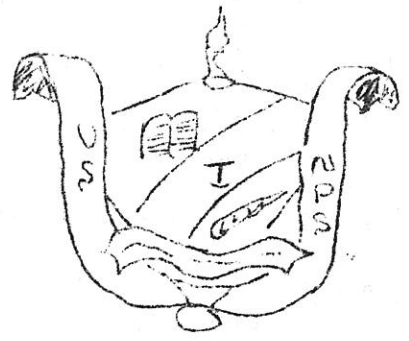


The Magazine

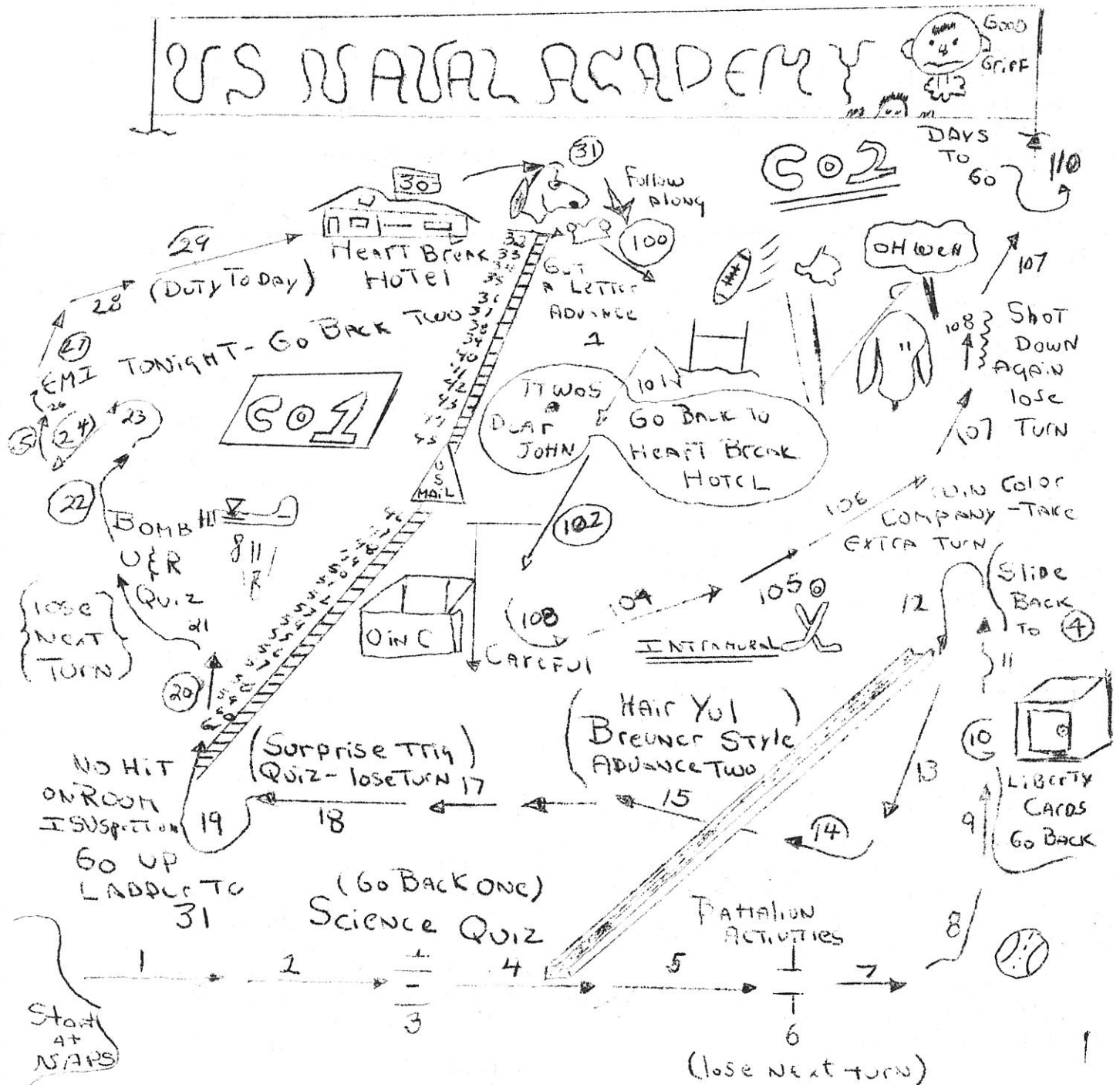


VOL #3 Num. 17 U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY PREPARATORY SCHOOL

FEBRUARY 15, 67

CAST YOUR OWN FATE

WITH A ROLL OF THE DICE



EDITOR'S COLUMN

Once upon a time there was a group of fairly contented NAPsters. Not happy in all respects. There were the usual complaints about chow, liberty, lack of money, etc, etc. But there was one consolation--the piting of mind against mind, the crashing throngs of cleverness winning over regulations. I think a lot of you know what I mean. Civilian Clothes are now legal and all the fun has been taken away. It used to be a real challenge to try and save a few treasured momentoes of the civilized life. But now everything is becoming legalized and they are taking the sport out of naps.

After trial and tribulation and ~~EMI~~ the fruit of our labor was finally beginning to blossom. But now what are we to do with the false ceilings in our rooms and closets, false baseboards and deck plates, the burgular alarm system for the attic, the 110-volt laundry bags, the 7 foot cockroaches that used to stand guard for us during the day? Now all we have is the skeleton imprint of civilian clothes on the bottom of our lockers left from the days when terror coerced every NAPster to focus all his energy to find that ever sought for "perfect hiding place".

Remember how it was when a whole section would pile into one room and try to help one man SQUEEZE 2 pairs of shoes, 5 sweatshirts, 3 pairs of pants, 4 sweaters, 6 shirts, 10 pairs of multi-colored socks, 1 overcoat, and a pair of greasy levies into a safe 15" X 15"?

I suppose some people prefer this type of living but the hide-and-seek days will still live in our minds for a long time to come. There is no use hiding it now, we can confess all the secrets, admit the tremendous treasure tove which was once hidden deep in the bowels of Tome.

THE COLUMN DEVOTED TO THE HEART THROB
OF LONELY NAPSTERS

Dear Alibi,

I run a respectable boys' prep school in the vicinity of Bainbridge, Maryland. I am trying to fix it up by having them make new drapes, painting etc. Yet they insist on destroying their masterpiece. All they are doing is making me spend their money on repairs rather than some new innovtions like autographed copies of the Ringet Valor or 780's on all college boards. Why don't they trust me?

Helpless

(Cont on right column)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Sadistic Future Leaders?

The elite of the Navy and Marine Corps is supposedly gathered at NAPS. These men have been carefully screened and tested. And, the Department of the Navy is investing a great deal of money to mold these same men into the country's leaders.

But, will these men, having intelligence and ability plus, make outstanding leaders when they stoop so low as to torture the Tome Area cat? Do all "leaders" get there kicks by maming living creatures? Do people with authority acquire delight in using their obvious above intelligence and strength to take advantage of things (or beings) under their charge or jurisdiction? I don't think so--Do You?

It is a known fact, that young children are prone to conduct heinous acts on innocent creatures. However by the age of eleven, this malicious streak is supposed to have waned away. I did not know there were any eleven year old NAPsters!

For the humane reading this article you will be pleased to know that the cat was released from the custody of those "pleasure seekers", and allowed to go free. The trusting feline will recover from its horrifying experience.

In the mean time, it would be appropriate for those involved to do a little soul searching and live up to your position of being a Marine or Sailor: be a MAN. You are put on this earth not to needlessly destroy, but to create.

The Tome Chapter
of the Society of
Prevention of
Cruelity to Animals

Dear Helpless--

I give up why don't they?

+++

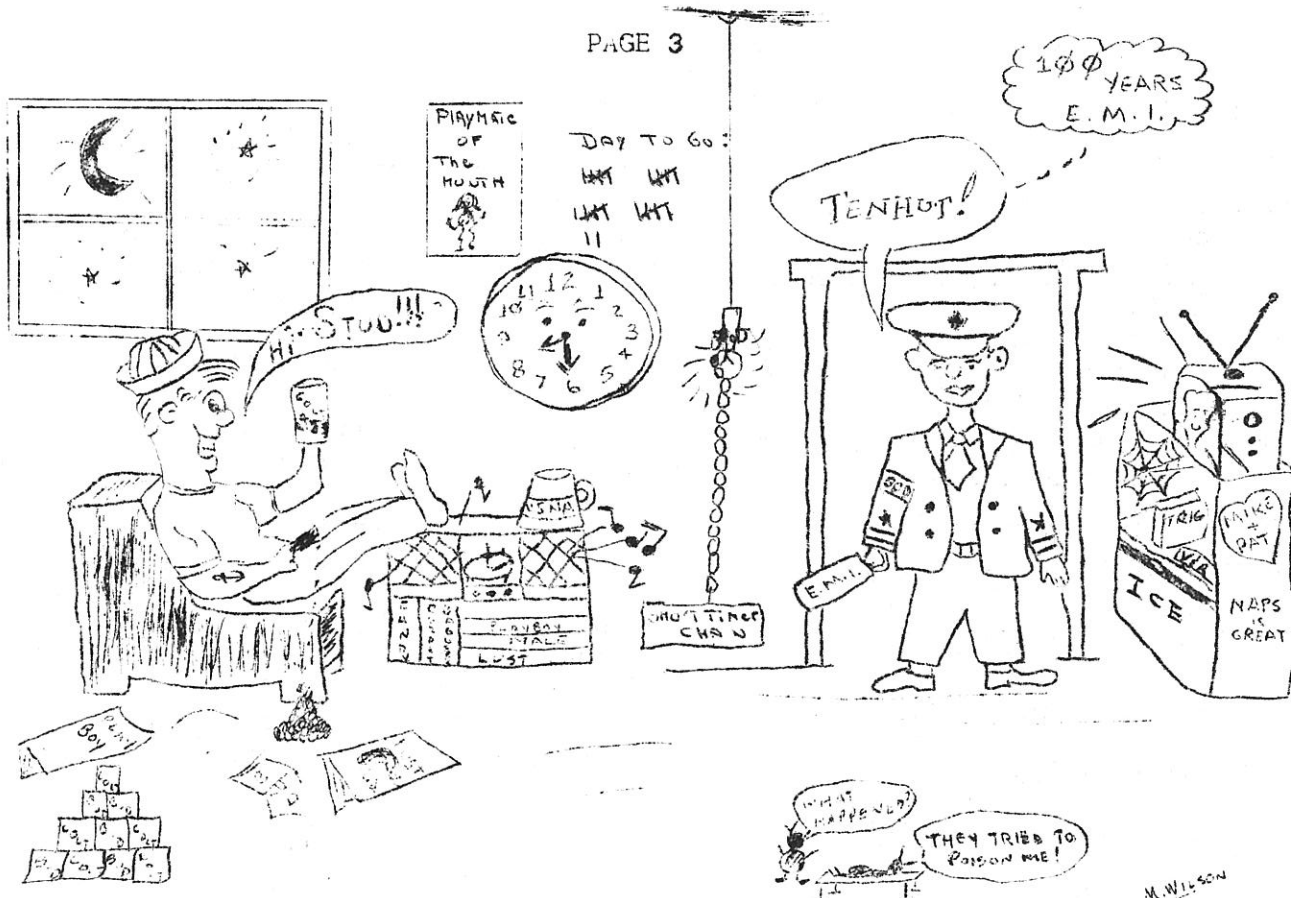
Dear Alibi:

Roses are red, violets are blue If I don't make the Academy what the heck am I gonna do with 4 sweatshirts, a beer mug, 6 T-shirts 85 Decals and a girlfriend in a light blue nightshirt too?

Enigmatic

Dear Enigmatic:

Roses are red, studies are ignored, if you don't get busy working you'll be out on your boards!



COLOR COMPANY

This is the last week of the fourth marking period and, once again, the Color Company competition is drawing to a frantic close.

In the military section, Co. 1 finally managed to win a P. I., but Co. 2 evened the score by pulling out the barracks inspection part with a three hit edge. It appears that the three points awarded for this category will be split between the two companies.

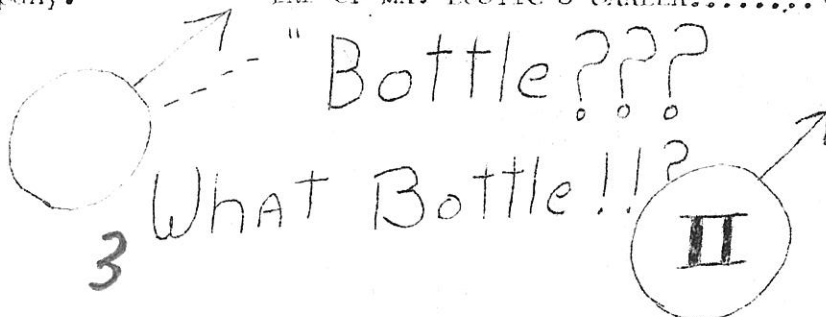
In the athletic category, each company has fielded approximately the same number of varsity athletes this time. In the big part of this category, intramurals, the "Grande Guerre" continues as usual. At this point, Co. 1 has the advantage of three victories. With another 12 or so contests to be played, the results are far from complete.

This is the week for exams also. It is these tests which will decide almost everyone's final grades and collectively, the Academic Category of competition. With this being the first marking period of trig and the last of V&R, the results here for each person should be interesting. All in all, this promises to be quite as hectic a week as last marking period's finals week. Everyone will be putting out his gunniest mostest for Color Company.

DAY COUNT

by John Condon

GRADUATION DANCE.....	93
GRADUATION DAY.....	94
SPRING LEAVE.....	10
MARCH COLLEGE BOARDS.....	10
R & R.....	10
PLEBE YEAR BEGINS.....	126
USNA GRADUATION.....	1566
U-RULU NU-BUN-DU-FU'S BIRTHDAY.....	70
END OF MR. LUSTIG'S CAREER.....	∞



"Q" of the Week

I'M A LOSER.....

"Have you read any good books lately?"

? : Censored.

(your name): None that wouldn't be censored.

Voigts: Across the River and Into the Trees.

McGraw: I have been studying a pamphlet about the Royal Canadian Air Force diet.

Hindman: How to Win Friends and Influence People.

Ballinger: Studs Lonigan.

Barnette: Diamonds are Forever.

Coach Perkins: Animal Farm.

Maskaluk: The Boston Strangler.

Mr. Ryan: Mr. Roberts.

LCDR Simmons: Now Hear This!

Stillwell: Fathers and Sons.

Kremer: The War Lover.

Capt. Christy: Lord of the Flies.

Capra: Lady Chatterly's Lover.

GySgt Elios: Once a Marine.

Spears: Gone With the Wind.

Hower: The Last Angry Man.

Mr. McGhee: The Old Man and the Sea.

Mr. Lustig: Man With the Golden Gun.

Harris: On Her Majesty's Secret Service

Cpl Ehret: Death of a Citizen.

Schultz: The Invisible Man.

Mullen: A Farewell to Arms.

Taylor: Woman Marine Field Manual.

Condon: How to Succeed Without Really Trying.

Dearest John,

I'm sorry I had to hurt you. I still haven't forgotten Tony yet, and I don't want to. He and I had quite a talk the other morning. We went out at 3:00 AM after he got off work. I found out the reason why he told me he isn't worth a darn, at least the one big reason he says he isn't. He told me that he was supposed to get married once; I think it was a couple of years ago. He didn't get married though, because two weeks before the wedding he and his girl were coming home from a dance and the car had a blowout. He was thrown from the car and so was she. He wasn't hurt, but his girl was killed because the car flipped over and rolled on her. He blames himself for that. I think that's the main reason he does not want me to fall in love with him; because he's afraid the same thing or else something will happen to me.

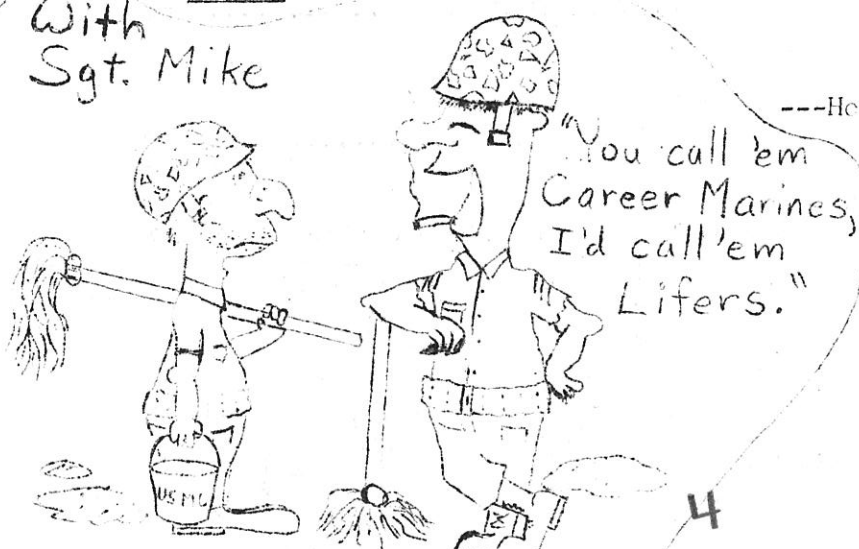
I can't take his advice about not falling in love with him, John. I've already fallen for him, and I think he's great. He tells me he doesn't want me and doesn't love me, and then turns right around and says he doesn't want me to be hurt. He can't be all bad if he thinks that way, John. I love the guy, and I really care what happens to him.

I guess I'm hurting you again, John; but I can't help it. I can't let Tony blame himself for what happened to his girl, because I care for him and I can't stand to see him cut himself down for something that wasn't his fault. Tony isn't the only guy I've gone out with here, but he's different than the others. Something about him made me want to be with him more so than with the others. John, Tony's given up on life in respect to love, and building a future. I want so much to make him see that even though he lost one love, it's possible to fall in love again. I want to try and help him understand that she wouldn't want him to blame himself for what happened. He has to learn to believe in life again, John; and I want very much to help him do that.

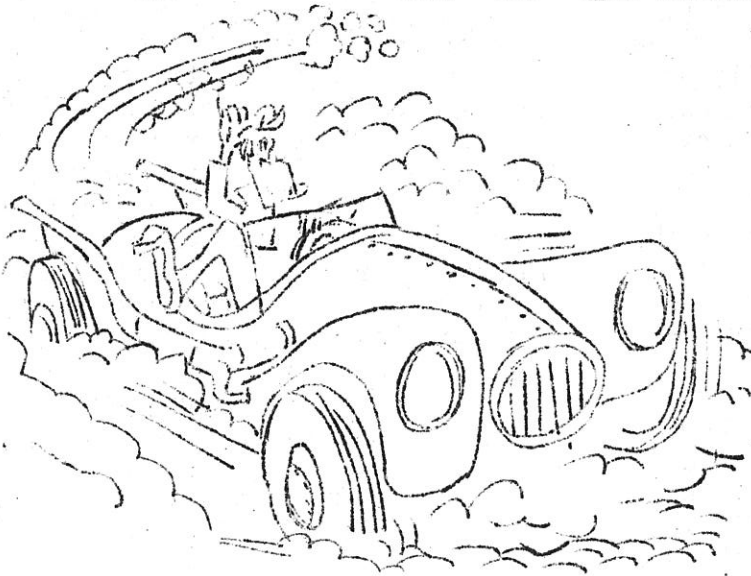
As Ever,
Jean

---How many am I gonna git!!?
The Swab

With
Sgt. Mike



NAP TOONS



RUNDQUIST NEEDS
AN AUSTIN HEALEY
SPEEDO. ANY
SUGGESTIONS?



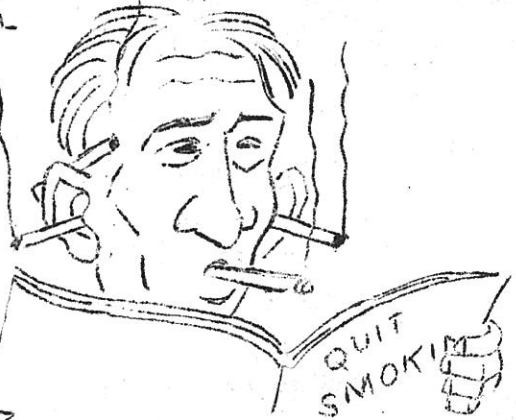
OUR FEARLESS
LEADER



IS IT REALLY
THAT BAD?



HITTING THE NAIL
ON THE HEAD!



PASSION PLACE?

HENRY! I THOUGHT
YOU QUIT !!!



JB

TOME FOAM

Well, here we are again with the latest scoop from the coch-free walk.

Will the perfect Limey stand up and explain why you didn't dance with your beautiful...I here that Seybolt is a short-timer; just ask the EMI Squad... Does Tome Inn really have a One-man destruction crew...Gunginess is a room called 308...Taylor, what were those weird moves you were showing us at the pep rally...~~Rah~~, there is really no excuse for dirty hands in the middle of the day...The satorial person of section 2 just loves to be with the basketball team...It seems that a certain section guide didn't go to the Academy, perhaps he has already seen too much of Annapolis...The weight lifter is back!!!YEA, our volleyball team finally won a game...Sayre, are there really no card games in here toginght...Kremer & Loughridge, how was the booz-less party...Is Ferate running a Pinochle Clique! What is this-Hindman dancing with a girl... Murphy, when are you going to make your first record...Ryan, Loughridge, & Ives; get your inspection tips from the old pro Smock...For those who want to skate inspection just talk to Hormel...Blcom we must be respectful...Fox, from now on streech with two hands... Ives, haircuts are not a legal excuse for missing noon formation...New game in Tome-OFFICER ABOARD-Capra, write yourself up...Harris & Holland, how is the weight problem...Hoo-ray for the new seaman...Skate along with the BB team...Who is the senior Marine in the absence of Capt.'s Mattiace & Pritchard "Bjerke." Did section 2 really have its own guide-on...Voights, how was your long weekend...Say, WAS THE PARTY FOR NAPS OR THE OFFICERS... Petty is a very gungy fellow.

Bye

Petty and his 4



Low Tide At Harry's House

Two weeks left! We are short. I did not know that Smirnoff made pennies-Trent. By the way how much does a fifth of pennies cost. Pin inspection shoes are vogue according to Sullivan and Veronee who claim they are safe to wear. Get the new book by James, "From nowhere to Washington in 8 hours." Sullivan does the guest house really have double beds? Somebody said that Walker and King are out of it. Clayton and Hickman did you like the Valentines Day gift from the cat? Does section 5 like rotten eggs or what? Are we really that good-The Company Staff. When are you going to Reno Spozidal? We here you were rested up for the weekend Lavigne. Did you hear about Toliver's show shine stand? Do we get a neat sign for our play Mr. Myslinski?

The Europeans

The Traveler

by GAP Powell

Through the misty skies across

the trees,

A casual traveler stops and sees,

A tall green spire - almost a dome,

Could it be the long lost Tome.

A dreary palace he thinks he's

spied,

The mysterious place where he's heard

men died.

On the ninety-eighth day they

perish and fall,

Could this be true and truth to

all.

The many tales of stories long

told,

The horrible talk of a death so

bold.

Could this all be true, and the

Legend live on,

It's to you my friend - dream on -

dream on!

THE DREAMS: OF THE SE OF A LIE.

by F. E. GIBERSON

On November 11, 1965, Prime Minister Ian Smith unilaterally declared Rhodesia's independence from Great Britain, thereby igniting one of the great crises of modern Africa. Britain demonstrated her impotence by presiding over the creation of another stanza in the great epic poem of the dissolution of her empire. Britain's threats and embargoes eventually assumed the character of political force in the face of the courageous determination of the Rhodesian government. International sanctions, instead of bringing Ian Smith's government to its knees, stimulated both government and industry to produce the necessities that they had so recently imported. Rhodesia has survived a year and a half of international pressure, economic sanction, and threat of military invasion; and the citizens have proven themselves to possess the love of independence, strength of character, national self-confidence and the sense of being right that the citizens of America had in the days of her childhood. It is time that the United States gets off the international bmadwagon and supports this proud little country that has the potential to be another America.

The indignation expressed by outsiders over the supposed racial discrimination in Rhodesia is not supported by outbursts of violence by the four million Africans that compose the nation's majority.

Ian Smith is seeking "a government based on merit, not on color or nationalism." He wants the whites to be able to survive constructively in the land that they pioneered, helped to build and deeply love. For the present, this means an oligarchy composed of the white minority will rule the country; but he has initiated a program of education that will eventually produce educated natives capable of competent participation in government. Someday, he hopes that this "white paternalism" will produce a system in which the natives and the whites can live together in an age of mutual respect and the comradeship of common goals. America should support Rhodesia in meeting her goals because Rhodesia is helping to prevent the furtherance of the farce that is the story of colonization and independence in Africa. Africa is in shambles today because of the bungling interference of the Western powers. America should not assist in the destruction of the only center of sanity left in southern Africa.

In any discussion of Rhodesia the argument arises that the United States

should back Britain because of the special nature of the Anglo-American relationship. The only thing special about this relationship is that our "close ally" deprecates our position in Viet Nam and peddles her wares in Cuba, North Viet Nam and Red China while we support her position in Rhodesia. Friendship is not a one-way street, nor does it involve the forsaking of ideals. Rhodesia needs American support and friendship--she is not asking for a handout like most other countries--she is asking for our recognition that she is a potential America in Africa. America can institute a program of preventive medicine in a diplomacy by offering guidance and advice in the formative years of Rhodesia's independence is a fact whether the dreamers in the fantasyland of British politics realize it or not. America grew to its present stature in spite of Great Britain and Rhodesia can grow to maturity in spite of Great Britain and the United States, but why make them prove it? The United States should assume its mantle of dynamic leadership by immediately reversing its stand on Rhodesia and by supporting the maturity of Rhodesian ideals over the pettiness of the mental Lilliputians on 10 Downing Street.

(THE OPINIONS EXPRESSED IN THE ARTICLE ARE THOSE OF THE AUTHOR AND NOT OF THE BARNACLE STAFF OR THE PREP SCHOOL.)

A STUDY IN TRIGONOMETRIC MALFUNCTIONS

"Sir, what is a function?" "uh": standard reply 3a.

"Sir, could you graph that?" "Uh, well, see this little box--uh, let's try--no, well, let's try--well, you get the general idea." std. reply no. 3a.

"I don't understand why!" "We don't need to derive these basic equations anyway. You can see the concept behind the general idea. I can't prove the equation is functional (or linear, or quadratic, or the inverse function of the closure property, etc.) This book is different and I've never seen this or that before, and besides, this is not a class in _____ (fill the blank with the appropriate word.) I know I'm right (or, rarely, wrong) but I can't prove it. You're all wrong because . . ." std. reply 3a

Standard question no. 4969. Standard reply no. 5-alpha-4030392. (because).

FIVE LOGICALLY ILLOGICAL EXCUSES FOR NO
HOMEWORK OR LET'S GO SKATING

by Crimaldi and Nissila

On the way to school one day a NAPSTER was attacked by a ferocious lion. This lion knocked the NAPSTER to the ground and ate his homework. Many **instructors** found this hard to believe, but stranger things have happened.

But, sir, that sneaky ole' cat that is always running around Harrison House urinated all over it while I was taking a shower this morning.

Then there is, last night while I was conscientiously doing my homework my roommate was having a small snack, and the flames from the Cherries Jubilee destroyed it.

Would you believe, last night I was having a mid-night snack, and somehow, my homework ended up on a swiss cheese sandwich.

Sir, things have been rough at home, and I've been so worried -- my Dad is running around, my Mother is hitting the bottle, my brother has diarrhea, my sister has VD, and my girl friend has been gaining weight rapidly. Sir, I had to go to the flick and see "The Curse of Tartu" to calm my nerves.

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K. Marks	F. Mallgrave
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XXXXXXXX

INTRAMURALS

OVERALL STANDINGS

Co.	W	L	Pct.	GB
1	15	12	.556	-
2	12	15	.444	3

VOLLEYBALL

Co.	W	L	Pct.	GB
1	6	2	.750	-
2	2	6	.250	4

BASKETBALL

Co.	W	L	Pct.	GB
2	7	5	.583	-
1	5	7	.417	2

FLOOR HOCKEY

Co.	W	L	Pct.	GB
1	4	3	.571	-
2	3	4	.429	1

DAILY RESULTS

Wed. 15 Feb

ALL GAMES POSTPONED
DUE TO USNA VISIT

XXXXXXXX

DAILY RESULTS (con't)

Thurs. 16 Feb

VB	So. 1.....2	--	Co. 2.....1
VB	*Co. 2.....1	--	Co. 1.....0
BB	Co. 1.....1	--	Co. 2.....1
FH	Co. 1.....6	--	Co. 2.....4
FH	Co. 1.....3	--	Co. 2.....1

Mon. 20 Feb

VB	Co. 1.....2	--	Co. 2.....0
VB	*Co. 2.....1	--	Co. 1.....0
BB	Co. 1.....1	--	Co. 2.....1
FH	Co. 1.....6	--	Co. 2.....5
FH	Co. 2.....3	--	Co. 1.....2

NOTE: The volleyball game postponed from 15 February was re-played a game at a time on both 16 and 20 February. Company 2 won this match by a score of 2 games to 0 for Company 1.

LETTERS TO A LONELY NAPSTER

by Bob Gallagher

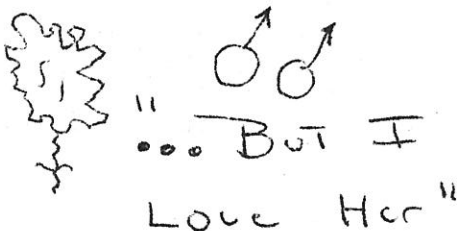
Dearest Johnny,

I received your letter concerning your College Board Scores. I know it wasn't really your fault for getting such a poor mark because I had trouble with them when I was in school too. You should, however, try to improve rather than giving up all hope; a combination score of 537 isn't really that bad. If you could only bring that Eng. mark of 234 up a little, I'm sure the Academy would overlook the deficiency in math because you want to go to the Academy so bad and you are very good officer material even though you're not the smartest in your class.

Johnny, you know how much I love you and it would make me very happy if I could be the first on my block to be going with a Naval Academy Midshipman. You could make me the happiest girl in the world if I could attend a "June Week" at Annapolis. So try very hard to improve your marks and try not to go to any more academic boards, OK?? See you next time you come home, if I can (you know what I mean). So until I see you, be a good little boy and remember to always brush your teeth.

Love you always,
Agatha

P.S. Don't listen to your friends if they call you Hen-Packed, because we know better.



DESCRIPTION OF A SAILOR

Between the security of childhood and the insecurity of manhood we have a lovable group called "Sailors". They come in assorted sizes, weights and degrees of stubbornness. They can be on ships, ashore, in bars, on leave on dark roads, in love, and always in debt. Girls love them, parents miss them, towns tolerate them, and the Government supports them. A sailor is happy with a deck of cards, a pair of dice, a few bucks, and a couple of cans of beer. He is brave with a tatoo, and is the protector of our seas with a copy of Playboy magazine. He has the energy of a turtle, the slyness of a fox, the brains of an idiot, the stories of a sea captain, the looks of a movie star, and when he wants something, it is usually his liberty card. Some of his likes: Women, Girls, Females, and the Opposite sex. He dislikes answering letters, wearing uniforms, saluting officers, and the time between paydays. No one else can cram into a uniform pocket a comb, a little black book, a crushed pack of cigarettes, his girls' pictures, a key, a deck of cards, a pair of dice, what's left of last week's pay, a pen, and an ID card while having it all concealed from the guard at the gate. He likes to spend money on beer, poker, the races, girls, and the rest foolishly. A sailor is a magical creature you can scratch off your mailing list, but not off your mind.

So you might as well give up. He is a long way from home, love, and your pretty eyes. He is good for nothing but insecure bundles of worries. But all your shattered dreams become insignificant when your sailor's ship docks. He walks up to you and looks at you with those dreamy, crying eyes, and says, "Hi Honey, I missed you and I love you very much."

BUILD THE PERFECT NAPS INSTRUCTOR

Hair:	(a)	(b)	(c)
Eyebrows:	(a) Mr. McGee	(b) Mr. Weber	(c) Mr. Thorsen
Nose:	(a)	(b)	(c)
Ears:	(a) Mr. Fisher	(b)	(c)
Smile:	(a) Mr. Fisher	(b) Mr. Fisher	(c) Mr. Myslinski
Build:	(a)	(b)	(c)
Stamina:	(a)	(b)	(c)
Shoeshine:	(a) Mr. Fairbairn	(b) Mr. Courage	(c) Mr. Weber
Tie Clasps:	(a) Mr. Lustig	(b) Mr. Fairbairn	(c) Mr. Fox
Rank:	(a) Mr. Ryan	(b) Mr. Butts	(c) Mr. Pickering
Haircut:	(a) Mr. Thorsen	(b) Mr. Gunny	(c) Wolf PN2
Height:	(a)	(b)	(c)
Humor:	(a) Mr. Reece	(b) Mr. Fash	(c) Mr. Fisher
Mechanical Ability:	(a) Mr. Fairbairn	(b) (Unanimous)	(c)
Wife:	(a)	(b) Capt. Prichard	(c) Mr.
Car of the Year:	(a) O in C	(b) Mr. Lustig	(c) Mr. Reece
Driving Ability:	(a) Mr. Koop	(b) Mr. Reece	(c) Mr. Weber
Nicknames:	(a)	(b)	(c)

Sorry about the blank spaces: But the price of yellow journalism comes high when in the hands of a censorship board.

NEXT WEEK THE PERFECT NAPSTER

The Inebriated Sailor
Presents: THE HONEY BARGE

You Must Be Kidding

by R. E. King

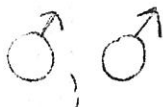
Due to circumstances beyond my control and the avarice of certain of our illustrious number, I have found something to be missing this day the twelfth of February of the year of our Lord of nineteen hundred and sixty-seven. Suffice it to say that the said item was close to my heart and essential to the maintainance of mine own status.

Some dastard has stolen my "Cokes!" Imagine. Three lonely little bottles left, defenseless, trusted to the sanctity of my home. And some callous fiend ravaged them! Two were drained of their joyous content. The other lonely little vessel left to suffer the agony of being frozen in mine own window, not two inches from warmth and light. What manner of NAPSTER could lower himself to such a foul deed? Consider the ignominy of returning to find mine three little friends the subjects of such atrocities!

One was frozen. This could be overlooked. (possibly ignorance) One was drained. (despicable! It wasn't even mine!) And the last, , , ah, the last--Such a crazen act. The ghoul had put water in it! But only a little, mind you. All that remained of that lovely mead was a little water in its place.

It grieves me deeply that a NAPSTER could commit such a cowardly deed. WHY DIN'T DA FINK BUY HIS OWN!

the swab (burnt)



"HE HASN'T GOTTEN
HIT IN AN INSPECTION
ALL YEAR !!!"

Where would we be now if the early Americans decided that, because they didn't have a high school diploma, they naturally were not qualified to have a voice in their own government, that they didn't have the right to vote because the English government had not seen fit to grant it.

Each week there appears in the Barnacle an article entitled MEANDERINGS written by F.E. Giberson. Judging from the contents of the article subtitled "The American Profanity" which appeared in the Feb. 15 issue, I would agree that meanderings is a good description of his writings. Webster defines the noun meander as "an aimless wandering; rambling."

The article contains large generalities which are contradictory in part to that which they are claimed to represent.

He claims that the earned vote has been replaced by the "Profanity of the right to vote." He further implies that the American voter does not believe that his vote is of consequence.

The right to vote is one of our most basic rights. It is not granted to us by the state as a privilege; it is our method of making our desires known to the government and granting to it such powers that we deem proper and necessary.

The fact that the last two national elections have brought overwhelming response from the voters is evidence enough that the American voter still has faith in the importance of his vote.

He goes on to state that Americans should show their dedication to the country by serving in some capacity that is directly beneficial to the national welfare before they are granted the "Privilege" to vote. The fact that this would be as impracticable as it is unnecessary probably never entered his mind.

He states that Americans who do not have a high school diploma or its equivalent should not be allowed to vote. Apparently he doesn't have faith in the ability of a man to be aware of the world around him and to make sound judgements based on his observations regardless of his educational background.

Giberson. . .you must be kidding.

SPORTS

BASKETBALL '67 by Phil Taylor

Last Wednesday NAPS visited the United States Naval Academy to play the Plebes. The reputation of the Plebes' being a fast-break, running team was put to the slow-down test of NAPS, but the Plebes platooned tow teams throughout the game to force NAPS to play against fresh men for the whole game.

An early lead for NAPS was gradually erased by the Plebes with the all around scoring of the USNA team. Only two men of the twelve man squad did not score in the first half. The halftime score was 48 to 39, Plebes ahead.

The second half was merely a continuation of the first with the Plebes playing fine ball and making few mistakes. It was the opinion of most of the spectators that NAPS played their finest fall game of the season, only to lose to the better Plebe team 98 to 74.

Lud Bartkus was high scorer for the game with 23 points, followed by Ron Kentfield with 19, and Ralph Westerman and Sage (USNA) with 18 apiece.

Friday NAPS traveled to West Virginia to battle Potomac State Junior College that night and Allegheny Community College the following night.

In the contest with "Pot State," NAPS again took an early advantage only to lose the lead because of foul trouble with Westerman, Spanbauer, and Bartkus. Coming back strong in the early part of the third quarter, NAPS came within three points before Bartkus and Spanbauer fouled out of the game and the first team had four fouls apiece. Final Score 85 to 74, Pot State victory.

Saturday night was a different story with NAPS taking complete charge of the first half. Scoring on the careless ball-handling of Allegheny C. C., NAPS went into the dressing room at halftime leading by 11, 45 to 34.

The second half, however, gave the breaks to the opposition and also the game. Late in the third quarter and early in the fourth, three of NAPS' starters fouled out to provide the fuel for the Allegheny comeback. This comeback was also aided by Bill Hare's 22 point scoring spree in the second half.

BASKETBALL (cont.)

For NAPS, Bartkus again had 23, but Mike Trent scored 24 to lead the NAPsters. Hare of Allegheny had 26 for the game to lead both teams. Final score 94 to 84, Allegheny victory.

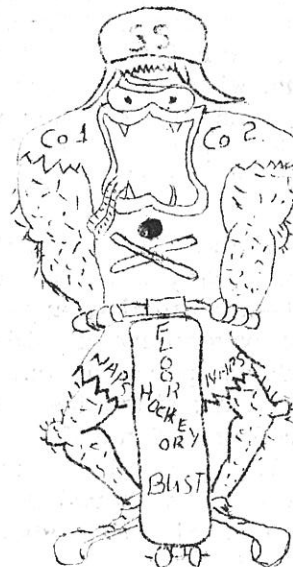
MAT MEN

Montgomery Jr. College had beaten us before this year 15-19. Last Tue. was NAPS' second match with them, but a better and more experienced team met them this time. The NAPS team went out for revenge and won. Jakes (123) pinned the man that had beaten him three weeks before. Magraw, (130) lost a very close match. Wilson, (138) pinned his man. Sayre (145) lost another close one. McCabe (152) pulled through to win making the score 13-6. Strott (160) or old reliable, pinned in the first period. Hindman (165) tried his best but lost giving MJC their last points. Brasha (175) and Ballinger (heavy) both won to make the final score 24-9.

Saturday NAPS had another match with Stevens Trade School. The match was a shut out, 0-33, Stevens Trade School winners. This match was not altogether a loss to us. Our wrestlers worked hard and fought some of their best matches.

Wrestlers thought of the week:
BEAT the PLEBES!

The Garrulous Grappler



NAVAL ACADEMY TRAINS TOMORROW'S ADMIRALS

On a moonless night in February 1943 the United States submarine Growler, on war patrol in the Pacific, picked up a Japanese gunboat on her radar and commenced a surface attack. Suddenly the enemy reversed course, and before the radar operator could warn the bridge she rammed. As the Sub keeled under the impact, the gunboat sprayed Commander Howard W. Gilmore and the six members of his bridge watch with machine gun fire killing two outright and seriously wounding the skipper. Instantly Gilmore ordered: "Clear the bridge!" Then the four crewmen scrambling down the hatch heard their captain call out his last command: "Take her down!" For his gallant action in giving his life so his shipmates might live to fight again, Commander Gilmore was awarded his nation's highest honor, the Congressional Medal of Honor.

"Take her down!" joins a heritage of naval watchwords: John Paul Jones' defiant "I have yet begun to fight!"... Farragut's stubborn "Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead!"... the dying Lawrence's indomitable "Don't give up the ship!" And Commander Gilmore, of the United States Naval Academy class of 1926, takes his place on the immortal roster of alumni who have offered their lives in the service of their country. Many such alumni there are, for the glorious traditions of the Naval Academy lie strong on all her graduates, and throughout their service careers they accept the stern obligations that go with their proud heritage as Annapolis men.

The fledgling school, founded in October 1845, had been in existence a scant seven months when war came with Mexico, but she sent ninety of her sons to fight. The Civil War called all three upper classes, leaving only the first year cadets with their books grown suddenly meaningless and dull. The class of '98 graduated early in the gathering clouds of war; a month later '99 asked to go, and the next month seventy five cadets from '99 and '01 dropped their books to man the ships in far off Santiago and Manila. World War I repeated the now familiar pattern with '17, '18, and '19 graduating early, and in WWII seven Academy classes speeded up their studies to join the mightiest fleet the world has known.

The Naval Academy celebrated its Centennial in 1945, with the crowd, in festive post-war spirit, applauding and sheering the pageantry of midshipmen in replica uniforms parading out of the past. Scarcely noticed amidst the gala events was an assemblage of naval officers attending a solemn memorial service in the chapel. They were gathered to honor a special group of alumni—special in a most

honorable way, for all had given their lives in the line of duty.

The early naval officer caught his education whenever the ship's chaplain could catch him; the latter was enjoined by the 1802 regulation to instruct in "writing, arithmetic, navigation and whatsoever may contribute to render them proficient." When the early 1840's ushered in the shift to steam more formal education became a necessary thing, and happily the Navy Secretary appointed in 1845 was a distinguished scholar and a man of action. With more perception than another Secretary of about the same period who learned with surprise that ships were hollow, George Bancroft saw the urgent need for a permanent school ashore. He promptly obtained Fort Severn from the Army (a perhaps apocryphal story reports that Bancroft declared himself Secretary of War during the latter's temporary absence, and made the transfer himself), and the Naval School opened to its first class on October 10, 1845.

These first midshipmen, varying in age from thirteen to twenty-eight, spent a year in the elements of algebra and geometry, navigation and geography, English grammar (sic), composition, and the French or Spanish language." Then they were packed off to sea for three years, and brought back for a final year to master their promotion examinations. But a growing naval technology, and the increasing appreciation that a commissioned officer must be more than a "capable mariner", caused a shift in 1851 to today's basic plan of a four year academic course with sea cruises in the summer.

While the Navy was leading the nation in steam propulsion, the Academy pioneered in marine engineering education. One of its distinguished alumni was America's first Nobel prize winner: Lt. A.A. Michelson; his famous measurement of the speed of light, made while he was an instructor at the Academy, won him the award in physics in 1907. Alumnus Curran, "dean of American engineers," played a major role in establishing engineering curricula in civilian schools. Graduates of '63, the Academy's first class of engineers, were in great demand, and ever half spread the naval techniques of "steam engineering" into civil life. At the turn of the century, with the nation demanding a powerful Navy to guard our expanding empire, Congress voted to rebuild the Academy on a magnificent scale. The celebrated architect Ernest Flagler, sensing the need for a national institution whose dignity would typify the traditions of the Navy, fashioned in enduring

granite the handsome and impressive structures that were to prove an inspiration to succeeding generations of midshipmen. As the Battalion has become the Regiment and then the Brigade, all subsequent construction has kept faith with the original master plan. The Academy today has its wind tunnel and nuclear reactor, but these concomitants of progress are housed in a plant whose exterior dignity and beauty are as changeless as the strict precepts of honor and service on which the Academy was founded 126 years ago.

A member of the present Plebe class does not, as the lowest order of the naval hierarchy, consider himself very important. But already he has undergone a stringent selection. He was one of 17,000 who applied for admission to his class, one of 5100 appointed by a member of Congress or qualified by previous service affiliation to take the examinations for admission, and one of 1,300 to enter. His average marks on the College Boards were higher than those of his contemporaries entering the nation's principal engineering or liberal arts colleges. Physically he is in top condition. His character and reputation in his home community fit him for the rigid honor code of his chosen career. He is not a delectante or a young man with emotional troubles; his classmates with such characteristics are finding the going too strenuous and leaving for less demanding pursuits. He has learned to budget his time ruthlessly, for his 156 semester hour course compares with 125 to 140 for those of his college fellows, and on that he crowds a rigid plebe indoctrination designed to probe his fitness for a life of self-restraint and occasional severe stress. He will learn to follow before he earns the precious right to lead.

His is an outgoing and vigorous nature and he enters zestfully into the mandatory after-class participation in sports. The spirited give-and-take on the athletic fields--over 2,200 contests a year--shapes his future development and esprit as surely as ever did the immortal "playing fields of Eton." If he is a first string football player, he has no squadmates who are athletic bums--their College Board Averages would compare favorably with class-wide averages at most colleges.

Perhaps he went to prep school, as two-thirds of his class did, or attended college with a third of them. If he did (or if he did college-level work in high school), he was given a chance during the summer to pass placement exams in any or all of his first years subjects and take second-year courses in their place. If he entered directly from high school he has no reason for regrets--the youngest entrants compile the best academic records.

He has made a healthy adjustment to the rigors of plebe year and a military life, and even enjoys them at times--but on that June morning when he and his classmates will swarm up the slender (and copiously greased) Herndon Monument in front of the chapel and plant a uniform cap triumphantly atop it to signify "no more plebes", he will know with vast relief that his first major hurdle is surmounted.

Many more await him. Not the least is the demanding four year academic program.

The Naval Academy is not an engineering school, but an exploding naval technology demands of the midshipman a thorough groundwork in engineering fundamentals. The international flavor of naval operations coupled with increasing military involvement in national economics and strategy, requires him to have a sound liberal education. And if this weren't enough, he must acquire before he graduates a great deal of specific knowledge of naval operations and naval weaponry.

Let us compare his curriculum with that of an electrical engineering student at a composite of leading universities. In the basic sciences and in the basic engineering courses the two curricula virtually identical. In the liberal arts courses the Academy coverage is almost double. In the area of specialization within the last two years--electrical analysis and design for the electrical engineer, weapons systems and naval strategy for the midshipman--each devotes about thirty-six semester hours to his particular field. But in addition, the midshipman devotes twelve semester hours to electrical science, the specialized field of the former. And abler midshipmen may undertake additional electives to complete the requirements for a major (in an engineering field, or in mathematics or physics, or in one of the social sciences), on top of meeting all requirements of the basic curriculum. Midshipmen who stand in the top quarter scholastically may undertake this equivalent of two majors, and about half of them do so. This strenuous undertaking provides no guarantee of improved class standing or seniority on graduation, and indeed may cause the participants to suffer in standing relative to their classmates in the regular program.

Then why do they do it? The answer to this question may be implicit in the findings of two researchers who undertook a recent study on military education (Soldiers and Scholars, Masland & Radway, Princeton University Press.) with the support of the Carnegie Corporation. They said this:

"...Midshipmen acquire a certain civic dedication not always noticeable among more self-indulgent college youths. It is this

civic dedication that inspires a readiness to sacrifice material benefits to endure personal restraints and hardships, and to put the lifetime service of the state ahead of personal aggrandizement. The virtues of Sparta as well as Athens have a place in a good society . . ."

The Naval Academy, the only service academy to have civilians on its faculty, has a teaching staff approximately equally divided between officers and permanent civilians of collegiate academic rank. The former keep the courses receptive to the changing needs of the Navy, while the latter provide continuity and academic depth. A standards in each department (except the two that teach purely naval subjects), and the Senior Professors, meeting as the Academic Council, make recommendations on the maintenance of scholarly standards. The variety and depth of civilian faculty attainments make it possible to offer a wide selection of advanced elective courses for the academically talented midshipman. A Faculty Research Foundation stimulates staff research, and many faculty members do off-campus consulting and research or teach in nearby graduate schools. This invaluable flavor of inquiry and of participation in challenging current projects helps to stimulate the several midshipman seminars in the sciences and social sciences. A program for creative research is open to outstanding midshipmen during their final year.

Sailors must learn by going to sea, and the summer practice cruises to foreign lands are famous tradition of the midshipmen. Less known are the Academy power and sailing squadrons, finest in the nation. The former numbers twenty modern eighty-footers with the latest in electronic equipment. The latter includes sixty trim one-design day sailors, but the pride of the Naval Academy Sailing Squadron is its eighteen ocean-racing thoroughbreds. Midshipmen compete in

many of the North American yacht races, and a Bermuda Race will find seven or eight Academy boats entered with perhaps 130 selected midshipmen racing out and then giving up leave to sail the big boats back. Science and technology are in swift advance, but Navy men know they must never take the sea for granted. A midshipman who has served on an ocean-racing crew, fighting to reef a whipping mainsail in a blinding squall, scrambling aloft to cut free the lashing shreds of a fouled spinnaker, or testing the winds and seas in a battle of wits with the Gulf Stream, gains a respect for wind and tide that will be a priceless asset when he stands on his storm-lashed bridge in later years.

The United States Naval Academy is more than a college. The Carnegie Corporation study calls it a great national asset. Its midshipmen are no older than college youths, but already they are embarked on their lifetime careers, and a deep seriousness of purpose underlies their Academy affairs. In the classroom, on the athletic field, the Brigade of Midshipmen is playing for keeps. When a Navy team bears the Blue and Gold into a game, the Brigade can't be casual about victory or defeat. These players to represent them are no remote strangers; they are shipmates, living the same daily lives, sharing the same proud future. The fighting colors they wear on the field of sport are theirs in trust from the heroes who forged our naval tradition, and on some future day it will be their duty and privilege to discharge this trust as other graduates have done before them.

So they hold their heads high, the midshipmen of the Brigade, as they sing words of their Alma Mater:

"For sailors in battle fair
Since fighting days of old
Have proved the sailor's right
to wear
The Navy Blue and Gold!"

CONGRATULATIONS TO Mr + Mrs Courage:

Baby Boy!

Remember: $\sin^2 x + \cos^2 x = 1$

THE BARNACLE
NAVAL ACADEMY
PREP SCHOOL
Co 1 Sec 3
Bainbridge, MD
21905

TO: OCCUPANT

22430 CRISWELL ST

CANOGA PARK, CALIFORNIA

$135^\circ = \frac{3\pi}{4}$

91304

14

$f(x) = f(x+a)$

