

## THE COURSE OF STUDY

You all know what we studied here. You all have your separate impressions of what it was all about. The editors of your class book would like to share their impressions with you now.

### C. I. C.

In the darkened attack teacher a bug crawls in time to the whirl of North-South, East-West motors. The DR plotter, the surface plotter, the J-A talker are plugged into their equipment. The moisture of breath acts on spongy mouth-pieces, raising the odor of the smudge-pot to their nostrils. Plexiglass, 10 square feet of it, tells a grease pencil story of phantom aircraft. Everywhere, electric lights play green and yellow and orange tricks on the artless dark. It seems a fantastic game of electronic chess. But this is a game whose pieces were fashioned by war. A game on which the players stake their lives.

### NAVIGATION

To the tune of "oh, Tannenbaum":

"oh, Alidade. Oh, Alidade, give me a line of bearing.  
That water tank, that lighthouse tall,  
Will guide us to our port o' call.  
= Oh, Alidade. Oh, Alidade, just one good line of bearing"

LHA, GHA, SHA, polar angle, azimuth angle, the inscrutable T and other divers mathematical dudes all, we were assured, would combine to keep us on the straight and narrow DR track.

H. O. 214, the Rude starfinder, Dutton's introduction to Bowditch are the tools we employed. Now, having mastered the one-handed-thumb-and-forefinger divider spread and the flashy but difficult parallel rule quick snap, we can go forth upon the sea. After three months with the Nautical Almanac, that dear, dog-eared, pencil marked navigator's bible, we are confident that on the open ocean with only the stars to guide us, we will always be able to compute our 1963 position.