

The Harmonik

Vol 4 Num 23

U.S. Naval Preparatory School

19 April '67



NOCTURNAL SUBMISSIONS

At last the story can be told. The story of what went on at night in the bowels of Bainbridge. This daring expose was gleamed at the risk of death from the forces of evil.

It seemed that until recently, a practice was condoned intermittently right here at NAPS, which was ghastly enough to make evens Captains shake in the boots. This practice was commonly called "Making a beer run".

Due to the quick police work of Chief Maybe and Petty Officer Paul Condone-it, the heat's been turned on and the runners have slunk back into the woodwork.

Since this practice is now extinct I have persuaded one of the runners to tell his story. Here it is as I recorded it:

Reporter: When did this first start?

Bacchus: One night Kendal gave me a beer and I asked him where he got it.

R: When did you start making your own runs.

B: Shortly thereafter. About five of us, including petty off--.

R: No names please!

B: Sorry. Well, I guess the first time was kind of crude. We just went over, and a couple of us got the beer while the others stood watch. Then we heard a noise inside, so we all ran onto the golf course, drank the beer and came back.

R: Since then I'M sure you've made some improvements in your modus operandi.

B: Yes. At first we'd just run around asking for dimes. It was so obvious. Now I quietly collect them a few days beforehand. I always go alone. I wear full jockgear with watch cap. If I blend in with things, nobody can see me I don't walk right up to the house; I circle it first to see if anybody is there then move in.

R: Do you have any advice for next year's Napsters on this subject?

B: Yes. Once you get the beer back to your lock the door!

- L. J. Urspruch

THE RAIDERS OF ECHO

I had left on "Foxtrot" after "New York"

And had gone to Echo 2/1.

The Raiders were moving to our new home,

Heading north, to the Cobi Thant Ton.

T'was Memorial weekend, May 29th,

This Sunday was quiet and calm.

The 2nd Platoon had the outpost that week

Located on Hill 51.

Then the word came down that we had to move out,

To sweep through a village below.

The Marines of Gulf had a fight on their hands,

So off to their aid we did go.

We reached the ville and began to sweep-

A platoon of Marines on the line.

We yelled as we went, and burned as we swept-

The ville was destroyed in no time.

But one VC sniper cut down eight of us Hidden well where as we couldn't see.

Gone were McKenna - Walker - and Crowe.

We vowed to hunt down that VC.

Our chance finally came when the gook showed his face

And was spotted by four sharp Marines.

They charged him like hell, and the VC fell,

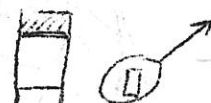
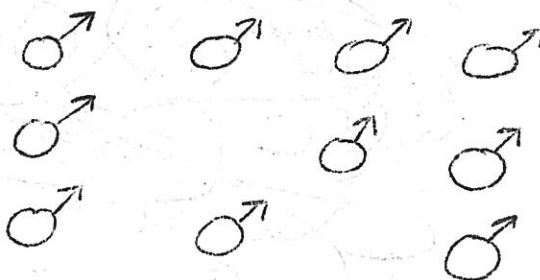
Clothed only in blood-stained greens.

I had hoped that "New York" was the last,

But again I was wrong - for you see, I now realize that this battle called "Beaver"

Will be just one of many for me.

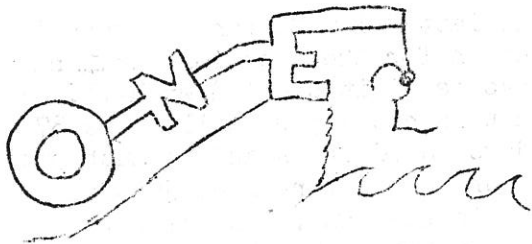
Cpl. Michael E. Murphy



OK Men, today we ARE
All going To whisper.

Because if I'm NOT Able To TALK, you
CAN'T either!

COMPANY



VS.

COMPANY



TOAM FOAM

Ives--why didn't you try out for the tennis team?...Taylor--did you really lose a girl to some chief at the club. ...Believe it or not Company one won an inspection--what is this world coming to...Brady--what was the hold up on your quit chit...Capra--is God really a Second Class Petty Officer...Harris--how did you like being a chaparone to Hindman...Wilson, D. E. --Do not get so shook, it is only Captain Pritchard...Voights--lets be a little more careful when trimming irish pennants from neckerchiefs...Loughridge-- you are without a doubt one of the most uncoordinated people afott...When are those nine people in Section Three from Company Two going to make up their duty week-end. ...Murphy--say you did exactly what that letter said, had a good time, eh?...Does anyone know about a riot in Room in 308...Beckly and Henken--when are you going back to the Aberdeen NCO Club again?...Kremer--who was the Girl you met at the festival in Washington?...Formean--what were you passing out cigars for, made third class after three tries-sigh...Berryhill--who was it that missed a watch...Voights--what was the big rush back from Baltimore?...Is there really a red-headed tennis pro who had drives all the girls out of their minds ...Cushman--do you have another pitchfork, I would like to skate some myself...Maier perhaps it would be wise to get out of the rack in the mornings...Wagemaker--how does the sudden popularity feel?...Mallgrave--do a lot of golfing, don't you...Kentfield--quit malingering, the track team need a spear-cjicler...Annis--say you have the shiniest deck in town?...Capra--say you left arm was sweating profusely at the party.

Petty and his 40



Low Tide at Harry's House

SEY HEY!

Section 5 found out what it was to tread on Section 6 turf...Even though they had a flamethrower, the stubborn resistance of such men as sure-foot Lavigne proved too much for them...If Hoffer ever gets hit for a haircut from now till graduation somebody is going to need glasses.. Everyone is wondering what the Jolly Green Midget is growing behind his closed door - 10 to 1 it's Parris Island Peas.. How about that, Carter...Spratt is aiming to put Vic Tanny's out of business by 0545 exercises...But many say they got enough exercise just getting out of bed at 0600...Only Ron and the R. C. A. F. know for sure...Veronee is writing a book entitled "Escape to Atlanta-Incognito".. It is a fiction 1 novel...Many officers have been complaining of ulcers lately. How on earth would they develop them, T. K. Sewell?...Co II's Goliath was in action on Howe Field Wed. As soon as he found which side to fight for he was impeccable...If Bellestri goes to the Academy he'll always have a supply of health tonic donated to him by the unpredictable Section 8.

Would write more but must see the List!

Warped Chaplain

WHAT'S THE WORD?
ON

- Mr. Murrow's phrase "intuitively obvious"?
- Company Two's parties?
- The field swimming parties?
- The student staff's private "dance"?
- Our next inspection?
- Our "new" base chain-of-command?
- Mr. Ward's new punitive methods?
(Eh...Cushman)

The prize for the NAPS contest is six pitchers of beer or the monetary equivalent: \$3.60 to be paid by Mr. Howard!

The clues to date are:

- 1) It's on USMTC, Bainbridge, Md.
- 2) It's in the Tome Area.

The clue for this week is:

- 3) It's always changing!

Submit your guess today to any member of the Barnacle Staff.

THE THING

Name _____
Date _____ Hour _____
The Thing is _____

Q of the Week!

If NAPS were to be renamed, what would you suggest calling it?

Peterson: All of the things that we have been calling it for the past 8 months.

Maskaluk: CENSORED

Strott: The Department of Fisheries

Spratt: The House of the Rising Sun

Harris: The House that Jacob Built

Ives: Little Crabtown

Carter: Bainbridge Cram College

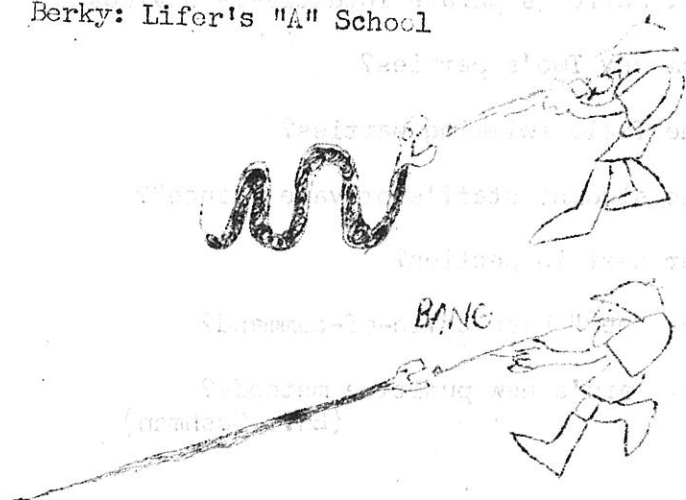
Berryhill: The Roach Ranch

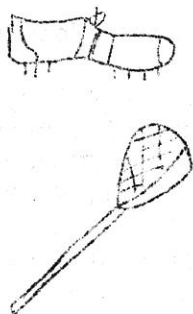
Berky: Lifer's "A" School

The last Color Company personnel inspection for the year is over, and it looks as if it's all down hill. But that is not so; we still have 37 hard days ahead of us and we must put forth our best effort now, just as we have in the past. You may not think you have worked hard, but you have. You've proved that by your presence here. Now is not the time to slacken the pace; if anything, it should be quickened. Now is the time to be tight, squared away. These last two months are just as important as the first seven, maybe more so.

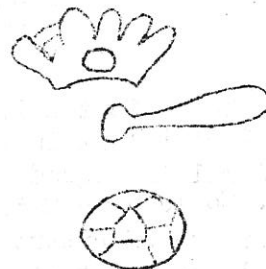
To those that have been accepted I congratulate you on a job well done. You've worked hard for your appointment and I hope you all will use this opportunity to better yourselves. This does not mean you're expected to make a career out of the Navy; if you like it do so, and if you don't, don't! The Navy is giving you a chance to make, no not make, earn, a better place in life than you have now. The going will be rough, but in the end it will be worth everything it took to put you there.

And to those who didn't make it, don't give up! There are going to be openings in the Class of '71, and some of them just might be you! Even if you don't make it this year you can always try again. Ask to return to NAPS for a second chance. I know it will take a lot of guts to come back, but if you want the NavCad badly enough you'll try it again. But say you can't return; there are other ways to become an officer: NESEP (for you PO's), OCS, NavCad (when they reopen the program, and they will), and NROTC. For our Marine friends you've got NESEP, OCS, OCC, PLC (Platoon Leader's Class) MarCad (when they reopen the program) and NROTC. So you see there are many ways to become an Ensign or a 2nd Lieutenant, if you want those bars badly enough. All it takes is a little bit of intestinal fortitude and determination. Remember what you are working for, if it be a career as a Naval Officer, or a good job on the outside, you won't get it by quitting when the going is roughest and the future looks blackest. No one ever has, and no one ever will.





SPORTS



Lacrosse

On Wednesday April 12, the NAPS Lacrosse team went down in defeat at the hands, or sticks, of the Baltimore Junior College team. The NAPS team surprised all by holding the BJC boys to only six total points - the lowest BJC has scored this season. BJC won their first true game and thought NAPS was going to be a push over but they found their work cut out for them when NAPS held BJC no goal during the first half. The fourth quarter was also scoreless for BJC.

The inexperienced NAPS team put up a heck of a battle and goalie J. Murrow had ? saves. The defensive unit behind Murrow did an outstanding job of defending the goal and only allowed six goals out of forty one shots.

The NAPSers only took seven shots at the goal and the BJC goalie had seven saves so we did some degree of accuracy on our side.

On Saturday the 15th of April, the NAPS team went to MAPS to face MAPS. The first quarter went slow because the warm weather and a lot of penalties were called against the anxious NAPSers. The first quarter ended in a one to one tie. The nove was bounced back and forth between NAPS and MAPS with about two minutes left to be played. The MAPS boys put in two goals before the end of the game. The score being 8-6 the doggies.

The scoring for the NAPS team went as follows: Cuddy 3; Keys, Kentfield, and Polashj with one each. Polashj's shot was a shot from 40 feet out that completely fooled everyone; it skipped passed the goalie and one defensiveman on the 21 bounce - a great shot Wally. Three of these goals would not have been possible without the assists from J. Murrow, who was playing both attack and goalie for NAPS. It was a good game and "Revenge" is going to be the word at our next meeting with MAPS in May.

XXXXXXXXXXXX

X XXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

INTRAMURALS (As of 17 Apr)

INTRAMURALS (con't)

OVERALL STANDINGS

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

DAILY RESULTS

Mon. 03 Apr
(No action)

Wed. 12 Apr
(No action due to
Lacrosse game)

Thurs. 13 Apr.

SOFTBALL STANDINGS

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

Softball Co. 1....6 -- Co. 2....3
Soccer Co. 2....3 -- Co.12

Mon. 17 Apr.

Softball Co.2....12 -- Co. 1....4
Soccer Co. 2....2 -- Co.11

SOCCER STANDINGS

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

by Mike Wilson

by Bruce Voigts

The NAPS tennis team has shown a great deal of talent in the last two weeks. On 8 April the squad traveled to Catonsville Jr. College in Catonsville, Maryland where the NAPsters completely outplayed their opponent and soundly beat Catonsville 9-0. Every man won his single match and Scott Fontaine, playing the first single, completely demolished his opponent 6-0, 6-0. Fontaine and Richardson teamed together to win their doubles match as did Mike Wilson and the "Mighty Smasher" C. E. Wood Jr. Baldwin and Maier pulled out a victory after dropping the first set. They fought back to win the next two sets and their match.

Then on April 15 the net men traveled to Fort Belvoir, Va. to play MAPS. Again the team won 8-1. This match was quite a bit more difficult than Catonsville. The turning point in the match, after Fontaine had won his match and Wilson had lost his, was the brilliant playing of Jim Richardson. Losing the first set, he fought back to win the second. The match went to a third set and Richardson was leading 5-2 when his opponent rallied to 5-4, but Richardson put the hurts to the MAPSTER and won 6-4 in the final seconds. All three doubles matches were won handily and the NAPsters had another victory under their belts.

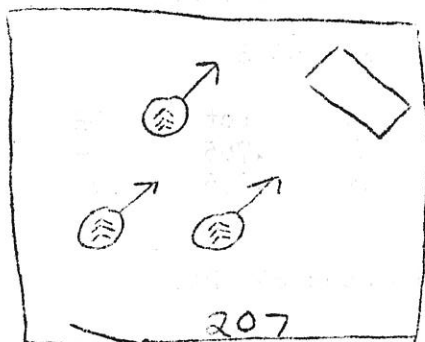
With a 2-0 record the team travels to the Academy in two weeks on April 29, to play the plebes. Coach Fairbairn is aiming at a perfect 6-0 record for the year, the best that NAPS has ever had. GOOD LUCK MEN!

The warm sunshine over Lancaster, Pa. proved beneficial to the NAPS thinclads Friday as they rolled over Stevens Trade and Franklin and Marshall. NAPS scored a total of 84½ points, almost twice as much as second place Stevens Trade. Our thinclads managed to capture first place in every running event of the day. Many second, third, and fourth places pushed the score higher than any NAPster had anticipated. Two more records fell to the efforts of the mile relay team and Foreman in the 440 intermediate hurdles. James, however, failed to re-break the record he set in the 880 last week. The mile relay team is composed of James, Tiernay, Polatty, and Spanbauer. Following is a brief summary of the meet:

Mile	1st Rogers	4th Ellis
440	1st Spanbauer	4th Polatty
100	1st Vandel	2nd Harris
120 H.H.	1st Foreman	3rd Cossick
880	1st James	3rd Davis
220	1st Vandel	2nd Harris
2 Mile	1st Peters	3rd Rogers
440 I.H.	1st Foreman	4th Trent
440 Relay	(Annis, Tiernay, Vandel, Harris)	NAPS 45.5
Mile relay	Naps	3:31.7
Javelin	2nd Gildea	
Shot	4th Fontaine	
Broad Jump	2nd Cook	3rd Vandal
	4th Annis (tie)	
Pole Vault	2nd Foreman	3rd Turnbull
Hop-step-jump	4th Henken	
High Jump	3rd Harris	4th Voigts

Our next meet is against Montgomery on April 29th.

P.D.T.
 G.S.
 D.M.
 RK
 T.M.
 RD.
 S.H.
 B.Z.
 The
 Friday Night
 Fights

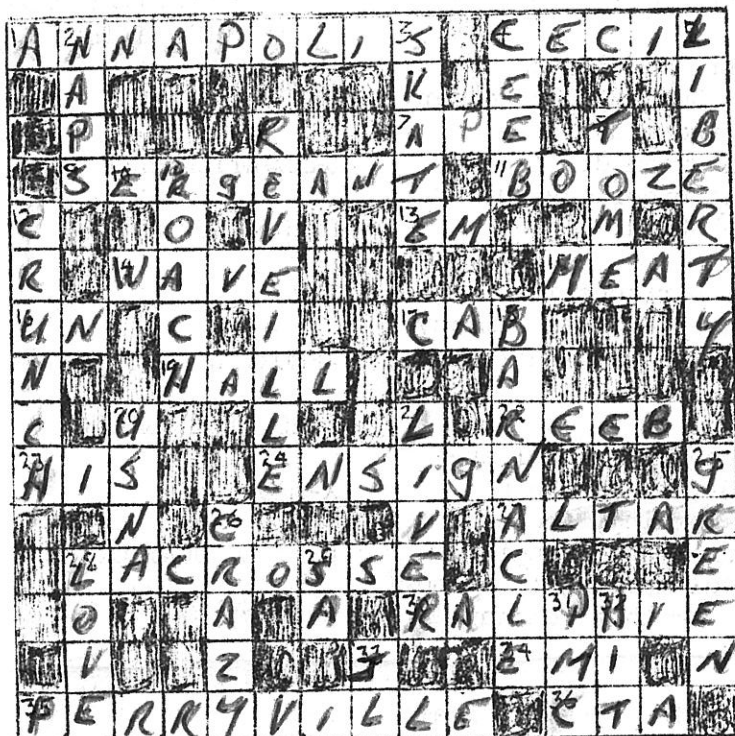


The Monday Night
Movie "SERGEANTS THREE"

MAY I
 HAVE THIS
 Dance
 6

CAPT PRITCHARD
 NO!
 CAPT PRITCHARD'S
 wife
 yes

M
A
L
L
G
MARKS
A
A
L
V
L
E
G
MARKS
A
V
E



ACROSS:

1. A small fishing village on the banks of the Naval Academy.
4. Knute Rockne of NAPS.
7. Large, tailless monkey (Sec 2 has one)
9. "Enter NAPS a Ffc, graduate a _____."
11. Scuttlebutts should give forth _____.
13. This rate had it made during study of electricity.
14. Gross misrepresentation of a girl.
16. U.S. acts as Den Mother for this organization.
17. 50¢ thrill ride.
19. Playmate of the year.
22. Liquids consumed after CEEB's (backwards)
23. USNA tailoring company
24. What Condon will be in 1365 days.
27. Barnette's nemesis
28. Wild Indian game simulated by NAPS.
30. "What's It All About _____."
34. Company Officers' vendetta.
35. Home of the white horse.
36. Navy "Class A" school at Bainbridge.
15. Our meals lack _____.

DOWN:

2. Gateway to Annapolis.
3. v.t. _____ shirking duties.
4. What we spent \$37.50 on.
5. There will be no morale untill _____ increases.
6. A signal on a bugle, drim (or by R.E. Kremer), etc. at some ungodly hour of the morning to waken troops or personnel to call them to muster.
8. Late 19th century U.S. philanthropist.
10. Ice Age inscet.
12. Beloved leader of Company II.
18. NAPS' answer to yellow journalism.
20. Undergraduate school of the U.S. Navy.
21. Our favorite meal.
25. Fiddler's _____. (Hindman's home away from Tome)
26. NAPS drives one. _____.
28. We _____ NAPS!!!
29. What rate E.M. Wienhaus will always be
31. Penna. Military College (abbreviated)
32. A _____ at inspection - EMI
33. June leave (abbreviated); also well-known Marine.

**note: ANS WERS on page 9

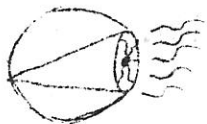
COLOR COMPANY COMPETITION

Company Two still dominates the intramural sports. Company One soccer team lags by about two games. The Company One softball team did finally win another game the other day but they still are far behind.

Until the last barracks inspection Company One had the lead; Company Two now has a slight lead in that department.

The Color Company personnel inspection was held Saturday morning. It was a beautiful morning, the sun was shining, the birds were singing. With such a beautiful morning to stand at parade rest I know that Company Two didn't mind losing.

Company Two had forty-six men at the inspection and had nine hits for an average hit per man of .1955. Company One had thirty-seven men at the inspection and had seven hits for an average hit per man of .1795. The difference was .016 hits per man. If Company One had gotten one more hit or Company Two one less, Company Two would have won. Close shave wasn't it Stillwell?



THROUGH THE BLEARY EYE
by E. M. Hughes

How do you feel when you go on liberty with your NAPS haircut? Do you feel different from your civilian counterparts? How do you think you'll feel when you get down to the Academy; sort of separated from civilian college students? The reasons for these feelings are simple: you are different. You are going through a program which is highly selective. You are going to a school that has a built in career waiting for you when you graduate.

The educational program at the Academy is on a par with many of the highest ranking universities in the country, but there are many things in the Annapolis program which cannot be found anywhere else. The military training at the Academy teaches you leadership, responsibility, and thinking logically under pressure. There are also the summer cruises, which not only give you an opportunity to see much of the world. The reputation of the Academy has always been high, and it continues to rise as the Academy rapidly improves academically.

DAY COUNT BY NHOJ K. NODNOC
AND PILIHP D. ROLYAT

GRADUATION WEEK	34
GRADUATION BALL	37
GRADUATION DAY	38
R&R	38
MEMORIAL DAY	44
PLEBE YEAR BEGINS	72
X-MAS	254
USNA GRADUATION	1365
USNA VISIT	1
BJERKE MAKES CMC	25 Years
KREMER COMMANDS 3RD FORCE RECON	?
BECKLEY APPEARS ON RECRUITING POSTERS	4 Years
TAYLOR GRADUATES FROM UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS	'71

TYPICAL
NAPS
DANCE

BARNACLE STAFF

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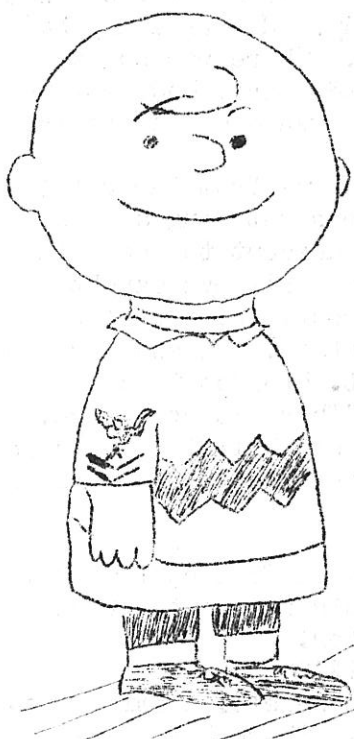
Across:

1. Annapolis
4. Cecil
7. Ape
9. Sergeant
11. Booze
13. ET
14. Wave
16. U.N.
17. Cab
19. Hall
22. Reeb
23. H.I.S.
24. Ensign
27. Altar
28. Lacrosse
30. Ralphie
34. EMI
35. Perryville
36. CTA
15. Meat

Down:

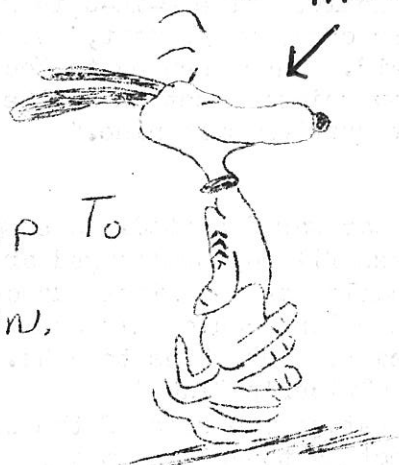
2. NAPS
3. Skate
4. CEEB
5. Liberty
6. Reveille
8. Tome
10. Roach
12. Crunch
18. Barnacle
20. USNA
21. Liver
22. Green
26. Crazy
28. Love
29. SA
31. PMC
32. Hit
33. JL

2 WOOTZ 9 AM



Happiness
is ...

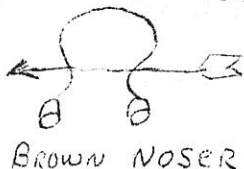
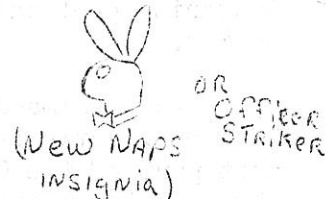
The Pay Jump To
Midshipman.



Happiness is ...

Having your
own Room.

Rates we often see



(When we left our story last week, Commander Bond and his lieutenant were being led down a sinister hall in the ancient Tome School. Distracted by a lurking figure, Commander Bond had rounded a pillar, struggled with the unidentified man, and eventually brought him into full view.)

The face brightened.

"Well, hello there, Commander."

"Cond--!"

"No, James," the figure whispered.

"It's Nod Noc."

The Commander's eyes fell to the shiny, gold badge which stuck out proudly from the chest in front of him. "Noc, Nod (n)."

"What the devil are you doing here? The last time I saw you was during that nasty business in Barkan two years ago."

Nod Noc grinned. "Those were the good old days, eh, James--uh--Commander. Remember that mix up in Pham By?"

Bond laughed. "Certainly, Old Man. But what are you doing here?"

"Going to school," Nod replied, his face breaking into a crooked smile.

"Gentlemen," the lieutenant interrupted icily. "The O-in-C is waiting."

"Proceed, Lieutenant," Commander Bond said. Then turning to Noc he said in a low voice: "Meet me at the 'O' Club at quarter past nine."

The bar was deserted. A suspicious emptiness filled the lounged area before the usually gay and lively dance floor. Commander Bond could only surmise what this meant. "Hmm," he thought. "Bainbridge Officer's Club."

He sat on the edge of the stool as if expecting to get up at any moment. His face turned toward the clock hanging above the shimmering mirror behind the bar. The second hand seemed to move, but the minute hand was too sluggish to take note of, and the hour hand hadn't budged since he had been there.

"Bar Tender, another Martini, extra dry," he said to himself and then sliding off the stool he proceeded to the other side of the bar. It was a vodka Martini, shaken, not stirred, with a twist of tangerine peel and two drops of Cog du Arg.

Beneath Commander Bond, in the dark basement, activity--more activity than that part of the Club had seen in years--was taking place. Four feverish hands packed and pounded and tramped and dug and repacked and pounded.

"Numbskull! Watch that fuse!"

The flickering light showed a fifth man standing off to one side. His face was only now and then apparent. His clothes were dark, nondescript. Not even a button reflected a glimmer. But the ring, the gold ring with the blood

red F, shown like a beacon. It was FLUSH.

"Hey! Harry!"

"Uhh?"

"You just tramped my hand!"

"Oh."

"Well, it ain't funny. I was hired specially for jobs needing good hand work. When you stomp my palm you take the bread out of the mo--"

"Ah. Shut up!"

Completely oblivious to the events below, Bond was pacing the large dining room, his eyes fixed on the glass partition that separated the room from the main entrance. His left hand held a martini glass, his right hand rested confidently at his side. He appeared clam but was poised and ready. His training had been thorough. There was no man like him. Mind alert, body strong and agile. He was a counterspy's spy.

He turned away from the raised portion of the sound wing and was beginning his descent to the main dining area when his eye caught sight of movement. Just a flash. He was not certain. He swung slightly to the left. "London is correct," he thought. "There is evil here. These strange old buildings. These men masquerading as students. It's all too--"

"James."

The voice came from behind him. He pivoted. His arm shot for his shoulder holster.

"James! Wait!"

Bond's eyes beheld. A smile crossed his lips. There before him the loveliest, the most sensuous creature stood, her tight red dress strikingly contrasted to her long, black hair and dark, oriental eyes.

"I am Passion Fruit, hostess of the Fiddler's Green. You must trust me."

She motioned with her soft, lovely hand toward a rear door and then proceeded the willing Commander through, down the steps to the basement.

"Psst! Harry! I hear footsteps."

"It's Passion."

"Shhh! Douse the light!"

A light shot down the dusty old ladder and into the immediate area of the basement narrowly missing the hiding place of the three mysterious diggers.

"Before we proceed too far, Miss Fruit, may I say that you have considerably brightened my evening."

At that very instant a low confusion of noise was heard at the far end of a long black tunnel whose mouth also lead into the basement.

"Follow me quickly, James."

"Where, Passion, if it is not too much to ask, are you leading me."

"I have good friends who will protect you. There is a tunnel that will lead you. I must stay here. I cannot go with you. Women are forbidden."

"Friends, you say. Who?"

"The Napsters, James. Those young gentlemen---"

"Napsters!" Bond's mind raced. He had to be sure. Just then the lights that illuminated the tunnel were switched on. "It's all arranged," Bond thought. "It's a trap and the Napsters are involved." Swinging around he caught hold of the sash that was draped seductively around his oriental guide's waist.

"James, What are you---"

Quickly turning her so that her back was to him with her hands behind her back, he wound the sash into a bowline with one easy stroke.

"James! My hands! You're hurting--"

Knocking her to the ground, he tore off his belt with which he secured her legs. Then wiping out his handkerchief, he stuffed it into her mouth.

"The Napsters was it." Bond glared down at the wriggling figure on the floor. "You were going to lead me to them. Of course you were not going to accompany me."

Crash! A noise sloshed through the lighted tunnel and spilled out filling the basement and freezing both Bond and his three silent spectators. A distant voice was heard from deep in the tunnel.

"Watch it, Duflerkus!"

Bond started. The voice was one he had overheard earlier that day in the vicinity of that ancient school. It must be the Napsters. He moved to under the ladder for protection, pulling the wriggling lump on the floor so that it would be out of the way of any possible cross-fire.

"This is real great," another voice came from the tunnel, sounding much louder and much nearer. "I thought going on liberty with just a chow pass or a bar of soap was great. But this is better."

"Ever been in the clock tower during a midwatch?"

One of the two tunnelers stopped.

"What is it?" "What's the matter?"

"I dunno. I don't think we're alone."

And he was correct.

Commander Bond had drawn his gun and was holding it chest high in front of him. Three guns had been drawn in the darkness of the rear of the basement. Suddenly, Passion Fruit gave a jerk; it was her greatest, though futile, attempt to break her bond. Her heel hit the Commander's shin with a pointed jab. Commander Bond jumped, his gun hitting a rung on the ladder and discharging. Bang!

The two Napsters froze.

"What was that!"

Bang! Bang! Bang! Three guns answered Bond from out of the darkness.

"It's a trap!" Bond thought and returned the fire.

Bang! Bang! Whiz! Zing!!!

"Let's get out of here."

Bang! Bang!

Four feet raced down the tunnel away from the basement. Behind them a flurry of bullets ricocheted off the stone walls.

At 2230 that night Commander Bond strode into the Fiddler's Green. His mohair suit was immaculate despite his earlier encounter. That hostess had come from here and so he must now investigate. The bodies of those unidentifiable three would be found by whoever set them on their task. And those Napsters. Well, he had plans for them later.

"Where do you think you're going. Let's see your ID."

"Uh, certainly." Bond fumbled with his wallet and handed the Chief a card saying that he was a nineteen-year-old SWCRT in the Swiss Coast Guard.

"OK."

Bond walked to the bar.

"I would like a very dry--"

"Jimmy, over here!"

Bond saw Nod Noc waving wildly at him. Bond walked casually to the table. A hostess approached him, but he waved her away. Standing just to the left of Noc, Bond nodded a greeting to the glum looking men in green suits who were sitting with Noc.

Suddenly Noc whipped out a switchblade and held it two centimeters from Bond's throat. "Drink a glass of beer," he hissed.

Bond's officer temperament raged, but he was in foreign territory now so he slowly pured a glass of beer, looked at Nod Noc and drank it.

Next week: Adventure at Tome Inn

DON'T MISS IT 11

APPLICATION FOR A DATE WITH A MARINE

1. NAME Uganda Sue M. Clunk, Jr.
2. ADDRESS 1100 1/2 Pickle Drive, Hicksville CITY & STATE New York
3. TELEPHONE 211--5--738--537-2122 Ext. 435 or 872
4. MEASUREMENT HIPS 32 BUST 31 WAIST 28
WEIGHT 129 lb. HEIGHT 5'4"
COLOR OF HAIR Blonde (sometimes) COLOR OF EYES which one?
5. DATE OF BIRTH 29 Feb. 1948 PLACE OF BIRTH Memorial Hospital, Ward C
6. DO YOU CONSIDER THESE FIRST FIVE QUESTIONS DESCRIBED YOU AS GOOD, BAD, FAIR OR EXCELLENT? Yes
7. DOES YOUR FATHER OWN A SHOTGUN? Yes WHERE DOES HE KEEP IT? Handy
8. IS HE A GOOD SHOT? Fair to Middlin'
9. HOW MANY BROTHERS DO YOU HAVE 2
10. HOW MUCH DO THEY CHARGE TO GET SCARCE 25¢ more than you earn
11. DO YOU HAVE A BOY FRIEND kinda' WHAT IS HIS NAME Percy E. Snipps, III
12. WHAT ARE MY CHANCES very good
13. DO YOU BELIEVE IN LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT Yes WHY 'cause I haven't even seen you and I already think I love you (mom says I'm impetuous)
14. DO YOU LIKE CARS Definitely WHAT MODEL expensive model
WHAT MAKE Volkswagon WHAT TYPE sports fast-back
15. WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO RIDING IN ONE WITH ME Yes WHY I can't drive
16. WHO DO YOU CONSIDER THE BEST LOVERS AND FIGHTERS Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton
17. DO YOU LIKE TO DANCE. Yes WHAT TYPE Frostbite Frizzle or 'truckin'
18. DO YOU LIKE TO KISS Depends on the gum I'm got WHAT KIND Doublemint
19. ARE YOU MARRIED, ENGAGED, GOING STEADY, DIVORCED OR LONESOME FOR SOMEONE LIKE ME Ignored
20. DO YOU LIKE SPORTS Yes Yes Yes WHAT KIND any over 20
21. DO YOU LIKE TO READ BOOKS Yes WHAT KIND short, large pictures,
22. DO YOU LIKE TO BE SQUEEZED, HUGGED, CRUSHED, OR HANDLED WITH CARE I don't know. I've never been any of those things.
23. WOULD YOU MIND IF I KISSED YOU ON OUR FIRST DATE Oh, would you? really!!!
24. DO I SEEM TO BE FRESH OR TOO PERSONAL You seem just fine to me.
25. DO YOU LIKE TO GO SWIMMING Yes, because my wooden leg floats.
26. DO YOU LIKE TO DRINK, SMOKE, OR CURSE Yes, but not all at the same time.
27. ARE YOU HARD TO GET ALONE WITH Yes, but equally hard to do without, I'm told.
28. ARE YOU HARD TO PLEASE No one else has ever complained
29. DO I FASCINATE, BOTHER OR AMUSE YOU Amuse me, you funny little gyrene
30. DO YOU THINK THAT YOU WOULD LIKE TO TAKE CARE OF ME Yes
WHY I am an active member of the ASPCA
31. WHAT RELIGION ARE YOU Free thinker (not that free!)
32. DO YOU LIKE MOVIES Bambi, Saturday Night and Sunday Morning, Cinderella
33. ARE YOU GOING TO SCHOOL, WORKING, OR JUST TAKING IT EASY I am working to get out of reform school
34. HAS ANY MEMBER OF YOUR FAMILY BEEN IN ANY BRANCH OF THE SERVICE Yes
Grandpa was in the US Cavalry
35. 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 WHERE 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.

photo withheld at
request of the
sender (shudder)

JULIE

The winds moaned and whistled as they passed through the many caves cut into the cliffs along the north shore. Dark clouds billowed in the sky above, and the night was cold and damp. I found myself approaching the cliff overlooking the bay. This had been our favorite spot, I thought. A low groan from the harbor buoy drifted through the air. And in the distance the lighthouse flashed its beacon. I don't know why I came, for this had always been our favorite spot. Yet I felt I had to come and visit once again this lonely cliff. Memories I guess. As I stared into the darkness my mind wondered aimlessly over the events of the past few days. Julie was dead and my life is empty without her love. I was selling the house, so I could leave this island and my memories. I had to get away, away from this place and her. Suddenly I jolted forward as if pushed, then I heard a soft whisper. At first I thought it to be only the wind. But then I heard it again and again. "Jerry, Jerry... Come to me." I cried. Was it her voice I was hearing? Then I found myself inching towards her voice and the edge of the cliff. She called to me again! I looked down, below I saw the ocean breaking against the rocks, and as it fell back it seemed to be motioning me forward. I crept towards the edge. She called to me again and again, "Jerry, Jerry..." I prayed for some power to hold me back. But slowly I leaned forward.

Never Trust

A ring, ring, ring
doesn't mean a thing.
They will lie
and make you cry
untill the day you die.

So don't trust a soul,
be suspicious on the whole
and one day you will see
you can be just like me
Alone.

Sunshine, Go Away

The sun in the sky
Is burning my eye.
I look away
But the spots stay.
Bright still
Bright untill
I can't see the light
That ruins my sight.

Sweet night, dark and dim,
Come and let me swim
In your shades of life,
Teach me to see
In the recess
Of the sun's harsh caress.

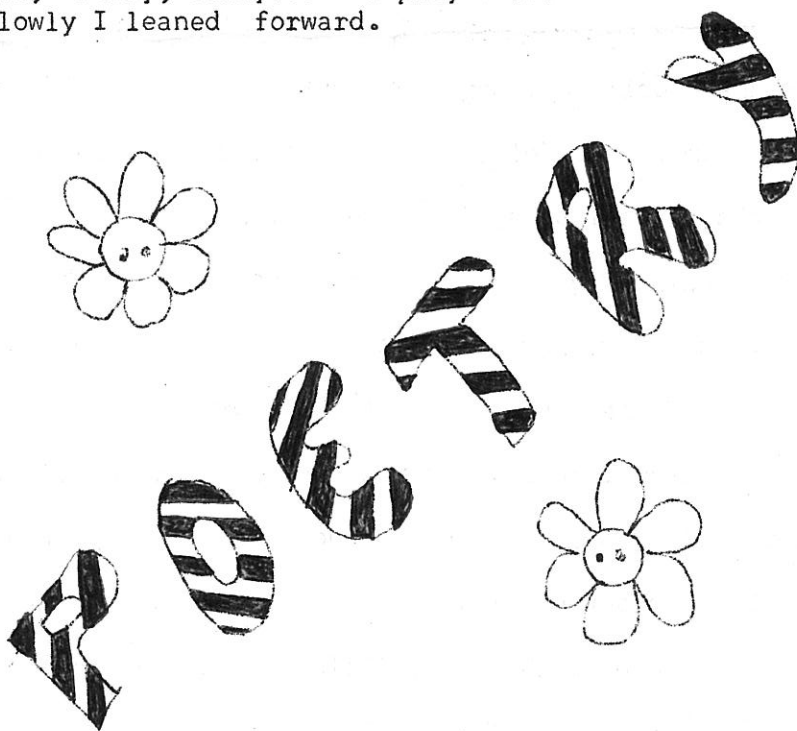
Poetry

by Jakes

Back from the War

The morning bells
are ringing out-
the people shout.
The day is warm and clear-
nothing to fear
for he is home at last
with the war in his past.
He can boast and recall
the horror and all
of the terrible men
that the enemy send
to go and kill
whomever they will.

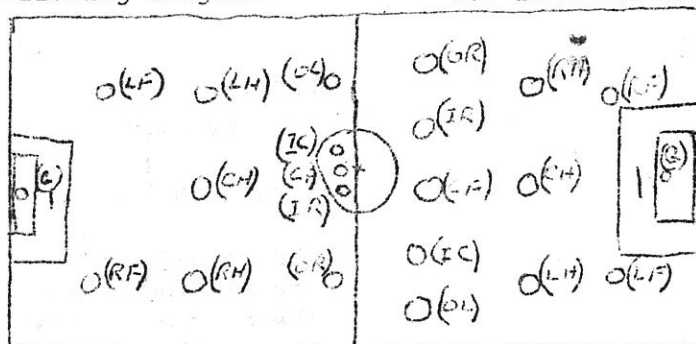
No one could care
about the men
still dying there.



Well this is the second time that we have been permitted to put this column in print (for those of you who did not notice our first article came in last week's issue). This week I figured that I would put out a little information in the game itself--so here goes.

As we play the game here at NAPS we have teams consisting of seven men. The positions usually held on a professional soccer team are as follows: 1 goalie, 2 fullbacks, 3 halfbacks, 2 inside men, 2 outside men, and a center-forward. Now here at school we have abridged the game and modified the positions to the following: 1 center-forward, 2 outside men, 1 center-half, and 2 fullbacks along with the all-important goalie.

The method in which the field is set up is shown in the following diagram:



The goals are located at the extremes of the playing field. They are usually made of wood with a net backing to keep the goals scored from turning into a cross-country chase for the ball. As you walk towards the center of the field you cross two lines which are the six and eighteen yard lines. These areas are marked off for the benefit of the goalie and for

purposes of penalty shots.

Across the center of the field a line indicating the 50 yard line is drawn. At the beginning of each game the ball is placed on this in the position marked X. The four quarter circles at each end of the field are used during play when a corner kick is called by the ref. This is when a player placed the ball within the quarter circle and kicks it toward his opponents goal, which is the closest one.

The small line drawn between the six and eighteen yard lines is the line used for a penalty kick (as the result of a foul).

Next week I'll go into detail concerning the actual playing of the game and each man's job during the play.

Now I would like to make a cor-

rection on last week's column. It was pointed out to me by a person who shall remain nameless, that one of the goals credited to Phil Williams of Company II in game number seven is not his. It was scored by Doering instead. This gives Doering three for the game and Williams one.

This week Company II won both games

by a score of 2-1. In the first game

Dear Editor,

Veronee and Doering scored for Company II and Lafferty for Company I. In the second game Doering scored twice for company II and Maskaluk 1 for company I. Both of these games were won in sudden d death overtimes by Company II on penalty kicks. The game score at present stands at six wins for Company II and only three wins for Company I.

Individual scoring now stands at:

GOALS

Co I		CoII	
Henken	1	Carter	1
Maskaluk	2	Williams	1
Lafferty	3	Berky	5
Dietz	4	Doering	6

ASSISTS

Co I		Co II	
Dietz	1	Harris	2
Lafferty	3		

By the way you can now watch pro soccer on TV every Sunday, so if you get a chance, and you think you might be interested in the game, tune in. As a matter of fact even if you are not interested, tune in. You may be surprised. Well, that is all for now, see you next week if weather permits. And remember: a true victory can only be the "Triumph of Knowledge" and skill over ignorance and superstition.

The Delapadated Duo

COW
DOOO

It has been brought to my attention that all the Napsters who did not get appointments to the Naval Academy are going to be forced to attend the Graduation ceremonies of this coming class of accented Napsters. I personally do not feel that this should be compulsory, but rather for the individual to decide.

I'm sure that watching the graduation would, for some, tend to make them feel some resentment or disgust, whether it be for themselves or not. After all, many who did not make the grade, still put up with all the hardships as those who were accepted to the Academy. Most of the Napsters who weren't accepted, plan to continue in some way to become officers. These men should not be considered of a lower calibre. They did their best, but it wasn't good enough.

Never-the-less, it takes the same amount of courage and discipline to finish Naps, whether one goes to the Academy or not. These people may not deserve to graduate with the rest of the class, but at least they deserve the right to chose whether or not they wish to attend.

APS!!!

N

Sgt Taylor is
PLEASED TO
ANNOUNCE THAT
He HAS FINALLY
MADE OUT WITH
MISS SHARON KNOX!!!

THE END

BEFORE AND AFTER
by it's anybody's guess

BEFORE AND AFTER, a candid look at what has happened in the world of sports, academics, and social circles of the U. S. Naval Preparatory School and surrounding areas, wishes to explore a hole in the NAPS social circle.

'Twas the night before inspection
And all through Tome Inn,
There was music to dance by
And darkness to sin.

Unfortunate as the date of the "Let's Have a Dance" dance may have happened to be, the dates who appeared for the dance were even more ill-chosen.

There were, however, several of NAPS' many celebrities in attendance, and their contributions to the success of our shindig should not and will not go without proper mention.

BEFORE AND AFTER wishes to praise the courage of a young girl in a pink dress for trying to keep pace with our battalion commander and console our battalion commander for his multi-attempts to keep pace with everyone else.

BEFORE AND AFTER wishes to express its sincere regrets that NAPS' own sweetheart will not be able to put an end to the drafty situation that appears on the lacrosse field every weekday after school.

BEFORE AND AFTER would also like to commend the officers of Quarters A for their shoulder which we cried on.

And last but sometimes least, BEFORE AND AFTER cannot let the nights entertainment go unnoticed, although it did so much of the night. Thank You, "Respectables," for your name and your --uh-music.

PROPAGANDA IN AERICA?
By Bays

During the years 1959 to 1963, our news media have taken on an entirely new face. It seems to be a false face designed by the Dept. of State. In 1959 man-made missiles came into their own militarily. The public noted almost immediately that our press was open-giving away information that maybe should have been kept secret. On the other hand, it was observed that the USSR carried on her military and research programs behind closed doors. Information on their military capabilities and developments came from doubtful sources.

Two other catalysts brought the weaknesses of our open press into sharp focus. The riots in Watts and Chicago and other major cities, the demonstrations staged by the beat-nicks of our universities were looked upon as indicators of discontent and revolution on the part of our society as a whole.

Now, the public is aware of propaganda. Propaganda in our own American society. The examples commonly noted are the false casualty reports coming from Viet Nam, the President's promise of deescalation in the face of the reactivation of the 5th Division of The Marines. Even the Space Program seems dead now, but the people at North American, Boeing, etc can say different.

Now that the foreigner is being properly deceived by our press and Dept. of State, the public seems to be at first startled to find that we are defensively using propaganda and perhaps a little to extensively for comfort.

Propaganda to a certain extent is like a woman -- You can't do without it, but you can't do with it.

Note: Views expressed are those of author, and not of Barnacle or Navy.

"THE BARNACLE"

FROM: 2151547

COMPANY I SECTION III

NAVAL ACADEMY
PREP SCHOOL

BAINBRIDGE, MARYLAND
21905

To: C. Beckley
2243 Criswell St.
Canoga Park, California

91304

