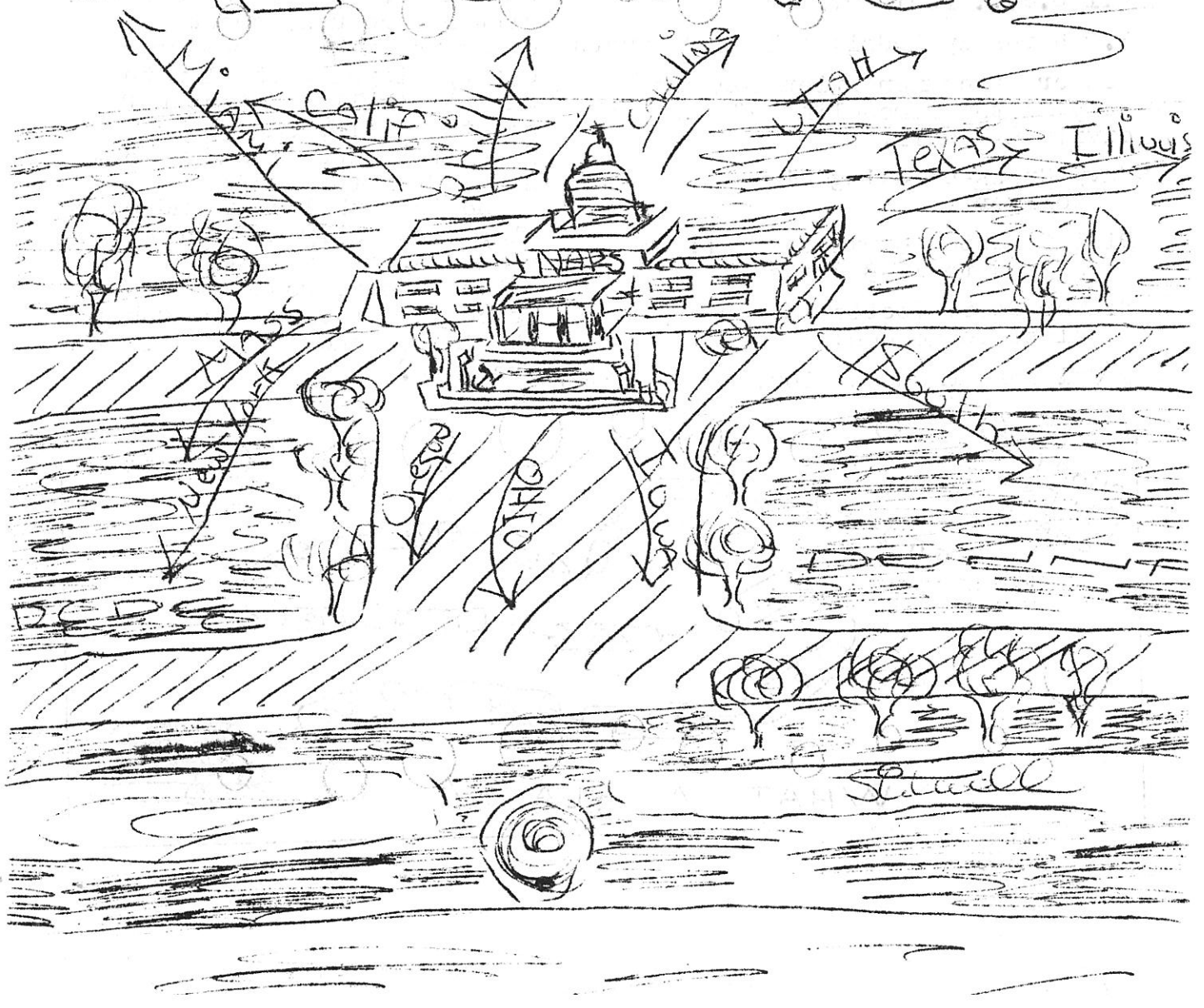


The Barrack

Vol 4 Num 25 U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY PREPARATORY SCHOOL 11 May '67

So do you
leave?



EDITORIAL

Well awards are coming up soon. We would like to make a few awards to: people who made it through the school but did not make the big time awards; or people who made it so big they were overlooked.

Fisherman of the year award
Capt. Prichard

Interior & Exterior Decoration
GMMI Boudreau

Salty Dog Award
Sgt. Bjerke

Matched Book ends Award
Bloom & Ellis

FROM: "the ribbons We'd like to see"

Intramural Purple Heart: Patterson
(Posthumously)

Varsity Purple Heart: Tony Hohmann

NAPS Purple Heart Award: awarded personally by Carlton to RM "A" school

Hump-in-the-road-Expeditionary Medal: presented to all duty drivers of the line.

Golf Course Expeditionary Medal presented to SM Wheeler

NAPS Expeditionary Medal: presented to James, Cuddy and team

NAPS occupation Medal: presented to all O.G.U. residents

3.2 Frdship Medal: all NAPS minors

Letter of commendation for his help in the remodeling of NAPS to civilian Powell.

Navy Cross-checking Ribbon: SM Toliver

Disinterested Service Medal: presented to IC-3 James

Silver Star: Section 3 (pretty close to golden)

Medal for Humane Action: Cpl Hindman

BEFORE AND AFTER

by it's anyones guess

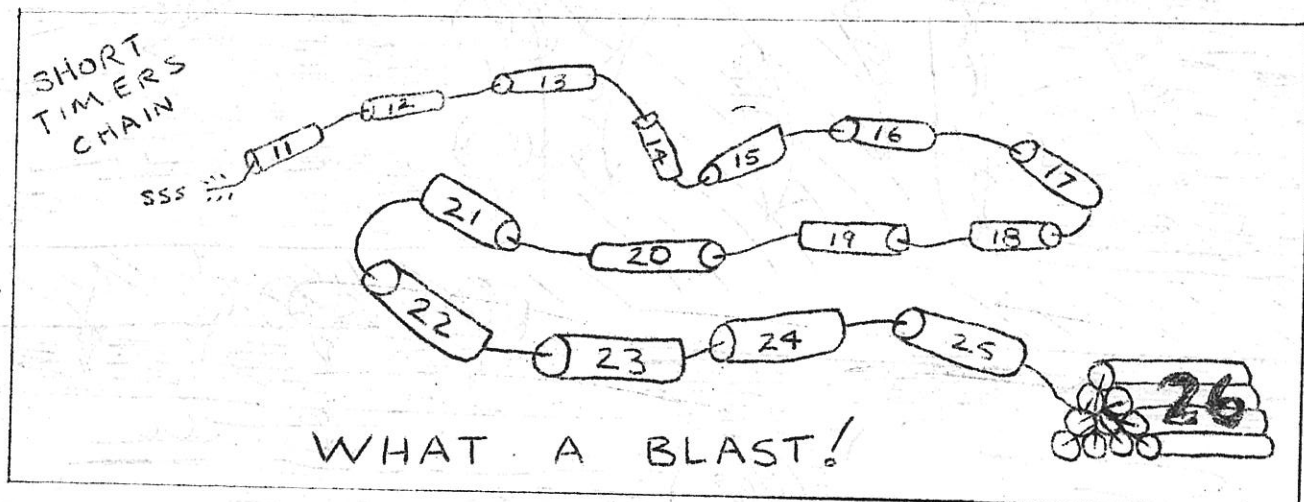
Often subject to reappraisals, this column has turned over its leaf many times and also the many leaves of our campus in order to seek out injustice, squeal on tyranny, and make an ass of the editor. And, in its short but illustrious life, BEFORE AND AFTER has succeeded slightly in each of its first two aims and so greatly in its last.

This week we shall endeavor to quiet the mysteries which surround our battalion commander.

I am overjoyed that he was MAN OF THE FLEET early in the year; if a column were run now it would challenge THE GIRL FROM NAPS not only in length, but in adventure, sex, and an ever present suspense. Thank heaven for the efficiency of our staff for their quickness to exemplify our contemporary hero.

Safe and secure in his penthouse suite, surrounded by the intellectuals, and filled with the mission to become a marine, B. C. (standing for battalion commander, Before Condon, or bitter coconuts) shouts noon commands in his New England chant, plays softball with an uncanny skill and true NAPS sportsmanship, and picks no favorites except Monday morning after the Sunday races.

He is both leader and example, especially at parties, on weekends, and asleep in class. But then what would NAPS be if it could not find strength in its leader and a leader in its strength?



007 008 -WOW

THE GIRLS FROM NAPS

AGENT
36-23-36

EDITOR'S NOTES: We're getting pretty tired of writing these notes, but someone has to explain it is driven. Our only consolation is that at least this section is not as bad as The Girls from Naps. It's more literary, or maybe just a little less illiterary.

Anyway, our heroines, December and Twiggy, have finally made the scene at NAPS, but only under the most trying of circumstances. December has just cold-soaked a Marine corporal and her friend and confidante, Twiggy, for a couple of innocuous puns. Now, faced with a possible court martial, she contemplates her Naval future. (Hah, fooled you, didn't we!)

ACT III

"And the greatest of these...."

December was non plussed(1). She looked down at her two victims, a U. S. Marine and a sister investigator. Reacting quickly, as only highly trained secret agent can act, she swooped (2) a hatful of water from Tome Canal and dashed it into the faces of Garrity and Twiggy.

Corporal Garrity moaned pitifully and sat up, rubbing his neck, "What hit me?" he asked feebly.

"A hatful of water," snapped December, "on the rocks! And now let's see a little more civility (3) around this military installation."

Garrity rose unsteadily, and, ever the gentleman, he bent down and helped Twiggy to her pins(4).

"Now, Corporal Garrity," demanded December, "suppose you lead us to our quarters, and then introduce us to the Battalion Commander."

"Sorry, Ma'am," Garrity replied, "but because of your sex (5), you'll have to stay at the Guest House at the other end of the base. Uncle Sam don't allow no women types 'round here (6)."

"We'll go into that sex angle later," simpered (7) Twiggy, blinking her long artificial lashed suggestively at the corporal.

-
- (1) This is contradiction in terms. How can a person be negatively plussed?
 (2) I think the author means "scooped".
 (3) Part of the civilianization program, no doubt.
 (4) He once worked in a bowling alley
 (5) Hah! At last he got some sex into this turkey. Now I suppose I'll have to sharpen up the old blue pencil.
 (6) His English Boards were O. K. He was at NAPS for help in math.

"I'm from Goston, Ma'am," said Garrity stiffly, "an' we don't go for that sex-stuff no-how up that-a-way."

Twiggy's face hardened into a leer of contempt (8). "We'll see about that," she sneered. "Bostonians are only human, even though they are marines!"

Garrity ignored the jibe, and turned towards the front entrance of the Academic Building. "Face, Rope!" he called to two Napsstors standing at attention on the top of the ladder.

The duo, who had been at parade rest during the entire episode, snapped to attention.

"Come yar!" ordered Garrity, and they stepped smartly down the steps in perfect unison, approached to within six feet of the trip, halted, did a right face, marched another six paces, halted again, executed (9) another right face, marched six more paces, halted....

"Cut that out!" roared Garrity. He turned towards our heroines and announced, "These are my associates, PFC 'About' Face and SN 'Knotty' Rope. They'll help you get settled comfortably at the Guest House."

Face and Rope darted forward, grabbed the bags (10), and hustled the girls toward a waiting pick-up truck. They tossed the girls and the bags into the rear, leaped into the cab and were soon careening madly down Tome Road, ignoring traffic signs, pedestrians, flying golf balls, and the bouncing girls back in the business end of the truck.

"I've g-g-got a f-f-feeling w-w-we're being f-f-f-f-followed," chattered Twiggy, her eyes on a little white Volkswagon, careening just as wildly in the wake of the pick-up.

December banged on the glass panel. Seaman Rope turned around, and she motioned toward the Volks. Rope slowed the lurching vehicle and drew over to the left hand side of the road. The Volks went screaming (11) past, and they caught a glimpse of an evil-looking countenance leering through the side glass panel.

"Fu Manchu!" shouted Twiggy. "It's the insidious Dr. Fu Manchu! He's

(7) Simper Fideles, as the Marines say.

(8) This might have been "layer of cement"; we couldn't read the original manuscript too well.

(9) They didn't believe in capital punishment. They were simply executing maneuvers.

(10) The luggage, dopes.

(11) It was a vocal Volks.

here at Bainbridge!" she yelled into December's ear.

She was uncanny (12) thought December. She had spotted the evil doctor in the blurred instant it took the white Volks to hurtle past the slowing pick-up.

There was the root of the situation at NAPS, decided December. Fu Manchu and his squad were behind the boring fr m within (13) that was upsetting the peaceful little school on the Susquehanna. Fu Manchu was the dreadful cause of nine-tenths of the troubles that beset the agents of No. One.

"Follow that car!" shouted December. Serman Rope double-clutched his chariot in a mad effort to keep pace with the fleeing Oriental. It was to no avail. The little wagon flew like a panicky cock-roach (14), scuttling along the winding road, and bursting through the stop sign at Bainbridge Road, to go disapperring into the wood work somewhere in the dim distance.

Again the pick-up slowed down (15). December jumped out and confronted Face and Rope (16). "We're going to need help. This is more than we can handle ourselves." Her bosom heaved in panic(17).

"Don't worry, Ma'am," drawled Rope (18). We'll get help; the best help at NAPS."

"And who," asked Twiggy, blinking her eyelids rapidly, (19) "would that be?"

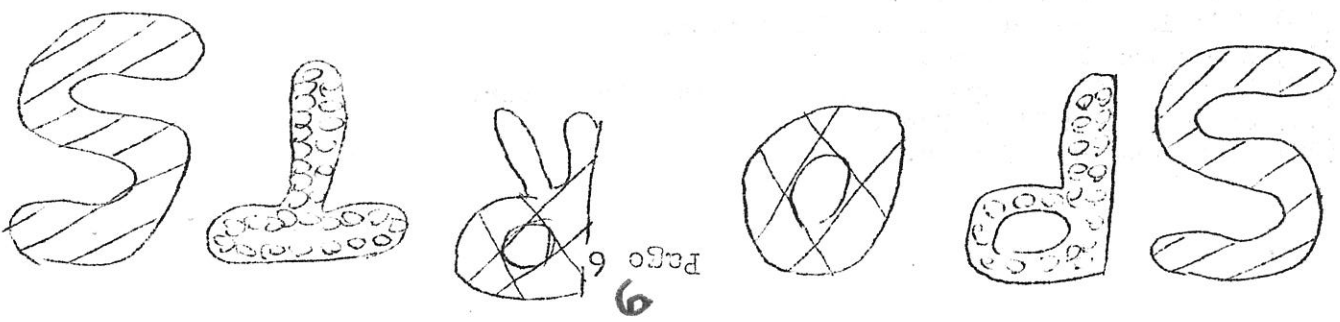
"Corporal Garrity, Ma'am," he shot back, acknowledging the signal. He's a good man in a pinch (20)."

"Ah," murmured twiggy, "Face, Rope and Garrity - These three. And the greatest of these is Garrity," she stammered scripturally.

December gave her a murderous look.

(To be Continued)

-
- (12) She was referring to Twiggy's quick reactions, not her figure, which was a toothsome 24-16-16.
 - (13) The squad was well-drilled.
 - (14) Never knew those things could fly.
 - (15) A bit of contrast here.
 - (16) This is a face-to Face confrontation.
 - (17) A playtex trade name.
 - (18) He was a Texas Rope, and this is not a bum steer.
 - (19) She was signalling Rope.
 - (20) This intrigued Twiggy.



LEFT 'n RIGHT

by Lafferty and Dietz

activity crowd, an estimated 800 million all the world witnessed the final on television.

The all-time attendance record for any single game - in any sporting event - is 199,854, set in Rio de Janeiro's Maracana Stadium for a World Cup final in 1950 between Brazil and Uruguay. Attendance topped 100,000 had been recorded dozens of times in Madrid, Glasgow, London, Milan, and other large cities.

Some of the world's top stars have been bought and sold for astronomical sums of money. Italy's first division Roma spent a cool \$750,000 for the services of inside-right Angelo Sormani a few years back, and gave rival Mantova a couple of players (one of them, Karl-Heinz Schellinger, star fullback of West Germany's runner-up side) as well. Other transfer fees have also been large enough to make your head swirl. Juventus of Italy got inside-forward Luis Del Sol from Spain's Real Madrid for a reported \$555,000; Athleticco Madrid received a check for \$500,000 from Inter Milan for a crack center-forward, Jose Piero.

Edson Arantes de Nascimento or as he is better known to millions, Pelé, was not sold by his club, Brazil's Santos, even for two million dollars. They could not even sell him if they wished to - Pelé is classified as a national resource and for any such transaction clearance by the Brazilian government would be required.

So there you have it - this is the new game that has taken hold of the American sports scene - I for one wish it the best of luck. Now let's see what happened in last week's intramural soccer action.

Co. 2's seven game win streak was finally ended Wednesday as Co. 1 battled back from a 2-0 deficit to win 5-3. Then to prove it wasn't a mistake, Co. 1 came right back to win again Thursday. This time by a score of 3-0 as Maskalik, Dietz, and Lafferty each scored and McGraw turned in a fine game as goalie. It is about time that Co. 1 started winning too. After all Co. 2 has only one man who has ever played soccer before, Doering, and Co. 1 has at least five. Seems that Co. 2 just has more desire to win.

This week also saw the two new soccer teams begin to play. Co. 1 moved out with two straight wins over Co. 2's inexperienced players. It is too late

To a soccer minded person it's almost an insult to cheer a comment like this: "Oh soccer, that's the game where they always fight." Let's face it, the world's best-loved hasn't found an esteemed spot in the hearts of most Americans and Canadians.

But any true-blooded fan has known all along that soccer is a lot more to the rest of the world. It's a drug on which millions are hooked; it's something worth missing the best meal of the day for; it's a subject of heated discussion for days after an interesting match; it's an escape for a few hours from the strains of everyday life; it's something worth standing in the pouring rain or under the blazing sun when you want to get tickets for a forthcoming game; it's a red-letter day when your team wins; it's a way of life. It's called many names in many tongues: soccer, football, fitba, futsal, fobal, and laddargass; it all means the same: two teams of eleven men each, a referee and two linesmen to keep the competition honest, and a leather ball.

Soccer is played anywhere, anytime. On any given Sunday, at any hour there are at least 12,000 soccer games in progress throughout the world, from Rio de Janeiro's famed Maracana Stadium to Glasgow's equally well known Hampden Park, from within a stones throw of Paris' Eiffel Tower to a tiny village in Uganda.

Federation Internationale de Football Association (FIFA), the world governing body, keeps alert eyes over it's membership of 125 countries (more than the United Nations has under its jurisdiction).

Millions of men, from school-boys to middle-aged, play soccer competitively - more millions than the total population of the United States and Canada. And the spectators...last year 93,000 (capacity crowd) piled into London's Wembley Stadium to cheer England (considered the "mother country" of association football) to its first World Cup victory. Thousands more, who were unable to obtain tickets even at sky-high prices from scalpers, joined the lucky ones in a wild and joyous celebration later in Trafalgar Square. In addition to the cap-

I'll be glad to carry them out to your car Mrs. Hall.

U I P

YANCHO B. TOE "MAYOR" DINE A-
SWEETNESS

When Mr. Markwood says sing he means SING!!

Y

--o-----oo--
o-----o-----
-----o-----o-----o

\$\$\$\$\$\$\$

X %

I have a hunch he is trying to double cross us.

I I

#

Well Hindman I'm glad you didn't think the test was so hard!

F

A

Now Tom, Stay at this club for a while and we will go to the Gaiety tomorrow night

KKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK

I I

I really don't think you are getting across to them Mr. Reece.

X

X

?????????????????
?????????????????
?????????????????
?????????????????

Sir, 18 men assigned:
four at dental, two at the chaplain's office, two at the academic office, four at accountability, Sn Hunt, checking out, and I believe One man is skateing.

I

X

Kramer, have you been up at the club again.

/ X

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0 0 0 I I 0

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7

Oh well, back to the old drawing board.

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Somewhere in the forgotten past, on the isle of Nevergetoffa, the lonely figure of Arlisovlis J. Simmonapolis can be seen pacing the perimeter of his prison enclosure. Arlisovlis had to escape, but how? His prison was a labyrinth that covered the whole island whose treacherous passageways concealed dangers of untold horrors. Already, in his wand rings Arlisovlis had narrowly escaped the diabolical clutches of the nightmarish Ooochee. This was the terrible beast whose appetite excluded nothing. His encounters with the beautiful sirens Jacobolis, Halloply, and Duncanovis, whose singing kills instantly, made his need to escape all the more urgent. The raw materials available to him were scant, for the only other life on the island was the thousands of sea birds and gaint bees who made their homes on the barren land. Arlisovlis studied the situation and formulated a plan of escape. After many years of observing the birds and the bees, he struck on an almost unique thought. He would make wings of feathers and wax and fly to the distant Toman Empire to seek aid there from his captors.

After the completion of his wings he set out on his journey. Upon nearing the empire, he realized that he had only learned how to take-off and maintain his flight. He had neglected to perfect or even achieve short runway landings. In his efforts to land, he flew too near to one of the Toman Dempsey Dumpsters and wayward report chits burning with smouldering heat softened his feathered and waxed wings and sent him plummeting toward the earth and apparent doom.

Arlisovlis, resourceful man that he was, steered himself toward what appeared from the great height to be about 100 small lakes all clustered in one of the landscape far below. To his dismay, the lakes turned out to be the bits and pieces of a large mirror which lay broken gleaming like 100 lakes. Of course this miscalculation cost him his life. Arlisovlis J. Simmonapolis was buried by many devout Tomanenese, but is remembered by his ancestors. Each male son, nephew, and great grandchildren can be found to this day wearing small gold wings, a badge of that long ago heroic deed and man.

Friday evening found the NAPS Thinclads victorious over Johns Hopkins track squad, even though we won the meet decisively, a strange track and areas for field events took there toll of Napster times and distances. Only one record fell to NAPS runners this meet, and that was to Foreman in the 440 intermediate hurdles. His time for the race was 63 seconds flat. We did manage to secure 14 out of the possible 17 first place in the meet. The score of the meet was NAPS 93, Johns Hopkins 52.

Next week NAPS faces the powerful plebe team from the Harvard Academy. It should prove to be an interesting meet and spectator attendance will be greatly appreciated.

The results of Fridays meet were as follows:

Mile Relay 1st-Vandel, Spanbaur, James, Tiernay (3:36.3)
 440 Relay 1st-Annis, Vandel, Harris, Tiernay
 440 1st Spanbaur 53.1 2nd Vandel (53.6)
 880 1st James 2:06.5 3rd Polatty (2:09.3)
 Mile 1st Rogers 4:44.8 3rd Ellis (5:00.0)
 2 Mile 1st Rogers 10:27.7 2nd Peters 10:50.6
 100 1st Tiernay 11.0 3rd Annis (11.3)
 220 2nd Harris 24.5
 120 YH 1st Foreman 18.2
 440 1st Foreman 63. 2nd Trent (63.3)
 Shot put Ballinger 36'11" 2nd Gildea 36'73/4"
 Discus 1st Ballinger 107'1"
 Broad Jump 2nd Cook 19'10 3/4"
 Hop Step Jump 1st Henken 40'2 1/2" 2nd Annis 37'2 1/2"
 Pole Vault 1st Foreman 10'
 High Jump 3rd (tie) Harris-Voigts (5'4")
 Javelin 1st Gildea 139' 3rd Voigts 122'

WHAT'S THE WORD? db
 on bywa
 bh

-Nine-O-Clock revielle and on chow?

-Sub ordinates attacking their superiors?

-Company Two losing their soccer touch?

-Further efforts to tame the shrew in Company two?

-A lead balloon for a ball?

THRU THE BLEARY EYE

by E. M. Hughes

Well, here it is, time for me to write another piece of trash to fill up space in the BARNACLE. The only trouble is that it is almost impossible to think about anything, when you can look out and see the sun and the lush green of leaves and grass. I keep thinking how close May 26th. is getting and I can't wait for the last 16 days to get over. I think this is the problem with most of us here. This is a perfectly natural thing, to develop a "short-timers" attitude, but we should watch ourselves. If we go too far, we might not get that 30 days leave. I've been working fairly hard all year, and I know I could sure use that leave. The thing to do in these last couple of weeks is to try and continue in the way you've done things all year. This means that you skate a little, but you do compensate by doing a little work. I know that it seems impossible for you to bring yourself to work at all, but by trying at least you can reduce your chances of getting caught goofing off. Just try and wait until the night of May 26th. before you let everything go. Then go out and raise HELL!!!!

QUESTION OF THE WEEK

How did you like the All Hands Ball?

Capra: Everyone kept staring at me.

Mr. McGhee: Heh, Heh, 23 Skidoo!

Petty: Loneliness is a new Wave.

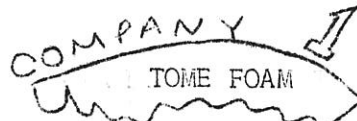
Mr. Nolan: More fun than the Tea Party.

Wilson: Only 18 days to go!

Jackson: I'm protesting! Louie Armstrong wasn't there.

Beasley: They didn't serve anything I could drink.

Mr. Myslinski: I was doing fine until she asked me what my name was.



Smock-was changing to daylight time really painful...Hohman-why were you serveing linen Saturday instead of Friday. Capra, is there another inspection coming up...Hindman-how come you did not mind loosing that hour...
 ...Room 215 gives "red bellies" as first prize...Turnbull-are you really allergic to EMI...Sisson finally pushed someone too far...Harris-there are no calvary units in the Marine Corps. McAfee-was chow really that bad...Ryan-why did not you call attention on deck...No wonder Company One is loosing intramurals this marking period - we don't have any pool jocks...Wilson, M. K.-you are next!...
 ...Wagemaker-where did you get that passion mark!...Condon-does Capt. Prichard know you are a communist?...
 ...Ives-how many men does it take to make you look good...Loughridge-how was Mass (Catholic, not Captain's)...
 ...Stilwell-hasn't anyone told you it is cheating to stack cards...Cushman-how much do you charge for Bee killing lessons...Kentfield-are you going native with a spear and a blow gun...Murphy-you had better not be caught talking to the Mrs. during study hours anymore....Henken-did Capt. Christy ever place you during study hours.....
 ...Sorrentino-did you catch a few too many rays...Ryan-Fee, Fie, Fo, Fum, someone has been sleeping in my bed..
 ...Don't blame Bjerke-its not his fault the softball team doesn't win?????

Petty and his 40

DAY COUNT by NHOJ K. NODNOC

GRADUATION WEEK	12
GRADUATION BALL	14
GRADUATION DAY	15
R & R	16
MEMORIAL DAY	20
PLEBE YEAR BEGINS	47
CHRISTMAS	233
USNA GRADUATION	1345
LAST BARNACLE	14
ANOTHER LONG WEEKEND	?
SUN*DOWN PARADE	8

WHAT IS AN AMERICAN?

Gerald Wyman, director of the Community Services Council's project on aging, sent us the following item which was printed recently in a Grand Rapids church bulletin.

It is called: "hat is an American?"

"He yells for the government to balance the budget and then takes the last dime he has to make a down payment on a car."

"He whips the enemy and then gives them the shirt off his back."

"He yells for speed laws that will stop fast friving and then won't buy a car if it can't make 100 miles per hour."

"An american gets scared to death if we vote a billion dollars for education, but he is unconc rned when he finds out we are spending three billion dollars a year for cigarettes."

"He knows the line-up of every baseball team in the American and National Leagues - but he doesn't know h half the words to the Star Spangled Banner."

"He ties up his dog but lets his 16-year old son run wild."

"An american will work hard on a farm, so he can move to town where he can make more money, so he can move back to the farm."

"When an American is in his office he talks about baseball, football or fishing, but when he is at the game or on the lake, he talks business."

"He is the only fellow in the world who will pay 50 cents to park his car while he eats a 25 cent sandwich."

"He is never ready for war but he has never lost one."

"We're the country that has more food to eat than any other country in the world and more diets to keep from eating it."

"We're the most ambitious people on earth and we run from morning until night trying to keep our earning power up with our yearning power."

"We're supossed to be the most civilaized Christian nation on earth, but still can't deliver payrolls without an armored car."

"In America we have more experts on marriage than any other country in the world and more divorces."

"But, we're still pretty nice folks. Calling a person 'A Real American' is the best compliment you can pay him. Most of the world is itching for what we have, but they will never have it until they start scratching for it the way we did."

This is the third in our series of vitally important historical facts.

Wednesday-May 10, 1602 - Pillo, Italy- Philip the Good jailed on bad conduct charges.

Thursday-May11, 1914 - Grundune, Australia - Quibley Snark wins Olympic 8-yard dash against unbelievable odds. Unbelievable Odds finishes second.

Friday-May 12, 1870 - Pittsfield, Mass.- Herman Mellville writes Moby Dick.

Saturday-May13, 1870 - Pittsfield, Mass.- No reply from Mody Dick. Melville greatly disappointed.

Sunday-May 14, 1009 B.C. * Atherns, Greece - Morphicles proves philosophically that he does not exist.

Monday-May15, 1935 - Metropolis, U.S.A. Clark Kent applies for a newspaper job.

Tuesday-May16, 1414 - Labonza, Italy - Prince Foose Belladonna writes his famous book of politics, Prince Foose Belladonna's Famous Book of Politics

WANTED

MM3 S. Bellesrti would like all Napsters to turn over to him the mames and addresses of all good looking girls they know that live in the Bainbridge area. They should be 5'feet 2 inches to 5 feet 7 inches; hair - any natural color; weight - 95 pounds to 115 pounds; age - 18-21. It is desired that these girls be on an intellectual level comparable to that of Petty Officer Bellestri. Immediate reply is requested.

I keep getting the feeling that Mr. Howard is trying to be one up on me.

1 1 2

NOW I have a movie you will all enjoy: Ring of Valor

I

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N

Page 11
The Fink

A



P

A fink is a classmate who won't let you copy his homework.

Afink is someone who gives you the measles during summer vacation.

T

When approached by a prospective NAPS candidate during the course of your Summer Leave, BE SURE to mention.....

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1) Plush accomodations | 11) The E.M. club-a-go-go |
| 2) Atmosphere conducive to good study | 12) Rapid advancement * |
| 3) Jacob Tome | (*Note: applies to USMC only.) |
| 4) The view from the Bell Tower | 13) The crowds of beautiful girls at noon formation. |
| 5) Port Deposit | 14) The gorgeous WAVES |
| 6) Outstanding Liberty | (*Note: Not for surfing.) |
| 7) The guiding hand of the Marine Corps | 15) The Profs |
| 8) The free advise on Estate Planning | 16) The Big Picture |
| 9) Not to miss "Ring of Valor" | 17) The varied social activities |
| 10) The student O-club | 18) The large pay |
| | 19) "Knute" Perkins |
| | 20) "The BARNACLE" |

The Fink

O



O

N

A fink is a teammate who goes home the first time his mother calls him.

A fink is a former friend who becomes drunk with power when he's made M.A.A.

S

The Honey Barge

the inebriated sailor

The verdant colour spreads
and grows, and the trees are
whole again.

We came, and the trees were
full, and the vines tangled, the
grass was green, and vivid life
rampant.

Came the fall and did the l
leaves. We stood in line wait-
ing for the man, and watched the
squirrels at morning colors and
the over-ancient visage of the
Tome Gardens.

Snow and wet; no more squir-
rels, no more leaves to rake,
green is gone and white is here.
Curse and shovel, sweat and
freeze. "Tip out the organ and
paint the walls.

Then the spring, and wet and
cold, wind and rain and spring
sports too.

And at the last the green.
Buds--and in a single week the
trees were green. Green grass,
white blossoms, cool stream,
old Tome, blue River. Golden
flare for sun and will the sky
ever be clear?

Buck it boy--into the gardens
with ye! Look sharp about that
shovel. What. No more men? Put
up that wall and the flooring
so--the Cap'ns need new pads.

'tis done the deed. Great
things have we made. Nineteen
hundred and sixty-seven--the
year of the Experiment. Fifty-
nine percent success and what
withal?

Lo, we have done much. Gil
and Brades and their like, and
Hreey Tome is the same no more.
Our organ has been taken down
and the wrestling room is no
more. Know Mortals--that this
is the year of the great change.

For like a person in later
life changes, so there has been
a change in aged Tome. And now
it is done.

"Into the valley of death,
brave six hundred."
-Charge of the Light Brigade

DEFINITION OF A KISS

A kiss is a peculiar prop-
osition--of no use to one,
absolute bliss for two. The small
boy gets it for nothing, the
young man has to steal it, and
the old man has to buy it.

It is the baby's right, the
lover's privilege, and the
hypocrite's mask.

To the young girl it means
faith, to a married woman--
hope, and to an old maid--eharity.

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And to the authors of the
many ideas and works we pla-
giarize, we are truly sorry.
However, with out your efforts
this paper would impossible
(as if this paper isn't already
Impossible).

007- HEY GIRL, YOUR NUMBER'S UP!

36, 23-36

Editor's Notes: The fiendish intellect behind the insidious boring from within that has been plaguing the friendly little school on the Susquehanna has finally been identified. Our heroines, December and Twiggy, on their way to the guest house, caught a glimpse of the malevolent arch-fiend Dr. Fu Manchu, speeding by in a foreign car. Realizing that they weren't equipped to handle Fu Manchu without help, they enlist the aid of Napsters "About" Face, "Knotty" Rope, and "Gorilla" Garrity, the Boston Strong Boy, in order to bring the menacing Manchurian to bay.*

*This means to trap him; he's already made it up the Chesapeake.

ACT IV - "Many Men Smoke...."

December maintained her self-control with a mistressful (1) effort. That she refrained from clobbering Twiggy, as she deserved, was a tribute to the magnificent training she had received at the old headquarters on the Hudson (2). She well remembered her class in Ignorance II ("How to grit your teeth and bear it when in the company of an incurable punster.")

With a shudder she turned towards Seaman Rope. "What's that, ma'am?" he inquired, noticing her agitation.

"A shudder, Rope," she shot back.

"A what?"

"A SHUDDER!" she screamed.

"Shudder what, ma'am?"

"I shudder belted her for that las pun," she explained patiently.

"Oh," said Rope brightly.

"Let's go," urged December. "Take us to the Guest House and then we'll go back to the Prep and find Garrity."

Away they flew over the road toward the Guest House, past the resplendent manors that housed the Base officers (3), past the Service School Command and its neatly kept lawns, and finally into the drive of the Guest House, better known as the "Bainbridge Hilton."

Soon they were comfortably established in spacious quarters at the

1. Feminine of "masterful".
2. An obsolete car
3. They were attached to the Naval Base. There was nothing low about them.

plush hostelry. December checked out the room to see if it were bugged (4). They knew how Fu Manchu worked. His spies were everywhere. He left nothing to chance (5). Satisfied that they were alone, they sank into the deep easy chairs and Twiggy pressed a convenient buzzer for room service.

A respectful knock soon sounded on the huge oaken door. Twiggy glided across the deep pile rugs and cautiously opened the door, expecting one of the insidious (6) doctor's minions to be lurking without (7).

"Bond!" screamed Twiggy in delight. "It's Commander Bond!" she shouted to December.

December bounded out of her chair and flung herself into the arms of the grinning operator.

"There, there, girls," he said comfortingly, "just wanted to let you know you're not in this game alone, don'tcha know," he chuckled deeply, patting the grateful girls appreciatively. He stood there, tall, distinguished, his hair just a trifle gray at the temples, the debonair James Bond, arch-enemy of all purveyors of subversion.

December shuddered once again.

"That's that?" asked Bond solicitously.

"I shudder," she answered.

"Shudder what?" he inquired, a baffled expression crossing his usually bland features.

"Oh, never mind!" returned December petulantly.

Another knock sounded on the stout door. "Well, well," observed Bond, "any more people here and this will look like happy hour after pay day."

This time it was room service, bearing a tray containing a deep pewter jug, loaded with ice, several champagne glasses and a magnum of champagne.

"We didn't ask for that," objected Twiggy.

"Oh no, ma'am," said the lackey respectfully. "Compliments of the

(4) That's right, electronic listening devices, not the other kind.

5. Incidentally, Wun Lung Chance, our first Oriental, recently deceased, left nothing to everybody.

6. The heck with you; we like the word.

7. Lurking without what?

house, y' know."

"Well, well, perhaps a few hors d'oeuvres, followed by a large juicy steak, smothered in mushrooms, decorated with fluffy-white potatoes and brilliant, emerald-green peas, eh?" Twiggy said playfully.

"Certainly, ma'am," returned the menial, "and anything else you might like. Pie? Ice cream?"

"Combino'am," ordered Twiggy. The thought crossed her mind that perhaps she should double the order. She dearly loved to eat.

The hours passed; the champagne was of excellent vintage; the food was well prepared. Talk drifted from one subject to another and Bond seemed thoroughly relaxed. For the first time, he thought, since he had arrived at Bainbridge and found himself in this sticky mess, life seemed a bit of all right. He lighted up a Tiporillo, glanced quizzically at the girls, toying with the idea of offering one to his petite associates, and then snapped his cigar case shut with a click denoting that his mind was made up. That was Bond - think a thing through, weigh it carefully, reach a decision and then stay with it. Let 'em steal one if they want one, he decided.

He peered through the smoke at the dancing yellow light cast by the flame tips of the tapered candles, flickering in unison like tiny go-go girls in the faint breeze wafting through the open French doors of the luxurious apartment. "Ah," he quoted:

" 'This is dining in style, with verve
In much the manner that I deserve.' "

"I hate to shatter your mood!" December's voice was harsh; she resented Bond's cavalier manner. His refusing to offer her a Tiporillo rankled. "But there's a little matter you should know about. Fu Manchu is here."

A bomb dropped in the nearby Bainbridge amphitheatre would have had less effect on the usually imperturbable Bond. He leaped to his feet. He charged over to the French doors and clattered them shut. He snuffed out the two candles with a lightning chop (8), and then he dove to the deck.

"Fu Manchu!" he gasped, his voice muffled, for way, probably because his head was buried in a pillow. "here? when? why?" The

8. His hand in this case; after all, they were eating steaks.

Questions streamed forth with the deadly persistence of tracer bullets.

"Oh, sit up," said December, clicking on a wall switch. "Not here at the Guest House. At least I don't think he's here, but he is somewhere on the base. I think he's in the Prep school area."

Bond got to his feet, flicking some lint from his dark blue sleeve. He eased his hair back in place and returned his Beretta to its accustomed place in the well-concealed shoulder holster.

"Then we must get going right away!" He snapped. Gone the somnolent mood, the relaxed manner. Bond was his old electric self again, charged with energy, radiating power, giving off sparks (9). "You two, get back to the Prep school immediately," he ordered. "I'll check out the Guest House. I've wasted enough time."

"Right, chief," said December. "Colon, Twiggy, we've got work to do."

Bond could hear the slamming of doors as his enthusiastic young assistants bounded out to the patient Rope and Face, standing ever faithfully (10) by the pick-up truck.

Bond listened to the truck come alive with a deep-throated roar (11); he heard the clashing of doors and the scream of tortured tires as the vehicle hurtled out of the driveway. The sounds died in the distance and then Bond sprang into action. Quietly he tip-toed to his own quarters, eased the door open, walked over to his wardrobe closet and selected his evening wear with his usual meticulous care, quickly changed into his pajamas, and poured himself a rather stiff shot of brandy. He sipped the brandy, carefully, thoughtfully, and then downed the remnants of the drink with a decisive gesture. He looked under the bed, clicked off the light, climbed into the bed, pulled up the covers, and promptly dropped off into a deep sleep, conscious (12) of a job well done.

Meanwhile, Face, and Rope had aroused Gerrity and, along with the two girls, were standing in Pendleton Place contemplating the next move.

9. O.K., O.K., we get the point.
 10. or Semper Fidelisly
 11. This was the truck, not Bond
 12. Another contradiction interms.

"Will you look at that," said Twiggy, "twenty three-oh-six already?" She stared at the huge dial atop the Tame Dome.

"That clock don't work no-how," Garrity informed her. "It ain't moved a second in twenty five years."

"It hasn't, huh," observed December, "well let me tell you there's something funny going on around here."

"About time too," said Rope Brightly.

"Yes, about time!" snapped December. "That clock read eleven-oh-four when we were here earlier today. Somebody has been moving those hands!"

They ran up the stone ladder into the Academic Building. Garrity called for the key to the bell tower from the startled watch. He barked at Face and Rope to watch the exits and then signalled December and Twiggy to follow him. They moved up the ladder on silent toes to the top deck and then crept quietly down the darkened passageway to the hatch leading to the bell tower. Here Garrity stopped them, raising his hand. They listened outside the door. There were no sounds, but a steady light shown under the door. Garrity inserted the key and struggled to open the reluctant door. After a tussle, the door swung open.

"Come in, ym friends," said a cool voice. The trio stared into the business end of a recoilless rifle backed up by malevolent Mongolian eyes. "Welcome," said the voice from the sepulchral depths of the tower. Their gaze whifted from the barrel and looked into the most hypnotic green eyes of any living thing on this planet, including those of the king cobra of the Malaysian jungle. This was the phantastic physician, Fu Manchu, designer of demonic disguises talented tormenter with a thousand types of tyrannical tortures, devilish doer of dreadful deeds.

"Ho, my pretty ones, and you too, Corporal - do I have it right 'Gorilla' Garrity, the Boston Strong Boy?" Fu Manchu leaned back and deliberately drew a long Benson and Hodges from a pack near his elbow. He tapped it expertly on a yellow wrist and placed it in his loering mouth. A lucky bent towards him, and lit the cigarette about once third down its lenght. Fu Manchu let out a muffled curse, "Oh the problems with these new long cigarettes," he moaned. He leaned

The And
back once again, exhaled a dense cloud of smoke, and surveyed his
captive with ill-disguised pleasure.

December broke the silence, braving the hypnotic eyes, "Don't
you know smoking will cut down the average man's life by seven years,"
she said, stalling for time.

"The AVERAGE Man!" laughed Fu Manchu, "Many men smoke!"

Twiggy reached in her handbag and pulled out a plug of chewing
tobacco. She bit off a chew and offered the plug to the malicious
medico. He waved her off, wanting no part of the chewing tobacco.

"Yes," said Twiggy. "Many men smoke, but Fu Manchu!"

December groaned.

(To be continued)

Dear Alabi,

I am a napster. I keep my
room spotlessly clean and have
never been hit once. I always
make it back in time for study
hours. I obey all orders I am
given. Yet my company commander
is constantly yelling and screaming
at me. What can I do? It's ter-
rible living with a neurotic!

Gungaly you rs,
boot E-3

Dear Gungy,

Yes, it is terrible living
with a neurotic. No wonder he is
always yelling at you. Why not
try acting like a NORMAL Napster.

Alabi.

Dear Alabi,

I am a Napster. Last
Friday night I went to
EMI wearing patched dung-
arees, an Annapolis sweat-
shirt, and my gym shoes.
When I came in the other
guys laughed at me. Were
they laughing at the way I
Look? Am I over-sensitive?

Oddly yours,
Bewildered

Dear Bewildered,

Yes, They were laughing
at the way you looked. No-
body comes dressed formal
to EMI

Alabi

SHAME ON YOU MR. HOWARD! Cpl Beckley

"THE BARNACLE"

FROM: 2151547

CO: I SECTION: III

IN AVAL ACADEMY
PREP SCHOOL

BAINBRIDGE, MARYLAND
21905

15 DAYS!

TO: MRS. C. BECKLEY

22430 CRISWELL ST.

CONOGA PARK, CALIFORNIA

91304

