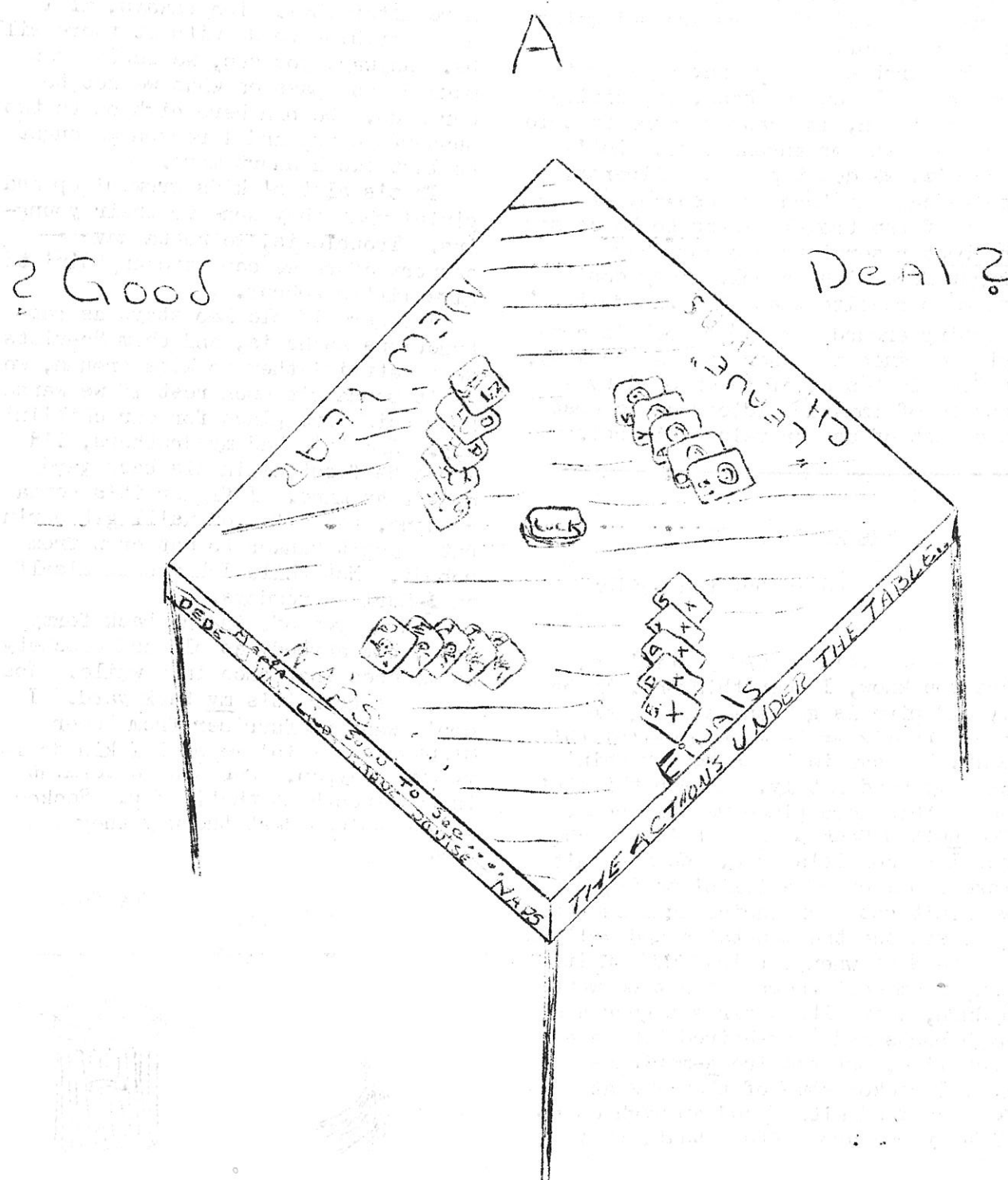


The
Battle

U.S. NAVAL PREPARATORY SCHOOL

8 Dec. 1966





THROUGH THE BLEARY EYE



E. M. Hughes

As you are well aware, Christmas leave is getting very close. However, there's still enough time for the "boot campers" to get in trouble and be put on report by the "boot thirds." Actually there is good reason for writing up somebody who gets his jollies punching holes in the wall or causing minor riots in the barracks. At the same time, it is just as bad for a brand new "Petty Officer" to feel the "tremendous sense of responsibility" that comes with his new crow and write up everyone he can. It is better to give a couple of warnings before going to the extreme of reporting a shipmate. And here at N.A.P.S., no matter which company you're in, all NAPSters are shipmates to each other.

The problems we're having with the other people on the base, especially the radiomen, are causing more trouble for us than for anyone else. Let's face it, we don't get much liberty, so we can't afford to lose any of it. Most of the trouble seems to be caused by boot reservists who come here right from high school. They don't seem to realize that what was just horsing around in high school is considered much more serious in the Navy. A few minutes of "fun" enjoyed by a couple of immature idiots could cost the rest of us our valued liberty.

THE HONEY BARGE

the inebriated sailor

I guess it's my age gettin' me, but you know, I been thinkin'. Maybe my old pipe is gettin' strong, or the corn likker is more powerful this year, but sartin ideas been runnin' thru my head lately. I been thinkin' about this here place we call home. The United States shore hain't much, but I reckon it's ourn. We mightn't take too much of a likin' to it, but we ain't got much choice as I see it.

I kin see the mountains and valleys of the West when I think hard on it. Now, them westerners may not be worth a durn, what with their six-guns and high boots and long-haired bums and such-like, but they're A-mericans too. I reckon some of them was at Belleau Wood with grandpap nigh on to fifty years ago. Afore that, they

was downright upstandin' folk. Before they-all got all fired up and went kitin' off out West, that is.

But now I'm gittin' off the track. Mebbe the corn is too weak this year. Anyway, them people is 'most as good as us.

And those Boston types; After you cut away thet furrin' accent, they speak American, just like you and me.

Yep! Even if their greataunt Matilda did come over with Lief Erikson, we shouldn't ought to hold it agin' them.

I 'spect folks 'bout everywhere in these here United States are pretty much alike. Even the rich ones.

You see, this old place may not be much right now, but it ain't really our'n. We got a lot of kids growin' up right now, and they're gonna need all the room we got to work off their growin' pains, and there'll be a lot more after them. Leastaways, if I have anything to do with it there will be. Anyway, you see, we gotta just make do and pass on what we got to our kids. We bin here nigh on to two hunnert years, and I reckon we ought to last two hunnert more.

That's alot o' kids growin' up and givin' what they done to their young-ins. Trouble is, we gotta have a country afore we can have anythin' to give little Johnny.

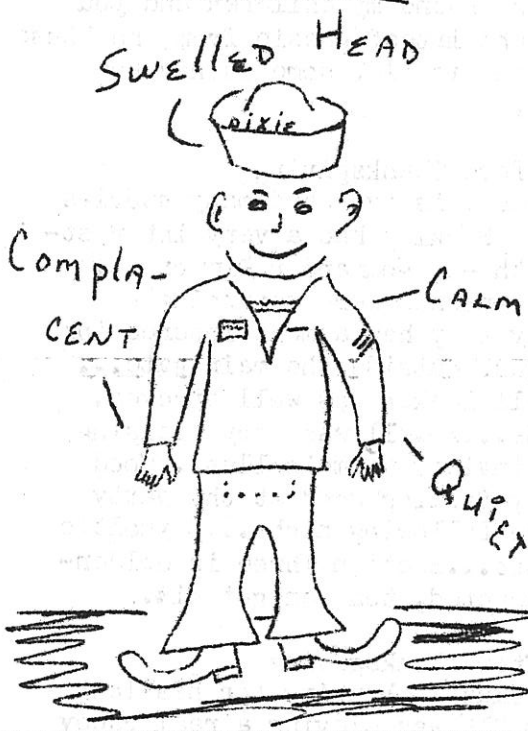
I figure if old Mao stays as ram-bunctious as he is, and them So-viets keep rattlin' them rockets around, we ain't gonna git much rest if we wanna keep this here place for our chillin'. Yep. And if I had my druthers, I'd wanna be fightin' in his back yard more than mine. I figger it's gotta be done, and a few of us'll git our'n, but I don't hanker to eat crow from nobody. Not while I kin call m'self an A-merican nowdays.

I done got off in the back forty agin, but anybody as old and crochety as me does that once in a while. You see, I figger it's my back yard. I don't want no furriner from Lower Shobbovia tellin' me what I kin do in my own playpen. Our own government is bad 'nough at thet! Yep. Reckon I like things jest the way they are now.

The Swab

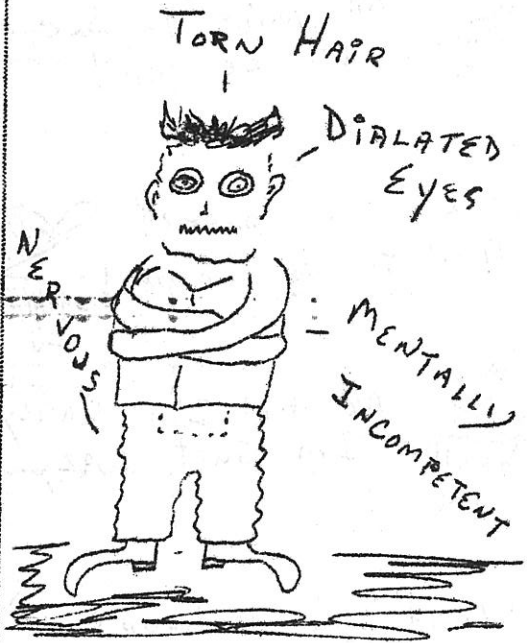


BEFORE
BOARDS...



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AFTER
BOARDS...

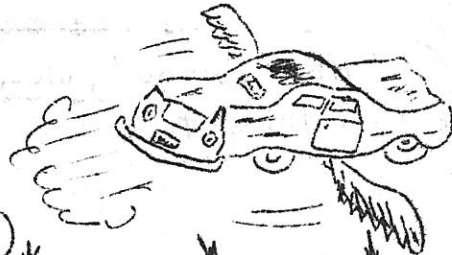


My CAR is the
FASTEST
THING
AROUND



2

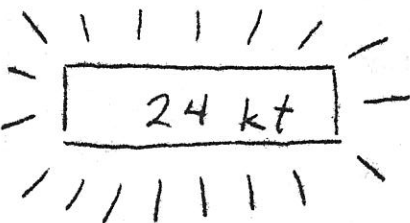
2



THE CZAR

THE ONLY WAY CO II GETS THE COLORS IS TO SWIPE THEM.

Daffy Defs:

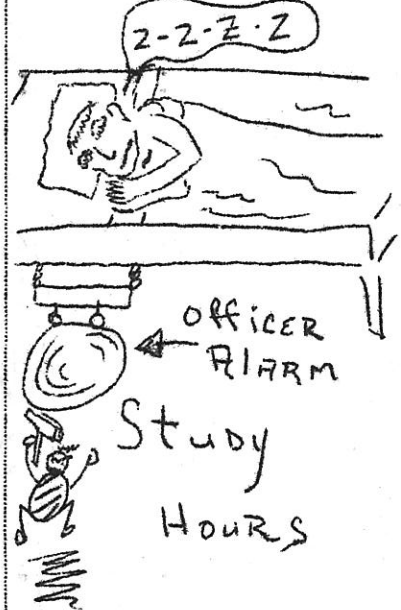


SECTION
THREE

HARRY'S
HOOSE



STREAKS

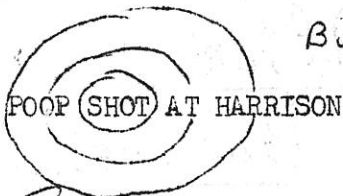


NAPS
RIFLE



FUNNY TARGET TODAY,
SIR





Bull's eye



All you're To See,
Will be me!

Work on the paper?
That's Too big a caper!



Not that I'm CRAZY,
I'm Just LAZY.

Would you believe?
Everyone was on Leave?



How about, uh,
Nothing to write about.

TOME FORM



Gather around my children and you shall hear the latest gossip from the house of Tome. Some is old, some is new but all is true.

The week before Thanksgiving

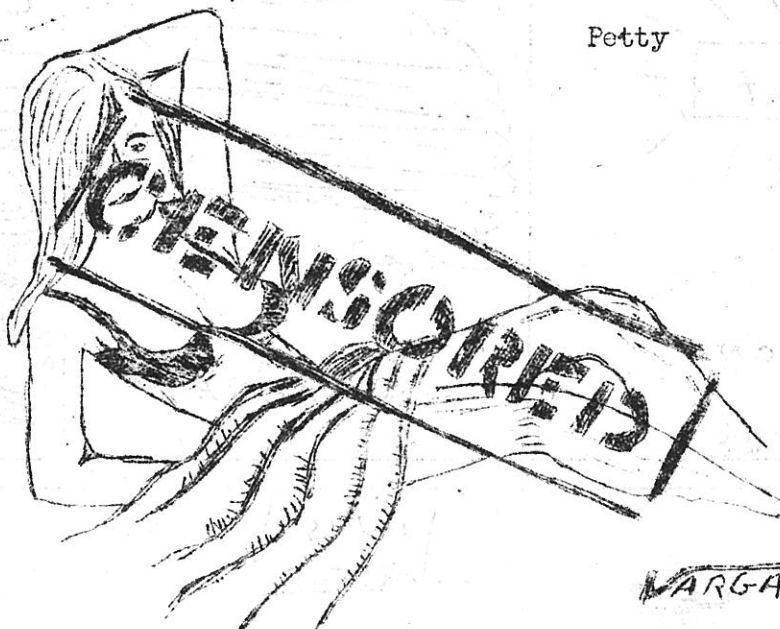
The party is over and many stories to be told. Beckley had a very interesting chat with Lt. Commander Simmons... when Fox et friends were returning from liberty they had a most interesting encounter just outside the main gate... Condon's wall locker was well stocked, with empties... Powell was very praising toward the invited Madmoiselles... Wood was not only feeling good at the party but also the following night... Seybolt's secret is out... Section Three is Golden-ten men inspected, ten men got hit.

The week after Thanksgiving

Masculuk is hunting for his lost crew... room 215 was playing a real racey record when Lt. Shane appeared at 2300 ...midnight snacks are now being served in Tome Inn... for three easy lessons on how to make Ives mad, consult Petty... Voights, go easy on the 3.2 or you will fall out the window next time... the Loughridge Library reports many overdue books, please return said books to room 306... all you after taps socializers, beware, PO3 Ives is on the warpath-just ask Wilson (not M.K.)... the third deck is now playing a new game, Charades... the "streak raiders" are now organized and operating... many condolences to traffic jam victims.

Well, guess tha's the end of this week's goodie locker of information from Tome.

Petty



MARGAS

MARINE CORPS HISTORY

The National Security Act of 1947 defined and stated the purpose and mission of the Marine Corps: "The United States Marine Corps, within the Department of the Navy, shall include land combat and service forces, and such a variation as may be organized trained, and equipped to provide fleet marine forces of combined arms, together with supporting air components...It shall be the duty of the Marine Corps to develop, in cooperation with the Army and Air Force, those phases of amphibious operations which pertain to tactics, techniques and equipment employed by landing forces. In addition the Marine Corps...shall perform such other duties as the President may direct: Provided that such additional duties shall not detract from nor interfere with operations for which the Marine Corps is primarily organized..." The function of the Corps was now a law, not just tradition.

On June 20, 1950 North Korean forces rolled across the 38th parallel and drove deep into South Korea. The United Nations decided to give military aid to South Korea and the U.S. Marines were sent to Asia. The 1st Provisional Marine Brigade was used to plug any gaps in the Pusan Perimeter. Prior to the arrival of the Corps, the ROK (Republic of Korea) and U.S. Army units had been pushed back to a small area surrounding the port of Pusan in South Korea.

One Month and eight days after the Brigade first clashed with Communist forces, the Marine Division made an amphibious landing at Inchon. They pressed this invasion and liberated the capital of South Korea, Seoul, and captured Kimp'o airfield. The liberation of Seoul was done by dogged, house to house, close-in fighting. Each house in the million-and-one-half-person city had to be cleared. It took three days to clear Seoul. After the Capital was secure, the Marines went on and to Uijongbu and were on their way to Pyongyang, the capital of North Korea when the Eighth Army relieved them.

In November the 1st MARDIV was in Chosin Reservoir. The Communists attacked, and the Division found themselves surrounded by eight Commie divisions. The 1st was told to pull out of the reservoir, although the "Brass" had written the Marines off as lost. They fought in below zero weather along a 70 mile long mountain road to Hamhung on the sea. They brought out their equipment, wounded and dead. They strapped the corpses of their buddies to the bumpers of jeeps, and the barrels of tanks and cannons.

They sang a song as they came marching out. It wasn't the Hymn or the Anthem. It was an Australian ditty, from WWII, with new words. Part of it said:

♫ We fought them slant eyed Chink ♫
soldiers at Hagaru-ri,
And taught them the meaning of
USMC.

This song was sung by men who had been given up for dead by their own country and who by their own leadership and outright guts, came back to fight again.

After the Reservoir the Division participated in operations Killer and Ripper, stopping the CCF (Communist Chinese Forces). After July, 1951 the war turned into trench warfare and in 1953 a truce was signed. The 1st Division returned to the United States in the Spring of 1953.

Since the Korean War the Corps has been in a peace time routine. Except for the Suez Crisis of 1956 and the Lebanon Crisis of 1958, Marines have not been involved in any armed conflicts. That is until Viet Nam. Although the Corps is not fighting for its existence, the War in Viet Nam is very important to the future of the Corps. The peace time conceived tactic is being tested and the Marines in Viet Nam are learning new jungle fighting techniques.

In the past, after each conflict, the Corps has emerged with theories tested and others being formed. This has been the way of life of the Corps for 191 years, and it will continue to be so.

NAVAL HISTORY

War of 1812: Lake Campaigns

When the naval campaigns of the War of 1812 are compared, of greater interest to the casual historian are the operations on the northern border. Here there was a definite objective--the conquest of Canada. Here also, there was no disparity of forces. The campaigns were marked by decisive victories as well as much bungling on both sides.

Defects in naval leadership were less in evidence than in the army. This was primarily due to the age of many of the army generals. Men who had led charges at Bunker Hill and Yorktown were given commands in areas of great strategic importance. There they continued to use the outmoded tactics of the pre-revolutionary era. Naval leaders, on the other hand, were mostly under forty.

Naval History (Cont.)

In the northern campaigns, transportation by water was the most important means of supplying the army and navy with necessary stores. Goods were sent up the Mohawk and Hudson River valleys to Schakett's Harbor of Lake Ontario and to Presque Isle on Lake Erie. From these staging points supplies were sent east and west over the lakes.

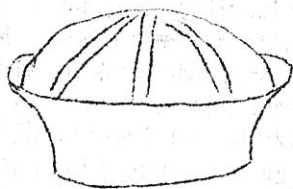
For the British, the only route by which supplies could be sent to replenish their forces was up the Saint Lawrence and over the Great Lakes. This route was necessarily long and very exposed to attack. It had been long established and had excellent defense measures, however.

The British supply route was comparable to a tree with a long trunk and with roots in contact with the salt water. To attack the line at its western extremity would be similar to cutting a tree down by lopping off its branches. The logical action would be to strike at its trunk and bring the entire structure down. It was evident of American lack of planning when the first blow was struck at Detroit rather than at Montreal or Kingston, staging areas on the St. Lawrence.

On July 12, General Wm. Hull crossed the border and issued a most eloquent speech offering the Canadians "peace, liberty, and security....or war, slavery, and destruction." The sequel, Hull's defeat and surrender at Detroit, is well known. Hull realized that the key to a successful campaign would be control of Lake Erie. Relatedly, he began construction of two brigs at Presque Isle (Erie, Pa.)

These were to be the backbone of the squadron which would see victory the next year.

(To be Continued)



"White Hats Forever"
maybe?

The following article was stuck to the door of the Barnacle room with a double-edged switch blade:

There are a few more people who are using head-of-the-line privileges because of anew pay grade. So many, in fact, that if the minority were given head-of-the-line privileges, these new thirds would be fighting over second-to-last place.

The "Booties" are, in the Armed Forces, supposed to use their new powers constructively. In the Fleet, the new birds are nothing more than higher paid common laborers. True, they are supposed to know more and put it to use, but here at NAPS, it seems that their major function is to put people on report and get a bigger pay check. There are duces here that have more military knowledge than these one-year rates and get paid it too. Time in service is a major determinate of experience, not the restricted knowledge of certain rates.

Practical experience is what determines the military knowledge needed for good leadership, not a report chit.



Dear Bill,

I know you probably didn't expect this letter, but after careful consideration of our past discussion, I came to definite and permanent decision. And so, I felt it necessary to write this letter in order to make my position clear.

I do not feel that our relationship can ever be a wholesome thing. I am certain that I am not the type of girl you are seeking. I know that John is the one for me. And even though I do date other boys it has always been and will be on a friendly, casual basis. I don't want to hurt you, but there should be no contact between us any longer. Therefore, please don't call me, write, or ever try to see me again. If you were really serious when you said that you thought a lot of me, you will take everything in this letter seriously.

I truly hope that you will soon find the type of girl that you want. And I also wish you the best of luck in your future.

Sincerely,
Marie
Marie

P.S. I hope you realize that the date on December 10th is canceled.

MAN OF THE FLEET

9

NINE MORE DAYS

9

This week's Man of the Fleet is Pfc, Rick Kremer, USMC. He is well known throughout the Battalion. It isn't hard to spot him; he's the gungy marine with the airborne wings over his left pocket.

Rick was born on the 4th of July, 1947, in Minneapolis, Minn. I suppose his Gung-Ho attitude concerning the Corps has something to do with that particular date of birth.

He attended Edina High School, in Minneapolis, where he played ice hockey, among other sports.

Rick qualified for the NROTC program before he graduated from high school, but due to difficulties which happened to arise, he never got the chance to accept the offer

Rick didn't waste much time after his graduation about joining the Marine Corps. He figured that a hitch in the Corps would help to square him away and get him ready for any future responsibilities. So two weeks after graduation, Rick signed the papers that destined him to become a marine who would eventually wind up here at NAPS.

Rick went to boot camp in San Diego until Sept. 23, 1965, when he was transferred to Camp Pendleton (I.T.R.) He was in I.T.R. from Sept. 23 until Dec. 1. While he was there he took a course for motor vehicle operation.

He was transferred to 2nd FORCE RECON at Camp Lejune, N.C. Here he became an official member of the Fleet Marine Force Atlantic. His entire platoon went to New London Conn. for Submarine training. From there he went to Fort Benning, Ga., where he attended jump school and got his golden wings.

Several weeks after leaving Fort Benning he reported aboard the U.S.S. CHOPPER (conventional sub), for operations in the Caribbean.

When his tour on the Chopper was finished, Rick reported back to Camp Lejune where he received orders to come to NAPS.

Rick is now Co.1's MAA. He played football and was our left guard, and he is now the captain of the floor hockey team.

Rick's goal (after the Academy) is to be a pilot or an Infantry Officer. Good luck, Rick, sounds like you're going to need it.

The time has come the O-in-C said,

To take a leave from NAPS.

To fly or sail or drive away,

In search of those big HAPS.

Away to cities large and small,

Returning to home to have a ball.

Some will be swimming in water-so cold!

Some will be skiing down a slope-so bold!

Yet others fancies will carry them far,

To cruising and parking with her in the car.

Just remember fellows- we have to be returning,

By January 3rd for hectic learning.

Back to our Physics, Rhetorics, and V&R,

Now wouldn't you rather be back in your car?

G.A. Powell

O of the Week

WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR CHRISTMAS?

Baldwin: You really don't think that it wouldn't be censored if I told you, do you?

Mullen: I don't need any presents; I just want to see Santa streaking across the sky.

Rundquist: I would prefer that my friends give me something simple that they have made themselves. (If censored, add; like money, after themselves.)

Ives: A year's subscription to Sgt. Rock Action Comics.

King: All I want for Christmas is my two front teeth.

Knouse: OUT!



7

What's happening in Color Company

With every one thinking about Saint Nick and the Christmas spirit, not too much thought is given to which Company is ahead in color company competition this marking period. But when the holidays have passed and there is nothing to look forward to except studies and exams the long weekend that was earned will look awfully good.

The way competition stands as of the 6 of December:

INTRAMURALS: Company 1 leads company 2. Fourteen wins and eight losses for Co. 1

MILITARY: Company 2 leads company 1 by a slim slim margin of two hits. This marking period, however, only three color company inspections have been held. With two more barracks inspections and one personnel inspections slated by the end of this periods scoring.

ACADEMICS: According to the tree list which appeared three weeks ago Company 2 holds a slight margine, with 31 failures against Company 1's 36.

Even though there are only 7 days left to earn points the running is neck & neck. So cool the Christmas spirit for a few more days and you will be thankful in January.

HOW MANY DAYS?? 5? 55?? 5.105?

Batallion Inspection.....1
Christmas Leave commences.....7
Shopping Days till Christmas....13
Christmas Day.....16
Santa gets flat runner.....16
New Year's Day.....23
Report Back to NAPS (Ya!).....25
Second chance at CEEP's.....29
Fleet wide rating exams start...59
Valentines Day.....66
Washington's Birthday.....75
Final attempt at CEEP's.....97
Spring Leave commences (I&I)...98
Back to the old grind.....107
(Cliche--Mr. Howard)....
Batallion Field Day.....???
Graduation week starts.....164
Graduation ball.....167
Graduation DAY.....168
Report to USNA.....202
Class of '71 Graduates USNA....1624
Easter (Thought I forgot-Huh?)..124

INTRAMURAL STANDINGS

28 November

Basketball Co.2...49 Co.1...39
Floor Hockey Co.2...6 Co.1...4

10 November

Volleyball Co.1...2 Co2...0
Basketball Co.2...55 Col...39
Field Hockey Co.2...5 Col...4

1 December

Volleyball Co.1...2 Co.2...1
basketball Co.1...61 Co.2...49
Floorhockey Co.1...9 Co.2...3

5 December

Volleyball Co.1...2 Co.2...0
Basketball Co.1...48 Co.2...39
Floor Hockey Co.2...6 Co.1...5

Volleyball Standings

Company	won	loss	Pct	GB
1	7	0	1.000	-
2	0	7	.000	7

Basketball Standings

Company	won	loss	Pct.	GB
1	4	4	.500	-
2	4	4	.500	-

Floor Hockey Standings

Company	won	loss	Pct	GB
2	4	3	.571	-
1	3	4	.428	1

INTRAMURAL STANDINGS

COLOR COMPANY COMPETITION

Company	Won	Lost	Pct	GB
1	14	8	.636	-
2	8	14	.364	6

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

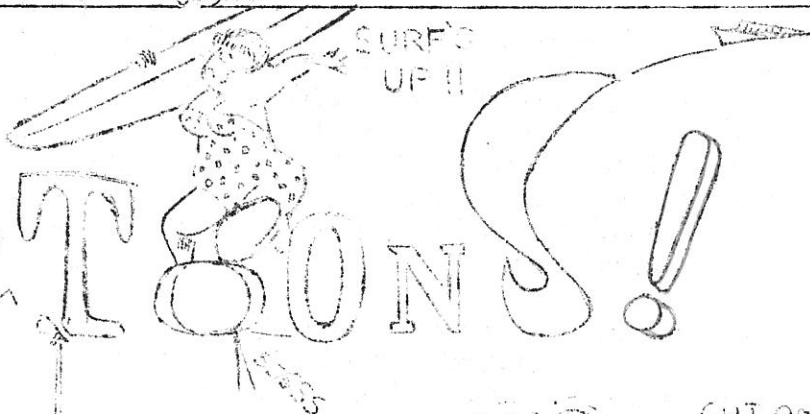
COMING IN JANUARY: IN THIS

COLUMN "MARINES IN VIET NAM!"

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX



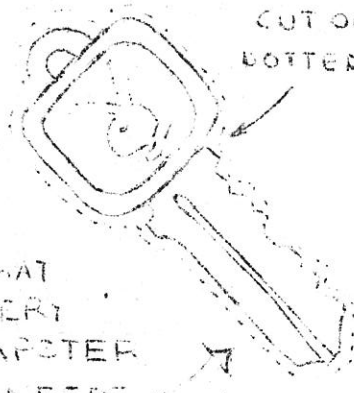
NAP T O O N S !



$$\begin{aligned} x^2 + y^2 &= 16 \\ y^2 - 16 &= k(y+y) \\ y^2 - 16 &= f(y) - 32 \\ b^2 - 4ac & \\ k^2 - 4(1)(-4[4+k]) &= 0 \\ k^2 + 16k + 64 &= 0 \\ (k+8)(k+8) &= 0 \\ k &= -8 \end{aligned}$$

COULD YOU GO OVER THAT AGAIN,

SIR?



THE OPPOSITION

HOW THE See?

NAPSTERS



VIET NAM
HERE I COME!!



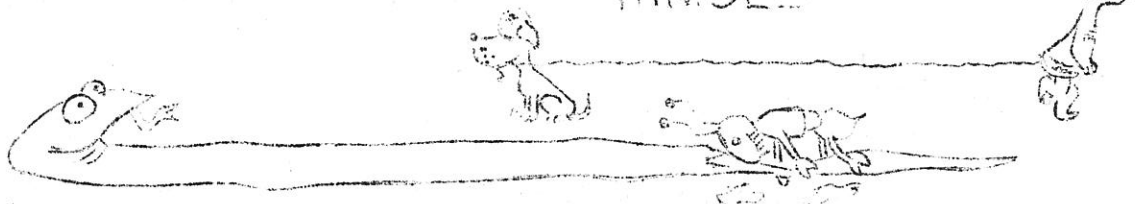
THEIR
GIRL



HIMSELF



MR. LUSTIG



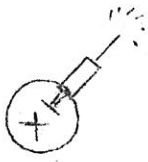
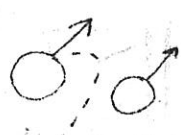
JB

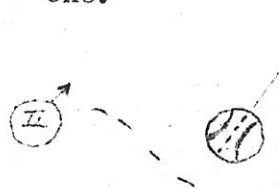
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BY THE RHETORIC DEPT ~~XXXXXX~~-----THIS IS TO ALL NAPSTERS BY THE CEEBS DEDICAT

This is an extract from Frank Sullivan's, "Cliche Expert," which appeared in The New Yorker. In this extract the Cliche Expert, Magnus Arbuthnot, is discussing his calling.

Q--Mr. Arbuthnot, you are an expert in the use of the cliché, are you not?
A--Yes, sir, I am a certified public cliché expert.
Q--In that case would you be good enough to answer a few questions on the use and application of the cliché in ordinary speech and writing?
A--I should be only too glad to do so.
Q--Thank you. Now, just for the record--you live in New York?
A--I like to visit New York but I would not live there if you gave me the place.
Q--Then where do you live?
A--Any old place I hang my hat is home sweet home to me.
Q--What is your age?
A--I am fat, fair, and forty.
Q--And your occupation?
A--Well, after burning the midnight oil at an institution of higher learning, I was for a time a tiller of the soil. Then I went down to the sea in ships for a while, and later, at various times, I have been a guardian of the law, a fentleman of the Fourth Estate, a poet at heart, a bon vivant and raconteur, a prominent clubman and man about town, a salt and a--
Q--Just what is your occupation at the moment, Mr. Arbuthnot?
A--At the moment I am an unidentified man about forty, shabbily clad.
Q--Now then, Mr. Arbuthnot, what kind of existence do you, as a cliché expert, lead?
A--a precarious existence.
Q--And what do you do to a precarious existence?
A--I eke it out.
Q--How do you cliché experts reveal yourselves, Mr. Arbuthnot?
A--In our true colors, of course.
Q--Now, Mr. Arbuthnot, when you are naked, you are;....
A--Stark naked.
Q--In what kind of daylight?
A--Broad daylight.
Q--What kind of outsider are you?
A--I'm a rank outsider.
Q--You are as sober as....
A--A judge.
Q--And when you are drunk?

A--I have lots of leeway there. I can be as drunk as a coot, or a lord, or an owl, or a fool--
Q--Very good, Mr. Arbuthnot. Now, how brown as you?
A--As brown as a berry.
Q--Ever see a brown berry.
A--Oh, no. Were I to see a brown berry, I should be frightened.
Q--To what extent?
A--Out of my wits.
Q--How about the fate of Europe?
A--It is hanging in the blance, of course.
Q--What happens to landscapes?
A--Landscapes are dotted.
Q--How are you attired this evening?
A--Faultlessly.
Q--What goes with "pure"?
A--Simple.
Q--The word "sundry"?
A--Divers.
Q--What are ranks?
A--Ranks are serried. Structures are imposing. Spectack s are colorful.
Q--Thank you, Mr. Arbuthnot. What kind of beauties do you like?
A--Raving beauties.
Q--How generous are you?
A--I am generous to a fault.
Q--How is corruption these days?
A--Oh, rife, as usual.
Q--How do you point?
A--I point with pride, I view with alarm, and I yield to no man.
Q--What do you pursue?
A--The even tenor of my way.
Q--Ever pursue the odd tenor of your way?
A--Oh, no. I would lose my standing as a cliché expert if I did that.
Q--As for information, you....
A--A mine of information.
Q--What kind of mine?
A--A veritable mine.
Q--What kind of cunning do you affect, Mr. Arbuthnot?
A--Low, animal cunning.
Q--And when you are taken, you are taken....
A--Aback.
Q--I see. Well, Mr. Arbuthnot, I think that about covers it for today. Thank you very much.
A--It's been a pleasure, I assure you, and I was only too glad to oblige.
Q--Oh, Mr. Arbuthnot, one last question. What is golden?
A--Uhh, I'm afraid I don't know that one.



I UNDERSTAND He'S
APPLIED For The
MEDICAL CORP!!


AND WHAT
SPORT ARE
-- YOU HERE FOR?