

Volume XLV 1967 – 1968 and Graduation Program

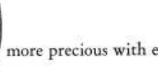




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Her "A" Pin and Miniature ...



and for her

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... as a distinctive tie tac or lapel button.



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AND REPORTED IN

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WELCOME BACK (SOB, SOB)

Well, The POINTER is starting off another year in its perennial search for journalistic perfection.

This issue, the first of hopefully many successful ones, provides quite a varied assortment of articles. WARSLOV is for you science-fiction fans, while BEAST BARRACKS will seem only too real to the Class of '71.

You're all too familiar with fire drills and nuclear attack plans, but **CONTINGENCY PLAN** provides the answer to an even more drastic menace.

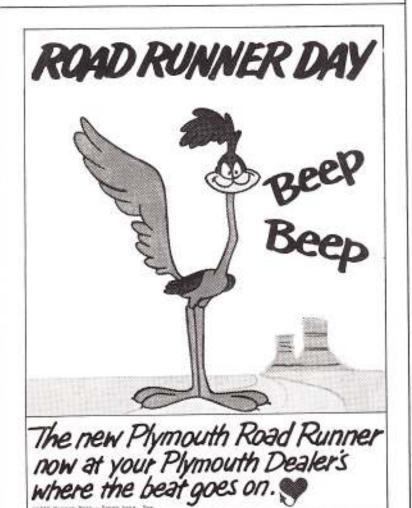
Always military minded, **THE POINTER** presents a lightsided look at jump school in **AIRBORNE** and then switches to a more serious treatment of the **ARMOR** branch.

SPORTS and The POINTER pic are always standard features.

Finally, **MANDATE** presents their sometimes controversial, always interesting views on a variety of topics.



You mean,
because I'm a student
or teacher I get
special rates at all
Hilton Hotels in the U.S.?





WARSLOV

by Tom Moore

He had bred a super race. The rodents were larger than average size and capable of fantastic mental and physical feats. Warslov had been working with the mice and the idea for two years, and the experiment had proved successful beyond his greatest expectations. I have known the Professor for a number of years, but I was still unsuspecting that day I entered his lab.

Biochemistry has been my field since the first of Professor Warslov's lectures. I broke the family string of M.D.'s and have spent the last ten years of my life doing research in genetics. Being somewhat of an expert in the field, I pride myself on keeping up with the latest discoveries. Nevertheless, I was not prepared for what greeted me that day I entered his lab.

A mouse opened the door, Not physically, but with his mind. I knocked and the door opened and no one was in sight, nothing save a large mouse standing in the middle of the room. Professor Warslov appeared from behind a cage filled with more mice and began relating an incredible tale. The mouse on the floor was only one of about fifty animals that had developed their minds to the extent that they could will things to happen. The Professor went on to explain that the rodent's brain is relatively small and consequently their telepathic accomplishments are quite limited. That same day, he continued, he had initiated experiments with chimps.

The discovery and the realization that Warslov was deadly serious brought on a feeling of panic. If a mouse could open a door, surely a chimp could move a house, and a man I immediately raised the question of control and received the reply that it was inbred. The entire process was started while the being was in the embryonic stage and could not be developed after birth. The animals received commands from a master computer. The computer and the animals as separate entities could accomplish nothing, but when their forces were joined I could see no limit to their power.

Approximately one month later, Warslov invited me once again to his laboratory. This time he opened the door, but as I entered the room I found myself rising into the air. The smiling chimp in the corner set me back down. Warslov said that he had completed the experiments with the apes and was certain his methods would work on humans. Would I help him present his case to the Review Board? Each of my challenges was met with a sound rebuttal, and I left the lab convinced.

Under government supervision, the Professor's work was started. He had arranged to use mothers and children from the slum and underprivileged areas. Full consent of both parents was necessary, and in each of the origininal ten test cases, permission was granted without hesitation. The process itself had no effect on the mother, and the only apparent effect on the offspring was a slight increase in size. The program was classified Top Secret, and each of the children was moved to a location hidden in the Adirondacks of upstate New York. They had been previously separated from their mothers and placed under the care of carefully selected Army nurses.

I visited the house frequently but never able to pin Warslov down as to the results of his latest efforts. One day, about three years after the commencement of the experiment, as I was driving up the winding mountain trail leading to the hidden sanctuary, my car suddenly stopped and would not restart. I proceeded to walk the remaining quarter-mile to the house, but about ten feet from the gate I was frozen in my tracks. With tremendous effort I moved back a few steps. After several attempts, I discovered that it was impossible to penetrate the invisible barrier that surrounded the house.

Moments later, before my eyes, the house began to rise and move to the north, I followed its flight for about five minutes, until it was out of sight. That was the last anyone saw of Professor Warslov and the mystery children.

(Continued next month)



A bachelor boot named
Tom Tillity
Thought marriage an
impossibility,
Till he Brassoed his brass,
Caught the eye of a lass –
Now 6 children are
Tom's responsibility!

MORAL: Brasso gives you the polish girls go for.



TENN-SHUN! Send your Brasso limetick to Brasso Div., R. T. French Co., Rochester. N. Y. 14609, U.S.A. Me'll pay \$5 for each limetick published.

BERICATED TO THE CLASS OF THE C

By DON STEVENSON



"Remember that first day? Eager to get started on your 'college career'."

"It looked pretty grim right from the beginning. The absence of locks sure can make a set of ears conspicuous. Though bracing is torturous, at least the Mess Hall food is good."



"Then you met HIM . . ."



". . . The man in the Red Sash. (or was it the Red Man of the Sash?)"



"But the training! Now there is the meat, the name of the game! Invaluable!"



"Did you ever wonder how the detail could take a conditioning march like going for a stroll on flirty? Their packs were so neat and square too!"



"The march back from Lake Frederick gave Beast an exciting climax!"



"But in spite of all the hardships, there were always those precious letters from home to help smooth out the bumps of rocky days."



"And then it was finally over. You, the new cadet, now had some time to reflect upon the events of the preceding two months, and to prepare, with renewed vigor, for the return of the Corps!"



Paradise vs. Pocketbook

by Ross Kelly and John Forbes

The recent upsurge in the popularity of the Hawaiian Islands as an R & R center for battle-weary cadets has been accompanied by the frustration of wasted time and money entirely due to the lack of reliable intelligence. The POINTER, in its continuing role as the eyes and ears of the Corps, has compiled a report based on personal reconnaissance by members of the staff to fill this information gap.

The planning phase usually discourages those whose determination is not strong. The situation— a month before leave; big plans; high hopes; visions of sun, sand, surf, wine, women, song, etc., all in plenteous supply; but not much in the way of concrete finances. With Treasurer USCC watching your every move and leave time ridiculously short you wonder how you can possibly cross thousands of miles to Paradise, have enough time and money to do anything and still make it back to your Alma Mater by the termination of your parole. If you quit planning there, you do yourself a disservice; your uniform and I. D. card can do more for you than you may think.

The first problem is transportation. (Air travel only will be discussed here, as it is not anticipated that the Hawaiibound eadet desires to spend his entire leave on boats and trains.) Often there are special flights arranged by a military friend of the Corps or father of a cadet. Failing this, cadets usually turn to McGuire Air Force Base and are faced with a three-day wait for a place to Travis AFB in California via the Military Airlift Command. But this is not the end of the road for the enterprising cadet. SAC X-Ray Command Operations Center, reached by simply asking the operator for a connection, can sometimes accommodate a limited number of irregular passengers. So, too, can the Operations Center of the local troop earrier wing. Beyond that, McGuire has nothing more to offer. The cadet short on patience can get to Hawaii on 127 dollars, military standby, from Philadelphia, The cadet still determined to get something for nothing, courtesy of Uncle Sugar, is advised to take one of the frequent hops down to Charleston AFB in South Carolina. Charleston is mainly a clearing point for Europe, has no direct flights to Travis, is not near service schools, and generally has less West-bound people waiting for planes than does McGuire. It is not difficult to fly out of there to an intermediate point such as Kelly AFB in Texas, and go from there to an airfield in California. Investigate facilities other than MAC for possible flights out to Hawaii at the base you're on; avoid the MAC terminal at Travis, because it is nearly impossible to get out of there during the summer. In the Christmas season, however, it is not as bad. Do not overlook the Naval Air Stations, like Point Mugu or San Diego, or the Marine Corps Air Station at El Toro (Santa Ana) for flights out to Barber's Point Naval Air Station on the West tip of Oahu. These calls can all be made on AUTO-VON. If, however, nothing turns up, it is wiser to spend the 55 dollars a military standby ticket costs for Honolulu than wait at Travis, The fare's the same from either L. A. or San Francisco.

Now once in Hawaii, where to stay? The hotels are out of the question (unless you consider the YMCA, whose rates are reasonable but whose facilities are not what you came for) and sleeping on the beach or in Kapiolani Park will get you picked up for vagrancy. Unless you stay with a cadet who lives there, the best place to scatter your stuff and live more informally-a more blunt word would be grossly than you thought possible is Fort DeRussy, an Armed Forces Recreation Center with the best beach and best location on Waikiki. One, two, or three man rooms can be had, the first for \$3.50 a night, the latter two for \$2.00. Obviously, they are recommended, for reasons of space as well as price; for curiously, the singles have little more room than an Old South lavatory, whereas the others have ample room for the inevitable junk that will pile up. You will learn the meaning of community living as your meager pad acquires surfboards, beachmats, bottles, food, and occasionally, bodies which have been evicted from their lodgings. (Reservations, which should be made in advance, run only for a week, at which time you can usually renew, or move in with someone else.) Beyond the beach, Fort De-Russy offers its Officer's Club which has excellent food and great shows Saturday and Sunday nights. If, however, you dislike being plunked in the middle of thousands of tourists, old Bellows Air Station on the other side of the island offers billets amid verdane-and unsettled-surroundings, though all the necessities can be found on the base. The water is a beautiful light blue, and the weather is more pleasant than on the Honolulu side of the island. But Bellows is not recommended for those without transportation, as it is not noted for anything besides the beauty of its location. True, the rich beach homes of Lanikai and the lovely town of Kailua are a short walk around a rocky point through waist-deep water. To go anywhere in grander fashion than a bathing suit requires a vehicle.

Continuing with transportation on the island in general, if you don't plan to stay glued to Waikiki and if you want to see any of the rest of the island, you have two choices; hitchike or rent some wheels. The first is looked upon with disfavor by the Army; hence the latter is advisable. Motorbikes aren't much, at a day at a time. Off Waikiki, they can be had for as little as \$5.00 a day plus gas. If you are set on a car, consult some E.M.'s at Hickam AFB or Pearl Harbor. Usually they can tell you of some E.M. who is willing to rent out his car for the merest fraction of Waikiki rental prices. Rent nothing from Waikiki.

Foremost—well, at least, second-or third-most-in every cadet's mind is food. A cadet willing to forego quantity for quality can subsist on a hamburger for lunch then blow his daily food budget in one of Waikiki's many fine restaurants for dinner, or stay at the Officer's Club for an inexpensive but good feed. For the do-it-yourselfer, the PX and commissary are a mere block away. Also a block away is the Reef Hotel, the place to go if you remember Sun-

(Continued on Page 8)

CADETS GO TO THE FRONT OF THE LINE, SAY PHIL LINZ AND BOB ANDERSON — 3 TIME ALL AMERICAN.



Hallowed tradition of "pinning" a girl is up-dated by Sprite bottle caps.

According to an independent survey (we took it ourselves), a startling new practice is becoming widespread on some college campuses.

Suddenly, fraternity men are no longer "pinning" the lovely young things that catch their eye. Instead, they reach for a bottle of tart,

tingling Sprite--and proceed to "cap"
the object of their affections.
Why has this come about?
Perhaps because of what happens when you go through the ceremony of opening a bottle of Sprite.

It fizzes! Roars! Buzzes! Tingles! Bubbles!
All of which makes for a much more moving moment

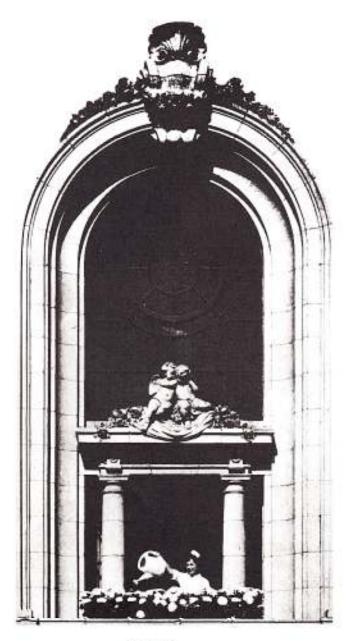
than to simply "pin" a girl.

Then, too, the intimacy of two people engaged in the act of opening a bottle of Sprite in itself leads to strong emotional involvement.

Capped off, of course, by the sharing of a few moments of delicious abandon. (Tasting the tingling tartness of Sprite, that is.) The beauty of the idea is that if the course

The beauty of the idea is that if the course of true love does not run smooth, you don't have to go to the trouble of getting back your pin.





W
EST Point Alumni
of Dallas urge you to make your reservations at Hotel Adolphus — and
suggest that you make them early!

H°TEL AD°LPHUS

The hotel they built downtown Dallas around.

Area Code 214 RI 7-6411 TWX 214-899-8651 Dallas, Texas 75221

For reservations call Aster Tower Hotel, Chicago (Area Code 312), 943-1111; Delmonico's Hotel, New York (Area Code 212), EL 5-2500, or call or write direct.

PARADISE VS. POCKETBOOK . . .

(Continued from Page 7)

day Brunch with fondness. All you can eat for \$1.50. The outlay is tremendous, but it is not recommended that you go in until the end of the serving period if you are in the company of other cadets, since the spectacle of vast quantities of food disappearing as if into a vacuum cleaner causes the management some consternation and may result in limitations on certain items. Wait until 9 o'clock then descend upon the goodies and clean them out.

In the pursuit of happiness, you will run across an organization called "The Greeks." This is merely a fraternity of sorts composed of vacationing college students which is dedicated to making fun cheap for collegians. You will be happy to know that the cadet on leave is still considered in some places in the outside world to be a "vacationing college student." Being a member is greatly to your advantage, but even being the guest of a member is an excellent opportunity to swing cheaply. Ask people who live or have been in Hawaii, or check it out yourself at the Hofbrau House, not far from the International Market Place, which is the place most of the organizers hang out. Discounts on beer, clothes, surfboards, and meals, plus cruise-parties on a yacht around Diamond Head are a few of the services extended.

If you consider yourself a really hot surfer, besides being a tremendously courageous individual, you can join Fred Van Artsdalen, Rick Grigg, and other greats of bigwave riding on the swells of Waimea or Sunset, during the Christmas holidays. December frequently brings 20-foot sets to these and other beaches like Haleiwa and Makaha on the North shore. If, however, the thought of wiping out at speeds of up to 25 mph into beds of sharp coral with twenty tons of furious water pounding down on top of you discourages you, then join the other 99.9% of people who surf in Hawaii, wait until the summer, then get some excellent rides at Queen's Surf, in front of Diamond Head; Barber's Point Naval Air Station; and Ala Moana. Waikiki is not for the serious surfer; most of the time its easy swells are jammed with beginners and tourists, and you have a choice between turning and being killed or charging straight on and running someone down. If you cannot surf or have no board, and must learn or rent a board at Waikiki, go out in the early morning. Otherwise you take your life into your own hands. If you go out in the summer, and plan to do a lot of surfing, you can buy a board then sell it back at a twenty dollar loss, which is far better than renting the battered boards of Waikiki.

More popular than surfing, because it requires less equipment, and almost as much of an art, in Hawaiian waters, is body-surfing. At most, you need a swimfin or two; a fast swimmer needs nothing. Makapuu is the Mecca of body-surfing, with better waves and less risk than Newport Beach's notorious Wedge, or Hawaii's other body-surfing spot, Sandy Beach. Makapuu is best visited in the early morning or late afternoon. It is a cove formed by volcanic rock and creates 8-10 foot waves upon which you can show your stuff to the University of Hawaii summer coeds who jam the beach in the afternoon and weekends. Makapuu is on the southeastern corner of the island, on the Kalanianaole Highway. On the same highway, before Makapuu,

(Continued on Page 22)

DEPARTMENT OF EMERGENCY PLANNING UNITED STATES CORPS OF CADETS WEST POINT, NEW YORK 10996

(Effective until 12 September 1967 unless changed sooner)

MADD-1

ADMINISTRATIVE MEMORANDUM 3-23-68

NUMBER

GIANT ANT ATTACK: CONTINGENCY PLAN

1. GENERAL. This memorandum prescribes the procedure and instructions for all giant ant attacks.

2. INSTRUCTIONS.

a. Precautionary measures. In order to minimize the danger of such an attack, cadets are urged to:

1) sleep with windows closed;

2) keep sugar and boodle under lock and key; 3) use the 'buddy-system' if out of their rooms after Taps.

b. Actual attack. When a giant ant is spotted, the cadet making the observation should immediately if not sooner warn his division of the danger by shouting something appropriate, eg. 'Holy cow, a giant ant.' After this is accomplished, the cadet should call the Hostess Office, the Czar of Bldg. No. 720, the Weapons' Room and Central Guard Room. The Central Guard Room will then

initiate the 4 hour alarm over the PA system to insure that all cadets are awake to the danger. They will also try to convince the Officer-in-Charge. If he is convinced, they will try to calm him.

c. Specific duties.

1) Saber bearers. Saber bearers will form in the halls of their respective divisions. They will form in riot formation and run up and down the halls (or stairs) giving leadership advice to the underclasses, eg. 'Shut that window, stupid,' or 'Nine to the front, six to the rear; fight those ants, cheer, cheer, cheer."

 Decoy Squad. A decoy squad of Fourth Classmen, selected semi-annually by a vote of no confidence, will form in their CO's room. He will issue them each a cup of sugar. They will proceed en mass to designated areas (defined in Annex G-1) where they will attempt to get the giant ants' attention by throwing sugar at them and/or shouting, eg. 'Hey you, Mister Giant Ant, Sir!' They will take the ants to the gymnasium sweat room and shrink the ants so they may be stepped on by the chain of command.

3. ALL CLEAR. After the attack, the all clear will be given by the Old South Area BPs. All Rights will be secured on sugar in rooms. After action reports will be made by everyone and submitted to the Hostess Office in triplicate. Those surviving the decoy squad will be returned to Cadet Supply, Bldg. No. 720.

OFFICIAL:

R. C. GALAK TOAD Arty G-1 USCC

R. M. BROWN, 11 TOAD'S ROOMATE

ANNEXES:

A-Z

DISTRIBUTION: J (Internal only) plus

3000 ea Bldg. No. 720 (for re-issue purposes)

60 ea cdt room

27 ea BP

17 eq Hostess Office

17 ea Construction workers

13 ea Academic Dep't

1 ea OPE



Happiness is . . .

It is very difficult to convince a New Cadet during Beast Barracks that he still has the capability to relax and enjoy himself in spite of the constant demands on both his time and energies. Relaxation probably ranks pretty near the bottom of the Beast priority of works list. Even so, the POINTER did manage to interject a brief period of relaxation into the Class of 1971's rather tight NCB schedule, and the effort was well-received.



Things started off pretty dreary that hot August night. It looked like another forty-five minute, incredibly boring, totally annoying, immensely time-consuming lecture. To





make things even more unbearable, the South Auditorium air-conditioning wasn't even working. All indications pointed to one more grin-and-bear-it haze for the already suffering Class of '71. The introductory signs on the speaker's podium announced the lecture topic as the always stimulating class on the basic principals of the Uniform Code of Military Justice. That was exactly what it was, too, as Cadet Nick Dienes droned away in the most monotonous voice he could muster. By the time the explanatory training film began, most of the New Cadets were solidily in dreamland, and the few remaining ones were ready to join the majority, the dimming lights obviously too much of an invitation to overlook.

Just as the fantastically interesting segment on the punishment of malingerers flashed on the screen, Cadet Tom Kurkjian, Managing Editor of the POINTER, jumped to his feet and rushed onto the stage screaming for relief from the total boredom. Tom didn't have to do much convincing as most of the new Fourth Class hollered their collective approval (at least the ones who still showed traces of being conscious). With this vote of confidence,

(Continued on Page 11)



Charlie Brown. must you always take me so literally?



YOU'LL FLIP, CHARLIE BROWN

THE NEW **PEANUTS***

CARTOON BOOK!

by Charles M. Schulz

ONLY \$7 of your college

Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc.

HAPPINESS IS

(Continued from Page 10)

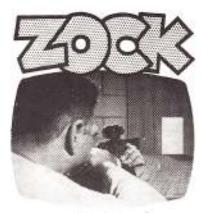
the 1967-1968 POINTER promotional lecture began in

The highlight of the evening was provided by the six visiting "assistant instructors", airline stewardesses from United Airlines. Betty, Beth, Kit, Vicki, Laurie, and Kitty showed the POINTER staff that United really is the "extra care airline." Three weeks before, some of the men on the POINTER editorial staff had visited the United offices in New York City in the hope that they could convince the airline to provide a few stewardesses to help in the yearly promotional effort. Remarkably enough, the editors succeeded as United was only too happy to help out.

So it was that what normally would have been another dull Beast lecture turned into a highly refreshing evening. The New Cadets all agreed that the six girls were more than a welcome change from the "man in the red sash" and the rest of his horrid detail. The stewardesses assisted Tom Kurkjian in explaining the various POINT-ER products as well as the magazine itself. Some of the girls helped the eager members of the audience in filling out the necessary subscription forms and also passed out sample copies of the magazine.

When the promotional pitch was finally finished the Class of '71 filed out of South Auditorium considerably more relaxed, and the POINTER staff, thanks to United Airlines and their cheerful representatives, ended an extremely enjoyable and profitable evening,





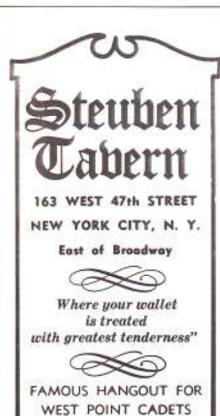
Despite fiendish torture dynamic BiC Duo writes first time, every time!

rac's rugged pair of stick pens wins again in unending war against ball-point skip, clog and smear. Despite horrible punishment by mad scientists, mc still writes first time, every time. And no wonder. sic's "Dyamite" Ball is the hardest metal. made, encased in a solid brass nose cone. Will not skip, clog or smear no matter what devilish abuse is devised for them by sadistic students. Get the dynamic campus store now.

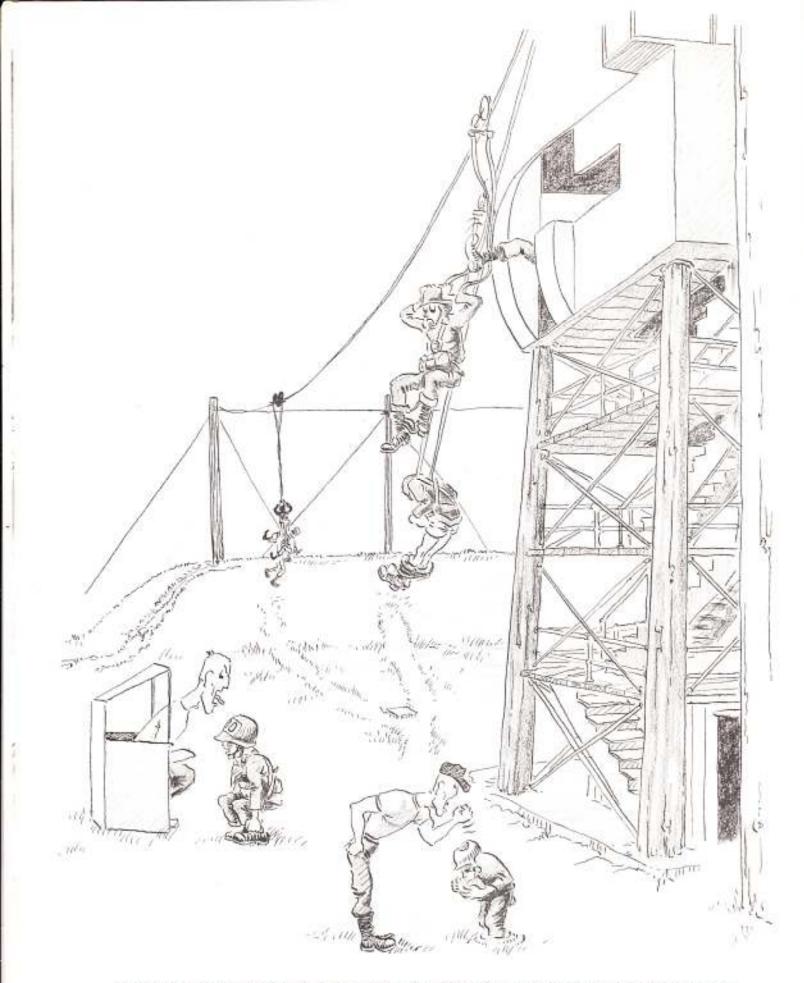
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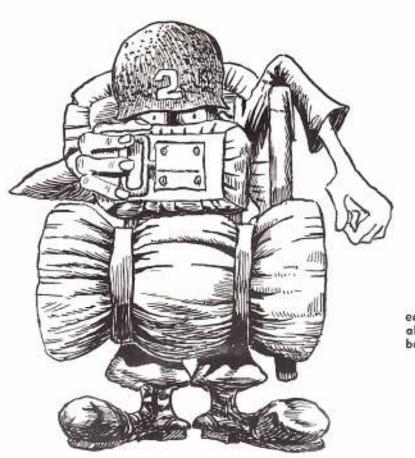
BIC Fine Point 250



AND THEIR DATES FOR THIRTY YEARS.



The 34 foot tower was full of laughs. Thing was, the only people laughing were the instructors.



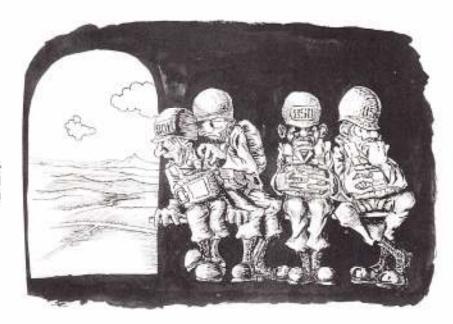
The troops really ate up that good old equipment jump. Everyone wanted to make all their jumps with all that keen G.I. combat gear. Yessir, good stuff!!

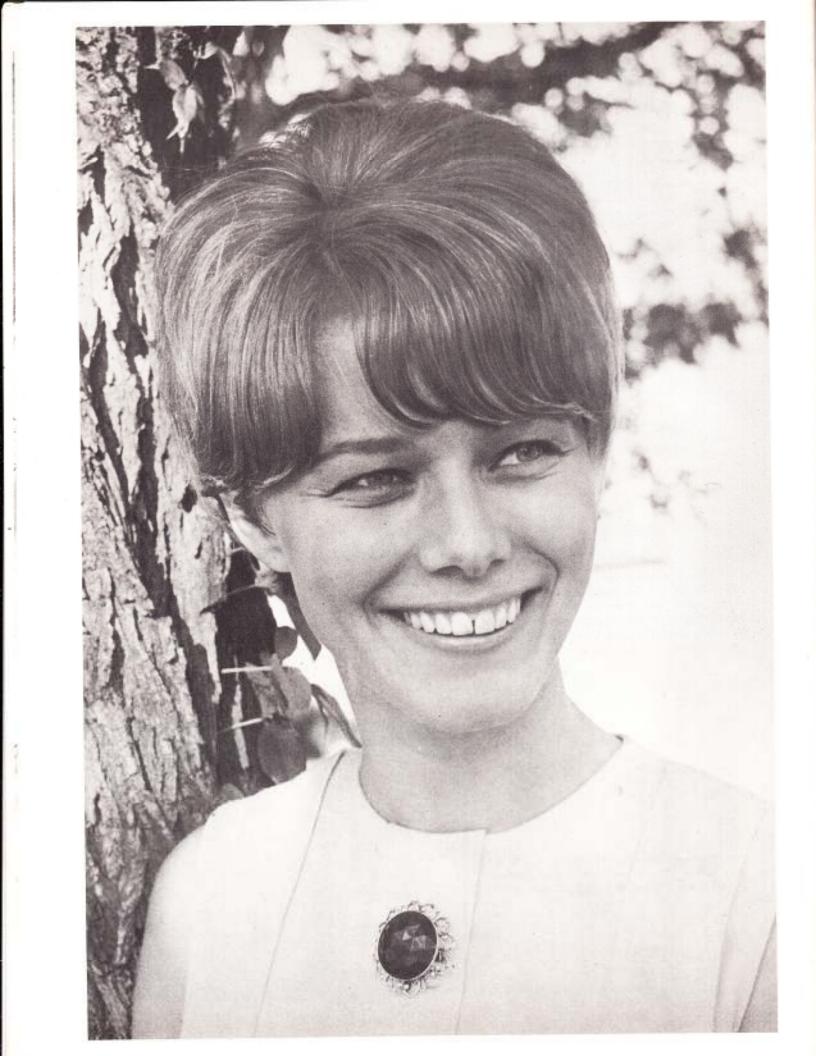
ALL THE WAY, SIR!!!

Came summertime '67 and we all went our separate ways. Some of us graduated, some went on AOT, Beast, or Buckner. And then we all took leave. The interesting thing about it was the way some of us spent our leaves—for example, there were those who, midst the sneers and cotcalls of our beach-bound buddies, took off for exotic Fort Benning for voluntary Airborne training.

We asked a couple of our very own POINTER airborne volunteers to sketch a couple of things about Jump School that stood out in their minds.

It's wild when they open the jump doors for the first time. That's not really the ground going by down there; it's just a great big color TV.



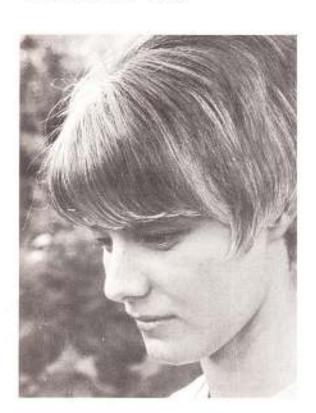




VICKI

Literally coming out of the clear blue sky, our September Pointer Miss descended on West Point for the first time in mid-August. A relative stranger to New York, Vicki Tullius comes to us from Chica, California; she is a stewardess for United Airlines.

What better way to start off any Foll than with a radiating smile and flashing blue eyes? Here's hoping that Vicki will return to West Point many times in the near future.







The following article is the first in a series of Combat Arms presentations. These are designed to be neither technical nor tactical discussions, but rather, historical portraits of the fighting branches of our Army. With this approach, THE POINTER wishes to tell the human side of an army's origins.



by John Shull

In a world of rapidly increasing mobility and highly sophisticated communications systems, the Armor Branch of any army plays an important military role. The beginnings of mounted combat trace back to the earliest civilizations. The history continues through the dawning of the American nation to emphasize the spirit and unity in this branch of the United States Army. With this point of interest in mind the story of Armor can be told.

The twelfth Century, B.C., saw perhaps the earliest innovations in mobile combat as the Chinese employed heavy leatherbound chariots to rout the enemy. Later the Assyrians and the Danes used similar horse-drawn devices.

Horses continued to provide the chief source of mobility during medieval times as in the Bohemian Wars of 1410-1420, with cannon wagons used. The Scots went a step further with their wooden cart that protected both the



horses and the crew from enemy projectiles. Artist and scientist Leonardo di Vinci and Philosopher Voltaire contributed ideas to the armored concept. Di Vinci's invention included a crankshaft affair for propelling the vehicle. The same incredible Italian drew up tactical plans that are strikingly similar to those used in Armored operations today.

Steam came into use in the nineteenth century to replace hoof power, but there were many predictable limitations. One French variety could not be steered at all but boasted for being able to overrun any obstacle. Water supply and pressure were additional problems that hindered and eventually deflated the development of a steam-driven tank.

Many times it has been said, and shown, that the Armor is a combined arms force. Along this vein it is understandable that Infantry and Artillery tactics and technology were being concurrently developed. In American heritage the Cavalry has contributed greatly to the Armor image with its mobility and tremendous fighting spirit. The bright cavalry Blue and Yellow flew on many guidons before

and after General Custer's "Gary Owen" stand at Little Big Horn. The Horse Troops lasted well into the Twentieth Century in their rowdy do-or-die-for-the-Cav fashion. The espirit remains very much alive today with the crossed sabers and handelbar moustaches of the Armored Cavalry.

World War I saw the first real strides in the field of tank development. Prior to this time antiquated power sources and practically useless ballistics eliminated the hope of an effective mobile armored machine. The gasoline engine was the biggest step toward any kind of combat movement. As the Great War became a vicious stalemate of trench warfare and frontal attack, philosophies were that it was necessary to find a means to breach the undisputed reign of the machinegun. An Englishman, Colonel Ernest Swinton, analyzed this difficulty and suggested an armored track vehicle to the committee of Imperial Defense, among whose members was Winston Churchhill.

The committee received the idea rather defensively, but experimentation gave the invention greater possibilities. Most of the work was done by the Royal Navy and a naval designer, Sir Tennyson d'Eyncoulrt, hence the nautical terminology on tanks today; hatch, hull, and deck. As the project was encouraged, soon production of the new machine began. Manufacture was accomplished in great secrecy; parts were manufactured at different factories. These individual parts were put in crates labeled "tanks" — destined supposedly for water supplies in the Near East and Russia. The surprise was kept well and achieved its shock effect at first use in September of 1916 at Somme, France,

The initial baptism of the armored vehicle in battle was only a marginal success, indicating that improvements could certainly be made. Mechanical failures and tactical inexperience were problems soon to be sufficiently overcome, however, to allow rapidly increasing use of the new iron monsters. January 26, 1917, saw the birth of the American Tank Corps. From that time, the battle of production was on. The Germans salvaged French models and began their own tank force. The Battle of Cambrai saw the Britons' first use of tanks en masse.

Three hundred seventy-eight tanks advanced on a sevenmile front, penetrating decisively into enemy territory and capturing 7500 prisoners and 120 guns. General Blackjack Pershing, commanding the American Expeditionary Force, begged for additional tanks. The Meuse-Argonne offensive witnessed support of the 304th Tank Brigade as U.S. Army machines were beginning to perform efficiently. By the war's end British, French, German and American tanks had seen 91 engagements.

In the first of two decades between the World Wars, Armor training and development in the United States was only so much soft talk. The year 1928, marked a change, however. Secretary of War Dwight Davis, upon seeing an English tank demonstration, decided that these mobile units could well be used by American forces in a greater role than that of support. The Cavalry was reorganized to include a mechanized force of "combat cars," very similar to the tanks employed by the Infantry. The First and Thirteenth Cavalry Regiments were sent to Ft. Knox, Kentucky, to form the Seventh Cavalry Brigade (Mechanized). The vehicles in this new unit were representative of the new concept initiated by Secretary Davis, They were fast and versatile, mounting caliber 50 and caliber 30 machineguns. These tracked machines were given a new independence from the Infantry; the mission became reconnaisance.

As war broke out in 1939 with the Reich's invasion of Poland, the Germans proved to be the American Army's greatest teachers in Armored tactics. The Nazi blitzkrieg swept the barren Polish countryside in 18 days. Germany's Western Campaign of 1940 owed its success to the innovation of armored corps and an entire armored army.



Terrain supposedly impassable was breached with facility and the Fuehrer found his men and tanks challenging the

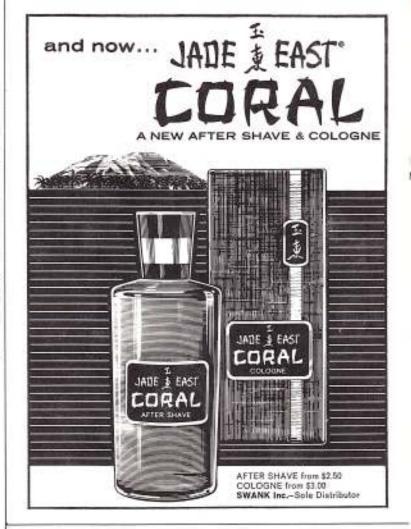
English Channel within a scant 11 days.

Perhaps this impolite Coup de main itimidated the American conscience; at any rate, it provoked action, The Armored Force was created by a War Department order in July of 1940. Soon the new Armor School at Ft. Knox began drawing rusty sabers and gathering good heads to direct the young armored divisions. General Adna R. Chaffee lent his stars to the business right away, emerging as Armored Force Commander.

American Armor's baptism took place in North Africa in late 1942, in such notable tank-to-tank téte-a-tétes as the battles of Kassering Pass and Sbiba Pass. Those particular skirmishes were conducted against Field Marshal Rommel, Germany's brilliant Armor leader. This sometimes painful experience in tactical operations and familiarity with Axis methods and machines led to a greater measure of success in the Sicily and Italy campaigns of 1943. The First and Second Armored Divisions were the primary mobile forces in those assaults, dispelling Nazi "Tiger" tanks effectively. In the early days of fighting up to the mountainous and muddy Italian penninsula, Armor was of limited use to the American dogfaces. The Allied spring offensive of 1944, penetrated the Anzio impasse, however, and use of tanks became effective once again. From there the iron animals crossed the Rubicon and headed north in close pursuit of a thoroughly shaken opponent. The Fifth Army, containing the First Armored Division, advanced as far as the Arno River before their counterparts began rolling onto French beaches on 6 June 1944.

That same D-Day witnessed action by the 741st, 743rd,

(Continued on Page 31)





Army Football - 1967

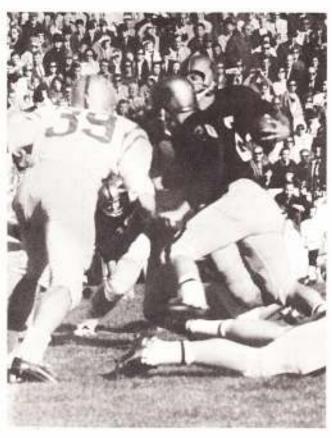
by Chris Cole with Jim Fouche

Coach Tom Cahill's 1967 Army football team, with nine offensive and seven defensive starters among his nineteen returning lettermen, has already been placed in the national spotlight by pre-season polls. Playboy, Life and Sports Illustrated have picked the Army team as number 20 in the nation while Street and Smith's Official Yearbook has predicted the team's finish in the ninth position above Michigan State. Army also received votes for a top ten finish in the Associated Press poll of writers and broadcasters. While flattered by these predictions, the Coach remains unawed and conservative in his talk of this year's team. His quiet conservatism seems to reflect a knowing confidence in a team that will take the field with its most experienced offense in years.

Led by junior quarterback Steve Lindell, last year's ECAC Sophomore of the Year, Army's offense will be basically the same as the wide open passing and running attack of 1966. His backup man is pin-point passer Jim O'Toole, also a junior, At this time soph Roger LeDoux holds the No. 2 job while O'Toole is recovering from a shoulder injury that is expected to ground him for about six weeks. The halfback slots are filled by two seniors, Carl Woessner and John Peduto, both two year lettermen. Pushing them for their jobs are sophs Lynn Moore, the leading 1966 plebe rusher, and Hank Andrejzak. The fullback will again be hard running junior Chuck Jarvis, last year's leading rusher on the varsity. Behind him is Jim Greenlee, an ex-150 lb player, who now weighs 200 pounds.

Split end is Terry Young, the leading receiver of 1966.



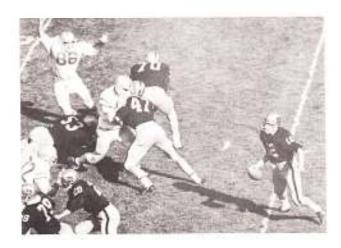


Opposite him 6' 5" Gary Steele will line up at tight end. Between them they caught 62 passes last year for 985 yards and 5 touchdowns. Offering depth at the ends will be senior Ed Larson, junior Gary Marshall, and sophomore John Fenili. The interior line is well stocked with senior letterman Keith Harrelson at left tackle and junior Bob Ivany at right tackle. Behind them crouch sophs Bill Jackson and Ted Shadid. Two seniors man the guard spots. John Nerdahl is a two-year letterman and Frank Nader is making his presence known after two years with the jayvees, Pushing for these same spots are second classman Gary Bogema and Mike Thoreson and third classman Steve Wesbrook, The post man is Don Roberts who owns two letters at that slot. This position is also strong with two backup men in junior Jim Blake and yearling Art Witte.

This year the defensive unit will be led by a "general", Bud Neswiacheny. Neswiacheny, the team captain, will be the rover back and as such may appear as an end, tackle or linebacker. The end spots are manned by senior Ollie Johnson and junior Tom Wheelock. Behind this pair are Hank Richmond, 2nd class, and Bill Price, 3rd class. Two lettermen are the tackles, senior Elwood Cobey and junior Steve Yarnell, Both are small but scrappy defenders who won their starting slots during the '66 campaign. Their seconds are Boh Gora, a senior letterman, and Casey Scull, a junior who missed last season with a knee injury. Senior letterman Pat Mente remains the center stone in the defensive wall at middle guard.

The linebacker positions are manned by experienced





veterans Jim Bevans, a regular last season now a senior, and Kenny Johnson, a junior who gained a starting berth when Townsend Clarke was injured last year. Ready to step in for them are two juniors, John Oristian, an exmiddle guard, and Jody Glore, an ex-fullback. The secondary consists of one representative from each of the upper classes. Senior Hank Toczylowski, the safety, leads this trio as the only member of the group from last year not claimed by graduation. The halfbacks are Jim McCall, a junior who saw limited action last year, and Tom Haller, a soph who led the plebe deep backs a year ago. Senior Tom Wantuck and juniors Pete Dencker and Rick Luecke figure to be the backup men in this department.

The specialists this year are led by Nick Kurilko, a senior who lettered as a punter his sophomore year. Junior Van Evans, a '66 all-League halfback on the 150 lb team, will return punts and kickoffs and see a lot of action in the left half slot on offense. Steve Lindell will again take care of the placements.

Helping Head Coach Tom Cahill assemble all this talent into a winning combination are associate coaches: Bill Meck, offensive coordinator; Dick Lyon, defensive coordinator; Bob Mishak, offensive line; John McCauley, defensive secondary; Jack Hecker, offensive ends; and Bill Parcells, defensive line.

This year Army promises to be an even more exciting team than the one which posted an 8-2 record last year. Passing will again play a major role in the offensive plan while the defense will remain the penetrating type, which has served so well in the past. The end result of this power, depth and experience should be a team which pleases and stirs Army fans and places the Cadets on top in the East.





CROSS-COUNTRY

Ordinarily, a team with a 22-1 record for the previous two seasons and the loss of its two top men would be expecting a bleak future. However, the 1967 Army Cross-Country team can be expected to overcome their loss and have another excellent season.

This year's team, captained by Paul DeCoursey, started practicing during Reorganization Week and has progressed slowly but regularly in order to be ready for the forth-coming season. Paul, the current course record holder and 1965 Heptagonal champ, was elected to the captaincy last season even though he is unable to compete because of a heart murmur. In addition to his captaincy duties, Paul is coaching the freshman team, from which great things are expected in the future.

Coach Carleton Crowell, with a 70-29 record for 14 seasons, has high expectations for the forthcoming season. For the first time in several seasons, he is fielding a team which depends greatly on a senior nucleus. This nucleus—the foursome of Jon Nolan, Greg Camp, Mark Spelman, and Bob McDonald—has been running competitively for the last two seasons, and has been instrumental in the

success of those seasons.

With high expectations for the foursome, Coach Crowell is looking to them for both the physical and mental leadership needed by good teams. He can do so easily because of the excellent personal records they have established in the past two years. Nolan, hindered by the English Dept. in the 1965 cross country season, has since run a 4:12 mile, 1:51 half mile, and a 1:11.5 600 yd dash, in addition to his fine times on the cross country course of last fall, Camp, the indoor track captain and holder of the 1000 yd and the 1/2 mile academy records, was the number one runner after Jim Warner, last year's captain, and DeCoursey were hurt last season. Spelman, a good student and a Manhattan College Alumnus, in addition to his 9:30 or better 2-mile time is best known for his durability. The fourth member, McDonald, is best remembered for his stirring mile victory during the Army-Navy indoor track meet and his 8:53.2-mile time. With such fine times, these men can be looked to for the required leadership.

In addition to these lettermen, Dave Hill, Jim Lucas, and Dennis Tighe, all cows, also return wearing Army

A's. Naturally the sophmores are looked to for increased depth, and the early outlook is brightened by runners, Jim Kee, and Mark Sebastian.

The pre-season training has been slightly easier than during the previous seasons because of injuries to several key members of the team and to the usual blister problems. Coach Crowell was fairly satisfied with the shape of the lettermen returning from summer leave. He was also impressed by the shape the sophs were in when they returned from Camp Buckner.

Pursuing the team's maxim "Severe to self", several members of the team have volunteered to rise early each morning in order to run for a half hour before Reveille. These men also do the regular workout at Howze Field each afternoon. Crowell feels that the team will be rounding into regular season form in another three weeks.

The season will be fairly tough and thus a good test of the Army Harriers. The first meet was Sept. 22 against Fairleigh-Dickinson and LeMoyne. The highlight of the dual meets will be New York University at Howze Field.

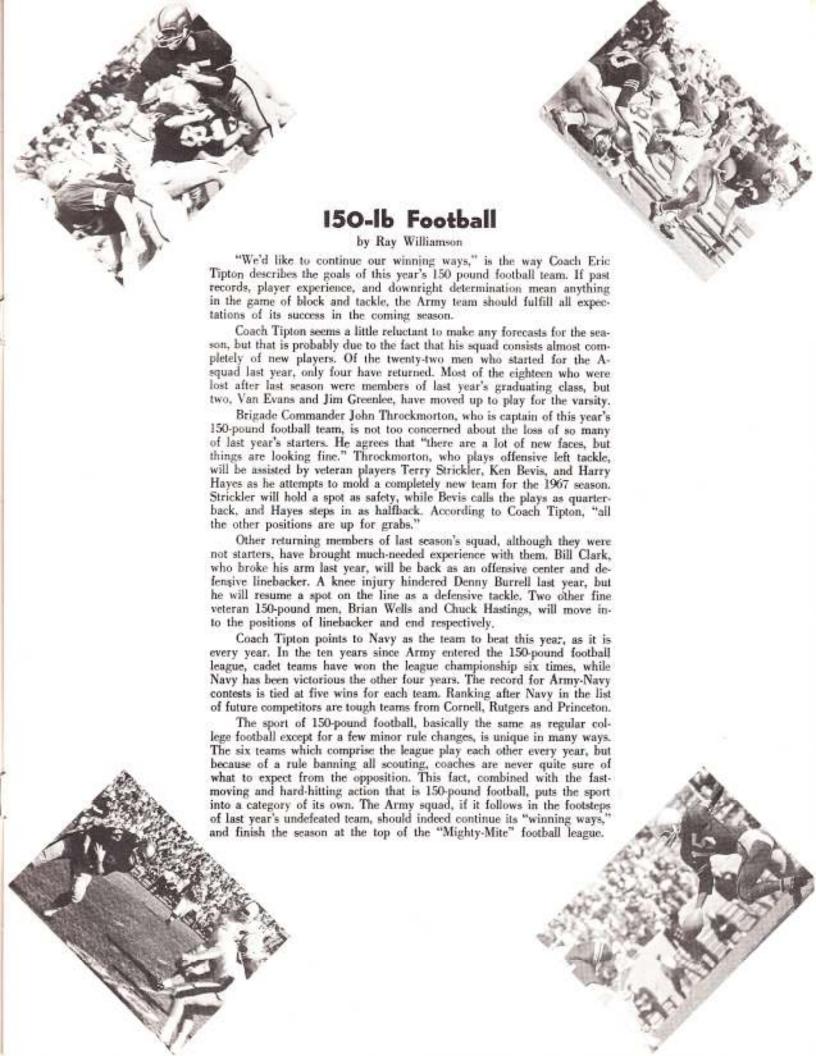
NYU has three outstanding Juniors in Dick Selmon, and Wieniewski. In addition to the traditional Navy rivalry, Harvard will present a strong challange at the Heptagonal meet with two returning stars and two outstanding sophomores. Undoubtedly the toughest team Army will face will be Villanova at the IC4A meet, Villanova, with its top five men returning, is the defending NCAA champ.

The course will be approximately 5½ miles long. The USMA course is ½ mile longer than most college courses and also much hillier. A cross country course is usually laid out on a golf course while the West Point course starts at Howze field and continues on the upper parking lots. The scoring is a bit different, Each man is awarded the number of points for the position in which he finishes. Then the first five men's points are added and the team with the low score wins.

Though cross country is an individualistic sport which contains personal satisfaction rather than popular acclamation, the runners appreciate the presence of the Corps at their meets, Let's all be at their meets and show them how we appreciate their hard work and their winning ways.









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(Continued from Page 8)

are Sandy Beach and Hanauma Bay. Sandy Beach, as mentioned, is another place to body surf, and Hanauma Bay provides the most beautiful skindiving on the island.

If natural beauty is what you crave, Waimea Falls, Laie, a climb up Mount Olomana with a "friend" are recommended. The area around Laie is what the old Hawaii must have been like, with lagoons, swaying palms, etc. Climbing Olomana, a mountain in the green bowl of the Kailua Valley, is like climbing into another world. There is a trail up the spine of the mountain which you can hunt for if you have the time or ask any child in the houses near the foot of the hill to show you. Another opportunity for seeing the sights may be had by signing up at the R & R center for a cheap flight to the big island of Hawaii.

Thus far the opposite sex has been largely ignored. It is felt that this is an area best left to the individual cadet's initiative and taste. However, certain observations may prove helpful.

To begin with, do not expect to find a gorgeous Polynesian beauty on Waikiki. There are precious few pure Polynesian girls left, let alone good-looking ones, and those work either for Hawaii's public relations programs or at a place like Duke Kahanamoku's, and are not to be found on the beach. However, the various races have intermarried to produce some lovely crossbreeds. These, too, are not apt to be found in number on Waikiki, but in the sparsely populated North Shore. If your taste runs to the Oriental, they are found mostly in Ala Moana Park. Caucasian girls on the beach are either service brats who come to Fort DeRussy, students on vacation, coeds from U. of H., or working girls on off hours. The service brats are generally youngish, unimpressed, and attached. The others are unpredictable. A tourist girl will go out of her way to try to be picked up in the exotic International Market Place, then practically spit on you when you try. Or you can walk up to a table, sit down next to a girl, smile and introduce yourself and perhaps be set up for as long as you want. There are no ironclad rules; but there are a lot of girls.

Getting back from Hawaii is largely a reverse process of getting out, with traffic just as heavy at the MAC terminal at Hickam as it is at Travis. Like everything else, you have a choice as to how you want to get back. Like everything else, the limitations must be taken into account. Hawaii is a tonic for shattered nerves, tired body, dry soul, or even athlete's foot if that's what ails you. You can get as much out of a trip there as you want, within the limitations. The limitations of leave time and money are fixed, but what to do with them are not, and in this the POINTER has done what it could to loosen the bonds. The only other limitation is your imagination.

是問題的問題

of commentary for the united states corps of cadets . west point, new york



LET US HAVE FAITH THAT RIGHT MAKES MIGHT; AND IN THAT FAITH, LET US,...

MAJOR MARTIN

TO THE END, DARE TO DO OUR DUTY AS WE UNDER STAND IT. - LINCOLN

IN THIS ISSUE -

why MANDATE? ~ sing out yale! ~ the plebe system revisited ~

ma soldier's requiemm

september 1967

-report from Baigs av .

vol. 1 na. 2

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Painter/MANDATE Company D-3 U. S. Military Academy West Point, N. Y.

Sir

Let's have more articles like the one on "Sing Out '66" in Mandate-articles that present two sides of a controversial question that has relevance to members of The Corps.

A. S.

TO THE EDITOR:

Although it is expected of a West Pointer that he will be patriotic, too often this virtue is neglected by tomorrow's leaders. How often do we listen to some fellow cadet babbling during retreat? It seems to me our windy friends could certainly find a more appropriate time to talk than during one of the rare moments set aside to respect the flag that represents our country. It is unfortunate that this letter will be read only by those to whom it does not apply. If anyone can present valid reasons why we should not pay two minutes a day to our country. I invite their comments.

Robert King

ANY TAKERS? ANYONE FEEL THEY CAN EXPLAIN EXACTLY WHY WE SHOULD?

ARMY GAMES

635 A.M.

Radio Kdet

SENSATIONAL SOUNDS

MANDATE is published in conjunction with the Pointer. It does not represent the views of any agency of the U. S. Government. The content is the responsibility of the editor.

> Dan Derby Editor, MANDATE

Dan Lennon Corps Editor Terry Bocon World Editor Tom Kiehne Man. Sec.

Greg Foster Military Affairs

Stoney Hollis Feature Editor

EDITOR'S PAGE



Our Editor

MANDATE: WHY?

1. To provide a broad collegiate education. . .

They (cadets) should have a background of general knowledge similar to that possessed by the graduates of our leading universities. They must have a firm grasp of the particular role of a military establishment within the framework of our government and in a democratic society.

They must be aware of the major problems of the nation which they are dedicated to serve, and understand the relationship between military prepardness and all the other elements which are also part of the fabric of real national security*. . .

Essential to this objective is keeping the Corps informed and preparing it to exchange ideas with contemporaries of all backgrounds and maintaining the relationships with these contemporaries which will make such exchange possible.

Hence The Pointer Mandate seeks:

To inform the Corps

. . . about on-post events, decisions and situations.

. . . about the views and concerns of their contemporaries in colleges across the country and around the world.

To inform all of America

. . . about the Academy, so that they may understand it and appreciate it.

. . . about cadet views on their own lives and on the values, activities, and opinions of others.

To give the Corps an identity in the eyes of America and in their own minds.

* James Forrestal, Secretary of Defense—in Memorandum for the Chairman of the Service Academy Board, 14 March, 1949.

The Pointer Mandate will report events of interest which it is better suited to cover than any other news publication. Emphasis will be given to information concerning occurring or prospective changes in the status quo of the Academy.

Mandate will present opinions of a dignified and respectful nature when presented in a Letter to the Editor. It will present opinionated individual works on controversial topics and encourage dialogue on such topics.

It will actively solicit free-lance contributions of any and all material with informational or opinionated nature. This includes essays, cartoons, satire, and selections from other publications.

The Pointer Mandate is a form for thought. The next issue or two will appear as the last eight pages of The Pointer. After that, an effort will be made, under Pointer supervision, for Mandate to appear with greater frequency.

DANIEL H. DERBY Editor, MANDATE Getting Re-armed, Morally

Say It Ain't So

Say It Ain't So

Say It Ain't So The pocal ploy of the by the account of sappy ballads.

The strong of the by the by the by the ballads.

The pocal ploy of the by the ballads.

Patry in the ballads of the ballads.

The pocal ploy by the ballads. Murally Re-Armed charmed the ballads.
With the original pasted and pasted smiles.
With starched hastels and pasted smiles. with the original warful of sappy ballads.

In storched plasters and end cooked in an interested yelled audience to shape up they warful the audience to shape up they warful the audience to shape up. Spice and everyth Denote Morel Sugar, Spice and everyoung size moral
were the youths in the certified solvation
were the winders a lectrified solvation were the youths in UP With People, Moral were the youths in UP With People Salvation Priday

Re-armament is a lectrified Hall Priday

Re-army that invaded Woodsey Hall Priday

night night were all on the 80. Like they said, They were country great, moral re-arms-making this equipped with moral re-armsmaking this country great. Like they salut.

"America equipped with moral re-service

"Americal secure freedom for the entre "America equipped with moral re-arma".

Men will secure freedom going to equip M will secure freedom for the entire to equip to equip to equip to the kind of kids who lived for there's the kind of kids who lived to there's.

to being the seem of the funny thing is that they were for real.

are on the go but not one could politics. say where they were going. Tha spells fanaticism.

pealing. The absurd tunes and in-

CERTAINLY, MORAL rearmament cannot be called a right -wing front, but the hopelessly outdated concept of crusad- maybe the MRA is just another ing America that Up With People laundry detergent ad. Paul Reconjures must be attractive to John Birchers and other assorted fascists. And it's just this reali- fied the rebels to meet the Redzation that made it upsetting to see coats, and Sam marching to the 170 morally re-armed on the Woolsey Hall stage.

show the dangerous emptiness of world. But they still haven't proven the words was frightening. Horror led the viewer to fantastic conclusions; that the whole organi- plained during the show that they zation was a neo-Nazi training propagate and dominate the world; we should "open up our hearts that making love to one of those and ears" to discover the divine cherubic girls would be like sleep- message. But, although they im-

were perhaps misdirected and be- opening their eyes. Does that mean sides, who's to judge? Anyhow, it they're blind? Or that they're just couldn't happen here.

THE MRA SINGERS were also quite enlightened about improving human leadership. Before they mentioned that MRA was a "God-led plan" which could provide for "incorruptible leadership," they sang "You Can't Live Crooked and Think Straight." It was an extended ditty about the woes of drunkenness and vice, in which they suggested that if only LBJ got on the wagon, America would just for a little while it's ap- be fine.

Military difficulties were also given credibly pretty faces and sincere, a MRA prescription for perfection, After clear blue eyes—all that can be a goog about the US "marching for nice thing at first. right, 'til the day of victory" in Victory that the trouble is that there is nam, they offered their solution to the nothing behind the eyes. The kids basic American problem in international

BUT IN A LARGER SENSE. vere and Uncle Sam become the "White Knight," Paul having partsterilize the world. Maybe they're right; maybe a little gush of By the end of the three-hour "heart power" can cleanse the that they are "stronger than dirt."

The Re-Armed drummer exwere waiting for the "spark of camp; that these people would God to light up the world," and that ing with a slice of apple pie, plied the world was now dark, they, But the horror passed. The kids didn't mention the importance of too enraptured to look around?

THE RESULT: Peaches and cream. White teeth and cherry cheeks. A decent shake for everybody. A fair day's work for a fair day's wage.

card).

DIALOGUE Sing : Yale

"It couldn't happen," says Daily News

In spring and again in fall of 1966 West Point was privileged to host "Sing Out '66", a musical revue with a patriotic theme. A product of the 1965 Mackinac youth conference, the goal of this dedicated troupe of performers is "moral rearmament of the world"—their means: the sing-out, a musical presentation designed to "debunk the myth of a soft, indulgent, arrogant America and show the world that we care about tomorrow." (1)

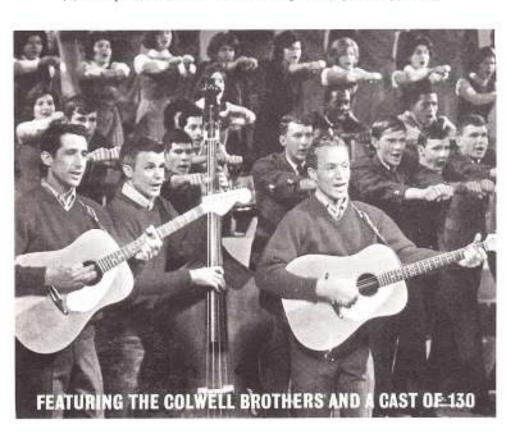
The project was undertaken to counteract "the image of American youth being created by beatniks, draft-card burners, campus rioters and protest marchers." The New York World's Fair, Hollywood Bowl, Japan and West Germany are only a few of the places to which they have brought the message "of what we're for." A television performance and an LP mark the scope of their activity.

Perhaps the best measure of its success is the wake of sing outs it has left behind it—"Sing Out San Juan" and "Let's Go '67" in Puerto Rico and Japan and others in Venezuela, Taiwan and Korea. In the words of former President Eisenhower:

> The loyalty, patriotism, understanding and enthusiasm of these young men and women are bringing new and needed inspiration to our country and to the world.

As at West Point, Waseda University (Japan) and other colleges across the world, the Moral Re-Armament singers were received with great enthusiasm at Yale University. The Yale Daily News, however viewed the presentation critically:

(1) All quotes taken from "Reader's Digest", May 1967, pp 50-53.



Swingline Patty Rorschachs

Test yourself... What do you see in the ink blots?



1] A cockfight? A moth? A moth-eaten cockfight?



[2] Giraffes in high foliage? Scooters in a head-on collision? TOT Staplers? (TOT Staplers!? What in...)

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ANSWERS: I. If you see a cockfight: you're aggressive. A moth, you're regressive. A moth, you're regressive to cockfight: Boy, are you eshiest adversaires. Sconters colliding: you com't adversive. Sconters colliding: you com't adversive. TOT slupices: you can't adversive.



Martin, Edwin W., Jr.

Martin, Edwin W., Ir., Major, 073777, HOR Salina, Kans., son of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin W. Martin, 8333 East Holly St., Scottsdale, Arizona, listed as Missing in Action on 23 June 67 — "Last seen entering a cave know to have VC inside". Later (4 July) listed as Killed as a result of hostile action. "Died as a result of gunshot wounds to the right neck and shoulder." Asgmt was HHC 1st Cav Div.

. . . the wicked devoureth the man that is more just than himself. (Habacuc, 1813)

He taught plebe English here. I knew him for only a few weeks, but that was long enough.

I remember him, with his arm in an OD sling, his misty eyes, his high checkbones exaggerating the contours of his face. His lanky frame gave testimony to the power of his body even as his eyes testified to the strength of his convictions.

He broke his arm scaling the walls of Fort Putnam. He loved climbing, rappelling, and morning runs on Flirtation walk.

And he loved discussions. He would go to great lengths to prime a discussion, but no one could feel compelled to argue with him. Even such outright heresay as "There is no such thing as the Thayer System," would go unchallenged because there was really never any way to attack it.

How could you argue with someone who never got the least upset at your attacks nor very harsh in his counterattacks?

He was a mild man—but he never really lost an argument either. His beliefs were deep and well-thought out so that they required no violent defense—they just stood.

For example—why wasn't a man his age married? "I never met the girl I'd marry who'd marry me."

I understand he might have changed that, but his upcoming Viet-Nam tour made him decide to postpone the engagement.

He was forever having cadets over to his apartment to talk with various visitors—to hear SGM. Dobol's war stories or discuss academic policy with Major Schober. On one visit he made a special point of it to show me the view from the BOQ rooftop where he watched sunsets.

I will never forget the last class he taught here. He had run overtime, as usual, and was allowing the section to leave the dim room at will while he crouched beside the overhead projector which showed the Impossible Dream on the front board, reciting the words as an LP played it "To be willing to march into hell for a heavenly cause." Everyone was moved, but everyone filed slowly out anyway.

I thought I'd never see him again, but his broken arm delayed his assignment change and he was at yearling squad tactics.

He was a lane grader and, in order to fit in with us while we conducted the attack he was black-faced, and wore fatigues, and was our ammo-bearer. And when he was "hit" we simply took the ammo case and left him. Tactically correct, yet deeply symbolic.

That was the last I saw of him, But the memories remain. Without preaching, without gaining the reins of power to implement his ways he left a mark on the Academy few men leave. His faith and his sincerity were powerful enough to amplify his example and reach many with his simple message of faith in every man.

When he got a theme that was obviously written at the last minute, he couldn't grade it with harshness. "Either the pressure on this plebe kept him from finding the time," he would say "Or I didn't motivate him enough to make him do better." So great was his faith.

A few days ago a yearling in from Camp Buckner asked me if I was going to the funeral.

I wasn't surprised to hear how he had died. He died as he had lived.

He was a psychological warfare officer with the 1st Cavalry in Viet-Nam. The company he was with had trapped a number of Viet Cong and sympathizers in a tunnel system. The company commander would have used an incendiary after they refused to come out, but Maj. Martin had his interpreter announce that he was coming in unarmed.

I am told that it is unlikely he will receive any significant posthumous decoration—commanders don't understand such things. There most sympathetic word for him is "idealist."

"Woody" Martin did live in an ideal world detached from reality. He lived in a cruelly real world but did so in an ideal manner, He faced the world squarely and it "know him not." His example is a lesson as great as any to be found in the words or deeds of the great men honored at West Point with statues or buildings.

Here was a man who loved life—his own and others' A man who believed in himself and in every man; A man who lived what he believed And died for it.

Edwin Woods Martin, Major, USA

INSIDE THE CORPS



The Plebe System Revisited

It is an accepted opinion that the young man entering the Academy today is more mature and more aware of what is going on around him, at this age, than any generation before. My father's generation, for example, was undoubtedly less informed and probably somewhat more naive between the ages of 18 and 22 than are the college age men of today, if for no other reason than that change has accompanied time, and certain problems are dealt with more openly today than they were at that time. Whereas the young man of twenty years ago may have spent the greater part of his young life relatively unaware of the happenings in the world around him, the majority of the populace today is kept well-informed through improved news media and a more mature approach of dealing with young individuals.

The purpose of dealing with Fourth Classmen should not be to carry out a program of pointless harassment, but rather to provide these men with the type of leadership from which they can form their concepts of good leadership. After all, these men are not here for the purpose of seeing how much punishment they can take. They are being prepared for officership in our regular army and consequently should be conditioned accordingly. The harassment techniques which once were thought necessary to toughen the individual mentally, have become outdated. When a young man comes to West Point today, he is well aware of what lies ahead; he knows that much will be required of him, and that others will be depending on him in the near future. Thus, having prepared himself to be led and to be taught how to lead, the new cadet is often repulsed when he finds that he is being degraded and forced to suffer pointless ignominies. As a result, all too often a rebellious attitude is formed.

Tradition has become so dominant that it greatly overshadows the true purpose of the Fourth Class system —
that of supporting the mission of the Military Academy by developing a strong concept of duty and also by developing a sense of responsibility and self-discipline. I have heard too many cadets, and even officers say: "Well, we
certainly weren't allowed to do that when we were Plebes. Why should they be permitted to do it?" Consequently,
the system loses sight of the practical aspect and resorts instead to a sort of cat-and-mouse game between the
Fourth Class and the upperclasses. Such duties as learning old fight songs and cheers or the number of lights in a
certain building hold little practical value. On the other hand, much pertinent knowledge which could be utilized later
on to great advantage by an officer, is largely ignored.

In summary, this is not a call for an easing up in the training of Fourth Classmen at the Military Academy; on the contrary, perhaps even an acceleration of the regimentation should be advocated, but it must be done in a manner which will bring maximum efficiency from the finished product.

This article is a selection from the Collegiate Press Service series by Bob Moffet, former editor of the Yale Daily News and CPS correspondent to Vietnam. CPS is a service of the U. S. Student Press Association and this article is a sample of the sort of material which is available to the American college community.

"You will need to understand the importance of military power—and also the limits of military power to decide what arms should be used to fight and when they should be used to prevent a fight-to determine what represents our vital interests and what interests are only marginal. Above all, you will have a responsibility to deter war as well as to fight it." . . . President John F. Kennedy in an address to the Graduating Class, U. S. Military Academy, West Point, N. Y., June 1962.

Report from Vietnam

By Howard Moffett The Collegiate Press Service

SAIGON (CPS) - Saigon is a jaded city. There are no innocents here, not even little kids. Everything happens in the streets, and a ten-year-old Vietnamese girl is likely to know more about the ways adults behave in the dark or under stress than a twenty-year-old American college boy.

Layers of dust give busy streets the same dull yellow look as the stucco walls around the French villas and

For lack of private toilet facilities, many urinate or defecate in alleys and streets. A year ago piles of garbage lay rotting on Saigon's main boulevards, and even now in some places the trucks can't cart it away fast enough.

On Tu Do (Freedom) Street, once a fashionable office and shopping district, scores of bars now cater to American GI's. The dull, inevitable pump of Nancy Sinatra or the Beatles lasts from three in the afternoon to eleven at night, when military police move through to hustle lingerers home before curfew.

Inside, a young air cavalryman down from An Khe tells a sad-looking girl the same war story he told another girl last night, and he wishes he were telling it to the girl back home. For her part, the bar girl tells him in her broken English about her divided family — maybe the same story she told last night, maybe not — and wonders if he will take her home. She made more money last week than her father did last year. Prices are higher now.

Outside, teen-age boys peddle pornography and young men with motor scooters and old men with pedicabs offer a ride home, and a "nice young girl - cheap."

Students dodging the draft buy forged credentials, and money changers — who often turn out to be slight of hand artists or secret police agents — promise double the official rate for greenbacks.

The refugees and the poor live in their alleys on the perimeter of the middle-class city. These thoroughfares, some of them all of three feet wide, wind in interminable mazes wherever there is ground to build a house.

Despite the weariness, the closeness and the heat, Saigon's culture has a spontaneity that twenty years of war has not stamped out.

Delta hospitality is famous throughout Southeast Asia; any guest is given the best in the house.

Night life is tinny, but those who frequent the city's clubs give it a pulsing rhythm of its own. Any soldier lives close to the surface, and the Vietnamese infantryman tends to be more fatalistic than most. A terrorist grenade or a drunken officer's pistol shot could end it any time. Private dance parties require a permit, but many young hosts and hostesses take their chances and often wind up with the police as uninvited guests.

French influence is still evident everywhere. Those city boys who have managed to avoid the draft often affect

French styles in dress, haircuts, and speech.

Well-stocked French bookstores bear testimony to a large class of people who continue to enjoy European literature for its own sake. At this moment, controversy rages over whether to permit the French to maintain their prestigious lycees, and whether or not to substitute Vietnamese — or English — for French as the language of instruction in the universities.

The performing arts have been hit hard by the war, but every week or so a concert or recital is announced, and Vietnamese plays draw large audiences.

Buddhist activity has waned considerably since Prime Minister Ky's successful crackdown on the Struggle Movement in Hue last spring. Still, the pagodas are filled with saffron-clad monks trying to patch up or widen further the rift in the Buddhist Unified Church. Buddhist and Confucian funerals periodically fill the streets with color.

The newspapers are still subject to government censorship, but political discussions in restaurants and cafes are often heated and free. Unlike the last days under Diem, students now do not hestitate to criticize the regime, and charges of corruption and/or incompetence are regularly if quietly flung at some of the Directory's leading generals.

But political discussions, even those involving the new Constituent Assembly, inevitably smack of resignation. South Vietnam is at war against itself, Saigon is under siege, and even the most hopeful know that as long as this goes on, and maybe longer, the generals will wield effective power.

ARMOR . .

(Continued from Page 17)

and 70th Tank Battalions in the first onslaughts on Omaha and Utah Beaches. The 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th Armored Divisions had French soil under their tracks before that day of days ended. From the coast those units provided support in the early months of the advance as new Armor groups were being amassed as fast as possible. Despite problems with the obstructive hedgerows, the tanks managed to give appreciable fire support.

Operation Cobra began for Armor on 24 July, 1944, as tanks broke through the German concentration at St. Lo to free the beachheads and begin an advance that covered 400 miles in a bare month and found the panting men and machines tickling Germany's border and backbone on 12 September. The fleeing enemy armor force offered only one sustained aggressive stand in this period of Allied breakthrough. This historic battle, the Battle of the Bulge, was the Reich's last-ditch, (for-God-and-the-Fuerher fight) and for a time it was a warm contest. At Martain, France, from 7 to 10 August, the Nazis massed four panzer divisions to relieve Sherman's march to the sea. The powerful panzers took Martains and ground three miles beyond it in four days, before the 3rd Armored Division repuised the attack and recaptured the lost ground. From that time



on Allied victory became only a matter of time, as Armor established her superiority in independent anti-tank operations.

The War of Frustration in the 1950's — the Korean Conflict — began on 25 June 1950, curiously without Armor at all. Tanks normally organic to the Infantry Units in that area were not available and those that were read "obsolete" on their M-24 hulls. This deficiency was felt at first to be nothing traumatic, for the rocky terrain of Korea was deemed impenetrable by tracked vehicles. This miscalculation was a lot of bitter erow to swallow as 31 T-34 Russian made tanks overran the U. S. Task Force Smith on 5 July 1950. Makeshift units were amalgamated immediately to establish a small armored force capable of holding the North Korean Communists on the Naktong River line. More tanks arrived to launch the Inchon offensive in September 1950, as American forces pushed inland to reclaim Seoul. From that point, Armor gave land and took it as tactics and politics dictated until the shaky armistice came about and the war ended.

Armor since the Korean War has seen many changes. Communications, ballistics, organization, tactics — all these things are assuming new concepts and involving new operations. In Vietnam we are using Armor techniques and machines on terrain which allows fifty-two tons of mobile steel. Anywhere that the United States has found herself in an uncompromising situation, Armor in idea, if not in terms of tracks, has been present. The future of the tank may be questionable as methods change, but the future of Armor with its combined arms concept is assured.



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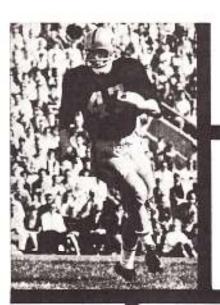
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Pyrene . . .

one for the money . . . two for the show . . . three to get ready . . . and four to excel . . . welcome back to west point everybody in gray . . . be it ever so humble there is no place like it . . . thank god for small favors . . , many new things this year . . . the fourth regiment is now strict comma tough comma military coma and proud comma sir . . . sic transit glaria mundi . . . due to some clever move by the academic department which i still do not quite understand it is now possible to have a mole day four times a week . . . truly the gods do play with loaded dice . . . the athletic sergeant informed me that my request for per diem for time spent running down to cavalry plain with intramural football is causing much laughter in ope . . . they know what to do about it but are not sure how to word

it . . . there is a disturbing rumor going around that the number of first class duty officers is being raised to twenty per company . . . that will be the signal for the revolution . . . i have already built a guillatine and am now trying to learn how to knit . . . at least the first class can relax now that we are on top . . . polite laughter . . . my roommate is a first screeast and now whimpers softly and foams at the mouth everytime someone comes in the room with distribution . . . i really envy good old alexander . . . he only had to study philip . . . spent last night sneering at my closed art book . . . this morning it sneered at me . . . fall edition of big rabble working muchly . . . soccer looks so good they scared off the irish hyphen americans . . . navy take note and fear . . . football out for vengeance . . . also blood . . . glad I am on the same side . . .

9.4.



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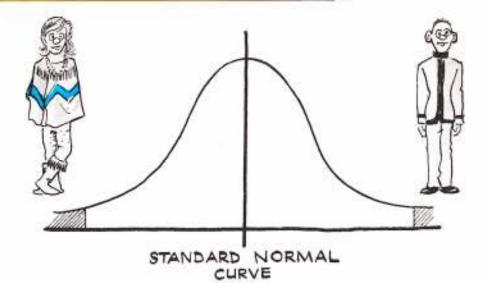
This month, **The Pointer** leads off with a comparison of two all-too-familiar extremes, **The Hippies and Us.**

In the fiction department we have **Warslov** again, the morbid **Brother Abe**, a curious obituary entitled **Dr. Mangle** and a familiar scene; **The night I put the Room in Mental PMI**.

Take your pick of the Homecoming Queen and then move anto the regular features, the Pic of the Month, Above and Beyond, Combat Arms, Sports, and of course, Pyrene.

Happy Halloween!





by Don Stevenson

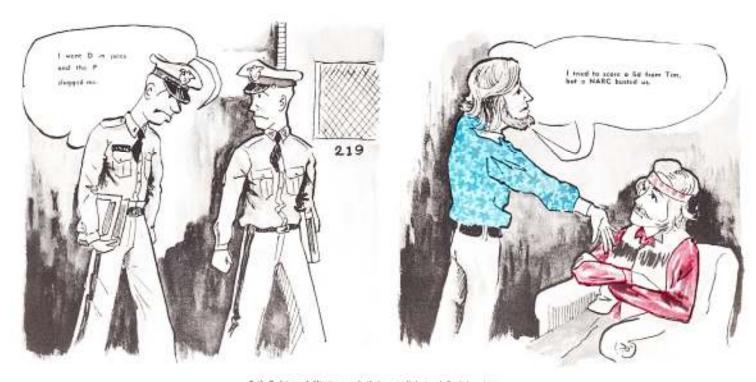
At first appearance, it would seem that Hippies and Codets are natural enemies, since each group generally stands for the extremes of the doctrines of Liberalism and Conservatism. But a deeper look might show that we Codets really have more in common than not with our off-beat contemporaries. Most who are acquainted with both will agree that the (types of) lives each group leads deviates markedly from that of the normal college Joe.

The HIPPITS & US

Don Stevenson & Steve Anthony



Beginning with personal appearance, though Cadets are generally cleaner than Hippies, both wear distinctive uniforms complete with trinkets and medals, which make the wearer stand out conspicuously. Hair is also similar, in that it attracts attention, by its noted absence in the one case and its flowing abundance in the other.



Both Cadats and Hippies speak their see disloces of English, which are soldon understood by avalage Americans. (Can you imagine your girl varing "Good Boodlo")



Being so separated from "Normal Life", both Hippins and Cadots require means of "Escaping" from their insecure feelings of isolation. Possibly is common to both gross smaking & boson buy bursawing.

The Pointer



Some of the members of the Hippie and Cadet categories enjoy high flying. The transportation vehicle, airplanes or special chemicals, may differ, but both are capable of keeping one very high for extended periods of time.



Extra-curricular activities are also engaged in by both Hippies and Cadets, and strains of physical violence may be detected in each.

Now you say, "we're both weird, so what?"
Answer: since we're so much alike, why not supplement the Navy exchange each year, with a West Point-Haight Ashbury exchange. Now, that would be something to look forward to.

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The good things you're looking for in a shirt are all on the label. And the best shirts have the best labels. They're ours. Arrow's.



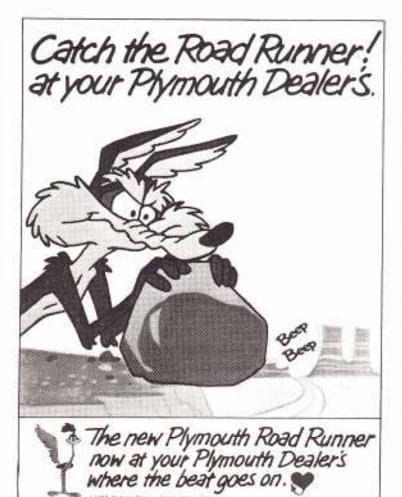
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Long and Onslow Bays Southport on Cape Fear. Winds blow lightly bright blue, dark green days; Rocky road go lightly...

Slow and barefoot free, take a ride up north to Rocky Mount; Winds blow through pine tree; Brown eyed girl with golden hair . . .

The innocent arts: cool white clovered ground on Rocky Mount an exchange of hearts; Spellbound winds in runic rhyme:

Sounds softly sung to you; Words whispered low to you; First born to first born this day from this night all you are you are to me this day from this night first born to first born; Low to you whispered words: Sung to you softly sounds;

Wednesday afternoon the charm of consent, Bedeviled thoughts mated too soon; Winds rush past Aaron's rod . . .

Talisman's hill remembered mint smells, Now without warmth all silent and still; Lonely hope no winds blow . . .

Invocation here to remember not the days gone by nor Southport, Cape Fear, Rocky Mount brown eyed girl . . .

WARSLOV II

T. M. MOORE

(Moments later, before my eyes, the house began to rise and move to the North. I followed its flight for about five minutes, until it was out of sight. That was the last anyone saw of Prof. Warslov and the mystery children.)

It wasn't even on the front page, just two columns stuck behind the society section, but it stirred my imagination. A series of unexplained events had occurred in northern Canada, near the DEW line. Mysterious blips on radar and reports from the local population had caused an investigation to be initiated. Burned tundra and a few dead animals were the only things turned up and the investigation was dropped, the findings placed in some classified drawer in Washington. Somehow, word had leaked out and a reporter had gotten the story.

Although there was no reason for me to suspect anything, this story reminded me of something that had taken place some five years ago. Something that had left me shocked and stunned and from which I had never quite recovered. I am talking of Warslov's children. They had disappeared without a trace and every time I read about a UFO I thought of Warslov. He had to return, he had to be found. I took it upon myself to be the one to find him and discover what had happened to the children.

The only clues I had to work with were a limited quantity of notes taken from his laboratory and a few conversations with some of the nurses that had worked with him on the experiment. A meager start, but at least something to go on. I began delving into Warslov's past and discovered that he was an immigrant who had come to America after World War II. Further study showed his birthplace to be in the Ukraine, however there was no record of his life between 1942-1947. It was a complete blank and I could only deduce that he had been a prisoner of sorts, either in Russia or Germany. In any event, he came to America in 1948 and in a few years became recognized as one of the leading biochemists in the country. His private life had always been somewhat of a mystery and as I looked back over our relationship, I could never recall visiting his home.

It was an old cottage, the picket-fence, shingled roof variety, set off from the road, about a mile outside of town. From the road it appeared deserted, but my knock was answered by a pleasant, middle-aged woman. She said that she had purchased the house after her husband had passed away, but knew little of the previous occupant. With her permission, I looked around inside the house, but it revealed nothing. A search of the surrounding area however led me to believe that Warslov had returned. A burned patch of ground, some eighty yards square, about a hundred yards from the back porch. Mrs. Grant knew nothing about it. She could not remember seeing or hearing anything unusual since she had lived there.

Time passed and hope dimmed; the government offered no assistance. They considered the case closed and could see no valid reason for reopening it. One-man crusades have paid off in the past, but I wondered if I had the perseverance, and the money. Approximately six months after the start of my quest Warslov walked into my office. He hadn't changed, it was the same Warslov and he just walked into my office, double-talking some unintelligible explanation and demanding that I go with him. We drove to a nearby airport and took off in a small private plane. We were flying, I thought in a northeasterly direction, and had been over water for about two hours when the Professor pointed earthward and I spotted a small island off our left wing. Thirty minutes later we had landed on a small dirt strip surrounded by low hills. A familiar house boomed evident on the far end of the runway and we taxied up to it and stopped,

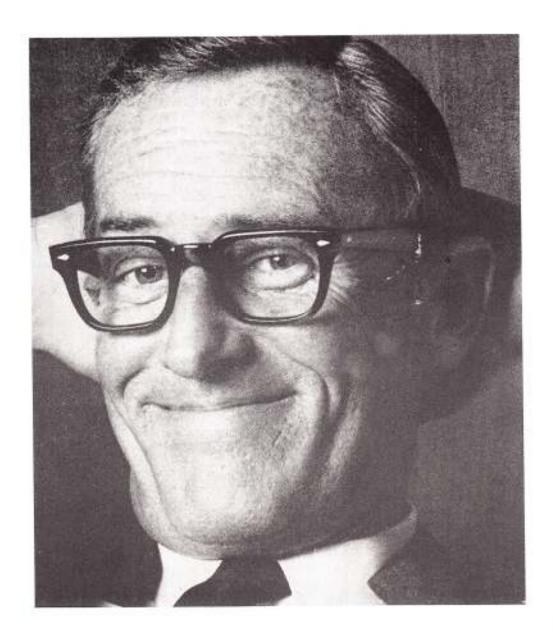
There were other houses in the area, smaller one-story affairs, and young children were playing in the yards. Warslov and I went into the larger house where dinner was prepared by two five-year old girls. After dinner we talked with some of the other children that had come to see the stranger and I was amazed to find that I could not even approach the level of their conversation. Each child was a genius, I also counted and discovered that there were more than ten children present and that some children appeared more than eight years old (it had been some eight years since the test children had been separated from their parents). Warslov explained that through experimentation he had speeded and slowed the aging process and that some of the children present were the offspring of the original ten. He went on to explain that he had visited several other countries and had initiated similiar experiments. In fact, the island was only one of more than a dozen experiment stations set up throughout the globe.

What was the purpose of this experiment and the ultimate use of the discoveries? The Professor explained that although science and technology had progressed at an extremely rapid pace in the last fifty years, his methods and his children could accomplish in five years what would probably take another fifty. The minds of the children, particularly those of the older ones, were developed to the extent that they could break down atoms in their bodies and will themselves to reappear at any time, at any place, past, present, or future. At that time a young girl of about fifteen appeared before my startled eyes and informed Warslov that some difficulties with the computers had developed in the New Zealand station. A few incoherent words from Warslov and the girl disappeared.

These events occured in the past. I was the first to guess Warslov's true goal. (His five mysterious years during the War had been spent on another world.) He told me of this, realizing there was nothing I or anyone else could do to alter things. He had been teleported to Etan, a planet in the star system Gal, and had spent the time learning methods whereby he could colonize Earth for the Etanians. The Etanian race had expanded beyond the capabilities of the planet to sustain them. They, therefore, had reached out to several other worlds and selected the qualified personnel needed to accomplish their colonization plans. They were far-reaching plans designed solely to preserve their race from extinction, without regard to the fate of other beings.

I may be called at any minute, these words may never be read, but if they are, let it be known that Earth was a proud planet. Given time it might have reached out and expanded. Instead, its life was squelched in infancy. As its inhabitants are hunted and liquidated, reports have leaked that some scientists have managed to escape the Etanian net and have disappeared somewhere in the solar system. Maybe they will be the bginning, maybe Earth will live again, somewhere out there. I can only hope, for now it is my turn. Let it be remembered that Earth was a proud world.

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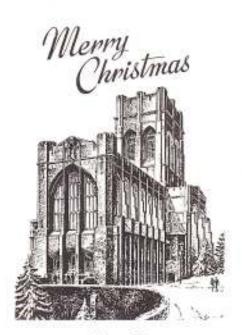
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Type B



Type C



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Home Coming Queens



Reida Rider, Baltimore, Maryland Terry Young, B-1



Mary Ann McClayton, Baltimore, Md. Rick Rider, H-1

1st Regiment



Carol Short, Boulder, Colorado Scot Patten, A-2



Sherry Stabler, Dayton, Ohio Carl Woessner, H-2



Janet Jones, Minneapolis, Minnesota Charlie Lieb, C-3



Kathleen Arehuleta, El Paso, Texas Mike Bressler, F-3

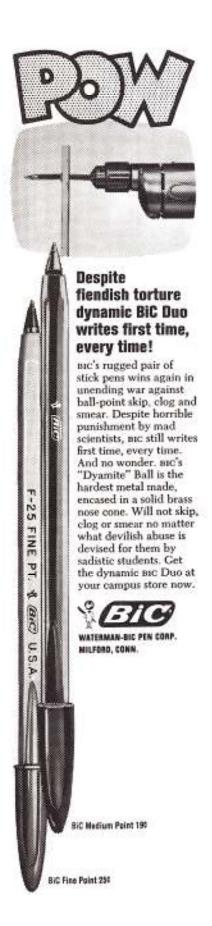
3rd Regiment



Cathy Shannon, New Yory City, N.Y. Bill McAdams, A-4



Diane Alexander, Lakewood, Colorado Mike Billingsley, F-4





by John Forbes

Chad Mitchell's "Love, A Feeling of" is pure versatility as he sweeps through a beautiful collection of sound. His haunting poem, "On an Underground Wall," confronts the listener with the plight of a sick young man. Swinging into "As Time Goes By," he brings an almost Johnny Mathis-like quality to this love ballad. "Suzanne," highlight of the flipside, rounds out a tremendous collection of voice and accompaniment. Warner Bros Records, Inc.

Chad's old gang has cut a new recording of an old show, "The Mitchell Trio Alive." Singing satire comprises a side and a half of the album, with most of the attention centered on Adam Clayton Powell, actors in politics, and women executives (Mrs. George Wallace). If you want a recording of the highlights of their concert of last year, then this is for you. Otherwise, this album will lose its flavor the fourth time around. Reprise.

You all know the favorite "And Then . . . Along Comes the Association." Well, they have come back with another album of hits, "Insight Out, The Association." Included are such hits as "Windy," "Never", "My Love," and "Requiem for Masses." Again this unequaled group has put together an album ranking with the best. Warner Bros. Record, Inc.

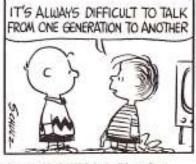
To everyone's surprise Bill Cosby can Sing! And sing he does in his first album, "Silver Throat, Bill Cosby." The cigar-smoking star has invented "humor with a beat." He takes off on a tangent with "Little Old Man," and continues in the same vein throughout a collection that promises to brighten up a rainy Sunday. Warner Bros. Records, Inc.

A truly unique recorded experience has entered the music field—"The Earth." Rod McKuen recites his poetry to the accompaniment of the San Sebastian Strings. His recorded poetry has taken off where Bob Dylan copped out. He talks about everyday, the days past, present, and future as he feels and sees them now. Through him we see"... above us the sun marching down the hill below us the soft warm earth..." He interprets the commonplace experiences of our commonplace lives. This recording represents his swer to "Who are the Flower Children?"









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by Tony Dodson

"They are neither man nor woman They are neither beast nor human They are ghouls . . ."

-Edgar Allen Poe

Author's note: Well, they said, "Write something seasonal," and being an obliging sort, I tried. After due consideration of seasonal themes for October, however, I decided that football was meant to be played, not written about, and school was meant to be endured, period. That left Halloween, I always wanted to write a horror story thaving participated in a few horror shows), but upon thinking about it, I discovered that, after three years at West Point there wasn't much left that could still scare a man. There was one thing, though. Oddly enough it had to do with holding a beautiful girl in your arms . . . the tale grew from there. This one does get a bit strong at times, and apologies are hereby made to any who might feel slighted — the story is intended only to horrify, not to offend. Without further ado then, meet Brother Abe.

A straightjacket is the epitome of all frustration. If one is not mad when they strap him into it, he will shortly find it expedient to become that way. One's hands are lost in canvas sleeves with no openings, and then the arms are wrapped around one's body like vines around a tree. There is no way to gain the leverage needed to apply any force. If a man has good strength in his shoulders, like myself, he is only at a worse disadvantage, for the more

you strain the tighter the sleeves choke your body, the more the infernal buckles dig into your back, and you finally end up like this, exhausted, a helpless human sausage. And now the fools hide behind their doors and peep through holes. How can you convince them you are sane? They can't hear you, you cannot free yourself to motion to them. Oh, God, I need help! Only now I can't remember . . . Got to get hold of yourself, old man. Got to remember . . . Abraham. Abraham will help. But who is he? Infernal strap in the crotch is too tight. The Jools could at least not put men in pain . . . must not let them see me get riled. Lost control there for a minute, Infernal sweat in my eyes. Who is Abraham? Jim, you must remember . . . fim! That's you, old man. We may make it yet. Easy now, What a name that one, Abraham . . . no kin to Lincoln . . . Wait. He was a kid - must start somewhere and work up. We were kids, Abe was older . . . Damn! Infernol strap . . .

"Abraham! Jimmy! Come along home, now! Supper's almost ready!"

Finally, two dusty youngsters had trudged up to the back door. The dark haired one, tall and slender, had a torn sleeve and a sullen look on his face.

"Abraham! What have you boys been doing? You just get a new brother and you come home looking like you both been rolling in the hog pen! Where have you been? Where you been, Abraham?"

"We've been out playing, Estelle," the taller boy said

After a couple more questions produced no better results, the cook gave up in dispair and dismissed them to the washroom.

"Wash yo' hands and face too, honey. And be shore yo' new brother gets hisself clean. He's gotta learn our ways around here, he has."

"That one is going to be a bad influence," she muttered to herself as the boys headed for the washroom.

At the supper table, Mrs. Murray had finally uncovered the problem accidently. "What do you think of your new brother, Abraham?"

Silence. Then, "He is kinda dumb, I guess."
"Why Abe, what makes you say that?"

" 'Cause he is."

Jim decided that was enough.

"Dumb enough to lick you," he blurted.

"Aw, I just didn't want to make you feel bad!" Abe shouted out fiercely.

"Boys! You mean you have been fighting already?"
"Wasn't much of a fight," Jim started to explain, then
saw his remarks were not being appreciated. "I mean, we
weren't mad," he finished lamely, pulling a lock of dirty
blonde hair out of his eyes. "That's not what I mean,
either," he thought. "Abe just don't know how to fight

WEST POINT SOCIETY

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to

PITTSBURGH



like I do. Reckon he should have lived at the orphanage for a while."

"I'll have no fighting inside the family, Abraham, you have a new brother to be with, and you start off by beating him up. After supper you you will go pick me a switch. Now finish cating."

They had always used a belt at the orphanage, and since they hit a lot harder there, the welts the hedge left did not bother Jim much. Ahe, was furious, and sulked all the next day.

Then more blanks in time, but it seemed like that was the pattern of their brotherhood - competition. Abe made all A's on his report card, so Jim had had to, too, only he had to work a lot harder when he came along a year behind Abe. School was easy for Abe, but Jim could match him because he was a natural scrapper. He would fight anyone but never held any grudges, except maybe against Estelle, the cook, And Jim hated her with all his soul. Estelle had never accepted Jim as one of the family, and whenever she squeezed fresh orange juice, or baked fudge, she always made sure that Abe got the biggest glass or the best piece. She had a crooked nose with a small wart — neuis was the medical term for it - and she would openly turn up that nose when Jim asked for anything from her. Then when she heard that he walked in his sleep, that was the quietus for any improved relations. If she had not cared for him before, her feelings now turned into a superstitious dread of him and Jim's hatred for her blazed to new heights when she began telling his adopted mother tales about his possession of the "evil eye" and the "mark of the beast" — a small birth mark at the base of his throat. His sleeping habits had been the source of many embarassments — somnambulism was the way the doctors spoke of it.

Suddenly another sequence flashed into consciousness. Yes, it had been his sleepwalking that did it to him then. This picture was much clearer than anything remembered before. It had been etched into memory with a heavy hand, and somehow the memory gave him uneasy feelings even now, as if there were some foreboding of his present state. He remembered it had started with a fight in study hall, the only junior-high school class he had shared with Abe.

Abraham had been lording it over him to impress his upperclass buddies and Jim had retaliated by calling him a coward. The verbal battle had grown heated . . . the details escaped memory, but the pain of his fingers when Abe had slammed the desk top on them stood out vividly, and he remembered flooring his step-brother there between the desks in front of all the guys and also the humiliation bright on Abe's face during the subsequent trip to the principal's office.

That night Abe had evened the score. Waiting until Jim was in a deep sleep. Abe began talking to him gently, as he had done other times when Jim had begun to babble in his sleep. The younger brother was soon muttering words and phrases with little coherence. He allowed himself to be coaxed out of the bed and with assistance soon had slippers and a bathrobe on - all the while with his eyes still relaxed beneath their lids and his mind still drifting in deep sleep. Cautiously, Abraham led him to the back door and then outside, careful not to tough the fingers he knew were still bruised and sensitive. Through the hedge bushes a path led into a night darkened by shifting clouds and a fickle moon. A short distance into the woods there was another path, Abe knew, which cut off and led past the edge of the town cemetery. The town's kids usually stayed clear of this route both for superstitious reasons and for practical reason that the man who kept the grounds - an odd job grave-digger, gardener, or anything that didn't require regular work - was a fearful character to contend with, one who hated people in general and children in particular. A doctor would probably call him a misanthrope.

The night was black now, and the only sounds were those of a whippoor-will and a distant hooty-owl. The insects were mostly dead after the first fall freeze. Abraham was uncomfortable, but not really scared. Bug-abears, ghosts, did not bother him the way they did Jim, who was fearless of animals or anything he could see, but had been terrified of the dark all his life. Abe was fortified by the thought of what was going to happen when his step-brother awoke, Jim still mumbled incoherently and had to be quieted. The older brother was becoming uneasy in spite of himself, however, when he finally arrived at the graveyard with his charge.

Before him the white oblongs appeared like misshapen teeth in a some gigantic, blackened maw. The air was very still, and faint sounds traveled far. A crackling in the bushes caused Abraham to jump involuntarily, almost arousing his slumbering companion. Muttering, "Coon," to himself, he started into the field of stones, carefully avoiding getting too close to any of them . . .

Suddenly Jim stopped, jerking his sleeve from his stepbrother's grasp.

"Please don't do that," he said clearly. "Don't do that, now."

Suddenly Abe was gripped by cold terror. The black earth seemed to rise up and scream for more human nourishment, to seek to suck him down into its bosom and lock him there with another white tooth of stone. Turning to run, he blundered headlong into a wire stand holding a wreath of half-withered blossoms. Frantically, he clawed it away in a flurry of blackened rose petals. He began to run. Then he stopped himself. The only sound among the stones was his own feverished panting. The moon had come out, and the field of stone was lit with eerie clarity in its light, The pajama-clad figure of his brother stood silently, its arms hanging listlessly at its side. A minute passed. Abraham licked his lips. Nervously he began to retrace his steps.

"Jim, you all right?" he tested. Nothing. Cautiously, he

grasped the sleeve once more.

Angry at his weakness, he led Jim on quickly now straight to a small cleared area in the center of the graveyard. In the center of the clearing stood a small templelike structure, with crossed sabres carved in stone over its narrow entrance. Abraham knew the building, even though he had never ventured near it. This was the momument to the Confederate war dead erected after a half-witted caretaker had been told to weed the graveyard and had unthinkingly pulled up all the wooden grave markers to make an easier job for the lawn mowers. Since there was no way of knowing where each marker belonged, the stone monument was erected, and the names of all the dead had been placed on the stone. (The tales of the wrath of these dead soldiers and the forms of the ghosts of bodies mangled by grape shot and cannister were gory and numerous.) As they filed into a bitter blackness through the narrow entrance, Abraham's anger began to drain. Gently he coaxed his victim to sit. Back at the entrance he hestitated nervously, uncertain that he really wanted to finish this thing he had begun. Outside it was dark again, the moon obscured. Suddenly something caught his eye. Something had moved. His mouth went dry. He stared into the darkness. Nothing, Then it moved again and he saw it, now standing in the shadow of a tree on the next little hill, tall and just standing there, listening for him. His last resolve for vengence vanished.

"Jim!" He screamed the warning and then fled, stumbling, dodging, unheeding the sacred areas beneath silent stones he had avoided so carefully before.

(Continued on Page 27)



CADETS GO TO THE FRONT OF THE LINE, SAY PHIL LINZ AND BOB ANDERSON — 3 TIME ALL AMERICAN.



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 make when draining the last few deliciously tangy drops of Sprite from the bottle with a straw.

Zzzzzlllupf!

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 17 QUIET.





You're looking at the year's sweetest place for a sit-in—Olds 4-4-2.

This is the scene; Louvered hood up front. Crisp sculpturing in the rear. Rally Stripe and Custom Sport Wheels available in between. And what gleams beneath that rakish afterdeck? Two telltale flared exhausts that give voice to a 400-cube, 4-barrel, 350-hp Rocket V-8.

And look where you live: in foam-padded, bucket-seat comfort. The center console is also available, as is the clock/tach/engine gauge Rally Pac-

And with all the new GM safety features, including energy-absorbing steering column, 4-4-2 is the greatest sit-in you ever sat in.

Drive a"youngmobile" from Oldsmobile.



Obituaries-

MAD MEDIC DIES AT 51

(By GEOFFREY PROSCH)

WEST POINT, N.Y., Oct. 3 (AP) — The Corps genuinely mourned the death of Dr. Harvey Mangle, Head Surgeon, USMA Hospital, who died unexpectedly last week after falling out of bed at the climax of a nightmare and breaking his neck,

Dr. Mangle's rise to fame as Five Star Physician of the USMA Hudson Hospital is a fantastic tale, Dr. Mangle



(Dr. Harvey Mangle)

showed an early flair for medicine when, at the age of eight, he dissected his brother Armingdale with a Cub Scout totem pole carving kit. In high school, to promote medical interest. Dr. Mangle organized field trips to the Chicago slaughter yards. He stated that these excursions had a definite influence on him and affected his later work. Dr. Mangle majored in plagiarism while a cadet at Woo Poo and did graduate work in bookkeeping at the University of Borneo under the noted economist and agrarian, Billy Sol Estes. Dr. Mangle's broad field of experiences helped make him a well rounded physician. Among these experiences were, serving as meat carver at Mama Leone's, cutting as a tree surgeon for the Arizona State Petrified Forest, and serving as litter carrier for the Mexico City Matador Rescue Squad. Before arriving at Hudson High for Wayward Boys, Dr. Mangle took a night school refresher course in tree surgery. While studying the nonflow sap method of repairing Quaking Aspen appendages, Dr. Mangle stumbled upon his bit or miss technique of medical examination, later to become so famous at West Point. One of Dr. Mangle's most famous cases was one each emaciated plebian named Farfel Zoroski who entered his office complaining of abdominal semi-explosions and an unexplainable loss of weight. Dr. Mangle, swiftly employing his hit or miss tactics on Farfel, amputated the left index toe, removed his bladder, and loosened his hamstring before discovering that Farfel had a tapeworm picked up orally through an 8th Division Boodler Baby

Dr. Mangle never received the just credit due to him for his operating dexterity. He did an amazing job considering the fact that he had hyper-extended brace palsy and was half blind in his one eye — one eye having been gouged out on his Firstie trip while wrestling an orangoutang before a cheering crowd in Juarez for fifty dollars.

Dr. Mangle's true genius was recently illuminated when it was discovered through his memoirs that he had secretly created a human robot . . . As Dr. Mangle lay on his roof predicting future events by shooting back azimuths from an autumnal equinox to Pluto, he was struck by an idea. To help contribute to the West Point campaign to stamp out independent thoughts and actions, Dr. Mangle decided to create the perfect cadet, From his pickled parts bank and sick call left overs, Dr. Mangle would manufacture the MI-A1 gas operated, air cooled, semi-automatic, and or, automatic cadet. As a frame he decided to use cadmium filled aluminum rods to insure durability and to squelch the threat of bone cancer. For a heart, Dr. Mangle purchased a 1933 V-8 Singer Sewing Machine Racing Turbine with three speeds labeled reveille, board work, and "ping". Midway through construction, Dr. Mangle's cadet was plagued with clogged kidneys and a leaky liver. He flushed out the kidneys with Draino and plugged the liver with Tapioca Surprise Pudding borrowed from the Cadet Mess. The project was again momentarily halted when Dr. Mangle was unable to manufacture a blood suitable for his cadet. A red fluid containing sugar and alcohol was needed to course through the cadet's veins as a final step in construction. Dr. Mangle decided on Cognac and apple-berry-cherry juice left over from Cultural Club box lunches taken to the Third International Poronographic Photography Exposition in Peking. After injecting the juice, his creature gave a low groan, took two steps, and collapsed, never to rise again, due to faulty knee work on Dr. Mangle's part.

Dr. Mangle is survived by his wife Zelda and his son Shylock. Zelda, former mystic palm reader and alchemist for the Ringling Brother's Road Show, served as Dr. Mangle's secretary, square knot tier for stitch wounds, and special consultant for female patients addicted to nirvana.

Dr. Mangle was interred yesterday at the Post Cemetery — wedged between the remains of General George Custer, famed Indian fighter, and Ducrot Pepys, legendary autobiographical plebe, who disappeared mysteriously on the north turn of his second lap of the obstacle course only to be found twenty years later in Bora Bora, living the exotic life of a successful Mango cultivater. The sepulcher was ornamented with American Red Roses in the shape of a scalpel, and Miss Rosy D. O'Smith of the Ladycliffe "Riders of the Purple Sage" Choir provided musical ac-

companiment by singing "Roll On Thou Deep Blue Ocean, Baby Roll On" in her thrushlike soprano voice, while the Post M.P.s fired grapeshot rounds at cadet mannequins.

rounds at cadet mannequins.

We will long remember Dr.

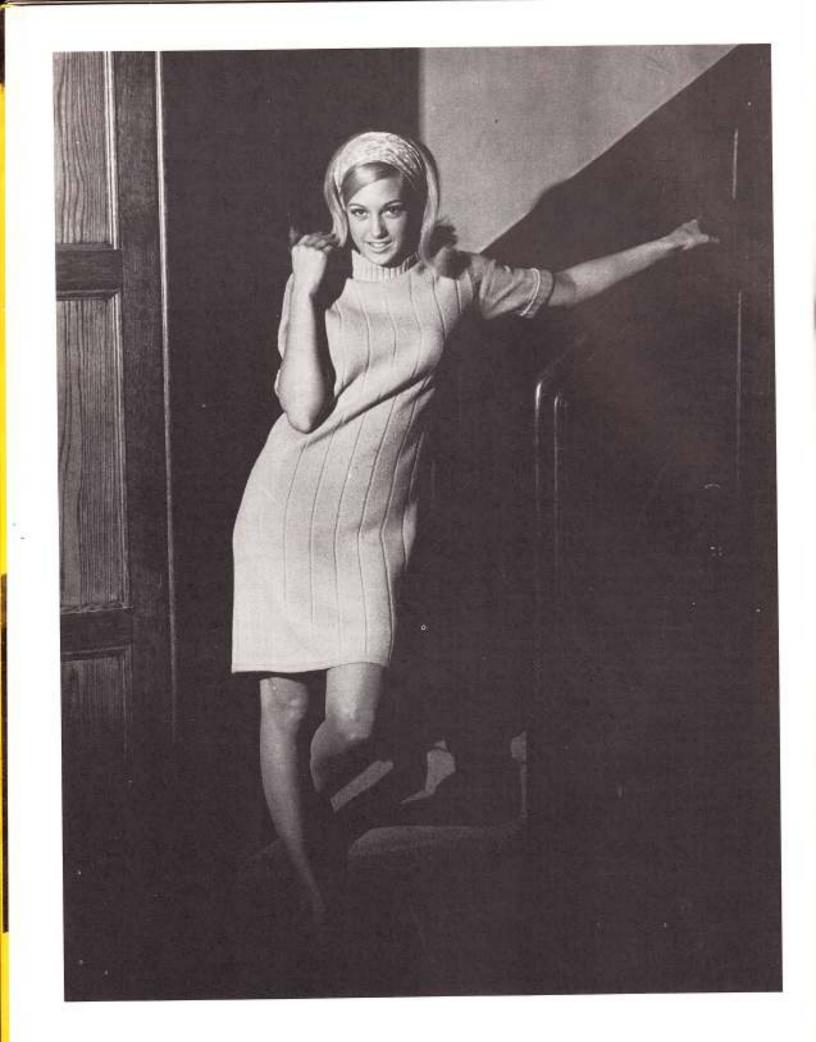
Harvey Mangle in our hearts
and forever feel his works in
our bodies. Although Dr.

Mangle has left us and crossed
that great Jordan River to
stay, his memory lingers on.

It has recently been reported
by the fourth floor inhabitants
of West New South Barracks
that late at night one can still
hear the wails and shrieks of
the spirits of Dr. Mangle's
former patients emanating
from the operating room,



(Zelda Mangle consoles her son Shylock.)





Janet . . .

This month's Painter Pic comes to us straight from the Twin Cities to warm the hearts of our readers and especially the heart of Charlie Lieb, '68. She has a lot of heart to warm there, but it looks to us as if she is the girl who can do it. Right Charlie?

Photos by Holmon







ARTILLERY . . .

Snowballs to Nike-Zeus

by Tom Shull

The concept of Artillery began perhaps with the first snowball fight. From the undetermined time of that decidely harmless battle to the development of today's highly destinctive air defense missile systems there has been a massive evolution in the technique and employment of indirect fire. The United States Army can trace this evolution in modern terms in its own Artillery Branch. In the interest of history a general discussion of the Artillery and its specific American origins is merited,

The Romans fought well and won handily with their various catapults and ballistas. As early as 230 B.C. a slinged weapon called a "scorpion" was used effectively by the legions. The seesaw-like trebuchet was Archimedes' devastating little toy in the siege of Syracuse in 214 B.C.,

against the Romans.

The advent of gunpowder literally blew the development of artillery sky high. This salt petre combination was crudely mixed as early as 300 A.D., by some imaginative Chinese inventors but its use in casted metal came much later. The Thirteenth Century saw metal cannon, with a livid description by Chinese poet Chang Hsien:

The black dragon brings forth an egg as big as a man's head.

The egg explodes; the dragon flies high, with a thunderous roar, echoing away;

First it leaps; then comes light, a blazing sun, a red flash of lightning;

The thunderclap shakes beaven and earth, cleaving them in twain;

As if by the fall of mountains and revers.

These bottle-shaped weapons, called "pot de fer" (iron jug) were used in defensive positions in the Hundred Year's War (1339-1453). The cannon became larger through the Middle Ages until the Great Mortar of Moscow claimed supremacy in 1525 with a 36-inch bore, eighteen feet long, firing a 2,000 pound projectile. Gunners in those times were considered "artists" actually were members of a guild. They were regarded by the public as suspicious, barely tolerated Merlins in serious colloquy with the devil. The Pope once actually excommunicated all gunners, and they were frequently subject to torture if captured by

the enemy. Gunners were the independent ascetics of the time, refraining from drink and the usual plunder, to the disbelief and chastisement of their fellow soldiers, No wonder they were considered scarcely human.

From early times artillery began to change in ways of mobility and in tactical employment. The technical development was not revolutionary — cannon balls varied, barrels and bores varied. The Thirty Years' War witnessed the shelled, horse-drawn guns of Sweden's Gustav Adolfus. Mules, elephants, oxen, and even camels were employed to transport cannons or pull them as conditions dictated. Animal-drawn batteries reached a peak in World War I when the British had over eight hundred thousand horses and mules bending their backs over traces. Out of that war, for those animals, there actually exists an Artillery Horse's Prayer composed by a Frenchman, Captain de Conden bove.

Artillery history in the United States, of more interest here, began with clumsly Yankee cannoneers of the Revoluntionary War. General Knox, later to become Washington's Secretary of War, rode at the head of a motley crew of American novices and French professionals. The Trenton water crossing on the historic Christmas with cannon and



horses recking the ice-bound boats became a mark in Artillery annals. Yorktown was the crowning success as the crash of heavy ball from surrounding parapets forced a frustrated Cornwallis to surrender.

From the events in the Revoluntionary War to those in battles of today, the spirit of the American Artillery has always been one of fight "to the last round." A graphic example of this kind of courage that no man understands took place during the Civil War. The battle was Gettysburg; the location was at the brunt of Pickett's suicidal charge toward the defensive positions held by Lieutenant Alonzo H. Cushing's Battery A, 4th U. S. Artillery, Casualties were heavy as many of A's men and most of her horses lay dead or dying from bursting enemy artillery and the explosions of her ammunition limber chests. Cushing commanded his men to wheel the battery's four guns down to the stone parapet and open fire. Two of the pieces were immediately shelled and made useless. The last powder chest exploded shattering the Lieutenant's legs with iron fragments, He staggered, bleeding, to his remaining guns. Double canister was fired point-blank at the screaming Rebel lines but nothing seemed to halt the advancing waves of gray. The third piece in the battery fell silent with its crew destroyed. The last cannon, re-(Continued on Page 26)

FOOTBALL

by Charlie Hill

The first game of the season was blemished by the absence of Steve Lindell, last year's starting quarterback, who has had stomach trouble. His back-up man, Jim O'Toole was sidelined with a separated shoulder. Sophomore Roger LeDoux was chosen by Coach Cahill to fill in and he did quite an adequate job,

A little shaky at first (as the Army Team is prone to be every game) he quickly settled down and led the team to victory. He completed 10 of 23 passes; one to Gary Steele for a two point conversion in the second quarter. In the first quarter, Senior Carl Woessner carried the ball over from the six-yard line. Nick Kurilko's kick for the conversion was wide, which enabled the Cavaliers to get ahead 7-6 early in the second quarter. A 41-yard punt return by Junior Speedster Van Evans (a converted 150-lb player on loan from Coach Crowell's track team) gave the Black Knights a 12-7 lead and set up the situation for the two point play from LeDoux to Steele.

The second half was all Army, Kurilko starting it off with a thirty-yard field goal. Hank Toczylowski set up the last touchdown late in the third period with an interception of one of Cavalier's quarterback Stan Kemp's passes. Evans scored his second touchdown with a 29-yard reverse, Kurilko kicked wide again to make the tally 23-7. Kurilko added three more with a field goal late in the fourth quarter which amply amended for his conversion troubles.

Terry Young's reception of a LeDoux touchdown pass (good for 56 yards) plus Kurilko's conversion and a safety helped keep Army in the game 10.9 at halftime. The second half was filled with the same uncertainties as the first, with the exception that B.C. failed to score.

This game was a little more indicative of which players are consistent and can be counted on for the rest of the season. Chuck Jarvis, Terry Young and Carl Woessner displayed the same multiple talents they evidenced last year.

Speaking of the Duke game, or maybe that should be games (the one on the field and the one that the officials were watching) Steve Lindell came back after his hospitalization to start his first game of the season and to display several examples of the brilliant play that distinguished him last year.

The offense finally got together a drive that culminated in a five yard touchdown run by Chuck Jarvis which put the cadets ahead 7-3. When Steve started the second half with a 59 yard run to the Duke three-yard line, everyone said to themselves "This is more like it!" However, four plays and a red flag later, Duke was in possession, first and ten on their 15 yard line. The official is always right, but it is hard to imagine Terry Young being called for pass interference—especially in the end zone, and especially when Carl Woessner was catching a touchdown pass on the other side of the end zone. Even harder to imagine is an official throwing his red hankie on one side of the field when the official on the side where the infraction occurred did not.

The rest of the game was a contest to see which team could run more than four consecutive plays without seeing a red flag. Duke managed to put together a series late in the fourth quarter and went ahead 10-7.

1967 POINTER MID-SEASON ALL-AMERICA PICKS

by Chris Cole and Jim Fouche

As part of the Pointer's campaign to displace SPORTS ILLUSTRATED as THE magazine to look to for sports, we have compiled a Mid-Season All-America team based on a consensus of other sports writers. These selections represent the best of the Best as they have appeared most often in published selections. We have also included some "Players to watch" which contains other upcoming players showing great promise this season.

1st Team Offense Gary Beban, UCLA Running Backs Warren McVea, Houston O. J. Simpson, USC Larry Csonka, Syracuse Center Bob Johnson, Tennesee Guards M. Moorman, Texas A&M Ray Phillips, Michigan Tackles Ron Yary, USC Wayne Mass, Clemson Ends Jim Seymour, Notre Dame Dennis Homan, Alabama

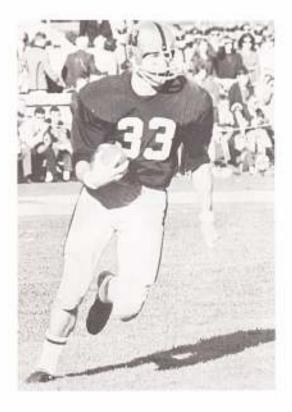
OB
T. Hanratty, Notre Dame
Running Backs
Larry Smith, Florida
Lenny Snow, Ga. Tech
Greg Jones, UCLA
Center
Bill Nemeth, Arizona
Guards
Bill Lenkaitis, Penn St.
Mike Evans, Boston Col.
Tackles
Ernie Ruple, Arkansas
Ed Chandler, Georgia
Ends
Terry Young, Army
Jim Beirne, Purdue

2nd Team Offense

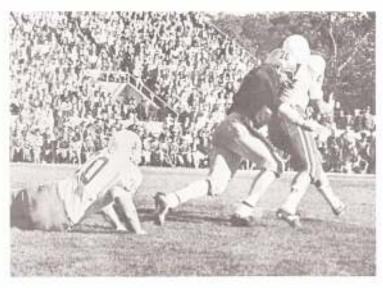
1st Team Defense Safety Tom Schoen, Notre Dame HalfbacksLeroy Keyes, Purdue Bobby Johns, Alabama Linebackers John Pergine, Notre Dame Mike Reid, Penn St. Adrian Young, USC Middle Guard Granville Liggins, Okla. Tackles Dennis Byrd, No. Car. St. Bill Staley, Utah St. Ends Kevin Hardy, Notre Dame Bill Dow, Navy

2nd Team Defense Safety Frank Loria, Va. Tech Haljbacks Jim Smith, Oregon Bobby Duhon, Tulane Linebackers D. D. Lewis, Miss. St. Fred Carr, Texas Western Mike Hall, Alabama Middle Guard Wayne Meylan, Neb. Tackles Jim Urbanek, Miss. Bill Stanfill, Georgia Ends Ted Hendricks, Alabama John Garlington, LSU

Players to Watch: Mike Phipps, QB, Purdue, Warren Muir, HB South Carolina, Frank Quayle, HB, Virginia, Jim Bevans, Linebacker, Army, Rob Taylor, End, Navy, and Richmond Flowers, HB-QB, Tennessee.



Charlie Jarvis in the clear.



Shaeffer is thrown for a long loss by the aggressive play of Pete Mente.



Tom Wheelock and Bud Neswiacheny move in to help Ollie Johnson with Duke halfback Pete Shaeffer.



Coach Cahill, Van Evans, and Bob Gora during a tense moment in the B.C. game.

Another example of Young's All-America form.



One Duke defender prevents Lindell from scoring on this 59-yard run opening the second half.



Terry Young makes a diving catch of a LeDoux pass.



Charlie Jarvis powers a round off tackle against B. C.

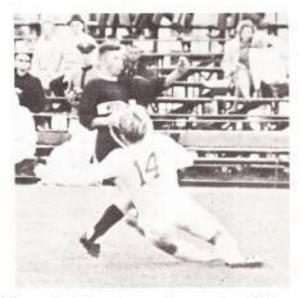


SOCCER

by Charlie Hill

Coach Joe Palone's varsity soccer team has started the season off in its usual winning way, beating its first three opponents with relative ease. With a good complement of returning lettermen, several others who saw extensive action last year, and a couple of outstanding sophomores, he has put together one of the strongest teams in a long lone of strong teams.

The first game, against the Merchant Marine Academy, was more of a warm-up for the offense than an actual



Horst Sperber in action against Colgate.

game. While posting a 12-0 score over the men from King's Point, West Point won its sixth game against no losses in its series with USMA. Sophomore Matt Fleumer scored six goals, setting a new single-game record for West Point



Lindy Blackburn uses his head.

soccer. Jim Anderson also scored two goals before the substitutes were employed.

Yale usually provides stiff competition. They tied Army 2-2 last year; however, the Elis scored only one goal while the cadets, led by Mike Palone with two goals, scored six. This is the widest margin of victory over Yale in recent years. Much credit is due the excellent defense, led



Jim Avery set to kick.

by captain Ed Milinski, with Lindy Blackburn and John Veenstra at the fullback slots.

The Colgate contingent seemed more interested in fouling than playing soccer, however, this wasn't enough as Army won handily, 7-1. Coach Palone's team is exciting to watch, and is capable of destroying any team's morale with its lightning offense and steady defense. His bench boasts some outstanding players who could find a starting berth on many another college team.

The starting line-up consists of Ed Milinski, center half; Lindy Blackburn, left fullback; John Veenstra, right fullback; Bill Thorne, goalie; Jim Nielson, right half; Horst Sperber, left half; Bill Friese, outside left; Mike Palone, outside right; Matt Fleumer, inside right; Jim Anderson, inside left; and Bob Behncke, center forward. The principle substitutes are Tom Acuff, Eric Pederson, Joe Sowa and Ben Watts on defense, with Al Vitters, Bob Uhler, John Becker and Steve Allaire on offense,

This team has a good chance of winning the National Championship this year; they have made it into the semi-finals the last couple of years. There is something for everyone in soccer — physical contact, a fast pace, and dependence on a kind of graceful skill which is not found in football. More people should make it a habit to attend Coach Palone's games, for if they have never seen a soccer game before, they will be pleasantly surprised. Later, they will be able to boast that they have been following the National Champions all season.

The Night We Put The Room In MENTAL PMI

by Bob Brown

It was the night of November 16th, when we turned off the lights to go to sleep. That is, one roommate, Bo, and myself; our other roommate, Eric, left his desk light on to study. I was in the top bunk talking to Bo about the dialectic and how it could be illustrated in the film Hawaii, when Eric mumbled about living in a Theocracy compounded by the synthesis of Hegel's Dialectic.

Jim, the fourth semi-room-mate, came up the stairs sputtering about the john overflowing on the bottom floor and asked what we were going to do about it since that BP had no nails nor a hammer for the book boxes. If you haven't guessed, Jim gets upset very easily in several directions at once.

Eric said he knew where some nails were, but couldn't help Jim find a hammer. He offered to lend him a lock for the book box . . .

... At this same time, Bo remarked that the john always overflowed this time of the year when the BP's turned on the radiators in the rooms. Bo then went into a discussion of the probable cause, drawing an anology with a Calvinistic view on Original Sin — Something to do with the dependent functions of pipes, ducts and a prime mover which he called the creative vapour . . .

. . . By this time, Jim stated his true intentions of borrowing our phone. No one but I heard him. Bo was rambling on with wild hand gestures about the everpresent mystical vapour known as steam, while Eric had just remembered that he had seen a hammer in my bottom drawer two days ago and was proceeding to unpile and catalogue my sacred writings, used ball point pens, empty polish cans . . .

. . . I told Jim he could use the phone, but I was too late for at that instant the phone rang. The caller wanted to speak to Obie . . . or at least that is what I understood Jim to say as he called upstairs for Obie.

Obie came bouncing down stairs and was the fifth man in our trio. He asked who wanted him on the phone, questioned to see if they had said what they wanted, demanded to know why they called him at such an hour, and instructed Jim to take the message. With that, Obie left Jim holding the phone while he sat down on Eric's bed to listen to Bo. Bo was now pacing the floor, throwing his arms violently into the air, and lecturing on the prime mover taking the form of a swan in the Rape of Lucrece. He was oblivious to Obie's presence.

Jim, having no recourse, talked to the phone. Of clously the caller was being informed of the danger, if not imminent danger, caused by unlocked book boxes and overflowing latrines. Jim queried the caller about spaces in the hotel in anticipation of moving out during the weekend. I reminded Jim that the hotel was off limits. Jim nodded unknowingly and continued to describe the GT-587 his father, on his grandmother's side, had bought two years ago from Jim's brother, Tim . . .

By this time, Eric gave up searching for the hammer in my bottom drawer and was now rattling through my top drawers, announcing each item as he extracted it from the mess; coat hanger marked "Statler Hilton," Rubber bands, green magic marker, pink customer receipt; A16062...

. . . That was Obie's cue to announce to no one that short overcoats went up two weeks ago. He continued that he had not seen his since . . . At saying that, I mentioned that it had been some two weeks since I had had sheets on this bed — this being the first night . . . Obie ignored me and asked Bo whether Eric really knew where the hammer was . . . w/a grease pencil.

Bo briefly sketched the Easton model on the closet door and explained it vis avis Almond's six conversion funtions. He drew Obie's attention w/the pencil to the door knob and the political importance as a tool of the political scientist. Obie thought that Ayn Rand's newest book dealt w/the proposition that Galeo had such a tool.

frantically yelling where, where? Jim told Eric to keep it down and stop tripping over the telephone cord. Not realizing the cord was now disconnected from the wall and lying limply on the floor, Jim continued to describe the acute situation of an unlocked book box in a GT-587...

. . . It was amid this din that I heard the heavy footfalls slowly, deliberately coming up the stairs. I pulled the clean sheets over my head, pretending to be asleep.



ARTILLERY . . .

(Continued from Page 20)

maining intact, was feverishly manned by the few surviving members of the battery. Cushing acting as the cannoneer. His duty was to stop the vent, preventing air from entering while a new round was centered, which might prematurely exploded the charge. Without time in the frenzy to find a protective leather "thumbstall", the officer pressed his bare thumb onto the vent in the smoking barrel, removing it burned to the bone. Reeling in agony the battery commander wheeled around only to be struck in the shoulder and the stomach by Confederate fire, His Sergeant begged the dying officer to go to the rear but he refused, calling for triple canister to stem the Southern tide —
"I'll give them one more shot," he screamed, but never lived to see it, for as the gunner pulled the lanyard Cushing fell with a bullet in his head. This last shell broke the onslaught and routed Picket's charge in scrambling melee.

Artillery weapons and tactics developed considerably through the nineteenth century. The rocket, another Chinese first, was a popular incendiary during the War of 1812. The Cavalry feared this weapon because of the terror it wrought on the horses. Earlier the "rocket's red glare" at Fort McHenry lit the sky above Francis Scott Key, poet of America's National Anthem, and by concidence an artillery officer. The rockets were chiefly used to menance and intimidate the American soldiers who obliged exceedingly well, turning about at the advances of the blazing iron-and-powder rods. Andrew Jackson reassured his troops in the Battle of New Orleans in 1815 by calling these rockets "mere toys to amuse the children." This proved to be a sad misnomer as he lost two caissons, three guns, and many cotton bales to the British rocket artillery. Today the rocket has given place to the missile, no little deterrent to aggression in any circumstance. The Artillery insignia has added the missile to its crossed cannon in tribute.

The Civil War was marked by extensive use of the Napoleon smooth bore artillery piece, a highly mobile cannon and fairly accurate. The Union armies had the edge, however, with this cannon, as Rebel General D. H. Hill said, "Give me Confederate Infantry and Yankee

Artillery and I'll whip the world!

An interesting parallel in the development of the Artillery Branch in the American Army was the traditional and imaginative naming of field pieces - Perhaps the first such cognomen on record was that of the 30-inch mortar brought from Fort Ticonderoga to the siege of Boston by Henry Knox, Washington's Chief of Artillery. He named the squat piece "The Old Sow." It was to accompany a captured British mortar named "Congress". As the guns were christened before the battle the large bore of the "Congress" was used for a rum punchbowl. Curiously, the mortar cracked at first discharge in the Boston battle.

Names were popular on both sides in the Civil War. The Blue had a talented mortar respectfully tagged "the Dictator" which sent rounds as far as one mile into Petersburg, Virginia. Four six-pounders named "Matthew,"
"Mark," "Luke," and "John," of Confederate lore, adorn
the Virginia Military Academy campus today, testimonies

of the language of war.

American cannoneers in World War I liked to label or decal names on the Olive Drab barrels of their guns, Two favorites were "The O.D. Bitch" and "Mademoiselle from Armentieres," suggesting the scarcely less bawdy jingle "Hinky-Dinky, Parley-Vouz." The spirited men of Battery A, 101st Field Artillery, 26th Division, selected four dis-

tinctly different names for the pieces of their battery. The names were "Lil" of nursery rhymes: "Cafard" French slang for "The blues" ; "Pinard," the French Army's potent wine ration; and "Xantippe" for the raucous, "fishwife" of Socrates. The 149th Field Artillery of the famous Rainbow Division had 100 illustrations with their cannon names. "There's a Reason" had on its shield a German soldier surrendering; "Hell's Belle" depicted a voluptuous female in a Venetian mask. On the two other pieces were inscribed "The Reaper" and "Americanische Bluff."

Tradition and Artillery kept their ties and even today there are names for American missiles. The "Nike-Zeus," the "Honest John," the "Sergeant," and the nuclear can-non, "Atomic Annie" are but a few.

World War I also saw extensive use of the versatile French 75 millimeter cannon by the American Artillery. As the Yankees had little effective artillery of their own the American Expeditionary Force was supplied chiefly with European pieces. The beauty of the French 75's was in their

speed of well-placed fire.

The first extensive deployment of howitzers as one tend to think of howitzers began with World War II. The concept of combined arms generated at that time as well with Artillery units attached in support of Infantry and armored operations. In the Artillery itself, methods and maneuvers were devised to provide for sea, air, and land bombardment. The second battle, or, more appropriately, the American landing on Okinawa in 1945 was a display of this awesome combination of fire power. Operation Iceberg, as it was called, was hardly a suitable name for this broiling 83-day siege. Preliminary fire called for 155 mm howitzer "Long Toms," to be situated on outlying islands hopefully to prepare the 100,000 Japanese for capitulation. Fleet guns, huge 16-inchers, added their rather valuable "two-bits" to pound the island. The invasion itself was commanded by Lieutenant General Simon B. Buckner, who was himself killed by the heavy enemy artillery barrage. American massed Artillery amounted to over 300 corps and division guns, from 8inch howitzers to 105's, all blasting the island enemy to eventual defeat and the mark of prelude to the end of a viscious war,

Korea was another struggle, for Artillery Howitzers of World War II vintage played major roles alongside the lighter, newer mortars of the Infantry. In one encounter, the 10th Corps, Battery H, 3rd Battalion, 11th Marine Artillery, positioned at the Chang jin reservoir was battered by the Chinese. The guns got so warm that the O. D. paint curled and stripped off. The trails were so hastily dug in that the crew had to temper the recoil with their shoulders braced against the carriages. Once a charge 7, the highest charge, was fired in error and the piece bucked twenty feet sending a battered crew sprawling. As the crazed Chinese massed for assualt, elevation and deflection were cast aside and point-blank techniques were used to effectively mow down the Reds and save the

Artillery is again in use today — in that confused battle of no front lines, Vietnam. The tactics vary with new technology. The purpose is always there - support. Within seconds batteries have effective fire in any terrain in any direction in defense of Infantry and Armor forces.

These things that have been mentioned — these stories, these events, these accounts-all have been told to show a development. It is an extremely varied and colorful saga of men and their machines - the story of the United States Artillery.

BROTHER ABE (Continued) . . . (Continued from Page 15)

For Jim it had been a troubled night. He had been accosted by a series of strange dreams, one short disconnected sequence following another. Then suddenly he was awake, not fully aware of why. Someone had spoken to him, yelled to him, it seemed. And then perception came and he felt cold stone beneath him, saw a narrow rectangle of lighter haze in a world of utter black. For a few merciful seconds he managed to convince himself he was still dreaming, but his throbbing fingers betrayed the lie. A growing terror seized him. Where was he? He heard a noise like the death rattle of a small animal, then realized it was his own teeth chattering. It was then that the lighter rectangle was abruptly obscured by a human form

It had been weeks before either he or Abe were allowed to go to the motion pictures or even to leave the house at night. The caretaker who had grabbed him had also heard the shout of "Jim", and although his step-brother had explained that he had only followed Jim, curious of where he was going at such an hour and not realizing Jim was asleep, Abe had come in for equal punishment, with some

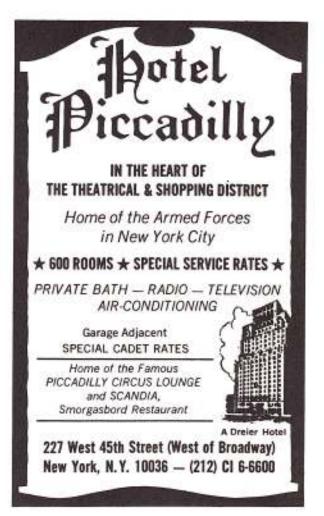
suspicion cast on the validity of his story.

Damned fickled memory . . . more gaps, jumbled memories, unclear events. The sweat has dried. Getting cramped now, must move a bit. Hard to stand with one of these personally tailored torture chambers on. Have to get my back against the wall and brace against it, get my jeet underneath. There. Walking helps. A sausage doesn't have legs, so maybe I'm a little better off. The thread now, got to get that thread back and follow it . . . must have kept going to school . . . Judy. Lord yes Judy. Oh God! Why don't they get Judy? She can tell them, she will explain. All I have to do is remember the rest now, get it back so we can explain to them. Met her in medical school . . . something is wrong there. Something gnawing away that doesn't want to be remembered. Got to be though . . . got to be. Med school now, it wasn't long ago . . .

He had loved her, too. True to form, brother Abe and he were in love with the same girl. The maddening parallelism had already become extreme when both brothers had decided to become doctors. Maybe it was his fault, always feeling obligated to take the same courses that Abraham had just finished so that he could show that he could do as well. There had been some relief in the family when Jim had explained that he wished to be a surgeon, since it was already known that Abe would specialize in diseases of the mind — psychiatry. And then they had both fallen for the same girl. President of her sorority, lovely, intelligent, from a good family, she was the sort of girl any man might want to marry. They had both met her when she was elected as the sweetheart of the medical fraternity and they both had decided to marry her.

Both boys had turned out tall, with features that most girls would consider good-looking. Abraham still held a slight edge in height, tall and slender with dark hair, but Jim had maintained his sturdier build, with strong arms and shoulders, and his lighter features were no handicap to his fortunes with the opposite sex. Mr. Murry had left each enough money to enjoy themselves when there was time; and, as medical students, their status was one of sufficiently high eligibility to complicate matters thoroughly after they both decided they wanted Judy. The knowledge that the other brother wanted her had only served to make the need for her more intense.

In spite of all the fights and lost campaigns against each other, there had always been a common feeling between



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the two, and a begrudging friendship had always existed, strengthened by an honest respect for the other man's abilities. It was finally here on the matter of Judy Hamilton that the bonds of brotherhood were truly torn. Each man sincerely cared for Judy, but her fear of what was happening between them made her attempt to forget them both. This only deepened their animosity as each man blamed the other for her action. Things were made doubly worse by Jim's position as a pledge to the fraternity, while Abe was a full brother.

The fraternity was small and quite exclusive, and Jim had deemed it an honor when he received a bid, especially when Abe had confided that the nomination had come from a member other than bimself. It was while doing some of the leg work in the promotion campaign for the fraternity sweetheart (to be Homecoming Queen) that he had met Judy. A short while afterward, the triangular relationship developed, and Jim found that his pledgeship had soured. Any position which subordinated him to his rival was unbearable, and learning the history and tradition of the

fraternity no longer held his interest.

For a time the rituals that went on in the secret room at the head of the stairs in the fraternity house had intrigued him with the sign of the crossed scalpels and the hidden entrance. The group had many blood-curdling tales told of it on campus, as laymen were always suspicious of doctors and everybody was suspicious of medical students, especially when their dogs or cats disappeared. The stories that had fascinated Jim were those concerning the big four-posted bed which stood in one of the lower rooms. Its posts were carved with bones and skulls and it was reportedly used in part of the final initiation ceremony. Since a bed is normally used for a limited number of purposes the stories about this particular item tended to be a bit risque, and Jim had looked forward to seeing the real use, if any, it was kept for. Then, after Judy, he found he could care less about anything at the fraternity house. And vet he had never quit anything that he had started, and he could not see de-pledging. The situation had continued and worsened until he and Abraham were no longer speaking to each other. It was with a great deal of pleasure for Jim that the last night of pledgeship had arrived in the spring. More important than the honor of full membership had become the thought of gaining an even footing with Abraham. Then too, there was some honest curiousity about this last night.

The formal ceremonies had been completed the previous night, with berohed officers and burning incense. Several oaths had been offered and taken, but they all had been made contingent on the successful completion of a last night, which itself was different for each of the four neophytes being initiated. It seemed that the last night must be quite an affair if it required the energies of the entire fraternity for one man. Already, however, he was treated like a brother, and there was a riotous stag party almost resembling a wedding-eve bachelor's party. He was congratulated on being the first of his pledge class to undergo the final ceremony, and on the excellent weather — thundershowers were forecast. His step-brother even shook his hand and offered grim congratulations, the first time they had spoken in a month. Abraham left the party shortly afterward. The party began to break up a little before midnight. Most of the group accompanied the new initiate, as he was being placed into an ancient hearse and driven out over a tangle of country roads which were crossed and re-crossed until Jim was thoroughly lost,

During this time, the jokes and laughter had vanished and a hushed group surrounded their neophyte as the Consul explained quietly what had to be done that night. Jim, who had had his fair share to drink earlier, found himself suddenly sober. Finally the hearse slowed. Only the Consul dismounted with him. On a hill before them, a distant flash of lightning outlined a hulking structure with twin towers in front. A cross could be dimly seen on the roof peak before the light faded, leaving everything blacker than before. The Consul spoke a few low pitched words and Jim reached into his pocket and gave him several objects. He then accepted the silver piece of steel offered. Then the Consul was wishing him luck in a somber voice, and he shook the extended hand. The rear doors of the hearse closed and the vehicle was swallowed up by a gloom that could be tasted better than seen in the velvet dark.

Jim looked at the scalpel in his hand. He felt like some mediaevil knight who had just been charged with slaying the accursed dragon. A clap of thunder and a few scattered drops of rain shook him out of his musing. Turning, he started the climb up the hill.

The final few yards to the top of the hill turned into a sprint, and he arrived panting under the overhanging eave of the church. The rain on his face, spiked with a bit of sweat felt comforting, and some of the night's earlier joviality returned. Feeling for his hip pocket he produced a small flask, and applied it to his lips. "Oh-ho, the castle of the evil wizard!" he announced into the rising wind, with a restored confidence provided by the good bourbon. The heavy double doors were still intact, although badly weathered. The right one screeched miserably as Jim forced it back.

"What, no bats, snakes, or spiders? Just one young horny toad," he chuckled the old joke. The church was no mean affair, appearing to have once served a fair sized congregation, perhaps before the University and the railroad had changed the center of business. Stumbling through a small ante-room he entered the hulking congregation hall, which loomed uncommonly dark. Even occasional lightning flashes were subdued by the thick tinted glass, and trickled in mainly through broken holes scattered among the windows. Candidate Jim walked down the aisle and then stopped, wondering where to begin. A particularly vivid streak of lightning lit the altar and choir stall, revealing some dark object on the lighter altar stone. Jim advanced into darkness as the thunder tied to the preceeding flash rolled in in waves. Reduced to feeling with his fingers momentarily, he had reached the cool, dusty stone when another flash lit the altar dimly. Jim grimaced at the sight facing him and then reached for the scalpel. Admittedly, it was appropriate.

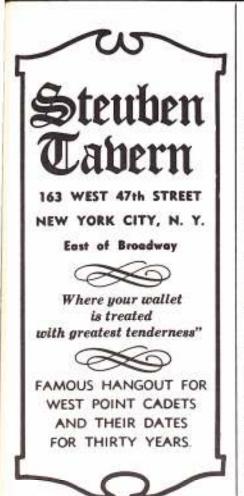
A pair of hands clasped in prayerbony, long-fingered hands, with wellkept nails.

"Owner must have been a sensitive sort," Jim mused to himself as he felt the slender bones, "Only they haven't kept so well since they started wandering." The ring finger from the right hand was missing and each finger was pierced with a slender thread of catgut which bound knuckle to knuckle, and left hand to right. Avoiding the flesh, Jim used the scalpel on the fibrous catgut to separate the two hands. The flesh was strong but velvety to touch even now. It was of a deep ebony color.

"A negro" he muttered to himself. By now he had located the thin piece of papyrus, and since it was impossible to see anything he slipped it in his pocket and stepped off the altar.

Six more to go. Got to find six more in this infernal ink blot. One for each of the infernal Founding Brothers, And what a beautiful night for it. Must be one reason why they spread out our final initiation—to wait for the right weather. And he had to give up all his matches and the pocket flashlight. Well, Hades. You bloody stiff, come to me.





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The next find was in the baptismal foot, a single black foot silhouetted against the white marble. Another flash of light provided a clear view and the insertion sewn into the pink sole was quickly located. Jim made a short job of it, having to proceed mostly by feel, but no longer being squeamish about a little sloppy work. The storm was full upon the exposed hillside now; when the thunder diminished the whistling wind and creaking timbers would still combine to maintain a riotous cacophony against the ears.

Got to figure now where they will be. Can't see, so must use the ole bean, Jim boy. Where would they place them . . . Hard to think, either, in this madhouse . . . The pulpit. Bound to be a few bones to pick at the pulpit, Jim. Hmm . . . that was a bad one . . .

The bible at the pulpit was obviously too new to the touch to be a contemporary of the building, and it would have been easy to detect something amiss anyway, the way the good book bulged in the middle. The bulge turned out to be a real problem-in the form of the missing finger. The burial work here had been done with a fine hand and, even the joints were dissected before Jim realized the tiny bit of papyrus was wrapped around the bone itself. The room was lit again as he finished. A quick glance upward froze him momentarily. The body of the Christ, with a hand outstretched in peace, was illuminated in bright colors overhead—but the shoulders were empty. A rock had turned the image into a headless creature pointing to the empty altar accusingly. The storm had reached a final height of fury now, rain beat against the walls in sheets and dripped from the ceiling as if the huge shell of a room had grown its own clouds in the

"Damn." The aisles were completely lit and the walls resounded as another close lightning bolt crashed into the neutral ground just outside. Jim sat down on the pulpit steps and reached for his hip pocket.

"Well Jim, how does it feel to be a ghoul? Shouldn't bother you, you know, ole Bean. You have had bloody hands before, and this preserved stuff hardly oozes. Only they would use a woman. A Negro woman, And those hands..."

Jim stood in the pulpit and addressed the empty blackness before him.

"They are neither man nor woman, They are neither beast nor human, They are ghouls . . . " Another swig of confidence. "Doesn't matter what happens to . . . dead flesh. Better to use it for science . . . yes, science," he finished, frowning

Stumbling and swearing, he continued the tedious task of ferreting out the bits and pieces. A calf was found hanging inverted by a string, the liver was discovered by accident on a makeshift offering plate. An eyeball accompanied some other almost unrecognizable organ and it was necessary to search through both to find the papyrus. Ultimately there had to be seven pieces to fit together to form the symbol or message or whatever it was.

The storm had died a violent death, and had been replaced by a gentle rain when Jim began a slow journey up the stairs winding to the north bell tower. His steps were heavy and lacking in co-ordination.

Well done ole bean, ole buddy. They should give a man a free ticket through internship for this .trick. Seven

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The door. Jim stumbled against it and it gave inward. The room was like pitch. Only a single hole in the roofing allowed a little light to enter along with the drip of the rain, but this light was arrested by a post, a heavy bed post consisting of a familiar bone and skull carved into wood.

"What ho! The old charmer herself? Baby you could not have come at a better time!"

He sat on the edge of the fraternity bed. He set the bottle by the bedpost. The scapel he flung into the surrounding darkness and he listened to the clatter . . .

A fierce dragon, it had been a wonderous battle, but he had finally severed its hideous head. It had been covered with horrible tenacles, but he had cut them, one by one, and then chopped them into little pieces. He was bloody and exhausted, but he had fought the good fight and now she was his . . . ludy ran to his side, sobbing with happiness, he mounted the white charger . . . then they were together and she in his arms. He crushed her against his chest, kissed her eyes, her lips, her nose, her lips were pressed to his and they were very, very happy. He had never known such ecstasy . . . and then something changed . . . something was wrong . . . Judy had become cold to his touch . . . something was very wrong . . . something

When he awoke, the night was still with the stillness that only the exhaustion of a storm could bring and the moon streamed through the gaping ceiling to light the entire room. He sensed the noise that had aroused him had come from behind the door. The hall was silent, but as he started down the winding tower steps he heard a noise behind him and turned to find himself entwined in ebony arms. Jim stared at the creature, dully noting the empty right socket, the thick lips, knowing what was at the end of the dark limbs over his shoulder.

"He has started again. Funny, you know, he sat there with a look on his face as sane as you or me for almost an hour. Just sat there like he was thinking, then even got up and paced the room like a regular guy. And now he has started giggling like a fool again, You never know."

"You just show how new you are around here. He gets that way nearly every day. It takes a while to work out whatever it is in his head. Then he goes back to that. Want to really see something? Listen while I turn out the light."

"Jesus, he's going out of his head. Should you do that?"

"Sure, Dr. Murry — the head-shrinker in charge of this one — says it gets rid of his frustration, Let's him work it out of his system. Quite a show isn't he? He is a strong one, you'd better believe. Let him out of that little tuxedo and you'd really see something. Now watch when the lights go back on. See? He's quieting down. Dr. Murry knows how to handle this one. Come on now, we're supposed to be making the rounds."

Inside the sausage-like figure propped itself against the wall and was still.

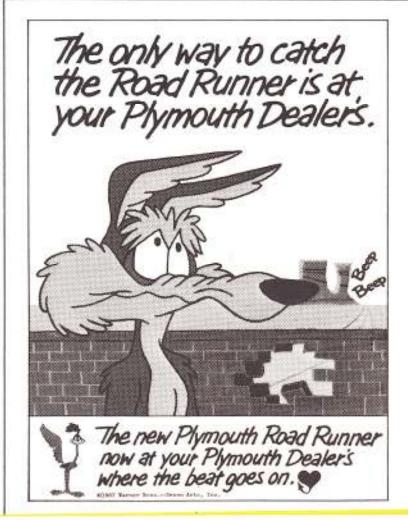
A straight-jacket is the epitome of all frustration. If one is not mad when they strap him into it, he will shortly find it expedient to become that way. If a man has good strength in his shoulders like myself . . .

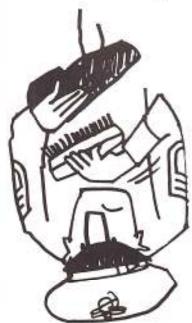
AND HE EVEN USED V V



STATIONERY!

YOU CAN TOO, SEE YOUR POINTER REP





iswan to spread the good Now he can't wait Brasso did the trick. went quick-But his buttons shining his shoes; Who spent hours 'sənıq Top Sarge in dress There was a



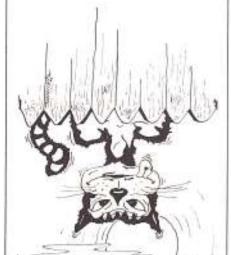
TENN-SHUNN!

New York

White Plains,

Erwin L. Bell

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



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, . noznoz botomovo yltzov o zi llot

they will be very effective , . . i've fduob . . . stoob llad asom to snort mi qu og lliw ensons bniw odt noos , , . stasilgirt ni 250de eid 20nide won an . . . qu-doors of gninniged si tnaogroz-tzril-odt-otommoor ym . . , botsomos ad noos lliw daidw noitoutie lorutonnu no si otote firsties with long weekend board . . . there are actually some . . , somebody fied up on academic failing a said aid timbo i . . . teunt woy con't even trust the loundry, who con become a cynic , , , . . . slod signiz a tuodtiw sent my roommate a clean t-shirt . . . Assw teal adateim a sham yibiiual to fund for annual c.a.o. picnic . . . the out i have pledged to contribute . sizil no qu pningiz qotz of musel feurn . . . if-in tot takeage con't decide where to put rear to buy j. c. higgins at car show . . . ot .q .d bood not gnitiow litte . . . have objected thru chain of command . . . sint nort seal emass . . . won to move leaves . . . drill before perades totovala sau t'now i amit txon . . . votoronioni zo dol votuqmoo golono to see of betselde one claisitte nintro yd boninttor . . . nrud of spent weekend taking up leaves

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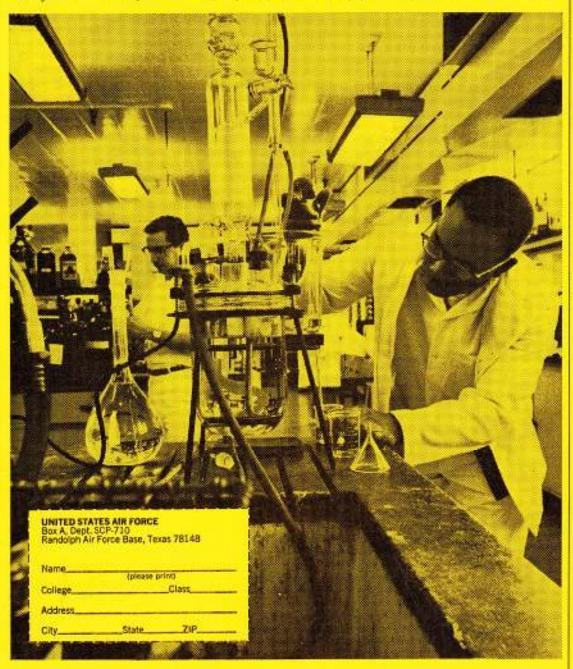
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Wouldn't it be pretty nice to enjoy officers' pay and privileges? And serve your country, as well? Also, you get retirement benefits, 30 days' paid vacation, medical

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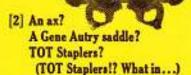
B. Sc. Very impressive letters. Now, do something with them.



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Test yourself... What do you see in the ink blots?





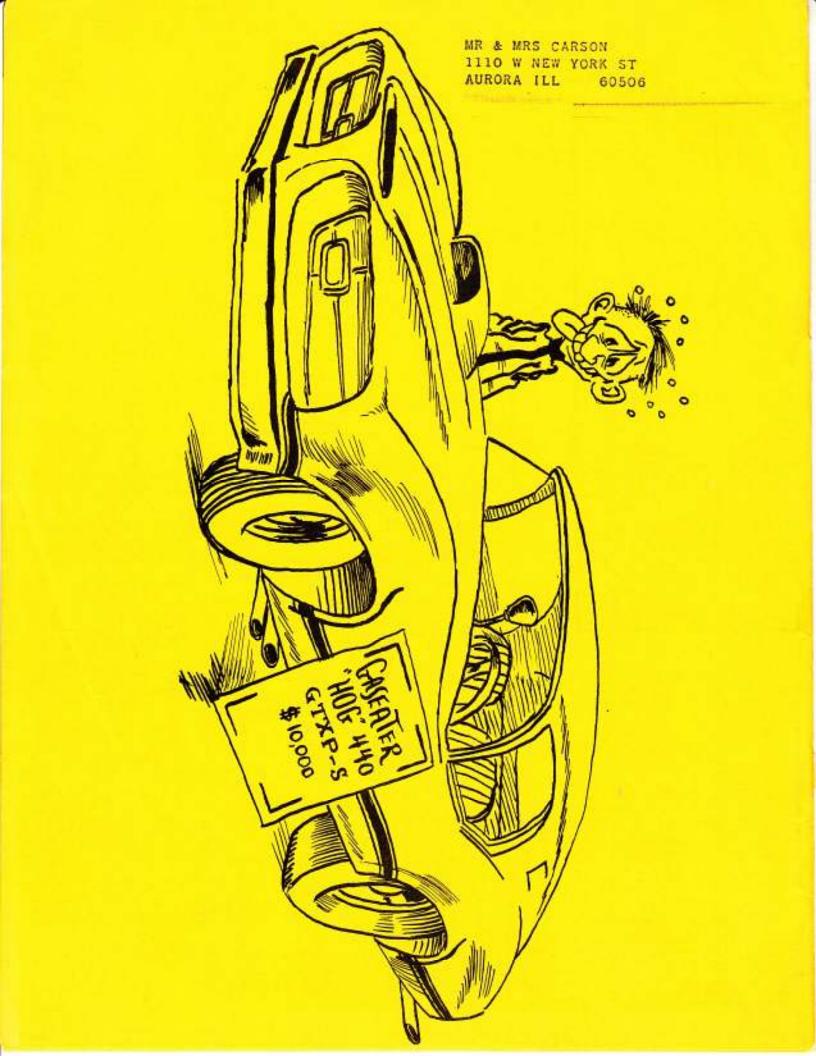
Swingline Tot Stapler



Swingline INC.

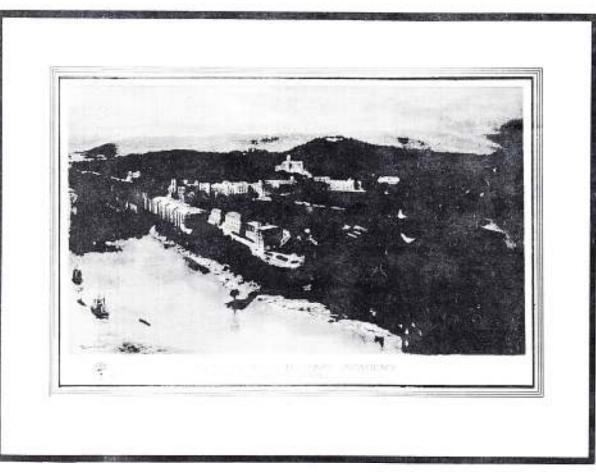
LONG ISLAND CITY, N.Y. 11101

MNSWERS: I. II you see a Japanese jude expert; I. II you see in jude expert; you take things in your partirell hand. The find the way when a metry temper you have! A Greek wurty addles; you're the extract hand had become attrict. TOT Supplers; you should become a strict.





de



About the turn of the century, a New York art publisher commissioned Richard Rummell, an outstanding artist of that era, to create a series of water color paintings of some of the nation's most prestigious schools and colleges. Naturally, the Military Academy was amongst the colleges chosen. A beautiful PANORAMIC view of the old campus resulted.

From these paintings, engravings were made on copper plates and were acclaimed by art critics to be MOST BEAUTIFUL COLLEGE VIEWS EVER CREATED. These authentic engravings were distributed to a few art dealers IN SEPIA COLOR and are hanging now in the Presidents' offices of our finest universities.

Sometime thereafter, the publisher went out of business—and the copper plates disappeared. A decade ago, they were found in a Brooklyn warehouse and purchased by a famous art dealer. He recently conceived the idea of printing each engraving in black and white from the copper plate—and coloring by hand using the finest imported water colors. The result is a most decorative addition to your home or office.

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IT WON'T BE





AR REPORTED

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THE NAVY ISSUE

All kinds of stuff this month. Starting with some new features, TOTAL WAR, LADYCLIFF SPEAKS OUT, we move on to SCUSA XIX and the career branch article for this month on the ENGINEERS. Plenty of cartoons with THE ESTABLISHMENT MAN, RALLY, and finally IT'S NAVY TIME AGAIN. We've also got plenty of sports and, of course, such regular features as ABOVE AND BEYOND and PYRENE. Recognize that guy on the back cover? And you all thought that firstie file-closers were always failures.

Well, anyway, BEAT NAVY!!!



A G P E A S S T



TMMOORE

Quick-silver wings of icy cold, The fog-shrouded night hid Flaming eyes of green and gold So sharp of beak, with talon bold;

Beyond the mount the air had rid Itself of cloud, had swept the land Free, then quick-silver wings did Soar above the mount and opened death's lid;

Such fire and ice, so bold of hand, On it flew on drafts of wind, As if by chance the air had planned An entry to life, twas proud and grand;

The people feared to find Unknown movement in the cloudless sky, They looked above and soon were blind, With crimson fire the sky was lined;

Sightless eyes no longer cry, No longer scan the distant peaks, Are growing old, are soon to die, And quick-silver wings of icy cold on high; So sharp of beak with talon bold, Now looked with eyes of green and gold Toward the mount had turned, yet hid, And fought the air of icy cold;

Quick and clean the mountain's lid Opened and as talon flew, did Close and the tortured land, Of flaming sky and golden eye was rid;

The entry was so proud and grand, At exit the air had planned To lure the fiery, icy, beak and pinned The mark of death on winged hand;

No longer the sky was lined With crimson fire, no people blind, The clouds moved to cover the sky, The wind and night the sea to find;

Life of boldness gone on high, Bold of beak, fiery eye, and talon die, Have flown to end on snow-capped peak, Sightless eyes have sight, and cry;

Paradise missed, the angel gone, The people pray to ages past — Remember fire, ice, and loudly moan, Remember wings . . . and die alone.

Do you buy a shirt or a label?

You buy both. The shirt because of what it looks like. And the label because of what it means. A good label means the shirt is styled to last. That it's tapered, pleated and rolled in the right places. Like this King Cotton

Perma-Iron shirt. 100% cotton that won't wrinkle. Labeled "Sanforized." With a softly flared button-down collar, shoulder-to-waist taper and box pleat. You can get it in stripes, solids.

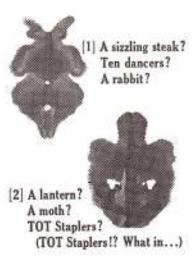
checks or plaids. \$6.00 for short sleeves, \$7.00 for long.

But don't buy a sport shirt just for the plaid, color, stripe or check. Get a good sport shirt with a good label. Our sports label is the best. Look for Arrow.



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LONG ISLAND CITY, N.Y. 11101

eg sheek she see the steaks go are deek sheek; You won't be deek. The denoters: No wenches you should have given in blue steaks for work; Grow up; you should have given up Mother Goose long ago, 2, A hencens up Mother Goose long ago, 2, A hencens who heard already, Paol. The British are coming! A moths. You're slighty, TOT Steaks and one to stay organized.

The facts of life.

Olds 4-4-2. Three bucket-seat models: Holiday Coupe, Sports Coupe, Convertible.

ENGINE

Type......Rocket V-8 Bore x stroke, inches.......3.87 x 4.25 Displacement, cubic inches......400 Carburetion.....

Built-in Combustion Control System provides constant carb air temperature. Optional: Force-Air Induction System. Requires close-ratio 4-on-the-floor trans-

mission or Turbo Hydra-Matic. 4.33-to-1 axle, 360 bhp at 5400 rpm.

Optional: Cruising package: Includes 400-CID V-8 with 2-bbl. carb, 290 bhp, 9-to-1 compression, Turbo Hydra-Matic, 2.56-to-1 axle. 325-hp Rocket 400 V-8 with 4-bbl. carb and 10.5-to-1 compression ratio teams with Turbo Hydra-Matic. Bhp 325 with Turbo Hydra-Matic.

DRIVE TRAIN

Transmission......Fully synchronized, heavy-duty 3-on-the-floor with Hurst Shifter

Optional: 4-on-the-floor (close- or wideratio with Hurst Shifter) or Turbo Hydra-Matic floor shift.

Prop shaft...... Heavy-duty Axle ratios (to 1) . 2.56, 2.78, 3.08, 3.23, 3.42, 3.91, 4.33, 4.66

Optional: Heavy-duty axles (H.D. shafts, bearings, differential gears), 3 ratios.

CHASSIS and BODY

Suspension........Heavy-duty. Includes heavy-duty springs and shocks, front and rear stabilizers. Dual exhausts. Steering ratio.....

with extra-wide rims F70x14", Nylon-Cord Wide-Oval Red-Lines

OTHER OPTIONS

Power front disc brakes. UHV Transistorized Ignition. Anti-Spin Differential. Rally Stripe. Rally Pac (clock, tach, engine gauges). Sports console. Custom Sport Steering Wheel. Radial-Ply Whitewalls. Simulated-wire and Super Stock Wheels. Special wheel discs. Others.

GENERAL

Wheelbase112*
Overall length201.6*
Overall width
Overall height52.8*
Curb wt. (lb.) Holiday Coupe3628
Fuel capacity (gal.)20
Headroom (Holiday Coupe) front 37.6"
rear 36,3*
Legroom (Holiday Coupe)front 42.7"
rear 32.7*
Hiproom (Holiday Coupe)front 59.5*
rear 53.0°
Tread
SAFETY
And all the new GM safety features are



From An Unexpected Corner . . .

TOTAL WAR



The following dispatch was received from the Collegiate Press Service Copenhagen Office . . .

COPENHAGEN, Denmark (CPS)—The independent republic of Bird Island, situated in the middle of a city lake here, has declared total war on the United States, according to the British news service reporters.

The newly proclaimed republic has a population of six. It would have been seven, but one of the founding fathers fell overboard from the landing craft—a dinghy— and had to swim back to shore.

Danish police on the Banks of Lake Sortedamssoen were making invasion plans today because the Bird Islanders students from an organization called Zenith—refused to give up their 1200-square-yard-country,

The group has sent a telegram to the United Nations seeking membership and a cable to the U. S. Embassy here declaring total war.

AMERICAN REACTION:

By printing this release the POINTER, as "Official Publication of the United States Corps of Cadets", is probably giving this declaration of war the only "official" recognition it will receive from any agency of the U. S. Government (although rumor has it that RCA and Motorola are mobilizing against the American elements of the midget nation's monolithic party). POINTER, therefore, feels bound to assure the American people that their security is not seriously threatened, and to warn any would-be sympathizers with Zenith Bird Island of the militant and racist character of the one-party regime manifested in its first sovereign acts being a declaration of war and its population being exclusively Teutonic.

A decent respect of the new sovereign nation obliges us to direct a reply to the Declaration of War of Bird Island against the United States. We do so as follows:

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Ladycliff Speaks Out

THE CADET...

As a Person

Upon a request for an objective view on a cadet's life, I merely thought; what can I say that has not already been said by many other girls? How can a girl analyze his life when she sees him only on weekends? She will never know what really goes on at six o'clock in the morning or what it is actually like to live in the barracks under constant surveillance. But what little of West Point a girl is allowed to see, definitely does affect her image of the cadet's situation.



A visit to West Point usually begins at a dress parade. As we know, parades of any sort are aweinspiring to everyone. Even if you don't admit it, there is a lump in your throat and a thumping in your heart. To see these boys march is something special, but how many of them out there on the plain actually do feel special? This question which can never be accurately recorded.

Often a boy will give his peer, usually in the person of a date, an idea of how he actually feels. The officers at West Point may understand the problems in the cadet's life, mainly because many of them have also trained there, but today in a world of increased outside tension, can these officers devote their fullest attention to the worries of the youths under November 30, 1967

their command? Naturally, youth always finds it easier to speak to youth; this is where the date, or "drag", is an all important part of the cadet's life. It is with her, that he can relax. She does not want him to be the tough "tin soldier" she saw parading a few hours earlier. In fact, she expects him to behave like the typical college boys she sees at home. But what she often sees is a boy who is not sure of himself or of what the future will bring. While seated in the Weapon's Room, for example, he will tell his date of all the fun he is missing because he refused either Purdue or Princeton. All he is sure of is his high school desire to be a West Point cadet, and now he wonders—was it the right decision?

It seems that cadets are preoccupied with thoughts of freedom, the desire to take weekend and cross South Gate. What they see outside this gate is a world of which one time they were a part, and contrary to cadet belief, are still a part.

But with an almost total detachment from the old and familiar, one cannot condemn the cadet who seeks some normalcy. What is this normalcy? It is the privilege of being yourself instead of an object for show. The cadet is seeking the life of his peers, but he knows that in order to be a West Point graduate, his activities will always be restricted and he will always be watched and observed. This observation, he has realized, does not end with graduation, but lasts a lifetime, because, he is different.

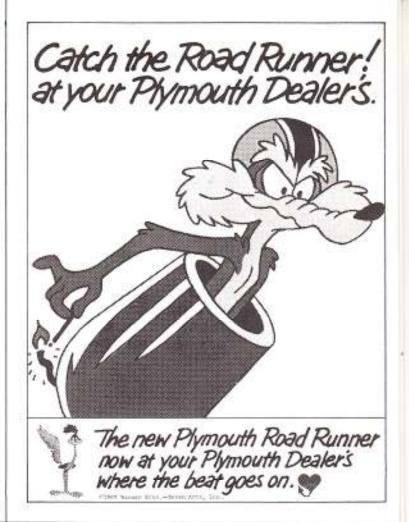
BEAT

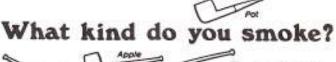






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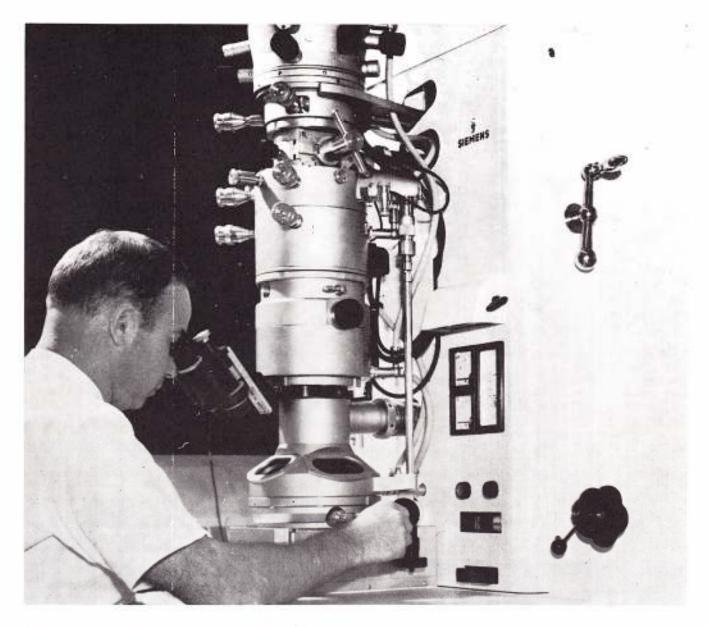
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To get a close look at the sources of fracture and to understand their origins, we magnify them 100,000 times on an electron microscope. The Ordnance Products Division of our Applied Research Laboratory uses the latest techniques in all phases of this important development work. Metallographic studies are only one of many important tools we're using to speed up the development of new armor steels.

USS Ordnance Products researchers are constantly improving and developing steels for military and naval applications. One of our current projects is the development of a composite armor utilizing composition that gives the plate special ballistic properties at minimum weight.

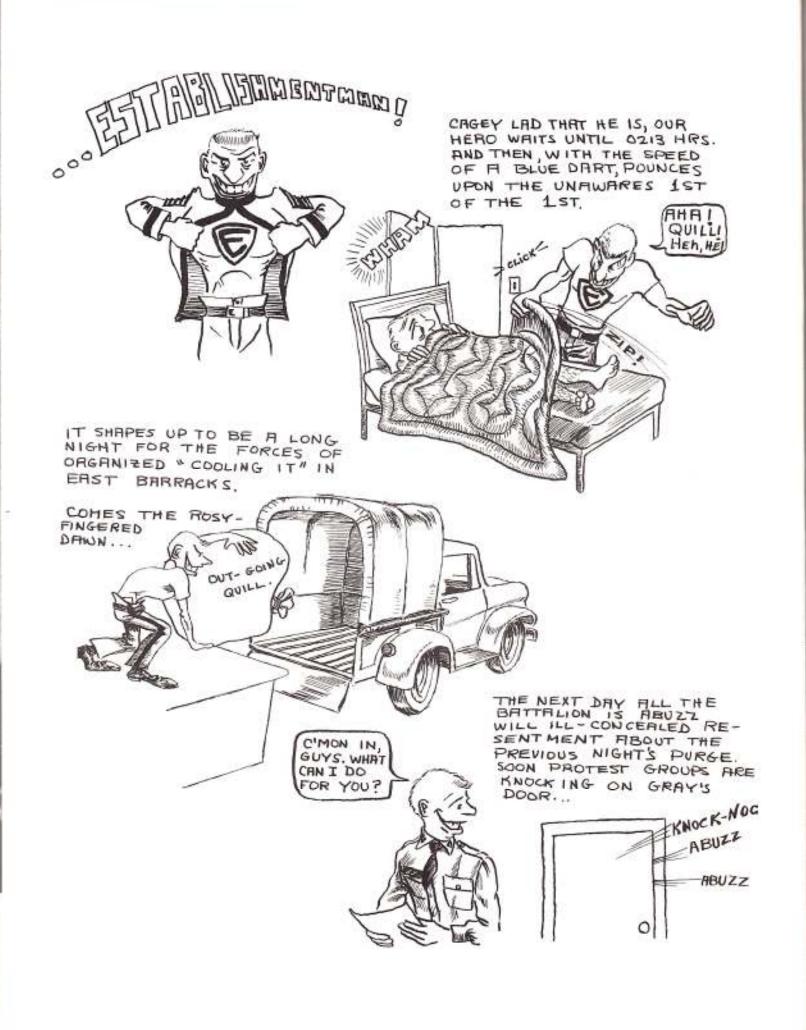
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PROTEST GROUP'S THINLY
VEILED THREATS ON HIS LIFE
FOR BEING SUCH A PRIGGRAY RESPONDS BY STANDING ON HIS PROFESSIONAL
INTEGRITY AND HONOR ...

GEE, FELLAS, I DIDNT WANT TO DO IT, BUT THE TAC MADE ME.

AND OF COURSE THERE (
IS NOTHING TO DO ABOUT
THE TACS. EVERYONE KNOWS
THAT.

THERE IS ONLY ONE FLY
IN THE DINTMENT, THAT FLY
IN THE PERSON OF CADET
LT. ELLIS DEE, GRAY'S
ROOMHATE, RECENTLY RETURNED FROM A TRIP.

WHEN CON FRONTED BY
GRAY'S EXCUSE THAT HE IS WORKING UNDER T.D. ORDERS, CADET
DEE DOES'NT BELIEVE WORD ONE.

SO THE BATTLE GETWEEN THE FORCES OF GOOD AND EVIL SHAPES UP WITH THE CAPTAINS OF BOTH TEAMS LIVING IN ONE ROOM!

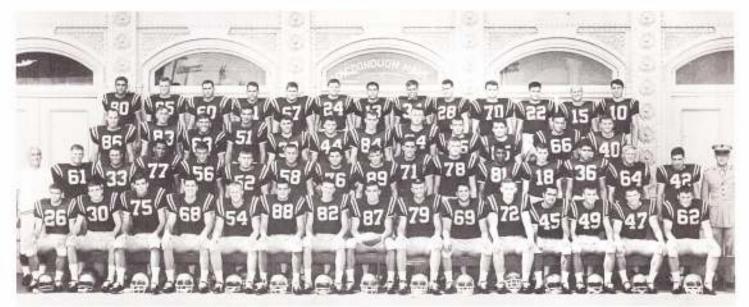
CHRISTMAS ISSUE



IN THE SINKS

NAVY FOOTBALL 1967

by Chris Cole



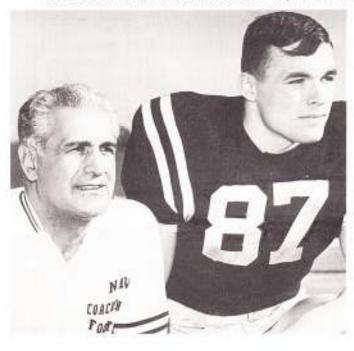
1967 NAVY VARSITY FOOTBALL SQUAD-First Row (from left): Roland Laurenzo, Tom Shrawder, Rich Red, Tom Speers, Dick Krulis, Jon Bergner, Rob Taylor, Captain Bill Dow, Kit Ruland, Craig Honour, Jim Brown, John Church, Scott McDaniel, Gerry Motl, Mike Dwyer. Second Row: Head Coach Bill Elias, Sam Wilson, Jim Paddock, Emerson Carr, George Mather, Ted Kral, Jim Gierucki, Bob Mooselly, Bill Newton, Tom Burbage, Tom Cleverdon, Fred Jones, Clint Harden, Mike Lettleri, Bill Sciba, Jeri Balsly, Officer Representative Captain Reid Olson, USMC. Third Row: John Atturio, Tom Butler, Tim Cocozza, Bruce Potter, Jim Spore, Tom Dickey, Mike Clark, Tom McKeon, Tom Daley, Jack Gantley, Dave Lohr, Chip Estey, Fourth Row: Ben Tucker, Harry Landau, Ray DeCario, Tom Sher, Fran Poole, Terry Murray, Wade Roberts, Roger Lammers, Rick Bayer, Andy Rasmussen, John Lasher, John Cartwright, and Ken Pease.

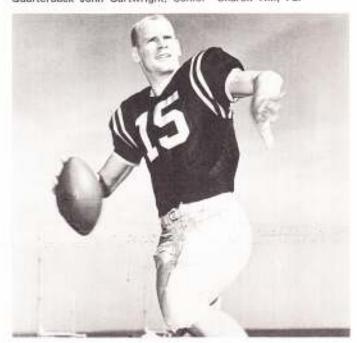
The 1967 Navy Football team is led by Captain Bill Dow from McLean, Va., a defensive end and quarterback John Cartwright from Sharon Hill, Pa. At the time of this writing,

the Middies have played seven games, compiling a 4-3 won-lost record.

Head Football Coach Bill Elias and Team Captain Bill Dow

Quarterback John Cartwright, Senior-Sharon Hill, Pa.





Split End Rob Taylor, Senior-Palo Alto, Calif.

The offensive action has been furnished by the passing combination of Cartwright to Taylor, who have conspired for 44 receptions good for 541 yards and 3 touchdowns. This gives Taylor the number seven spot in the nation in pass receiving as of 6 November, Cartwright is also nationally ranked. He is ninth in total offense with 279 plays for 1344 yards and 10 "responsible-for" touchdowns. He is also ranked eighth in forward passing with 90 completions in 176 attempts for 1017 yards and 5 TD's. This gives him a .511 completion percentage. He also had six intercepted.

While Terry Murray, the senior halfback from Allendale, N.J., opened as the big running back, the main load is now being carried by a junior halfback from Madeira, Ohio, Jim Balsly. This year Murray is the third leading receiver from his flankerback spot with 17 receptions for 209 yards and 1 TD. With Tom Daley, a junior from Milwaukee, Wisc., at fullback, the backfield has the short yardage punch to compliment the breakaway abilities of Balsly and Murray. Across from Taylor is Mike Clark, a junior from Dayton, Ohio, at the tight end. Coach Bill Elias has chosen him as the most improved player on the squad. The foot of John Church, a senior from Foster Village, Hawaii, must also be reckoned with, as this year he has hit 6 of 8





field goal attempts and 11 of 12 PAT attempts for 29 points.

The defensive is led by Captain Bill Dow, Navy's All-America candidate at defensive end. Among the returnees to the secondary is Rick Bayer, a senior from Huntingdon, Pa. Bayer, at halfback, led the '66 squad in interceptions with 8. Roger Lammers, a senior from Dover, Ohio, is touted as the surest tackler and the best all-around defensive back. Edwards AFB provides a senior halfback in Wade Roberts to this returning trio.

Anchoring the defensive line with Dow are tackle Emerson Carr, junior, Minneapolis, Minn., and middle guard Craig Honour, a senior from Jacksonville, Fla, Fran Poole, a senior, and Bill Sciba, a junior, return to the linebacker spots. They hail from Philadelphia, Pa., and Wharton, Texas, respectively. So far this season, this defensive unit has grabbed 9 enemy aerials and pounced on 13 fumbles. They recovered five against Notre Dame alone, In spite of the fact that Navy has not been too impressive in statistics this year, they remain an explosive ball club. This is well evidenced by their victory over Pittsburgh on a 32-yd John Church field goal in the final four minutes. However, they are not unbeatable. Their defensive unit has allowed over 1400 yds on the ground and a little over a thousand in the air during its first seven games. The offense may be stopped by breaking up the Cartwright to Murray acrials.

The Midshipmen play Duke in the Oyster Bowl, an annual charity game, on 11 Nov. and Vanderbilt at Annapolis on 18 Nov. Following these two games, they take one weekend off to prepare for the meeting with the Big Rabble in

Philadelphia on December 2nd.

This annual "classic" has become the greatest factor in which school has a good or bad season. Regardless of records or statistics, it is a wide-open, "anything can happen" game. For example, in 1948, Army went in to the game with an 8-0-0 record. Navy stood with a 0-8-0 record. They played to a 21-21 tie. The season's success or failure is written in this game, without regard for earlier achievements. The series record now stands at Army having won 32, Navy 29, and six ties, This year the end will be written as an Army victory—number 33!

Against Duke in the Oyster Bowl, Navy lost 35-16 with a sohewhat less than impressive offensive effort. This past weekend they came from a deficit of six points to tie Vanderbilt on a 14-yd Cartwright to Taylor touchdown pass with 24 seconds on the clock. John Church's kick, which could have won the game, was blown wide to the right by a stiff wind. In this game, Cartwright broke Roger Staubach's total offense record with a 358 yard performance. He accounted for 4 touchdowns by running for one and throwing three others, two to Taylor and one to Mike Clark. Jeri Balsly bagged 177 yards rushing and one TD. Navy's record now stands at 4-4-1.

NAVY'S RECO	RD TO	DA	TE (4-	4)	NAVY TE	AM S	TAT	ISTICS	
Navy 23	F	enn	State	22			N	lavy	Opp.
Navy 7	B	tice		21	First downs			150	156
Navy 26	λ	fichi	gan	21	Rushing Yardage		- 3		1778
Navy 27		yrac		14	Passing yardage				1182
Navy 16			& Mary	27	Passes attempted		- 3	216	176
Navy 22			urgh	21	Passes completed			105	89
Navy 14			Dame	43	Passes had intercepte	al.		10	9
Navy 16		luke	ale contract:	35	Punts	962			
		· LLEC		0.0				47	41
151				204	Punting average			32.4	33,4
101				204	Fumbles lost			10	15
					Yards penalized			365	230
				IDIVIDUA	AL LEADERS				
			Net		PUNTING	No.	9 [Yards	Avg.
Rushing	TC	(Gain	Avg.	Chip Estey, dhb-ks	45		1480	32.8
Jeri Balsly, hb	117		373	3.1	John Cartwright, qb	1		46	46.0
Tom Daley, fb	51		221	4.3	Team	1		0	-
Dan Pike, hb	35		165	4.7		-		-100	-
Terry Murray, hb	34		137	4.0		47		1526	32.4
John Cartwright, qb	115		309	2.6	DUNT DETURNE			V	A
Roland Laurenzo, hb	16		106	6.6	PUNT RETURNS	No		Yards	Avg.
Jim Spore, fb	5		10	2.0	Terry Murray, hb	- 8		141	17.6
Clint Harden, qb	5		-21	2.0	Roland Laurenzo, hb			36	7.2
com marden, qu			-61		Rick Bayer, dhb	4		26	6.5
	378	1	300	3.4	Jim Brown, t	1		0	_
Passing Att	Comp	Int	Gain	TD		18	8	203	11.2
Cartwright, qb 183	94	8	1062	6	KICKOFF RET'NS	No	e ?	Yards	Avg.
Harden, qb 31	11	2	212	2	Terry Murray, hb	9	8	191	21.2
Chip Estey, hb-ks 2	0	0	0	0	Dan Pike, hb	8		144	18.0
Chip Estey, ho-ks 2		U	.0	0	Roland Laurenzo, hb			137	17.1
216	105	10	1074	0	Jeri Balsly, hb	5		96	19.2
216	105	10	1274	8	Tom Daley, fb	3		37	12.3
PASS RECEIVING	No.		Gain	TD	Rick Bayer, dbb	1		23	23.0
					Emerson Carr, t	1		0	20.0
Rob Taylor, e	45		574	4	Emerson Carr, t	1			
Terry Murray, hb	20		248	1		35		628	17.9
Mike Clark, e	18		236	2		20			
Tom Daley, fb	7		112	1	SCORING	TD	FG	PATD	Pts.
Roland Laurenzo, hb	5		38	0	John Church, ks		9.7	13-12	33
Bill Newton, e	3		24	0	John Cartwright, qb	5		(2)	32
Mike Lettieri, e	3		15	0	Rob Taylor, e	4	_	200	24
John Cartwright, qb	1		25	0	Jeri Balsly, hb	3			18
John Lasher, hb	1		13	0	Terry Murray, hb			-	12
Jeri Balsly, hb	- 11		8	0	Mike Clark, e	9			12
Dan Pike, hb	1		8	0	Tom Daley, fb	2 2 1		2.34	6
2 211 2 2114					Dan Pike, hb	î			6
	105		1274	8		1	550		6
	103		12.14	O	Rick Bayer, dhb *Team	1	_		2
U DESIGNATI	C029 115-11	nou-m			5045000AD	19	9-7	14	151
(*-Safety vs.	. Wm. &	Max	ry)		100 mm				2.01
					(Continue	d on i	rage	21)	

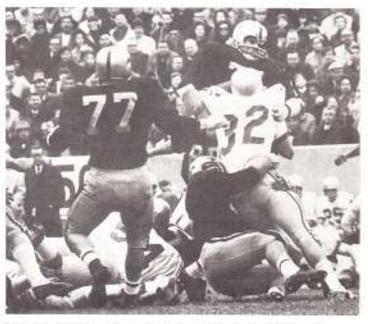
ARMY HIGHLIGHTS 1967



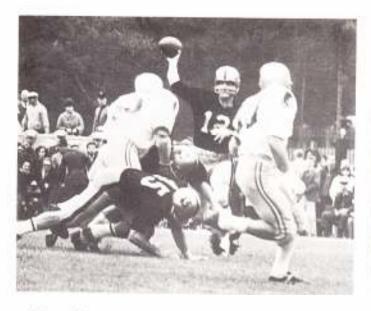
1967 ARMY FOOTBALL TEAM—First Row (L-R): Ed Larsen, Ollie Johnson, Hank Toczylowski, Jim Bevens, Bud Neswischeny (Capt.), Nick Kurilko, John Nerdahl, Bob Gora, Pat Mente, Second Row: Terry Hoffman, Jim O'Toole, Steve Lindell, John Peduto, Carl Woessner, Keith Harrelson, Don Roberts, Terry Young, Frank Nader, Jack Swaney, Elwood Cobey, Tom Haller, Jim Blake, Third Row: Coach John McCauley, Henry Richmond, Dennis Hutchinson, Charlie Jarvis, Gary Marshall, Gary Bogems, Tom Wheelock, Steve Yarnell, Ken Johnson, Coach Bill Parcells, Head Coach Tom Cahill, Fourth Row: Coach Bill Meek, John Bolger, Bob Allardice, Dick Luecke, Art Witte, Bill Jackson, Jodie Glore, Joe Neuman, Paul McDowell, Coach Dick Lyon, Fifth Row: Coach Jack Hecker, Casey Scull, Lynn Moore, John Brenner, Bob Ivany, Gary Steele, Gerry Dockery, Bill Price Ted Shadid, Steve Wesbrook, Coach Bob Mischak, Sixth Row: Roger LeDoux, Van Evans, Pete Dencker, Jim Greenlee, Hank Andrzejczak, John Oristian.



"Nick Kurilko displaying the form that enabled him to set the Academy Record for field goals in one season."



"Ken Johnson and Bob Gora making the stop against Utah with Steve Yarnell coming up to help."

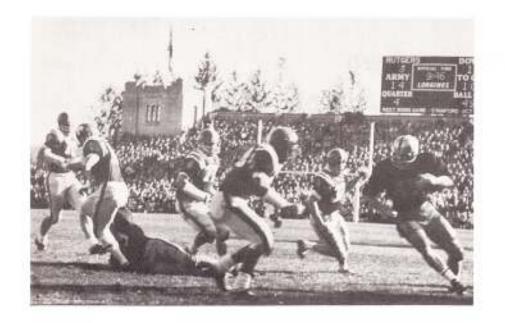




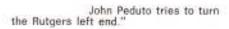
"One of the major reasons behind Coach Cahill's 16-3 record to date—Steve Lindell."

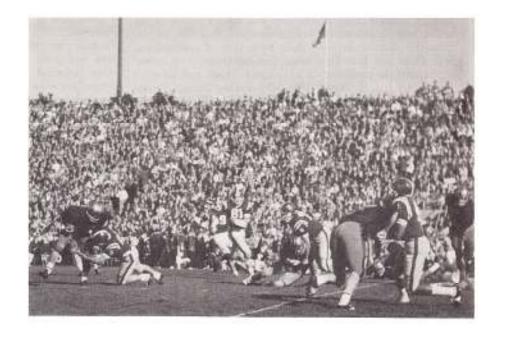
"Charlie Smith of Utah being stopped by Jim Bevins and Pat Mente and another Army player."

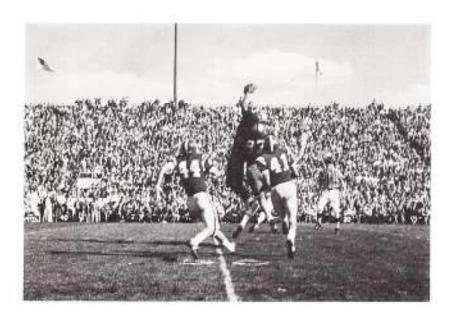
	ARMY F	оотв	ALL STAT	ISTICS (Thru	9 gan	ies)				
	Army		Орр	RUSHING		Gain	Loss	Net	Avg	TD
First Downs	158		154	Jarvis	136	764	6	758	5.6	8
Rushing	104		70	Woessner	43	231	2	229	5.3	2
Passing	49		72	Peduto	47	198	8	190	4.1	õ
Penalties	5		12	Lindell	63	269	89	180	2.9	3
Total Offense	2928		2616	Moore	37	179	5	174	4.7	1
Total Plays	623		659	LeDoux	42	160	66	94	2.2	0
Avg Off Per Game	325		291			90	00	90	7.5	
Net Yds Rushing	1819		1305	Andrzejczak		2,000				1
Rushing Plays	421		416	Greenlee	22	75	3	72	3.3	1
Avg Rush Per Game	202		145	Evans	- 7	67	0	67	9.4	1
Net Yds Passing	1109		1311	Kurilko	1	0	0	0	0.0	0
	202			Shipley	2	0	19	-19	0.0	0
Attempted			243	O'Toole	9	9	25	-16	0.0	0
Completed	89		112			2	201	- 11		
Had Intercepted	10		25	PASSING	Att	Com	Int	Yds	Pct	TD
Percentage Completed	.441		.461	Lindell	122	66	10	788	.541	2
Avg Pass Per Game	123		146	LeDoux	61	18	0	228	.295	1
Fumbles, Lost	25-15		24-11	O'Toole	14	5	0	93	.358	0
Punts-Dist-Avg	46-1759-38	52-17		Shipley	3	0	0	0	.000	0
Penalties Yds	49-448		3-364	Woessner	ĩ	0	0	0	.000	0
Punt Returns	23-234		7-183	Moore	1	0	0	0	.000	0
Kickoff Returns	22-387	-3	0-509	11100010			000		1000	100
Total Points	169		75	SCORING	32	TDs	PAT		FG	PTS
1967 RECO	RD-Nine go	mes		Jarvis		8	1		_	50
Sept 23-Army 26, V	irginia 7			Kurilko		1000	14-16		7-20	35
30-Army 21, B				Evans		3	-			18
Oct 7-Duke 10, A				Lindell		3	_		_	18
13-Army 24, S.				Woessner		2				12
21-Army 14, R				Steele		ĩ	1			8
28-Army 24, St				Greenlee		î	î		_	8
Nov 4-Army 10, A				Young		1	1			6
11—Army 22, U				Andrzejczak		1				6
18—Army 21, P					99	1				6
	11 12			Moore		1 0			_	
Won 8, Lost 1				Team Safety	y at 150	ston Co	stiege			2
RECEIVING	No	Yds	TD	PUNT RE	TURN	S	No	Y	ds	TD
Young	39	487	1			-			170.17	
Steele	13	217	1	Evans			22	- 2	31	1
Woessner	12	114	0	Dencker			1		3	0
Moore	11	154	0		0.0			100	8 3	4
Jarvis	5	45	0	PUNTING	3		No	Y		Avg
Evans	4	64	1	Kurilko			46	175	9	38
Peduto	4	13	0							
Greenlee	1	15	0		(Conti	nued or	Page	21)		
\$688888E			(0.23)		00/20/70/00					



Carl Woessner makes a big gain against Rutgers."







Gary Steele leaps to snare a Lindell pass."

Booters Go For Two In A Row Over Navy

by Doug Craft and Dave Hayes

As all eyes focus on next week's Navy game in Philly, and minds wander into the realm of weekends and victory parties, the traditional prelude to this weekend often slips by without the emphasis it merits. I'm speaking of the Army-Navy soccer game to be played in Annapolis this weekend. As always it proves to be one of the top games with both teams sporting fine records.

Starting virtually from scratch with almost none of the starting positions nailed down, Navy Coach Glenn Warner has molded a fine soccer team around his nine lettermen. Graduation hit hard, taking seven lettermen, including three three-year starters of the National Championship Team. Sporting a 7-1 record, Navy's only regular season loss since 1962 was to Pennsylvania, 2-1. They are lead by fullback Captain Tom Teach, who was moved to one of the inside back positions to strengthen their first line of defense. He is complimented there by a pair of sophomores, Walt Bahr and Bob Tamburini. According to Army scouting reports the combination of fullback Teach and forward Algimantis Vasilianskas is the big scoring threat. Teach, with his fine defensive play, has continually gotten the ball to the high scoring Vasilianskas, who had 17 goals last year. Also at the forward spots are John Bodine and Bob Reid, both juniors, scoring 10 and 7 goals respectively last year.

Probably one of the greatest contributing factors to Navy's 7-1 record this year is the consistent play of the halfbacks. A big question mark at the beginning of the season, these positions have been manned by lettermen Denny Dugan, Dick Bartlett and sophomore Paul Roeder. Dugan is a converted forward who contributed 7 goals last season. A second question mark which is still a problem is the all important position of goalie. This job has been shared by junior George Terwilliger and senior Win Becker, a letterman from last year's forward line.

Army's outlook at the start of the season was much the same as Navy's. Having lost several key players from the team that reached the NCAA semi-finals last year, Coach Joe Palone built a new team around the returning lettermen, filling the holes with either reservists from last year's team or yearlings up from the plebe team. The result was a team that is well balanced and has good depth at all positions. One of the big worries was in the goal, but Bill Thorne and Fred Dibella have let by an average of less than two goals per game, including three shut outs. Another potential problem was the offense, but the scores themselves show how little there was to worry about. The forward line, led by Matt Fleumer, Tim Anderson, Mike Palone, Bob Behnke and Bill Friese, have scored 65 goals so far this season as compared to 70 all last year, including the NCAA play-offs.

At halfback, about which Coach Palone says "it's what soccer's all about," returning starters Horst Spurber, Jim (Continued on Page 23)

1967 ARMY SOCCER TEAM—Front Row, L to R: Charles Morris, Jim Avery, Steve Allaire, Luis Retana, Matt Fleumer, Doug Fitzgerald, Craig Schwander, Ben Watts, John Veenstra, Dutch Harmeling, Second Row: Jim Nielson, Bill Friese, Arnie Soeder, Bob Uhler, Mike Palone, Ed Milinski, Al Vitters, Horst Sperber, Jim Anderson, Bob Behncke, Lindy Blackburn. Third Row: Maj. James Anderson (assistant Coach), Doug Farel, George Gardes, Manager; Pete Cramblet, John Becker, Tom Acuff, Harrison Lobdell, Bob McCloy, Bill Thorne, Joe Henn, Eric Pedersen, Joe Sowa, Jim Isenhower (asst. manager), Anthony Barra, (asst. manager), Fred DiBella, Maj. Bruce Turnbull (officer Representative), Coach Joe Palone.



November 30, 1967

ARMY STATISTICS . . .

(Continued frmo Page 18)

KICKOFF RETURNS	No	Yds
Evans	14	270
Peduto	2	39
Jarvis	2	37
Young	2	23
Moore	1	17
Steele	1	4
PASS INTERCEPTIONS	No	Yds
Bevans	8	124
K, Johnson	4	39
Luecke	3	27
Toczylowski	3	24
Dencker	2	31
McDowell	1	8
Wheelock	1	5
O. Johnson	1	2
Hutchinson	1	0
Haller	1	0



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NAVY STATISTICS . . .

(Continued from Page 16)

NAVY'S HIGH MARKS TO DATE

Individual

Longest run from scrimage: 42 yds. by Pike vs. Notre Dame, Longest pass play: 52 yds.—Crtwrght-Murray vs. Syracuse. Longest interception return: 48 yds.—Bayer vs. Wm. & Mary.

Longest kickoff return: 32 yds.—Balsly vs. Rice.

Longest Punt return: 52 yds.—Murray vs. Syracuse,

Longest field goal: 43 yds.—John Church vs. Duke.

Longest punt: 61 yd. -- Estey vs. Penn State,

Most yds. rushing: 97—Balsly (25 carries) vs. Penn State. Most yds. passing: 211—Cartright (16 comp.) vs. Syracuse. Most total offense: 272—Cartwright vs. Pitt (43 plays).

Most passes caught: 10—Rob Taylor vs. Penn State (140 yds.) and 10 b7 Rob Taylor vs. Wm & Mary (79 yards) (NEW NAVY RECORD).

Most yds. pass receptions: 140—Rob Taylor vs. Penn State (10 receptions) (NEW NAVY RECORD).

Most passes completed: 16 by Cartwright (211 yds.) vs. Syracuse, and 16 by Cartwright (207 yds.) vs. Pitt.

Team

Most yds. rushing (net): 256 vs. Penn State (55 carries). Most yds. passing: 236 vs. Syracuse (17 completions). Most interceptions: 2 (0 yds.) vs. Syracuse, 2 (65 yds.) vs.

Wm. & Mary, and 2 (25 yds.) vs Pittsburgh.
Most fumbles recovered: 5 vs. Notre Dame,

Most Total offense: 489 yards vs. Penn State (85 plays).

The Naked Lunch of Woo Poo

By Geoffrey Prosch

My name is Trock Turkey, and I am a thoroughbred corn-fed fowl, and, until only recently, I was scheduled to be served to the Corps for Thanksgiving Dinner. However, I am presently enjoying a peaceful retired existence at the government subsidized Corton-on-Hudson Farm for Contended Fowls and Maimed Aardvarks.

About three weeks ago, in the Mess Hall Barn Yard, while doing the Big Apple with Quinella Thrush, whose audubonical ancestry can be traced to Hud, the mystic Yellow Belly Sapsucker of Nairobi, I detected, with fear, the annual sadistic November grin on the countenance of old Cy Barleycorn, Chief Butcher and Carbuncle Remover, U.S.M.A. Mess. Through the years I have successfully managed to foil Cy's yearly assassination attempts through fantastic feats of physical prowess and retreats through the Woo Poo sewer system, patterened after those famous rear-ward charges of General Alfonso Lasagna and his Siscilian Suicide Squad.

My most gallant resistence occurred in 1948 when I was attacked on my right flank by a kleptomaniac B.P. armed with rat poison and a motorized mop bucket. In defense, I planned to execute a superb display of broken field running past Cy and his 508th Mess Kit Repair Squad into Washington Hall where I would initiate a retrograde, defilade, defense position behind a Zippo Root Beer Machine, However, as I trotted across North Area, my adam's apple was suddenly smashed with a grip equal to that of a depraved Kodiak Bear. Cy had resorted to unkosher tactics and had sent a mechanized B.P. Squad around me in a surprise rear thrust while I awaited a full scale mercenary airborne assault from the E.F. Drawing Room,

I lost consciousness under the pressure of my abductor's bony grasp and awoke to find myself plucked and in the process of being broiled. While laying nude on a platter, I was molested by a meat cleaver-bearing, deadbeat waiter with a fetish for feather folicles of North American Fowls. Garbed with an avocado root above his ear, he sashayed towards me babbling "flower power is firepower". As he prepared to cleave my cranium during a moment of de Sadeian impulse, I was rescued by an idol worshiping, aborigine, waiter who mistook me for Zorgan, the sacred whooping crane of peace. During the struggle that followed, I was snatched from safety by Vince Tapioca, now famed battlefield looter and logistics magnate, and tossed on a tray with rhubard dressing. Vince meandered into the Blue Room where I was to satiate the culinary carvings of the now extinct West Point Epicurian Society, formerly



O. C.I O. C.I

a secret branch of the non-military affairs club which quickly broke up years ago after winning the "Most Congenial Group" award at the Annual Roman Wine Guzzling Sheet Party Convention at Berkeley.

I continued to feign a state of rigormortis as Vince placed me on a table of Babylonian elegance. The tablecloth, however, was a ripped sheet that had a striking resemblance to mine that disappeared through laundry channels a month ago. I hastily prepared my escape as a Gypsy plebe took aim on my ribcage as part of his knife throwing fallout skit. By simultaneously yelling O.C. and leaping from the table, I was able to avoid consumption while the table members were gargling ice tea to remove all traces of alcohol from their breath. The only object between myself and the exit was a waiter. To my amazement the waiter turned out to be a ruddy cheeked singing friar, who promised that if I would buy him a carton of Optimo extra long cigarettes, at Grant Hall, he would arrange a date for me with his daughter. Irma the Body, famed snake charmer who once danced barechested for King Farouk. By faking a column left and executing a right flank, I faked him out of his waiter's apron and again was free.

My youthful days are gone, however, and I decided to sacrifice my adipose body to the Corps this Thanksgiving. I approached old Cy with my legs shackled to demonstrate the truthfulness of my solioquy—"Old turkeys never die, they just fade away. So let this be my last roll call as I fade away into the stomach of the Corps, Accept my emaciated carcass, channeled with varicose veins, as my tribute to the Corps, and the Corps, and the Corps." Cy's grizzled snarl disappeared and a tear appeared in his one eye. Cy unlocked my leg irons, patted me on my receded hairline, and muttered, "Be gone thou inciter of peptic ulcers." I snickered under my breath as I departed West Point — Cy is going to have pastrami again this Thanksgiving.

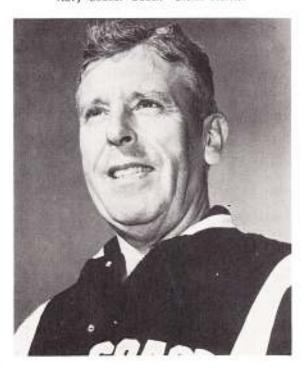
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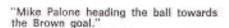


Nielson and Captain Ed Milinski have displayed their outstanding talents throughout the season. Combined with the rugged defensive play of fullbacks John Veenstra and Lindy Blackburn, opponents have found it difficult for their offense to threaten the Army goal, Giving strong reserve support are, among others, seniors Al Vitters and Bob Uhler, juniors Harrison Lobdell, Luis Retana, and Steve Allaire, and sophomore Jim Avery and Tom Acuff.

Examining the records of the two teams, it is hard to find enough mutual opponents to draw any valid conclusions. One game does stand out on each schedule, that being against the Merchant Marine Academy, In Navy's first game they squeaked by, 2-0. Two weeks prior to that contest, Army ran wild by a score of 12-0. But as Coach Palone says, "They're not going to roll over and play dead." With a minimum of bad breaks and the usual maximum effort the Army Booters should extend their winning streak to two in a row over the Crabtown clubfoots.

Navy Soccer Coach-Glenn Warner







"Bob Behncke connects against Brown."

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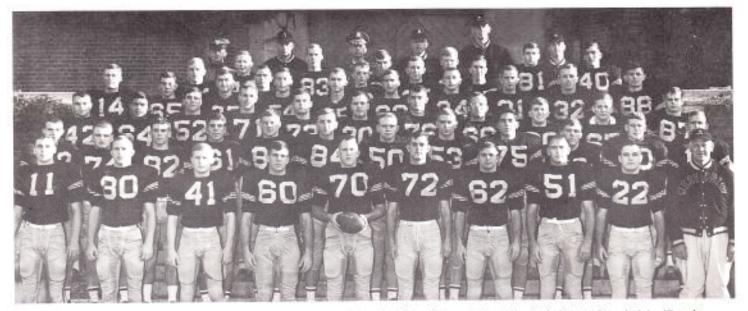
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1967 ARMY 150-POUND FOOTBALL TEAM—Front Row: Jack Reld, Tom Belerschmitt, John Bickel, Pete Bazzel, John Throckmorton (capt.) Ron Feher, Dennis Johnson, Bill Clark, Harry Hayes, Coach Eric Tipton, Second Row: Mike Coulman, Bob Martray, Nick Stafford, Jim Ford, John May, Paul Jones, Ray Anderson, Dick Frykman, Louis Curl, Bill Schroeder, Gary Cantrell, Ken Bevis, Third Row: Ron Hebert, Bert Caranto, Wilson Melloz, Jon Deason, Frank Clarkson, Gary Peckham, Ron Hunt, Bob Ramsey, Tony Singer, Tony Deas, Charles Lauckhardt, Fourth Row: Don Blakeslee, J. H. Johnston, Bob Archer, Jim Roland, Rusty Morris, Jon Lazzeri, Terry Strickler, Brian Wells, Walt Mischler, Doug Rogers, Fifth Row: Bob Kuhn, Steve Muse, Joe McDermott, Terry Keene, Tom Lenox, Sixth Row: Kent Townsend, John Holm, Jim Lovelace, Don Parmenter, Chuck Hastings, Larry Lemaster, Seventh Row: Jim Carman (manager), Maj. Dana Mead (asst coach), Maj. Quay Snyder (O. R.), Maj. Ray Macedonia (asst coach), Cpt. Bob Johnston (asst coach), Maj. Dick Welch (asst coach).

Army 150-lb. Football - 1967 by Jim Fouche

The Army 150 lb, football team, the "Little Rabble", or Army's "Lightweights" are much more dynamic than the connotation "little" implies. One has only to look back over the team's records since Army entered the league in 1957 or watch them play to get an indication of the success they've enjoyed.

Their very first season in the league showed that Army had a football team in a lightweight league with heavy-weight ideas. They won the Eastern League championship that first year and ended Navy's domination by beating them 7-0. Since 1957, they have won the championship five other times—1958, 1960, 1962, 1964, 1966. It is interesting to note that since 1957, the team has won the championship only on the even years; Navy has won it on the odd years. In winning six championships in eleven seasons, the team has compiled a record of 61 wins, 9 losses, and 1 tie; they have gone undefeated five times.

An illustration of the powerful attack, both offensive and defensive, possessed by the "lightweights" is the 1966 championship team. This team went on record with a 6 win, 0 loss season. They outscored their opponents 167 to 22, and beat Navy 13 to 9 in a game that will long be remembered.

As you may recall, with just 46 seconds remaining, and trailing by a score of 9 to 6, quarterback Ken Bevis hit Tom Dyer on a 65 yard touchdown pass to win the game and sew up the championship. Games like this underscore the excitement, desire to win, dedication, and greatness displayed by the 150's.

But so much for past records. This year's team finished the season with a 4 and 2 record. They beat Princeton 42 to 3, Rutgers 42 to 5, Columbia 62 to 2, and Cornell 14 to 6. Their first loss was suffered at the hands of Navy. The score was Army 0, Navy 3. Army fell short in the scoring columns, but in first downs and total offense— 19 to 7, and 251 yards to 155 yds., respectively—they led. They were also beaten by Pennsylvania 13 to 0, but, overall, Army managed a winning season.

Now, to take a look at the starting lineups—The number one signal caller was veteran Ken Bevis. With him in the backfield were halfbacks Gary Peckham and Harry Hayes, and, at fullback, Walt Michler. The line stacked up on the left with Chuck Hastings at end, team captain John Throckmorton at tackle, and guard Denny Johnson. On the right, at end was Tom Beierschmitt, John Deason at tackle, and Pete Bazzell at guard. At the post position was Dick Frykman. This hardhitting combination of the front seven and the back four provided Army with its scoring potency and ball-moving power.

When Army was on the other side of the ball, the defensive unit took over with Mike Billingsley and Louis Hutchinson at ends, Denny Burrell and Louis Curl at tackles and middle guard Jim Ford. Brian Wells and Bill Clark held the linebacker positions with Ron Hebert and Jack Reid at the corners. The safety positions were manned by Gary Cantrell and Terry Strickler, the only returning starter to this unit from last year. Also seeing considerable action this season were Bill May, Chip Lockhart, Jon Lazzere and Kent Townsend.

Head Coach Eric Tipton was ably assisted this season by Major Macedonia, Major Meade, Major Welch, and Captain Johnston. Major Snyder served as the Officer

Representative.

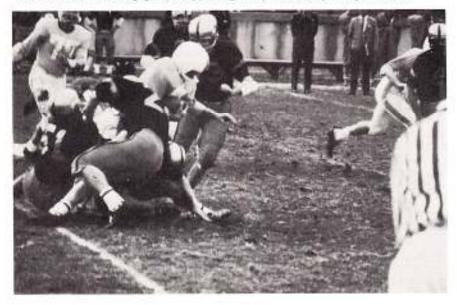
The team overall was burt by graduation and was plagued by injuries, but throughout the season it continued to gain experience and many new faces developed to add to the team's depth and prospects for next year.

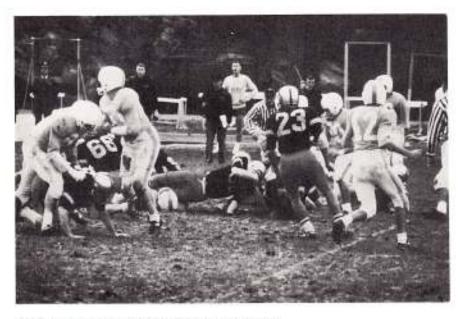
Coach Tipton has said that 150 lb, football is very challenging for many reasons and that it requires dedication. Based on past records and continued successes, and on the constant striving of the team and its coaches to generate the dedication to meet the challenges, it's easy to see that the "Little Rabble" is very big in all aspects.



"Jim Lovelace picking up yards against Columbia"

"The Columbian running game stopped again by the sturdy Army Defense"





"Tom Beierschmitt stretches for that extra yard"



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

She: And the Sheraton-Atlantic has such convenience to theatres, museums, libraries, Lincoln Center, Fith Avenue shops, and with such owinging restaurants right in the Hotel and doncing nightly and such low prices... no wonder we students always make out best at the Sheraton-Atlantic.

He: You were always such a romantic, darling.

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SCUSA XIX

In 1957 the Soviet Union stunned the world with its successful launching of the Sputnik. That event, ten years ago, ushered in a whole new era which came to be called the Space Age. Since that first space shot, the United States has been in the midst of what is commonly known as the Space Race. This new Space Age is ten years old this year, yet in those ten years the international position of the United States has changed much.

These first ten years of the Space Age and the effect of Sputnik on the international scene will be the topic of discussion at this year's Student Conference on United States Affairs (SCUSA), SCUSA XIX will mark the nineteenth year that this annual conference will be held at West Point. The first conference was held at West Point in 1949. That year 126 delegates from the Military Academy and 52 visiting schools, nearly all located within 300 miles of West Point, attended, This year SCUSA XIX will bring together 250 students from over 100 schools.

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SCUSA XIX will be held from 6 December through 9 December. The purposes of the Conference this year have already been formulated. They are:

To produce an informative examination and discussion of selected aspects of United States Foreign relations.

To illustrate to an outstanding group of college students a technique for the study of foreign policy which closely approximates that used by government officials.

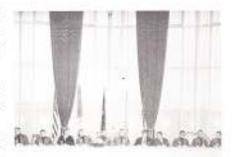
To furnish this same group with an appreciation for the complex nature of the policy-making process.

To provide the potential military and civilian leadership of this nation with an opportunity to exchange views and ideas.

The structure of SCUSA XIX will be much the same as that of past years. The Conference will be divided into five Round Table discussions. The first Round Table will review the United States foreign relations since 1957. The second Round Table session will concentrate on the region assigned to that particular round table. The third and fourth Round Table discussions will focus on the problems of the areas assigned to each group, A final report for each table will be drawn up at the fifth Round Table discussion. This year Round Tables have been established in the following areas: The North Atlantic Area, USSR-Eastern Europe, East and Southeast Asia, South Asia, Sub-Saharan Africa, Middle East and North Africa, and Latin America.

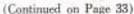
The topics for this year's Conference were selected by a special SCUSA committee staff. They were determined from the Social Science Department's critique sheets and news of national importance. The final reports, which will be drawn up at the fifth Round Table, and the recordings of plenary sessions will be distributed to the conferees and seniors, past seniors, libraries, certain schools which did not attend, the Office of the Chief of Staff and certain offices within the Department of State,

SCUSA XIX will open with a Keynote Speech by the Honorable Paul H. Nitze, Deputy Secretary of Defense and former Secretary of Navy. The



Conference will close on Saturday, 9 December. The banquet speaker will be Dr. Joseph E. Johnson, president Carnegie Endowment for International Peace and past advisor to Maxwell Taylor on first SCUSA.

During the Conference, two panel discussions will be held for the benefit of the participants, The first of these will take place on 6 December in North Auditorium of Thayer Hall. The panel members will be Wesley Pasvor (Chan. Univ. of Pittsburgh, USMA graduate), Charles Yost (former Ambassador and member of council on foreign relations), William Diebold (noted economist, member of council on foreign relations and member of the State Department), and Professor Ernest May (professor of history at Harvard). The second panel discussion will take place on 7 December, also in North Auditorium of Thayer Hall. The





Cross Country

by Ray Williamson

As Carelton Crowell, coach of the 1967 Army varsity cross-country team puts it, "We're not going down to the Naval Academy just to ingratiate ourselves in their new dormitory—we're going down there to win!"

Many of the team members have the stinging memory of last year's defeat at the hands of Navy. With a perfect season of nine victories behind them, the varsity lost to Navy in the last meet of the season last year by a score of 23 to 33. They're determined not to lose again, Added to the memory of last year's Navy meet is the reminder that Army has already lost one too many meets this season—one defeat by N. Y. U.

In the previous three seasons, the varsity Army harriers have compiled a record of 25 wins and 3 losses, with two of those losses to Navy and the other one to Syracuse. In 1965 the team remained undefeated, placing first in the Heptagonals, third in the IC4A meet, and defeated Navy, 20-40.

The history of the Army-Navy cross-country series dates as far back as 1937, when the Naval Academy defeated Army in a Quadrangular meet, 28-64. Never to be outdone, Army came back one year later to whip the Middles in another one-sided meet by a score of 26-40. Since then, the competition has continued without a break until, after thirty Army-Navy meets, the Cadets lead with a record of 19 wins and 11 losses. In the past five years, however, the Naval Academy has been catching up, losing only to the undefeated 1965 Army team.

Army cross-country has always been strong, and the names of such great runners as Richard Shea and Bill Straub will always be remembered by Army fans. Shea, who is rated as the greatest distance runner ever to don the Army colors, placed first in the Heptagonal and IC4A meets in 1949, 1950, and 1951. His qualification for

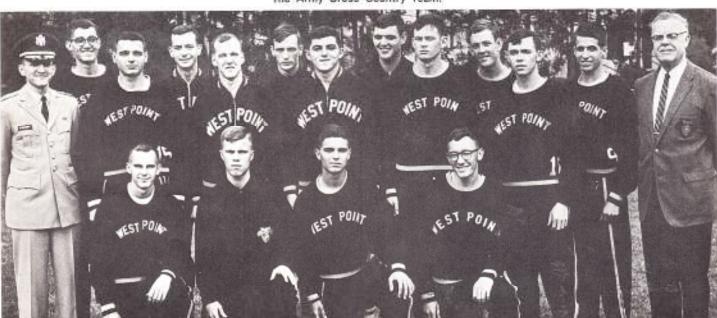
Olympic competition was unquestioned, but upon graduation he subordinated his running career to the call of his chosen profession. He died heroically while leading his troops on a mission in Korea.

In 1928 the Academy posted its first undefeated crosscountry season, and the number of undefeated seasons has now increased to seven. Since 1944 Army has taken the Heptagonal championship title eleven times, and in two of these years has gone on to win the IC4A meet. Paul DeCoursey, the present plebe coach who cannot run because of medical reasons, put forth an outstanding individual effort two years ago as he took first place in the Heptagonals while only a yearling.

Army began its 1967 season with a win over Le Moyne and Fairleigh Dickinson Universities. The team went on to defeat Rutgers, Providence, and Central Connecticut one week later. Van Cortlandt Park in the Bronx was the scene of Army's next victorious meet in which the cadets defeated teams from Manhattan University and St. John's University, both strong in cross-country and long distance running events.

Greg Camp, Bob McDonald, and Nick Sebastian ended in a dead heat in the meet against Syracuse. There was no need to worry about places, however, because Army took the first ten places and won with a perfect score of 15 to 50. One week before the Heptagonals, Army travelled to Cornell, and despite a vastly different type of course than the more familiar "Michie Hill" run, the cadets won, 20-40.

Earlier in the season, when asked about prospects for the Army-Navy meet, Coach Crowell replied in his usual non-committal manner that the result will be close, no matter which team wins. In comparing the two teams, the capabilities are about even. Two meets can be used



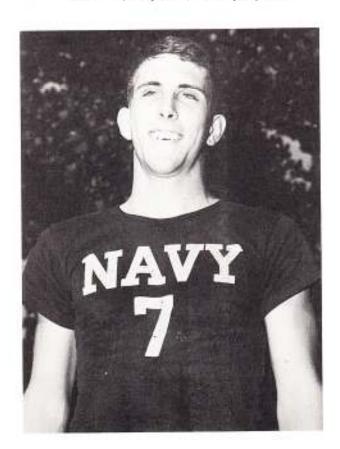
"The Army Cross Country Team."

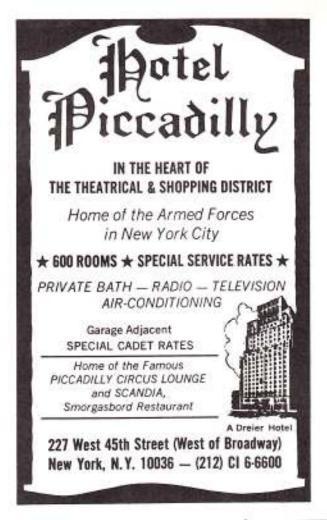
in an evaluation of the two teams, the N.Y.U. meet of each of the teams and the Heptagonal meet. Army lost to N.Y.U. in a close meet, while Navy tied the same school. In the Heptagonals Navy placed second, but Army only came in a poor seventh place. According to Coach Crowell, "We have only one place to go after falling apart at the Heps—and that is up." The results of the Heptagonals aren't really as bad as they seem. Many of the runners were running well under their proven capabilities, and the only excuse available is that the majority of the team just had a bad day at the same time.

Navy's course, which is similar to the course at Van Cortlandt Park and the Cornell course, is on a rolling golf course. Coach Crowell evaluates it to be "just as rough as our own course" even though the hills aren't quite as steep as the Michie course. Because there are no steep hills, Navy's course is more of a speed course than a pure endurance run. Even though a white line follows the edge of the course, runners must stay alert and ready to watch out for turns and course changes. This isn't always the easiest thing to do in a five-mile race with such fine competition. Another course factor, more psychological than anything else, is the first mile and one-half which is lined with yelling Middles on either side. Coach Crowell seems to think that this could even add an extra incentive to the team-a chance to disappoint thousands of Middies in a few minutes.

"There has never been a lack of effort in an Army-Navy contest," says Coach Crowell, and the past has proven him to be correct. Expressing his confidence in the team, Coach Crowell said, "In close competition we'll get, as in the past, the top performances from everyone."

"Jim Dare, Navy Cross Country captain."





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ESSAYONS

The Army Engineers

by R. M. Bridges

Although today's Corps of Engineers was not officially established until 1802, its history began long before. Lieut. Col. Richard Gridley of the British Army led his engineers and artillerists in the scaling of the cliffs of Quebec in 1745 to aid Wolfe in the defeat of the French on the Plains of Abraham. Of significance here is the fact that this battle ended the French rule of Canada, and recognized the advantage of an engineering branch.

Gridley later was promoted to Major General and became Chief Engineer and Chief of Artillery of the Colonial Army. His great material sacrifice in breaking with England to join the Colonies in the revolution in 1775 showed him to be a dedicated patriot. His courage at Bunker Hill earned him the title of the "pick and shovel" combat engineer of the American Army, Not only did he draw up the defense lines for Breed's Hill the night before the battle, but he was also wounded and had to be carried from the battlefield during the actual conflict. He also was responsible for the construction of the fortifications during the siege of Boston which forced the British to evacuate in March, 1776.

Gridley was replaced as Chief Engineer with the arrival



of Chevalier DuPortail from France in 1777, When Washington moved his army to New York, he left Gridley behind to safeguard his rear by building fortifications along the New England coast, taking Gridley's assistant, Rufus Putnam, as his field engineer. Gridley, at this time, sixty-six, remained Chief Engineer of the New England Department until 1781, when he retired. Washington was quoted as once referring to him in a letter as "one of the greatest engineers of the age."

DuPortail was promoted to Major General for his brilliant work in directing the siege of Yorktown in October, 1781, which constituted the final victory needed for the American cause. His accomplishments in the field were many, but his laying of the ground work for the present organization of the Corps of Engineers earned him the title of "the father of the Corps of Engineers."

After the Treaty of Paris in 1783, the American Army

was reduced to a strength of 80 men. The Corps of Engineers was officially dissolved, but Rufus Putnam continued unofficially the work of the engineers by building a strong fort in the Northwest Territory, at Marietta, Ohio, to protect the settlers against Indians and to provide them a base from which to build outlying settlements.



In 1794, Congress authorized the building of fortifications along the Atlantic Coast to protect the country from
involvement in the war between France and England. In
the same year, Congress also authorized a new Corps of
Engineers and Artillerists to provide military personnel
in directing and manning the old and new fortifications
along the Canadian border and the Atlantic seabourd.
Washington chose Etienne Rochefontaine as the new
Commandant of the Corps of Engineers, since the French
engineers were the only ones in the country qualified for
the position. American engineers would probably have
been preferred, but there were at the time no facilities in
the country for training Americans in that profession.

When Rochefootaine retired in 1798, President Adams appointed Col. Henry Burbeck Chief Engineer and Commander of the Corps of Engineers and Artillerists at West Point. Burbeck became the fifth Chief Engineer of the U.S. Army, but was not as well qualified as some of his predecessors.

The present Corps of Engineers was established on March 16, 1802, with its headquarters at West Point, New York. The act of Congress authorizing the new Engineering branch also required a military academy for the purpose of training our engineers. In the beginning here, the Corps of Engineers and the Military Academy were synonomous. Jonathan Williams became the first Chief Engineer and Superintendent of the military academy under this act, the commensurate relationship being fixed at first by law.

Sylvanus Thayer's influence on the academy and the Corps of Engineers led to the establishment of more engineering schools across the nation, most of which used

(Continued on Page 32)



by John Shull & Ross Kelly BOOKS

A little war is a dangerous thing perhaps, and Author Richard Armour has concluded that man has been living dangerously since It All Started with Stones and Clubs. Dedicated to Mao Tse-tung, this book is a general purpose, plain-clothes satire on man's colorful combative history. Filling the gamut from primitive man to "World War II1/2" Armour suggests an alternate title: "Being a Short History of War and Weaponry from Earliest Times to the Present, Noting the Gratiyfing Progress Made by Man since his First Crude, Small-Scale Efforts to Do Away with Those Who Disagree with Him."

The book begins at the beginning, proposing that "The club and the stone were the first offensive weapons. The first defensive weapon was the skull, rapidly followed by the defensive club and the defensive stone." From this point Armour musingly recreates and reinterprets history. He brings puns to the front lines and the invasion is a devastating harangue. He discusses the Egyptains and their hazardous duty pay and caste disputes, and the Persians and Greeks with their "healthy states of conflict." In these times, he says "the earliest armed conflicts were probably between two men. Casualties were heavy, usually about 50 per cent." From the Greeks, Armour goes on to the Macedonians who were the first to defeat heavy Greek oratory with light Artillery. He touches lightly on Hannibal's exploits and the conquests of the Caesars, leading into the Dark Ages, a grave setback to the development of war, The Crusades, he continues, were joined by those in flight from creditors and aging wives. From this book we learn that the Mongols used calibrated arrows, and that the Hundred Years' War lasted 116 years.

"Gunpowder brought an end to the Middle Ages and a large number of people of all ages." Thus, Armour hails the Napoleonic and Franco-Prussian Wars. Progressing to the World War, he comments that it "Has everything one could ask of a war; not much of a cause, inconclusive results, and enormous cost in lives and property damage." World War II received a similar wry description, including "overage destroyers, lend-lease, car pools, and saturation hombing."

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Richard Armour is funny and the jokes are all on us —The book is about war, but it is not a conventional approach—it is neither glorification nor strict condemnation, Armour is himself a graduate of the World War II and Korean fronts, so he can speak with the experience of one who knows. He seems to say that man is often shy of sense and reason and that this human product—war—is an absurd animal, ludicrous but very sad.

Beneath his light word play and airy humor, Richard Armour asks a question. Armour asks "Why War?" No one seems to know and so we continue in the only

groping way that we know.

MOVIES

If you're caught short for entertainment in one of your upcoming forays into the outside world, reconnoiter the local movie situation and find a place showing Bonnie and Clyde, and/or Waterhole No. 3. Both are violent, both concern cash and how to get it without working, and both have something to say about the mores of the American past and present, and both are tremendously interesting.

Bonnie and Clyde opens with Bonnie Parker (Faye Dunaway) angrily facing another barren day of slinging hash and fighting off amorous truck drivers in a small town cafe in Texas. Looking out the window, she sees a handsome, well-dressed stranger inspecting her car. She seizes a dress, puts it on while dashing downstairs and barely gets it buttoned up before bursting outside. The gent is a cocky young ex-con named Clyde Barrow (Warren Beatty) who dazzles the girl by casually telling her he is from State Prison, had cut off a couple of toes to escape working on the rockpile, was paroled a few days afterward, and armed robbery is his profession. Coy, she scoffs at him, whereupon he produces a gun. She is duly fascinated, but dares him to use it to rob somebody. Manfully, he limps across the street and robs the general store. Delighted and astounded, Bonnie jumps into the nearest car with him, and they roar off like two happy

As it continues its violent road, Bonnie and Clyde is permeated with the ludicrous, amusing, and yet sad spontaneous glee with which Bonnie, Clyde, and later additions to the cast rumble across the Depression Midwest. Clyde emerges as a sort of "robbery can be fun" evangelist who doesn't let the ever-present possibility of death spoil the fun in life . . . or at least, tries not to let it. The merriment of the wild chase, and the fury of the gun battles cannot wipe out hollowness of their lives, which Bonnie senses first and Clyde later seems to realize, The natural ease with which Bonnie takes up shooting and killing without becoming any less a woman is disturbing, as is the avaricious, snarling Clyde's sister-in-law, a preacher's daughter, once she becomes accustomed to her new way of life. The Barrow gang becomes folk beroes to the miserable poor of the time, by their proud procla-mation that "we rob banks." The killing seems to be the least important thing in anyone's mind; when C.W., the gang's driver, brings the badly shot up Bonnie and Clyde to his father's house, his father is only incensed by the fact that C.W. has a gross tattoo on his stomach and couldn't even get his name in the papers. It is by this old man that the two are betrayed to a revenge-bound Texas Ranger, and death comes in an unbelievable flurry of tommy-gun bullets.

For the purist, the acting will have a couple of rough edges. But by and large, the performances are unaffected and sensitive, and serve the story well. The gunplay is on

a huge scale, and makes Point Blank look anemic in terms of violence per foot of film. In fact, the violence is almost too well done, too grim. The gore is too real, and if there were no point in its magnitude, it would be tasteless. But there is a point: you will become used to it, just as Bonnie and Clyde do; and when you think on it, you will be chilled that you have become used to it,

Far from the grim pathos of Bonnie and Clyde ride the gold-hungry opportunists of Waterhole No. 3. The action begins when, after a Duty-Honor-Country pep talk from a Cavalry captain, an upright sergeant proceeds to steal, with the help of a couple of crooks and an unwilling shoesmith, a shipment of gold bullion he is assigned to guard. This is merely the first of a series of slaps at the hallowed cliches of Westerns. Unless one tries to compare them to those of Cat Ballou, the show is one hilarious surprise after another. The only death in the show is inflicted by our hero, James Coburn, who is challenged to a draw. He downs a drink, is given the usual soulful look by the friendly barkeep, strides out the door, looks at his adversary, throws up his hands in exasperation, walks to his horse, picks up a rifle and guns the man down. Upon searching the body, our hero discovers he is one of the gold-robbers, in fact the man who hid the gold and who has the map. Our hero takes the map, and sets off to make himself rich. On the way he decides he needs the horse of the local sheriff, Carroll O'Connor. So he strips him and jails him, with the comment "A naked sheriff makes a slow posse. Also on the way, he takes time out to rape the sheriff's comely daughter, played by Margaret Blye. Annoyed more by his riding off than the rape, she implores Daddy to go get him. The sheriff, mounted on an (Continued on Page 34)

> the ROAD GOES EVER ON A SONG CYCLE - MUSIC BY DONALD SWANN - POEMS BY 1. R. R. TOLKIEN

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ARMY ENGINEERS . . .

(Continued from Page 29)

the West Point textbooks. The Corps of Engineers had finally begun to take the shape of what it is today.

Throughout United States history, Army engineers have played a vital and often unrecognized role. They made surveys for work on early canals and railways; extended the National Road from Cumberland to the Ohio; they made the Ohio, Missouri, and Mississippi Rivers safe for navigation, they sent out exploring and surveying parties into the wilderness to pave the way for future settlements, crossed the Rockies, and went down the great Columbia River to its mouth at the Pacific, During the War with Mexico, they again played an important role in the victory. Afterwards, the engineers paved the way for the development of the U.S. to the Pacific, During the Civil War, the Corps of Engineers were indispensible on both sides, Three engineers on the Union side won the Congressional Medal of Honor.

During more modern times, the Corps of Engineers continued to function in the development of the U.S. and in the World Wars and Korean Conflict, continually receiving more recognition as to importance to the Army.

Today, Engineers in Vietnam are especially important to the war effort and any battle action. The Corps of Engineers is primarily responsible for supporting combat troops by building helicopter landing zones and aiding the troops to navigate the difficult terrain. Such equipment as the Armored Vehicle Launched Bridge (AVLB), Tankdozers, and the newer armored Combat Engineering Vehicle (CEV). The Tankdozers and CEV serve a double purpose as armored vehicles for assault and engineering equipment for clearing paths for troops, clearing mine fields, etc. Soon airmobile construction equipment will be received and a new era of increased battlefield mobility will ensue. Just as they have always done throughout American history the Corps of Engineers will continue their important supporting effort.

The United States Corps of Engineers is truly unique. As a military organization, it is charged with the role of support, but there has been many a time when the engineers have dropped their work to pick up rifles to aid in a battle. Among some of the military services the Corps provides are military topographic maps and geodetic data to the Armed Forces for any part of the world in which they may be called upon to fight; the designs and construction of Army and most Air Force facilities in the United States to include all the Intercontinental Ballistic Missile facilities for the Air Force in the continental United States; and technical direction to Army post engineers throughout the world. As an added duty, the Corps of Engineers also manages 36 million acres of real estate for the Army and Air Force and performs as a construction agency for other Governmental departments such as NASA,

As a civil agency, the Corps conducts the largest water resources development program in the United States. It is responsible for the design and construction of flood protection structures; multipurpose dams with hydro-electric generating systems, man-made lakes for recreational facilities, conservation of wildlife and preservation of natural beauty; building locks, maintaining navigability of our (Continued on Page 35)



Philly Town's

No. 1

Discoteque

go go

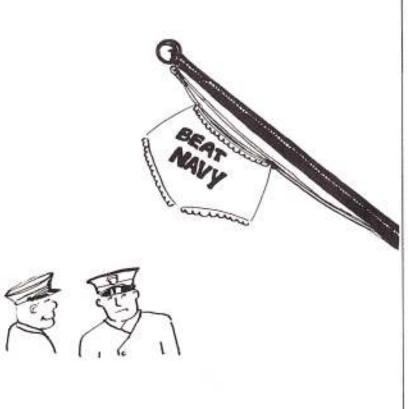
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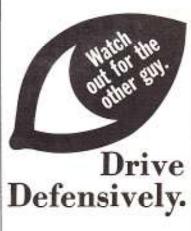
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SCUSA XIX . . .

(Continued from Page 26)

panelists will be Col. A. A. Jordan Jr. (deputy director of the social science department), Mr. Saville Davis (head of Washington bureau of Christian Science Monitor), Honorable Thomas Foley (Congressman from Washington) and Dr. Howard Wriggins (former member of the Department of State, National Security Council, and Political Planning Staff).

All in all, SCUSA XIX promises to be a highly successful exchange of ideas and discussions concerned with the Sputnik Decade, Many individuals, committees and staffs have been working hard this year to make SCUSA XIX an outstanding and successful conference. Financial assistance for SCUSA XIX has been provided by the Robert Sterling Clark Foundation, Inc. and the Banbury Fund, together with contributions of the Cadet Debate Council and Forum. The key individuals associated with the conference are Maj. J. L. Abrahamson and Cadets Cruden, Kendall, Peters and Toole. These people will be largely responsible for the achievement of the Nineenth Student Conference on Unitd States Affairs. It is their desire this year to bring SCUSA XIX to more cadets or more cadets to the discussions.









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ABOVE AND BEYOND . . .

(Continued from Page 31)

old mule, wants him all right, but because he wants his horse. About his daughter's rape he is philosophic: "A man picks his pleasure from the nearest tree, honey." The rest of the show is a wild pursuit of gold and justice by vastly unlikely allies, with the second virtue coming out second best. Even the hearts-and-flowers ending, where the crook (Cohurn) is supposed to give up his evil ways for his woman, fails. She makes him promise a lifetime partnership, true, but he makes it with the proviso that she take him as he is. When he mounts up and takes the gold after another interlude with the girl, he explains that, after all, this is the way he is. He rides off with everybody in the cast, minus the dead crook, in hot pursuit.

James Coburn is as he always is, and around him the action moves in an unrelenting torrent of parody and idiocy. It may not be entirely believable, but neither is it entirely unbelievable either. If you need cheering up, or assurance that a no-good can succeed, take time out at Waterhole No. 3

AND HE EVEN USED V V



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November 30, 1967

ARMY ENGINEERS . . .

(Continued from Page 32)



Rock Crushing plant operated by the 195th Engineer Battaliun at Long Binh, Vietnam.

waterways, and combating the erosional and weather forces of Nature.

Even with all of its sophisticated and exotic projects, the Corps' primary mission remains the support of combat troops. The term "support" can take on many meanings as the Corps clears a forward landing field in a jungle enabling an airmobile unit to land, builds a billet area to which combat weary troops can return for a hot meal, a



COMPLEX 39, Cape Kennedy, Fla. Vertical Assembly Building (center) is world's largest building, built by Army Engineers for NASA. Building is used to assemble and check out SA-TURN V/Apollo Space Craft for manned flight to the Moon. Crawler-transporter carries Saturn V/Apollo Špace Craft along crawler-way (right of VAB) to launch pad in upper right.

bed, and a hot shower. They also support the combat troops through mine placement supervision, skills for breaching fortifications with demolitions, reconnaissance, bridges, ferries, rafts, assault boats, and as said before to take up arms with the other combat arms branches. In short, mobility is the Army Engineers' business and great-

You'll find the Combat Engineers working feverishly and silently, clearing an enemy mine field to enable the Infantry. Armor, and Artillery to advance. Under enemy fire, you may find them constructing a bridge while standing chest deep in a river over which friendly troops and supplies for them can cross. You may even find the noble essayons behind a bulldozer with their weapons blazing in support of the combat troops.

Since the beginning of its history, the Engineering Corps has been confronted by many technical challenges. Since Bunker Hill, they have battled the enemy-whether it was human or natural. Their motto has stood through the ages:

"Essayons — let us try."

CADETS GO TO THE FRONT OF THE LINE, SAY PHIL LINZ AND BOB ANDERSON - 3 TIME ALL AMERICAN.



Don't just sit there, Wallace Middendorp. Make a noise. Or drink

Sprite, the noisy soft

drink.

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

And when the school newspaper's editors resigned in

protest because The Chancellor wouldn't allow the

publication of certain salacious portions of 'Night In a Girl's Dormitory"

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

· CONSTRUCTION

WALLACE MIDDENDORP SAT HERE

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

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 ivy, Let its tart, tingling

exuberance infect the crowd with excitement.

Do these things, Wallace Middendorp. Do these things, and what big corporation is going to hire you?



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

APRIL IS & SELECTIONS | PROSE WARE

PHILADELPHIA'S Center City Skyscraper Motel



PHONE: 215 LO 9-3000

WELL, IT'S



Coming to the ARMY-NAVY GAME?



Capt. Sam Bookbinder 3rd, U.S.A.R. invites you . . .

to enjoy our welcoming atmosphere and nationally famous cuisine. *delectable Maine Lobsters... flavorful Cysters... Booky Baked Crab... steamed Clams... Snapper soup... succulent broiled Steak... jumbe Chops, etc. a few suggestions from the menu of the ONLY Restaurant owned and operated by the 3rd and 4th Generations of the Bookbinder Restaurant Family: Sam, Sam, Jr., Richard. Remember the Address.

15th Street

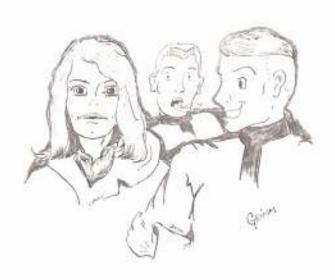
BOOKBINDERS SEAFOOD HOUSE, INC.

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DINERS' CLUB . AMERICAN EXPRESS

Phone KI 5-1137



Statistics show fully 1% have the blind drag of their life-

NAVY TIME

AGAIN



"Honest Guys, I'm not a Football Player!"

And, of Course, Later

56 years in the Service and still no commission.

What we've learned in these years didn't get us any insignia. But we have earned the respect and business of 200 generals and more than 10,000 other commissioned officers in the Armed Forces. Because we give special attention to the special needs of people in the Military.

Even when our customers are stationed thousands of miles away, they never really leave us. People continue to rely on our Highland Falls office for prompt, convenient service and long-range security. No matter how far from home.

For a complete description of services best suited to your needs, write for your Military Banking Information Kit. It will give you 6 individual guides to specially designed checking, savings, and loan services. Plus correspondence envelopes and complete information on banking by mail. Everything you, as a member of the Armed Forces, need to know about making your money work harder for you.

Remember. Our experience has shown us your problems. We're here to help you.

Highland Falls Office Highland Falls, New York
MARINE MIDLAND
NATIONAL BANK



The only way to catch the Road Runner is at your Plymouth Dealer's.

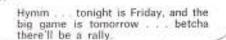




The new Plymouth Road Runner now at your Plymouth Dealer's where the beat goes on.

THE RALLY

by Larry Horacek













"That wonderful train trip back"

"Discredit? But sir, three of the guys he out drank were your classmates!"

WELCOME ARMY-NAVY

Authentic Olde English Style Tavern

"He who does not love Wine, Women and Song remains a fool his whole life long."

LUNCH—DINNER LATE SNACKS Cocktail Hours 4-7 BANQUET HALLS



John Barleycorn's

1330 Walnut Street

In Gibe Philabelphia



the double breasted blue blazer has a fashion viewpoint



Worsted wool flannel blazer features natural shoulder styling and deep side vents. Also available in wool hopsack in a new bronze shade. Sizes 35 to 44. \$45.

Rogers Peet

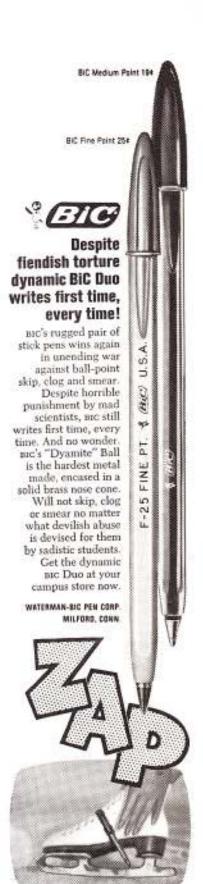
AT ALL ROGERS PEET STORES: NEW YORK • HARTFORD BOSTON • WASHINGTON RIDGEWOOD/PARAMUS



●Pyrene . . .

was going to write column in fortran . . . but editor kept aborting it . . . i wouldn't mind so much except his eyes now blink in binary . . . boris very upset . . . between b.d.p.'s and eating thanksgiving dinner in a mess hall for fourth straight year, he is a nervous wreck . . . or would be if he had any nerves . . . as it is i can only induce him to come out of corner by handing him a window pole and letting him pretend it is a stick shift . . . fortunately boris is a man (sic) of simple pleasures . . . due to high price of occessories . . . i will have only one wheeled schwinn racer at west point . . . dealer quite insulted when i offered to go double or nothing with him for second wheel . . . only 222 days . . . let us give thanks . . . beat navy.

g.v.



How Western Electric gets uplift from a downdraft

Picking something up by blowing a stream of air down on it may seem rather roundabout. But if you want to pick that something up without touching it, it turns out to be a most successful way.

ather roundBut if you want that something but touching it, so out to be a ccessful way.

Something in question is a directs bin agashell tragile slice of onto the

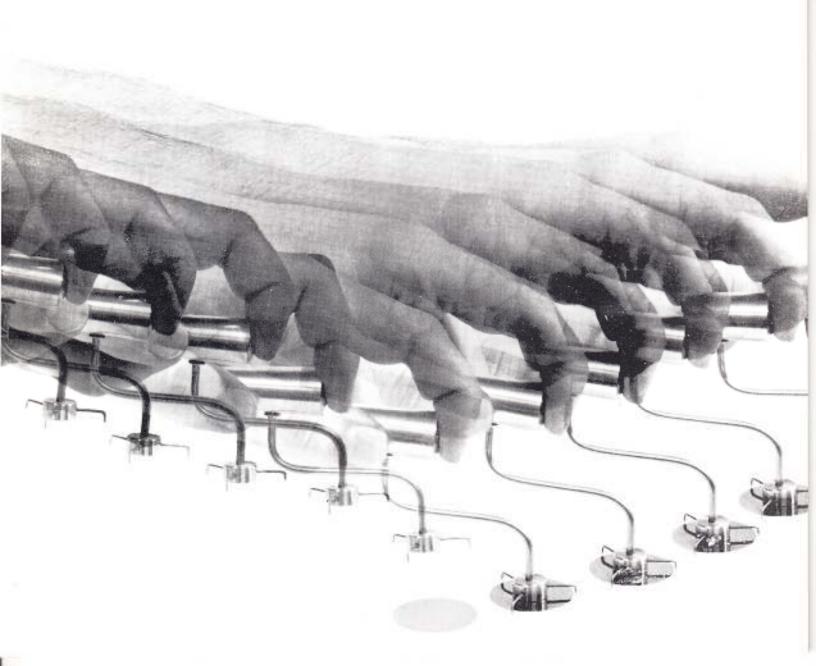
The something in question is a paper-thin, eggshell-fragile slice of silicon destined for transistors. To touch it is likely to contaminate it, and probably to break it. Tweezers are extremely risky. Even a vacuum pickup is dangerous.

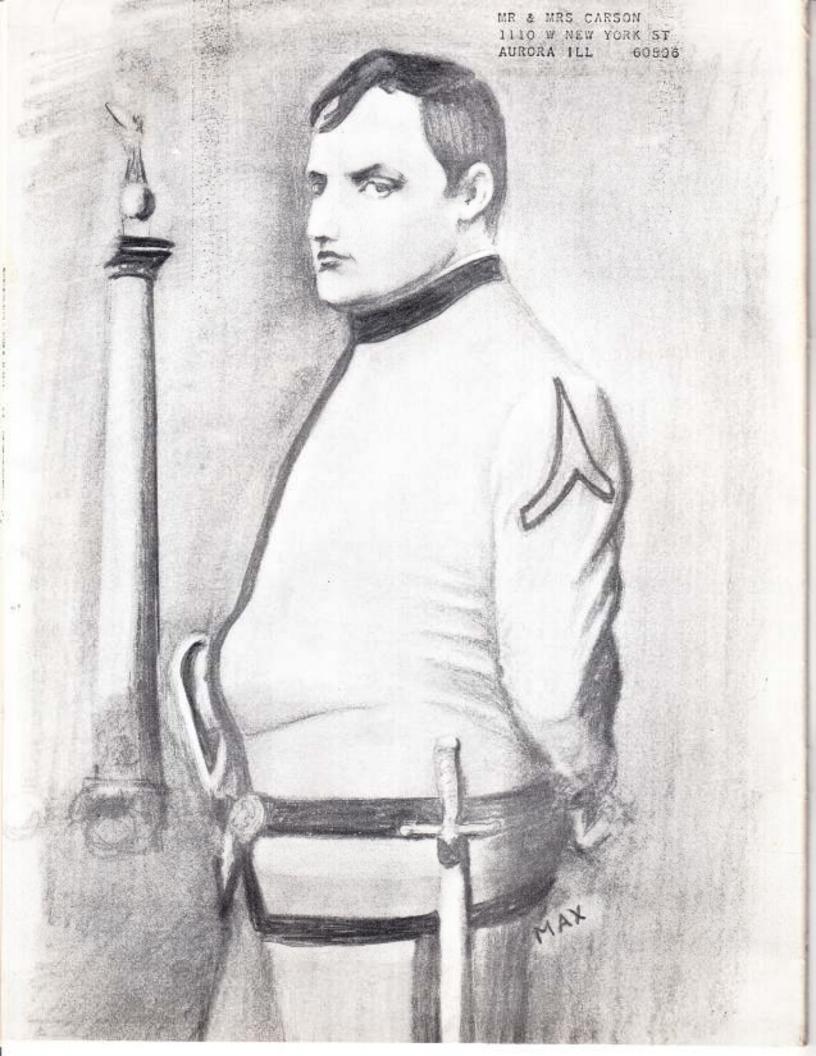
And so the engineers at Western Electric's Engineering Research Center invoked the Bernoulli principle and solved the problem. They developed a pickup device that

directs a thin stream of air down onto the slice. The air flows out across the slice and since it is moving and the air below the slice is not, the pressure below is greater than the pressure above and the slice floats. And it doesn't touch the head because the air is, after all, blowing down. Wire guides keep the slice from slipping off.

So now the workers in our transistor plants can pick up silicon slices handily, without worrying about breaking or contaminating them. That our engineers reached back to a classical principle of physics to help them do it only shows the extent of the ingenuity Western Electric applies in its job of manufacturing communications equipment for the Bell System.









WHITE WINTER

Paths turn white 'neath lamppost light Up and back, the tracks of the sleigh The earth falls away and is swallowed by winter

Rapids freeze as summer's breeze
Turns invisible air to gray, misty
Moisture, the day foreshortened
in winter

The people try to look busy and buy
The same presents for those whom
Everyone knows, but sees only
each winter

That time of year when you hear Sangs of love and look to the sky Above in hope of having a white winter

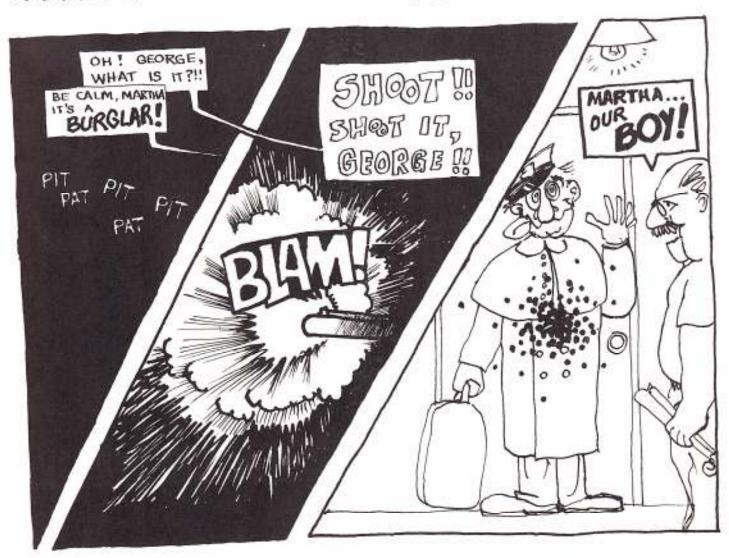
A time to pray and find a way
To thank your wife and wish
That your life may see yet
another winter.

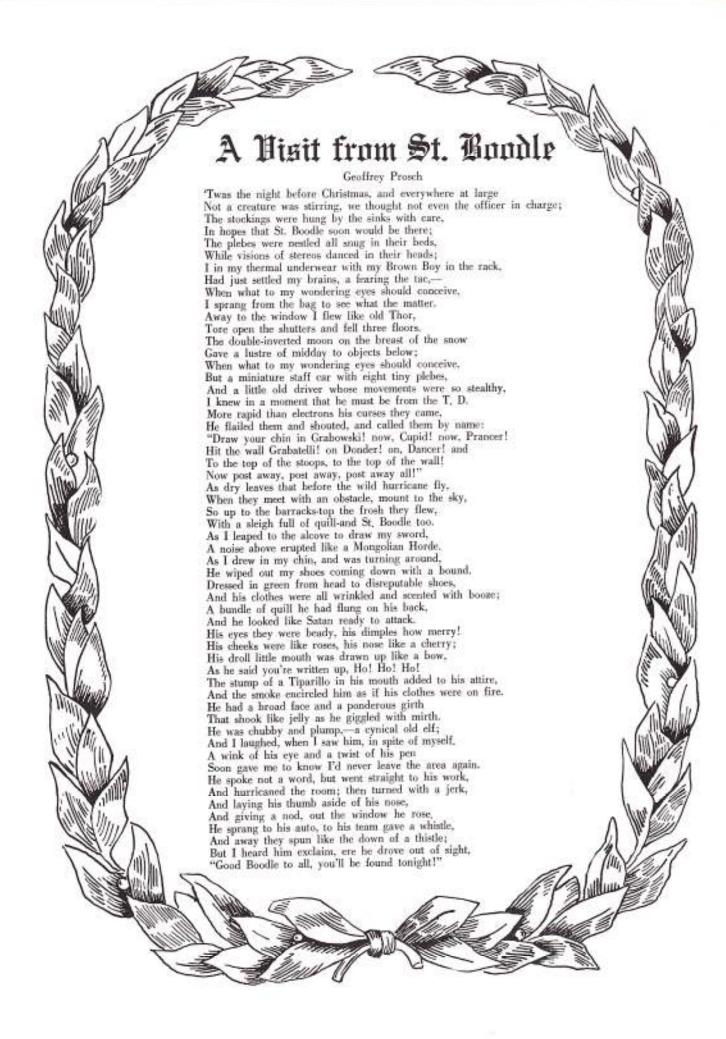
TM Moore

Mornial Towns

... and a happy plebe year!

and all through the house, not a creature was stirring...







flip

(a special steel keeps her shipshape)



FLIP (short for Floating Instrument Platform) is one of the most unusual research laboratories ever built. It is used to study the behavior of sound in the sea's depths. Underway, FLIP is long and slender,

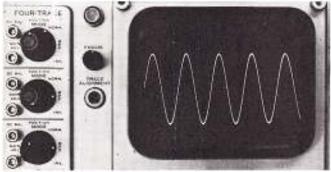
and it must resist excessive sagging in heavy seas. Its designers needed a special steel to make the hull capable of handling the stresses, and they found it in USS TRI-TEN High Strength Steel.



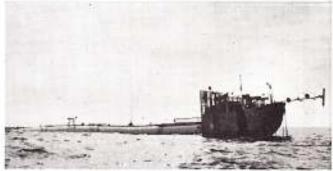
When FLIP is flooded at one end, the other end rises to form a nearly rock-solid floating platform. In 35-



ft. seas, FLIP bobs a scant 3 inches. Upright, 300 of FLIP's 355 ft. are underwater.



FLIP studies will help develop superior sonar systems for our nation's defense. USS-innovated TRI-TEN Steel is 40% stronger than regular steel. Thus,



the extra strength needed to make FLIP's hull design possible could be obtained without using thicker steel plates, saving many tons of useless dead weight. USS and TRI-TEN are registered trademarks.



United States Steel: where the big idea is innovation



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POINTER STAFF 1967-68

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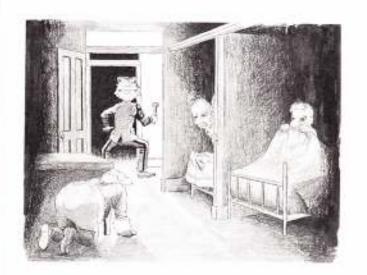
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CHRISTMAS ISSUE

Helping you get into the proper spirit, the POINTER offers quite a portion of Christmas goodies. Lots of Xmas cartoons, a LETTER TO SANTA, VISIT FROM ST. BOODLE, and season's greetings from SHARON. Remember ESTABLISHMENT MAN? He's back with his own musical review. Fiction with SNITCH AND ME, an interview with GENERAL NICHOLAS, and RX PROLIFERATION for a more sobering view. Of course, there are the regular features—ABOVE AND BEYOND, SPORTS, and PYRENE. Hope you enjoy it.

MERRY CHRISTMAS from all the staff!!!



FOR JEANNE by CALABRON

*sung To "Benny Havens"

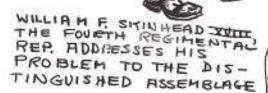
UP AT 720, E-MAN AND FRIENDS ARE PLOTTING THE DOWNFALL OF " COOLING IT" IN THE CORPS, AND HOW BOUT THIS, FANSP THERE IS'NT JUST ONE E-MAN. NO INDEED. FOR AS THE SAYING GOES, THERE'S ONE IN EVERY CROWD.

COME FILL YOUR QUILL PADS FELLOWS AND STAND UP IN AROW, UPON THE CORPS WERE GONNA SCORE, WERE ROTTEN FOLKS YOU KNOW. THERE'S NO OFFENSE TOO PUNY, I THERE'S NO MEAN STUNT TOO LOW. SO WE'LL FILL OUR PENS AND RAID THIER DENS - IT'S REALLY GONNA FLOW,

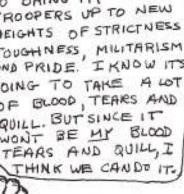


IT'S REALLY GONNA FLOW IT'S REALLY GONNA FLOW AND WHEN WE'VE SCORED, (PERHAPS A BOARD) IT'S REALLY GONNA FLOW.

MEANWHILE, IN THE HALL A FIGURE LURKS ...



DEWEY-EYED IDEALIST THAT I AM, I WANT TO BRING MY LOVING TROOPERS UP TO NEW HEIGHTS OF STRICTNESS TOUGHNESS, MILITARISM AND PRIDE. I KNOW ITS GOING TO TAKE A LOT OF BLOOD, TEARS AND QUILL BUT SINCE IT MONT BE HY Brood TEARS AND QUILL, I THINK WE CANDO IT.



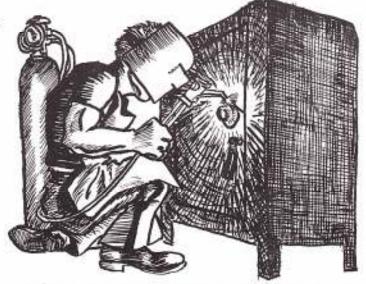


IT IS COT. LT. ELLIS DEE NATTILY ATTIRED IN LURKING COSTUME COMPLETE WITH HIGH-TOP BLACK SNEAKERS. ON A SPYING MISSION, HE GETS AN EARFUL.

THE COUNCIL'S TECHNICAL ADUISOR, 2ND LT. JOSIAH R. FURB, (USA RET.) (USHA '98), RISES TO PRESENT HIS CONCEPT FOR AN OFFENSIVE SOLUTION ON ALL FRONTS ...

CLUB... BRUNCH...NEXT THING YOU KNOW WE'LL HAVE CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS...
WE'LL HAVE CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS...
WE'LE GOT TO STOP THIS NOW... I
SUGGEST THAT WE REVISE REGS
USCC SO THAT THEY READ EXACTLY
LIKE THOSE GOLDEN HAXIMS SO
POPULAR WITH CADETS OF YORE.
LAWS, REGS CIRCA 1898... TO
SUM UP GENTLEMEN, LET'S SHAFT
'EM! NOW WHEN I WAS A
CADET... ETC., ETC...
CRIES OF 'BRAVO!", "AUTHOR!

CRIES OF "BRAVO!", "AUTHOR!" AND "WHITE TROU!" GREET THIS FAR - SEEING, PROGRESSIVE PRO-POSAL.



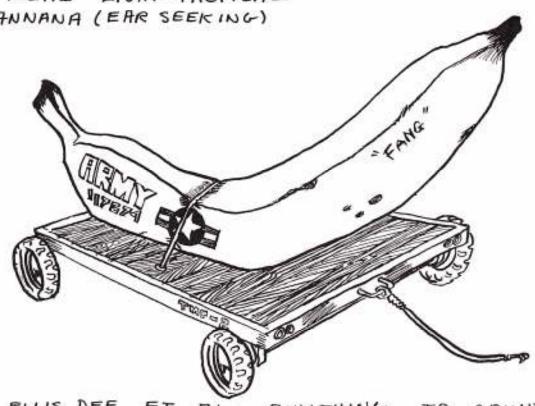
LATE THAT SAME NIGHT A
DARK FIGURE BREAKS THE SAFE AT
OPERATIONS, USCC. WHAT DOES THE
FIGURE SEEK? MONEY? BOODLE?



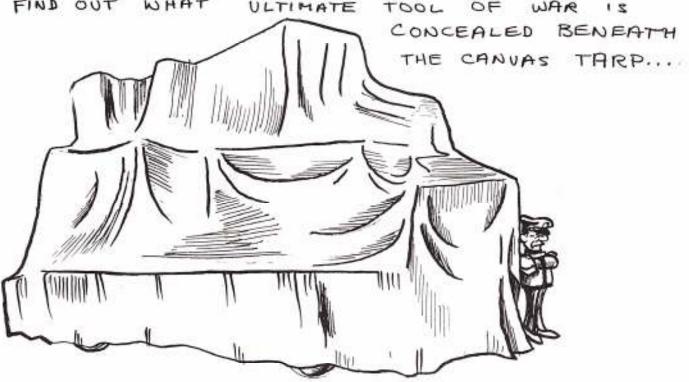
NO, FANS, NOT MONEY OR BOODLE; ONLY THE COPY OF THE SOP FOR CHANGING REGULATIONS HE GIVES IT TO ELLIS DEE, WHO BURNS IT IN AN IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY. THE DAY IS SAVED!! THE T.D. HAS ITS HANDS TIED NOW. HOW CAN ANYONE DO ANYTHING WITHOUT AN S.D.P.? OBVIOUSLY YOU CA'NT!

FOILED IN THE ATTEMPT TO CHANGE REGS BECAUSE OF THE LACK OF AN S. QP. ON THE SUBJECT, THE T.D. RESORTS TO ITS BIG GUN ...

THE MIAI LIGHT TACTICAL BANNANA (EAR SEEKING)



HAS ELLIS DEE ET AL. ANYTHING TO COUNTER WITH? YOU BETCHA! READ THE NEXT POINTER> FIND FIND OUT WHAT ULTIMATE TOOL OF WAR IS



Do you buy a shirt or a label?

If you want a good shirt, look for a good label. One that means the shirt is styled to last. With rolls, tapers and

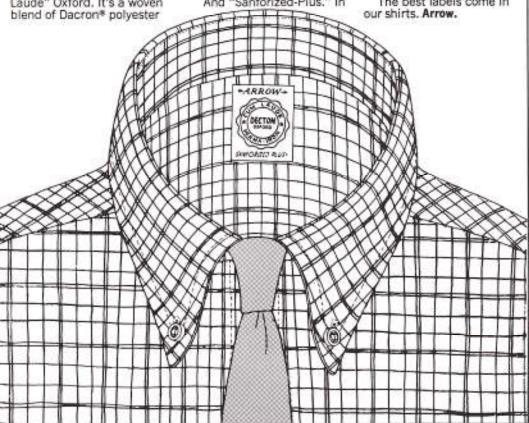
pleats in the right places. Like this Arrow "Cum Laude" Oxford. It's a woven and cotton with skinny boxed stripes of green and blue. Button-down collar, tapered waist, long sleeves. Perma-Iron so it won't wrinkle.

And "Sanforized-Plus." In

checks, plaids, solids and stripes. All the things you look for in a shirt-for \$7.00.

And in a good shirt you'll find a good label.

The best labels come in





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 . . .

She: And the Sheraton-Atlantic has such convenience to theatres. museums, libraries. Lincoln Center, Fifth Avenue shops, and with such swinging restau-rants right in the Hotel and dancing nightly and such low prices wonder we students always make out best at the Sheraton-Atlantic.

He: You were always such a romantic, darling.

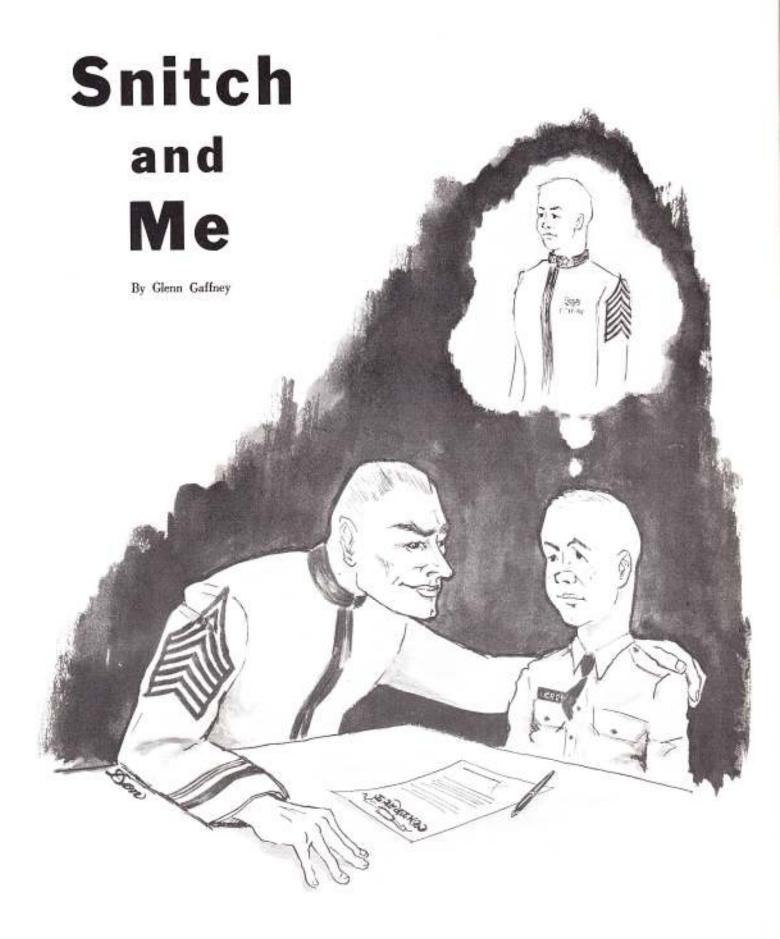
STUDENT-FACULTY RATES*

Single\$11.00 per person Twin 7.50 per person Triple 6.00 per person Quad 5.25 per person

For reservations contact your Sheridan Student Representative or in New York City dial (212) 244-0700 for immediate confirmation of student rates.

"Student-Faculty rates apply week-ends and school vacation periods, subject to availability. (Not offered March 16, 17, 1968.)

HOTEL Broadway and 34th St., N. Y., N.Y. 10001 (212) PE 6-5700 Raiph Hitz Jr., V. P. & Gen. Mgr.



I was walking past East Barracks the other day when someone walking behind me said in a whisper, "Hey,

As a Plebe I thought it a little odd that an upperclassman should be whispering at me, but sure enough when I turned around there he was, gray all over: gray trousers, gray short-overcoat, gray cap and black chevrons on his sleeve-the chevrons were what gave him away. I mean how many cadets do you know who wear seven big strippers on their arm? I'm sure there were seven because I stood there for a full minute counting them over and over to make certain. Then I immediately swore off all the drinking I had planned for Christmas and made a mental note to have all my friends report to Emergency Sick Call to get as many boxes of those APC's I had been taking as possible. I could see their resale value to the Hippies in The City already hitting a cool thou.

"Follow me," he said with a drawl that smelt of Fort

"You're the boss," I said to myself and fell in behind

I followed him across Central Area, through the Cow Sally Port, and into the Mess Hall tunnel where he finally halted before a door marked "OFF LIMITS TO CADETS". There was something odd about the way he opend the door, or should I say, the way the door opened at the last min-

ute as he came near.

Once inside, the door closed, again of its own accord. What I expected to see was an engine room, but what I saw made me check those seven stripes again. I was standing on carpet so plush that I sank about six inches into it. The room was paneled with expensive black walnut paneling. Lining one wall was a conservative Danish modern sofa flanked by two side chairs upholstered in pale yellow. A genuine Picasso hung on the opposite wall in an expertly chosen gray oak frame. I mean it was one of the most impressive offices I have ever seen. Two secretaries sat behind desks on either side of an open door which led into an even more luxurious office.

"Good morning, Sadie. Good morning, Eve," he said

cheerfully.

He strolled into his office with me in tow, As I crossed the threshold, the door took a swipe at my rear end as it closed quickly with a woosh.
"Have to watch that," he said. "Stay closer behind me at

all doors from now on."

I didn't know what was going on at this point, but whatever it was, I was damn sure I wanted no part of it. This guy with seven stripes sure wasn't the 1968 model of the First Captain and his office looked nothing like the First Division!

He pointed to a chair and said, "Have a seat."

He seated himself in a padded leather chair behind an enormous desk and stared at me for a second. His air of confidence looked like he was a man of position and power, but his youthful face contradicted it, I mean he looked so young, he reminded me of a ten year old playing business executive.

"Care for a cigarette? Cigar?" He opened a mahogany

box sitting on his desk and pushed it toward me.

"No thank you, sir," I said. I watched him take a Crook from the box and run it across his tongue. Placing it to his lips, he ran the fingernail of his index finger against his thumb and lit his Cigar with the flame that the friction produced. I was beginning to get the picture.

"Cute little trick! I picked it up from my Dad, He uses

it all the time. Impressive, wouldn't you say?"
"So I'm impressed. What is your business? I've got a class in fifteen minutes, and after that I'm on calls to my Squad Leader, so get to the point."

"Don't worry about your class or your Squad Leader. I'll take care of them,'

"Huh? How? What's your game?"

"Well since you seem so intent on discovering my motives perhaps I should come right to the point. My name really isn't important-my friends call me little snitch. I'm sort of second-in-command for our little organization and I'm in charge while Dad is up North settling a little trouble we've been having. My brother thought it would be a good idea, so we're moving in on some new territory. This is our newest branch office. The perspectives for a booming business right here at the Point are great. We haven't been active here in quite some while, but our line always sells. We never deal in quantity—always quality."

"O.K., so now hit me with the big sales pitch. What's your line? Booze? Approved Solutions? or maybe it's-

"No, no, no! You've got the wrong idea entirely. We're strictly honorable. We deal in the finer things of life-Success, wealth, fame. No sir, you'll never find our wares at the C-store.

"For instance. How would you like to insure that Navy

will loose this year?"

"The game was over two weeks ago," I said. "Where

have you been?"

He cracked a sick grin and let out a deflated laugh to cover his embarassment. "Well, you know how it is with us businessmen—always on the road. Sometimes we don't have time to keep up with the news like we'd like to." He coughed and regained his composure.

"Well, that was only an example anyway," he said.

Then he dropped the bomb in my lap.

"How'd you like to be First Captain someday?-Delivery guaranteed."
"Are you serious?" I asked, "Why me?"

"No particular reason, Let's just say I like your Southern accent. Now all you have to do is sign this contract I've drawn up, and we'll be in business. No muss, no fuss

"Wait just a darn minute. What do you mean we'll be

in business? What business?"

"Oh, it's just the usual old thing. Our lawyer draws it up. Your soul for services rendered. What's a soul anyway? You never use it, and when it's gone you'll never miss it. Why, I'd even go as far to say that you'll be better off without it. It's just like your appendix, you're better off without it.

"As for the business, I've told you about our expansion. You might be called on to be a sales representative for our fine firm from time to time. You'll have the inside track over all other men, and of course there are always bonuses for those who excel. Someday you could be . . .

Suddenly it was crystal clear. I could just see myself now . . . "Hey Charlie, we're having a special on sours this week. Better sell out while the bargains are good. We still have the Brigade Adjutant's slot open for '69," or how about . . . "See you're on the 'D' list in English. What would you say if I promised you that you could write 6.0 themes from now until the main boiler freezes over? And all for only one thin soul. You'll never miss it . . ."

My thoughts were cut short as \$ was brought back to

reality by his voice.

"Well, what do you say, young fellow. This could be the biggest deal you'll ever see. Just think about it. Why you could be the man who calls the punches for the whole Corps. Run things like you want. If anybody gets in your way all you have to do is say the word and-Poof!-no more trouble."

"Yeh, but-"

"Now come on Mister, you know this is the chance you've been waiting for Wealth, Fame, Fortune - name your price. This is something any ambitious young man can sink his teeth into. The sky's the limit, and satisfaction guaranteed. We have a long history of satisfied customers. When I have a chance to be back at the home office, I see quite a few of them, and they all got what they wanted.

"I'm afraid you've got the wr--"

"Don't be too hasty in your decision. No high pressure salesmanship here, Take your time and I'm sure that you'll make the right decision. Why no man in his right mind could turn down such an offer. You may never get another . . ."

I let my eyes and mind wander from the man in front of me to a picture on the wall behind his desk. It was a handsomely framed portrait in oils, obviously done with painstaking care. The man in the picture had the same small, quick, blue eyes as the man who confronted me. The lines in the face were sharpened by time, and there were a few more lines around the eyes than that of its youthful copy behind the desk. Both had that indomitable smirk on their lips as if they were taking the whole world for a ride.

In the corner something caught my attention. I turned and there stood the man I had just seen in the portrait, complete in every detail including the smirk. He winked at me and placed his index finger over his lips as he stealthily advanced toward the desk, Once he was behind the desk he brought his fist down hard on the desk top.

Alarmed, the young man jumped to his feet and whirled, coming face to face with his assailant. "What are you doing here," he demanded, "You're not supposed to be back for a couple of weeks."

"I left your brother in charge and thought I'd come in and check up on my youngest son. And it's a good thing I did."

He reached toward the ashtray sitting on the desk and picked up the cigar sitting on its edge. Shaking it in the younger man's face he said, "How many times have I told you about smoking? Don't you know it's bad for your health. The air is bad enough around home without you adding to the pollution. And what are you doing here? I left no orders about moving in on any new territory while I was away, least of all here. Why would you ever think of opening an office here. I'll never understand you young..."

But, Dad, I was only trying to expand a little on my own. This place is so ripe. We could wipe up in no time at all. Why it wouldn't be long before we owned the place, lock, stock, and soul. Can't you imagine what a grip on the world this would give us? We'd have the battle half won in no time at all. We could wipe out the opposition and

create our own monopoly." "Son, I wish it were that easy. I thought the same thing a few years ago, but things sort of backfired on me, I moved in and established myself right away. I made a deal with a couple of guys that I thought would be no sweat to deliver. One fellow, can't remember his name right now, just wanted to settle a little skirmish going on around here, and the other guy wanted the usual-position, and fame, and all the trimmings. I promised him a Generalcy (didn't specify which army), and told him he would be a hero. Right away I saw a plan where I could kill two birds with one stone. It was simple, but brilliant, and I patted myself on the back every time I thought about it. All I had to do was sit back and let the time roll by and wait for the right moment. Unfortunately, for me, I didn't consider a couple of other factors. This guy, "Benny" was his name I think, sold out when I told him, and he would have been the biggest hero you've ever seen, but one thing went wrong. The wrong side won; and I lost two good customers—one permanently.

"So you see, son, since that time I've declared this place off-limits for any large scale operations. But before I left I decided that I couldn't let the place get away scot free, so I put a curse on the place that still exists today. To see what I mean, son, just take a walk outside, I'm sure it will remind you of home.

MAMMA

Mamma Leone's Ristorante
"Where strong appetites are met and conquered."
239 West 48th Street, JU 6-5151

Sandhurst at West Point

The following article, though somewhat dated, gives a very interesting and provocative analysis of the Military Academy by the most impartial of all possible observers— Sandhurst Cadets.

Sandhurst Cadets tend to travel far afield during their leaves, and we were fortunate enough this year to reach Canada and the U.S.A. through a succession of indulgence flights. In three weeks we were able to visit Ottawa, Washington and New York, but the highlight of our tour was a stay at West Point with the United States Cadet Corps.

The two Military Academies can rarely exchange visitors, and perhaps we were the first British cadets to visit West Point, a venture which proved to be entirely worth while.

The West Point yearly intake is double that of Sandhurst, and the course is twice as long, Selection for entry, which is left entirely to the discretion of State Senators and the President, bears no relation to the Regular Commission Board, for the Americans believe that a leader is made rather than born, but never hesitate to "chop" those whose leadership qualities fail to develop through the West Point system. Consequently an intake of 800 may be re-

duced by as many as 300.

A first-year cadet, known as a "plebe", is treated rather worse than our "juniors", and the initiation lasts for a year instead of a term. For the first two months he must double everywhere and salute all first classmen (seniors), and after two months he may not double, regardless of how "pressed" he happens to be, without permission from a first classman, He is subjected to kit inspections, changing parades, and "rifting around" in much the same fashion as a "junior". He must sit bolt upright in mess with his chin pressed into his neck, and of course it is almost impossible to eat a square meal under these conditions. There is far more emphasis on P.T. and exercise for a "plebe" than at Sandhurst; and this is probably necessary as the average American youth eats so much fried chicken and drinks so much milk that he loses his figure in his early teens and is therefore considered a "slob" when he enters West Point at twenty. A "plebe" is never allowed out during the whole of his first year, even at Christmas, and has to eat in this quaint manner throughout that year unless the command "'plebes' fall out" is given, which only happens if Army beats Navy in the football game, or for some other major celebration, A "plebe" lives in "Beast" barracks and is treated rather like one. American drill lacks the precision and panache of British drill, but the standard of turnout is probably higher since so much of their uniform can be laundered and starched. The cadets have to parade with the "hellcats" (band) and march to every meal, a performance very similar to that at the Portugese Military Academy in Lishon, but who copied it from whom we never discovered.

At the end of the first year the "plebes" are shaken by the hand by the other cadets at the first classmen's graduation (passing out) parade. They are then accepted as part of the Academy and become known as "yearlings", Passing out in West Point jargon means to be thrown out, and as we kept being asked when we graduated from Sandhurst and replied we were passing out in December we received

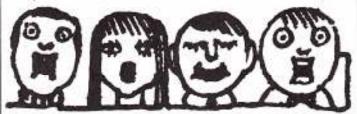
a few surprised looks!

After a month's leave the "yearling" returns to do his tactical training at Camp Buckner. Very little military training actually takes place at West Point as the emphasis CADETS GO TO THE FRONT OF THE LINE, SAY PHIL LINZ AND BOB ANDERSON — 3 TIME ALL AMERICAN.



"ROAR, SOFT-DRINK, ROAR!"

(To the tune of "Barbara Fritchie")



Traditionally, a lusty, rousing fight song is de rigeur 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 ahead. 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! Occooch --Roar, soft drink, roar! 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!



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

HART OF A RESTRICTED TOWNS - 1884

56 years in the Service and still no commission.

What we've learned in these years didn't get us any insignia. But we have earned the respect and business of 200 generals and more than 10,000 other commissioned officers in the Armed Forces. Because we give special attention to the special needs of people in the Military.

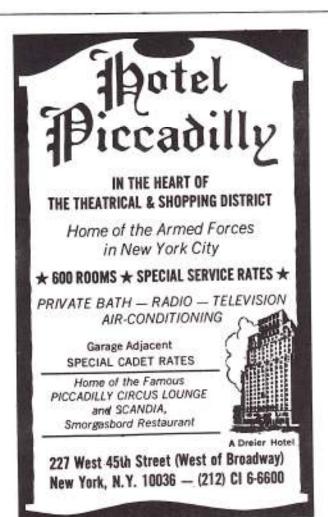
Even when our customers are stationed thousands of miles away, they never really leave us. People continue to rely on our Highland Falls office for prompt, convenient service and long-range security. No matter how far from home.

For a complete description of services best suited to your needs, write for your Military Banking Information Kit. It will give you 6 individual guides to specially designed checking, savings, and loan services. Plus correspondence envelopes and complete information on banking by mail. Everything you, as a member of the Armed Forces, need to know about making your money work harder for you.

Remember. Our experience has shown us your problems. We're here to help you.

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is on obtaining an Academic degree. However, the eight weeks at Camp Buckner are intensive. We spent three days living with the cadets there and found reveille at 0530 hours and battle P.T. before breakfast every morning a considerable shock. Equipped like a holiday camp, Buckner has all the facilities such as water skiing, sailing, a vast dance hall and a cinema which one might expect at Butlin's. The mess is a large ranch house type and the food is excellent. The Americans eat an enormous quantity of food by our standards and it took us some time to get used to eating steak, vegetables, marmalade, and jelly all on one plate, and with only a fork.

On the first morning we were taken on a tour of the area in a helicopter. It is probably the most scenic training area in the world with beautiful lakes and beach forests, distinctly unlike Barrossa. We spent the next two days watching river crossings, infantry tank exercises and the "recondo" exercise, a seventy-two hour Commando-or-Ranger style training, which is the highlight of their summer camp. On this they do what for many of them will be the only patrol exercise in your years' training. Everything was done with tremendous enthusiasm and taken very seriously. West Point cadets are not allowed to laugh or make jokes when things become tough, or when they are doing something that is difficult or dangerous. Instead, to instill a spirit of aggression, cadets are made to growl like wild beasts. They believe that a joke or encouragement makes the training easier and therefore less valuable. We were certainly surprised at the way first classmen yelled at exhausted "yearlings" doubling about in battle order with their rifles over their heads. If an instructor at the R.M.A. had spoken to a cadet in such a manner, he would probably have been reprimanded for sadism. The exception to this stern-faced and rather Prussian attitude is that when marching or running, cadets are nearly always made to sing songs with a one-two-three-four beat, which goes something like this; the squad leader yells out "here we go" and the squad chants back "here we go", and goes on, "up the hill", "all the way", "all the way", "down the hill" and so on. This singing ritual, which goes on most of the time, struck us as very un-British, Singing and music, however, play a considerable part in the life of a West Point cadet. He has to learn several songs by heart as a "plebe". and the Academy Band gives excellent concerts on Sunday evenings.

The training at Camp Buckner is carried out with full supporting arms and the cadets fire the artillery, and provide crews for the tanks. They also drive all their own vehicles from jeeps to two-and-a-half ton trucks, but can never own private cars. We were taught to drive the M48 tank and the tracked A.P.C. on their ranges.

Dating is another major activity at West Point, which is far more highly organized than at the R.M.A. It probably has to be organized within the Academy for as first classmen they only get one month's leave and nine weekends a year, and otherwise never leave the grounds. Dates are known as drags and dances are held every Saturday night. The Academy employs hostesses who organize dates for those who don't have them already, and fix them up with accomodation. A special area in the grounds known as flirtation walk, or just "flirty," is set aside for dragging. British cadets might find the dances a bit thin as no drink is ever allowed at West Point.

The whole business of dating is about five years ahead in America, and having started dating aged twelve, the average West Point cadet marries a few weeks after graduation. As the cadets say themselves, the three things they look forward to at graduation are a degree, a car and a wife.

(Continued on Page 25)



CHRISTMAS WISH LIST

With the end of the football season, the Corps marches to supper to songs of Christmas spirit instead of fight spirit. The Chapel, blanketed in snow, towers above all the Academy buildings, symbolic of the pre-eminence of thoughts of Christmas in the minds of the Corps.

But as much as thoughts of leave occupy the mind of the cadet, the deep-thinker feels a vague emotion toward West Point: apprehension, The only fitting conclusion to a sublime leave would be to return to the Academy to find it a more pleasant place to live.

The following letter by an anonymous cadet, obviously hoping to accomplish something constructive along these lines, was intercepted:

United States Corps of Cadets West Point, New York 10996

16 December 1967

SUBJECT: Letter to Santa Claus

TO:

Santa Claus APO 1749630

New York, New York

- The first thing I'd like to have for Christmas is a sock to hang up for the holidays. The laundry is at
 it again.
- 2. There are a lot of things I could ask for, but I don't think even you could do much about them. How much lobbying power do you have in Congress and how many people do you know in government? Could you get me less math-science-technology courses and more humanities.
- 3. With your prestige alone, maybe you could take care of one thing for me—PDA. Did you know that if your date kisses you under the mistletoe here it could cost you fourteen hours walking the area? Is that in keeping with the Yuletide spirit?
- 4. Me and a lot of my friends seem to have accumulated a lot of hours on the area to march during this winter. Now if you could just appear as a distinguished guest in the Mess Hall, I'm sure you could grant amnesty as a Christmas present to the Corps.
- 5. It gets lonely here in the winter. Do you suppose you could arrange to bring us a little to be a little would understand.
- 6. Next year, if our team has as good of a season as this year and we should get considered for
- Most fellows our age would never think of writing to you. But we here are sheltered from the cynicism
 of the outside world. We believe in you and are counting on you.



Cdt Cpl

2d Ci

"W. P. Junior's Christmas Leave"

by Grimm



Dec. 21st: "Sir there's about an hour before you successfully effect your escape from this . . ."

Dec. 22nd: Arrival, the kid discovers he still fits right in with the "old gang".





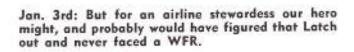
Christmas day: the chapel uniform is the same, but pride, not regs, is why.

New Years Eve: Does starvation really improve the appetite?





1 Jan. '68 a certain bowl game brings a tear!







by Ross Kelly

Last Reflections On A War, Bernard Fall, Doubleday & Co. \$4.95.

On February 21st, 1967, Bernard Fall was with a Marine patrol during Operation Chinook, While speaking into a tape recorder his fears concerning the possibility of ambush, he stepped on a mine and was killed. It was said then that the U.S. had lost its foremost Vietnam analyst and scholar, which is in part true but also misleading; for Bernard Fall's feeling for Vietnam, its inhabitants, and the soldiers who warred over it, far surpassed mere analytical or scholarly concerns. To be sure his knowledge of Vietnamese customs, politics and history, in addition to his astute grasp of revolutionary warfare, conventional tactics, and military history, made him widely known in political and military circles. But his love for the country, his anguish over the ceaseless warfare which plagues it, and his respect and admiration for soldiers of both sides who have fought there, are unmistakeable. That is why books such as Street Without Joy, The two Vietnams, and Hell In A Very Small Place evoke more than scholarly interest; they evoke emotion, passion, and through them an understanding of the people and of the fighting which ordinary historical tracts are unable to do. He neither condemns nor condones policies or actions directly, but neither is he content to let facts and statistics tell his story. His writing about Victnam is unabashedly personal because his entire relationship with Vietnam is an intensely personal thing.

The last works he did concerning Vietnam bear this out. They were collected by his wife for a final book by him; Last Reflections On A War. It is no more than a compendium of interviews, lectures, articles, and notes for an unpublished book, but they cover all that troubled Fall-and concern us-about Vietnam. The topics range from an autobiographic interview of himself to his own interviews with Ho Chi Minh, from a critical analysis of U.S. failure to understand insurgency and counterinsurgency to the last, final tape of the fatal patrol. Much of the articles, of course, overlap, as any collection of non-connected topical writings will. And, as readers familiar with Fall would expect, he is critical of the means, if not the end, of American involvement. He points out that we fight in much the same way as did the French, and that only our staggering preponderance in firepower, airpower, and manpower prevents our defeat, He notes, too, that the American fighting man has nothing of the personal feeling for the war or the land that the French Union professionals felt. However, he feels an ungrudging admiration for the courage and morale of most American troops and especially the draftees, none of which were employed by the French in their war. He ad-

vances the "creditibility gap" notion with cynically amusing probes with statistics and incriminating quotes.

But perhaps the most essential value of the Reflections are their immediacy to us here. At once the collection is more useful than a history book, more interesting than the official D-o-D guidebooks, more rational in its criticism than all the antiwar books, and vastly more vivid, human, and realistic in description of operations than the Army Digest could hope to be. It therefore has an obvious promatic worth as the shortest and most interesting road to understanding our future battlegrounds.

Beyond that, the book has the literary value of any last collection of an author's unpublished works . . . except that Fall was a sort of literary knight-errant, whose obsession was Vietnam and its wars. His envolvement was not that of a detached scholar; it was that of a man with a mission, for which he finally gave his life. If for that reason alone, the book deserves one's time.

Perhaps a sore subject around these parts this year is that of editor Eugene Schoor's book THE ARMY-NAVY GAME. This amply illustrated anthology is a rather loosely collected volume of descriptions of the yearly football classic —its colorful players, coaches, and greatest moments.

November 29, 1890, another gray day at West Point saw the first Army-Navy game. Things went not so well for the cadets, new at this pigskin game, and Navy emerged with a 24-0 win. By the same day a year later, revenge and practice were the new Army sentiments and the cadets took the second contest 32-16. From that time with but four short breaks, the game has been perennial, with sixty-eight now on the scoresheets.

Worth Bagley of Annapolis and Dennis Michie of West Point were the heroes of those early days, Football in the 1890's was a lot of push and pull, scrape and shove without much precision or planning. The game matured and took on the stature as names began to appear on Army and Navy line-ups-names that became gridiron legends in their own time. Army had great players to bring successes to her teams. Early backs "Ollie Oliphant and Red Cagle helped Army sweep past the Crabs in 1916 and 1927. Whitey Grove was an unknown in the Army backfield until he tore through the Navy line for two scores in the 1935 game. Then there was the dynamic duo, Doc Blanchard and Glenn Davis, two that brazenly intimidated Navy's defenses for three years and All-Americans for 1944-46. Of more recent and recognizable vintage is Pete Dawkins, Army's Heismann Trophy winner of the 1958 season, Bill Carpenter, the famous lonely end, and quarterback Rollie Stichweh round out the list of names that have meant exciting Army teams.

Navy, too, has had some men to carry the football. Babe Brown of the 1912 squad was remembered for his tactile toe in placing the oval neatly between the uprights twice for a 6-0 triumph over a stunned Army eleven. All-American Buzzy Borries quarterbacked a startling Navy offense to the 3-0 victory of 1934. No Army fan will ever forget the agonizing havoc one small Joe Bellino wreaked on Army squads of 1959 and 1960. The years 1962-1963 were filled with the smooth spirals of lanky Roger Staubach as Army could only stand and watch.

Schoor includes the coaches of these great players and the teams in his book as well. Army has had Gar Davidson and Red Blaik; Navy can boast of Eddie Erdelatz and Swede Larson, Each man is rememered for his methods and his at-

(Continued on Page 32)



THE STORY BEHIND THE GREEN DEATH

AN INTERVIEW WITH BRIGADIER GENERAL CHARLES P. NICHOLAS

GEN. C. P. NICHOLAS

After serving forty-two years in the Army, including eight years as Head of the Department of Mathematics at West Point, Brigadier General Charles P. Nicholas retired this autumn. During a review on the Plain, the Corps paid tribute to the man who had raised the Mathematics Program to a stature hailed by a Governor of the Mathematical Association of America as the "Finest of any engineering school in the country."

In the following interview Gen. Nicholas discusses the Mathematics Program and its objectives at West Point.

- 1. Q. In view of the rapid changes in mathematics programs throughout the country, what is the background of the favorable appraisal given to the USMA program by a professional observer familiar with national trends?
 - A. About ten years ago the Mathematical Association of America concluded that many college undergraduate programs in mathematics throughout the United States were lagging in modernization and ought to be up-graded. To this end, the Association created the COMMITTEE ON THE UNDERGRADUATE PROGRAM IN MATHEMATICS, and gave it responsibility for recommending authoritative national standards to be met by college undergraduate programs. In 1962, CUPM published a definite report, recommending mathematics courses to be required (as distinguished from optional courses) for all undergraduate students in physical science and engineering. They recommended that every such undergraduate be required, beyond analytic geometry, to complete 12 semester hours of basic analysis (calculus with modern treatment and content of numerical analysis suitable for electronic digital computation), 3 semester hours of linear algebra, and 3 semester hours of probability and statistics. The fact that every cadet who graduates satisfies this requirement (or its accelerated equivalent in an Advanced Program) by the end of the second year places the USMA program in a favorable national position in light of the CUPM's recommendations.
- 2. Q. How was this result achieved?
 - A. The Department of Mathematics continually studies mathematical trends in the United States and Europe, particularly in fields related to military applications. About eight years ago, with the aid of CUPM consultation, the Department foresaw the trend of impending changes. A long-range plan of evolution was developed in 1960, calling for annual changes under conditions that would maintain high quality of instruction and avoid curricular discontinuities, while introducing modern material at a higher level of mathematics. This process necessitated progressive deletion of more elementary material as rapidly as the high schools in the U. S. could be expected to take it over. The annually improving preparation of candidates for admission to the Military Academy has kept pace with these changes, which were accomplished progressively from 1960 to 1967.
- 3. Q. What is the overall objective of the mathematics program?
 - A. The objective is threefold: (1) to provide the mathematical foundation essential to support undergraduate science and engineering programs at USMA; (2) to give the necessary undergraduate preparation in mathematics for later graduate studies in the Army's Civil Schools program; and (3) to develop in all cadets the intellectual qualities and attributes required in military leadership. It is the third aspect that distinguishes USMA instructional methods from those of nearly all other undergraduate institutions. By participating actively in the forum exercises in each day's mathematics classes, the cadet develops the mental capacity to think fundamentally and express his purposes and plans of action in clear and effective language. He also develops powers of swift analysis and decision. These are attributes that officers of the Regular Army must display as professional leaders, and their development by academic instruction is a major aspect of the Military Academy's mission.
- 4. Q. What are the advantages of the Special Topic Memorandums (STM's) for the USMA mathematics program?
 - A. In general the mathematics textbooks used in civilian colleges are aimed at a different method of teaching, where the student is often passively listening to lectures or taking notes, with occasional requirements to submit homework, take written quizzes, and (at the end of the semester) pass a final examination. Textbooks designed for such a system are not well suited to the USMA program's emphasis on active participation in classes of small size, where every student grows intellectually by oral presentation of concepts and methods. The Special Topic Memorandums are designed explicitly to support USMA methods and intellectual objectives, the exercise sets being tailor-made for our classroom methods.
- 5. Q. Why does the USMA mathematics program deal with relatively more of the theoretical aspects than do many other college programs at the same level?
 - A. A mathematics program in which the student concentrates only on problem-solving technique to the neglect of theory is known among educators as a "cookbook" course (Cadets sometimes use the term "plug-in" course). A course of that type is below USMA educational standards and would fail to achieve our objectives. The Military Academy emphasizes fundamental concepts and generalized theory in order to pave the way for intelligent solu-

(Continued on Page 25)

THE QUEEN OF BATTLE

by Richard M. Bridges

The infantry originated when the first cavemen combined their strength to ward off animal forces which threatened their existence. Since then, the infantry has developed into the most important of all land forces, The Queen of Battle has a long history closely coinciding to the history of man.

Egypt formed the first regular land forces, awarding their warriors a position in the second highest caste, the first being attained only by the direct descendants of the pharaohs. Egypt's infantry fought with the bow and sling, and eventually with bronze swords, Their army fought as a mass of men moving across a battlefield shoulder to shoulder, but as tactics and weapons improved these mass formations became impractical.

The Assyrians initiated the use of cavalry, which was at first merely an armed forces branch for the nobility, but cavalry showed the possible advantages of speed and mobility to the infantry commanders of the time and was to evolve into a force that would eventually take the place of the infantry at a later time. The Assyrians' main force was still the foot soldier, the poorer man who had neither the position nor the title for a place in the cavalry.

The Persians also experimented with the infantry by introducing two types of infantry into a single combat unit. They separated their army into a light infantry which would begin the battle and the heavy infantry which would follow behind to do the main fighting. The light infantry would fan out to the flanks of the enemy after the heavy infantry arrived and would harass the enemy with bow and arrow. The heavy infantry depended on a short spear and a wicket shield for their part in the battle.

When Persia fell, Greece took over the world's military supremacy and began the use of organized military formations, Their armies, armed with a pike or sword, protected with a shield, helmet, breast plate, and greaves (leg guards), would march in formations called phalanxes. These formations consisted of 64 men marching in a square of 8 deep and 8 across. Alexander later enlarged this formation to 256 men, 16 deep and 16 across, and added a small spear to the Greek infantry's weaponry. Although effective for a time, this formation had its defects as Epaminondas, a Theban proved in his defeat of the

Spartan phalanxes in one of the many Greek civil wars. The main defect in the formation was that the Greeks would place their best warriors on the right side of the formation and progressively line the other men to the left according to ability. Epaminondas reversed this order, placing his men in the opposite way, planning to quickly destroy the left side of the Spartan phalanxes and then flank the right sides. His plan worked, as his idea had never been used before, and the Spartans were routed.

Rome added improvements to the infantry tactics of Greece by enlarging and balancing the outmoded phalanx into a legion consisting of 4200 infantry soldiers and 400 cavalry. An improvement in weapons was made also, as the two-edged sword and lance came into being, the latter replacing Alexander's previous innovation of a small spear. In addition, Rome began the first recognized chain of command with the installation of Centurians as small unit commanders. Rome's infantry remained supreme, conquering the great Hannibal and the Gauls, until A.D. 378 when the Goth's cavalry defeated the Roman forces at Adrianople. For the next 1,000 years infantry was destined to a second place in the land forces, the cavalry emerging as supreme.

The age of gunpowder indicated coming equality for the infantry with the cavalry, but even before gunpowder began its domination, the queen of battle proved her worth with the English longbow in the defeat of the French cavalry in 1346, Later the Swiss recognized the growing emphasis that would soon be placed on the infantry and organized themselves into mercenaries. A return to the old Greek phalanx, improved with 20 foot pikes and 8-foot axes, seemed to minimize the coming use of gunpowder as the Swiss won battle after battle, Gunpowder finally was responsible for the defeat of the Swiss as the cannon of France destroyed their reign at Marignano in 1515. The phalanx, or Swiss square, became obselete soon after when the principles of fire and movement came into being with the introduction of the first matchlocks.

The first accomplishment of the infantry with the matchlock was the defeat of the French by Spanish firearms in 1525 in the Battle of Pavia, After that, firearms continued to improve with the development of the arquebus, replacing

(Continued on Page 27)





1967 Final Army Football Statistics

		Army Opp					1967 RECORD			
First Downs	8		UNIVERSITY 0000		179	Sant 22 A 26				
Rushing		1				Sept 23—Army 26,		23		
Passing			3	54 86			30-Army 21, Boston C, 10			
Penalties		6 13			Oct 7—Duke 10, Army 7					
	Total Offense			3176		046	13—Army 24, S.M.U. 6			
Total Plays			679		748		21—Army 14,			
Avg Off per Game		318			305	28—Army 24, Stanford 20				
Net Yds Ru	Net Yds Rushing		1955			495	Nov 4-Army 10, A.F.A. 7			
	Rushing Plays			450		476	11—Army 22, Utah 0			
	Avg Rush Per Game		196			150	18—Army 21, Pitt 12			
Net Yards Passing				551	Dec 2-Navy 19,	Army 14				
	Attempted		229			272	Won 8, Lost 2			
Complete						131	Wolf of Lost 2			
Had Inter				11		26				
Percentage		ted	.4			482	RECEIVING	No	Yds	TD
Avg Pass P				22		155			17.11	
Fumbles, Lo			27-			1-11	Young	41	516	1
Punts-Dist-A		51-1	1955-31		8-1947-		Steele	14	269	2
Penalties-Yd			50-4			381	Woessner	12	114	0
Punt Return	-		27-2			-209	Moore	11	154	0
Kickoff Ret			24-4			531	Jarvis	7	50	0
Total Points				33	2000	94	Peduto	7	34	0
A. 2. 100 A. 100 A.			-	-			Evans	4	64	1
RUSHING	Tries	Gain	Loss	Net	Avg	TD	Greenlee	1	15	0
Jarvis	144	780	6	774	5.4	8	Andrezejczak	1	5	0
Peduto	52	250	2	242	4.7	0				
Woessner	43	231	2	229	5.3	2	PUNT RETURNS	No	Yds	TD
Lindell	71	305	94	211	3.0	3				
Moore	39	185	5	180	4.6	2	Evans	25	281	1
Andrzejczak		117	0	117	7.3	ĩ	Haller	1	5	0
LeDoux	42	160	66	94	2.2	ô	Dencker	1	3	0
Greenlee	22	75	3	72	3.3	1				
Evans	7	67	0	67	9.4	1	PUNTING	No	Yds	Avg
Kurilko	1	0	0	0	0.0	0	romma	140	105	ATT
O'Toole	11	13	25	-12	0.0	0	Kurilko	51	1955	38.3
Shipley	2	0	19	-19	0.0	0				
							KICKOFF RETUR	.15	A1.	V.1.
PASSING	Att	Com	Int	Yds	Pct	TD	KICKOFF KETUK	142	No	Yds
Lindell	144	73	11	843	.507	2	Evans		16	342
LeDoux	61	18	0	228	295	ī	Peduto		2	39
O'Toole	19	7	0	150	.368	î	Jarvis		2 2	37
Shipley	3	o	Ö	0	.000	0	Young		2	23
Woessner	1	0	0	0	.000	0	Moore		1	14
Moore	î	0	0	0	,000	0	Steele		1	4
SCORING		TDs	PAT		FG	PTS				
Jarvis		8	1			50	PASS INTERCEPT	TIONS	No	Yds
Kurilko		0	14-16	8 5	7-21	35	Bevans		8	124
Evans			14-10	ta s	1-61	18	K. Johnson		4	39
Lindell		3 2 2	722			18	Luecke		4	27
Woesener		9				12	Toczylowski		3	24
Steele		2	1			14	Dencker		2	
Moore		2				12	McDowell		1	31
Greenlee		1	1			8	Wheelock		1	0
Andrzejczak		1	1			8	O. Johnson		1	9
Young		1			-	6	Hutchinson		1	8 5 2 0
Team Safety	nt Re-	ston Co	Hoese			2	Haller		1	ő
acam Saicty	at Do	aon Co	nege			4	Traner		1	



1967 FOOTBALL FINAL

by Chris Cole

The 1967 football season is now fading into history. The statisticians are filling in the blanks in the books, the seniors are turning in their equipment for the last, and fans throughout the country are beginning to view the Saturday afternoon cowboy movie instead of the Army football games. Though these players have played their last game as a team, they will not be soon forgotten. The 1967 squad will be remembered as a winner who never quite got their just recognition, but always kept their cool in the face of their setbacks, both on and off the gridiron.

The season was satisfying, yet it held its disappointments, The 8-2 won-lost record included a somewhat confusing loss to Duke and the heartbreaker in Philadelphia against Navy. We were beset by sickness and injuries and disappointments, but the team never lost its desire to win and always rose to the occasion. Each Saturday someone stepped forward and helped carry the team and yet every time it was a team effort,

The season opened at Michie Stadium with a 26-7 win over Virginia. Steve Lindell was in the hospital with a gastrointestinal disorder and Jim O'Toole was still sidelined with a shoulder injury suffered in the final scrimmage of the double practice sessions. A sophomore, Roger LeDoux, started at quarterback and so began the winning ways of the Army team. Carl Woessner scored the first touchdown of the season on a six yard sweep late in the first quarter. The PAT attempt by Kurilko failed and Army led 6-0, Following this the Cavaliers took the kickoff and drove 64 yards to score on Frank Quayle's three yard plunge. The kick was good and Virginia led 7-6. The story changed here and an aroused Army defense clamped down. Tom Wheelock checked a drive by making three successive tackles and the Interception Club grabbed its first four of the season. The remainder of the game was all Army. Van Evans made a name as a man to be feared as he returned a punt 41 yards for a TD in the second period and ran a 24 yard reverse for a score in the 3rd quarter. Nick Kurilko capped the scoring with field goals of 30 and 42 yards. Tom Wheelock, defensive end, and quarterback Roger LeDoux were named to the weekly ECAC All-East team for their performances. Coach Cahill's record at Army was now 9-2 and the Cadets began to look for B.C.

The next weekend the First and the Third Regiments followed the team to Boston to watch Army win 21-10. B.C. struck first, marching 80 yards to seven points with Fallon lugging it the final 3 yards. However the defense was there and when Jim Beyans blocked a kick in the second quarter it set the mood for the defensive play the remainder of the day. Later that quarter LeDoux hit Terry Young on a pass good for 56 yds and a TD, B.C. managed a field goal though and held a 10-9 lead when the teams left the field. Kurilko booted a 21 yd field goal in the third period and a 32 yarder in the fourth. Jim Greenlee ran for 10 yds and a score in the fourth period after Jarvis ran 65 yds and LeDoux hit Young for 10. At the close, Jarvis had 127 yds in 17 carries and Bevans had intercepted two passes, blocked a punt for a safety and had 12 unassisted tackles. For this performance he made the ECAC All-East team and received national recognition. Momentum was building.

The team came back to Michie the following weekend to play a Duke team that had lost to Illinois 34-6 the week before. There weren't many bright points in Mudville this Saturday, At times it almost appeared as though Duke was playing with 15 men. Duke struck first on a field goal of 22 yds in the second period. Army returned the favor and scored on a four yard Jarvis run. A questionable pass interference call cost Army its second touchdown and when Duke built a drive on penalities in the

fourth quarter, they scored on a 9 yd Davis to Nicklin pass. Although Chuck Jarvis had gained 104 yds, Kenny Johnson had made the weekly all-eastern team and end Terry Young was gaining on Bill Carpenter's yardage record, the team was disappointed. Disappointed yes, but far from down and out.

It was a Friday the 13th that saw Army invade the Cotton Bowl and slice up SMU in a 24-6 win. The Mustangs only got in Army territory 3 times, scoring only once on a 9 yd Perez to Levias pass in the third period. Lindell was back in true form with 12 of 15 passes for 154 yds. He also scored on a 1 yd run. Chuck Jarvis paced the scoring with TD runs of 1 and 6 yds. Kurilko got his due on a 46 yd field goal, Highlighting the play was a 62 yd, 9 play, one minute drive resulting in Jarvis' first TD at the end of the first half and Jim Bevans' interception inside the Army 10 which killed SMU's final drive in the final minutes of play. This week was Hank Toczylowski's turn to make the all-East team after his outstanding coverage of Jerry Levias. He also stopped the run for 2



points after SMU's lone score, The Army team was coming of age. Now came Rutgers.

Army somehow usually finds Rutgers on its schedule after a tough ball game. This year was no exception, They usually play a little bit harder against Army. This year was no exception. The Cadets beat Rutgers 14-3 and the defense grew up even more. Steve Lindell was out with an injured ankle from the week before and so Roger LeDoux replaced him at quarterback. Jim O'Toole, finally recovered from his shoulder seperation, played the second quarter. LeDoux set up the first TD, a 34 yd Jarvis tiptoc down the right sideline and O'Toole set up Jarvis' second, a 7 yd plunge. Jarvis gained 110 yds which upped his 5 game mark to 439 yds. Five games and a 4-1 record, not bad, but next week was Stanford who, while Army beat Rutgers, lost to UCLA, but not by much. Would the momentum continue?

Stanford came to Michie Stadium with the intent of busting up Army's Homecoming only to be shown what it means to want to win. The Cadets came from behind twice to win 24-20, At the end of the first quarter Stanford had 10 points to none for Army. But, by halftime. Lindell and Kurilko had equalled this and they went to talk things over with a tie ball game. In the third quarter Woessner got us a 17-10 lead on a 1 yd run. After the ball changed hands three times in four plays, Stanford soon had a field goal for a 17-13 score. The fourth quarter saw Stanford drive 92 yds in 13 plays to go in front 20-17 with 6:45 left to play. With fourth and 1 on the Army 36 Coach Cahill sent in Kurilko to punt. Well, there were four minutes left and the fans weren't happy about it, Suddenly it was 4th and 11 and Stanford had to punt. The return went 36 yards to the thirteen with Van Evans lugging it. Two plays later Hank Andrzejczak turned the right end and Army had a 24-20 lead with 2:03 left to play. The game was over-almost. The last two mniutes went something like this: Stanford drive, Bevans' interception, Moore's fumble, Johnson's interception, four plays, 5-1. The Army team had proven themselves, they had kept their cool and came back to win.

The largest crowd ever to witness an athletic event in Colorado saw Army beat Air Force 10-7 on a 45 yd Kurilko field goal and an 8 yd run by the previously injured Chuck Jarvis. The Air Force TD was scored by Mumme in the fourth quarter. A final Air Force drive with three minutes left was stopped when Ken Johnson intercepted on the Army 14 yd line. The air was thin, but the effort wasn't. Bob Gora and Steve Yarnell both stood out on defense. With six wins under their belts, the Army team became hungrier and now prepared to face a Utah team which was averaging 22 points a game. Twenty-two wasn't a bad indication of the points to be scored, only Utah didn't score them. At the end, it was Army with a 22-0 win. The first quarter was scoreless, but the second saw an Army score. Steve Lindell waved off his replacement after being shaken up on a play and proceeded to throw a 37 yd scoring pass to Gary Steele on the next play. The third quarter was a defensive battle and the fourth saw 15 more points for Army with a 3 yd Jarvis run and a 20 yd Lindell to Evans pass. Greenlee ran over the right tackle for two pts after a Utah player had hit one of the Army linemen. Utah made a last minute drive going from their 9 to Army's 16 where, on fourth down and four, Denny Hutchinson, from Salt Lake City, Utah, dropped Charlie Smith for a two yard loss. With two games left the papers began talking about Bowl bids. The Sugar Bowl appeared as though they would give us a bid if we



beat Pitt, The speculations were building when suddenly the bubble popped. The Secretary of the Army anounced that the Army Team would not accept a Bowl bid if offered. By the next morning the sugar bowl had dis- appeared from the messhall and there was much grumbling. Coach Cahill and his team held themselves aloof from all this and decided it might be a better idea to play football than live for what could not be. They went to Pittsburgh to win and did, 21-12. Pitt struck first after intercepting December 20, 1967

a Steve Lindell pass. Longo scored on a 1 yd reception. Charlie Jarvis turned the tide with a 26 yd TD run through two defenders at the goal line. In the second period Longo caught a 14 yd scoring pass from Bazylak and the score at the half stood 12-7 Pitt. The third quarter was scoreless. In the last period Army found itself on the Pitt 23 with a 4th and 15 situation. Lindell threw a 22 yd pass to Lynn Moore and two plays later the sophomore carried it in. Minutes later Army was back again from 49 yds out with a 12 yd run by Lindell the clincher for the score and the win.

The next two weeks saw careful preparation, five rallies and Major Schwartz screaming "Destroy Navy." It was not to be. Navy had John Cartwright (we had Billy XV) and the "I" and a 19-14 win at the end. They built a 17-0 halftime lead on a 29 yd field goal by John Church, a 1 yd run by Dan Pike, and a 13 yd run by Jeri Balsly. In the 4th quarter they scored a safety when Nick Kurilko couldn't get a hold of the ball after a had pass from center. It looked like a possible shutout until Jim O'Toole, Hank Andrzjeczak, and Lynn Moore came into the game. Inside of two and a half minutes O'Toole had directed a 50 yd drive with Moore scoring, thrown a 52 yd TD pass to Gary Steele, and completed a two point conversion to make the score 19-14. With four minutes left they were driving again when a fumble on the Navy 20 stopped the show.

The team finished 8-2 for the second year. They did a fine job and will be remembered as a gusty winner. The seniors have played their last game for the Black Knights, but they will not be forgotten. This year's seniors: Jim Bevans, linebacker (8 intercepitons for 124 yards); Elwood Cobey, defensive tackle; Keith Harrelson, offensive tackle; Ollie Johnson, defensive end; Bob Gora, defensive tackle, Nick Kurilko, kicker (51 punts for 1955 yds and a 38.3 average-35 points on 14-16 PAT's and 7-21 field goals the most field goals and attempts for a single season); Pat Mente, middle guard; Frank Nader, offensive guard; John Nerdahl, offensive guard; Bud Neswiacheny, General and Capt. of the Army Team (Scholar-Athlete All-American); John Peduto, halfback; Don Roberts, center; Hank Toczylowski, defensive back; Carl Woessner, half back; Ed Larson, end; Larry Hart, offensive tackle; Jack Swaney, offensive guard. Terry Young will also not return next year as he played out his eligibility. This season he caught 41 passes for 516 yds and 1 TD. This gives him a three year record of 95 receptions for 1239 yds and 5 TDs, He holds records for career passes caught and career yds receiving. The seniors have done well, many of them playing for three years, The future is even brighter. Steve Lindell and Jim O'Toole return along with leading rusher Chuck

Jarvis (144 carries, 774 yds, 8 TDs). Sophs Lynn Moore and Hank Andrzejczak will be back at running back and junior Gary Steele at end. If future Army teams display the desire to win and the will to sacrifice as did this one, many good seasons will follow.

SANDHURST . . .

(Continued from Page 14)

It struck us that the Americans are loathe to give responsibility to young men, and we were hesitant to admit that we were three years younger and due to be commissioned nearly a year before them.

After the eight weeks at Camp Buckner the "yearling" returns to West Point to continue the intensive academics. Virtually no military training is done during the year, but tremendous emphasis is placed on sport. The facilities and equipment provided are incredibly good and their vast gym incorporating three swimming pools (all larger than ours), three gyms as we know them, numerous squash courts, wrestling rooms and boxing rings has to be seen to be believed. Also incorporated in the gym is their equivalent of the Sandhurst Physiotherapy Department which consists of rooms full of wall bars, weight-lifting gear, and other appliances which would seriously disturb and greatly reduce the membership of the "Club".

At the end of his second year the cadet becomes a "Cow", and his last year he is a first classman. There are very few sergeants on the staff at West Point and the training, including that at Camp Buckner, is mainly administered by the first classmen.

The grounds of the Academy are just as beautiful as those at Sandhurst and boast various monuments. It is believed that if a cadet goes to the statue of General Sedgewick in full dress uniform, carrying his rifle at midnight when there is a full moon, salutes and turns the spurs on the General's statue, he will pass his examinations. Trophy Point marks the place where the Americans strung a chain across the Hudson River to prevent British ships coming up the river in the wars of 1777.

We came to the conclusion that the major restrictions of never being allowed out of uniform, of leaving the grounds only on vacation, and of complete absence of alcohol would horrify any Sandhurst cadet, and deter most from embarking upon the course.

We were indebted to our American equivalents for their immense hospitality and admired them for their professionalism, but remained thankful that we were visitors and not newly-joined "plebes".

GREEN DEATH . . .

(Continued from Page 20)

tion of problems, as distinguished from imitative solution. The many practical problems then used for illustration (e.g., problems related to orbits, work, force, area, variable salt solutions, rates, etc.) are revealed as applications of universal principles rather than of rote or mechanical routine.

6. Q. How does the preparation received at West Point prepare a graduate for further study at a post-graduate level?
A. Completion of the Standard Program (or its accelerated equivalent in the Advanced Programs) provides the essential basic preparation in calculus, numerical analysis with computer applications, linear algebra, and probability theory and statistical inference. While this standard preparation is adequate for later graduate study in fields not making heavy use of mathematics, considerable additional undergraduate mathematics is essential for the cadet who plans to study in graduate fields of physical science, engineering and higher mathematics. This additional need is met by the USMA program of electives in mathematics. A cadet who completes Advanced Calculus I and II and Intermediate Differential Equations is well prepared for many of the graduate courses in the Army's Civil Schools program, and a cadet who completes the entire sequence of mathematics electives is fully prepared to undertake graduate studies in mathematics and the most demanding fields of physical science.



RX PROLIFERATION

"The lord's my shepherd," says the psalm But just in case—we'ed better get a bomb! —"Who's Next," Tom Lehrer

That the best defense is a good offense has been an accepted axiom in Western thought since the days of Teddy Roosevelt and John Hearst. Under this doctrine, some of the most advanced systems of offensive weapons have been

developed in the name of defense. Whereas Switzerland once guaranteed her neutrality by her unapproachable geographic location, nations today guarantee theirs by being too dangerous to trifle with.

In military annals, the notion of pure defense suffered a fatal blow with the Maginot Line catastrophe. "Static Defense" has become a dirty word with tacticians of all schools. Even with their apron of minefields and defoliated borders with barriers and guard stations, the "Iron Curtain" countries feel it necessary to maintain elaborate research and developments programs for fearful offensive warbeads and delivery systems.

Is the "balance of terror" a senseless, headlong plunge into deeper and deeper danger, motivated by, and resulting in, increased fear? Every statesman and all the United Nations agree "Yes"—and continue to pursue the course without deviation,

The end of this vicious circle is certainly not in sight. No one nation can withdraw from the arms race until everybody else does and no one can or will trust the other to hold up his part of the agreement. Although we must remain forever hopeful for the future, common sense dictates that we're going to have to learn to live with multiplication of overkill for some time to come. In so learning, we should maintain our calm attitude and analyze the relevant facts.

Statistics like "the United States nuclear stockpile contains the equivalent of fifteen tons of TNT for every American man, woman and child" can produce a variety of reactions. The most common is, of course, a rather unpleasant image of what 15 tons of TNT could do to a person and an impulse of panic, Another reaction is that of the "proud patriot" who reflects with great pride and self-assurance that no other nation in the world has the per capita destruction potential of the U. S. Or one can ponder the practical problem of distributing this power for maximum efficiency.

There is yet another reaction possible which I believe is much more mature and desirable. It begins with a dual realization that all that overkill is not really very useful, (Why kill someone twice?), and that, in the face of possible retaliation from one quarter of the globe or another, a full scale nuclear attack would represent millions ventured with dammed little to gain. From this realization, some insight into the future of internationl relations should be gleaned.

For instance, instead of bemoaning the forthcoming destruction of all life on this planet, one can predict with some certainty that wars between the "great powers" will be picked and conducted with discrimination of a magnitude never before seen. Entering a war now becomes a matter of entering a contest of wills wherein the one nation must wear out the other's will to resist, Escalation is the prime tool of attacking the opponent's will and the process must be selective in order to avoid driving the enemy to push the panic button, ending the disputers in order to end the dispute without "losing."

Since such conflicts of escalation are nerve-wracking and potentially uncontrollable to the point of catastrophe, nations with mutual overkill will view conference techniques with sincere interest.

Thus the more nations capable of mutual obliteration, the more peacefully inclined the world will be. Overkill for everyone will generate an atsmosphere of genuine (if neryous) concern for international concensus of justice. The A-bomb, the H-bomb, the Cobalt bomb and the neutron bomb are mankind's greatest hope for limiting international violence and it is under the shade of the spreading mushroom cloud that international justice and peace may grow.

QUEEN OF BATTLE . . .

(Continued from Page 21)

the longbow and crossbow. Spikes and swords still remained as important as ever, for the arquebus could only fire once between 95 operations of reloading.

Gustavus Adolphus, a Swede, aided by a lighter musket, a paper cartridge, and artillery, finally brought firearms into the infantry as its main weapons. His tactics with his weapons are very similar to today's—artillery to soften, cavalry to break resistance, and foot soldiers to finish and assure a victory. Among his other contributions to the infantry is his organization of his infantry units into regiments, battalions, and companies.

Louis XIV replaced the lighter firearm of Adolphus with the firelock and the introduction of a workable bayonet by Sebastian de Vauban eliminated the old infantry formations as entirely too costly, France's Maurice de Saxe reinstituted cadenced marching into the infantry, which had been lost since Roman times and turned the military into a truly unified and disciplined organization. Saxe could have been called the Jules Verne of the infantry as his insight into the subject was profoundly advanced. He advocated conscription, was the first opponent of volley fire, developed the company mess, pioneered sniper tactics, and was the first to realize that field dress should be more suited for utility than for show.

General Sir John Moore of Great Britain expanded on Saxe's principles and added the importance of morals and loyalty of the troops to the long list of improvements on the infantry. He advocated sparing harsh punishment for minor offenses in order to have an army faithful by loyalty, not by fear. Napoleon added the prospects of reward and promotion to expand on Moore. Despite these logical improvements on the infantry of the time, Frederick the Great of Prussia refused to adopt these "absurd" principles and accomplished proficiency by the constant drill of his troops to strengthen fire power, Baron von Steuben later brought the principles of drill to the Colonies in the Revolutionary War to aid the Colonists in making an army to overcome the British.

The United States infantry was born of the colonial militia. These Colonial troops received their training in European tactics during the War between France and England for control of North America. Besides learning from their European teachers, the colonists learned from frequent clashes with the Indians, By the time the Revolutionary War started, the colonial troops were well-trained in the principles of infantry warfare.

The Continental Army was established on 14 June 1775 when Congress authorized the formation of 10 companies of infantry. From this first act, the Army became known as "the senior service" and the infantry as "the senior arm." Approximately 250,000 men served in this army under General George Washington at one time or another.

The Continental Army was a good fighting force, but it





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lacked the discipline and formal military bearing of the British Army. As previously mentioned, Baron von Steuben came from Prussia to aid in the training of American infantry troops, and his Blue Book became the Bible of the first U.S. infantry forces.

The actual Congressional Act which established the official United States Army was not passed until much later than this, but such conflicts as the War of 1812 and various Indian Wars were fought regardless, the infantry assuming the major role,

The United States infantry has always played a vital role throughout American history. Its contributions in the Mexican War, Civil War, and Spanish American War were indispensible in the final defeat of the enemy.

World War I brought forth many new weapons and changed the whole aspect of infantry warfare, Cavalry was eventually recognized as obsolete in its classic horse definition and the use of the airplane and gas faced the infantry with new problems. These problems were overcome just as the Greeks were improved on by the Romans and the Egyptians were improved upon by the Greeks. The infantry was the first arm of the service and from it, the artillery, armor, engineers, and signal corps emerged to solve the new problems encountered by the infantry in its growth.

World War II saw a true war effort, larger than even World War I, and the infantry once again stood as supreme. Such operations as the landing at Normandy showed the real might and power of the infantry supported by the other armed forces and the other branches of the Army. At the end of World War II the introduction of the atomic bomb and nuclear warfare showed itself to be the next

problem to be overcome by the infantry. Various methods of warfare under these conditions have been tested for their effectiveness to allow the infantry to function in its time honored role.

The Korean Conflict again utilized the infantry in wining another war. More problems were encountered by the infantry at this time, not so much different from other wars, but the problem of fighting a bounded war was introduced and overcome in Korea,

Today, the infantry bears the brunt of the war in South Vietnam as it fights one of the newer problems encountered by it in the Korean War-Communism. The terrain and climate of Vietnam installs the infantry as the most effective weapon of the army ground forces there.

As the infantry progressed, various special types of that branch developed. The airborne concept, first initiated by the Russians, was an important addition to the infantry's punch as it increased the infantry's mobility. It also spawned the Rangers, Raiders, Mountain Troops, and the Armored and Mechanized sections. Most recently, the Special Forces so important in Vietnam, have provided the infantry with essentials necessary in today's modern warfare. Surely as warfare becomes more and more advanced, the infantry will continue to remain number one in its field-the infantry, the queen of battle,

No one will be able to predict the outcome of the Vietnam War or others that may follow, but as long as the U. S. continues to produce the armies it has in the past, our country, democracy, and freedom will never suffer loss, In recognition of this fact, Lieutenant Colonel Stephen

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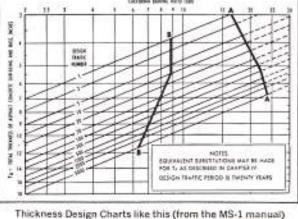
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H. White a former editor of Infantry Magazine, paid this worthy tribute;

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Both hardship . . . and glory, I have known. My bleeding feet stained the snow at Valley Forge, I pulled an oar to cross the icy Delaware . . . tasted victory at Yorktown . . . and saw our nation born.

At New Orleans, I fought beyond the hostile hour . . . discovered the fury of my long rifle . . . and came of age. I am the Infantry!

I pushed westward with the Conestoga . . . and marched with the pioneer across the plains . . . to build outposts for freedom on the wild frontier. Follow me!

With Scott I went to Veracruz . . . battled Santa Anna in the mountain passes . . . and climbed the high plateau. I planted our flag in the Plaza of Mexico City.

From Bull Run to Appoint ox my blood ran red. I fought for both the Blue and the Gray . . , divided in conflict, I united in peace . . .

I am the Infantry.

I left these shores with the sinking of the Maine . . . led the charge up San Juan Hill . . . and fought the Morro—and disease—in the Phillipines. Across the Rio Grande,



I chased the bandit Villa. Follow me!

At Chateau-Thierry, I went over the top. I stood like a rock on the Marne . . . craked the Hindenburg Line . . . and broke the back of the Hun in the Argonne, I didn't come back until it was "over, over there."

At Bataan and Corregidor, I bowed briefly, licked my wounds and vowed to return. I invaded Tunisia on the African shore . . . dug my nails into the sand at Anzio . . . and bounced into Rome with a flower in my belmet.

The Channel and the hedgerow could not hold me, I pushed back the "Bulge" . . . vaulted the Rhine . . . and seized the Heartland. The "Thousand-Year" Reich was dead.

From island to island, I hopped the Pacific . . . hit the beaches . . . and chopped my way through swamp and jungle. I kept my vow . . . and I did return . . . I set the Rising Sun.

In Pusan perimeter I gathered my strength . . . crossed the frozen Han . . . marched to the Yalu. Along the 38th parallel . . . and around the world, I made my stand.

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Pyrene . . .

boris and I have been writing to santa . . . if the little fat boy comes through there is going to be quite a surprise for a certain nameless someone in a green uniform the next time he opens the door . . . i just hope c - supply does not make us pay for the damages . . . bombs are so very messy . . . set a new corps record the other day when I got my one hundred and seventeenth dear john . . . she said she hopes we can still be friends . . om beginning to see why it is sometimes necessary to kill women . . . boris is very excited over his new job . . he is not quite sure what his duties are as head file closer but his zeal is beyond reproach . . . it is fortunate that he is still unable to write his name or the crowd at snuffy's would be drastically reduced . . . even the tac is getting into the holiday spirit . . . he now uses green quill sheets signed in red . . . i wonder whose blood he is using . . . plebes have been looking unusually anemic lately . . . the yearlings below have have knacked a hole in their ceiling . . . but i will be damned if i will dress up in a red suit and yell ho, ho, he every night at taps . . . I don't care if it is good for unit morale . . . and finally, in the words of tiny tim, god bless us every one of us . . . we need it.

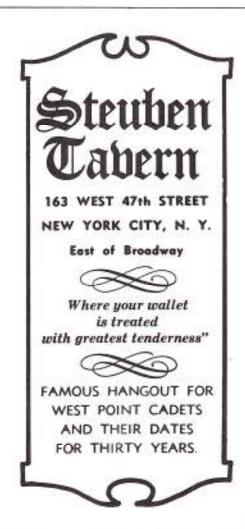
ABOVE AND BEYOND . . .

(Continued from Page 19)

titudes as well as that intangible extra that adds will to skill and knows no defeat.

THE ARMY-NAVY GAME is a rather random mixture of anecdotes and stories. Individuals that are only familiar names, assume warm personalities and events that are only familiar scores take on three-dimensional vigor. The violent collisions of Army-Navy contests are revived and relived in this treasury.

Of course there is one omission in Schoor's collection, The 1967 classic and its frustrations for one team and elation for the other-this is a game for Schoor to add with the others as an example of the unique nature and feverish atsmosphere of an Army-Navy footall game. Of the 102,000 attending that event no conspicious droves of people could be seen filing resignedly out of the stadium with ten minutes remaining, With the characteristic unpredictability of this rivalry, the crowd stayed to the end, as wildly enthusiastic as the cadets and midshipmen. The Army-Navy game has no peer in American football.



A GIRL

Sights, sounds Mingle as one As the night surrounds

She walks Cloaked in the Robes of twilight Masked by the dark of night

And breathes, Jewel-tinted frost Enveloped by the Warmth of her kiss Melts at the touch of her lips

Lifted by angel-wings She lives in light, Yet walks in darkness. The Pointer
wishes each and every cadet
and his family
a Hery Alerry Christmas
and
a Happy and Healthy New Year

ARTHUR MEN



"AND THE OLD CORPS"

. . . rodger ward, internationally renowned racing driver . . . the subject: highway safety and high performance cars . . . north auditorium . . . 1920 hrs . . . 27 february

> 1968 automobile committee





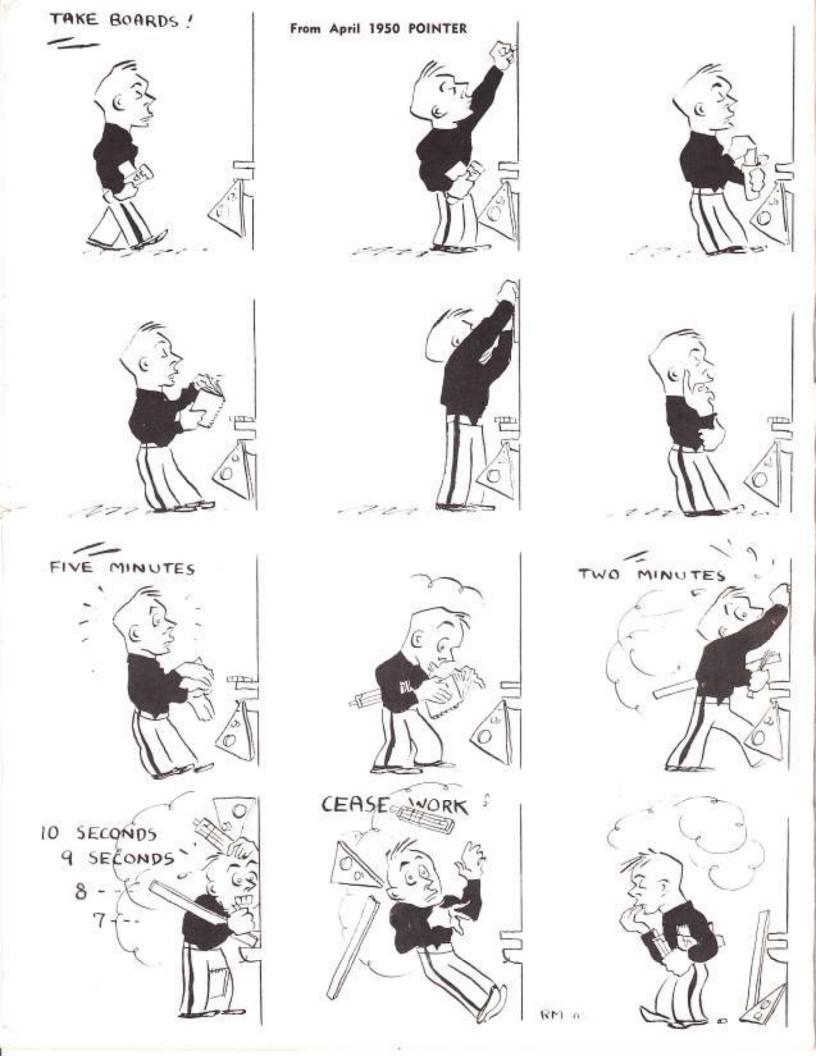




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POINTER STAFF 1967-68

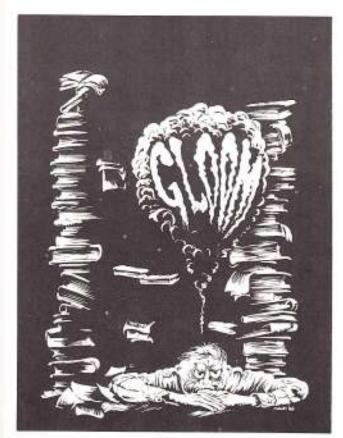
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GLOOM AND THE OLD CORPS

Another January with June nowhere in sight. Gloom Period grabs us just as it did countless Classes before us. To see the Old Corps reaction to Gloom, we looked back through the years and found some interesting features. Take a look at THE FOURTH BATTALION, THE SILENCE, and POINTER PICS, PAST & PRESENT. Don't forget GRIMM & GRIMM (Not the fable-telling brothers) OLD MACTHAYER, and the regular features. Smile, by the time you read this it will probably be February or close to it. You'll make it, the Old Corps did!!!





Joe tripped gaily off, howitzer box in arm, to meet the GAP when the good old Alexander Hamilton dropped in on us about twice a week? Ha! what a



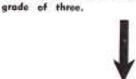
. . . saw many of those horrible milelong sprints back from the hotel at 12:53 a.m. It sure takes a lot to make a man run that for that fast . . .



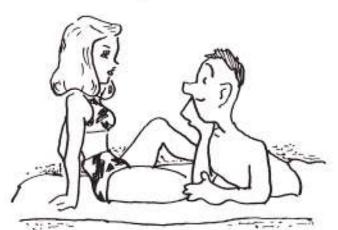
Joe Sr. pounded out his own little groove on the old gravel area for a long weary month to the tunes of the loud radio in the fourth class club and on and on . . .

Some men live under the shadow their Dad, but Pete Grimm, Jr., Class '69, has followed in his father's footsteps (his Dad was POINTER • art editor, class '43) and has managed to shine in his own right. This art display is . . .

> A Comparative three Months Of Thirty-one Of



, rarely attained the maximum



. . . leave saw Joe go off the deep end and come slinking back with an OAO . . . and wondering just a wee bit why. But that last night in New York . . .



. . . stooped with the unoccustomed wright of the ring, Joe left the gray walls six months early to go off to



Wear a path, hell! After twelve in beast it was nothing shooting for century and that's concrete, not gravel.

Look At The Forty-Joe Doaks And The Loe Doaks, Jr.



With the bearing the second



To be stooped with ring, off to war, too; but graduate early at the expense of this leave! Horrors!



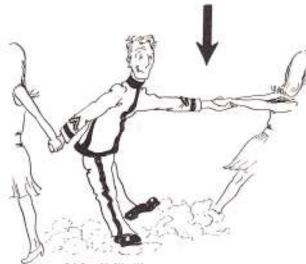
Yeah! pant . , . plebe-parent weekend—signed in at 0059:49 and Smacks George and Hebert made it even later.



The old howitzer-poncho bit went out when someone discovered that the new weekend bag just about holds a brown boy. Discretion to the winds and all that—



Nevertheless, once the proper usage for the right hand rule position is discovered, even juice can be enjoyable.



OAO, Hell! That was always One Among Others for you . . . I couldn't afford another pin Anyway . . . course, I could always sell my records like my sane wife, but then . . he couldn't be too sane . . . besides, things are getting interesting . . .

THE 4TH BATTALION ORGANIZES

By TROTSKY ECKHARDT

TO ARMS! FELLOW BUCKS, TO ARMS!



ND be sure that you have Full Dress under arms, as that is considered proper uniform for revolt. Do not allow C. A.**** to crush you under the iron heel of the system. Remember you rank them all inherently, either alphabetically, academically, or on the Great Poop Sheet up yonder. So when the call comes to "Pass In Review" next Sunday let all you *W. F. C. B.'s, two hundred strong, lay down your arms of discipline and fall in behind the banners of revolt-

Concerted action will result in disconcerted disorganization on the part of C. A.**** Let me quote a personal experience to illustrate how even the most lowly of us can, in his own little way, play an important part in throwing a monkey wrench into the decaying mechanism, of the system. I am a real buck. I have never even known the transitory glitter of a non-com's rank. My only desire in life has been to win a place in the front row of my squad. not an important place, you understand, such as number one-just any old position. But always as this cherished dream has seemed almost within my grasp, some enterprising plebe has pushed me back into obscurity. But fate has been kind. The other day at drill someone in command gave "to the rear march" and then "squads left". Imagine my proud thrill when I realized that I was to be the key man in the movement, holding the pivot. But did I face smartly to the left in marching and then mark time? No. a thousand times, no! I took four full steps to the front and finished the drill by doing a few movements

of the manual with a neighboring company while the platoon leader searched high and low for the remainder of his following-The moral of my tale is simply this: Workers of the World! must use cunning sabotage if we are to accomplish a gigless revolution. And speaking of quill, do not let demerits dampen your enthusiasm. At its conception, the Fourth Dimension, was as unpopular with the upper-classes as the Fourth Battalion is today. It will take courageous martyrdom to force rec-

All great social reforms have grown from the blood and sacrifices of its leaders,

Walk the area with the knowledge that every step is a move in the right direction, the goal of every W. F. C. B.* equality for the common folk.

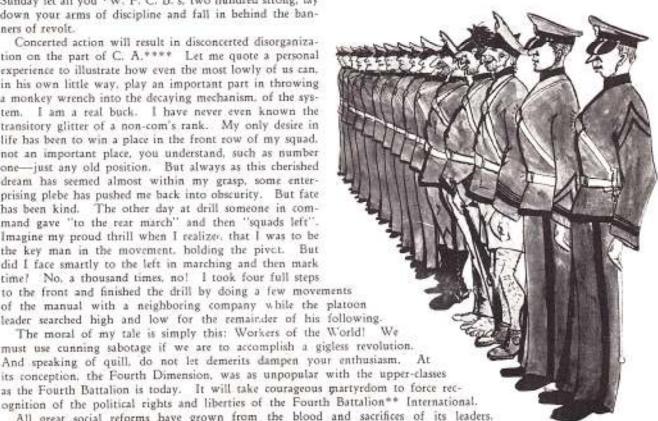
Our program is simple but strenuous: Down with everything that's up. That means specifically:

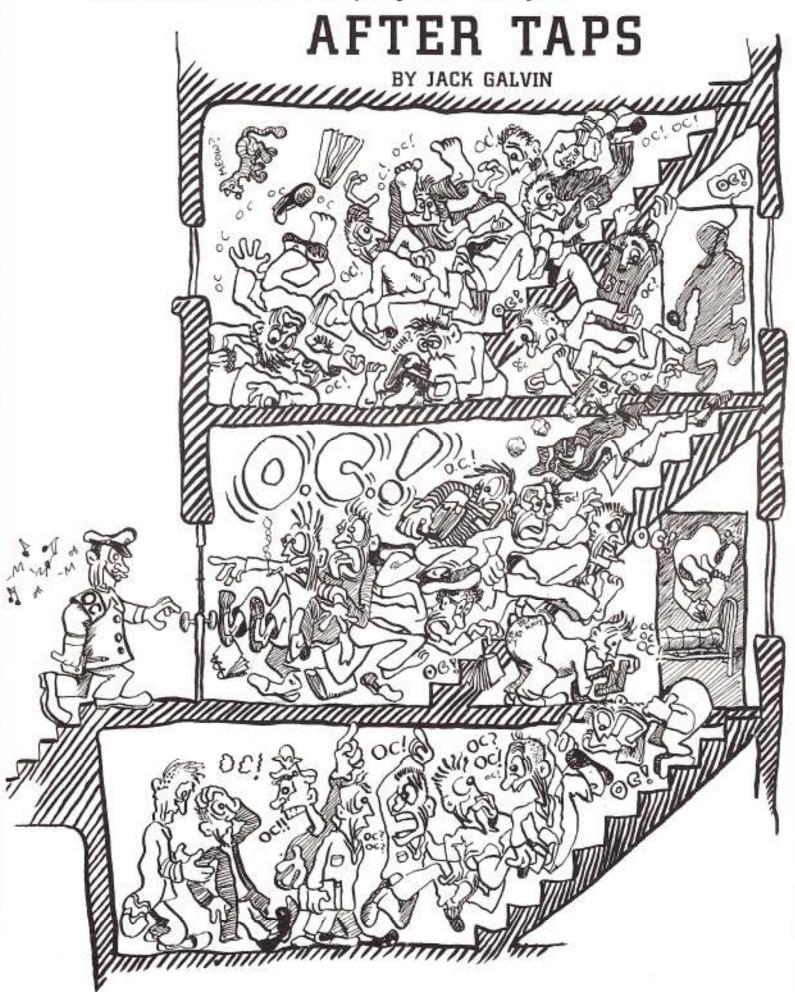
Down with the D. B. if it's up. Down with the low-overshoe flag, if it's up. Down with the tenth sheet, if it's up. Down with the student, if he's up after taps. Down with the O. D., if he's up on the poop-deck. Down with chests, if they're up.

And as a start, how about the first downs being made by the football team. Don't forget: Fraternity, Equality. and-More Yet! ***

Notes:

- * Worthless First Class Buck.
- ** The Fourth Battalion was organized on the Georgia Trip and is ruled by a Star Chamber Council of thirteen:-twelve by election and one by Divine
- *** With apologies to the French Revolution-another good movement.
- **** Constituted Authority-not a four star picture.





During his global wanderings, Prayboy cartoonist Shell Servicestein had subjected himself
to the whims of several primitive cultures.
None, however, had proven as frustrating as
that of the Hudson Valley Cliff Dwellers. Shell
ventured into their society as an exchange
visitor armed only with a waterproof sketch
pad and a box of multi-shaded gray pencils.
His illuminating portfolio, drawn against the
drab background of a joyless, retarded people,
is a landmark of cartoon psychology. It is unfortunate that his personal attempts to emancipate the Cliff Dwellers from their unenlightened
environment were fruitless.





"Sorry I couldn't make it to your little morning get-together, but it was a bit chill outside, and..."



"You don't seem to understand! When you clean them they get dirty again. Your friends walk all over them; they keep wear-

--so why wear them?"

ing out ...

"Hello, dining hall?... How about sending up Chateaubriand for two and a bottle of chilled Mouton Rothschild and tell the cigarette girl that I'm almost out of hand-rolled Havana straights..."



"Well, how about if I sweep both divisions and clean the bathrooms; then will you get me a half gallon of Hawaiian Punch and a fifth of..."



"But I still feel that if we change the lighting in here and let them use their account stamps...'



"Maybe since you sent out shirts and got back rags, then if you send out rags...?"



*I'll tell you what... you ask your officer for the car tonight and I'll show you some things in the city you've never seen before and.... on second thought, invite him along and...



"Now don't get me wrong; I think a blood program is a good thing...But I still don't understand why visitors are required to give three pints...."

Report On SCUSA XIX

19th ANNUAL CONFERENCE ON U. S. AFFAIRS



One of the outstanding participants at this year's conference was Miss Elizabeth Bachman, a senior at Mt. Holyoke and a Political Science major. Miss Bachman was selected for the committee which drew up the report for North Atlantic Roundtable II.

Each year since 1949, students from across the nation have gathered at West Point to consider the problems of the U. S, foreign policy. These meetings have been neither sounding boards for student views nor instructional periods dominated by established authorities. SCUSA is a carefully structured conference in which the benefit of experience and knowledge of authorities in international affairs is utilized by students in approaching the problems of foreign policy and forging solutions under realistic working conditions. Participation in SCUSA is the best substitute for actually monitoring a policy-making session among top State Department Officials.

The basic husiness structure of SCUSA is five plenury sessions and five round table sessions. The first plenary period this year was a keynote address by Deputy Secretary of Defense, Paul H, Nitze. After the initial session, the plenary and round table periods alternated, the plenary sessions being panel discussions designed to project ideas gauged for the level of deliberation the round table had reached. The round tables, themselves, were fourteen discussion groups based on geographic regions which gradually focussed on the specific problems of their respective areas and, finally drew up papers describing their proceedings and listing their policy recommendations,

This format, with interspersed social functions, has been highly successful in familiarizing students with American policy problems and giving them an appreciation for the complexity of the policy-making processes, while providing an opportunity for participants to become acquainted with each other's views. Evidence of this success is the fact that this year's SCUSA attracted 300 students from 110 schools across the nation.

SCUSA is the foremost of a number of similar conferencesheld at various colleges across the country, including SCONA, PAC and the Air Force Academy Assembly. Such programs as these are encouraging in that they are constructive approaches by students to world and domestic problems, instead of the more common and widely publicized attack against the status quo.

THIS YEAR'S PROCEEDING

SCUSA XIX began with the Hon. Paul Nitze's keynote address on 6 Dec. Mr. Nitze focused the participant's views on the specific timespan under consideration, "The Sputnik Decade," by summarizing the developments of the last 500 years, of the last 50 and of the last 5 before that decade actually began. He recalled how be and a circle of friends had, in Italy, established a full scale European cooperation plan over a bottle of wine. Of course the plan was never actually implemented because it was very cursory in nature, but he recalled its value in the understanding be and his companion gained of one another's views from such a simple discussion. He wished the SCUSA panelists the same success and expressed his regret that they could not do their deliberating over a bottle of good wine, too.

After supper, the first panel presentation, featuring former deputy Ambassador to the United Nations, Charles W. Yost, got under way. The panel's main objective was to discuss the nature of policy making and give examples of approaches to questions. This they did amply well, and quite entertainingly. But they provoked in everyone a question which was finally voiced by one of the more active participants, Connie Cushman: What about solving these problems, instead of just approaching them? The answer to that question was deferred until the next panel, at the Chairman's request.

Thursday morning began a gruelling round table meeting in which the tedious task of putting everyone on everyone elses frequency was undertaken. It took nearly three hours for some tables to satisfy themselves that they were settled on what their topic encompassed.

In the afternoon another session of the round tables refined member's understandings of one another's views and "approaching" the questions was undertaken. At 7:45, the second panel discussion, headed by Col. Jordan of the Social Science Department, went under way. The theme, "The problems of Decision Making," made it interesting from the start. Congressman Yest and a newspaperman, Saville Davis of the Christian Science Monitor, kept discussion lively with an abundance of quips and fables. The main message of the presentation, the complications and difficulties of getting policy accepted, was made overwhelmingly well. The audience was almost left with the impression that it is a miracle when a policy decision is made and okayed.

Friday saw two more round table meetings, at which the discussions picked up considerably. The issues were brought out sharply and the viewpoints laid on the table. Debates were energetic and pointed as the process of forging a policy for each specific area continued.

That evening there was a formal banquet in Washington Hall, with a Glee Club concert. After the meal, Dr. Joseph Johnson, President of the Carnegie Key Foundation, expressed concern that there is getting to be less and less power to control the world now. He mourned the fact that "interdependence tends to cause relatively minor incidents to be magnified greatly," and "I think of the whole of world history like a gyroscope spinning on a string over an abyss, It looks like its going to fall all the time, but never does."

After the banquet and Saturday morning, during the final roundtable session, the reports of the various panels were hammered out and the best paper from each geographic area was selected. These chosen papers were presented orally by members of the respective panels at the concluding plenary session, Saturday noon.

The Sputnik Decade

AN EVALUATION

SCUSA declares four main purposes:

A. To produce an informative examination and discussion of selected aspects of U. S. foreign relations.

B. To mustrate to an outstanding group of college students a technique for the study of foreign poticy which closely approximates that used by government officials.

C. To furnish this same group with an appreciation for the

complex nature of the policy-making process.

D. To provide the potential military and civilian leadership of this nation with an opportunity to exchange views and ideas.

It would be difficult to conceive of four more laudable goals than these, and even more difficult to contrive a better means of accomplishing them. This is the judgment of a person who went into SCLSA with a very critical inclination. A cursory glance at college activities will serve to convince any fair-minded person that American foreign relations are of great concern to college students, and that insuring that the leaders of student thought have at least a fair understanding of the situation of foreign policy makers is essential. Campus protests are rarely the autoome of a well-informed student body with an understanding of the problems of international policy making.

I can almost hear the murmers of the "enlightened" fringe

A cast almost hear the nurmers of the "enlightened" fringe calling SCUSA a brainwashing session sponsored by the government to promote acquiescence with its policies. I will dignify this contention with a response—a reproduction of the essential parts of the report of the East and Southeast Asia II Round Table which was selected for presentation at the final plenary session, on December 9th, This should demonstrate that SCUSA was no

Establishment Indoctrination session.

SOUTHEAST ASIA II PROCEEDINGS

Background Presented by William Reinsch of Johns Hopkins A major concern of U.S. foreign policy in the past has been the perception of a potential Chinese threat and an attempt to contain it through ANZUS, SEATO, and several hilateral treaties. Our action in Vietnam has been a manifestation of our containment policy. Also in an effort to promote political stability in the area we have encouraged economic integration and advancement.

BASIC PREMISES

1. Direct confrontation with China is not inevitable.

2. Due to the emergence of modern nationalism as the dominant force in the area, Communism can no longer be considered a monolithic movement. However, the relation between an indigenous Communism and nationalism is subtle and must be carefully considered in the determination of U.S. foreign policy.

 China and Japan are of primary political and economic importance and are closely tied to the rest of the area. The degree of importance of the rest of the area to the U.S.

could not be agreed upon.

SPECIFIC POLICY

These premises bring to mind the following significant policy conclusion,

Attempts should be made to encourage mainland China to participate in the international community. Specifically this implies:

An invitation to China to participate in Asian regional operations, An invitation to China to participate in multi-lateral economic

and social development programs in the area.

A recognition of the PRC as the goven't of mainland China and an offer to exchange diplomatic representatives.

Support the entrance of the PRC in the UN under the UN charter. The following points are relevant to our Vietnam policy:

The objective of the containment policy should be the prevention of the territorial expansion of China and other nations unfriendly to the U.S.

There is a relationship between the strategy of military containment and escalation which raises the question . . . How far can we intensify the level of conflict without driving the North Vietnamese to increased dependence upon either the USSR or China, which the North Vietnamese do not desire.

 There will be a point at which the North Vietnamese are not going to meet our further escalation.

Once we reach this level North Vietnam will be forced into a choice:

 agree to negotiations at a disadvantageous bargaining position.

 sccept Chinese intervention on their side with the consequent reduction in North Vietnamese independence.

MISCELLANY

Perhaps the best collection of witticisms from the Conference belongs to Congressman Foley of Washington State who appeared on Panel number two. Here are a few of his better comments:

"That Congress has the right to declare war is an obsolete item in the Constitution—we just keep it there because it would be embarrassing to take it out. The President really declares war and the Congress just stands up and cheers the next day."

"The military have the best relations of all with Congress, Not, as some say, because they have juicy defense contracts to hand out, but because—the military are very good at doing simple things.—And they never fail to call us "sir"!

"Foreign policy is what the President says it is."

Mr. Davis of the Christian Science Monitor, sporting the scars of public resentment of the Press had these comments:

"Everybody knows I'm in the business of ill repute, And nobody supplies me with virgins."

"The ship of state is the only boat that leaks at the top, and it's my job to catch the drops."

"Newspaper writing is best defined as the art of taking a platitude and making it sound like an anagram."

"You should never think when you write-you can't do both at

Mr. Davis' favorite story was the Congressional decision on whether or not to seat Dean Smoot, as congressman from Mormon state, due to a question concerning his belief in polygamy. One house leader addressed him:

"Do you believe in polygamy?"

"Yes sir, I do."

"And do you practice polygamy?"

"No sir, I do not."

"Gentlemen of the House, I'd rather have a polygamist who desen't polyg than a monogamist who doesn't monog, anyday."

The objection to seating the man was withdrawn,

Cadet Steve Caldwell of the Cadet Glee Club put in a word worth recalling:

"I remember recently we were supposed to appear to sing for the National Granger's Convention and the President was supposed to be there. As usual, there was that certain kind of people who follow the President wherever he goes. Unfortunately, he couldn't make it, but we did, And they didn't think much of us with our funny uniforms and all—and we didn't think much of them, either. So we'd like to dedicate our next song to them. It's called—"The Animals are Coming."

Dr. Johnson, the Banquet speaker wished the U.S. would respond less obviously to De Gaulle's harassment, and cited this story as a model:

"A psychiatrist was walking down the street with a friend and a little boy came up and kicked him in the seat of the pants. He merely turned around, looked at the boy and then kept going. It happened a second time and this time he didn't even brake stride or pause in his conversation with his friend. When it happened a third time his friend couldn't restrain his consternation any longer and asked him if he wasn't going to do anything about it. The psychiatrist calmly replied, "Why should 1?—It's his problem."

Both Dr. Johnson and Mr. Yost went to Adlai Stevenson's repertoire of illustrative stories to decry the axiousness of young people for quick solutions. Patience was advocated by both in this fuble of Adlai's:

A Southern Illinois Justice of the Peace was just about ready for bed when he heard a knock at his door. He opened it and found a timid young couple standing there hand in hand.

"We'd like to get married," the boy explained.

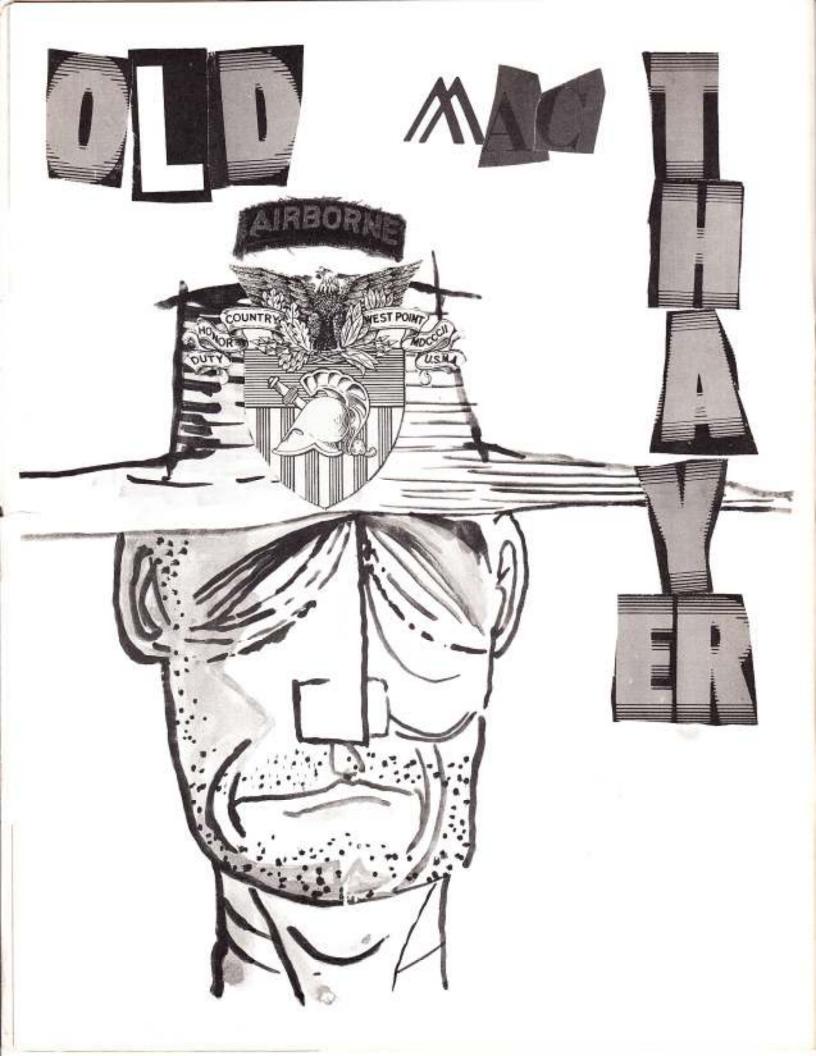
"Well, it's kind of late, but, sure, I'd he glad to marry you'uns. Let's see your license."

The boy explained that they didn't have a license,

"Well, it's Saturday night and the County Clerk won't be back until Monday. You'll have to come back after you get a license from him."

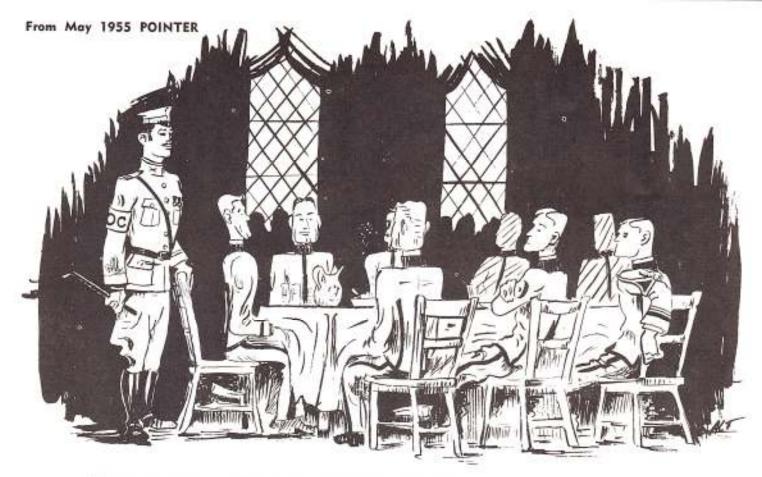
The counte stepped off to the side and whispered back and forth awhile, then the young fellow walked back to the judge and asked plaintively.

"Can't you just fix us up with something to hold us over for the weekend?"



OLD MACTHAYER AND HIS COWS—A PARABLE by M. Erickson

The gray sky was slowly turning black. The frozen ground crunched beneath the farmer's feet as he hurried toward the barn. This man was no ordinary former. He was "progressive." He was thoroughly schooled. He knew his discipline well. Unlike most farmers, the twice daily chore of milking was for him no chore at all. He kept his cows corrolled, penned up, all the time. This way he always knew where they were. It made for efficiency he said—no time wasted. These cows were special cows, the cream of the crop. They were fed a programmed diet in a well-lighted barn. Sometimes they had music while they chewed their cud. He saw and knew all, this man. His cows lacked nothing. He checked their coats, inspected their stalls and made sure they were well shod. Yet somehow, in spite of his system, something was wrong. Production was down. One third of the cows died or ran away. They didn't seem to be put-ting out, they weren't contented cows. The farmer was in a quandry. He decided to consult the Association of Farmers. But he knew what they'd say. They would suggest even more "progressive" methods. With one voice they would cry, "The dairy industry has!" Others would say he should milk the cows three times a day. A few would think they ought to get more feed, but the farmer didn't want to do anything rash. He was stumped. He'd put it off 'till tomorrow, Important decisions always required much deliberation. It was dark now, chores were done. Before heading back to the house, he made the rounds again, inspecting, making sure his cows were alright.



THE SILENCE....

by George Hall

T HAPPENED in 1900. Things were a bit different then, and plebes sort of expected to get soireed by the upperclassmen during Summer Camp. The upperclassmen expected (and got) service from the Plebes. So it was with considerable surprise that several upperclassmen discovered that they had been rather severely stugged for making plebes do menial tasks. The officer who accomplished it was a Lt. J. R. Lindsey; the Corps, in revolt against his action, "silenced" him. He walked into the Mess Hall at dinner one day; the entire Corps sat at attention. He marched them back to Camp and stood them at attention under a broiling sun. That was the end of it. "Silence", in the days before it became an unwritten policy, was punishable by dismissal.

However, the incident occurred to another officer ten years later. It proved to be quite painful to several memhers of the Class of 1911, one of whom wrote the "Alma Mater,"

It happened on the 24th of September, 1910. Saturday inspection had been over about an hour before. The football team was practicing for their first game of the season with Vermont one week away. Thomas Jonathan Jackson Christian, a Firstie private, and grandson to "Stonewall," suddenly had an idea at that practice. He and the Corps were going to show their "isrespect towards Captain R. E. Longan, a tactical officer over whose methods a lot of tension had arisen. Specifically, he was supposed to have used poor control as officer-incharge of the Area and the Rifle Range, and also had doubted several Cadets' statements.

Christian developed his plan with his classmates that same afternoon. Longan would be O.C. that night, and so they planned for the entire Corps to sit at attention in the Mess Hall when Longan walked in. (The old Mess Hall was small, containing only fifty or sixty tables.) Longan walked in as expected, and Adjutant Bowley immediately gave P.O., hoping that Longan would leave before he finished. He didn't. At the command "Rest." all but three table Comm's sat up, folded their arms across their chests in absolute defiance, and watched the underclassmen imitate their actions. The Captain ordered them to eat, but they didn't make a move. Longan then turned to Bowley and ordered him to march the Corps out of the Mess Hall and double-time them to North Barracks and back. The four Classes then found themselves in Arrest.

But they were only beginning to warm up. The Corps marched into the Mess Hall Sunday morning, sat down, and began eating breakfast. In walked Captain Longan. Again, most of the Table Comm's sat up as well as everyone else on their tables. The meal abruptly ended, and back to their rooms they went.

Dinner formation came, but by this time most of them were hungry enough to forget about the "silence." However, a few persistent individuals sat up upon Longan's entrance into the Mess Hall, and so back to their rooms again.

By this time the Commandant, Colonel Sibley, had only one course of action to follow. In the temporary absence of the Superintendent, Colonel Thomas Barry, he let the underclassmen out of Arrest, but kept the entire First Class in Arrest for a period of ten days. During this time, the Comm organized a Board of Inquiry of five officers which questioned every Cadet in all four Classes. (one of the members of the Board was the then-Gaptain Charles Summerall.) At the end of the ten days, the Supe released the First Class from arrest in an address to the Corps in which he expressed that he "hoped" that everyone had learned that mass insubordination would be dealt with in the same manner as individual cases. He also stated that the First Classmen had lost all rights of appeal on matters directly connected to this case, as they had done it the first time the wrong way. He had good reasons for saying this, for these were the punishments:

Christian, TJJ 1st Cl Restricted Limits and Punishment Tours until Graduation (9 months)

Reinecke, P " Restricted Limits and Pun-Van Horn " ishment Tours for six months, Dargue " all reduced from Cadet Lieutenant,

About twenty others were given four-months slugs. Three Cow Sergeants and a Yearling Corporal were busted. Bradford, a First Class Lieutenant and S.O.D. (the Cdt. O.D.) on the day of the incident, was busted for not reporting certain matters to Longan personally during his tour on guard.

The First Captain, Curtis H. Nance, was busted for failure to stop the insubordination in the Mess Hall, but he was spared from the Area.

The First Class in general received several "Awards" also, consisting of the loss of the following privileges:

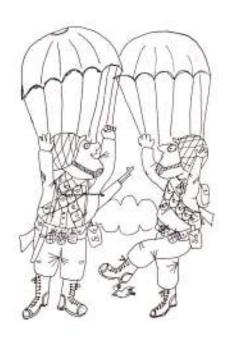
- 1. Immunity from ordinary punishments
- 2. Visiting homes on the Post
- 3. Dining on the Post
- 4. Riding Privileges
- 5. Christmas Leave
- 6. The First Class Club

The Fourth Class took no active part in the demonstration.

The findings of the Board proved many, but not all of the Cadets' reasons for the "silence" to be based on rumor. Longan had supposedly doubted statements of Cadets Burt, Mehaffey, and March. The first two cases were unfounded, while in the last case, March stated that he would have done what Longan did if he were in his shoes. The remainder of the findings are questionable due to a lack of consistency in the research sources. It seems that on the Firing Range during Summer Camp just prior to that September, Longan had gone overboard in his corrections for Cadets stuffing ears with cotton. It was common procedure to avoid the range nose, but Longan accused them outright of their doing it intentionally so they wouldn't have to listen to him.

A third reason for the "silence" was started on the Area. It started to rain, so the area birds asked the guard to relay a request to Longan (who was O.C. that day) to let them walk on the stoops. He refused because

(Continued on Page 21)



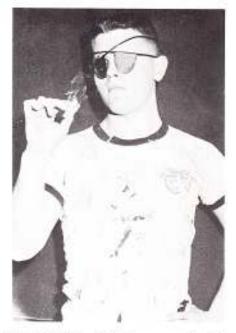
There once was
a guy from Orlando
A CIB Airborne
Commando.
When they asked
left and right
How he kept his
brass bright,
He would say,
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just Brasso!"





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The TAC'S of Today were Cadets



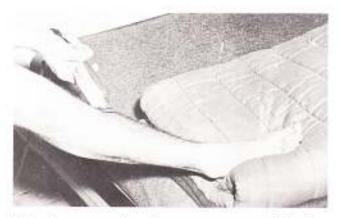
And their wives just friends



Even then they showed signs of compassion and mercy



They were resourceful



Why they even found a way to save their legs from gray trou,



But sometimes had logistical problems



They had a Plebe year . . .



"Sir, do not forget your lights",



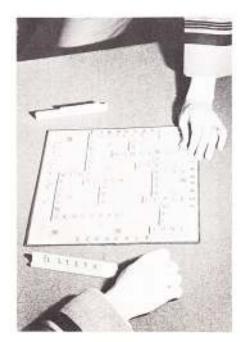
Nowadays all a Plebe removes is his hat



They appreciated the finer things . . .



Had a broad point of view



And thought about June

The Signal Corps by Bridges

This is the last in a series of five articles on the Combat Arms.

Signal communication has long been recognized as an important part of the methods of warfare, as it has enabled commanding officers through the ages to better control their units and keep abreast of the action. Alexander, Hannibal, and Caesar each developed a system, highly efficient in their time, of communicating with their subordinates and countries by messengers on horseback. Genghis Khan, in the 12th century, followed his predecessors' example and also employed homing pigeons in his communications network.

While this land communication was being developed, sea communications were also being discovered. Such signals as the movement of sails, lights, cannon shots, or prearranged flag signals proved useful.

Codes were developed from sea signals in the 16th century, These consisted of different combinations of or numbers of flags, cannon shots, etc. In the 17th century, Adm. Sir William Penn developed regular codes for naval communication. Adm. Richard Kempenfelt developed a flag system which was similar to today's semaphore signaling.

With the advent of the telegraph in 1844, the signal communication field was opened to further possibilities by exploiting the use of a more rapid signal operation. The British were the first to adopt Morse's system of "dots and dashes" into the service, but their use of it was sparse due to the lack of knowledge about it. The Civil War in the United States was the first occasion on which the telegraph could show its ready capabilities to the military. The Prussians and French soon followed by establishing mobile telegraph trains for communication with their distant forces. The British Abyssinian campaign showed again the remarkable advantage of the field telegraph and an advanced system of communication. The success of the telegraph here was immediately realized and the British, as well as the Americans, had developed the basis of the present day signal corps,

The next step in instrumentation of signal communication was the invention of the heliograph. This instrument employed two mirrors reflecting sunlight through a movable shutter which transmitted messages in the Morse code. Because of the heliograph's dependence on sunlight, its use was never widespread.

The invention of the telephone in 1876 did not make its impression in the military until World War I, but its use in the Spanish American War by the Americans, in the South African War by the British, and in the Russo-Japanese War by Japan, showed its coming potential. Its main problem was that the long distance communication, which would be of maximum value to the military, took many years in development.

The wireless telegraph, or more familiarly, the radio, made its debut in the 19th century. In 1894, Sir Oliver Lodge successfully demonstrated the capabilities of the electromagnetic waves and Marconi followed to complete the work. The development and importance of such an instrument grew, and by 1914 it was in extensive use throughout the armies and navies of the world.

World War I proved the importance of the signal units in battle. Great Britain was the best equipped, with Russia at a lower level than the American Union army of the Civil War. With adequate signal equipment the great armies that had been formed were possible to maneuver as desired, but with poor communications systems, coordination was near impossible. The Germans proved this during their march through Belgium and into France when the lack of coordination between the higher command and the advancing troops caused a failure of the plan and a consequent retreat across the Marne, Russia lost a crushing defeat at the hands of Gen, Paul von Hindenburg in East Prussia for the same reason.

The need for a more highly developed system of field telephones and switchboards was realized after and telephone lines were extended down to the company level. The lines were usually buried beneath the ground but were also strung on poles behind the forward lines. The British and German systems were the better equipped with test stations along the buried cables and an intricate systems network connecting them to their respective headquarters.

It was soon found, however, that these buried lines were often cut by artillery fire and the wireless radio was regarded as the answer. At first the radio sets were too bulky to be effectively employed in the field, but development of smaller and less conspicious models provided acceptable communication. Even though the radio had proved itself, its use was reserved to the emergency situations when the telephone wires were cut. Visual signaling again emerged along with electrical signal lamps, The messenger service, developed by the earliest commanders, was developed to high efficiency. Bicycles, motorcycles, automobiles, homing pigeons, and dogs were employed with the task.

With the development of the airplane, radio communication was proved an absolute necessity, World War I left only the need for the radio in the air as a problem for the next war.

Naval communication with the radio was probably the most advanced system at the time as ship and shore stations transmitted over long distances.

The growth of the radio and other systems of communication was rapid after World War I as not only the military researched its uses, but the commercial marketers as well, Radar was invented and was to prove most valuable in the coming war. The printing telegraph was developed



on a civilian basis and later adapted to military use. The FM (frequency modulated) radio also was developed in this time period by Major Edwin H. Armstrong of the United States

Army Signal Corps.

The early German Blitzkrieg showed the need for and the proof of the adantage of good radio communication. The U.S. Army quickly adopted the radio down to and including the platoon level and in every tank, command tanks having three or more. High-powered sets were installed on the division and regimental levels, Radio relay, born of the necessity of mobility, became the most outstanding achievement of World War II. Radio relay telephone and teletypewriter circuits spanned the English Channel and furnished the necessary service to such commanders as Gen. Patton during the Normandy invasion.

In the late years of the war loran (a long range navigation device) and shoran (a short range navigation device) were developed as well as a ground controlled approach system for aircraft. With the advent of these instruments, the problem of air-to-ground communications was virtually solved.

The need for far-flung communication systems across oceans was recognized and radioteletypewriter systems were in use from Washington to all the war theaters. After the war, when the Allies were designated to occupy the Axis countries, this communications system and others controlled all operations.

Television provided another means of communication in the military, expressly in educational purposes.

The actual U. S. Signal Corps was officially created on June 21, 1860, when Congress appointed Maj. Albert J. Myer, an assistant surgeon, senior signal officer for his invention of a flag system of communication. The signal corps, U.S. Army, was established on March 3, 1863, by Myers and his officers in the Union cause.

As before stated, development of the U. S. Signal Corps was rapid and proved essential to the military, Radar and television research were among the many contributions of the army

signal corps.

Today's research is concerned with such things as individual helmet radios for the absolute in radio communication. Also the signal corps is working on establishing interconnections of headquarters through multiple routes for added flexibility and reliability. Unlike other signal corps organizations in other countries throughout the world, the U.S. Signal Corps is responsible for the production and distribution of all military communications equipment.



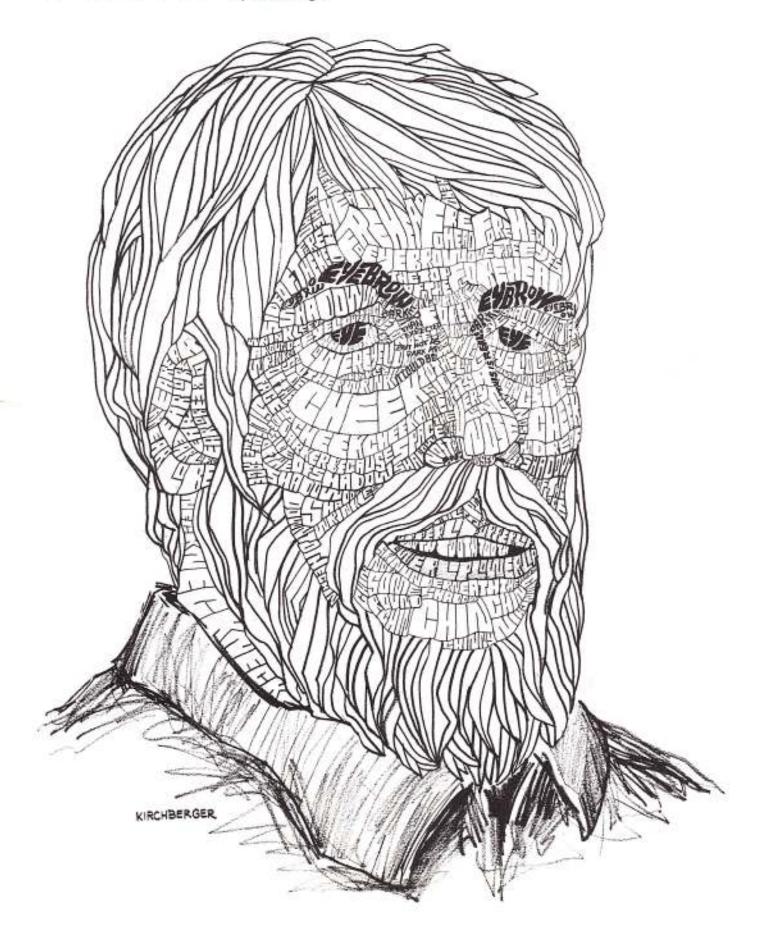
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THE SILENCE . . .

(Continued from Page 15)



he thought the request was insubordinately submitted. (One research source stated that they were wearing overcoats at the time. In September? (Hence, these facts can not be taken as correct in every respect.)

But whether these reasons are true or not, there must have been some strong motives to cause a whole Class to try a "silence." Perhaps Captain Longan was a bit rash in some of his actions, and then again, perhaps the Corps was too determined in their efforts of revenge. Whatever the case was, the net results were that certain members of the Corps were punished rather severely, and a month after the incident Captain Longan was transferred to another Post.







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.

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He: You were always such a romantic, darling.

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1957



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1957



MARCH 1956



MARCH 1956

60's

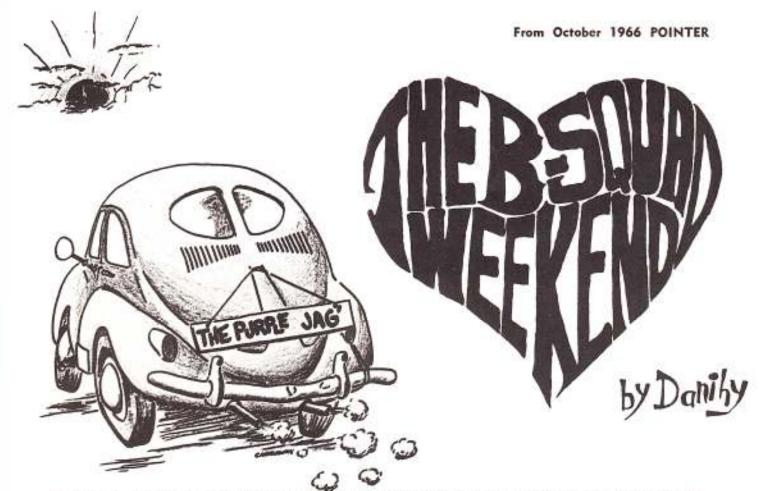












here it is, the middle of February. There's not a leaf on the trees, but there's plenty of clouds in the sky; big fat, gray blobs that just seem to hang over West Point and Vicinity, 1:25000. You had two classes this Saturday morning, one in which you scored with a 1.9, and the other in which you astounded 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.

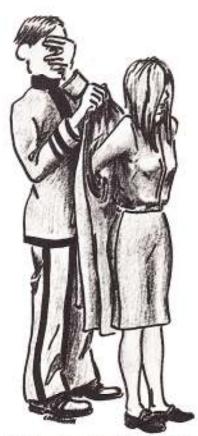
Your roommate rushes you on, and you are forced to leave the room without having spent as much time on the part in your hair as you would have liked to. You know that she is going to notice this and dislike you the whole weekend for it.

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



"Oh my God, she's wearing a gray skirt and a sickly yellow blouse."

THE B-SQUAD WEEKEND. . .

indicated and there, sitting underneath General Eisen-

hower, 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

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 sods "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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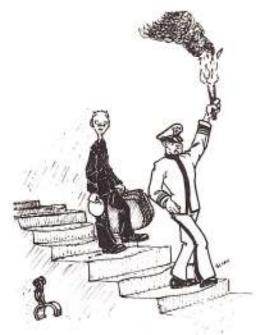
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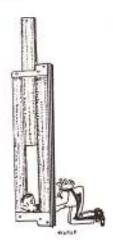
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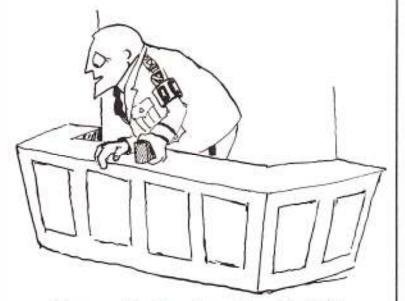


Yeeh, he's in extra-special can. It wan't really be so bed for just the weekend though.

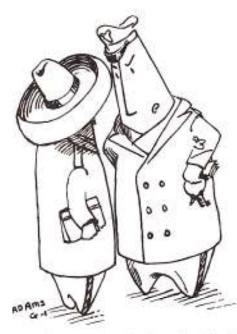




Rough juice lab today Mr. Murphy?



"Anyone want to trade a Grapenuts for a Wheaties?"



I don't care if you do have Spanish this period. . .



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MEALS ...

WHEN I WAS A CADET

"ENTLEMEN, nothing saddens me more than hearing you cadets growling about the food in the mess-hall. You should have been here when I was a cadet.

"We started the day with breakfast so early that, with only tallow candles for light, we could scarcely see the food on the table. We went more by sound and feel than we did by sight. For instance, if we wanted the cornflakes, we would wiggle our fingers around in every bowl on the table until we heard a harsh crackling sound, and then proceed to fill our own dishes therefrom. We usually knew the entire menu before we could find the B-food.

"In the same manner, we could tell by the splash whether a pitcher contained milk or molasses. Many's the plebe I recognized on account of my hand meeting his in the syrup pitcher.

"Something else you young squirts don't have to take chances on, is what you might have for breakfast. There being no cold storage to speak of back in those pre-refrigeration days, it was CADETS GO TO THE FRONT OF THE LINE, SAY PHIL LINZ AND BOB ANDERSON — 3 TIME ALL AMERICAN.



usually a gamble whether we would have boiled eggs or chicken-on-thehalf-shell. Many were the surprises on Sunday mornings when we took breakfast at a later hour when the light was better.

"Then for dinner, we had very

little of anything to eat. That was a smart one that the cooks back in the kitchen pulled on us in order to make us good and hungry for the evening meal. They had their reasons.

"So by the time supper-time arrived, we were ready to call anything from a corn pone to roast turkey a square meal. We'd have roast turkey too, whenever our guidon bearer was lucky enough to spear a wild one going to or coming back from P-rade. (The Plain wasn't so tame back in those days.)

"But we were seldom so lucky. And anyway, we were usually so hungry that 'slum' wasn't merely a stew—it was 'veal a-la-king'. We only got Jello on Sundays and very little of that. The plebes didn't seem to like it or something, because they always fell out on it.

"Another failing you don't have to bother about is the service of the waiters. There's been many a time I've folded my napkin in lost hope, because the waiters were so long in bringing in the food that it was spoiled by the time it reached the table. Why lads, we never had sweet milk—it soured on the way in from the kitchen! The potatoes sprouted, the watermelons dried up, the onions grew weak, and the butter could stand-up, by the time the waiters got within our grabbing distance.

"No. sir, Gentlemen, when you growl about the food in the mess-hall, you ought to growl with pure enjoyment. Think, men, think about what we had when I was a cadet. Why I even remember.....



Look! There he is .- The one with the rifle.

-Bee Jay.

Hodgepodge From The Past . . .

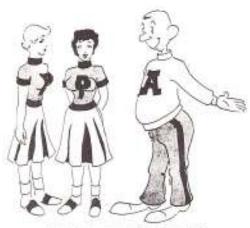
From January 1956



From May 1962



From October 1956



What do they mean "Pass Tham Up"?

From May 1962













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Pyrene . . .

one thing you have to say about west point . . . it never does anything by halves . . . between finals which coused me to sell my soul to the art department for three tenths . . weather so bad that south hell is beginning to look very attractive . . . and a certain unmentionable someone whose zeal is so great that i will be the only captain in the u.s. army who can't go to the officers club . . . because i don't have privileges . . . i am beginning to feel samewhat unhappy . . . in fact if i could find a free half hour i would blash my wrists if I could find them . . . samedays i don't think my arms extend below the elbow . . . i went yesterday to visit my roommate who is in the hospital the plebes who were carrying him back from reveille dropped him and he shattered into many small pieces . . , they tell me it was the first operation in the history of medicine where elmers glu-all was the principle medicine . . . he is feeling better now except that they put his right foot on backwards . . . this will not help his marching in the slightest . . . not that he ever did march very well to begin with . . . in fact i have heard him unfavorably compared to frankenstein . . . it must be the elevator shoes he wears . . . making the world safe for democracy is all very well and good . . . but the more i see of democracy the more i pity the world . . . i am not really cynical . . . it is just that my room has now been organized as a democratic state . . , this looks very good on the surface . . . but my third roommato . . . who could give lessons to such notables as attila the hun . . . insists that he votes the proxy of my roommate in the hospital . . . as a result i find that i am now responsible for such mundane tasks as room orderly and window-closer . . . actually i admit i was much enthused at first when I was elected minister of the exchaquer until i discovered that this is a sneaky british term meaning i have to pay for the mixer . . . someday I am going to make my roommate safe for the world by performing a lobotomy on him with a blunt instrument . . . winter intramurals is going merrily along . . . merrily may seem the wrong term but then i suppose the spanish inquisition had its lighter side . . , saw a very interesting boxing match the other day got him in the ring anyway . . . there must be a less painful way to build character . . . there is a nasty rumor going around among the fourth class that unless the corps bucks up spring will be concelled . . . i am dubious . . . bu having great respect for the t.d. would not put it past them . . . in fact there is nothing i would put past that group up to and including genocide . . . i am avoiding taking showers as a result . . . but do not despair . . . as the old lithuenian falk song says . . . if gloom is here can june be for behind?

1968 HOWITZER

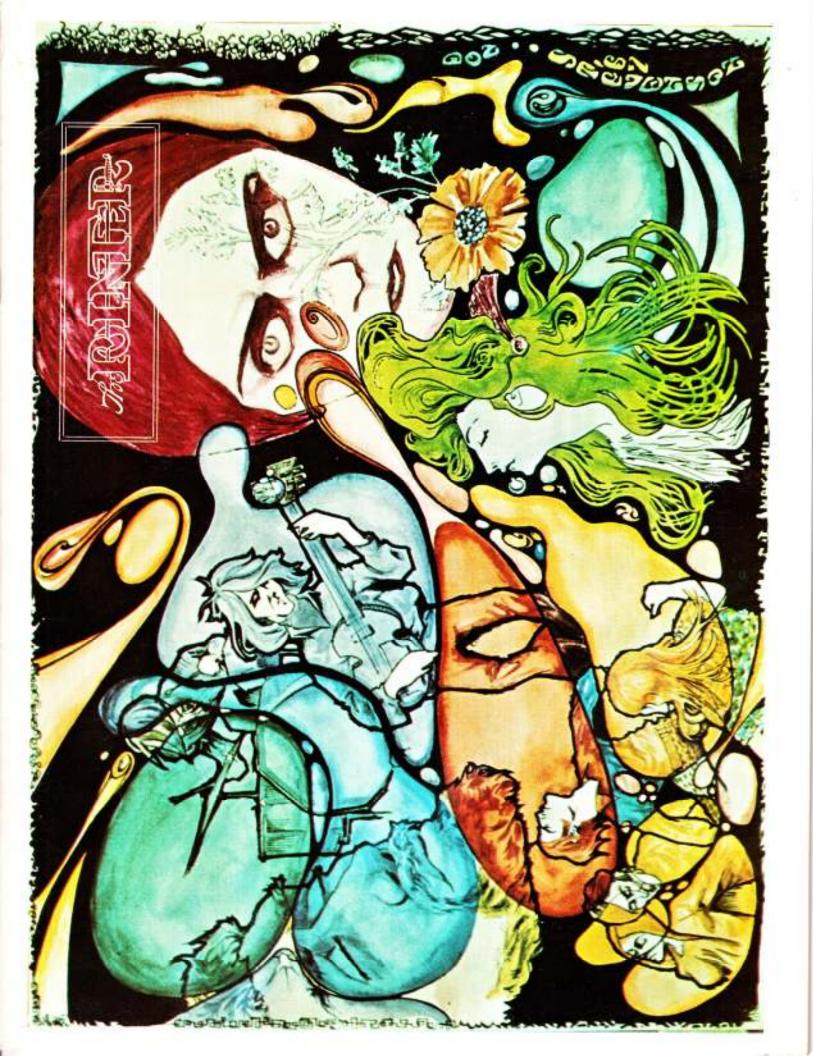
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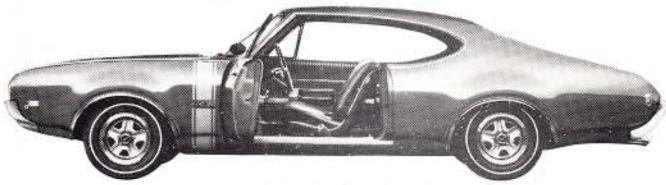


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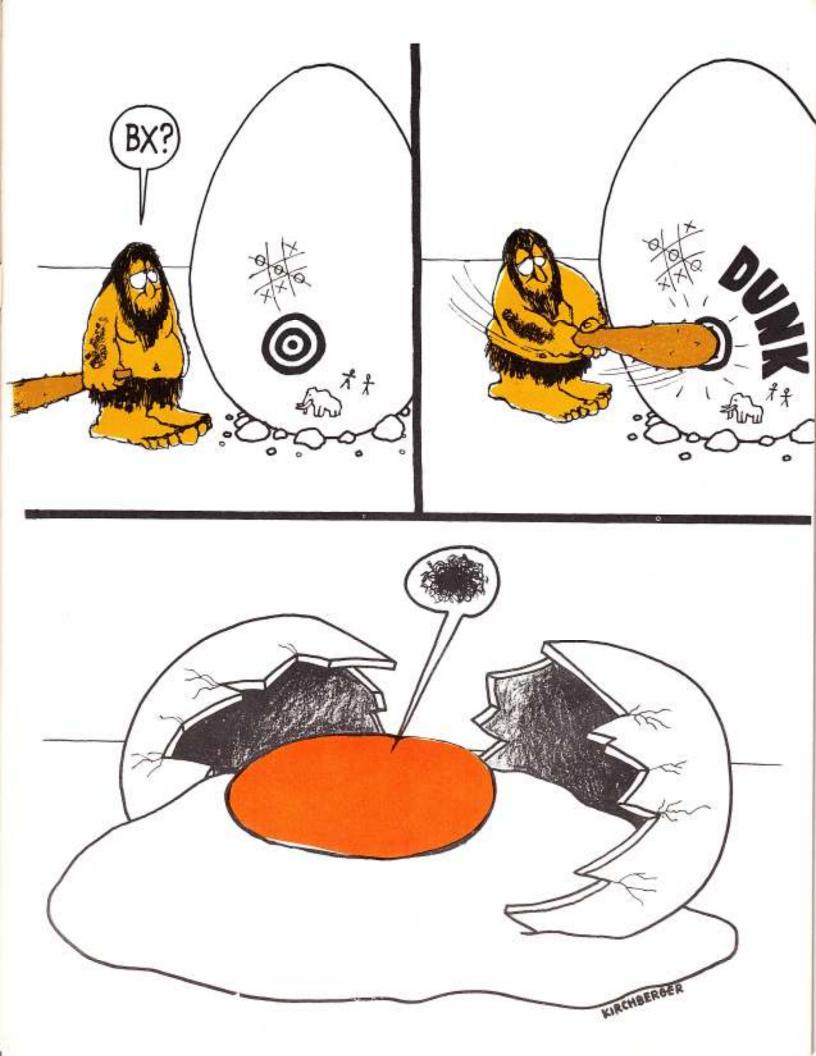
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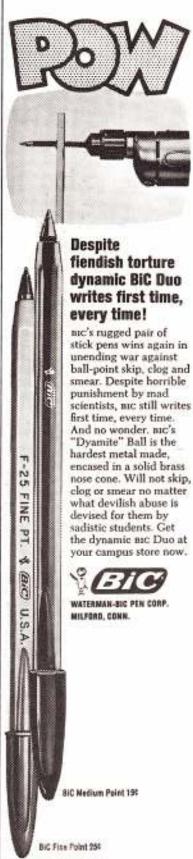




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VOL. XLV, No. 6

COLOR ISSUE

Hoping to brighten things up this month, The POINTER offers an issue devoted almost entirely to color. Take a look at the all-to-familiar IN-SPECTION and the horrors of the NEW CIRCUIT. In the literary vein, we have JOACHIM, NIGHT WIND, REFLECTIONS IN A WINTER STREET, and THE THIEF, a poetic interpretation of Don Stevenson's latest artistic undertaking. ZORGAN THE CONQUEROR will please those of you who enjoy a Tolkeinesque fable. Finally, MARY ANN will amply exhibit the true merits of color photography.

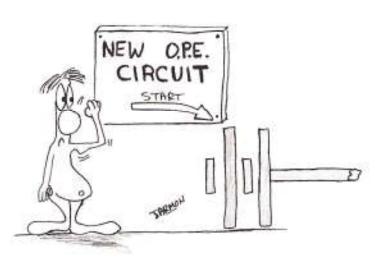


New Circuit Announced

goes. Anyway, that's why cows are blessed with both Juice and OPE the same year.

Either one of these courses proves akin to shock treatment. Nonetheless, they have at last united -or rather "ganged up." Due to a lack of OPE- port follows:

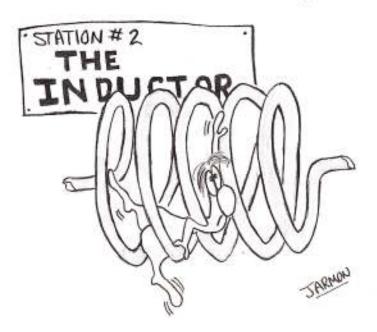
Sound minds in sound bodies-or so the saying type instructors, the Electricity Department has been changed with designing the new "OPE Circuit" that will soon grace present additions to the chamber of horrors. Recently our representative tested a prototype of this obstacle course. His re-



"Ever ready for any challenge short of a Thermo WFR, I approached my task with what I felt was the true spirit of Canadian Club ads . . .

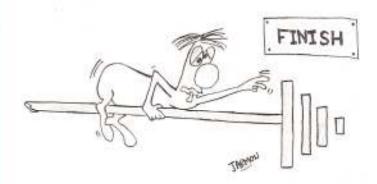






". . . Crawling along the 'wire', I soon regretted my assignment. Still I advanced with a positive outlook . . .

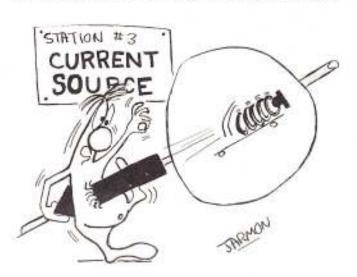
"Guided by wit, wire, and page 9 of the RDP, I finally reached 'the Inductor'. Overcoming a natural response to give up, I wallowed onward anyhow . . .



"Quite some time later I finished. OPE promptly grilled me for 'damaging current source arrow', and Juice wrote me up for 'not bringing slide rule to class.' Alas . . ."



"The 'Live Wire' proved worse than ASPs. I had to do ten pull-ups, hang by any two fingers on my left hand, and render a right-hand-rule salute . . .



"Through my fatigue I made some wicked allusion to phasors—and got penalized accordingly . . .

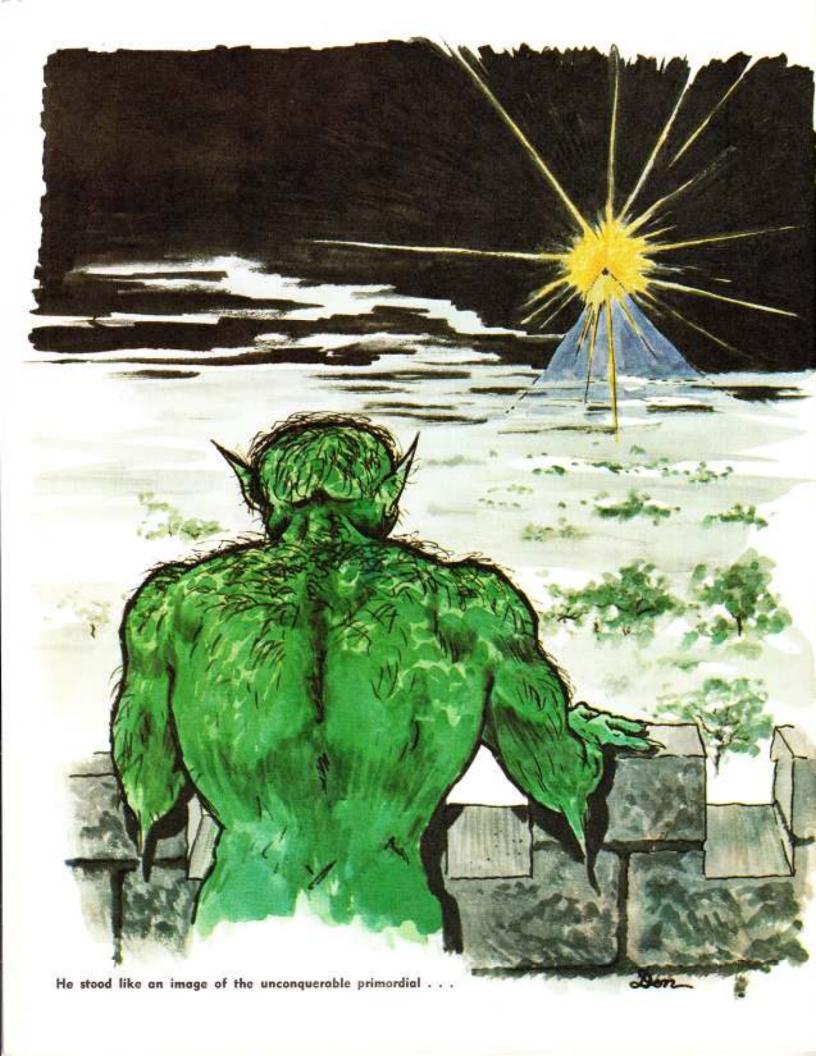


"Whatever energy I had left was lost to 'the Capacitor', the plates of which squeeze slowly together . . .



"The 'Node' required scaling a steel tripod 2¶ feet tall, and then balancing on top long enough to recite Kirchoff's Laws. I forgot the Laws though and had to 'fall' twice before receiving a 4C and permission to continue...





Zorgan the Conqueror

by Geoffrey Prosch

The year of the serpent had birth in war, pestilence, and unrest. The black plague stalked ominously through the hamlets of Zamora, striking down the merchant in his stall. the serf in his kennel, and the knight at his banquet hall. Men said it had been sent from hell as punishment for sins of pride and lust. It was as swift and deadly as the strike of the cobra. The victim's body turned purple and then black, and within a few minutes he sank down dying, and the stench of his own putrefaction was in his nostrils even before death wrenched his soul from his rotting body. Out of the north rose a great hot wind which swirled the monstrous vapors of the plague incessantly as crops withered in the field, and cattle sank and died in their tracks. Men cried out to Ba, the omnipotent god of mercy, and plotted against the king who was said to be secretly addicted to loathsome practices and foul debauches in the seclusion of his darkened palace. But if these mortals could retrace the pungent deadly path of the wind to its origin, they would soar over reeking jungles, ancient deserts, and bottomless canyons, finally terminating their trek in the sombre, grey moors of Kush, hunting ground of savage beasts and primitive men amid the hidden fragments of lost civilizations. And here, lodged deep in the bowels of the hidden palace of Zelphai, lay the mummified corpse of Xutotun, the scourge of God, all of hell's damned inferno compacted into mortal flesh; bent upon the destruction of Zamora and the warping of human souls by the rhythmic, hypnotic chants of his diabolical blood rituals.

But how is it that these decomposed remains of dried, brown limbs, wrapped in moldering bandages and crumbling in a dead wood coffin, can muster power enough to befoul the land of the Zemora's. Harken, my reader-one moon ago, somewhere in the distance a dog begins a doleful howl and a stealthly padded step descends an endless staircase. A giant dark man in an ermine-trimmed robe is now moving with a ball of living fire cupped in his palms. It is the sacred jewel of Soloma. The glare of the gem is blinding as the priest kneels before the tomb of Xutotun and mutters an incantation that was old when Atlantis sank. He leans over the coffin and, moving his candle as if he were writing with a pen, he inscribes a mystic symbol in the air. With a splintering crash, the worm-eaten lid of the coffin bursts outwards as if some irresistible pressure were applied from within. Slowly a mysterious transmutation becomes apparent. The withered shape in the tomb expands and grows as blood quickly courses through its shrivelled veins. The dried limbs swell, straight and a lusty hue appears on the sinister countenace.

All mortals have cause to fear, for the gates of hell have opened this day, It is the waning eve of the lion, two thousand years after the fall of Xutotun and fear rightfully so striketh the spirit of the brawniest man, for on this eve Xutotun, the great magician of Zelphai, can rejuvenate. Past legends of Xutotun, chief priest of the black order of Malakai, had almost vanished over his two thousand year munimification. Now, however, he would regather all his knowledge to initiate a devious plan of wrath. Through long years of study in the black arts, Xutotun had developed his lawless ambitions and his capacity for evil. He had journeyed to the haunted jungles of Tarascus, he had read the iron bound books of Skelos; he had talked with unseen creatures in deep wells and faceless shapes in dark forests.

Suddenly the intense silence and soft greenish atmosphere of the chamber was disrupted as the shrill blare of a clarion echoed from afar, and a white glow appeared over the horizon. Rushing to a turret window, Xutotun scanned southward to the Keshanian badlands and, there at the pinnacle of a distant mountain stood the source of the light. The glow appeared to be originating from a man. He stood like an image of the unconquerable primordial -a tall man, mightily shouldered and deep of chest with a massive neck and heavily muscled limbs, legs braced far apart, head thrust forward, one hand gripping a battle axe with his great corded muscles standind out in iron ridges, and his features frozen in a death snarl of fury. Here was Zorgan the Conqueror, barbarian mercenary sent to destroy Xutotun and his fiendish plot. Zutotun was already constructing defensive actions in his mind as Zorgan bounded down the mountain towards the castle of Zelphai. Will the mighty Zorgan prevail over the black magic of Xutotun? The March issue of the Pointer will tell.



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LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Art Editor
"The Pointer"
USCC, West Point, N. Y.
1/4/68

Dear Editor:

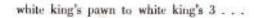
I am not a plebe, but have been dating one for several months now. As each weekend rolls around I can look forward to unbelievably descriptive dissertations on his squad leader. From these horrendous accounts I have conjured up this picture. Hope you like it?!

Sincerely, JEC, Class of '70, Ladycliff My Friend The Squad Leader

september

the game

by KJ Moran & RM Brown



It was a brisk day, one of those late September days. September has always been the traditional harvest time as well as a time for wars. Yet, this day seemed to hold neither prospect. It was just a bright day filled with autumnal sunshine casting early morning shadows on the distant hills. I had told her that I would call early today. She probably wouldn't be awake yet; it is a woman's prerogative when dealing with time.

white king's bishop to white queen's bishop's 4 . . .

She called early. It surprised me a little. Nevertheless, it is always good to hear her voice. She seemed calm. Although, she never called this early before. In fact, I don't ever remember her calling before. September days hold many of these surprises before October is allowed to enter. September is a transition from one year's summer into its winter.

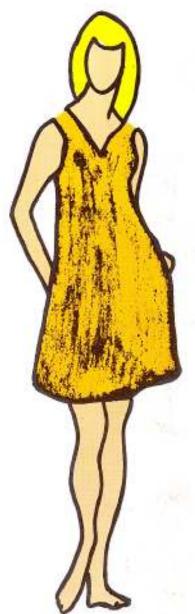
white queen to white king's bishop's 3 . . .

If there is ever a month that is under-rated, it is September. No one suspects the opportunities that lurk in the wings of fate. And fate is just a half a step ahead of you in September. She was waiting for me at the gate with a bag of groceries. She said that we were going up to the cabin on the lake. We had been there before, almost every day during the summer. Everyone we knew had been there. It was a riotous summer with its long hot days and short warm nights,

white queen captures black king's bishop's pawn . . .

There was no one up at the lake today. We spent the early afternoon swimming. Already the sun had started to go down. I built a fire in the fireplace as she scurried in and out of the kitchen. In less than an hour, supper was ready and the fire had begun to give off both warmth and light. September is like that. The night came fast, but with warmth and a soft light. War or harvest, September has a touch of innocent ruthlessness that blows the leaves to wherever they fall.

check-mate . . .



AND HE EVEN USED V V



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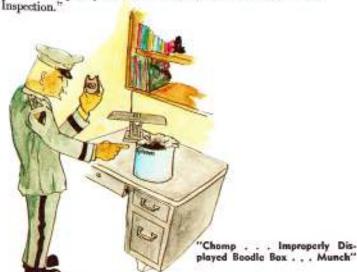
NATIONAL BANK



The Inspection

by Grimm

Every inspecting officer has his own little idiosyncrasics. Let's don CQ duty and mark 'em down as we follow "The





"Excess articles!"



"That's not in the spirit of the inspection . . . there's nothing to inspect. Tailet Articles not displayed!"

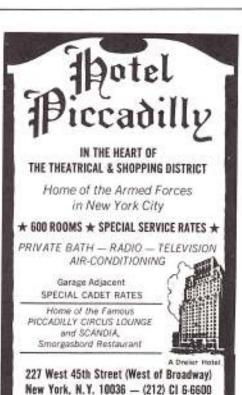


Good job in Academics and Intermurder this week, Mr. Entwhistle . . . Improper hoircut!"

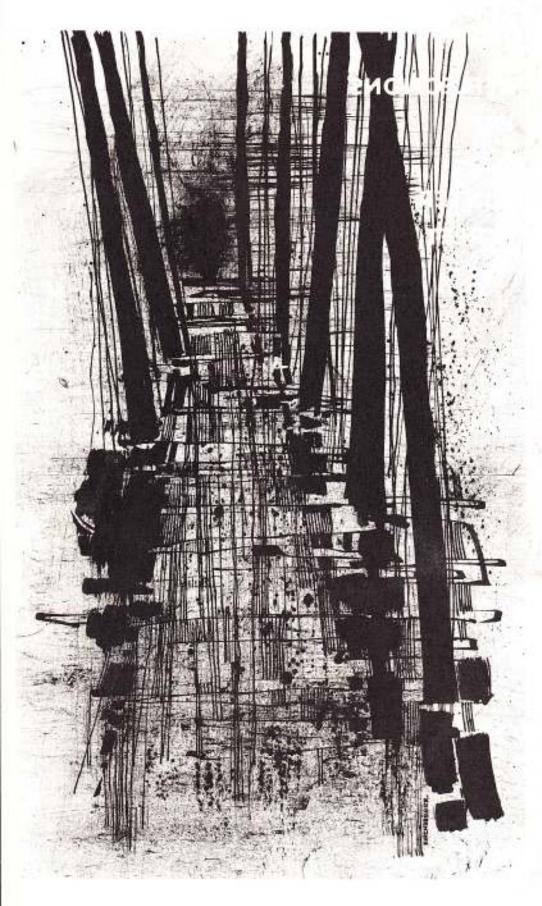


"Hmm . . . Improperly pressed trousers!"









REFLECTIONS IN A WINTER STREET

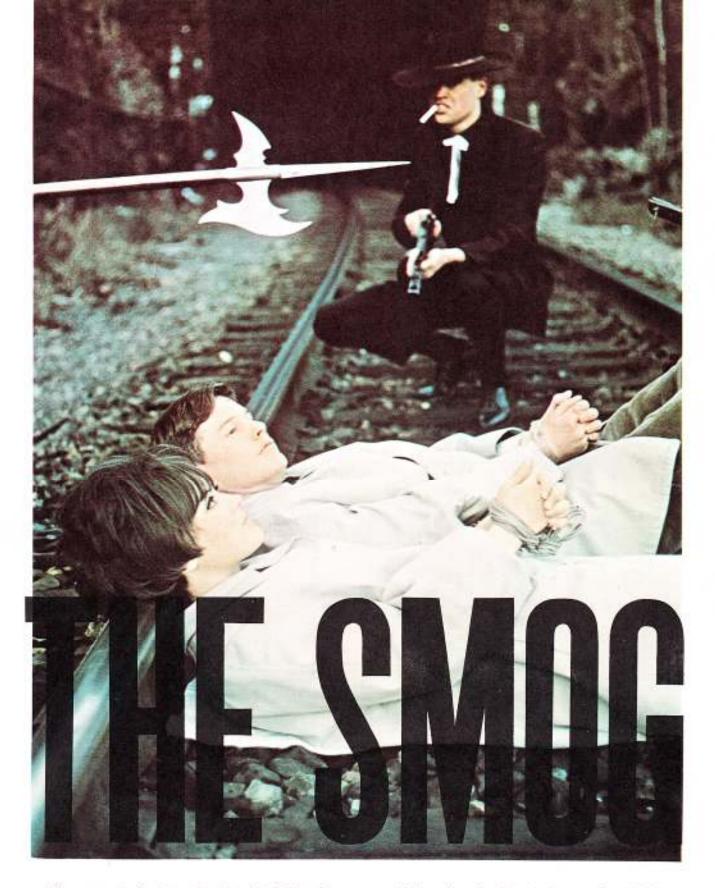
Winter is an awesome spectacle
Of melting snow to street-lined slush,
Of a southern sun's migrant warmth
Steaming the street water wet,
Of night, with its chilling cast,
Forging wet to molded glass

And in the early morning air
Cracked apart by an opening door
Dimming, half-closed eyes can
Shallow see a sleepy face,
Bouncing to rubber-heeled step time,
Mirrored in maiadan gray.

The eternal present goads the sleep
That keeps away the distant clock
Of machine gun mornings
And night attacks
That shelters all the vacant dreams
Envisioned in our graying sight
Of reflections in a winter street,
And leads us lamb-like to the fight,

Will we ever wake to warmer air In summer streets, which sleeping hides,

Or will the same street color gaze foreshadow Following our every stride?

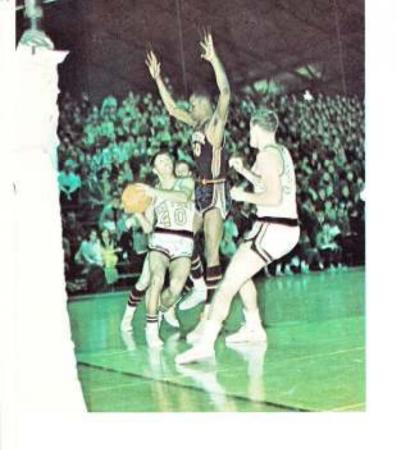


After years of triumph against the insidious forces of evil, it finally looked like curtains for The Smog and his lovely companion. Trapped by the infamous "Black Greaser", the indom-

itable Smog hit upon a novel plan. Using the tiny zinc-alloy plate, imbedded in the base of his medulla after a particularly troublesome war wound, The Smog tapped a message down the rail. Luckily, the heart-rending S.O.S. was intercepted and responded to by a militant group of striking pickets from Local 6 of the Amalgamated Telegraphers Union.

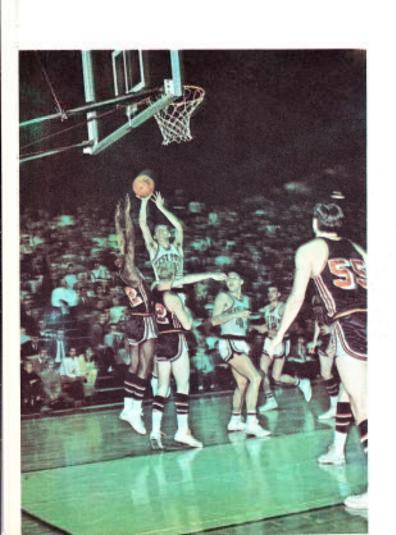
A LONDON SMOG PRODUCTION

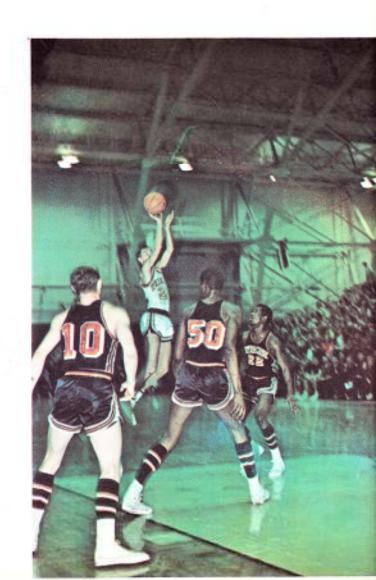
"Let there be no climate where evil may flourish."



ARMY

Tournament Bound . . .





Basketball

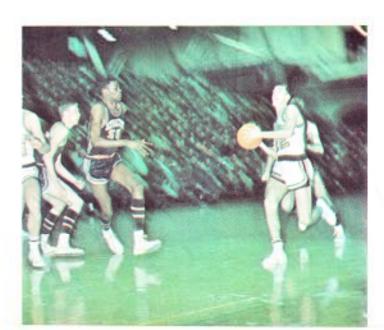
CONFIDENCE AND SUCCESS IN ARMY BASKETBALL or How "two stars and a bunch of guys named Joe" win.

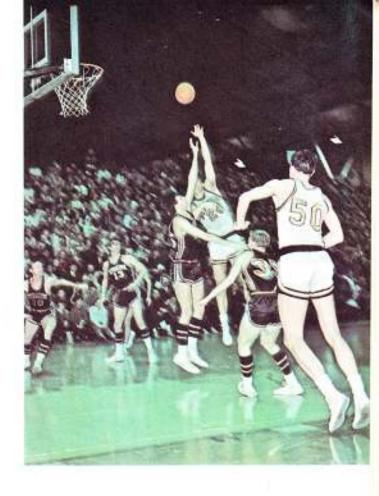
by Jim Fouché

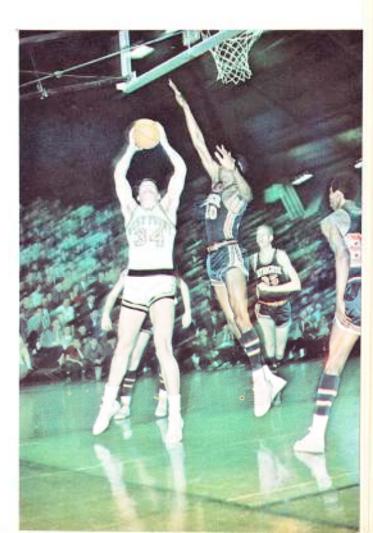
"Two stars and a bunch of guys named Joe" is how the Army basketball team has been described. Perhaps, if this description is completely true, then Army owes its success to luck. From The Pointer viewpoint however, and without reservation, Army's success has not been because of luck, but can only be attributed to the hard work, determination, and dedication of every "Joe" on the team. The entire team has a star's confidence and confidence breeds success. It takes more than a "bunch of guys" to develop the poise to come from behind to beat a team like St. John's. At the time of this article, the team is sporting a 17-3 season with a very impressive 11 game winning streak. Their record to date in the East is excelled only by St. Bonaventure. Certainly it takes a dynamic team effort and a positive attitude to compile such statistics, Currently Army is second in the nation in team defense and Junior standout Steve Hunt is sixth in the nation in field goal percentage,

This reporter talked with Steve recently about this year's team. He emphasized the dedication of the team as a whole and he talked of the importance of leadership on the team supplied by stalwarts Bill Schutsky and Mike Noonan. Bill is one of the finest players in the nation and not enough can be said of his contribution to the team's efforts, Mike Noonan is the leading rebounder on the team and the mainstay of Army's stubborn defense. Other standouts include Mike Kwzyzewski, Jim Oxley, and Wade Urban.

Besides lauding his teammates, Steve went on to extol Coach Knight's thorough knowledge of basketball and his assumption that winning is a virtue. Coach Knight is a winner and so is his team. In Steve's opinion, the latter part of the senson has been the highlight, especially the victory over St. John's. But to get such outstanding victories, the off season workouts, the pre-game study of scouting reports and films, and the constant drill, drill, drill, make execution that much easier and natural, but also make for, as Steve puts it, "... a long, tough season." With four games remaining on this season's schedule, Army has the possibility of making it a 21-3 year, and quite possibly landing a major post-season tournament bid. Steve and the team are confident. Confidence breeds success, and success is Army Basketball.













When Winter's passed, and Spring draws near it's time to cheer, and end the fast—there're girls at last;

A longer day, and starry night with fading light, it's time to say—finally the girls are on the way;



A breath of Spring, no fear of frost paths are crossed, and meetings bring a girl worth remembering.

MOORE



When snow is gone, and sum is high as ground begins to dry, we're not alone—'cause girls leave home;



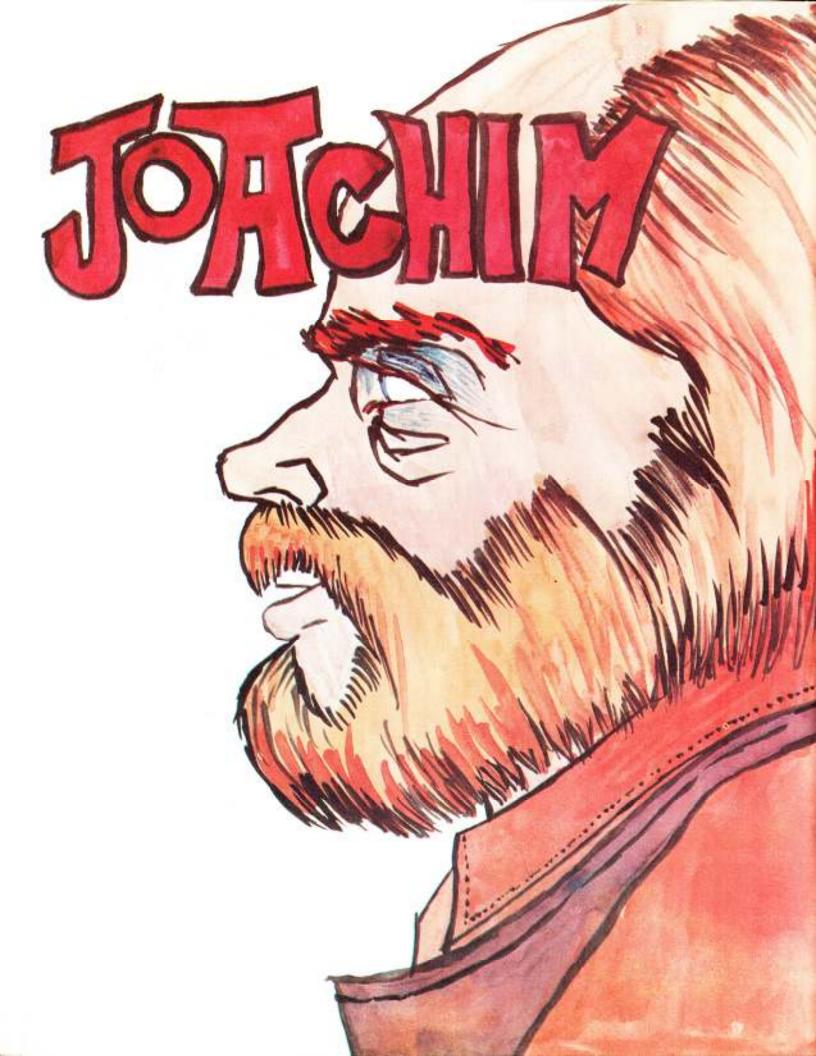




Mary Ann







JOACHIM

I must have been eight when Joachim came to town. I don't remember for sure, but it was the year my grandfather was King of the Cotton Festival in Ville Platte, so I must have been about eight or nine.

He said he walked all the way from Baton Rouge to Chatagnier, but that's an awful long way, and nobody saw him come in. Somebody should have noticed. The first time I saw him was when he came into Vidrine's late that afternoon.

You can't help but notice a man like that. He was huge —over six feet—and built big, but that wasn't the thing that caught you. He was red. I don't know how else to describe him. He had a beard and a magnificent moustache—both as red as a sunset. He'd been in the sun a lot, and his face and the top of his head where he was balding were as red as his beard.

He went to the counter and asked the girl there if the owner was in. She was about fifteen and she giggled when he called her ma'am. I don't think she'd been called anything but Jody the whole time she'd worked there.

She said she didn't know where Mr. Vidrine was since it was late afternoon and he'd already left.

Joachim thought for a minute and said well, maybe she could help him. He was looking for a job and he'd heard there was an opening for a man here.

Jody giggled again and said she didn't rightly know, but if he came in Monday, Mr. Vidrine would be back.

So it must have been Friday, I guess. That's why she didn't know where Mr. Vidrine was. Everybody knew he spent his weekends with that school teacher in Mamou.

I came up behind him and asked if he was looking for a job. He looked over his shoulder down at me and broke into a grin as he turned around.

Yes sir, he said, he was and did I have one I wanted to offer him?

Like I said, I was only about eight or nine and he must have been in his forties, but he called me sir. He always thought it was funny to do things like that.

I told him no, but I've got an uncle who has a farm. He needed a man out there, 'cause the boy he'd hired had just left.

Joachim kept grinning and said he thought that was exactly what he was looking for and could I take him.

It was outside of town, between Chatagnier and Hobson, I told him, but I could take him to my father and he could help him. So we went.

It was two blocks over to La Salle Street, where my father had his office and Joachim talked the whole way. He told me he'd traveled around the country all the time. He said he was looking for a summer job and maybe someplace to ettle down for good and if he ever did, he could think of a lot worse places than Chatagnier, yes sir he could think of a lot worse places than Chatagnier.

Chatagnier isn't much even now, and a couple of years ago it was even less. Frame buildings stood along Main Street with all the major stores crowded into a two block area cut in the midde by La Salle Street. Main Street was paved then because it was part of Louisiana 10, but nothing else was until last year. There were still a few hitching posts on some of the side streets and to see a horsecart being driven in from one of the farms was not particularly unusual.

It was hot, really hot, that year. It must have been early May and late afternoon, but it was muggy and steaming. There wasn't a wind to be found anywhere. People were closing up shops (except the bars, which were just opening) and men were walking home in short sleeves, fanning themselves in a lazy sort of way, too hot to even try to keep cool.

We met my father just as he was coming down from his office. He keeps his law books and typewriter and papers and stuff up in this room—he was the only one who called it an office then—up above the dentist's office. He did most of his work at home, though, at least until my mother died.

My father's a small man, not even as tall as I am. He was going bald too, until he bought a toupee a couple of years ago. He's not very good-looking, I guess, and he's pretty quiet. He's alright though, just quiet.

He said as far as he knew the job was still open and he would drive him out that evening, would he like to come to supper before leaving?

Joachim said he'd be glad to and he was always surprised at how friendly people were down here. He said his name was Joachim McCarty.

He'd told me his name coming over and I'd laughed and said I thought it was funny. But he said not to laugh because a lot of famous people were named Joachim. He never told me any, though, and I've never read of any.

Joachim went out to the farm that night so I didn't see him for about a month. But that was the summer my mother first got sick, and I went out to live with Uncle Al and Aunt Claire on the farm.

We got to be good friends, Joachim and I, more out of necessity on my part than anything else. The farm is between Chatagnier and Hobson, but a lot closer to Hobson. All my friends were too far away to see except on weekends and I didn't know anybody in Hobson.

I followed Joachim around all day, helping him with his chores so he'd get done early and play ball with me. Then he'd tell me stories about all the things he'd done and all the places he'd gone.

He told me he'd been a Marine in the Pacific and charged beachheads and all, and then had reenlisted for Korea. He'd killed a lot of them there too and even took on a machine gun by himself. He said he'd been decorated personally by General MacArthur. He even showed me the ribbon.

SQUASH: Chuck Vehlow

by Chris Cole

Senior Chuck Vehlow, when not supplying the Brigade or talking to Katy, his fiance, steals over to the squash courts to pound a small ball off the wall with a shrunken tennis racquet. Chuck, who is in his fourth year as a squash player, captains the nine man team which has thus far compiled an 8-3 record with 4 matches remaining. Personally he stands with an 8-2 record.

When asked how he felt the team was doing this year, he placed emphasis on the team as a group for its successes more than on one or two individuals. Squash is a funny game in that inside the court it is an individual effort. Yet, when the player steps out of that court he must depend upon the others to come up with wins for the team victory. During this season the unity of the squad has grown solid, as evidenced by the "team" victories (four out of eight wins have been shutouts). This unity has grown on good, strong, over-all performance by all the members with highlight wins over Williams and Amherst, both of which were losses last year. Helping the team this year has been Bill Malkemes, a sophomore, with an 8-2 record. This consistency, Chuck feels, has helped the team maintain momentum in spite of setbacks at the hands of Harvard, Penn, and Yale.

With four matches remaining, the team is looking for a big win over Princeton. A win here against Princeton will help carry the team past Wesleyan and Trinity and build its confidence for the big finale against Navy.



The first ten as of the Princeton match are: (1) George Alcorn—70; (2) Barry Conway—68; (3) Chuck Vehlow—68; (4) Bill Campbell—68; (5) Chris Ohlinger—68; (6) Rick Wilber—69; (7) Bill Gardepe—68; (8) Bill Malkemes—70; (9) Dick Bowers—68; (10) Ken Fleming—69.



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WRESTLING: Jim Harter

by Ray Williamson

Big Jim Harter, captain of Army's varsity wrestling team, is an interesting personality whether seen on the mats or just walking through his company area. When Jim entered the Academy, few people, if any, would have guessed that he would become captain of the Army wrestling team and go on to compete for the National Wrestling Championship. His past record did not indicate any such possibility. The fact that he has done so is a tribute to his determination and will power.

In high school Jim was not considered as an exceptional wrestler. He started wrestling as a sophomore and didn't really have much success until his senior year. Swimming was Jim's big sport in high school. He lettered each of his four years while swimming the butterfly, and became captain of the swim team in his senior year.

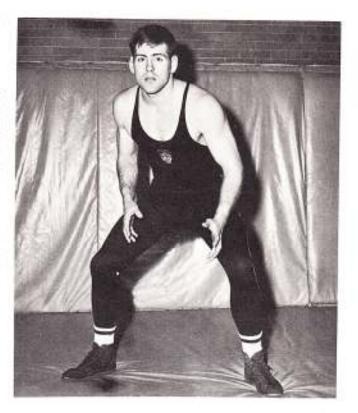
Swimming and wrestling weren't his only athletic endeavors in high school, however, Jim lettered two years in football as a guard for his school in Lemon Grove, California. Jim looks back on his wrestling career in high school as uneventful except for one match. His team wrestled the Japanese National Champions, losing only by a score of 16 to 14, which was the closest any of eighteen teams had come to the Japanese squad. The highlight of Jim's high school competition was his winning of the 180-pound match in this meet.

In his Plebe year, Jim started on the road to his present success by winning a freshman tournament in the 177pound class. The season of Jim's Yearling year was the time when he really began to show promise. He wrestled a tough list of opponents, but he ended the season with a record of eight wins and one loss. In addition, he placed second in the Eastern Championship finals.

As a second-classman, Jim had another eight wins and one loss season. Later, however, he won the Eastern Championships in the 177-pound class. Jim went on to vie for the National Championships but lost to Fred Fozzard of Oklahoma State in the semi-finals. Fozzard won the championship, while Jim placed fourth.

So far this year Jim has won the Coast Guard Tournament, and in the first six meets he has reached a record of four wins and two ties, His victories have been by substantial margins. On December 9th, Jim defeated Tom Sinifoldi of Maryland by a score of 11 to 1. Returning after Christmas leave, he out-pointed Fred Southwick of Yale, 7 to 1. One of Jim's tie matches was against Syracuse where his failure to make a takedown in the last ten seconds of the match was the deciding factor.

Jim's chances for the Eastern Championships are really fine, but Fozzard will be returning to the National Championships. As Jim puts it, "The secret to any sport is confidence. If you have confidence you can do almost anything. Sacrifice, too, You've got to be able to give up something in order to win." He has the confidence, and he has made numerous sacrifices in order to reach his present level of achievement. Jim's ability is evident, and soon, with a lot of hard work and a little bit of luck he should place well in the National Championships.



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TRACK Greg Camp

by Ray Williamson

To many people, indeed, to the majority of people who regularly compete in some form of athletics, the sport of running, running purely for the sake of a contest or a race, must seem to be an odd preoccupation. Greg Camp, captain of the Army indoor track team, doesn't think so. He never has. To Greg, running has become a natural, if not habitual, outlet for his abundant energy. Since early in high school Greg has been donning sweats and track shoes in a daily ritual preceeding his long and strenuous runs.

As a Kansas high school sophomore, Greg began his running career in cross-country and track. He has always been an avid sports enthusiast. Before he became interested in track, Greg played a great deal of baseball. Since then he has increased his interests and abilities in golf, tennis and bowling. Greg admits candidly: "I like all sports, and I try to play as many as I can."

For two years Greg ran for his high school team in Kansas, and later moved to Virginia in his senior year. He placed third in the Virginia High School Cross-Country Championships, and his reputation as a long-distance runner soon made him the man to beat during the out-door track season.

In the county championship meet of his senior year, Greg broke the state mile record with a time of 4 minutes and 20.9 seconds in addition to equalling the state half-mile record with a time of 1 minute 55.7 seconds. The importance of the meet, however, was not in the records that he set. This meet began a friendly rivalry that still exists today. During the last lap of the county half-mile, Greg passed his nearest opponent in the final straightaway to win by a small margin. His opponent, who placed second, was Bob McDonald. The two runners have been racing ever since,

The Camp-McDonald half-mile competition was debated and eagerly watched for the next few weeks as the two runners met again in the Northern Virginia Regional Meet and the state championships. Greg defeated Bob in both races, and he went on to take second place in the state half-mile race. To round out the meet, Greg won the state one-mile run.

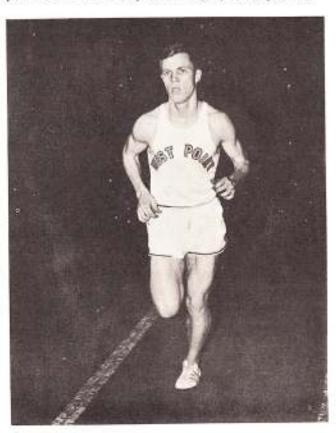
Most of Greg's activities in high school were sports-oriented, but he managed to find time to remain active in his school's Key Club and was a delegate to the Virginia Boys State, He was a member of the Fellowship of Christian

Athletes, and has since gone on to teach Sunday School here at the Academy.

Since coming to West Point, Greg has compiled a remarkable list of track records. In his plebe year, Greg was a member of the record-breaking indoor two-mile relay team which established an Academy plebe record that still stands. He won the indoor Heptagonal Meet last year and is the record-holder for that event, Last May, Greg broke the Academy half-mile record with a time of 1 minute 50.8 seconds. He was also a member of the varsity indoor twomile relay team that currently holds the record in that event. Last year at the Penn Relays, Greg was a member of three relay teams that set three Academy records in two days. On the first day of the meet he ran a 1 minute 51 second halfmile in the record-breaking distance medley. One day later, he ran a blistering 4 minute 11.3 second mile in the 4-mile relay, and came back to run a half-mile in the two-mile relay.

Greg's philosphy is that every runner "should try to do a little bit more than the coach advises, I try to run a little faster than I'm supposed to, decrease the interval between practice races, and run a little more than is scheduled." His formula seems to be working well so far.

Greg is a "brat" who plans to be commissioned in the Infantry after graduation, and he plans to go to Vietnam. When asked about his plans for competition after graduation, Greg admitted that he won't have time to run in competition, but he will keep on running "just for pleasure."



THIEF

The painting "The Thief," February's contribution to the monthly feature of "Serious Work by Pointer Artists," caused a most macabre impression on this poet

Pit-pat pit-pat—pacing pads

Sounds so soft, so whispering sad

Echoing cons through cavernous deeps

Fomenting fever while Way-master sleeps;

Your lithe wraithe of promise steals off with his prize—

His practiced precision but tinges his eyes

While into the hollow seeps the harrow of grief,

And mistings of sorrow fill the wake of the thief

Mike





Ski the East

FOR SPRING LEAVE ENJOYMENT

Let's face it men, we're in the East and we've got to make the best of it—Believe me, it's not going to be difficult! This section of the U. S. is the Real Ski Country no need to go West, young men!

Been thinking about where to go for Spring Leave? Hit one or many areas, each offering the finest in challenging and enjoyable skiing PLUS unequaled Alp's activities. Here are a few suggestions from our eastern skiers.

NORTHERN NEW YORK

Ever hear of Whiteface Mt., Lake Placid? Well, set your skiis in that direction and you will not be disappointed. Well-groomed slopes to please all, small life lines. Evening activities? Never fear, Lake Placid "overflows" with lively entertainment.

Nearby areas: Big Tupper and Paleface—a little smaller but worth your attention.

Lodging: Contact Lake Placid Chamber of Commerce.

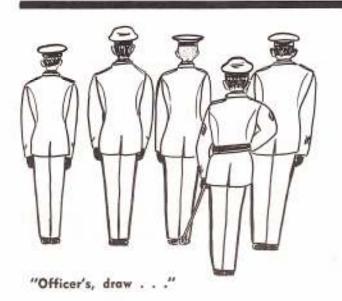
NORTHERN VERMONT

Five short hours bring you to heaven, men! Sugarbush Valley has earned the nickname, "Mascare Mt." If you can see beyond the tight stretch pants, jump suits, and fitted parkas you'll find a fabulous mountain served by a gondola and four chairlifts. Lengthy trails give you the opportunity to show off your abilities and to experience real skiing pleasure.

Stone, ski capital of the East, is a three-mountain complex with more trails and slopes than you could manage in ONE Spring Leave. You'll be very well occupied in the P.M.'s by the European accent Stowe Village possesses.

CENTRAL VERMONT

Killington Basin, in Rutland, Vt., is less than four hours from West Point. This complex is divided into three subareas, each providing the full gamut in trails, novice to expert. One of the oldest state-operated areas in the East,





Killington has built its reputatoin on its fantastic snow conditions from November through April.

Nearby Pico Peak, Okemo, and Ascutney Mtn. provide that touch of variety to complete the weekend.

Après ski activities? Rutland originated as a friendly New England ski village. Now it is a big New England ski city—but just as friendly. For lodging information in the area, write the Rutland Region Chamber of Commerce.

SOUTHERN VERMONT

Just three hours from our "Rockbound Highland Home" is the crossroads of Eastern skiing.

Stratton Mtn., the Big Bear, so dominates the terrain that it can be seen for miles while approaching. It's the heart of Vermont's racing circuit and hosts some of the finest professional races in the East.

Mt. Snow, in Wilmington, Vt., boasts that it's the largest ski center in the East. Its gondola, nine double-chairlifts and 41 slopes and trails do a lot to prove the point! Snowmaking equipment covers much of the hill, guaranteeing fresh powder each morning.

Haystack Mtn. is this author's personal heart throb. There's seldom a long lift-line for any of Haystack's three chairlifts. This means plenty of great skiing on your choice of 15 trails and 5 slopes. For the beginner, there's a separate area, serviced by speedy T-bars, offering protection from the "hotshots". The atmosphere is Eastern hospitality at its best. For the safety-conscious, the Haystack ski school is one of the finest; their Ski Patrol is among the most efficient and best trained in the East. If you are looking for a totally wonderful experience in skiing, try Haystack.

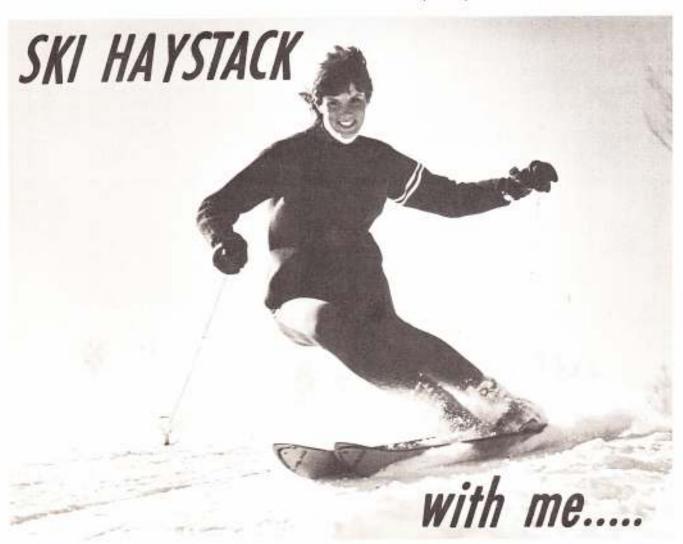
Après ski activities in Southern Vermont? They're too numerous to list. For lodging information, contact the Valley of the Inns information bureau, in Wilmington, Vt.

TRANSPORTATION

Several "Firsties" will be heading North, with room to sell for the price of gas. But, if you're not fortunate enough to line up a ride, give some consideration to air. Many of the airlines offer inexpensive packages for transportation and lodging.

Hope this has made Eastern skiing sound enticing—it is! For a copy of this year's Eastern Ski Map, or information on any of the areas, contact one of the Ski Club Officers. They'd be glad to help make this Spring Leave the best yet. THINK SNOW!!

Photo Courtesy of Haystack Mtn. Ski School

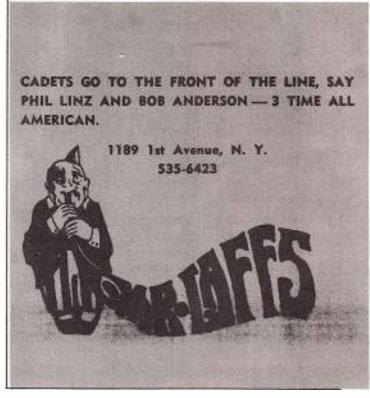


ARMY HOCKEY

by Dan Bird

Key injuries and a couple of close losses have made it a rougher season for Coach Riley and the Army hockey team than was expected last fall. Offensive star Dave Merhar (16 goals and 22 assists) says the team has played with a lot of spirit, but a series of injuries and some real tight defeats have combined for a rather disappointing 9-7 record. A glance at Army's Red Cross list this season shows more injuries than the Green Bay backfield. John Albrecht, Dave Merhar, and captain Mike Palone were out at the start of the season. Ned Doyle, a standout on the Red line is suffering from a separated shoulder and Mike Palone is out again, this time with a concussion. In the goal our skaters lost three goalies early in the season, and yearling Lee Carlson has had to play with a broken jaw. Lee has done an outstanding job in the net, and has been a real inspiration to the team by playing inspite of his injury.

Despite these tough breaks, Army has given its opposition a tough time, and but for some close losses could be at the top of the standings. The key defeats have been one goal setbacks to RPI, Colgate, North Eastern, and Dartmouth; all of these games were lost on last period goals. Blue line center Merhar feels that the high point of the season thus far was the 4-2 win over Brown. Brown is always tough, and it was a real inspired win for Army. The road ahead shows eight games remaining on the schedule, with some tough competition foreseen from the likes of Boston Univ. and Boston College. The team approaches the big one with R.M.C. with a lot of confidence after last year's 9-1 victory, though the game will be played in Ontario with Canadian checking rules.



Army has been getting fine games all year from such standouts as Mike Palone, Tony Curran, John Albrecht, Dave Merhar, Terry Kennedy, and Lee Carlson, but has been suffering from the usual lack of home support. As Dave Merhar commented, performance on the road doesn't suffer because, "All our games are like away games," Significantly all of Army's four close losses have been on our own ice. With some tough ones left at home against such teams as B.U. and B.C., let's see if we can't get up to Smith rink and give our team the support it deserves.

1967 ALL-OPPONENT FOOTBALL TEAM

by Chris Cole

Again this year the Pointer brings you the annual All- determined by votes cast by the 1967 Army Team and Opponent Football Team. The members of this team were compiled by our sports staff,

OFFENSE

QB J. Cartwright, Navy 68 21 6-0 190 Sharn Hill, Pa. HB G. Washngtn, Stnfrd 69 20 6-1 182 Long Bch, Cal. HB F. Quayle, Virginia 69 20 5-10 190 Grdn City, N.Y. FB J. Calabrese, Duke 68 22 6-0 215 College Pk, Md. FL Jerry Levias, SMU 69 21 5-10 170 Beaumont, Tex. C Mike Murphy, Duke 68 23 6-1 220 Louisville, Ky. G 235 Honolulu, H. Norm Chow, Utah 68 23 6-3 G Dick Fallon, AFA 68 21 6-1 212 Sioux City, L. T J. Trachtenberg, Utah 69 21 6-3 241 Fullerton, Calif. T Jerry Ragosa, BC 69 20 6-3 240 Norwalk, Conn. E Rob Taylor, Navy 68 21 6-2 189 Palo Alto, Cal. E Bob Longo, Pitt 68 21 6-4 205 Pittsburgh, Pa.

DEFENSE

Bill Dow, Navy 68 21 6-2 210 McLean, Va. E Norm McBride, Utah 69 20 6-3 231 Los Angls, Cal. Bob Laske, Duke, 68 21 6-3 230 Cheverly, Md. T J. Kimbrough, SMU 68 22 6-4 230 Haskell, Texas MG Bob Foyle, Duke 68 21 5-11 224 Hawthorne, N.J. LBDick Biddle, Duke 70 19 6-0 215 Prkrsbrg, W.Va. LB M. Raklewicz, Pitt 68 20 5-11 212 Harvey Lake, Pa. LB Marty Brill, Stnfrd 68 21 6-0 220 Palo Alto, Calif. Andy Beath, Duke 68 20 6-2 183 Clearwater, Fla. HB HB Neil Starkey, AFA 68 21 5-11 187 Dallas, Texas Floyd Burke, SMU 68 22 5-9 180 Amarillo, Texas S

JOACHIM . . .

(Continued from Page 21)

Before, he'd been the son of a rich man but he'd been disinherited or something. Between the wars, he'd traveled around the country to Boston and Chicago and San Francisco and a lot of other places. He said he just wanted to see what they were like. That's what he was doing down here just seeing what it was like and sooner or later he'd have to move on, but someday he wanted to settle down.

He used to talk so that anything he told you about was there and you could see it. He drew pictures with his words, pictures of grand and mysterious things he'd seen, and you saw them. And I saw them. I saw them so real I still dream about some of them at night. I even made him promise that if he ever left Chatagnier I could come with him.

The summer went fast until late in August when I had to go back so I could go to school. My mother was a lot better by then, so there was no real reason to stay anyway.

I didn't figure on seeing much of Joachim that winter, but that was the year of all the hurricanes in Louisiana. Uncle Al and Aunt Claire would come into Chatagnier when the first warnings went out and stay with us until things had calmed down again. Joachim would come with them and at night or when the storm was bad and we were all inside, he used to tell his stories. I remember sneaking halfway down the stairs after my bedtime to listen. I used to get down to the point where I could just see my mother in her chair watching him, and listening to that voice fill the room.

Anyway, it got to the point where they were coming in every three or four weeks the whole hurricane season.

Then my mother was going to have another baby. She'd never been strong, and she was still a little bit sick, so she started to spend a lot of time in bed.

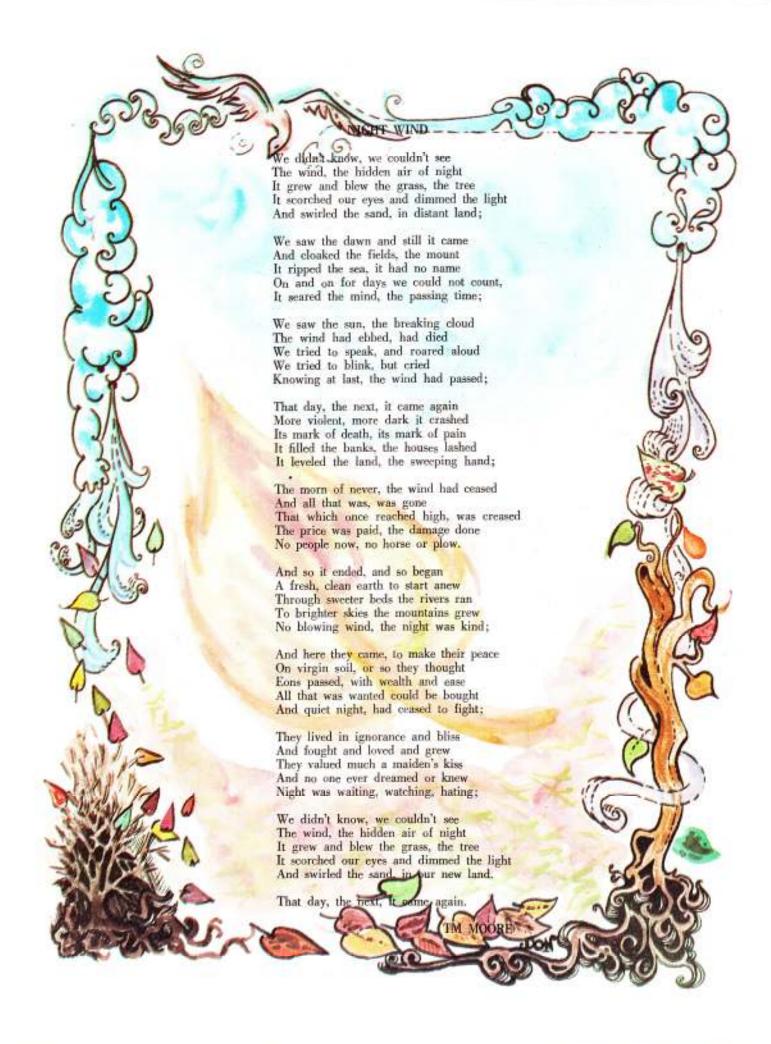
The year went by pretty quickly with the excitement and all, but school had to be extended to make up for all the days we missed. We finally got out in the middle of June and I went out to live with Uncle Al and Aunt Claire again, until the baby came in August.

That was the year my grandfather was King of the Cotton Festival and he





(Continued on Page 31)



(Continued from Page 29)

told us all to come up to Ville Platte for the week in August to see the Tournoi and the parade and everything. So, between the farm work and the baby and getting ready for our visit, it was pretty bectic. But Joachim still had time for stories. To hear him talk, he'd done more than any ten men I ever knew. Marine, cowboy, lumberjack everything.

We kept waiting for the baby, but it was late. It was all right, my father would tell me with a smile. It was very normal. Some women just take a little longer, that's what the doctor said. Nothing to worry about.

So we went to Ville Platte, Uncle Al and Aunt Claire and I. My father would come up as soon as the baby was born. Joachim was left to take care of the farm since it was almost harvest.

Ville Platte's a lot bigger than Chatagnier. It's the parish seat for Evangiline Parish. All the stores were decked out for the festival in bright colors. I felt lost and a little funny at first. The only people I knew were some cousins but after awhile it was alright. The Tournoi was as good as I'd always heard, but what I was waiting for was the parade and my grandfather.

He's really something, my grandfather. He had started with nothing and worked his way up in a cotton gin business until he owned it and then went on to buy interest in some farms and rice fields. He's pretty rich, but not as rich as he could be. He gets bored with something as soon as it's a success and sells it. I think I'm like him in a lot of ways.

We had a big dinner the day of the parade and I left the table early to make sure I had a good place for the whole thing. I was right up in front when the first band started to play.

There were bands from all the schools around and floats with the football teams. Dozens of horsemen dressed in Tournoi costumes and floats from all the stores came next, and then the mayor. The float with King Cotton was at the end. My grandfather looked so fine sitting up there in a white suit and his white hair and the white all around him, with pretty girls in evening gowns seated at his feet, that I wished my father could have been there. He couldn't have been any prouder than I was.

When I got back to the house, I found Aunt Claire packing my clothes. Hers and Uncle Al's were already packed. There had been a phone call during the parade.

the baby had been born dead.

We stopped at the farm only long enough to change clothes and leave the surcases. I was frightened and confused. I wanted to talk to someone and, i don't know, I just felt like Joachim would know what to do. But he wasn't at the farm.

He wasn't in town either. When I asked my father where he was, he just looked at me for awhile and then told me I was never to mention his name again.

I never saw Joachim again. At first I felt he deserted me when I needed him and broken his promise, but I began to forget about all that and just remember the wonders he showed me and the great times we had together. I used to think maybe I could find him again and we'd go off together.

When I was seventeen, I decided to quit high school and go out and travel or enlist or something. My father talked me out of it, though. He said my mother was too sick and if I did anything like that it would kill her.

So I stayed, but she died anyway. That was my last year. The house has been pretty alone since then. My father doesn't spend much time here, He's always working, ever since the baby, and more so now.

I've finished high school. I'm sup-

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posed to go on to LSU, but I don't want to. I've got too many things to do before I settle down. I know what I want, but trying to explain it to my father was impossible. I couldn't find the words. The only way I could explain was to tell him I wanted to be like Joachim for awhile.

He sat stunned for a moment, as if I had hit him and he didn't believe it. Then he started to laugh and cry at the same time. His body shook as if he were in convulsions, and I almost went downstairs to get Doctor Fusilier. My father stopped me. I tried to get him to tell me what was wrong, but he just said to get out and leave him alone for a time, he'd be all right.

When I told Uncle AI all this, he looked very tired and he said there were some things a man just can't say to his son. I asked him what he meant. He looked at me for a long time, and then told me to sit down, He figured I was old enough to understand.

The baby had red hair.

I don't know yet if I'm going to LSU. I haven't made my mind up yet. I'll probably go, but I don't know. I keep thinking of so many places I want to go. And when I come back, I want to be King of the Cotton Festival.

-BRENNER

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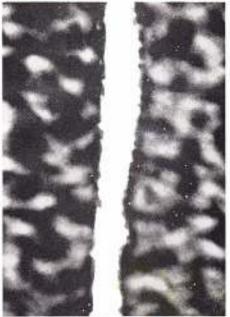
Pyrene . . .

so glad to know that all firsties may now go across the great water to be shot at in the branch of his choice . . . almost . . . if irgas doesn apostrphe t stop cackling about air force igas and i will be forced to glide him off the clock tower . . . igas was not allowed to go airborne for fear of air pollution . . . woo poo playing its favorite game paradox again . . . first they give firsties poop sheets on how to break in cars and then they give us three miles and a fifteen mile per hour speed limit to do it in . . . irgas not getting married for quite a while after graduation . . six hours . . . he knows all about getting a marriage license . . . but cannot find any peop on learners permits . . . cows should be in good shape for oc after navy exchange . . . one was clocked at five laps around crab town before their plebes caught him and took him skating . . . the tac asked the yearling coq how long it would take to get all pap corn pappers out of company . . . ccq replied about three months with concerted effort . . . had best hide the ty coffee pot and electric tooth brush too . . . plebe on my table maintains that if april showers bring may flowers . . . may flowers should bring pilgrims . . . be will brace at buckner . . . due to lack of interest towarror has been conceled

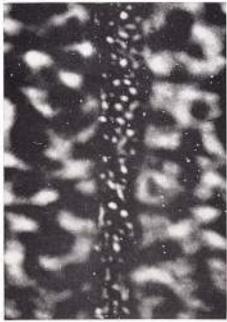
Fluxless fusion means fast connections at Western Electric.

Do you really need vats of muriatic acid, pots of paste, jars of powder or cores of rosin to solder pieces of metal together? Plus time to heat each part and then to melt the solder? No. At Western Electric's Engineering Research Center we've discovered that if you force hot solder between cold metals held tightly together, they'll stick fast — without pickling, flux, or even much heat.

The pressure between parts and the flow of molten solder exclude corrosive gases. The molten solder itself raises temperatures quickly with little thermal shock. The injected melt both cleans and wets the surfaces. And, if necessary, a die mold gives precise shape and rapid cooling.







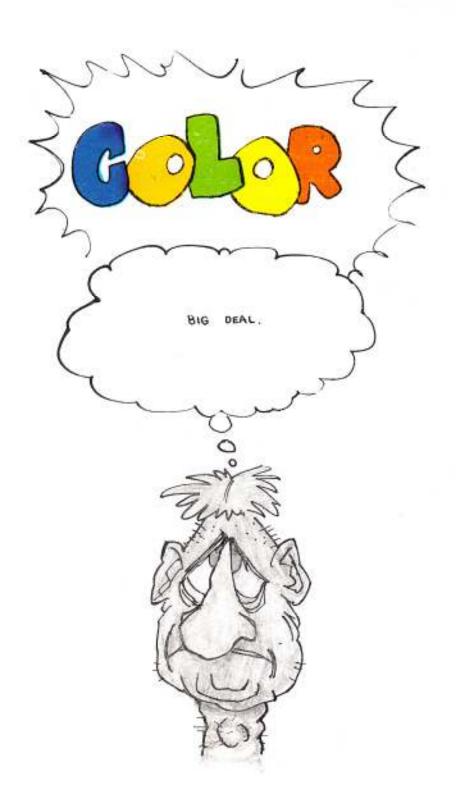
Actual joining times range from 1/10th to 1 second, far faster than hand-soldering. The small amount of energy required safeguards sensitive materials. Equipment is simple, inexpensive, and easy to maintain. Precision control is maintained even over wide latitudes of operation.

Experiments with a dozen basic metals, some 15 methods of application, and all sorts of wires, leads, parts and pieces prove the new method offers a more economical and flexible means to mass-produce electrical and mechanical connections. If you consider the billions of connections we make each year for the Bell System, and how reliable each must be, fluxless methods of metal joining offer great potential.



In these photomicrographs molten solder is forced between two copper wires spaced about 0.1 mil apart.

MR & MRS CARSON 1110 W NEW YORK ST AURORA ILL 60508







There's <u>new muscle</u> in roadbuilding!

Full-Depth Deep-Strength Asphalt pavements

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Cross-section of Full-Depth TA Deep-Strength Asphalt pavement



FLASH!!

Local Boys Make Good

West Point, NY, Feb. 26 — Flash! Flash! Hometown boys make good. Recently, approximately 3200 local boys were awarded the National Defense medal. To record this momentous occasion our roving *Pointer* photographer dropped in on a recent clandestine after-taps ceremony. The scene was the presentation of the medals to the First Regimental Staff by their stalwart commander, Frank Audrain. Notice the conspicuous gleam of pride on the faces of the recipients (that gleam will quickly disappear once they see next month's fixed account statement). Seem ridiculous? Not so! After all there are only 76 and a butt days left.





The deadliest animal



in the forest.

He causes 9 out of 10 forest fires because he's careless with matches, with smokes, and with campfires.

Don't you be careless. Please—only you can prevent forest fires.







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POINTER STAFF 1967-68

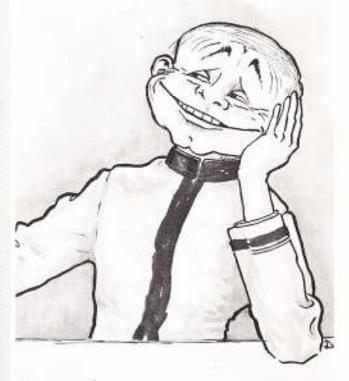
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SPRING ISSUE

Trying to brighten things up just a bit, this issue offers plenty of art and some brand new stories. AN IMMODEST ARPPRASIAL and REV-EILLE are specially good. WEST POINT PRIMER and A NIGHT IN THE 35th are also worth perusal. Take a good look at SANDY and don't forget to stop by JACK WOOD'S.



ANGNT ® 35



AND THEN ...

SILENCE.

ABSOLUTE SILENCE
PERVADED THE DARK
HALLS OF THE 35TM,
NO ONE STIRRED...
IT WAS QUIET...
TOO QUIET,

AND THEN A NOISE. FAINT, BUT ALWAYS STRONGER ...

IT WAS THE FAMILIAR, BUT DREADED ...

"35™ SHUFFLE"

NOW NO ONE WOULD

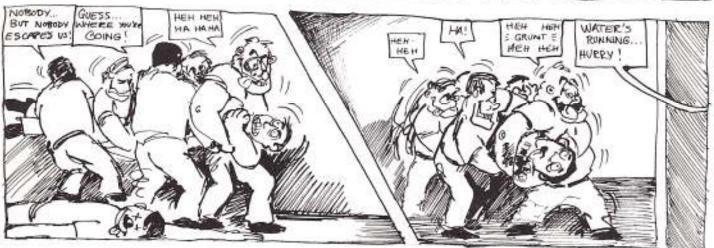




... IT WAS AFTER TAPS... AND SUPPENLY THEY
APPEARED... THE "VIGILANTES" ~ THRILL SEEKING 1971'S...
PINALLY DARKNESS HAD ARRIVED... AND THEY WERE
OUT FOR BLOOD ... AND GENERAL NO GOOD ...











...AND THUS THE CREATURES OF THE NIGHT ... THWARTED... RETURN TO THE DARK CORNERS OF THE DIVISION ... THEY SLEEP ... UNTIL THE NEXT TIME , WHEN THEY WILL AGAIN COME FORTH TO THE STEP AND TUNE OF THE DREADED ...

35" SHUFFLE"

KINCHHERGER

Zorgan the Conqueror

by GEOFFREY PORSCH

From our last episode we learned that after two thousand years of mummification, the diabolical remains of Xutotun, chief priest of the black order of Malakai, have been rejuvenated to human form through the mystic powers of the sacred jewel of Soloma. Fear now rightfully strikes in the heart of the brawniest man, for the gates of Hell have opened with the rebirth of Xutotun. It is the year of the serpent and Xutotun has cast an ominous and deadly plague upon Zomora as part of his devious plan of wrath. Zorgan, a powerful barbarian mercenary, has been unleashed to destroy Xutotun and to curb his program of death.

Zorgan streaked with gazelle-like bounds across the barren plain leading to Xutotun's cursed palace of Zelphai. His giant corded muscles stood out in iron ridges, and his features were frozen in a death snarl of fury. Suddenly, the black towers of Zelphai rose gloomily against the stars that were mirrored in the waters of the surrounding moat; around him the desert stretched away in dim darkness; somewhere a jackal yapped. Zorgan's heart beat quicker as he glimpsed a black, triangular bulk looming against the shadowy sky. Instantly the brute saw him; its long yellow tusks gleaming in the shadows. With a cannibalistic bellow the ape came rolling in on him, swinging wide its sinewy arms. Zorgan plunged in between the arms and struck home his sword with all his desperate power. He felt the blade sink to the hilt in the hairy breast, and instantly, releasing it, he ducked his head and bunched his whole body into a compact mass of knotted muscles. As he did so, he grasped the closing arms and drove his knee fiercely into the monster's belly, bracing himself against the crushing grapple. For one dizzy instant he felt as if he were being dismembered in the grip of an earthquake. Then suuddenly he was free, sprawling before the castle as the monster was gasping out its life beneath him, its bloody eyes turned upward, and the hilt of his poniard quivering in its breast.

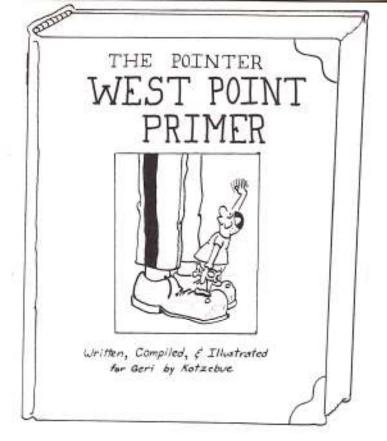
Zorgan crossed the draw bridge and with the senseless ferocity of a wounded tiger, he smashed the palace gate with his hefty battle axe. Once inside, Zorgan gazed down a narrow corridor that ran away into blackness. Quickly traversing the hallway and silently descending a crystal staircase, he discovered a tall, dark sentry standing silent at the base of the stairs. As Zorgan stealthfully approached the guard, a dagger flashed in the dim light. With the quickness of a jungle cat, Zorgan caught the husky wrist and smashed his hammer-like fist against the Zulu's jaw. The man's head went back against the granite wall with a dull crunch that told of a fractured skull. Zorgan listened intently. Nothing stirred in the blackness beyond, though far away and below him, he caught the faint, muffled note of a gong.

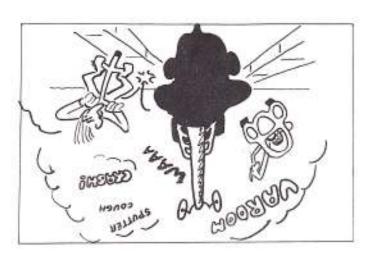
He had not gone far when he halted, baffled. The corridor split into two branches, and he had no way of knowing which led to Xutotun. Zorgan chose the left which slanted slightly downward and was worn smooth by many feet. Strewn along the hall were crumbling skulls and shin bones that had been split lengthwise for the marrow. Zorgan's iron nerves suddenly clinched as he depicted the hysterical shriek of a female from behind a great bronze door. His mighty hands knotted into iron hammers, and the door easily gave way under the savage pounding of his huge fists. In a large room, stretched out lengthwise on a table of carven jade, lay a supple young girl. Her wrists and ankles were shackled and but for a broad jewel-crusted girdle about her waist, she was quite nude. Hovering over her were a pack of Malakai priests preparing to cut out her heart as an offering to Thog, the god of pestilence. With a tigerish leap, Zorgan seized the nearest priest by the neck and jerked his head backward so suddenly and with such force that the sound of snapping vertebrae could be heard across the room. Then he raised the body high above is head and cast it into the faces of the priests charging upon him. As they staggered back he tore the girl's bindings from their fastenings, seized her up quickly, and swung her into the corridor.

The girl grasped his arm and motioned down the passageway as if to guide him. Zorgan followed her swiftly through a labyrinthine maze of black corridors that confused even his primitive sense of direction. He mentally cursed himself for being a fool and allowing himself to be led into a black abode of mystery. The girl suddenly halted and advanced towards him apparently without apprehension. Her ivory skin showed her to be of some ancient noble family, and like all such women, she was tall, lithe and voluptuously figured, with blonde hair which fell like silk about her bare shoulders. "I thank you for saving me from those dogs," she said "but you, a stranger and a foreigner, are mad to come to the forbidden castle of Zelphai." With a movement too quick for the eyes to follow, Zorgan's hand encircled her small round throat, lightly as a caress, "Not a sound out of you!" he muttered. "Do not fear," she answered, "I will not betray you." somewhat relieved but still wary, Zorgan said, "I'm looking for the black priest Xutotun. Do you know where is in the palace?" "Why do you seek him?" she parried. "Xutotun had cast a deadly plague upon the hamlets of Zamora and will not rest until his plan of death had consumed all of their citizens." The girl replied, "I have no love for Xutotun, but he draws his magical prowess from the sacred jewel of Soloma and with its potent cosmic power, he can thwart all foes, whether human or supernatural." "But what would become of Xutotun if the jewel were destroyed," Zorgan asked, "His power would be usurped," she replied, "and he would return to the dust from whence he came. I can lead you to Xutotun but the location of the jewel is a closely guarded secret." As, this mysterious girl grasped his arm, he felt her smooth ivory flesh to be cold as marble, yet there was no fear in the wide, dark eyes which regarded him. As they started down a hallway he was startled to see her eyes now glowing like golden fire in the dark.

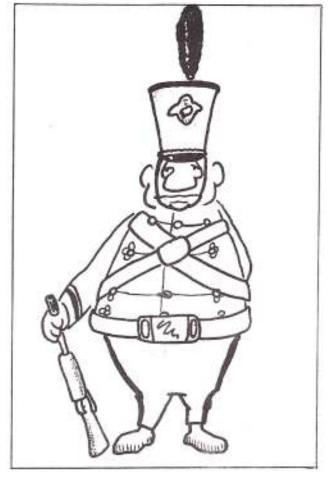
In this mystic, fair damsel guiding Zorgan to Xutotun or is she leading him to a death trap? The next episode of Zorgan the Conqueror will tell.



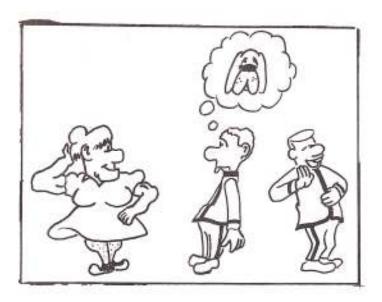




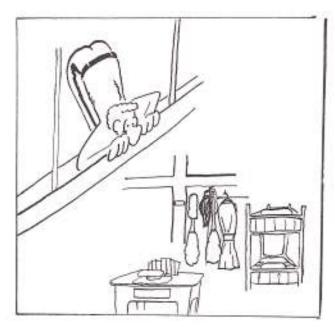
See the cadet.
See his nice uniform.
You call it "neat."
We call it "monkey suit."
But we know he likes it.
After all, he paid two C notes for the thing.



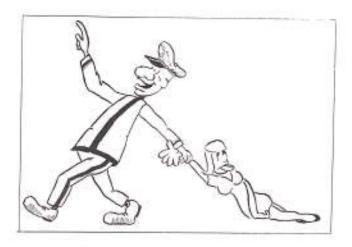
See the M.P.
He has three seconds to live.
See the firsties.
See the firsties drive.
Drive, firsties, drive.
The firsties will be paying for their cars for the rest of their lives. If they live that long.



See the nice girl.
See the nice cadet.
The cadet calls the girl "Woof Woof."
See the cadet's "friend."
Laugh, friend, laugh.
Next week you will be poop-sheeted.
Poop, poop, poop.



See the cadet in con.
See the cadet suffer.
Suffer, cadet, suffer.
He has been in the light for a week.
Last week he climbed the walls.
Next week he will contemplate his account stamp.
He is being sent to Siberia.
For rest and recreation.



See the nice girl on her first date.
What fun she is having.
Fun, fun, fun.
She has just counted all the cannons on trophy point.
Before that she counted the lights in Cullum Hall.
She is now going to see redoubts Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 19 and 178.
Aren't you glad you know a cadet?
Don't you wish everybody did?



See the cadets.
See the cadets pray.
Pray, cadets, pray.
You'll need help from somewhere.
'Cause the chaplain is writing you up.



An Immodest Appraisal by Bruce Erion

INTRODUCTION

"Good afternoon battle fans, and welcome to today's broadcast of Professional War, brought to you, by the makers of the Hyper-Hydrogen Bomb for 1989. Their motto: "Deterrence is our most important product". Today's battle will be one of utmost importance for, as you know. this contest will be the deciding factor in who will represent the different leagues in the up and coming Nuclear Bowl which will be broadcast over many of these same stations. The Democratic Pugilistic League, with a record of 6 wins and I loss, is heavily favored over the Communistic Pugilistic League in today's event The U.N. referees are talking to the respective Army commanders now and we should be getting to the action any time. Be sure to be on hand for the half time ceremony as the People's Liberation Army of Red China has a real fine show planned. The Armies are coming on line now so we'll switch to remote system for our play by play action with General Kurt Williams, U.S.A. retired."

Absurd and unrealistic? Totally impossibe? According to Webster's dictionary, war can be defined as any conflict or contest. If war were conducted in the manner implied by the foregoing "broadcast", would it not qualify as a very real and sporting contest? One should recall also, that Indian tribes (nations) used to settle their differences in a game of lacrosse, here are benefits to be realized by introducing the sporting aspect to the art of war.

The reader, before dismissing the proposal as idealistic idiocy, is asked only to make a cursory perusal of the suggestions to follow. If, after having read them, the suggestions still sound wholly unfeasible, then the matter will be considered forgotten and we can turn our thoughts to the more pressing situation of the USS Pueblo and her crew. (Which, under the suggested course of waging war, could have been handled nicely with the forfeiture of points and the threat of expulsion from the Pugilistic League. Would the Green Bay Packers concede to an ultimatum were they faced with expulsion from the NFL?) Now give the following some serious thought.

Protest Marches are becoming as common today as Sunday afternoon football games, and about as many people attend them. While a tremendous throng sits in sub-zero weather to observe eleven man teams inflict bodily harm on one another, still another, equally large mass, walks in circles to protest the policy of the Government which protects their very right to attend such (nonsensical) goings-on. The victor of the football game, (America's "clean cut afternoon sport") is awarded much praise and recognition. The number of times an American combat unit has been praised for gains made in their war against oppression of defenseless nations can be counted on about as many fingers as it takes to dial a phone. If the armed forces of this nation could be elevated to the same status currently held by the professional football teams of today, then our struggle against that horrid and omnipresent threat of Communism would benefit greatly.

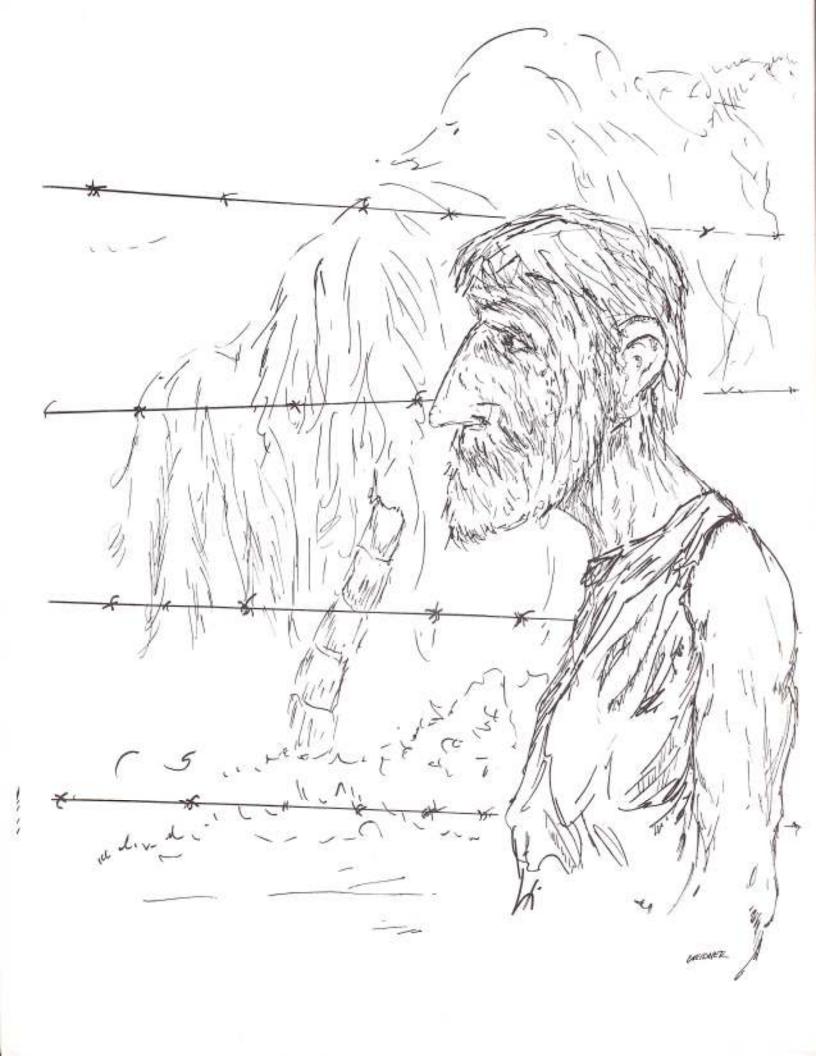
It is hereby proposed, therefore, that armed conflict, in defense of the values of opposing nations, be structured along the lines of the competitive football games that are so common today. The following suggestions are offered to further this aim: A. Two leagues should be set up under the guidance of the National rootball League (NrL).

 The Democratic Pugitistic League (DPL) would encompass all those countries embracing democratic tendencies.

- The Communistic Pugilistic League (CPL) would be comprised of countries with tenets approximating any form of Communism, Fascism, Socialism, etc.
- B. Neutral countries will be bid for in much the same manner as college players are gathered for Pro teams. These neutral countries will be listed in relative order of importance, and draft choices will be made fairly under the direction of the United Nations.
- C. Each league will unify its armed forces and will be allowed to enter a certain specified number of Army divisions in each contest. This number will be the same for each league regardless of the poppulation or military establishment embraced by the league.
- When nations combine their forces within a league, they will establish before-hand who is to be the team captain and coach for the respective battle. It is suggested that the honor of team captain and coach be bestowed upon all the nations within a league at one time or another, this is to reduce the chances of an inter-league dispute.
- Although the number of participating divisions is to be specified, the type of unit to be employed is the decision of the coaches with certain broad limits set by the U.N. league headquarters. For example, no unconventional warfare will be allowed without specific approval of the U.N. headquarters.
- D. The playing areas will be designated by the U.N. and will be so designed as to test a league's ability to fight in any climate and under any conditions.
- The vast wastelands of Alaska or Siberia will be suitable for the Artic series of battles. This series of battles is to be held in the Winter to afford the leagues the apportunity to train in cold weather at their practice fields prior to the conflict.
- The Mojave desert and the jungles of Africa will also be considered in determining playing sites.
- E. Referees will be appointed by the U.N. and all decisions of these judges will be final.
- U.N. officials will attend a coaches' clinic, set up by the Office of Physical Education at West Point, N.Y., to insure their proficiency in their duties. These clinics will be monitored by representatives from both leagues to insure equity. (And adherence to neatness, etc.)

At each contest there will be referees from both leagues on the playing field.

- F. Scoring criteria will be announced by a special committee of the U.N. prior to each battle.
- Points will be allotted to each league commensurate with tactical gains made in the respective battle. (These gains to be measured in kilometers).
- Each competing country within a league will be divided into sectors and these sectors assigned point values in accordance with the geographic and military importance of that sector. As a team amasses points due to tactical (Continued on Page 30)



T H E

H U T

By BOB KING

He groaned as he rolled over on his mat. Behind the hut leaves rustled gently, and the stifling heat of mid-morning was everywhere. Listening carefully, he heard muffled fragments of a nearby conversation, mingled with the quiet sounds of the surrounding jungle. Everything around him was peaceful.

Waking up a little, he rubbed his tired eyes and scanned the interior of his bamboo and mud hut. Shining through a crack in the wall, down across his worn fatigue trousers, over his filty, infected foot, and onto the nearby wall was a lonely shaft of sunlight, sometimes blindingly bright, at other times a pale contact with reality. Sitting up, he looked at a notched column on the opposite wall. The brillian! heam of light fell atmost directly into the ninth notch.

His back ached from another day on the hard packed, dirt floor. Leaning on his right elbow, he peered into a dark corner, searching for an often-notched bamboo column. Although he knew the exact position of every bank, he counted meticulously until he arrived at 119. Today was his fourth month in the hut. He reached behind the bamboo column, dug into the dry ground and extracted a small, rusty knife with a cracked handle. He shook the dirt off and opened the reddish-brown blade, remembering how he had found it as he tried to tunnel out of the hut.

Later, he had tried to cut through the bamboo walls and found it an impossible task, especially for arms weakened by months of inactivity. He tried to dig his way out several more times, but he had always been caught by a guard and severely beaten. He continued to try, but his attempts were more timid, and more feeble because of his growing weakness. He cut the one hundred and twentieth notch into the worn wood, folded the knife, and pushed it back into the torn earth in the corner. The hole was left carefully covered so the floor would appear undisturbed.

Looking about the squalid hut he noticed the small rice bowl and water cup which had not been moved since the night before. Usually, they were taken by a guard at midnight, and replaced a few minutes later, filled with dry rice and warm, stale water. Often he had considered attacking this guard, but he always sensed that there were others a few feet away, and he was sure that leaving the hut would result in death.

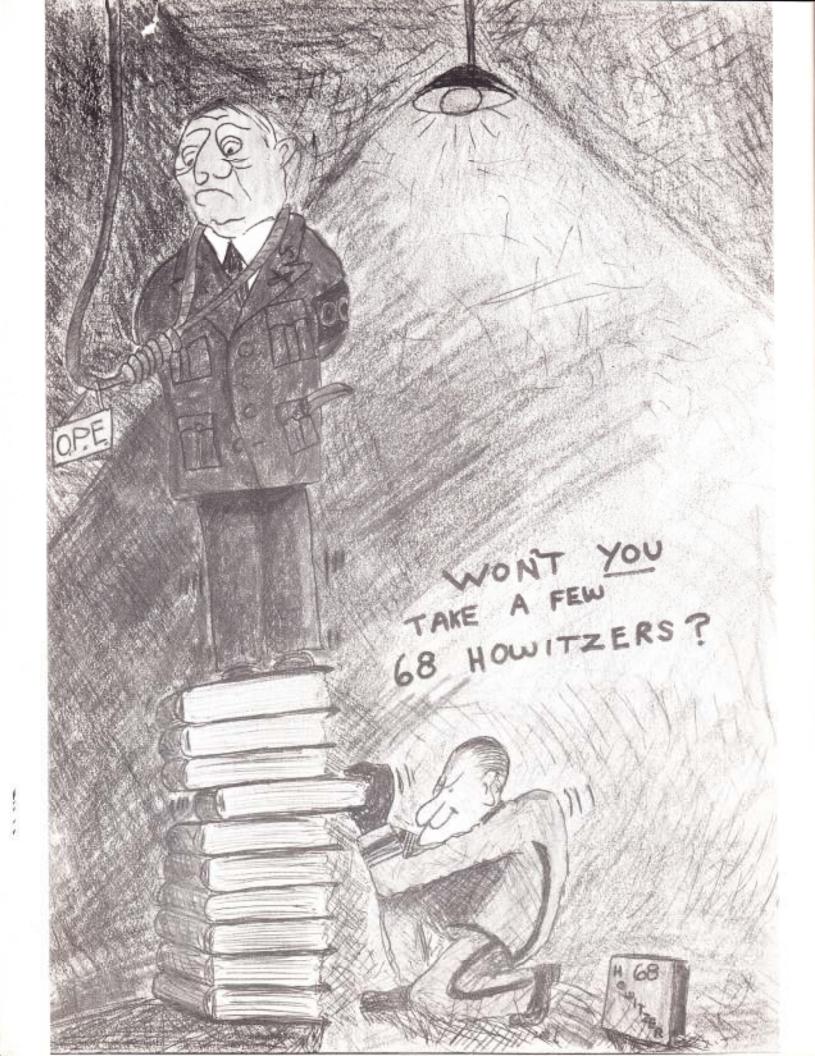
He started violently, as he heard the hollow thump of wood on wood outside. Someone was removing the two wooden cross pieces that barred the door tightly shut. His heart beat rapidly as he felt the unpleasant sensation of fear-strained muscles.

The door swung open and in the surge of blinding sunlight and the putrid smell of fresh air he saw a guard with a hayoneted rifle. As his vision returned to normal he also noticed an officer. With him was a third man, not dressed in a uniform. They entered the hut, making it seem even smaller than it was.

The third man spoke in mechanically perfect, but graceless English.

"On your feet." Then the officer began to speak in official tones, uttering a few phrases at a time in a foreign language. The third man would pause, nod, and translate.

"Your statements were false." He looked beyond them, realizing how close he was to the simple beauty of the world beyond, "There was no outpost, as you indicated it. It cost me two men to look," Only five feet to freedom. He could break out and be gone in a second. "We did capture one of the members of your old unit. He has been talking quite freely." He suddenly felt very lonely. He stared blankly at the officer. A few crude phrases slipped between his shaky teeth, as spots danced before his eyes. Then he felt something hard and wooden smash into his face and the spots exploded into thousands of bright stars. He fell backwards, onto a cushion of midnight.













a changing face never revealing the thoughts
which mock me mirthfully dancing
behind her mysterioius stare
and laugh gleefully

confusion.





ARMY RUGBY 68

by Chris Cole

Rugby football is defined as "a form of football played between two teams of fifteen men each, in which the ball is propelled toward the opponent's goal by kicking or carrying, but in which no player of the side in possession of the ball may be ahead of the ball while it is paly." To the observer without any knowledge of the game, this would appear to be a large game of keep away. To the experienced observer it is a simple man-to-man contest for a bloated football.

Rugby resembles soccer in that there is a great deal of running to move the ball and American football in its tackling to stop forward progress. Actually it is a game of much less complicated execution. Each team consists of 15 players, 8 forwards and 7 backs. The forwards get the ball to the backs, who in turn advance it by running or passing it from one to another. The object of the advancement is the downing of the ball across their opponent's goal for 3 points. Having accomplished this, they have earned a kick at goal (2 points) which is taken anywhere on a line perpendicular too the point at which the ball crossed the goal line in the original score. Play is continuous during two halfs of 30 or 35 minutes each with a five minute half time. During this time there are no substitutions, not even for injuries. And there is little to prevent injury as there are no pads of any sort permitted.

Any player may run with, pass, or kick the ball. Forward passes, fumbles to advance the ball, lying on the ball throwing it out of bounds (into touch, in Rugby terminology), and holding on to the ball after being tackled are all illegal. Being offside is also illegal. This occurs at any point in play when a player of the team advancing the ball, who is actively participating in the play (running toward the play or preparing to receive the pass) gets in front of the

man carrying the ball. Minor infractions of rules cause a scrummage, major infractions an awarding of a penalty kick to the other team. Blocking, tripping, and obstructing are prohibited; only the ball carrier may be tackled.

At this point the question of what a scrum (scrummage) is. A quick observation would lead one to believe that it is a group of sixteen men, 8 men from each team, interlocked in an attempt to push one another off the field. A set scrum need only meet two requirements: 1) the front row consists of three players; 2) the head of a player in the front row may not be next to the head of a player on the same team. The scrum is caused by a stoppage of play due to an infraction. The ball is put into play (tossed into the scrum) by the scrum-half of the team not responsible for the stoppage as soon as the two front rows come together. The ball is then kicked back and out of the scrum to a back, usually the scrum-half.

The loose scrum (as opposed to the set scrum just described) occurs when any two opposing players are on their feet, the ball on the ground between them, and they are in physical contact. This may occur after a tackle and the two players have risen to their feet. The ball is again kicked out of this loose scrum to another player and the run is on again.

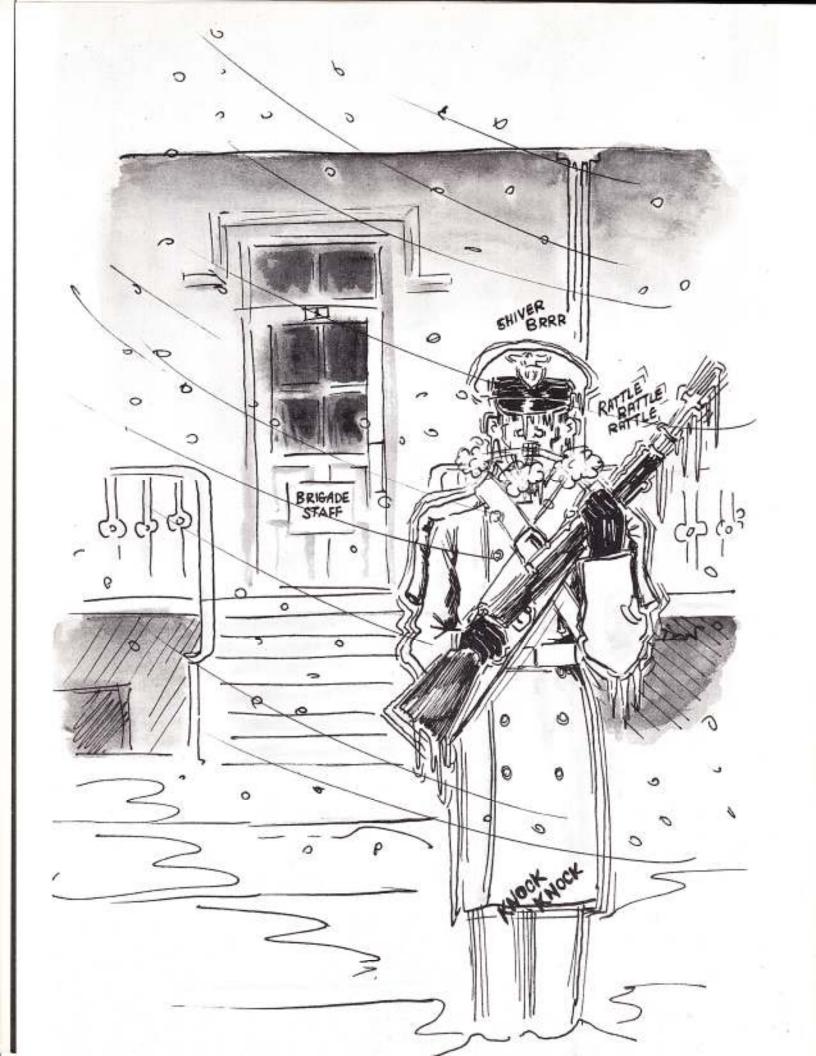
This briefly is the game of Rugby — very briefly, for the rules are extensive, as they need be to cover all possibilities of play. However, this should be enough for the novice to understand a little about the game. This brief description has been paraphrased from notes on Rugby

(Continued on Page 28)

ARMY RUGBY '68

68MARCH WEST POINT BLOSSOM VASHINGTON D.C. APRIL TOURNAMENT CORNELL A, B WEST POINT OLD BLOOM A, B, C APRIL 720 WEST POINT PHILADELPHIA A.B APRIL WEST POINT PRINCETON A, B, & MAY PRINCETON (N.J. BLACKHEATH A WEST POINT MAY SOUTH BEND, IND. MAY 1 FORDHAM B,C WEST POINT MAY 11 BROWN PROVIDENCE R.I.

HOME GAMES PLAYED AT HOWZE FIELD A-1:30 B-3:30



Stopping By Jack Wood's On A Snowy Evening

By J. McDermott

It was during the long winter of my plebe year that I first questioned the practice of having plebes stand in sub-zero temperatures for long minutes waiting for stripe-ladened upperclasmen to stagger out at the three second bell dressed warmly in unauthorized articles. Huddled in that gray engineering marvel known as the short overcoat, trying inconspicuously to protect my frozen face with an upturned collar that wouldn't stay that way, I seriously wondered if the character I was building was favorably proportional to the frost-bite I was suffering. Now an upperclassman, burdened with yearling responsibilities, I am able to place in proper perspective the whole practice. (It's amazing what two warm minutes at reveille will do for your perspective.)

But last year there were many times when I contemplated telling the Gods of our little world, the CADET CAPTAINS, exactly what I thought of their policies. I imagined myself writing nasty notes on those forms for recommendations to people high in the proverbial Chain, including the biggest link of them all, the Brigade Commander, Mr. Jack Wood.

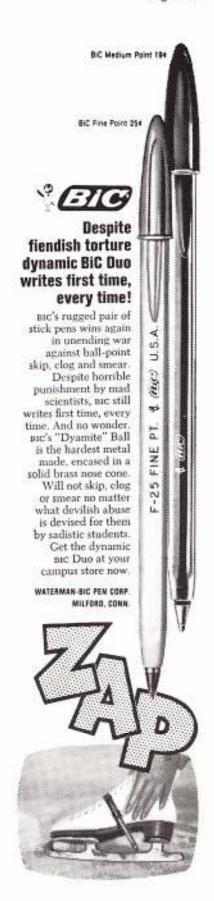
I was fairly sure that my excellent writing ability would be able to make him see the error of his ways and change the policy of making plebes stand out in the cold. However, after weighing the pros and cons of that idea, I never got around to writing to him. Only now can I publish the dangerous reflections that manifested themselves in my admittedly "Frosty" brain one cold evening last year:

> Stopping by Jack Wood's on a Snowy Evening Who's Wood's patsy? I think I know, His plebes are warm on SI though. He will not see me trembling here, watching the stoops fill up with snow.

> A little hoarse, I think it queer, my freezing throat, my frozen ear should freeze some more for Jack Wood's sake the coldest evening of the year.

I give my bracing neck a shake and feel layers of thin ice break. The only sound is the gray sheep, condoning Wood's tragic mistake.

CAPTAINS are handsome, tall and deep, but they have Aptitude to keep, and files to bone before they sleep, and files to bone before they sleep.





Reflections On The

"I LISTEN VAINLY FOR THE WITCHING MELODY OF FAINT BUGLES BLOWING REVEILLE" 1

VS.

"O BED! O BED! DELICIOUS BED." 2

General MacArthur was brilliant and eloquent, but there seems to be little doubt as to where the support lies.

1 General Douglas MacArthur as quoted in "Duty", Bugle Notes, LVI (1964) 106-107.

2 Hood as quoted in the '67 Pointer Calendar, 43.

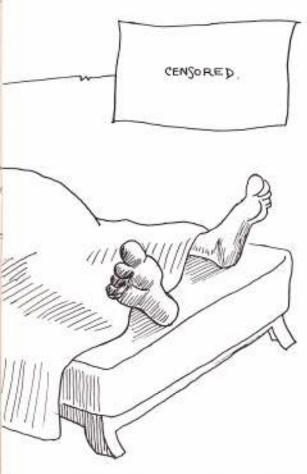
There is nothing more alarming than to be shocked into reality by the grating squeal of a window closing slowly at five-thirty in the morning. It is not to be blamed on the plebe, who daily performs the duty deemed desirable by denizens of East Barracks. Awakening from their state of semi-hibernation, the upperclassmen cannot bear the discomfort of throwing off their brown boys and being buffeted by blasts of chilled air. This in itself would be tolerable, if it were not the first in a series of events which reach their climax in the sacred and revered institution affectionately called

% &@ ñ §●† ♦ REVEILLE

There is nothing more alarming than the two-fisted pummeling one's ear-drums receive as the shock wave of the reveille cannon rushes back from Constitution Island just in time to reinforce the first clanging vibrations of the ten minute bell. Unfortunately, Poe, drawing on his brief, but noteworthy career as a cadet, has relegated any attempt to describe that infernal bell to the role of doggerel, but one does not think too poetically at five-thirty A.M. and brief reminiscences of rolling, and tolling, and tintinnabulation are pushed into drowsy oblivion by the more timely vernacular,

% &@ ñ §●† ♦ REVEILLE

There is nothing more alarming than the compressed fibers in one's pillow suddenly undergoing stress reversal,



Value Of Reveille

JACK COCHRAN

and becoming tension fibers. This might not seem to present a particularly grave crisis, but the student who is unswervingly obedient at all times and also a first class engineer, will readily recognize the implications of the above. Having managed to beat off the attack of the cannon, one's head withdraws from its downy haven, unable to escape the combined assault of the bell, now ringing a staccato, in harmony with a plebe chanting a forte, "Sir, there are five minutes until assembly for . . . " yes, screwbean, we know,

There is nothing more alarming than the thought that some twenty-nine year old married man has nothing better to do than prowl around at reveille formation, dodging bleary-eyed cadets whose journey to ranks is rivaled only by the Washington salmon's trip up the river in the field of instinctive homing. The sleuth quickly becomes the grandiose leader, who suddenly is vitally interested in whether his young charges are warm enough, and therefore inspects them all. This same man, who so recently scoffed at the idea of earmuffs, shakes a reprimanding finger, or is it a rolled 2-1?, the sun hasn't come up yet — at those who fail to wear a gray jacket under their overcoats, The officer leaves, and the company is dismissed Within a minute not a sound is heard, except for the mail carrier's rustling of papers and quiet closing of doors, which drowns the mutterings of those who, crawling under their brown boys, regret their decision to forego wearing their jackets to

% &@ ñ §●† ♦ REVEILLE

There is nothing more alarming than the reaction which rises from issuing an unpleasant directive to the company. An attempt is made to sound authoritative, support for the order is feigned, in order to prevent apathy, yet it becomes all too obvious that the words are drifting beyond the troops. "Buck up reveille formation . . . looks like hell . . . tac wants . . . maintain our image . . . just like dinner... "The faces of stone, tapped by the shaft of the great leader, pour forth vituperative verbiage. A clamor rises, a dichotomy of resignation to the inevitable, and . protest against the unceasing. The meeting ends, and only the shufffling of chairs, and sardonic laughter, blot out the grumbling about

% &@ ñ §●† ♦ REVEILLE

There is nothing more alarming for a plebe than to wake up with a start, look hurriedly at his watch, and realize that all the other head mail carriers have already picked up the newspapers for their companies, and at five forty-five the tattered and scattered remains of twenty-three New York Times must satisfy the needs of twenty-eight upperclass rooms. Leaping out of bed, and invariably creasing his forehead on his bunkmate's bed rail, the frantic fourthclassman stumbles into his trousers, steps on both shoes, and rushes out the door, which naturally slams shut resounding throughout the cavernous, though conspicuously quiet hallway. Returning to pick up his hat, neglected in the panic, he is confronted by his roommate, who, regaining his composure after falling from the top bunk, calmly asks where his flustered friend is going. The reply prompts a thunderous roar which sends the mail carrier to abvsmal depths of despair: "Today's Sunday, you idiot, there is no % &@ ñ § ●† ◆ REVEILLE

There is nothing more alarming than discovering that, coincidentally, the first time all year that the platoon sergeant checks the first class is also the first time that someone decides to skip reveille. The administration and paper work is quick, and soon the guilty party finds himself before the commandant. He is an understanding man, who feels that the next two months will greatly benefit the young lad's character. To drive home his thoughts, the commandant tells the story of his roommate, John Dzanski, who also skipped reveille formation when they were cadets, and did it more than once. And even though John was never caught, he lost the respect of the future commandant, who was convinced that anyone who was unwilling to make such a small sacrifice could never be an effective leader. "Sir, why do we have reveille, anyway?" asks the convicted cadet. The general half-smiled and began to reply, "Son, . . . " "Excuse me sir, Lieutenant General Dzanski would like to talk to you on the telephone." The commandant excused the cadet, and left. The guilty one rose slowly, shook his head and mused half-aloud, "Why do we have

% &@ñ §●† ♦ REVEILLE

MAMMA

Mamma Leone's Ristorante
"Where strong appetites are met and conquered."
239 West 48th Street, JU 6-5151

ARE YOU KIDDING ME? DEPT .:

The following was posted on all company B-Boards recently. In case you didn't notice it, we are publishing this reprint as a public service to make sure everyone gets the word.

UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY
VEST POINT, NEW YORK 10996
Educational Resources & Technology Division

MADN-3C

19 January 1968

SUBJECT: Additions to System

TO:

All Users

- 1. In the local version of CADETRAN selective octal listing may be had thru the use of \$OCT and \$NOCT dards (\$ is in col. 1). When encountered, \$OCT will cause octal listing to start and \$NOCT will cause octal listing to stop. These cards override sense switch #15 if they are encountered.
- 2. Im both the local and remote versions of CADETRAN a \$NSS (\$ in col. 1 NSS in 2, 3 & 4) card will eliminate subscript checking on 1 and 2 dimensional arrays. It has the same effect as and will override the use of sense switch #17. A \$SS (\$ in col. 1) will cause subscript checking to be resumed. NOTE: Subscript checking for an array is determined at that time it appears in a COMMON or TIMENSION statement. If a \$NSS is in effect at the time of a COMMON or DIMENSION statement, all arrays in the statement will have subscript checking eliminated. Also two or more COMMON and/or DIMENSION statements following each other are considered as one large statement by the compiler. Only the last \$NSS or \$SS card seen will be in effect for the whole block of statements.
- Card CADETRAN will no longer be updated. The June 1966 version will be available for users if desired.
- 4. Effective Monday, 22 January 1968, the Academic Computer Center will begin operating with a Tape/Disc version of CADETRAN. There will be no difference in user operating procedures and all tapes (handlers 1, 2 and 3) required for operating the system will be mounted by the Academic Computer Center staff. Tape handlers 4 on the satellites and 4, 5 and 6 on the main will be available for CADETRAN users.
- 5. The Academic Computer Center has now included in the program library the Godard Statistical Package. This package consists of 46 individual statistical routines which have been converted and debugged for running on the GE 225 computer. The routines with user instructions will be available in deck form by 31 January 1968. Request for the routines should be made to the Operations Section, Academic Computer Center. A list of the programs available is attached.

JOHN R. PARKER

MAJ, INF

Assoc Director for Computers



Memo to:

Sergeant McBean
Your belt buckle
isn't quite clean.
Though Irish
you are,
it'd be better
by far
to Brasso off
some of that green.

\$10 and thanks to: SGT. Philip Blair, Jr. US 52 682 430 Co E, 4th Ba, Stu Bde USASES Fort Gordon, Georgia 30905



TENN-SHUNN!

Send your Brasso limerick to Brasso Div., R. T. French Co., Rochester, N. Y. 14609, U.S.A. We'll pay you\$10 for each limerick published. 29,

(Continued from Page 20)

prepared by the Manhattan Rugby Football Club in a pamphlet entitled "RUGGER — how to play the game."

Now that we know a little about the game of Rugby, let's see what Army is offering up for their portion of the slaughter. The 1967 Army Rugby Football Club compiled a 7-3-1 record, won the Notre Dame Challenge Cup, placed 3rd in the University of Virginia tournament, and wound up rated 14th in the nation by "Rugby, U.S.A." magazine.

The 1968 Club has 6 returnees from last year's "A" squad, five of whom are forwards. The Club President and Captain of the team is senior Pres Miller, recently of Rabble Rouser fame. The probable starting line-up is:

Scrum (forwards): Hooker: Bill Robinson* 1°; Pillars:
Bob Hensler* 1°, Charlie Mahan* 1°; Second Row: Ron
Warneke 1°, John Bickel 2°; Wing Forwards: Art Sands*
1°, Charlie Hill* 1°; Lock: Dick Palke °.
Backs: Scrum-half: Tom Moore 1°; Fly-half: Pres
Miller 1°; Center Three-Quarters: Skip Baccvich* 2°,
Greg Foster 2°; Wing Three-Quarters: Ken Haven 1°,
Nick Stafford 2°; Fullback: Jack Reid 1°, or Bill Smith

"Returning from last year's "A" Squad.

The 1968 schedule has 8 contests and two tournaments. The Cherry Blossom Tournament in Washington, D.C. on April 6th is a part of the annual Cherry Blossom Festival. Four teams will be participating in this tournament; Army, Montreal RFC, Washington, D.C. RFC, and the Baltimore Rugby Club. On April 20th, Army will take on the Old Blues at home. The Old Blues are the finest team in the East. They were undefeated last spring, beating Army twice, 8-0 and 6-0. The Army Club has not won against the Old Blues since the spring of 1965 making this the biggest single game of the season. On May 7 the oldest Rugby Club in the world, the Blacksheath from England, will visit West Point as a part of their tour of the United States. Four days later the Army Ruggers will travel to South Bend, Indiana, for the Notre Dame Tournament. Army is the defending champion. Four teams will compete there: Army, Notre Dame, University of Indiana (last year Big 10 Rugby camps), and the University of Virginia (best team in the Southeast as evidenced by their receipt of the Carling Cup last spring). The remainder of the schedule consists of Drew (March 30), Cornell (April 13), Philadelphia (April 27), Princeton (May 4), Fordham (May 11), and Brown (May 18).

The season promises to be challenging and action packed. Home games will be played at Howze Field. If you've never witnessed this type of mayhem, here's your big chance — go on up and support the Club. From the Pointer Sports Staff and the rest of the Corps — best of luck to the Army Ruggers in the '68 spring season.

CADETS GO TO THE FRONT OF THE LINE, SAY
PHIL LINZ AND BOB ANDERSON — 3 TIME ALL
AMERICAN.

1189 1st Avenue, N. Y.
535-6423

AND HE EVEN USED

STATIONERY!

YOU CAN TOO, SEE YOUR POINTER REP







(Continued from Page 11)

gains, these sectors of corresponding point value may be occupied until the league owning these sectors has a sufficient point total to reoccupy the area. (See attached map for suggested sectioning and point values.)

3. Points may be forfeited and possible suspension from the Pugilistic League may result from any conduct not in accordance with the U.N. playing rules. For example, the confiscation of a naval vessel from another league not within the designated playing area.

G. All rules and regulations will be established by the U.N. rules committee and will be adhered to strictly.

 One or two months practice will be allowed before each battle in accordance with the size of the engagement.

2. Spring practice is specifically not authorized.

Both leagues will be allowed to view films of each engagement.

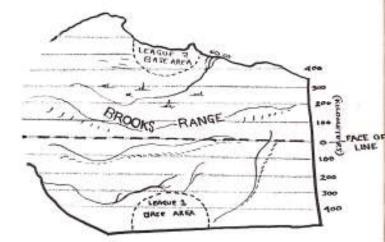
 At the end of the regular season the best combination of forces from each league will compete in the postseason Nuclear Bowl.

5: Television rights will e allotted equitably and the sponsor of each contest will be the government in power within each league. This sponsorship is to be rotated between leagues for each battle. A reasonable number of 60 second spots will be given throughout the duration of the competition.

6. The military academies of each league will be allowed to increase the standards of existing tactical training. For example the U.S. Military Academy, the Office of Military Instruction should be attached to the Office of Physical Education, and tactics should be elevated to a Corps Squad

sport.

BROOKS RANGE PLAYING AREA



BROOKS RANGE PLAYING AREA SCALE:

Map from Goode's World Atlas, p. 64.

100 kilometers equals 6 points

100 kilometers - 6 points

200 kilometers - 12 points

300 kilometers - 18 points

Only ground gains considered in awarding of points.
 Casualties are not grounds for bonus points.

Exceptionally adept tactical maneuvers may warrant bonus points as directed by the scoring committee of the U.N. league headquarters.

Example: Double envelopment-additional 2 points.

Leagues will be allowed to offer bonuses to soldiers for exceptional performance. Poor performance may result in the soldier being traded to the opposing league.

The foregoing are only guidelines and further refinement should result in a system acceptable to all nations.

The institution of this competitive system will greatly increase the existing status of armed forces around the world. In addition, it will be a reasonable deterrent to the so dreaded "all out" nuclear war. By having pre-designated playing areas, minimum destruction of property will be incurred by the competing nations. Further, since the size of the competing teams is to be dictated by U.N. directive, the economies of participating countries will benefit by the reduction in existing military establishments. Scouting of various high school and college ROTC units and large draft bonuses may result in the betterment of the ROTC program and its expansion to perhaps even the grammar school level. Soldiers will become national sports celebrities and their endorsement of various products will increase the GNP of the country. In this way the spirit of armed conflict can be carried to the masses.

The rapport between competing nations will become somewhat like the relations existing between athletes during the Olympic Games. Hatred and jealousy will be replaced by mutual admiration and respect coupled with the comraderie that is so much a part of competitive contact sports.

It is further proposed that the legislature of this nation consider the appointment of Vincent Lombardy, Green Bay Packers coach, to the rank of General of the Army.

Sector map of Alaska and point value legend attached

SUGGESTED SECTIONING OF A LEAGUE MEMBER'S COUNTRY WITH FIXED POINT VALUES



Map from Goode's World Atlas, p. 64.

NOTE: Each area is sectioned according to population and value as geographic gain.

Point values dictated by the U.N. rules committee. Example: If the D.P.L. were to make gains amounting to 300 kilometers during the course of a two month contest, it would be awarded 18 points (6 points per 100 kilometers) and afforded the option of occupying an area worth 18 points or occupying an area worth 12 points and stockpiling the additional 6 points. If the points are stockpiled they may be used in conjunction with points gained in another contest.



118 WEST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10019

Located on fashionable 57th Street between Avenue of the Americas and 7th Avenue

Single room with bath	\$ 6.00
Twin bedded room with bath	9.00
Triple room with bath	10.00
2 rooms with connecting bath or a two room suite with bath for 1 to 4 persons	14.00
2 room suite with both and	
kitchenette for 1 to 4 persons	16.00

TRY US, WE KNOW YOU WILL BE SATISFIED



FRUIT & PASTRY SNACKS DELIVERED DAILY TO CADETS

40 years of experience

WEST POINT PASTRY & FRUIT SHOP

211 Mein ST. (roer) HIGHLAND FALLS, N. Y. Telephone HI 6-4579



56 years in the Service and still no commission.

What we've learned in these years didn't get us any insignia. But we have earned the respect and business of 200 generals and more than 10,000 other commissioned officers in the Armed Forces. Because we give special attention to the special needs of people in the Military.

Even when our customers are stationed thousands of miles away, they never really leave us. People continue to rely on our Highland Falls office for prompt, convenient service and long-range security. No matter how far from home.

For a complete description of services best suited to your needs, write for your Military Banking Information Kit. It will give you 6 individual guides to specially designed checking, savings, and loan services. Plus correspondence envelopes and complete information on banking by mail. Everything you, as a member of the Armed Forces, need to know about making your money work harder for you.

Remember. Our experience has shown us your problems. We're here to help you.

Highland Falls Office Highland Falls, New York
MARINE MIDLAND
NATIONAL BANK
OF SOUTHWARTERS NEW YORK





Pyrene . . .

Got to congratulate d.a. on another victory over west point . . . pretty clever the way they held off on releasing a.d.a. from ranger school until after branch drawing . . . my third roommate very abnoxious about whole thing . . . walks ground room doing exercises to strengthen his button pushing finger . . . also reads aloud from classics of literature such as "i was lost in the swamps for 20 years," "how to swim in quicksand," "alligator wrestling for fun, profit, and survival," . . . needless to say have not blown my cool . . . but the next time he yells "watcha gonna do now, ranger" there will be a manned space flight . . . living on the fourth floor has its advantages . . . the sound when he hits will be much squishier . . . m.p.'s having usual spring buckup . . . last week wrote d.r.'s on seventeen corvettes, ten cougars, three g.t.o.'s, my schwinn racer, and a plebe on crutches who didn't come to a complete stop . . . branch receptions very interesting . . . new academy record set for low crawl from a club to lost fifties . . . fear that certain members of fourth regiment were more still than straight . . . spring must be here . . . a robin is building a nest in my sec notebook . . . i'd evict him except he fills in the guestions better than I do . . . ot least his enswers make sense . . . and june is getting closer . . , the slugs are starting to read "until reveille 5 june" . . .

Cut loose in a Cutlass.

We'd invite you to check our specs against competition (we'd fare quite nicely, thank you), but that's too much like homework. And you've got enough of that. Instead, slip into this low-slung, low-priced youngmobile—and let Cutlass S do the teaching.

This one handles like it had handles.

And the best part is the Cutlass S price.

It's as streamlined as its styling. Hideaway wipers, louvered hood, side

away wipers, louvered hood, side marker lights, all the new GM safety features—all standard. Today. See your Olds dealer.

Cutlass 5 do the teaching.
Cruise it. Corner it.
Brake it. Park it.



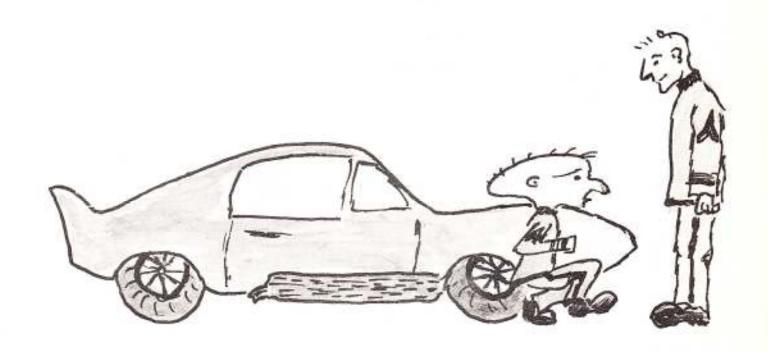
ME A ME TAREOU FILE VERY ST AUTORA ILL 60576



"april showers...
bring May flowers"

AND THE BOOK

In The Spring, A Young Cadet's Fancy Turns To



Once there were the many colors,

Those which are no more —

Those which grew and never knew

"The changing of the score"

In what was once the finest Thing.

Red and Yellow and White so bright

On spires and towers and castles so tall

by the richest, bluest, foaming sea

(of what could never be at all.)

And oft anew the faint blue tracings

Relate the cheek and tear

On paths so chill, on thoughts so still.

With hopes you no more hear

In what was once the finest thing.

— And After Still —
To those two—those too transcendent—
Find that life of glow resplendent?
Or was the world a bit too close . . .
With every turn an overdose?
Was every glance of sight unseeing
Another life of flight unfleeing?
Catch thee careworn—be bound fast,
And never leave, though never last.
Mike

A Tribute To The Tailors of Bldg. 720



"Many's-a the time-a I tell-a the commandante, the cadets-a got-a too many stripes on-a the coats-a!"



"I'm-a tell-a you, the pants-a they fit just-a like they was-a my own-a!"



"Hey, meester, you no can-a take-a the hangers"

和問題問題

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SPRING ISSUE

Back again. This time take a look at BARBARA first. For the literary enthusiasts we've got QUARTET and THE BARLOW KNIFE. THE REVEILLE RUNNER shows the forgotten joys of the old Reveille and RETURN OF THE NATIVE presents an all-too-familiar view of the bus ride back.

Lots of spring sports including lacrosse, baseball, and tennis. PYRENE and ABOVE AND BEYOND are still regular features.



THE MEN WHO KNOW USE



The Greaser and his companion are engaged in clandestine and nefarious activities.



Danger lurks in the broading presence of the O.C.



A possible 8&8 unless the travesty can be averted.



The Greaser spots a flaw in the O.C.'s decorations.

GREASALINE



"You're a fraud! No officer would ever wear his National Defense ribbon upside down like that!"

 The Greaser dispatches the dastardly impersonator with an expert ubi-waza blow to the lower jaw.

Available in Break-eezy bottles & Sqeez-eezy tubes. Yes, the men who know use Greasoline. Get some today. The shocked officer gets to his feet and reveals himself as, in fact, the O.C. The error in decorations was a minor oversight on his part. The Greaser will spend many months in the solitude of his suite.



Available in Break-easy bottles & Squeez-easy tubes.



What's a 1967 Olds doing in this 1968 Olds advertisement?

It's making the point that you can own an Oldsmobile. If not a new one, then certainly a used one.

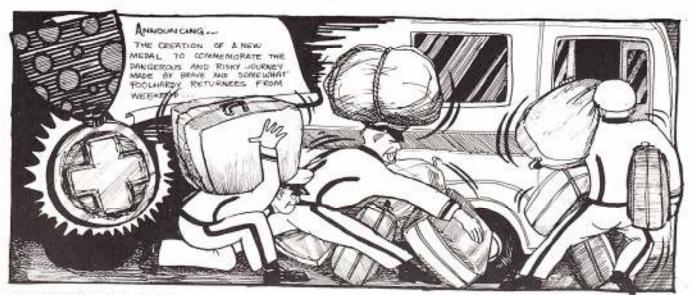
Like the nifty 1967 Olds 4-4-2 you see here. Or a sporty used Cutlass convertible maybe. Or, even, one of those of other brands on their Value-Rated used car lot. And should you decide on one of them instead . . . well, at least we'll know you picked a good place to do it.



Drive a youngmobile from Oldsmobile. (New or used, it's a fun car to own.)

Return of the Native

by KIRCHBERGER



MOHOCK BUS LINES - TIMETABLE

0635	New York Port Authority
0640.50	The Bronx
0640.55	Yonkers
0640.60	Harlem
0821	Hostings-on-Hudson
0825	Dobbs Ferry
1200	Piermont
1201	Nyack
1666	South Hoverstraw
1705	Haverstrawville
1707	West Haverstraw
1708	Haverstrawburg
1709	Haverstraw
1710	East Haverstraw
1711	Haverstraw Place
1712	North Haverstraw
1713	Snuffy's
1816*	Thayer Hotel - West Point

"The Management regrets the necessary delays involved and suggests that you take an earlier bus if the above times are incompatible with your schedule.





THE REVEILLE

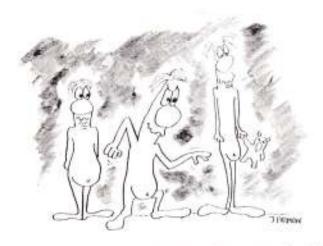
Way back last month, when the Corps still was, REVEILLE still was too. But since then a tra-

dition has passed — and with it a new breed of athlete: the "USMA REVEILLE Runner."

You may have seen these pudgy little characters galloping from ranks to room after REVEILLE each morning. Several such speedsters were organic to every USMA battalion, and you could usually observe them tripping gleefully through dry-cleaning racks or laundry bags, in a frenzied effort to beat the crowd. Having beaten the crowd, they then set about outrunning each other. A certain competition existed among them and a sort of D Squad Intramurals has arisen.

Not too long ago POINTER representatives covered such a race in New South Area and prepared

the following account for the annals of "Old Corps" tradition:



"Shown here is the Defending Champion for the month of February. Like all reveille runners he assumes the OPE-sanctioned crouch stance at the starting line — keeping one foot in place all the while . . .



"Nonetheless our champion was challenged for the lead on reaching the second floor landing."

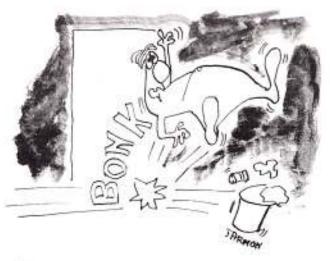


"The company commanders began the race. The Champ took off like a plebe going to English, outdistancing the entire regimental staff in seconds. Still four staircases to go . . .



"Still, the Champ held the high ground and challenger realized this. With all the cunning of a Tacticts P he distracted the Champ with cries of 'Disreputable Hat!!' and darted down the third floor hallway in a flanking movement . . .

RUNNER



"Alas, the Champ had foreseen as much and instructed plebe mail carriers to establish trash can clusters in each hall. Challenger kicked the bucket and Champ dashed into his room in triumph . . .



"Seconds later his roommate stumbled back after twice wandering into the wrong room. The Champ began reciting to himself his LG 152 poem and fell instantly asleep . . .



by JARMON



ZUBMON

"Sportsmanship prevailed and the Champ — who practices, Sundays — spoke highly of his opponent's skill . . .



"Flushed with victory, our hero set about resting on his laurels

"Unhappily he overslept, Goethe's pen proving mightier than NO-DOZ. Undaunted he still made breakfast formation on time. After all he who can run will not have to walk."



QUARTET

by JOHN ANDREWS

The summer nights of Chicago aren't found on Rush Street or in Old Town. Nights aren't made for dancing and parties. In Chicago the beauty of night is found at the edge of the Great Lake that nestles at the city's side. Even in terrible July, the sea air cools her beaches and young waves play their sweet music for her lakeside parks.

To us, the beach and park at 72nd Street were always the best. During the day, her acres of sand were covered with thousands of screaming children, harried mothers, and pale, unhappy-looking old people. Balled-up hot dog wrappers, half-emptied paper cups leaning precariously in the sand, a million, sticky, forgotten popsicle sticks. Floundering beachballs gaily displaying their yellow, red, and blue stripes. Sandy blankets. An abandoned pink bathing cap crowned with grotesque rubber frills: Tears-Laughter. Screams, And occasionally, happiness.

The beach is closed to swimmers at seven o'clock in the evening. By eight or eight-thirty, the lifeguards have finally chased the last of the delinquent bathers from the premises and a battalion of the mayor's army suddenly appear to pillage the day's refuse from the sand.

By dark the beach was stripped of its daytime clutter, and was sheathed instead by the light from three huge steel towers each mounting row upon row of huge arclights. To look at the lights gave one the impression of standing in the outfield of some dilapidated minor-league baseball park, but to turn your back on them meant to be overwhelmed by their effect on the beach; the alchemy of changing sand into white gold, the dingy lifeguard chairs into silver; the magic shower of gold dust floating over the lake, disappearing into the water far from the shore. At night the beach was renewed to face another day of being stepped on, kicked, and jabbed by the mobs that loved her. But, attentive mother to them that she was, she could not resist this temptation to put on her finery and step out with the night people.

In those days, Annie and I liked quiet times made for walking with our arms around each other and talking about anything we wished. Young, and fancying ourselves much in love, it just seemed better to be alone together than to join our friends for their parties, dances, and other mating socials.

The last time, I picked her up from work at about eightthirty and we drove over to get something to cat at Geordie's on 95th and Ashland. It was a nice little place we often went to if we were not planning a particularly big evening. We ordered. She, minestrone soup and milk, me a thirty-cent cup of coffee. We strolled, talked, and were happy. When we were finally done and I had paid the check, we decided to head out to the beach. We climbed in the car —paused for a minestrone kiss—and headed east on 95th,

Whenever we walked on the beach she always had to take off her shoes—and I always had to carry them. Then she would cheerfully complain about the sand getting in her stockings. It made me laugh, but it somehow embarrassed me, too, when she would hold up her foot for inspection,

We talked incessantly, but our conversations would be most difficult to describe as they wavered between giggling gibberish and seriousness, touching, at least momentarily, all the shades in between. One minute she would be bent at the waist, her hand at her mouth as she tried to stop laughing at some inane remark of mine, and then she would be transformed from frivolous girl to woman, head down, watching her feet bury themselves in the sand, talking about war, religion, art—the big ideas so fascinating to young minds—and about us, the most important subject of all. That night she said,

"You know, if we ever break up, it will have to be you who does it. I won't."

I couldn't believe her—not a half-woman—but walking so close to her, on such a night, I could pretend to and so say the same thing without lying. For who can imagine that the exhilaration of a first love will ever die?

Holding hands. Breathing in the cool lake air and reveling in the quiet smile of the skyline of The Loop. (Even the red neon letters atop the Prudential Building were beautiful.) And when she said, "I'm happy tonight," and I nodded, there was no need for pretending. Unsmiling. Because sometimes even a smile cannot do justice to a moment.

We reached the end of the beach and sat on one of the rocks that lay like a fallen column out into the lake. A smoke shared, and our words came more slowly as if the closeness of our love—the lake, the city, Annie, and me almost made them unnecessary.

Quiet. Beauty. Stillness. All suddenly shattered by the harsh blast from the beach PA system.

"Park regulations forbid sitting on the rocks at the north end of the beach. Persons there now will please leave the beach area immediately."

Yes, the dances and parties went on, but the mayor wouldn't sanction such carryings-on as ours.

Irritably, I got up to leave. Annie followed, laughing and chattering as we walked back to the car.

"All the News that gets by our Censors"

Weather Forecast: GRAY

3.0 White Trousers- 3.0

T DON STEVENSON

SMASH-UP IN WOOPOO GRAND PRIX!! RIOTS FORCE M.P.S TO FLEE!

The First Annual WooPoo Grand Prix, held yesterday, was marred by violence and a six-car smash-up, which together resulted in a combined total of 34 injured, 75 slugs, and 5,623 demerits for offenses ranging from mutiny and reckless driving to eating a hot dog in full view of the G.A.P.

The tumultuous day began calmly enough; immediately after chapel, first classmen of all faiths filtered down to their cars. The uninformed thought them a bit strange as they strapped on crash helmets, football helmets, and steel pots; but the Corps knew that the Rock's first organized race was about to begin.

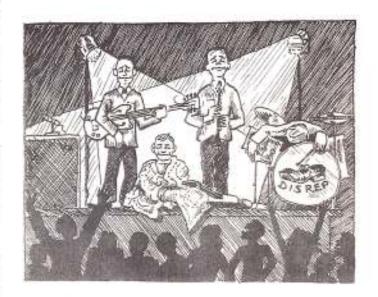
The violence with the M.P.'s occurred, it seems, as a result of the precautions taken by the illegal affair's promoters. Squads of fourth classmen, led by upperclass cadres and armed with broomsticks and an assortment of overripe fruit, were stationed along the course, which ran from the Cavalry Plain to Lee Gate and back by way of Lusk Reservoir. M.P.'s at the gates, as well as the patroling squad cars, were overpowered and tied up at the stroke of noon. It was not until the final heat of the race that the main body of the M.P. Company became aware that there was something amiss. This discovery occurred when Sgt. Rufus Doober, his uniform in tatters and his face splattered with rotten bananas, staggered into the Provost Marshal's office and screamed, "IT'S A#%"!#! MUTINY" Thus, the final heat of the race was begun two minutes early as the approaching M.P.'s were met by a hail of fists, broomsticks and bananas from the aroused plebes.

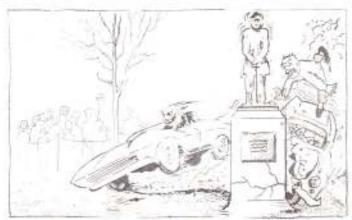
The final heat consisted of Lester Fab's shiny new stock Corvette, Jimmy Strongpud's gleaming Maserati; Percy Bletsky's two-on-the floor custom Mustang; Horace Guerd's turbine-powered Sprite; Sherman Peabody's Triumph with smoke attachment; and Pedro O'Connors in a cut-down, souped-up Volkswagen. The ensuing action was described by Mr. Fab from his hospital bed:

"Well, we were all tanked up and ready to go at fifteen after twelve. Most of us used Schlitz, but that bag Peabody used a case of Michelob. The cars were gassed up, too, and when the gun went off, we tore out. None of us could see too straight, but it didn't really matter, because the ☆☆ COMING ☆☆

COMING!!!

Direct from their last sellout engagement at the WooPoo Coliseum, where attendance records were broken by 50,000 screaming turned-on cadets, drags, and local residents, THE DISREPUTABLE SHOE will be here to do their thing at the hop this weekend. Especially popular in the SHOE'S routine is their new chart-buster, "The Transcendental Meditation Raga Rock," which they perform without moving a muscle or making a sound. See your company guru for tickets today.





only place to pass was while going across the Plain, I was in the lead; I suppose someone could passed me before the Plain if I'd let 'cm, but man, I was weaving across that road from curb to curb, and nobody, but nobody, getting by me!

I hit the tree in front of Grant Hall, but managed to pull out in time to get the number three slot. I figured, like everybody, to make my move when we got to the Plain. I still couldn't see too straight, but I could see Pedro, who was in front of me, was standing up in his Volkswagen, waving a beer can and honking his horn. I figured he wouldn't be no problem to pass up. All I had to do was get past Peabody, in front.

Well, as soon as we got to the Plain everybody cut loose. Man, dirt and grass was churning up everywhere. But then that jerk Peabody turned on his smoke and nobody could see anything any more. I guess the dullard was busy laughing at us, because he smashed right into Sedgewick monument, I cut left through the smoke, and ran into the Supe's porch. I heard Pedro honking right into Peabody's wreck, then everybody else. Horace wound up on Sedgewick's head. Jimmy was crying, so I thought he was hurt bad; but it was worse. His case of Schlitz was busted all to bits, as well as his car. I sat down to cry with him, figuring that might comfort him some, I called Pedro over to cry with us, but he was out cold. We didn't want Peabody, and Horace wouldn't come down. So I called Percy. He said he'd be glad to, but he had a broken leg, so I had to drag him over. He cried real good; and that's when the ambulance came."

· Church News .

CHURCH NEWS

When questioned about the rash of jazz masses and folk-rock sermons sweeping the country today, WooPoo Cathedral's Reverend Jeremiah Wrightside snorted disdainfully, "Ha! You ain't seen nuthin' yet!" Reverend Bootblack refused to give further details, but reliable sourcereported seeing letters addressed to "Buddy Blisters and his Cocomint Twisters" and the New York Philharmonic in the chaplain's "OUT" box.

Did You Know...

. . . Al, the loguacious old B.P., seen each day at his post in Old South, is in reality Alphonso del Borbon-Parma, the Crown Prince of Spain. His Highness presently wishes to remain incognito; however, he grants a limited number of audiences every day in his throneroom-in-exile in the sinks of the 33rd Division . . . Melvin Flyswat has been seeing a lot of that "special someone" in the 42nd. How about it, Melv? . . . And what about the budding romance between Gerald Fitz and Shopping Center Personality, "Big Bertha"? Out of the swamps and into your heart, right Fitz? . . . The Gazette's own Hugh J. Reltny was almost drowned last week when the Vaseline Petroleum Jelly he used to style his wavy coif froze up during a cold breakfast formation, then melted down all over his face in the mess hall . . . Straight from the horse's mouth: Due to the shortage of Stateside TO&E Airborne units, aggressors and instructors for this year's Buckner training will be drawn from a pool of airborne and ranger qualified orangutans, OMI's Major John Fry expects heighted realism in survival training and night operations.

Ochtuary

The WooPoo Gazette is saddened by the loss of Chuzzlewit, H.H. 4th Class. Mr. Chuzzlewit's untimely demise was caused by 45 enraged Campfire Girls who beat him to death with their cameras when he refused to answer "How is the cow?" Mr. Chuzzlewit had always wanted to be a cadet. Even as a boy it was apparent that he was destined for the profession of arms. He had every issue of "G.I. Combat," was an avid follower of "Sergeant Fury and His

Howling Commandos," and startled his home town of Buffalo Snout, Nebraska, when he sat through 18 showings of "Abbot and Costello Go to War."

He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Chuzzlewit, Sr., his roommates, Buster Hyman and Harold Cox, and his Tactical Officer, Major Orly Fudd.



Bonnie and Ducrot

(A PARODY ON THE MOVIE OF A DIFFERENT NAME)

Written by Jeff Prosch

Drawn by Don Stevenson



One day, Bonnie Grabowski, exotic dancer and anthropology major at the Cliffdweller sanatorium for depraved female hood-lums, encountered Ducrat Pepys, famed autobiographical Woo Poo plebeian who disappeared mysteriously on the north turn of his second lap of the obstacle course, only to turn up two years later in the South Seas. Ducrat had just been released after a five-year tour of duty at the Bora Bora State Penitentiary for smuggling hat banana pet into Annapolis through



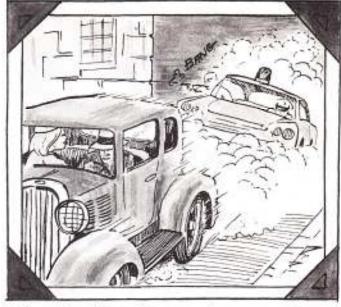
Ducret had been attempting to hot wire Bonnie's Bunzai 500 Hog when she slithered upon the scene. Anthropology-wise, Bonnie decided that Ducret was the type of relic she would like to study. Bonnie attacked him with maternal affection, but the noble will of Ducret withstood her onslaught of passion. Not to be thwarted, Bonnie teamed up with Ducret to raze the lower Hudson Valley making war not love. (mostly)



Bonnie didn't know if Ducrot was for real after he bungled their first attempt at crime. Strutting into Abroham's Delly, Ducrot told the proprietor at gunpoint that he had fifteen seconds to whip up a multi-layer covetelli submarine or toste the sting of his Acme tear gas revolver. Ducrot barely escaped as the owner crammed a Polish sausage down his barrel, squelching his fire power, and Inga his 300-pound wife, came rumbling out of the kitchen swinging a meat cleaver.



Our duo's arch enemy became Colonel Zacharias Musketball, espianage officer U.S.C.C., who had been continually failed and humiliated by Bannie and Ducrot's daredevil pizza runs through the Corps. One most embarrassing situation occurred when Col. Musketball was captured and forced to pose with the gang in a photograph while Bannie and Ducrot were delivering the goods (four pepperonies and a pot of lasagnia).



After making a heist of twenty ex-cadet sport coats from the Tolerico Haberdeshery on Route 9W, Ducrot realized that he had triggered a trap. The path in front of him was now blocked by the sinister Col. Musketball and a pack of M.P. pursuit cars. In this moment of peril, however, our heroes kept their cools. By merely executing a 180 degrage one-wheel turn and streaking up condition march trail #3, they left their followers again empty-handed.



The Corps felt a certain mystical affection for Bannie and Ducrot, and we were very sad to learn that they had been trampled to death last weekend by Cub Scout Pack 33 of Prooklyn. The devious Col. Musketball, disguised as a tenderfoot, had infiltrated the ranks of Pack 33 and instigated the stampede by shouting "Let's get Pete Dawkins' autograph," and pointing at Ducrot.



Bonnie and Ducrot were interred Wednesday at the Post Cemetary in a double-decker grave wedged between the remains of Dr. Harvey Mangle, Head Surgeon U.S.M.A. Hospital, who was exoncroted in the October Pointer issue, and Major Dade, famed Indian fighter who was scalped by the Seminoles for shooting their beavers.

Notice Save **This!!!**

SPRING SPORTS: THE "BIG" GAMES

by Chris Cole

In every sport the players look to certain contests as "must" wins. These are the games and matches that the spectator can feel are important by the slight nervousness and great desire displayed by the players and participants. These are the really exciting, emotional, tense contests that all look forward to with the greatest anticipation. After asking the players of each sport about these, the Pointer has compiled this list of "must" contests remaining:

.......

		BASEBALL		L
April	26	Colgate at Hamilton	3:30	
8000	27	Cornell at Ithaca	2:00	
May	15	Manhattan	3:30	
95	16	Princeton	3:30	
	18	Dartmouth	2:30	
June	1	Navy at Annapolis	2:30	
		GOLF		
April	20	Triangular-Princeton and Colgate at Princeton	1:30	
May	11	Eastern at Princeton		
	25	Triangular-Penn State and Indiana at University Park	1:00	
June	1	Navy at Annapolis		
		TENNIS		
April	20	Yale at New Haven	2:00	
	24	Pennsylvania at Philadelphia	3:00	

Dartmouth

Penn State

Navy at Annapolis

Rogers Peet

By Your Leave... It's a Rogers Peet TROPICAL SUIT

Handsome dacron* polyester and worsted whipcord suit features the natural shoulder look, deep side vents, and a slightly suppressed waist.



New York • Boston • Hartford • Washington • Ridgewood/Paramus

3:30			LACKO22E		
2:00	April	27	Johns Hopkins at Baltimore	2:30	
3:30	May	4	Maryland	2:15	
3:30	5000000	25	Mount Washington	2:15	
2:30	June	1	Navy (Michie Stadium)	2:00	
2:30			CSPEROSE WARRING VARIABLE CONTROL		
			TRACK		
	April	27	Penn Relays at Philadelphia		
l.	May	4	Quantico Relays at Quantico		
1:30	mission of the	11	Heptagonals at New Haven		
		18	Harvard	1:30	
	May	31	Navy	1:30	
1:00	June	1	IC4A at Franklin Field		
			ADDITIONAL HIGHLIGHTS		
	May	4	Spring Football Intra-Squad		
2:00	300000000		Game 7:30	P.M.	
3:00		9	Baseball vs. New York Yankees	3:00	
1:30	These are "The" games. Let's turn out and				
1:30	show	the	teams it is as important to us that	they	
2:00	win as we know it is to them,				

LACROSSE

MY NAME IS B



A R B A R









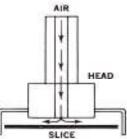


A woman of a million Faces and moods Her name is —

How Western Electric gets uplift from a downdraft

Picking something up by blowing a stream of air down on it may seem rather roundabout. But if you want to pick that something up without touching it, it turns out to be a most successful way.

The something in question is a paper-thin, eggshell-fragile slice of silicon destined for transistors. To touch it is likely to contaminate it, and probably to break it. Tweezers are extremely risky, Even a vacuum



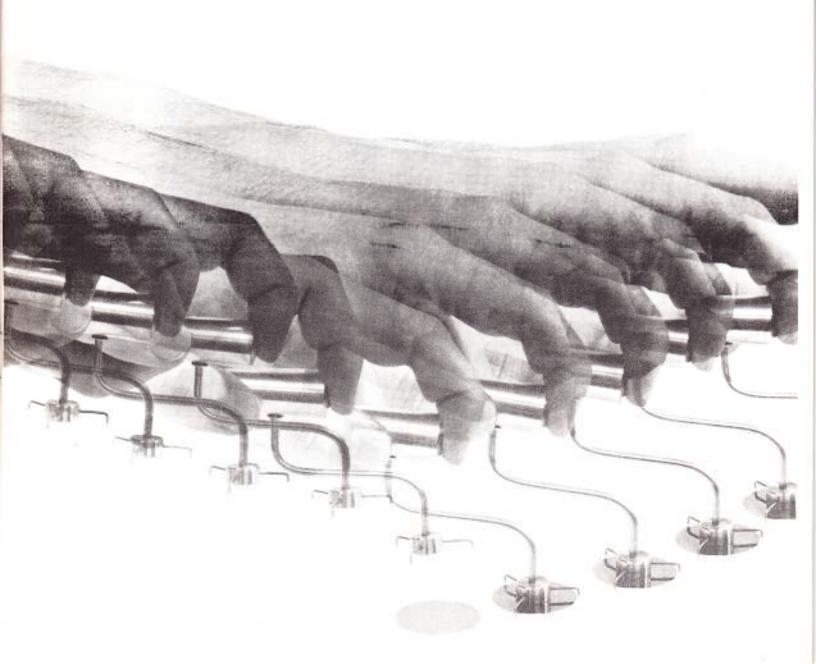
pickup is dangerous.

And so the engineers at Western Electric's Engineering Research Center invoked the Bernoulli principle and solved the problem. They developed a pickup device that

directs a thin stream of air down onto the slice. The air flows out across the slice and since it is moving and the air below the slice is not, the pressure below is greater than the pressure above and the slice floats. And it doesn't touch the head because the air is, after all, blowing down. Wire guides keep the slice from slipping off.

So now the workers in our transistor plants can pick up silicon slices handily, without worrying about breaking or contaminating them. That our engineers reached back to a classical principle of physics to help them do it only shows the extent of the ingenuity Western Electric applies in its job of manufacturing communications equipment for the Bell System.





The Barlow Knife

The clouds floated lazily overhead, occasionally drifting into the path of the sun and bringing momentary relief from the blistering beat. The ocean roared in anger as it crashed into the rocks of the jetty and vainly tried to reclaim what had once been hers. A lonely gull glided overhead darting in and out of the spray in search of his next meal. The wind was dead and only an occasional weak breeze moved the mucky heat from place to place only to leave more of the same in its wake.

The pier stood steadily against the waves on pilings reinforced by barnacles. A solitary figure, a young boy, remained on the pier which had been otherwise deserted by everyone in favor of shade and sleep. The boy wore only a pair of cut-off jeans and an old sailor cap. The cap had once been stenciled but since had become illegible. His skin was parched from long exposure to sun and wind, and his sandy brown hair hung across his forehead and almost touched his freckled nose. A pair of serious blue eyes scanned the horizon and every now and then glanced at the inch-thick rope hanging off the side of the pier. One end of the rope was tied securely to the strong railing of the pier, and the other end disappeared straight into the water indicating that there was weight on the end of the rope. A tug served to insure him the fish was still there. The fish was a five-pound sea bass he had caught earlier in the morning and placed on the large hook at the other end of the rope. Now he was waiting.

The boy did not even blink as a voice behind him said, "Why doncha give up, boy? You'll never catch him; too many people tried, and he out-smarted all of 'em."

He knew who the voice belonged to and didn't bother to turn around. His gaze remained on the horizon as he fingered the rope at his side. "I feel lucky today," he said. "Things are too quiet. Of Charlie's out there 'cause the fish quit bitin' near ten o'clock."

"What makes ya' think he'll come in this close? He's too smart to do a thing like that. For a fish he's sure got more sense than you. Only a fool would sit out in a sun

like this. You're liable to get a stroke."

The boy turned his head and stared at the grizzled, old man through one squinting eye. "'s gotta come in sooner or later," the boy drawled. "Fish ain't been runnin' all season 'an he's gittin' plenty hungry. When he git hungry enough, he'll come 'round."

"He'll have to get more than plenty hungry before he comes in this close; 'sides, that little safety pin ya' got there wouldn't do no good anyway. He's got more than a couple of them that size already in 'em. He's a mighty big shark, hoy, mighty big. Stop actin' like a durn fool, and come on in out of the sun."

The old man turned and walked down the pier. From the rear, he was odd-looking. He was only about five feet tall, and his hands hung almost to his knees—he only had one—his left leg was severed below his thigh, and a poorfitting artificial leg caused him to limp noticeably. The boy glared at his back. "What do you know anyway?" yelled the boy. "I bet Charlie comes today!"

The old man whirled on his bad leg and said angrily, "It'll be a cold day in Hell 'fore that fish comes in this close again. You young squirts think ya' know everything there is to know." He began walking toward the boy

"I bet you never even seen Charlie, have you?"

"No," admitted the boy shamefully.

"Well, let me tell you, me and Charlie are old acquaintances—not friends—just acquaintances and he's a hellova mean fighter." The boy looked defiantly at the old man. "So what, you never caught him," he taunted.

by GLENN GAFFNEY

"No, I never did, but I came a damn sight closer than you'll ever come. See this burn leg of mine? Why—"

The old man's words were cut short by a thrashing in the water beside the pier. The young boy's rope was stretched taut and the tempest was centered where it entered the water. The young boy was on his feet, but not before the old man was already at the rail looking down at the disturbed water.

"I told you!" yelled the boy excitedly. "It's gotta be him. Nothing else could make the whole pier shake like this."

The old man opened his mouth to speak, but nothing came out except a groan. He sank to one knee and gasped, "My chest's awful tight, boy. Run get the doc—quick please."

The boy was confused. He looked at the thrashing water and then at the old man without moving. "Lay down," he said to the old man.

He helped the old man lie down, and then paused over him. He made a start toward the end of the pier and then turned around to look into the water again. His eyes traveled from the sea to the old man and then he said undecidedly, "Try not to move, I'll get back real quick with Doc Evers."

The boy turned on his heel and scampered down the pier toward the litte village about a quarter of a mile away. He reached the end of the pier and turned north. The hot sands of the beach scorched his bare feet as he ran. He crossed the short distance to the first store and dashed in the door. The owner was sitting on a stool behind the counter asleep.

"Quick, call Doc Evers and tell him t'git out to the pier in a hurry. Of Man Blakely had a heart attack. He's in had shape."

"The man behind the counter stirred and opened his eyes. "Whachya' say?"

"Ol' Man Blakely had a stroke out on the pier, Call Doc Evers and tell him to get down there fast."

The boy wheeled, bolted through the door, and headed back toward the pier. His feet broke the hot surface of the sand and reached cooler sand as he ran. The distance to the pier seemed longer than it ever had before. He finally mounted the pier. He immediately noticed that the old man had turned over and was now lying on his face with one arm outstretched.

When he came within ten yards of the old man he stopped short and walked, stunned, the final distance to him. The water was calm again, and the rope was no longer taut—there was no rope. In the outstretched hand of the old man lay an open barlow knife.

CADETS GO TO THE FRONT OF THE LINE, SAY PHIL LINZ AND BOB ANDERSON — 3 TIME ALL AMERICAN.





LACROSSE

By JIM FOUCHE

The Army Lacrosse team is off to a tremendous start thus far this season. Their record to date is 2 wins and 0 losses. The team started the regular season with a 10 to 4 win over Yale, and their second win was over Rutgers by a score of 10 to 5. In pre-season play, they lost to Long Island LaCrosse Club, but beat University Club of Baltimore.

The attack is led by senior Rick Ryder, who was Honorable Mention All-American in 1967, and includes such standauts as senior Danny Ryan and sophomore Pete Cramblet. Pete is the leading scorer and in watching him play, one cannot help but see "All-American." Also adding to the scoring punch are junior Darby Boyle and sophomore Marty Knorr.

At the other end of the playing field, leading the defense is team captain and goalie Donnie Workman. Donnie continues to show that fine ability to keep the ball out of the Army goal which made him one of the outstanding goalies in the East last year. Assisting Donnie in the muscle department are seniors Brian Utermahlen and Bud Nesweichney, along with juniors Terry Young and Charlie Jarvis.

Rounding out the team is the midfield. The "middies" have been strong performers and a key part of the team's early success. Jack Mayer and Bob Jenkins have looked impressive, and others, such as Eddie Hirsh, Bob Opatowski, and John Lucas, have turned in some outstanding performances as well.

The teams to beat this year are Johns Hopkins, Maryland, and, of course, Navy. All three beat Army last year, and all three ended the season tied for the National Championship, leaving Army with second place. Overall, the Army team is strong, aggressive, accurate, well-drilled, and well-coached. With this combination of qualities, and with memories of defeat by key rivals last year firing a desire for revenge and desire for a shot at the Championship, it looks as if the remaining Army opponents are in for some tough games. The team has the ability to go all the way, and THE POINTER wishes Coach Adams and his "Stickmen" the best of luck.





SPRING FOOTBALL

by Chris Cole

On Saturday, May 4th, the Army Football Team will again return to Michie Stadium. The difference this appearance will be the time, 7:30 P.M., and the opponent, each other. The spring Intra-Squad Game will provide the culmination of 6 weeks of spring practice and allow the coaches to get a look at how the 1968 team will begin to shape up in a game situation.

Gordon S. White presented his outlook on the team in an article in the April 7th New York Times. Mr. White said the Army Team could possibly have its best backfield since Glen Davis and Doc Blanchard. This is a lot to live up to, but the prospects are there. Steve Lindell is back at quarter-back and is completely recovered from his ulcer. Behind him will be fullbacks Chuck Jarvis, who has foresaken spring football to provide Coach Adams with a strong defense man on the Lacrosse team, and Jim Greenlee, halfbacks Lynn Moore and Hank Andrzeczak, and newcomer Bill Hunter. Hunter

last year scored over 100 points on the freshman team while playing only about half the time. He is also a possible punter next season,

Just about the entire squad from last year, with Team Captain and linebacker Ken Johnson, defensive end Tom Wheelock, defensive tackle Steve Yarnell, offensive end Gary Steel and all the defensive backs, to mention but a few, leading the team, are back. Prospects are bright, and with 120 men out for spring ball, Coach Cahill will have his work in cutting to the 45 player limit before next season.

The sun now shines in the afternoon and as it becomes warmer, it seems a bit unnatural for Gargantuans in pads and helmets to be bashing into each other. Yet, as we see Coach Cahill on the sidelines, chain smoking every cigarette in sight, we know what it's for and what the result will be. Come to Michie Stadium on the 4th of May and get a preview.

MAMA

Mamma Leone's Ristorante
"Where strong appetites are met and conquered."
239 West 48th Street, JU 6-5151

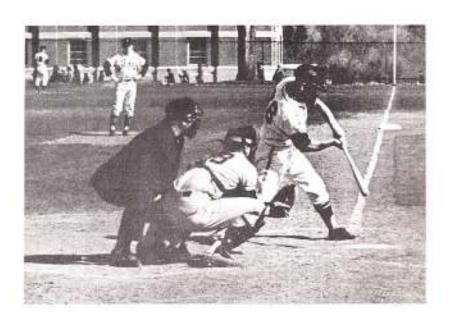
On General Doubleday's Field

by DAN BIRD

Baseball season has returned, and with it the Army team has begun its quest to regain the Eastern League title, lost to Dartmouth last year by a scant half game. The results of the contests so far this spring show that the cadets should be in the race all the way. In four games during the Spring trip to Florida our nine split a pair with Miami, lost to a very powerful Michigan State squad, but beat nationally ranked Ohio State. Back in the cooler climes of New York, victories have been racked up over Rutgers and LIU, while Syracuse managed to squeak out a hard-fought thirteen inning win. The caliber of play

has been very high with the mound staff deserving special credit for some fine performances.

Coach Tipton's charges this year are led by team captain. Tom Krieger, an outstanding third sacker, and one of the team's leading hitters. The infield is rounded out by second classmen Bob Merkle at short, George Coan at second, and Larry Fettis at first. Defensively the infield is quite sound, and though the big bat of Kenny Smith will certainly be missed, they will get their share of the hits. The big man in the outfield is first classman Bart McClellan who can really tear the cover off the ball. Jackie King.



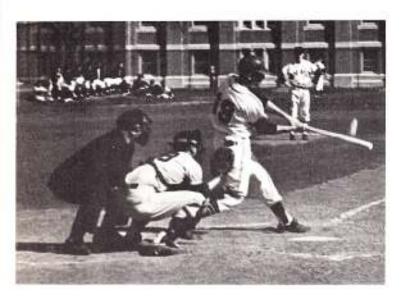


Danny Haydon, and yearling Pete McCall will all be seeing a lot of action at the other outfield posts. Behind the plate are Dick Scaglione and Reggie Petit. Dick has been a starter and star performer for the last two seasons but received a nerve injury in his throwing arm in the LIU game and will be out for a while.

The key to Army's success will probably be determined by the pitching staff, and it looks like a good one. Roger Vandenberg and Joe Fowler have shown excellent form this year as last. Yearling Eric Pederson has been very impressive as a starter, and should be a real plus for the team. These three make up an imposing starting trio. The bull pen will also be up to its tasks with the likes of Jack Gafford and some other strong arms. Opposing teams can expect a tough battle getting runs across in the face of the Army moundsmen.

Major obstacles in the path of Coach Tipton's effort for his third Eastern flag in the last four years are last year's winner. Dartmouth, a tough Princeton team and, of course, Navy. Cornell is also expected to be troublesome, as well as Rider, so the race should be very interesting again this year. If our hitters can come through as hoped, and the defense plays as expected, there's no reason why the winner won't be us.

In the annual major league battle, the cadets will be faced by the New York Yankees. Anyone seeing the thrilling 2-1 game the last time Mantle and Co. were here will not want to miss this one. All in all it shapes up as a pretty promising season for the Army nine, and anyone dropping by Doubleday field for a game will find the time well spent.





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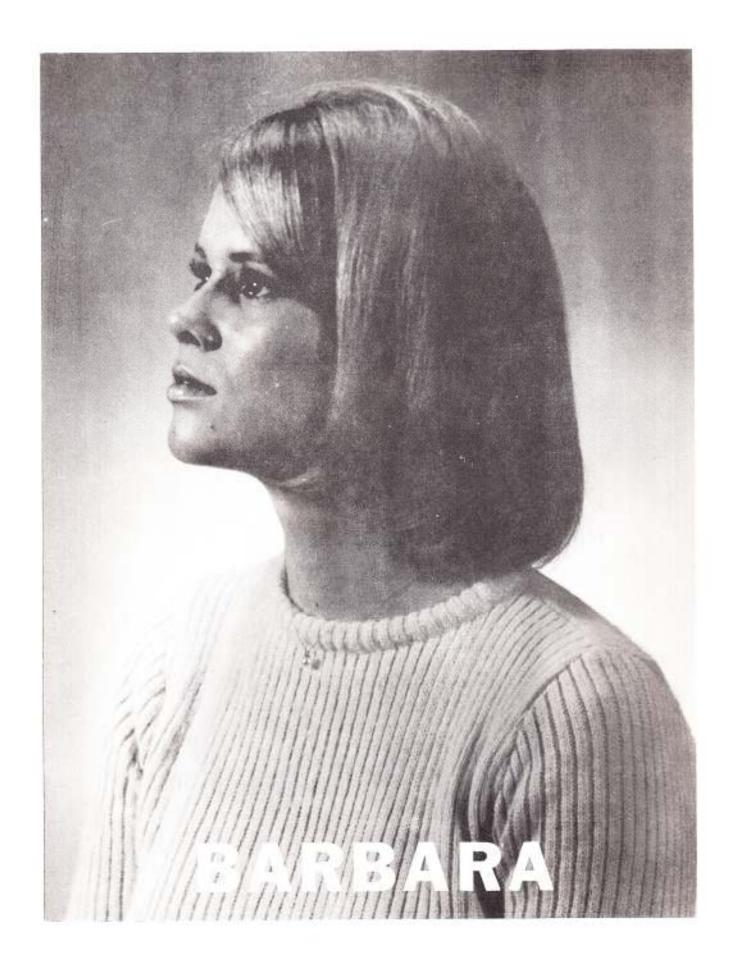
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TENNIS

by MARK OLSON

Army had a strong team last year and all except the No. 6 man are back. This man has been adequately replaced, however, by Billy Malkemes who is presently playing in the fourth position. There have been some other changes in the line-up since last year, too. Campbell, who played No. 2 last year, seems to be having difficulty getting started this season and is presently playing No. 6, but he can be expected to move up as the season progresses. Rick Wilbur, who played No. 5 and No. 6 last year, has improved considerably and now ranks as a strong No. 3.

A strong plebe team, that only lost two matches, has placed seven players on the varsity team. The rest of the team consists of one secondclassman and five firstclassmen. The team has been pleased with its progress thus far in the season. They seem to be developing quickly and had no problems in winning their first two matches. The team should finish high in the East. Princeton, Colgate, and the University of Penn, are the teams that Army will have to beat in order to finish No. 1.

Barry Conway, the team captain, is also the team's outstanding player. He hails from Menasha, Wisc., where hisdistinguished tennis career began. Playing for his high school tennis team, he led his team to the state championship in both his junior and senior years. He was the number one man on the plebe tennis team and broke into the varsity ladder as a yearling. His first year performance earned him a rating of 6th in the East. As a junior, he was rated 3rd in the East, but had actually beaten both of the men that finished above him. This should be another fine year for him. He plans on playing in NCAA Tournament this year, something which he has been unable to do in the past due to other commitments.

Rick Wilbur is the lone second classman on the team and is rated the most improved player. His career began in the ninth grade in Kansas. He continued to play throughout high school and finished 3rd in the state his senlor year. He was the No. 1 on the plebe team and played in the No. 5 and No. 6 spots on the varsity last year. After winning the Eastern Intercollegiate Doubles Title last fall, he has moved into the No. 3 spot where he should be a strong contender.

Billy Malkemes, "Mouse," is the outstanding player coming from last year's plebe squad. He started playing competitively in Virginia when he was 15. Then he moved north to play on the Highland Falls team where he finished 8th in the state as a junior and 3rd as a senior. He was 12-1 last year as a plebe, attributing much of his success to his quickness. He is rated the quickest man on the squad which he credits to squash.

With this much talent, Coach Bill Cullen can look forward to another very fine season. Best of luck to the 1963 Tennis Team from the members of the Pointer Staff!

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Many cadets now carry this coverage and some have already collected on loss or breakage of class ring and other losses. Many losses lincluding class rings, cash to \$100 and any engagement ring valued in excess of \$250) are paid in full, with no deductible. In certain other cases, a deductible of \$50 applies,

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ABOVE & BEYOND

MOVIES

The Gradute

So much has been made of the fine points and the flaws of this one that it is easy to form an opinion about it based solely upon the reviews of searchers for artistic purity, or hunters of subtleties and nuances; but these things bear little weight upon whether the movie is essentially good or bad. The Graduate is not only essentially good, but, given the innate singlemindedness built into the graduate himself and the genuine conflict concerning him felt by the girl he wants, it is artistically flawless as well.

Dustin Hoffman is Benjamin, newly arrived home in Los Angeles after graduation. As the ads for the film say, Benjamin is worried about his future; and he becomes even more worried when he comes to love Elaine, the daughter of the woman who seduced him. Throughout the movie, he is unable to communicate either his troubles or his love to anyone except Elaine, partly because of his hilariously bungling personality, partly because of the circumstances themselves, and partly because his effervescent, hearty, but superficial parents. Mr. Hoffman plays his role beautifully and is able to exact empathy, laughter, and sadness for the troubles of Benjamin.

To describe Benjamin's search for both himself and the hand of Elaine Robinson in the face of her mother's lies concerning her relationship with him, is to do an injustice to a touching, sometimes funny, sometimes sad, one-man crusade against nearly everybody. Katharine Ross, who is unspeakably lovely, is also one of the most talented actresses today; she gives her role all the conflict, all the warmth and all the feminity it demands. Anne Bancroft is Mrs. Robinson, whose cool, businesslike seduction and subsequent affair with Benjamin, culminating in the terrible scene in which Elaine finds out, is perfectly gauged to facilitate Benjamin's frustration and disgust with himself. Accenting the double themes of lack of communication and the search for a lost love are the songs "Sounds of Silence" and "Scarborough Fair," by Simon and Garfunkel, which are sung periodically throughout the show. The combined effect is a movie to remember.

Research opportunities in highway engineering

The Asphalt Institute suggests projects in five vital areas

Phenomenal advances in roadbuilding techniques during the past decade have made it clear that continued highway research is essential.

Here are five important areas of highway design and construction that America's roadbuilders need to know

more about:

 Rational pavement thickness design and materials evaluation. Research is needed 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.

Evaluation of climatic effects on the performance of the pavement structure also is an important area for research.

- Materials specifications and construction quality-control. Needed are more scientific methods of writing specifications, particularly acceptance and rejection criteria. Additionally, faster methods for quality-control tests at construction sites are needed.
- 3. Drainage of pavement structures. More should be known about the need for sub-surface drainage of Asphalt pavement structures. Limited information indicates that untreated granular bases often accumulate moisture rather than facilitate drainage. Also, indications are that Full-Depth Asphalt bases resting directly on impermeable subgrades may not require sub-surface drainage.
- 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 rapid techniques for measuring compaction and layer thickness.
- 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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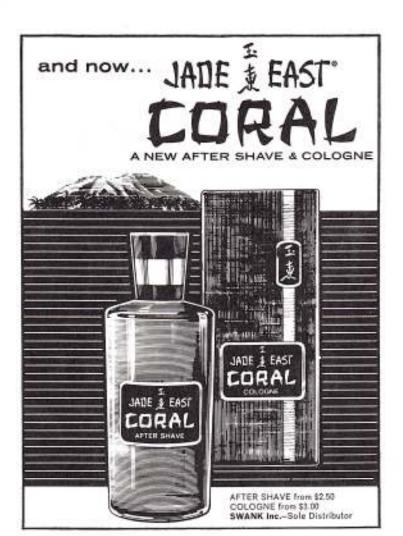
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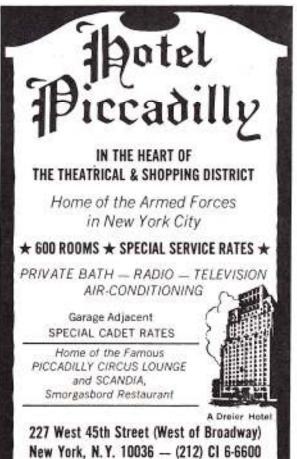
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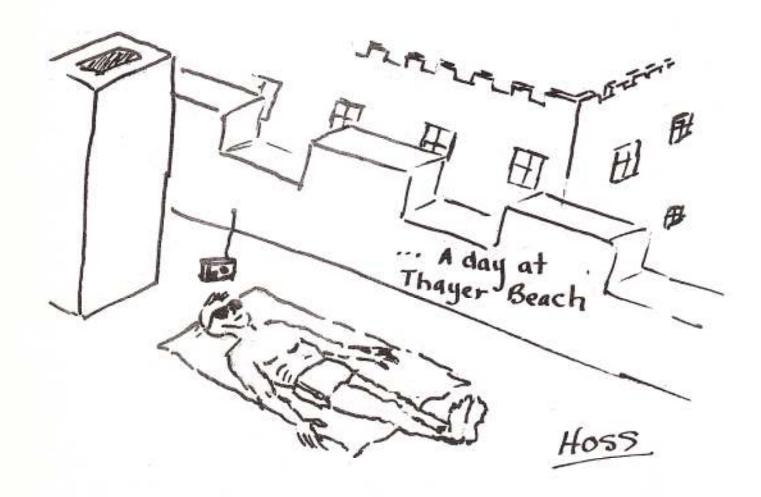


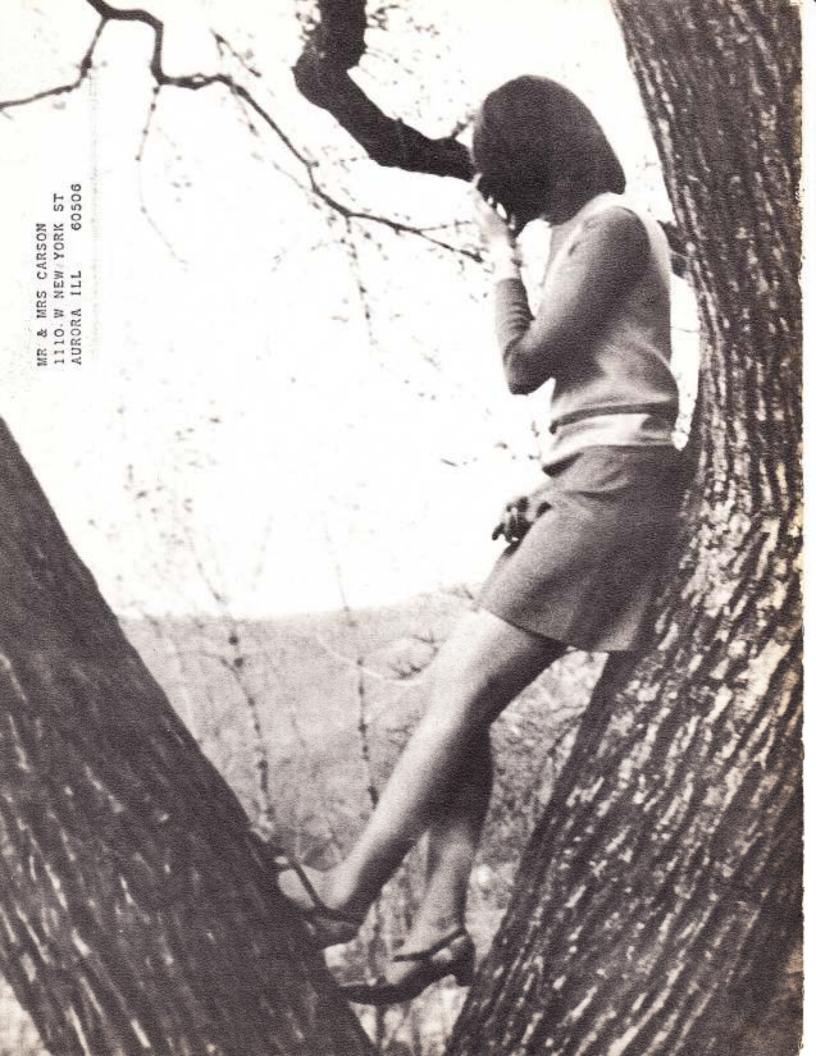




Pyrene . . .

change of seasons very exciting . . . last month got written up for wearing carmuffs to reveille . . . this month got it for wearing t period w period trousers to supper . . . have been even considering sending brown boy to dry cleaners . . . if only i could get people in laundry to post a bond . . . maybe they would just give a warranty . . . g period a period p period turning out in great numbers . . . sometimes i regret signing up to defend them . . . they are all busy collecting souvenirs . . . saw four cars go off post loaded with CLOSED TO VISITORS signs . . . my roommate really taking spring bad . . . figures at rate he is going now comma he will owe t period d period four hundred hours on five june . . . he is also quite bitter these days about _ cliffe . . . he claims ___ cliffe sophomores at snuffy apostrophe s are best argument in world for raising drinking age in new york to twenty dash one . . . he is just bifter because the last girl he met from there out dash chagged him four to one . . . tried to cheer him up by saying she didn apostrophe t have to stop practicing because of con . . . sick call goes tomorrow . . . got to do something to get out of spring parade season . . .





JUNES 1968



for the skirt.

About when the mini skirt lifted female hemilines and make ADOUT WHEN THE MINT SHOT WHEO TEMBE DENVIRES WAS THE BATTLES WAS SWEEDING the Barment Indus-try permanent creek tabrics. Real permanent creek moraie, another revolution was sweeplind the garment in try: permanent press tabrics, Real permanent press. Now when a pleat once table a click or Now when a pleat once table a click or not pleat or not pleat once table a click or not pleat once table a click or not pleat or r permanent press fabrics, real permanent press.

Now when a pleat goes into a skirt of a cruasi into a pair.

Now when a pleat goes into a skirt of a cruasi into a pair.

I pants, it's there to stay. Year early challe it rull propose to the Now when a pleat goes into a skirt or a crease into a pair of pants, it's there to stay. You can't shake it out even in the of pants, it's there to stay. Or iron it out in steam, wildest discotheque. Or iron if out in the process is a chemical wildest discotheque.

nime or ere past, riigh 8 significant contribution.

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JUNE WEEK ISSUE

For the departing firsties, A PARTING SHOT and THE URGE may bring back a few memories. Take a look at NEW YORK'S 79c GALA-EXTRAV-AGANZA if you are searching for something to do in the City. For those who like short staries, we have CHERRY BLOSSOMS '68. Plenty of sports with a highlight on JUNE WEEK AND . . . NAVY as well as a SPORTS SUMMARY for the year. And of course there are THE GIRLS OF '68.



WEST POINT ~ CHALLENGE

DIRECTED BY LENTING OF THE U.S. ARMY FILM SCRUTCE ...

... AS I STOOD THERE ONLY 24 HRS.

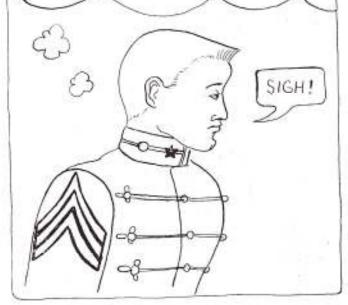
AWAY FROM GRADUATION I LOOKED

BACK OVER MY FOUR YEARS AS

A CADET, REALIZING HOW MUCH

FUN I HAD HAD AND JUST HOW

GREAT WEST POINT WAS...



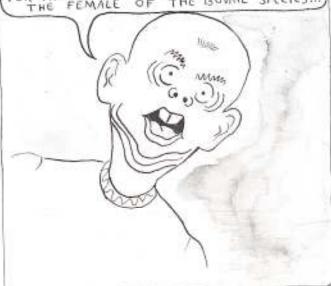
THE MILITARY ACADEMY UNTIL
ONE DAY MR. BROMFIELD
MENTIONED IT ... SOMEHOW I
KNEW HE WAS CHALLENGING ME
... WELL, I NEVER COULD
RESIST A CHALLENGE!...

I KNOW ALL ABOUT WEST POINT -I VISITED IT WITH A GROUP OF HIGH SCHOOL GUIDANCE COUNSELORS ... BUT P RHAPS YOU CAN'T MAKE IT ... ??



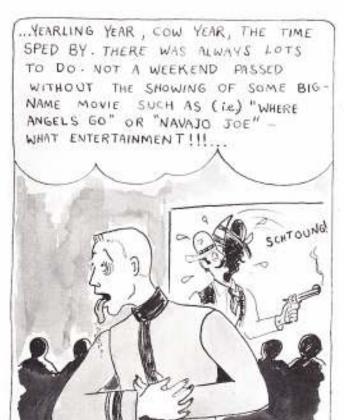
I NEVER WILL FORGET THAT FIRST DAY OF WHAT IS KNOWN AS BEAST BARRACKS TO NEW CADETS ... I GUESS NO WEST POINTER EVER DOES ...

SIR, GEN. MACARTHUR'S MESSAGE:
"FROM THE FAR EAST I SEND YOU ONE
SINGLE THOUGHT ... THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE
FOR THE LACTEAL FLUID EXTRACTED FROM IN
THE FEMALE OF THE BOWNE SPECIES ...



BUT BEAST AND PLEBE YEAR
WERE SOON OVER, AND THEN
WE WERE YEARLINGS AT CAMP
BUCKNER, LEARNING THE
TRADE OF A SOLDIER ...
I ESPECIALLY ENJOYED THE
ARMOR TRAINING WE
GOT DOWN AT
FORT KNOX ...





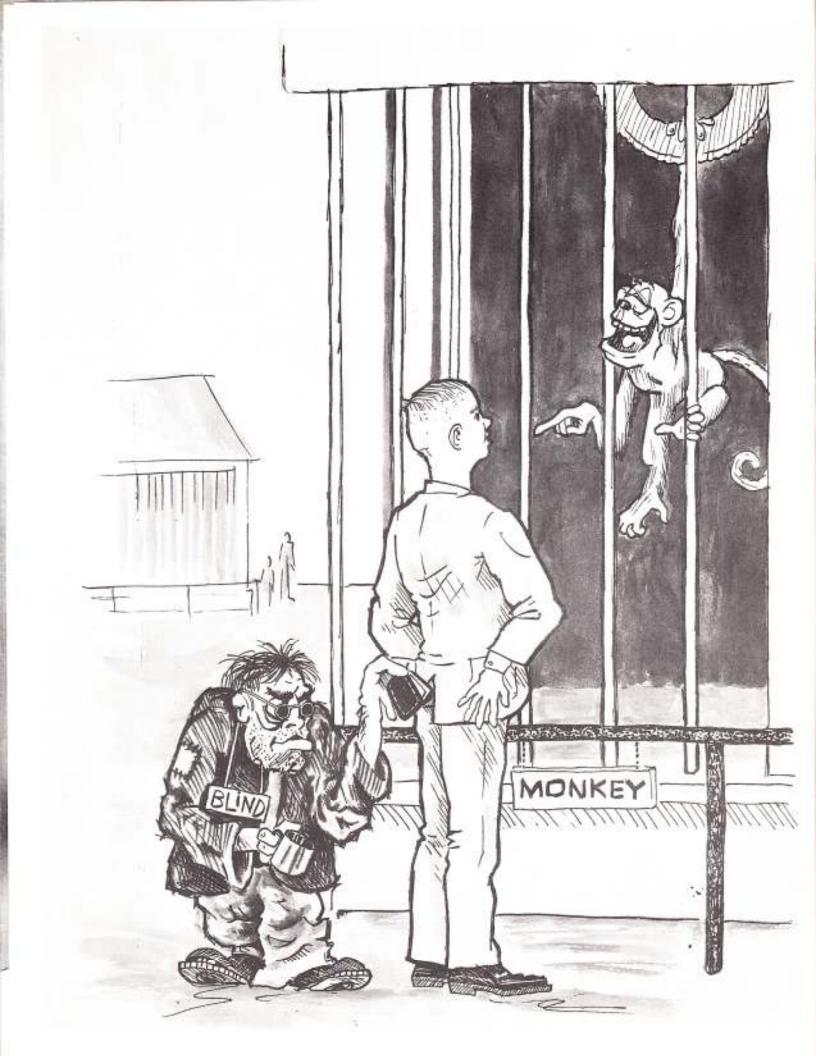
... THEN I BECAME A FIRSTIE. I WAS A COMPANY COMMANDER . NO. 1 IN THE CLASS, A THREE-TIME LETTERMAN IN BRIDGE , AND A MEMBER OF THE GLEE CLUB -SOME FELLOWS ACCUSED ME OF BEING GUNG-HO. WHERE 'D THEY EVER GET THAT IDEA? This will be the Enst Dear Folks, Ester from me as a cadat. & have turned down the Rhodes scholarship in order to 9% to airborne & Ranger up my (be closer to my men. 知言研

YES, THEY HAD BEEN GOOD YEARS.
"THE THUMPER" WILL ALWAYS BE
PLAYING IN MY GRAY HEART...

SOMEHOW I WOULDN'T MIND

DOING IT ALL OVER AGAIN—

MR. DUMBARTON, IT HAS COME
TO OUR ATTENTION AT OPE.
THAT YOU NEVER HAVE COMPLETED
OUR SURVIVAL SWIMMING
COURSE WHICH, AS YOU KNOW,
IS A REQUIREMENT FOR
GRADUATION. SO I'M AFRAID
YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY WITH
US FOR A WHILE! (HET, MEHL)



New York's Gala 79c Extravaganza by Geoffrey Prosch

Is your bank account slim due to galloping hyper-inflation and today's gargantuan cost of living? Do you limit your weekend leaves to mundane driving excursions around the countryside or to visiting old girl friends' homes? You need not filch free accommodations due to your unstable financial condition. Harken my friend, you are allowing the greatest elixir since Colonel Bouregard's Gargle and Mouthwash to pass you by! Why not try the flamboyant 79c gala-extravaganza weekend in New York City? With the easy to follow instructions below, you may well be on your way to Shangra-La.

Using finesse, one can easily bum a free ride down to the city on Saturday afternoon with a gregarious senior; unless of course you have been admitted to the USMA Hospital with acute lumbago in your left foot due to lack of circulation from standing immobile in ranks for an hour. Should you encounter difficulties with a Firstie chauffer, chances are good that a culture club military bus is leaving from the Clock Tower at 1330 to attend an Armenian Folk Dance at the 42nd Street Y.M.C.A., and they will be glad to take you along.

After arriving in Manhattan, immediately proceed to the cadet's home away from home, the USO on 42nd Street across from the Allied Chemical Tower. By flashing your Piccadilly Hotel Cadet I.D. you can enjoy such deals as free sandwiches, doughnuts, cokes and theatre tickets for that evening. The 92 year old hostess will tell you from behind a bullet proof glass window to return at 1600 for a number assignment to be used for ticket distribution. However, by calling Special Services here at school, you can have your name put on a reserved list and avoid waiting in line for tickets.

For accomodations, tell the hostess that you would like the special 50c military evening at the posh Army-Navy-Airman Inn, to include room, shower, and rubdown. As you check out the manager at the desk of the ANA Inn, you decide to skip the shower and rub down. Your small but adequate room includes a bed, metal closet, and a reassuring lock on the door. Inside your room you enjoy the aroma of Polish sausage from Kabaci's Delicatessen mingled with that of the nearby Cosmopolitan Bodybuilder's Gym, producers of such famous wrestlers as Charlie Two Rivers, Five Ton Harris, and the Great Bolo. Across the street is Chang's Chinese Laundry, headquarters and front for the sinister Tong Gang.

For afternoon entertainment, one can roam around Times Square observing derelicts of the outer world. Yo. might listen to some toga clad Maharishi offshoot standing on an Eskimo Pie Box claiming that the only way to nirvana is through banana cream pie or update your O'Nela Method techniques when a three-legged troll pins a gardenia to your chest and simultaneously grabs your wallet. Passive defense tactics against such threats include placing a large three-barbed fish hook along the top edge of your wallet or keeping your capital in the lower portion of your shoe. Before returning to the USO, drop by Hiroshima's Japanese Gift Shop on 48th St. Inside you can purchase fragrant pinewood incense kits that will effectively neutralize the pungent odor of your roommates' three week old gym clothes. Be wary, however, of insulting Mr. Hiroshima's oriental ancestry, as he is an expert at the ancient martial arts of karte and gung fu. As you cross Broadway, you might stop to observe a Red Fez marching band leading a parade of the Mystic Knights of the Sea, active military wing of the Moose Club International. Check by the USO at 1800 in coat and tie to pick up your Broadway tickets. Unless you've an awfully good line, the hostess won't give you a second ticket without having a girl on your arm, unfortunately.

About this time you are probably starting to get hungry again and those free sandwiches do not look as appealing as before. Well, proceed to the famous Cattleman, a bar and restaurant just past Madison Avenue on 45th Street, for preliminary evening entertainment and a free dinner. You can recognize the Cattleman from a distance by the stagecoach and western clad doormen out front. Walk in confident to stick to your budget, check your coat, and hang a left into the spacious bar. About 1830 there are relatively few people there but by 2000 the place will be packed. Proceed immediately to the feast table and partake of the free spare ribs, barbecued chicken legs, potato salad, and other tasty hors d'oeuvres. Inside your left coat pocket you can feel the friendly weight of the Smirnoff's bottle that you had been keeping under Goode's World Atlas in your book box for just such an occasion. Slyly grabbing a clean glass from the bar and filling it full of ice you go down the hall to the men's room to whip up a drink, After mixing a second, casually stroll back to the bar, drink in hand, for seconds on spare ribs. You hear piano music and notice a small crowd gathered in the corner. At the keys is Canonball York, ancient baldheaded Negro pianist. He'll play all the oldies as you sing along, and if you ask him, he will expound on the days when he played background for Al Jolson's vaudeville acts.

While you have been singing "Wait Till the Sun Shines Nelly," the place has really filled up and you notice that in season young females are standing around withering from lack of affection. Before initiating the hunt, you must muster the right mental attitude to use on your prey. Think of it not as trying to pick up a girl, but rather as a battle between yourself and the elements. Think of your 50c room back at the Army-Navy-Airman Inn and then move with the renewed determination of meeting a girl with an apartment in Manhattan. Such openers as "I'm a cadet, how about you" usually doesn't cut it. Now do not be ashamed of being a cadet, but rather ask her right off the bat to go to a musical with you, and after checking out your haircut, 120 per walk, and conditioned responsive jump to bells and whistles, she will know what breed at you are. Every half an hour the Cattleman's stage coach takes off on a trip which encompasses scenic Central Park South. Therefore, time your departure so that you and your date can jump in for a ride. Good luck in your maneuvers after the play but do not forget your ace in the hole bed at the Army-Navy-Airman's Inn should your line run thin.

You must breakfast at Bronco's a block up from the Manhattan on 7th Avenue, where you can order eggs, sausage, toast, and coffee for 29c before noon. You'll recognize the fellow behind the counter as Slim Harris, the guy who rode shotgun on the Cattleman's stagecoach that previous evening. Early Sunday afternoon you might stroll down to



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by Lucian Truscott

WHITE BLUE THREE TIMES

The Blues, as an entity unto itself, needs no introduction. The airways are rife with its offerings in the form of "soul" music, and groups like the Beatles and Rolling Stones drew great influence from the music of such Bluesmen as Chuck Berry and Bo Diddley.

White Blues, on the other hand, is a more recent phenomenon. In the sense that the Blues has been largely a Negro music, White Blues somehow connotes the plastic—the imitation. But on the contrary, the three albums with which this article is concerned stand as proof that White Blues has achieved for itself a solid standing in the spectrum of American music. It is an inventive music; it puts to use innovations in instrumentation and recording techniques that have been heretofore ignored by Bluesmen. And most importantly, in its newfound stature, white Blues has drawn some of the greatest talents in the field of popular music to its side, where they add a dimension of knowledge and musical daring that goes unmatched in recording today.

All three bands are bands, not just groups or combos. They have eight members each, and employ the use of three pieces of brass as well as the traditional amplified guitars and organ. All three bands believe that the horns add a new factor of emotion and urgency to their music, and rightly so. Horn players are an added financial burden to carry as members of the band, and the fact that they are carried gives some indication of these musicians' dedication to their music and disregard for the commercial frivolities of the art.

BLOOD SWEAT AND TEARS

This is a group formed around the nucleus of Steve Katz and Al Kooper, both of whom were formerly of the Blues-Project and carry with them much of that group's skill and regard for the Blues as an art form. The musicians in the band come from a primarily jazz background; one trumpeteer left Maynard Ferguson's band and the other turned down a seat in Count Basie's to join B S & T. The drummer, Bobby Colomby, was recently lauded in the percussion issue of Down Beat—certainly a great honor for such a young drummer, and a good indication of the over-all quality of the group as well,

Their album, "Child Is Father to the Man," is built largely around the organ rocketry of Kooper and lead guitar soaring of Katz, with most of the vocals handled quite well by Kooper. Worth special mention is "Somethin' Goin' On," an eight minute piece written by Kooper which employs some brilliant jazz improvisation in solos by the horns, organ, and Katz's lead guitar. "Morning Glory," an

(Continued on Page 29)

ATTENTION CLASS OF 1968

Insure Your Class Ring and Other Personal Property

\$**7**50

\$600°

\$450*

Per \$1,000 of 1ST. Coverage 1YR. Per \$1,000 of 2 ND. Coverage 2 YR. Per \$1,000 of 7TH. Coverage 7TH.

*Bosed on current annual dividend

INSURES YOUR CLASS RING, FIANCEE'S ENGAGEMENT RING, UNIFORMS, OTHER CLOTHING, CAMERAS, WATCHES, SPORTING EQUIPMENT, CASH TO \$100 AND OTHER PERSONAL PROPERTY

EVALUATE YOUR PROPERTY HERE

Rings, watches & other jewelry	\$ Cameras & camera equipment	\$
Uniforms, & other clothing	Radio, hi-fi & T.V. sets	
Sporting goods	Other misc. personal property	

TOTAL S

	in in the amount of \$
Name	
Rank	Serial No.

Many cadets now carry this coverage and some have already collected on loss or breakage of class ring and other losses. Many losses (including class rings, cash to \$100 and any engagement ring valued in excess of \$250) are paid in full, with no deductible. In certain other cases, a deductible of \$50 applies.

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On Tour

Ever desire to see sunny Southern California or tour the plains of the Midwest? Have you ever wanted to visit Alabama or have some free time in Old Town Chicago? Such are a few of the places which the Cadet Glee Club has visited in recent years. Have you ever wondered what takes place on one of these trips? This writer has and now, after having journeyed with the Glee Club on one of their recent trips, can justifiably say that the Glee Club is one of the outstanding extracurricular activities in the Corps.

This may appear to be a rather mild statement considering the Glee Club is probably the most widely known activity of the Corps of Cadets. After all, isn't the Glee Club's appearance on the

With

Ed Sullivan Show on Armed Forces Weekend an annual event? Even so, probably no group which is known world wide receives so little recognition from their contemporaries here at the Academy. At a Glee Club Concert given at West Point the Audience is normally composed of post personnel, their families, civilians and only a sprinkling of cadets.

On the outside world at a concert given in some small midwest community this situation is



Club Glee

The

by Tom Kurkjian

a little different. The complete absence of uniforms in the audience is quite apparent. Also apparent is the look of anticipation and enthusiasm on the visages of all present. When the Glee Club enters the applause is spontaneous. To that ten yearold in the front row, whose biggest dream is to someday possibly come to West Point, the presence of the Glee Club brings that distant dream into reality of the present. A cadet in the Glee Club is the epitome of everything that youngster ever hopes to be.

Observing a Glee Club concert away from West Point brings an entirely new perspective to the reason for which the Glee Club goes an so many trips. The Glee Club is the biggest PIO vehicle that West Point has to offer. As the Glee Club proceeds through their program the audience becomes more appreciative with each song. The Corps, The Armed Forces Medley, and Alma Mater seem to engender special applause from the audience.

The Glee Club has another side of West Point to present to the audience. Immediately following intermission the folk singing quintet, the Headliners, comes on to show to all, that West Point is not all parades and uniforms. By the end of their performance the audience is their pawn. Their rendition of Peter, Paul, and Mary's "Leaving on a Jet Plane" is one of the most beautiful ballads ever sung.

From this point on, the similarity between a Glee Club trip



and any other extracurricular activity trip ends. On other trips the evening is spent in a hotel room. Not so with the Glee Club. The appreciation of the audience does not end with the final applause. After the concert the cadets go home with the families of the local community. For those cadets who live a good distance from West Point, the chance is most welcomed to spend an evening in the home of some of the friendliest and most hospitable people you could ever hope to meet. The opportunity to meet and talk with these people is one of the major benefits of being in the Glee Club.

The next morning the Glee Club is on the move again. The first stop is at a television studio for a videotaping. That accomplished, the Club loads up ance more on the buses and is on the road

once again. A couple of more rehearsals and concerts and then the tour draws to a close, It's back to the airport and the flight back to New York. The schedule the Glee Club follows on such a trip is by no measure easy. It is long, hard, but always enjoyable. The sense of pride which the applause of the audience engenders easily compensates for the long hours of practice. Ask any member of the Glee Club. He will never deny that he had a good time.

The year is almost at a close and only one opportunity to hear the Glee Club remains. If you have never been to one of their concerts in the past, give yourself a treat. Go to the June Week Concert at Trophy Point Amphitheater, Sunday, 2 June, at 8:30 p.m. It will be an evening you will long remember.

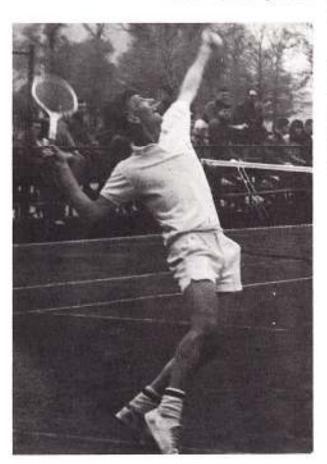
June Week and . . . Navy

by Chris Cole

June Week is always the climax of the year, not only for the graduating seniors, but for the varsity athletes of all classes as well. It is the time to face Navy and make or break the season. This year, three out of the five spring Corps Squads play away, Tennis on May 31st, and Baseball and Golf both on June 1st. At home are Track on Friday and Lacrosse on Saturday of June Week. With all the spring squads doing well going into the last part of the season, it remains the usual understatement to say that Navy is the big one.

Thus far the Golf team, led by Captain Don Johnson (the Eastern Intercollegiate individual champ as a sophomore), has compiled a 5-5 record in five triangular matches. This team has been marked by continued improvement, as evidenced by the sweep of its last match against Columbia and Cornell, They took this with scores of 5-2 and 7-0 respectively, the most wins in a match to date. Remaining before Navy are Seton Hall and a triangular meet at Penn State including Indiana State.

The Tennis team came into the spring season the holder of the fall ECAC championship title, its first ever. Big contributors in this title win were senior Bill Campbell and



Barry Conway shows his form

junior Rick Wilbur, who won the doubles championship by beating Navy, MIT, and Lehigh. With 4 contests left, they are living up to this accomplishment by holding a 10-3 record. Leaders here are Captain Bill Gardepe and number one singles player Barry Conway, third in the East last year.

Army's outdoor Track team is facing five dual and five relay meets. Thus far they have posted dual wins over Penn State and Yale and have yet to face Manhattan and Harvard before Navy. In the relay meets Army won the Iona Relays and posted a second in the Heptagonals. In the Iona Relays, the cinderman put down Villanova, the Eastern Indoor champ last year and the pre-season pick for number one outdoors.

Baseball has played 13 games, won 10, and hosted the Yankees in an exhibition game so far this spring. Their wins included "must" games against Villanova and Colgate. Pitchers Roger Vandenburg and Joe Fowler have been outstanding on the mound while Captain and third baseman Tom Krieger and catcher Dick Scaglione have provided the leadership for the infield. Three games remain before Navy, all at home, against Manhattan, Dartmouth, and Princeton.

Army's Lacrosse team has compiled a 6-2 record, losing only to Johns Hopkins and Maryland, the two contenders for the National Championship. Leading scorer is sophomore Pete Cramblet. Two games remain prior to Navy at Michie Stadium, Virginia, and a big game with Mount Washington Lacrosse Club, over which Army holds the sole distinction of back-to-back wins in the past two years.



Al Downing beats one out as Reggie Petit hustles over to backup the throw

In comparison, Navy's Golf team, with the leadership of Captain Harry Buzhardt (15-7 for the past two seasons), has compiled a 4-3 record in dual matches. The only two teams that both Army and Navy have played are Penn and Princeton. Navy beat both by scores of 5-2 whereas Army lost to both 2-5. The difference here lies in the fact that Army played both these teams in the beginning of the season and Navy played them in the latter half. Navy has been inconsistent and substantial signs of improvement have come only in the last two matches, which were with Penn and Princeton. But since Navy has the edge in the series (20-8-1) and this match will be played on their home links at Annapolis, Navy will have to be given the edge.

Captain Lance Horn, who missed part of last season, but still compiled a 5-2 mark, leads the Middies' Tennis team which has thus far accumulated an 8-5-1 record. Army and Navy have played 7 common opponents this year. Navy tied Colgate 4-4 while Army won 6-3. Both teams lost to Harvard and Penn, 3-6. Against Williams both won, Navy 9-0, Army 8-1. Army got Yale, 5-4, and Navy missed, 4-5. Both posted wins over Brown, Navy 7-2 and Army 8-1. Dartmouth took Navy 6-3 and lost to Army 2-7. This gives Army five wins and Navy two against common opponents. In spite of the fact that the match is to be played in Crabtown, the prediction must go with with Army for the win.

In Track, Navy has won only two out of four dual meets, only one of those impressively, and finished behind Army in the Heps. Both teams have beaten Penn State, the only common opponent, Navy 85-69 and Army 106-48. Navy has thus far not shown itself to be strong or consistent. The meet is at Shea Stadium and those attending can look forward to an Army win.



"Dick Fowler in action against Rutgers"



A 13-5 record is the mark of the '68 Blue Baseball team. They have three games remaining before they host the Army team at Annapolis on June 1st. So far nine teams have played against both these clubs. Both have beaten Penn, Harvard, and Yale and lost to NYU. Navy wins and Army losses include Syracuse, Yale, Cornell, and Fordham. Army beat Villanova while Navy lost, giving the Mids a total of 7 wins and the Cadets 4. Navy has outscored its opponents 89-55 while Army has an 83-65 edge. However, Army stands second in the Eastern League with a record of 5-1 and Navy fifth with a 4-3 record. With Volkman, last year's winner over Army with a .83 ERA gone and Roger Vandenberg the likely starter for Army, the Black Knights have, at the very least, an even chance to win.

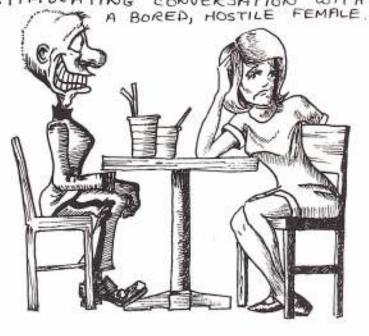
The final contest of the year is Lacrosse in which Army has not triumphed in eight years. Navy currently stands 5-3 compared with Army's 6-2. Thus far they have both played four common teams. Both took Princeton (Navy 8-6 and Army 8-4) and Syracuse (Navy 14-0 and Army 18-14). Both teams also suffered similar fates in losses to Johns Hopkins and Maryland, Hopkins won by an 11-3 margin over Navy and a 15-8 score over Army. Maryland produced a 5-3 effort against Navy and a 13-8 showing here. Army has outscored its opponents 89-54 and Navy has done likewise 65-48. Against common opponents Army has 43 goals to their 46. Navy has 28 to 22. Army definitely appears to have the greater scoring punch, even in losing efforts, while Navy's strength is in its defense. The Cadets are hungry for this win, having lost to the Crabs 7-5 in the last minute and a half last year at Annapolis. This year the game is in Michie Stadium and will have to be looked at as a game which could go either way.



I HAVE BEEN SITTING IN
MY ROOM LATELY, THINKING MAUDLIN THOUGHTS ABOUT
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BEEN REAL AT TIMES.
BUT SOMETIMES NOT AS
REAL AS IT COULD HAVE
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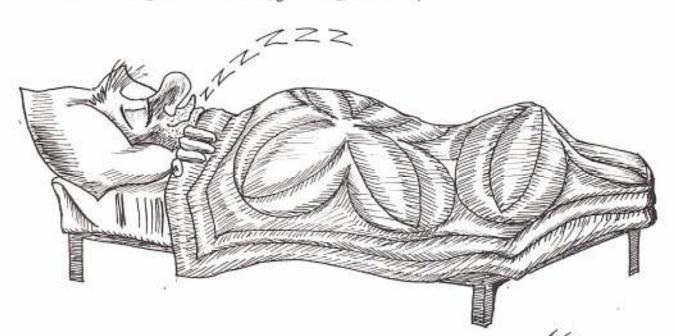


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BUCKNER WAS OK. WE LEARNED ALL ABOUT 50% SECURITY



YEARLING YEAR WAS EQUALLY O.K. WE LEARNED ALL ABOUT 100% SECURITY

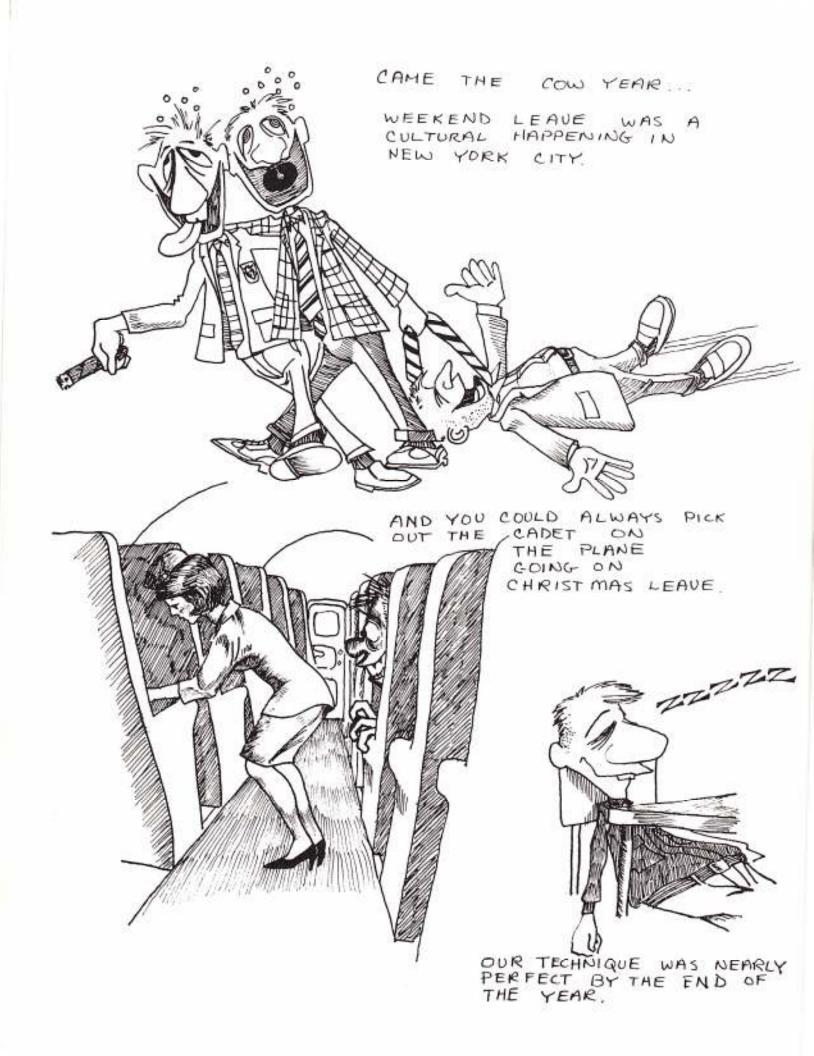


IT BECAME ALL VERY ROUTINE.

AND WE WONDERED WHAT TREAS
URES THE CAN MARKED "COW

YEAR" HELD AWAITING THE TOUCH

OF OUR EAGER CAN OPENER.



THE FIRST CLASS TRIP WAS A SERIES OF BANDS PLAYING THE THUMPER, BEAT NAVY SIGNS, NO TASK TOO ETC. SIGNS, RECEPTIONS, PIG POOLS AND A VAGUE HAZE OF TRAINING GLAZED OVER ALL. ALSO THERE WAS THE

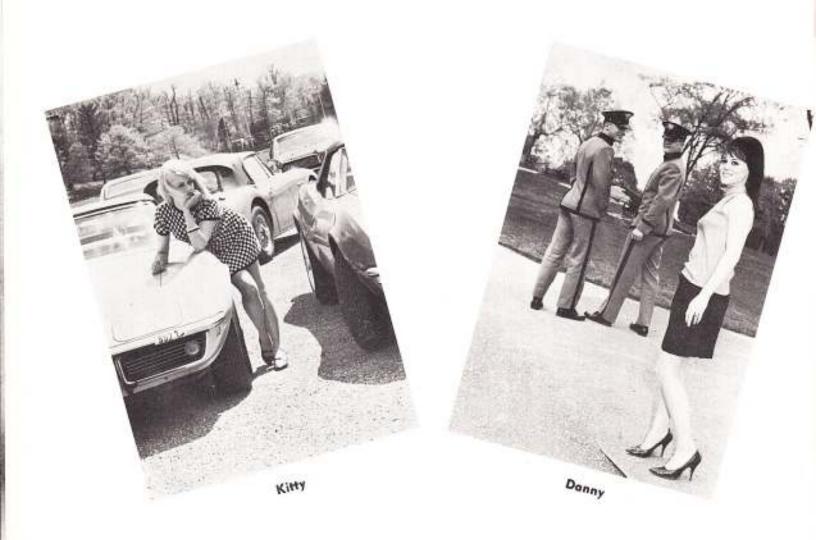
RAMADA INN ...



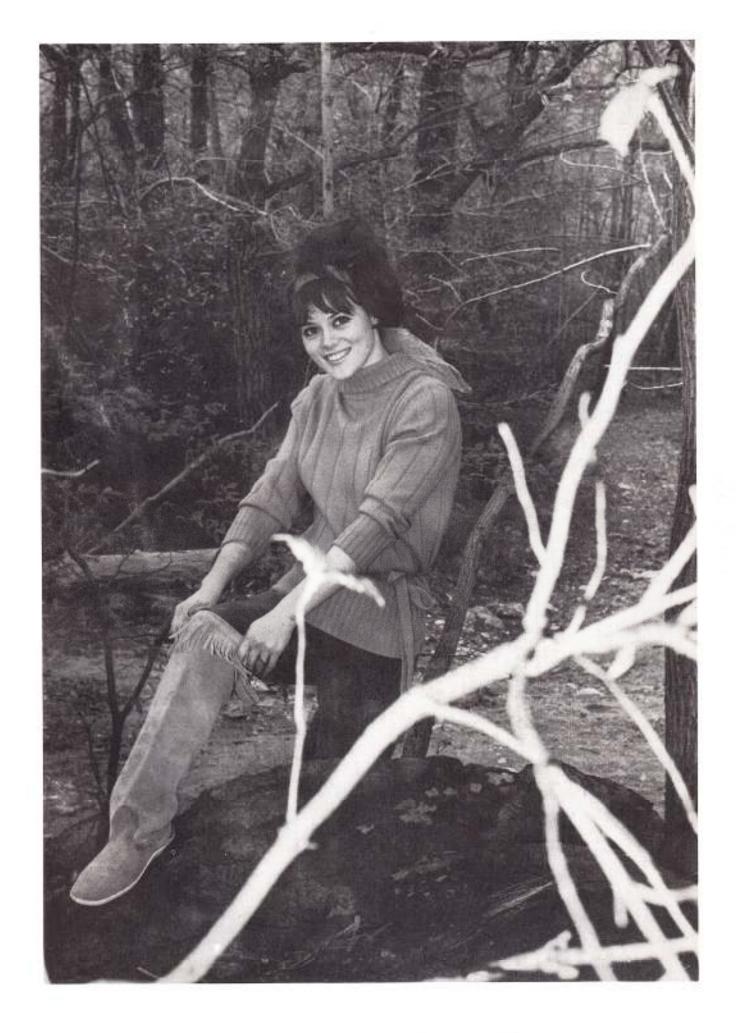
THEN WE HAD MORE OF SAME WITH IST CLASS ACADEMICS AND SUDDENLY IT WAS MAY 16 TH AND TWO AND A BUTT WEEKS TO GO. WENT BY FAST

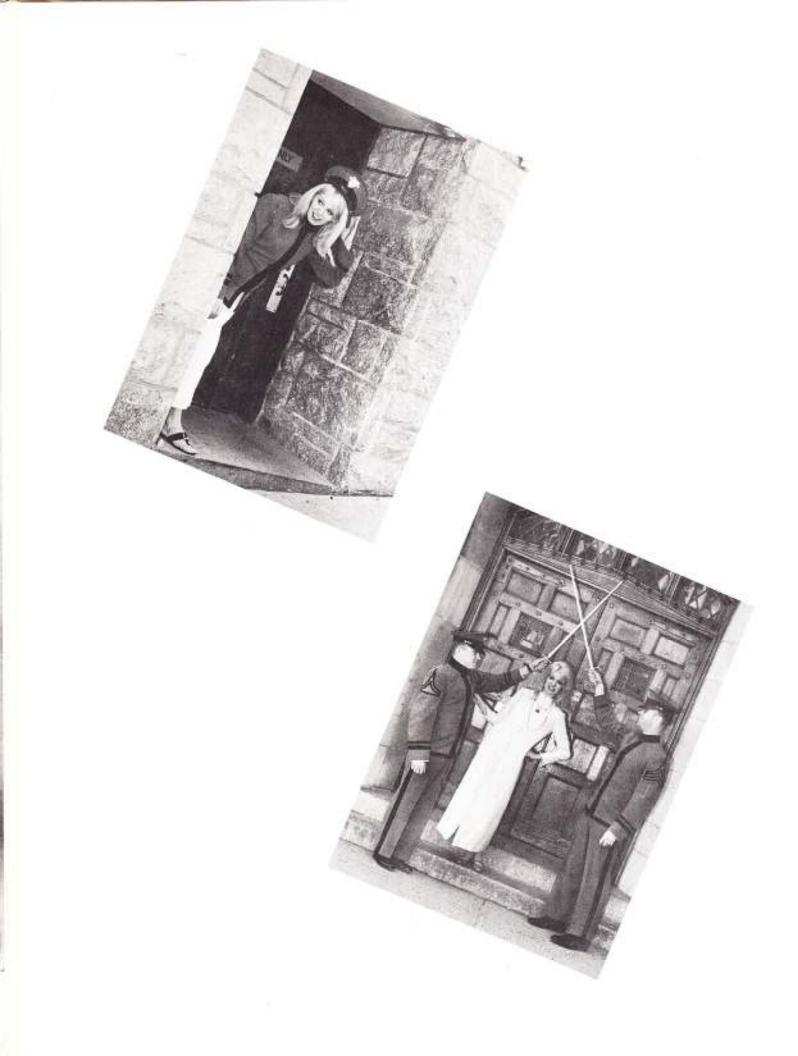


Everyone is glad to see graduation. Cows become Firsties, Firsties become Lieutenants, etc. . . . but what about the girls who will not appear again to brighten a dull Saturday? From the following two examples of feminine beauty, we doubt if anyone is glad to bid the girls of '68 farewell.



The Girls of '68









Cherry Blossoms '68

by Stoney Hollis

April 5, loomed close. Friday would mark the beginning of the Cherry Blossom festival — a good time to be in Washington, D.C. Tourists flocked into the city from all across the country. Like everyone else I, too, longed for that magic mixture of sunshine, gaiety, and lovely ladies that marked the Cherry Blossom Festival. The hotels were jammed, the tourists gawked, and Washington residents waited anxiously to see if the Cherry Blossoms would bloom on time. That night Martin Luther King died on the porch of a Memphis Motel.

Friday night, I arrived in Washington. The streets were lit by burning buildings. On the way home, I passed several buildings still flaming; firemen in some case-fighting fires that ranged over the entire block. On one corner several Negroes helped the firemen man the hose. Other residents stood around and watched. Still others stood hollow-eyed and tired, watching in disbelief as every worldly possession disappeared in smoke. Some stood around and watched calmly, speaking to a neighbor who happened by or, in some instances, comforting newly-discovered neighbors made homeless by the flames.

"I jest don't understand what makes 'em do it," the Negro cab driver called over his shoulder as we drove through the heart of the Washington ghetto. "It jest don't make sense to run around burnin' everything. They oughta be out findin' jobs or somethin'." I looked out at the carnage through windows heavily taped to prevent shattering in case bottles or bricks were thrown at the cab.

We passed streets lined with trees where people normally sit on their porches to chat during warm nights. We passed the empty benches where the old folks usually sit in warm weather to discuss the times that were and the problems of the new generation. The streets were deserted. I had not yet seen a white man on the streets.

We passed a particular furniture store in Northwest Washington. This store I knew from personal experience charged those excessive prices found in the ghetto. The management charged exorbitant prices, took advantage of its uneducated clientele by dishonest interest charged on credit transactions, broke promeses to customers and generally sold inferior products to all who patronized the shop. The shop was gutted — in spite of the impotent "SOUL BROTHER" hastily scrawled across the window before the management deserted the shop. The looters had forgotten to burn the credit records.

"SOUL BROTHER" was scribbled on every car and every shop window. It was painted on most of the houses too. Even the nonresident could see though, that there had been a pattern to the looting. Some shops were gutted while the shop next door stood untouched. Then three more shops smouldered while the fourth stood untouched, The looters knew what belonged to whom . . . I wondered if my own home was left standing . .

A girl and a boy stood on a corner. I wondered what they could find to discuss so calmy at 11 P.M. while the city burned around them. The boy held four or five bottles of scotch in his arms, one bottle in each jacket pocket and smaller bottles in his trousers pockets. The girl held a basket of foodstuffs and wore some obviouslynew shoes.

The city awakened to the smell of burning wood. Burned-out trucks and cars blocked the streets. The normally immaculate streets were littered with bricks, broken glass, and discarded clothing. Ghetto residents picked through smoking shells of what had been homes.

On the Mall, down by Washington Monument, the city was still. Looking from the park back toward the smoking city — I wondered at the irony of the calm and beauty of the park less than a mile from the riot area. The cherry blossoms had been on time.

The Mayor of Washington came into the television and begged people to stay home and off the streets. He was one of the many prominent leaders who appeared on the screen. They included clergymen, congressmen and public officials. People who, it was believed, wielded power in the Negro community. The city continued to burn. James Brown came to D.C. in his own plane — without invitation. He had to ask to speak over the T.V. Network. The man has no more than a third grade education. He had started in the direst poverty. He had made underwear from discarded potato sacks during his youth and made a living by shining shoes in Augusta, Georgia on the steps of the local radio station. He understood the grievances of his brothers in the streets, but he also knew that a man could make it if he got the breaks, make it in spite of race or lack of education. A man could make it even on an empty stomach. He was living proof, He now owned that radio station in Augusta. Even as he spoke, obviously without notes, one could sense that he knew, that he understood, and as some listened on newly acquired TV sets - they too, for the first time, began to understand.

In Bethesda, Maryland, within sight of the burning capital, business went on as usual. Two people sat at a table on their lawn. The tall crew-cut man leaned toward his wife, "I really can't see why they're burning each other out in there. I guess they'll stop soon as they realize that they're only hurtin' themselves."

The commentator stared out from the TV screen. "Surburban Washingtonians are responding in unprecedented number to the plight of those affected by the riots. These people are bringing large quantities of food and clothing to aid those displaced by the fires. Five minutes before this announcement a gentleman donated 288 cans of condensed milk and a check for \$100.00 to be used for food stuffs . . . "

Sunday morning, the city awakened slowly like the tired and spent city it was. It awakened to the deep drone of Army trucks crowded with tired, confused soldiers. One passed soldiers on every corner, at least on my block. As I stared at a passing convoy I thought about occupied Europe and newsreels of the Dominican Republic and how it all had always been so remote, so far away . . .

I knew that, a few blocks over, there had been no fires. The homes and shops were untouched. The rioters had not sprawled uncontrollably to all parts of the city. They knew whom they wanted to hurt. Riots have changed.

The old man rubbed his stubbled chin as he stared at the smoking ruins of his shoe-shine shop. "Naw," he said, "I don't blame 'em. Cain't blame em. I knows how they feel. A man can only take so much. Naw, I cain't blame 'em, I live down here too. It's all part of the revolution."

I sat and stared at the television. Beautiful blonde girls flitted across the screen selling deodorant, haircream, and cars. They explained to me why I needed each item to be a happy man. Heroes drove sports cars and were in turn loved by beautiful women on vacation in Europe. At intermission, a beautiful stewardess stared out from the screen and explained that if I wanted to leave my troubles behind . . . I should fly to Bermuda. I wondered how many kids in the ghetto watched that same show.

Sports In Summary

by J. T. Fouche

To refresh those tired memories and to recapture some of the thrills and highlights of Army Sports during AY 1968, the Pointer presents a pictorial essay of action which made this year an overall sport success.

FOOTBALL

Coach Cahill's Chargers matched last season's record of 8 wins and 2 losses. Though losing to Navy, the '67 version of "The Black Knights" will be remembered for that exciting, hard fought comeback in the second half against the "Deckhands." Much talent coupled with a strong desire to win marked this Army team as the finest to take the field in many a year.

Defensive standout Tom Wheelock stops a Utah runner

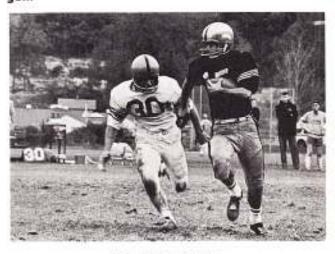


150 lb. FOOTBALL

Perhaps for the average team a 4 and 2 record would be a great year, but not for Army's "Little Rabble." The mighty mites, strong contenders every season for the Eastern Championship, were dumped twice, including a loss to Navy. Many newcomers gained a lot of experience and learned a few lessons this year, which if carried over to next year should make Army's 150 lb. football team the one to watch out for.

SOCCER

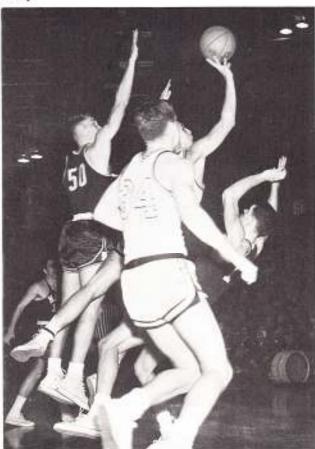
Coach Palone's "Big Feet", kicked and ran for a 9 and 4 record this year and were a strong, well-rounded team. Many of the standouts will be back with us next year, and the team is expected to be a top contender in the championship competition. "Ken Bevis eludes a would be tackler for a big gain"



PLEBE FOOTBALL

With one of the most talented crop of freshmen ballplayers to hit USMA in awhile, the Plebes will be re-

"Bill Shutsky powers in to land 2 points against Navy"



membered as the first freshman team to go undefeated in the history of Army football. If this is a good indication of things to come, Army football fans will have a lot to cheer about in the upcoming season.

BASKETBALL

Coach Knight's men had a great season which featured a team with a lot of hustle and drive. Highlighting the season was a win over St. John's and an invitation to the N.I.T. What the team may have lacked in height was more than made up for in energy, skill and agility.

GYMNASTICS

The gymnastics team had an off year, ending up with 4 wins and 5 losses. However, with individual standouts and, of course, with a win over Navy, all was not lost.

TRACK

Army's Indoor team showed itself to be one of the best in the East by running to a 7 and 1 record, Many records were broken by Coach Crowell's runners, jumpers, and strong arms. Continuing on this winning road, the Outdoor team has thus far compiled a 3 and 0 record with an outstanding sweep over Villanova in the Iona Relays.



"Army scores a goal against RMC"

HOCKEY

Army's men on ice had their problems, but still managed a winning season. Their final record was 14 wins against 10 losses, but many games were close and could have gone either way. The big win was over RMC.

SQUASH

Bouncing that little black ball against a wall is not as easy as it looks, but the Army Squash team proved itself quite adept at the task as it compiled a record of 12 wins and 3 losses. Highlights include wins over Navy, Harvard and Yale.

"Mike Nardotti gives a Syracuse man a close look at the mat"



SWIMMING

Breaking records and winning meets was characteristic of Army's Swimming team. It compiled an 11 and 2 wonloss record which included a big win over Harvard,

FENCING

Fencing became a Corps Squad Sport this year and in its first season, the team completed an impressive 11 and 3 record. Featuring quick eyes and good reactions, the team overall was strong and sound and more good seasons are in the making.

WRESTLING

Though plagued with injuries, the Army Wrestlers still compiled an 8 and 2 season. The year was highlighted by an outstanding win over Lehigh.

"Rugby action-I got it"



PISTOL and RIFLE

Army's sharpshooters were on the mark again this year. The pistol team had a perfect season with 10 wins and 0 defeats. The Rifle team also came out ahead in the records department by compiling a 6-3 record.

CROSS-COUNTRY

The cross-country team was hampered by injuries and never was able to run at full strength. Despite the handicaps and with a strong effort and outstanding performances by all, the team managed a 9 win and 2 loss season.

SPRING

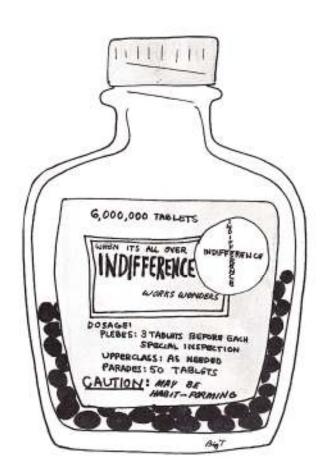
Army's Spring Sports Squads are maintaining wining records. At this time, Lacrosse stands with a 6 and 2 record, losing only to John's Hopkins and Maryland. Tennis continues to dominate the courts with a 10-3 record, Golf has 6 wins and 4 losses, and Baseball has a 10-6 won-loss record.

OVERALL RECORD and INDIVIDUAL HIGHLIGHTS

The cumulative record for the year in all sports up to this time is 167 wins and 58 losses for the Army teams, giving them an overall 74.5 percentage of wins. Individual honors go to Steve Hunt for being 2nd in the nation in field goal percentages in basketball, to Terry Young for breaking "Charlie Beckwith placing 8th in the nation"



Bill Carpenter's pass receiving records, to Bill Campbell and Rick Wilbur (doubles champs) for leading Army to its first tennis ECAC Championship, to Charlie Beckwith for placing 8th in the nation at the National Gymnastics Tournament, to Dave Taylor of the Rifle team for his selection as All-American, to Larry Hart for selection as All-American Weight man in Indoor Track, and to Greg Camp for being the number one runner in the Indoor half mile. All in all, Army's teams remained true to the tradition of winning and displaying the qualities of true competitors.



AND HE EVEN USED " "



STATIONERY!

YOU CAN TOO, SEE YOUR POINTER REP



The Subscription

by Swick

URGENT OPEN AT ONCE! Fearing a death in the family, or hoping to be informed that he has just won a sweepstake and several thousand dollars, every cadet has shredded open such an envelope to find a hackneyed form letter asking for payment from an organization for items which were neither ordered nor received. Record and book clubs never seem to realize that a year's membership terminates after twelve months. Therefore they mercilessly torture cadets for the initial mistake of signing their name to a harmless looking form. Since these companies have an infinite file of form letters threatening to use law suits, permanent exile from society, and black magic against the cadet who is delinquent in his unwanted account the need for effective answers is obvious. From a few basic replies, everyone can develop his own file of appropriate, if not equally obnoxious, retorts to the typical form letter.

Gentlemen:

Yesterday, I received your letter with URGENT OPEN AT ONCE stamped in red on the envelope. Fearing that you were in grave danger and hoping for my assistance, I tore open the envelope to find that you charged me \$4.57 for an additional six months of your magazine. I do not recall making the subscription renewal and at the present time do not have sufficient funds to pay such a large sum for a magazine, which I did not order or desire. If you feel that you should receive compensation for the subscription that you volunteered to send me, I would be happy to send several copies of the magazine that I have remaining from my original subscription. I can assure you that they were never opened, as after a time, I found myself receiving them and launching them into place either on the shelf or in the bottom of our trash bucket.

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Cdt. Pvt., Co. H-3

(Continued on Page 27)

THE SUBSCRIPTION . . .

(Continued from Page 26)

Gentlemen:

I am plagued by the feeling of futility that any criminal must feel when he realizes that the law has in fact caught up with him and he must face up to his crimes. It was with unspoiled innocence that I decided to join the Club. Who would have thought such a decision would lead me to a life of crime? Harboring no specific intent to step beyond the limits of the law, I was immensely entertained by the sweet soul music and tantalizing sounds of psychedellic (though somewhat destorted by the warps in the plastic) that were sent as prescribed in our initial agreement,

When I began to receive records after my membership to the club should have ended, I thought that you had picked me to sample different types of art. Although I had no particular interest in "Don Giovani in the Original Italian". "Senator Dirksen and Our American Heritage", or "The Sounds Of Times Square at 6:30" I was thrilled by the fact that they had been sent to me and therefore overcome by initial impulse to hurl them from the roof of our dormitory. Apart from the dust they are collecting on my bookshelf, the records remain safe and intact.

Your last letter threatening to attach my pay and repossess my brown boy is certainly distressing. However, since my membership to the Club terminated several weeks before I received the extra records, I believe that the worst punishment that I would receive in court would be an order to return the records, if in fact that is a punishment. If you sincerely desire to recover the records I suggest that you send either the money for the return postage or someone to pick up the records, and my storage and handling fee which is \$1.00 per record for the first day and \$.25 per record for each additional day.

With kindest regard,

Cdt. Pvt., Co. H-3

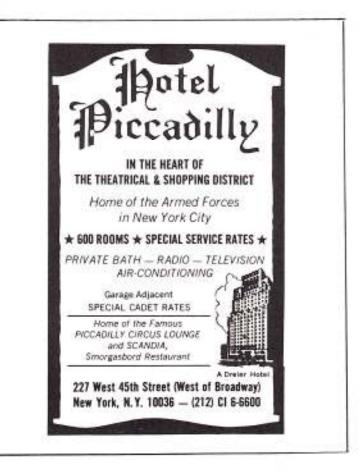
GALA 79c EXTRAVAGANZA . . .

(Continued from Page 5)

Rockefeller Center window shopping and looking in travel agencies to see how many hundreds of dollars it now costs a cadet to fly to Europe. On the Sheep Meadow in Central Park South, such bands as Paul Butterfield's Blues and the Ungrateful Dead provide free concerts, while the hippies join in with their weekly fertility rites. Of all the creatures of the animal kingdom, the monkey has to be the most interesting. The Central Park monkey habitorium is stocked with every breed from a gibbon to an orangoutang so you might step in and check out Darwin's theory.

About 1400 after this exhausting weekend, low crawl on back to the Manhattan where numerous trip sections have return formations to school. You shouldn't have any trouble getting a free lift back.

Back at West Point when Harvey Zeroski brags about his luxuriously sauteed twenty dollar filet de Carp dinner at Mama Gondola's, those fantastic \$10.00 cover charge notes of the Soul Machine Inc., and that plush \$15.00 a night room with vibra-bed at the Ajax, merely put on one of the Paul Newman completely satisfied grins and think of that two digit number 79.





There was a
Lance Corporal
named Dean,
In love with
a woman Marine.
She left in a huff,
You're not
up to snuff,
Get Brasso and
you'll make the scene.



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The Spring Game

Army football '68 got off to a fast start with the annual spring game under the lights at Michie Stadium on May 4th. Before the kickoff many felt the "Black and White" would put on a dull show with such stars as Jim O'Toole and Charlie Jarvis not in the line-up coupled with the emphasis on fundamentals that is usually employed in spring contests. Before the evening was over, however, it was obvious that the Black Knights have depth in talented ball players, and a coaching staff that is not afraid to put the ball in the air or use a reverse until the opponents can stop it.

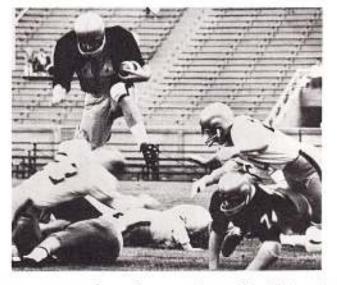
In the first half the "Black team", consisting of the First team offense and Second team defense, dominated play. Steve Lindell opened the scoring with 9:48 gone in the first period on a sweep around right end. Yearling Larry Horacek added the point after. The second touchdown came on a well-engineered drive led by Bernie Wall, a quarter-back up from last fall's undefeated plebe squad. Tony Sobul crossed the goal on a 1 yard plunge midway through the 2nd quarter, but the point after failed. Late in the first half, Art Jensen added three more on a beautiful 46 yard field goal. Coach Cahill and all others present had visions of many more three pointers next fall when that one sailed through the uprights.

The second half saw the 1st team defense stall the Black offense, and the White offense start to move the ball. Plebe star Bill Hunter put on a fantastic display of running. He knifed through the line and circled around the ends on reverses to pile up most of the White's yardage. Hunter came up with the White touchdown on a shifty reverse, escaping four would-be tacklers and going in from 8 yards out. Quarter-back Benham came right back with the same play and Hunter got the 2 point conversion to make the score 16-8. The rest of the fourth quarter was a valiant effort on the part of the white squad to get that tying score. Plebe quarterback Chris Benham showed a lot of poise, and Bill Hunter continued to run like a man who wants to be on the first team, but time ran out with 16-8 still showing on the scoreboard.

If the Spring game was indicative of the upcoming season, Army's opponents had best beware. Fine games were turned in by such veterans as Captain Ken Johnson, Jim Greenlee, Tom Wheelock, Bill Jackson, and Gary Bogema, as well as the outstanding efforts of last year's plebes. September 21, Coach Cahill and the Army squad face the Citadel in the beginning of what should be one of Army's best seasons.

STARTING LINEUPS

Black	Offense	White	Defense
S.E.	John Bolger	D.E.	Tom Wheelock
L.T.	Carl Oborski	D.T.	Steve Yarnell
L.G.	Gary Bogema	M.G.	Joe Neuman
C.	Ted Shadid	D.T.	Bob Allardice
R.G.	Bill Jackson	D.E.	Mike Hartman
R.T.	Bob Ivany	L.B.	Jodie Glore
T.E.	John Fenili	L.B.	Ken Johnson
Q.B.	Steve Lindell	H.B.	Dick Luecke
H.B.	Lynn Moore	H.B.	Dennis Hutchinson
H.B.	Hank Andrzejczak	D.B.	John Brenner
F.B.	Jim Greenlee	D.B.	Pete Dencker



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WHITE BLUES THREE TIMES . . .

(Continued from Page 7)

ethereal, soft sound written by Tim Buckley, is also well done. "The Modern Adventures of Plato, Diogenes, and Freud" employs an interesting use of strings in a song which is a tongue in check take-off on the individuals named in the title. All in all, this is a good album and a better band. Catch them.

THE BUTTERFIELD BLUES BAND

This is the oldest white Blues group in the business. As the name says, the band's leader and primary performer is Paul Butterfield, a 27 year old Chicagoan who grew up on the South Side, in and out of the bars and clubs that featured the best urban Blues groups of the time. His vocal affinity for the Blues and harmonica skill was developed through long association with such Blues greats as James Cotten, Muddy Waters, and the late Sonny Boy Williamson, Butterfield's appreciation for and commitment to the Blues is undeniable. He literally gives it all he has got, which is considerable.

The rest of his band is an alloy of highly skilled musicians, equally dedicated to the wonder of the Blues. Elvin Bishop, lead guitarist, has been with Butterfield since his early Chicago days, and during that time, has built a head of Blues experience worthy of special consideration. His riffs and flourishes to Butterfield's harmonica work are a marvel, and his rippling guitar solos are a singular wonder. Butterfield's brass section, comprised of two saxophones and a trumpet, adds great depth and fullness to his music.

The band's most recent album, "The Resurrection of Pigboy Crabshaw," is perhaps Butterfield's best, Butterfield's vocal skyrocketing and harmonica needlework run rampant on all cuts but one, and do great justice to the simplistic Blues lyrics and progressions. "Born Under a Bad Sign," a piece by Brooker T. Jones (of the MG's), is a whining, sad Blues sound in the finest tradition of the word, "One More Heartache" tells the tale of a man whom one more heartache will break, just as "one last straw broke the camel's back." "Run Out of Time," a Butterfield original, features excellent lead runs and brass fills, with Butterfield's harmonica and omnipresent voice doing the rest, The entire album can best be described as unbelieveable.

THE ELECTRIC FLAG

This is the newest of the white Blues bands. Again is found the basic Blues band backed up by a three piece horn section. But here is where its similarity to the other groups stops, for its leader, Mike Bloomfield, thinks of the Flag as ". . . an American Music Band" with its music being ". . . blues, soul, country, rock, religious music, traffic, crowds, street sounds, and field sounds, the sound of people and silence." And in fact, the band employs all of the above with a strong Blues flavoring in "A Long Time Comin", its first album.

Mike Bloomfield is the person largely responsible for the formation of this eight man amalgam of musical skill and Blues appreciation. He is, interestingly enough, formerly of Paul Butterfield's band, having played with him in Chicago undergoing much the same Blues indoctrination as Butterfield, in the same clubs, and from the same great Bluesmen. Due to this background, he carries with him to the Flag a great deal of Butterfieldian influence. Bloomfield is irrevocably the best Blues guitarist in America, bar none. He can be given the credit for Bishop's excellent playing for Butterfield, as Bishop played rhythm under Bloomfield for several years.

EIGHTH AVENUE EXPRESS

Doors open on a fleeting dawn.

Some get off, some get on.

And always the wheels go hurrying on—
hurrying on—hurrying on.

The way leads down and out of sight.

Leaving the day to seek the night,

Like moles they scurry to flee the light.

And always the wheels go hurrying on—

hurrying on—hurrying on.

Why do they come? Where do they go?
Footsteps padding soft and slow
To answer the call of the wheels below.
And always the wheels go hurrying on—
hurrying on—hurrying on.

The Stygian darkness seems to fall
Like a mist whose clouds envelop all,
Making each man its silent thrall.
And always the wheels go hurrying on—
hurrying on—hurrying on.

Tongues stilled by the pressing crowd, Each man's daily seems his shroud, And no one dares to speak aloud. And always the wheels go hurrying on hurrying on—hurrying on.

The rush of air, the clatter of wheels,
The grinding brakes—the blood congeals.
The din a touch that no one feels.
And always the wheels go hurrying on—hurrying on—hurrying on.

Ribbons of steel thread the caves.

The car hurtles on with its unknowing slaves.

The wall—a sign—"Jesus Saves."

And always the wheels go hurrying on—
hurrying on—burrying on.

Two worms pass, but do not see.

Which way is eternity?

Where will the wheels take me?

And always the wheels go hurrying on—
hurrying on—hurrying on.

Ken Eisenhardt

CADETS GO TO THE FRONT OF THE LINE, SAY PHIL LINZ AND BOB ANDERSON — 3 TIME ALL AMERICAN.



BRAHAM

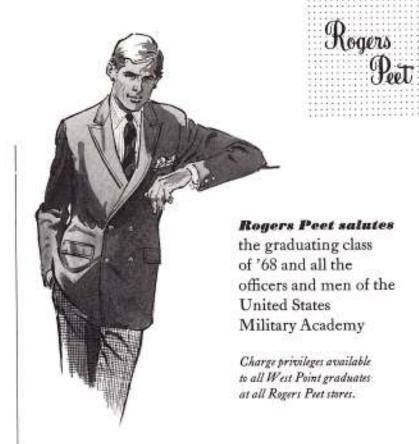
something is here with me, besides the chill winds of loneliness, something to comfort me and remind me that all my loneliness is but a spiritual manifestation of physical singularity-"one need not be lonely for within, there is always one's self, itself alone, to be sure. but the combination of self and physical being . . . in this case, singularity, is a wonder to behold." and loneliness fades into a receeding mist of the mind, and the mind itself into an enveloping omnipresence of soul. find thyself, thou ever-searching soul, not in the gift-giving satisfaction of communication . . . not in the quiet and solitude of introspection . . . not in the mind blurring examination of thought . . . but in the antithesis of theselisten: assimilate; by osmosis, allow the world to enter your veinsnot through the customs stations of your mind or the trap-door of your heartnot with the transitory case of a chemical or the fleeting ectasy of a needlebut by listening, observing, experiencing, allowing the three to blend and mix into the arcade of life; and loneliness, like the nickle that one of its pin-ball machines just tooklights up the board with "MATCH!", another game . . . another nickle's worth of life.

LKT IV



Pyrene . . .

all things rapidly approaching zero . . . number of days until 5 june . . . number of tenths in art . . . and number of dollars in bank account . . . am beginning to feel like i am on losing side of war on poverty . . . editor asked me to reminisce for a while on past four years . . . considered it for a while but decided against it as some copies of magazine go thru mail and u.s. postal authorities very fussy indeed about use of mails to say nasty things . . . all firsties ready to depart . . . many have been packed and ready since 1 july 1965 . . . roommate loaded four book boxes . . . three foot lockers . . . two brownboys and fiancee in vet . . . has only yet in world with periscopes for driver vision . . . as for self comma still undecided on best way to load own transportation . . . schwinn racers are just not built to carry 1500 lbs of marvel comic books . . . well . . . guess that wraps it up . . . woo-poo behind and ranger ahead . . . would welcome devil and deep blue sea . . .



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⊕ Zodiac

g. v.

Western Electric gets a fast fix on magnetics.

Anyone planning to use a magnetic material for anything more subtle than picking things up had better know its hysteresis curve. That's the curve that shows how much magnetic flux is induced in a material by applied magnetizing forces of either polarity. Western Electric uses many kinds of magnetic materials in the communications equipment we build for the Bell System. And for very subtle purposes indeed.

So we draw a lot of hysteresis curves. And, by old test methods it could take up to two hours to

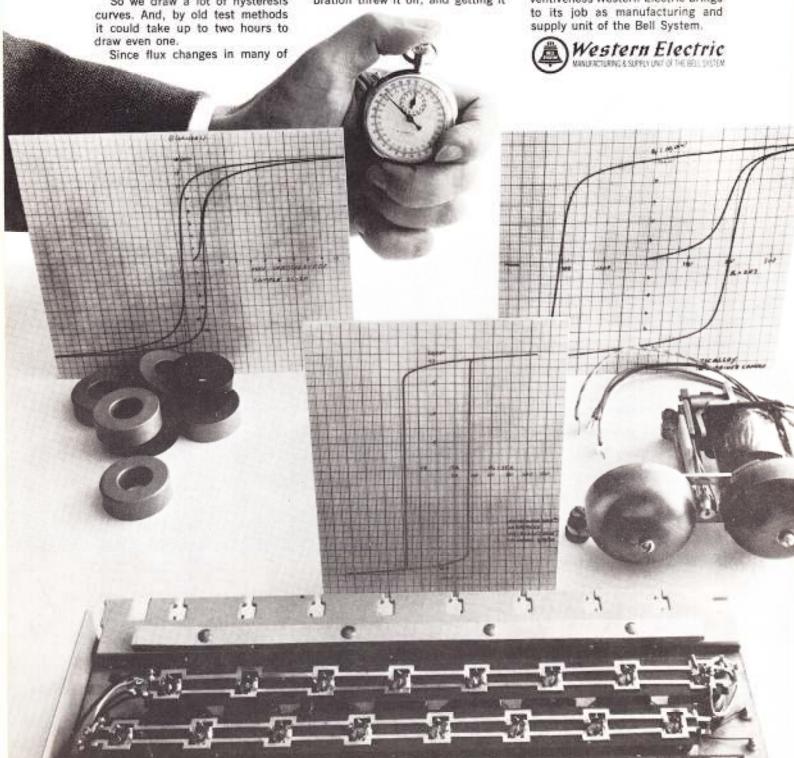
the materials we use produce very weak forces, people have been trying for years to work out a hysteresigraph that will get these forces to move a recording pen. Until recently, the closest anybody had come was one of our engineers.

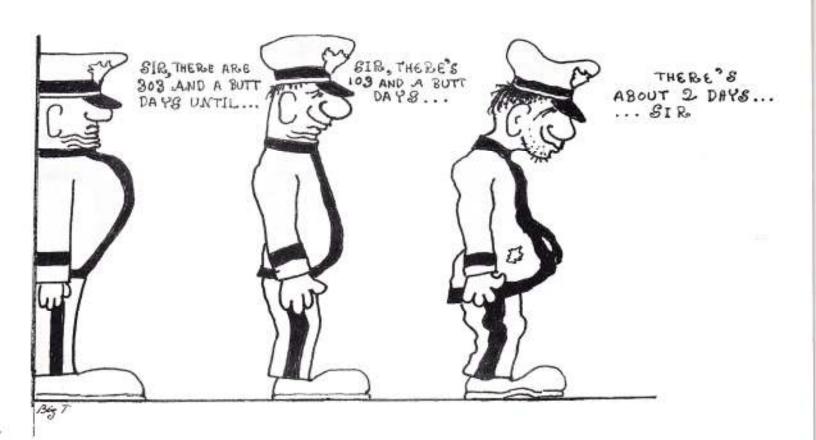
His device employed a galvanometer, a mirror, a pair of photocells, a servo amplifier and motor, and an elaborate set of balancing and positioning controls. It drew nice curves, but the slightest vibration threw it off, and getting it

set to go again took time, skill, and infinite patience.

The same engineer who devised that hysteresigraph recognized the possibilities of a newly developed device called an electronic operational amplifier. He designed a new, all-electronic hysteresigraph around it that draws accurate curves in about five minutes, needs hardly any adjusting, and is completely indifferent to vibration.

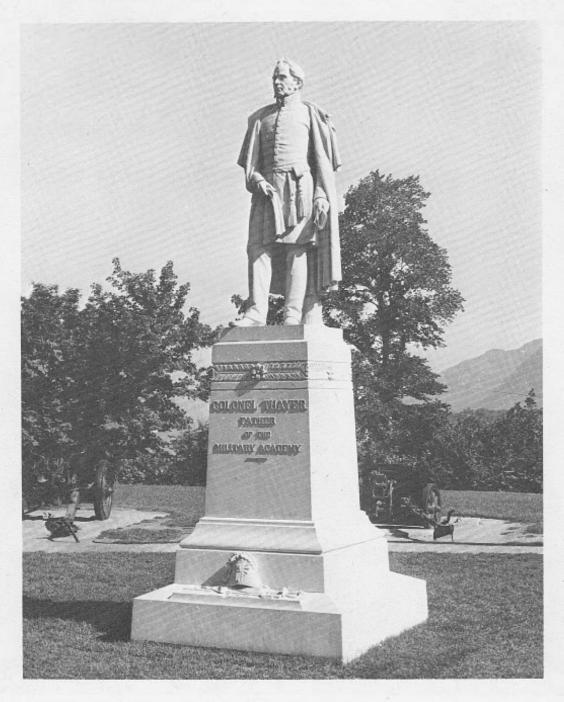
This is the kind of continuing inventiveness Western Electric brings







Graduation Exercises 1968

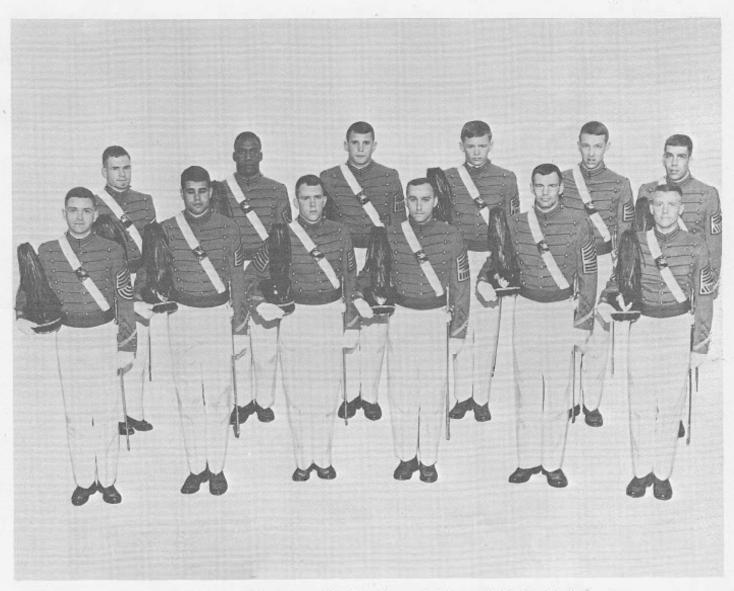


UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY
WEST POINT, NEW YORK



MAJOR GENERAL DONALD V. BENNETT Superintendent, United States Military Academy

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Cadet Captain and Brigade Commander THROCKMORTON, J. L.
Cadet Captain and Executive Officer to Brigade Commander ROBINSON, W. L.
Cadet Captain and Brigade Adjutant
Cadet Captain and Brigade Operations Officer BURNETTE, T. N.
Cadet Captain and Brigade Supply Officer VEHLOW, C. A.
Cadet Captain and Brigade Activities Officer EUSTICE, A. L.
Cadet Lieutenant and Assistant Brigade Adjutant RATCLIFFE, L. C.
Cadet Lieutenant and Assistant Brigade Operations Officer ALEXANDER, D. L.
Cadet Lieutenant and Assistant Brigade Operations Officer SORROW, J. W.
Cadet Lieutenant and Assistant Brigade Supply Officer SMITH, D. A.
Cadet Lieutenant and Assistant Brigade Activities Officer SOEDER, A. H.
Cadet Master Sergeant and Brigade Sergeant Major JORDAN, L. R.

FIRST REGIMENT STAFF



FIRST ROW — Zophy, F.; Tijerina, G.; Audrain, E.; Yasukawa, R.; Hansen, M. SECOND ROW — Moore, T.; Benson, J.; Shahid, F.; Kurkjian, T.; McLean, N.

Cadet Captain and Regimental Commander AUDRAIN, E. F.	
Cadet Captain and Executive Officer to Regimental Commander TIJERINA, G.	
Cadet Captain and Regimental Adjutant ZOPHY, F. G.	
Cadet Captain and Regimental Operations Officer YASUKAWA, R. N. H.	
Cadet Captain and Regimental Supply Officer	
Cadet Lieutenant and Assistant Regimental Adjutant , , , , , MOORE, T. M.	
Cadet Lieutenant and Regimental Activities Officer BENSON, J. O.	
Cadet Lieutenant and Assistant Regimental Operations Officer McLEAN, N. A.	
Cadet Master Sergeant and Regimental Sergeant Major KURKJIAN, T. G.	
Cadet Master Sergeant and Regimental Supply Sergeant SHAHID, F. J.	

FIRST BATTALION STAFF-First Regiment



FIRST ROW — Baerman, V.; Wooten, M. SECOND ROW — Fellows, M.; Warncke, R.; Walsh, J. NOT SHOWN — Scaglione, R.

Cadet Captain and Battalion Commander	BAERMAN, V. P.
Cadet Captain and Executive Officer to Battalion Commander	SCAGLIONE, R. J.
	WOOTEN, M.
Cadet Lieutenant and Battalion Operations Officer	
Cadet Lieutenant and Battalion Supply Officer	WARNCKE, R. M.
Cadet Master Sergeant and Battalion Sergeant Major	WALSH, J. F.



Company A-1

FIRST ROW — Hensler, R.; Carson, C.; Rhodes, L.; Piraneo, C. SECOND ROW — Neyses, D.; Stefan, J.; Olmsted, D.; Dienes, N.; Barnes, T. THIRD ROW — Rorie, W.; Colglazier, D.; Hedley, J.; Crupper, G.; Cowperthwaite, N.; Vickers, W. NOT SHOWN — Kelly, D.



Company B-1

FIRST ROW — Donahue, D.; Morris, J.; Allgood, J.; Hargis, J.; Rader, S. SECOND ROW — Cunningham, D.; Carraway, D.; Wilcox, J.; Reid, J.; Palke, R.; McClary, M. THIRD ROW — Gora, R.; Kunz, E.; Puckett, F.; Harrelson, K.; Stevenson, L.



Company C-1

FIRST ROW — Brennan, M.; Feher, R.; Miller, C.; McKenna, B.; Mase, R. SECOND ROW — Yager, H.; Bruce, M.; Darmody, D.; Thomas, E.; McConnell, T.; Robinson, W. THIRD ROW — Dallen, J.; Poynter, H.; McClain, J.; Hall, D.; Outlaw, L.



Company D-1

FIRST ROW — Olvis, C.; Brown, W.; Cochran, J.; Trauner, T.; Mangino, J.; Dyer, W. SECOND ROW — Holderness, J.; Adams, R.; Calabro, J.; Walsh, J.; Hawley, R. THIRD ROW — Hauck, K.; Wyman, S.; Jones, D.; Lambert, V.; Germann, G.; Canella, C. NOT SHOWN — Crist, P.

SECOND BATTALION STAFF-First Regiment



FIRST ROW - Kennedy, T.; Garcia, V.; Raines, W. SECOND ROW - MacDonald, R.; Copley, J.; Allen R.

Cadet Captain and Battalion Commander	GARCIA, V. F.
Cadet Captain and Executive Officer to Battalion Commander	KENNEDY, T. J.
Cadet Lieutenant and Battalion Adjutant	RAINES, W. B.
Cadet Lieutenant and Battalion Operations Officer	COPLEY, J. B.
Cadet Lieutenant and Battalion Supply Officer	MacDONALD, R. W.
Cadet Master Sergeant and Battalion Sergeant Major	ALLEN, R. L.



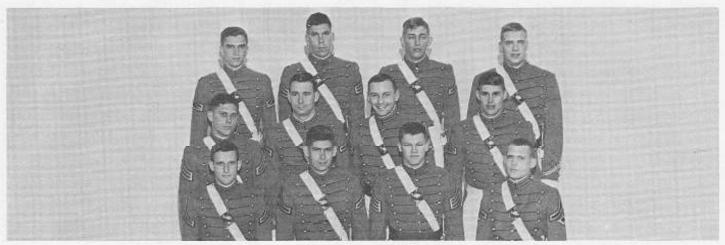
Company E-1

FIRST ROW — Becker, D.; Crawford, G.; Sharples, D.; Hart, M.; Merritt, K. SECOND ROW — Smith, A.; Toffler, P.; Rosenberry, D.; Sweeney, R. THIRD ROW — Bevans, J.; McCauley, W.; Gilhuly, M.; Hawkins, C.; Olsen, R. NOT SHOWN — Hoblit, F.; Kulpa, N.; Laing, M.; Prosnik, G.; Schaeffer, L.; Schappaugh, G.



Company F-1

FIRST ROW — Bunnell, D.; Johnson, F.; Tillery, G.; Adams, D.; Reynolds, F. SECOND ROW — DeCoursey, P.; O'Neil, M.; Finney, J.; Mackall, C.; Osborn, S.; McCaffrey, J. THIRD ROW — Hanson, P.; Morand, L.; Francis, J.; Larson, E.; O'Meara, N.; Little, W.; Buckley, J. NOT SHOWN — Iaconis, C.; Stevenson, D.



Company G-1

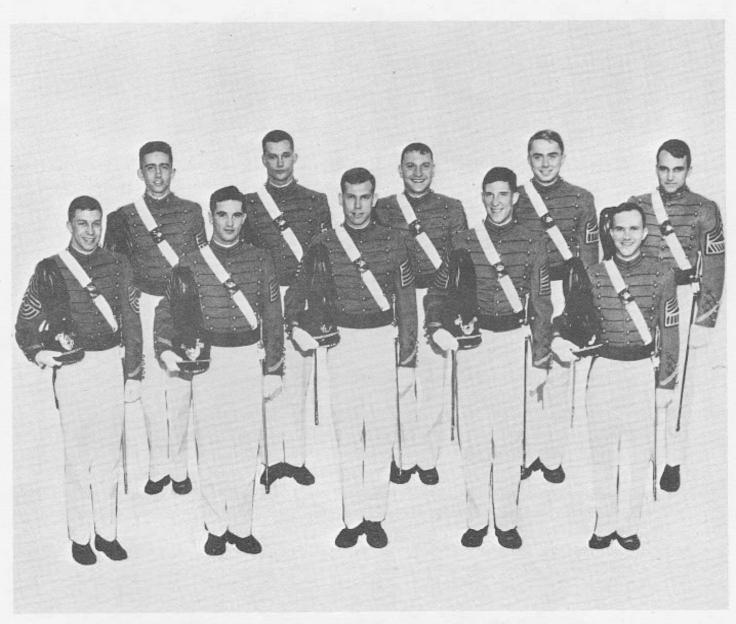
FIRST ROW — Adams, R.; Oventile, J.; Patrow, M.; Brown, R. SECOND ROW — Fabrey, R.; Adam, G.; Ptasnik, P.; Steel, C. THIRD ROW — Schweitzer, G.; Moran, K.; DeBlaquiere, J.; Tangen, N. NOT SHOWN — Beckley, S.; Galak, R.; Henningsen, K.; Lorentzen, E.; Ludwikoski, J.; Mente, A.; Vinton, R.



Company H-1

FIRST ROW — Petcu, L.; Ambrose, A.; Clark, J.; Martin, J.; Kelley, J.; Jack, H.; McLane, D. SECOND ROW — Carman, J.; Millson, E.; Manning, L.; Miller, W.; Witwer, R.; Farrugia, V. THIRD ROW — Baker, L.; Westerlund, J.; Black, J.; Reilly, G.; Robinson, B.; Kendall, R. NOT SHOWN — Garcia, V.; Kennedy, T.; McLellan, B.; Rider, F.

SECOND REGIMENT STAFF



FIRST ROW — Sweeney, B.; Houck, R.; Edelman, M.; Mears, H.; Kaufman, D. SECOND ROW — Sheaffer, M.; Shaffer, H.; Delia, F.; Wing, J.; Kelly, R.

Cadet Captain and Regimental Commander	EDELMAN, M. A.
Cadet Captain and Executive Officer to Regimental Commander	HOUCK, R. J.
Cadet Captain and Regimental Adjutant	SWEENY, B. D.
Cadet Captain and Regimental Operations Officer	KAUFMAN, D. J.
Cadet Captain and Regimental Supply Officer	MEARS, H. M.
Cadet Lieutenant and Assistant Regimental Adjutant	SHEAFFER, M. K.
Cadet Lieutenant and Regimental Activities Officer	KELLY, R. C.
Cadet Lieutenant and Assistant Regimental Operations Officer	WING, J. B.
Cadet Master Sergeant and Regimental Sergeant Major	
Cadet Master Sergeant and Regimental Supply Sergeant	

FIRST BATTALION STAFF-Second Regiment



FIRST ROW — Nettesheim, D.; Herman, S.; Balog, R. SECOND ROW — Blevins, J.; Lowry, S.; McNaugher, T.

Cadet Captain and Battalion Commander	HERMAN, S. M.
Cadet Captain and Executive Officer to Battalion Commander	NETTESHEIM, D. D.
Cadet Lieutenant and Battalion Adjutant	McNAUGHER, T. L.
Cadet Lieutenant and Battalion Operations Officer	BLEVINS, J. M.
Cadet Lieutenant and Battalion Supply Officer	LOWRY, S. O.
Cadet Master Sergeant and Battalion Sergeant Major	BALOG, R. J.



Company A-2

FIRST ROW — Marriott, W.; Stettler, J.; Taylor, D.; Witschonke, C.; Florance, J. SECOND ROW — Barton, W.; Pigott, J.; Wildrick, T.; Cooch, F.; McClelland, D.; Thygerson, W. THIRD ROW — Christensen, G.; Connor, P.; Miller, J.; Korda, B.; Stroble, C.; Sleder, A.



Company B-2

FIRST ROW — Speidel, L.; Perry, F.; House, J.; Stallings, J.; Donohue, S.; Harper, S. SECOND ROW — Banks, F.; Lane, R.; Robinson, D.; Schlipper, L.; Besanceney, C.; Durkan, J. THIRD ROW — Lovett, P.; Desjardien, R.; Benefield, M.; Frinak, J.; Hansen, D; Popov, D.; Swaney, J.



Company C-2

FIRST ROW — Jefferies, W.; Leatham, K.; Sowa, P.; Nelson, E.; Fisher, T.; Font, L. SECOND ROW — Hill, C.; Cullen, J.; Clarke, R.; Miller, R.; Meinshausen, W. THIRD ROW — Schulte, D.; Carl, D.; O'Reilly, L.; Burns, A.; Fraley, R.; Decker, J.



Company D-2

FIRST ROW — Parsons, T.: Greenberg, J.; Yoshizumi, G.; Chapuran, F.; Diamanti, M. SECOND ROW — Miller, J.; Steiner, R.; Brown, B.; Olson, R.; Einbinder, M.; Gustafson, K. THIRD ROW — Knitt, K.; Flynn, R.; Rogers, J.; Burdette, F.; Bowman, S.; Vitters, J. NOT SHOWN — Bowers, R.; Conway, B.; Reed, J.; Ford, D.

SECOND BATTALION STAFF-Second Regiment



FIRST ROW Swinney, J.; Bennett, H., Onval, J. SECOND ROW — Neswiacheny, B.; Buckley, J.; Nickols, J.

Cadet Captain and Battalion Commander	BENNETT, H. S.
Cadet Captain and Executive Officer to Battalion Commander	SWINNEY, I. R.
Cadet Lieutenant and Battalion Adjutant	ONEAL, I. R.
Cadet Lieutenant and Battalion Operations Officer	NESWIACHENY B
Cadet Lieutenant and Battalion Supply Officer	BUCKLEY, I A
Cadet Master Sergeant and Battalion Sergeant Major	NICKOLS, J. R.



Company E-2

FIRST ROW — Ratcliffe, L.; Wohlers, E.; Uhler, R.; Broderick, C.; Jones, J.; Nelson, D. SECOND ROW — Sweeny, B.; Merriam, J.; Winter, D.; Greeby, G.; Rodgers, S.; Ruiz, M.; Petruska, C. THIRD ROW — Griffin, L.; James, C.; Williams, J.; Kimball, A.; Pirnie, L.; Harper, H.; Howard, J.



Company F-2

FIRST ROW — Beierschmitt, T.; Belasco, M.; Lee, D.; Burwell, S.; Jennings, J. SECOND ROW — Holland, T.; Beckwith, C.; Silverthorn, A.; Ader, S.; Baird, J.; MacFarlane, D. THIRD ROW — Clemm, D.; Fuhrman, R.; Roberts, D.; Mendoza, E.; Palone, M.; Nader, F.



Company G-2

FIRST ROW — Viedt, R.; Wells, M.; Timboe, H.; Merritt, R. SECOND ROW — Lawton, J.; Pinzuti, R.; Bachman, W.; Flanigan, R.; Wantuck, T.; Lopes, P. THIRD ROW — Witherspoon, R.; Johnston, J.; Simmons, T.; Winsor, S.; Trexler, K.; Ohlinger, C. NOT SHOWN — Curran, P.; Buckley, J.; Kelly, R.; Powell, R.; Shipley, R.; Sperber, H.



Company H-2

FIRST ROW — Gorecki, M.; Roberson, G.; Hostler, D.; Tucker, F.; Heller, E. SECOND ROW — Brooks, C.; Cummings, D.; Bodenhamer, J.; Shaw, S.; Wright, R.; Samuel, P.; Shaffer, H. THIRD ROW — Hiatt, V.; Woessner, C.; Mears, H.; Gerard, D.; Drummond, D.; Wallace, P. NOT SHOWN — Alexander, R.; Fowler, J.; Hart, L.; Oneal, J.; Lower, R.

THIRD REGIMENT STAFF



FIRST ROW — Shoener, G.; Creeden, J.; Workman, D.; Llewellyn, J. Hunt, R. SECOND ROW — Fulton, L.; Broyhill, T.; Lark, W.; Bussa, J. NOT SHOWN — Cerne, A.

Cadet Captain and Regimental Commander	RKMAN, D. R.
Cadet Captain and Executive Officer to Regimental Commander LLEV	
Cadet Captain and Regimental Adjutant	EDEN, J. V.
Cadet Captain and Regimental Operations Officer SHC	ENER, G. B.
Cadet Captain and Regimental Supply Officer	T, R. D.
Cadet Lieutenant and Assistant Regimental Adjutant CER	NE, A. C.
Cadet Lieutenant and Regimental Activities Officer LARI	K, W. N.
Cadet Lieutenant and Assistant Regimental Operations Officer FULT	ION, L. S.
Cadet Master Sergeant and Regimental Sergeant Major BRO	YHILL, T. K.
Cadet Master Sergeant and Regimental Supply Sergeant BUSS	

FIRST BATTALION STAFF-Third Regiment



FIRST ROW — Magathan, W.; Caldwell, S.; Wilhite, H., SECOND ROW — Adams, M.; Guinn, J.; Altemose, J.

Cadet Captain and Battalion Commander	CALDWELL, S. J.
Cadet Captain and Executive Officer to Battalion Commander	WILHITE, H. L.
Cadet Lieutenant and Battalion Adjutant	
Cadet Lieutenant and Battalion Operations Officer	
Cadet Lieutenant and Battalion Supply Officer	GUINN, J. W.
Cadet Master Sergeant and Battalion Sergeant Major	ALTEMOSE, J. L.



Company A-3

FIRST ROW — Altemose, J.; Markley, M.; Torres, A.; Llewellyn, J.; Beahm, R.; Murphy, S.; Gardner, J. SECOND ROW — Robertson, L.; Hunt, R.; Klein, F.; Adams, J.; Balliett, T.; Mann, M. THIRD ROW — Pence, T.; Hittner, B.; Lorbeer, R.; Erion, B.; Speer, L.; Williams, G.; Peters, M.



Company B-3

FIRST ROW — Gonzalez, J.; Toole, M.; Harmeling, J.; Cima, J.; Magathan, W.; Crecelius, A.; Pierce, L. SECOND ROW — Hayes, R.; Stratton, A.; Williams, G.; Fulton, L.; Rolfes, J.; Adams, M. THIRD ROW — Bowling, M.; Hammond, E.; MacDonald, R.; Kyzer, W.; Day, K.; Orahood, J. NOT SHOWN — Kent, R.; Limbaugh, D.; Nash, W.



Company C-3

FIRST ROW — Wright, L.; Jewell, T.; Carleton, S.; Workman, D.; Unangst, G.; Hathaway, J.; Mulvey, W. SECOND ROW — Wong, T.; Robinson, F.; Tallman, J.; Paulson, P.; O'Connell, M.; MacLaren, M.; Riser, H.; Jacobs, G. THIRD ROW — Shoener, G.; Guinn, J.; Fetterman, R.; Anderson, M.; Jetland, R.; Lieb, C.



Company D-3

FIRST ROW — Wilhite, H.; Cliff, R.; Allen, B.; Mathews, T.; Giasson, C.; Vennum, M. SECOND ROW — Grant, G.; Johnson, C.; Strong, P.; Rhoades, R.; Shaw, R.; Dauth, M.; Simonich, M. THIRD ROW — Gregor, H.; Kruger, J.; Caldwell, S.; Furr, J.; Peplinski, B.; Crowe, M.; Brooks, S. NOT SHOWN — Nahorniak, N.; Alexander, D.; Sands, A.; Swedock, R.

SECOND BATTALION STAFF-Third Regiment



FIRST ROW - Worthen, J.; Ohle, D.; Easton, W. SECOND ROW - Madora, J.; Croft, H.; Manske, D.

Cadet Captain and Battalion Commander	OHLE, D. H.
Cadet Captain and Executive Officer to Battalion Commander	
Cadet Lieutenant and Battalion Adjutant	WORTHEN, J. K.
	MADORA, A. J.
Cadet Lieutenant and Battalion Supply Officer	MANSKE, D. W.
Cadet Master Sergeant and Battalion Sergeant Major	CROFT, H. W.



Company E-3

FIRST ROW — Reik, J.; Flowers, E.; Heisel, J.; MacVittie, D.; Irvin, R.; Jones, C.; Babitz, G. SECOND ROW — Thuss, M.; Stroud, R.; Barnett, M.; Catron, A.; Selvitelle, M.; Henry, J.; Spelman, M.; Worthen, J. THIRD ROW — Sprinkles, R.; Creeden, J.; Guignon, J.; Parry, B.; Vollrath, T.; Newsome, E.; Gatlin, J.; Nicholson, K. NOT SHOWN — Broyhill, T.; Sackett, D.



Company F-3

FIRST ROW — Carroll, D.; Stewart, D.; Lark, W.; Bressler, M.; Yoshitani, T.; Krohnfeldt, L.; Rapisarda, L.; Manske, D. SECOND ROW — Douley, J., Darling, J.; Spencer, J.; Creighton, F.; Gardepe, W.; Heckman, G.; Cutting, E. THIRD ROW — O'Keefe, P.; Joseph, P.; Margrave, T.; Fay, M.; Russell, R.; Hewitt, G.; Easton, W.



Company G-3

FIRST ROW — Cobb. J.; Childers, S.; Dodson, J.; Ohle, D.; Murphy, M.; Hobbs, E. SECOND ROW — Fourqurean, J.; Adkins, C.; Crenshaw, J.; Peirce, T.; DiBenedetto, M. THIRD ROW — Anderson, J.; Higgins, W.; Perez, J.; Casey, R.; O'Connor, C. NOT SHOWN — Corne, A.; Garrison, J.; Kecki, T.; Kremenak, K.



Company H-3

FIRST ROW — Craven, W.; Cruden, J.; Laughlin, T.; Kunzman, W.; Armstrong, J.; Madora, J.; Bussa, J. SECOND ROW — Williams, C.; Munson, J.; Soice, M.; Wantuck, D.; Fravel, G.; O'Toole, L.; Hergenrether, D. THIRD ROW — Brown, T.; Mance, J.; Hatcher, D.; Croft, H.; Nerdahl, J.; Krieger, T.; Kimball, J.; Alward, H.

FOURTH REGIMENT STAFF



FRONT ROW — Pedrotti, P.; Aker, A.; Ericson, W.; McDonald, J.; Lynes, C. SECOND ROW — Kympton, H.; McElroy, H.; Strand, J.; Knecht, D.; Heil, B.

Cadet Captain and Regimental Commander	ERICSON, W. F.
Cadet Captain and Executive Officer to Regimental Commander	
Cadet Captain and Regimental Adjutant	PEDROTTI, P. B.
Cadet Captain and Regimental Operations Officer	McDONALD, J. W.
Cadet Captain and Regimental Supply Officer	LYNES, C. D.
Cadet Lieutenant and Assistant Regimental Adjutant	KYMPTON, H. W.
Cadet Lieutenant and Regimental Activities Officer	HEIL, B. F.
Cadet Lieutenant and Assistant Regimental Operations Officer	KNECHT, D. A.
Cadet Master Sergeant and Regimental Sergeant Major	STRAND, J. A.
Cadet Master Sergeant and Regimental Supply Sergeant	

FIRST BATTALION STAFF-Fourth Regiment



FIRST ROW - D'Alessandro, R.; Sweet, R. SECOND ROW - McAdams, W.; Nagy, R.; Locher, J.

Cadet Captain and Battalion Commander	SWEET, R. B.
Cadet Captain and Executive Officer to Battalion Commander	D'ALESSANDRO, R.
Cadet Lieutenant and Battalion Adjutant	McADAMS, W. J.
Cadet Lieutenant and Battalion Operations Officer	LOCHER, J. R.
Cadet Lieutenant and Battalion Supply Officer	MARTIN, J. T.
Cadet Master Sergeant and Battalion Sergeant Major	



Company A-4

FIRST ROW — Peduto, J.; Lynch, W.; Romash, M.; Shields, B.; Lyons, S. SECOND ROW — Spengler, J.; Milinski, E.; Ackerman, A.; Bowland, W.; Carlson, R. THIRD ROW — Baker, R.; McCrone, W.; Cerrone, M.; Myers, C.; Durham, O.; Martin, D.; Nippell, G.



Company B-4

FIRST ROW — Goodell, R.; Coogler, A.; Mills, R.; Spengler, H.; Clark, W. SECOND ROW — Sayre, G.; Havey, M.; Mason, R.; Trollinger, M.; Bonasso, P.; Reichert, W. THIRD ROW — Wiedenbeck, R.; Thal, E.; Swan, P.; Volk, K.; Rebovich, G. NOT SHOWN — Burke, G.; Kreuger, P.



Company C-4

FIRST ROW — Taylor, D.; Gaiser, J.; Onasch, T.; Johnson, G.; Maddux, D. SECOND ROW — Fryer, E.; Medici, A.; Gooding, D.; Williams, J.; Price, W. THIRD ROW — Torasson, J.; Clappier, D.; Firehock, R.; Horn, J.; Austin, G.; Gaddis, W.



Company D-4

FIRST ROW — Main, L.; Miller, R.; Corcoran, A.; Hansen, L.; Curl, W. SECOND ROW — Baker, R.; Anderson, A.; Szigethy, B.; Johnson, J.; Puffer, R.; Horton, J.

SECOND BATTALION STAFF-Fourth Regiment



FIRST ROW — Curran, W.; Brace, R. SECOND ROW — Reffett, W.; Jonas, A.; Anderson, J. NOT SHOWN — Frushour, S.

Cadet Captain and Battalion Commander	CURRAN, W. M.
Cadet Captain and Executive Officer to Battalion Commander	
Cadet Lieutenant and Battalion Adjutant	ANDERSON, J. L.
Cadet Lieutenant and Battalion Operations Officer	
Cadet Lieutenant and Battalion Supply Officer	JONAS, A. P.
Cadet Master Sergeant and Battalion Sergeant Major	FRUSHOUR, S. J.



Company E-4

FIRST ROW — Stites, T.; Kurilko, N.; Miller, N.; Gerke, J.; Davis, D. SECOND ROW — Johnson, D.; Henderson, R.; Matlach, W.; Nolan, T.; Gardes, G.; Brooke, R.; Grygiel, M.



Company F-4

FIRST ROW - Laswell, G.; Craig, J.; Anderson, J.; Cohn, S.; Marcuccilli, S.; Neill, G. SECOND ROW - Billingsley, M.; Olivier, R.; Tildon, R.; Shimp, R.; Younts, J.; Powell, D.; Hayes, H.



Company G-4

FIRST ROW — Keane, J.; Dodson, J.; Kulikowski, B.; Messel, R.; Robinson, F. SECOND ROW — Haven, K.; Flowers, E.; Everett, S.; Parker, A.; Weeks, B. THIRD ROW — Hughes, N.; Lynch, F.; Schutsky, W.; Kohler, J.



Company H-4

FIRST ROW — Wallin, L.; Williams, W.; McKenna, C.; Gilliard, R.; Jones, D. SECOND ROW — Andrews, D.; Nyquist, S.; Grabowski, W.; Fisher, M.; Dull, A.; O'Connor, J.



Class of 1968

GRADUATION EXERCISES

Wednesday, 5 June 1968

\mathcal{P}_{rogram}

The National Anthem U. S. M. A. Bor	ic
INVOCATION The Reverend James D. For Chaplain, U. S. M. A.	rd
Remarks by the Superintendent	
AND INTRODUCTION OF SPEAKER Major General Donald V. Benne Superintendent, U. S. M. A.	et
Graduation Address General Harold K. Johnson Chief of Staff, United States Arm	
"The Corps" Combined Chapel Choi	rs
Presentation of Diplomas Major General Donald V. Benne	eti
Brigadier General John R. Jannaror Dean of the Academic Board	16
Brigadier General Bernard W. Roger Commandant of Cadets	rs
Administration of the Oath of Office Superintender	nt
"Alma Mater" The Corps of Cade	ts
Benediction The Reverend Robert F. McCormic	K





HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY WEST POINT, NEW YORK



CLASS OF 5 JUNE 1968

Arranged According to General Merit

*	1	LAMAR CECIL RATCLIFFE JR	67	MICHAEL LAWRENCE GRYGIEL		DAVID LEE ALEXANDER
*	2	RAY WILLIAM MAC DONALD	60	JAMES DEAN RELLY		CARL FREDERICK WITSCHONKE III
*	3	MICHAEL KELL SHEAFFER EDMUND RHODES HOBBS ANDREW LYNNE DULL EDWARD DORSEY HAMMOND ANTONE CHARLES CERNE	69	GILBERT JAMES REILLY JR		ROBERT LEONARD MERRITT
2	-	EDMUND RHODES HOBBS	71	DAN POPOV		MIGUEL ONTIVEROS RUIZ LARRY JAMES PETCU
	-	FOWARD CORES HAMMOND	72	THOMAS HELLMUTH SIMMONS		HARRY SANDERS BENNETT
	7	ANTONE CHARLES CERNE	73	WILLIAM TAYLOR MC CAULEY		THOMAS DUANE ONASCH
	8	JOHN ROBERT ONFAL	74	JESS RALPH NICKOLS JR		WILLIAM JAMES MATLACH
	9	JOHN ROBERT ONEAL LAWRENCE ANTHONY RAPISARDA	75	RICHARD ROBERT KENT JR	141	
		DANIEL DICK NETTESHEIM	76	JOHN BRIAN COPLEY	142	
	11	JERRY WAYNE SORROW	77	STEPHEN MICHAEL HERMAN ROBERT HILL HENDERSON	143	EDWARD JULIUS LORENTZEN
*	12	JERRY WAYNE SORROW ROBERT ANGELO PINZUTI THOMAS LEGGATE MC NAUGHER	78	ROBERT HILL HENDERSON	144	DALE STANLEY SHARPLES II
	13	THOMAS LEGGATE MC NAUGHER		ARNOLD HENRY SOEDER JR	145	THOMAS CRAIG MC CONNELL
*	14	RICHARD HOWARD WITHERSPOON	80	NORMAN TYLEY O MEARA 2ND	146	JOSEPH JOHN JAVORSKI JR
*	(315)	HOWARD WELLFORD KYMPTON !!!	81	T - CONTROL OF THE STATE OF THE		DAVID WARREN CARRAWAY
*		BRUCE DIXON SWEENY	82	CRAIG SCOTT CARSON		KENDALL FIELDER HAVEN
*		FRANKLIN PIERCE ROBINSON III				RICHARD THOMAS RUSSELL JR
*	18	ERIC EUGEN THOMAS	84	THOMAS NELSON BURNETTE JR		EARL WILLIAM FLOWERS
*	19	ROBERT DALE SWEDOCK STEPHEN PAUL DONOHUE GREGORY BRUCE JOHNSON	85	GEORGE JACOBS PROSNIK	110000000000000000000000000000000000000	WILLIAM JOSEPH HIGGINS III
*	20	STEPHEN PAUL DONOHUE	86			MICHAEL JOHN MANN
*	-	DADDY CEODER III TAILED	07	STEVEN GEORGE LYONS GEORGE FREDRICK ADAM JR		LEO EDWARD NORTON JR
*	22	BARRY GEORGE HITTNER THOMAS GEORGE KURKJIAN ROBERT ARTHUR FIREHOCK	89			THEODORE JOSEPH TRAUNER JR
	23	ROBERT ARTHUR FIREHOCK		GEORGE KENT WILLIAMS		PETER ALBERT LOPES
	25	ROBERT CORBY KELLY JR	91	MARK ALAN EDELMAN	1.00	JOHN WESLEY GUINN III
*	26	JON STOCKMAN GARDNER	92	MARK ALAN EDELMAN MARTIN LUTHER BOWLING JR JOHN JOSEPH KEANE JR		WILLIAM ROWE CLARK JR
	-	KENNETH JOSEPH MORAN	93	JOHN JOSEPH KEANE JR		MICHAEL JOSEPH CERRONE 111
			94	MICHAEL FRANCIS PALONE	160	ROSS BRICKLEY SWEET
	29	DONALD ROBERT COLGLAZIER	95	MICHAEL FRANCIS PALONE JESSE CECIL GATLIN 111	161	WILLARD PHILLIP MC CRONE
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	31	LOUIS PAUL FONT	97	FRANCIS ALLYN COOCH IV ALBERT JAMES MADORA	163	HENRY MERSHON SPENGLER III
	32	JOHN LATHROP THROCKMORTON JR	98	ALBERT JAMES MADORA		LARRY SAMUEL FULTON
*	33	JOHN THOMAS MARTIN 111	99	CHARLES ROBERT JAMES JR		DENNIS KEITH MAC VITTIE
	34	JOHN THOMAS MARTIN III DANIEL JOSEPH KAUFMAN DANIEL EUGENE ADAMS	100	JOHN HOWARD COCHRAN JR		DAVID ALLEN KNECHT
*	35	DANIEL EUGENE ADAMS	101	RUSSELL LLOYD FUHRMAN		TERENCE JOHN KENNEDY
•	36	JAMES ARTHUR TALLMAN	102	ROBERT CHARLES SWEENEY TIMOTHY WAYNE BROWN		HARVEY MICHAEL MEARS
•	37	JOHN WILLIAM MORRIS				WILLIAM STANLEY GRABOWSKI JR
	38	PETER PERKINS WALLACE VINCENT PAUL BAERMAN	7500000000	MICHAEL LELON PATROW		THOMAS KEITH JEWELL
	39	GEORGE VAN DEVENDORF NEILL JR	105	CHARLES ARTHUR VEHLOW		TAY YOSHITANI LYLE ERIC PIRNIE
	40	MICHAEL PATRICK LAING		ROBERT ALLAN ADAMS		DORSEY DAVID HOSTLER
		WILLIAM LEWIS ROBINSON		WERNER JOHN STOLP		LOUIS WILMER SCHLIPPER
		JOHN ANTHONY DALLEN JR		HAROLD LEE TIMBOE		JOHN AUGUSTINE BUCKLEY III
		JOHN WILLIAM MC DONALD		FRANK THOMPSON ROBINSON JR		DONALD JOSEPH MC LANE
		ROBERT HEWITT FABREY II		JOHN JOSEPH GONZALEZ		DAVID AUGUST SCHULTE
		HUGO WILLIAM CROFT		WILLIAM THOMAS MARRIOTT 111		FREDERIC LESLIE TUCKER JR
		RICHARD PHILLIP GILLIARD	113	FREDERICK DOUGLAS REYNOLDS		DON WILSON JONES
			114	JAMES DAVID CRAIG	180	ROBERT SPENCER LOWER
	49	JOSEPH VINCENT CREEDEN JR	115	GEORGE BERNARD SHOENER	181	HENRY FREDERICK GREGOR
	50	NICHOLAS SCOTT DIENES	116	MARK FOSTER HANSEN	182	NEIL ANTHONY MC LEAN III
	51	MARK GORDON SPELMAN BICHARD ROSS GODDELL	117	RONALD NOHEA HARUO YASUKAWA	183	JAMES KEN WORTHEN
				CHRISTOPHER SAL IACONIS		DANIEL JAMES WINTER
		RICHARD FREDRICK KELLER	70.00	BRIAN JOHN MC KENNA		JOHN DANIEL KRUGER
		CLAUDE DANIEL LYNES		JOHN REILEY FINNEY [1]		JAMES RENO LOCHER III
		WALLACE CLIFTON MAGATHAN III		THOMAS MICHAEL MOORE		MAURICE EDWARD MURPHY II
		WILLIAM MICHAEL BROWN		MICHAEL JAMES O CONNELL		SAMUEL OWEN LOWRY GARY LEE SCHAPPAUGH
	201201	CHARLES PERCY ADKINS NORMAN ERIC MILLER		DAVID MARTIN TERENCE CHARLES HOLLAND		JOSEPH CREAMER FOWLER JR
		BOHDAN NESWIACHENY		BOGDAN MICHAEL KULIKOWSKI		JOHN EDWARD HEISEL
		VICTOR ROMA FARRUGIA		CHARLES RICHARD STROBLE		WILLIAM ALAN BACHMAN
		ALBERT SLEDER JR		RAND LESLIE ALLEN		WILLIAM JAMES PEPLINSKI
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		FRANK MAXWELL PUCKETT JR		DUNCAN FRANCIS STEWART JR	195	25 P 기계 (1975) (1975) (1975) (1975) (1976) (1976) (1976) (1976) (1976) (1976) (1976) (1976) (1976)
		FRANK JOSEPH CHAPURAN JR		JOSEPH PAUL O CONNOR JR		STEVEN RHODES RADER
		MICHAEL HENRIK FELLOWS		MICHAEL MARTIN ROMASH	197	
		MICHAEL EDWARD BRUCE		ARTHUR PATRICK JONAS	198	JAMES RONALD SWINNEY
	2.7	한 경험 방송 이 사람이 아니라 하는 사람이 사람이 가지 않는 것이 되었다.				

CLASS OF 1968

199	CHARLES FRANCIS BESANCENEY	100 700 000 000	SAMUEL DEERING WYMAN III	369	LAWRENCE THOMAS HART
200	CHARLES WINGARD JONES	285	TIMOTHY ALFRED FISHER	370	DAVID THORNTON MADDUX
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219	DAVID MICHAEL HATCHER	304	GEORGE HENRY FRAVEL	389	JOHN FRANCIS CULLEN
220	JOHN HEWETT MUNSON	305	JOHN DEWHURST SPENGLER	390	WILLIAM MICHAEL CURRAN
221	JOHN JOSEPH BUSSA	306	WALTON WRIGHT CURL	391	WILLIAM RICHARD SCHUTSKY
222	MICHAEL LOUIS SIMONICH	307		392	MONTE ROYAL ANDERSON
223	DANIEL BRUCE SEEBART	308	GREGORY JOHN UNANGST	393	JOHN DUXBURY TORASSON
224	JOHN DONALD MAYER JR	309	CHARLES RICHARD HILL	394	CHARLES THOMAS OLVIS
225	FRANCIS STANLEY DELIA	310		395	MARK LEE BARNETT
226	ROBERT HAROLD BEAHM	311	EARL EUGENE NEWSOME	396	DONALD FRANKLIN WANTUCK
227	MALCOLM MC LEOD MURRAY	312	DENNIS JOHN HERGENRETHER	397	RALPH REED FRALEY
228	JOEL EDWARD PIGOTT	313	JAMES LAWRENCE ALTEMOSE	398	GEORGE LOUIS CHRISTENSEN
229	NORMAN DONALD KULPA	314	MARVIN WOOTEN JR	399	WILLIAM RAY LYNCH III
230	ROBERT LEE MILLS	315	WILLIAM FRANCIS REICHERT	400	CHARLES ROBERT BRODERICK JR
231	VICTOR F GARCIA	316	BUREN RILEY SHIELDS !!!	401	GORDON CRUPPER JR
232	TYLER BARNETT PARSONS	317	DAVID PHILIP FORD	402	MICHAEL JAMES FAY
233	MICHAEL DOUGLAS SELVITELLE	318	MICHAEL EDWARD BENEFIELD	403	FRANK RAYMOND NADER
234	JOHN CHARLES CRUDEN	319	ALAN DEAN CATRON	404	ROBERT BRYSON CLARKE
235	MICHAEL PHILLIP EINBINDER	320	JOHN CHRISTIAN FRINAK	405	RICHARD LE ROY PALKE
236	HOWARD CHOWNING MC ELROY	321	CHARLES LINCOLN MACKALL JR	406	JOHN HARVEY LUDWIKOSKI
237	ALVIN LOUIS MENTE III	322	RANDALL KENT WITWER	407	ROBERT LEON HAYES
238	NELSON EDWARD LAUGHTON	323	JAMES FREDERICK KELLEY	408	ROSS LOUIS NAGY
239	JOSEPH DANIEL DURKAN	324	BARTON JAY MC LELLAN	409	JOHN ARNOT STRAND III
240	KARL JUDD LEATHAM	325	GEORGE JAMES HECKMAN JR	410	WILLIAM BASIL RAINES JR
241	ANTHONY AMBROSE	326	RUSSELL JAMES HOUCK	411	ERIN FRANCIS AUDRAIN JR
242	ROBERT LOGEE SHERMAN JR	327	ROBERT ANDREW BURNS	412	WILLIAM LEE MULVEY
243	LOUIS ELLINGTON SPEER	328	JOHN OSCAR BENSON	413	ROBERT MARTIN BROWN II
244	JAMES MELVIN HARTER	329	DAVID HENRY OHLE	414	TIMOTHY LEE CARPENTER
245	KARL JOHAN GUSTAFSON	330	STEPHEN JENNINGS MARCUCCILLI	415	ELWOOD ALEXANDER COBEY
246	PETER MICHAEL CONNOR	331	PETER BYRON HANSON	416	FLOYD THOMAS BANKS JR
247	EDWARD JOE HELLER	332	WILLIAM ROLAND THYGERSON	417	JAMES EDWARD GARRISON 111
248	STEPHEN JOE FRUSHOUR	333	NEIL DWAYNE HUGHES	418	GERALD BURNICE WEEKS
249	RONALD MARVIN WARNCKE	334	FRANCIS MILTON CREIGHTON JR	419	JOHN CARL CRENSHAW
250	GREGORY MICHEL BABITZ	335	DENNY LAYTON JOHNSON	420	CLARENCE AUSTIN BURRELL II
		336	RICHARD CROWLEY FLANIGAN	421	TERENCE KEITH LAUGHLIN
251	CHARLES DOUGLAS MC KENNA	337	WILLIAM GEORGE EASTON JR	422	MICHAEL ALBERT O NEIL
252	JOHN ROGER WILLIAMS STEPHEN DOUGLAS CHILDERS	338	DOUGLASS TERRELL WHELESS	423	HORST GUNTER RUDOLF SPERBER
	DALE WINSLOW HANSEN		LEE JAMES O REILLY		WILLIAM JOSEPH MC ADAMS JR
		340	DONALD ARTHUR JOHNSON		WILLIAM SCOTT MILLER
256	LOUIS LERGY PIERCE JR PETER THOMAS SOWA JR	341	DAVID LESLIE TAYLOR		PATRICK ALAN TOFFLER
	CHARLES PRESTON MILLER III		CLAUDE ALTON JOHNSON		DOUGLAS MAUPIN CUMMINGS
000000000	JAMES JOHN STETTLER		CARL FRANK WOESSNER JR		HOWARD FRANCIS HARPER
	JOHN FRANCIS MILLER		ROBERT CHRISTOPHER GALAK		PAUL THOMAS KRIEGER
	ROY DEEN MILLER		EDWARD MARTIN MENDOZA		ROBERT TUDOR VEIDT
	RICHARD DEAN SHIPLEY		JARED EGERTON FLORANCE	431	
	RICHARD JOHN SCAGLIONE		HAROLD EDWARD YAGER		JAMES GORDON DECKER
		100000000000000000000000000000000000000	JOSEPH FRANK MANCE	433	- ^ - '전기' 전기'전기' (10 전 10
	JOHN BRIAN WING CHARLES RICHARD MYERS JR		RONNIE JOE LANE	434	그러워 그렇게 얼마나 하는 얼마가 하다 얼마난다. 얼마는 이렇게 되었다면 살아가 살아가다.
100000000000000000000000000000000000000	DEAN BROWN BECKER 111		ROBERT MICHAEL BAKER		TERRENCE KWOCK HING WONG
	LARRY CALLAN BAKER		JAMES FRANCIS LAWTON		RICHARD JOHN WIEDENBECK
	WILLIAM ARTHUR KUNZMAN		WALTER DONALD GADDIS JR		JIM MANN BEVANS III
	CHARLES ROBERT LIEB		WILLIAM C JEFFRIES JR		CHARLES ROBERT BROOKS
	WILLIAM DICKSON SHAFFER III		MICHAEL ROBERT HART		STEVEN ALFRED SHAW
	DAVID HARRISON CLEMM		JAMES ALEXANDER BLACK		JOHN HAYES ARMSTRONG
			JAMES PORTER SPENCER		GILBERT TIJERINA
	LEONARD ARTHUR WALLIN II PAUL EDWARD PTASNIK		DALE RUDOLF NELSON		GEORGE EDWARD GERMANN
		07,000,000	ALAN BRENDAN AKER	10000000	LARRY REGINALD JORDAN
	EDMUND ALFRED THAL		DONALD FRANCIS VAN COOK JR		WARREN FRANK BOWLAND
	MARVIN EUGENE MARKLEY				
	MICHAEL VANCE MC CLARY		STEVEN WAYNE ADER		JOHN JOSEPH RYNESKA
276	DENNIS WAYNE MANSKE		JAMES JUDE JENNINGS		VICTOR EDWARD HIATT
277	GEORGE WILLIAM SCHWEITZER		ROBERT EUGENE SHIMP		CHARLES DALE WILLIAMS
2007 2000	BRUCE EDWARD PARRY		PETER ALFRED SWAN .		RICHARD JOSEPH FLYNN
	THOMAS LEE VOLLRATH		MICHAEL LESLIE TROLLINGER		JOHN CLARENCE JOHNSTON
280	MICHAEL JOSEPH BRENNAN		ROBERT ADRIAN BRACE II		ROBERT JOHN BALOG
	JAMES DEAN BODENHAMER		GEORGE KEITH QUINNEY JR		JAMES RONALD ADAMS
	EDWARD LEE MILINSKI		JOSEPH SHEPARD MC CAFFREY		STEPHEN LEE BOWMAN
283	LAWRENCE GEORGE O TOOLE	368	ROBERT CHESTER SHAW	453	DAVID ANTHONY NEYSES

CLASS OF 1968

454 455	GEORGE ROBERT LASWELL WILLIAM NELSON CAMPBELL	539	RONALD KEMP ADAMS
456	DANIEL RUSSELL TAYLOR JR	540 541	GARY FRANKLIN ROBERSON JOAQUIN WEBER PEREZ
457		542	JERRY LEE BUCKLEY
458		543	CHARLES BRIAN UTERMAN
459	4 - MARIN NA WARAMININA MATAMITA MINANA MINA ATAMIN MANA	544	DANIEL ROSS POWELL JAMES DOUGLAS KOHLER
461	DENNIS MAX BURRELL	546	JOSEPH NICHOLAS MANGI
462	2	547	LOUIS SEABORN DAVIS
463 464		548	BRUCE HENRY BROWN
465		549 550	DAVID INGHAM DRUMMOND JAMES WILLIAM CARMAN
466		551	WILLIAM EDWARD WILLIA
467		552	DAVID WALLACE GERARD
468 469		553	JOHN STEPHEN WESTERLU
470	[1] [2] [4] [4] [4] [4] [4] [4] [4] [4] [4] [4	554 555	FRANK JOSEPH LYNCH JR GEORGE JOHN ZIOTS
471	2	556	MICHAEL GRANT MACLARE
472		557	ANDREW CHARLES SILVER
473	T - 10 TO TO TO THE TOTAL OF THE TOTAL TO TH	558	GERALD EDE CRAWFORD
475		559 560	JEFFREY CARTER ROGERS DONALD LYNN ROBERTS
476		561	CHARLES SAMUEL MAHAN
477		562	JOHN THOMAS MARTIN
478	리는 사람들이 아니라 바로 하기 집안 하지만 중 하다면 얼마를 하고 있었다.	563	BARRY THOMAS CONWAY
480	님 [- [- [- [- [- [- [- [- [564 565	WILLIAM ROSS IRVIN II GENE PAUL AUSTIN
461	JAMES MILLER STANLEY JR	566	JONATHAN BOYD DODSON
482		567	CHARLES LOWNDES STEEL
483	이 그렇게 하나 있다면 하다면 하는데 바람이 되었다면 이 아픈데 하다 하나 살아 있다.	568	OLIVER RHETT JOHNSON
485		569 570	JAMES FOSTER KIMBALL DOUGLAS FRANK STEVENS
486		571	LARRY LEE STEVENSON
487	3: DEFENDED AND SECURE AND	572	THOMAS EUGENE PENCE
488	To a figure to the part of the figure of the	573	MICHAEL EDWARD GORECK
489		574	ARTHUR FRANK TORRES
491		575 576	DONALD CRAIG DAVIS ROBERT GEORGE MC DONA
492	BRUCE MICHAEL KORDA	577	JOHN CRAIG ALLGOOD
493	# - (FIELD) 10 CENTED AND 12 CENTED AND	578	JEFFRY RANDAL RIEK
494	[2] - [579	JOSEPH MICHAEL CINQUI
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497	N - JRN 177 JAN 17 PART OF THE	582	PETER GRANT PAULSON
498)	583	THOMAS EARL STITES
500		584	ERNEST FLOWERS II DAVID LEE CARL
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502		587	FRED JOSEPH SHAHID JR
503 504	The Control of the Co	588	THOMAS MICHAEL KECKI
505		589	FRANCIS WILLIAM POST DOUGLAS ALAN COHN
506		590 591	GARY ERNEST GRANT
507		592	CRAIG EDWARD O CONNOR
508 509	이 그리고 일어가게 되었다면 하다면 살아서를 보았다면 했다면 가게 되었다면 하면 하다 하다 되었다.	593	ORIN ANDREW DURHAM JR
510	[2]	594	MICHAEL LEE BILLINGSL ROLAND EMILE OLIVIER
511		596	DONALD RENAY WORKMAN
512		597	JOHN PERSHING BAYER J
513 514		598	JAMES JOHN THOME
515		600	JAMES THOMAS BAIRD LEWIS HAROLD ROBERTSO
516		601	KARL WILLIAM VOLK III
517		602	PATRICK MICHAEL CURRA
518	[1] : [1] [1] [1] [1] [1] [1] [1] [1] [1] [1]		JAMES HENRY FRANCIS I
520		604	ROBERT MC CALL HENSLE WILSON LEE RORIE JR
521		10000000	ERIC RICHARD KUNZ
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523 524	2)	608	LE ROY BROOKING OUTLA
525		610	STEPHEN JAY NYQUIST JAMES EDWIN FOURQUREA
526		611	RICHARD WARREN STEINE
527	1 - FREE TO BE SEEN AND A SECTION OF SECURITY SECTION	612	JOHN PATRICK WALSH JR
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530		614	FRED BYRON JOHNSON GEORGE GORDON TILLERY
531		616	RALPH RUSSELL TUCCILL
532		617	KENNETH JOHN KREMENAK
533 534	(i) (ii) (ii) (ii) (iii)		JOHN CURRY MERRIAM
535		619	
	이	620	HARRY ELLIS HAYES
536	KENNETH MC ALPINE DAT	621	MICHAEL JOSEPH GILHER
536 537 538	JOHN JOSEPH CLARK JR	621	MICHAEL JOSEPH GILHUL ARDENNE STOTT CARLETO

D KEMP ADAMS FRANKLIN ROBERSON IIN WEBER PEREZ LEE BUCKLEY ES BRIAN UTERMAHLEN EL ROSS POWELL S DOUGLAS KOHLER H NICHOLAS MANGINO S SEABORN DAVIS HENRY BROWN INGHAM DRUMMOND S WILLIAM CARMAN IAM EDWARD WILLIAMS III WALLACE GERARD STEPHEN WESTERLUND JOSEPH LYNCH JR SE JOHN ZIOTS AEL GRANT MACLAREN EW CHARLES SILVERTHORN D EDE CRAWFORD REY CARTER ROGERS D LYNN ROBERTS LES SAMUEL MAHAN JR THOMAS MARTIN THOMAS CONWAY IAM ROSS IRVIN II PAUL AUSTIN THAN BOYD DODSON ES LOWNDES STEEL IV ER RHETT JOHNSON S FOSTER KIMBALL AS FRANK STEVENSON Y LEE STEVENSON AS EUGENE PENCE AEL EDWARD GORECKI UR FRANK TORRES D CRAIG DAVIS RT GEORGE MC DONALD CRAIG ALLGOOD RY RANDAL RIEK PH MICHAEL CINQUINO GE DEWEY NIPPELL ES EDWARD BECKWITH JR R GRANT PAULSON AS FARL STITES ST FLOWERS II D LEE CARL PH GRAY GUIGNON JOSEPH SHAHID JR AS MICHAEL KECKI CIS WILLIAM POST LAS ALAN COHN ERNEST GRANT G FOWARD O CONNOR ANDREW DURHAM JR AEL LEE BILLINGSLEY ND EMILE OLIVIER D RENAY WORKMAN PERSHING BAYER JR S JOHN THOME S THOMAS BAIRD S HAROLD ROBERTSON WILLIAM VOLK III ICK MICHAEL CURRAN S HENRY FRANCIS III RT MC CALL HENSLER ON LEE RORIE JR RICHARD KUNZ DLAS MICHAEL KURILKO OY BROOKING OUTLAW HEN JAY NYQUIST S EDWIN FOURQUREAN ARD WARREN STEINER PATRICK WALSH JR AS ALBERT WANTUCK BYRON JOHNSON GE GORDON TILLERY JR H RUSSELL TUCCILLO ETH JOHN KREMENAK CURRY MERRIAM FOSTER COWPERTHWAITE Y ELLIS HAYES AEL JOSEPH GILHULY NNE STOTT CARLETON

JOHN CHARLES OVENTILE 624 625 PAUL HOWARD CRIST 626 RICHARD ALBERT BROOKE 627 EDWIN HARRY MILLSON JR 628 JEFFREY DUFFIN WILCOX 629 NEIL MICHAEL TANGEN 630 JOHN NAGLE WILLIAMS JR DONALD JOHN DARMODY JOHN CHARLES HEDLEY 632 633 LESLIE RAYMOND WRIGHT 634 DANIEL BAY LIMBAUGH 635 STEPHEN LESLIE OSBORN 636 JAMES FRANCIS ANDERSON DANIEL FRANCIS CARROLL 637 CHARLES BERNARD GIASSON 638 ROBERT THEODORE JETLAND 679 STEVEN LYNN MURPHY 640 641 JON KELLY STALLINGS 642 JOSEPH MICHAEL DOOLEY 643 JAMES THOMAS HOWARD 644 BRUCE FRANCIS ERION 645 JOHN GILBERT HATHAWAY RAYMOND SAVAGE VINTON 646 647 RUSSELL ANDREW OLSEN 648 RALPH BUTLER TILDON JR JACK JAMES REID 649 JAMES ALFRED GAISER 650 651 WILLIAM EARLE ROBINSON 652 DONALD GREGORY HALL JOHN TROMPEN HARMELING JR 653 MICHAEL ANTHONY DIBENEDETTO JR 654 655 DENNIS LE ROY ROSENBERRY 656 LARRY ALAN MANNING 657 JOHNNIE MILLER 658 KENNETH THOMAS CUMMINGS 659 KIM JURY HENNINGSEN EDWARD BRADFORD CUTTING JR 660 661 VIRGIL FOY LAMBERT JR FRED ITHEL RIDER JR 663 JAMES OGDEN YOUNTS III JAMES FRANKLIN WALSH 664 665 RICHARD ELTON BOWERS JOHN ALAN JONES 666 BENNY LEROY ROBINSON JR 667 668 WILLIAM BURG DYER JR JOHN BRUCE HORN 669 CHARLES FARRING HAWKINS 670 671 MANOLO NATIVIDAD DIAMANTE 672 KENT MERRICK TREXLER JOHN CARMINE PEDUTO 673 674 LYLE RAYMOND RHODES JR 675 ALVION ROBERT KIMBALL 676 LEON FRANCIS MORAND III 677 DAVID STANLEY JONES 678 EDWARD LEE NELSON LESLIF DALE KROHNFELDT 679 HENRY MARTIN TOCZYLOWSKI JR 680 LARRY JOE VAN HORN 681 682 JOSEPH ALBERT DE BLAQUIERE JR THOMAS AQUINAS BEIERSCHMITT 683 WILFORD SCOTT VICKERS 11 684 685 SURRY PARKER EVERETT 686 HARRISON ULRICH JACK 687 JAMES EDWARD MC CLAIN 688 MICHAEL ALEXANDER BRESSLER ROBERT EDWIN SZIGETHY 689 690 PATRICK JAMES O KEEFE 691 RUSSELL JACOB BAKER 11 WALLACE WILLIAM BARTON JR 692 693 LEON RUDOLPH GRIFFIN II 694 JON CLIFFORD ANDERSON 695 JOHN HOLDEN NERDAHL KENNETH ROBERT NICHOLSON 696 697 JAMES DENTON HORTON 698 JAMES ARBON ORAHOOD 699 DAVID LEE SACKETT 700 ROBERT FRANCIS CASEY 701 JAMES VON HARGIS 702 DANIEL JOSEPH DONAHUE 111 703 JACK WILLIAMS SWANEY 704 ANDREW BIRD ALLEN JR 705 KEITH BEST HARRELSON RICHARD ASPINALL HAWLEY JR 706

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