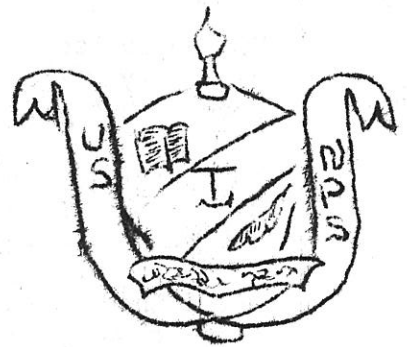


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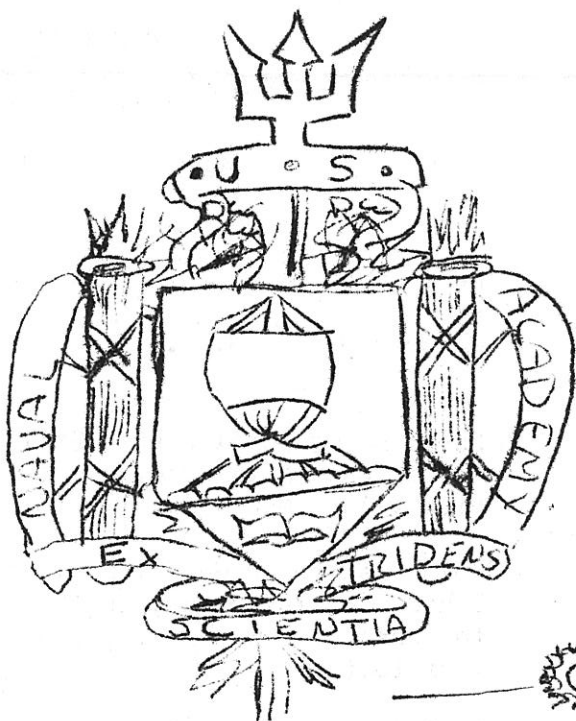
Atlantic

Vol. 4 Num 21

U.S. Naval Preparatory School

26 April '67

A Choice?



West
Point ?
→

OR



NAVY

(Fleet)

Stewart

by Berky

page 2

I REMEMBER...
(Thoughts of a Crocodile)

Kitten-footed wavelets
of bubbly white foam
were my home...

Low-rolling sand dunes
of soft bleached sand
I knew as land...

And I thought that heaven
was the whispering wind
and the soft tugging sand
on my scaly back;
and I thought that hell
was the rasping grind
of tiger-taloned waves
and the tearing bite
of the tawny-whirling storm
that pitted my eyes...

And I saw the sun,
and I knew the moon,
and the ravenous roar
of those to whom
I am noonday food;
and I knew the caves,
my secret caves,
where I was safe
from the eye and the claw
and the hunting way

(continued)

of the Lord of Day,
but I never knew man...

My cave
is but a crumbling pit
with some rusty chain
leading out of it;
that is where
they would tie a man,
to clutch the rim
as long as he can,
and when bloody flesh
shredded in my teeth
he'd drop
into my pit beneath,
and I'd feed upon him
all day long
while the men above
would sing a song.

Tiger-footed time
broke my pit--
I crawled from it...
Kitten-footed wavelets
wash my teety
and thoughts beneath,
and the sun is clean,
and the water green,
and the kitten-feet dream
of running far...

April 11, 1967

Commander Horace Trivette-Queemly
YMCA, San Francisco, Calif.

Will you "Old Dears" settle an argument? My friend Rear Admiral Hodge says I'm taller than he is, but I think it's the other way around. I enclose a drawing of us at Ypres. He is the 98th from the left, and I'm the 45th from the right, sitting down.

Dear Commander,

It's very hard to tell from the drawing, which you have omitted to enclose unless it fell out on the way. If you would be good enough to send us your measurements, together with your friends, we'll be only too happy to let you have our answer.

Nurse Maurice Goiter,
Mt. St. Agnes Hospital for the Short.

When were hats invented?

Dear Nurse,

October 9, 736 B. C.

Ex-Lance Corporal Dennis Brill
"Denfreda," Narp Road,
Hicksville, New York.

Going ashore on Guadalcanal in 1942, I had the misfortune, in the confusion, to lose my lower plate, containing four teeth.

Last June, I decided to take my family on a day trip to Henderson Field, where I ordered a fried fish special. When the fish turned up on my plate, I cut it open in the normal way, and imagine my utter amazement! No sign of my false teeth anywhere! I'd heard of such things happening, but never realized it could happen to me!

Dear Ex,

Truly staggering, Dennis! Have other readers any such similar coincidences about the South Pacific, or their teeth?



TO A NAPSTER

"DEAR JOHN"

Dear Honey,

Believe me, writing this letter is a very difficult thing for me to do. You'll never know how much it hurts me to tell you this. I've been wanting to tell you on several different occasions but somehow I just could not bring myself to do it. But now the time has come when you must know the truth. I've postponed it so long that now it is ever more difficult for me to say. Yet I know that I must because there is no one else who can!

You've been misinformed on the matter for quite awhile so it's only natural I hesitate to tell you. Maybe you've suspected or known this has been coming, but none the less it remains a delicate situation and I regret to have to tell you. It's certain to have a powerful effect on your life as it did on mine when I found out. Most likely you'll change from an unsuspecting person into a cautious person embittered because of reality. This reality! Just remember that you aren't the first person to be faced with the news and you probably won't be the last.

Now I am only going to give you the cold, bare facts and I won't try to hide anything from you. I can't, not at this point in life. I would have had to tell you sooner or later; it just so happens that I chose the later. I am going to lay this straight on the line to you so you won't have any difficulty understanding what I am saying and how important it is!

I know you may think that this is a very poor way of letting you know because you probably won't have anyone there to help relieve the blow, but I feel this is the best. I know that I couldn't face you when I told you for fear of what you might do.

I'm very surprised that your mother never mentioned anything to you about such things. I guess it's partially her fault for not preparing you, but what more can I say.

After I tell you please don't think that I'm trying to ruin your life because I'm not. I only hope that by my telling you, you will have more faith in my love for you because ~~that is~~ really why I'm telling you.

Now I must tell you, I've put it off long enough--Sweetheart-----
there's no SANTA CLAUSE!!!!!!

Sorry,
Sadie

TOURS

RESERVATIONS: still open on rowboat s.s. Heversail, which sails for Tokyo on May 27. The tour highlight: Members will hurl themselves into the crater of Mt. Fujiyama to protest selling scrap iron to Japan in 1937.

Bob Dylan's latest hit song:

"Support peace or I'll kill
ya baby"

Letter to a Lonely Napster

Our Dearest Son,

We just got your letter that says that you didn't get an appointment. I must admit that we were totally surprised when we received the news. Now we have to cancel the party we had scheduled for May 27. I guess I'll lose the \$200 deposit for renting the auditorium, and we'll also have to cancel newspaper coverage. I'll have to write Uncle Pierre in France and Uncle Kiluha in Hawaii and tell them not to bring their families out after all. It's a good thing I haven't sent out the 1500 engraved invitations yet. We had to sell your car to pay for the food and drinks for the party. Your sister already scraped off all the U.S. Naval Academy decals we put on the family car. Your brother is wearing his Annapolis sweat shirt inside-out, and the ring you sent your older sister makes a swell washer for that leaky faucet in the basement. Other than that, everything is fine at home. Try not to feel bad because you didn't make it.

Your Father

P. S. We will send you the rest of your personal belongings. Good Luck in the fleet.

SAY HEY

TOME FOAM

Well, Co. 2 had a little blow out last weekend...It's a shame that security and the brass didn't get there sooner... They missed a good party...Crimaldi did you ever get that blood test?...Say Larson, anything unusual happen lately?... I hear good fortune has blown your way. In case any golfers present aren't aware of it, there's a water hole on the golf course. Ask Hiles, Crimaldi, Stephan or Brandes for its exact location... O.K. Sully now that you are back you can tell us the truth, was it a 2nd class or a wild follow through that got you...Say, Campbell, what is the latest word on your cat?...She has not left you, has she?...Say Berky, come on out of the forest...You are no match for a bear with a forest ranger's hat and a shovel...

undecided

WE ARE GETTING SHOR AND NO ONE feels very much like doing anything, including me. So pay little heed to what I say,

Phipps--what does your room look like on Monday mornings?...Capra--your presence in class would be greatly appreciated...Beckley--where in the hell did you ever learn to march troops, Hollywood, eh!...Bjerke--are sergeants really too good to march the troopies these days...We concede fine spades--Mr. Adickes is on his way up... Loughridge--does shaving cream work very well on teeth...All right, you can tell Cathy Cushman to come out now...Harris--did Allison also catch Poison Ivy from that bush you wer playing in?...Foreman--2010 really is an odd hour to hold reveille, don't you think?...Sargeant Taylor--tell your brother to quit frightening Capt. Kane...Ryan--did you ever find any "hot" bugs...Kentfield--where are you taking that girl!...Hindman---beware of the EMI at 2400...Kremer--do you always change your li on in the middle of the week!...Murphy--I hear that you have sent overseas for another watch...Cartkus--quit corrupting security mutts...Mr. Myslinski---"Where is everyone?"

Petty and his 40

LAST YEARS
NAPSTER*

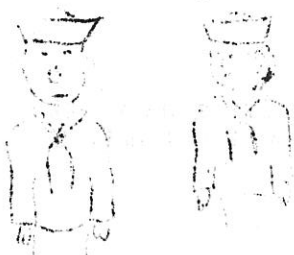
(RAYMOND)

BUT SIR,
IT WAS ALL
IN FUN

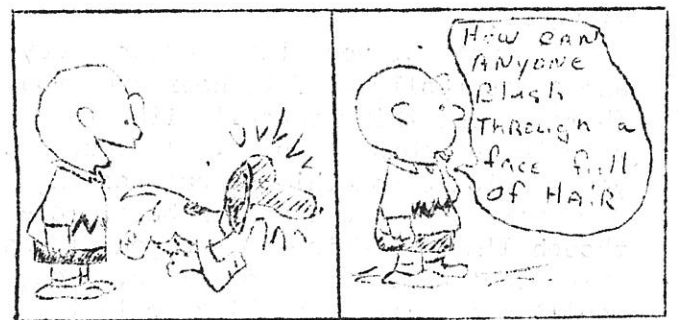
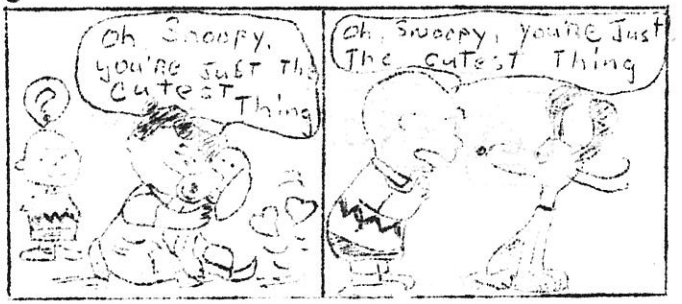
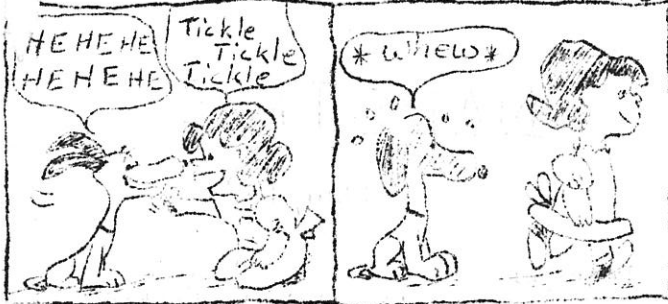
LAST YEARS Plebe

I'm counting
The hours

HAY Pssst! Not only do we have To Knock ourselves out for Liberty, but now we have To Knock ourselves out of Liberty



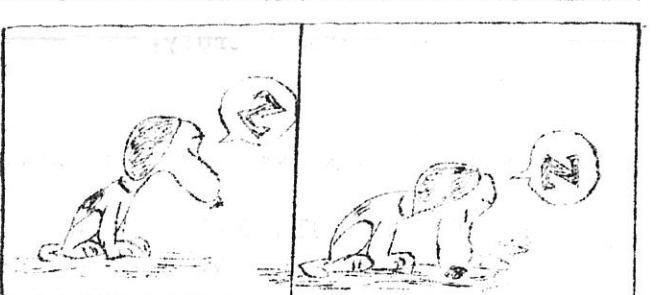
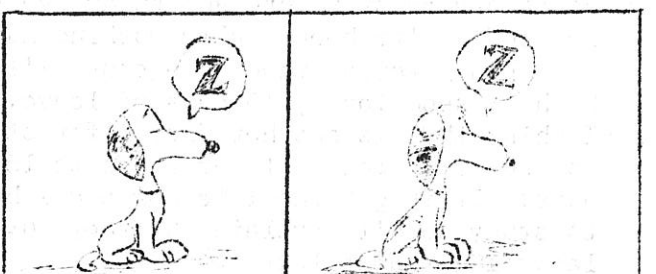
SAT. Smoker
FOR
Co. I (Fun?)
FOR ALL HANDS



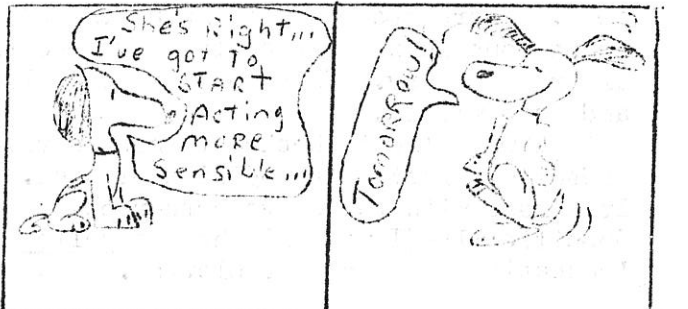
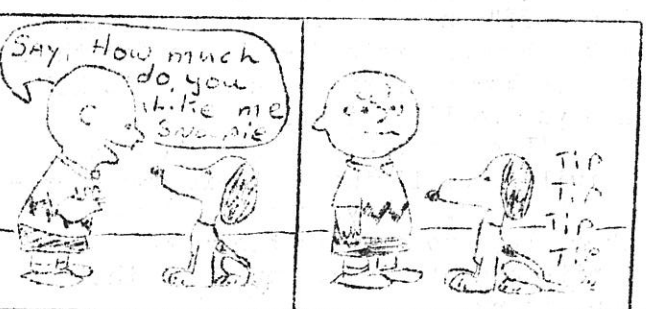
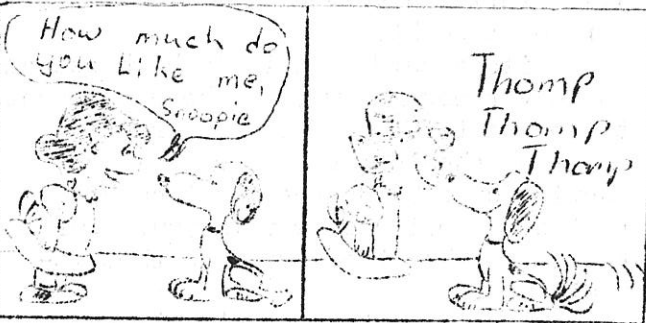
N A P T



SNOOPIES



O O N S





FROM A

NAPSTER

"Dah, Hi"

Letter to a Napster's Girl

Hi Honey,

I just got your last letter today and I was really glad to hear from you. There is one thing that I'd like to talk to you about, though. In your letter you mentioned something about coming down here for my graduation ball. Although I'm just dying to see you, I don't think that would be a good idea. Now, you'll probably start thinking that I have another date for the dance, but that is not true. As I told you, the reason I haven't been home to see you for five months is because we haven't had any liberty. Our school feels that we haven't been learning enough, so they made it mandatory to stay here and study every weekend. I've been really working hard.

Don't worry, though, because I'll be home soon for my 15 days of leave. I think that is another fact I forgot to mention. They cut our leave to 15 days. It is getting late now and I have to study so I'll explain why they cut our leave in my next letter.

Yours truly,

Hugh

THE TROUBLE WITH COLLEGE*PART 1
by Bays

While at USIA this weekend a discussion on the value of a college education came up at our table. The typical Napster has had a little college and quit. It so happens that we can defend our record as dropouts.

College no longer prepares the man for what our industry demands. In an age of constant and accelerated technological advancement, coordination must come into play somewhere in any given business. Collegiates are not trained to coordinate--they are more often indifferent or choose to protest. There is no practical training in management or responsibility. A sense of duty or responsibility is not developed in college. There are more demanding things to be done in a day than to solve equations or write poetry. This world must be lead and lead wisely.

I was almost shocked to hear several midshipmen restate an opinion of mine. It agrees with the above paragraph. Specifically "I wouldn't have a college education" on a silver platter.

Dear Sir:

I am now attending the United States Naval Academy Preparatory School in Banebridj, Merryland. They sent me here because I am a xxc llunt takul on the football team. I also thot that I dezired a Nabal Career. The appointments to the Akadumy came out the outhur day, and changed mu mind about my Nabal Career. Since I am a preserve I can leeve heer and go to a ~~xxx xxxxxx xxx~~ regular college now and I won't even get fradtud. That is why I am applying to your fine skool. The coach told me that

you was a persunool fiend of his and also that you mite need a good takul on you team. My college board skoors waz pritty high, espezhully in Inglish. If you wood like more infurmashun you car right me at this adres:

Melvin Snurd Bmsa

UGU Sekshun 8

Banebridj, Merryland

Thank you for yore knonsiduratshun.

Consseerly

Melvin Snured
Bmsa

'A BETTER DAY TO YOU'

by MAURICE H. FRIED

The life you live.

The late Fred Allen philosophized, "You only live once. But if you live it right, once is enough."

Have you ever, at the end of the day, taken inventory on how you lived it? Really, have you ever given it serious thought?

Life should be held in high esteem and never wasted away on the unpleasant, the unbeautiful, and the destructive.

You should never give in to any subtle forms of depressing thoughts that seek residency within you. Cultivate the habit of evicting them immediately.

Never permit another's misery to "rub off" on you. Instead endeavor to make them understand--and see for themselves how your right thinking is helping you to live right.

'Tis sad that so many abuse the privilege of living by their own shortsightedness. They, sort of, hypnotize themselves to sustain their own bad habits and blame the world for their own misery.

Remember, the life you live is yours. Live it right.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Stun^d* by the spectacular success of the The Man from Naps. BARNACLE hastens to publish what the editors believe will rival that well-received opus, which presently is running a close third to THE COLLECTED WORKS OF P. B. SHELLEY and BETTY CROCKERS COOK BOOK as a favorite reading matter for discerning Napsters. The following series, bearing the catchy and highly original title; The Girls from Naps, will resort occasionally to the borrowing of characters from its parent series, but aside from these piratings, any resemblance to any other characters, alive or dead, past or present, in sickness or in health, for better or worse, is strictly coincidental and rather, we believe, craftily concealed. This goes ditto for any resemblance between NAPS and any other school. So with no other ruffles or flourishes, let us, as we Napsters are fond of saying, proceed onward. (We sure hate redundancy and wordiness.)

ACT I - "NOBODY HERE BUT US CATS"

December Polka, a gay glint sparkling in her heavily masked eyes, descended to the station platform. "Ah Perryville", she murmured nostalgically, "what sins are committed in your name!"

There were tears in her little pig-eyes, as she spat on the platform. She remembered her previous trip to the quaint little Bay city, her hopes high, ambition burning coxily in her ample breasts, and her back sore from the long train ride. Gosh, how gauche she was in those days! She, a spanking new college drop-out and a would-be Wave recruit, approaching that mecca of Navy womanhood - Bainbridge! But that was long ago; a lot of water, neatly concealed in two parts of Old Grandad, has passed under the old bridgetwork since those days. Ignominiously, she could not hack the physical, and so back to the old homestead in Greenwich Village for Little December.

And now this assignment: trouble had broken out in the Naval Academy Preparatory School. The courageous young disciples of Jacob Tome were being bored from within, and without too, by insidious forces, and she was here to combat those forces with every weapon in her superb arsenal. Not that she would be alone. Commander Bond was here and she had been informed by No. One that her old friend and confidante¹, "Twiggy" Twocan, would meet her somewhere within the confines of the training center.

*We were stunned; the author was, with justice, stoned.
1. We hate cliches too.

"Taxi," she called hailingly to an aged coolie dragging a ricksha, who had been hanging hopefully about the premises looking for a fair (whoops! "fare").

The oriental sidled up to the sidewalk. "Yes, Missie, light away! Velly glad to have you abldld²." he said nautically.

"To the Naval Training Center," announced December saltily, and away sped the ancient Cantonese.

"Perhaps," December ventured, "you could tell me something about the NAPS school at Bainbridge, and also about yourself. You seem a rather incongruous figure to be plodding this thoroughfare." She was not a college drop-out for nothing!³

"My name - Wun Lung Chance, Missie, restaulant ploplietor, laundly man, and mutal fund salesman," he answered proudly, "Also moonlight with ricksha."

"Velly - I mean very interesting, Wun," she rejoined. "You seem to be a man of parts," she added cuttingly.

"Ho, velly good," he chortled, and continued chuckling as he padded tirelessly⁴ down the broad expanse of U.S. 222.

"You haven't answered my question about NAPS," December reminded him⁵. "You know, NAPS, N-A-P-S," She spelled it out as though she were dealing with a backward child. She soon would be up to her pretty neck in backward children she felt⁶, once she assumed her role as an instructor at the famed institution on the east bank of the lordly Susquehanna⁷.

"Ah NAPS, yes NAPS," he temporized, "I wouldn't be caught 'napping" at that place. Ha, ha\$ You get it, Missie," Again he chuckled dryly⁸.

"We'll have to file that remark," snorted our heroine raspily, and she longed to kick him in the mouth, but that part of his anatomy was unfortunately out of reach.

"Ho, Missie, here we are!" called out Wun as he drew up to Gate #1,

2. ABLOLD, what's that?
3. Seems to be a double negative here, but I can't figure it out.
4. The ricksha was running on its rims.
5. of whom?
6. see (5) delete 2of"
7. The author is being paid by the word. .
8. He forgot to put water in his radiator.

NA-761
F-44

(cont.)

dimming the glint in his eyes dutifully as he approached the sentry. The sentry slipped outside his stall and called out shinneyingly⁹: "Your pass, please."

December fumbled¹⁰ in her bag and proffered her hidden credentials, not the last of such acts she would undergo during her tenure at NAPS.

"Ah yes," mused the sentry scanningly, as he glanced over the letters of marque rustling¹¹ in his hand. He looked up at December and then his face broke out in a wide, boyish grin¹². He whipped¹³ his cap from his head, and a glorious mass of tawny hair cascaded down "his" shoulders.

"Twiggy!" shouted December, "It's 'Twiggy' Twocan!" She turned towards Wun, who was wearing a broad Asiatic grin from ear to ear¹⁴.

"Some dish," opined Wun¹⁵. "How 'bout you and me gettin' hitched, baby¹⁶? I know that 'Two-can live as cheaply as Wun." He laughed uproariously.

Twiggy fire her gun from its holster and plugged¹⁷ him neatly between the eyes with a well-aimed bullet.

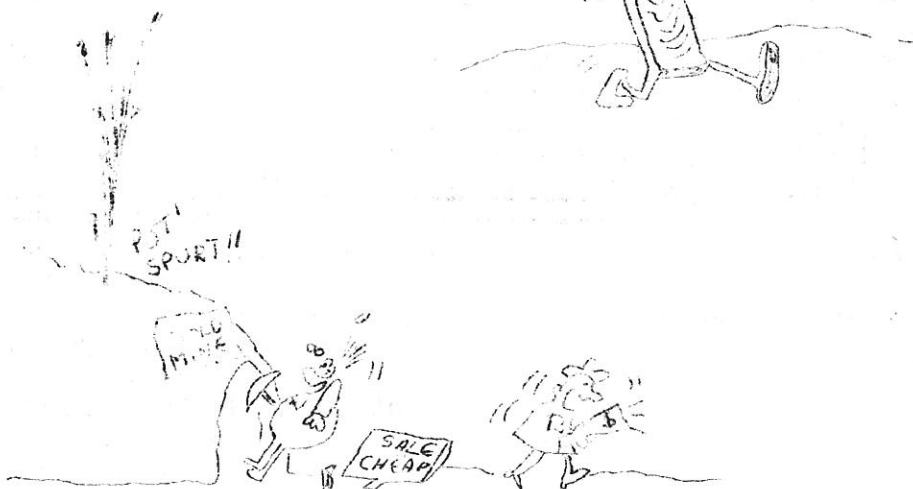
"Not now she can't",¹⁸ she stated accurately, and then turned to her old friend and confidante¹⁹ announcing, "Now, there's nobody here but us cats!"

(TO BE CONTINED)

9. He was a horse of a different color from the richsha's steed.
10. Never make the NAPS squad.
11. This word really belongs in a western we are producing, but we'll try it out here just for kicks.
12. Better than acne.
13. We're just carrying out the horse metaphor.
14. Asiatic grins are "in" this year.
15. The western theme again.
16. Back to the horse metaphor.
17. Again the horse.
18. Another double negative, I think.
19. Haven't we met this cliché before?

DID YOU EVER

See A...



STUDENT SONG

All around the learned world
Student banners are unfurled.
Cairo riots twice a week;
Greek throws cobblestones at Greek;
England shrieks its mind--
Why should America lag behind?
Elders are all crooks or fools.
Elders' answers bore us.
Leave your lecture halls and schools,
Swell the student chorus.

Fling no more that flour bag
Simply as a jolly rag.
Fling it now to demonstrate
Flaming, conscientious hate.
Bash that cop with new zeal--
THAT will show them how we fell.
If we raise sufficient stink
No one can ignore us.
Shout again, too loud to think,
"Harold Wilson is a fink!"
Join the student chorus.

Does it really matter what
Feeds our fury? It does not.
Ian Smith and LBJ
Suit us very well to-day.
To-morrow will fresh causes bring
Just as sure as youth is king.
Leave your essays, leave your books!
Bow down, world, before us!
(till we too are knaves or crooks)
Listening with dismal looks
To the student chorus.

Arriere-Pensee
(stop-Think)

As parties go, it never left the ground;
The booze ran out while boredom hung like
smoke
Over the well-meant faces; round and round
Capered our hostess with a winsome joke
That showed her teeth, all Squirrel Nutkin
crammed
In to a shiny velvet; someone played
The piano like a torturer; and jammed
Nearest a windy corner with no shade
I crouched, all smiles and horror, with
this ape:
Balding and pimply, shiny in the seat
Flicking the ash off his unlovely shape
Yet shouting with conceit upon conceit--
Demented and a dullard. Yawning fast,
I longed to leave; and yet I yearned to
know
What could have so possessed me in the
past;
We damned near married, twenty years ago.

FOXTROT

In a hot, distant land across the way
In the month of February, the 28th
day,
The Marines of Phu Bai, of Foxtrot 2/1
Will remember a battle; a fight costly
won.

Just a routine sweep, so the company thought
Their canteens were low, and the sun
Blazing hot,
Then out of a treeline a whizzing shell sped
"it's another damn sniper!" one man
said.

But as they pushed onward from whence the
shot came,
Thousands more joined the chorus,
Shrapnel fell like the rain
The 810th Battalion of Viet Cong.
Had challenged the "Foxes" of Foxtrot
2/1.

Twas not a long battle, nor short for the
men;
Some fought and died bravely; others
Would fight again.
There were not any cowards; all fought for
Their lives.
They thought Homeward of parents;
their children and wives.

The Marines knew their tactics, and knew
the real well
Twas "on the job training" in a per-
sonal Hell.
The "Foxes" were only one-twenty men strong,
But one Marine's worth 10 Viet Cong.

When the battle was over, the VC were done,
Victorious again were the men of 2/1
"New York" it was named, and Marines all agree
A battle like that they hope never
To see.

Vietnam is the place; '66 is the year,
But the month is now April, and I am
Still here.
For the story is true, and I'm able to say,
That I was in Foxtrot 2/1 on that day.

PFC Michael E. Murphy
17 April, 1966

The true compensation of attentive
observation.
You can acquire greater knowledge and
wisdom by cultivating the habit of be-
coming and acute observer.
Learn to perceive and evaluate all you
see and hear. Always take a sincere interest
in what men of success have to say or
display. Their accumulated experiences
can teach you much. Their keen insight
can save you precious time.
Remember, your compensation is in
close observation of another's demonstration
plus your own right judgment for its sound
application.

THINGS WE SHOULD DO ON LEAVE

By Urspruch

1. Spit shine two pairs of shoes
2. Roll three neckerchiefs pencil thin
3. Run twice a day to get in shape
4. Study trigonometry and physics
5. Get up at 0500
6. Turn in at 0930
7. Stop smoking
8. Practice eating at a brace
9. Refrain from intoxicants
10. Start saying sir to your little brother
11. Buy up all the Kool-Aid you can
12. Memorize Reef Points
13. Memorize the eleven general orders
14. Memorize the middle name of every Admiral since John Paul

THINGS WE WILL DO ON LEAVE

1. Run around in sweatshirts, shorts, and old tennis shoes, without socks
2. Never wear a tie
3. Eat an extra piece of Mom's cake
4. Read the sports section, and comics
5. Get up around noon
6. Drag it in at three
7. Show everybody our Naval Academy lighter
8. Eat half of our meals at MacDonalds
9. Go to a party every night
10. Beat up on our little brother for wearing our clothes
11. Discover 30¢ a quart wine
12. Think of a watch as something we wear on our arm
13. Talk cops out of speeding tickets
14. Work it so Dad always buys the gas, and in general, raise hell

WHAT'S THE WORD?

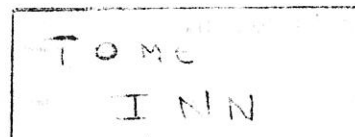
ON

- Capra's room being bombed Sunday night?
- Hindman's sober weekend?
- Doering's four year scholarship?
- Beasley's new head gear?
- Certain NAPS students already marked ~~for~~ USNA frying? (They never forget)
- Our LaCrosse improvement association?
- NAPS "71" maraders making a "good impression" at the Maryland game?
- Naval Academy's Friday night "liberty" status?
- Promulgating (Stealing) a certain famous ship figure-head known as the god of 2.5?

The Napsters Bid For Fame

Last Saturday at the Navy-Maryland LaCrosse game approximately 40 Napsters, led by a Midshipman, assaulted the Maryland stands and retrieved a large banner which the Maryland students had draped over the edge of the stands. The mission was a complete success except for a few casualties and the fact that the Midshipman didn't fare too well when he returned to the Navy stands. He probably got set back to his 1 - 0 day.

LCdr Simmons promised television coverage, and true to his word we got it. If you happened to be watching the sports news just before midnitht Saturday, you probably saw the coverage of the LaCrosse game. Right at the end of the coverage of the game about $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{3}{4}$ seconds coverage was donated to the NAPS raid on the Maryland stands. Another first for the NAPS Class of '67, Yeah NAPS.



Well, gang, how about it? Did that three days at the Academy make you super-gungy? Wasn't it fun watching the Plebes brace up and thinking about yourself in their shoes in a couple of months? But I think we all realize that after Plebe year, we'll have it made there down. We're all apprehensive about that first year at Annapolis, but there's no reason at all why we can't make it through Plebe year. All we have to do is want to make it. We'll also have to get rid of the "I'm saltier than you" attitude. When we're Plebes we'll be the low man on the totem pole. All orders from upper classmen will have to be obeyed, even if they are a year or two younger than us. There will be many things we will learn down there, even during Plebe year, so don't go down there thinking that you know everything. Remember that all of this is worth it if you really want to graduate from the Naval Academy.



THE THING

Well, we had a guess last week but it was wrong; so this week we have another clue. This week the prize is worth 5 pitchers of beer or \$3.00.

The three clues so far have been:

- 1) It's somewhere on USNTC, Bainbridge Maryland.
- 2) It's in the Tome Area (To be more exact).
- 3) It's always changing.

This weeks clue is:

- 4) The color is green.

The Thing - No. 4

Name _____

Day _____ Hour _____

The Thing is: _____

by it's anyone's guess.

BEFORE AND AFTER, that candid look at the U. S. Naval Preparatory School world of sports, academics and society, was christened with a bottle of correction fluid that, not unexpectedly, broke the article and not the bottle. This article appeared on the last page of The Barnacle which only goes to prove that the editor makes his readers go through the whole paper to get to the best article, or that he hates his roommate's consummate skill. (It is hoped that the editor will take this criticism, which is very biased, to heart.)

As this week's article was in its planning stages, the primary target was the U. S. Naval Academy and its likenesses to our favorite prep school; i.e. that part of discipline and regulation which we have become so fond of (and so susceptible to), but today I have a conscience to deal with.

Our battalion commander's spiel on "Why I want to go to the Naval Academy" (also referred to as "Don't drink in the barracks, the appointment you save might be mine") brought out the amazing point that several among our midst (himself included for that emphatic punch) still desire to go the USNA. I am, therefore, inclined to compromise the Barnacle Creed: "If you cannot write anything bad, don't write at all," and touch upon the points we all were shown.

One incident witnessed by BEFORE AND AFTER brought joy to the heart of the Class of '71. Take one plebe (name withheld to protect the hero) and place him at the table with assorted upper-classmen. Also inject into one of the upper-classmen the compelling desire to harass this plebe. After eleven minutes, seventeen questions and no food, the plebe requested permission to make a statement Request denied! The plebe again requested permission to make a statement, and again the request was denied. Not being to give up, the plebe requested permission to make a statement for a third time. Growing intolerant on the plebe's continuous requests, the upperclassman consented and received our favorite hand gesture. End of Story.

How did you like the Naval Academy?

Spozdial: Gads, I can hardly wait until we start!

Berryhill: It's a nice place to visit but I would hate to live there.

Wilson: Heh, heh. Let me tell you about OSU.

Holland: I've decided to take a commission in the DVLG instead of going to the Academy.

Condon: I thought the noon meal formation Saturday was outstanding!

Bartkus: I didn't like all that greasey kid's stuff.

In my opinion, this world would be much better off if people would be more aware of great events which have occurred daily throughout history. This column is dedicated to those who are interested in some of the more significant historical facts. A new calender will be published for each week.

Wed.-April 26-1945-Aorta, Mongolia-The great wall of China is leased for billboards.

Thursday-April 27,1943-Green Pea, Nebr.- Norman Clature makes first unsuccessful attempt to get out on the right side of the bed.

Friday*April 28,1957-U.S.A.- Age of Reason ends.

Saturday*April 29,1654-Hampshire,England- Griswald Nugent invents the steam-driven comb.

Sunday-April 30-Huey P. Long's birthday

Monday*May 1,1959-Potwin, Kansas-Elmer

Fidd tiddles 3,200 consecutive winks

Tuesday-May 2,437-The Coliseum,Rome-

Farley Hurley wins Roma 500 with rear-engined chariot.

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


GRADUATION WEEK	27
GRADU TION BALL	30
GRADUATION D Y	31
R&R	31
MEMORIAL DAY	37
PLEBE YEAR BEGINS	65
X*MAS	247
USNA GRADUATION	1359
HINDMAN JOINS AA	?
CAPRA RECEIVES COLORS	31
TAYLOR MAKES UP HIS MIND	?

WANTED

200 Cockroaches needed to add local color in Tome Inn. Must like dirty cracked floors and frayed electrical wiring. Immediate openings in all desks, chairs, and baseboards. Also tarantula wanted as a standby for the "Beauty Contest" this Saturday.

PAGE 14
 AT THE ACADEMY
 WILL WE EVER SEE?

Phipps Brace-up	Kentfield Lose His Horns
Bloom-shut-up	D Wilson with a Good Tan
Ellis Grow-up	Foreman Shower
Hindman Sober-up	Sorrentino Eat Breakfast with the Brigade
Hughes Speak-up	Taylor Work
Voigts Show-up	Capra As Editor of The Log
Seyboldt Fatten-up	Annis Develope a Southern Drawl
Ives White himself-up	Dietz Pass an Inspection
Maskaluk Sound-off	Raymond Avenged
Kremer awaken Bancroft Hall	Wagemaker Found USNA Branch of Gator-A-Go-Go
Mallgrave Hide Chocolate Bunnies	Weinhaus pass E-3 Exam
Marks Date Another Girl	Zapf Follow Orders (other than Margie)
Lafferty Desalienate	Bjerke Grow
Boy Bear Shave	Barktus Change his Name
Hower Ship-over	Condon Without power
Ralphie un the Bancroft Galley	Poleshaj Tutor Russian
Beasley Buy Silver Bars	Parker as Sectary of Somix Navy
S Harris Recognize U.S. Independence	
Our Midshipman Host Spoon Us	
Tecumseh Disappear	

<p>"THE BARNACLE"</p> <p>FROM:</p> <p>NAME: 215 1547</p> <p>CO: I SECTION: III</p> <p>NAVAL ACADEMY PREP SCHOOL BAINBRIDGE, MARYLAND 21905</p>	<p>TO:  30 DAYS TO DELIVER, MD. MAY 2 11AM 1964</p> <p>MRS. CALVIN BECKLEY</p> <p>22430 CRISWELL ST</p> <p>CANOGA PARK, CALIFORNIA</p> <p>91304</p>
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