

The Gazette

VOL 4 NO. 6

16 NOV 1966

I
Color Company
Long Weekends:
Faster CHOW.
A GREAT DEAL

Nov. 19
71' or Bust
BALL

Color Company
Long Lib.



Nov. 23
Thanksgiving
Holiday

Stewart

EDITORIAL

This Saturday night over in Tome Inn, there is going to be a dance. Now being a first year man here at NAPS, I don't know quite what to expect in the line of ~~entertainment~~

I have heard quite a few rumors concerning the group who are going to play at the affair. But most of the rumors have been about the manager of the group. It seems that he is a she, and according to Mr. Fairbairn, she is not a bad "she" at all.

The group is supposed to have had a few previous appearances around the base. They are lauded as being an excellent group with a good ear for our type of music.

There is one idem concerning the dance that doesn't seem to be mentioned very often. That is the part where our "blind dates" are concerned. The teachers keep telling us that they are all good looking. As a matter of fact they have told us this so often that I, for one, am starting to be a bit apprehensive about the whole affair.

I've also noticed that when this subject is brought up in a "Dull-Session", the guys concerned seem to either ignore it completely or tend to make bad jokes about it.

There are two prizes (so I've heard) that are going to be given to the fortunate (or unfortunate) NAPSters. They are (1) the prize for the guy who grosses out the worst at the dance, and (2) a prize for the farmer who gets stuck with the best pig.

So if your date turns out to be a little on the left side of comely, don't despair--most girls tend to look a million times better when viewed through the bottom of a beer glass. GOOD LUCK!!!

EDITOR'S COMMENT

It has been noticed that most men in the battalion have many gripes. In order for the complaints to be officially recognized they must be submitted in writing. So why not get it in print for all to read. Write these letters and turn them into Bob Capra or Bob Lafferty. These letters may concern any item associated with the school or it's function.

EDITOR LETTERS

Dear Editor;

Why does it seem that everyone is constantly complaining? Around NAPS there are many things to complain about, and much is said on many subjects--lack of liberty, petty regulations, small pay checks, and on occasions, the chow. However, what few people seem to realize is that most of the stuff dumped upon us NAPSters is for a good reason and generally for our own good. The gripes about chow are really unfounded for this probably is the best food and enlisted men receives in the service. The moral of this story is: You Asked for it!

QUESTION OF THE WEEK

What did John Paul Jones have in common with Florence Nightengale?

Hindman: They were both extremely dedicated people.

Cuddy: They both devoted their lives to the pursuit of excellence in their respective careers.

Doering: They both are rendered as exceptionally dedicated and gifted people.

Smith: I give up what did they have in common?

HOW MANY DAYS: 5--55--5.10⁵

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Through The Bleary Eye
E.M. Hughes

Now that the exams are over, as well as the marking period, we seem to have come to a minor turning point in the year.

There were many of us who were pleasantly surprised by the grades we recieved, especially those of us who are just now getting used to school again and were expecting much worse grades than we got. Recieving such unexpected good fortune has given many of us a new incentive to puch even harder towards our ultimate goal--The Naval Academy.

Invariably there are those who just don't make it the first time. Many of these unhappy men believe that they put their maximum effort into their studies; unfortunately, they do not get as much out of studying as they put in because their study habits may be poor. From personal experience, I know what it is like to have to stucy for the first time in many years. I loafed through high school and got above average grades. I hate to think what I could have done by studying a little in high school. The course of instruction, here and at the Academy, is so accelerated that it is a necessity to study hard in order to pass.

Unfortunately, the men who failed, even if only one subject, must go before the Academic Board. Many of these men sincerely want to finish here and go to Annapolis, but they are so discouraged by failure that they no longer seem to care if the board disenrolls them. These men could certainly do the work if they were given a second chance.

Many men are extremely nervous at the prospect of appearing before the Board. They fully expect to face a group of callous officers who will give them the third degree. Several of these men, who must appear before the Board, are not used to being grilled, either because they came from the fleet where discipline is not as strict or because they are just coming from civilian life. I have never been before thh Board. These men may not be far off in their expectations. I hope at least part of them decide to make a go of it again, even after the Board is through with them.

The Honey Barge
the inebriated sailor

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their writers! Do something interesting, like have a ditch day.

At the first of the year, it was predicted that two objectives must fall. The Bell Tower and the Galley both presented interesting obstacles. The Galley has long since fallen, and I hear quiet murmurings that the Bell Tower has been conquered too. With these fallen before us, does anyone have any worthy goals to toil on?

Next, wherefore, whereas, and thusly, I wish to bring before this elite assemblage of peers, who never roamed the bounding main, a proposition of doubtful importance. Concieved while deep in my cups, and dedicated to the misnomer that Nero could sing, I lay it before you.

Five pair and a couple of days ago, some mention was made of a coat-of-arms of our fair school to be worn on our uniforms.

Curiosity concerning the aforementioned is rampant to the point of obscurity. Everybody puts ship's patches down, but when they are on liberty, the reverse is true. I believe the same would hold for a school insignia. Men might gripe here at NAPS, but anywhere else it would set them apart. Our uniforms are not over-embellished, and I think that this would add to rather than detract from its appearance. Also; another idea. Is there any possibility of wearing flat-hats? A lot of students would like to have them back. These, too, would make a NAPster's uniform more distinctive.

exit hoping, the Swab

POOP CHUTE AT HARRISON

Well, it seemes Harry's House is on the move again--Due to a highly efficient intelligence system, company 1's surprise raid back-fired. G. Q. stations were manned at Harrison and they were promptly turned back. Co.2 individuals cited for meritorious action were Cuddy, Mac Intire Campbell, Patterson and Atkins.--Varonee has been receiving some very large letters. The best and latest contained a very interesting proposition.--Could Patterson's receiving pictures of knitted booties be the cause of his going to Knoxville, Tenn. this next weekend?--Have you signed up for Horner's delivery service? Does Bays have a secret pen pal somewhere in the mountains of W. Virginia? Those blue envelopes seem to come pretty regularly!--When W. Buchanan first came here, he alone used AMWAY, now Patterson, Combs, Nissila, and Bays use it.--Stand by for all kinds of good little things, Reynolds is here!--How does a sailor go to a Marine Corps Ball?--ask James!--Anyone know where Lavine is going this weekend?--Why are Runquist and King being called the FLYS, no one knows but, Co.1's flag seems to have appeared on top of Harry's house a lot lately!--It seems that Section 6 has only two original instructors left. If you want to know why - ask Mr. Howard.--There are bells ringing or is it just phones ringing, for Mike Shell.--Barrington is the new song writer for Co.2, and the Navy Recruiting Board, if you don't believe me ask him.--Who breaks his big toe wrestling, only our man Sullivan (Grace).--Stay tuned to this channel for more gossip.--Who is going to win color company!!

TOAM FOAM

Here again is the latest scoop from our dear old home called Toam, so standby all you land lubbin' sailors, as the word is now promulgated: Hindmann, we on the staff wonder when you'll get your wings as Cat..... King Ryan's court will meet on Mondays from now on....Section 3 has now been identified....Also, don't forget to brush your teeth after every meal.... Wood thinks Condon is clumsy.... I think Kremer had a good week-end following the Navy-Duke game.... Taylor, your phone should be overwhelming this week.... Ives is so great that he can't even get a date with a pig from 845.... Condon is cool, Condon is great, yea Condon?.... There seems to be many new versions to some very old songs, ask Section 3.... The leaning lamp of fluorescence finally fell, see Fox for details.... Loughridge should be a good anchor man for this year's diving team cast and all.... Hohman, have you read any good thin books lately? ..S. B. Voights is just completing his Seaman courses; for the third time? Go Personnel Office....Section 4 couldn't be seen in the barracks during football practice, Go jocks! ... The roommates of I/Cpl Haak have not lost a Marine, but the NAPS answer to the Rolling Stones.... Voights woke up the 7th and wondered when the good fairy quit waiting for him to put the tooth under his pillow... Another salty E-4 on the third deck of Tome, in the person of ETR-3 Sorrentino. If all goes, we'll all be E-4 before June of '67"... To walk the third deck of Tome after Study Hours, you'd think it was a funny farm. ..Ask Forsythe about "true love" in Baltimore. Anybody want a date?... NOTE: ALL pinochle players see Bloom for extra-instruction. He's good, if you don't believe me, ask him... ..Buddy Barnett has recently been seen marching in ranks. Good luck on the old position... Some bad type beverage cans were found in the penthouse. Let's keep our penthouse clean... This is all as far as I can conjecture(yea V&R) that has occurred of any relative bearing in the Tome. But remember if the chow improves, we won't have any Tome-Tun poisoning come Xmas. Bye.

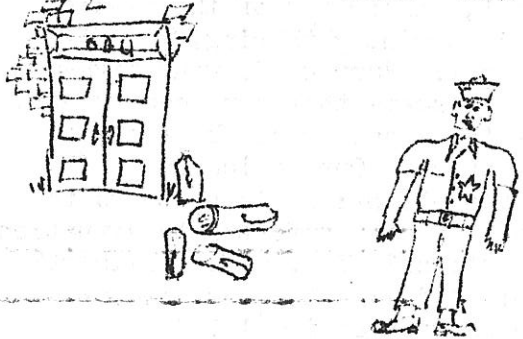
Allen and his Pet.(ty)

THIS WEEK'S 2ND OF 0 T9AW

EMI LIST

| | |
|--------------|------------------|
| SANTA.... 69 | DOERING 102 |
| BRADY.... 72 | mm ... 96 |
| mm ... 58 | mm ... 87 |
| mm ... 81 | mm ... 91 |
| RYAN... 138 | mm ... 72 |
| mm ... 64 | mm ... 42 |

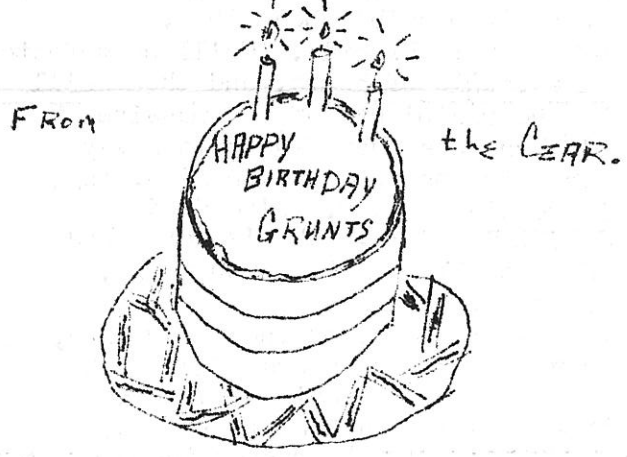
MARKING
PERIOD FINALS



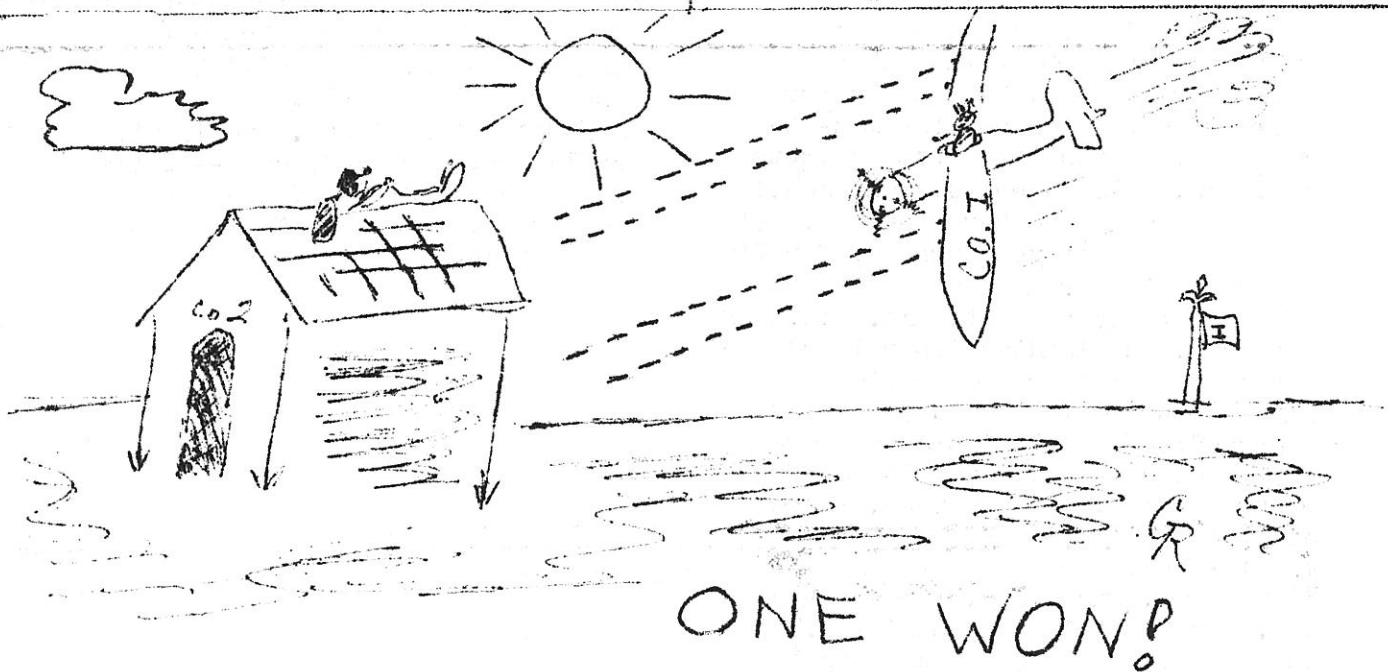
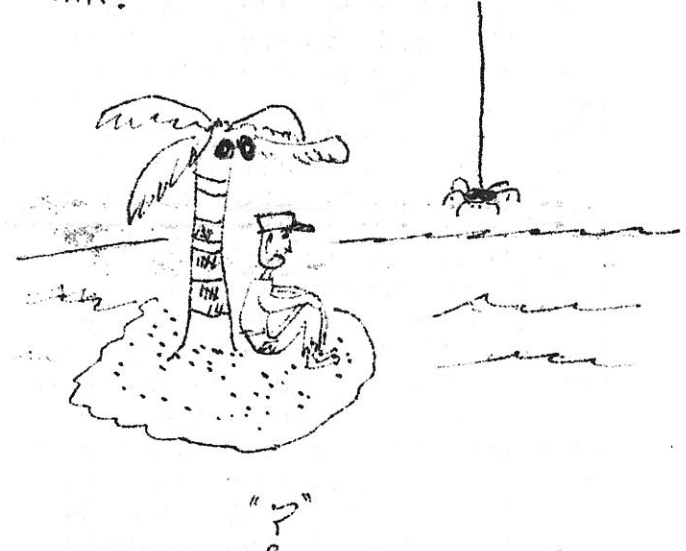
WHAT SPORT
NEXT?

BUSINESS IS
IMPROVING!

BELATED BIRTHDAY
GREETINGS



Think:



I'll Drink Hemlock

taken from THE GETTYSBURGIAN NEWSPAPER

KING SINGULAR: All right, let's have some order. I hereby call this special session of the Mythicalian Security Council to order. I will let our esteemed Minister of War, Mr. Bellamat, inform you of the reason for this urgent gathering.

Bellamat: Very good, your highness. It seems that our economy has, to say the least, gone about as low as it can go. Our nation is completely bankrupt; it is up to us to remedy this most unfortunate situation. Any questions? Yes, Mister Filbert?

FILBERT: I'd like to know how our nation bankrupted itself?

SINGULAR: I will answer that myself. As you know, Mr. Minister, our nation has established, under my advice, an international fire brigade for the good of all the peoples of the world--that is, those people who are our friends. Well, the cost of fireman's suits has risen greatly, and pumping water through heavy hoses laid out over continents is also quite an expense. Furthermore, my scheme for a National Begger's Fund has backfired. It has become so profitable to do nothing but beg that hoards of business men, merchants, craftsmen, and other tradesmen have taken to the streets and industry is at a standstill. I must also admit that my idea of a "Be Nice to a Minority Week" has also gone aground. Due to their extended benefits and rights, our minorities have received such benefits

as increased wages, shorter hours, and better working conditions. However, the previously oppressed minorities now control all means of production in our land, and have gained so much power that they have lowered our wages, lengthened our working hours, and now force us to work as itinerant farmers and cheap laborers. All is chaos; what should we do? Does anyone have an idea? I'd appreciate it if you hurried, for I'm to be evicted from my palace tomorrow if I can't pay my rent. Ah, Minister Verbosus, our leading liberal theoretician, my most trusted advisor--what worthy advice would you give?

VERBOSUS: The solution seems perfectly clear to me, and others of my profession. As you know, there are two political parties in Mythicalia: my liberals and the subversives-- Oh, excuse me, I meant to say, "our most loyal opposition." Our answer to the problem is really very simple. Bye-thebye, I'd like to announce the recent figures I've obtained to the effect that Mythicalian supplies of pre-natal llama have increased nearly eight

I'll Drink Hemlock(con't)

and one-half percent under the expert guidance of our present administration. Furthermore, the drinking water has been found to be twelvepercent clearer and our nation's weevil crop has dropped to within the "safety"zone proclaimed last year at the International Convention of Weevil Farmers, which I personally attended in conjunction with my capacity as Minister without assignment. Yes, the solution to our problem is very clear. As a matter of fact, you are all invited to attend the state wedding of my grandson who is to be married next week at a time to be announced at a later date. Yes, the solution is quite apparent.

SINGULAR: I knew you'd solve our problem! Thank you once again.

BELLAMENT: Your Highness, I think I have a more feasible plan to offer.

SINGULAR: Yes?

BELLAMENT: Why don't we attack the country of Megalopia?

SINGULAR: What! They're the most powerful country in the entire world. We can't possibly beat them.

BELLAMENT: Exactly. We'll be defeated in a couple of hours, and then we'll be the recipients of the massive aid handouts that Megalopia always gives to its defeated enemies. Why, if we win the war, we're dead!

SINGULAR: Hmmmm. That's not a bad idea at all. What do you think, Verbosus?

VERBOSUS: Well, on the other hand, corn is three-quarters of an inch taller than in previous administrations; but on the other hand, if Ceaser had not crossed the Rubicon, we may not have known the value of dice. So I will have to answer a firm--maybe.

SINGULAR: Excellent, excellent. Bellament, Verbosus, come-- let's drink to all kinds of handouts, democracy, and most of all-- to out defeat.

During the 1920's Marines, who were not participating in Latin American interventions, went on maneuvers. From 1921-1924 they held their maneuvers in the East, near the Capitol. Part of the exercises was a re-enactment of a famous Civil War battle. Those staged were Pickett's Charge, New Market, and Antietam. Marines also held maneuvers in Panama, Culebra, and Hawaii.

November, 1921, and the Marines were guarding the U.S. Mail from robbers and bandits. The Marines were told that if the mail was stolen there had better be a Marine dead at his post. As soon as the Corps started protecting the U.S. Mail the robberies ceased. In March, 1922, the Marines were relieved from their guard duties, as the situation had cleared sufficiently for a resumption of normal operation. In March of 1926 the Corps was back protecting the mail. A force of 2,500 gyrenes was detailed for this purpose. The country was split into two divisions, with a Brigadier General in charge of each sector. This time as before the robberies halted abruptly. During the time that Marines were guarding the mail there was not one successful raid.

Marines were active in China during the post WWI period. From 1924-1938 Marines defended (or prepared to do so) American properties, interests, and citizens from the armed conflict that was prevalent in China during that period. The Corps saw the Japanese invade China and observed how they fought, (which would be useful one day). They also gave their deep respect for the Chinese in their defense of their homeland. Marines were quite proud of their china service. They said with pride, "I'm an old China hand."

The Marine Corps had gone through 176 years of hard service, but the hardest was yet to come.

FLASH !!!

According to Oriental customs Knouse's soul now belongs to Buddy Barnette, who saved Knicky's life when he had a cramp at swimming practice the other day. I wonder what Buddy will do with it???

When the United States declared war on England, there were no well settled plans for operations at sea. Decatur and Bainbridge advocated sending our ships out singly as commerce raiders. In accord with the view of Commodore John Rodgers, however, most of the ships in readiness were assembled at New York and put ot sea on the 21 as squadron under his command. Rodger's initial purpose was the destruction of a large Jamaican convoy after having chased it nearly to the English coast. The best justification of Rodger's concentration of ships is that it forced the British to follow a similar policy and prevented their dispersion of a numerically superior navy up and down our coast. The best facilitated the return of American merchant shipping which, in anticipation of war, had rushed cargoes to Europe in the spring.

Perhaps one of the most climactic happenings of this early period of the war was the escape of the Constitution from the frigates Africa, Albatross, and the Belvidera, which had been dispatched to operate off our coast. This escape has long been celebrated in the annal of the Navy. It is primarily due to the masterly seamanship of the Constitution's commander, Master Commandant Issac Hull.

When a calm fell, both sides resorted to towing, in which the British had the advantage in the number of boats but were exposed to fire when drawing close. In addition, both sides employed kedging. This maneuver consists of bending all the ships cables together, attaching them to a light anchor and dropping it nearly a mile ahead. All hands would then heave away.

On the third day of the chase, the Constitution make the most of daylight breezes picking up boats with out shortening sail. That evening, she was hit slightly to windward by a passing gale. Seemingly, her sails were let go in the utmost confusion and she appeared to be unable to show a yard of canvas. The British hurriedly furled their rigging in order to avoid being blown back by the approaching gale. No sooner had they done this than Hull had his topsails and courses set and the Constitution was bounding ahead. In this maneuver, the Guerriere's bowsprit fouled the Constitution's mizzenrigging and there were cries of "boarders- cont'd next page."

(CONTINUED)

away" from both sides. It was at this time that the heaviest casualties resulted. The American sailing master was wounded. The Guerriere wrenched away and in so doing weakened her fore and main-masts. Her main deck guns were now rolling underwater.

She shortly surrendered when the Constitution went off for repairs. The Guerriere was so badly damaged that she sank the next day.

The Constitution was the heavier ship with a broadside of about seven to ten against the British ship. Yet there could be no sounder principle of construction than that of making American frigates superior to any other built.

The Guerriere was the typical ship the British felt best suited to naval battle. It was in such a vessel that the English had achieved all their one ship fights, and until the loss of the Guerriere, they felt it was the match of any single-decked ship afloat.

Don't Worry Lads

This is to you my lonely friend,

Think of your love when you
have free time to spend.

Remember those days you spent
together,

Remember those close nights during
stormy weather,

Think of those warm days you laid
in the sun,

Holding hands and loving as one.

You dream of her often and "cherish"
her smile,

But don't get carried away -- It'll
be a long while:

Think of that leave and the fun
you'll share,

Rushing together with not a moment
to spare.

But remember men, don't forget that
day,

When you've obtained your goal and
you're HOME to stay!

G. A. Powell

N.A.P.S. Tromps Harford 35-14

The final home game was a total success much to the pleasure of N.A.P.S.

The NAPsters led the game all the way with more yardage and first downs. Wally Poleshaj was the leading yard gainer for N.A.P.S. in combination with the passing of quarterback Westernman.

Harford was the first team to score but N.A.P.S. was not to be beaten. With tremendous power N.A.P.S. went for touchdowns. Poleshaj moved through the Harford defense as if it weren't there. The blocking of the N.A.P.S. line was a thing to marvel. Weinhaus led the NAPsters on defence. It seemed that everywhere the ball was, Weinhaus appeared, much to the regret of Harford's offense. There was no hope for Harford, and N.A.P.S. ended the game with a 35-14 victory.

Men of the Fleet

This week's man of the fleet is Cpl. Philip D. Taylor. Cpl. Taylor was born in Rocky Mountain, N. C. He attended the U. of North Carolina for one year, majoring in architecture. Phil didn't agree with all the night life and parties of college life, so he decided to join the Marines and see the world.

Phil joined the Marine Corps on 2 March 1965. He spent 16 weeks at MCRD and was outstanding man in his platoon.

After boot camp, Taylor was sent to Camp Lejune, N. C. He went to Infantry Training Regiment School for five weeks. Here, Platoon Sgt. Taylor learned various combat tactics.

Next he was sent to San Diego for Anti-Tank Vehicle School at Camp Delmar. Phil graduated #1 man in a class of 17.

Now the Cpl. Taylor knew all about combat tactics and anti-tank warfare, the Corps sent him to the place where he would do the most good: Camp Lejune, as an administration clerk.

While performing his duties as an administration clerk, Phil requested the N.A.P.S. program. He reported aboard Rainbridge in the last part of August. Cpl. Taylor is the Exec. of Company 1, and feels the best thing that has happened to him since being at N.A.P.S. is his romantic meeting with Miss Criss Crossen, P.F.C., who is now reigning as "Miss Rainbridge."

After graduation from the Naval Academy, Cpl. Taylor intends to become a Marine pilot, and make a career of the Marine Corps.