of strictly military service. These people would be willing to fulfill an obligation to their country in some other manner such as the Peace Corps, while refusing service in an "immoral" and "unjust" military capacity.

On the surface, then, most of those who disagree with the Vietnam conflict do so out of a sense of moral conviction. Whether or not the demonstrators are actually motivated by such scruples or simply by cowardice or selfish personal interest is a debatable question. Obviously, the answer can only be attempted on an individual basis after a rigorous examination of personal conscience and moral standards. Perhaps such a serious evaluation undertaken on a national scale would do much to increase the public support necessary for a successful or, at least, honorable settlement of the Vietnam war.

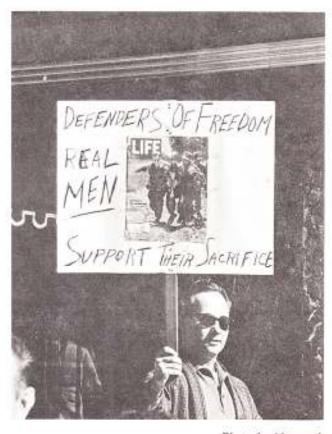


Photo by Newweek



Photo by Newsweek

POLITICAL PHILOSOPHIES

The Vietnam war has cost the United States about \$20 billion in its first 6 years, 1961 through 1966. U.S. News & World Report has postulated that with this war's cost in money, the United States could give every man, woman, and child in both South and North Vietnam about \$700 a year, or six times their present average income -and save the indirect costs of the war. Skeptics (of what?) point to the 6,407 dead, the 36,530 wounded and the projected figure of 500,000 participants by the end of this year. Supporters (*of what?) theorize that the only way Americans can salvage prestige is to win the war on the battlefield. In the light of these conflicting opinions, it is difficult to resolve exactly what the United States policy in Victnam is.

President Johnson, in his State-ofthe-Union message, proposed going on with a continuous, limited war in Vietnam. A recent poll of prominent senators revealed a consensus of support. In fact, as U.S. News concluded, "Most of the Senators want to hit North Vietnam harder, close Haiphong's port, give military leaders more support and freedom of action." Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield admits that we cannot withdraw from Vietnam unless an honorable settlement is proposed, but states, "I do think it is time to start pulling back U.S. troops from Europe, I am reintroducing my resolution, which was co-sponsored by 33 Senators last year, calling for a substantial reduction of U.S. troops in Europe."

Stuart Symington of Minnesota feels that "the war is going to be a long show." However, he follows Mansfield's hope that "we exert even greater effort to get to the conference table on the best terms possible."

Senator Jack Miller of Iowa agrees with the President's statement that we should take all action necessary to achieve our objectives. Strom Thurmond of South Carolina gets down to specifics. "We ought to do two things now: First, we ought to bomb the strategic military targets throughout all North Vietnam. Second, we ought to close ports through which come the the enemy supplies." He defends our increased military action today wholeheartedly. "Of course, no one wants to kill civilians; no one wants to kill anybody. But, after all, war is war, and if these civilians are assisting in their war effort and if they go and place themselves close to military targetswell, then, anyone who does that would have to suffer the consequences,

Some Congressmen, however, have slightly different views. Senator Young of Ohio states: "We should announce to the world that we shall cease to bomb any targets in North Vietnam, commencing at a certain date, and that we are willing to enter into an agreement that will stop all offensive ground action, asking that the Viet Cong also stop aggressive action against us,"

Ernest Guiening of Alaska is one of the non-sympathizers. He states, "Our withdrawal from Vietnam is long overdue. We had no business there in the first place. We were not attacked. We barged into a civil war unasked."

Senator Daniel Brewster of Maryland perhaps epitomizes the general outlook of Congress however, when he states: "The situation in Vietnam is discouraging but not hopeless. We have made committments there to defeud these people against aggression, and we must meet these requirements. We must maintain our military forces there and pursue military objectives with vigor."

The outspoken Secretary of State, Dean Rusk, has this to say in a speech intended for hearing by our foes: "It is entirely within the resources of the quiet diplomacy of both sides to talk about peace and to discuss mutual steps to reduce the violence . . . Let me say quietly and sincerely to the other side; let good sense take charge for all of us in this situation. Recognize the necessity for elementary reciprocity. Form with us in a common search for peace . . . " Chairman Mao Tse-Tung seemed to be amenable to such "reciprocity" last week when he gave the North Vietnamese a green light to commence peace talks directly with the U.S. whenever they think the situation favorable for such talks.

Prime Minister Wilson, in his recent talks with Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin, showed a strong support of the U.S. position that an end to the bombing of the North would have to be matched by a reciprocal military de-escalation from North Vietnam.

Secretary Rusk gave an inkling of the President's personal views at a press conference last week: "For his part the President is keeping his views mostly to himself. He is inclined to see the bombing continued, at least for the time being, but is basically encouraged by the mounting signals from Hanoi and believes that there is a real chance for meaningful negotiations. No one can say with certainty just when and how proper negotiations will begin. But the atmosphere is there."

J. E. FitzGerald

COMMENT...

Traditionally the people of the United States have not accepted force as an extension of national policy. War has continually been avoided unless the nation is unmistakedly provoked into it. Once committed to war, the United States has entered it with a complete military and economical mobilization, and then it has strived for nothing short of a quick and decisive victory. These traditional attitudes will always be here, but like all traditions, they must be practically applied through a realistic prespective of the situation to which they apply.

The World's situation at present involves a major ideological conflict, in which certain forms of communism seek world domination as an end. The use of force as a means to this end has been unquestionably evidenced in Tibet. Equally important in the world situation is the degree of influence that any nation enjoys because of the technological advancement in communication and military capabilities. Chinese nuclear power may soon just as easily eliminate Los Angeles as Saigon.

Because of this ideological conflict and the range of influence available to either side of the conflict, the United States cannot ignore any political or military action taken by any representative of communism. A withdrawal from Vietnam and the abandonment of freedom-seeking individuals there would constitute a major political victory for communism.

In light of this situation, our objectives in Vietnam might generally be stated as follows: 1) the establishment of a government which enjoys a broad popular support by the South Vietnamese people; 2) the development of an economical position relatively equal to that of the neighboring states; and 3) the elimination of threats of danger to the personal security of the South Vietnamese people. To fall short of these objectives, is to allow just that many more people to memorize Mao from infancy on up.

Any discussion on this subject involves a great deal of understanding of the ramifications of social, political, and military problems involved, which are best dealt with by individuals technically qualified and fully informed. I do not want to represent myself as being qualified or informed enough to make the decisions that have to be made, and I feel that a great number of may contemporaries who are making comments are equally unqualified.

Nevertheless, I believe in the position just stated, and there are too many great and beautiful things about this country, its people, and their beliefs to lose through self-involvement, alienation, and neglect. I take a great deal of pride that my role will soon be to protect those beliefs, including the right to disagree with my position.

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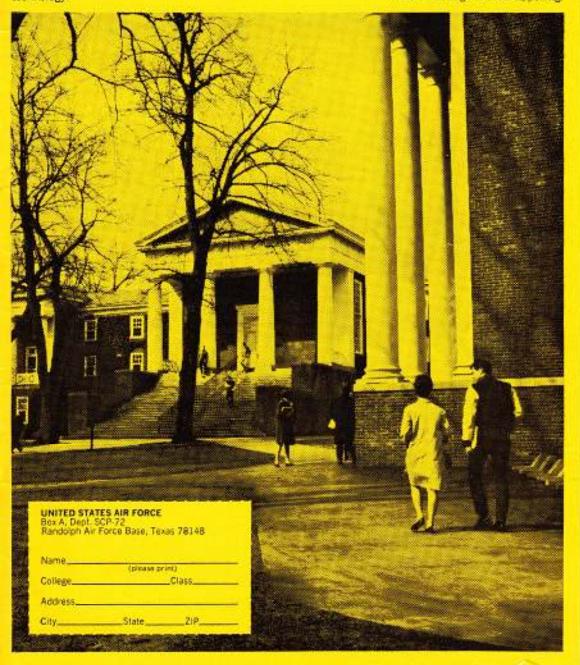
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She: Yes, Edgar, it brings back those wonderful days when we first met in the lobby of the Sheraton-Atlantic Hotel seven years ago.

He: Seven wonderful years
... and every college
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we've been coming back
to New York and the
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For Thanksgiving,
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She: And the SheratonAtlantic has such convenience to theatres,
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Avenue shops, and with
such swinging restaurants right in the Hotel
and dancing nightly and
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wonder we students always make out best at
the Sheraton-Atlantic.

He: You were always such a romantic, darling.

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First Lieutenant FRANK S. REASONER UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS

for service as set forth in the following

Citation:

For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty while serving as Commanding Officer, Company A. 3d Reconnaissance Battalion, 3d Marine Division in action against hostile Viet Cong forces near Danang, Vietnam, on 12 July, 1965. The reconnaissance patrol led by Lieutenant Reasoner had deeply penetrated heavily controlled enemy territory when it came under extremely heavy fire from an estimated 50 to 100 Viet Cong insurgents. Accompanying the advance party and the point that consisted of five men, he immediately deployed his men for an assault after the Viet Cong had opened fire from numerous concealed positions. Boldly shouting encouragement, and virtually isolated from the main body, he organized a base of fire for an assault on the enemy positions. The slashing fury of the Viet Cong machine gun and automatic weapons fire made it impossible for the main body to move forward. Repeatedly exposing himself to the devastating attack he skillfully provided covering fire, killing at least two Viet Cong and effectively silencing an automatic weapons position in a valiant attempt to effect evacuation of a wounded man. As casualties began to mount his radio operator was wounded and Lieutenant Reasoner immediately moved to his side and tended his wounds. When the radio operator was hit a second time while attempting to reach a covered position, Lieutenant Reasoner courageously running to his aid through the grazing machine gun fire fell mortally wounded. His indomitable fighting spirit, valiant leadership and unflinching devotion to duty provided the inspiration that was to enable the patrol to complete its mission without further casualties. In the face of almost certain death he gallantly gave his life in the service of his country. His actions upheld the highest traditions of the Marine Corps and the United States Naval Service.



Lieutenant Reasoner graduated from the United States Military Academy on 6 June 1962.





"Would you please tell a story?" asked Christopher Robin.

"I would be pleased to tell a story?" I said.

"Would you please tell une sweetly to Winnie-the-Pooh?"

"What sort of story does he like?"

"One about himself, cor' he's that kind of bear."

-A. A. Milne

In this issue there's a story for every kind of bear.

SUPERCALIFRAGILISTICEXPIALIDOCIOUS KALEIDOSCOPIC ISSUE



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AR PRIMER

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POINTER STAFF 1966-67

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THE SUPERCALIFRAGISLISTICEXPIALIDOCIOUS KALEIDOSCOPIC ISSUE

Step right this way! For in this happy happening of an issue, the POINTER presents a panarama of colorful stories and articles, each sparkled with the touch of whimsy. In the spirit of the supercalifragalistic expial adocious, George Neill and George Pejackovich have contrived the breathtaking episode "From Vassar with Love". Along the same happy lines is the contribution "First Class Syndrome", a "what if" look at a First Classman with a want ad for a wife in the New York Times. Another entry in the wild world of imagination is "Cadetnauts", as some serious contemplation is expounded about the results of coedifying the Academy in the future.

For those tragically inclined are "Sondra" by Tom Moore, "A (somewhat less than) Ribald Classic" by Bob Lenz and George Pejackovich, "Dory and the Box" by Dennis Coates, and with a sense of history, "How to beat the System (A tale of a Rodent)" by Tony Dodson.

To round out the carousel of colors, is a lovely pictorial of "Joyce", "Sally", and "Roxann"; An entertaining look at Fashions in our environment, and skillfully drawn cartoons by Dan Stevenson. Of course one can't overlook the cover drawing by Claude Herman, Why couldn't they have come now in the old corps of my day.







by John Dallen

After two and one-half years within our vaunted and vaulted walls, the gray-suited patrons of the screen arts are permitted the full exposure of the Army Air Force Motion Picture Service. The experience is often traumatic. Between cries of "sound!" in South Auditorium and the cancelling of Ann-Margret flicks, the weeknight faithfuls methodically take their places one row behind the sole dragging firstie and just ahead of the Post nine-year-olds—whose enlightened comments help round off each cadet's liberal education. We feel these stalwarts of the screen arts should be rewarded with several of a series of movies that would strike joy into the hearts of all cadets.

For those who enjoy war films, we would like to recommend Italian Conquests of World War Two. If, however, violence and battle are preferred, The Magnificant Two would be enjoyable.

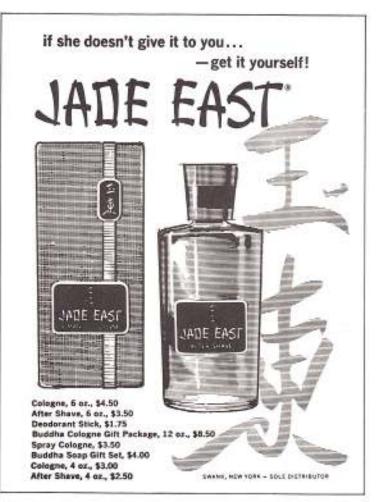
First Classmen could spend Sunday night recovering from Snuffy's by watching Slurpie vs the Red Bourbon, Tequilo Mockingbird is also adequate entertainment,

The entire Corps should be privileged to see the unrestrained ecstacies of Breakfast at Washington's, but especially suited for the lower two classes (thus a Monday night showing, no doubt) are Carloda Pinti's intimate There Are No Walls . . . Out There or the more amusing The Great Escape or How to Resign as a Yearling.

A flick acceptable to both the TD and the Culture Club might be The Green Ballet. Educational films should be shown, such as Sex and the Single Lieutenant.

Of course, our recommendation for Friday's usual motion picture standout is Beach Ball Blue Blanket Black Bikini Bingo Party.

Our final two recommendations are more well known to



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the cadet audience: Nick Michael's Who's Afraid of a Virgin Wolf and Col. Blaik's first film My Dawkins. It's God.

RECORDINGS

A new USMA Band release is The Hellcats Play. Very good for lonely leaves, this delightful rendition lasts ten minutes and gives several interesting interpretations by the drum, bugle, and fife duets. The flip side is for cold weather, so don't be alarmed if you don't hear anything.

An unusual recording to be released soon is Corps Reactions. This, offbeat platter is mixture of mystical and mysterious sounds of spontaneous cadet reactions. "Flashbulbs at Reveille" is one of the best hits on it. "Blue Room at PO" and "Interpolations" are two other good ones. Some of the light hearted selections are "Headquarters, United States Corps of Cadets . . ." and "Beep, Beep, Beep, Garble, Grumble, Crunkle, Out." "Yes Sir, the Mail is Out," and "There Will be a Sign-up List for the Fine Arts Forum" finish off an excellent production.

BOOKS

FM 23-8 (U.S. Rifle: 7.62mm) is another in the famous series of works by D. O. Army 23-8 gives the reader an insight into every facet of the unusual personality of the M-14 and M-14-2. The substance of the book often tends to be too detailed and straight-forward but the author never loses sight of the primary objective of the novel. This biting satire overwhelms the reader with its commanding style and uninhibited illustrations. A brilliant and devastating book.

H Report is a series of short stories collected and edited by the Tactical Printing Firm. The novelettes are unusual in their beautiful and amusing manner of taking the reader through a fantasyland of adventure and imagination. All based on fact, the stories each end leaving the reader in a state of confusion and bewilderment. The stories are heavily laden with the strange feeling that some prevailing spirit of misfortune is obstructing the peaceful lives of the individual heroes. Some of the better short stories include: "Trapped in Unauth. Elev," "Trapping Supt. in Elev," "PDA on 1st Fl Thay H," "Gross Lack of Judg, ie Attempt. to Sell Beat Navy Panties to wife of Comm," and "Making Collect Call Asking CQ to Unmark Card, 0105 hrs."

The series is fairly complete but the editors are still awaiting scripts for "Hit and Run in Lib Elev," and "Putting Overshoes on Comm's A-squads." Don't miss this book or the weekly sequels.

THEATER

There is little to say about the short-run off-broadway 100th Night Show. While the acting and the music seemed energetic enough, the play itself was aimed at too limited an audience. Not a single offer came from a Broadway producer so it is no wonder that the show closed after only a three night stand. CADETS GO TO THE FRONT OF THE LINE, SAYS PHIL LINZ AND BOB ANDERSON — 3 TIME ALL AMERICAN.



Win a free trip home to get money!

(Or enough Sprite to throw a loud party every night for a semester.)

Don't write home to get money. Just write a college newspaper ad for Sprite. You may win a free trip home to ask for the money in person.

What should your ad say? How tart and tingling Sprite is. And how it roars! Fizzes! Bubbles! Gushes! And tastes! (And how!) Not too sweet. Not too innocent.

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100 PRIZES OF \$25 IN DIMES

...so if you can't go home in person, you can use the telephone to make your point.

RULES

Write your ad the way you think would interest college newspaper readers.

Give it a contemporary, sophisticated flavor.

(A few swigs of Sprite will give you the idea
--though you don't have to buy anything to enter.)

Neatness counts a little. Cleverness counts a lot
Your ad can be any length--if it fits this space.

(But remember you're not writing a term paper.)

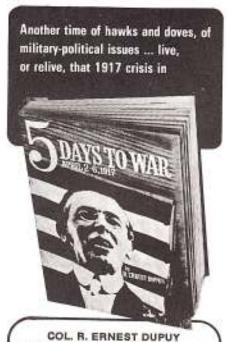
Send each ad you submit to Ads for Sprite, F.O. Box 55, New York, New York 10046.

All entries 'come the property of The Coca-Cola Company. None will be returned. Judges' decision final. Entries must be received by Way 2, 1967. Be sure to include

name and address. Winners will be notified by May 24, 1967.

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- a nation and its people were term between traditional non-involvement and steaming rape over the Lustiania and the Zimmermene note
- Army Chief of Staff Maj. Gen. Hugh L. Scatt meastled with an unprecedented expension paggram, end "universal service" numbted in hereto-fere draft-free air
- moenting tension spilled over into hysteria ... mobs ... strikes ... periodes. Pacifists, die-bard isolationists and beleeguered "something" Apparcans played out that roles
- Ty Cobb, T. R., Colonel House, first woman in Congress, Minsky's ... big people and little people ... sli the pieces fall into a complete seesic of a time that could never be again.

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GAG BAG FROM COLLEGE MAGS

A young bull heard a ruckus and went to investigate. A lion jumped the bull and devoured him. Upon finishing his huge dinner, the lion began roaring. A herd of elephants, hearing the roar of the lion, became frightened, and started running through the jungle, and trampled the lion to death. The Moral of the story is: If you are full of bull, keep your mouth shut.

Recently, a rumor was spread that the great composer, Ludwig Von Beethoven had been buried with the only manuscript of what was supposed to be his greatest, but still unbeard symphony. Several classical music buffs decided to dig up Beethoven's grave, retrieve the manuscript, and therefore do their part in forwarding the cause of culture. So, one evening they dug up the coffin, pried open the corroded hinges, peered inside and saw the body of Beethoven lying there with a contented smile upon his face. He was decomposing.

The incompatible couple stood be-

fore a judge.

"He beats me unmercifully," said the wife. "The first thing he does in the morning is hit me over the head with the night lamp. Before he dresses, he whacks me accross the ears with his belt, He comes home for lunch and breaks all the dishes over my head. And after dinner, he rolls up his newspaper and swats me across the chin a few times."

The judge was stunned. Turning his angry face to the man, be demanded, "Is this true?"

"Don't listen to her," sneered the husband, "she's punchdrunk."

A drunk walked into a nightclub and asked the bartender for a drink, The bartender, seeing that the man already had too much to drink said, "Sorry sir, I cannot serve you." The drunk left by a side exit and returned again through a back door, again sat at the bar and asked the same bartender for a drink—and received the same answer-"Sorry, but I can't serve you," Leaving through another exit and returning again through the front door. he again asked the same bartender for a drink. The bartender became very angry-"Sir, I've told you once, I've told you twice, and now I'm telling you for the third time-you're too drunk, and I can't serve you-now get out of here!" The drunk looked up and replied, "Hey fellow, what do you do-work in every joint in town?"

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FAMOUS HANGOUT FOR WEST POINT CADETS AND THEIR DATES FOR THIRTY YEARS.



Sondra

by Tom Moore

I see her there across the street and try to attract her attention. She turns, seeming to look past me, but her face brings back long hidden memories.

It is a face I had first seen in Geometry class, our first day in high school, as members of the town's four elementary schools converged on the gray, stone building. She was without a doubt the most beautiful, wonderful, girl I had ever seen. I tried to sit next to her, but that failed, and the failure led to a series of frustrations in my attempt to meet Sondra. My being President of the Sophomore class and the only sopohomore on the varsity football team did not appear to impress her in the least. I finally was able to approach her, since she was also on the Student Council, to ask if she would be interested in working on a sock hop after the season's first basketball game.

That was how it started. Sondra and I became inseparable for the remainder of our high school days. Everything we did was done together, and June saw us graduate side by side. Sondra was hoping for a career in modeling and I had accepted a football scholarship. We would be separated by a thousand miles but we felt that the four years would pass quickly and that afterward we could be together always.

A lot of time has passed since that June. We had a great summer, but parted in September with fond hopes for the future. I saw her twice in those four years. Once at Christmas that same year and a second time when I quietly slipped into the church to see her wed.

She probably was not aware that I was following her life, through friends and, now and again, the society page. She became quite a civic leader and a devoted mother. I am certain she never gave me a thought, at least not until that Saturday last month, when our paths crossed once again. We met at the country club. I had just finished a round of golf, when she walked in.

Ten years had not dimmed her beauty. Of course, she did not notice me and sat alone in the corner.

Being so close was far different from seeing her name in print. I found I could no longer resist the urge to speak to her. To my surprise she invited me to join her. We spoke of the past and the present. How was I doing? Why hadn't I married? Finally the subject turned to her and I realized that things were far from what they appeared in the paper. We began seeing each other and she is planning to start divorce proceedings tomorrow, Ten years is a long time, but not too long to wait for someone like Sondra,

I am looking at her still, and now a ve caught her eye. She smiles, waves, and starts moving through the crowd in my direction. She reaches the street just as the light is changing, but she doesn't see it. She doesn't see it! My shouts are of no use as the truck flashes by. The driver did not see Sondra, my Sondra.

Outcast glass is in at Western Electric

Glass has several qualities that make it a choice encapsulant for electronic components. But to seal glass around a component, the glass must be heated to temperatures well above 600°C. Western Electric found that long exposure to these temperatures would damage sensitive components. In fact, ordinary glass required so much heat, applied for so long a time, that both damage and delay occurred in the sealing process.

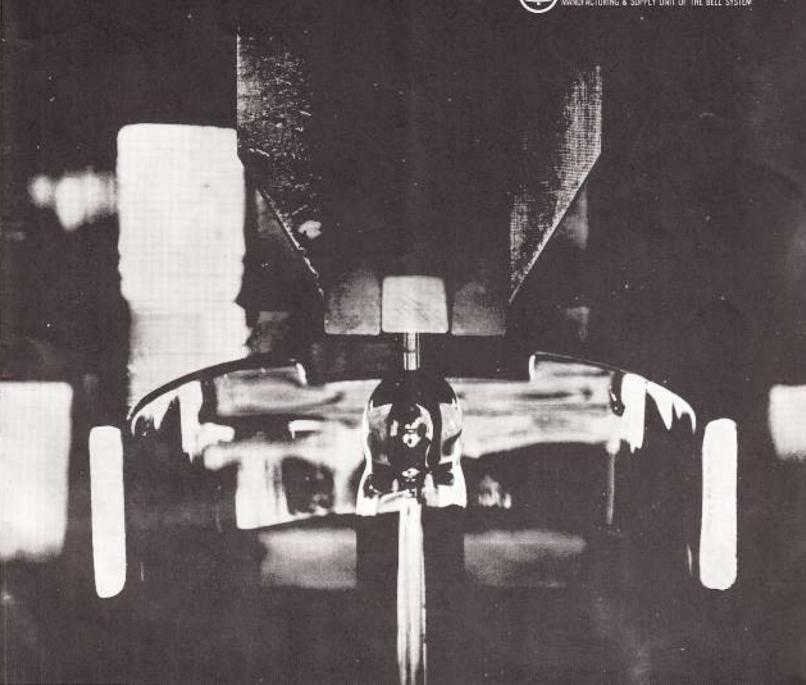
Glassmakers have long struggled to keep glass free of contaminants, especially the oxides of iron. However, manufacturing engineers at Western Electric's North Carolina works discovered that specific quantities of FeO in glass cause it to absorb infrared energy very readily.

Specifically, glass doped with FeO rapidly absorbs energy from infrared waves in the region of 1.2 microns. This region corresponds to the output of a small, powerful infrared heater developed at Western Electric's Engineering Research Center. When adapted to the sealing process, the heater's ellipsoidal reflector concentrates

energy from a quartz iodine lamp at one focus onto the seal area at the other focus.

Today, Western Electric uses FeO-doped glass tubes, sealed by infrared heating, to protect diodes and ferreed switch contacts. A superior seal is made around the component's wire leads — using less energy and consequently causing less damage to components. This is another way Western Electric helps its Bell System teammates to continue to bring you the world's most dependable telephone service at low cost.





(SOMEWHAT LESS THAN) RIBALD CLASSIC

The wind was blowing strongly, just as always in the early autumn in the highlands of Kroy Wen. This was always the most difficult time of the year for the maidens of King Melliug, for it was their task to descend the mountain trails to fetch the daily water supply, and it was no easy charge to keep from being swept down the cliffs.

For the maiden Veronica the chore was almost impossible; she was of a very petite stature and her long flowing robes acted as kites trying to pull her away. While Veronica was not large in size, she most certainly had been blessed by the goddess of love, a fact which even her flowing robes could not conceal. She was as eyepleasing as any man could wish for, and it was to no one's surprise that a young herdsman could be found each afternoon, high on a ledge over the trail, watching the lovely Veronica sweep by.

It was not long before the temptation could no longer be withstood, and the shy youth descended from the ledge to wait on the trail for the fair lass. As he stepped from his hiding place, she became startled and let her large water pitcher slip. In his effort to come to her aid, the boy could not help touching the tender lady, and the blood pounded through his veins as he returned the urn to her side.

Too bashful to exploit the situation, the youth turned and raced into the hills, much to Veronica's dismay. From that afternoon on, she would walk the trail behind the other maidens, in the hope of seeing this handsome lad for a time longer than the sweetly remembered moment. Each passing day helped build the desire in her supple body, the passion almost scorching her robes in longing for a second meeting and, the chance of a second touch.

Her desire for such a meeting was matched only by that of the young herdsman, as he daily returned to his spot on the ledge. Shortly, his courage again rose and he descended to the trail. Upon seeing her soon-to-be lover, Veronica stepped into the shadows and returned without the flowing robes. No imagination could do justice to the lovely lass unless guided by the experience of sight, for she was truly as beautiful as the first day of Spring. Their second touch brought together the love they had long shared apart, From that day on, the young herdsman helped the pretty lass carry water to the King.

Unfortunately, it was not long before the King received word of the extra activity of one of his maidens and immediately ordered the trail watched. It was not more than one day before the King had a full report of Veronica's love-making. As she was long the favorite of the King, and his hoped-for bride at the Spring Rites, he intended to put a stop to their secret meetings.

The very next afternoon, the sweet maid was walking extremely slowly along the windy path, waiting for a new and special meeting. She was taking extra chances, holding her kitelike dress into the wind, confident that the wind would fold her in its arms and carry her over the cliffs.

The King had ordered her herdsman put to death; their love would be no more. She wound among the rocks until she came to a spot where she was positive she could see the shadow of her new love; the shadow of the angel of death. Without the touch of her dear herdsman, life would be unbearable.

Up the cliffs climbed the young herdsman. He had tricked the King's men by hiding under the skin of a lamb until they had gone to look elsewhere. As he came to take her to another more peaceful land, he saw his love standing at the edge of the cliff, holding her kite-like skirts to the wind. He screamed out her name as he thrust out his hands to pull her back. She turned . . . but, the wind and her new love would not be tricked as easily as the King's men. As the wind wailed "Veronica . . ., Veronica . . ., Veronica . . ., " from mountain top to mountain top, the lovers, hands locked in desperate and loving embrace, were swept over the edge to the rocks below.

It is said that the wind in the harsh mountains of Kroy Wen still wails the name of the beautiful Veronica; and lovers go to the edge of the cliffs to listen to this mournful sound. For in Kroy Wen, love is prized above all else; and the sometimes harsh price of true love is made known to all through the wailing wind of the mountains. Get Your Subscription of the

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TO BEAT THE SYSTEMtale of a rodent...

by Tony Dodson

"He used to smoke cigars while standing in P-rade . . . " My deep concentration on more pressing matters was suddenly shattered by these improbable words, delivered by an ur-bane English P. As I recall, it was the treacherous D hour class, and as the menu had been Chili Con Carne and White Fluffy Buttered American Unfried Rice, the rest of our assemblage were occupied in various stages of similar deep concentration. I prepared to join them once again, like a good fellow, when another unnerving statement floated by: ". . , at a review without a B-plate, or maybe all his odd buttons in his hip pocket, or sometimes it was his hat shield upside down

. . . The cobwebs vanished. Unwillingly, I was wide awake. The abrupt change in facial expression, however, was a strategic blunder. The good Captain's eyes suddenly fixed on me like those of a dying man who suddenly sees an oasis appear admidst a wasteland. "Yes, he used to make bets with his classmates over whether the tactical department would catch him." Being an old hand at this particular game I knew better than to ask who "he" was. "His" name had probably been mentioned several times already, written on the board, and handed out on a poop sheet. So instead I merely asked if "he" ever did get caught at his own game, and as it turned out this was all that was necessary. We got the whole story, which went something like

"He was an habitual cigar smoker anyway, and as he made his rounds under the campus he used to blow little puffs of smoke up through the air holes in the manhole covers. But he never got into trouble until he discovered the telephone wires. It seems that all the telephone wires at West Point run underground—you may have noticed the absence of telephone poles here—and some of the lines are not used or something. Anyway, the Mole (you must have guessed by now) found a wire he could tap and ran it up through the stoops of his barracks over

in Old North, up to his room where he connected it to a plug hidden in his gun rack. (Author's note: this is quite possible, and an "unused" line is not necessary. This reporter performed the identical operation and used it for some time at another institution of higher learning.) He got a phone somewhere, and even arranged to have his own number. Somehow Tactical Department got wind of what was going on, but they could never find any wires. The Mole was a good carpenter. Finally, an officerhe had been with Intelligence, I think -came up with a ruse. He managed to find out the Mole's number, and simply called him up, asking for Mr.

"The phone was answered, big as life, with a 'Hello, this is the Mole speaking.' While the officer was considering this audacity, he signaled a 'colleague', who immediately started for the Mole's room. The Mole however, smelled a fish, and would not be outfoxed. Feigning a coughing spell, he promised to call back, and before any suggestion to the contrary could be made, had unplugged the phone and deposited it in a bannister post hollowed out for the purpose. When the Tactical Department, Intelligence section, arrived a minute or two later, the Mole was dug in behind a box of deenex, complaining of the evils of bad colds, and studying industriously, like the scholar he was not." (It seems the "Mole" was also a goat, and was turned at least once by the French Department.)

At this point, as I recall, the whole section had given up their after-dinner concentration. The barren wilderness was blossoming with life; this was too much for the Captain, (Who is now a Major, How much his story telling ability had to do with it is unknown), and he was so enthused that he blew the rest of the period telling what must surely be the most diabolical escapade ever perpetrated by the Mole. It went something like this:

"It was just before time for spring buck-up, and a Fourth Classman—who considered his problems as pretty well taken care of—was strolling through Central Area one morning. It was Sunday, and he was the only one out there, so he didn't even think twice about rounding the manhole cover over by the guard house (present Fourth Classmen are probably not familiar with this quaint old custom). As he passed the iron cover

however, a voice commanded him from somewhere a little behind.

"'Hey, Mister, don't you square corners any more? Whatta ya think that manhole cover is for?'

"Now, this plebe knew damned well there wasn't anybody else in the area, mainly because he had been busy gazing around all the way across. He knew probably too, the voice was a lot closer than any window.

- "'Mister, I asked you a question!'
- " 'Speak clear, Mister, Yes what?'
- "Yes, Sir! I-do-square-corners-Sir."
 The plebe knew there were no windows that close
- "'Yes, and I-wear-the-Supe's-troufor-pajamas, too. Slap that silly gord in Mister! Hey, Mister, I said brace, Mister, will you quit gazing around? What are you sweating for mister? It ain't hot, I thought I told you to quit gazing around, Mister! You a Forward Observer or something? Irp!'
 - "Nosir!"
- "'Mister, you not only can't speak clear, you don't know how to brace, and I am sick of your beady little eyes gazing around! Now when I say the word I want you to walk three times around that manhole cover and then I want you to brace. Am I getting through to you, Mister?'
 - "Yessir!"
- "'Do-Willy!' Mister were you specing me down?"

"No Sir!" This was probably the truest statement the plebe ever made. Chances are, about this time he would have given up a year's pay and his Brown Boy to see the upper-classman behind him. But he could have gazed around all day and still been innocent of 'specing down' the Mole. If he was sweating then, however, it was nothing compared to the way he felt a minute later when he did an about-face and started around the manhole. The Mole had eased the manhole cover back down, and there was nothing to see,

"What made it sort of funny was the guard who was half asleep in Central Guard Room. The windows were short tight there—it was still pretty cool and the man on guard looked through them, sort of half awake, and watched the plebe come down through Central Area. Just before he went out of view, the plebe stopped, of course, When he just stood there for a while, the guard took a closer look. Only the plebe's right side could be seen from the window, but he seemed to be bracing himself, cranking his neck in, one wrinkle after another. Suddenly he whirled around, like one of these wind-up toy soldiers, and marched around the manhole cover, once, twice, three times.

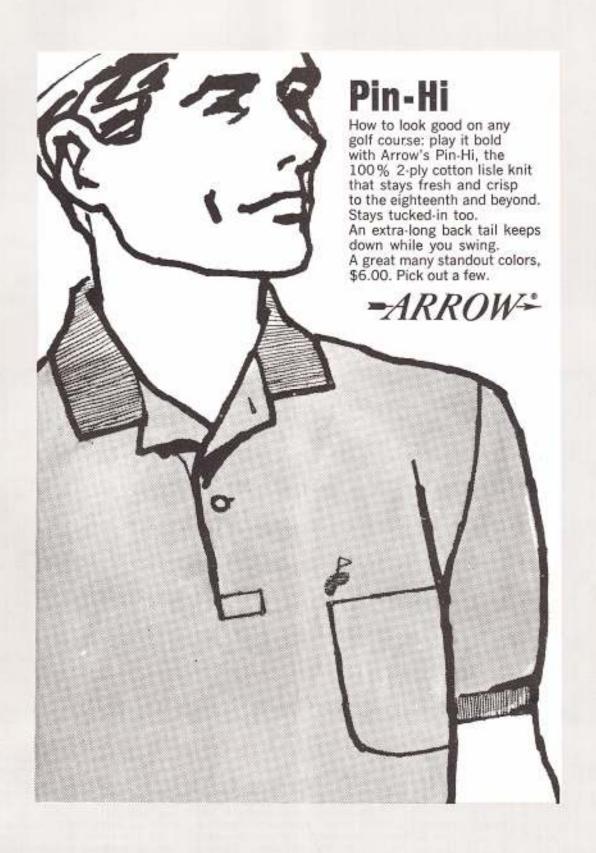
"You can imagine what the guard must have been thinking by then. From thoughts of 'the Corps has gone to Hell,' he was probably reaching the point of 'Am I really ready for the bughouse?' when the phone rang. The call must have been more than routine, because by the time he looked back out the window, the plebe was doing pushups.

"It was a beautiful Sunday morning, the sun shining on the gray stone walls, perfectly normal, except right out in the middle of Central Area there was a lone plebe, busy doing pushups at what looked like about 60 per.

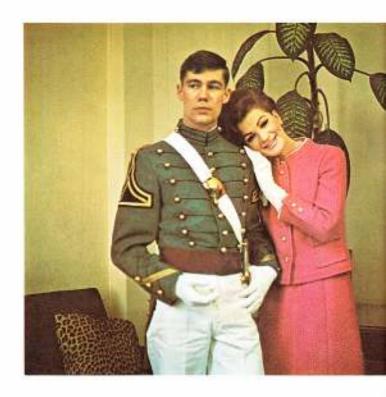
"If you could have talked to the plebe, who was by then pretty nearly in a trance, he would have explained to you as calmly as possible that he was doing pushups because he was ordered to do so, because his shoes were cracked. Just how an upperclassman had been able to see down around the instep and the bottom of the toes, the only place where his base was cracked, he could not have explained. But then, this was a small point when you considered a few other things that had happened in the last few minutes . . ."

Plebe English classes are generally not the best places to go looking for any orgies of laughter, but we did get a few yuks out of this particular one. While writing this down I became curious about the real details in this last adventure (actually I got a little nervous. My honor rep, Larry, is a nice guy, but he likes to burn things), and as it turns out, the base is not fantasy. There really was-and is,-a "Mole", Class of '43, he hails from Georgia, and after two years in the Infantry. He even admitted to bracing a plebe on one of his subterranean rounds. He did a hitch in the old Air Corps, Here the thread ends. Should anyone have more information on this diabolical but illustrious Ace against The System, or his present whereabouts, please contact the editor of the

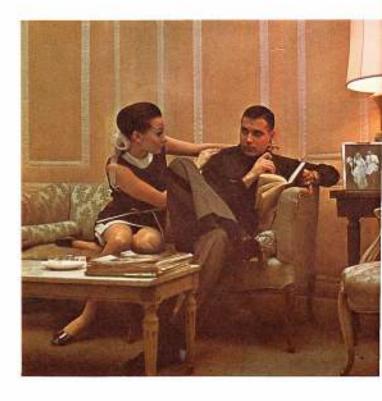
Ah, but to have seen that guard's face. It would be worth almost any thing, maybe even my brown boy. Maybe.











POINTER'S ALL SEASONS FASHION FORECAST

THE RISING TRENDS IN CADETWEAR

by John Dallen

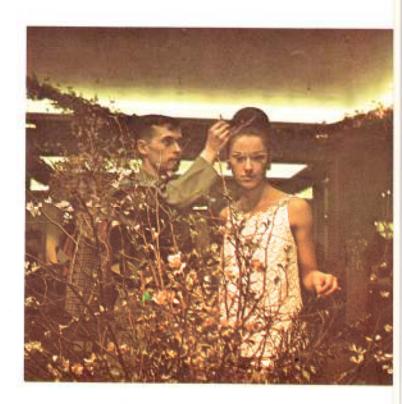
The new "clastique" look in clothing is sweeping the Plain from West to New South, replacing the desacte, more conservative combed-wool fashions. However, the always popular style of the outdated cadetwear has shown a pronounced influence upon the more recent wardrobe. "In-colors" feature smart and stately gray combinations with ventures into soothing shades of green—all giving the cadet the feeling of belonging in his environment. Basic designs utilize the strength of a straight cut

to fulfill the image of the wearer. Especially popular is the high-collared evening wear epitomized by the unique triple-breasted formal jacket. Trousers are full and have a squared-off cut. Accessories are coming into vogue, whether it be a flashy black web belt or stylish red sash worn by Fourth Classmen on leave. Particularly in favor is the hand decorated imitation patent leather shoes—oftentimes set off by elever white rings, a hold-over tradition from times when unprotected footwear was subjected to the salt and snow-bound win-









ters. Still popular when escerting that special girl is the universally-admired gray turtle-neck, continental cut, black braided sportcoat with either gray or white trousers—depending upon the bonner of the times. The sophisticated standout above wears the smart Full Dress coat, \$73.52, with contrasting white trousers, \$4.28. To his right, a cadet dressed for the outdoor environment dons the stylish nature-green Fatigue jacket, \$3.29, which has matching trousers at the same price. The beleaguered bastion of knowledge reacts in the latest

casual wear, the sporty Class Shirt, \$7.36, with gray trousers, \$14.71, set off by a flashy black wool tie, \$.50. Stylish in the swim, resort bound cadets vainly seek wnter in their black cadet swim suits, \$2.33. The ensemble is rounded out with a personalized pull-over athletic shirt, \$1.40, and light weight jacket, \$4.58. Below, our relaxing Don Juan of the Hudson sports the popular Dress Gray coat, \$35.97, again with contrasting white trousers. Matching gray trousers are available. A relaxing lad is wearing the warm and confortable bath-

robe, \$10.95, a favorite at almost all cadet occasions. More formally, if you must propose, you do so in sporting and dressy Greens, the total outfit \$68.70. For summer formal wear, nothing is more desirable than the high-collared full white jacket, \$9.91, over white trousers. All in all, wood is still king with synthetics finding new ground. But to be sure, the cadet, by dressing right, will always be a fashion standout in any crowd.

The female models and ladies' fashions are compliments of Saks Fifth Avenue.

FIRST CLASS **SYNDROME**

HELP WANTED: Female Fiance. Travel Opportunities. Full Army benefits. Part time weekends till June 7. Full time afterwards. No experience necessary. Apply West Point First Class Club, Sat. & Sun. 12-6 p.m. After 6 p.m. call Snuffy's.

The foregoing ad appeared in the Gotham City Daily Gazette. The ad was submitted by a Cadet I. Wana Wed in a vain but somewhat clever attempt to overcome a fairly common disease at U. S. M. A .- know as the FIRSTIE SYNDROME.

The FIRSTIE SYNDROME is very contagious and can reach epidemic proportions. The incubation period for the FIRSTIE SYNDROME starts as early as Beast Barracks, and the disease usually erupts sometime around Ring Hop. The syndrome consists of several distinct stages:

STAGE 1: "He's Engaged."
STAGE 2: "I Should Get Engaged."
STAGE 3: "I've Got to Get Engaged."

CASE IN POINT: I. W. Wed

STAGE 1:

Cadet Wed was quite surprised upon arriving back at West Point from Summer Leave to find that his roomate, Friday, has met a girl, fallen in love, and gotten engaged—all in the same week. Says Cadet Wed to himself, "He's Engaged.

STAGE 2:

Here we see Cadet Wed waiting for a bus to take him to Snuffy's on a typical beautiful West Point day-not a patch of blue in the sky. The silence is broken by the blare of a horn. Behind the wheel of a 1967 gold Rolls Royce is a beautiful redhead. I. Wana straightens his striped tie, and is about to intraduce himself, when out of the blue, or should I say gray, and into the Rolls, steps his roomate. Says I. Wana to himself, "I should get engaged."

STAGE 3:

Being a natural born participator, Cadet Wed has long since signed up for a Wednesday 3:00 p.m. wedding during June Week. After a few futile attempts to give a ring to somebody (i.e. The blind date who turned out to be a jammer on the Bronx Bombers Championship Roller Derby Team), Cadet Wed says to himself, "I've got to get engaged."

Mother's Day is approaching rapidly. Feeling sentimental, Wed reports to the Cadet Hostess for a consultation. Hopes are dim. In desperation and with a stroke of genius, he sends the above Help Wanted ad to his hometown newspaper.

May 31. News flash from Bear Mountain indicated that a record-breaking traffic jam on the circle is heading towards West Point. Obviously, the response was overwhelming. But, Cadet Wed, finding himself Room Orderly for the month of May, sends his roomate, Friday, to screen the busloads of screaming fans.

EPILOGUE:

The story ends with Cadet Wed, now Lt. Wed, wed. The lucky girl is the former Miss Jane Plane of Gotham City, whose hobby is answering Want Ads.

All names in the above story have been changed to pro-

tect the innocent.

Signed, We Wanna Wed Sister of the above mentioned cadet

POINTER PICS

ACROSS THE NATION AND THROUGH THE YEARS

Toyce



Here is the friendly welcoming face we meet at the reception desk ready to pull us through our due-next-day term papers. She is lovely Joyce Conero.

This hometown beauty graduated from Highland Falls High School where she developed such interests as drama and dancing. Her thespian talents led her to prominent roles in several school productions. She is even more accomplished in her dancing abilities which she has perfected through years of ballet study. Fashion is one of our bright-eyed brunette's favorite pastimes, modeling the latest in haut monde for ogling onlookers.

Sorry, but Joyce has already checked out her Cadet, whom she hopes to keep on permanent renewal.

On the following page, Joyce models those exciting, eye-catching Mod fashions of the Gay 90's.





Sally



New Yorkers need not invade sunny California for a peek at what a golden state can offer in eye-soothing comfort. The smiling sparkling eyes of Sally Mundy should be enough to keep anyone right here in the East.

Our brown-eyed brunette graces the Mercy College campus during the week, and is living proof that dreamland is just next door.

New York's loss will be Germany's gain, as this beautiful lass follows the boys to help carry the Stars and Stripes.

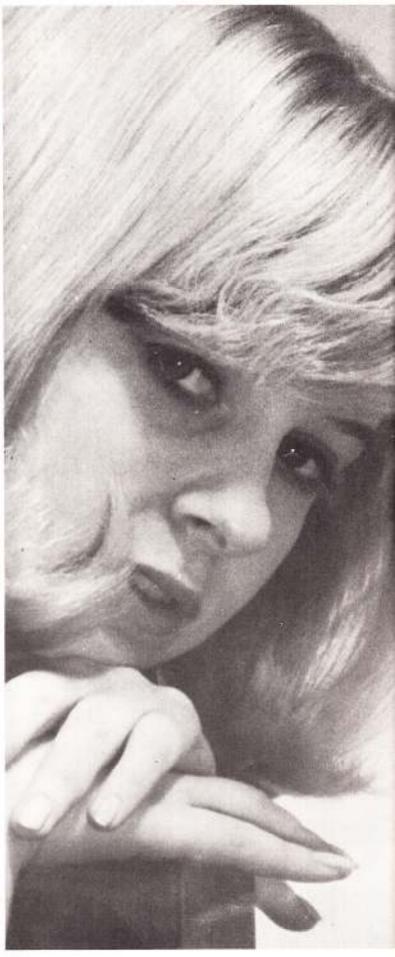




Roxann

For those who do enjoy sunny California, we suggest that you rest your eyes on Roxann Ploss, a San Diego charmer attending none other than UCLA. Our 19 year old sophomore has enjoyed the West Coast for all but two years well spent in Hawaii. California, here we come!





CADETNAUTS



One of the troops.



Working together.



Studying will be less of a chore.



Money-Making Activities.

Projecting the advancement of the expansion program, no future for further development can be seen until the status of co-education is reached. This is a requirement being brought about the increasing importance of the woman's role in society, and the need of Academy training for women highly motivated for a career in the United States Army. One benefit from this innovation would be an extremely relaxing atmosphere for the now over-scheduled and over-worked Grayboys. But of course this changeover will not be made at the sacrifice of discipline. Instead the Cadetress will become just another in the long ranks of Spartan tradition. While striving to prepare themselves with their own careers, they could continually inspire and aid their male counterparts in their studies.

Of course there is one disadvantage to this natural advancement in progress. Cadets now have a very difficult time affording the cost involved in properly enertaining young ladies on the weekend. The increased expense of seeing them throughout the week may cause a splurge of underground moneymaking activities.

In the years that Co-eds are integrated into the academy a number of other steps will have been taken in modernizing the facilities available. For example, the prospective Engineer could study for classes via television right in his room while enjoying necessary comforts as being in a reclined position while studying, and of course having snacks readily available. The theory behind this new approach would be that the student is more receptive to learning when he is physically comfortable.

Additional facilities for relaxation would be the company orderly rooms provided with all of the equipment required to offer a between-classes refresher.

It is also imaginable that there will be a radical change in uniforms, due most of all to the progressively shorter distance to the sun, which will require less restricting apparel for comfort's sake, plus a greater affinity for garments that will allow quick entry into water, where the wearer can find protection from the hotter periods of the day.

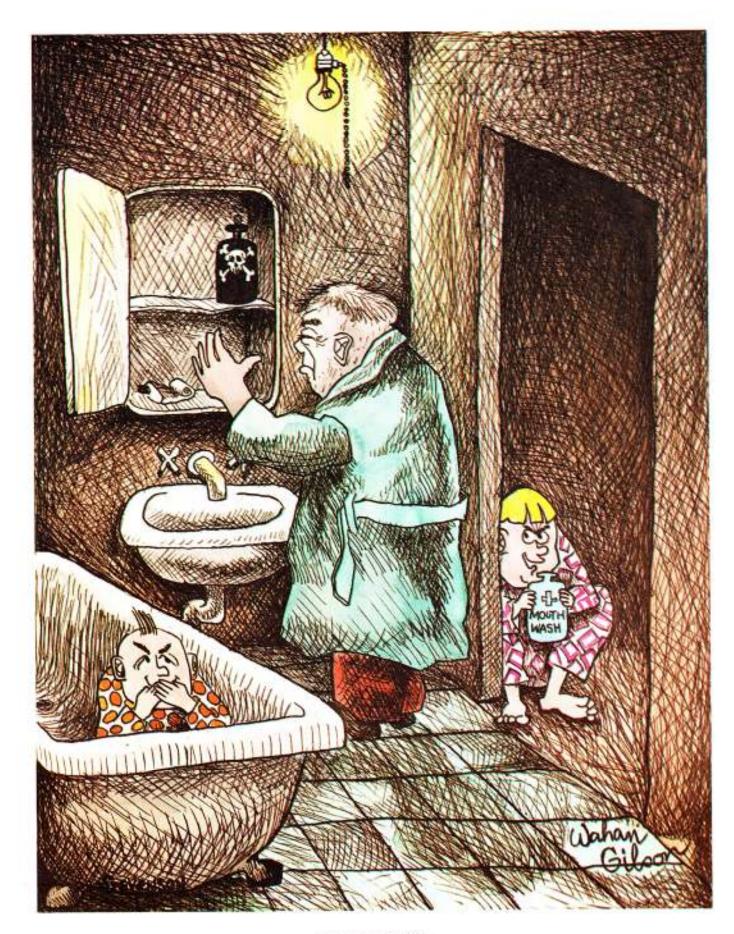
Whatever the new challenges to mankind that may come about in the future, certainly it will be a world that will require both men and women working side by side in every science, including the military, to combat these challenges. Well, anyway, it would be nice if there were Co-eds here.





Shown here are some hypothetical scenes of proposed orderly rooms and now uniforms. We can dream con't we.





DRINK UP DAD

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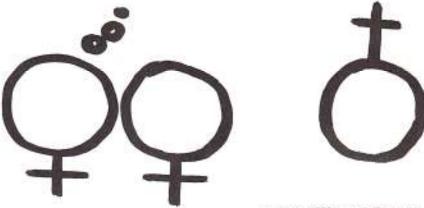
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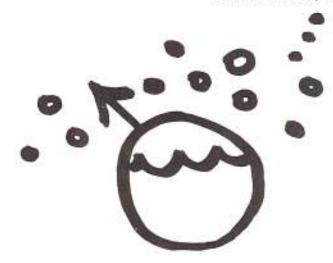
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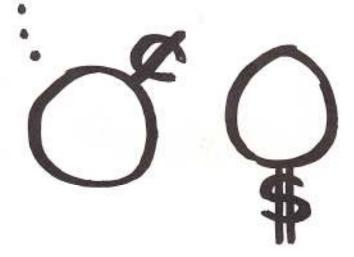
Religious, isn't she?



I shink FCP's are jusht great.



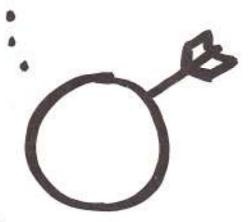
She's everything I've wanted in a wife.



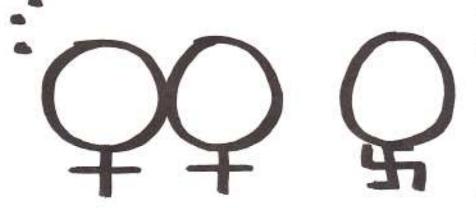
May, 1967

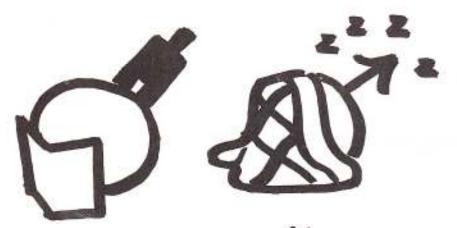
symbols

I told Custer I didn't wont to go!



I think she's with Hell's Angels.





Hive

Goat

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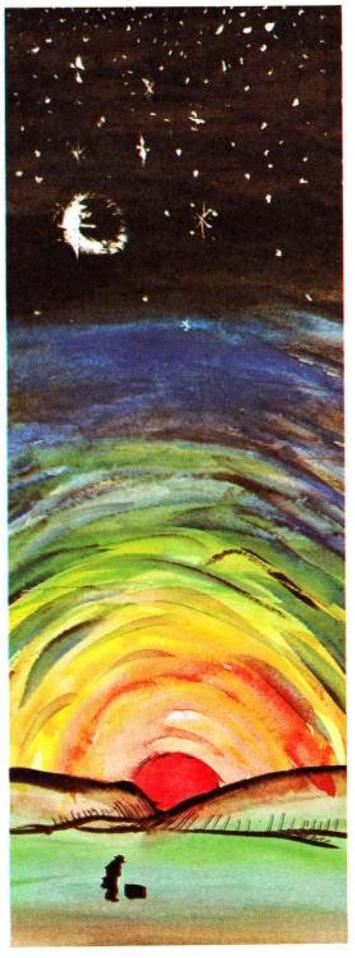
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Dory & The Box

"Look at him ru-un! Look at him ru-un!" mocked three young boys in t-shirts and jeans as they chased old Dory up the alley. They picked up stones as they ran and hurled them in the direction of his worn, limping figure.

"Scaredy-cat! You're a rat," they shouted.

The old man limped as fast as he could; the boys had followed him all the way from the flower gardens, and he gasped with each step. His limp became more pronounced as he began hurrying across Cain's weed field toward the edge of the forest.

Suddenly he fell; and before he could scramble back to his feet, a rock struck the side of his head. Old Dory shricked with pain. Abruptly, he shot up before the astonished boys, holding his ear and screaming, You damn little kids! Why don't you leave me alone? You . . . His anger choked him with pain and disgust. Bent double with the pain, he tried to rub the throbbing ache out of his ear with his hand.

He looked up again and saw that the boys had run away. Old Dory staggered toward the forest, crying softly to

When he reached his lean-to, he fell exhausted onto its matted floor. His old face, bristled silver with whiskers, grimaced with each breath. The suit he wore was faded and worn with age, and its color was as dusty as the ground. On the woven-grass floor of his shelter he looked like a fallen, rotten limb. His wrinkled mouth hung open slightly as he drank in the soft coolness of the breeze that ran along the ground. The huge, silent trees; the low breeze; the smooth, regular weave of his mat-these were his only friends. Their peaceful nearness drugged him, dulled his tortured mind and aching limbs, and nudged him quietly over the cliff of consciousness and into the plain of his dreams.

Usually Edna Hull let Ben prepare his own breakfast on mornings when he had to go to the clinic early; but this morning he was to speak at a conference at Gables Bend and wouldn't be back for three days, and she wanted to send him off with a full stomach.

'Ben," she called from the stove.

"Yes, Dear," came the echo from the bathroom,

"Come to the kitchen a minute."

"Edna, don't you know I'm shaving?"

"Oh, Ben," she pleaded. "Please come; hurry!"
"Be right there," he said. Eyeing his unshaven face in the mirror, he grabbed a towel and started to wipe off the lather, but decided against it.

When he stepped into the kitchen, his wife was peeping under the closed blind of the back door.

"Look, Ben," she said.

He went over to the blind and lifted it slightly. An old man in a shabby brown suit was squirming under the Hull's backyard fence.

"What in hell . . ." he muttered as he snatched the door-

"Wait, Ben. Don't go out. He's not hurting anything."

"But he's breaking in!"

"Ben, will you stop it?" she scolded. "It's just an old hungry man. He comes here every week. I imagine he needs it, so I never stop him. Honey, what's a bottle of milk?" Ben stood before his pleading wife with an incredulous stare on his white, lathered face.

"Watch him," she said. "He's so cute."

He turned from his wife and peeped down the side of the blind. The ragged old man was limping slowly towards the porch. When he reached the back door, he extended his arm expectantly, slowly gripping one of the moist bottles. He looked over both shoulders and picked it up. Pressing the bottle tightly to his chest he limped hastily back to the fence and began crawling to the other side.

Ben looked over at his wife. She was smiling anxiously. He tilted her face up to his with his forefinger and kissed her.

"You little rabbit," he said.

"Oh, no," she chided, "No smoothing with that white beard on your face.

"What am I going to do with you?"

"Go shave," she said, and bounced back to the stove.

Harlie Hatch worked hard in his pastry shop, and all the townsfolk showed their respect by patronizing his store. But Harlie was not a man to pass up an opportunity to chat with one of his customers.

"You're a what? A Yankee fan?" cried Harlie with feigned disbelief. "Why, if I'd known that, Spade, I'd never have let you in my store. Where'd you get those foreign notions?"

"Oh, come off it, Hatch, A man's got a right to root for the team of his choice. I just take a liking to the big-time clubs."

"So what's so small-time about the Phillies?" demanded Harlie.

Didn't say there was anything small-time about the Phillies. Just said I took a liking to the big-time clubs. Ain't got nothin' against the Phillies. Damn good club. Just lose a little more than the rest, that's all."

"Spade, you pig, you crumb. I never seen such a narrow mind," said Harlie, as he turned to stack fresh bread on the shelf behind the counter.

"Hey, Hatch. Lookit out the window," said Spade.

Reversed on the window in blue paint was "Hatch's Bakery." Below the "T" was Dory, peering hungrily into the display window.

"Jes' lookit at him," sneered Spade. "What a waste of skin. That old fish isn't worth the dust on the back of his neck."

"Oh, shut your Yankee-loving mouth. He ain't never hurt no one or offended no one; unless you can call bein' dirty offensive. And he pays when he buys. That's more than you do, you skunk. Looks like he fixin' to come in."

Dory's stooped figure was a shadow behind the screen door; a bell jingled as he opened it. The door slammed shut, and Dory stood reverently, staring like a little boy at all the pastries in the showcases and on the shelves. An anxious quiet came over the shop as Dory limped over to the counter.

"What can I do you for, Pops?" said Hatch cheerfully.
"I'd like a doughnut," he replied in his hoarse shrill voice.

"Just one, old friend?"
"All's I got is a nickle."

"How many times you been in here, Pops? About a hundred? Every time you get a nickle or a dime. You're my best customer, you know that? Here, Here's a couple."

A smile, as wrinkled and worn as the suit he wore, crept over his face. "Thanks, Mr. Hatch." He put the coin on the counter, turned, and limped out, slamming the screen door behind him. "I gotta admit," said Spade respectfully, "I never could've done a thing like that. That was mighty big for you, Hatch. I guess you're a good man, down under that spiteful skin of yours."

"Oh, you old Yankee-lover," scoffed Harlie as he turned to his shelves to hide his embarrassment,

The sun was high when Dory returned to his shelter in the forest; he had the bottle of milk in one hand and the bag with two doughnuts in the other. He eased himself into a sitting position on his mat and began his meal, eating his doughnuts slowly and taking sips of milk after each bite.

When he finished, he ambled over to the nearest tree with the empty, milk-clouded bottle in his hand. With a brutal, furious swipe, he dashed it against the trunk of the tree. He picked the jagged neck from among the fragments of the shattered bottle and leaned back against the tree. Bracing himself, he closed his eyes into a tortured grimace and pressed the glass to his wrist. He gasped loudly as the sharp edge pricked his skin. No blood came. He tried several times to make a cut, but he succeeded only in pricking himself. He tossed the broken glass away and began to sob convulsively.

He fell onto his mat and cried with a sadness known only to the unloved, the lonely. He gave vent to all his sorrows, weeping for the self-respect that he never had; he was even too much of a coward to perform the one simple act that would free him from his downcast state. He knew then that he would never be able to inflict pain onto himself, that he was destined to live a life of begging and stealing, merely to keep himself alive, a thing he had grown to despise.

When a coughing spell finally brought an end to his sobbing, he slumped to a sitting position and wiped his eyes on the sleeves of his jacket. As his vision cleared, he noticed something new across the worn area in front of his lean-to: a cardboard box. Dory's old frame heaved spasmodically as he sighed away the after-effects of his tears. After his breathing returned to normal, he went over to the box and began examining it. The box was as big as a foot-locker. He scanned the box with curious eyes, finally opening the flaps and peering in. For several moments he stared into the box, while fright froze the wrinkles on his silver face. He picked up a rock and dropped it into the box. No sound signaled its falling. He scurried over to a fallen branch, brought it to the box, and let it fall, No sound came. A smile crept over his face, melting away the fear, as he peered once again into the box.

"My box," he laughed.

Again he stared into the box, and laughter, quiet squeals of laughter, began shaking his entire body. He lay back, laughing grotesquely, until his secret joke had spent itself. Then he carried his box out of the forest.

Joan and Eddy, both high-school sophomores, leaned on the edge of the fountain. It was autumn and life was seeping out of the trees, giving the cool air a musty scent and filling the park pools with their tiny dead leaves.

"Do you like poetry, Eddy?"

"What?"

"I said, do you like poetry?"

"I guess so, if you do?"

"Have you ever read any of Elizabeth Browning's sonnets?"

"Who's Elizabeth Browning? And what's a sonnet?"

(Continued on page 31)



"Get off my neck will you, Miss."



"Let's take a cob back."

From Vassar With Love

from the novel by George Pejackovich adapted for the screen by Terry Ketter directed and produced by George Neill.

One quiet Sunday afternoon, while the majority of the Corps is contently watching the afternoon movie with their dates, one lone cadet stuck with a mere 2.8 blind date, instead of his usual 2.95, seeks the privacy of a pup tent on Flirtation walk. Here perhaps the novelty of camping out in the snow will occupy the young lady's interest while some serious studying can be done without her interference.

But alas, up from the depths of the Hudson creep men, no . . . women, in scuba gear. With a flash of karate blows, they accomplish their evil mission and carry off the lone cadet in his brown boy. The poor startled girl soon revives from fainting and races off for help. Upon checking, the guard for the day verifies her unbelieveable tale as he retraces the flipper prints in the snow, mysteriously leading north to the river's edge where they end,

Yes, there are evil doings about. A plot aimed at the greatest of diabolical coups. It appears that a small sorority at Vassar (College for women) believe that they can enlarge the gains of womankind in the political control of the world, by eliminating four classes of tomorrow's leaders from the Academy. With this break in the future, his sorority's specially trained agents can infiltrate the United States government. How do they plan to accomplish this







"Would you believe a bird?"



"What are we going to do with 3,000 brown Boys in New Hoven?"

feat? By the startingly simple step of ransoming their captured cadet for 3,000 Brown Boys, thus removing security and mental stability from the Cadet Corps. This is proven out as experimentation on the captured stalwart reduces him to a mumbling vegetable.

With the success of this experiment, the execution phase swings into action. A happy-go-lucky First Classman scouting Thayer Road for a possible friend, is stopped by a devastating beauty, who hands the stammering Firsty a note.

"Will you marry me? Will you marry me?"

"Never, but if you deliver this note to the Officer in Charge, I'll give you a nickle."



"I'll give you a nickle to take this to the O. C."



"Goodby old Friend."

"Wow" and off he ran.

After deliberation, the administration decides to comply. Every Brown Boy in the Corps is gathered up by the Cadet-in-Charge, Naturally there is resistance, and armed guards are required to help the gathering.

In a desperate attempt to prevent chaos, John Shull, the Pointer correspondent renowned for his undercover work on previous articles about Vassar, is given instructions to reinvade the school and find out what he can. Before long he quickly sizes up the situation and reports back on his oneway wristwatch. Unfortunately, he is apprehended by the villains when reporting.

Now aware that the cat is out of the bag, the sorority has to take quick and decisive action. The only practical solution which can be carried out before the Corps has mobilized and marched on Vassar, is to dynamite the Academy, in hopes of eliminating the opposing forces.

In the darkness of nightfall, the two hostages and sufficient dynamite are placed in steam tunnels under Central Area. Unaware, the Corps falls in, as



"Give us brown boys, or give us death!"



"Double O, what!?"



"Now, do I talk into the left one and listen to the right one or do I talk into the right one and . . ."



"Unfortunately . . ."

signaled under arms, while the time ticks away on the detonators for the explosives.

But never fear, our hero, bound and gagged, notices a small opening above one of gratings placed askew. Wriggling and twisting he works one of the balloons, an intricate part of his disguise, out of the top of his dress; and with an artfull nudge with his nose, bounces it so that it floats up through the opening, and out in front of his comrades. They all move forward to investigate the strange phenomenon and discover the plot in the nick of time.





"I still say they can't do this to a civilian, and I've always thought of myself as a civilian."



The seasoned veterans, tempered in the white heat of combat, prepare to march.



"Hey guys, what are you doing down there anyway."



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DORY AND THE BOX . . .

(Continued from page 25)

"Oh, Silly. Smarty-pants right guard. Too good for poetry, huh?"

That's right," Eddy said proudly.

"Anyway, that's how I feel now, but you wouldn't know." "Hey, Joannie! Look over there, across the path."

"Where?"

"Through the fountain." "Oh. That man again." "You've seen him before?"

"Yes. He tried to get me to look in his box. But I wouldn't. I thought he had a snake or something evil in it. I think he's crazy. He's coming toward us, Eddy."

"Hi, kids," said Dory weakly, as he stopped to rest his box on the opposite edge of the fountain. "You want to see what I got in my box?"

"Don't do it, Eddy," Joan warned, "He's evil."

"What's in it, old man?" "Come and see," said Dory.

"I may be stupid, but I'm not crazy, old man. What's in it?"

Dory hesitated momentarily; finally he said, "The uni-

verse is in my box."

Eddy stormed over to the other side of the fountain, "Gimme that box," he said, lifting it from the edge of the fountain. He opened the flaps and shook it upsidedown. Nothing fell out, "It's empty,"

"No!" cried Dory quickly, "Look inside."

Eddy looked inside. "Holy smoke! Joan, come here. He's got the sky in here. The night sky! It's as cool as everything!"

Joan skipped over to Eddy's side, eyeing Dory suspi-

ciously. "Ther's no bottom to it, Joan.

She bent over the box and peered in. "Oh . . . oh . . . it's night in there."

"What is this, old man?"

Dory chuckled with delight. "Throw a rock in and watch it disappear," he said.

Joan picked up a pebble and let it fall. They watched as it seemed to melt into the blackness as ice melts in hot water.

"This is really something, Fantastic! Wait till the guys

at school see this. It's just plain weird!"

"No!" started Dory, as he limped toward Eddy. "It's mine. You mustn't have it. Give it here."

"Hold on, old man, I'm bigger than you."

"Give him the box, Eddy; it's just a box," said Joan impatiently.

"Shut up, girl, This box could be . . . "

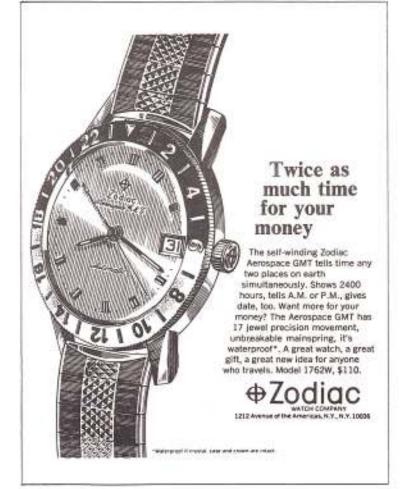
Before he could finish, Dory thrust his thumb into the young boy's eye. He snatched his box, looking quickly about him to see if the boy's screams had attracted any attention, and limped hurriedly out of the park,

At his lean-to Dory hummed to himself as he hobbled about the shelter, collecting all the objects belonging to him and casting them into the box: old cartons, a torn calendar, paper sacks, broken bits of glass, even the shelter itself.

With that task completed, he gazed once more into the universe of his box. Then he struck a match to it. When it was burning brightly, he smirked to himself; it was too easy. Then he dived in, head first.

A light autumn rain fell that night, and the last of the embers died out.







It says "Kissing Rock, erected by the Corps of Cadets in 1817, dedicated to hmmmm.



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SENTIMENTAL HINDSIGHT

Graduation is finally here despite all previous announcements to the contrary. I guess it's time to look back on the 4 years of happy (?) times here at Fat City.

'67 was:

The class that had the longest plebe year—from 1 July '63 to 5 June '64 including Christmas Leave at West Point and an extra day for leap year thrown in for good measure.

The last class to suffer through June Week at West Point at the mercy of the first class.

The last class to march Cadet Drill as a way of life.

The last class to pack themselves into Lee Hall for a whole year of Saturdays to meet guests, eat stone cold ice cream with wooden spoons or sip warm cokes through collapsing straws.

The last class to stay here for armor training at Camp B.

The last class to enjoy the old juice.

And perhaps the last class to go mandatory Ronger,

We had a few firsts too.

After all, we were the first class to miss AOT Germany.

We were the first class to have FCP's cut, dried and placed in the Blue Book with no hope of appeal.

And for the first to end all firsts, we were the first first class to tremble at the word—woofer.

These are some of the happy memories that are capable of depressing me instantaneously if I allow myself to ponder them for more than a couple of seconds.

But there is one bright spot in this vale of tears.

Yes, no one knows the way a firstie does how the loving warmth and tenderness of a brown boy can sooth away the cares and strife of the day. Through four years of toil and hardship, our one friend, our one love in life has remained true. Some plebes laugh when we pin our brown boy or brag about the quality of our rack sandwich. But they don't know; they don't really know. Just wait until they have sought its refuge for 4 long years.

They have been hard years. They have been sometimes fun years and now we are going to leave it all behind, go out and start earning our keep. We are going to break the chains and see the sun.

Goodby gray walls.

VOL. XLIV, No. 9



It's not that I don't like it Craig, it's just that when you said 'Pinned' I had something a little different in mind.



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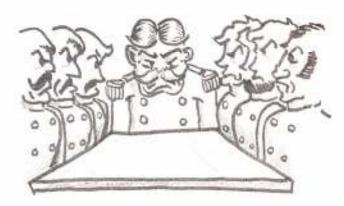
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IF THIS THING GOES ON

CALABRO & NEIL

In the beginning, West Point, if not a particularly pleasant place, was at least a very friendly one. The Corps of Cadets, united by the common pressures of discipline and the grim winters of the Hudson Valley, formed many warm and lasting friendships.





Those responsible for the physical, mental, and moral wellbeing of the Corps grew concerned. They envisioned the farreaching consequences that such an universal air of benovolence would have on the character of their charges. Already they could see the first indications . . .

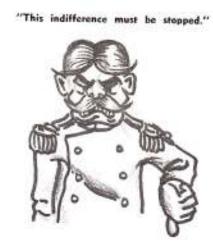
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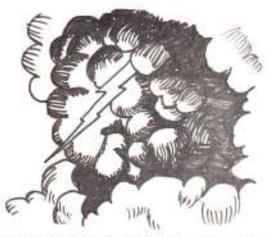




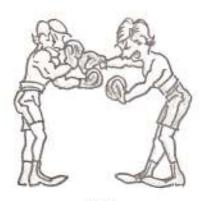
generosity.



. . . And there was competition. Codets now competed in many areas.



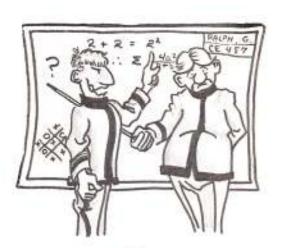
Then there came a roll of thunder and a voice spoke out of a cloud.



athletics,

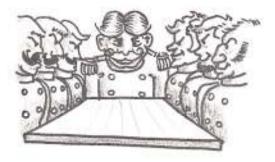


optitude,



academics.

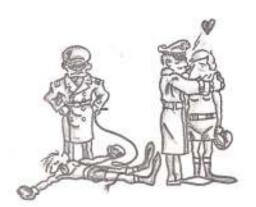
The men who had initiated the program looked at what they had created, and they found it good. So they decided to amplity the original program and introduce company competition. This, however, brought a new element into the picture.





The Company Tactical Officer.

Tacs now began an interest in other things besides disapproving leave blanks.



They started attending intramural competitions,



They helped cadets improve their aptitude.



They counseled cadets who were weak in academics.

This, then, is how West Point is today. The trend toward competition might not, though, end here. Trends have a most disturbing quality of increasing in a geometric progression. What then of tomorrow? (Note: If this is long enought here, we can end it like this . . . If you are as disturbed as we for what might loom over the horizon, don't just sit and watch. Join the underground! Fight this trend! Be friendly! then show no. 29.)



Tacs will demand still greater effort from the cadets in their companies.



Those who had begun the whole thing, will realize too late what they have done. In desperation they will try anything.



But to no avail.

In time, though, the mounting cosualty lists will cause a halt to this. Company commanders will form mutual defense pacts with other companies in their regiment. The shooting will stop except for occasional patrol actions and the Cald War phase will begin.



Inter-regimental exchange groups will be sent to visit the other side.



Recreational events for the entire Corps will be planned so that the cadets may make friends with each other.

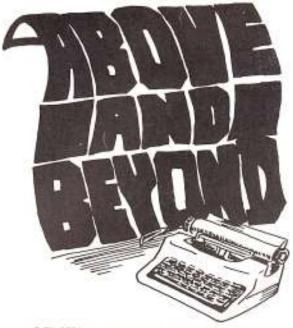




Finally the solution will come. End all competition, But this too will fail.



In the beginning, West Point, if not a particularly pleasant place, was at least a very friendly one. The Corps of Cadets, united by the common pressures of discipline and the grim winters of the Hudson Valley, formed many warm and lasting friendships.



REVIEW-REVENGE (LP)-Bill Cosby

by John Shull

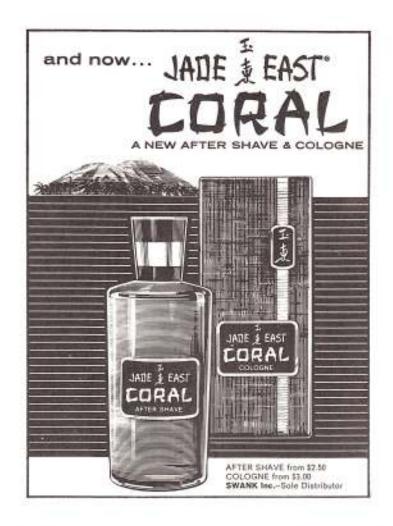
"You Gunkie!" screams Cosby, because Junior Barnes, the kid who lives down the block, has just hit him in the face with a slushball, And so comedian Bill Cosby has captured the enchanted, never-a-dull-moment world of children. It's a world we cannot touch—a world of four pairs of corduroys, a world of monsters in closets and at matinees, a world of orange soda pop and games like "Buck, Buck". Cosby remembers all of it in a hilarious, nostalgic, new recording, Revenge.



Cosby is humerous because he is familiar. He talks about things that really happen. His childhood, as he remembers it, is much the same combination of traumatic experience and unconstrained delight that we all recall. Monsters are a vivid example. Humming furiously coming from the store after dark, Cosby says "Monsters cannot attack you when you have your music with you." Of course, the bedroom late at night is just as dangerous. Cosby, himself, admits to having six monsters in his closet. "Thank goodness for covers, or I would never have been alive today" he says seriously. Yes, "there's something magical about covers;" most of us must agree with Cosby, as we look back on the many hours of deadly peril we spent in rooms filled with elusive shadows, protected only by the sheets and blankets over our heads.

Monsters were fascinating, though, and you just had to see every new monster movie. Cosby always asked his friends at every showing "You gonna look at the monster this time?" But neither of them did; they just quivered on the theater floor. He remembers returning home with hundreds of black jucifruits on his back. The trip back

(Continued on Page 13)





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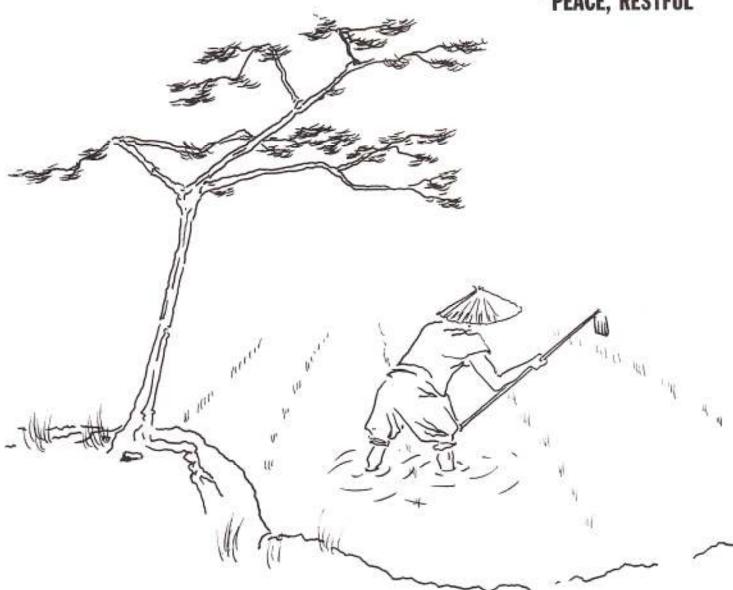
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TA'I KWAK FU LI

OF CH'ANGE.

FIRST BORN OF FIRST BORN, SON OF SON IN THE YEARS OF THE TIGER BORN WAS HE AND RECORDED IN HUPEN BY THE HAND OF TA'I AH TSUN

AT WUCH ANG TO THE FAMILY OF HIS FAMILY AT WUCH'ANG ON THE RIVER YANGTZE DOWN THE RIVER FROM TSHINH'ANG WHERE THE RIVER KIANG MEETS THE WATERS KEE YUK-OI

LAST BORN OF FIRST BORN, DAUGHTER TO DAUGHTER

THE YEAR OF THE SERPENT BORE NO BOY AND NO RECORD WAS MADE BY HER AGED FATHER

BY THE SADDENED FAMILY OF KEE OF HUNAN IN THE CITY OF CH'ANGTE NEAR THE TUNGT'ING HU

ON THE RIVER YUAN.

MERCHANT TO MERCHANT, FATHER TO SON
PROMISED LANDS AND SEAS FROM MIDNIGHT
TO NOON
UNDER THE DARK OF THE SUN
IN THE LIGHT OF THE MOON
FROM HOP'U IN THE SOUTHLAND
TO YINGK'OU IN THE NORTHLAND
WORK TO TRAVEL AND TRAVEL TO WORK AS
ONE.

WIFE TO DAUGHTER, WOMAN TO GIRL, FIRST BORN TO LAST BORN SOLD FOR A PRICE UNABLE TO SCORN IN THE LIGHT OF THE DAY BETWEEN THE DARK OF THE NIGHTS TO THE GOLD WHICH TO PAY FOR THE MERCHANT'S DELIGHTS.

IN THE CITY OF THE COAST, FUCHOU
THE MERCHANT CAME WANDERING AFOUL
TO TRADE AND TO CHEAT FOR THE PRICE OF
HIS WARES
ON HIS TRAVELS TO THE NORTHLAND
FROM HIS TRAVELS IN THE SOUTHLAND
INLAND TO RETURN TO FAMILY AFFAIRS.

FUCHOU HOUSED THE BODY OF YUK-OI AND FUCHOU CLOTHED THE BODY OF YUK-OI AND FUCHOU FED THE BODY OF YUK-OI FU LI PAID THE COINS OF GOLD FOR WHICH SHE WAS SOLD.

IN THE CITY OF TSINH ANG UP THE SWOLLEN HAN-KIANG CAME MERCHANT AND WIFE WITH PROFIT OF TRAVEL AND THE WORK OF HIS LIFE.

YUK-OI DID NOT SMILE AT THE MERCHANT FU-LI SHE WAS BORN TO BE SOLD SEVENTEEN YEARS OF SORROW UNTOLD NOW LEFT FUCHOU TO THE WAY OF THE SEA. FAMILY AND FRIENDS FEAR THE NEW BOUGHT BRIDE

AND SPEAK OF THE GIRL AS EMPTY INSIDE BUT FU LI FOUND COMFORT BY HER AND LOVED HER WITH A LOVE UNEASY TO HIDE.

YUK-10 SOON WISHED TO SEE WHEN DEATH CAME AND TIME WOULD END HER DUST MINGLED IN THE DUST OF FU LL.

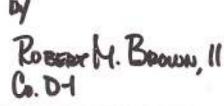
FU LI LEFT TO TRAVEL AGAIN
ONCE MORE TO GO TO THE NORTH AND
SOUTHLANDS
AND BRING GOLD FROM ALAU AND SILK FROM
TSUSHIN.

YUK-OI WAITS BY THE GATES OF TSINH'ANG AS THE WATERS FLOW BY IN THE SWOLLEN HAN KIANG.

FU LI, FIRST BORN OF FIRST BORN, HUSBAND OF WIFE WORKED AND TRAVELED HIS INHERITED LIFE.

YUK-OI WOULD RUN AS FAR AS HANGCHOU WAN,

IF BUT FU LI WERE DESTINED TO RETURN.





TAI- HEI

skydiving

by Johnnie Miller

Freakishly clear skies smiled on the Wallkill Drop Zone for the Fourth Annual West Point Invitational Skydiving Meet, Multi-colored para-commanders speckled the ground with shadows as over 600 jumps were made on 13 and 14 May. Fort Benning left with top honors from the biggest inter-service parachute meet in the nation. The Cadet team placed second and the XVIII Airborne Corps team from Fort Bragg was third.

Cadet Doug Stevenson turned an 11.2 second right series to win second in the style event. Cadets Dan Deane and Picket King placed first and second respectively in the Class "B" Accuracy event to cinch the second place team

trophy.









ABOVE AND BEYOND (Con't) . . .

home from the theater was always frightening, as well, because "guys in my neighborhood went to great lengths to scare somebody."

Cosby's childhood friends were unique. There was Old Weird Harold, six feet nine inches tall and fifty pounds. They used him to get the football out of the sewer. Fat Albert was the champion and "baddest Buck, Buck breaker in the world." He weighed 2,000 pounds.

Children have many infatuations and Cosby's was the toilet bowl. He sank many an enemy torpedo with the "swoosh" of the plunger. He has the world's record for flushing things down the toilet. His masterpiece was an entire woolen topcoat. "Have you ever had your father give you a beating with a wet topcoat?" he asks.

There are many clever stories and anecdotes on Revenge. Cosby gives his whimsical philosphies on smoking, wives and their "dumb question of the morning", little brothers and baby sitting, plane flights, and even religion. Nothing is taboo and everything is funny. Cosby speaks freely and naturally about a free and natural childhood. This is the way things looked to us; this is the way we like to remember things. It is a healthy humor—an open, warm laugh with a man who understands people.

PAGEANT OF THE GUN

by John Shull

From the day in 1139 when crossbows were banned by the Church as abominable, weapons began the curious evolution of the gun. A colorful history it is, too, filled with accidental successes and lively failures, as firearms came into the world with a bang and a puff of smoke, Harold L. Peterson recounts the tale of the Pageant of the Gun in strictly non-technical, ancedotal style, stressing the fascinating human side of a gun's case history.

Peterson begins his story with a short description of the gun's development. He mentions the crossbow as a foundation, then runs the gamut of invention, through the matchlock, flintlock and percussion's discovery. It seems the first handgun was a rather small version of cannon. This bulky two-man weapon was soon replaced by the complicated wheellock as matches came into use. From that point, it was touch and go as percussion exploded onto the scene. The breechloader and cartridges evolved and rough semblance of our modern firearms came into

Pageant of the Gan is not primarily concerned with the scientific side of a weapon's history. Peterson writes of the colorful part that guns have played in defending and taming a young America. The Revolutionary War musket was the earliest sentry followed by such staunch old-fathfuls as the Civil War Spencer Rifle and the Army Colt. Derringer's little handgun was the weapon used by John Wilks Booth to assassinate President Lincoln. In a section called "Americana", Peterson praises the Winchesters and sixguns that were the only companions of many a cowpoke. Springfields and Peacemakers were the Lawman's badge of authority. The Indians had their own weapons tooenough to cause such infamous massacres as Little Big Horn in the hands of such capable field commanders as Geronimo and Sitting Bull,

From his discussions of guns, Peterson expands his field to include "edged weapons". Sabers and tomahawks, so much a part of American Lore, are given lively descriptions along with the Bowie knife and bayonet. Bowie's blade, often a dueling weapon, suggests another topic. On the new tangent, Peterson has many clever stories to tell of the not-always-so-chivalrous art of dueling. He describes the great variety of guns used in resolving such quarrels, discussing everything from the conventional dueling pistol to the preposterous blunderbuss. There were those individuals, back when dueling was fashionable and legal, whose imaginations were not confined to the conventions of this game of death. In 1838 two American Congressmen with differences chose cocked rifles at 80 paces. Even doublebarreled shotguns were occasional participants. Pistols in a dark room and Bowie knives in a locked room were the conditions for two nineteenth century contests. Once Lincoln, in an effort to ridicule a challenge from James Shields, a future distinguished Congressman, suggested cow dung at five paces. Perhaps the most unique was the duel between two Frenchmen over a fair mademoiselle. With blunderbusses the two rose in separate balloons to a height of about half a mile, at which time a signal was given for them to fire at each other's balloon. The poorer shot plummeted to his death.

Peterson writes much more in this piecemeal mosaic of the history of weapons. He mentions the ammunition and various trappings that a firearm involves. Foreign guns are discussed along with some rather peculiar members of the family—rocket guns, upside-down guns, whaling guns. Aside from an occasional mention of caliber, the language is rather exciting as the author's interest in his topic becomes contagious. It is not a book of statistics; it is a story of a very human invention.

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a tale on the art of lawn tennis

by G. G. Prosch



Harken unto me, friend Marmaduke; wouldest thou care to embark to you jousting field and partake of a game of balls and racquets? Carest thou to initiate the service and propel the sphere over you net and properly place it in my court? Egad and yoicks, varlet, thou didst fault doubly so and therewhence forfeited thy service.

En garde, most ridiculous opponent; take care thou dost not trip over thine clumsy underpins and thereby fall upon thy stupid countenance.

When ere one approacheth the net, be thou aware of the danger of a swiftly propelled fuzzy sphere soaring past thine ear and landing in you corner. Twas ever thus, that crucial points are sacrificed and hastens thy ultimate defeat and banishment from the field of honor.

Awaken, clod; thy peasant imbecility sore burdens me till I am most inclined to thrash thee most thoroughly in straight games of defeat.

Marmaduke, thou son of a jackass, pay heed to my impeccable form. Didst not thou see that magnificient display of finesse and strategy? Pray tell, dolt and imbecile, dost thou not have any sporting blood cursing through thy shrivelled veins? Awaken; Aha, striketh up another point, and still thy clumsy legs fail to propel thee with sufficient speed to counter my blows and stem your inevitable defeat.

Zounds, thou dost have a weakened back hand. It remindeth me of the paltry and ineffectual strokes of a butterfly pursurer who flails and thrashes through the thicket on a balmy spring morn. Indeed, wormwood, thou dost appear like a miserable wretch gliding about the court in a fantastic waltz of St. Vitus.

If ere you darest to challenge my superior athletic prowess again, my temper will enrage me to violence, and I shall be forced to lay hands upon your mangy hide.

Odds bodkins, dear friend, unhand me; I didst merely speak in jest. Must thou throttle me unmercifully and cleave my aching skull with gnarled cudgel? Egads, my aching bones, such disloyalty does not deserve my friendship.

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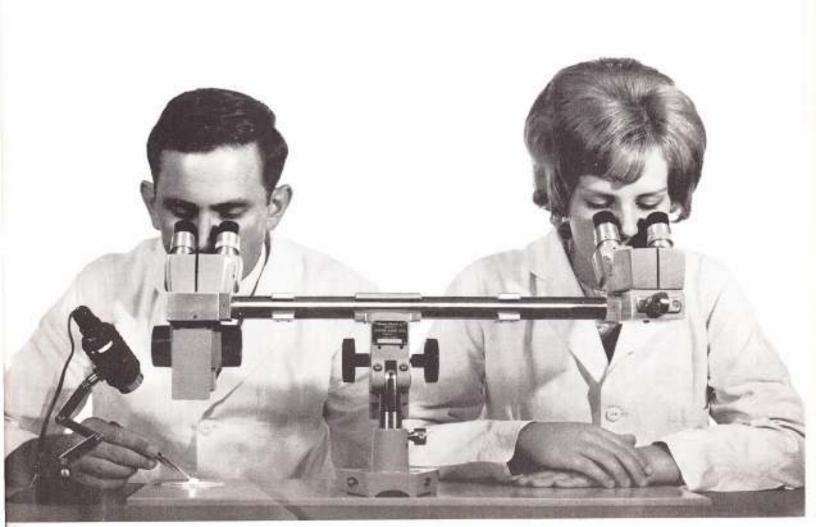
But such a microscope wasn't on the market. So engineers at our Engineering Research Center stepped out of their customary roles and built one. They wrote the specs, constructed a prototype, evaluated and tested it.

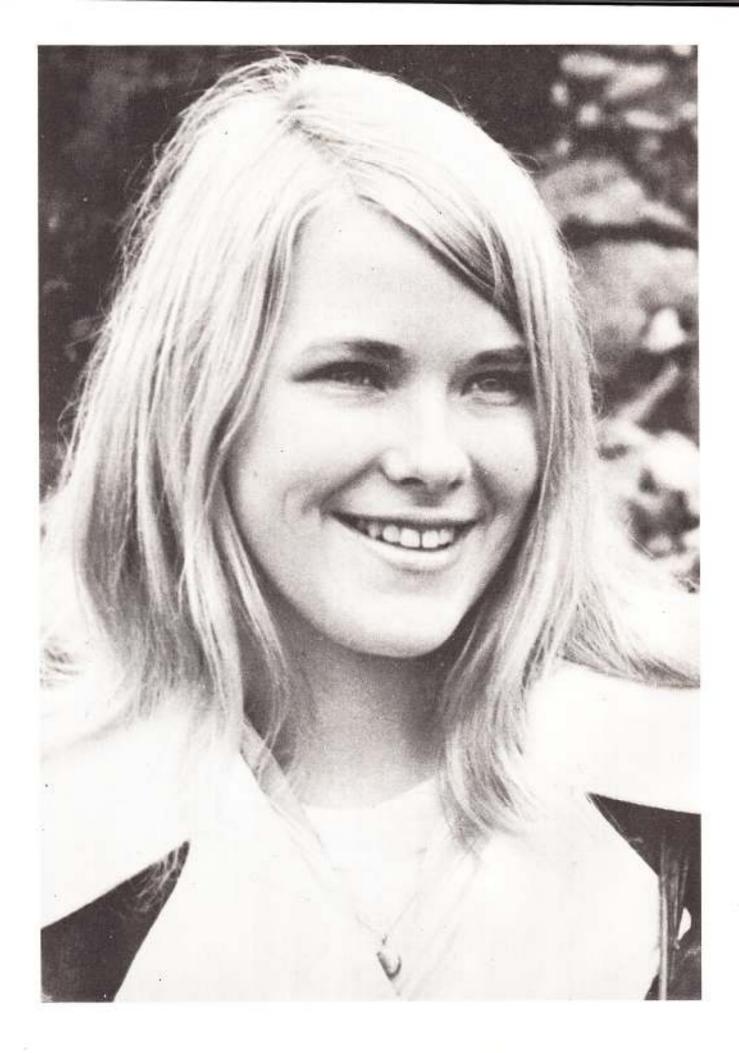
In our new microscope a simple beam-splitter divides both beams of light transmitted by the primary objective to the primary eyepieces. Three mirrors, four achromatic doublet lenses, and two collector lenses relay each split beam through a 20-inch long tube to secondary eyepieces. Only 14% illumination is lost; distortion is 8.3%; resolution is maintained close to 0.0001 inch, or better than 160 cycles per millimeter.

Today, a number of Western Electric and Bell Laboratories locations use them to train assemblers of microelectronic components: to make time-and-motion studies of microscopic operations; and to obtain agreement between two inspectors, or between the buyer and seller of miniscule parts. Because of our enthusiasm, two optical houses now manufacture models similar to our design to supply unanticipated demand from other companies.

It is with such flexibility and determination that Western Electric engineers help their teammates in the Bell System continue to bring you the world's most modern telephone service at a reasonable cost.







Kathy...

We were wandering down at north dock the other day where the sailing team was in the process of trying to stay happy in the cold May drizzle. Kind of a gray day all around except for one spot of sunlight we found huddled in the front seat of a car watching her favorite cadet, Joe Thics, F-4, sailing the wind and rain.

We thought it would be kind of nice to save some of that sunshine for y'all for June Week.







by Tom Moore

Chances are it'll happen, maybe only once in fifty times, but when it does you'll never regret you did it. You were just walking up the stairs when he asked if you yould do it. He's a good guy and even though you've sworn off them at least a dozen times in the past year, you say yes. You say yes and then think about it and you know you're going to get stuck, You go to his room and ask the standard questions and get the expected answers. That doesn't really solve anything. Next you decide that sleep is much more important, or maybe that term paper . . .? Armed with these excuses and a brave smile you approach him once more. Too late. He's called and you've had it. Sorry, but she had to know. Well, okay the term paper can wait and you slept all afternoon. Feign sickness, trip going ap the steps-why not just face it? It's happened before, but each time is worse. When you're absolutely certain that nothing on earth could approach it, the next one puts the icing on. It's like throwing away a stick that you've been beating yourself in the head with and replacing it with a baseball bat. Resign yourself, it's going to happen again. Moral encouragement in the deathwalk beats upon deaf ears. You hear her sister's nice-looking, so she must be, too; and meanwhile you picture yourself being mangled by a female orangutan and no mere words are salve enough. And then she's there and blue eyes and blonde hair and the knot in your stomach disappears, replaced by a lump in your throat. You manage a weak hello, wondering how it finally could have happened and why not soooner and that maybe it will never have to happen again.



The Combat Patrol

Enthralled by the profusion of recent grads, I took it upon myself to question a soon to grad about the leadership techniques of the combat patrol. Bounding into his room at 0030, (I belong to the school of realism) I shouted, "You have just been chosen patrol leader for a patrol moving out in 13 seconds!"

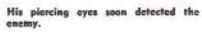














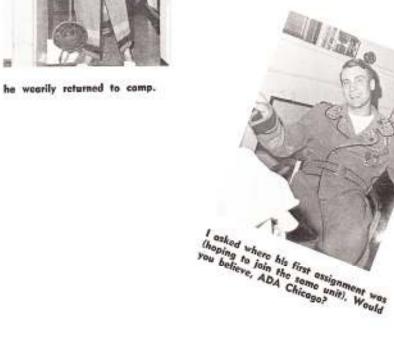


and artillery was called in . . .











ARMY

by Charlie Hill

The Spring Army-Navy contests promise an exciting finish to this year's sports calendar. Already 9-4-1 in competition with Navy this year, each Army team is anxious to increase the edge. The outcome will determine the supremacy in spring sports since the beginning of Army-Navy contests, with the overall record now deadlocked at 97-97-3!



The second major obstacle in an Army sweep is the Navy golf team. Coached by Bob Williams since its inception in 1934, the Navy team has compiled an astounding record of 183-92-5, with an Army-Navy record of 20-7-1. Navy, last year's ECAC champion, has five returning lettermen, including Captain T. R. Jones, who was 11-1 in individual competition last year. The other lettermen are Jack Diesing, Harry Buzhardt, Jim Kosmicki and Dan Moser.

Army's golf team, coached by Denny West, compiled a 10-4 record last year, and has done remarkably well after losing three of seven lettermen from the '66 team. Standouts on the team are Captain Andy Nusbaum, Don Johnson (winner of Eastern Inter-collegiate individual crown), Jim Crowley and Jim Cowart. These four will have to play their best golf in order to spark the entire team in a win over Navy on Saturday.



One of the toughest jobs will be that given to coach Jim Adams' lacrosse team. With sixteen returning lettermen, which includes the top two scorers from last year, and ample help from the freshman team and a few borrowed football players, the game at Annapolis should prove interesting. Army's main asset is a strong offense centered around a veteran attack and midfield consisting of Rick Rider, Chris Petit, Ray Enners, Gordy Rankin, Glynn Hale, Jack Mayer, and Don Deitz. The defense had trouble living up to pre-season predictions during the middle of the season, but has managed to gell into a stable unit. Brian Utermahlen, Tom Schwartz, Dave Rivers, Dan Gooding, Jerry Molnar, and Bud Neswiacheny should give the Navy at-

tack quite a battle.

If there is a weak spot in the Navy team it is in the attack positions. Bill Bederbeck's defending National Collegiate Champions lost several starters, including its top scorers, however Bob McCleary, Dick Scott, and Hank Giffen have taken up the slack, with Ben Fromme, Al Davey, John McIntosh, and Joe Schwanebeck filling in the midfield positions. Bob Havasy and Carl Tamulevich are back on defense with Mac Ogilvie at goalie. After 7 years as National Champions (shared with Army in 1961), the Navy team will be out to improve the 16-21-2 record compiled against Army since the series started in 1924. Army will be looking for an end to Navy's three year winning streak.



The Navy track team is very strong in the long and middle distances, and relatively weak in the weights. Coach Jim Gehrder has in four years compiled a 13-9 record outdoors and a 22-7 record indoors. The all-time Army-Navy record, started in 1923, is 24 wins for Army against 16 for Navy.

Standouts for Navy are Tom Palkie, who runs the 100, 220, and anchors the mile relay team; Buzzy Lawlor in the mile (4:06.4 indoors this season); Bob Donahue in the 100; Jeff Kiffer in the 440; Ron Knode in the 880; and Lou Balestra and Ron Holcombe in the pole vault.

In this his 17th season, Coach Carleton Crowell has compiled 52 wins against 42 losses. He has a strong team, especially in the field events, the distance events, and the relays. Heading up the impressive array of weight men is Captain John Graham, with consistent support from Larry Hart, Dan Seebart, Jim Black, and Dick Black. The other field events are dominated by John Armstrong in the high jump, Mike Delleo in the javelin, Paul Haseman in the broad jump, Steve Kujawski and Mike Warren in the pole vault, Van Evans and Pete Dencker in the broad jump, and John Rountree in the pole vault.

Greg Camp, Bob McDonald, Jon Nolan, and Jim Warner amply manage the distance events, from the 880 to the mile and two mile runs, along with the distance relays. Rounding out the team are the sprinters and hurdlers, consisting of Van Evans, Jim Siket, and Mike Williams in the sprints; Don Nelson, Sheridon Groves, and Frank McCullough in the hurdles; and Leroy Outlaw in the triple jump.

With a repeat performance of the indoor meet with Navy, Army's track team should easily overrun any meager Naval opposition.

NAWY



TENNIS

The outcome of the 1967 Army-Navy tennis match is hard to predict. Navy's coach Harvey Muller has returning five of six lettermen from a team which compiled a 7-4 record last year. Led by senior Bill Burns and Wes Overton, and juniors Dave Beard, Bob Chester, and Lance Horne, the five lettermen form a solid core of a tough team. It was practically this same team, however, which lost to Army 5-4 last year.

Army enters the match with 7 returning lettermen from the '66 team, which compiled a 6-9 record, Coach Bill Cullen has managed a record of 32 wins and 15 losses in his four years as Army's coach, and he is looking forward to improving the all-time Army-Navy record of 13-17 begun in 1923, Barry Conway, Billy Campbell, Dick Bowers, Bill Gardepe, Captain Joe Hardin, and either John Westerlund or Rick Wilber round out the singles while Conway and Campbell, Bowers and Wilber and Gardepe and Hardin perform the doubles duties. With the determination and hard play that they are capable of, they should manage a win over Navy.



BASEBALL

Another toss-up is the baseball game, which matches a weak middle against an impotent pitching staff. Coach Joe Duff of Navy has a record of 68-34-1, winning the Eastern title in 1962 and sharing a three way tie in 1963. The Navy team has relied on its pitching to carry it through the season, gaining many victories by a single run margin. The pitching staff includes starters Rick Miller, Rick Buchannan, and George Vokman and reliefers Terry Murray and Paul Bacon.

Army will have to count on strong support from its hardhitting outfield, and from shortstop Kenny Smith. The outfield, consisting of John Boretti in center, Bob Cenci in left, and Bart McClellan in right, had a combined batting average of 293 last year. Kenny is a key figure in a tight infield, and also bats between 300 and 400, With help from the clutch-hitting of catcher Dick Scaglione, the batters may beat the pitchers to give Army a win. Coach Eric Tipton would be more than pleased to add this win to the all-time Army-Navy record of 32 wins for Army and 28 for Navy and to extend his streak to five straight.

The Army squads should be ready for their annual clash with their rivals from Crabtown. With a little bit of luck combined with the desire Army teams always possess, we could wind up a successful season with a 14-4-1 record over those guys in blue.

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Mandate Research Staff Questionnaire

This questionnaire is part of a survey conducted by the MANDATE Research Staff to obtain your reaction to our first issue. The information derived from this will be used to improve the quality of our future issues. Your cooperation will be greatly appreciated.

After completion please separate the questionnaire from the issue and return it to:

1. What was your reaction to the overall first Mandate

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Unimpressed Passive Indifferent
Satisfied Very Impressed
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Too stuffy Too cautious Too antagonistic
Just about right Not agressive enough
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Paraphernolia
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More humor More cartoons More literature and
Poetry More military oriented articles, More articles
concerning national and international affairs
5. What suggestions would you make concerning the maga-
zine in general?

ANTI-GUERRILLA WARFARE LESSONS LEARNED

by Greg Foster

When American troops landed on the New Guinea coast, in 1943, they were confronted with a totally new type of warfare—the Japanese enemy, the humidity, and the diseases of the jungle completely sapped the strength of our battalions. For example, a reinforced battalion of the 126th Infantry entered combat with 1400 officers and men; when they were withdrawn from the front lines a few weeks later, there remained only 165 of these men. The Japanese took every advantage of terrain and weather, and they utilized hit-and-run tactics to the utmost against our troops.

Several lessons were learned by American commanders during their tours in Burma and other areas of the Pacific Theater—lessons which are being applied today in Vietnam and which will continue to be applied in the future. It was found that existing tactics and techniques must be developed and continually modified to meet the rising threat of guerrilla warfare. From these experiences the following basic three-step procedure for finding and destroying our jungle foes evolved: 1) Fixing the enemy by the use of small, highly-mobile patrols; 2) Forcing the enemy to cover by means of concentrated artillery harrages; 3) Annihilating the enemy by utilizing assault elements which can sweep across his positions under cover of friendly fire.

In following these courses of action, once a sizeable guerrilla force has been located, we must initiate offensive operations in order to effect total destruction of the enemy. However, because of unfamiliarity with the area in which we are fighting, and because the enemy generally is fighting in his own back yard and knows every last inch of the terrain, conventional tactics on the average prove quite ineffective, for the obvious reasons that they depend so highly upon manpower and mobility. To argue against the opinion of those who advocate the immediate extirpation of the V.C. through the use of massive troop movements, experience has proven conventional tactics to be of little, if any, use in a war of this type. Jungle warfare has its own needs. While today's Cold War military powers emphasize huge, multi-division sized operations accompanied by missiles and artillery, in the jungle, operations are generally confined to battalion level or lower. Since the trained jungle fighter depends on a violent attack followed by rapid withdrawal, it has become necessary to adapt our own tactics along these lines-in other words to fight fire with fire. Several Americans who served with our OSS guerrilla battalions in Burma have stated that nothing pleased them more than to see a regular Japanese unit withdraw from the front and come lumbering through the jungle in search of them. They (the Japanese) operated in large, unwieldly units, and they were quite easy to ambush. One such advisor went so far as to say that he and three other Americans, with only 200 Burmese soldiers, were able to keep an entire Japanese regiment of 3000 men marching and countermarching through the jungle for several days.

There are several basic offensive operations that can be utilized to fix and destroy a guerrilla force in jungle terrain, however, we will deal with only two here—the generally accepted right way (encirclement) and the wrong way (sweep).

Probably the most commonly used tactic in past guerrilla campaigns has been the sweep. This is simply the maintenance of contact with, and the continuation of offensive action against a fleeing enemy. The sweep may be conducted by any unit, but normally it requires a great number of troops to maintain steady pressure on the guerrilla force, a fact which has caused much consternation among military authorities in Vietnam. The pursuing element itself consists of two forces—the direct pressure force, which pursues and maintains pressure on the enemy, and the encircling force, such as airmobile troops, which attemps to envelop and destroy the enemy by employing superior mobility. This superior mobility may also be gained by superior knowledge of the area, or use of mechanized vehicles. But helicopters have come to the fore in Vietnam specifically because they facilitate rapidity of movement regardless of the difficulty of jungle terrain.

The best example of the relative ineffectiveness of the sweep comes from the Huk Rebellion in the Philippines. At that time, the Philippine Constabulary was in the habit of mounting large-scale operations to curb the guerrilla menace. Elaborate plans were made, with lines of departure, phase lines, zones of action, etc.; troops were assembled, and a conventional sweep then ensued. However, these sweeps served only to exhaust the men and fuel, while the Huk guerrillas would scarcely be winded from the effort necessary to draw out of the path of the Constabulary troops. Futhermore, once the government units had withdrawn, the Huks would return to the area, secure in the knowledge that they would be free from harassment for some time.

After several of these operations had resulted in the near decimation of some government units, the officers learned the value of infiltrating the guerrilla area with patrols, fixing the enemy, and mounting large operations only when certain of success. From this came the idea of encirclement as a possible counter-guerrilla tactic.

Of all possible offensive actions open to a counter-guerrilla force, the encirclement offers the greatest possibility for fixing the enemy force in position and achieving decisive results. F. O. Miksche, in his book Secret Forces, says: "The most effective way is to surround them. This can be done by isolating good-sized regions by concentric and simultaneous attacks. These regions are subsequently sub-divided into separate sections in which the bands of guerrillas are cut off one by one and destroyed." In essence, this is the entire scope of encirclement. The prior planning, preparation, and execution of this operation are aimed at sudden and complete encirclement that will completely surprise the enemy. It is best to occupy the line of encirclement during the hours of darkness and to attack shortly after daylight. Ideally, all positions should be occupied simultaneously; if this is not possible, then the best escape routes should be covered first. Otherwise once the enemy has detected any indication of hostile activity in the area, he can be expected to react immediately. Guerrillas will probe for gaps and attack weak points to force a rupture. In jungle terrain, they will generally select the more difficult escape routes. Therefore, it is necessary to maintain a strong, mobile reserve force in a position behind the actual encircling force for rapid movement to support any area in danger of being broken through.

British troops utilized encirclement tactics to great advantage a decade and a half ago in Malaya. Their main fighting unit was the platoon which set up its own base camp. From these base camps, intensive patrolling was initiated by the platoon leader, while at the same time a strong reserve force remained behind for immediate displacement to areas of resistance. Upon receiving a report of the enemy's location, the platoon leader conducted a personal reconnaisance and proceeded to marshal the remainder of his troops. Once the enemy camp's location was confirmed, the platoon's offensive operations went into effect.

British strategy called for surrounding the camp area. However, since it was generally difficult to surround as large an area as necessary and still maintain bayonet-tobayonet contact along the perimeter, an attack element of six or seven men, including the platoon leader, was formed, and the remainder of the unit divided into two and three man "stop groups" positioned on all likely escape routes. Upon signal from the platoon leader, the assault group would move forward, at the double time, firing point-blank at all visible guerrillas and their shelters. Those of the enemy not hit by the initial bursts could be expected to disappear into the jungle along well rehearsed escape routes. It remained only for the stop groups to intercept them as they attempted to escape.

In many cases, the encirclement proved the more successful. Nevertheless, it is difficult to say that encirclement tactics are always the best or that the sweep is useless. The commander must suit the operation to the situation (for instance, it seems highly unlikely that the encirclement would be very effective in a country such as Communist China. Her vast size and her preponderance of troops, all fighting as guerrillas, would mean certain disaster for us.)

Events today lead one to believe that combat operations in the near future will be conducted in smaller countries such as Laos and the Congo, or perhaps even Latin America. Therefore, it is going to be necessary for us to renovate our existing tactics in order to beat the guerrilla at his own game. Our main problem is to force the guerrillas into regular fighting. His methods of fighting as described by Charles Tillon, a leading French Communist, are, "the tactics of a globule of mercury which, as soon as one tries to seize it, scatters in small drops, which easily come together again into the original globule."

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THE BEHAVIORAL SCIENCE CLUB

by Terry Bacon

April 11 marked the beginning of the Corps' most recent addition to the line of academic clubs. The Behavioral Science Club was the pilot project of the Office of Military Psychology and Leadership and was formed by Major Normand Ste Marie. A membership meeting held that night brought more than 300 potential members, as Room 102 of Thayer Hall was filled to capacity.

After a brief introduction by Major Ste Marie, also the club's Officer-In-Charge, a suggestion period was led by 2nd classman Tom Martin in which members of the audience were asked to make suggestions concerning club activities, projects, guest speakers, and future trips. After an almost endless procession of suggestions, one anonymous cadet suggested engaging a guest speaker to talk on the Psychedelic drugs (the amphetamines, Sodium Amytal, Chlorpromazine), and other such drugs used in Psychotherapy. He followed that with the dubious possibility of having an "LSD Trip" section. We doubt that this will materialize, but there is a possibility that a guest speaker might be provided, in order that club members and guests could hear an accurate appraisal of the use, effects, control, and misuse of LSD. Indications are, however, that possible trips to NASA's Manned-Space Center, USAF's Aero-Space Labs, the JFK Center for Special Warfare, and other such institutions may be on the agenda for this coming year.

In an election meeting held a week later Tom Martin was elected president; Jim Walkenbach, vice president; Barry Hittner, secretary; Jim Thome, project officer; and Bob Kennedy, custodian. They have since sponsored a symposium on "Man In An Underseas Environment" and have scheduled several guest speakers for this coming school year.

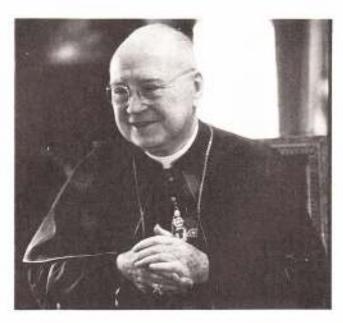
The symposium, which discussed Navy's Sealab II experiment, was conducted by Dr. James Miller, an experimental psychologist from the Office of Naval Research; Dr. Roland Radloff, a social psychologist from the Naval Medical Research Institute; and Commander M. Scott Carpenter from the Manned Spacecraft Center, NASA. Astronaut-Aquanaut Carpenter spoke on his experiences in Sealab II (an experimental sub-surface craft that stayed 205 feet under the ocean for 30 days while psychologists studied man's reaction to the stress of prolonged underwater living and isolation) while Dr. Miller and Dr. Radloff discussed the psychological aspects of the experiment. Several of the Club's members also attended a small seminar held by the Office of Military Psychology and Leadership in which the panelists discussed further aspects of Sealab II.

The club recommended itself highly to those interested in furthering their education and increasing their opportunities in the fields of psychology, sociology, management, and leadership. The excellent laboratory facilities offered as an option to those interested in club projects are only one of the club's many "extracurricular opportunities. The scope of opportunities seems to be limited only by one's imagination.

Within the Corps, however, concern has been voiced about the unusally large number of cadets signed up as members. Many other potential members seem to be somewhat apprehensive about joining with such a large number already in the club. To combat this problem, the club's officers have considered sub-dividing the club into separate areas of interest. These committees would include the areas of general psychology, educational psychology, experimental psychology, sociology, management, and leadership. The sub-committees, so to speak, would enable a cadet to work with other cadets in his specialized area of interest without making him feel "just like another one of the masses." They would also provide a much smaller working base from which to conduct their club activities.



The Cardinal and His Country



"Yeah? Cardinal Spellman? He's quite a fella, you know. Quite a man . . . Lotta people in New York respect and love him—Lotta people . . ."

Quite a man. Those were the first words we heard to describe Cardinal Spellman during our stay in New York. Coming from the omnipotent voice of New York's "man on the street," so to speak, it is conceivable that they fairly well characterize the outlook of his entire diocese—Catholic and non-Catholic alike. For surely the influence of this man extends far beyond his power within the framework of the Church. His influence is felt deep within the superstructure and nervous system of our entire nation, because the basis for his influence and power has always been and still is one of deep-felt patriotism and loyalty to the United States and of service to the nation and one of its longest standing institutions—the Army,

Francis Cardinal Spellman, Military Vicar of the Catholic Church to the United States Armed Forces, is this year's recipient of the Thayer Award—an award presented to the person who best exemplifies the principles of Duty, Honor and Country in his life and work.

Since 1958 the Association of Graduates has presented the Thayer Award to an outstanding American. The award has been given to statesmen, soldiers, scholars, scientists, and, for the first time, this year it went to a clergyman. Just how does the Association of Graduates make their choice of the recipient of the Thayer Award?

First of all, the President of the Association of Graduates chooses a Thayer Award Committee and a Chairman for the Committee. The size and make-up of the committee are flexible. General Schuyler, this year's Association President, chose a committee of seven men (including Brigadier General Scott, the Commandant of Cadets) and an advisory board of three more graduates. General Schuyler chose General (ret.) Anthony C. McAuliffe as the committee chairman, who has complete control over the workings of the committee.

Under General McAuliffe's leadership, the committee met in closed session to choose this year's recipient of the coveted award. Normally the committee makes their choice from nominations made by the graduates of West Point, and this year Cardinal Spellman was chosen from among several candidates for the award. The guiding criteria that the Thayer Award Committee uses in their selection is to choose a citizen whose "service and accomplishments in the national interest exemplify personal devotion to the ideals expressed in the West Point motto, "DUTY, HONOR, COUNTRY."

The light changed and the cars lined up in front of us surged forward, each one trying to gain position over the others, within the controlled melee that is New York traffic.

"Getting a cab in New York has got to be one of the world's classic traumas."

"Yeah." More waiting and three more lights, and finally a green and white, late-model cab pulled over and we all piled in.

"Where you guys going?," asked the cabby with the patent indifference of cub drivers everywhere, He was obviously already thinking about the tip.

"Madison Avenue, right in back of St. Pat's—you know where that is, don't you? We're not too sure of the number."

"Oh, sure, sure. I'll get you there. How come you guys going there, anyway?"

"We have an interview with Cardinal Spellman this morning."

This Christmas marked the Cardinal's sixteenth consecutive holiday visit to American servicemen overseas. During his twenty-seven years as Military Vicar, he has visited GI's all across the globe, not only directing the conduct of his military parish, but also bringing hope and encouragement to war-weary or homesick troops. In his efforts to inject himself personally wherever his presence will do the most good, the Cardinal has ventured near enough to the front lines in Italy, Korea and Vietnam to don fatigues more than once.

The dedication which characterizes this long service to his country is perhaps best exemplified by his most recent visit to South Vietnam. Bolstering morale and resolution, the Cardinal, in his Christmas Eve sermon commended the high motives behind American actions in Vietnam. In the face of criticism from several quarters for alleged mixing of politics and religion, the Cardinal would not revise his stand. This courageous stand typifies the selfless devotion of his entire life to America and her servicemen abroad. With rapt heart I recall the sight of our Flag at the masthead of a ship, weaving bright colors above the turbulent waters, beneath a sullen grey sky—which seemed to reflect the world of today, dark with foreboding of troubles yet to come, grey with the clouds of present evils and errors of the past.

But suddenly a gust of wind catches the listless standard and there, challenging the somber colors of the sky, our Nation's banner flies: red with charity for all men and all Nations of good-will—red too with courage to achieve the liberties of man by personal suffering and sacrifice; white for the basic righteousness of our national purpose; blue for our trust and confidence in God.



This is what America means to me. I am sure it means the same to you. . . . To this land of ours we owe, you and I, a litany of thanks too long to sing, of praise too full of feeling for expression. I pray that your faith in America will glow more brightly with the years, and that your love for her will never fail.

ADDRESS OF HIS EMINENCE, FRANCIS CARDINAL SPELLMAN UPON RECEIVING THE SYLVANUS THAYER AWARD AT WEST POINT, NEW YORK—MAY 6th, 1967.



Unlike John

by Groans

he was a good guy he didn't he was a good guy every body said that he would get places in this world he was a good guy he stood straight and tall he tied his shoes with white shoelaces he drank milk he was a good guy unlike john mothers talked about him and others plotted but it did no bad he knew who he wanted she was envied by her peers he was a good guy unlike john it became father and son a respectable thing and they were still plotting mother talked and sighed he was a good guy and every body knew what was next he was a good guy unlike john but good guys finish last he asked her and she told him she loved john

Girls, Twiggy and Miniskirts

by Tromp

The casual observer must notice that the length of women's dresses has been decreasing at quite a rapid rate. Perhaps this has been due to subtle male demand, though we seriously doubt that. Or perhaps the women like the vivacious and youthful appearance that the short dress, particularly the miniskirt, seems to convey and at first glance this seems to be a very logical reason. Unfortunately the birth of this new fad has its roots in the callous dealings of the business world.

Recently we had the opportunity to visit the Paraphernalia Boutique on Madison Avenue in New York. Our main purpose was to determine exactly what was behind the rising tide of popularity that the miniskirt and "mod" styles in general have enjoyed. And indeed the results of our findings were far beyond anything we expected.

For those of you who aren't connoisseurs of this finer area, a background of its beginnings will be needed. In 1965, the Paraphernalia chain was brought to this country from London, under the auspices of a large textile firm, with the first shop opening in October. Initially there was no overwhelming reaction to what seemed to be too radical a change in women's fashions. With time, however, it became gradually accepted to the extent that what was once a defunct enterprise now has become a prospering Paraphernalia chain with some 23 stores spread throughout the nation. Naturally many an entrepreneur of the fashion world took suit concurrently with the rise in the miniskirts' popularity so that it is now upon us either to be coped with, accepted, or merely enjoyed, as you prefer.





Without a doubt the miniskirt is solely for the younger girl, that is, the younger girl who has the figure to wear one. Indeed we could hardly expect Grandma, or Ma for that matter, to be running about town proudly displaying one of her newly bought miniskirts, though some have actually been seen. This need for an appeal to the young girl is readily apparent in the atmosphere that is created in many of the stores along Madison Avenue. Colored lights, loud "contemporary" music, flourescent dresses, and very young salesgirls outfitted in the latest designs all seem to disguise the concern for the astronomical prices tagged to their products. In fact, those who work in this business readily admit this gimmickery is a large contributor to their success.

Out of this craze for the miniskirt, which is presently still spreading, the fashion world has created the paragon of miniskirt wearers in the very appropriately named, Twiggy. This seventeen year old model, who seems to be a cross between Eliza Doolittle and a broomstick, took the fashion circles by storm during her recent visit to this country. Indeed she captured the attention of the news world in making the cover of several of the leading magazines, Nevertheless, she seems to have an expertise with the miniskirt that few others are endowed with, or should we say unendowed with? Those who have worked with her describe Twiggy as an "extreme," which seems to be more than an understatement. But many a girl looks at her as if she were the epitome of some unobtainable goal. In fact, we find many are starving themselves and cutting their hair in an effort to approach this goal. Undoubtedly, her image is being exploited and used as one of the many gimmicks of this probably to be short-lived fad. But she is "very unaffected" by it all and seems to be enjoying her sudden surge in fame. This is one thing we cannot begrudge her and hope she is presently capitalizing on it for as one girl we talked to put it, the Twiggy image and Twiggy will fade in six months. Perhaps then the designers will find a new fad while cashing in on the harvest of the old. Or perhaps we will return to a state of normalcy, though this is solely a matter of conjecture.

Research opportunities in highway engineering

The Asphalt Institute Suggests Projects in 5 Vital Areas

Phenomenal advances in roadbuilding techniques during the past decade have made it clear that continued highway research is a must.

Here are five important areas of highway design and construction that America's roadbuilders need to know more

1. Rational Pavement Thickness Design and Materials Evaluation.

Research is required in areas of asphalt rheology, behavior mechanisms of individual and combined layers of the pavement structure, stage construction and pavement strengthening by Asphalt overlays.

Traffic evaluation, essential for thickness design, requires improved procedures for predicting future amounts and loads.

2. Materials Specifications and Construction Quality-Control.

Needed are more scientific methods of writing specifications, particularly rejection and acceptance criteria. Also needed are speedier methods for quality-control tests at construction sites.

3. Drainage of Pavement Structures.

More should be known about need for subsurface drainage of full-depth Asphalt pavements which rest directly on the subgrade.

4. Compaction of Pavements, Conventional Lifts and Thicker Lifts.

The recent use of much thicker lifts in asphalt pavement construction suggests the need for new studies to develop and refine techniques of measuring compaction.

5. Conservation and Beneficiation of Aggregates.

More study is needed on beneficiation of lower-quality basecourse aggregates by mixing them with Asphalt.

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Pyrene . .

Well comma its spring . question mark . . . look for snow at graduation . . . only a few days left . . thank goodness . . . ordnance gets the prize for the last big effort in academics . . . hope my p. has a good sense of humar . . , i didnt mind when sixty eight went home for capital christmas and i didnt mind when they fell out and even going to knox ok but getting out of ranger school is the last straw . . . west point is the only school in the world where its a good deal to graduate and go to vietnam . . it must be all over , . . a second regt plebe asked me how many days to graduation . . . my tac is having a last minute buckup of the firsties . right now he has me sitting can halfway through graduation leave . . . the next time my infantry roomate says quote drive on unquote i shall hit him . . . both he and my tac are chrunchies . . . i took them both over to the officers club and bought them each a banana . . ope wins the super toc memorial trophy for most cadets hazed in a single week with their gala artic pept and first class survival swimming tests . . . who woulds thunk ope would have kept a black list of the rock squad since plabe year . . . leave it to sixty seven to be different . . . no serious accidents but one guys girl totaled his gto and another had his stolen . . . the cows are eagerly awaiting firstic year with its many privileges and easy academics . . . heh heh heh , . . the firsties get out comma the cows get privileges comma the plebes get to fall out . . . and the yearlings get to move over to north area for june entrenchment . . the greatest feeling in the world is to take your brand new c store redboy and put on top of your old brown boy and climb into a rack sandwich . . . got to go now . . . and go and go comma far away , . might buy thirteen copies of quote west point a way of life unquote before i leave . . . but i doubt it . . . sixty seven checking out of the net . . . out

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—William Arthur Ward



Citation Artist Ward 1966

TO THE GRADUATING CLASS '67 OF WEST POINT, BEING AWARE OF THE RESPONSIBILITIES WITH WHICH YOU WILL SOON BE CHARGED, THE CHALLENGES WITH WHICH YOU WILL SOON BE FACED, AND THE COURAGE AND STRENGTH AND FAITH YOU WILL, NEED TO ACCOMPLISH YOUR OBJECTIVES, THIS PAGE IS DEDICATED...