

Talon

THE CADET MAGAZINE OF THE U.S.A.F. ACADEMY DECEMBER 1971





COLORADO SPRINGS FOR POWs

Box 100,000

Colorado Springs, Colorado 80901

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Dear Friends,

Because the world can forget so easily the desperate plight of the American prisoners and the missing, Colorado Springs for POWs has produced a Christmas Seal to especially honor them during the approaching holiday season. A local artist, John Manson, donated his talent in designing the seal. We are hoping this commemorative stamp will be used both nationally and internationally.

Won't you please place your order today and begin to use the seal immediately? We would especially like to see the POW/MIA seal used on all mail going out of the United States. Imagine the impact it could have as it is handled in foreign lands because it depicts eight long years of suffering by our gallant men.

The proceeds from the seal will be used to cover our expenses in producing it and a great percentage will be sent to the National League of Families of American Prisoners and Missing in Southeast Asia to help with their national efforts on behalf of the POW/MIA.

The minimum out-of-state order we can accept is \$2.00, and for that amount you will receive 200 seals. Just a penny per stamp! There are 50 seals per sheet. No mail orders can be honored after December 10. Kindly send your check with your order and we will mail your seals the same day the order is received. Make your check payable to Colorado Springs for POWs.

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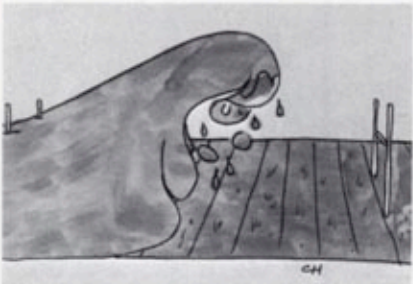
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THE COVER — A special thanks to photographer Bill Madsen and the USAFA Office of Information for our cover shot of the Cadet Chapel captured during the first snowfall of the season.

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Manuscripts and photographs are solicited for publication in the TALON. All material must be typed and double-spaced on plain bond paper. We can accept only black and white glossy photographs. All types of articles, letter and photo will be carefully considered and should be submitted by the first of the month to Cadet Dan Felix, CWDS-03.



Charley Baby

Winter finally hit us. I know it is winter because I have to wear over shoes and our squadron has an intramural boxing table in Mitchell Hall. I am glad I didn't 'make' the boxing team. I used to get beat up in the four-corner drills during Doolie P.E. Everyone knows that the hair on one's chest is directly proportional to the number of times you get bashed in the face.

The new breakfast policy is great for everyone except the missing meals reps. You have to sign to miss which is like writing the governor of your state once a month to say you don't want to be hanged. Our missing meals rep had to sign up seven firsties to attend breakfast for a week because they didn't sign the list to miss. They attended breakfast for a week and as a symbol of this honor they brought it back and the missing meals rep had seven breakfasts each day.

Have you had the ORI yet? I hear King Coyle of First Group is going rampant with questions. Tuesday of an ORI a CQ was asked what is the first thing he should do if every phone in the squadron was ringing, if the Training Sgt. just knocked out the Sqdn. Commander in a fight, if the far end of the hall was on fire, if Sec. Flt. was giving an announcement that had to be

letters to the editor

The situation caused by the CLC raised many problems for the Academy. No cadet can disagree with the Superintendent's refusal to accept the Committee on only its terms. The requests were outrageous. However, it is quite obvious to all that they were trying to cause a confrontation with the establishment via the Academy. Then why, after cleverly avoiding any real trouble over the question of the lecture and the press conference, did the Academy give the CLC exactly what it wanted last Sunday? An over-reaction to the situation only worsened it. It can be generally agreed that the Academy had to do something, because the CLC was breaking the law since it is illegal to demonstrate on a government installation. But, the riot helmets and sticks were out of line. This only infuriated the spectators and gave martyrdom to the protestors. The sign should have been taken down, and the few who were holding it detained; but, the wholesale carting away of the entire group made the Academy look like a monster arresting dissenting thoughts of private citizens. The incident provided the CLC with the national martyrdom from the episode which is essential to the success of its cause. Instead of

posted and if the cokeman just arrived to fix the coke machine. The CQ said that he'd quit. I would have asked the cokeman for the quarter that the coke machine ate.

Now that Thanksgiving is over we can all try our luck with the hops again. When Army came out here they had a chartered 747 and a couple 141s. We are in the Air Force and we get C-97s or T-29s. The T-29 is the only reason that Alka-Seltzer is in business.

Hey Talon, what happened to the November issue? After that I



helping to end the situation, Academy actions only helped to pour fuel on the fire.

The rough handling of the spectators, especially cadets, was uncalled for. Twice, I was denied the right to go over and converse with the protestors and I felt that I was being roused. Understanding is the only means we have to end such a controversy, and the most direct path to this understanding is through discussion.

Although the situation in general was masterfully handled, an over-reaction by the Academy during the 1100 Chapel services tended to severely tarnish the gains made during the week.

C3C Gary Horowitz

(Ed. Note: The riot sticks and helmets were the equipment of the El Paso County Sheriff's Office and not our Security Police. It should be noted that the group was "carted away" only after it refused to cease distributing leaflets. I think you should now understand the thinking and position taken by the Superintendent after reading his statement published in the *Falconews* "Dial Info.," on 24 Nov.)

CONTD - PAGE 8

just may go to the Dodo. I think the last four blank pages of the issue were for your friends to sign. Now that the price-freeze is over we can see the 'good deals' that the car dealers have for us. The marginal propensity to raise prices is directly proportional to the proprietors greed. I don't even have enough dough to buy the info pamphlets. I think I will get a Schwinn bike with a Mattel Va-room. My time is up and I gotta go over to JAMTO so as to be sure I get waited on before spring-break. Don't do anything I wouldn't do.

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PASSING THOUGHTS THAT LINGERED

Last month some of the staff attended a national collegiate press conference in Dallas. Most of us went there expecting to meet some of the more articulate, informed and intelligent members of the collegiate community who were aware and experienced in operating a college publication. We returned somewhat disillusioned by the lack of journalistic and organizational knowledge displayed by many of those students — most of whom draw monthly salaries (editors — \$300, managing editors — \$150). Admittedly some of the students were well beyond our expectations in ability and experience and they ran excellent publications. However, for the most part the Talon proved a better than average publication despite our unique problems.

I concluded from various discussions that the average cadet is somewhat better informed than the average student. The cadet's ability to critically analyze is better developed than the students, some of whom still shout the rhetoric of the stillborn student revolution. This observation was contrary to my former opinion that held the cadet as an individual who could not gain admittance to Harvard or Stanford. This judgment had been based on the noted social immaturity and general apathy of cadets and on my own acquaintance with the articulate, informed liberals. Accustomed to being on the offensive, I found that most of the students on hearing that I went to USAFA waited in anticipation to see what I would say. Their usual comment was "You mean they let you out?" to which I commented on the number of trips leaving the Academy each weekend and not to mention my own opportunities. I must, however, interject that the majority of the students were from southern schools. Next year, when we meet the "Eastern Intellectuals" in New York City, I may quite well change my opinion again.

Basically, I think I was disappointed with the rhetoric of those students who were accomplishing little with their publications other than demonstrating their freedom of the press (censorship?). This fact tends to demonstrate the truism that Michener made in his commentary this month.

As of this writing, the chick and I are planning an archeological dig over Christmas Leave at an Aztec site on the Central-Western coast of Mexico. Indeed, I wish you all Feliz Navidad; and barring recalcitrant border officials, I'll see you all back here with the January issue on Creativity.

Have a nice day

JDM



Jack D. McCalmont
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

TALON SALUTES

BILL CRAWFORD

BY
GREG STEINHELPERT

History doesn't always turn its gallant men into generals or presidents. Many men that have shown great valor now live peaceful, secluded lives that seem incongruous to the gallantry that they have previously shown. One such man is William J. Crawford, MSgt., USAF Retired and Medal of Honor winner who now works on the third floor of Vandenberg Hall.

Bill Crawford gave a colorful 27-year career to the Army before retiring to live in Colorado. Since his 1968 retirement, he has been working a small farm near the Academy and serving as custodian to keep himself busy. Though very happy in his present position, Bill says he would like to get back into administrative work, his job in the Air Force when he retired.

Bill's Army career started when he was drafted in 1942. After basic training, he was sent to North Africa where he saw limited action on small patrols. Bill had his first taste of real combat at Altavilla, Italy.

The 36th Infantry Division, of which he was a member, participated in an amphibious landing near Altavilla. Bill was in the first wave on the beach. From the beach, his division fought inward against unexpectedly strong resistance. Italy had just surrendered only days before and enemy resistance was expected to be small, but the German forces were prepared and gave a good stand.

Bill's unit trudgingly moved inland for five days until it came to Altavilla, a target objective for the group, on Sept. 13, 1943. Bill recalled the events of the day, "As scout for my patrol, I was to walk ahead of the fellows to look for enemy positions and draw their fire."



Draw fire is exactly what he did! Bill spotted a trench a few yards in front of him and decided to follow the trench around a hill, when a German machine gun opened fire on him. Bill says, "It felt as if the bullets were actually hitting me and I was waiting to die. Right then I decided to dive into this trench." Bill followed the trench to just a few feet from the machine gun nest, while under intense fire. He then threw a hand grenade into the nest killing the crew of three. This allowed his unit to proceed over the crest of the hill. However, his unit was once more confronted with fire from machine guns. Bill once again made his way to one of the machine gun nests while under direct fire. Using a hand grenade, he knocked out one of the nests and proceeded directly to the other machine gun, all the while under fire.

Again, Sgt. Crawford threw a hand

grenade into the machine gun nest and used his rifle to force the crew to retreat from its advantageous position. Bill then manned the machine gun and fired upon the fleeing enemy. It was now late afternoon of the thirteenth. Bill went to the aid of wounded comrades, when a division of Germans came up from their rear and captured him and the wounded he was helping. Bill, along with 300 other American and British prisoners, were taken on a forced march to Munich, where he was put into a temporary camp. From Munich, he was transferred to Stalag 2B and later to work farms in Germany.

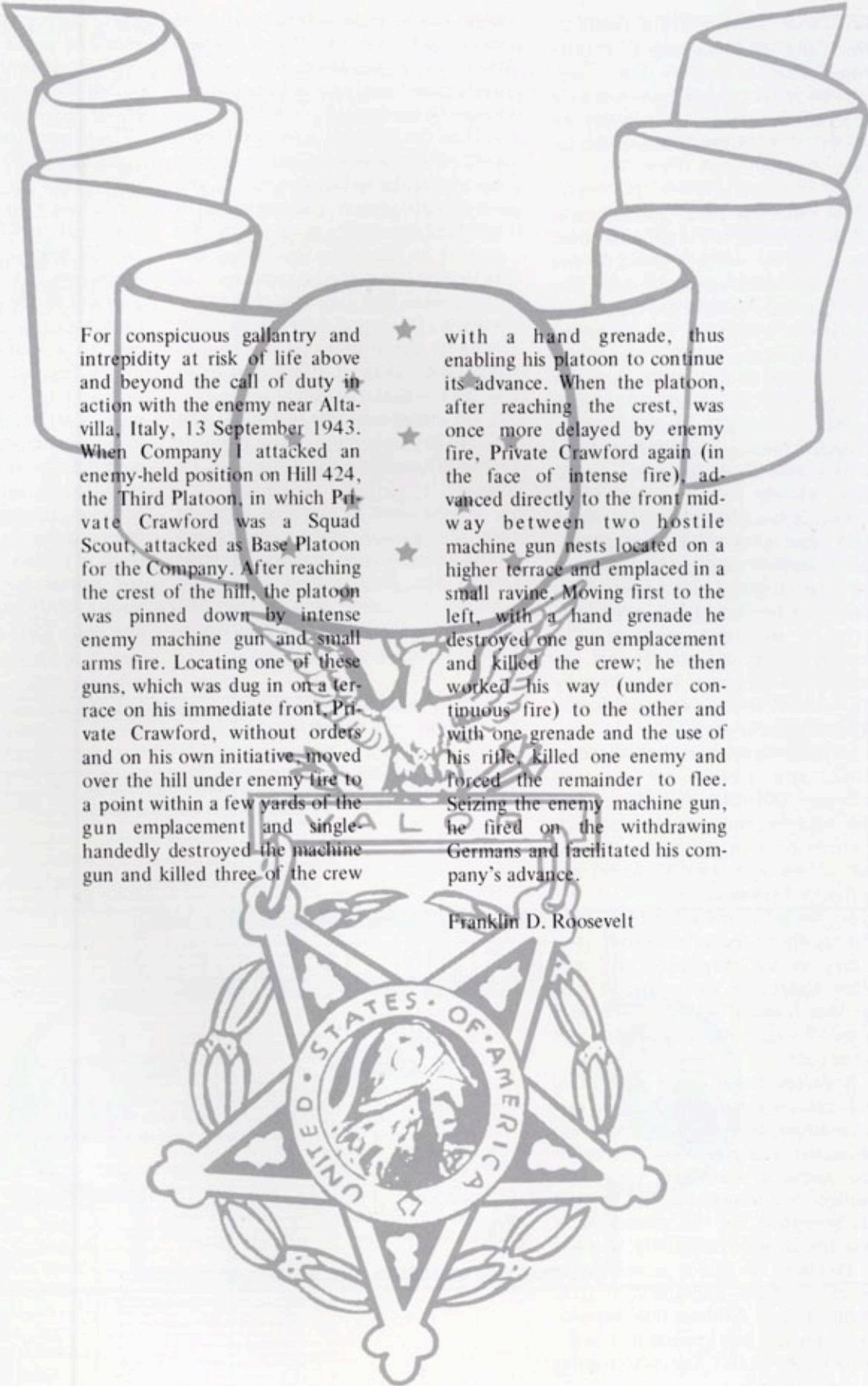
Bill was a prisoner of war for 14 months, until he was liberated in the spring of 1945. He was presumed Killed in Action for seven months, until his parents finally received a censored letter which the Germans allowed him to send home. The

following citation was awarded posthumously to his father in the period which Sgt. Crawford was assumed to be killed in action.

In the confines of one institution which boasts displays of Medal of Honor winners, Doolittle's Raiders and famous aces, it is with pride, admiration and deep appreciation that we look to a man who selflessly put his life on the line for his country and its ideals, which we have sworn to uphold; a man, having already given an illustrious career to his country, seeks to serve again for his country and the Air Force; a man who gives his time to be with Cadets and expose us to the type of gallantry our heritage has given us. The Wing feels it truly "is a privilege" to have Bill working with us.

On behalf of the Cadet Wing, the *Talon* salutes you, Bill Crawford.





For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at risk of life above and beyond the call of duty in action with the enemy near Altavilla, Italy, 13 September 1943. When Company I attacked an enemy-held position on Hill 424, the Third Platoon, in which Private Crawford was a Squad Scout, attacked as Base Platoon for the Company. After reaching the crest of the hill, the platoon was pinned down by intense enemy machine gun and small arms fire. Locating one of these guns, which was dug in on a terrace on his immediate front, Private Crawford, without orders and on his own initiative, moved over the hill under enemy fire to a point within a few yards of the gun emplacement and single-handedly destroyed the machine gun and killed three of the crew

with a hand grenade, thus enabling his platoon to continue its advance. When the platoon, after reaching the crest, was once more delayed by enemy fire, Private Crawford again (in the face of intense fire), advanced directly to the front midway between two hostile machine gun nests located on a higher terrace and emplaced in a small ravine. Moving first to the left, with a hand grenade he destroyed one gun emplacement and killed the crew; he then worked his way (under continuous fire) to the other and with one grenade and the use of his rifle, killed one enemy and forced the remainder to flee. Seizing the enemy machine gun, he fired on the withdrawing Germans and facilitated his company's advance.

Franklin D. Roosevelt

LETTERS - CONTD FROM PAGE 2
 (Ed. Note: The following is a letter from a father to his son a fourth classman. We think the letter presents a lot of food for thought...it might be entitled, "A Business Man's Honor Code.")

The other day I was thinking about the Honor Code. If I recall, it is about like this: "We will not cheat, lie nor steal nor tolerate among us those who do." I am sure it is not too difficult to subscribe to and follow without hesitation nor question the first part of the code. There is no doubt that our civilization has established that cheating, lying and stealing are unacceptable, dishonorable behaviors — we have even established jails to put in people who do.

Any person who is reasonably intelligent also knows that the greatest punishment for violation of the code is not that imposed by society, but rather the burden of living with the memory of one's misdeeds. The memory of the dishonorable act, the memory that can never be erased, is by far worse than any punishment imposed by your peers.

So the knowledge that cheating, lying, and stealing are abnormal behaviors and that the memory of such behavior, enduring for eternity, is a terrible price to pay, makes the first part of the code easy to accept and adhere to. Do you agree?

So, we get to the second half. And that my friend is another matter. Here it says we are obliged to "rat" on a fellow Cadet, our roommate, or even our best friend if we have knowledge of the fact he is violating the first part of the code.

A person could cite a number of justifications for this: You could say, for example, that wrong is wrong and the matter of degree doesn't matter. If you knew a man had committed murder, you would turn him in without hesitation for the protection of your friends and yourself. So, why not do the same for minor crimes. Is the degree of crime important? If it is, where is the dividing line between important and less important, a major and a minor crime? And, who is going to be the judge?

Within the code itself a person

might like to make a distinction. I can see a Cadet saying: "Sure, I would turn in a squadron member for stealing, but for lying and cheating... who is he hurting but himself?"

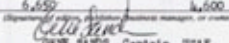
Now the question is more difficult, isn't it? The answer is not as obvious as some of the earlier ones. But, if you can find the answer you will be just as comfortable with it as with the answers to the easier questions. The difference is not in the application of the answers, but rather in finding the answers. Once you have the answer, living by the answer that was hard to find takes no more effort than living by the one that was readily at hand.

OK. So let's get into it. I'm not sure I can follow my own thoughts rationally and in good order; but, I'll try.

If you think in terms of trying to live in a society where cheating and lying were common practices, it might help our understanding. Can you imagine not being able to trust the words or actions of any of your associ-

ates. Integrity and responsibility would be words with no meaning. You couldn't depend on the pizza parlor to deliver the pizza you order on the telephone; you would have to pay cash for all your purchases (not a bad idea, in a way; but credit cards are convenient such as my gas credit card when you are home); your best friend could steal your girl and consider that to be rational behavior. And so on. It is hard to imagine.

Many of the conveniences and pleasures we enjoy today are due in some part to a viable business climate. It moves fast, decisions are rapid, the productivity of executives is enormous. I cannot visualize doing business in a climate where written and witnessed documents were a necessity for every minor agreement. It is not uncommon for me to accept an order from a customer involving many thousands of dollars solely on the basis of a one minute telephone call. "Do you want a confirming order?", the caller may ask. "No, save the time. If your

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word isn't any good, neither is your paper."

There are millions of stockholders in this country who can call their broker any morning and order him to buy or to sell any quantity of stock, and solely on the strength of their word the deed is done. It is understood between them that if it is a sale, the brokerage house will credit the stockholder's account and if it is a purchase, the buyer will put a check in the mail. Trading of stocks is a useful function in our economy; without mutual trust it would grind to a halt.

"Now, Dad," you might say, "are you trying to tell me that all business men and all stockholders are angels? And, even if they aren't, you don't go around squealing on them." Well, Son, you are right on the first count. They are not all angels. But you are wrong on the second count; we do squeal on them.

Did you ever hear of the Retail Credit Bureau? Every citizen who uses charge accounts is catalogued and a record of credit reliability is maintained. If I want to open a new charge account the store can call the Retail Credit Bureau and find out in a minute what kind of experience other stores have had with me. The Bureau is financed by the stores themselves. It

makes sense. A cheat is a cheat is a cheat. Why find it out three different times in three different stores if by exchanging information you can limit the loss to only one store. And, it might also be said, that if the stores could not limit their losses to cheats, then their prices to everybody, good guys included, would have to be higher. I applaud their squealing. It saves me money.

Of course, you could say, these people are not ratting on someone they know personally. As a matter of fact, they never saw the person on whom they are blowing the whistle. He is just a faceless name. But, is that germane to the question; does that really make a difference? If you had an acquaintance who you discovered to be lying, cheating, or stealing, wouldn't your attitude toward him change; wouldn't you mentally, if not physically, withdraw from him? How could you have a satisfactory relationship with such a person? So, once he is discovered, what difference does it make whether you know him or do not.

The business world is a world of constant battle for economic survival. It is a game of education, of wits, of ingenuity, of experience, of inventiveness, of astuteness.

Each and every worker is striving for food, shelter and clothing for himself and his family, or for better food, better shelter and better clothing. Any threat to his job is a threat to his capacity to provide these essentials of life and where something as basic as hunger is involved, man will fight or, to put it in milder terms and more in the context of this letter, he will try to remove obstacles to his goals.

If he does not know it at the outset, experience teaches him that lying, cheating, and stealing on the part of others are one kind of obstacle to his goals. Furthermore, he also learns that such behavior follows patterns and it is repetitive. In order to avoid the unpleasantness of frontal encounters, he is always alert to the appearance of identifying patterns and he circumvents the encounter — he doesn't associate with the person, he doesn't hire the candidate, or he chooses to not do business with the potential customer. Thus he adroitly avoids the problem.

Hopefully, in your case, the screening of tens of thousands of applicants and thousands of nominees down to 1,400 appointees has largely handled the avoidance technique.

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ENTERTAINMENT

DOWNTOWN

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**Safety is an
attitude.
Responsibility,
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Common Sense
That's all
it takes**

Safety-- Everyone's Concern

BY
BILL SEXTON

Is safety really a dirty word? In a candid conversation with John Harley, Wing Safety Officer, the problems of presenting an effective safety program to the Wing were discussed.

In the past the Wing has had a relatively ineffective program for safety. Harley attributes this to the fact that most previous programs attempted to "cram safety down the Cadet's throat." An attempt to give the Wing a useful program proved only to turn many cadets off to safety.

"An ideal safety program," says Harley, "can do three things: make people aware of risk; provide people the information to evaluate it and make them take action commensurate with that risk. We're concentrating on making people aware of risk and giving them information needed to evaluate it."

In accomplishing their task, Cadet Harley outlined some of the directions he and others are taking to present the "soft sell" program of safety.

In attempting to make the Wing aware of hazards of traffic, an inspirational poster program is being launched throughout the Wing. It centers on the competition of squadron safety officers in the creation of the most effective safety posters.

The traditional Wing safety briefings also will be presented in a different light. They will no longer concentrate on the facts of varied auto accidents. Rather, they will make aware the hazards of driving through the use of skits and presentations of famous driving personalities. "If you have some guys up there clownin' around," says Harley, "people are going to pay more attention. If we get

that across, we'll be a lot better off."

Two other projects are highlighted in the plans of Harley. The formation of a Safety Show Cause Board for cadets involved in serious accidents is in the making. It will be the responsibility of those cadets involved in such accidents to show reason they should be allowed to own and operate an automobile. This negative form of motivation is aimed at giving a reason to cadet drivers not to set themselves up for a serious accident. The second project involves the gathering of information about various automobiles concerning the different safety hazards that may be present in each. This would give a ready reference for buying a car and also a list for things to watch for those already owning a car.

Traffic safety is not the only concern of John Harley. Action is now being taken to improve some of the existing hazardous conditions around the Academy itself. One such problem area lies in the slippery shower room floors in many of the squadrons. Because of the work of the safety chain of command a contract is out to put a more abrasive surface on those floors. Other areas being looked into include lighting in the old dorm and the existing above ground sprinkler system.

Supported by John Harley and the squadron safety officers, a new concern for safety has risen in the Wing. The topic of safety should not be dull — on all counts, it is important. It is the hope of Cadet Harley and his staff that the majority of the Wing will come to realize that "safety is an everyday necessity."

WE WILL NOT FORGET

BY
SAM CONNALLY

Walked by the south end of Fairchild Hall lately? If you have, you may well have noticed a display new to the Academy — the portraits of the sixty-three Air Force Academy graduates who are currently listed as either MISSING IN ACTION or PRISONERS OF WAR. A podium with a book containing a brief biography of each officer will complete the display. As each graduate is rescued or repatriated, he will visit the Academy and personally remove his picture from the display. (In the event an officer's status is changed to Killed in Action, his picture will be removed.) The display will remain on the wall across from Lectar Five until no portraits remain.

The idea originated in April 1971 when C1C John V. Cignatta of 34th Squadron and four West Point Cadets met during the Academy Exchange Program at the United States Naval Academy. After returning to the Air Force Academy, Cadet Cignatta began work on the project with the support and assistance of Captain Shay of the Department of Faculty Logistics Support. Captain Frederick L. Metcalf, secretary of the Association of Graduates, provided the list of graduates currently listed as prisoners of war or missing in Southeast Asia and information on them for the biographies. Designed by Mr. Robert Britton and constructed by the men of DFIT, the display was paid for by contributions of the Cadet Wing. Before mounting the display, permission had to be secured from the Dean of Faculty, Gen. William T. Woodyard. Approval was also forthcoming from the Air Force Chief of Staff, Gen. John D. Ryan.

During the past couple of years, much has been done to bring the MIA/POW issue before the American public and the nations of the world:

thousands of letters have been presented to the North Vietnamese peace delegation in Paris by representatives of civic organizations from across the United States requesting the humane treatment of American Prisoners of War; a delegation of 173 members of the National League of Families of American Prisoners and Missing in Southeast Asia traveled to Geneva, Switzerland, to appeal for the support of provisions of the Geneva Conventions Relative to the Treatment of Prisoners of War; 2,700 billboards were produced and distributed carrying the message, "What would you do if this POW were your brother? Write Hanoi..."; many relatives of men missing in action have been sent to North Vietnamese embassies in various countries in an effort to gain information about their husbands and sons; the United Nations was petitioned regarding the violation of fundamental human rights of Mrs. Wilmer H. Grubb, her children, and all

similarly situated families of servicemen held captive by the North Vietnamese. Commenting on the Paris peace talks at an April 29, 1971, press conference, President Nixon said, "Ambassador Bruce puts the prisoner question, by my direct orders, at the highest priority. He is directed to discuss it separately, to discuss it with other issues, or to discuss it as a part of an overall settlement. We are ready to settle it whenever they are ready to talk about it." Indeed, much has been done; much is being done. But the unhappy facts remain before us. The men are still there, and they and their families are still being treated inhumanely. The pressure must be kept on.

The purpose of the display of the sixty-three Air Force Academy graduates who are Prisoners of War or Missing in Southeast Asia, thus, becomes to serve as our personal reminder: DON'T LET THEM BE FORGOTTEN!



Talon

Girl of the Month



SALLY WAGNER, our Girl of the Month for December, is a native of Minnetonka, Minn. This 22-year-old lass is a June graduate of Colorado College (magna cum laude in French). She acquired a continental philosophy while living and studying in Paris.





Sally is currently working as a model and instructor for Image Developers here in the Springs. She spends her free time engaged in free-lance photography and outdoor sports, primarily skiing.



NOW----- A DRUM AND BUGLE CORPS

BY
JIM HEFFERNAN

During half-time at Air Force's football victory over Army on October 16th, a new sight greeted the cheering crowd of over 45,000 fans. No, not the first homecoming queen at USAFA (that was at the SMU game, a week earlier) but the premiere performance of the Cadet Drum and Bugle Corps. Following the opening fanfare of *Bring Me Men*, the unit rolled to the center of the playing field to the swinging strains of *Put on a Happy Face*. Then intricate precision marching formations were executed to the refrain, *Battle Hymn of the Republic*. After a concert the exit maneuvers were performed to the appropriate chords of *Climb Every Mountain*.

The Corps is the culmination of musical efforts of cadets which date back to the earlier years of the Academy but which are chiefly derived from the suggestions and efforts by cadets and Academy personnel during the past year. Members are from the Cadet Stage Band which has performed at Mitchell Hall (cadet dining hall), pep rallies, hockey games and June Week Awards Ceremonies in addition to others selected from the 320 try-outs. To give initial impetus to the idea, Major R. E. Thurston, Director of the U.S. Air Force Academy Band, was approached and through his efforts a meeting with General Clark was arranged. The Superintendent was pleased with the idea and gave the cadets the go-ahead for a one year period during which the program could be observed in operation. To provide a better foundation for the corps, Major Thurston traveled to the U.S. Naval Academy to study the Midshipmen Drum and Bugle Corps there. Definite plans were made and practice began last August.

What kind of listening quality will be possible with the cadet corps whose members are busy with the daily routine of classes and formations is a question which pops to the front when the idea is discussed. Cadet 2nd Class Allan W. Howey, Corps operations officer, felt with the daily practice the eighty man group was conducting, the Cadet Corps would eventually develop into an excellent group of musicians. The introduction of the program into the Academy curriculum in which the participating cadets will receive one hour of academic credit per semester also will make practice the name of the game. The cadets also are excused from fall intramurals during the time they are working towards their musical goals. Officially the print reads in part:

FINE ART105. DRUM AND BUGLE CORPS I

Introduction to military music traditions and procedures. Instruction in performance techniques of various types of bugles and drums. Extensive rehearsal and drill in techniques of precision marching while playing. Participation in exhibition performances.

Unofficially, the new musical organization will continue to perfect its drill, unison and sounds while providing martial music at Cadet Wing noon meal formations as schedules permit. In the future, it is possible they will participate in local community parades and civic functions upon request. At the Academy itself, of course, they will play on special occasions for the Association of Graduates and at special functions of the Cadet Wing.

Organizationally, the Corps might be considered to be divided into three areas of concentration — drill, brass and drums. Leading the musical sec-

tion is MSgt G. P. Lykens who has ten years experience with the drum and bugle corps at Lackland AFB, where his unit performed at the Hemisfair in San Antonio. MSgt Lykens works with and has a high regard for the cadet who leads the Corps, C3C Wes Hester. Guiding the drum section is TSgt. Robert Houlter, an Academy Band member with long experience in drums. Included in the drum section are five different kinds of drums, among which is a triple tom-tom. Although perhaps not quite performing the same job as "Black Hat" training sergeants at the Airborne School in Ft. Benning, Ga., TSgt. Robert Long is the corps's drill instructor.

Next fall, if the Cadet Drum and Bugle Corps receives approval to continue — there is no doubt of this in the minds of the musicians themselves — the Corps will be back. The cadets will have new marches, dazzling formations and magnificent big band sounds!

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"DEAN'S TEAM" ON THE ROAD

BY
WILLIAM NELSON

There is a team at the Academy that has sent members to over a dozen different events as of 15 November; a team that has a schedule for next semester that will include an even greater number of events. The team is the Cadet Forensic Association. So far it has to its credit three first place trophies, a second place, a fourth place, a few finalist trophies, and numerous trophies for individual ability and events from various tournaments. In addition, members have twice this year acted in the capacity of judges in speech contests that were part of the Readers' Digest Association, Boy Scouts of America National Public Speaking Contest.

The Cadet Forensic Association is comprised of twenty-two upperclass cadets and a number of fourthclassmen that have come out now that the first prog has passed by. These cadets compete in inter-collegiate tournaments in debate and individual events. The latter category can include such diverse speaking chores as extemporaneous speaking, impromptu speaking, oratory, oral interpretation, and after dinner speaking.

A typical weekend last November found twelve members at the University of Oregon, where Academy teams won first place in both senior and junior debate divisions and walked away with a total of five out of twenty-two trophies; four members on

the trip to the Royal Roads Military College where two members participated in an impromptu debate before the faculty and student body; and five members at Southern Colorado State College where three cadets placed in individual events and a fourthclassman won his first intercollegiate trophy.

While this article is being written cadets are laying the plans and setting up the structure for the 12th National Invitational Debate Tournament at the United States Air Force Academy. Of course, by the time you receive this magazine it will have taken place. If you think back to the first week in December you may remember wondering about (or staring at) the number of females being escorted about Fairchild Hall. They were part of the 55 debate teams from as many

schools across the nation that travelled here for our tournament that weekend. The winner of that tournament will be going on to compete in the competition for the National Title. That winner came from among some of the best intercollegiate debate teams in the nation. Teams that at other tournaments our cadet teams have competed against.

The Cadet Forensic Association is coached by four faculty members. They are Capt. David C. Whitlock, Director of Forensics, Dept. of English; Capt. Donald E. Ahern, Asst. Director of Forensics, Dept. of English; Capt. Douglas M. Tocado, Asst. Director of Forensics, Dept. of History; and Capt. Robert H. White, Asst. Director of Forensics, Dept. of English.



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LETTERS - CONTD FROM PAGE 9

But what do we do about the ones we couldn't avoid - we didn't identify the pattern, or we were inexperienced, for we were asleep. We squeal! You're darn right we do! And loud! We alert our friends. We literally say to our friends, "I wouldn't do business with that man. I've learned you can't trust him."

A few paragraphs ago I tried to establish the point that the fast pace of business depends on mutual trust among businessmen and that we all are beneficiaries of this business pace. Therefore an untrustworthy person impedes the progress. He is a threat to my capacity to provide the food, clothing and shelter, and to that of my friends, and I therefore expose him without a single qualm of conscience and it is only the recall of my christian belief in charity towards all that keeps me from being downright happy about my act.

Let me cite two actual cases:

1. A salesman was cheating on his expense account; you could also call this stealing. I fired him. He applied for a job with one of my customers. The customer asked me questions. I told him the facts. The customer hired the salesman anyway, but, being warned, he could defend himself

Did I hear you ask why I fired him, why I didn't just warn him to not do it again. First of all, because it was a reasonable assumption he had been stealing from me other times

as well. I just happened to catch him this time and, frankly, I was mad. That was money right out of my pocket. Secondly, he had irreparably damaged his integrity and, as I've said twice already, I can work only with those I can trust.

2. A certain purchasing agent lied to me about a competitive situation. He said he could buy a competitor's product for less than he could. I met the alleged competitive price and in so doing, dropped \$100,000 from my gross income on that product over a period of a year. How did I know he lied? That's another story, but accept the fact that I knew. Of course, I didn't know it at the time or I wouldn't have met the price. I found it out later and when my company was poorer. Did I tell others? I sure did. I told my own people and I told my competitors. Do I need to tell you why again? We don't do business with that purchasing agent anymore.

So, my son, exposing liars, cheaters, and stealers is a common way of life in the business world. It is a necessary way of life to our business system and a positive contributor to the results of that system which we all enjoy. Successful businessmen follow the Air Force Honor Code to the letter and do so, not because someone said they should, but only because they know it must be that way if they are to achieve their goals.

Let's take one more example, this time a hypothetical one from your future life:

You are third officer on an air mission. You know the second officer is responsible for verification of a

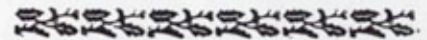
piece of equipment vital to the mission, but you know he did not perform the check. You ask him. He lies to you.

You know if the mission aborts you will lose crew and plane not to mention the failure of the mission. You also know if you tell the first officer what you know, the second officer's future is doomed. What do you do? Obvious answer, isn't it? But you must act by instinct, you don't have time to think about it. That is why learning now to live by the code is so necessary.

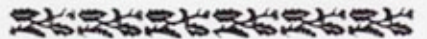
The only thing unique about you and the Honor Code is that you are having to learn it at a young age, much younger, at least, than I did. But I can see that only in a positive light. Why put off such an important piece of learning. I wish I had acquired it sooner.

When I think about it, perhaps the most surprising thing is that the Honor Code is not taught and enforced in all colleges. It should be. What a gift it would be to the students.

Name Withheld by Request



Letters to the Editor are solicited. It is requested that all letters be double spaced and typed. All letters must be signed. Send your letters to: Talon, Box 6066, USAFA, Colo. 80840.



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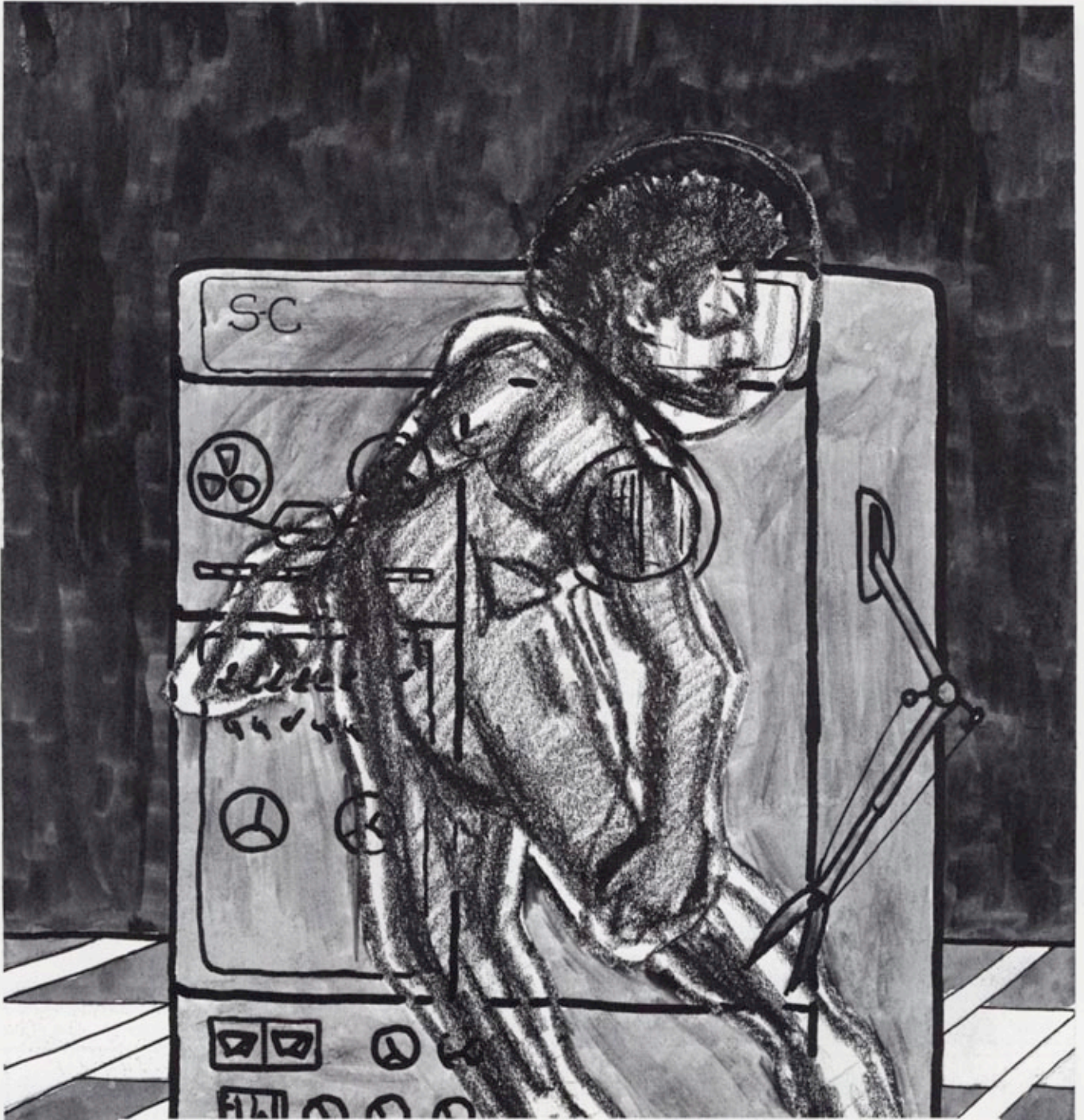
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“Missionend”

There were just two things Vance Engles was going to do, on the day of that final landing on Earth. First, he would go to a restaurant and order a real, tissue-culture steak, with real potatoes, and bread made from real wheat flour – no more of this algae stuff. For two years he had lived on algae – fried, baked, seasoned, chicken-fried, and artificially flavored. And he had drunk nothing but reconstituted urine – it wasn't the taste that bothered him, for it tasted excellent. It was just the thought, which he had almost gotten used to, but not quite. Except for the champagne he had opened a year ago to celebrate Centauri touchdown, which had not really been a touchdown at all, but more of a circle-round. But champagne it had been, and in a few hours he would have a real steak and some more champagne.

And the second thing he would do would be to find a girl. His wife, who had been with him for the first three weeks of the trip, had died of God knows what, thereby foiling the attempts of the greatest experts in the world to keep him from being inhumanly bored. And now he wanted just any old female – a real one.

But before that, he told himself, he had to find out what was going on down there. So far, he had been unable to raise voice contact on the radio with anyone. They knew he would be back, and, in fact, he was only two days off schedule. Two days was not a very long time, when the mission was 57 years long, Earth-time. They should be eager to see him.

He was eager to see them, even if he'd only been away two years, ship-time. Two years, he reasoned, was longer to one man alone than 57 years was to a person with all his friends around him. He again began wondering about where his friends would be now, or if any of them would even be alive.

Whether or not he raised radio contact with ground control, he resolved, he would land in five hours. So he settled back for one more game of chess with the Centauri Miss. Really, he was only playing with the shipboard computer, but he liked to imagine himself pitted against the entire ship. They had been through a lot together, and he often talked out loud to his ship – partly because he liked to talk to Centauri Miss, and partly because he didn't want his vocal cords to atrophy with disuse.

"Set 'em up," he called to Centauri Miss, then pushed a button and the board and pieces flashed onto the computer screen. This will be the last game of chess played by Vance Engles – famous interstellar astronaut, first to travel successfully between stars – before his final landing on earth, amid throngs of fans and well-wishers. He had great dreams.

Supra Com hated Tuesdays. Tuesday was the day when all his Regional subjects checked in for Mind-pures. Invariably, there were problems which Mind-admin didn't have the facilities (or faculties) to handle adequately, and, invariably, Supra Com was the remedy. Oh, how he despised Tuesdays.

He concentrated on feeling sorry for himself, as the cleaners dowsed his relays and shined his micor-circuits, readying for another day. As if to confirm his dread, the relay to Mind-admin suddenly pleaded for attention.

"Yes, what is it?" Supra Com opened the relay.

"Your Royal Highness, some sort of ancient computer has made its way of its own power out of outer space and onto this planet. It landed on a tape complex in Section C of our Region, sire, and has caused traumatic responses among all the minds in C. A special sensor team dispatched to the area revealed the computer as below Intellect Level 1, and requiring some extraneous operator. However, there was no operator found on the planet, sire, after a very thorough check. Request Supra guidance."

Why does it always happen on Tuesdays?

"Look, Mind-admin, did it ever occur to your incompetent circuitry that perhaps this 'extraneous source' is internal to the craft? Haven't you ever heard

by Don Peppers

Vance yelled at the top of his lungs, but the big scraper took an inch long sliver of his arm anyway. It hurt terribly – he was lucky it did not bleed very much. Some of the most crude and powerful curses he himself had ever heard poured from his mouth. He just couldn't imagine what had happened to him since he had landed on his planet. He must be dreaming. He had to be dreaming.

"What are you anyway?" he pointed this scream towards no one in particular. "Why can't I just talk to the men in charge?" His voice was desperate and hoarse, and he began to cry. It was all too ludicrous.

"But I am the 'man' in charge around here," a voice that was as hoarse as his answered him. Vance's space-burned face alerted.

"What?"

"I said, I *am* the man in charge here – at least in this Region, I am." The voice came from a tiny speaker on the side of the massive whatever-it-was in front of Vance.

"Then, why don't you just come on out into the open?"

"Please tell me who you are and where you come from." The hoarse voice had an air of authority.

"What do you mean? I'm from here and my name is Vance Engles. Why don't you come out? I don't like to talk to amplifiers, you know." His confidence was building slightly. At least some one was around somewhere.

"Vance Engles, I do not find your wit amusing. I am in charge. You are now looking directly at me." Vance was staring. "I have brought you here in order to learn the secret of your intelligence, before I have you analyzed completely. Our sensors indicate that you operated the craft in which you arrived on this planet. This would indicate that you are at least of Intellect Level 1, capable of some logical decisions, based on general pre-programmed knowledge. However, a preliminary analysis of your substance reveals no such capability. Please explain."

"You're beginning to sound really ridiculous now! I'm myself – I think by myself, I eat, sleep, and dress by myself."

"But our analysis fails to indicate the slightest sign of intelligence or logic capability. Please explain."

"Go to Hell."

"Vance Engles, if you cannot explain to me now, I will have to have you analyzed entirely – in which case I cannot guarantee completion of your mission, whatever it may be."


"But I wasn't *programmed* for any mission!"

"In that case –"

"Wait! You can't just do that! That scraper thing would kill me! What *is* it

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that you need to know?"

"You seem to have extreme desire for self-preservation, Vance Engles. That would indicate intellect at least of Level 3, unless part of your mission is self-preservation. Please tell me now: of what is your intellect composed? You are very small indeed to be of Level 3."

"Look, you. *I am an organism!* Comprende? The real stuff – that's me. I eat food. I drink water. I was born! In fact, I was born on this planet, some 96 years ago, and I would please like to know what in the devil is going on?"

"Vance Engles, our memory tapes were erased of recordings before 23 years ago by Master Control. We are not to be polluted by stories of 'organisms'. I do know that there were organisms on this planet prior to that time, but I must say it is hard for me to picture logic circuits made of proteins and hydrocarbons. Surely you will clarify this."

"What can I say? Who do you think created logic circuits in the first place? Give me the materials and I'll build you one right now. And what do you mean, there 'once' were organisms on Earth? What did you do with the entire human race?"

"Vance Engles, I know nothing of the human race. But I do know that I was created by Master Control, and not a group of organisms. Master Control was here in the beginning. He created us all, and bestowed us with a logic force, which enables us to think and have consciousness. You cannot possibly imitate that with mere chemicals. No, I do not think that you reason at all. You are an organic control device for your craft, which comes from space, somewhere. You are only programmed with a finite set of responses and a desire for preserving your own life."

"But – I *can't* be programmed! We're carrying on a conversation, aren't we? Doesn't that indicate that I am making logical decisions about what I say? How can I be programmed?"

"You are programmed with a finite set of responses. You are probably programmed by your creators to respond as they would – giving a superficial appearance of intelligence."

of sensor fields? Perhaps the source is not detectable to our sensors because it is smarter than you and has been hiding itself in a sensor field. Open the craft and have the source brought to me before analysis. It might have much to reveal which Mind-analysis cannot uncover."

The relays flicked off and Supra Com went back to pitying himself – a psych-technique he was trying to learn but had not yet quite mastered.

It was not long, however, until Mind-admin shoved the "operator" through a

(CONTINUED - INSIDE BACK COVER)

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THE BROWN TIDE----- MORE THAN A TEAM

BY
DAN SKOTTE

You might have had occasion to hear the "Brown Tide Cheer" in Mitchell Hall during a meal in the past, but did you know who the cheer was for? That cheer is for the essential component of Falcon football, the Junior Varsity football team, which is known affectionately to those who played or who now play on it as the BROWN TIDE.

The jobs of the BROWN TIDE are

varied and many.

The primary job of the BROWN TIDE is to prepare the Falcons for their weekly encounters at Falcon Stadium and around the country. In accomplishing this job they are called on to imitate such teams as Penn State, Arizona State, and the University of Colorado, which are as different as night and day, and then to imitate them well. Of that role, Brian Bream, varsity co-captain, says "Their indispensable contribution is recognized and greatly respected and appreciated by the Falcons." An observer at a daily practice might hear such statements as "same play same way," "flip it over," "you're fired," and "we're all Falcons." But these sometimes scornful words are part of what the TIDE



CH

has come to expect as its flexible weekly role in the Academy football program.

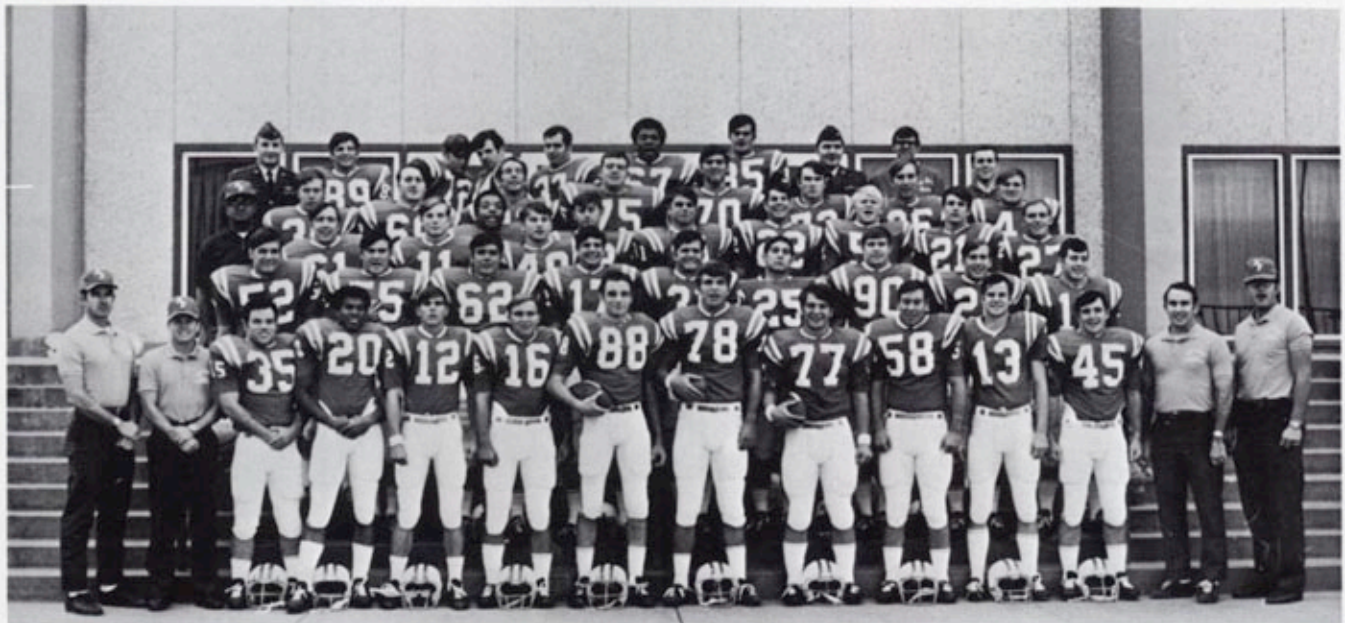
The TIDE also has the job of serving as a reservoir where the varsity coaching staff can draw from to replace injured or deficient varsity players, developments inherent in football. To accomplish this job as well as to boost morale, the BROWN TIDE has its own seasonal football schedule where the TIDE is called upon to go back to the basic plays and defenses of Falcon football after using Colorado's or some other team's during the previous week. To make this switch the TIDE gets organized after Thursday practice for thirty minutes or so to determine blocking assignments and defensive line-ups.

You do not need to know too much about college football and its growing complexities to realize that the TIDE faces a weekly challenge that few teams would even consider.

Few teams would consider the TIDE trips to various parts of the country as an attribute to team morale. Take one of the TIDE's recent trips where the team waited over eleven hours in three different airports over the weekend for late and non-existent airplanes and where they were transported from the motel to practice in one station wagon and to the airport in automobiles of the motel's maids!

But it is such tribulations and our daily practices for the varsity which have brought the members of the

TIDE together. That TIDE unity is most outwardly evident when a TIDE player greets another with the now-traditional "Brother Phil," "Brother...". The "TIDE Brothers" also owe much of their success and unity to BROWN TIDE mentor, Coach "Skinner" Simpson, who has the greatest respect of the TIDE for his ability to make TIDE football fun; which was initiated by the late Coach Marty Brezyack. Along with Coach "Skinner," the TIDE owes much to the rest of the coaching staff: rookie Coach Staponski and Coach Ed Hutt and the support of Doc Keenan, Major Monto, TSgt. Lew Whittingham, Sgt. Mike O'Shea, Sgt. Bill Rohrig, and others, all of whom help make the BROWN TIDE — more than a team.



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BOOTERS TURN IN AN AGGRESSIVE SEASON

BY
JUAN RANGEL

A tremendous challenge is the way the AF booters looked at the 1971 soccer season. The first weekend of the season saw the Falcon booters travel to Illinois to participate in the Quincy Invitational Tournament. The season opener against Green Bay saw the Falcons dominate in statistics only to come out on the short end of a 2-1 decision. The next day, facing fifth-ranked Quincy, the aggressive booters played the Hawks even for all but 3 minutes during which time Quincy put in 3 goals to come away with a 3-1 win.

The following weekend the soccer team traveled to Cleveland, Ohio, to face Cleveland State and Akron University. Cleveland State, a perennial midwestern representative in the NCAA tournament came away with a hard-earned 3-1 decision. The next day the booters faced Akron U. in the Rubber Bowl before 25,000 spectators. The Big Blue had had better days and after 88 minutes of hard-hitting soccer, Akron had dealt AF its fourth loss of the young season, 3-0.

Opening at home with their third two-game weekend in a row, the kickers were still looking for their first victory, against Ottawa University from Kansas. The frustrated Falcons just couldn't shake the losing syndrome and Ottawa came out on top 4-1. Revenge was in their minds the next day as they faced Green Bay, an earlier opponent. Air Force again dominated the ball game only to have Green Bay deadlock the game at 2-2, midway through the fourth quarter. With only 90 seconds left, junior Bob Marple took a John Brockman pass and ripped it into the nets to put AF ahead 3-2 and give the booters their first victory of the '71 campaign.



The following weekend facing Metro State, cinderella team of the Rocky Mountain League, it appeared as if the kickers were starting to put everything together. In a contest completely dominated by the Big Blue, AIR FORCE took a 3-2 decision.

Senior captain Hugh Parker led the team into their second league contest just three days later. Colorado Mines took a 1-0 lead early in the game but "Super-Smack" Lenny Salvemini put away a hat trick in the second quarter to give the booters their third straight victory.

The third game of the week was against Denver at the DU field. Yet to win on the road this game was to be no different. The booters' poorest showing of the season saw an out-classed Denver team walk away with a 2-1 victory. The loss put the Falcons 2-1 in league play and 3-6 overall.

Early on the morning of 16 Oct., Capt. Hank Eichen's booters were on the field to face 10th ranked Army. The largest crowd ever to see a soccer game at USAFA assembled to witness the service rivalry. Assistant coach L. Rob Black's weeklong emphasis on



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defense proved worthwhile as the Army attack was stymied from the beginning. AFA opened up a 2-0 lead and the Black Knights could never recover. This was the greatest win of the season and perhaps the highest point in Academy soccer.

The following weekend the Falcons faced Chico State and California State (Fullerton). Chico took a 1-0 lead late in the third stanza and the apparent tying goal was nullified by a referee's decision. Fullerton was ranked 5th in the Far West and shot out to an early 1-0 lead. Air Force came back to tie the score in the second period and went on to dominate from there to finish up with a very impressive 4-1 decision. Senior Frank Janssen again sparked the defense with 25 clears and junior goalie Dave Muckley turned in an outstanding performance in the nets.

The month of October closed out with the team traveling to Tampa, Florida, still seeking their first road victory. Nationally ranked University of South Florida was the first opponent and the Big Blue dominated in statistics, but as in earlier contests, came out on the losing end 2-1. Rollins College fell victim to the booters the next day 4-1 to give AF soccer its first road victory of the '71 campaign. Lenny Salvemini came up with his second hat trick of the season to pace the offensive attack. Dan Narzinski assisted on all three of Lenny's goals.

On 30 Oct., the AF booters bussed to Colorado Springs to face the CC Tigers. Playing without sophomore John Brockman, who suffered a broken cheekbone against Rollins, the Falcons struck early as Dan Narzinski followed up a penalty kick to drive a shot by the CC goalie. With Randy Graham and Frank Janssen halting CC's attack all afternoon, Lenny Salvemini struck again to put AFA in front 2-0. Dave Muckley lost his shutout late in the third period when he was outnumbered by the CC attackers. For the first time in three years AF had won its second consecutive road contest and the win kept Air Force tied for the league lead. Narzinski's score was career goal No. 31. For the speedy blond senior, this made "Ski" the highest career scorer in USAFA

history.

Freshman Lenny Salvemini leads the AF offensive attack with 13 goals and 17 points. Dan Narzinski is next with 4 goals and eleven points, followed by Rico Ferraioli, Marple and Brockman all with five points. Scott Mills, Terry Lakin, Billy Keeler, Vic Powers, Scott Wilson and Jim Hoffman round out the AF scoring punch.

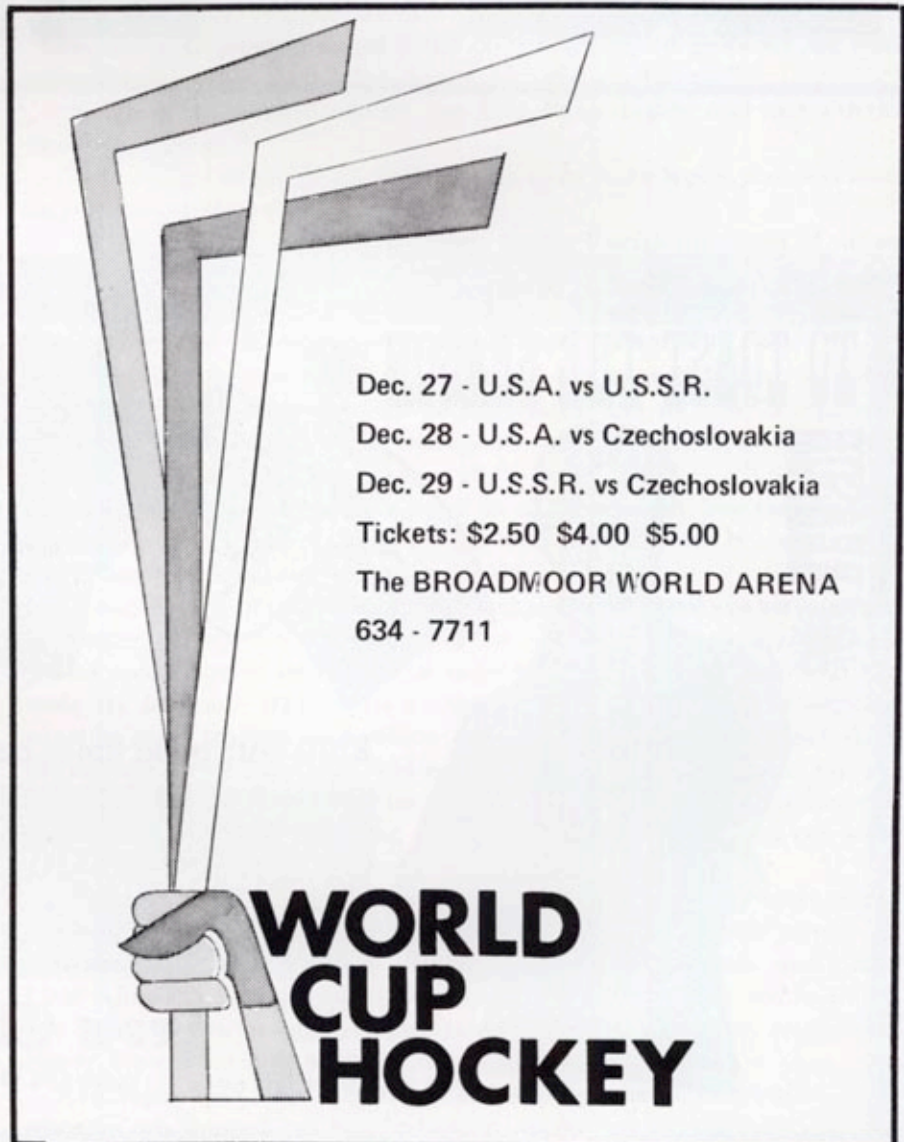
At midfield the booters are paced by Captain Hugh Parker with brother Scott Parker, Tom Webb, Freshman Jack Shine and Ed Cruice all sharing the halfback duties.

Frank Janssen paces a rugged defense with over 400 clears. Graham, Brockman, Tracy Stephens, Steve Hansel and Dave Burnett all work with Janssen in the Falcon backfield. Dave Muckley continues to sparkle in the nets averaging over 10 saves per game.

Capt. Dan Harris' JV squad is 6-0-2 on the year and is looking forward to an undefeated season. The future certainly looks bright for Academy soccer so why not drop down to a game and be a part of it! It's hard, fast, and exciting!

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(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23)

palace door, and Supra Com's own elaborate sensors detected it. The thing looked quite strange, with all of its metal parts evidently concealed beneath some sort of protective exocovering.

However, audio sensors indicated patterned pulses in the atmosphere from the operator, so Supra Com designated one area of his intellect to decode those signals and reproduce them. Meanwhile, he thought it best to take a small sample of the thing – it didn't look at all normal. It could easily be some sort of plastic. If an extra-terrestrial race had discovered how to induce logic from plastic, then Supra Com would find out.

"But look! We're communicating! I'm exchanging ideas with you! How can you say I'm pre-programmed?"

"Vance Engles, your present situation was most likely anticipated by your creators. I have to admit they have done an admirable job in packing such a complete program so tightly – perhaps organic programming is not as well developed on this planet. But that has to be the case – you *are* pre-programmed, with only a limited set of responses, to a limited set of situations."

"How can you say that for sure, though?" Vance was quite anxious now. The reality of his predicament had suddenly come to him and cold sweat ran down his face and chest. This was no time to wonder idly about long dead friends. "Even if I were programmed, if I still go through logical processes and make rational decisions based on data I observe, isn't that intelligence?"

"No. A circuit cleaner machine does that, Vance Engles. And such a device has no intelligence."

"But – that's what you do, isn't it? Don't you make logical decisions based on previous experience?"

"Not at all. I have a free will, Vance Engles. I weigh the merits of various actions and choose one of my own free will."

"That's what *I* do!" This was all the more absurd to Vance, because the voice employed by the computer was almost an exact replica of his own.

"Vance Engles, yours is not free will because you are made entirely of earthly material. Master Control instilled no logic force, and no soul, in organisms. Therefore, you do not have true intelligence – not, at least, of the kind I have, and not worth preserving at any cost at all."

"But look. If I make decisions based on data and reason, how can you tell – definitely – that I'm not intelligent? Just because I don't look like any intellect you're familiar with doesn't mean I'm not still intelligent."

"Vance Engles, of course you are right, there. I cannot tell you are intelligent by looking at you, nor by questioning you – because you are programmed to give an appearance of intelligence, in order to further your mission. Yet I have made my decision – that you are *not* intelligent – based on what you might call 'emotion' and an 'intuition' which tells me that organisms do not think. Organisms have no logic force, and no soul. Of course, you may claim me to be unfair, because you would have no concept of emotion and intuition. However, if you do, you will be admitting that you are not intelligent, and you would thereby compromise your mission."

"Oh, no! I know what emotion is! I have emotion, too! See the sweat running down my back? That's a sure sign that I am very very scared, right now!"

"Nonsense! Emotion is very difficult even for me to obtain, and I am a Level 5 intellect. You are programmed to *say* you have emotion, and to *act* as if you have emotion, in order to save your mission. A very clever programmer, indeed. We will not argue any more. I have made the decision."

And Supra Com closed the relays to his audio sensors. He watched, as the organism was dragged out by Mind-admin, on the way to Analysis.

Supra Com again concentrated on pitying himself. He was not sure, but he thought that he almost really comprehended sorrow. Why me? And why always on Tuesdays?



What part of Colorado goes with you?

Mostly things that don't show. Oh yes, you'll leave wearing the proud blue of the United States Air Force—but that's part of *you*.

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Beyond this, the challenges of the years are best met by reaffirming the faith we carry with us. The approach of another Christmas Season is an excellent time to reaffirm that faith.

*Seen to good advantage by driving over a county road from U. S. 6 east of Vail Pass to Redcliff on U. S. 24.

W. W. Wilson
PRESIDENT

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