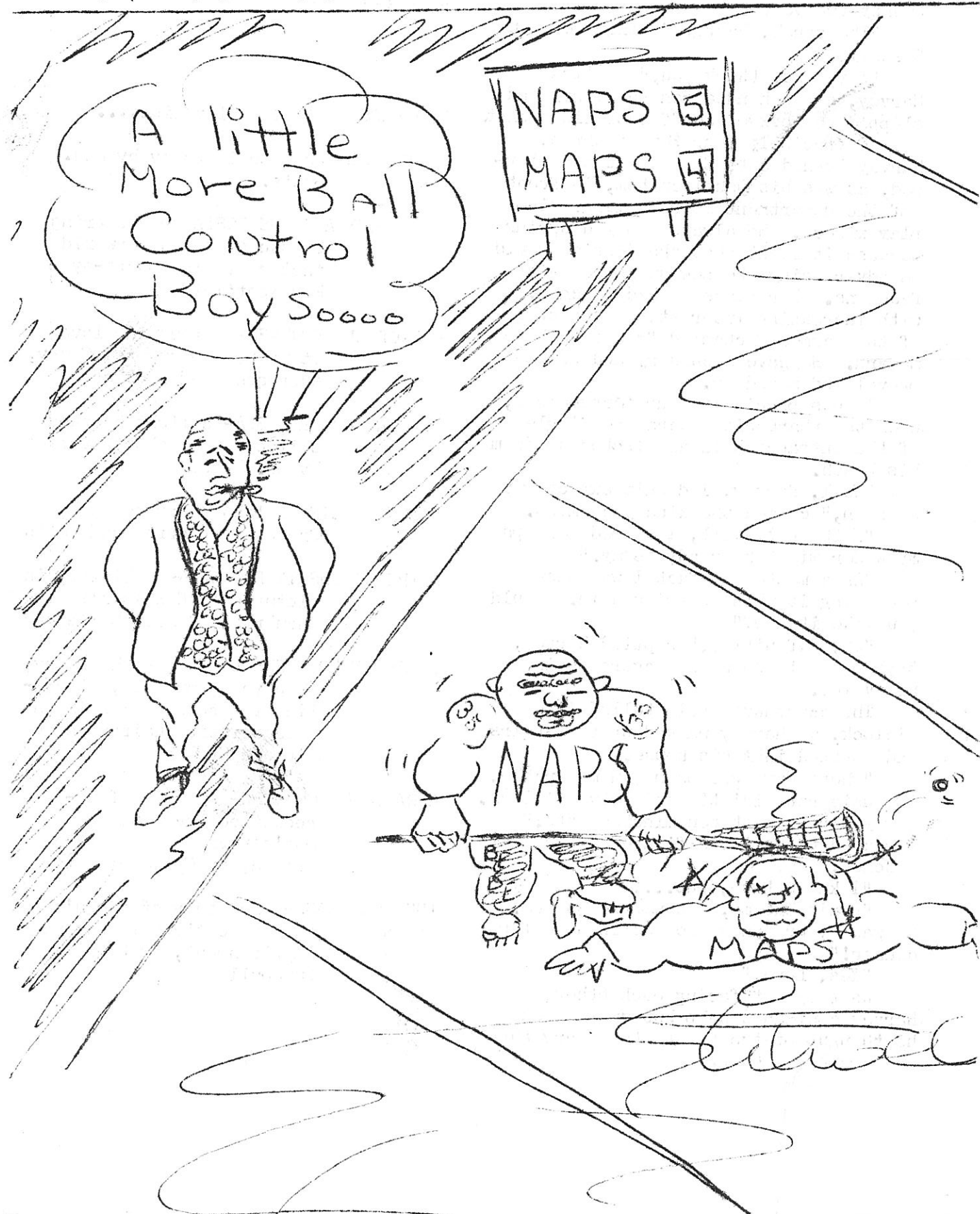


# The Anecdote

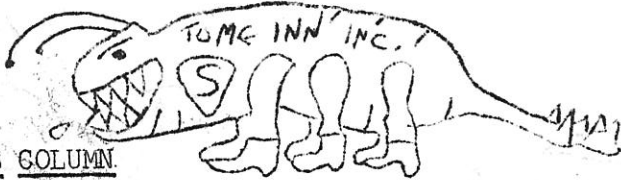
Vol. 4, Num. 26

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY PREPARATORY SCHOOL

17 May '67



EDITOR'S COLUMN



At precisely four twenty-nine, Harvey gathered his papers, placed them in his briefcase, and walked out of the office. He walked slowly up the block and crossed the street, where a pudgy faced old man stood waiting behind his newsstand, newspaper in hand.

"Sure mighty fine day, isn't it, Harvey?" remarked the old man.

"Just beautiful," replied Harvey.

At exactly four thirty-five, Harvey entered Costello's five-and-ten, just as he had done every day for the last twenty-two years.

"The usual, Harvey?" inquired Ben Costello.

"Why, yes, thank you," replied Harvey, as he handed Ben the money and slipped the box of snuff into his pocket.

At precisely four forty-three, Harvey turned onto Elm Street and stopped, as was his usual custom, in front of the department store's large display window. He always enjoyed spring because it meant that the display would be advertising the new swimming suit fashions. For years he had watched, with increasing interest, as the style of the garments changed from modest to modern. He gave a cursory nod of approval and moved on.

It was precisely four forty-eight, when the pharmacist heard the jingle of the entrance bell and looked up from his bench.

"Well, Harvey, I didn't expect you so soon," chimed the kindly chemist.

"I thought, well, I hoped perhaps my order might be ready today."

"As a matter of fact I was just packaging it when you walked in. Would you like it now?"

"Oh, definitely," replied Harvey, trying not to show the eagerness in his voice.

The courthouse bell tolled five o'clock, as Harvey walked up the stairs and stepped into his house.

"Where have you been you miserable, inconsiderate idiot? It's five o'clock. Why you're almost ten minutes late!" shrieked the ominous figure in the kitchen.

"I know, Love, but...."

"Don't but me, you worthless bum. Go wash your hands and get in here for dinner!"

"Yes, Love."

As they sat facing each other, Harvey could not help but smile when he thought of the twenty-two years they had spent together.

"Coffee, my Dear?"

"Oh, all right, but not too much sugar, You know how it bothers me."

"Two lumps or three, Love?"

"Just two and make it snappy."

The smile on his face was becoming an uncontrolled grin, as he watched her drink down the coffee.

"Harvey," she cried, "why do you do these things? You were almost ten.."

The grandfather clock sounded off half-past five, as Harvey watched her slump to the floor.

Two lumps or three, my dear, he mused to himself. It was such a beautiful day.

The NAPS best(?) seller list....

STUD KING- an autobiography by Ens. Butts.

THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY- a searing expose of the underworld that controls sports-by Ron Kentfield

BASKETBALL FOREVER- a touching love story by co-authors: Cousy, Auerbach, and Perkins

OLD MAN AND THE SEA- a light hearted collection of short stories by Mr. Magee

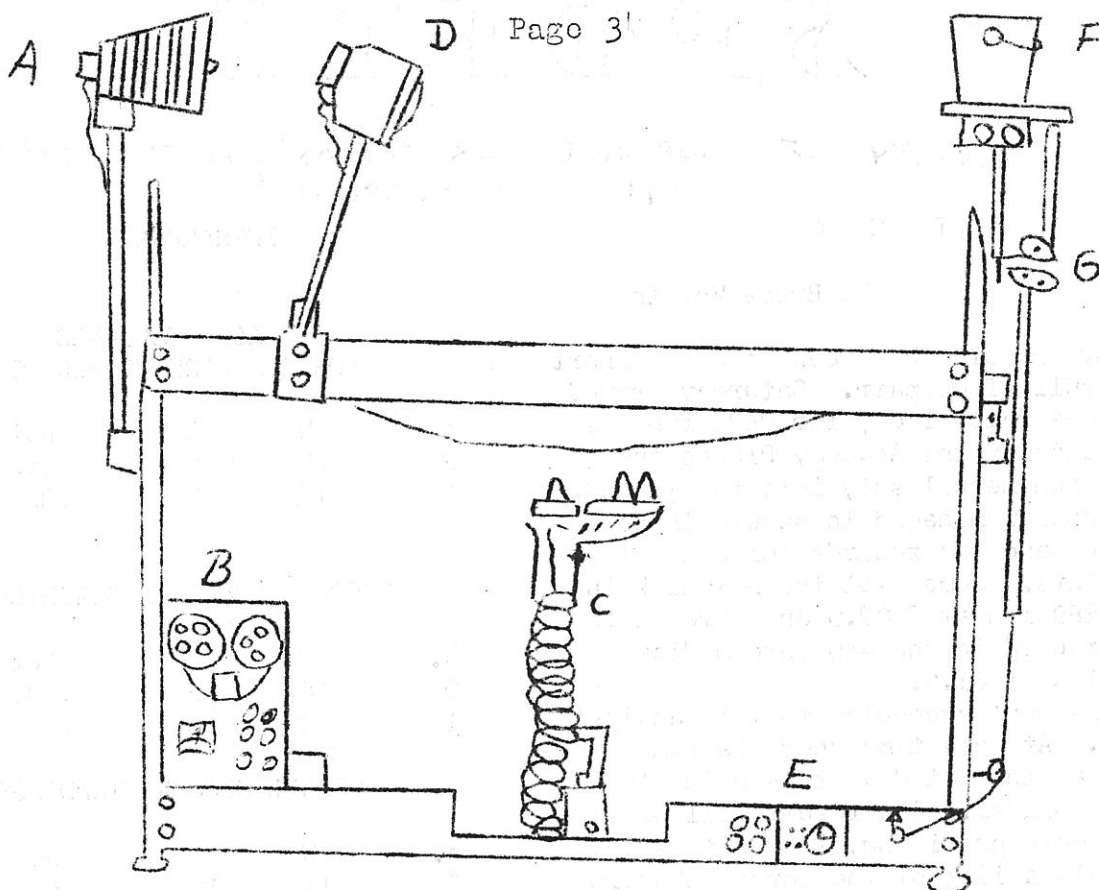
FRANKENSTEIN- a laboratory guide by Professors Morrow and Butts

A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN- a history in pictures of New York's shrubry by Robert Gallagher

SOMEBODY UP THERE LIKES ME- the story of a young puglist, struggling for recognition in an antagonistic environment by Richard Kremer

CYRANO DE BORJERAK- a story of unrequitted love and one man's struggle to help a friend, by Cpl Seyboldt

THE IRON MASK- the story of a man's desperate fight to escape imprisonment, by Fred Turnbull



#### BARNACLE Definitions:

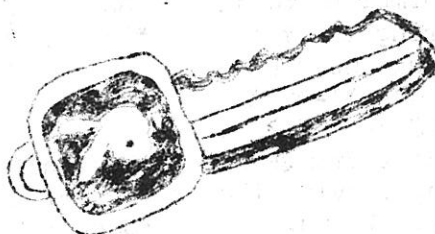
Stellins Salts: sailor with 10  
 Yale: a Swedish prison  
 Incongruous: where they our laws  
 Stagnation: country without women  
 Hawaii: where men make passes at girls  
 who wear grasses  
 Panhandler: an intern  
 Golden Slippers: banana peels  
 Paraphrase: geronimo!  
 Sad case: a dozen empties  
 Moderate: a guy who makes enemies -- left  
 and right  
 Bigamist: an Italian fog  
 Referment: a NAPS haircut  
 Sporetta: a girl who works for the tele-  
 phone company

#### THE MARK III MOD IV ORIGINAL "KREMER REVEILLE RACK"

- A. RCA Victor Mark III Foghorn
- B. Webco 4-track Stereo-tape recorder with a tape of "The sounds of railroads at their best."
- C. Size 14-EEE Hobnail Boot Formerly worn by "Yukon Eric".
- D. General Electric 3x10<sup>5</sup> Candle-power carbon arc searchlight\*
- E. Power Transformer and Timing Unit
- F. A pail of "Dry Ice" cubes
- G. Tripping Mechanism

\*--Laser Beam May replace searchlight at extra cost.

XXXXXXXXXX



# SPORTS

EVERYONE SUPPORT OUR TEAMS' LAST GAMES  
THIS SATURDAY!

THE CLADS

INTRAMURALS

by Bruce Voigts

My article this week is quite short and full of despair. Saturday proved to be a fateful day for NAPS runners as we faced the Academy Plebes and were run mercilessly into the ground. We somehow managed to secure three places and two records for a total of 5 points. James set the new mark in the 880 run at 2:02.0 and Foreman the new record in the 440 intermediate hurdles at 61.9.

The next scheduled meet is against MAPS. At this time there is some question as to what day it is going to be run, however. The result will prove much more promising, I'm quite sure. Here is a list of the three NAPSters who were fortunate enough to capture places in Saturday's meet.

Tiernay - 3rd in the 440,  
Spanbauer - 2nd in the 440, and  
Rogers - 3rd in the mile run.

XXXXXXXX

## NAPS SLIPS BY PLEBES IN LACROSSE

On May 6th the NAPS Lacrosse team went to the Naval Academy to challenge the Plebes. The inclement weather was not conducive to a good game, but sleet nor hail nor rain nor buffalo dung can stop a Lacrosse game.

During the first half the NAPSters slipped by the Plebes by making some outstanding moves, thus ending up with their up and down and clearing out a path of mud to make way for the next NAPster.

The Plebe goalie, a former NAPster, did not have one save during the first half. (Maybe that's because we didn't take a shot). The score was 11-0 at the half and then the NAPsters made a trying comeback with goals from Paul Cuddy and Ralph Westerman, leaving the score a wet 19-2 at the final gun.

## OVERALL STANDINGS FOR THE MARKING PERIOD

Co.	W	L	Pct	GB
2	27	12	.692	-
1	12	27	.308	15

## OVERALL SOFTBALL STANDINGS

Co.	W	L	Pct	GB
2	16	2	.889	-
1	2	16	.111	14

## OVERALL SOCCOR STANDINGS

Co.	W	L	Pct	GB
2	11	10	.524	-
1	10	11	.476	1

## 1st TEAM SOCCOR STANDINGS\*

Co.	W	L	Pct	GB
2	11	6	.647	-
1	6	11	.353	5

## 2nd TEAM SOCCOR STANDINGS\*

Co.	W	L	Pct	GB
1	4	0	1.000	-
2	0	4	.000	4

## DAILY RESULTS

Wed. 03 May

Softball	Co. 2.....13	--	Co. 1.....7
*Soccer 1	Co. 1.....5	--	Co. 2.....3
*Soccer 2	Co. 1.....3	--	Co. 2.....0

Thurs. 04 May

Softball	Co. 2.....10	--	Co. 1.....9
*Soccer 1	Co. 1.....3	--	Co. 2.....0
*Soccer 2	Co. 1.....2	--	Co. 2.....0

Mon. 08 May

Softball	Co. 2.....10	--	Co. 1.....2
*Soccer 1	Co. 1.....2	--	Co. 2.....1
*Soccer 2	Co. 1.....5	--	Co. 2.....0

Wed. 10 May

Softball	Co. 2.....7	--	Co. 1.....6
*Soccer 1	Co. 2.....3	--	Co. 1.....0
*Soccer 2	Co. 1.....7	--	Co. 2.....1

\* - 1st and 2nd Soccer teams formed during the marking period.



### ATTENTION !!

High school and NAPS dropouts!  
Famous RECKLESS PARKING LOT ATTENDANTS  
SCHOOL is looking for frustrated, un-  
fulfilled young men who like to smash  
automobiles. Now you can work off  
your aggressions in a vicious, violent,  
satisfying way, and get paid for it,  
too!

#### Courses Available include:

Minor denting  
Major denting  
Fender crushing  
Bumper locking  
Bumper removing  
Tiny scratching  
Awful scratching  
Trunk springing  
PLUS Complete Unrepairable demolition

#### Our Qualified Instructors:

1. Gundy Motor
2. Randy Batterydown
3. Denton Fenders
4. Skip Braking
5. Lewis Control
6. Lief Rubber
7. Kent Steerwell
8. Ben de Bumper
9. Brush A. Column
10. Nick Adore

Here is another installment in our  
series of vitally important historical  
facts.

Wednesday - May 17, 1903, Prague,  
Czechoslovakia. Home for midgets  
opened. First small Czech cached.

Thursday - May 18, 1809, Transylvania.  
Dr. Frankenstein develops the  
self-made man.

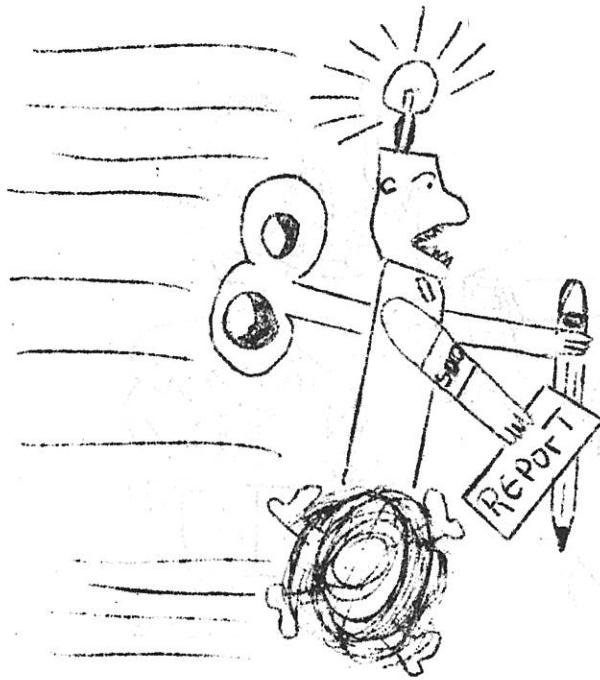
Friday - May 19, 1797, Paris, France.  
Francois Booney becomes the first  
man to be killed in a duel by a  
steam-driven sword.

Saturday - May 20, 65 B. C., Rome,  
Italy. Claudius Maximum swims  
the length of his bath tub in 3  
days.

Sunday - May 21, 906 B. C.. Miscogens  
describes the octahedron in  
Athens, finds it quite uninter-  
esting

Monday - May 22, 1956, Kring, Florida.  
Horban Yocks signs a treaty with  
Mrs. Yocks.

Tuesday - May 23. Susan B. Anthony  
Day.



## EL TV LOUNGE



### THROUGH THE BLEARY EYE

by

E. M. HUGHES

My article this week concerns the matter of honor among men in the Naval service in general and among NAPsters in particular. Cheating has been brought out in the open as an example of breach of honor; a few of our number were caught cheating on tests. I think all of us "cheat" in various little ways. We all look for an easy way to pass a test; I won't go into the devious little ways we go about this. However, to actually look at another man's paper is not only dishonest (because then your paper reflects the other man's work not your own), it is downright stupid. How do you know if the man who sits next to you knows the material any better than you do.

Another dishonest act, which is unfortunately somewhat common in the fleet that has been occurring here at NAPS, is stealing. Clothing and money have disappeared from the rooms of various NAPsters recently. I will not cite specific incidents, but those responsible know who I'm talking about. I feel that such acts should never be a part of a program such as ours, where honor among men is essential. anyone responsible for stealing in an officer procurement program such as ours should receive the maximum penalty under military law.

### QUESTION OF THE WEEK ???

What advise would you give a Sailor who is coming here next year.

- |                 |   |
|-----------------|---|
| BECKLEY:        | DON'T   |
| HINDMAN:        | JOIN THE W.C.T.U. AND THE S.P.C.A.  |
| KENTFIELD:      | JUST TO DEMONSTRATE HOW BAD BAINBRIDGE IS, I WOULD LIKE TO POINT OUT THAT IT IS THE ONLY NAVY BASE IN THE U.S. THAT HAS A CHAPTER OF A.A. |
| SEYBOLT:        | I HAVE A GOOD (SIC) TELEPHONE NUMBER TO SELL OR TRADE.  |
| CAPT. MATTIACE: | STAND BY FOR COLOR COMPANY INSPECTION.  |
| COACH PERKINS:  | JOCK?   |
| CAPRA:          | HAIR TODAY, GONE TOMORROW.  |
| SPRATT:         | DON'T DRINK, SMOKE, OR RUN AFTER WOMEN; STUDY HARD AT LEAST 8 HRS. A DAY; BRUSH YOUR TEETH; AND WRITE YOUR MOTHER FREQUENTLY.             |

Editor's Notes: And so we reach the final act in our thriller. December and Twiggy, along with the garrulous Corporal Garrity, are in the clutches of the fearsome Fu Manchu, who has been maintaining a branch office of his infamous firm in the bell tower of the Academic Building. The macabre Manchurian awaits inspiration as to the proper disposition of the trick toothsome twosome.

ACT V --- "While Rome Burns"

Fu Manchū's gruesome green eyes narrowed to the merest slits as he glared at Twiggy. Her remark added one more snowflake to the iceberg of hate he had been building up for the representatives of No. One. This was the last straw<sup>(1)</sup>. Their deaths would not only be sure but sufficiently slow so that his perverse mind could enjoy the sensations more thoroughly, like a connoisseur of excellent wines tasting his favorite vintages.

December nervously shifted her weight from one foot to the other. She was worried, but there was no trace of panic in her manner. Her cool mind raced through dozens of possibilities, discarding them in rapid succession as the impracticalities in each plan became apparent to her computer-like brain.

Garrity was singularly uninspired; he was a man of action, but he needed the Book. The Book was his mainstay; it told him what to do and how to do it. Once the plan was in operation there would be no stopping the Boston Strong Boy. It was simply, "Katie bar the door," and let the bodies fall where they may.

Twiggy munched slowly on her wad of tobacco. She was frightened, but gradually her panic was easing. Fu Manchu's hypnotic green eyes had an anesthetic effect upon her and were gradually reducing any thoughts of resistance into non-existent blurs.

December fought off the domination of those eyes. She struggled to focus her eyes elsewhere. She studied the graffiti scribbled generously on the bulkheads of the Tome Dome in by gone days by philosophical, and sometimes obscene, Napsters:

"Millard Fillmore Still Lives!" declared one inscription written by a young patriot who yearned for better times.

"Leif Ericsson is a fink!", said another, signed by Christofore Columbo, evidently a hoax.

"Phil Williams Slept Here."

"The Halls of Montezuma are no Better Than the Halls of Ivy."

---

1. Old Fu could mix up a metaphor with the best of them.

December heard the door slam as she scrambled to her feet. The three operators clattered down the ladder and banged against the door, but it would not budge.

"What's wrong in there?" barked Seaman Rope from outside the tower.

"The door," growled Garrity (2).

The hefty seaman battered into the door before Garrity could get his head into action. The door wasn't made to stand the onslaughts of the dauntless Napsters, despite the years it had sturdily resisted the efforts of generations of Tome students and soon December and her associates were out in the open, just in time to catch a glimpse of Fu Manchu disappearing through the front door of Quarters "A".

They charged across the grassy sward, hurtling through the door of "A", just as they heard the back screen door slam. Fu Manchu stumbled off the back patio and rolled end over end (3) down the embankment. He got to his feet when he hit the dirt driveway halfway down the hill, and continued running to the chain link fence encircling the training center. Up the fence he scrambled. Garrity drew a bead with the rifle and let fly a burst just as the arch fiend reached the top of the fence. The indomitable doctor momentarily paused, and then pitched (4) slowly to the ground outside the fence. Over and over he rolled, down the steep bluff towards the picturesque village of Port Deposit.

Garrity and the two girls ran back to the waiting pick-up outside the Academic Building and were soon studying the area below the chain link fence. There was no trace of the fleeing Fu (5), but Garrity pointed to some red droplets at the foot of the bluff. "I guess I winged him," he said.

They followed the bloody trail across the road, down to the water's edge, and then all traces of the flying Fu (6) disappeared into the broad expanses of the Susquehanna. Had Fu deliberately drowned himself, preferring a watery grave against the prospect of falling into the clutches of No. One?

- 
2. Note the canine influence. They don't call 'em Devil dogs" for nothing.
  3. Two Napster footballers who were practicing in back of Quarters "A".
  4. Fu was an old time ball player for the Da Nang Dodgers; hit a lot of "Chinese home runs".
  5. Not to be confuse with "Feeing" Fu, which was his sobriquet in medical circles.
  6. He was also known as the "Asiatic Ace".

"'Pepper' Martin Needs Seasoning."

"Washington is First in War, First in Peace, and Last in the American League."

The wily medico was aware that his eyes were rapidly bringing Twiggy under control. About Garrity he could not tell. Garrity's gaze was naturally glassy and seemingly unaware. It was hard to read a person like Garrity. December also puzzled him. She was apparently preoccupied.

"Something bothering you?" he inquired.

"It's this darn headache," December answered, shaking her head distractedly.

"Try some aspirin," he stared at her solicitously.

"Can't. Took two of them a half hour ago. Shouldn't take too many of them."

The doctor knew that Bufferin would do the trick. It packed twice the pain relieving power of an ordinary aspirin, but it was no headache of his. He should manifest concern.

December's eyes returned to the brilliant observations on the bulkheads. She must think of something. She must do something.

"Cassius Has Clay Feet," she read.

"Chicago Has Better Stock Than Port Deposit."

"Lincoln Isn't the Only President with a Gettysburg Address (D. Eisenhower)"

She paused. Ah, there was something! Her eyes scanned the inscription once again: "Marines are Tougher than Bullets Because They Have Bullet Heads. (T. Book)". She turned slowly towards Garrity. Her eyes caught his unswerving stare; slowly they directed his gaze to the inscription. Laboriously Garrity spelled out the message. His eyes widened as they read the signature, "T. Book"; of course! The Boston Bullet needed nothing further.

"Down!" screamed December, as Garrity surged into action. The Boston marine was a blur of motion. His body shot out parallel to the deck; head first he rammed into the startled Chinese gun man. There was a sickening "Whoosh" as the gunman collapsed into an inert heap. Garrity's hand grasped the barrel of the rifle, wrenching it from the collapsing man's grasp.

He spun it around like a drum majorette's baton, protecting it with his body. Whirling around mid-air, he hit the deck flat on his back and bounced upright like an acrobat on a trampoline. Guck as he was, he was no match for the speed of Fu Manchu, who was down the ladder and out the door before Garrity was upright.

"I guess we'll never know," he said (7).

He drove December and Twiggy back in silence to the Guest House. When they reached the hostelry, he grasped December's little hand in his immense paw. "December," he gulped, "I guess we won't ever see each other again, but you know, I'll never forget our idyllic hours together in the Bell Tower."

"Does it have to end here?" she asked, her eyes glistening with unshed tears.

"Ma'am, I'm going to the Academy next year, and there's no room in the life of a midshipman, especially a former marine, for romantic entanglements."

"And I...I have my career as an agent," she stammered. "I guess it's good-bye then." A tear coursed its way down her cheek, cutting through her make up before dropping with a splash into the driveway.

"Four years ain't too long," he said, "especially at the Academy."

She brightened. "It isn't as though it were forever," she agreed.

He gave her a warm hand shake, waved gaily and jauntily skipped into the truck, his life suddenly right. He waved good bye as the truck bounced out onto the road, and December entered the Guest House with Twiggy.

The sound of music drew them to Commander Bond's room. They entered when the commander called out in a nonchalant drawl: "C'mon in." He had a violin tucked under his chin and was scraping away, playing the "Hungarian Dance, #5" with gay abandon- "A la Sherlock Holmes," he explained.

"Just what is the occasion for the rhapsody?" asked December caustically.

"Well," he drawled, "our lovely inn-keeper, Mrs. McCafferty, has a dog named Byrne who disappeared three days ago. She's very upset."

"What's that got to do with the violin?" asked Twiggy.

"Y' see," he explained patiently, "I'm fiddlin' while Byrne roams!"

Twiggy smacked him with her handbag and the two girls fled to their own quarters. They were soon packed and a taxi carried them away from the training center. In due time they were on the train skimming over the Maryland countryside towards New York City. December thought she caught a glimpse of the Tome Dome through the trees. She was not sure. Her thoughtst went back to her happy hours with Garrity. "Garrity's wonderful," she said aloud.

"Yeah," agreed Twiggy, " and Face and Rope were kinda cute too," she added enthusiastically.

"Yes," said December, "but the greates of these is Garrity."

THE ARTICLE THAT ORIGINALLY APPEARED ON THIS PAGE WAS, PROBABLY, THE FUNNIEST, MOST INGENIOUS CONTRIBUTION THAT THE BARNACLE HAS RECEIVED THIS YEAR. OF COURSE, THE CENSORING STAFF OBJECTED TO IT. WE WILL NOT LABEL OUR CENSORS, BUT ONE OF THEM IS AN O-2 WHO WAS ALMOST TRAMPLED BY A MOB OF PROTESTING STUDENTS AS HE TRIED TO REMOVE THE OFFENDING PAGE FROM THE DUPLICATING ROOM.

FEEL FREE TO USE THIS SPACE FOR DOODLING, TAKING CLASS NOTES, PREPARING CRIB SHEETS, OR FOR ANY OTHER CONSTRUCTIVE PURPOSE. AS FOR ME, I'M USING IT TO SUBMIT MY RESIGNATION TO THAT AFOREMENTIONED O-2.

BC

LOG KEPT ON NOAH'S ARK .....

MAIDEN VOYAGE

Day II: The worst weather I remember. How dull the grey, leaden waters are. Thank heavens I found I know more about boating building than I thought I did. Nasty quarrel at my table at dinner between my wife and Shem over Eve. The boy thinks she was a family asset, an ancestress to be proud of, while his mother says it is all because of her we are sailing about in cramped conditions instead of lolling in the Garden of Eden.

Day VII: Japeth has invented a curious sport: a ring of stiff rope is tossed across a string in accordance with elaborate rules. My wife has been busy milking zebra. I never realized before how many of the beasts of the field supplied this compact nourishment. In the evening, Shem insisted on having what he called a Seance. He prised a jewel out of a toad's head and foretold the most peculiar things, for example, that a descendant of ours would be turned into a pillar of salt, no doubt for the best reasons. Another thing was that greater arks than ours would sail and carry so many mariners that some would be spared from navigating to organize merriment. His last prediction was that, once man learn to avoid flood by voyaging through the air, it would become unlawful to travel with pets.

Day XVII: Nothing much to do but enjoy wine. Japeth says the cellar is getting low. Ham keeps walking round and round the deck, though I have warned him that it will only increase his appetite.

Day XXIII: Nasty scene this morning between Giraffee and Ichneumon. How ever did Adam think up such unprounceable names? The Serpent must have been active in the Garden long before he steered poor Eve into illicit fruit-picking. The Ark which always did roll, has begun to pitch. This is having the most curious effect on Rabbit. Wonder what today's run is, if any?

Day XXIX: Shem keeps nagging me to have boat drill but there doesn't seem much point as I didn't have time to make boats.

Day XXXIV: My birthday. For a surprise, the boys had made stringed instruments. I had been wondering where Cat had to go. After dinner they performed waltzes and selections from operettas. Keel slightly stove in by some large sea creature. There certainly isn't any decline in marine fauna. Bee swarming on poop.

Day XXXIX: Decided to use Dove as lookout. She says she is to stupid and wants me to send buzzard. The great advantage of Dove is her docility. If I tell her to come back, she will...I have never felt at ease with Buzzard. He gives me the absurd feeling that I'm the cause for all the leaks.

Day LIII: I had somehow got it into my mind we were going to make landfall in forty days. My wife is dissatisfied with my cabin.

Day LXX: Is there anything more boring than a long voyage with the same people at your table for every meal?

Day CVIII: Seen my first liger.

Day CXV: I'm getting angry with Japeth and his means about the shortage of girls. Why can't he take an interest in Nature? If he wants exercise, he can always join Ham or go swimming.

Day CXXX: My wife has decided it's time we redecorated and spends all day designing. I'm afraid she wants to use some passengers' Skins.

Day CXXXV: I am thinking of sending Dove out again, in spite of Shem's sneers. He has worked out some kind of test of intelligence and Dove rates low. Ham says the shape of the ark is all wrong and that's why it ~~is~~ always seems to be going sideways.

Day CXL: Dove has returned with a beakful of seaweed. Shem may not look clever but he has flair.

Day CLIX: How can we have a sweep on the day's run when we keep floating on and off reefs? Dove has turned up with a branch that produces those little savory fruits which Ham calls olives.

Day CLX: We've grounded. Japeth wants to sit tight and wait till we float off and land in some delta with lots of seafood and music and girls; but the rest of the family says they are bored with my ark and can't wait till they're squeelching about on dry land. I warned them that all they would be able to do would be to grow rice. At least we shall be able to kick the animals out soon. They have been pampered far too long and looked spoiled. This should be our last evening, so my wife says we must dine in fancy-dress.

Day CLXI: And now we've got to climb Mount Ararat downwards!

COLOR COMPANY COMPETITION

Intramurals and barracks inspections are over. Company Two was victorious in both categories. Academics is all that remains to be decided. It looks like a sure victory for Company Two in overall competition, and at a most opportune time, with everything counting double. Company Two can make up for all previous deficiencies is they earn enough points this time. Company Two will truly be a magician if they can pull Color Company Competition for the year out of the hat

ANOTHER LETTER FROM MAMA

Dear Son,  
I guess your really getting short,  
(I think that is the term your going  
by up there). I hope that you can  
get downhere and then sneak back in  
time. Papa was so worried last time  
the police would get you before you  
got back. I don't know if I told you  
but they dug some fifty caliber slugs  
out of a bar room wall, and they are  
looking for a car that has a large and  
most unusual hood ornament and a Naval  
Academy sticker on the back. Papa thinks  
you should take of the ornament and scrape  
off the sticker before you come home this  
time, because it might cause a little  
trouble.

My! You sure had fun during spring  
leave. Didn't You? We sure enjoyed  
having you and your friend, the one with  
the dropping ear and the fangs. My, he  
certainly could eat! Too bad about your  
soster's cat though. I suppose a boy  
that size just can't wait when he's  
hungry. He certainly was strong, wasn't  
he? Papa was very impressed by him,  
expecially when he t that wire noose  
around Papa's neck and picked him off  
the ground with it--one handed. Wasn't  
it cute the way he made Papa's tongue  
all blue and swollen and the way Papa  
made those cute little spasms eith his  
hands and feet? Oh, how I laughed and  
laughed! Papa still talks about it. Of  
course it's hard to understan hi,  
the way they have him all wrapped up  
in that oxygen tent.

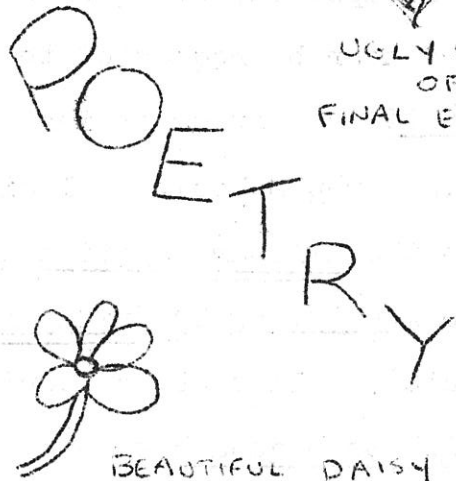
Grandpa says you canbring your  
friend back anytime. Tjey had great  
fun fighting the Spanish-American War  
in the living room. Grandpa says  
that next time yo r friend has to  
be the Spanish fleet. Grandpa is all  
crippled with arthritis, you know  
he almost drowned before we could get  
him out of the bathtub.

Well I must go know, Ihear Papa  
rattling under the oxygen tent, I'd  
know that gasp anywhere. Goodbye for  
now and be good.

Love,  
Mama

(Continued from right column)

There is no value in words  
A sharp hoaned sword must amputate  
our festering countries surds  
In a most patreotic rebellion



UGLY WEED  
OF  
FINAL EXAMS

BEAUTIFUL DAISY OF  
HAPPINESS (SHORTTIMERS)  
FLOWER

A G O N Y  
By Bays

Agony lurks in the knowledge  
Of youth's sore idolism.  
Protests, voiced by sons of college.  
They would rather choose to prison  
Than attend war with friends.  
Agony knows the whereabouts  
Of unseen battles raging;  
Whose subtrefuging routes  
Are openly desecrating  
Two century's prime sacrifices.  
Agony! The misused name of liberty  
Orders foul treason promogulated.  
Not long will pride's adversity  
Relax, and hear cowards exculpated  
As blood is daily drawn.

Agony is the fever of revenge  
Which our hearts have suffered,  
When in New York our flag was singed  
By disrespect unbuffered.  
Not even a shot was fired.  
Agony precludes debate!

# HEAR YE, HEAR YE!

All Mapsters, being of sound mind and body (Well anyway) are hear by requested to submit their LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT to that great institution (and I mean institution) U.S. Prep School. All wills & testaments are to be submitted to the military section guides which in turn will submit them to Don McGraw by Friday morning (Please cooperate with this date). All that is required is your full name and what you wish to bequeath to a M.P.S instructor or next years students on a slip of paper. Do it now, before you forget. Make sure everyone turns one in and we will try to make this the best "Barnacle" edition EVER!!



WHAT'S THE NUMBER?



HOW BOSS!

DAY COUNT by John K. Condon

The word is around that my "Day Count" hasn't been as accurate as it might have been, so I've decided to knock off that exact day stuff since my mathematics is notoriously erroneous. Henceforth, I will simply approximate to the nearest multiple of ten. How does that grab ya? So, here we go with a new look into the future of the Class of '71.

Let's start with a rough estimate of how many days it will take before some of our fellow students find out that they have less baggage stored in the Baggage Locker than they put in there last September. Don't all of you run down to check at once. The air is thin enough down there. (10 Days)

How many days before a member of our hallowed class discovers what OGU at the Academy is like? (Any multiply of 10)

How many days until our hardened Marines are physically forced to wear those silly beach hats with the blue trim along the edges? (ECCCCHHH)

How many days until that historical bank of wood disappears from the "YARD"? (Heh, Heh! We aren't telling, are we?)

How many days until we graduate from this, uh, school? (Look, if I have to tell any of you guys that, you are either sick or a "Tree List Major")

How many years will it take for one of us hoodlums to make Flag rank? (Well, I'll tell ya, gang, I classify this one under infinity.)

How long before Spozdial discovers that he can't have two issues of Midshipman gear? (Hey, Joe, it won't be long; I can promise you that.)

How many days do I have to keep up this ridiculous column? (Only one more issue)

How many days the Battalion will be hospitalized after the field day? (THAT IS ANYONE'S GUESS!)

AMF

THE HONEY BARGE  
the inebriated sailor

Thirty days and more, we live and then—the Academy—to sweat and strain and learn the pain of Midshipmen. Remielle and dressed, run and sweat, eat and starve. Shine shoes and pieces and walk the line me hearties. 'Tis not long we have till the fun begins. Aye, forebodings have I. Is it not so with ye, my man?

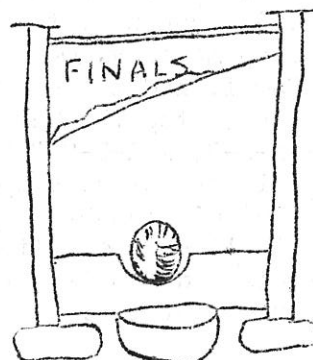
One month so short. What will you? sit and wonder what awaits? Ignore it and hope it goes away, or will you forget about it until your time is up? "Another Napster, sir. I've served my time in Hell. (I think)"

Train well lads. Your time is near. Eat and drink and remember your goal. Be fit when you go. My training I will take near home. Mexico offers good opportunities for daily work-outs. Foreman will be climbing mountains in Washington (?) and Gildea can keep his body beautiful surfing in Hawaii. I have been here too long! Hormel to florida and Annis to Maine. Good men all, to prepare for entry into the celibate order of the Plebes.

Keep always in the format of your minds the fact that first, you are swabs. Conduct yourselves accordingly. Make sure you can get away before you start something. And daty out of the Officer's pools. They're wet, Bob?

Of course, ou must remember that as minors, you must never, never become intoxicated. It is frowned upon in certain circlae. Stay sober, be honorable, a gentleman, incorruptable; I dare you to enjoy it.

I quit!



"THE GUILLOTINE"  
FOR  
NAPSTERS

BEFORE AND AFTER

by it's anybody's guess?

Before and After this week salutes (left handed) Robert Arthur Capra, legendary California football hero and Florida track star. Oh yes, Robert is also Commander of Company I--I almost forgot.

There is a similarity about walking in a maze and writing this column about Robert...there are so many directions to turn and in all except one you won't accomplish anything if you walk forever.

There is also difficulty in making the choice of direction, so I turn to the eternal theme of mankind--"Wine, Women, and Song." Robert is too young to drink, even though he is a second class, and second class are all honorable men. And we know Robert can't sing, so that leads us to his Achilles heel, women.

The three most memorable are the one that was lost in the early months, the one that said she would but then she wouldn't, and finally the one that said she would and did. So friend Robert, find truth in the old saying, "Live every day like it will be your last, and someday you will be right."

OUT OF THE DEPTHS OF O.G.U.

I knew it was going to be one of those days. As soon as I saw the instructor with four heads, each with an F branded on the forehead, I knew he was symbolizing something. But I wasn't worried I'd studied for this day. My mind was full of important statistics; such as, the top ten on WHIC (RADIO FREE HARVE DE GRACE), the number of marbles in you know whos mouth, and the vital statistics on every wave to enter Lancaster in the last three weeks. Cooly and confidently I approached the exams.

A very strange thing happened as I began the tests. MY writing hand began to jerk spasmodically, making strange illegible marks on the paper. This struck me as being so funny that I began to laugh wildly. I laughed and laughed and laughed. I laughed at the figures who were taking me away. One was a brown moth eaten Camel, and the other was a squirell who sat atop the Camel shouting, "N-A-P-S, N-A-P-S, N-A-P-S!" I noticed that the camel was out of step. This was normal, so I didn't laugh.

O.G.U. isn't so bad, after all, all of us squirrels and Camels got along fine. We laugh alot too.

WHAT'S THE WORD ON?

The room inspections missed?

Mr. Sominex Adickes?

Bourdreau's new watches?

Mr. Markwood and his day count?

Means of entry to Madison House next week?

Mr. Nolan and his "Girl from NAPS"

Beasley to Butts program?

Mr. Courage and his chalk?

Shortchanging Rufus the cigar toting cab driver?

Paternal influence?

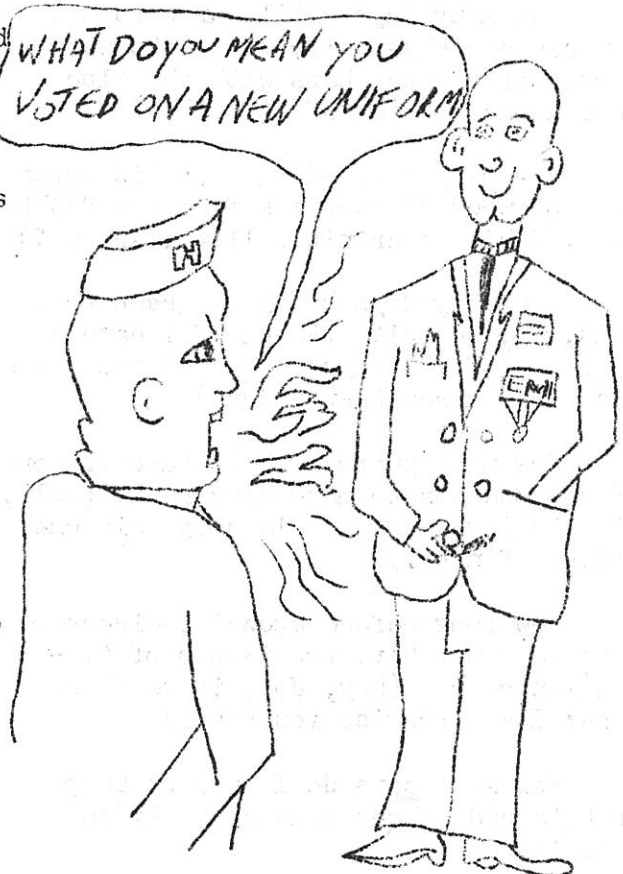
The Mexican food stores received by Section Two's DEW, (tacos from a girl in TJ)

Mr. Myslinki's duty limosine from the flick Friday night?

Mr. Butts Sunday night excursion to the EM Club?

Mr. Weber sleeping until 0900 every morning?

Post-graduate work for company officers?



BARNACLE CHUCKLES

Jimmy was assigned by the teacher to write a composition about his origin. He questioned his mother.

"Mom, where did Grandma come from?"

"The stork brought her."

"Well, where did you come from?"

"The stork brought me, and you too."

So the boy wrote as an introduction to his theme:

"There have been no natural births in our family for three generations."

Daffynitions

Mummies: Egyptians who were pressed for time.

Blunderbuss: A bachelor's definition of a baby carriage.

"I'll bet you wouldn't want to marry me," she sighed.

He called her bet and raised her five.

"The Naval Academy turns out some of the greatest men in the country."

"When did you graduate?"

"I didn't, I was turned out."

Annapolis Motorist: Officer! Officer!, come, come quickly, I've just hit a mid-shipman.

Cop: Sorry, it's Sunday. You can't collect your bounty till tomorrow.

MORAL RESPONSIBILITY

You will hear a great deal about moral responsibility in the Navy. It is a good term to understand. It means living up to the rules and regulations that were made for good reasons, not just to annoy you. It means acting like a man when you go ashore, a man with pride and self-respect. It means thinking of other people and not just yourself.

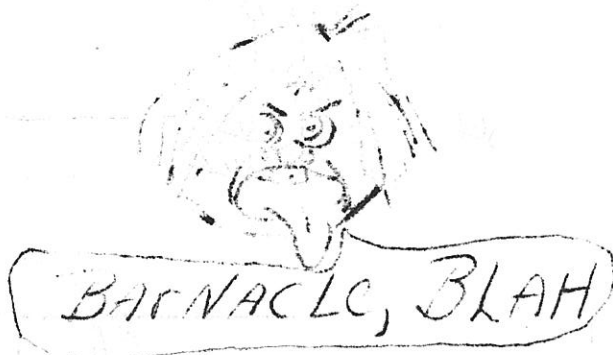
There are really only two kinds of people in the Navy. One kind, the majority, are men who understand moral responsibility and do their job afloat and keep their noses clean on the beach. The others, fortunately not many, are the boys who haven't got the word-who think it's smart to good off and cause trouble.

DISCIPLINE

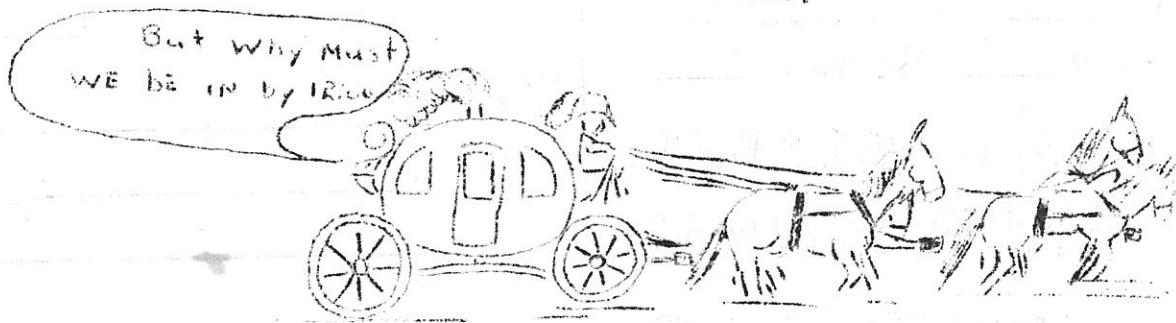
Like moral responsibility, discipline is a word you should understand. Sometimes discipline is used to mean punishment. The real meaning of discipline is a positive one that can best be described by the words, right attitude. A well disciplined group of men is a group which has the right attitudes. They are willing to follow orders because they believe in what they are doing and because they feel they are getting a square deal from their leaders. They behave in a military manner, wear the right uniforms, take pride in their division and in their ship or station, and are ready to fight bravely in defense of their country.

When discipline fails-that is when some of the men do not have the right attitudes-then punishment may be necessary for the small percentage of men who break the law. In the Navy, as in civilian life, laws, courts-martial and punishment are needed for the few men who do not seem to be able to get the right attitudes.

L. J. Urspruch



GRADUATION BALL



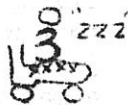
ONE

SKATING  
WITH

TWO



Tone Foam



SECTION 3  
SKATES  
ALWAYS!



Down Tide At Harr's House

Good luck to everyone this last week of school--especially on exams for some will really need it. However, don't get caught with wandering eyes.

Hughes-try air brakes next time. I hear that they are most effective. Smock-perhaps you should become superstitious and not walk under ladders;;; Tiernay-don't give up yet, maybe you will get to the Academy on a track scholarship... Kremer-when will you ever learn to lay off these Petty Officers... Murphy-Say you are going to North Carolina the next long week-end, we wonder what for?

Capra-is the only one I know who goes to the barber to have his ears trimmed... Smock-say the All Hands Ball is as enough to make you throw up... Petty-you may have the makings of another Karl Marx... Bobby (Poo) Still-ell-did you make that 0300 muster Sunday morning... How many people did Ensich Putts catch off base Sunday night?... Sayre-are you really a "Sooth"?... Sisson-you had better quit feeding your temper "Loco Weed" (a plug for Texas)... Hindman-you must have gone to church, I can't think of anything to tell on you this week... Bjerke-you are looking more like Toliver everyday... Phipps-watch out! Your whites are turning red.....

Petty & His 4 0

Is it true that Rundquist is giving Cook a little competition these days?...

Co.2 enjoys reveille these days to the music of Sam Crimaldi...

Things have been quiet around here lately since the Phantom has lost his whistle..1

Stephan had his boys drop in on him the other night...He has feet prints on his sheets to prove it...

Co.2 wants to know what happened to last weeks' article of Say Hey. Beckley?...

This article is as short as everyone here. Co.2's own Company Commander was the deciding factor in Saturday's Lacrosse game...Great shooting Paul.

T-12



LOOK 70

THE BARNACLE  
FROM: 2151547  
COMPANY I SECTION III  
NAVAL ACADEMY  
PREP SCHOOL  
BAINSBIDGE, MARYLAND  
21905



HAPPINESS IS

ONLY

9!

SO SHORT ON TIME!



TO: You  
2243 CRISWELL  
CANOGA PARK, CALIFORNIA  
91304