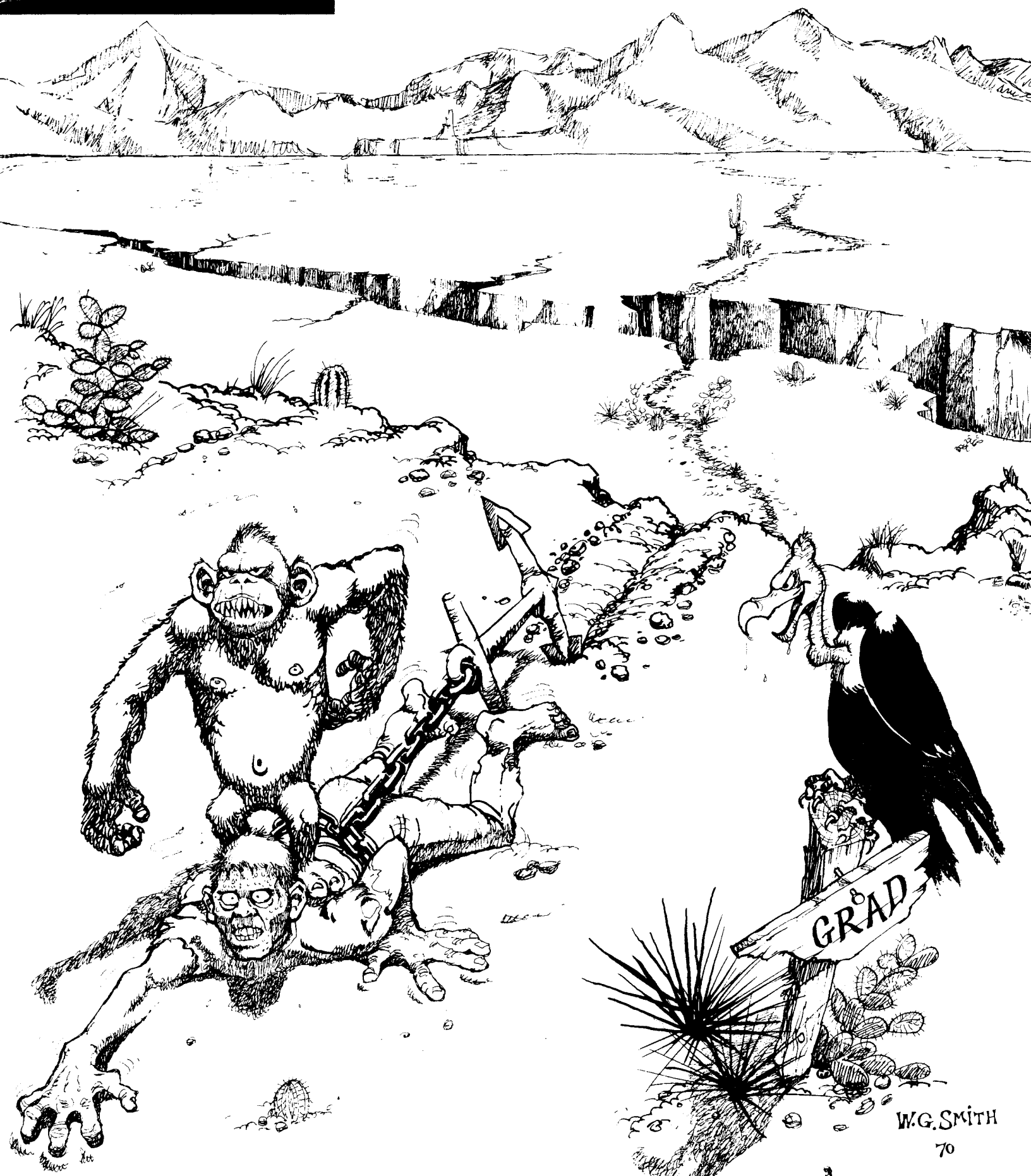


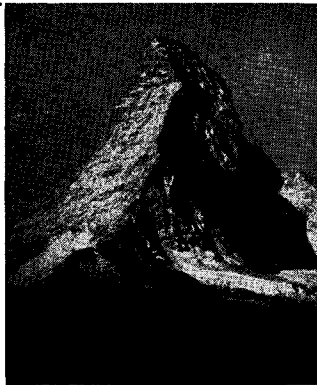
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UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY  
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W.G. SMITH

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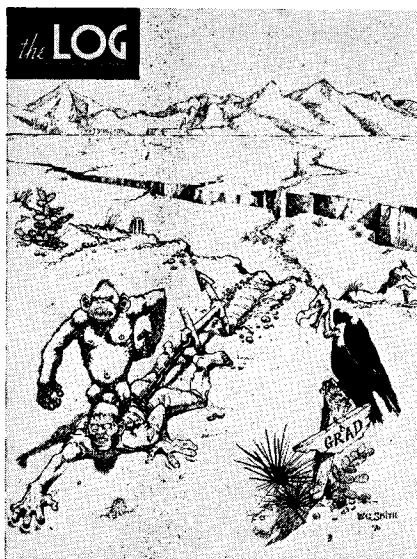
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#### THE COVER



70's long haul is nearing its end.

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# ECOLOGY IS REAL

There are a great number of pressing problems within our Society today but among them there is one which has shouldered its way past the others to a position of awesome prominence. I speak of pollution, the ecological miscarriage which looms as a greater threat with each passing day. To young Naval officers it may seem as though this issue is not related to our lives and careers but in several ways it has and will continue to hold a direct bearing on our future.

I recently attended a national college editor's conference where ecology, conservation and the preservation of our environment were the main themes. I listened to a ranking official in the Department of the Interior attempt to explain that: he was unaware that the strip between the United States and Canada was being completely defoliated and raped of every form of existing life, he didn't know what effects an underground pipeline carrying hot oil would have on the frozen tundra in an Alaskan valley, he had submitted to committee the problem of oil spewing into the bay at Santa Barbara while every day more oil polluted the area.

Perhaps because I'm a member of the new generation I am too impatient for change but I'm not rioting for racial equality, demanding an immediate end to the political donnybrook commonly referred to as Viet Nam or proposing legalized pot, lower taxes and women's lib. I'm almost willing to proceed at whatever rate my seniors establish for solving these problems but the reason for this is that if something isn't done now about the ravaging of our country there will be no need to solve the others as we will all be buried in a massive sewer of industrial waste. There is little need to have the world's greatest Navy patrol the shores of a gigantic dump. Those who have seen millions of dead trout floating on the scum of a polluted river, watched a blast furnace spew filth into the sky at an unceasingly rapid rate or flown over the areas where strip mining and logging have destroyed the topography of a mountain area will know what I mean.

There is only so much in the way of resources that we can take out of this country, and apparently the limit is rapidly approaching. What cannot be continued is clogging the lakes and rivers and atmosphere and beaches and forests, etc. with waste and chemicals. Every resource is needed, and the country cannot afford to lose any of its dwindling reserves. Already the water table in some western states is dangerously low while the timber supply is no longer unlimited. Twenty one thousand gallons of oil pour into the sea off Santa Barbara per day while an expert in New York estimates that a day spent in that city is equivalent to smoking a pack of cigarettes.

This problem is real; it's here and it's ours. In twenty years, assuming we survive that long, a good number of us who are presently at the Academy will be competing for top positions in the business world. It may at that time be of great benefit to have prepared ourselves on the issue of ecology. Those who hope the problem will go away quietly or don't recognize the ecological adulteration that presently exists are in for a huge macabre surprise because the serious problems have just begun. The oil spilling off the Louisiana coast and the smog of Los Angeles may seem far distant but eventually every city will be smothered and all the beaches, oyster beds and bird sanctuaries will become oil clogged sloughs.

In the mean time, should any court action be taken against the polluter our undeniably fair system of justice will allow as many appeals as are necessary to establish beyond question that oil is being spilled into the oceans and that it is damaging the coast lines. However, by that time most of the oil will have been pumped and the drillers will have gone in search of new wells to tap. Investigations and committee reports are not needed. Speeches and pleas will not cut down on smog. By the constitution the American people are guaranteed the pursuit of happiness and protection from enemies foreign and domestic. These rights are being infringed upon. No minority group will be hurt by immediate action on this issue. The moratorium can wait, lung cancer kills more people than the war. Don't delay action by asking what you can do for your country for the answers are obvious. John Steinbeck said of America, "It is ours, we will make of it what we are . . . we have failed sometimes, taken wrong paths . . . but we have never slipped back—never." Presently we are slipping and time is running out. If it is true that the people of this country are too proud to destroy it nothing should hold them back on the imminent problems of ecology.

### The LOG

Sot (to splendidly uniformed bystander): Say, call me a cab, will you?

S. U. B.: My good man, I'm not a doorman, I'm a naval officer.

Sot: All right, then, call me a boat—I gotta get home.

### The LOG

Father-in-Law: "I suppose you know that when I die my daughter will inherit 50 thousand dollars. . . . Well, why don't you say something?"

Husband: "Drop dead."

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Mr. Ellison,

I cannot imagine anything more insipid than a magazine that pleased everybody. The Log, in particular, is a so called 'House Organ' and as such is supposed to entertain and inform those people within the organization, in this case the U.S. Naval Academy.

Those of us on the outside who are privileged to receive copies should accept it as just that, a privilege, and should not in any way try to change content, form or purpose.

Someone commented about age in failing to find humor in something. 'Tain't so! Humor is humor and age has nothing to do with being able to appreciate it. Academy humor may lose some of its punch to 'outsides' but I'm sure even an *old* Navy man would be amused.

One thing many people may not realize is that most of you are on the staff for only a year or two. I think the effect of continuity you achieve is a fine example of the dedication to the job at hand all 'Mids' seem to have.

To be completely trite, if I were to offer any advice it would probably be a quote with which I'm sure you are familiar: "Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead!"

The majority of the Brigade is with you, and the rest of us don't count.

Sincerely  
Evelyn Lane

## DUTY HONOR COUNTRY—

These are the words that have guided and inspired some of those exceptional Americans who have forged and defended these beloved United States—Grant, Lee, Pershing, Bradley, Patton, Eisenhower—these words are the motto of West Point.

Today our honorable Corps of Cadets passed in review and affectionately saluted their commanding general, Maj. Gen. Samuel W. Koster, upon his departure from this respected post to stand trial as a war criminal.

What kind of madness are we witnessing? Isn't it common knowledge that the enemy at Hue murdered 5000 civilians and buried them in a mass, Nazi-type grave? Isn't everyone aware that Viet Cong grandmothers and small children are killing our boys daily with home-made, booby-trap mines? Is there any sign of a North Vietnam court-martial of their murderers? Isn't it plain that the Communist cause has no morals, commits any conceivable crime every day, everywhere, and uses OUR humane culture to advance an inhumane, totalitarian regime enslaving its victims?

We ourselves, being human, are very, very far from perfect. We must hastily correct many injustices that are indigenous to the behavior of mankind, but we have the only kind of self-correcting government that can come near to such perfection.

Does, this mean, however, that we shall permit our love for peace and our abhorrence of war to lead hypnotically to our surrender to the most unprincipled war criminals ever to invade their neighbors' land?

Who is going to call a spade a spade? Who cares about those things the enemy wants to extinguish: freedom, liberty, individual enterprise, individual expression and choice of endeavor?

Is our brilliant youth going to provide a glorious victory for freedom? Or, doped on pot, are they leading us into a victory for Soviet-type suppression—from the silence of a majority to the silence of a totalitarian proletariat?

Who is going to speak up for the

Army that is fighting the dirty battle *we* sent them to fight, that is fighting an unseen enemy having no rules other than exercise of maximum terror, that is dying now, today to save you and me from everything we instinctively and rightfully despise?

Arthur L. Wilson  
Class of 1931  
United States Naval Academy  
933 Bienvenida Ave.  
Pacific Palisades, Calif. 90272

Bill Smith, Editor  
The Log  
Bancroft Hall  
U.S.N.A.  
Annapolis, Md. 21412

Dear Mr. Smith:

As a mother of a Midn., I couldn't resist dropping a note to you. We didn't receive the Feb. 20th issue till March 12th so I know I have passed the deadline. However, all I want to say is that your editorial regarding criticism was excellent. You really have said it from your heart and what you say is exactly true.

If I might add a comment regarding attending chapel, I hate to see radicals defy God. In this particular problem you are having, the older generation *should listen* to you. You have the ideas. Maybe your generation will really live religion. It sure involves more than going to Church on Sunday. Your everyday life is religion. The older generation didn't wake up till we got to be 55. Religion means a kind word, taking care of the old folks, etc. There is nothing like the Bible and I admit I don't know the Bible like I should. Again, I repeat youth must be listened to. We want to gain your confidence and to show you that you are loved.

Sincerely yours,  
Loretta Dreeland

Linda Anthony  
Box 3—Wahr Hall  
Indiana Univ. of Pa.  
Indiana, Pa. 15701  
February 22, 1970

Social Committee  
U. S. Naval Academy  
Annapolis, Maryland

Dear Sirs:

We are six young ladies at a university *where girls are not appreciated*. We are desirous of some *fine, enjoyable, mature male companionship*. You are the lucky ones to whom we chose to write concerning this matter.

We are willing to travel over 200 miles if you have something of this type to offer us. We are interested in attending one of your gala weekends.

Please put us on your "*mailing*" list. We will anxiously await your reply.

Sincerely,  
Linda Anthony  
Karen Binkley  
Chris Mannisto  
Michelle Davis  
Flossie Johnson  
Priscilla Webster

Dear Editor:

As a Midshipman interested in the welfare of the Naval Academy, I was dismayed at the LOG's reactionary stand concerning the compulsory chapel attendance issue. Perhaps the LOG could use a bit of factual reporting, presenting the arguments being forwarded by both sides in the disagreement. Unfortunately, you chose to castigate the plaintiffs for actively pursuing "a course of action outside the Academy with the purpose of undermining the one tradition and practice which totally dedicates its efforts towards improving the moral values of the Brigade." (I will ignore the cheap personality smear attempted in Salty Sam.) A little research would reveal that, in the past few years, many official channels have been tried and found unopen, clogged by unreasoning tradition.

Personally, I fail to see how an unwilling, tired, and uninterested Midshipman is improving his morals by sitting benumbed in chapel every Sunday. Further, his presence in that state detracts from the outward appearance of the Brigade, and is a distraction for those who are serious in their worship. You seem to have equated chapel attendance with morality, which is rather an unsophisticated notion.

However, the LOG is entitled to its opinion. But I feel the opinion should supplement the facts, not replace them. Ostensibly, the LOG is produced by Midshipmen for Midshipmen, so why not conduct a poll to tap the feelings of the Brigade on this issue? The results may be surprising, but in any event you should not fear printing the truth. We all realize the military is not a democracy, but I believe that the right to worship as one pleases is a basic American freedom, for all Americans, even Midshipmen.

Sincerely,  
Stephen A. Wohler  
Midshipman Second Class

*Your response is indicative of the current of feeling which flows through the brigade. It is well written, appreciated by the staff, and hopefully enlightening to the LOG's readers. Your points are well taken and the LOG has provided a means for your to express yourself. However it is neither our job nor purpose to conduct popularity polls concerning Academy regulations. ED.*

Dear Editor,

At a time when compulsory chapel has become a major issue in the minds of many midshipmen, let us turn from this problem and look at the chapel service.

Many midshipmen turned in special request chits to be allowed to hear Dr. Graham speak on 8 February. These midshipmen, who attend church in town, found their chits disapproved because the administration was expecting too many guests. It seems rather hypo-

critical for an administration that is concerned about our moral well-being, which is supposedly derived by compulsory chapel, to deprive individuals who deeply believe the opportunity to hear one of the most renowned speakers of our time. One may generalize and say that most midshipmen feel that chapel is continually preached to the guests without due concern given to problems of a modern midshipman, and that it will continue to be this way as long as the Academy is concerned with an image rather than a reality. If compulsory chapel must continue, then let us take a look at the service and for once give consideration to the midshipmen's needs and not the pleasing of a somewhat apathetic public.

Respectfully,  
A Believer and a Non-believer

Dear Editor:

Congratulations on the spirit and intelligence displayed thus far this year in The LOG. I find that it has finally reached a level indicative of the quality of the men attending the Naval Academy.

Though I am an officer in the United States Army, I have nothing but praise and admiration for the men of the United States Naval Academy (friendly competition not included).

I am not comparing it to the Military Academy at West Point, for in truth I have nothing to compare it to (having reached my commission through the enlisted ranks via OCS). All I can say is that from stories relayed to me by my brother, a member of the class of '71, and a personal visit in 1967 NEAR the date of the ARMY-NAVY conflict, is that the Naval Academy produces fine young officers.

Since I have strayed from the point, I will regress and return to my original intentions. You have a great magazine, keep up the good work.

Robert J. Clarkson

*Note*—After my reading of the LOG, it is passed around, and the final tattered condition is not due to the dampness of the jungles.



The following letter was written by Fleet Admiral Nimitz in response to an inquiry of a midshipman who was writing a term paper which dealt with Nimitz's life and naval career.

Ed.

In response to your letter of 17 January 1962, I am pleased to relate for use in your term paper the following anecdote of an escapade which could easily have led to my demotion from a three-striper commanding the 8th Company of Midshipmen to a clean sleeve in the rear rank. Furthermore, had this episode reached the ears of the Superintendent it could have resulted in my early separation from the naval service.

Shortly after the class of 1905 returned from September leave in 1904 we learned that, due to an expanding Navy and the pressing need for junior officers, the class of 1905 would graduate on January 30, 1905 instead of in June of that year.

This change in our schedule greatly increased our study workload and forced the elimination of a few subjects of lesser importnace as well as some drills. Of greater importance to us, we were granted a "free gate" to Annapolis during non study hours for the purpose of visiting our tailors who were preparing our graduation uniform outfits. You may be sure we made good use of this extraordinary privilege. That I escaped disciplinary action as a result of my violation of Naval Academy regulations, and was allowed to continue my naval career is the burden of this anecdote.

A great construction project was underway when the 1905 class returned from September leave in 1904. The first wing of Bancroft Hall was complete and ready for occupancy. As Commander of the Eight Company I was privileged to have commodious and luxurious quarters at the N.E. corner of the third floor. My roommate, Midshipman George V. Stewart, now Captain George V. Stewart, USN (Ret.) of Front Royal, Virginia, and I occupied jointly a large study room, with an adjoining bedroom on each side for each of us.

It did not take us long to discover that we could reach the roof of that part of Bancroft Hall that we occupied, and that from the corner of the roof over our rooms we were completely hidden and unobserved from below. It immediately became the practice to go to the roof for smoking, eating snacks, drinking beer and other forms of relaxation. Below us at ground level was a large pile of granite blocks awaiting placement in other wings of the building. A particularly satisfying form of entertainment was to throw empty beer bottles down on the heap of building stones and watch the Jimmy-Legs rush about to discover the culprits who caused the damage.

One Saturday afternoon a number of my class, including myself, decided to have a beer party on the roof that evening. Some one had to go out into Annapolis to get the beer, and that person was chosen by lot. You have guessed it—I, a three-striper with gold stars on my collar, was chosen to bring in the refreshments. With a leather suitcase I walked calmly out of the Main Gate and down Maryland Avenue to my tailor, a Mr. Schmidt, whose shop was on the same street just a short distance from the Gate. The Marine Sentries and a Jimmy-Legs at the Gate gave me only a cursory glance, recognizing me as a first classman entitled to leave the Academy grounds.

When I reached the tailor shop and asked for Mr. Schmidt, a clerk directed me to a private office in the rear of shop. On entering the office I observed that Mr. Schmidt had a visitor—a handsome, swarthy man of distinguished appearance. As I started to back out Mr. Schmidt insisted I come in. Without introducing me to his caller he asked what he could do for me. I told him my assignment and asked him to get one dozen bottles of cold beer and place them in my suitcase. He replied that he would be happy to do just that and suggested that I return in about thirty minutes. When I returned for my suitcase Mr. Schmidt and his caller were still in earnest conversation. As I left with a heavier load Mr. Schmidt wished me and my friends a nice party. I returned safely to

my room with the cold beer, having re-entered the Gate with no more trouble than I had experienced in leaving.

The beer party that night was a great success. Some other member had furnished sandwiches and a good time was had by all hands. The empty bottles, as usual, were thrown down on the pile of granite blocks below.

Came Monday morning and a return to classroom recitations. As section leader of a group of midshipmen I marched my section into a Chemistry Class and as I turned to report my section to the instructor, I was horrified to see in the instructor's chair, a Lieutenant Commander in a bright new uniform. His face was only too familiar. Again you have guessed it. Our instructor was Lieutenant Commander Levi Calvin Bertolette, USN, Class of 1887 who had only recently reported for duty at the Naval Academy. And he was that handsome, swarthy man I had seen in Mr. Schmidt's office the previous Saturday.

He regarded me as if he had never seen me before and our recitations started. As the hour for departure arrived I fully expected Bertolette to tell me to march the section out and then to return for a conference. This did not happen—nor in the next few days did I receive a summons to the office of the Commandant of Midshipmen. Many days passed before I began to breathe easier.

This escapade taught me a lesson on how to behave for the remainder of my stay at the Academy. It also taught me to look with lenient and tolerant eye on first offenders when in later years they appeared before me as a Commanding Officer holding Mast. I looked forward to the time when I could meet Bertolette in the Service so that I could thank him for his understanding forbearance. Alas—that time never came. Our paths never crossed and he died on 24 January 1912 on USS YORKTOWN off the West Coast of South America.

I hope that this story of an escapade by a Midshipman of 1905 will be of use to you in preparing your

LETTERS (Continued)

LETTERS (Continued)

undergraduate term paper. I am sure many of my classmates have never heard of my narrow escape. However, I intend to make available copies of your letter and this reply thereto so that all hands can be informed. May I suggest that you discuss with Professor E. B. Potter of the Department of English, History and Government your intended use of this correspondence and be guided by his advice.

With best wishes to you for a successful completion of your Naval Academy course and a happy and successful career in our wonderful Navy, I am

Sincerely,  
C. W. NIMITZ

P.S. If you find yourself in the San Francisco area after graduation I hope you will call on me in Berkeley.

It has been requested that the young ladies from Detroit (whose letter recently appeared in the LOG) send a name and address where the one who is not engaged can be contacted.

ED.

The LOG

Q. I have been told that each year 10 percent of the freshman class of the U.S. Naval Academy in Annapolis resigns because of unbearable adolescent physical hazing. True or false?—Martha Klein, Birmingham, Ala.

A. No, Martha, that's not true. The only reason anyone would resign from the Academy would be either to get something to eat or to get a decent night's sleep.

The LOG

"I'm telling you for the last time. Stop!"

"I knew you'd weaken."

The LOG

Mother: "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier."

Dean: "Is he in the R.O.T.C.?"

Mother: "Yes."

Dean: "I wouldn't worry, madam."



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*Miss Joya Prospero, a frosh at Indiana U. of Pa., is always on the mind of a 28th Co. 4 c.*

*The girl down the street, Karen Gastelle, has been close to a 28th Co. 4 c for several years. She hails from Rockville, Md.*



*Miss Faeie Puhon hauls a certain second class in her command on the weekends.*

## 28th CO. CUTIES

*This ravishing beauty would like to bestow her charms on a certain firstie.*



*Miss Linda Wientses, from Springfield, Va., keeps a lucky 2 c occupied and happy.*

*Miss Nancy Bennett of U. of North Carolina dates a lucky 3 c.*





*Miss Joelle Schroeder is pinned to a very lucky 3 c.*

*Miss Debbie Petrocco from Ohio State University is a certain firstie's favorite drag.*



*Miss Sam McArtor from University of Maryland is engaged to a lucky firstie.*

## 29th CO. CUTIES

*This townie, Miss Madeline Stevens, is engaged to her favorite firstie.*



*Miss Connie McCallan drags a lucky 3 c when he is in Seattle.*

*Sharon occasionally dates a 4/c when he is home in Seattle.*





*Miss Nancy Jones hails from Richmond, but attends Queens College, Charlotte, N. C. She is engaged to a 2 c.*

*Miss Deborah Shippey from San Jose, California, is a secretary in D. C. and plans for a June wedding this spring.*



*Miss Tobi McMechen attends Miami Dade Jr. College and dates a 4/c.*

## 30th CO. CUTIES

*Claudia Whildren hails from Chula Vista, Calif. and finds her job as dental assistant necessary being married to a youngster.*



*Miss Sandra Scott from Eugene, Ore., is engaged to a 2 c and attends Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N.Y.*

*Miss Bobbie Sopp calls Pittsburgh, Pa. her home while attending Bowling Green University. She is pinned to 2 c.*



# MIDSHIPMEN SERVICE FACILITIES

By Eric James Benson '71

How many times have you been sent back to the second wing to get a wire hanger for your drill shirt . . . or . . . have you ever wondered who to see after your first reg haircut of the year turns out to be a Quantico Special?

The man behind what every mid sees as a plot to extract \$9.00 a month is the Head of the Midshipmen Service Facilities, LT. William P. Higgins (USNA '66). LT. Higgins arrived at USNA two years ago (the Academy was third choice on his dream sheet—sort of like getting the detail when you put in for WESTPAC), and has been Officer Inspector of Uniforms for the past 17 months.

LT. Higgins has been eagerly improving the system and hopes that many of his plans will be carried out after his departure late this year. The first and second class can probably remember when Steerage most resembled the Black Hole of Calcutta.

The \$9.00 monthly service charge covers the operating cost of the barber shops, press shop, tailor shop, and the cobbler shop.

## *The Press Shop*

The press shop is managed by Gilbert Painter who has been the foreman since 1953. Since that time he has doubled the man-hour output to accomodate 14,000 articles a week while keeping the price reasonable.

Mr. Painter's biggest complaint with the Brigade is our reluctance to follow the schedule. Without a schedule the shop could probably close on Monday and Tuesday and would have to work overtime on Friday, according to the foreman. While the schedule is not usually flexible, exceptions are often made for stripers, 2/c on exchange weekends, and watch-standers. The monthly allotment of \$2.30 would cover less than one week's work at any of the laundries in town. It covers weekly pressing and a dry cleaning at least twice monthly.

## *The Repair Tailor Shop*

Mr. Wilbur Seidel runs the Used Uniform and Repair Tailor Shops. The Used Uniform Shop is designed to save mids money on uniforms. The Repair Shop will fix any damaged uniform free of charge. Many times this involves replacing an entire sleeve or pant leg. Alterations are also made on any uniform without additional cost.

One of the biggest problems here is the abuse of insignia. Items such as chevrons and bugles are expected to last three years and more frequent replacement results in an increase in cost for us.

## *The Cobbler Shop*

In addition to repairing our uniform shoes, the Cobbler Shop, under the management of Fritz Wooford, will repair civilian footwear for about half the in-town price. Black shoes and civilian shoes are done on an as-soon-as-possible basis, usually about three days. Whites are done when the work load is light. Storage of white shoes over the winter is Mr. Wooford's biggest headache.

## *The Barber Shop*

This year, Arthur Eason has directed his barbers to cut hair according to the way we want it done within the regs. His biggest complaint is not with the Brigade, but with the Company Officers. He says that many times a Mid will get a reg haircut that his Company Officer thinks is too long. This usually results in a long line of complaints. Mr. Eason says it is impossible to cut everyone's hair the same length and have it come out looking good.

If you are in the habit of getting your hair cut on a non-appointment basis try Monday or Tuesday. Early in the week each barber will usually give 10 to 15 haircuts and on Friday this will go up to 40. The three shops cut about 2,500 heads a week.

## *The Steerage*

The Steerage has recently added many new items and has extended its hours until 2200. Mrs. Louise Baxter can usually be seen directing things from behind her cash register. Prices are kept low while allowing the Steerage to operate on a break even basis annually. Mrs. Baxter is confronted with the problem of mids who accidentally walk off forgetting to pay for everything. As with all the service facilities any comments or suggestions are graciously received and adopted if practical.

The recent addition of Batt Bowling to the Intramural program has increased the use of the Bowling Lanes. Richard Nitche operates the lanes at a cost-free basis for the Brigade. With the addition of Batt Bowling it is possible that the lanes may be subsidized to help off-set the present annual loss of \$11,000. The vending machines are presently being used to off-set this loss with the surplus going to the Midshipmen Welfare Fund.

The machines are on a contract basis and gross over \$100,000 a year. In 1968 the profit was \$14,000 and this year it should top \$25,000. At 15¢ a can that is quite a lot of Coke; of course, if you have ever tried to get one on a Sunday night you know how easy it is to turn a profit.

Next time you have any problems be sure to take them to LT Higgins in the fifth wing basement. Between Mr. Higgins, his filing secretary (a 2/C involved in a management study program), and his PAO (yours truly) any problem should be solvable.

As our fearless Head of the Midshipmen Service Facilities, who (as we have seen) is ComPress, ComTails, ComCob, ComBarb, ComSteer, ComBowl, and ComCokes, says, "Service is our most important product."



As I seat myself at my desk and once again prepare to relate to you, my faithful following, another episode in the continuing drama of Calvert's Calamity and Coogan's Bluff, I cannot help but be reminded that '70 is short! 54-days worth of short, and it's getting better every day. Besides that, it's Spring! Now before all of you cynics start jumping on me about the 30° weather and recent snow let me say that Spring isn't just a state of the weather; it's mainly a state of mind. Now you'll probably tell me that Navy has destroyed your mind. Well, I don't have an answer to that; it's just something you will be forced to live with. Believe me, though, your minds will improve when you get as short as I am.

Speaking of destroyed minds, there is an underclassman somewhere who must be right on the brink of total loss. He had just been to the machines in the Seventh Wing and was loaded to the gills with cans as he approached the elevator. Just then, a guy in sweatgear was walking by, and being unable to do so himself, our coke runner asked him to push the button for the 'vator. After doing so, and waiting until the man was safely aboard, Capt McKay asked to see his chit. I wish I had been there to see the cans flying all over

the 'vator, and Capt. McKay laughing his head off before running away, leaving one shattered Mid behind to contemplate his navel, or whatever one does after being relieved from sure death.

Another elevator incident, this time in the Eighth Wing, is also worth telling. Two of 34's illustrious band of First Class had just stepped off when their Company Officer walked up and summoned them both to his office. Being basically a kind-hearted soul, he told the men that instead of frying them he was going to put each of them in hack for two weeks. Since 34 gets at least as much liberty (in the French style) during the week as it does on weekends, the two men were not unduly shaken. One of them, however, well known for his gambling nature, offered to shake the Lt. double or nothing for the restriction. He won, and this time it was the Med who was doing the laughing while his Company Officer just stood there staring at his hand. I guess it works both ways.

I was rather disturbed recently when I heard that the Jolly Green Giant had told Old St. Nick that the *Log* wasn't as controversial and interesting as it had been earlier in the year. This is the same "Marine" who had no end of complaints whenever reference was made to

his actions in my column, forcing my alter ego, the Apologies Editor, to work overtime. When a coin has more than the normal two sides it looks like it's impossible to win. I'm really sorry that we haven't been up to your level of controversy, sir, but our blandness persists.

The former Features Editor's Company Officer has been unusually busy recently. It was reported to me that his desk calendar had the following notation for March 14: "Famous Naval Officer born this day, 1939." I didn't realize that you were so famous, sir, but a belated Happy Birthday to you, anyway.

It has been requested that I include the following plea in my column: Dubois, 8214, has West Point Exchange. Will trade for MED I, MED II, MED III, WEST-PAC I, HUKCANT, SUBCANT, or anything (as long as it is on water). I'd love to help you, sir, but unfortunately, I won't be free until late '71 or early '72.

Another Sixth Batt LCDR was recently observed wearing green socks. It must have been St. Patrick's Day. He wasn't alone, though. The head of the Western Ideas course wore one blue and one green sock to class one day. You never did that when I was in your class in years past, sir. (I hope everyone appreciates the clues to

(Continued on page 20)



# CURV DOES IT AGAIN

"It was spectacular" said the Navy's Supervisor of Salvage, Captain E. B. Mitchell, in describing the Naval Undersea Research and Development Center's Cable Controlled Undersea Recovery Vehicle (CURV) which picked up a NASA scientific research package 5850 feet deep in the Atlantic Ocean, about 75 miles up the coast from Norfolk, Virginia, Sunday morning.

CURV is the vehicle that successfully retrieved the H Bomb off Palomares, Spain in April 1966. The H Bomb was lost in water 2850 feet deep.

The most significant part of this operation, according to Captain Charles B. Bishop, Commander of the Naval Undersea Research and Development Center, was that CURV was packed, shipped and set up for operation on-site within 72

hours and she was able to locate the payload after completing only two 1200-foot diameter circles in the area. A closed circuit television system operated from the surface ship *USS OPPORTUNE* ARS-41 was the means by which the payload was located. The instrument package's pinger signal, used to locate it, was not operating.

The CURV system had been redesigned under a rebuilding program that began last November and is considered to be about halfway through the development stage. The new CURV had only 3 experimental dives prior to taking part in the recovery operation.

Captain Bishop credited Bud Kunz, head, Ocean Technology Department, LCDR Ben H. Fisher, NUC military representative, Harold S. Smith, CURV project manager, Robert E. Pace, and Keith

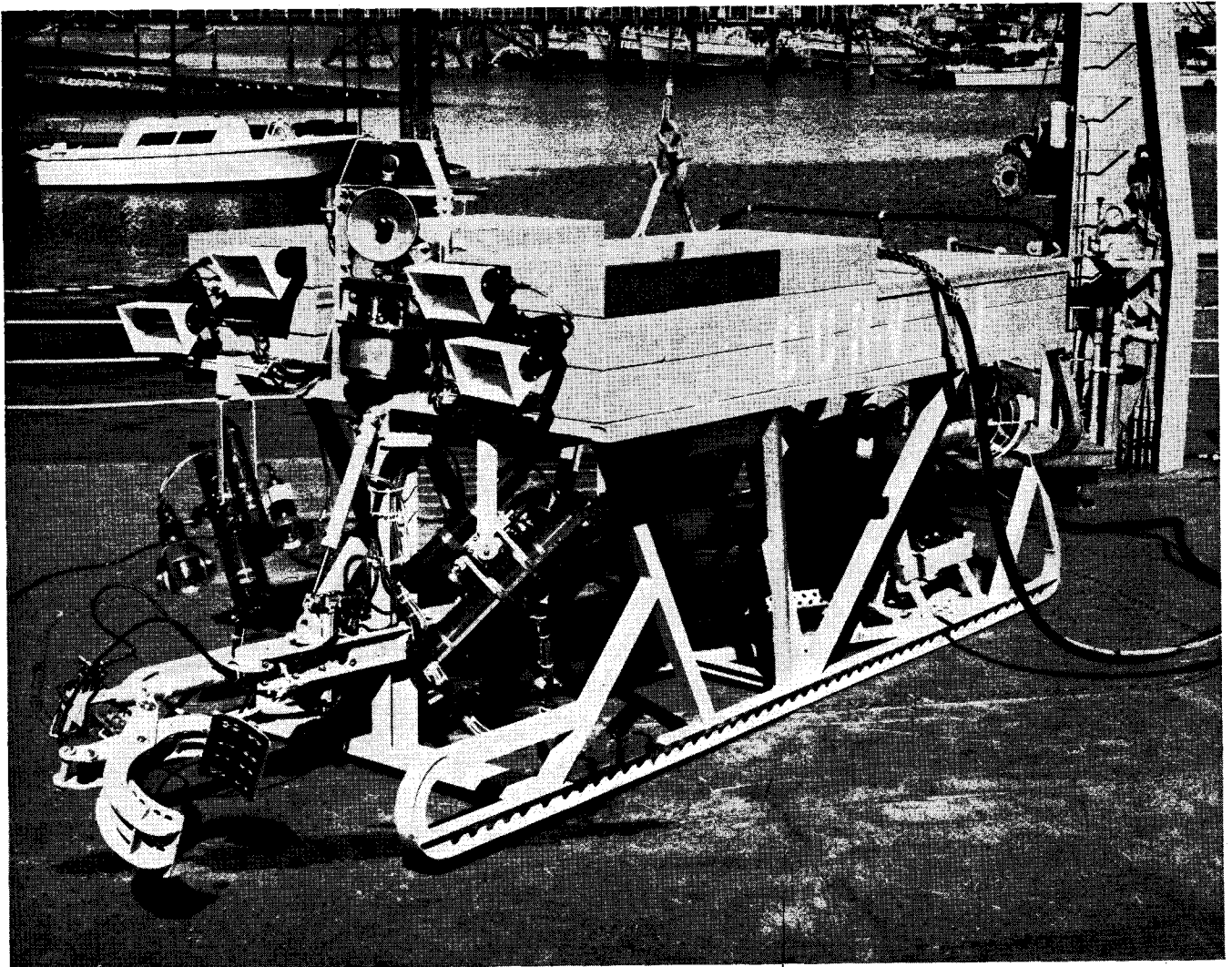
Maxwell, engineers, and supply representatives Vernon W. Hays and Richard A. Lovelace for CURV's successful efforts in recovering the instrument package.

The CURV system, mounted on the *Opportune*, included an acoustic locating device, a TV and sonar control, monitoring console, and vehicle handling gear. The cable controlled vehicle is 7 feet wide, 7 feet high and 13 feet long and weighs 4000 lbs. A number of subsystems are attached to its aluminum frame including propulsion units, TV camera and lighting equipment, acoustical locating instruments and a hydraulic system to operate the mechanical hand or claw.

The CURV has an operating depth of 7000 feet and unlimited endurance. The crew operates both day and night.

The CURV vehicle was controlled by NUC engineers from the console aboard the *Opportune*.

*(Continued on page 24)*



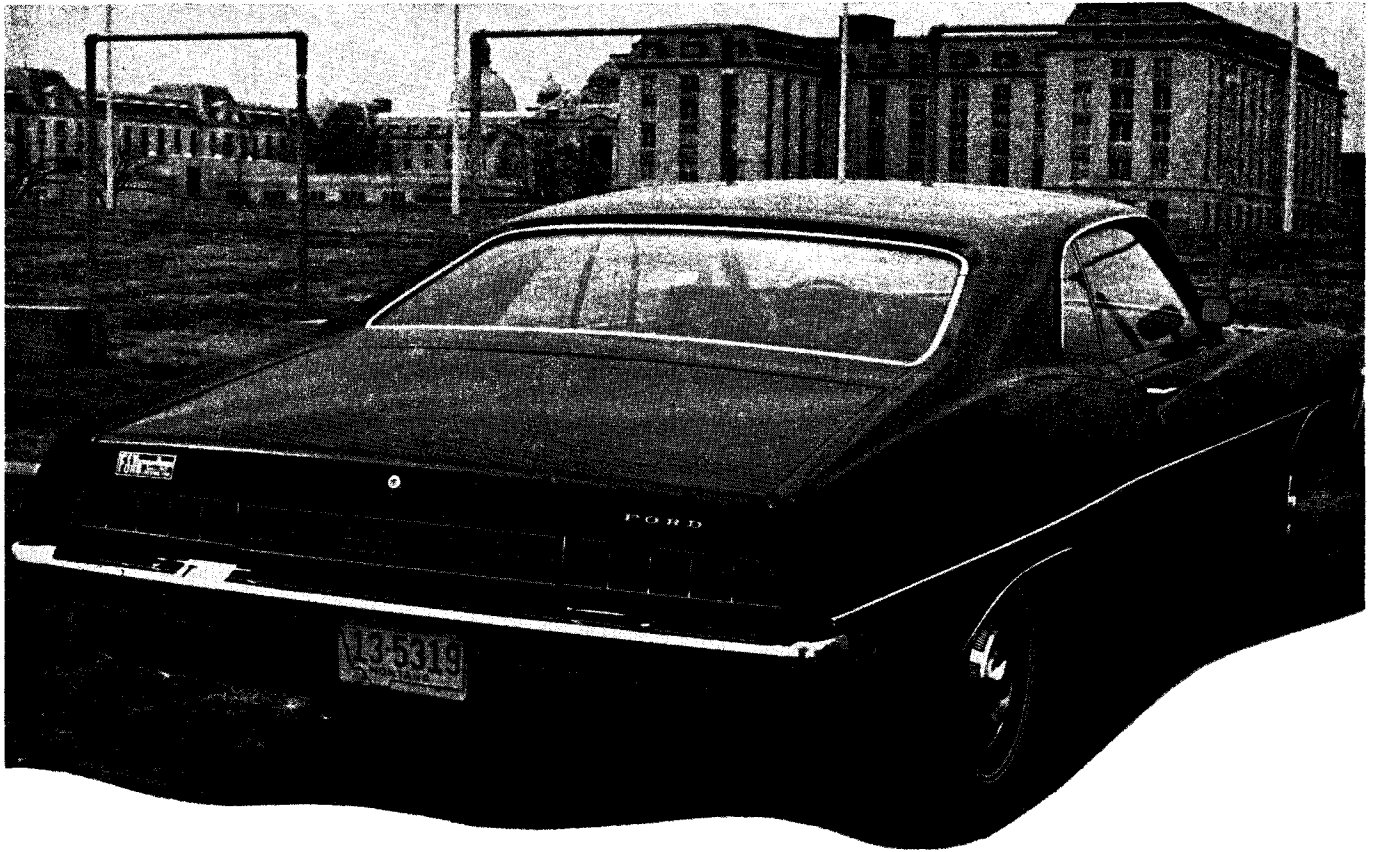


# *Cars In The Yard*

photos by  
Bill McMenamin

## *Spring's Best Indicator*





*Is Not  
A Robin  
Or A  
Rose Bud...*

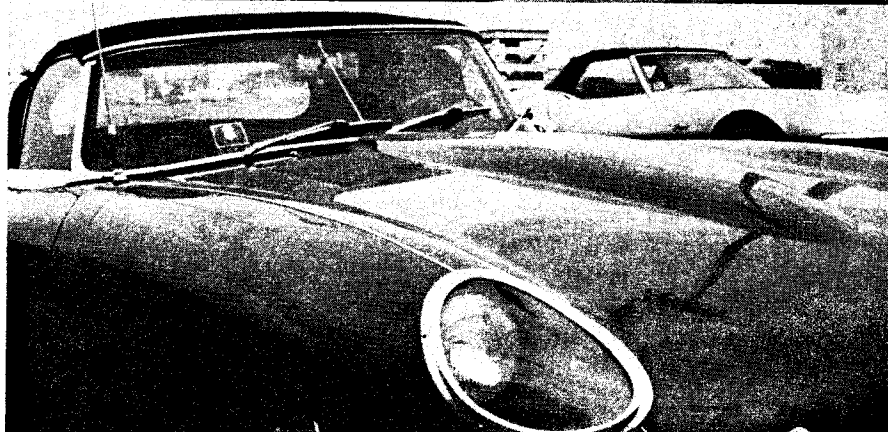
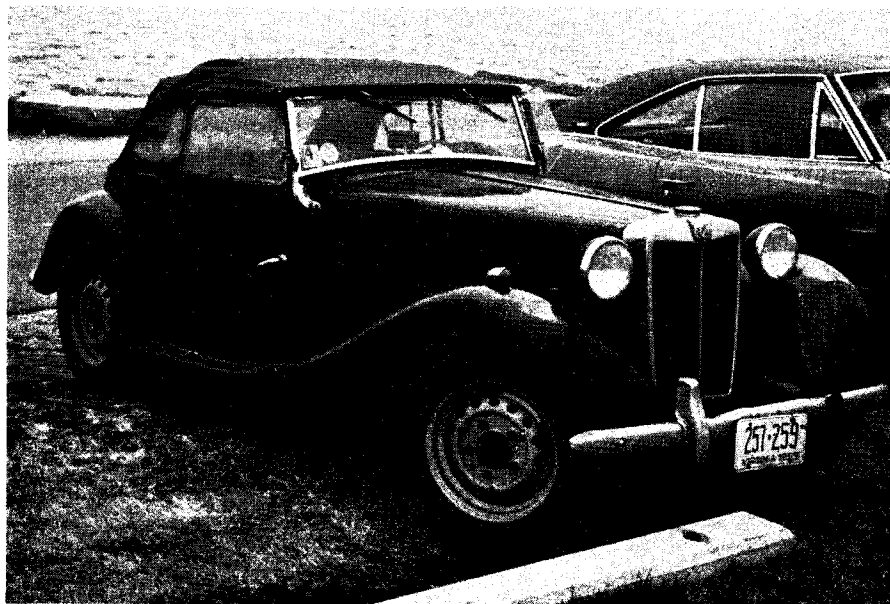


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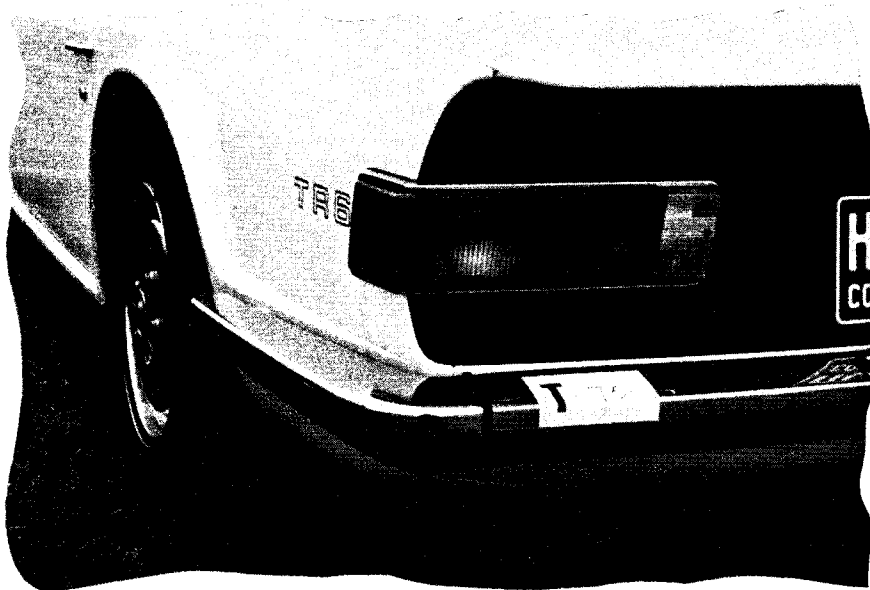
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... *And Colors*

photos by Bill McMenamin



*Of The Cars At Navy*

# LOGGING

By Nute Blunk

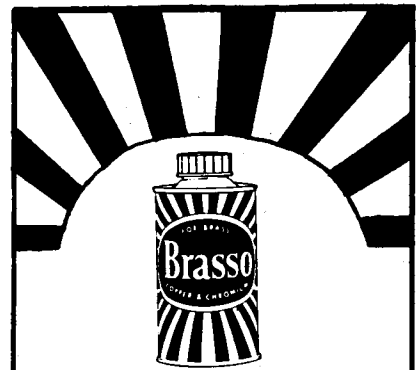
*Space Shot Success*—Word has just been received that a team of astronauts handpicked from the USNA Naval Science Dept., has just broken the record for elapsed time in outer space. Voice communication with the team has not been accomplished. The only sound thus far received is an occasional but quite audible beep which experts have not been able to translate into any spoken language. Hopes remain high for the team's speedy return, while back at the Naval Academy four sections of midshipmen 2/c in celestial navigation are still searching for the real identity and whereabouts of their instructors.

*Pollution*—This year pollution was again on the upswing as the latest government statistics showed an increasing rate for the months of November and December which carried over well into January. Big eastern cities such as Washington, D. C. and Philadelphia were hit hardest, especially the first and last weekends in November, and again just before Christmas time. Experts have coordinated this growth with a temporary but sharp rise in the population characterized by an influx of sad looking young men with short hair, red eyes, and who wear dark clothes. One expert feels that as liquid consumption goes up so does pollution. The Navy, asked to review this situation, has begun an investigation into the matter, the result of which are pending. . . .

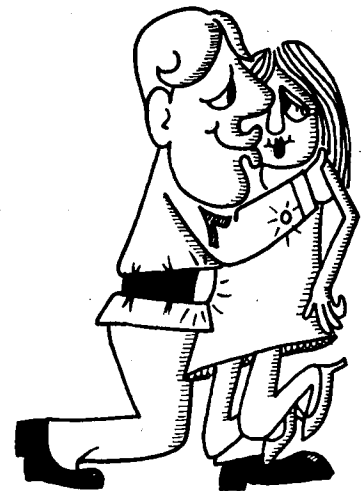
*"Hello from Havana"*—This was the message received by an anxious group of wives and mothers, along with officers of the executive department, from a group of midshipmen whose plane was twelve hours overdue at the expiration of Spring leave. One man, Oscar Sweatski, 3/C who was finally reached for comment, cited articles 9741, 3b, c as excuses. These are the, "better late than never" and "ticklish situations, getting out of," clauses in the regulations. One plebe, over-

whelmed at the thought of leave expiring, bolted from the plane on landing and was immediately inducted into the Cuban Coast Guard. He was written up by his best friend for running in public and good judgement, failure to exercise. It is assumed he is meeting standard restriction requirements as well as serving out the rest of his tour. Finally, the return of the other midshipmen has not yet been negotiated as the Navy says no funds are available at this time.

The Peter Principle—maybe we could apply the Peter Principle here at the Academy. Simply stated, it means that the individual in his particular job, rises to his personal level of incompetence or ineptitude and stays there demonstrating it at every opportunity. The following serve as examples: A form, from sick bay which opens with "disregard the instructions on this form." A postal employee who informed a man that to get a post office box in Washington, D.C. he would have to correspond with the postmaster there, when he had forms for that very purpose available in his own post office. Public works employees being paid a modest sum totalling thousands of dollars to prepare a hall for concert when members of the 4/C demonstrated in an emergency they could do most of the job in less than an hour, at no cost. An officer who insisted that staff members of a magazine could not visit the printing site (which ultimately cost in time and money wasted) because due to their proposed schedule they would have to miss a parade, thus valuable professional training; but it was known that the parade was ungraded and in previous years the same schedule had been approved. And finally, following stated policy that the football games are played for the benefit of the Brigade of Midshipmen one observes that a midshipmen tickets for a guest cost twice as much as those of a faculty member and the seats involved are without question the worst in the stadiums where games are played. Perhaps Dr. Peters' ideas could be of some use within our hallowed, rhetorical halls.



That bright young Marine,  
George E. Porgie,  
At kissing the girls  
had an orgy.  
They'd run  
and  
they'd cry,  
"What brass!  
What a guy!"  
"But of course.  
I use Brasso",  
winked George E.



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(SALTY *Continued*)

my identity that I'm scattering throughout this article. I don't do this very often).

The next story is unsurpassed in my memory for two reasons, the pathos involved, and the lack of understanding and narrowness of vision demonstrated by the officer concerned. While returning from Spring Leave, a First Classman was involved in a very serious automobile accident, and he called the Officer of the Watch to report it. The OOW took three actions, each of them incredible under the circumstances. First he severely reprimanded the man for calling collect. Second, he reprimanded him for calling one of his classmates to come pick him up. And third, he told him that he would have to go out on US 301 and flag down a bus to Annapolis to get back to the Academy before expiration of leave. Those must have been very encouraging words for a man who had just been through a more than unnerving experience, and from an officer in the U.S. Navy, no less!

There is a youngster in the Sixth Batt who will have an interesting time filling out his census form. The wife just divorced him on grounds of mental cruelty. He must not have been much of a family man.

The Second Batt Office received an interesting message after taps not long ago. It was addressed to a Tenth Company Plebe, and read, "All right, don't call; see if I give a damn! Love, your "Fifth Grader." Annapolis girls must be in worse shape than I thought.

A Platoon of Sixth Company Youngsters are probably really in love with their Platoon Commander. On the Tuesday after the Winter Army Weekend, they were all ordered to come-around at the ten-minute call to Evening meal because their appearance was not "up to par." They don't understand why they didn't have carry-on (with no come-arounds) until Wednesday. After all, we did beat Army that weekend.

When the former Officer Rep of the "Navy Enquirer" was making his rounds of the First Batt on his last watch, he managed to shatter

the composes of quite a few people. Like the roomful of men previewing a new "professional" flick. The Youngster-in-charge snapped to attention and sounded off, "Midshipman—, *Fourth Class, Sir!*" When asked about the subject matter of the films, he was only able to stutter and point to the titles on the film cans.

In the meantime, word of the impending danger was passed throughout the Company area and emergency procedures went into effect. One Youngster dumped his fresh pot of soup out the window and frantically began airing out his room. Luckily, he was spared the indignity of having the OOW in his room. The Company CPO was not so fortunate, however, when his not so official call on the Company Officer's phone was rather rudely interrupted.

Did you hear about the Firstie who had the front-end of his brand-new LeMans demolished by the Oceanography YP. I can imagine his conversation with his insurance company:

"Sir, my car was just involved in a collision with a YP."

"What's a YP?"

"That's a Yard Patrol Boat that they use here at the Academy."

"What were you doing driving on the water? You know that we don't insure Amphicar's."

"I wasn't driving on the water."

"Well, what was the YP doing on land?"

"I've been wondering about that myself." Etc, etc.

Since the Drop the Sack issue isn't very far off, and since my identity remains a secret, I think you guys should get a few good clues this issue. First, my identity has been revealed already in a past issue. Second, I'm going to the beach after Graduation. Third, my car has an independent rear suspension. And fourth, my fiancée's dad is in the Real Estate business.

By the way, Salty Sal said that Salty '71 knows me. That's very interesting.

Ps. Just as we went to press I heard another tidbit worth passing along to any of you who have a token interest in the happenings of the engineering department. Seems

as some LCDR with clouds in his eyes and loyalty and Patriotism in his heart has taken it upon himself to single-handedly insure that midshipmen who attend classes in the engineering buildings have clean caps. Presumptuous as this may seem he proceeded in a most ambitious manner toward this fatuous end by marking ingenious comments on the tops of caps with chalk, pen magic marker etc. However I heard that it all came to an end the other day when a commander in the same department reached for his cover and discovered the words "Wash me" in bold script on its top. Perhaps a little more time spent in the classroom and a little less in the halls with our caps would benefit both instructor and student.

(CURV *Continued*)

This console displays graphically CURV's position, and the location of the sonar target and details of the target on the television monitor.

Once CURV is in the water, it swims down to the area of the object to be recovered, searches the area and classifies likely objects. After identification, CURV attaches itself with the claw to the object and then ascends to the surface where both it and the object are recovered by the support ship.

The search system on CURV consists of a high resolution sonar that can be either operated in the passive or active mode (pings or listens) and two television cameras. A 35 millimeter camera and associated strobe lights are used to document recovery operations on the bottom.

The Opportune is under the command of Commander Service Force, Atlantic Fleet, and operates as a unit of Commander, Service Squadron Eight. LCDR Don C. Craft is commanding officer of the Opportune.

#### The LOG

"If you spotted the man who stole your car, why don't you get it back?"

"I'm waiting for him to put on a new set of tires."



Through the diligent work of the *LOG* Staff (one of whom has since been relieved) the accompanying picture has come into Salty's possession, and, feeling that it warrants publication, I include it here. I have managed to identify 8 of the 9 men in the picture, and suspect that the 9th (the the one with the recon, elephant ears, and bags under his eyes) might be the Jolly Green Giant, but I'm not sure. One question has occurred to me, though. Why is everyone having fun and acting naturally except that guy trying to hide behind the women in the back row? Come to think of it, though, he might be acting normally.

The first person who sends to me a list of the names of all nine men in the picture will win five dollars. Just drop your guesses in my box and I'll get them. A big bonus of a whole cluster of bananas will be awarded to anyone who can correctly identify the wives. The photographer is exempt of course.

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FROM THE CONTEST.  
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MAY BE YOURS.  
A LIST OF THE  
GUESSES WILL BE  
PUBLISHED IN  
THE NEXT  
ISSUE.



## MEET THE EXECUTIVE DEPT.

# MAJOR WELLS

Carroll White

The seemingly paradoxical situation of an Army officer at the Naval Academy is a very real one to Major Donald G. Wells, U.S.A. Major Wells, formerly the 31st Company officer is presently serving as 6th Battalion Officer replacing Commander Philip J. Ryan who is now the Academy's new Head of the Executive Department.

Major Wells came to the Naval Academy after serving for two years as a company officer at the U.S. Military Academy. He volunteered for the one year tour of duty here and cited for his reasons a desire to work with the Navy and the Academy and a reluctance to fill a staff position that probably would have been his had he remained at West Point.

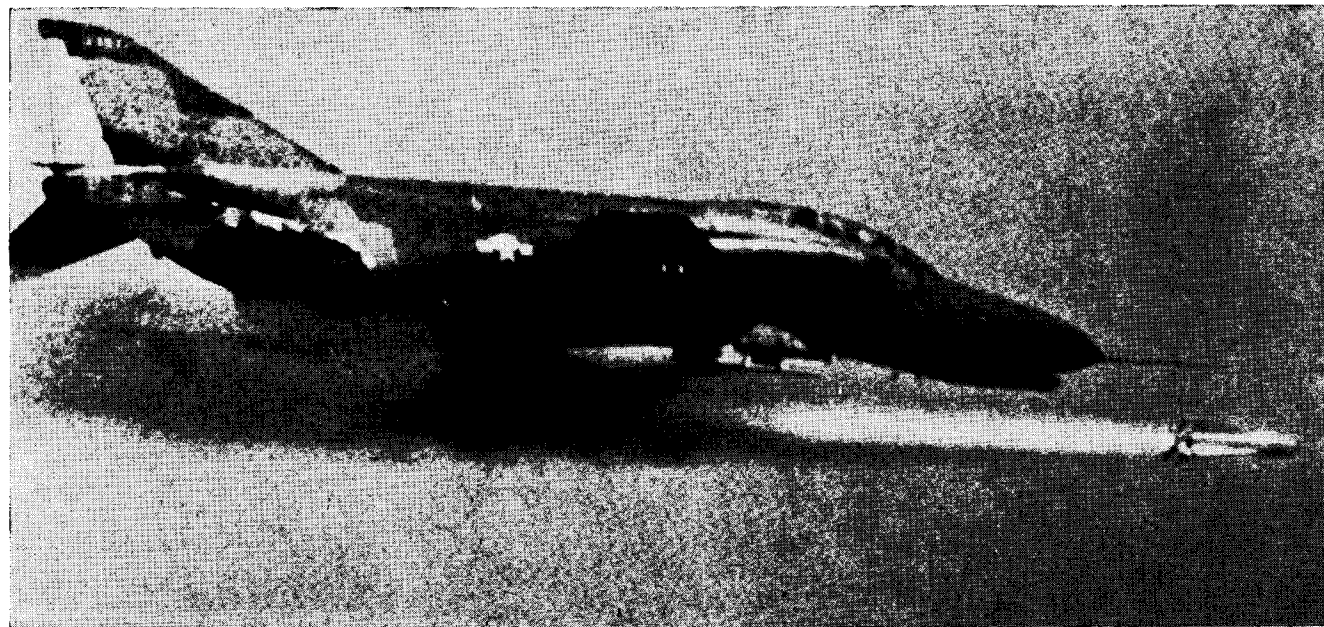
No stranger to service academy life, Major Wells graduated from the Military Academy in 1957. While at West Point he was on the plebe football and swimming teams, a member of the Skeet Club and a member of the Russian Club, a language he studied for two years.

A veteran of one year in Vietnam, Major Wells hopes to return there as a Battalion Commander following a ten month leave of absence that begins this summer. During this leave of absence he plans to attend George Washington University and receive his Master's degree in Business Administration. While serving in Vietnam he received the Bronze Star, the Air Medal, the Commendation Medal,

and the Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry.

In his thirteen years in the Army he has been stationed in various places around the world including Ft. Benning, Georgia; Hawaii; Ft. Bragg, North Carolina; and Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas. He was also a member of the staff of the Commanding General of the U.S. Army in Japan, Major General Tulley.

When asked about the system here at Annapolis as compared to that at the Military Academy Major Wells stated that it was basically the same. He commented that at both Academies "more responsibility is being placed on the first classmen and they are becoming more involved with the institution."



**FIRST LAUNCH PHOTO**—The U. S. Air Force's Maverick missile streaks from an F-4E Phantom in this first photo to be released showing a launch of the new television-guided missile. The Maverick, developed by Hughes Aircraft Company for use against ground targets such as field fortifications and armored vehicles, carries in its nose a miniature TV camera which is locked on to a target by the pilot. After launch, the pilot is free to leave the vicinity while the missile independently guides itself to the spot where its TV camera is looking. This photo was taken by a high-speed motion picture camera in a chase plane.







Lovely Linda For  
20 yr. old secretary at  
house. Linda hails from  
Texas and is pinned  
Moore 3/c. Being a 12t  
cutie, this is not the  
time she has graced  
pages of the *LOC*.

Photo by  
Greg Morris





tenot is a  
Westing-  
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# BILL CURRER

By Eric Benson

Having spent the past three months as a squad leader Bill Currer is back in his more familiar role of Brigade Commander. With the problems of being six-striper heavy on his mind, Bill is looking forward to missile school and duty as First Lieutenant aboard a DEG out of Long Beach. He claims to be awaiting it with enthusiasm and a bottle of Dramamine.

During the next couple of months he hopes to tie everything together that has undergone change this year. Leading the list are the Plebe system and the Shadow Command. Bill thinks that the biggest problem with the Plebe system is that it is unpopular and not well enough defined. He has noted somewhat of a tendency by the upperclass to give up. Next year with a year of experience behind them the class of '71 should be able to lead the Brigade to better fulfill the goals of the system. He said that one of the best things that has happened this year is that the indoctrination system has made the upperclass think more and has brought out more potential leadership quality than has been displayed in recent years.

Regarding the Shadow Command we have seen that it can work and so have the officers, in Bill's opinion. Again there has been a big transition this year. Having seen what can be done, next year will be the time to make the necessary improvements and fully benefit from it. Bill thinks that the first question the Brigade and the Executive Dept. should ask is, "Who is the company officer and how can he best bring out the leadership qualities of his first class?"

Looking back on his four years Bill sees USNA as a well justified system of self denial that teaches us to live and work with one another to improve ourselves. He sees the Academy as a catalyst for something that involves midshipmen in a system based on 95% self improvement. One of the accomplishments that he takes a lot of pride in is the Nation cruise. It is

tailored to fit our needs. The 1/c are provided with a junior officer type situation, while the 3/c have a chance to see the practical application of their weapons course. The cruise, in Bill's eyes, is another part of the first class operation of the Brigade.

What is in the back of a six striper's mind? "Well, basically I guess it's the same thing a squad leader should ask himself, or the second and third class as well, for that matter. Have those guys under me really gained something from my being there?"

Like Avis - - -

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# TEA AND SYMPATHY

(A DECEPTIVE TITLE)

By Mark Gardner

This month the Masqueraders present to the Brigade and the community their second major production of the year, *Tea and Sympathy*.

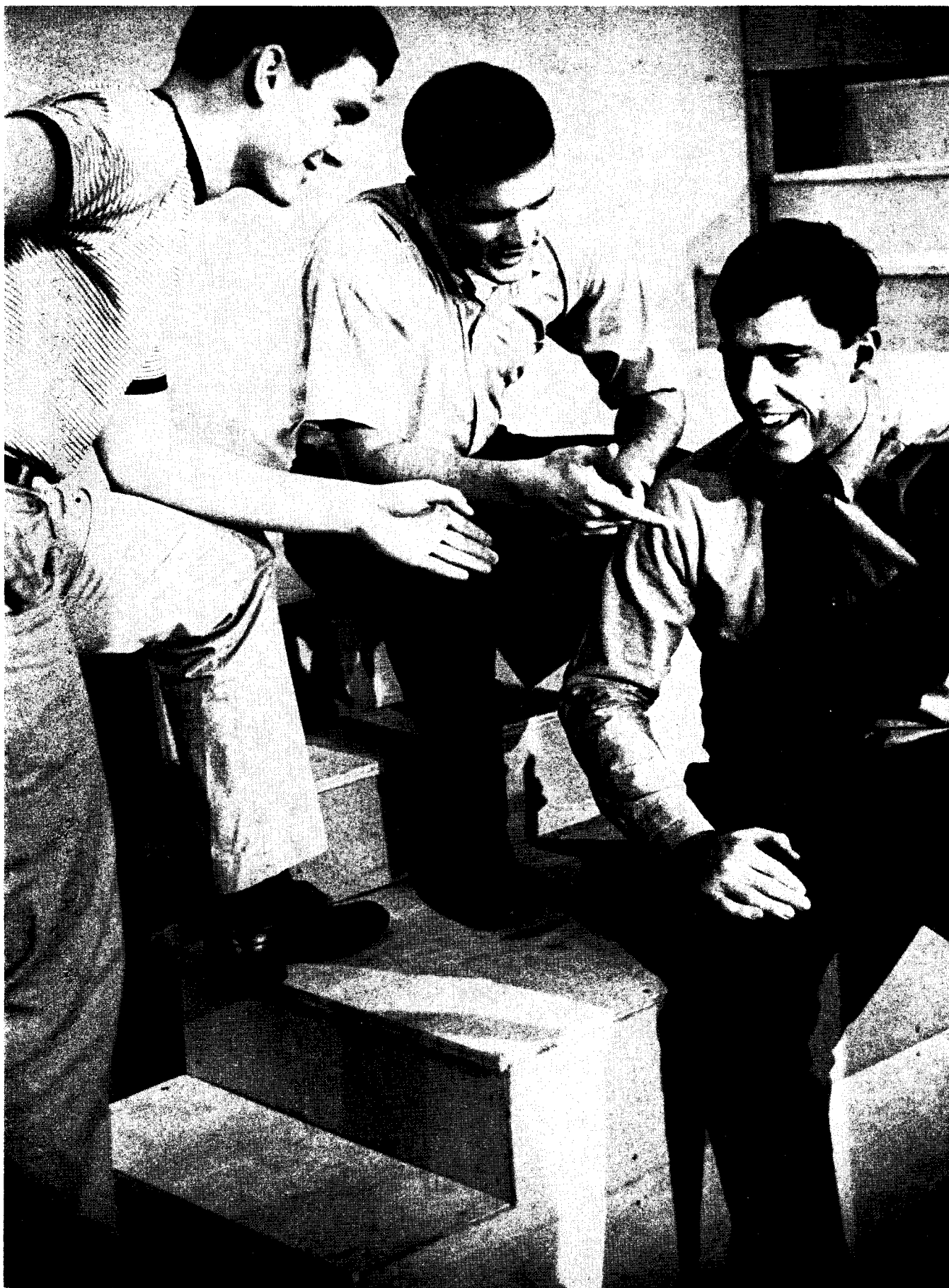
Robert Anderson wrote *Tea and Sympathy* for production on Broadway in 1953 where it ran for two successful years and was named one of the "ten best" plays of 1953. The drama is centered around one boy and his tremendous inner and outer struggle to achieve recognition as a man after he is accused of being a homosexual. All turn against him except one person, the attractive wife of his housemaster.

This particular play was chosen because it was believed that midshipmen would identify with its boarding school atmosphere and its theme of identity. It promises to make a good many in the audience uncomfortable for it deals with topics that have always brought on controversy and discomfort, namely emasculation, non-conformity, and false judgment.

Mrs. Lois Evans, who has appeared in the past Masqueraders' productions of *Hamlet* and *Becket*, plays the role of the only person to not turn away from the accused young man. Mrs. Evans is an experienced actress and director of the semi-professional theater group in town, the Colonial Players. The male leads are held by Midshipmen Mike Haney, Lael Paulson and Ed Sullivan, each of whom were in *Becket* last year. Once again Dr. Michael Jasperson directs.



Mrs. Lois Evans is shown here as leading woman in this year's production by the Masqueraders.



Midshipmen Mike Haney, Lael Paulsan, and Ed Sullivan lead the male cast in *Tea and Sympathy*.

# THE DODO

By Jon Nus '71

Spring has finally arrived—Corvette Alley runs the circumference of Farragut Field and Mitscher Lake is blossoming once again in the roadway between the eighth wing and the mess hall. However, to thespians the world over, spring does not begin until the presentation of the Academy Awards, Oscar night. Not wishing to be surpassed by the movie industry, we feel that we should offer our own Naval Academy Award—the Dodo. I have compiled what I feel would be the winners of the Dodo for the 1969-70 season.

The first Dodo is offered to the best comedy team of the season. The recipients of this award are the plumbers who installed the new adiabatic heating system in the seventh and eighth wings. Who can ever forget that fortnight of waking up to a brisk, beautiful 40° room and hopping into a refreshing 35° shower? Anyone who could install such a joke must receive some reward.

The second category is given for the greatest group performance of the season. The unanimous choice for this award is the card section at the Army-Navy game. What performance could surpass the execution, spontaneity and success of that endeavor?

Invading the literary world for a moment, the next award is for the season's greatest mystery. Ops. and Plans receives this Dodo for their *First Class Cruise Selections*, a most puzzling piece of literature. How could a person who selected HUKLANT, SUBPAC and WESTPAC cruises be assigned a Mediterranean cruise?

The next Dodo is awarded to the Greatest Individual Athletic performance of the season. This award is given to that individual who most epitomizes the athletic prowess of the Naval Academy

during the season. With our universal success in intercollegiate competition, it was difficult to select just one recipient. However, I feel that it must go to that individual who took Naval Academy athletics to the international scene with his Austrian skiing exhibition, Rear Admiral Calvert.

Continuing with the presentations, the fifth Dodo is awarded to the best dressed man on campus. This award is being given to the Thirty-sixth Company Officer for

his sparkling attire at company football games. Resplendently attired with his trousers tucked in his calf-length, black cowboy boots, this Texan could be seen on the sidelines furiously fumigating the field with his cigar smoke.

The next award is given to that group which has been most progressive over the current season. This Dodo goes to the Academic Department for their new registration policy. Not content with mere computers to handle registrations,

—WE OFFER SPECIAL RATES TO MIDSHIPMEN—

Also see our complete selection of loose diamonds.

*Orange Blossom*  
*Symbol of a Dream*



*Fleurette*

*Just like your dream.  
Timeless.  
Reaching the infinity  
of a thousand stars.  
Reflecting a heritage of love  
as old as time.  
As young as the dawn.  
Fleurette by Orange Blossom.*

**W. R. CHANCE & SON**  
110 Main Street  
Annapolis, Maryland  
Phone: CO 3-2404



the department substituted a new tool—manpower. This move condensed several hours of computer programming into a week of frustration and hardship for the registrants. It is rumored that their next effort in this direction is to effect the mandatory implementation of quill pens in completing all homework assignments.

Our final award is given to that group who has given the most innovative performance of the season. This Dodo must be presented to the First Class whose unique rendition of Hundredth Night will make it an unforgettable experience for one and all. The drabness of the Dark Ages was temporarily lifted by their exciting performance. A double congratulations is in order as these same boys took the category last year with their sit-down, picnic-style, pep rally. (We'll never understand why that didn't catch on.)

That is the way the awards went in this year's race for the Dodo. Although I'm sure there is much disappointment in the hearts of potential recipients throughout the yard, the only consolation I can offer is that a diligent effort over the next twelve months may bring you the symbol of accomplishment—the Dodo.

## Do not disturb

Large comfortable beds and we keep the noise down. Come to Washington and sleep until your hearts content. Try the low Weekend Military Rates at the famous Statler Hilton.

Crossroads of the nation's capital, easy walking to historical points, theatres, art galleries, museums, nightclubs, discoteques, restaurants, shopping. Two blocks from the White House and on direct route to all sports attractions.

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# SATIRE—CLUBS AND KNIVES

By Arnold Heist

Did you ever try to cut a cake with a club? (discounting plebe year)? Or did you ever try to write clean, effective satire? Satire can be a razor-sharp instrument for societal surgery or a dull bludgeon for the general demolition of everything it touches upon, and much as that club is going to make a real mess of your favorite German Chocolate, so can an unskilled, or thoughtless piece of satire make a shambles of your social surgery.

For the novice satirist there is much to learn before he, dictionary and thesaurus in hand, takes his pen and starts carving on the innards of social structure and dogma. It is not such an easy trick to delve into the mores of society, cleanly snip out one little offender, lay it on your literary operating table and say, "there it is, Damned thing! Now everyone can see how pernicious it really is!" It's much easier to slip and cut where you never meant to tread, and when you do, someone screaming bloody murder is bound to let you know about it.

What does it take then to successfully bring about, or at least point out the need for, reform, with satire?

Your cutting instruments will be, of course, your thorough and sensitive command of the language; this is a must. Of course scalpels alone do not a surgeon make, so next you'll need the experience and knowledge to know where to cut. You must be pertinent in content, contemporary in approach, and thoughtful and efficient in purpose, and if you dislike hearing people scream bloody murder, be a good anesthetist; make them laugh while you're socking it to 'em. The point will still get through. Art Buchwald, the poet-laureate of contemporary satire, is particularly effective be-

cause he can deliver the most provocative thoughts in such an entertaining mode, and, as long as his readers aren't too busy laughing to worry about his message, he can be very effective.

The club/knife theory becomes especially important when the writer is discussing problems which involve large opinionated sects (a pretty good description of society), especially if he allows himself the dangerous luxury of generalization. A critical comment on religion, for example, can bring accusations of being a hater of Mother and Apple-pie, or of being a Communist when of course no such interpretation was intended. And almost any comment on race-relations, regardless of how well thought out and good intentioned, can draw any number of unsavory responses.

I'm sure that many writers would just as soon see some of societies problems clubbed out of existence anyway, but the true artist, the skilled editorialist, will step in carefully, and state his position and intent clearly and precisely. If he does this his nights won't be haunted with people screaming bloody murder and he's not going to be scraping cake off the walls all the time.

## The LOG

Amos: Hey, man, are you comin' to de Lodge Meetin' tonight?

Ulysses S: No man, I've got a case of gastroenteritis.

Amos: Why, bring it along, man—you know the boys will drink anything!

## The LOG

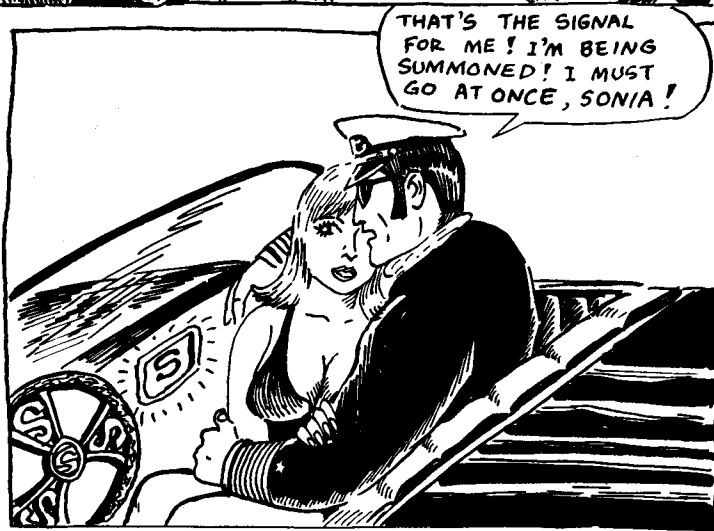
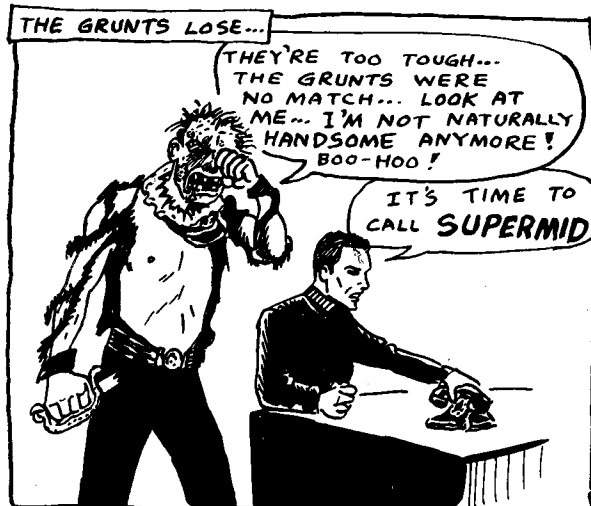
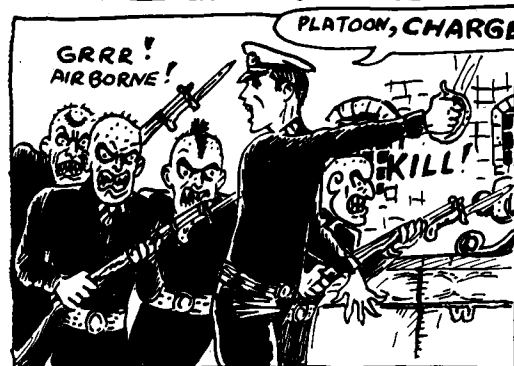
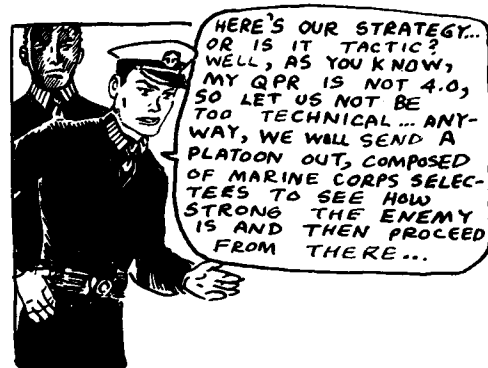
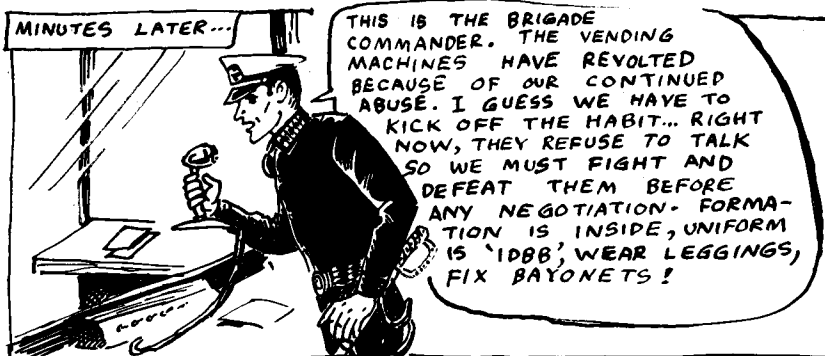
Then there was the lawyer who sat up all night trying to break the young widow's will.

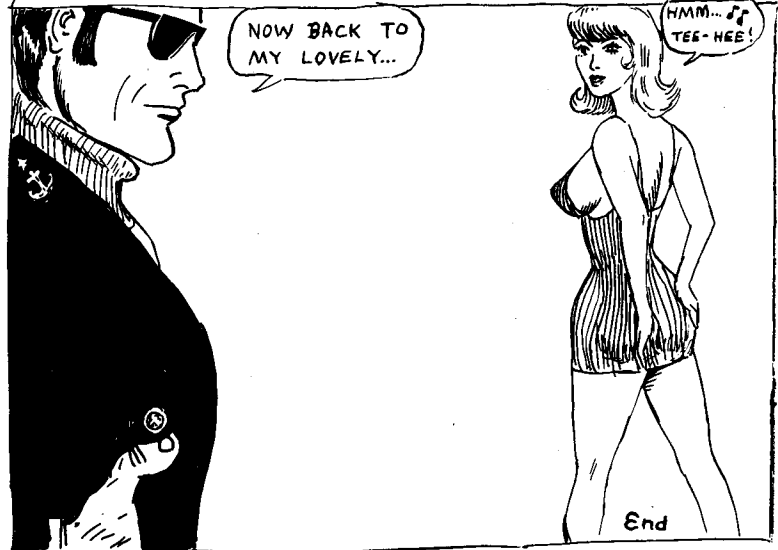
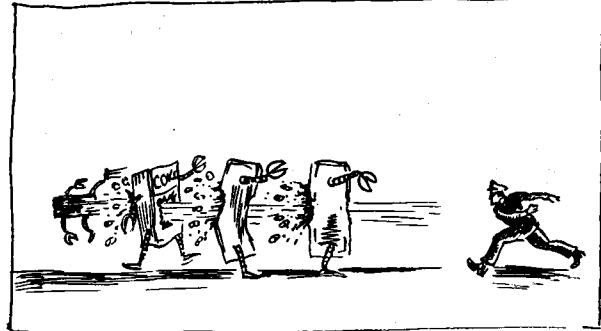
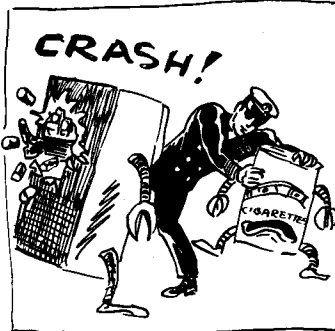
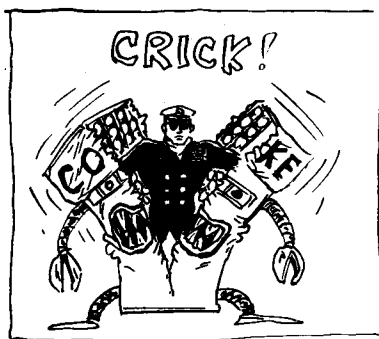
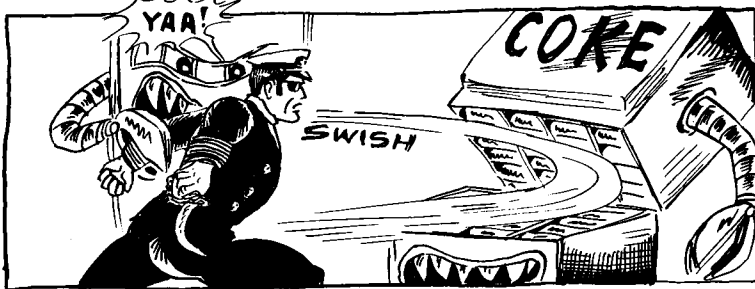
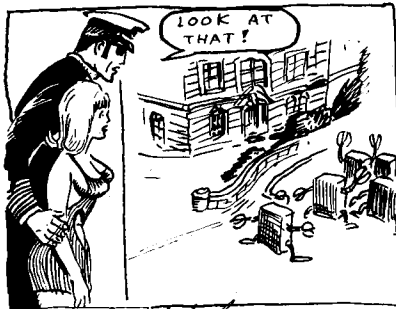
# SUPERMID



by Golez '70







# AN INTERVIEW WITH FEDERICO FELLINI

The following interview took place in Fellini's hotel on the day of his return to Rome after a week of public appearances connected with the American release, in March, of his latest film, "Satyricon," by United Artists. This interview was conducted by Richard Monaco, screenwriter and fiction editor of the *University Review* with the assistance of press representative Mario Longardi.

*M: I don't know what kind of questions have been asked you, so I'm shooting in the dark.*

*F: Any kind of question.*

*M: I was curious . . .*

*F: Any kind of question.*

*M: I don't know what kind of questions you've been asked.*

*F: Ask me any kind of question you want to. I know any answer. Question no. 2055. (laughter).*

*M: Now, your movies, since La Dolce Vita, have become, to me,*

*looking at these movies? I saw people who didn't know the picture was going to be on—they weren't critics or professional moviegoers—some walked out, some booed and became upset. Because it was so violent, to them, so violently sexual. It scared them a little bit. At the same time they couldn't understand it. Which I think was their main problem. Not to say anyone understands it completely, of course.*

*F: That sort of audience, that walks out, needs a picture like that. Because I don't think it is completely an allegorical, metaphorical picture. It's a very simple picture in a sense. Allegory and metaphor are in the minds of people who see things with allegorical and metaphorical eyes. But there is something very simple there as well. Just because it is just itself. If you go to see that picture without*

*just to watch it like you go to a museum of painting or if you go just to listen as to a concerto, and you are not asking what each and every shot means, the picture I think is very, very easy, very, very honest. It's just a picture about love, about life, about fear, desperation, friendship: it's a picture that talks about the necessity to be friends in childhood, to be in love with life . . . it's a picture about ourselves, about our lives, confusion, about the decadence of certain myths and the creation of new myths.*

*M: I See. I understand that. I agree. I was thinking, you have the head theme, that is, you have heads chopped off, the big head being carried, I remember a statue that's headless when Encolpius can't make it with the girl, when he's impotent . . .*

*F: Those things are not done purposefully, you know.*

*M: Oh, no?*

*F: Well, anything can be done purposefully in an unconscious way, but, also, I can't be responsible for every irrational thing I do. For every little thing. First of all, I am not much for this diagnostic point*



*not more serious certainly—La Strada was serious—but denser, thicker, richer, more complicated. Mario: . . . piu complicato.*

*M: This picture I found quite complicated. Not only because you left things out—as with the languages—but because it seemed allegorical, metaphorical . . . great demands are being made on the audience. What kind of audience, in the long run, will you have? Say you continue to grow more complex, more dense. What sort of people will be*

*any kind of prejudice, if you go to see that picture without prejudice about movies, prejudice about humanity, prejudice about life, prejudice also about myself, if you don't expect to see an historical picture, an archeological picture, a picture filled with "meanings," a thoughtful picture, a Fellini picture in the sense of autobiographic things, or a romantic picture, a picture in terms of conventional book structure, involving a story with a start and an ending . . . If you go*

*of view about what I'm doing and I don't care at all. What I can answer is, I just try to do what the picture has required of me. I think that a creative person, an artist, just tries to do, not what he wishes, not what he wants, but just what he can, in that he tries to materialize in his way, what is required, what is requested . . .*

*Mario: What is required.*

*F: . . . required from . . . from the creation, from the imagination. So, when you ask me, what about all*

the heads cut off I can find some intellectual reasons but I am not so sure they are real reasons. I can also, if I am very honest, say: I don't know, I was required, requested...

Mario: Obligated.

F: I was obliged to do this. The picture asked of me to be done in that way.

M: *How did the Italian audience respond to the morality of this film?*

F: The church has forbidden the picture even for a man who is ninety years old. Forbidden for everybody.

M: *Have you seen any or very many American Films?*

F: I, er, I don't go to movies very often. I am backward. I don't like to go. If movies had to depend on me for an audience it would be a disaster. Anyway, I have seen some American movies, I like, very much, *2001*. I think it's great. Wonderful picture. Very touching. I have seen, er, Tom, Carol, Ted, Alice...

Mario: Is that right... four names, what were they?

F: Tom, Ted, Mario...

M: *Giovanni, Marcello... You liked that?*

F: Yes. I liked that very much. A new kind of comedy, very up-to-date, very... well done humor, satire. I liked it very much. And I've seen... what... *Midnight Cowboy*... not complete, I've seen only half. I think it might be a good picture... That's all. I have not seen the underground pictures yet. But I will be back here at the end of March, probably, so I will stay longer and hope to have the chance to see some new American pictures made by underground directors.

M: *I see. Has it occurred to you at any time to do any work in this country? To make a picture here?*

F: Have I been asked to make a picture here?

M: *No, Are you interested?*

F: Yes. I would like it very very much. Because I think... well... I like America, I like New York, it seems to me a very congenial set. You have the feeling, staying here, that your watch shows the *present* time. In Europe we are always prisoners of the past. So, when you are in Europe especially an old

country like Italy or France you have always a certain kind of protection, always some connection with the past. Now this is good, of course, to be connected with the past is good, but not to be a *prisoner* of it. We have a lot of justification thinking to ourselves that we are the guardians of the archaeology, the beautiful monuments, of certain philosophical ideas... it is good to be nurtured but not to be tied to the past... So, that is why I like this country because one has a feeling of life *today*. And another reason why I would like very much to make a picture here is the kind of apocalyptic and catastrophic and at the same time healthy freedom that is all around the country. That process, that feeling of decadence and science fiction, this combination, from an esthetic point of view, of macabre and grotesque is like a big circus... I have the feeling that it is a very congenial set for me. This combination of childlikeness and experience, this combination of naivety and sophistication: always these two extremes are so expressive together in such a strong, funny, tragic and seductive way that I would like very much to do a picture... I feel very involved in this, very involved. Always. Except in these interviews... [laughter]... but, you know to make a picture means, to me, to know very well every little thing I'm dealing with, to know every physical detail. So, I can have *feelings*, I can *talk* about New York, I can even *write* about New York, and I am sure there are some, not vulgar, suggestions I've taken... but, to try to materialize that, to try to realize that, to try to make them alive in a physical and ob... Mario: Objective.

F: ... objective dimension, that is very difficult because I don't know, really, not only the language—and I don't say language because there are different words, no, the language as a medium of religious feelings, of habits—but I really know *nothing* essential about American history and custom and feeling and so on. I would not even know what kind of shoes a character, like you for instance, should wear.

M: *Boots. [Laughter] I understand that. Just living here would not*

*solve this problem, clearly. You might have to stay for ten years. But I think there's more to it than that.*

F: Well... maybe what I'm saying can be completely contradicted and perhaps next March I will be here shooting a picture. But, if I have to be honest, up to this moment, I have refused to make a picture here... If I were to be cornered, and I don't like to be cornered, I might have to say it is impossible. For a foreign director like myself. But, maybe I am incorrect and I will make a picture and will have the courage to jump into the middle of the battle.

M: *It might be very interesting. Kafka wrote about America without ever having been here and wrote a very beautiful story.*

F: Yes, but, no, you make a mistake, excuse me, but, yes, he has written in his *language*.

Mario: But...

F: No. no. There is a big difference between a writer and filmmaker. You know, when you are a writer you can write in an undetermined way, you can write: "The man came in the room," you can use the room. *The room*. You can use the article, "the." But the movie director can't talk about *the* room because to talk about a certain precise room with certain precise colors, sizes, furniture, everything has to be there if you want to express in an emotional way what that room *means*. It's a completely different thing. A writer can be elusive, can establish a complicity between himself and the reader just by talking in a very elusive way. But in the movies one must be very, very precise. To be precise means that you have to know what you are talking about. And I don't know what I'm talking about.

M: *To some extent, the images themselves transcend this difficulty. I can see a movie in French, Italian, Russian, and at least see what the characters are doing if I can't get what they're saying.*

F: Yes, yes, but I can be universal just in terms of things I really know. If I talk about myself, about my father, about the little town in which I was born, about my little, very personal things, I make a universal speech just because I am talking honestly about things that

# WRNV: RADIO ANNAPOLIS

By Mike Trant

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one individual to sound the reveille bell and thus rudely awaken the Brigade, it becomes necessary for another individual to begin the working day at WRNV with the Reveille Show. WRNV, the Academy radio station, broadcasts solely for the listening pleasure of the Brigade; and it airs such information as menus, weather, the time, coming activities, and Navy sports results, as well as popular music.

In deciding just what music is popular among the Brigade, the staff publishes a weekly survey of the top thirty songs as requested by the Mids themselves. The top thirty survey contains information on the relative standing of songs; their standing over the previous two weeks; six "hit bound" songs, predicted with the help of the publication *Billboard*; and a ballot for personal voting on the following week's survey. Using the results of the voting, WRNV publishes the songs which are most popular throughout the Brigade. The survey comes out on Monday, and the shows for the coming week are based on this survey.

The broadcasting day is broken up into individual shows, with such personalities as Gerry Werner, Jack Daniels, Dick Richards, The California Dreamer, The Georgia Peach, and Double OOG adding to the listening pleasure of tuned-in listeners. The studio consists of three broadcasting booths, Studios A, B, and C, as well as Main Control, located between Studio A and Studio B, a record library, and the WRNV office.

The use of tape cartridges makes the disc jockey's job much easier, since they can be prepared ahead

of time and put on the air with the twist of a dial. Tapes are made of the top thirty songs of the week, for easy access, as well as jingles and individual D.J.'s themes. Individual records are obtained from a catalogued library, and taped songs are aired through Main Control tape facilities. The studio does not lend out records, but midshipmen may come to the studio and tape those songs which they desire.

One of the more popular services performed by WRNV is "Weekend Wheels," whereby rides available and rides requested to specified destinations for the coming weekend are aired before noon meal every day. "Weekend Wheels" is widely supported throughout the Brigade and is greatly appreciated by those who take advantage of the advertisements.

Perhaps the newest and most controversial disc jockey at WRNV is Omar, who brings the Brigade "The Sound of the Ghetto" (*THE* ghetto, home of Mac, Kraut, C.B., Fat Albert, Rotor, and the Skullman.) Omar, with his technical advisor TTWB, has aroused the brigade on Tuesday and Saturday nights with "heavy" sounds, "make-it-or-break-it" (where the record is actually broken at the hands of Omar if disliked by the Brigade), "name-it-and-claim-it," and the newest innovation known as "triple-casting," where all three studios broadcast different sounds at the same time. Omar's aired requests have brought an overwhelming response from the Brigade, with the "hams" requesting anything from Led Zeppelin to Fats Domino. Needless to say, Omar has become a radio "happening" at the Academy. Long live Omar, and long live the SOUND OF WRNV.

## FELLINI *Continued*

I know. But if I try to talk about things that I don't know, that I *presume*, just because I think that in this way I will make a universal picture, that is the time nobody understands you, everybody says: "What's he talking about? What does Fellini know about America? What is he trying to show to us?" You know, movies are expression, movies are, especially, something very *physical*. Anyway, don't be too worried, it may be that I'll make a picture here.

M: *That's what I want. I hope to talk you into it.*

F: Antonioni has made a picture here. But it's different. Artists are different. Antonioni has a detached eye, he just looks through the camera. I don't care a damn thing to look through the camera, I have to be *inside* of things . . . I don't care about the camera, the camera does not exist for me. I have never had any . . . any preoccupation with the camera. Yes, I need the camera because the film has to pass through it. But, when I make a picture I need to create a real world, I have to be involved, I have to make love, with . . . [Monaco raises an eyebrow] . . . don't [Fellini whippers and shakes his head] don't worry, only with the actresses . . . but, in a metaphorical sense, I have to make love with horses, elephants, tables, everything . . . men . . . so I need to know, even about a little extra put in the corner of a shot, I need to know everything. Intimately.

So, that is my psychological conditioning then, I am a man who is involved in things who is in confusion. Antonioni, and artists like him, have another psychological conditioning, they need to be tourists of reality, you know, and that is another point of view. I am not a tourist, I am just a bum who goes inside, who would be arrested . . . That is my psychological condition: to express myself. I could not be a newspaper man, never, because of my very, very bad testifying.

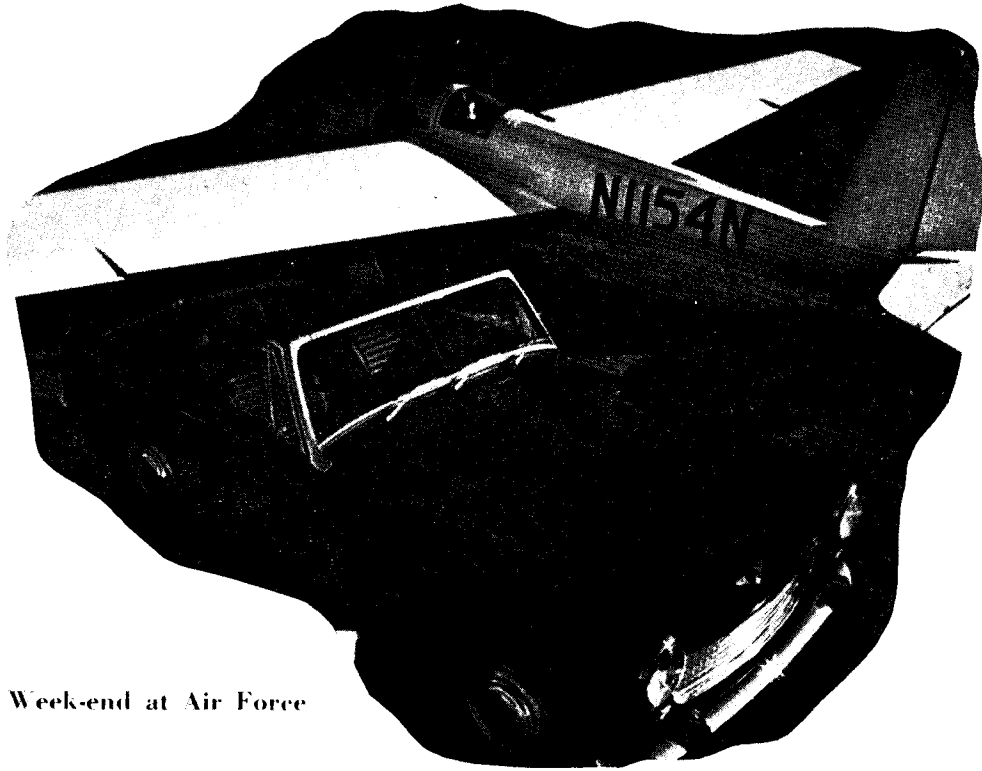
Mario: He has said before he has to feel *pregnant* with these things, in order to bring them to life.

F: Don't . . . don't exaggerate please.



**YOUR LUCKY MISTER !  
IF I HADN'T SEEN THAT CAVITY, IT  
MIGHT HAVE BECOME PAINFUL LATER ON**





Week-end at Air Force

10,000 WORDS

*IF* College  
is a waste of  
time...

What is Navy?

Oh no! Chicken

Tetrafluoride again.



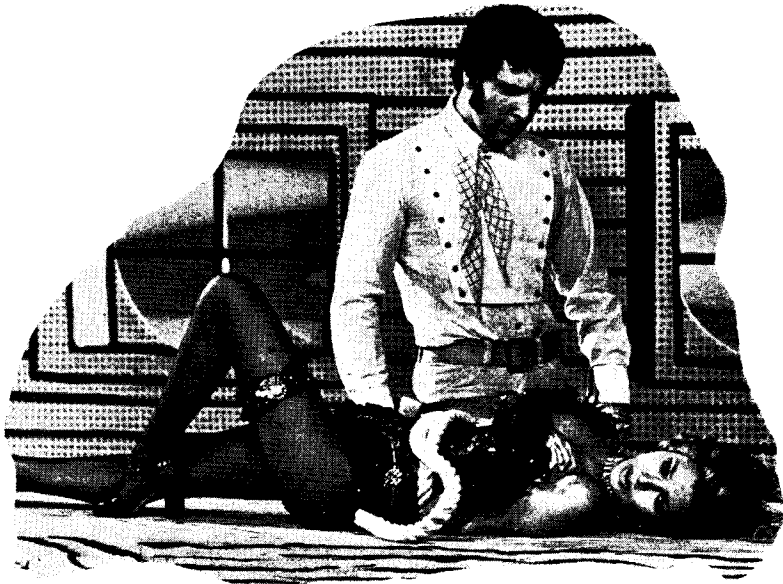
Mine's a beaver. what's yours?



"Hell, I'd walk *ten* miles for a joint."

"Does it have to be by the

Reg. Book, every time?"

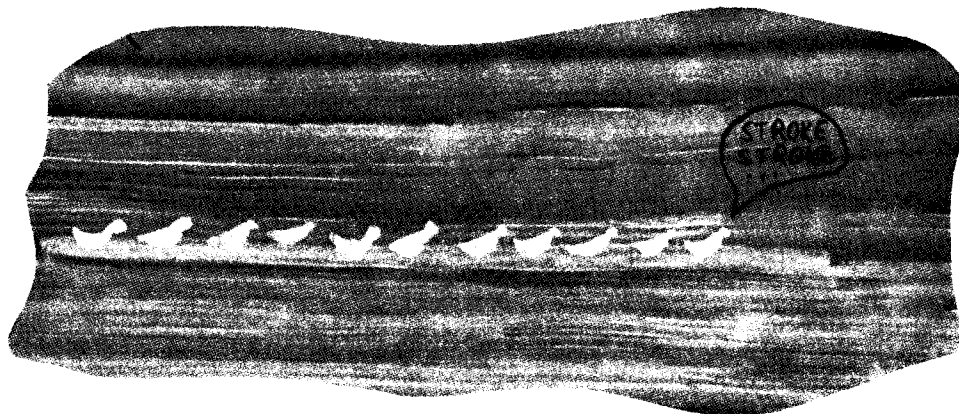


. . . and then great white judge in

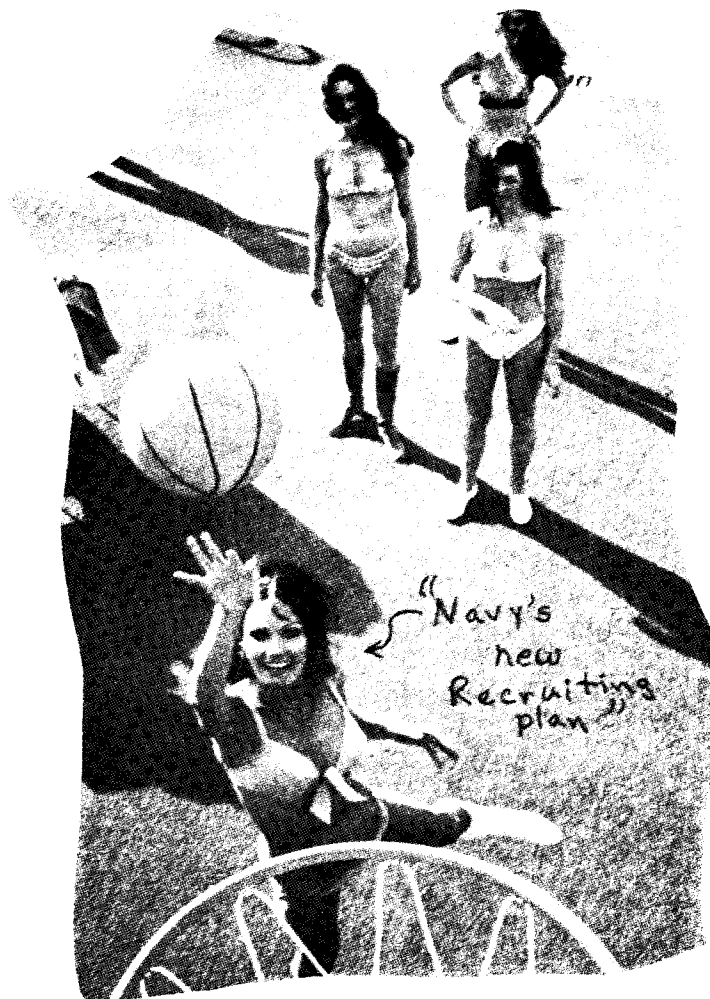
Chicago say go directly to jail . . .



They've got to do something about those YP's.



Navy Crew



"Navy's new recruiting plan"



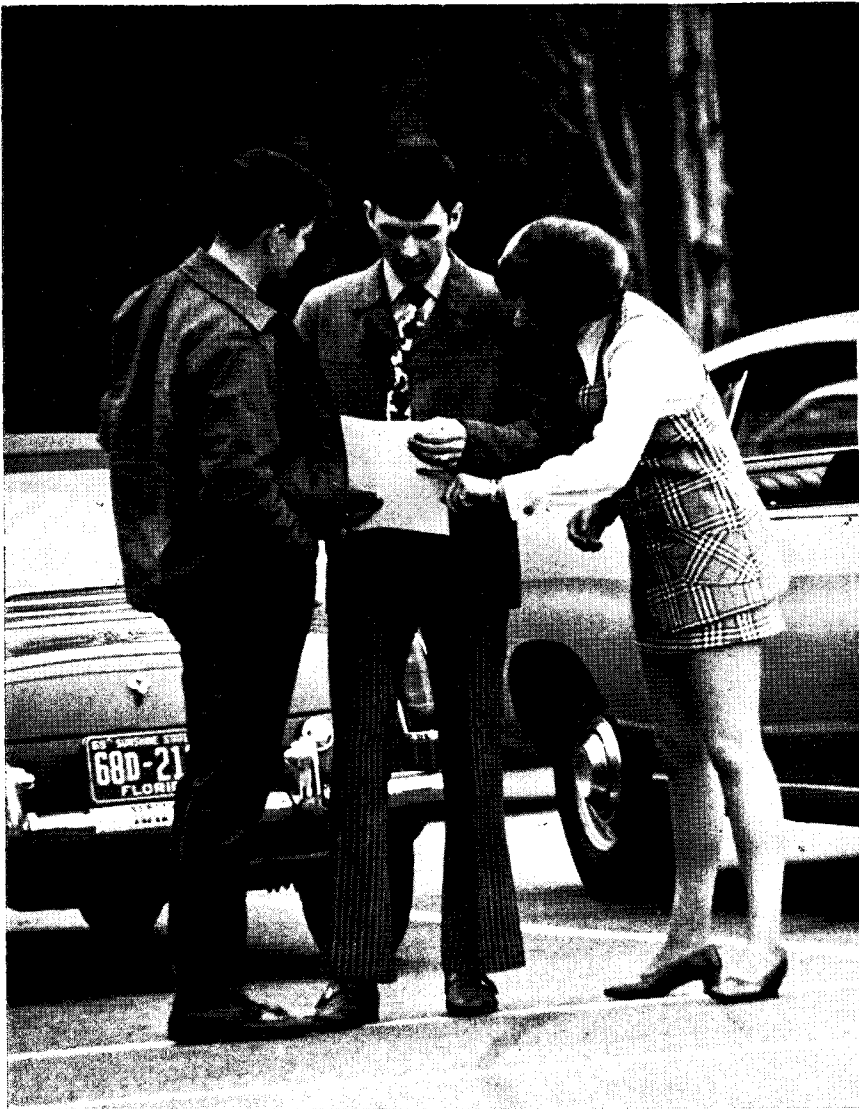
Polish anti-aircraft fire at its best.



Okay, so I took a little

# RALLY, A SIGN OF SPRING

By GREG MORRIS  
and STEVE CHARD



Left: Last minute rechecking of  
the instructions.

Bottom: Retelling great  
moments.





**Frank Lord, Ted Tabb, and Rick Pilger officiate the start.**



There we were (at McDonalds), the pre-race tension which proceeds all such events gripping the heats of the assembled "spot" enthusiasts. Expectation rose as the judges Doug Bond, Rob Meyer, and Bill Saltenberger calmly strode to their machines, and quickly disappeared into a cloud of dust in the directions of their respective checkpoints.

As the starting hour drew nigh, the contestants continued to arrive at the staging area, and prepared to pit their navigation, driving skills and pure GUT against the cruel clock. The object was to complete the course in a precise amount of time, no more and no less. To accomplish such a deed takes close watching of the speeds, all speeds of the rally are gauged five miles below speed limits.

But . . . the directions weren't quite that simple. Cars started 1 minute apart, and within 10 minutes we passed one of the other cars in the rally going the *other* direction. And so it progressed, until a dozen cars were milling around aimlessly. As order gave way to disorder, some opened their "panic kits" (a set of equally ambiguous maps), and finally a 'vette decided they knew the way, and everyone followed.

The roads were beautiful—twisting, turning, and a challenge for anyone and, for a few brief hours last Saturday the Maryland countryside seemed a little closer to Indianapolis. All in all the 1st rally of 1970 could be best described as a couple of hits, quite a few errors, a whole lot of room at the tavern and a great time for all!

**Left: The tortuous road.**

#### *The LOG*

Bill and Ellen were riding out in the country on horseback. As they stopped for a rest, the two horses rubbed necks affectionately.

"Ah me," sighed Bill, "that is what I'd like to do."

"Go ahead," said Ellen. "It's your horse."





I figure on this year's model, the drag coefficient at this point . . .



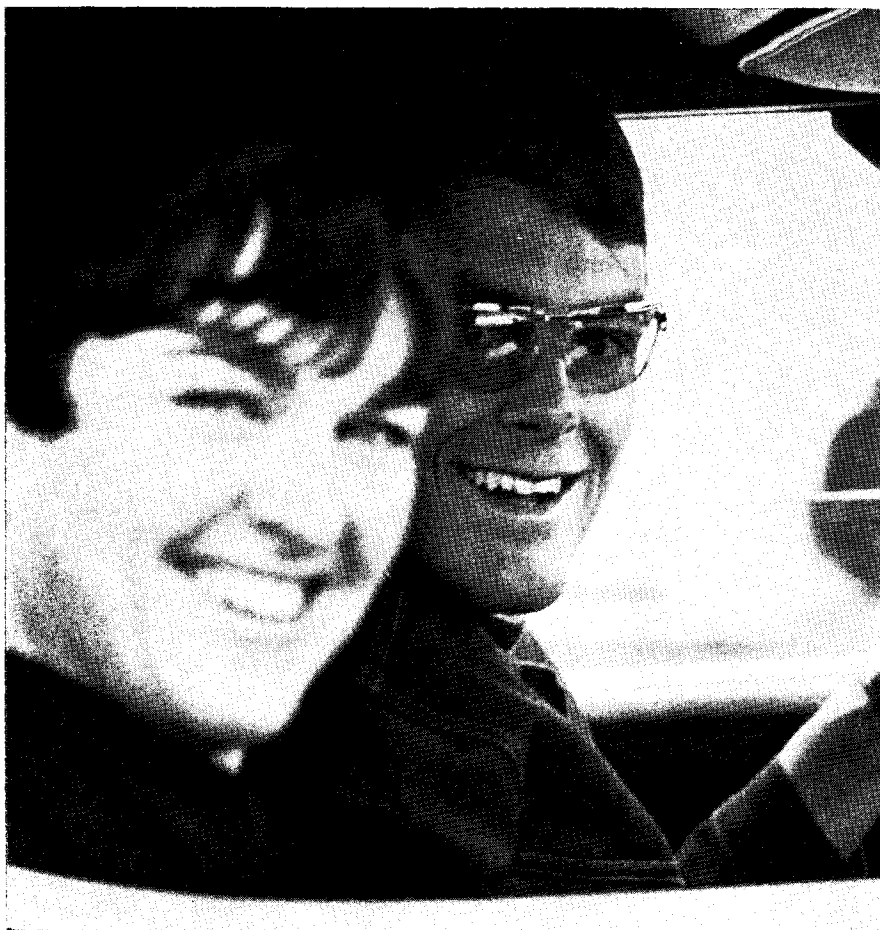
Chaos gives way to panic when you meet the car you were following, and you remember all the sleep you got in nav classes.



Essential ingredient of a well-stocked Nav Kit.



Checkpoint one featuring Doug Bond, the man nobody could find.



"Hard driver" Greg Potter and his navigator.

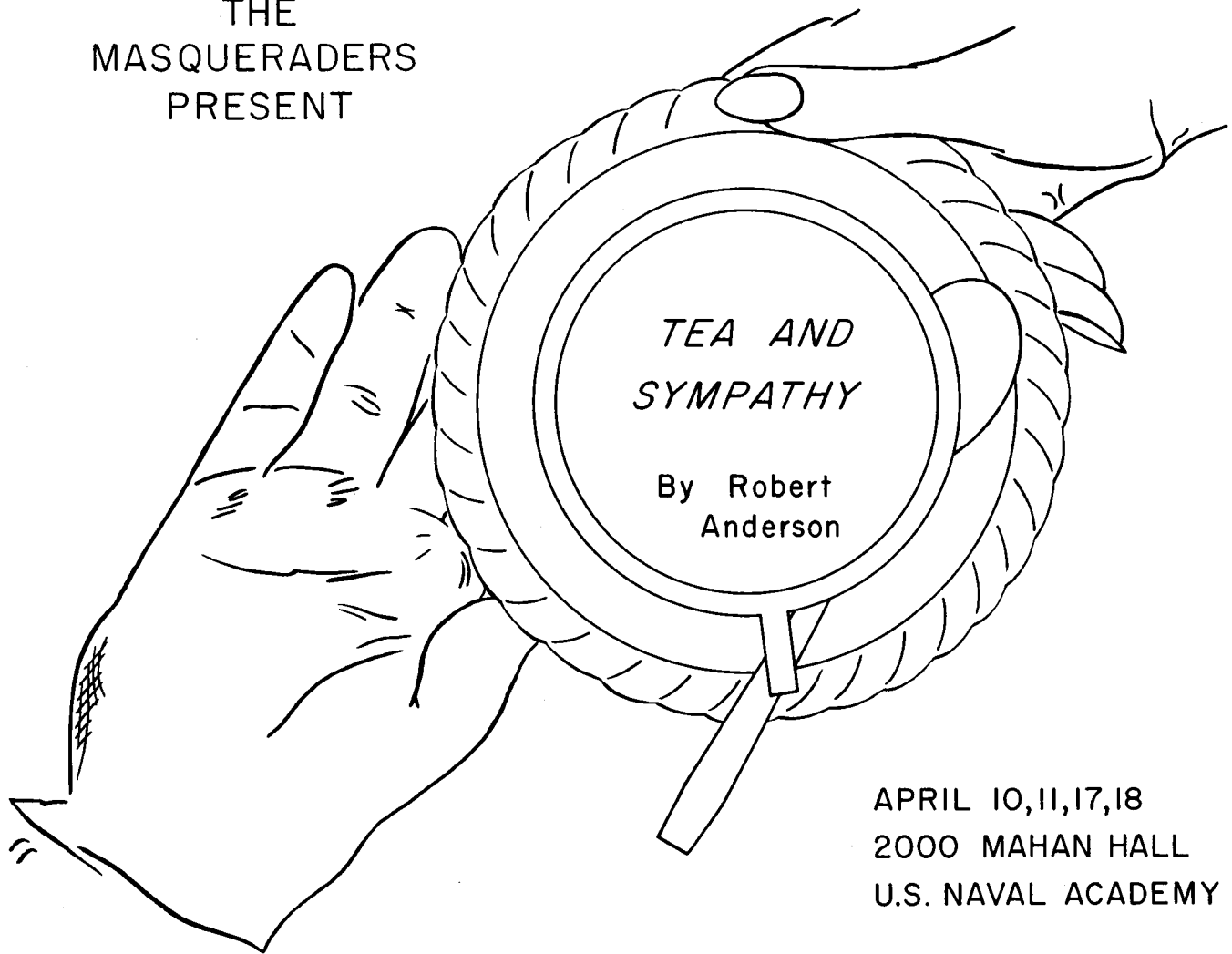


The camera's eye, Steve Chard.



The Finale.

THE  
MASQUERADERS  
PRESENT



APRIL 10,11,17,18  
2000 MAHAN HALL  
U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY

The LOG

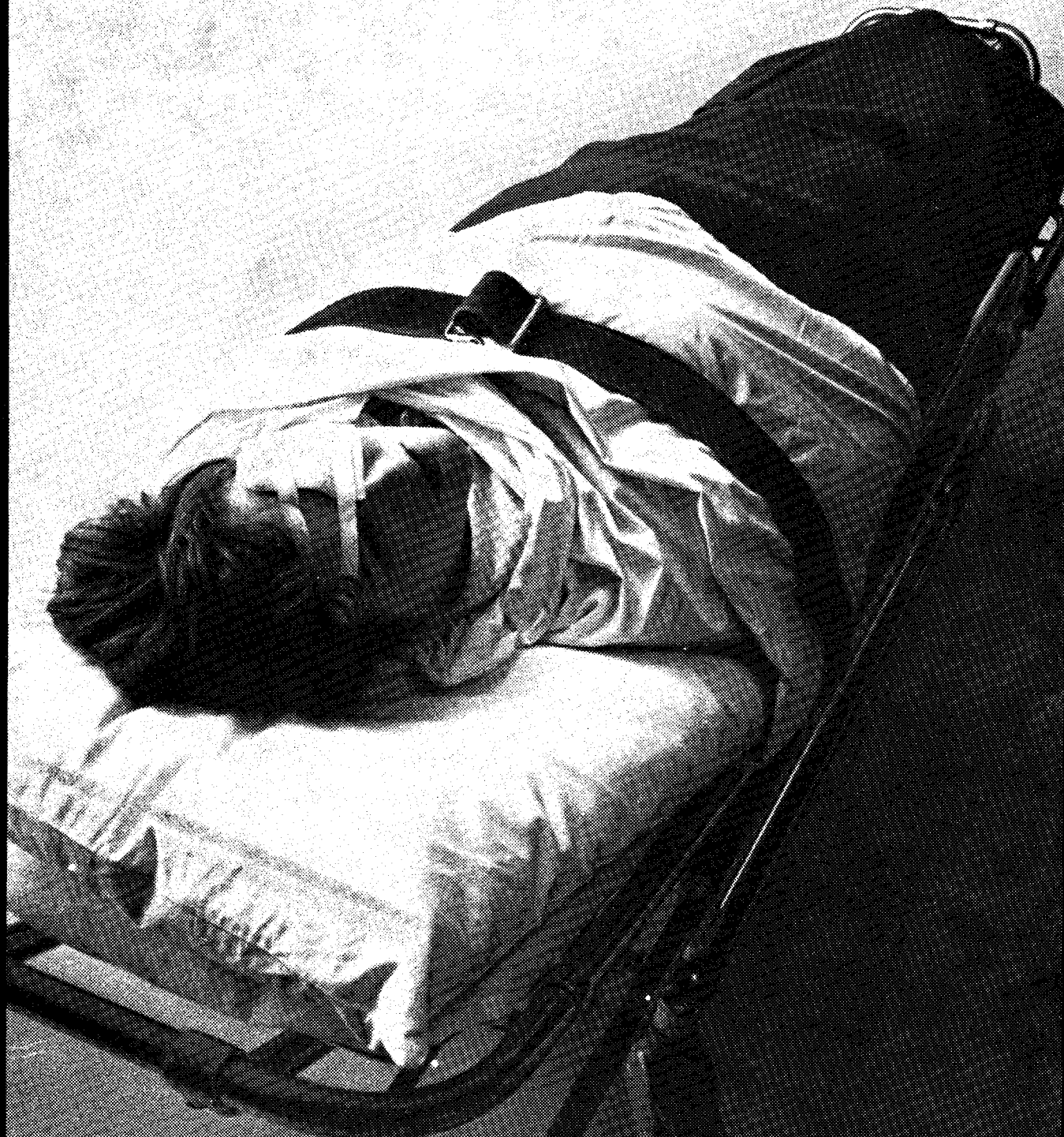
A couple of flyers stationed in Africa were bragging about their prowess as lion hunters. They decided to have a contest, and each bought a bottle of whiskey. The one who shot the first lion was to get both bottles.

The first took his rifle and set out in search of a lion. The other borrowed a fighter plane and took off. He spotted a lion, took careful aim and killed it with his machine guns. He then went back and drank both bottles. All of which goes to prove that a strafed lion is the shortest distance between two pints.

A cartoon illustration of three men. One man is holding a pizza, another is eating a pizza, and the third is holding a pizza. They are all wearing aprons with the letter 'B' on them.

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**Barbara Putnam said safety belts  
made her feel strapped in.**



**What's your excuse?**

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