

the LOG

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY
VOL. 60 NO. 1 SEPTEMBER 25, 1970 50¢



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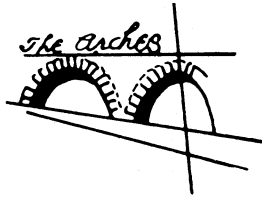
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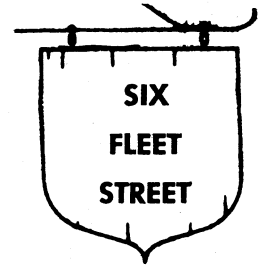
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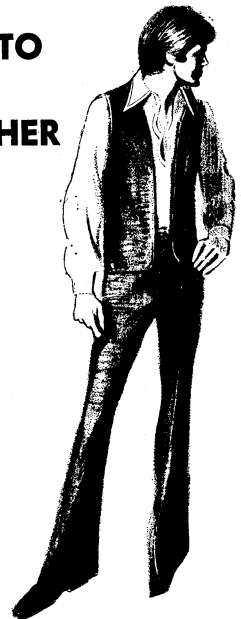
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WHERE THEY ARE
PUTTING IT TOGETHER**

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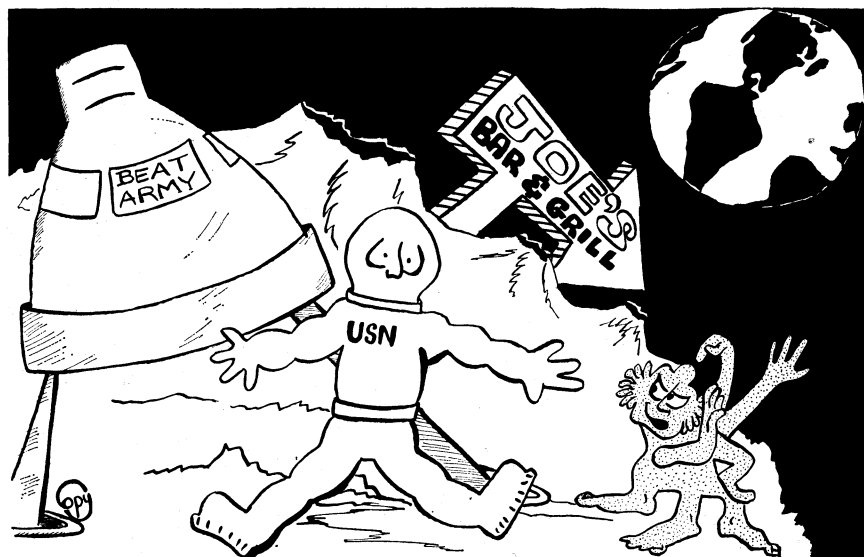


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Hey Middie, wanna meet a nice girl?

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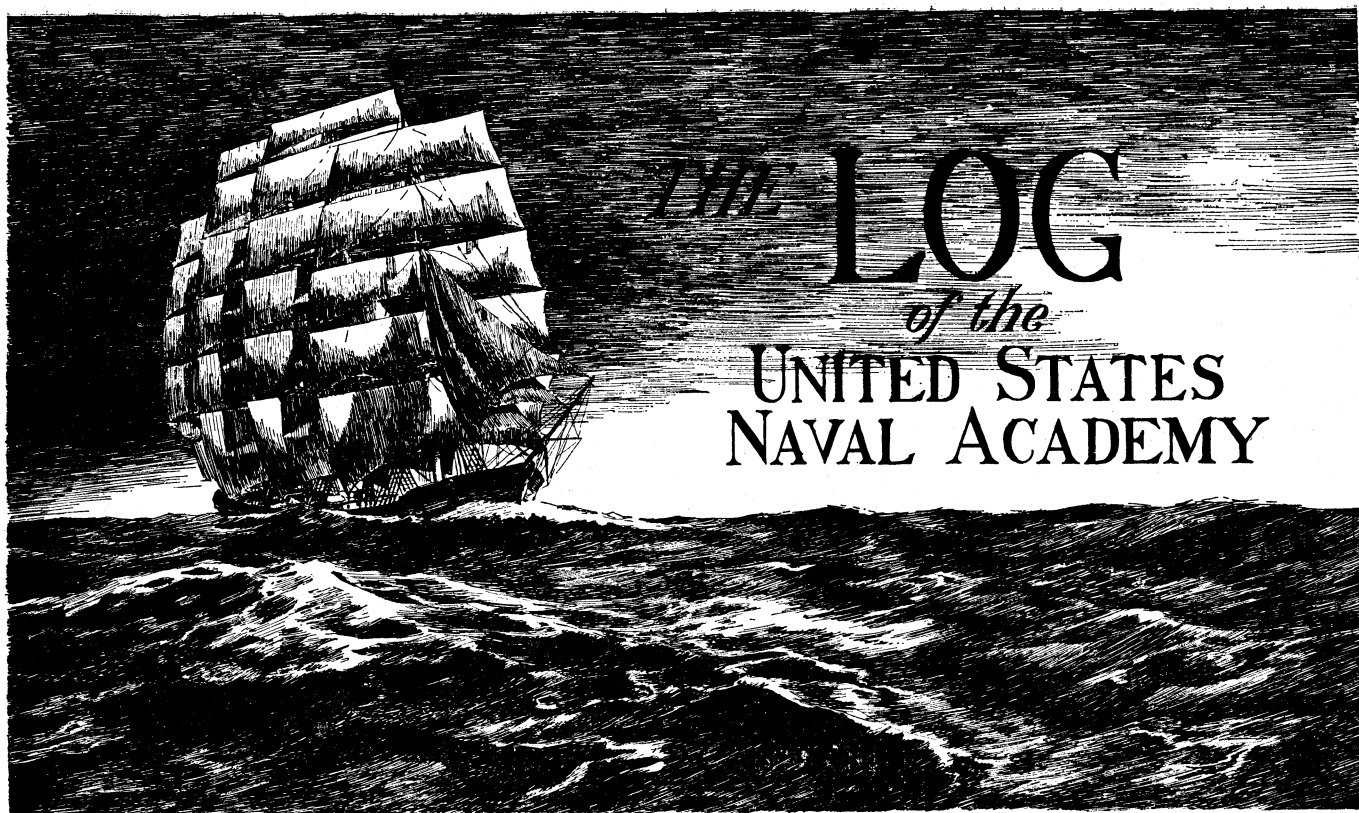
**Barbara Putnam said safety belts
made her feel strapped in.**



What's your excuse?

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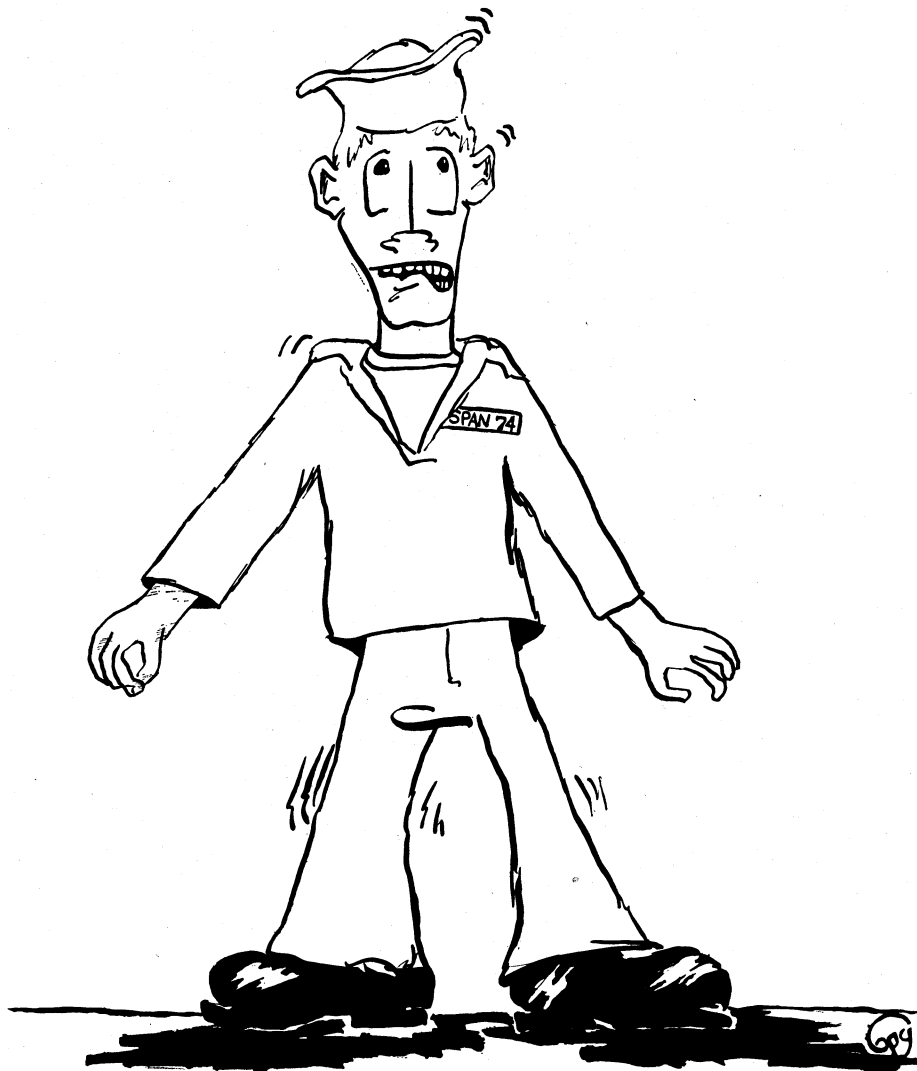


The trials of plebe summer expressed by the plebes themselves.

Never try to kiss a girl; either kiss her or don't.

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PLEBS



SPECIAL EDITION

"LETTERS OF A PLEBE"

July 20, 1925.

Dear Ma:

I am now a midshipman. They swore me in this afternoon. I always thought I ought not to swear, but I reckon it is part of the life of a midshipman as I had to swear to be one.

We all came thru the gate at nine o'clock and they gave us a list of all the places we had to go before we got all thru. We first went to a place I heard called sick-bay where they first took us into a dark place and there a man with stripes on his shoulder began to whisper in my ear. I told him he didn't need to go to all that trouble because the door was shut and there couldn't nobody hear what he was having to tell me. He got kind of mad at me and asked me if I was trying to get funny with an officer. I told him I didn't know he was an officer or I would have told him I could hear before and not bothered him about askin' me in a whisper. He kind of laughed and said he had been here for goin' on five years and had never seen a worser case than me. It worried me a lot as I figured he was worried about me not passing the axamination. I told him then that the only case I ever had was the measles.

They wasn't much more to the physical examination anyways nobody else seemed to take a personal interest in me besides the one what whispered in my ear.

I wondered what I was going to do next but I saw a bunch of other guys like me goin' one way so I followed the crowd. We went down the staircase one story and I follered around till I got to the end of a line with about 97 other guys in it. I didn't know what it was for. but I reckoned it was a store because there was one man behind a counter with a lot of stuff piled behind him. My time finally came and he brung me three big bags, a broom and a waste basket full of other stuff. I never seen sech a mess in all my life. I gathered it all up and went to my room and dumped it on the floor.

Well, it took me three and one-half hours to get all them clothes in my locker and then I had to put most of them in sideways.

We went out to infantry drill the next morning an' there was an officer out there sayin' a lot of things to us but I don't reckon I was suppose' to hear it as he didn't call me up to see him and tell me. He got us all mixed up into lines four across and I was number four, but I couldn't figure that out because there was about 200 other guys ahead of me from the left but that made me feel pretty pert because I have always rated high even back home. Well, I didn't do so well at infantry, but there are 17 sports at the Academy and I

guess I can go out for something else. We went over to a place called a rifle range. I couldn't see no stove but I thought we would find it before we left.

I was telling you about the school and neglected to mention about some more things. We went out in boats, cutters is what they called them but I don't think they are cutters at all, in fact they don't cut through the water hardly at all. A feller in a white suit with a lot of stripes they call hash marks told us how. First thing he done was to line us up one behind the other with two besides each other. Then he counted us off. He called one of the boys out in front Coxson, and I know his name is Jones. But I reckon he knew him before and that must have been his first name. Well, my number was nine. The boat was hung up on some ropes with a pair of pulleys like the bucket in the well hangs on except they were three or four together. He told me I was to climb in and put in the stopper. Then he said something else so I struggled to get in like I would get on old Kate the mule, and finally managed to get in it. Well, I couldn't find any stopper anywhere so I hollered to a boy throw me one. Well, the feller in the white suit got mad and cussed me out but finally I sat down in the back of the boat and it began to go down as the other boys were letting out the ropes. It finally hit in the water and everybody got in and took seats and we grabbed an oar and began to row. We hadn't got out far when the boat was almost half full of water. The man in charge didn't see it at first so I thought this was one of them submarines but the old feller got wet and began to say all sorts of things about me not putting in the stopper. I told him he wouldn't throw it to me and he got still madder, but said I was too d—smart. He must have a keen insight into people to see that I was smart. He hollered at another feller in a steamboat who came and saved us.

After this we decided we had better go sailing as they called it. Another man took us out and I didn't have anything to do but watch. After he untied the ropes holding the boat the boys pulled up some sheets of canvas on a pole in the boat that had been folded up. Well, he said we were going to tack but I didn't see one. Then he turned around and I had to duck to keep a big pole, where the sheet was tied on, from hitting me on the head. Then he hollered at the boy guiding it not to let it love. Well I have never heard of boats loving before. We went in a little while later and tied everything up.

Ma, there ain't much more happened anyhow I must stop.

Always,

Your devoted son,

EZRA.

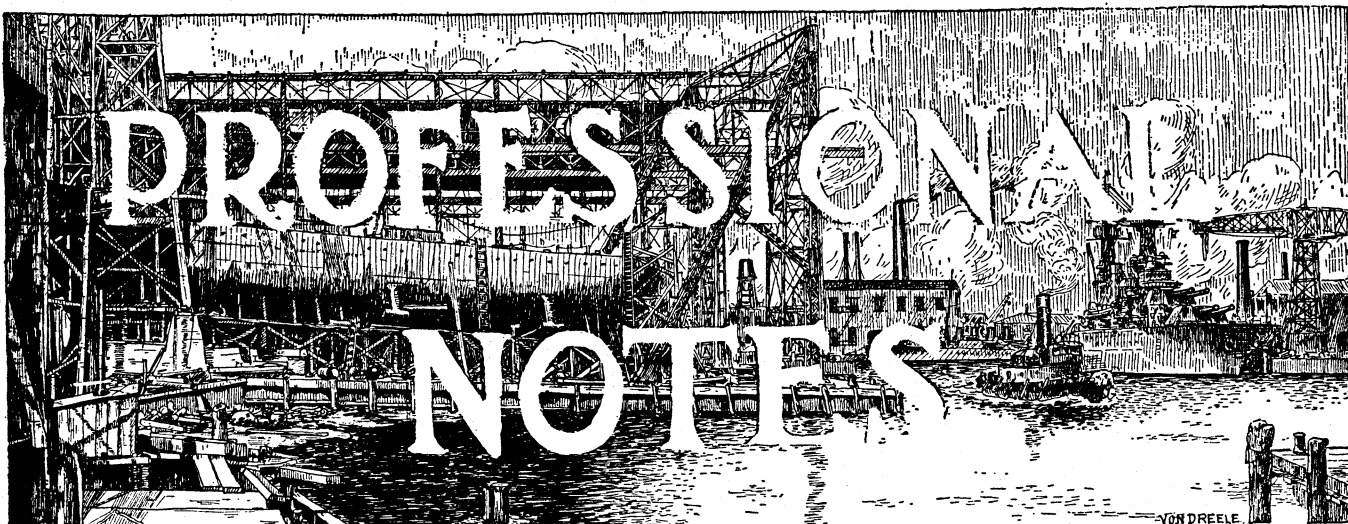


As I rose in the morn, the new born
light streams through the aged mist,
penetrating through the yellow isinglass.
The sun light makes the dust particles sparkle.
The shadows of the paling plays with
the unmatched crosses of the flagstaff.

Rising from my billet, the cold air
is a blessing of time, to awaken, relieve
and behold a new day. Closing the
door behind me, I walk around
the top of my tower and meet the
gulls on their own quarter.

Far off at sea a Boston or Salem
Clipper is coming into view. It's
running free with the wind. The sails
blossom in the wind as the clouds
do in the sky. She heads about and
runs abeam. As she passes she dips her
Ensign for a land based patron of the sea.

Morn in the tower.
Summer of 1967
Cw.



This column will present professional material of the present along with material, ideas and news stories of the past. The hope is to give interesting contrasts as well as be informative.

AIR SERVICE OF THE FUTURE

Rear Admiral William Moffett, Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics, has predicted that in the future we shall have dirigibles as large, if not larger than, the LEVIATHAN. We can readily believe this after the feat of keeping the SHENADOAH under control in the gale that tore her from her moorings. We have lived to see the day when one airplane has carried another, which has been launched from her and then picked up by the first plane. We have lived to see the day when ocean steamers are used to carry airplanes for attack or defense. We shall live to see the day when helium airships are large enough to carry a large number of troops, a battery of guns, to cause other countries to think before declaring war. A dozen planes will be able to protect it from attack. The commercial value of such airships is beyond figuring. Transportation to other countries will be a matter of hours instead of days and will have none of the risks which the heavier than air type has.

The LOG 15 February 1924

F-14

The newest aircraft under development for the Navy is the F-14A, one that little resembles the A-1 Triad, the Navy's first airplane. The F-14 replaces the unsuccessful F-111B, which was cancelled for excessive weight and poor performance characteristics. The F-111 was not a total failure, however, for from this project will come much of the equipment of the F-14; its advanced avionics, the Phoenix missile system, and the powerful engines that were developed in hope of salvaging the F-111B series.

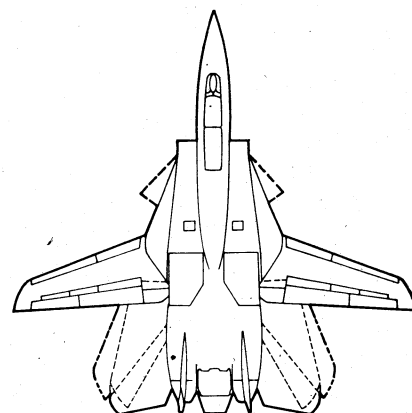
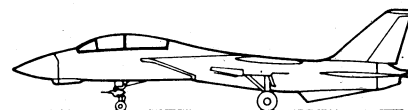
There will be change also. Both planes carry two man crews, but the F-14 will feature fore-and-aft seating, rather than tandem seating, to decrease the cross section of the fuselage and reduce the drag. The F-111 was built on former Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara's theory of commonality; the F-14 is not restricted by another program's guidelines.

Since the F-111 was primarily built for Air Force specifications, it weighed over 80,000 pounds. This weight made it impractical to operate the aircraft from carriers. The F-14, in contrast, is built to Navy specifications and will weigh less than 60,000 pounds.

The F-14 will have a speed comparable to that of the F-4 Phantom II, the best free-world fighter today, but greater maneuverability, more effective armament, and even

more sophisticated electronics than the Phantom. The F-14B, to follow the A series, will utilize the more powerful jets that engineers expect to develop in the next four years and should exhibit even greater performance. The F-14 should fulfill its mission well during the next 15 years as the potent, far-reaching guardian of the fleet.

The LOG 25 September 1970



(Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corp.)

TOURI TOURS

By David Saba and Jay Wertz
Photography by Charles Humphreys

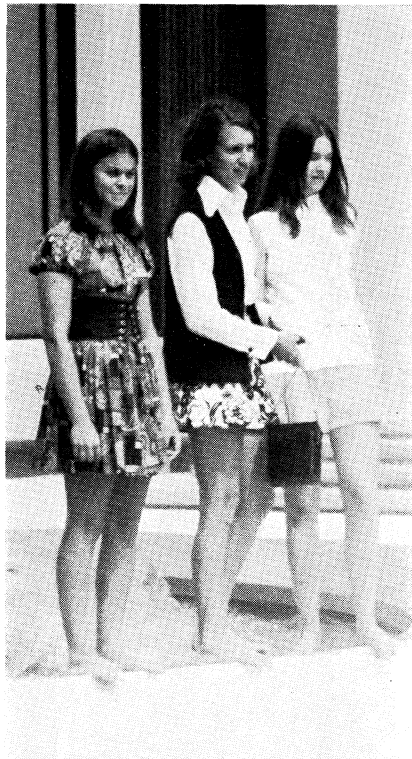
On the outskirts of the small town of Annapolis, where the Severn River joins the Chesapeake Bay, lies USNA. Each year thousands of taxpayers visit the Naval Academy to make sure that their money is being well spent. Some, feeling cheated, suggested that noon meal formation be held every hour so that everyone would have a chance to see it.

The number one tourist attraction at the Naval Academy is Te cumseh Court. It not only contains some very good camera angles but it also is the location of meal formations, a must on every tourist's checklist. Twice each day the camera bugs and other curious on-lookers anxiously await the arrival of the Drum and Bugle Corps to witness what may be their only chance to see an entire regiment marching in formation. Between these daily festivities there is the constant hustle of people crossing the Court on their way from the Rotunda to Stribling Walk.

Whether it be to feel the lash of the Chesapeake breeze in their faces or to spot a passing knockabout or yawl, thousands each year are drawn to the seawall where the Trident Light and the Foremast of the Maine, symbols of seapower, are found. Occasionally, a brave visitor tries to fish off the seawall, only to have his line entangled in the screw of a passing launch while the coxswain smiles politely.

One of the scenic spots missed by many tourists on their visits to the Naval Academy is that beautifully kept triangular plot of ground hidden in a secluded spot behind Isherwood hall, which is appropriately named "Plebe Park." It features peace, quiet, and solitude, and one Oregon Gun, the roof of an underground facility which greatly enhances the aroma of the area, and what is probably one of the world's finest "Dempster Dumpmasters."

The Reflection Pool, located in the Library-Assembly Area, is ad-



The midshipman's favorite kind of touri.

mired by many visitors for its fountains of clear water sparkling in the Maryland sunshine. Little do they realize the significance of this pool and the traditions that are connected with it. It is the site of many of our hops and of the baptism of our squad leaders as they prepare to leave our Summere Camp. Two young gentlemen visiting the Academy lost no time in discovering the true purpose of the Reflection Pool as they went in for a refreshing swim one hot afternoon.

Every tourist, no matter what his background, comes to the Naval Academy for one reason and one reason only—to see the midshipmen. No elaborate statue, no tree-lined walk, holds quite the fascination that seeing a real live Mid does. The sparkling shoes, the sparkling white uniforms, leave them awe-inspired. They search to find out more about the ways of the midshipmen, beginning with the Midshipmen's Sample Room, home of W. T. Door. Here the tourists are shown the ideal conditon of a

midshipman's room, which is nearly equaled by the average fourth class room, and grossly distorted by the average first class room. The glass locker doors were especially interesting to one tourist who remarked that this greatly facilitates the inspection of midshipmen's lockers.

The regular tour gives the tourist an opportunity to see the midshipmen's mess hall, "where 4000 midshipmen are served at one time." This is truly one of the most amazing facts about the Academy, at least worth a spot in *Ripley's*. From this same spot the lively tourist, at the right time, may view the fourth class diligently carrying out their assigned duty; proud stance, chin in-chest out—extra duty. The tourist is now satisfied. He has seen the three basic facets of the plebe's life—sleeping, eating, and marching. Only the plebe offers this opportunity to the tourist. To follow the three basic facets of the upperclassman's life would not be possible within the yard.

Much of the impressions that tourists have of the midshipmen comes from watching them march, and one thing that is sure to make them go wild is old favorite Navy fight songs such as "Mickey Mouse" and other lines such as "It's cold roast duck. . ." One that is sure to turn on our hippy friends is "Airborne Ranger." Especially favored by visiting Marines is "Marine Cadence" and the "Marine Corps Hymn" to the tune of "Oh My Darling." Then there are innumerable beautiful works of art that are sung only at the rifle range and other secluded areas, as they cannot be fully appreciated by the uninformed visitors.

If the midshipmen amaze the tourists, the tourists amaze the midshipmen as well. The big question in the midshipman's mind is "Why are they looking at us?" This is especially hard for the plebes to grasp. The upperclass obviously have become weathered over the years and can resist wide-eyed



Two plebes get the eye.

stares.

The tourists include parents of plebes, officers passing through, and the general public.

There is also the sought after tourist, the pretty young lady that receive a well deserved eyes left or eyes right. Truly all the pride that surges through a midshipman as he marches past hundreds of peering eyes, seeing all the smiling faces, watching a plebe formation, does not surpass the satisfaction of spotting one or more curious young ladies who visits the Academy.

The nine weeks of summer formations, marching to classes and dress parades, the tours and yard gauge familiarization techniques had enabled the fourth class to take an active part in the tourist display. The climax of all this training came on Parents' Weekend when alert plebes were able to impress their parents and friends with their vast knowledge of the yard and their majestic displays of midshipmen's activities. The Class of Seventy-Four has come of age in the tourist game.



Two unaverage touri make their way around the yard.

Anxieties:

PLEBE SUMMER SPECIALTY

Plebe summer has been very difficult for all persons concerned.

It naturally has been very difficult for the plebes—it was designed that way.

It has also been very difficult for the first class. So much so, that one firstie even considered the "possibility" of taking more liberty than he actually deserved. When he was confronted by a classmate concerning this "possibility," he immediately answered, "why . . . why . . . whatever put such an absurd, preposterous idea into my head?" "Your head?"

It has been very difficult for the five Chaplains stationed at Naval Academy. One Chaplain was confronted by a plebe following the Naval Orientation lecture on the strength of the Russian Navy.

"Chaplain, is there a special prayer or blessing for the Russian Navy?"

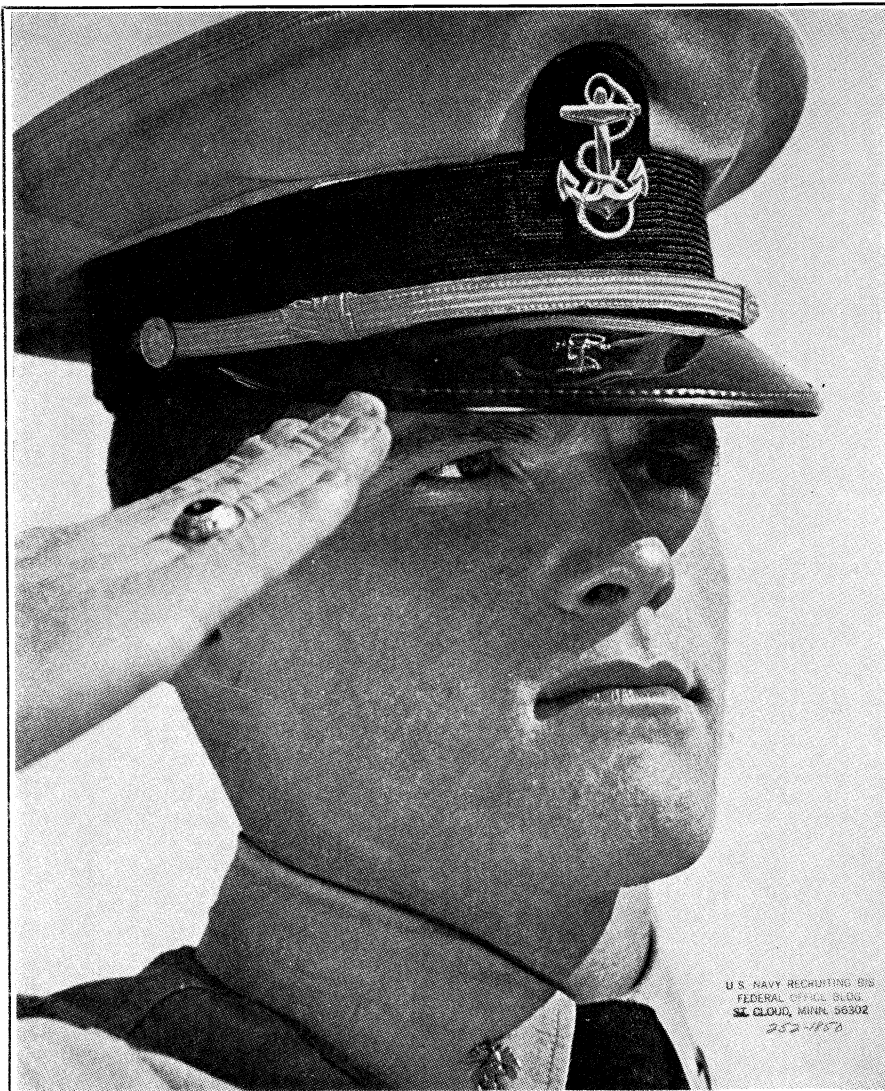
"Of course, my son. May the Lord bless and keep the Russian Navy, . . . far away from us."

You should realize that this written registry of problems would not be complete without mention of the difficulty Mrs. Marshall encountered during the summer.

Mrs. Marshall has had the task of matchmaking for the Brigade. She tackled the problem of the Parent's Weekend Hop by asking all plebes having dateable sisters to see her. I myself have a "dateable" sister. She has one slight problem—she doesn't see very well. But when Mrs. Marshall told me who my sister's prospective date was, my only comment was.

"But Mrs. Marshall, he's not very good looking." To which she replied,

"But Honey, the way she sees and the way he looks its a perfect match!"



Go NROTC

By Charles Chesterman

The ROTC program, offered in our colleges and universities, presents to many people an "easy" way of becoming an officer. The basis for this premise rests on a seemingly lack of military life, a free academic program and a question of the professionalism of the instruction. The ROTC programs, as compared to the service academies, appear to be a picnic. It is only through a closer look that the observer will notice that this premise is not true.

Having spent a year in NROTC at the University of California, Berkeley, the first institution to offer Naval Science and initiated un-

der Fleet Admiral Nimitz, differences have become immediately noticeable. The major difference is in the atmosphere. The Academy is a very good insulator in that it protects one from student activists who violently dislike the presence of uniforms or the instruction of Naval Science. The Academy protects our education by assuring us that classes will be given tomorrow and that the campus will not be closed because of an assemblage or riot. Movement in the Naval Academy yard is not hampered by bombs, teargas and other sorts of pyrotechnics.

Frequently, disruptions on the campus that were directed at the Naval Science department were not originated by the student activists alone. The more potentially dangerous attacks were from the Academic Senate in its action in revoking class credit. To the average student this is a disaster and to a Science or Engineering student a tragedy. During the Spring Quarter many attacks were made upon the unit. The physical damage and disruptions were handled through the ONI and the Regents of the University. The attacks made upon individual Midshipman were frequent, vicious and many times dangerous. Being shot at is not a pleasant experience.

The future of ROTC on various campus is directly linked to the amount of enrolled students. The attacks upon the ROTC program have centered upon the academic qualifications of the program rather than the military aspect with the implication of the war and the advantages of education. Through bad press coverage and lack of support and knowledge of the ROTC programs this valuable contribution to the man power needs of the armed services may be destroyed.

REACH

*Reaching high to dark unknown.
Falling short of Heavens dome.
Should we let thickness slow our
speed and in the end relapse our
lead?*

*Thoughts wind and wind and inter-
twine, and cross the steadfast
guiding line.
But too unset they seem to be, to
change our course in chartered
sea.*

*Stretching bones and muscles torn,
but won't they once again con-
form?
For victories' few stand proud and
reign with soul and mind still
cast the same.*

(Richard Braco)

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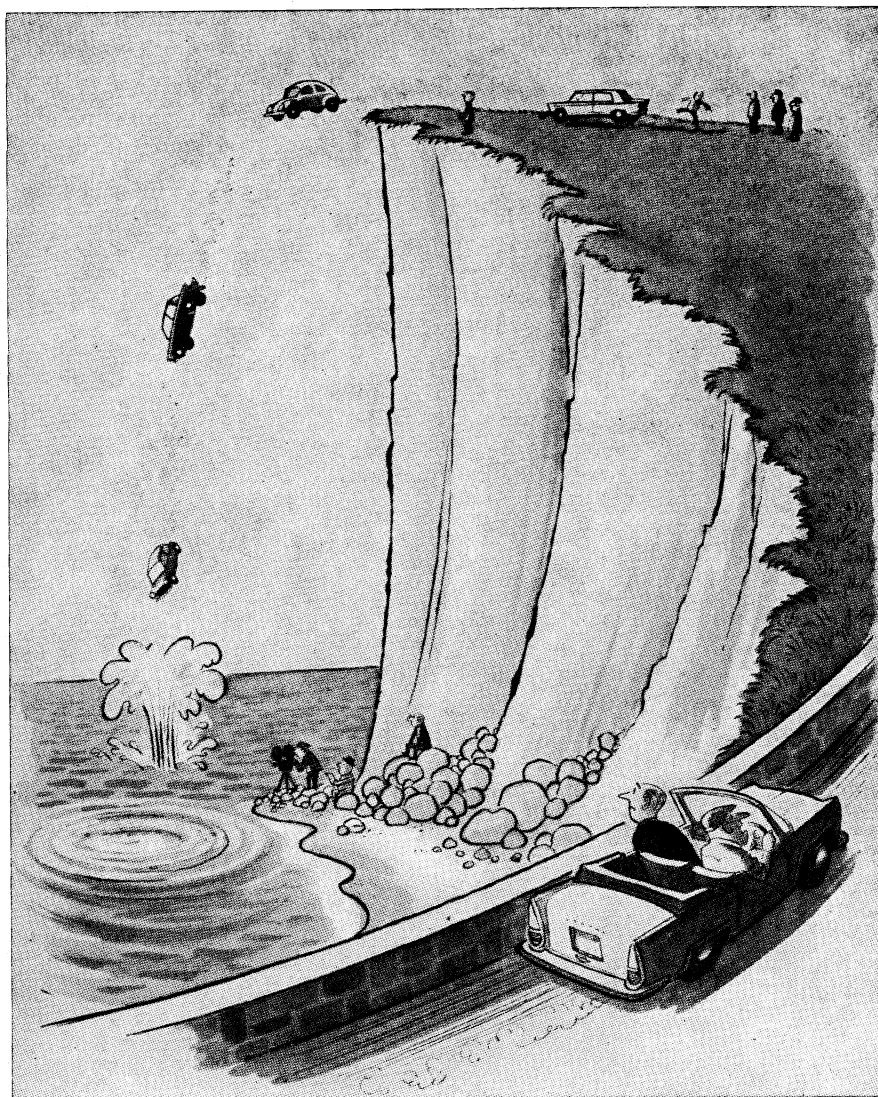
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(Road and Track)

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(30th Co. Ghetto)

"BUT SIR, I DON'T UNDERSTAND!?!"



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Stan



I'm
Bernie

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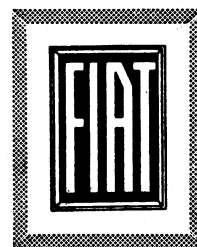
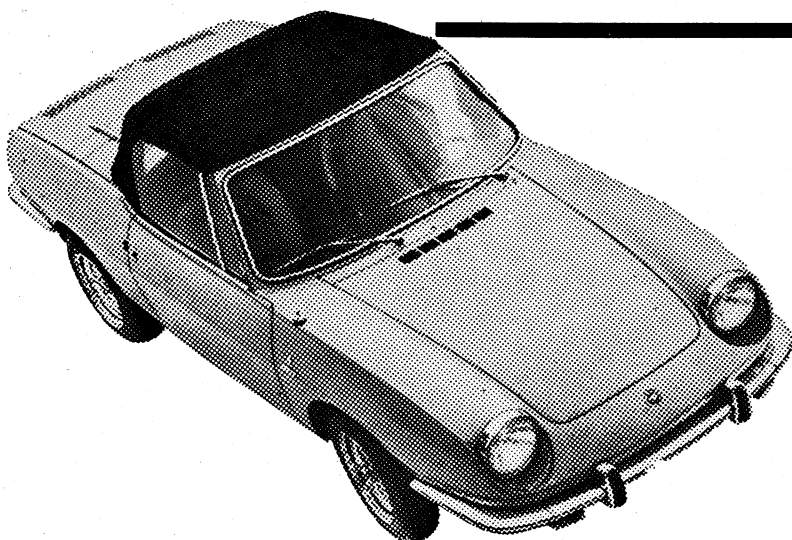
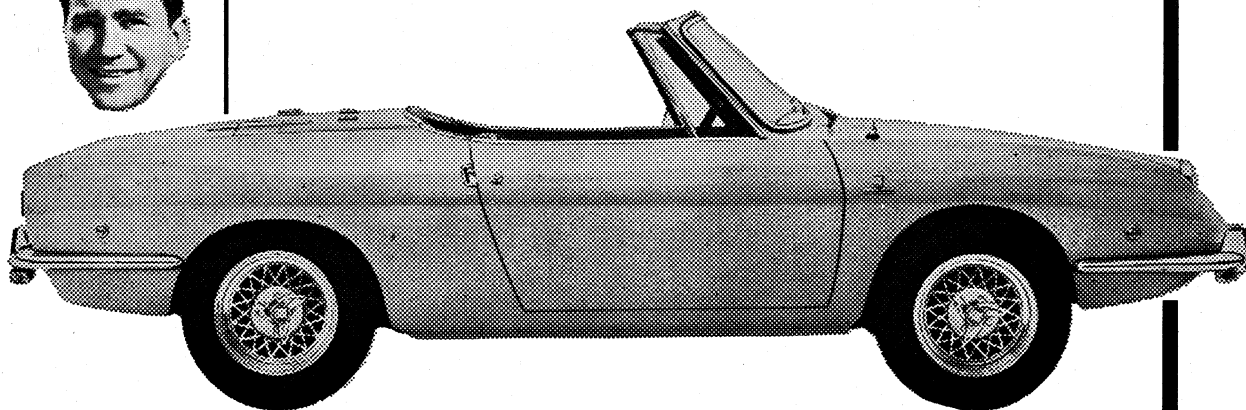


I'm
Stan



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A CASE OF FRUIT

By Richard Braco

Plebe summer can be compared to a watermelon. The resemblance should be immediately apparent. Consider, if you will, the case of an average watermelon on a small fruit farm somewhere in Maryland.

The watermelon patch lies on the banks of a river and has, for many years in this same location, produced a steady crop of high quality melons. This in itself is unusual, since other farms have tried, and failed, to produce such melons with anything that could be called consistency. As an example of this, there is a slightly older farm, some miles away, whose watermelon patch is rumored to be of inferior quality. The farmer, however, pays no heed to this suggestion and muddle-headedly plants his crop the same way every year. The result is a tired, greyish looking melon with yellow pits. Another farm is trying the high-altitude method of growing, which was developed in the early Fifties, but due to the thinner atmosphere the melons are showing a tendency to turn blue.

Returning to the Maryland farm, it can be seen that surrounding the watermelon patch is a field of carrots. These particular carrots are the two year variety and are already into their second year of growth. Just beyond the carrots begins a series of orchards, most of which have been there so many years as to be beyond the comprehension of any watermelon.

Early one May morning of the present year, the last frosts had tiptoed into the bare fields, only to be burned in their tracks by the sun. The growing season had arrived and much activity and planning began. The young watermelons would need a lot of special care this summer.

At last, near the end of June, the

first watermelon sprouts appeared in the patch. They were all green, extremely weak, and wet behind the leaves. They were given the best forms of plant nourishment, however, and soon seemed to be fairly squared away. All summer long they grew, with all sorts of individual attention and encouragement. Occasionally, of course, a particular plant was not able to hold up its load of new leaves, and it fell down in places. It was quickly braced up.

The effort of the farm hands was soon rewarded as melons appeared and grew with unbelievable pep. The young melons looked around and saw their own impressiveness. The color of health was deep in their hard, shiny skin. They were giants, heavy in the rows and masters of all they surveyed. Most of them were even free of warts.

But soon there were questions they wanted answered. Why were they there? Why were they getting such special treatment? And where was this thing that was called Farmer? Perhaps he was behind this strange set of circumstances. The carrots would not say, although they made a few incomprehensible groans. And even though the pear and the apple trees were asked, they only stayed in their orchards and laughed. All their knowledge of the Farmer had come from overhearing the conversations of the farmhands, and the total of that consisted only of the fact that the Farmer would be back in early September. The young melons wondered and they wondered and they wondered, wondered, wondered.

One day in a calm, cool September, the Farmer came back. But the melons never knew what hit them. Whole boatloads of them were cut to pieces and eaten up. The seeds and rinds were all fried and left for the goat to eat. And all the haunting ghosts would come around forever.

FIRST ACC. YEAR
CARRY ON...



"So that is what it's like to be a Youngster."

THE MONTH AFTER... PARENT'S WEEKEND LOGISTICS

One of the most memorable experiences of Plebe summer was Parents Weekend, although, some of the parents would tend to disagree with that nomenclature. The class of '74 was one of the first plebe classes to be allowed dragging privileges over that all too short three days at the end of August, and, as usual, the Plebes came through to the fullest extent.

Parents weekend started off with a bang and a boom Friday noon, when the regiment was first allowed to greet its relatives and

drags. The forewarned plebes kept their cool for they, formed for noon meal with slightly more than an iota of chaos. The Drum and Bugle Corps set a precedent by *not* playing "Eleanor Rigby" as a concert number. Smacks that they are, they played a fairly good rendition of the Brigades favorite number, "Spirit of the Brigade."

Within 30 seconds of the time the Regiment disappeared from the public's sight, a deluge of Middies poured from the rotunda, and was sucked up by its aficionados. Town liberty commenced, and for some strange reason the plebes literally dragged their visitors off the yard to catch their first glimpse of the quaint town of Annapolis.

After a few hours of seeming desertion there were scattered men in white hats giving their visitors a quick and uninformative tour of the yard.

The talent show Friday night was one of the best in the academy's history, and was attended by numerous parents, plebes, and faculty.

Town lib ended at 2300 and most of the regiment retired to their pads. (Unfortunately, there were a few plebes who mistook their hours and these poor souls had many pleasant hours of extracurricular marching to remember their times.)

Saturday the parents were allowed to visit their son's executive suites at the Bancroft Hilton. The bright and shining halls, as well as the cleverly decorated bulkheads, showed the visitors that all was well in Mother "B"

At 1100 the regiment was formed for a dress P-Rade for the visitors to see what the summer had done to their Middie's discipline. What a show it was! Through four citations the plebes stood (or knelt) their ground.

As in all groups, there were a few who laid down on the job but there was a jolly (and busy) corpsmen around to revive their spirits and renew their strength.

Another noon meal formation. Again the public was denied the privilege of hearing "Eleanor Rigby." Could it be possible that little Ronnie Route had finally seen the light and declared Eleanor a contraband article. No! It was not

to be! Between the lacrosse and the soccer games, the D&B put on a halftime show as they did for the Colgate game. Surprisingly, even Eleanor Rigby sounded like Eleanor Rigby, and probably for this one amazing fact the plebe D&B was granted 2 blessed days of carry-on.

Saturday night was the night of nights. The Plebe Hop was good, if not excellent, with a large attendance, (probably because of a rumor that a muster would be taken.)

Sunday, the plebes struggled out

of the pad to attend Chapel services in the cool comfort of service dress whites. Meal formation was followed by more liberty during which time the plebes said adieu to their loved ones.

Evening meal formation came all too fast, and, that was it.

(By J. L. Mothershead
and W. L. Goerlich)

GIRLS WE LEFT BEHIND



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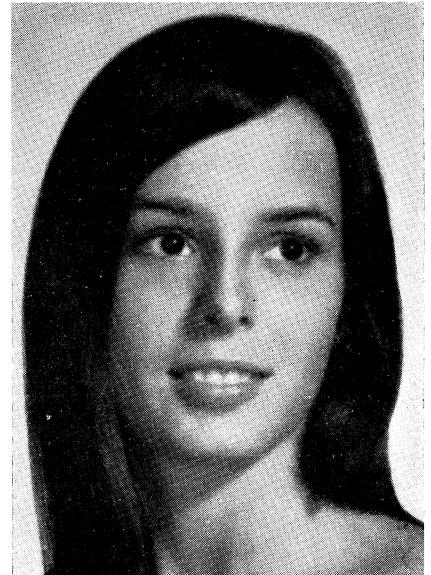
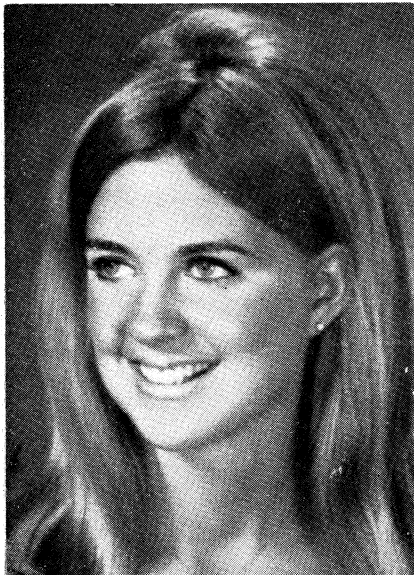
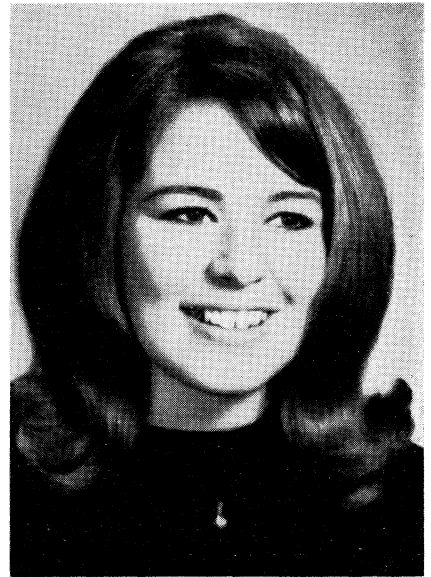
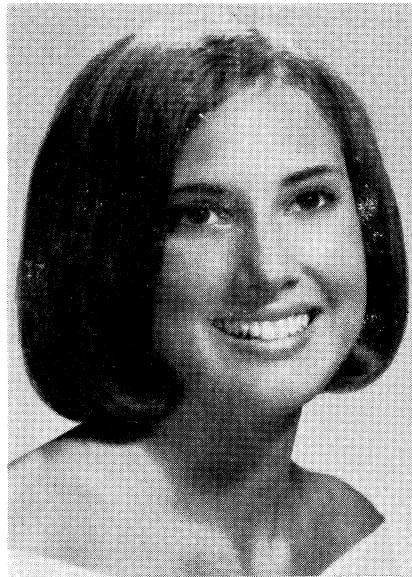
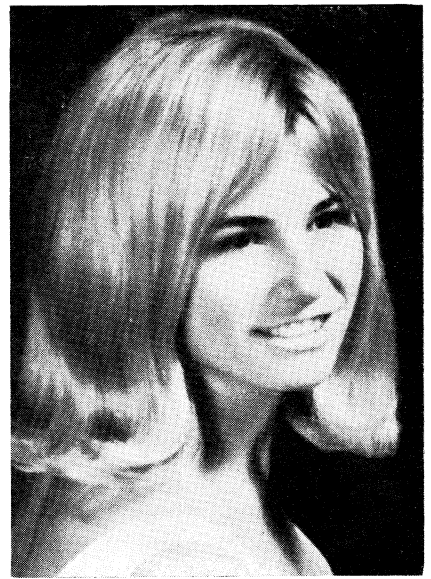
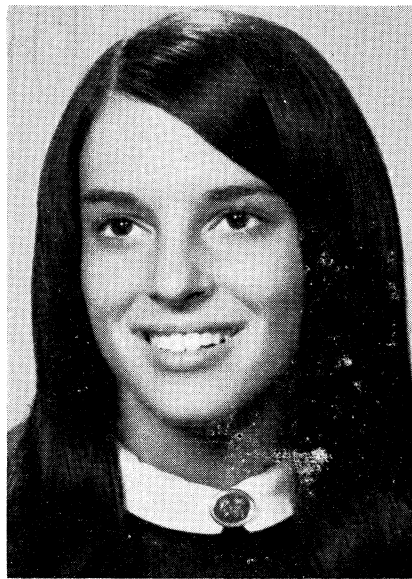
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Piping Stripes**

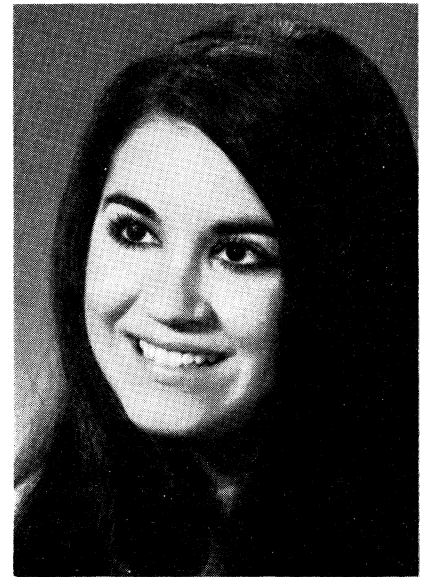
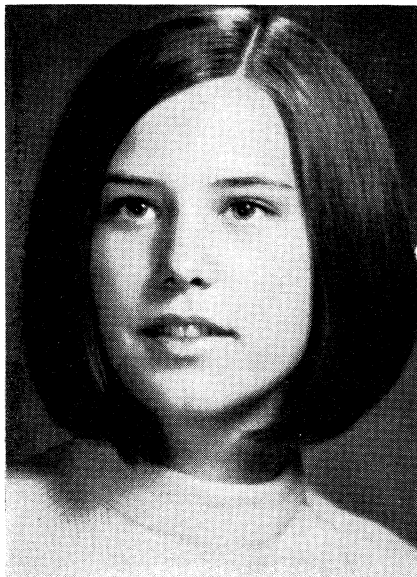
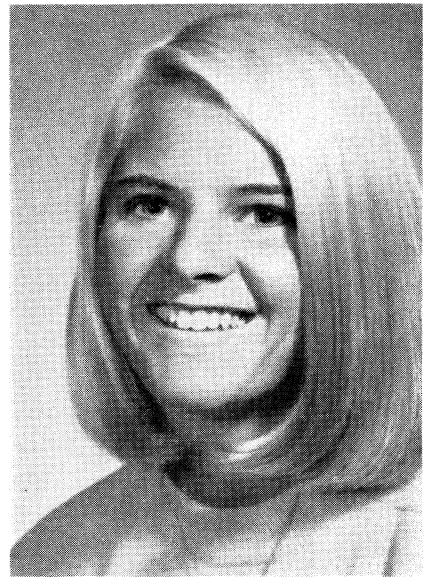
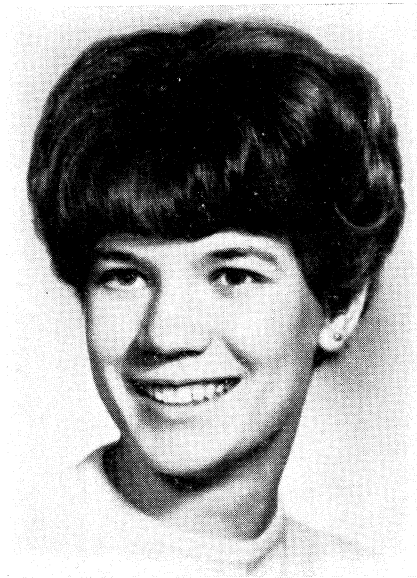
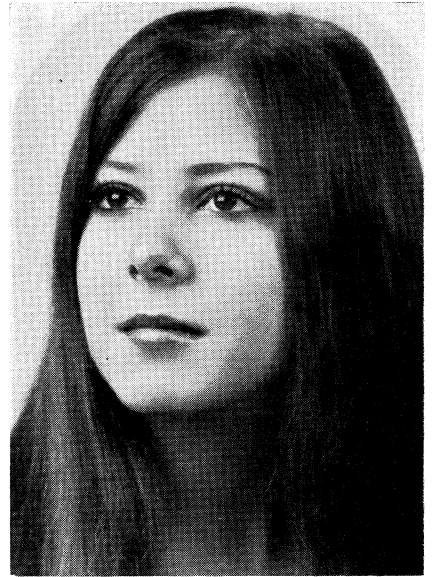
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RECORDS YET TO BE BROKEN

The class of 1974 proudly displays to a candid world:

(compiled by Midn. 4/c W. Thornton, 20th Co.)

- (1) The summer record for the cleanest room was set by Midn. W. T. Door.
- (2) The national record for improper salutes was set this summer by Q. Turner, 4/c, who correctly executed 5 left-handed salutes, saluted 7 mailmen, (while uncovered), is credited with nine "Good morning, sirs" in the afternoon, and said "Good afternoon, sir" to a WAVE.
- (3) The Plebe Medal for Valor goes for the following acts of heroism:
 - a) To X. Branchflower 4/c, who when questioned about his dirty shoes uttered the immortal words, "What shoes, sir?"
 - b) To X. Branchflower 4/c, for running across the hall in White Works Tarzan (boondockers, combo cap, and supporter).
 - c) To X. Branchflower for twirling his cap on his finger all the way to noon meal formation.
 - d) To Mr. Branchflower for asking, "What have we got against Army anyway, sir?"
 - e) To X. Branchflower, 4/c, who while mate of the deck, rigged the WBGT to read 106.9, granting liberty to 1400 of his classmates.
 - f) And to Mr. Branchflower for making it all the way to 6-3 deck from the messhall with two half-gallon cartons of milk hidden in his jumper.

(If you wish to congratulate personally Mr. Branchflower, you can do so every Saturday afternoon from 1400 to 1700 on the fourth wing terrace while he is "on duty." He's the one with the loose leggings and dirty shoes.)
- (4) The survival record for a plebe racing through second class alley has been established at 8.4 secs.
- (5) Midn. 4/c Spitob has set the record for the excuse squad when he contracted mono at the Plebe hop and has been on the squad ever since. He is excused from formations on Tuesdays and Thursdays since he's an excuse squad "super."
- (6) The record for saying "When I was a plebe. . ." goes to Mr. Z. Vivian 1/c. We all know he's still a plebe at heart, right?
- (7) Y. Sullivan holds the all-time record for going without a haircut during plebe summer. It stands at 28 days and 45 demerits.
- (8) The world record for asking questions goes to Midn. A. Zither, who has an outstanding record

of 126-0-0 for asking a question at every single lecture, meal, formation, chapel sermon, come-around, and plebe ho. He deserves special merit for asking questions while 1400 of his classmates wait in a hot stifling auditorium—already 5 minutes late for drill formation, and receives an honor citation for such stumbers as "Sir, do you polish shoes clockwise or counter-clockwise?", "Sir, do we walk to class or carry our lunch?" and when ordered to keep his eyes in the boat, asked "Sir, where is the boat?"

- (9) The most damaging summer sabotage was when Snyde Zephalon smeared peanut butter and vanilla tapioca pudding on his schedule card and ran it thru the computer. The machine finally got his schedule right.
- (10) The longest a plebe has worn his gym suit without laundering it was by Clyde Bagwell. He is still wearing it after 3 months and is waiting until the uniform can stand up by itself, or stick when thrown against the wall.
- (11) The record for the most demos to be amassed in one day, (and with it the Golden Boondocker Award for the most ED marched) goes to Harvey Skrnz 4/c, who was fried for an improper uniform when his neckerchief came undone while sprinting to formation, then fried for holding his neckerchief so it wouldn't come undone, was put on report for adjusting his cap in the wall mirror (WHAT is that mirror for?), was told to come around for being late to formation, and was arrested for coming late to come around.
- (12) The record for the most nutrition obtained at a single sitting in the mess hall was when Harvey Ptui *didn't* eat any of the food.
- (13) The best musical composition created by a midshipman was by Otis Glott, and his work is described as sounding similar to a tape recording of the Army mule on fire, played backwards.
- (14) The record for a fourth classman trying to break the habit was set by Nick O. Teen 4/c, when he went 7 hours without a cigarette. He celebrated with a cigarette.
- (15) The record for uniform changes in a 10-minute period this summer was set on August 9th. The uniform of the day was announced as Infantry Dress Gorilla Suit, wear wet swimsuits, carry raingear. Word was passed to not wear leggings, then wear them, then wear one, with first class wearing khakis and dixie cups (real ones). However, drill was cancelled due to good weather and word was passed that it was service dress white carry civvies for first class and service undressed for 4/c.

AND THE WINNER IS WHO ME?

"The lucky number is 4-5-3-0-1."

"We have a winner."

"May I have your name please?"

"Yes sir! My name is 'Admiral Gungy', I mean Midshipman Brian Williams 4/s."

This was the scene August 25, 1970 during the seventh inning of the Baltimore Orioles vs. Oakland Athletics baseball game when utter chaos broke out in one corner of the stands filled by half of the class of 1974 of the U.S. Naval Academy.

Midshipman Williams of 10th Platoon, the fabulous Tentations, was escorted by one usher and his classmates of 10th Platoon down to the bottom deck of Memorial Stadium where he was, after some procrastination, led behind a locked door.

But his adamant classmates, ever concerned for his safety were determined not to let him become a victim of P.D.A.—Form 2, and broke into the room to watch the proceedings.

First the young lady had him sign his life away to verify his winning the contest. She next explained his fabulous prizes and amid shouts of "Hey Brian, what'd you win?" she managed to get across to "Admiral Gungy" that he had won a free Black & Decker hand power drill, a free case of Royal Triton oil, four free car washes, 10 gallons of super-duper gasoline and two free tickets to any future Baltimore Orioles baseball game.

"All those prizes will sure come in handy for your car," she said.

That was the last straw.

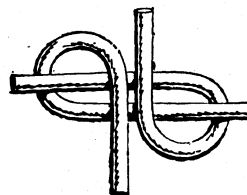
Everyone cracked up, and Midshipman Williams 4/c returned to his seat where he was received with the honors due a full Admiral. He announced to his classmates his useful prizes.

"I feel this is my lucky night," was his only printable comment.

Down upon the tiled terrace
Form the soft and silent sailors.
Shadows of the past,
Wary of the present,
Waiting the advent of future
dawn.

A signal from the silent sentinal
Sends them to their shinning sea.
Sailing, swimming, stroking,
Seventy-four to victory!

Mid'n Ricci 4/c 9 July '70



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THREE DAYS OF A DIFFERENT MOOD

Thursday, August 27

*Because I am with you,
I am at home,
And if we live from house to
house,
It matters not,
And if we roam from friend to
friend,
I will adjust.
And if we age from now to then,
I'll shed no tears.
Because I am with you,
I am at home.*

Saturday, August 30

*To be apart from one you love
Will build a power in your mind
That you will swear
Could force two days to pass
Before the sun sets once.
But as For me, the opposite is true
The days are two in agony
As I am very far away
From no one in particular.*

Tuesday, September 1

*Yes, I have love
And sure I have to love,
But I have not a one to love,
No love to as I may.*

*It has been said that love will grow
Where grows the need for love,
So now I need the need for love
To grow, that love may grow,
Around a love to call my own.*

(Richard Braco)

IF I WERE A FIRSTIE . . .

Following is the text of a song sung by midshipman fourth class Berg on August 28, 1970 before the fourth class regiment and distinguished guests.

"I am going to have a talk with the admiral. I'm going to say 'sir, there are many positions of great responsibility here at Annapolis; but there are many subservient ones, also! Now I realize it's no disgrace to be a plebe; but its no great honor either. So what would be so terrible if I had a small golden stripe on my shoulder board?"

If I were a firstie,
All day long I'd keep plebes on the run
If I had one golden bar.
I would never memorize
If I had that skinny golden stripe
I would tell the plebes what they could do.

I'd buy a big gold vet,
That makes lots of noise,
To race thru-T-court every day;
A four speed shift would be a necessity.
There would be one long race track running down the seawall,
And one even longer in the hall.
And one more leading nowhere just for show.

I'd build a stereo set,
With dozens of speakers,
Right in the center of my room;
Playing it just as noisily as I can.
The sounds of Joplin, Cocker, even the Beatles,
Would land like a trumpet on the ear
As if to say this is a firstie's room.

If I were a firstie
Ev'ry weekend I could see my girl
And we would have some fun.
I would be a good boy.
She would never question my advance
It would be as proper as can be.

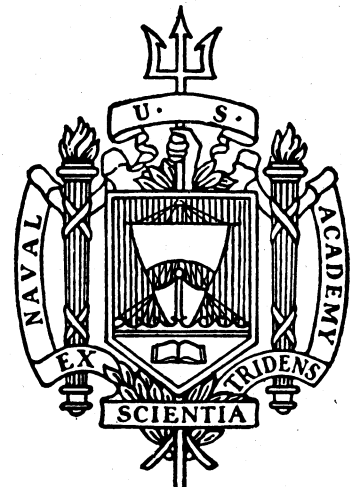
I see her quietly sitting there by the seawall,
Waiting as I return from sea;
Thinking of the things we will do for fun.
I see her putting on airs
And strutting like a peacock
Oy! What a happy mood she's in,
For she will be with me both day and night.

The most important men in Washington, D.C.,
Will look to me to advise them;
Like Solomon the wise.
If you please midshipman,
Pardon me midshipman,
Posing problems that would cross an Admirals eyes.
And it won't make one bit of difference,

If I answer right or wrong.
When you're a firstie,
They think you really know.

When I'm a firstie I'll have the time that I lack,
To sit in the head every day,
Thinking of the things I had missed before.
And I would contemplate the sleep,
That I now could get (14 hours every day.)
This would be the sweetest thing of all.

Admiral Calvert you are my old man.
You decreed I should be what I am.
Would it spoil some vast eternal plan.
If I were a first classman?





“Fourth Class Carry-On”

(When Boston College Is Carried Off)

A PLEBE TAKES A LOOK AT THE PLEBE SYSTEM

The Class of 1974 entered the Naval Academy on 29 June 1970 with the knowledge that the Naval Academy is located in Annapolis, Maryland and not much else. Some of the class had nebulous objectives but most were completely in the dark as to what lay ahead.

The very first night then—Rear Admiral Calvert told the plebe class of some tangible goals which he thought should be a target for us. These objectives—excellence in academics, record breaking athletic achievements, and a record low attrition rate for plebe year—were not new goals for an entering class. While the goals themselves were reruns, the quantity of performance was expected to be an all-time high.

More basic than any of this, however, is the necessity of all concerned to adapt to the new Plebe Indoctrination System. The fourth classmen, obviously, have to change many habits and outlooks. The first classmen have to assume more responsibility in the plebe system than ever before, in addition to following through with the new attitude toward plebes. All involved have to demonstrate that the new plebe indoctrination system will work to produce better oriented midshipmen than the old "do 70-odd-pushups-rig-a-pitcher" system.

The Naval Academy exists to develop professional Naval or Marine Corps Officers. If the new Plebe System is successful—a task for '74—then the officers of the classes of 1974 and after will be well qualified to handle and increasingly technical, nuclear Navy.

Stephen P. Kane '74

Expecting a storm,
Out of the clouds,
Came rain drops quite warm.

They spoke with content,
With words in a rhyme,
And I knew what they meant.

A song of the past,
Cold as the snow—
It wasn't to last!

Outside in the trees,
Water and blood,
Now fused with the breeze.

And soon the clear sky
Burst with a shout
Upon you and I.

The message ran clear
Down cobblestone path:
I'd find no more fear!

Now formed on the ground,
In puddles of truth,
I know I have found:

The sorrow and pain,
Heartbreaks of home,
Are gone with the rain.
dawn.

Mid'n Ricci 4/c 9 July '70



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IT'S GREAT



TO WIN

WERE YOU SWITCHED?

With the commencement of academics, upperclassmen may discover that they have switched departments. The *Log* publishes the new organization with hopes of making clear who's who, what's what, and where's where.

Division of Engineering and Weapons

Aerospace Engineering
Electrical Engineering
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Systems Engineering
Weapons and Systems Engineering

Division of English and History

English
History

Division of Mathematics and Science

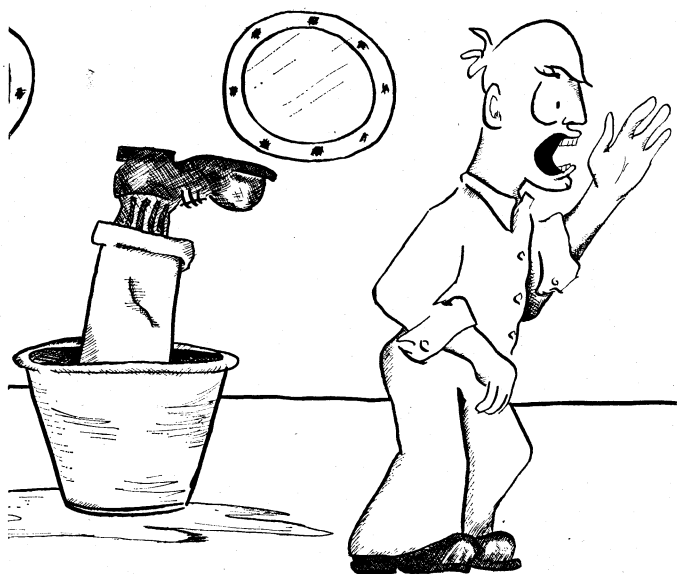
Chemistry
Environmental Sciences
Mathematics
Physics

Division of Naval Command and Management

Behavioral Science
Management Science
Seamanship, Navigation, and Tactics

Division of U.S. and International Studies

European Studies (French, German, Italian)
Latin American Studies (Spanish-Portuguese)
Soviet-Far Eastern Studies (Russian-Chinese)
Economics
Political Science



"Man underboard, port side. Port engines stop. Sound . . ."

A cotton lamplight,
Mate of the dark,
Haven for moths and meditating
middies.
Stribling walk and
"T" Court . . .
Memories to make and muster.
Sounds of Simon and Garfunkle
mutter from Mother Bancroft.
Dreams and reflections of a new
life.
The mystery, majesty, and mastery
of the military.

(Michael Ricci)

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Reaching the infinity
of a thousand stars.
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As young as the dawn.
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THE LAST PLEBE — HO

By Michael King

The still air was shattered with a bellowing "Plebe Ho". Within seconds, thirty three bodies smashed up against the bulkhead and drove their spines into the tiled surface. Their trailing elastic arms whipped past the light switches and darkened their rooms. Each body sounded off in a dynamic tone but their personal identification was drowned in the rebounding wakes of the others. In a matter of seconds after the call for assembly, the air was becalmed again. The silence tempted each man to turn his head and discover who had passed the order, but none dared for fear of being reprimanded. Before long, however, each man knew who it was, for he paced slowly from one end of the passageway to the other with his arms behind his back at a parade rest position.

The calm was broken again as the pacing figure screamed "I'm getting sick and tired of you guys carrying on at meals!" This statement was followed by an innocent look on every person pinned against the wall. After the initial shock

of the accusation subsided, each person began to run through his mind every movement he had made in the last meal in order to determine his own guilt or innocence.

A half shaved plebe cringed secretly under his white foamy mask as the pacer stopped, faced him, and said "Gish, do you always eat your hot buttered toast with two hands?" The plebe answered with a snappy "No Sir!"

"Then why did you do it this morning?"

"No excuse, Sir!"

"Come around for the rest of your life."

Upon hearing this Gish prostrated himself at the firsties feet and cried for mercy. The first classman snickered under his breath and turned his back to the pleas. He walked towards a plebe wrapped in a towel and still dripping from his unfinished shower. He scanned his body from head to toe and said "and you, since when do plebes rate ice cubes in their pineapple juice?"

"I'll find out Sir!"

"Brace up till Christmas, mister."

"Yes, Sir."

"What's the proper response to a command?"

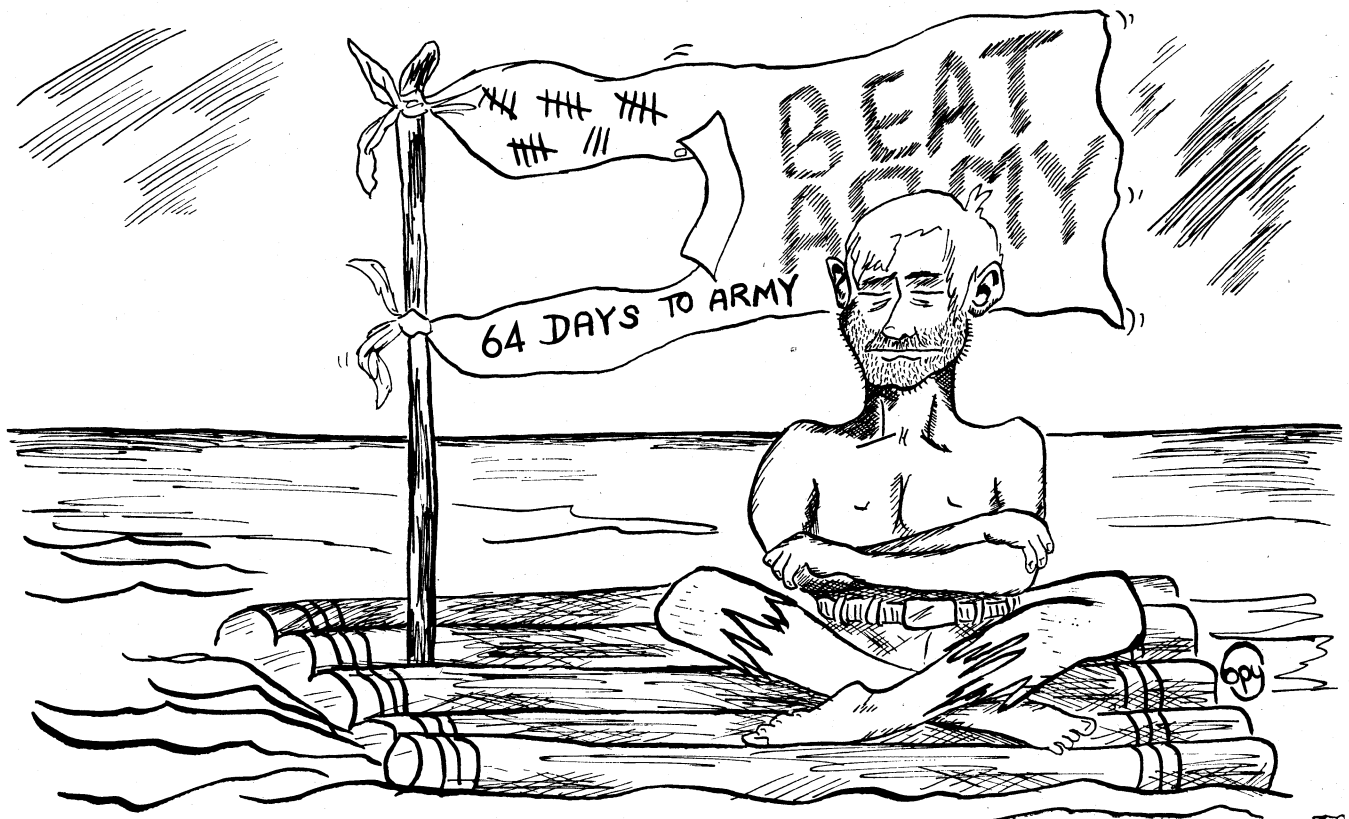
"Aye Aye, Sir."

"Knock 'em together, mister!"

"Aye Aye, Sir!"

The firsty then did a quick about face and shouted "And all you other guys, there will be a formal in three minutes!" The braced up figures loosened up in disbelief of this statement, and then as if prearranged they all clenched their fists and growled rebelliously in unison. The firsty lost his composure and started to run as he saw the plebes unhook themselves from the wall and lunge towards him. His cries for help were muffled by the cheers of the mob as he was dragged to his room. Within moments the mutineers had intertwined his body with the bed springs and left the room with the bed neatly made.

The plebes sauntered back to their rooms to continue their unfinished business. They knew that that would be their last plebe ho.



I LEARN MY STAND

*I learn from my father,
as he teaches me.
I respect my father,
Likewise he respects me.
I stand for my father,
For he gives much to me.
When you blaspheme my father
You are blaspheming me.*

*I learn from our flag,
Hallowed History.
As it stood for others,
So it stands for me.
I stand for the flag
The flag stands for me.*

(Vernon E. Berg III)



"I knew it was loaded, I knew it was loaded, I knew it was loaded!"

READY ON THE FIRING LINE

Before the sun appears o'er the Chesapeake Bay,
You wake up and remember that this is the day.
You think back to last night when you were told,
"This will be fun, a very good change!"
As you quickly don dungarees in the morning cold,

It comes like an alarm, "To the rifle range!"
A hurried breakfast, a march in the dew,
You board the tubs that the Navy calls new.
Only after you're inside and on your way,
Three platoons crowded into the space for one,
The rusty old thing takes in half of the Bay!
And your day on the range hasn't even begun.

Through the week you keep changing from pistol to
school,
And they drum into your heads something called
Chief Martin's rule—

"Keep your eye open and look at the sights,
Pull the trigger gently, don't cringe at the sound."
You do all this and still the bullet bites the dust about
ten yards away; end one round.

Its hot out there on the flats of the range,
But the water they give you tastes kind of strange.
On Friday you shoot and you are aghast,

You qualified expert in pistol at last!
But next week is something that's even more fun,
And its played with a gadget that's called an M-1.

For the first few days you make the cut,
But now you're going to shoot at two hundred what?
The targets are bigger, you can't possibly miss,
(Your friendly instructor assures you of this).
The confidence surges through you as you fire a
round,
But you look up to see that it hit the near ground.

While the kick of the gun drives you nuts,
Your classmates work diligently in the butts.
If you thought you got in here because of your brain,
The coach in the butts makes the opposite plain.
Still, you made records on the line.
Seventy-four came through rifle range fine.

Some of you, sometime, will bear hand arms,
In defense of some village or surrounding farms.
And you'll remember that which you were thoroughly
taught.

Should you be present when the battle is fought;
"When face to face with an enemy of any kind,
Keep you trigger control and sights aligned."

Mid'n Jay Wertz 4/c

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