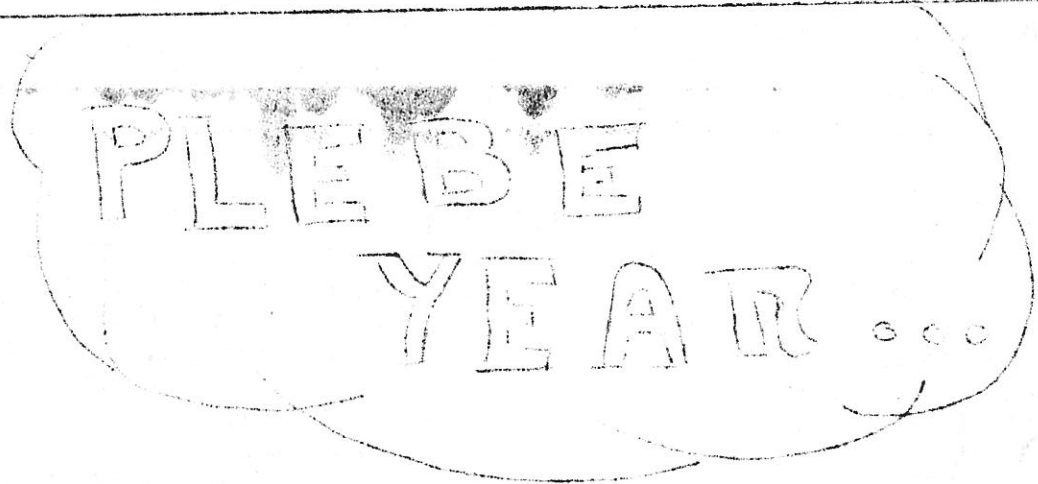


Barriale

Vol. 4 No. 1

NAVAL ACADEMY PREPARATORY SCHOOL

28 Sept. 1966



A GOAL - or A SHOAL



Pulverize

The

PLEBES

LCDR ARLIS J. SIMMONS ASSUMES
O-IN-C OF NAPS

240 DTC

On Wednesday September 21, LCDR Arlis J. Simmons, USN, relieved Lt. Louis P. Shane as Officer-in-Charge of the U.S. Preparatory School, Bainbridge, Md., in ceremonies conducted in Tome Memorial Hall before the assembled student body and staff. Service School Command Commanding Officer, Capt. John P. Kane, addressed the assembly, which included among the honored guests Capt. R. H. Bowers, Commander Naval Training Center, Bainbridge. Immediately following the ceremonies Lcdr. and Mrs. Simmons were honored at a reception in Bachelor Officer Quarters "A", the former home of the Tome School.

Lcdr. Simmons came to the Preparatory School from Pearl Harbor where his job was Allied Plans and Policy, and Naval Control of Shipping Plans on the staff of the Commander Anti-Submarine Warfare Forces, Pacific (ASWFORPAC). Lt. Shane, the Assistant Officer-in-Charge of the Preparatory School, had been Officer-in-Charge since June.

A member of the U.S. Naval Academy Class of 1953, Lcdr. Simmons, was commissioned in June 1953. After a three month interim period as seamanship instructor at the Naval Academy, he entered flight training at Pensacola, Fla. and became a qualified Naval Aviator in November 1954. From November 1954 to December 1957, he was attached to Patrol Squadron Eighteen as Patrol Plane Commander, and Ordnance Officer. During the next three years he held various posts including Flight Instructor, and Personnel Officer at Naval Air Basic Training Command, Pensacola, Florida. Prior to his duty in Hawaii he served as an attack pilot in Squadron ONE SIXTY THREE which deployed to the Western Pacific aboard the USS ORISKANY (CVA34).

Lcdr. Simmons' wife is the former Barbara Barnes of Macon, Georgia. His home is Hazlehurst, Georgia where his mother Mary S. Hipps resides. The Simmons have four children: a daughter, Blake, and three sons, Lowell, Robin, and Cory.

I have heard a lot of comment about report chits during the last few weeks. "I did not know that was wrong", "That is small stuff", and "What is the point" are a few of the more popular comments. The latter comment is the key to the problem. Most of the men here have been in the fleet or at commands where discipline was nil in contrast to what it is at NAPS. We are going to school not only to re-learn our high school subjects, but also to learn to take orders. Wait until you get to the Academy; this is only a taste of what is to come.

Up to now you have been exposed only to the enlisted side of the question. As an officer in the Navy or Marine Corps you will have to give orders that may seem trivial. At the same time you will need understanding of your men's viewpoint to make them realize that they must obey without question. NAPS in essence is the "boot camp" that will prepare you for the real school at the Academy.

YOU HAVE TO LEARN TO TAKE ORDERS
BEFORE YOU CAN GIVE THEM.

BARNACLE STAFF

O-in-C.....
LCDR Arlis J. Simmons
PIO OFFICER.....
LTjg Dennis Howard
EDITOR.....
Robert J. Lafferty
ASS'T EDITOR.....
G.C. Knouse
TYPISTS.....
Carter Jackson Sewell
Loughridge Sorrentino

Dear Editor:

I am taking this opportunity to speak out in regard to our disciplinary system. EMI, report chits, and stiff warnings are fine, but it takes a cool head and a sound knowledge of leadership to know how to handle trouble. Speaking from experience, I can accurately state that our Navy and Marine Corps could never function as smoothly as it has in past history if it depended solely upon the article of punishment contained in the UCMJ.

Applying this to our own system, I would like to point out a few very important facts. Report chits should be a leader's last resort in the case of any violation. I cannot over-emphasize this fact.

Let me take an example of a typical situation at NAPS. Pfc John Doe is standing in the chow line with his hands in his pockets. From out of nowhere Petty Officer Smith appears and immediately charges Doe with a violation. He then proceeds to "write him up", and Doe ends up with an hour of EMI.

Result? We have a case of very poor leadership. If Petty Officer Smith had used his head, he might have salvaged some pretty good feelings and a really fine attitude from Doe's mistake. All that was necessary, was a warning and a word of advice. Nine times out of ten, the man would have thought the world of Petty Officer Smith for "giving him a break." I doubt very seriously if Doe would intentionally make the mistake again.

In effect, when a man hands out a report chit, he has failed as a leader.

Signed:
Cpl J.K. Condon

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

The water fountains in Tome Inn
are not fire hydrants.

(J.D.H.)

Dear Editor:

What happened to our kitchen ladies? Since I arrived at Bainbridge three weeks ago, the environment to which most of the students were accustomed has changed radically. As Captain Kane said, "the Napsters are the most restricted and underpaid people at Bainbridge," what else can be done to us? Well, someone found it. Until now, no matter what else went wrong, three times a day Napsters were greeted by the "cheerful" faces of the female kitchen help who made the somewhat ordinary meals more enjoyable. This morning we were greeted by the dour faces of men overjoyed at the thought of thirty days of mess duty.

Signed:
The Griper

Question of the Week!

Now that you have been at Bainbridge for three weeks, what do you think of NAPS?

- R.E. Annis : "Thank God there are only 245 days until graduation!"
- W.B. Carter : "Thank God there are only 5880 hours until graduation!"
- R.E. Kremer : "Airborne! Gung Ho! Recon! Kill! Kill!"
- A.J. Simmons : "I think it is wonderful Everyone is extremely helpful, courteous, and considerate."
- F.S. Haak : "It's pretty rough right now, but I think it will improve after Parents Day."
- J.K. Condon : "I wish I were back at my last duty station."
- S.B. Knouse : "CENSORED"

NAPSTERS BEWARE

Class has begun and Tome Hall is alive,
The men of NAPS are in classes, all five.
They've come from near and come from far,
With one thing in mind and it's to pass the bar.
Now I don't mean the one at the club,
Because we all know of "our" local pub.
It's the CEEB tests to which I refer,
And without passing these, the Academy won't occur.
So, it's said to all, do shoot for the sky, ...
And for heavens sake, watch the E M I.

Gil Powell

FOR THE LONELY NAPSTERS

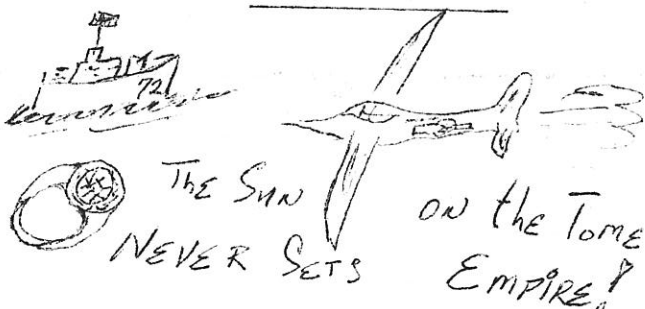
Dearest _____,

I dreamed of you last night, and even though we are thousands of miles apart and this dream seemed to bring to mind all those sweet memories that we shared together.

Darling this is how I pictured you in my dreams; your face too beautiful to describe in words. It could only be compared to that of a Grecian Goddess, with dark brown hair that gently waves in the breeze of summer. Your dark brown eyes that sparkle as if they had a secret to tell; a secret that only you and I know and whose red lips can't be resisted by any young fool like me. And whose sun-drenched skin promises a warmth from within, a warmth that is enkindled by the love in your heart. And the softness of your body bekens to be carressed and loved, while embracing you there seems to be a sweet fragrance about you that brings out the passionate desires of a man. Your actions seem to speak the promise of love forever, and ever.

Most men would think this is a dream but I know differently, because my dream is a reality-You.

Love for Eternity



FOR THOSE WHO DON'T HAVE TIME TO WRITE

Darling, My Dear, Dearest, Friend, Mother,

Let me count the ways I (miss you, hate you, love you, hate NAPS). It seems like a (year, week, last night) since I saw your (dear, pearly, bleary, bloodshot) eyes. Just the very thought of you makes me (yearn, turn, burn, sick)!

My time at NAPS is spent constructively. We march back and forth, we flunk tests, we study (harder, less, none at all, Playboy), and we (do EMI, write letters, drink, get crutches).

(Darling, Mother, Joe, Honey) you should see The Fiddler's Green. There are (drunks, Napsters, Waves) everywhere. I never saw a club with a name like that. The Green (turns me off, befuddles me, (?) to no end.

We (live, exist, are imprisoned) in an area of restful seclusion. This allows us to (have wild parties, study well, forget the whole thing).

NAPS has put me in better shape, though, (Ma, Pa, Jack, Pea). It's a long walk to go to (church, the club, on liberty).

That's about all I know, so don't (go on dates, let the cow go dry) and I will surely write (tomorrow, next week, sometime). (Say hello, tell the kids) (back home, in the gang) and write soon.

(sincerely, all my love,
always, me),

Name is Anonymus

The school year has just started, but things are happening at old Harrison. Glass swears he will never touch shaving cream again . . . For that matter Kendle has ordered a case of shaving cream. . . Who is the Boot Bird that has two lefts; maybe you should ask Daily. . . If cellophane eyelids ever came out on the market, Sullivan would be the first to buy a pair. . . Wanted: one roommate for Santacroce. . . Who wears a girdle to keep his cheerleading form up to par, maybe you should ask Kendle. . . Section Seven's cry is, "More M-M's for Buchanan. . . What's the present flaming romance on the NAPS campus; report to Steffens and he'll give you the scoop. . . Santa's request for Christmas is a new sled and a scholarship from Rhode Island . . . Williams will give anyone in Co. 2 a lesson in night photography . . . The Jolly Rogers is flying high in room 213. . . Barney Baby has promised to support us if we support the team. . . One Day laundry service is getting better, now we get it back in two days. . . Tolliver's theme: Beat the Flebes! Beat the Flebe's. . . Losing an inspection by two hits means only one thing-work, work, work. . . If you want to know how to play basketball, ask Spratt . . . Watch out for Daly, Kange, and Reynolds because report chits will be flying. . . Co. 2 will be seeing "The King of Valor" if we lose the Flebe game.

THINK!!

GOOD GRILL, it's DADDY!

Hear Ye! Hear Ye! Pollywogs, shellbacks, mermaids and denizens of the deep, attend! Forthwith and hereafter, none in Tome Inn may consider themselves safe. This is the resurrection of the Barnacle and our spies abound. Our intention is to be unscrupulous and dastardly: we of this column will do our best to accomplish this. Listen and heed my words, oh lower than the lowest, most ill-paid of the poverty-stricken. Beware the Barnacle.

Various Napster jokes are floating around because of its alleged similarity to hamster. . . Due to the flick of the whip as wielded by our instructors and petty officers, there seems never to be a dull moment; we're too darn busy. . . The sanity of the inmates of Tome Inn would seem open to question. The following is a series of indictments against them; the men of section four talk with their hands as well as their mouths; hand jive, as it were . . . A paper plane meet was held in "Doc" Bloom's room Wednesday last . . . Some nut keeps blowing on a trumpet. Some other nuts are talking about lynching him. . . A couple of our number are burning the midnight oil (amid the cries of their cellmates) doing needlepoint work on models of old ships. . . New diseases aren't hard to come by, and there's one here. The symptoms are: a limp, possibly a crutch or a cane and a bandage. . . Hereby a warning is issued; this can be contracted on stairs, in intramurals, and football. Be careful. If you're lucky, you'll catch it, too. . . A select group is looking for the length of the day used as a basis for the Laundry service. The length of one day seems to be in question and insolvable in modern math.

D. P.
L. M. H.

TURN PAGE

START HERE

You too - the ones that look at the back

Ernie Quips

VER WING F-BALL GAMES!

TO BE GOUT. AT A LATER DATE?



ACCOUNTABILITY
←
SQUIBBS
R-4
KIDS

STOP

REALLY?



FIRST GOVERNMENT PRESERVATION

Now this Ugh?

MEMO: THE RUSSIAN IS HERE

BUMP

Now Your Done!

NAPS IS A GRAPE

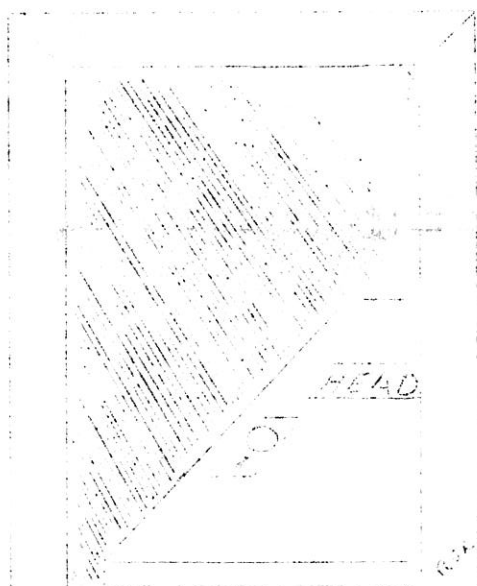


In this period of progressing technical innovation and continuing existence of the Naval Service by all personnel directly concerned with its functions as Napsters, and, therefore, future officers of the Navy. The stress placed on this idea has even greater significance. In order to lead men effectively, an individual should know basic details of his occupation, the traditions and especially organization.

The purpose of this column, then, is to bring to the attention of Napsters many of the primary considerations of Naval customs, terminology and military organization. Since the articles scope covers all parts of Naval History, any questions you may have about the Navy, if submitted to this column, will be answered.

CAN'T YOU DO
ANYTHING RIGHT!

LLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL



THAT'S THE FASTEST
I EVER SAW HIM MOVE!!!

The Marines were born on the 10th of November 1775 in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; and for 191 years Marines have died to defend our nation. Their dead lie at the bottom of the oceans, in Mexico, France, China, Korea, and in the islands of the Pacific. Marines have fought and won, battles and wars in the four corners of the earth. They have an unparalleled history of courage, valor, devotion to duty, and unwavering loyalty to Corps and Country.

Captain Samuel Nicolas was the first commandant of the Corps, and with the help of Robert Mullan, he opened the first recruiting office in Tuns Tavern, Philadelphia. The newly formed service was to see action in the Bahamas, on Lake Champlain, with General Washington's Army, and with Commodore Hopkin's fleet. Marines sailed with John Paul Jones when he encountered the Serapis, and had the Bon Homme Richard shot out from under him. The American Revolution was a testing ground for the Marines and they came through.

The Marines were disbanded in 1781. But in 1798 a need arose for them and on July 11 the United States Marine Corps was formed, as we know it now. Marines then served on the ships of the Navy during the war with the Barbary Corsairs. It was during the war in Tripoli that Lt. O'Bannon, along with a handful of Marines, raised, for the first time, the American flag over a fortress in the old world.

The War of 1812 again gave the infant Corps an opportunity to prove their worth. They were on the frigates that bravely held the British Navy at bay. In the tops and among the rigging of their ships they fought with rifles and hand grenades. Marines were with the Constitution, the President, the United States, and the Chesapeake. Along the sides of men like Porter, Hull, Perry, and Lawrence, Marines fought and died. They served with the Army at Bladensburg when the British attacked Washington; and with General Jackson in the battle of New Orleans.

(to be cont.)

MEN OF THE FLEET

At NAPSthis year there are many men who have spent time in the fleet. It is the intention of this article to present these men and their experiences in the fleet to the other NAPSTERS. Our man of the fleet this week is Corporal John K. Condon, UMC.

When he graduated from high school, he was only 17, and he felt that he was not ready for college. In order to get a "taste" of life and find himself, he joined the Corps on 20 August 1964.

John reported for active duty on 9 September 1964 at Parris Island Recruit Depot. It wasn't until Thanksgiving Day of the same year that he said his words of thanks and left boot camp. His training was done, yet he reported for 2 months of Basic Infantry Training at Camp Lejuene, North Carolina. During these months of training, he often questioned the purpose of some of the classes and duties. Later while in Viet Nam, he found out that all of the training he had received paid off.

Corporal Condon was on leave from his many months of training when he received a packet of orders telling him to report to San Diego for movement overseas. He reported to 1st Marine Division, 2nd Battalion, 1st Marine Regiment. In August of 1965 he boarded, as others before him, a ship sailing non-stop from San Diego to the shores of Viet Nam. The trip lasted all of 22 days, and John didn't think the Pacific would ever end.

While in Viet Nam, he spent the first 3 months as a member of a raider battalion. After landing, it was only 11 short days before he was engaged in combat. He participated in about 6 major amphibious landings, one of which was Operation Harvest Moon. The ships from which the amphibious force worked had to return to port in the Philippines for supplies, and fuel. When the ships were in port the marines got liberty, and like any fighting man in the marines

Condon had a good time while on liberty.

Shortly before Christmas, John landed at Hue Phubai (a northern province in South Viet Nam). In February 1966 he was transferred to 2 Battalion, 7th Marines, at Chu Lai. Here he was involved in several operations. (e.g. Operation Utah, Operation Double Eagle, Operation Montgomery). Before going out on these operations, Corporal Condon, did as most marines do: he thought about whether or not he would return.

The hardest thing of John to get used to was the "unbearable heat." To add to his misery was the steel pot on his head and the flack jacket (armored vest) he had to wear with the rest of his combat gear. Now it is true that many Marines suffer from this and other problems that arise in Viet Nam so they receive a 7 day rest and relaxation leave. Corporal Condon took his in Hong Kong. Here he rested and relaxed as one can only do in Hong Kong.

John applied for NAPS in April 1966. He was notified of his acceptance just prior to departing on Operation Hastings, 19 July 1966. Needless to say the Corporal didn't go on the operation, but instead he returned to the states. John spent over 11 months in Viet Nam and is now our Battalion Adjutant.

John Brandes