

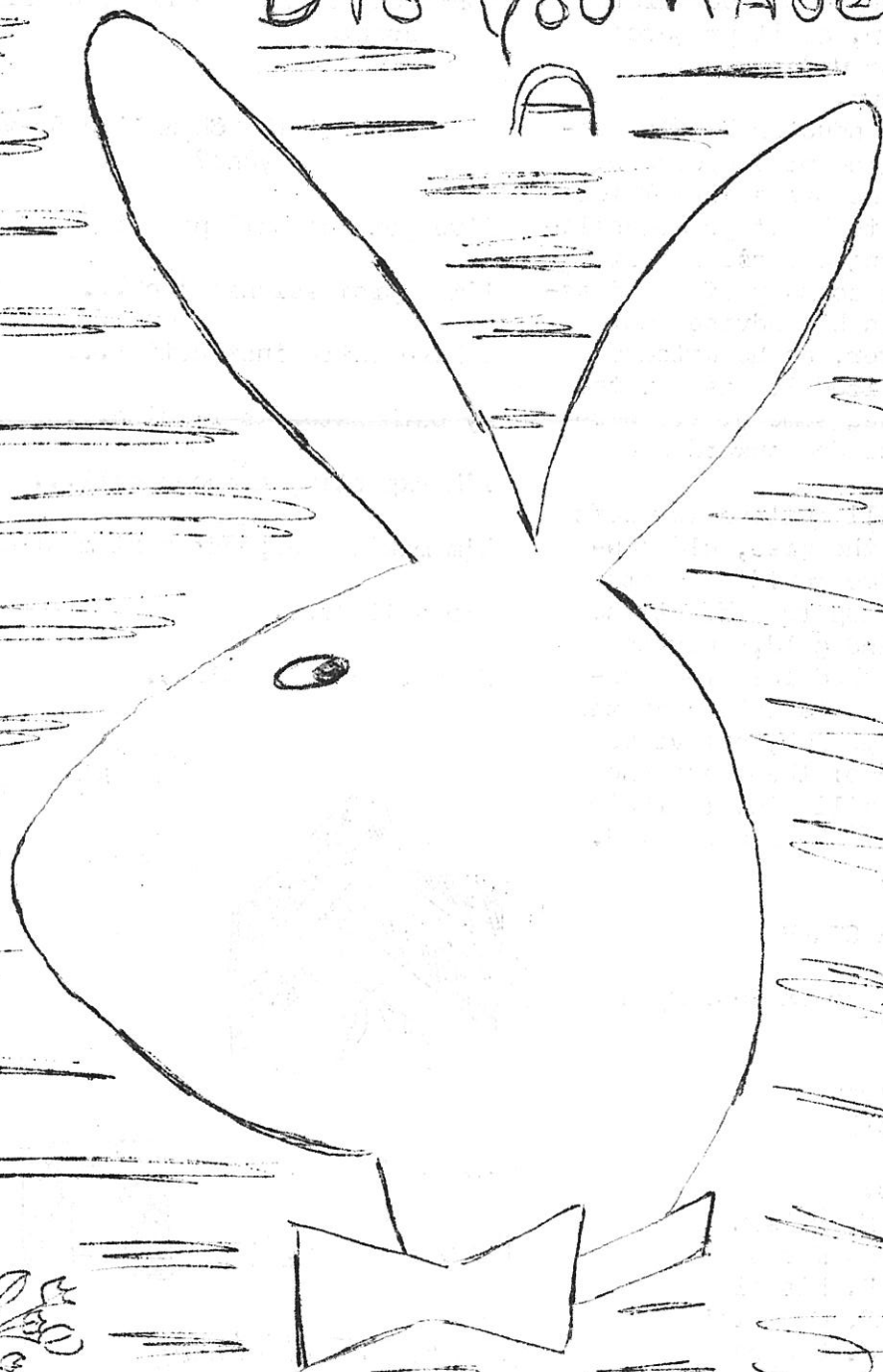
The Baconik

VOL. 4 Number 20 U.S. NAVAL PREPARATORY SCHOOL

28 March 1967

Did you have

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Y



E-A-S-T-E-R



FROM THE EMPTY HEAD DISK OF OUR EDITOR

EDITOR'S COLUMN

The sleek locomotive sped rapidly along its way with an almost urgent persistence. It had been a long tedious trip, filled with instability and peril. One of the last stops was in sight. The train began to decelerate with a gasp of steam, as it prepared to enter the town of Undecision, a desolate, desert town.

The friendly conductor busily prepared the disembarking passengers for their deparature. He was a jovial fellow and had proved to be of great assistance during the long excursion. It seemed a shame that so many of the passengers had not taken his advise and continued on; however, as he watched them leave, he realized it was for the best. Having unloaded some of its burden, the coach proceeded onward once more.

There were still quite a few left on the train, but the wise, old conductor knew that time would take its toll. Some would stop to gaze at the cities of glitter and gold, only to find that the train had left them behind; while others would idle away the journey in the lounge car, oblivious of the beauty ahead of them, and one of these days they will find to their dismay that they have been uncoupled.

BARNACLE STAFF

Advisors: Lt(jg) Howard & Ens. Ryan

Editor: Bob Capra

Asst EDs: Todd Foreman
Cliff Beckley

Writers and typists:

B. Stillwell	M. Wilson
L. Sorrentino	K. Marks
J. Baldwin	R. Nissila
A. Bullen	S. Crimaldi
G. Combs	J. Condon
E. Hughes	B. Gallagher
V. Cushman	F. Gorris
F. Ives	B. Hindman
F. Mallgrave	D. Beasley
W. Petty	B. Jakes
B. Voights	M. Flore
D. McGraw	

SOUNDS HEARD AT NAPS

"I just fell in love again tonight"
"What da ya mean you want to see my chow pass?"

"I though Naps was a home for un-wed fathers."

"He s not really a pervert is he?"

"What are you, a Kopp?"

"If I were you, and I am you know,..."

"Sorry I spoke without thinking-"

"OFFICER ABOARD!! Officer Aboard! officer aboard

Head of the Chow Line Privileges,
Anyone?

I've got football practice...

I'm a professional jock...

I have extra instruction...

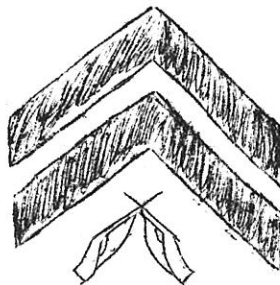
My bath water is running...

I'M expecting a phone call...

I'm making sergeant next month...

I'm a lifer...

Kremer said I could...



Take Three
deep breaths

...

Count To

Ten once ...



Congratulations! You
have just passed your
Qualifications for
Advancement!

COMPANY

1
1
2
3
4

V.S. COMPANY

2
1
2
3
4
5
6

Tome Foam

LOW TIDE AT HARRY'S HOUSE

SAY HEY

Welcome one and all ! Gather round
and gaze into the bowl and see what
your fellow fish have been doing.

Capra, what do you do with your gum
when called upon in class...Bawl, whine,
complain - did little Strott lose his
girl at the Cotillion...Ives, you are
not a censorer so keep your paws off
this column...Murphy was blown out of
the sky by one Corpwave so now he is
parachuting to another...Postel and
Machemer - have you lost your pinochle
touch lately...Condon, what did you
think of the White Coffee Pot...Ryan
would have made out great with a certain
girl, except for some drunks - right
Smock...Dietz, soccer is only a game so
hold thy temper in the presence of the
self-appointed king of the game...
Beasley, seen anything of an VA watch
bill...Standby! horn-tooter Marks is
practicing again...Powell, here your
dance card contained some real winners
at the Cotillion...Petty, woe unto you -
pretty Patty is on leave...Poleshaj,
rent your can opener and become a mill-
ionaire...Tiernay, who won the big
race Sunday night...Farr must be seeing
Giberson's girl friend - he lost an
ID and Liberty card too...Harris, say
your razor has become public property..
.Since study hours are supposed to be
quiet - then what's with all the fire
drills...Brady, seen Capt. Mattiace or
LCDR Simmons lately...Does anyone have
a leash for Hormel, he needs a haircut
I think...Murphy, have you learned to
add on the slide rule yet...Seybolt,
how was your good friend Capt. Pritchard
...McAfee, turn your radio down so Strott
will stay home more often...Capra, can't
you sleep at nights.

Well, these were all the skeletons
I could dig up this week.

Petty and his 40

One ship sails east, and another west
By the self-same gales that blow;
Tis' the set of the sails and not the
gales
That shows the way to go.

Campbell is still waiting patiently
for any signs of life from T.H.E. Cat
...He has a cigar box in one hand
and a book on child care in the other
..Who will be Ballinger's next title
contender?...The Corps extends its
warmest respects to the seven Marines
who viewed in on the documentary Tues.
night...Speaking about the Corps,
many Co II men are trying to put in
Special Requests to ship over USMC.
Why?...Lavigne has a new fish for
a falet...Right Bullen...Section 6 is
headed for a new record concerning
report chits 4 Wed night- 3 last Sat-
3 Thurs- Congrats to all who have
contributed to this worthy cause...
Buchanan has been recruiting lately
and has successfully been seen with
two big prospects from California...
Capt. Christy shook the Dow Jones
Averages last Sat by closing Cpl
Spozdzial's Exchange..T. Stephan's
nose job was not a success Berky has
run out of darts...Section 5 is moving
to Blecker's St...The "Purple Gang" of
Section 8 were at it again last night.
Hoffer, Morrow, Arocha, and Krivonak
had a bloody shaving cream fight with
each other. Results-an empty aerosol
can and a super-softened head.

Washington Irving

Mullen - the streaker has checked out

Phipps is happy with his new room-
mate (Mullen is gone)

Davis also lost his roommate, to
Co. 1 Staff, got Sanders in return

Holland is now a weight man

Petty just loves a 220

I hear that Tiefney is a broad jumper

All of a sudden, Co 1 seems to have
a lot of athletes

Does anyone like this marking period?

So the grades seem to be going down.

Why does the 2d deck blow so many fuzes?

3

To/From PhysicsBy ~~Tom~~ Darky

POEM by Jakes

Force...free body...

free of force,

free of body,

dangling from the blackboard ropesupport

attached with chalk dust

and the sleepy rhyme

of passing time---

dangle down for me,

dangle there

and let me see

some green-ensconced infinity,

and lest the passing years slip by,

translate my learning-yearning sigh

into coordinates of "now",

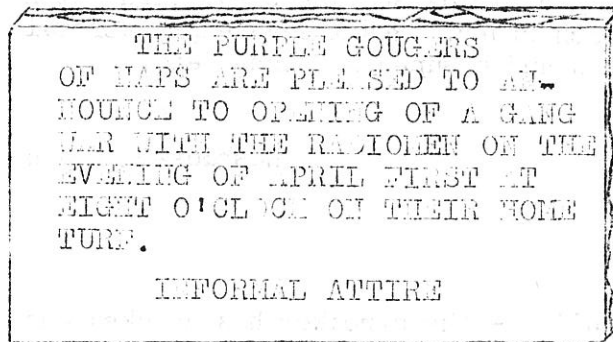
leaving many a year

and many a fear

upon the crystal edge of time,

impaled on light

but never mine.



MEN WHO DON'T FIT IN

Out beyond the breaker's roll,
Out beyond the bell buoy's toll,
Out where the wind is running free,
Kicking the scud from the frothy sea;
There we are and have always been,
The kind of men who don't fit in.

Yeah, get a job from eight to five;
Hit the ball and look alive.
Hurry home at the close of day
To scrimp by on miser's pay.
Go to church and please don't sin.
That's not for us men that don't fit in.

The solitude of my existence
Renders me speechless
In a crowd of people
Each filled with shallow happiness.

I am alone in this world,
Filled with mixed emotions.
My mind is a battlefield
In which my thoughts are explosions.

My soul seeks a peace
Which is constant and fair,
But I must spend the years of my birth
Earning a life free from care.

A soft green light
Shines out of the mist.
The glow of turmoil
Is never at rest.

Something in the past
Is coming back to me.
A spark of my lost life
Is yearning to be free.

I will wander through life
Searching for the source.
Where does the light come from?
Am I the internal force?

For years I have felt like this
But I was afraid to let them see
That what I have always wanted
Is the right to be me.

I am a blade of grass
Or an endless stream.
I could be a rock
Or a spirit unseen.

But whatever I am,
They have to let me be,
Or forever I will live
In absolute infirmity.

But how do you explain to the woman you love
That on this earth or heaven above
There's not a patch of grass or piece of grou
Where you can stay long without feeling tied
The things we've seen and the places we've be
Make us men who don't fit in.

When put ashore we're not long content
A week or more, and our money is spent.
There's always the sea, with its siren call
Beckoning us back one and all.
So we grab our bags and are gone again.
We're just the men who don't fit in.

The Human Tragedy: Noninvolvement
by Jakes

One of the most tragic of modern cliches is "I don't want to get involved." Our modern society, supposedly so full of life and enthusiasm, has seemed to take this shallow saying as its watchword. We often hear this excuse as a reason someone didn't or won't act, usually out of fear.

Life is involvement. Without becoming involved a man loses those characteristics which distinguish him from a machine: adventure and enthusiasm in life. A machine does what is expected of it when it receives the proper stimulus, and too many people try to do just that and no more. They fear that by becoming involved in something which they think may not involve them, they may be hurt in reputation, time or body. By doing so, they limit their lives and minds. They shut out anything that might stretch their narrow lives to the point where they could not handle all their problems.

How many heinous crimes are committed while onlookers stand by because of the fear of becoming involved? We didn't want to become involved in another World War in 1939, so Hitler razed Europe unobstructed. We paid for our isolation with many lives at Pearl Harbor after Hitler and his allies became strong enough to attack us.

We must become involved in as many things as possible. If you are alive, you are involved, and should not shun the opportunity of living. Be alive and become involved, don't just exist.

"No man is an Island, intire of it self; every man is a peece of the Continent, a part of the maine; if a Clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the lesse, as well as if a Promontorie were, as well as if a Mannor or thy friends were; any mans death diminishes me, because I am involved in Mankind; and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee."

John Donne

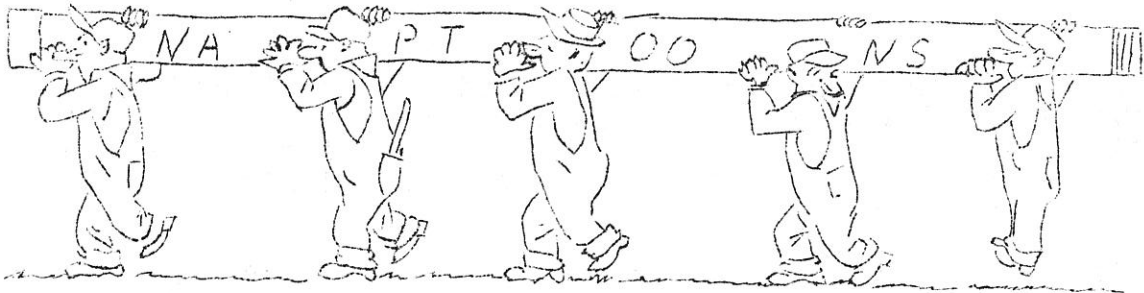
Day Count

Q of the Week

by Nhoj Nodnec

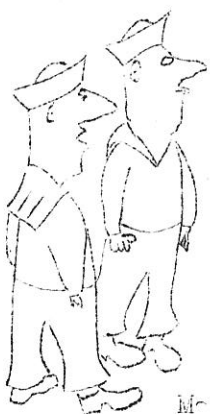
What establishment would
you most like to raid?

Easter	366	Kremer:	Camp David
Graduation Week	56	Mr. Howard:	St. Ignace
Graduation Ball	59	Petty:	Bks 845
Graduation Day	60	Beckley:	The Chesapeake Club
Memorial Day	65	Phipps:	RTC(W)
Plebe Year Begins	93	Taylor:	Fort Knox
XMAS	275	Seyboldt:	Port Deposit
USN. Graduation	1387	Condon:	The Acey Deucey
Taylor Makes SSgt.	??	Boudreau:	The Chief's club
Spozdial Takes Leave	??	Chief Nelson:	The O Club
The Next Army-Navy* Air Force Cotillion	Never	Cpl. Ebert:	NAPS

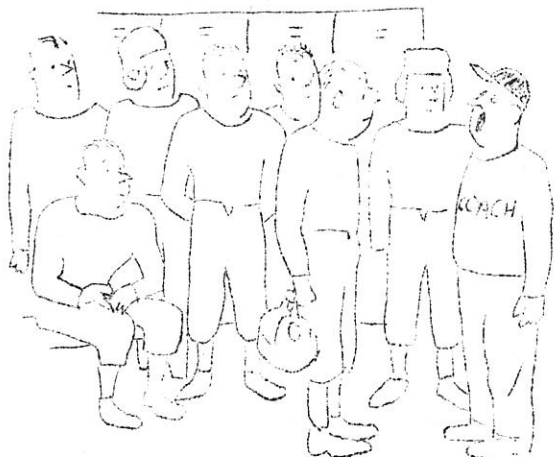


40♂

"O.K. you guys in the back of the line.
I know you're shoving!!"



"No. He's not wounded ...
You just haven't seen a
Marine without his cover
before."

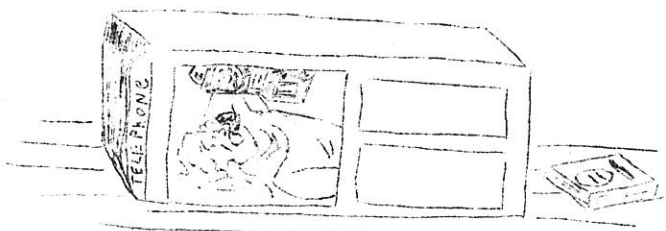


"I don't ask for miracles. I'd just
like to get through one season
without being hung in effigy."



"JUNE"

"Dry enough?"



"I have to hang up now, Mom. Someone
else wants to use the phone."

MAO, HE'S MAKING EYES AT ME

BY. SORRENTINO

"Love is a 'middle-class prejudice,' a capitalist weakness,' and a time-wasting 'psychopathic occupation,' according to the latest Chinese Press pronouncements. In the Maoist view, married life is an opportunity for studying the works of Mao Tse-tung and maintaining a 'permanent atmosphere of ideological struggle and the criticism in the home.' Attempts to reconcile family quarrels are considered unMarxist."-Daily Telegraph.

Lao Piu-Fong was singing as he walked up the grimy staircase of his concrete apartment block. He was singing a song about the need to produce more 3.2 millimetre rivets, thereby prolonging the life of Chairman Mao by at least another two thousand years. He was singing despite the fact that a bus had just run over his foot and a rat had eaten his ersatz crown during the five-minute Thought Break at the factory and his best friend had been decapitated by the authorities for losing his spanner down a drain. He was singing, above all, because it was seven pm. in Peking and five million people coming home from work were singing, and it was a thing it was wise to do if you had any plans about waking up the next morning.

He reached the scrofulous hell of the upper landing, where he paused to thank a kindly Red Guard for spitting in his eye and bayoneting his hat, and passed on into his tiny, dark, flat.

Lao Piu-Fong had been uneasy all day. That morning, on leaving for work, he had failed to remember not to kiss his wife good-bye, which was something which always upset her. What made it worse was the knowledge that he would be unable to apologise to her, since reconciliation was also unMarxist. The only course open to him was to hit her.

She picked herself up off the floor gratefully, took his threadbare hat and coat, and threw them on the fire. Lao Piu-Fong bowed, and began singing a song about the shortage of glue in Maintenance Area Fourteen, and how it was directly attributable to the presence of Chiang Kai-Shek on Formosa. Then his children came in and swore at him until it was time for bed; the main target of their abuse was the fact that in order for him to have become their father at all, he had found it necessary to indulge in a spot of capitalist messing about with their mother, whom they similarly reviled for allowing him to pull his

right-wing deviationist tricks in the first place. With happy cries of "Psychopath!" and "Warmongering Revanchist Tart!" they ran off to bed, leaving the Piu-Fongs despising one another in front of the fire.

"Excuse, most horrible fragment of dung," said Mrs. Piu-Fong, "but what is this I am hearing from many comrades concerning your filthy neo-Wall Street practices behing factory canteen with Worker-Waitress Eighteen?"

"Is vile slander put about by agents provocateurs for purpose of sabotaging output," said Lao miserably. He sighed. He found himself unable to put his heart into vituperation this evening; much as he recognised his marital responsibility in reducing his wife to the level of a treacherous maniac, his mind kept wandering to subversive memories of lip and thigh. Tiny beads of sweat spueezed out of his forehead, slid down his nose, and splashed on to the thumb-stained copy of Mao's Thoughts open on his lap. It was not easy being a perfect husband. But he tried.

"Sickening poisonous capitalist toad," he said, "I am also hearing of your politically destructive laissez-faire policy with the riceman. What have you to say, dissolute cow?"

Mrs. Piu-Fong flushed angrily.

"Is loathsome lie!" she cried. "Riceman T'song and I are merely discussing Chapter XVIII, paragraph IX---"

"So!" shrieked Lao. "While back is turned, you are considering question of leek-rotation with Riceman T'song! While honourable first-class riveter husband is slaving over lathe all day, worm-eating petty bourgeoisie wife is sharing same sentence as pig-faced ricemonger."

Mrs. Piu-Fong looked up at him, and sneered triumphantly.

"Now," she smirked, "we discuss cheap lousy middle-class jealousy of failed husband unworthy to sit in same room as genuine sepia-toned portrait of Chairman Mao, immortal father of his people. Please to begin, small thin dolt!"

Lao ripped his shirt, and began to keen.

"I have been jealous," he moaned, rocking on his heels.

"True."

"I have been possessive."

"And worse!"

"Worse?"

"You have been guilty, unworthy morsel, of interfering in discussion of matchless gem-like Thoughts of Chairman Mao, and of attempting to subvert spiritual development of me and Riceman T'song."

"Ah, so. I have been guilty of interfering in discussion of matchless gem-like Thoughts of Chairman Mao, and of attempting to subvert spiritual development of wife and Riceman T'song."

"And?"

"And I have been having middle-class thoughts about female bus-travelers. And capitalist ideas about Post-woman Cho."

"You are a psychopath."

"I am a psychopath." Lao Piu-Fong stared at the flickering grate. "Mind you," he murmured, "I have not indulged in any perverted private enterprise for eight months. Is this not worthy?"

Mrs. Piu-Fong spat.

"You are complacent," she snarled.

"I am complacent."

"Also you have been guilty of not repairing leaking tap in kitchen, contrary to Chapter MCDXVI, sub-section IV, lines II-V: Urban progress possible only if each individual citizen-soldier recognises responsibility to maintaining roof placed over head through foresight and generosity of Chairman Mao. Similarly, you have neglected your duties with regard to faulty ball-cock, hole in bedroom window, and shorted on dining-room table."

"All this I have not done," he groaned. "Indeed, I am guilty of betraying great principles formulated on Long March." His stomach rumbled. "When are we eating?"

"First we sing magnificent chart-topper describing the joys of building new wing on public library," said his wife. "For has not peerless Chairman Mao written: Hunger of soul cannot be satisfied with noodles?"

"Probably," muttered Lao, sotto voce.

After the song had died away at last, he looked down at his small wooden bowl.

"Excuse please, obscene disaster in human form," he said to his wife, "but what is this esteemed muck I am supposed to eat?"

"It is from special Madame Mao recipe," said his wife. "With purpose of building healthy citizen-soldiers and at same time destroying ugly capitalist greed-orientated appetite. Is sawdust foo young full of nourishing synthetic protein, guaranteed free from artificial coloring."

Lao forked a moist blob of the khaki paste into his mouth, blenched, and pushed the bowl away. His wife, poised for ideological advantage, raised an eyebrow.

"Well?" she said dangerously.

"Oh," cried Piu-Fong, "how all-seeking and talented is the great mother of our people!"

She narrowed her eyes.

"What are you trying to pull, revisionist fink?" she grated.

"Nothing. But see how my former fascist greed and Un Marxist appetite have disappeared through the wisdom of Mother Mao! Not one more mouthful need I eat, so successful has her policy proved."

Mrs. Piu-Fong threw down her chopstick.

"Do you refuse, therefore, to give me the opportunity of self-criticism? Am I not to be allowed to repent for my deviation from the recipe as laid down by Madame Mao?"

"No," said Lao. A tiny gloat ran across his lips. But it was short-lived.

"So!" cried his wife. "Can it be, subversive louse, that you failed to notice the forbidden bean-curd, introduced by me for the sole purpose of testing your awareness of Madame Mao's edicts?"

A sob shook the mean little room. Broken, Lao Piu-Fong pushed back his stool and stood up raggedly, and bowed a small, pitiful bow.

"Am going to bed," he said hoarsely. "Am going to bed for purpose of self-castigation. Am indeed an unworthy husband and dialectician. So sorry."

MAN of the FLEET: CAPT. CHRISTY

This article is a first in that the purpose is to provide the Napster with viewpoints and experience of a Marine Officer so the Napster may know of the opportunities which wait for him in the Marine Corps.

Man of the Fleet, Capt. Christy, had an eye for the Academy many years before his older brother became a Midshipman. His brother's choice only reinforced his desire to attend the Academy. Having not cut the College Board scores on one of the tests for the Naval Academy, Capt. Christy competed for and received a highly competitive NROTC nomination and then enrolled at Oregon State. While aboard an aircraft carrier on cruise in Canadian waters, Capt. Christy received orders to report to the Naval Academy. Once at the Academy, the Captain found that you are expected to become an expert in everything. Required to perform 24 hours a day at top level. Capt. Christy realized after 4 years that it had become a habit to give peak performance, a habit and trait desired by any employer. To graduate from the Academy having learned the most you can, you must never let your desire lag. DESIRE is the key that unlocks and can open the door of four years of misery into four of the most productive and happy years any midshipman can hope for. To live on a day by day basis, seeking happiness and fun makes Annapolis a drag. Each midshipman must look at the over-all picture and let desire carry him to the top, graduation. In filling the whole man, Capt. Christy urges each man to select and to participate actively and enthusiastically in a varsity sport in order to tap the depth of his real potential as a leader.

The Marine Corps is for the man that wants to lead and work with people. The man who wants to be a Marine will have command and responsibility. As a leader, he will be an example, organize, train, supervise, and discipline his men. These things he must do in such a way as to have his men enjoy their work, thus gaining the most from their efforts and making the best team. A Marine must want to help and realize the importance of each individual man. Personal contact and the development of a better man are the rewards to men like Capt. Christy.

The Marine Corps has many fields in which you can lead men. From the Air Corps to the men who operate computers, the Marine Officer is the man who directs, guides, and leads the individual. Though he may be in the Air Corps,

each man realizes that he is first a Marine, a leader of men, and next an Air Corpsman. In making your choice as to the endeavor you wish to guide your skills and native desires, Capt. Christy feels each man should read and research the various fields and opportunities that exist in the Marine Corps. If the preceding things appeal to you, read, research, and reach for a Marine Officer, regardless of rank and have an informal discussion. Capt. Christy realizes that his native desire was to have personnel contact with the individual man, to assume command and responsibility, and most of all to provide leadership for these men. Capt. Christy is always willing to speak with any man concerning the many fine opportunities and challenges of leadership and discuss the Marine Corps and its concern for the INDIVIDUAL MAN.

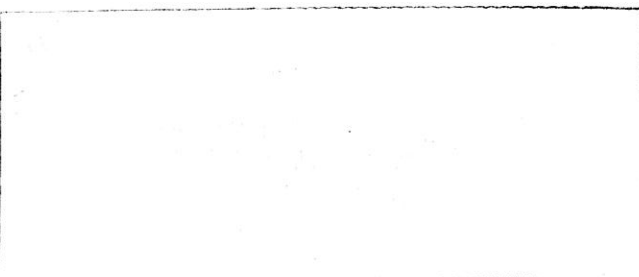
(MAO, HE'S MAKING EYES AT ME, continued from preceding page.)

"Am going to bed" he said hoarsely. "Am going to bed for purpose of self-castigation. Am indeed an unworthy husband and dialectician. So sorry."

And, leaving her smiling terribly at the portrait on the wall, he trudged into the neighboring room and threw himself upon the unyielding palliasso.

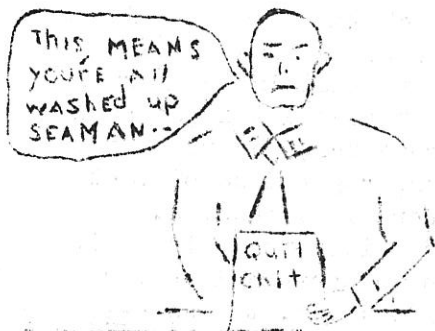
But self-criticism would not come, no matter how hard he tried. Each time he began to enumerate his deviations, slim bodies danced out of his memory and writhed before him, a thousand faces rose up from his imagination to smile and kiss, a thousand slim, seductive hands reached for his unworthy flesh. Until, at last, the incorrigible capitalist spirit of Citizen-Soldier Leo Piu-Fong fell into restless slumber, to dream its dreams of counter-revolution.

Coren, Alan
Punch; 252:6599
March 1, 1967



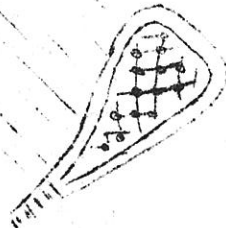
DOODLE SPACE ABOVE FOR THOSE WHO ARE BORED WITH THIS BARNACLE

Monday



Tuesday

(just getting into the swing of things)



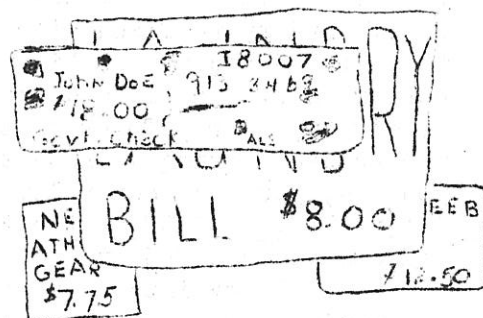
Wednesday

(THE day for ---- opps!)



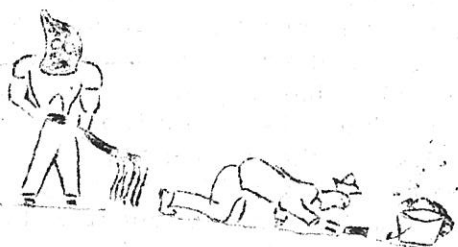
Thursday

(THE day we get paid AND our checks ARE shot ALL TO PIECES)



Friday

(A day for suds)



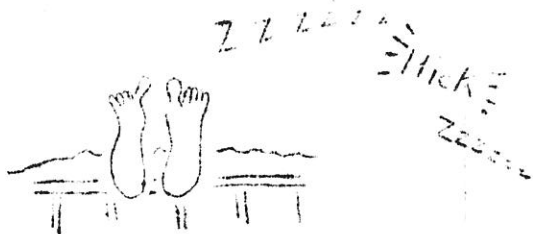
Saturday

(Also A day for suds)

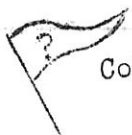


Sunday

(the day of rest)



A WEEK AT NAPS?



Color Company Competition



Color company competition this marking period not only decides color company for the marking period but also for Color company of the year. The standings for the previous marking periods are close enough that either company could win Color company of the year.

While there is no clear cut lead in academics some indication of the standings can be drawn from the tree list which is due to be posted today. It is still early in the marking period so that what ever the standings are there is still time for either company to close the gap.

Intermurals are off to a slow start. The softball teams have split the two games that they have played thus far. The soccer teams have only played one game that counted and that game was won by Company one. This gives Company one a one game lead.

Thus far there have been no barracks inspections so there is no score for either company in this category.

All points considered, it looks like Company one is well on its way to winning Color company for the fourth time.

Sometime in their Naval Career the following Napsters will be:

Kremer- Co of 101 Airborne underwater messhite repair battalion.

Seyboldt- Head of Communications Center on a PBR.

Hindman- Co of 3rd Bn RTR, MCRD, P.I.

Harris- Liason officer with 222nd Regiment Royal Marines.

King- Engineering officer on a lifer's raft.

Hondula- Special Services officer on a Lcyp.

Bloom- Medical officer to 1st Bn 9th Marine Regiment.

Condon- Co of F Troop 2/7

Smock- O-IN-C Navy Recruiting in Louisville.

Henken- O-IN-C Naps

Wilson- Commandant Midshipman USNA

Through the Bleary Eye
by E.M. Hughes

While many people have dropped out of the program so far, I wonder how many more are going to leave now that we only have two months left til graduation. There are still many people who insist that they can't stand it here any longer and that they will be leaving soon. This makes little sense considering how long they have lasted and how short they are now. I'm inclined to doubt their sincerity somewhat, considering the number of people who are still here who said they would leave early in the year. I'm sure there isn't one of us here who doesn't complain once in a while about petty regulations, poor liberty, or lack of money. Some of these complaints may be well founded, while others are just complaints for the sake of complaining. Still, most of us stay here and put up with it all because we really want to go to the Naval Academy. If we didn't really want this program after all this time here, we'd be crazy to take all this petty stuff just to take up time on our enlistment.

SHORT-TIMERS
LAMENT

A REMINDER TO ALL NAPSTERS

I am taking this opportunity to express my feelings on the influx of rank upon the student body of NAPS. It is true that many of our fellow classmates have been promoted to the rank of E-4, and in a few cases E-5. I wish to point out a couple of details that everyone should keep in mind. Firstly, within a matter of weeks we will all "be in the same boat." Will our present rank matter then? Secondly, the foremost reason for our attending NAPS is not to become Cpls or 3rd Class PO's. Our duty is to gain entrance to USNA. As long as we keep these facts in our minds, I'm sure these last few weeks at NAPS will be more enjoyable for all.

The Bewildered Reserve Deuce

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UNITED STATES NAVAL PREPARATORY SCHOOL
UNITED STATES NAVAL TRAINING CENTER
BAINBRIDGE, MARYLAND

NPS INST p5450.1A
24 March 1967

NAVPREPSCOL INSTRUCTION p5450.1A

From: Student Officer
To: Distribution List

1. Purpose: To promulgate instructions concerning unauthorized (and unnecessary) enjoyment of one's self while enrolled at the Naval Preparatory School.

2. Discussion:

A. A student's action reflects on the reputation of the *United States Navy. *(see also "Marine Corp").

B. The following is a list of offenses which shall be added to the existing six-page list. (pages 8-3 to 8-8 in your "Organization and Regulations Manual").

Addition

Hours

- | | | | |
|------|-----|--|--------------|
| 8005 | 30. | Enjoyment; unauthorized..... | |
| | a. | Smiling..... | 1 |
| | | in public view..... | 2 |
| | | laughing..... | 3 |
| | b. | Jokes, Mr. Reeses, not laughing at..... | 1-4 |
| | | telling..... | 1 |
| | | dirty..... | 3 |
| | c. | Music in barracks, enjoyment of..... | 1 |
| | | at noon formation..... | 1-4 |
| | d. | Food, in room enjoyment of..... | 2 |
| | | in NAPS galley..... | Class "A" |
| | e. | Letters from home, enjoyment of..... | 1 |
| | | from girl, need of,..... | 2 |
| | | from son or daughter..... | Class "A" |
| | f. | Sleeping, excess of 5 hrs., enjoyment of...per hr. | |
| | | in class..... | (authorized) |
| | g. | Skating, enjoyment of,..... | 1 |
| | | with Boudreau GMM1..... | Class "A" |
| | h. | Sex, enjoyment of..... | 1 |
| | | in literature..... | 2 |
| | | on liberty..... | Class "A" |
| | i. | Literature, enjoyment of,..... | 1 |

*Note: Navy Times and Leatherneck have been authorized, however, your class will not benefit from the decision. Effective for NAPS classes to follow only.

D. These offenses indicate moral turpitude, a hardened disregard and contempt for authority, incorrigible lack of energy and purpose, and a culpable lack of that sense of responsibility necessary to those to whom an abundance of liberty may be granted. /It also indicates a lack of foresight into the "Big Picture"/

3. Action: Battalion Commander will ensure that all students are properly briefed on the contents of this instruction

The ideas and opinions expressed in this article are those of the author and do not necessarily represent the views of the Barnacle Staff, or any other person or being in the universe for that matter.

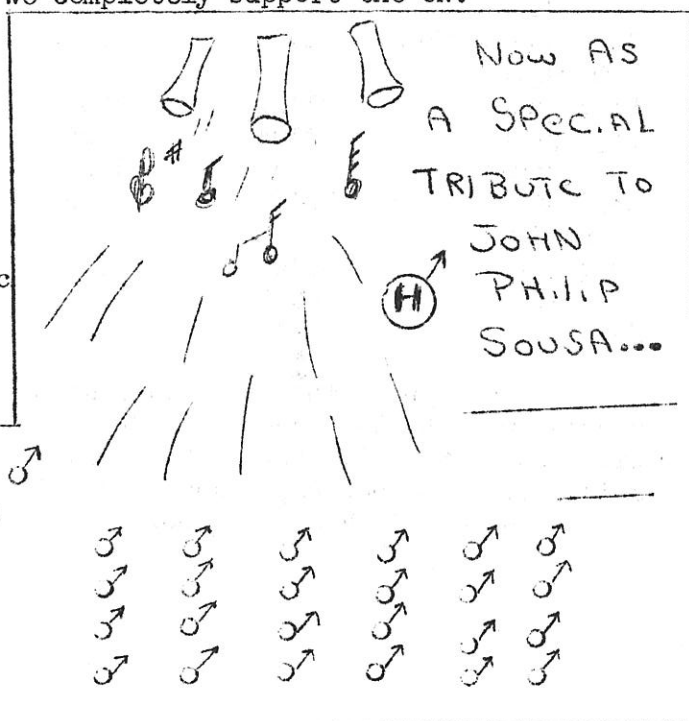
The U.S. in the UN
by Frank Giberson

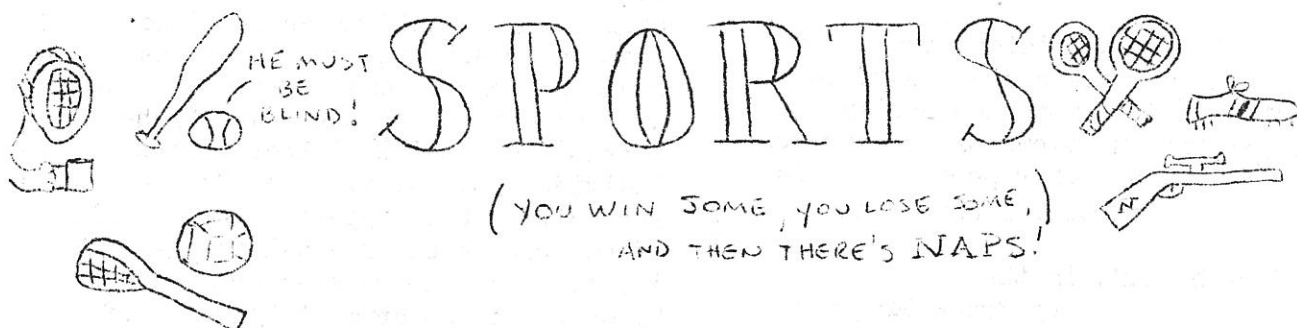
In the wild West of our country's adolescence, the policeman was any man with a gun who enforced any law that he could. The pioneer lived under the maxim that "might makes right"; But, the rule by the fast gun and by the lawless band was replaced, eventually, by the rule of a moral and legal order, and some semblance of peace and justice became the environment of society's maturation. The rule by the man with the gun respects no national boundary and is indeed the unwritten law that guides the policies of many a nation. After World War II, in a great revulsion against the results of this policy, the nations of the world joined together to establish a new international moral and legal order. In San Francisco, in 1945, the United Nations Charter was signed.

In their great burst of idealism, individual countries swore to the Holy of nations to adjudicate their claims and counterclaims by international law and mediation rather than by force of arms. This promise, somehow, gave meaning to the deaths of many valiant men. The United Nations Charter hoped to minimize the possibility of future war by prohibiting, under the threat of world-wide reprisal, a nation from either attacking or offering a use of military force against any other nation. This prohibition excluded any unilateral or collective action in self-defence. Military force is outlawed except in collective security of the UN. (ie the Korean Conflict) It is also implied that acts of indirect aggression (ie subversion, infiltration, economic assistance to guerillas, etc) should be regarded not as aggressions justifying military action in defence, but rather as interventions to be combatted with economic and diplomatic action. Each nation, under the Charter, reserves its right to political, internal self-determination and this right guarantees the nations

right of internal revolution. The signators of the Charter realized that their succeeding generations would be generations of revolutionaries dedicated to the betterment of the masses and the fulfillment of the individual potential. The Charter recognizes that internal strife will often precede the radical change involved in the transfer from government by despot to government by voice of the people. There are two major camps committed to opposing political dogmas and the charter forbids them to take sides, militarily, in another nation's internal strife and revolution. This prevention seeks to minimize the possibility of internal bursting into international war. To prevent this escalation is the major goal of the United Nations.

The UN is much like any other legislative body except that its power to enforce its dictates is limited. This limitation, however, can be overcome by a constant idealism and desire to live under a concept of international order. The United States should reaffirm the ideals of the UN and lead the world by the example of impeccable behavior. Critics' voices often deprecate the UN by saying that it doesn't always cater to our national welfare; but, if an international law is to prevail, our national welfare must be subordinated to the good of the world. When history writes of the ancient civilization of America, let it say that there was a country that achieved greatness by introducing a peace without imposing its dominion over the world. Let history kindly remark that we rose to the heights of idealism and pulled with us all those who were sinking in the mire of political expediency. History will give us many blessings if we completely support the UN.





Thinclads
by Bruce Voigts

THE MAPS RODS

The inclement weather of the past week has forced the harried Naps track squad inside for practice. Even though indoor practices serve to build leg muscles for running and jumping and to increase wind for the long drives to the finish lines, they greatly hinder the running and timing of actual events. With the first meet less than 3 weeks away, sunshine and warm weather are greatly needed to help us get into the best possible condition.

Last week I mentioned that we would like to break some of the standing Naps records. Here is a list of the records we would like to see fall:

EVENT	TIME or DISTANCE	DATE
100 yd	10.0	1966
220 yd	22.3	1963
440 yd	52.3	1965
880 yd	2:3.3	1966
1 mile	4.33	1965
2 mile	9:57.0	1963
440 relay	44	1956
880 relay	1:35.2	1956
mile relay	3:33.2	1965
120 yd high hurdles	15.7	1954
220 yd low hurdles	25.7	1963
330 intermediate hurdles	42.4	1965
brad jump	21'1.5"	1956
high jump	5'10"	1956
pole vault	11'9"	1959
hop, step, and jump	39'	1965
shot put	46'4"	1957
discus	149'10"	1957
javelin	189'	1956

It is my guess that the older standing records will be the ones gone after with the most zeal. But as has been said many times before, records are made to be broken. So here we go...

In the last part of November a Varsity sport was promoted by a very conspicuous academic officer, who was easily noted because of his rifle and pistol expert ribbons. Mr. Lustig has never been a mere dilettante at his chosen sport. Besides earning the Navy's two fire arms proficiency ribbons, he participated in the National Rifle Association competition in which he earned a "Distinguished" in both rifle and pistol. Thus, the Naval Preparatory School's Rifle Team was formed by a very well versed coach.

The practice sessions started with many tedious, long hours of dry fire. Dry fire is merely sighting in on a target and making yourself completely aware of all of your actions in order to control your shot. When the trigger is finally squeezed home, only a pronounced click is heard. After the team members had developed proper shooting technique, live rounds were substituted for air. All of the team's firing is done with the their numerous single action, fourteen pound, competition Winchester.

When Ltjg. Lustig returned to the fleet, the rifle team was in need of a new coach. "Stepping" forward, Ensign Pickering, sighted in as Rifle Team Honcho, with varied rifling experience. Mr. Pickering has displayed the same vigorous enthusiasm as that of his predecessor.

Overall, there have been twelve NAPS rifle team members: Murphy, Kickman, Woodruff, Lafferty, Powell, Dietz, Fregin, Spozdzial, Machemer, Bensley, and Postel. However, on the average the team has consisted of six members at a time. At the present Cpl. Murphy is the captain of the team whose members are Spozdzial, Machemer, Bensley, and Postel.

For the season, our team has won two, lost two, and received a win by forfeit. Finishing the season two games with MAPS will be held

Lacrosse has now turned to the kick-ass and take names phrase. An all out effort is now being put forth by all the men who still wish to make the great Lacrosse team of NIPS, which is the greatest Lacrosse team east of the Susquehanna River and west of Rising Sun. Go get 'em men and chew 'em up.

Coch Perkins is working with the attack and defensive units, Mr. Waterfield (which incidentally is what the men practice on - a Mis-stirred Waterfield) is demonstrating his skills to the mid-field unit. Mr. Waterfield hopes that every man will pick up and master all the skills he has shown them.

Thanks to Coach Perkins and Mr. Waterfield we are going to be represented by a "heck of a team" this season and the team is going all out to win every game. They are ready for RM 'A' School right now and then the Waves.

So if you happen to be passing Howe "Mis-stirred Water" Field and hear a cattle stamped through knee-deep mud. don't be alarmed, it is just your future Lacrosse team making mud wine and working to get in shape. And it is not a coyote you hear in the background, it's Mr. Perkins playing trail boss.

So "head 'em up and move 'em out" to our Lacrosse team. Good luck men.

by the NAPsters' V. C.

Dear Lambie Pie,

How's everything at home? Things here are pretty good and we hope to hear whether or not we made the Academy within a week or two. How is Mrs. Ferndaty and her 4 little mice. I guess she's the talk of the town now! I understand from reading the town paper that Mr. Dickmyer's pet lizzard died the other day! I imagine He's taking it very severely, he was very attached to the poor critter.

Now that I've told you that I'M in tune with the times, how's my little girl doing. Does your Ma still have you cleaning the hogs for marketing? Don't feel bad, just think-after we're married you'll be able to clean our hogs without any trouble. Those city slickers don't know how!!!

Ma tells me that you're really filling out these days. She said that you weigh at least 195 lbs and should be even more by the time I get home. That's what I like, a nice healthy girl (who, if ya finds out ya dun likes her, ya can sell her with the hogs and get a good price.)

Well Anne-Bell, keep up the good work and remembers that your Harvey is a always thinkin' of ya and nothin' else. See ya real soon and I loves y'all!!!

Likes y'all primely,
Harvey H. Schnook SR.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

INTRAMURALS

OVERALL STANDINGS

Co.	W	L	Pct	GB
1	2	1	.667	-
2	1	2	.333	1

SOFTBALL STANDINGS

Co.	W	L	Pct	GB
2	1	1	.500	-
1	1	1	.500	-

SOCCER STANDINGS

Co.	W	L	Pct	GB
1	1	0	1.000	-
2	0	1	.000	1

INTRAMURALS (cont'd)

DAILY RESULTS

Mon. 20 Mar

SB.	Co. 2...	11	--	Co. 1..	8
SOC.	Co. 1....	1	--	Co. 2..	0

Wed. 22 Mar

NO GAMES PLAYED

Thurs. 23 Mar

NO GAMES PLAYED

HOW TO ENJOY YOURSELF ABOARD SHIP-Part II

by Ralph O'Rourke, SR

Last week Friends, and you members of the Regulars, we talked about Whist and kite contests. These were just some of the ways you could pass time aboard ship. Now let's discuss something much more fun and rewarding.

CREW'S JOBS YOU TOO CAN DO. Oh Boy! let's help the crew and pass away those many sunlight hours of sea travel. Remember, as a new member of the ship's company (corporation) you will probably be given maximum advantage to participate in the games and brotherly fun. So it will be up to you to seek out the jobs which also can be stimulating and a really rewarding experience.

A fascinating experience for most new sea-goers is to be allowed to steer the ship. Unfortunately, you do not often get their opportunity because the marine law insists that a properly qualified Joe direct the course of the vessel (ship). However, if you are on a smaller ship and you aren't seasick, you might be able to persuade the helmsman (steerer) to let you take control. The best times to ask are when entering or leaving port. There is less chance there of major trouble because you are nearer the shore and all hands can easily swim to safety.

Having secured the necessary permission, the next thing to know is how to steer. This seems simple enough when you consider that a ship steers exactly like a car. As you stand behind the wheel, turning the wheel clockwise turns the ship to the--uh--right (~~port~~ starboard) and turning the wheel counterclockwise turns the ship right--oops, I mean, left (port). The snag occurs when you consider that the ocean is not a highway. To steer the ship in a straight line, you must have something to steer toward; otherwise, since the sea looks alike all around the horizon, you are liable to head, willy-nilly, in any direction. Ask the navigator to stand by you while you steer and he'll tell you which way to turn the wheel. He will probably be the big, harried-looking officer standing just port (~~right~~---left) of you.

Another job which attracts many new sea-goers is painting. There are a few simple rules to be observed when painting if you want your job

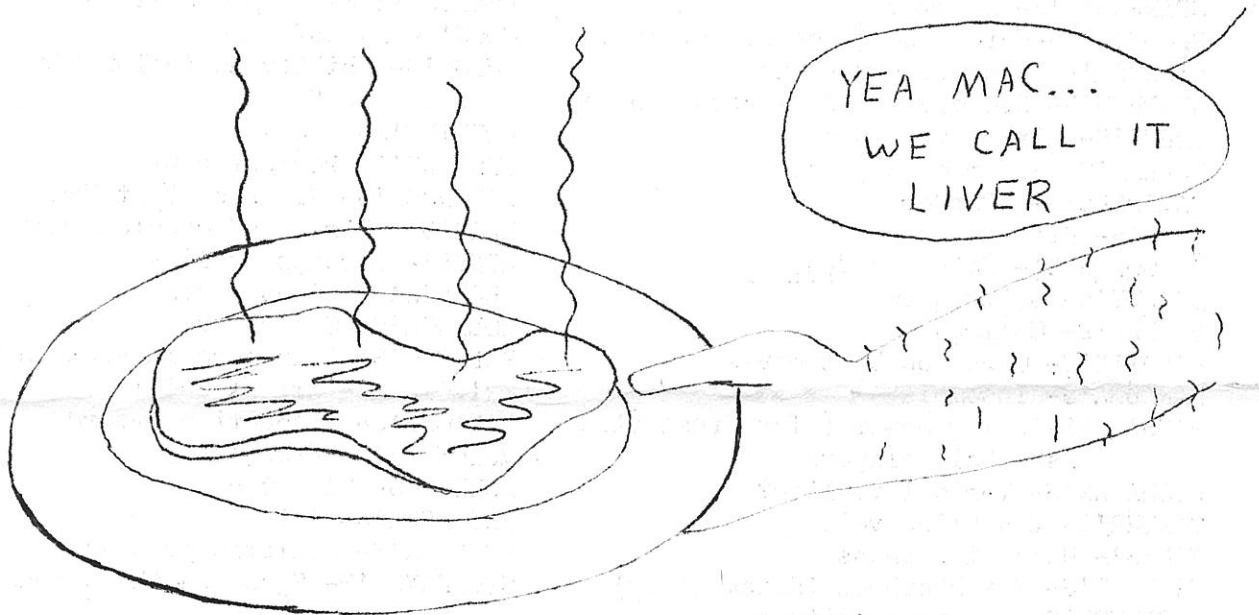
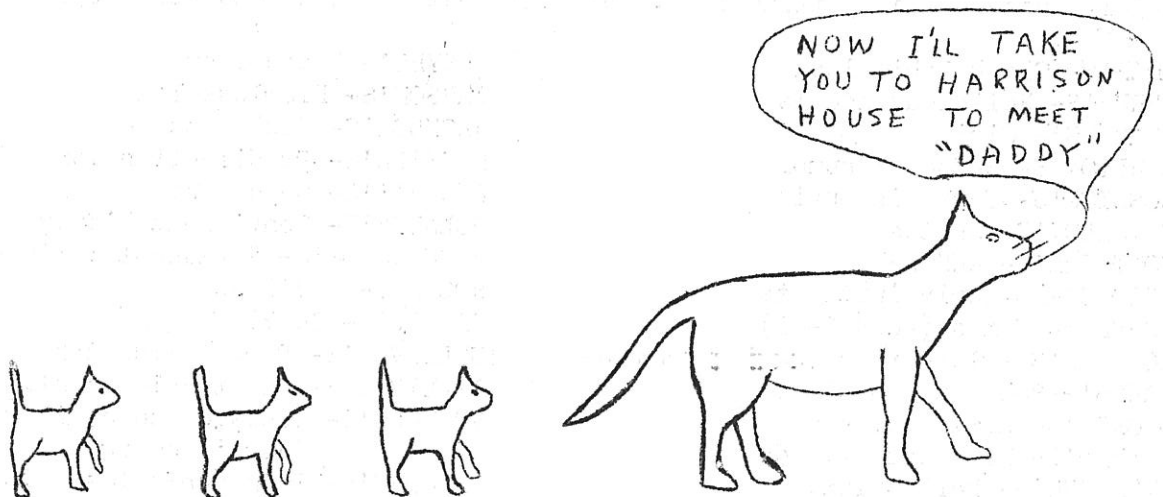
to look smooth and even instead of like a whitewashed cow shed. You mustn't put too much paint on the brush, or it will drip all over the deck (floor) and cause runs down the area being painted. On the other hand don't put too little paint on the brush. To stop paint dripping off the brush after you have dipped it in the paint-pot, lightly draw the bristles of first one side then the other against the edge of the can to scrape off superfluous paint. To paint, brush first in one direction and then the other. Ask the bosun for help if you are confused. Then, starting from the unpainted side, draw your brush lightly across the patchwork to impress regular hair marks on it. You want regular hair marks, of course. Remember, on an upright surface hair or bristle marks should run horizontally--uhh--I take that back. They should run vertically.

Combining sun-bathing with painting is a very satisfying pastime. Persons used to using sun lamps may not be cognizant of the proper method of true sunbathing. First, remove excess clothing. Second, expose the skin to the sun directly but in a progressive time sequence. In the tropic zones start with an hour-and-a-half exposure, then an hour, then half-an-hour, then twenty minutes, then----then, ha, ha---you'll be good and burned. Better reverse that order. Of course, sun lamp users should follow the original order of time.

Mechanically minded passengers might find something interesting to do in the engine room. The ship's carpenter can often use help in building a new matching set of end tables to put next to the color television in the crew's lounge.

There is always the radio shack (station) for those interested in fooling around with wires. And for anyone with culinary instincts there's nothing like watching the cook in the galley while the ship is underway in high seas.

NAPTOONS



FRIDAY 24 MARCH

NISSILA	- CHAPEL
BERKY	- CHAPEL
HOHMANN	- CHAPEL
GREVE	- POST OFFICE
HINDMAN	- CHAPEL
CUSHMAN	- CHAPEL
CAPRA	- CHAPEL
JAMES	- CHAPEL
RUNDQUIST	- CHAPEL

B

"THE PERFECT NAPSTER Part II"

Capt. Christy should be justly proud of men who could contribute so much to a list of qualifications for the perfect Napster. After being the lucky one elected to compile this list, I have a warm feeling welling up inside of me, mainly because I am getting sick. So let's get on with this atrocity.

ADAM'S- Clark Gable look
 BERKY'S- Religious ideals
 BRANDES'- Girl
 CARLTON'S- Sense of humor
 COSSICK'S- Taste in music
 CRIMALDI'S- Whites
 FONTAINE'S- KKKCARD
 GORRIS'-Motherly instincts
 GREVES'- Games (ages 2-12)
 HONDULA'S -Plethora of pool room runs
 JAKES'- Behemoth physique
 McCABE'S- Artificial sun
 NEWNAM'S- No-sweat attitude
 RYLANDER'S- Personality
 SHELL'S- Umpiring ability and sense of fair play
 SPANBAUER'S- Roommate
 SPODZIAL'S-Warehouse (2 of everything)
 STARNES'-Miniscule homestate
 STEPHAN'S- Overdeveloped olfactory organ
 TRENT'S- Air of freshness
 BULLEN'S- Squared away room
 CAMPBELL'S- Boarder
 COMB'S- Friends
 RUNDQUISTS'- Unique cadence
 SPRATT'S- Salty crowd
 VANDAL'S- Golf game
 BALDWIN'S- Crush on boot waves
 BARASHA'S- Insomnia
 BAYS'- Listening power (for frustrated basketball players)
 BUCHANAN'S- Torrid love life?
 CARTER'S- Masculine voice
 JAMES'- Ubiquitousness
 TRIMMER'S- Neighborhood (Brick alley)
 URSPRUCH'S- Leftover spittoon

KEYES'- Puncuality
 LARSON'S- Flawless Tan
 JACKSON'S- Soul sessions
 NISSILA'S- Predilection for cold showers
 PADGETT'S- Dependent
 POLATTY'S- Convienent kidney
 RICHARDSON'S- Permanent filibuster
 ROGER'S- Cadillac
 SEWELL'S- Job??
 SULLIVAN'S- Powder blue tux
 TILLIVER'S- Insatiable appetite
 VENTOLA'S- Courage and ability to act fast in emergencies
 VERONEE'S- Impeccable taste in civies
 WILLIAMS'- Love of the Corps
 AROCHA'S- Skill at baseball
 BELLESTRI'S- Snap decisions
 COOK'S- BREAST stroke
 CUDDY'S- Ability to follow "Damn fine men"
 DOERING'S- Modesty
 DUNIVAN'S- Perfect bunt
 GIBERSON'S- Views on Viet Nam
 HARRIS'- First and middle names
 HINES'- Foreign frolics
 HOFFER'S- pious women
 HOLBACH'S- Coffee cup
 KELLOGG'S- Iron hand in section 8
 KRIVONAK'S- All around love of the NAVY
 LAVIGNE'S- Inspection record
 MCINTYRE'S- Freckles
 MORROW'S- Flat top
 PETERSEN'S- Poise
 SCHMUCK'S- Athletic prowess
 STEFFANEN'S- Speed on the channel check

If we were to take all of these ingredients and try to build a complete Napster, we would fail miserably. Well they can't all be gems.

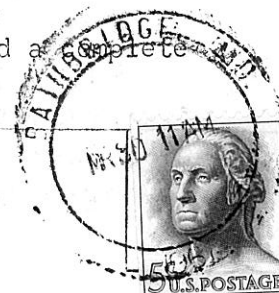
"THE BARNACLE"

FROM: OVER TWO

COMPANY 1 SECTION: 3

IN NAVAL ACADEMY
 PREP SCHOOL

BAINBRIDGE, MARYLAND
 21905



TO: Mrs. Calvin Beckley

22430 CROSWELL ST

CANOGA PARK, CALIFORNIA

92304