

## ***Midwest Meanderings - Three Years in the Life of a Landlocked Navy Captain***

This book contains 170 pages, 8 1/2 by 11 inches, some colored photos, and is bound between soft covers. Current price is \$15 per copy. Book rate shipping and packaging is \$3.75, so \$18 per copy is the going rate for shipmates. Volume discounts available and individually negotiable. Profits from sales go to the publisher - Brillion Nature Center - a non-profit organization excluded from collection of sales tax. Books may be ordered by e-mail to [wxmustang@outlook.com](mailto:wxmustang@outlook.com) or by phone: 920-756-3919 (land line) or 920-860-4193 (Cell). Personal checks payable to Frenchy Corbeille will be accepted as payment, mail to R. Claude Corbeille  
446 Ridgeway Drive  
Brillion, WI 54110

And if you wonder which three years, they would be 2012, 2013 and 2014.

In advance I am thanking you for your continued support and patronage.

### ***Midwest Meanderings - Three Years in the Life of a Landlocked Navy Captain*** **Introduction**

Midwest Meanderings will take you through three years and twelve seasons with a retired Navy Captain, walking the fields, forests and byways in the vicinity of Brillion, Wisconsin. I walk for fitness and learning and I am always accompanied by my boon companion Boomer, a yellow Labrador retriever that was whelped in April, 2006, and has no concept of inclement weather. Every day is a good day for walking for both Boomer and me, with never a day that is too cold or one that is too hot. Neither rain nor blizzards are a deterrent to a morning outing, usually started between 0530 and 0600 and ending when we get back. We usually walk more than three miles, sometimes a little less when bitter cold brings on cold toes for both of us.

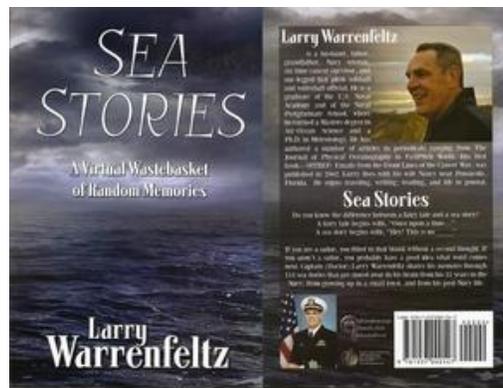
I author a column for our local weekly newspaper, The Brillion News, entitled "Glimpses of Brillion," and most of my columns are based on observations and experiences gained on our morning outings. When I have a planned absence of a week or more, I compose one or more columns for publication during my absence, based on experiences from my past, sometimes going back to my youth. In all cases, my writings are either factual, based on what I see or experiences I have had, or they contain opinions developed from my experiences. The opinions, when they occur, are quite easy to sort out from the facts. I do not include opinions of other people, mainly because I find no place for them in my writings.

This manuscript is a compilation of three years of "Glimpses of Brillion," with other narratives spliced in in the chronologically correct slot. The aforementioned planned absences include the travels of Barbara, my wife, and me, typically taken in an RV, and hunting trips taken alone or with a friend. During this three-year period we have travelled the length and breadth of Canada, from the easternmost point of land

in Newfoundland to the westernmost road contact with the Pacific Ocean on the coast of British Columbia. In breadth, we have journeyed across the Arctic Circle to the shore of the Arctic Ocean in Northwest Territory. Most of this book can be read a page or two at a time, but if you happen onto a chapter taking you to one of those far-flung places, you may read a bit longer.

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Captain R. Claude (Frenchy) Corbeille USN (Retired)



**Sea Stories**  
***A Virtual Wastebasket of Random Memories***

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**Sea Stories**  
***A Virtual Wastebasket of Random Memories***  
**(Excerpts from) Prologue**

Do you know the difference between a fairy tale and a sea story?  
A fairy tale begins with, “Once upon a time...”  
A sea story begins with, “Hey! This is no shit...”

Whenever sailors get together—young or old—sea stories invariably begin to flow. And if beer is involved, they quickly begin to flow faster and funnier. So, if that is your inclination, pour yourself a cold one and settle in as an old sailor recounts some of his personal favorites. Really...this is not shit...

This book's subtitle is derived from a most memorable quote of one of my classmates as we left an interminably boring Waves and Tides class at the Naval Postgraduate School. “*Professor Tucker is a virtual waste basket of worthless knowledge.*” That sentence was so descriptive and memorable that I promptly decided to “borrow” it for my book.

Memoir writing is a curious endeavor. For the writer, memoirs are works of nonfiction. These stories are absolutely true tales from my memory. However, human memory is exceedingly tricky and brain scientists really don't understand the subject very well.

When I was a young ensign, I worked with a salty mustang commander. (A mustang is an officer who started his naval service as an enlisted man. By definition, mustangs are “salty” and/or “crusty”.) He told me that the Officer corps of the Navy is divided into three categories—Young Studs, Old Fuds, and Lieutenant Commanders. So when I sorted the sea stories from my commissioned career, I divided those 27 years into those three sections.

But a sailor begins to collect sea stories on the first day he puts on a uniform...so there is a section from my four years at the Naval Academy, too. And I found that retirement didn't stop my brain from filing away sea stories. So you get them as well. Of course, I couldn't jump right in at the age of 17 without a few tales of life in my hometown to tell you how this small town boy became a sailor in the first place.

CAPT Larry Warrenfeltz, USN RET