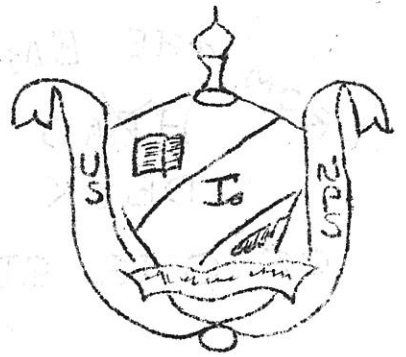


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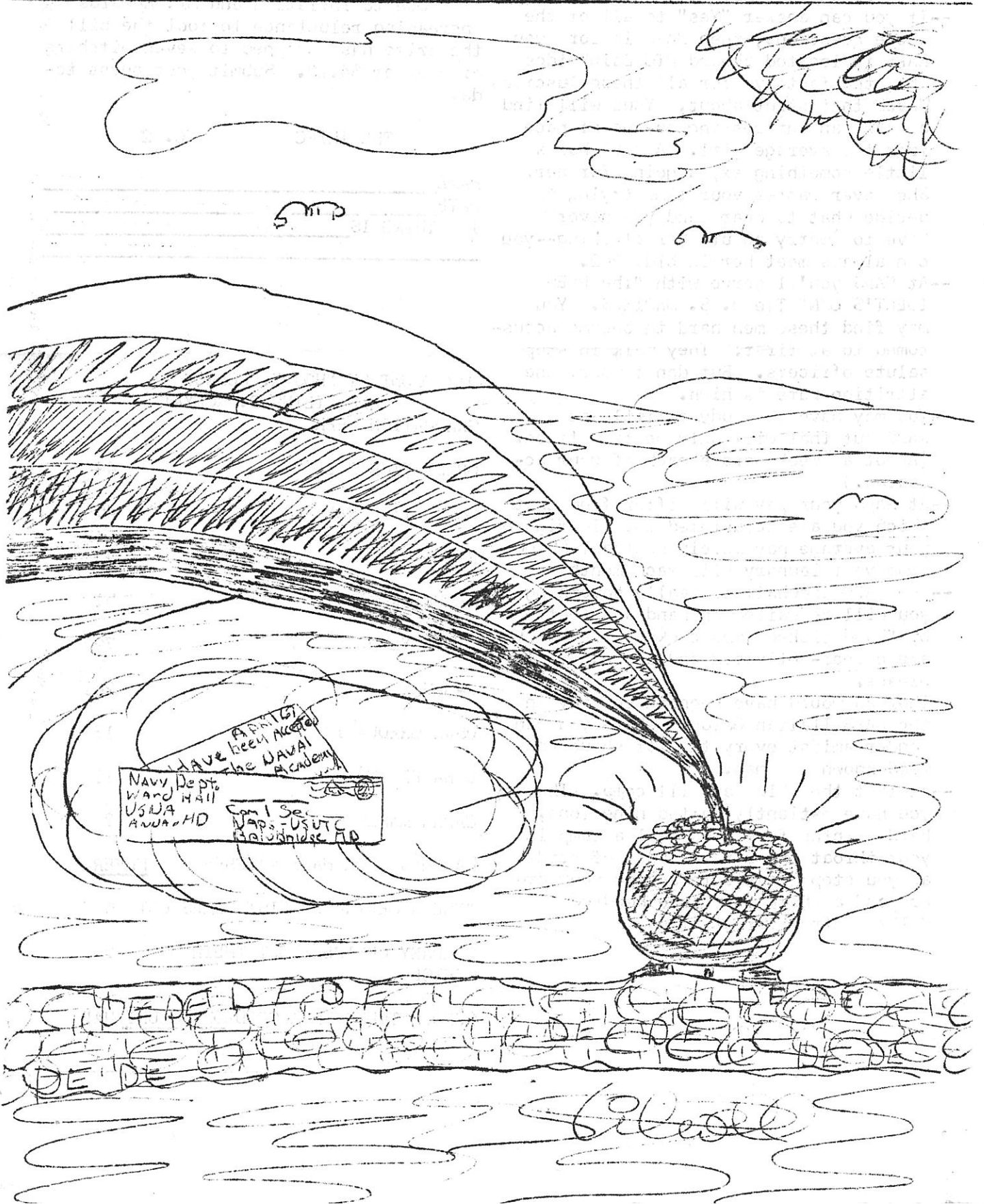


Archivist

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FROM THE EMPTY HEAD DESK OF OUR EDITOR

EDITORIAL

- Are you men bored with your duty station?
- Would you like to become a leader of men
- Would you like to go to a duty station where the man is king and the women are waiting to throw themselves at you?
- If you can answer "Yes" to all of the above questions, then NAPS is for you. NAPS is located aboard NTC Bainbridge, MD., the factory for all those luscious WAVES that strut about. You will find a WAVE an interesting change of pace from the average girl. A WAVE has a little something extra going for her. She never wastes your time trying to decide what to wear, and you never have to worry about her cloaking--you can always meet her in bld. 502.
- At NAPS you'll serve with "The PRESIDENT'S OWN" The U. S. MARINES. You may find these men hard to become accustomed to at first. They walk in step salute officers. But don't worry the attrition rate is high.
- You may have to study a little at NAPS but that will only be five times. (About a week before each of your acboards.)
- At NAPS your pay will differ from that which you are accustomed to. To figure your average pay merely subtract \$5.00 from your laundry bill each month.
- The NAPS chowhall is really something you will be waited on hand and foot, by "Hand-picked" messcooks. These boys are career-motivated and are eager to please.
- Thoreau would have been in ecstasy in the NAPS Italian Gardens where you can wander amidst every type of shrub and weed known to man.
- At last the big day will come. The day you have patiently waited nine long, hard months for. You feel a lump in your throat and a rare sense of pride as you step forward to accept your orders and a check for three hundred dollars from Sgt. Elias.

THE NAPS CONTEST

The prize is eight pitchers of beer or the monetary equivalent, to be paid by Mr. Howard.

To refresh your memory here is last weeks clue:

It is on BAINBRIDGE NAVAL TRAINING CENTER.

Here is this weeks clue:

It's located in the Tome Area (which includes the Officer's Club to the fence.)

Due to inflation and Mr. Howard's increasing reluctance to foot the bill the prize has dropped to seven pitchers of beer or \$4.20. Submit your guess today

THE THING NO. 2

NAME _____
DATE _____
THE THING IS _____

DAY COUNT BY NHOJ K. NODNOC AND PILIHP D. ROLYAT	
GRADUATION WEEK	41
GRADUATION BALL	44
GRADUATION DAY	45
R&R	45
MEMORIAL DAY	51
PLEBE YEAR BEGINS	79
X-MAS	261
USNA GRADUATION	1372
USNA FISIT	11
CAPRA MAKES MM2	?
MARINES WEAR NAPS PATCHES	NEVER
"THE ACCEPTANCE" LIST COMES OUT	5
COMPANY OFFICERS GET THEIR NEW OFFICE	?

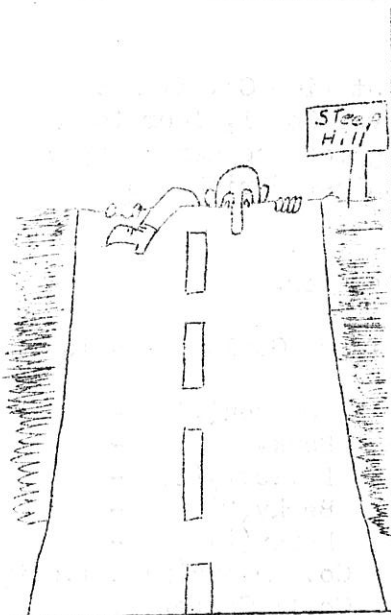
CONDON TURNS IN A GOOD DAY COUNT HA!

NIGHT LIFE OF THE HOTEL HARRISON

by Philip

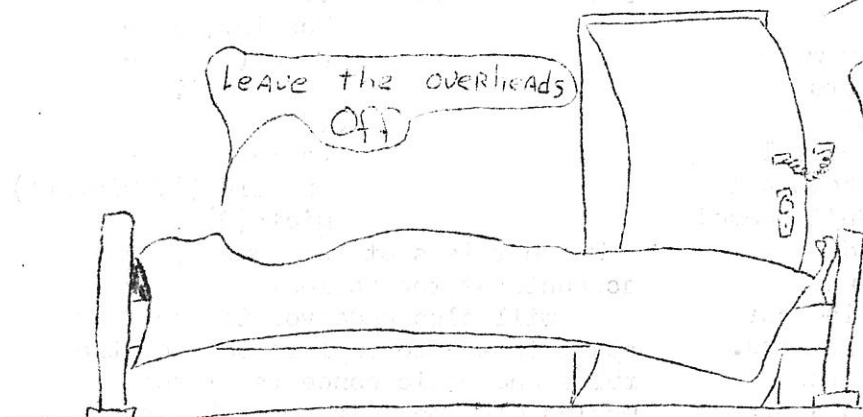
As the sun sets behind the shaded hills of the Maryland Bay area, the night life of those staying at Hotel Harrison comes to life. The evening starts with dinner at the rustic Tome Inn Restaurant. The main dining room offers the ultimate in comfort and atmosphere, where one can thoroughly enjoy gourmet foods from lands of the seven seas especially prepared with the customer's taste in mind. If you prefer a cocktail before dinner, a lounge is situated off the main lobby of the Tome Inn, accenting the rustic atmosphere of the Inn. While enjoying one's dinner you are entertained by some of the world's most celebrated artists. After dinner one has a number of choices in planning the rest of the evening. For some, the Blue Key Room on the second level of Hotel Harrison will provide the perfect evening. The Blue Key Room livens up with dancing at seven-thirty. At nine-thirty the curtain on the floor show is ready to go up. Presnetly, the Blue Key Room is featuring the song and dance man from California, Barney Ballinger. For those who prefer a more challenging evening, the lower level offers delightful entertainment with games of chance. The Green Room is known for its fantastic lose record; so, if you have a system to test, try it here and be a winner. The more conservative guests will enjoy an evening of gay relaxation watching color television. The sound proof TV room was built with comfort in mind and affords the viewer a relaxing atmosphere. Also, an attendant is on duty at all times to serve you. Drinks may be ordered from the Quarter Deck Lounge on the first floor. And if one is weary from the afternoon's activity, he may retire to his room and relax with a novel from the Blue Room Library. Bell hops make regular rounds for the added convenience of the guests. Your evening may end at any hour, but at its close you pass into the dreamland of your choice relaxed and filled with thoughts of another memorable evening at the Hotel Harrison.

ROACHDAYS by J. Berky



Pretty runner,
Swift-feet -- run for me,
Let me see
How well you run.

With your waving black antennae
You found me;
With your carapace and six slim feet
You ran around me;
With your mandibles so sharp
You bit my toe
And now you'd better go
Before I find you,
And forget my thinking ways
And end your running days.



REVIELLE
SEYBOLDT

LEFT N' RIGHT By Lafferty & Dietz

Since soccer is a relatively new sport to the men of NAPS, we thought it might help to clarify things a bit if we started a column devoted entirely to soccer. So here it is--

Soccer is now, and has been for some time, the most popular sport in the world. Some sports experts say that even in ancient China a game existed that was very similar to present day soccer. In those days the Emperor chose two of his crack divisions to play each other in order to gain his favor and good graces. The victors received many benefits (not the Navy type) and the losers received many lashes.

It was a slightly different game that those ancient Chinese played. Many of the rules were the same as at present, one thing however was certainly different: They didn't try to put the ball into a wooden frame goal as we do today--instead they had to kick the ball through a heavy blanket with a vertical slit in it three feet from the ground--believe me, this is no easy feat.

In almost every country in the world (including Russia) soccer is the undisputed king of sports. This is particularly evident in the South American countries. Here's an example of the manner in which the people of South America regard the game--

A few years ago there was a championship game played in Brazil which caused a furor among soccer players throughout the world. The game was going along fine until the second half began, then things really started to pop.

A member of the home team was accused of causing a dangerous play and the referee awarded the visiting team a free kick, from the penalty line, at the goal. Now it just so happened that the crowd in the stands was violently opposed to said referee's decision and they promptly began to hurl beer cans and various other objects at the teams on the field.

Well, things looked as if they were settling down when the announcers spoke to the crowd over the P.A. system and calmed them down a bit. I suppose everything would have been all right if the visiting team hadn't scored on that penalty kick--but they did and so immediately after the goal was scored an irate fan came charging out of the stands with murder on his mind. He promptly proceeded to shoot the referee, apmg wotj several shots at

the visiting team members, before the police could intervene.

Now this met with approval from the fans who began to swarm out of the stands in the direction of the players (with murder obviously on their minds) The police intervened and began to fire tear gas into the crowd turned mob in an effort to disperse them.

They dispersed them all right. In fact the crowd bolted at once for the exits and in that mad rush to escape, over 50 persons were trampled to death.

So I dare anybody to try to convince me that soccer is not an altogether fascinating or at least a suspensful game in which anything might happen.

Now to bring the game down to a local level, lets look at soccer as it is played at NAPS. We have deviated from the true form of the game here at NAPS. The team has been reduced from 11 to 7 men, while the field has also been reduced well below its normal size of 120 by 75 yards to 65 by 40 yards. Although we have been forced to corrupt the game in these aspects we have tried to adhere to all other rules and ideas of the game.

At the present time Co. II has a one game lead over Co. I, four to three. All the games are hard played and fiercely contested right up to the final whistle.

The games so far:

Score	Winning Team	Goals	Assists
1-0	Co.I	Henken(1)	-
1-0	Co.II	Berky(1)	-
1-0	Co.I	Lafferty(1)	-
2-0	Co.II	Berky(2)	-
1-0	Co.II	Berky(1)	-
2-1	Co.I	Co.I Dietz(2)	Lafferty(1)
		Co.II Carter(1)	
5-4	Co.II	Co.II	
		Doering(2)	-
		Berky(1)	-
		Williams(2)	-
	Co.I	Lafferty(1)	-
		Maskaluk(1)	Dietz(1)
		Dietz(2)	

Watch this spot for game by game accounts of the action.

We will also endeavor to use this space to try to explain some of the rules and basic concepts of the worlds most popular sport--Soccer.

THE MAN FROM NAPS Part I: A Fateful Journey to the Unknown.

"Commander."

"Sir?"

"I say, this report is really rather Shabby."

"Sir---"

"Don't you rest, James, on past laurels. Flush has not ceased to function even though the infamous Dr. Woo is now dead."

"No dead, Sir? He was dead...."

"Your bags are packed, James. I should say 'your valise.' Really, James, how you can pick those suits. Well, nevertheless, your gold ingots containing explosive charges, the gun, silencer, and so forth, they are all ready. Gromther will explain the new devices."

"Sir!"

"Yes, James."

"You called me 'Commander.'"

"Why yes, you are one, you know."

"Reserve, Sir. I hardly think that

....."

"We need a Commander, James, and we have one. I hope the old uniform is pressed and clean."

"Yes--uhh--aye, aye, Sir."

The Boeing 707 touched down in New York at exactly 7:37 am. A wispy blond turned to look as Commander Bond walked through customs. His dark blue tailored uniform accentuated his broad shoulders. A doormarked "Men" presented itself and our sleuth slipped quickly in. A detailed inspection found the third stall to be empty. Slipping the bolt on the door behind him, James brought his left arm up turning his wrist so the gold loop atop his three bright stripes faced down. Peeling off an inch wide center section of the middle stripe, James bent down close to his wrist. "Sir," he whispered, "this is Bond. Do you read me?"

"Just a minute, James," a soft voice cooed. "He's on the other line."

Commander Bond fidgeted with his tie. This uniform, he thought, must have been designed....

"Bond! James! Come in! I read you!"

"He's on the line, James. Go ahead, Sir."

"James!"

"Sir? Is that you?"

"Of course it's I. Who did you think it would be?"

"Dr. Woo reincarn--"

"Watch your words, Commander. Must I remind you that I am your superior and you are---"

"Excuse me, Sir, excuse me. Sir?"

"Yes."

"I'm in America now and ready for further---"

"Good. Proceed with caution to the nearest commercial coach terminal.

Take the omnibus to northeastern Maryland. There is a naval base, a military reservation, nestled there where we believe Flush to be---"

"Sir!" Bond breathed. "Cutting out now. I'm not alone."

Bond's eyes feel to the space between the door and floor where a scuffed, black shoe moved quickly out of sight. Bond lunged full thrust into the door which unhinged itself and cracked in two at the same moment letting the Commander fly out into the unprepared arms of a surly looking, middle-aged man.

"Take it easy, Mac," the man growled. "Just wanted to see how many you had in there."

A pathetic looking sedan turned the corner and headed up the slight incline.

"Ya check in at the Quar' deck."

"I know."

"It'll be a dollar. I'll wait and take ya to the BOQ."

"One dollar? Man, we have been on the road only a few minutes."

"If there'd be mor'en one it'd be 75¢. For loners the far to here's a buck."

Commander Bond surveyed the room he had been assigned. The desk, the chair, the bed, all seemed unfriendly. Strange, he thought, that the steward seemed to expect him. He had understood that only one man on the whole base would be looking for someone from London. "Oh well," he mused. "I must not become unduly suspicious. Relaxed, calm, prepared but not unduly suspicious. Musn't let my hand slip."

"How do you do," he said aloud.

"Hmm. No. How'cha do."

Still too much accent, he thought. "How do--"

"How do you do, Commander," a second voice interrupted.

Bond swung about to see a tall, brunette wave lieutenant standing in his half-opened doorway.

"The Center Commander sent me, Commander, to see that everything is sufficient."

"I did not know that the Center Commander knew I was checked--uhh--on board."

"I imagine, Sir," the lieutenant countered, "that you will want to rest first and then begin your re-

THE MAN FROM NAPS continued

view of our accounting equipment."

"Oh? Yes. The accounting equipment. It must be used to waiting."

"I have to visit NAPS--the Naval Prep School, Sir--tomorrow morning. I could easily finish my business....."

"NAPS," Bond mumbled. His mind raced. "The Naval Aggrandisement Project--- The National Agency for the Propagation of Spying--The--"

"NAPS. NAPSTER. You know, Sir. They're second on your itinerary."

"Napster," he thought. "Nautical Armata for Prompting Storms, Tornados, Earthquakes--or--National Association of Students to Erradicate Roaches. I must be certain,"

"Commander. Commander, are you listening, Sir?"

"Your work sounds interesting."

"It's routine, Sir. Inseptions, Report Chits, Captain's Mast."

"Why don't I leave this room for some sun and travel with you in the morning. You needn't come back for me. I'll accompnay you through your morning activities. And then we may start mine."

The lieutenant flinched.

"Yes," she said slowly. "Yes, Commander, whatever you say."

A handsome, young petty officer sat erectly at his desk in the small guard shack in the basement of the ancient School. His manner bespoke pride and accomplishment. His intelligent eyes scanned an open book before him. In his hand, unconsciously, he rolled three marbles.

"Attention on deck!!"

The POW shot to his feet as the SOOD hurriedly proceeded Commander Bond and his lieutenant through the door. Bond's eyes fell quickly about the room. He noticed the frayed arm bands. "Hm. Pow? Sood? I must be certain."

"Petty Officer--uhh--Petty Officer Zigorski, Sir. Reporting conditions normal, Sir."

"Carry on, Petty Officer," The lieutenant snapped.

"Zigorski?" Bond said. "That name is not American, is it son."

"No, Commander. That is, I'm a native. My parents were foreigners."

"The lieutenant here has some business, Son. Could you direct us to your Captain?"

"O-in-C, Commander," the lieutenant interjected.

"Yes."

The SOOD enthusiastically bounded forward. "Follow me, please."

As the trio walked down the corridor then up the marble staricase, silent eyes glanced furtively at them. Men made way quickly, with exaggerated formality. Bond's eye caught sight of a classroom full of students, heads bent over their desk. "It's all too arranged, too obviously a cover," he thought.

The SOOD seemed to notice a dark figure to the right and ahead of them. He nervously looked away and started to direct the pair of visitors to the left side of the hall as the figure moved behind a pillar, his lower pants leg the only part of him still visible to the approaching eye. Bond started. He had seen that figure before. Algiers, Danang. Somewhere in the East. The Commander edged right, his eyes still fixed straight ahead. The lieutenant slowed her pace. She seemed to catch sight of the same pants leg. Throwing her head back she looked toward the ceiling. "Have you noticed the exquisite chandeliers in this rotunda, Commander?"

The pillar was now just abreast of them. Bond stopped to let her pass.

"Commander, the O-in-C---" her hand went out to direct him.

Bond moved forward. The lieutenant shifted. Bond retreated quickly, circumventing her. His arm reached around the pillar. He felt the slip of cloth. A shoulder appeared on the other side, three green pointed stripes. The SOOD seemed to be a bead of perspiration. "Sir!" he shouted. The lieutenant was frozen, a scowl upon her face. Just then Bond clasped the lower arm of the unknown man on the other side of the pillar. He wrenched hard and a full body came into view, hair dark, face cherubic yet sinister.

"Aha!" Bond yelled. "You're caught. Speak, Man."

The face brightened.

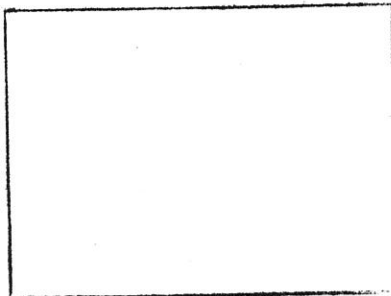
"Well, hello there, Commander."

APPLICATION FOR A DATE WITH A MARINE

1. Name _____
2. Address _____ City & State _____
3. Telephone Number _____
4. Measurements Hips _____ Bust _____ Waist _____
Weight _____ lbs. Height _____
5. Color Hair _____ Color Eyes _____
6. Date of Birth _____ Place of Birth _____
7. Do you consider these first five questions described you as good, bad, fair, or excellent? Answer _____
(Yes) (No) (Reason _____)
8. Does your father own a shotgun _____ Where does he keep it _____?
9. Is he a good shot _____
10. How many brothers do you have _____
11. How much do they charge to get scarce _____
(Per hour or for the night)
12. Do you have a boy friend _____ What is his name _____
13. What is my chance _____
(Give Definite...and reasonable answer)
14. Do you believe in love at first sight _____ Why _____
15. Do you like cars _____ What model _____
What make _____ What type _____
Would you like to go riding in one with me _____ Why _____
16. Who do you consider the best lovers and fighters _____
Why _____
(Sailors, Doggies, or Gyrlines)
17. Do you like to dance _____ What type, slow, Jitterbug, Bubble, or Rhumba _____
18. Do you like to Kiss _____ Sisterly? _____
19. Are you Married, Engaged, Going Steady, Divorced, or lonesome for
Someone like me _____
20. Do you like sports _____ What kind _____
21. Do you like to read books _____ What kind _____
22. Do you like to be squeezed, hugged, crushed, or handled with care _____
23. Would you mind if I kissed you on our first date _____ Why _____
24. Do I seem to be fresh or too personal _____ Why _____
25. Do I fascinate, bother or amuse you _____
26. Do you like to go swimming _____
27. Do you like to Drink, Smoke, or Swear _____
28. Are you hard to get along with _____
29. Are you hard to please _____ Why _____
30. Do you think that you would like to take care of me _____ Why _____
31. Do you like animals _____
32. What religion are you _____
33. Do you like movies _____
34. Are you going to school, working, or just taking it easy _____
If you are working where _____
35. Has any of your family been in any branch of the service _____
Which branch if any _____
36. If there is anything that I have omitted that you think a MARINE
should know before considering you for a date, please state your
opinion on the back of this application. Rush this application
back as quickly as possible so that I may let you know how you stand
for a DATE WITH A MARINE.

I, _____ solemnly swear that all the above
statements are answered truthfully and to the best of my knowledge.

Please attach Photograph of Yourself.



THE HORSELESS HORSEMEN

In the year, B.M. (Back Mon), the vast Toman Empire was considered to be the finest fighting units of the then known world. By far the greatest group of gladiators to hail from Toman was known as the Horseless Horsemen. These men were the feared enemies of decent citizens everywhere, for they never bathed.

As our scene opens, we find a vicious melee raging inside a thick cloud of dust in which we can hear the clang of sword against stone. This is because our boys have hidden in a nearby clump of trees and are throwing stones at their enemies. As the enemy is slowly killed or driven away, the fearless foursome begins to emerge from behind the nearby trees. First to come into view is the striking Biceptum Ballingerius. This man was truly a giant with muscular power emanating from every part of his senewy body, specially his head. Phydeaux Fontainibus and Pectoralis Barashium emerged next. These men were also mammoth in dimensions but again the only 3 ozs. of fat on them was in their heads. The fourth member of the quartet timidly came from behind his tree. This was the brains of the outfit; he was known throughout the land as the THINKING TOMAN. Stupidicus Strottiae, the foursome's fearless leader bade his men to follow him to the Temple to give sacrifice to the war gods, Mattiche and Christificus, for their great fortune in battle.

During their consultation with the war gods, the men were visited by a messenger of the gods. They learned that he was the chief messenger, Maibatium. He bore news of an impending invasion which threatened the whole Toman Empire. The invasion was to be launched from the sea, from whose dreaded unknown depths would emerge legions of sea beings. The sea people had heard of the Horseless Horsemen and were determined to capture and destroy them. This was the only way for them to eventually overwhelm the Tomans.

Stupidicus, in a stroke of genius, suggested that the men let themselves be captured in order to save the mass

destruction that was sure to come. His comrades, however wanted to flee, but consented after they were promised that they could have a real Toman orgy. The men stayed at the temple to speak to Pricharte, the god of love, so that their upcoming party would be a success.

After an exhaustingly sensuous week of merriment during which milk and cookies flowed freely, the gladiators arrived on the shores of the Baccho sea (later known as the Susquohanna) to meet their uncertain fate. Ensinae Waterfieldatum and his aquatic 10,000 emerged and disposed of the Horsemen, while they slept. However, they took Phydeaux prisoner.

After three years of planning, Phydeaux finally caught a fish. He broke from his bonds and slayed the 10,000 sea people with the jaw bone of the minnows that he had caught. He later perished, however, when he choked to death while trying to eat the remains of his minnows. The loss of the Horseless Horsemen struck the Tomans deeply. After a long period of mourning, they vowed it to be eternal and when translated from their native tongue, its name was NAPS or the school for Navigation According to Planet Study. Of course the institution soon became extinct, I think.

Question of the Week

What would be a good motto or slogan for NAPS?

Hindman: In wine there is Truth.

Capt. Mattiace: Compré Fi!

Capt. Christy: Gung Ho!

Williams: Give me liberty, or give me death!

Capra: Where the blind lead the blind.

Combs: Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Harris: God save the Queen!

Condon: Never have so many done so little for so long.

Carter: All good things must end sometime.

Spratt: Free love and Nickel beer (or vice-versa)

Wilson: Great Expectations

Runquist: From here to Eternity

Doering: Far-seeing universities call knowledge indispensable training.

MUD, MOSQUITOES and ME
by J. JACOBS

Trekking throuth the jungle, rifle
in my hand
Seeking to find shelter 'neath a tree
Slogging through the swamps of a
distant land
The mud, mosquitoes and me.

Fighting in a war that's not a war
In places that have no name.
Knowing that whatever I was before
I can never be the same.

Standing guard at night time, trying
to stay calm
Wanting to make other people see
What it's really like here in Viet
Nam
The mud, mosquitoes and me.

Shooting with a camera that's not
much good
Writing stories I just don't feel,
Anything I need I build from wood
That I borrow, beg or steal.

Longing for my loved one, wishing
for a kiss
Dreaming of all that our life could
be
Still I have to fight, have to live
like this
The mud, mosquitoes and me.

Sending daily letters that don't
say much,
And hoping I'll soon be home.
Everything I need is in her touch
Never again will I roam.

Hoping to live through it, praying
I won't die,
Struggling to preserve democracy.
Always asking questions and wonder-
ing why;
The mud, mosquitoes and me.

Drinking, writing, praying, trying,
Battling so that others can be free.
Thinking, fighting, staying, dying-
The mud, mosquitoes and me.

'A BETTER DAY TO YOU'
By MAURICE H. F. IEDMAN

Are you what ou were meant to be?
Or are you always thinking what you
might have been, "IF"

He who lives in a perpetual "IF"
is waisting precious time.

As I once wrote, "It is not later
than you think, but only as late as
you think."

Do you mean to tell me you can't
achieve more than you have? or for that
matter, even much more?

Did you dare to progress a little
more today than you did yesterday? Or
are you still indulging in eloquent
excuses for being limited?

The sooner we intelligently realize
that we are not appraised by what we
mnght have been, the sooner we will
replace the "IF" with immediate intell-
igent action.

Come on, get off this "IF" KICK" and
get busy.

You might surprise yourself yet.

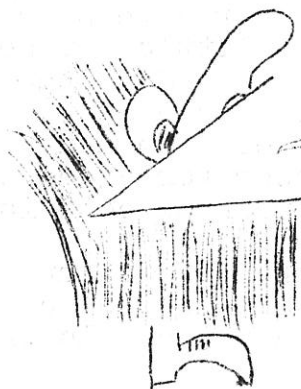
NAPS RODS
by Beasley

This past Friday the Naps rifle team
left Bainbridge for Fort Belvoir, Virginia
to compete in a rifle match with Maps. Our
team was looking forward to the match with
optimism after suffering a deafeat at the
hands of Maps two weeks earlier.

Upon their arrival at the Virginia
base, they proceeded to the base rifle
range where they shot several pre-match
rounds. Shortly after the sighting in
rounds, the match started with each man
shooting his three positions--prone, kneel-
ing, and off-hand(standing).

In a match game, the five highest in-
dividual scores of each team is taken as
the teams counting points. Maps had seven
riflemen, while Naps had only a minimum of
five. Unfortunately due to "car sickness"
of a number of its members, our team fell
shy of the Army's team. For the two Maps
Naps matches the high men were: for Army
in both games- Wenzloff; for Navy-J. C.
Spodzial, the first game, and D.W. Beasley
and J.C. Spodzial tied for the high man in
the second game.

This match thus concluded the team's
season. Their coach, Ensign J. Pickering,
is looking forward to the next years rifle
season.

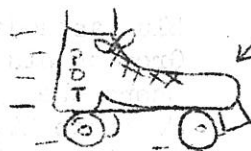


44

DAYS TO
GO !!



SPORTS



← EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE



NOW THE ROACHES ARE INVADING THE HIGH HURDLES!



LACROSSE

THINCLADS

by Cushman

by Voigts

The time has now arrived and NAPS now has its Lacrosse team. And a promising one at that. What is promising? Well, only time will tell.

Coaches Perkins and Waterfield have high hopes for the team this year as it will face-off against many worthy adversaries. Our first opponent will be Baltimore Junior College this Wednesday, 12 April at Howe Field. The game will be a new experience for 86.5% of the team, as only two members of the team of 27 have played the game before and one only played on weekends. It will be a tough game as the B. J. C. boys have grown up with a Lacrosse stick as a part of their life and the majority of our men never knew what a Lacrosse stick was before NAPS.

The game will be a new experience for all and I am sure that everyone will be given the opportunity to see our number one game.

So go, fight, win, play fair if you have to, and keep the penalty box empty. We will accept a victory, so get tough and scare the hell out of them; then beat 'em. Good luck to our men with the mis-made butterfly net and here's to a victory.

NAPS tracksters put in a very reasonable showing in their first meet, a quadrangular, at Catonsville Community College. The other schools participating were Wesley Junior College of Dover and Davis and Elkins of West Virginia. The meet was won by Catonsville with a score of 53. Wesley captured second with 49¹/₂, NAPS third with 43¹/₂. Davis and Elkins took last place with 39 points.

NAPS thinclads managed to pull three first places. The javelin was won by Kentfield with a throw of 169 feet and the mile relay, made up of Annis, Tiernay, Pollaty, and Spanbauer, won with a time of three minutes and thirty-six seconds. Foreman shared first with a man from Wesley in the pole vault with a jump of 10 feet 6 inches.

Second, third, and fourth place points aided NAPS in compiling the 43¹/₂ point total. Henken broke the school record in the triple jump with a jump of 40 feet, one and 3/4 inches, taking a fourth place. This Friday we face Stevens Trade School in our second meet. We are already looking forward to better times and distances.

The V C

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X XXXXX

INTRAMURALS

(As of 10 Apr)

OVERALL STANDINGS

Co.	W	L	Pct	GB
2	13	4	.765	-
1	4	13	.235	9

SOFTBALL STANDINGS

Co.	W	L	Pct	GB
2	8	1	.889	-
1	1	8	.111	7

SOCCOR STANDINGS

Co.	W	L	Pct	GB
2	5	3	.625	-
1	3	5	.375	2

INTRAMURALS (con't)

DAILY RESULTS

Mon. 03 Apr

Softball	Co. 2....11	--	Co. 1.....5
Soccer	Co. 2.....1	--	Co. 1.....0

Wed. 05 Apr

Softball	Co. 2....16	--	Co. 1....14
Soccer	Co. 1.....2	--	Co. 2.....1

Thurs. 06 Apr

Softball	Co. 2....11	--	Co. 1.....9
Soccer	Co. 2.....5	--	Co. 1.....4

Mon. 10 Apr

Softball	Co. 2....12	--	Co. 1.....4
Soccer	Co. 2.....2	--	Co. 1.....1

POEMS by J. Berky

I'LL SIT WITH YOU

I'll sit with you on moonlit nights;
We'll wonder how the stars were made,
And planets in their orbits laid
Among the twinkling city lights.

We'll go lie down in drifting sands
And watch the white-capped crests roll in,
And know our friends, the sun, has been
Adrift all night in foreign lands.

When morning comes we'll go somewhere
Where people are, and there we'll stay
Until the middle of the day,
Until we need some fresher air.

Then in the shimmering afternoon
We'll sit and watch the shadows fall
And think that life's good after all,
And death won't really come so soon.

I'll sit with you this summer night;
We'll see the same moon shine again,
And hold each other closer when
We see our love's a brighter light.

FULLNESS

I'm one who crumples paper cups
When I have drunk their fill.
I notice others let them be,
And others use them still.

I guess the basic difference
'Tween me and "Others" is
I kill my things when they are done
While they won't grant them this.

DUBIOUS TRIBUTE

Blue asphodels and white lilies
Grow on his grave,
Where they placed them
To grace his death,
And to let them grow
Of the waters of Lethe,
Where the East has met
The fiery West.

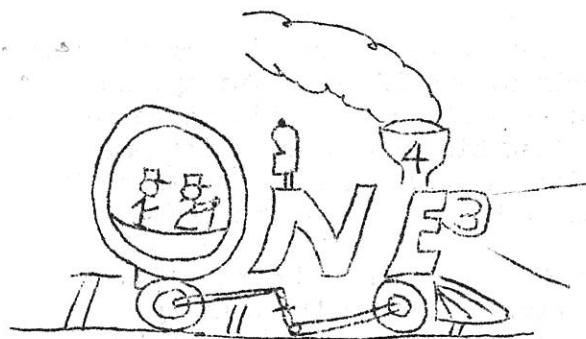
Strange is the glory
Which clings to the dead;
For were not his eyes blue,
As the asphodel?
And the skin of his breast,
Was it not white,
As the lily grows, innocent,
Flowering freely?

Questions you ask, but I will say:
Rip up the asphodel,
Grind the lily under
The hobnailed boots that killed
him.

Carrion-flowers...Mockers of
the dead...
A soldier he was, and dead he is,
As death he sowed, so death he
reaped,
And let us, the living
Not mourn the ending.

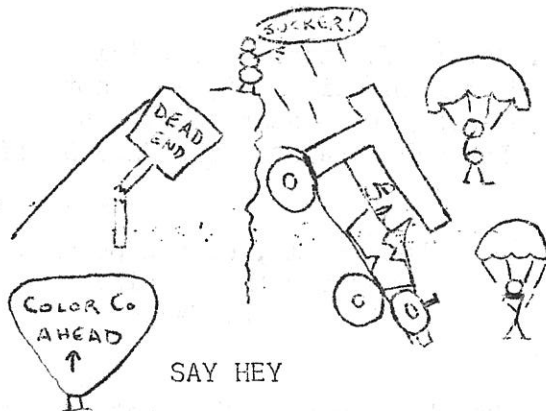
The Chase House by CPL. P.E. Williams

When I entered the Chase House the winds were whining as they moved from room to room, and the floor cried out in deathly sounds with my every step. The house was a sea of darkness, except for the rays of my flashlight which danced on the dreary walls. I crept towards the parlor door, and my flesh quivered from an icy chill. My hand grasped the doorknob and a strange sensation flowed through my body. As I slowly turned the handle my flashlight dimmed. My light was now, and I was surrounded by the darkness of space. My eyes guided me no more; only the touch of my hands could lead me now. I opened the door in a hesitating manner knowing not what lay beyond. Then, with my hands feeling way, I entered the room. My new eyes made a ghostly whisper as they searched the wall. Slowly, step by step, I progressed along one side of the chamber. When I reached a corner, I felt a warm breath on my neck. I turned quickly and when I grasped for that which was there I found nothing. My heart seemed to stop and I fell back against the wall. When I recovered, my mind was lost in this ocean of darkness. "Which way to go?" I thought. I began to panic and rushed along a wall of what now seemed to be an empty death chamber. I could feel a chilling wind surround my body. My hands became clammy. I felt my way to another corner and another and another. Six corners in all did I find. I was now blindly feeling my way along an endless wall. My mind wondered incoherently. Then unexpectedly a deep moan filled the room. I reached out in front of me and in the darkness my hands found an object cold and clammy like cadaverous flesh. I cried out and ran from the wall.



TONE FOAM

VS.



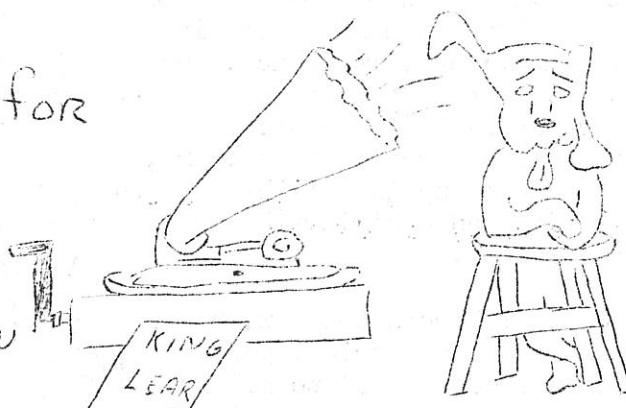
SAY HEY

Cry your eyes out people, for you will only see this column six more times. Now isn't that a real crime!

Beasley - what is this about a marginal standby.....Cushman - what was the "Purple Prune" like.....Turnbull - how long did you have to look to find that patch a poison ivy.....Wagemaker - what happened to your civilian clothes? (And a few others too).....Capra - how does it feel being the junior E-5 instead of the senior E-4.....Loughridge and Harris - what does it feel like loosing a race to a fire truck.....Ives - march your section on the road, not on the grass.....Hindman - how was the water? wet I suppose.....Ellis and Bloom - do you play games in the bushes every night of just on Wednesdays.....Believe it or not, Company One was left waiting in the auditorium.....Kentfield - what are you going to do when the LaCrosse and Track teams have games on the same day.....now I understand why the NAPS Track and 'aCrosse teams have not been too good - all the benefits of being a jock are taken away.....let's not hear any more comments about Marines having rank given to them after a fourth of the battalion makes Seaman at the same time... ..Taylor - what sort of goodies do you keep in your wallet that would interest Capt. Pritchard so much?.....Bloom - when was the last time you made noon formation.....Holland - do you really like to argue with the instructors.... ..King - "I just can't understand why people don't seem to like me."

Petty and His 40

"Is Shakespeare for
The dogs" OR
"The Elisabethian
ERROR"



Section 5 made a mass exodus to the first deck.....Glad to see Stephan has finally decided to bring his men up to where the air is clean....Co. II finally gets it's long weekend. For those of us who don't know what to do with it, ask Co. I.... Schmuck has decided to crawl under the high jumphe claims going over it has too many calculated risks....For all of those who have been intimately close to Ventola, stand by....he may have a case of the "kissing disease" and I'm sure none of us would want to spend three weeks in a hospital bed, would we?.....Is Holbach running his own "Steak and Shake" or is he allergic to Navy chow?.....Berky, I hear you've made a change of plans for this summer-Lancaster isn't as far away as Chicago.Larson is one guy who never leaves his room during study hours... mainly because he gets locked in by one S. James.....Anyone in need of some used civilian clothes,...see Sullivan.....I think he's holding a Spring close out or something like that.....Say "Golden Toe" Veronee, still want to play softball?..... ..Harrison House would like to extend its warmest welcome to our new neighbors....We'll all have to get together for a house warming party - at your house - of course!!

Chaplain Warped

Ed. Note: The ideas and opinions expressed in this article do not necessarily represent the views of the Barnacle Staff or the N.A.P.S Staff.

Of the people, by the people,
and for the people?
by Jakes

Adam Clayton Powell recently lost his seat in congress, for apparently good reasons. He is well known for his arrogant attitude, playboy life, and habitual absence from his home district of Harlem. When the country heard about his misappropriation of funds and scandalous actions, a swarm of letters was sent from angry men and women from all over the nation.

Powell was placed under investigation earlier this year when abnormalities appeared in his financial records. When the accusations were proved to be true, Congress had to decide what to do to show their disapproval of their delinquent member's actions. It was recommended that he lose his twenty-two years of seniority, be fined forty thousand dollars, and be publicly censured. This seemed reasonable, since any harsher action would mean loss of seat, and a member has been barred from Congress only twice in the history of this nation, and both times, the crimes bordered on treason. But when Congress convened, the members voted 307 to 116 against seating him.

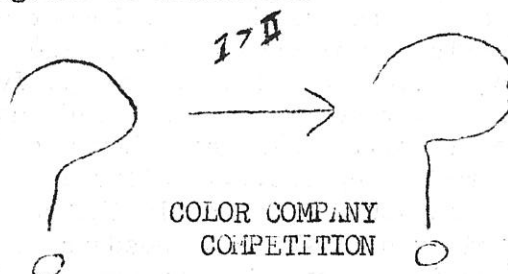
He has stayed in his resort in Bimini ever since this action was taken. When a new election is held this month, he will run once again for his seat, although he can not personally campaign in his district because on return to New York, he is liable to arrest for contempt of court. He is still favored to win such support in Harlem, that James Meridith, a leading civil-rights worker, has declined to run against him.

Powell's lawyers have taken his case to court on the grounds that he meets all qualifications to hold a seat in Congress, namely: age, residence, and citizenship. The House claims that the courts have no right to interfere with what Congress decides to do. So, this may well end up in a fight between the Legislative and Judiciary branches of the government.

If Powell did break the law, he should have to pay the price, and definitely not be allowed to hold a seat in the governing body of this nation. But it is not Congress' right to decide this. The only course I can rightly

see to make sure of this is try him for his crimes, and if found guilty, he should be sentenced to jail where he would lose his rights as a citizen, therefore, he would not be qualified to represent his people in Congress.

But the means used to insure this presently, only show the country's disrespect for the people in Harlem. It is no business of the people any where else in the nation, who the people of Harlem want to represent them, so their representatives in Congress should have no say in the matter. As long as the man is qualified by the Constitution to represent them, and the people want him to do so, it is their right to have him do so. When the government decides to take away the choice of representation, they are taking the rights of the people as their own, and as far as I am concerned, they may as well change their name from Congress to Comintern.



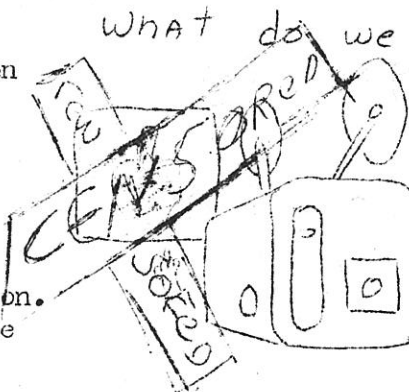
The marking period is about half over and it looks like company II has a slight lead in the color company competition.

The Company I soccer team is down one game while the Company I softball team is so far behind it isn't worth mentioning the actual figures. The tree list came out last week and Company II had about three fewer on it than Company I.

Company I still has the lead in the military department. If Company I can hold this lead they could loose color company for the marking period and still come out on top in the yearly color competition.

There is still time for all categories to change so the battle isn't over yet!

What do we think of
Sunday
EMI



A POSITIVE ATTITUDE

There are many times when it seems like we are overpowered by the things around us and we feel like completely giving up. We feel oppressed and may combat this oppression for a while but then when the going gets just a little bit tougher we start to falter and then fail.

These oppressions may vary in degree of importance but the solution is the same for all cases. We may be competing in an atheletic contest where the odds are suppose to be against us, and we tend to get psyched out before we even begin. Or we may be competing in a certain field for something that will affect our future or completely change it, but we give up at a crucial moment and that one moment costs us a golden opportunity.

No matter whether the game was an atheletic contest or a game of wits and benfits, if we had put forth a little extra effort at the right moment or had gotten pysched up we could have succeeded. If we have a positive attitude it will act like a catapult on an aircraft carrier and give us that extra push that will get us up and over any obstacle.

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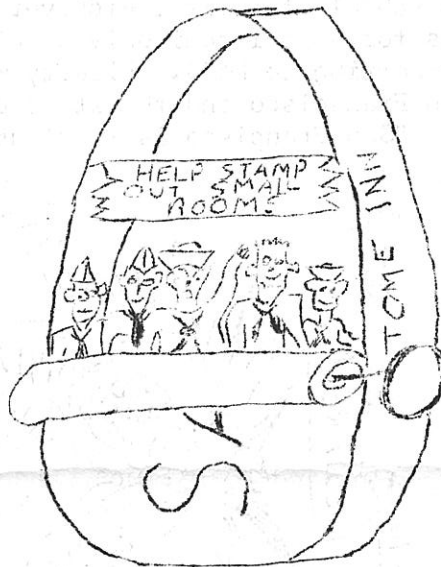
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THROUGH THE BLEARY EYE

by E. M. Hughes

Well, the moment of truth is almost upon us. Soon we will find out if we have been accepted by the Academy. Then we will know if all the hard work has been worth while.

Actually, whether or not you're on the list coming out next week, the year at NAPS was not a waste. First of all the list is subject to change based on our performance during the last marking period. This means that the men who are somewhat questionable still very definately have a chance of going to the Academy. Secondly, even if you don't make it to the Naval Academy, there are still several other Academies you can still try for. If you still don't make one of these other academies NAPS has been a good experience in that you've re-activated your brain a little instead of letting it deteriorate while you are in the Navy

WHAT'S THE WORD?
ON

The Greek lessons we are receiving six periods a day?

Mr. Fash's insurance business

The possibility of "STAFF" Sergeant Midshipmen?

The rifle team luses?--(on ammunition that is.)

Our coming dances???

P.O. Postel's MAPS rifle range record??

Intramural calisthenics?

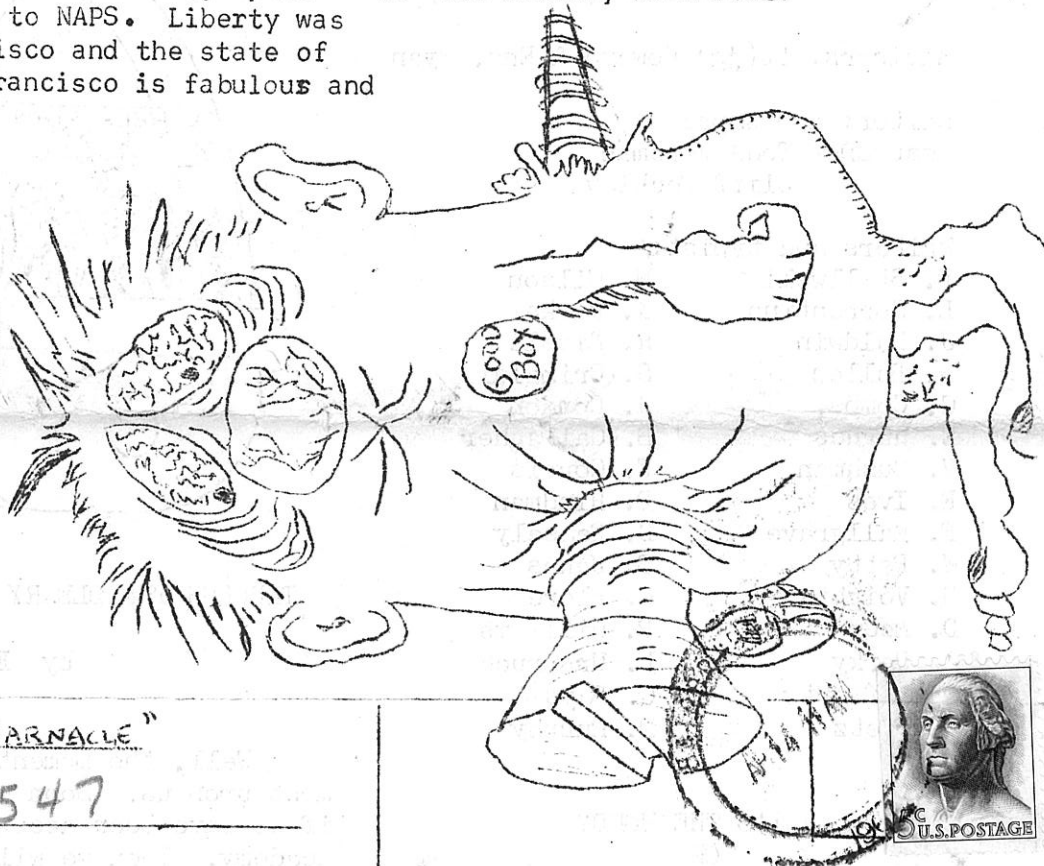
Man of the fleet
by Gorris

an outstanding city which I would love
to return to. It was also during this
time that he saw his best friend married

This weeks fish is AIR. Signing for staff. As August came around he was found
years in Dallas, Texas, AIR saw himself traveling east toward NAPS along with
in special units as a band member at the nearly 200 other fish.
great lakes. Tony found liberty every week The academics are too easy in Tony's Opinion
and most enjoyable. Boot camp was skating! the most interesting part of NAPS is
Out of his 11 exciting weeks at boot camp a girl called Barbara. It is Tony's opinion
the salt cannot remember any thrilling thing that his friend found this girl out of
to recall. "My company was squared away selfish motives. The motive being a
and were very good boys. Our only interest free ride home every weekend. Now that he
was to get out. The next 18 weeks were Navy has given him the shaft as far as
spent at the great lakes IC"A" school where any possibilities for any appointment to
he graduated number one in his class. As either the merchant or the Naval Academy
in boot camp he joined the school's band. he plans to visit Viet Nam and the
His weekends were spent enjoying the del- Artic. Upon completion of his tour of
icacies of the female species in Stevens duty he will obtain his Ph. D. in Physics
Point. Upon graduation he reported to Mare from the university of Texas. In parting
Island in San Francisco. This was the Nu-I heard Anthony Ireland Rylander in all
clear Power school of Admiral Rickover. Of sincerity say, "anyone who drops out
the 24 weeks for school toni only spent of the academy is a FOOL!"
20 before reporting to NAPS. Liberty was
spent in San Francisco and the state of
California. "San Francisco is fabulous and

Work Diligently with
Integrity

you'll Always get your
Reward!



"THE BARNACLE"

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