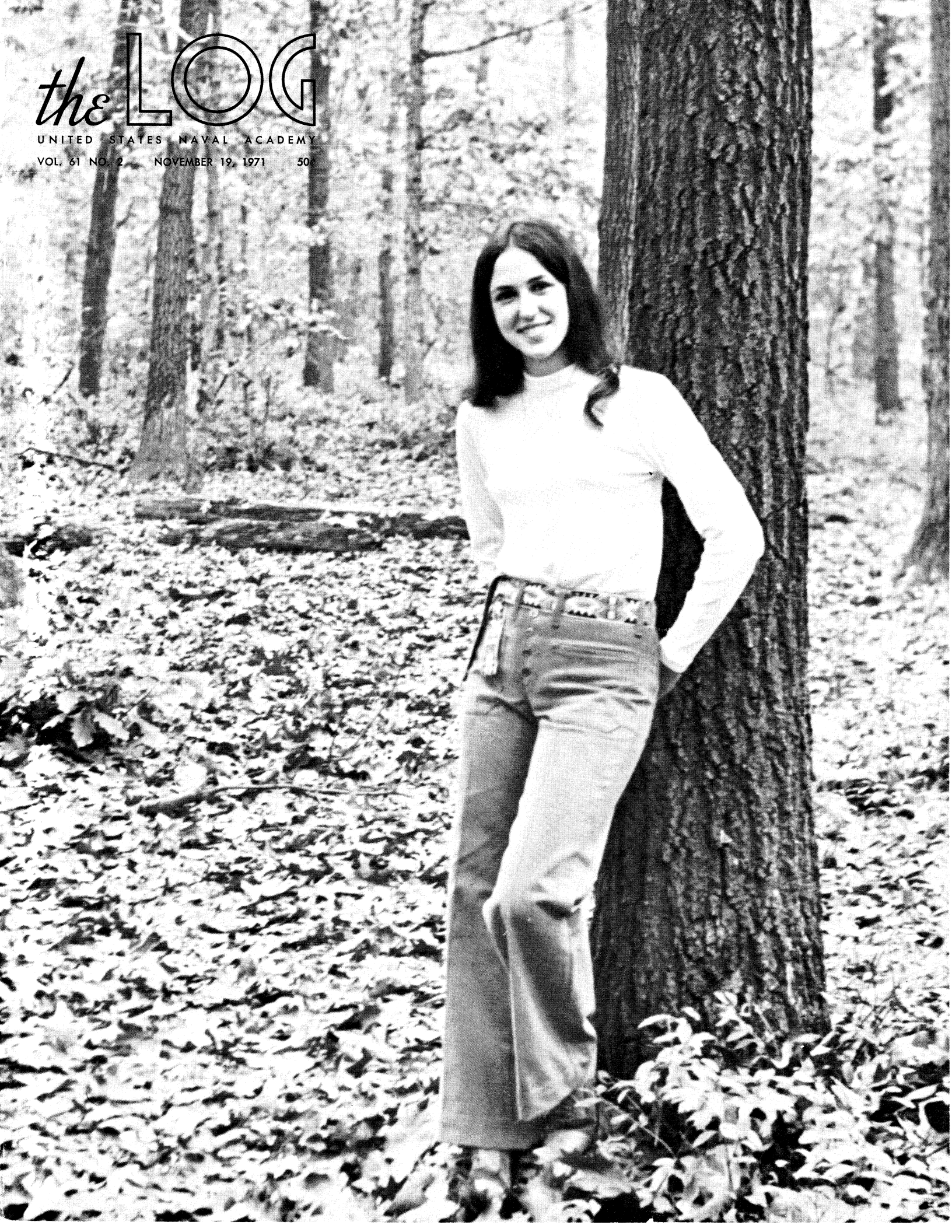
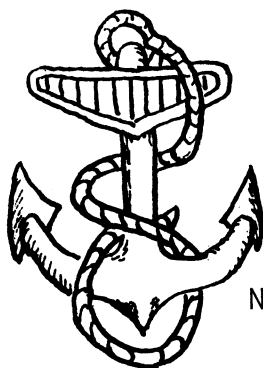


# *the* LOG

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

VOL. 61 NO. 2 NOVEMBER 19, 1971 50¢





# United States Naval Academy

## Brigade of Midshipmen Bulletin

NO. 73

19 NOVEMBER 1971



### ALL CLASSES

1. CONDUCT REPORT. The following 4000 series offense has been processed:

a) A fourth classman in the 20th Company was placed on report for assault with a deadly weapon and has been assigned 5 demerits.

2. UNAUTHORIZED PETS IN BANCROFT HALL. No pet has been officially authorized as a Brigade Mascot. Hence any pets found in Bancroft Hall will be turned over to the mess hall.

3. MOTION PICTURE. The movie, I Am Curious Blue and Gold, starring Submarine Sally, Suzzie Wilt, and Richard B. Long, will be shown in Mitscher Hall on Friday 19 November, 1971, at 2000, on Saturday 20 November, 1971, at 1930, and on Sunday 21 November, 1971, at 1530.

4. SUNDAY AFTERNOON MIXER. Young nuns from nearby convents have been invited to participate in the mixer on Sunday afternoon, 1400 to 1600, Smoke Hall.

5. SATURDAY EVENING CONCERT. On Saturday 27 November, 1971, at 2000 in the Seventh Wing Basement, the pop-music committee will present Robin Droplins and Her Bird Calls in concert. There will be a shower area. Tickets are \$3.00 apiece and may be requisitioned. Company lists come down Thursday night.

6. VOLUNTEERS NEEDED. Any midshipman interested in building an ark contact Midshipman Noah, Room 4437.

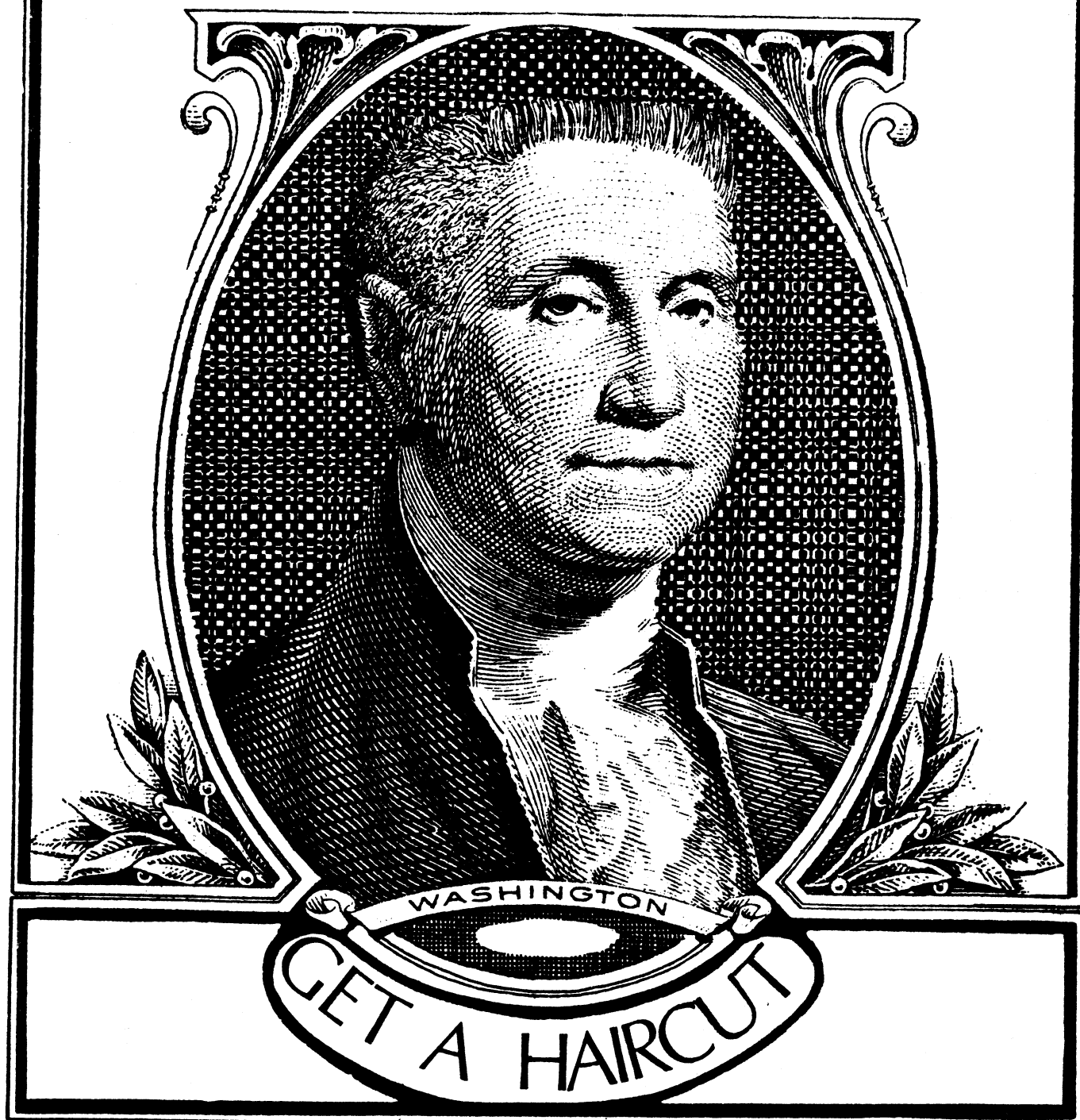
7. CANCELLATION OF THE INTRAMURAL PROGRAM. The intramural program has been cancelled.

8. SCHEDULE OF EVENTS. On page 9 of Schedule of Events, Wednesday 8 December, 1971, time 1930, after Forrestal Lecture, add (Abbie Hoffman).

9. SKY DIVING. Any midshipman interested in making a jump this weekend contact Midshipman Geronimo, Room 2907. No experience is necessary.

E. Z. Ryder  
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NOVEMBER 19, 1971

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## letters

*Dear Editor:*

The term "striper" has recently been given a pejorative connotation around Bancroft Hall. It seems that those to whom the word applies view it with a certain distaste and repulsion. "Striper" carries with it the notion of superiority and authority. The men of gold do not want to be looked upon this way; they would rather still be just "one of the guys."

Unfortunately, most stripers will never again be just "one of the guys." They just have too much not going for them. The stripers are picked by the officers at the Academy (shadow command?), and although peer grease supposedly has an input, most of us realize by this time that it is a popularity contest at best, and a complete farce at worst. The men who do not get stripes split into two factions: the ones who feel they should have had stripes, and those who really don't lose any sleep over the subject. The former are very jealous and indignant, while the latter become caustic or indifferent. Little support is enlisted from either group. A portion of the first group may present a suddenly "gungy" front, but who are they trying to fool (the Company Officer, they hope)? Because of the limited number of striper positions open for the next set, only a few succeed, while the remaining majority only become more deeply embittered or apathetic.

The next reason for the loneliness of the striper is that he is forced to become the symbol of authority, the "tax collector" of the establishment. He will have shown in his three years that he believes in the system, and that he is the desired end-product. As a striper, it is his responsibility to show the brigade the true and narrow path of real leadership. Any variation from the norm on his part is deemed a rejection of the system and is heavily frowned upon, in most cases, successfully frowned upon. As a result, the striper becomes the representative of the administration to the brigade rather

**THE LOG**




than vice versa. He must consequently be on the defensive and must commit to memory the rhetoric of rationalization of the status quo, his guiding light. The most glaring example of this phenomenon is heard on Tuesdays at 1915 on WRNV in the form of "The Joe Glover Show," or perhaps more appropriately, "Joe For The Defense."

Well, Mr. Striper, Sir, do you rate being "one of the guys"? If you fit into the above described category, I would say no. If you want to be one of the guys, then act like one. Represent *us* to the administration and be our legitimate spokesman. I am sure that there are a lot of things around here that you would like to see changed. Can you do this by acquiescence? I think not. You are in a position to have a good deal of influence towards constructive change, so why not do it? If the boat needs rocking, then rock it. So what if you make somebody seasick. Maybe they shouldn't have the conn. When graduation comes around we're all O-I's and equals again. It's like money and death. You can't take your stripes with you, so get the best use of them now, and make them work for you, and me. We wouldn't want it any other way, would we?

Tim Gill

*The LOG welcomes responses to all letters to the Editor.*



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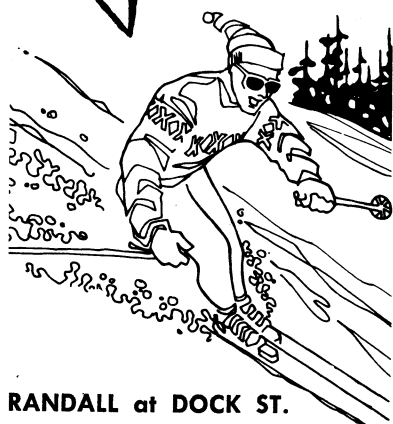
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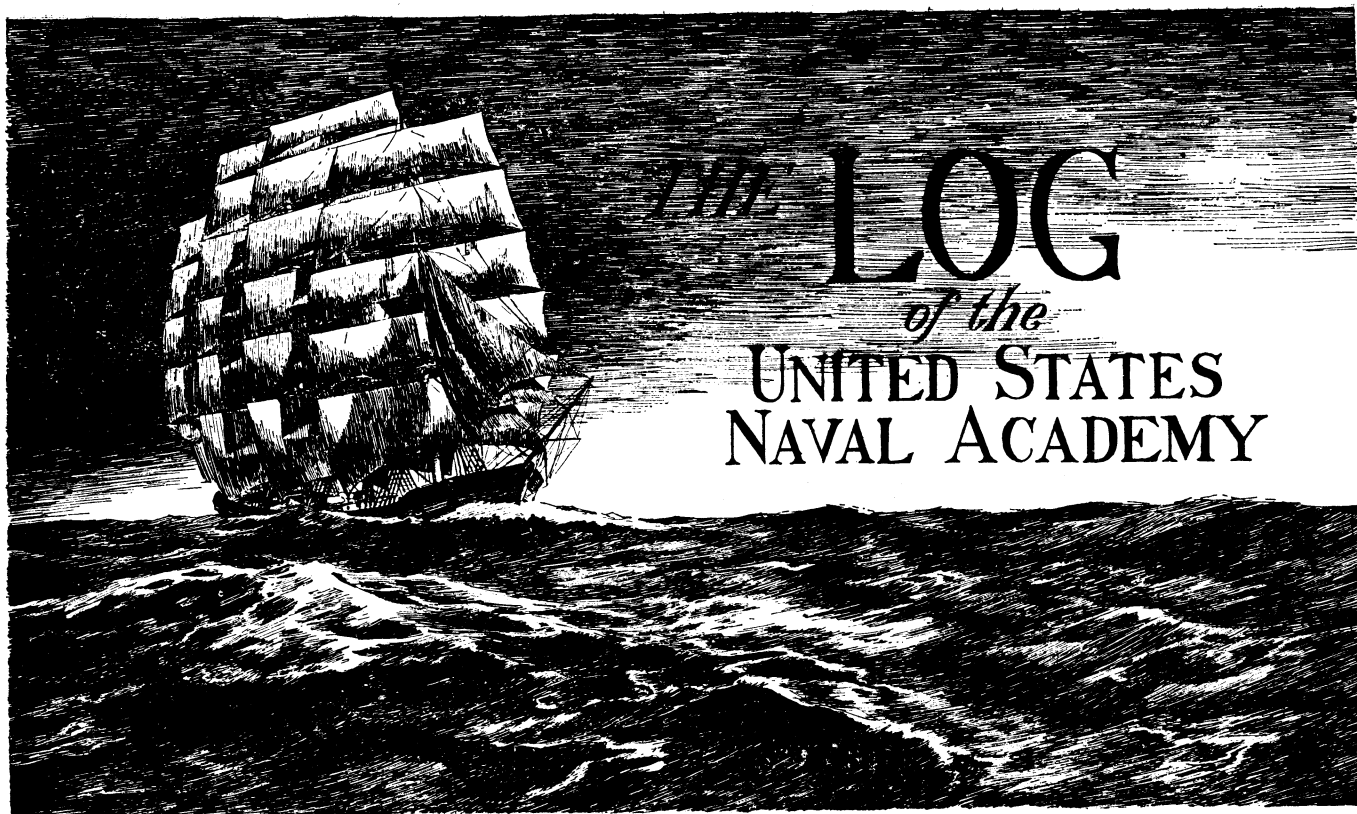


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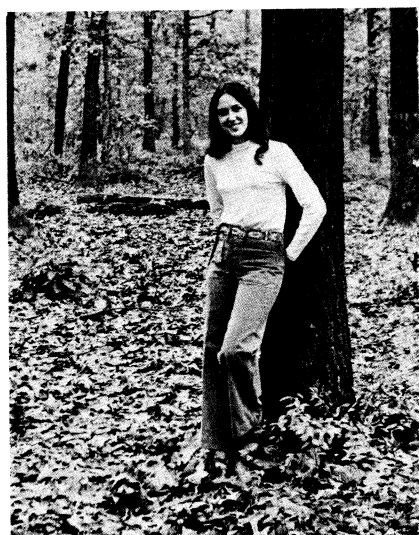
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*Our sylvan cover girl this month is Miss Barbara Miller. Having her Master's Degree from University of Pittsburgh she probably looks familiar to you library types. She's easy to spot in Isherwood's Periodical Room. Look around for her.*

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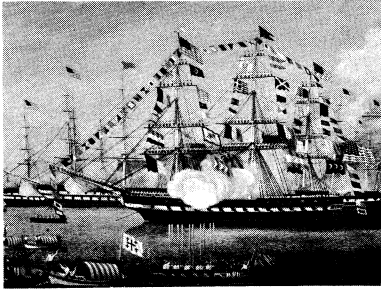
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8. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities: NONE
9. For optional completion by publishers mailing at the regular rates (Section 132.121, Postal Service Manual). Does not pertain to *The LOG*.
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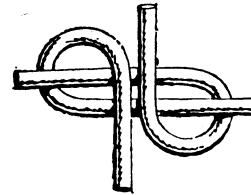
### 11. Extent and nature of circulation.

A. Total no. copies printed	6,400*	7,475**
net press run		
B. Paid circulation		
1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	4,200*	4,800**
2. Mail subscriptions	2,100*	2,100**
C. Total paid circulation	6,300*	6,900**
D. Free distribution by mail, carrier or other means		
1. Samples, complimentary, and other free copies	100*	100**
2. Copies distributed to news agents, but not sold	0	0
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F. Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing	0	175**
G. Total (sum of E and F—should equal net press run in A)	6,400*	7,475**

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## THE LOG ADVISOR

I have recently heard of a new and revolutionary process that the Army has come up with. Strangely enough it uses a fairly old process. It is a way to turn old video tape reruns of *Combat* into Wayne Newton records. I am a retired Navy Chief and I was wondering if the Navy has achieved any similar technical breakthroughs?

—S.T.A., Largo, Fl.

*Yes, and as a matter of fact the Navy surged far into the lead a long time ago. They have perfected a complicated titration process that turns the Army's Wayne Newton records into a gourmet's delight, chipped beef. It is usually served on toast.*

I am a mother and recently my son was accepted at an excellent eastern college. One hundred percent of the qualified graduates receive jobs! But he turned it down. I can't understand why any boy wouldn't want to go there. The campus was so beautiful! And all of the sports equipment. Everything a boy could want. Is there something wrong with my son?

—L.I.D., Erving, Ky.

*Whether your son is foolish or not, we can not say. However, we suggest you don't push him. After all, everyone learns by mistakes.*

I am a college sophomore from a small eastern school. Due to the nature of this school I find myself traveling all over the world. My problem is that during the course of my travels, for the past six months, I have asked three girls, from three different areas of the country, if they would like to come to biggest football game of the season. With this event only a short time ahead, I am in a jam. What should I do?

—J.A.M., Crabtown, Md.

*Our sources indicate this is an easy situation for you to solve. Inform one you've been fried and can't come to the game, tell another you are flunking out and your company officer won't let you take a weekend, and convince the third that you lost the draw and have watch that weekend. Then, with all of that completed, ask your townie.*

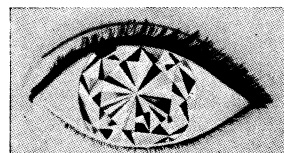
I have recently taken over a position of high authority at a small eastern college. I am happy with everything except the dining hall. This dining hall is supposed to be at least semi-elegant. However, it has plastic tablecloths. What kind of impression does this present to our visitors? I feel we must have cloth tablecloths. Do you agree?

—M.D.M., Place, Oh.

*Yes, we do. Cloth tablecloths are a little more expensive but they are well worth the price. They are the epitome of elegance compared to plastic tablecloths. They are also beneficial to the flies, who can feed on the food stains in between meals.*

(Continued on page 8)

NO MATTER HOW  
CLOSELY YOU LOOK . . .



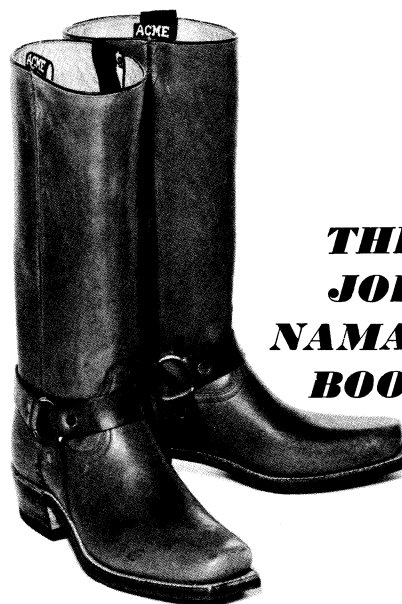
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### THE LOG ADVISOR *Continued*

I am an engineering major at an exclusive eastern college noted for its engineers. Recently in one of my more difficult courses our instructor was trying to clear up the tremendous bewilderment that was overwhelming the class. He told us that if we have trouble finding a formula from physics to help with our assignments, all we had to do was expand a binomial series. I find this very difficult. Can you offer any suggestions that might help me?  
—F.M.A., Dynamics, N.D.

*Since this is not exactly a technical article we can only suggest that you study. All great men, Sartre, Einstein, Aristotle, Calvert, etc., have had to study at one time or another. However, if this is not to your liking, and somehow, you just can't study the necessary thirty hours a week, we have another suggestion that might be the wisest in any case. Change your major to management.*

I am a freshman at a highly respected eastern college. However, now that I am here I find that I really don't get along with the Juniors and Seniors. I also have not met one single female since I've been here. I find myself continually tired out and run down. Can you calm my disenchantment?  
—P.L.B., Shaft, Ga.

*Yes, when you are depressed just remember the parable by the famous philosopher, Dilbert Horatio Farb: Two penguins were sitting in a bathtub. One asked the other, "Please pass the soap." The other looked him squarely in the eye and said, "What do you think I am, a radio?" Now, doesn't that make you feel better?*

For the past six months my friends and I have been having a dispute over the vintage dates of fine Chervis Rothschild wines. I say that the 1927 through 1935 vintages are the best while my friends claim the early 40's are the best. Can you settle our dispute?  
—O.O.D., Shack, Md.

*No, this question is unreasonable.*

Send your queries to the Log Advisor, Rm. 5001, Bancroft Hall. All reasonable questions will be answered.

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## SOUND-OFF

# '73

An attitude is not easily defined. It is something that is intangible and abstract, but still an integral part of the whole impression. It is defined, by Webster, as being "a position, disposition, or manner with regard to a person or thing." This is not a very useful definition, but it does provide us with a convenient means of defining the undefinable.

When we adopt a position, and then assume a disposition towards this position, we have acquired, by the definition, an attitude. These attitudes, when taken as a whole, form a state of mind or perspective.

The particular attitudes may either be functional or dysfunctional, and my concern is with the dysfunctional attitudes of the Class of 1973 that are helping to form their state of mind towards the class organization.

A dysfunctional attitude is one that does not add anything of value to the whole and, in the negative sense, does much to detract from this whole. The major dysfunctional attitude is apathy, apathy towards the class organization, the brigade, and towards the Navy. As President of the Class of 1973 I have a responsibility to concern myself with such a dysfunctional attitude, because it directly affects the morale and spirit of the Class of 1973, for which I am responsible. The many impressions I have acquired on the class, and class organizations since last Spring, need to be made available to the class.

When I was elected class president, in an atmosphere of apathy, I promised to represent the Class of 1973 with responsible and realistic leadership, and to improve the communication within the class. I established suggestion boxes in each company area, and have not received a suggestion in over a month. I have been counseled by many members of the class that if I called a class meeting, no one would show up. A spirit committee was formed to promote spirit and morale throughout the class and brigade, but has not received any support from the class. Several projects have been started within the class—an adoption program for American Indian orphans, and a reform school project with the Annapolis Youth Services Agency, and have been criticized for tokenism. We, the class officers, were aware of this before we started these projects, and we wish it could have been otherwise; but we needed a place to start, somewhere to begin building our organization. The purpose of these projects, as we saw it, was to promote class pride and class unity; and to provide a means by which an individual member of the class could display his talents and broaden his learning experience.

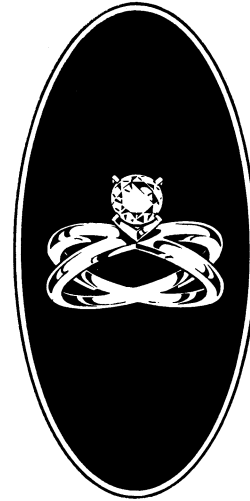
In a short time, I'll begin writing our formal Class Organization Charter that will remain part of our experience throughout the rest of our lives. This

NOVEMBER 19, 1971

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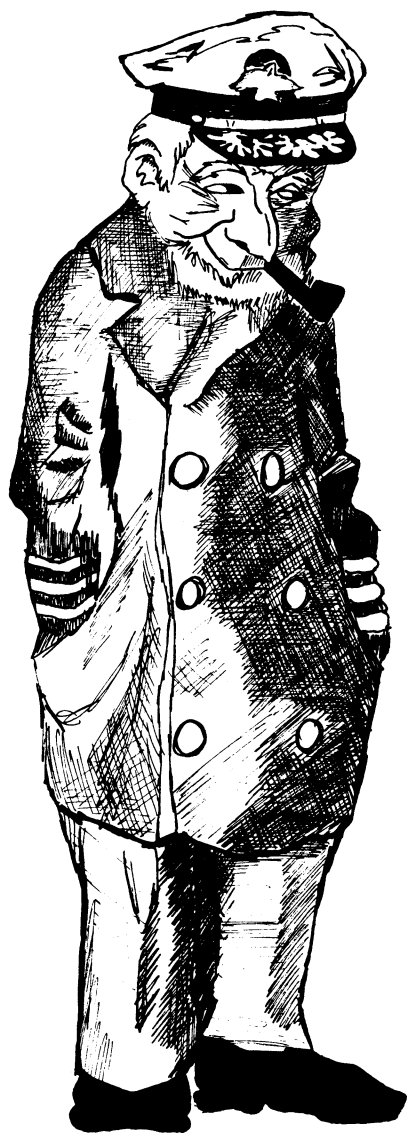
organization, The Association of the U. S. Naval Academy Class of 1973, will assure a greater degree of importance to all of us in the future. Right now, no one cares, but it is now, when we are contained in one location, that we must begin to build this organization. After graduation it is too late.

The reputation of our class is, overall, a good one, and the class organization has been important in helping to shape this overall impression. We have received well done for several of our efforts. Most notably, the new Navy goat, Bill XVIII, who was officially sponsored by the Class of 1973. But in other respects, the class is failing in its responsibility to the class organization and is allowing 5% to carry the load for 1973, while 20% sit back and do little except

*(Continued on page 14)*

# SALTY

# SAM



Marcus Aurelius wrote in his *Meditations* "A limit of time is fixed for thee, which if thou dost not use for cleaning away the clouds from thy mind, it will go and thou wilt go and it will never return." Each of us is given a short time to learn and live. We have chosen this place and as such have to live with it. As I sit here with midterms crawling on my back, I can't help but think that Salty Sam is one good place to learn about this little bit of humanity. On these modern papyrus sheets I record our human frailties, pettiness and occasional ironic reactions to life here inside Mother B's Crucible. Criticised, edited, and sometimes censored as I am, I still hope to give to "you'se guys" something to laugh about. Enough said.

Bancroft has long harbored a menagerie of pets. We have bred racing turtles, boa constrictors, hamsters, sky-diving gerbils, dogs, cats, rats, goldfish but never before have I heard tell of a pet Werewolf. I saw the apparition with my own eyeballs, a real live, All American, Type 5, Mod 3-4 Werewolf. I understand a lot of lucky people Halloween night had the pleasure of making his acquaintance too. The Main (O) switchboard was swamped with Plebes calling in unauthorized Werewolves, passed out secondclassmen, hysterical Batt SubCdrs and shock victims lying in T-Court. I can see it now . . . the MOOW, OOW and five mates running thru the bushes, tripping over library books and swooning youngsters, yelling, screaming, waving swords at a poor, frightened, six-foot-two, two-hundred-and-fifteen-pound Werewolf. Unbelievable cruelty! Then again I guess the OOW couldn't stand to have anything supplant him as THE terror of the Hall.

Speaking of terror . . . Have you ever tried to get an MG'B over those mountains in the road laughingly referred to as Speed Bumps? It can't be done without taking half the car. Not only the little sport jobs have trouble, but GTO's, 'Vettes and all the rest of the beau-

tiful no-no's firsties tend to buy. He must have been an Engineer of great prowess that designed them. I certainly hope he got a medal or something neat like that for his noble efforts toward Depreciation and the Navy Way.

All I have had in my box is a *postcard* from some girl who was writing to her "Mommy" in Canada. I mean it is not enough that my box was left devoid of Cheap Shots, but a mail box?! That's a very low blow. So what am I to do? Well at least one guy has fed me a lot of gouge. This story goes back to last year. Now all of you should have heard of the U. of Md.'s "Naked Runners"; well it appears that a certain SubCdr. is trying to be the new "Naked Sensation." He was going away to France for the month of May (see it can pay to be a striper), and all his good buddies decided to send him off with a party. After they decorated his body with black, water resistant magic marker, they decided to renew an old tradition and dunk him in the Severn. It was too cold, soooo they took him out, stripped him down and left him in his birthday suit on the road by the K.A.'s. You must understand that this was around Midnight, Friday. So like a bolt of lightning our hero was off and running. Past one couple, past two couples, past one carload, past two carloads of girls . . . now he's in the fifth wing lot banging on the glass doors, and yes folks who should be coming down the stairs but the OOW. A quick tactical retreat, back past the still stunned spectators and laughing classmates and up the outside stairs into sanctuary. I hear it was a magnificent run, unforgettable in the annals of "Naked-Runners." I now fully understand the need for the Mile Run.

While I am on the subject of stripers I have one on THE striper of them all. Our indestructible Midshipman "honcho" was eating with the OOW as usual when he was asked about his plans come June. Of course the obvious answer was "The Marine Corps, Sir!" Then



when he was questioned further on his getting married, too, our leader had only one thing to say, . . . well maybe two . . . "No, Sir. I'll get married a year after I graduate. I can't see making *two* mistakes in one day." I can't say that I disagree. Of course I can't see why you have to make either one of those mistakes, but then again I ain't a six stripper.

It has been a long time since USNA had a porkchopper who is a serious contender for Rookie of the Year. We have got a beaut down in the fifth wing. This man is living in the past. He was on his way to his throne in the Mess Hall when he espied a Company Cdr. doing a No-No. This three stripper (being the leader of the Pack) was sinning by eating a potato chip *before*, gracious me, *before* Seats. The fearless porkchopper immediately chastized him verbally and then left. A hapless platoon Cdr. decided to bring the point home to his leader and slapped the back of the three stripper's hand with the appropriate remarks. But our crafty p-chopper was not to be fooled, he came back and fried the platoon Cdr. He couldn't get him for his shoes, or brushoff, or belt but the AOOW did decide that even though his hair looked reg, that it was unreg cut and with that fried him. Huzza logic and dignity and broadminded leadership triumphed! I hear this man had a mate who fitted the AOOW's own personality. The mate saluted everybody that saluted the OD. . . . MAA's, mates, youngsters in B-robos, you know the usual salutable types.

Plebe Summer was a trying experience for everyone concerned. A couple of gems were related to me. Da Jocks finally got to show what they knew. Drill, of course, was one of their strong points. A guy in Fifth Batt. had been working his men all morning on "Faggot Field" and much to the surprise of his classmates without marching his charges into the Severn. It was a practice for the platoon competition, a dress rehearsal. Everything

went fine until the last movement . . . a to-the-rear-march. Yep, you guessed it, as his platoon came by the Grunt Drill officer, under way on foot power, our Jock give a loud "Platoon About Face . . . Harch." Right on, brother. The best move by a Jock came on Stribling Walk where before the eyes of the nation a crew-type managed to walk backwards into and fall over a bench. The fans loved it, as did his platoon.

I have been told that strange doin's have been happening on 5-0 (I mean besides 4 A.M. visits by three strippers and above thru your window). There is a select group of dedicated men testing the Mod 73 Coke-can Bazooka. These trusty types have perfected the Mod 73 for moving targets, as well as glass doors. Yet the most ominous news is of a "super, Saturn Coffee Can Combustion Bazooka with a total of five coke can muzzle." It is rumored, but not confirmed, that the initial shot of this super weapon went from a window on 5-0 *over the eight wing!* Amazing! I hear that they are even testing their new models in Physics Lab. These men already got it sacked for their Missile Design Project in Weapons.

I don't think I need to go into the plight of the World Champion Restricting Team Greyhounds, their bad luck story is told, but they by no means have a monopoly on snake bite. A firsty in Second Batt. had just finished paying his three weekend debt to Humanity, when he bolted for the good times at his friendly local company cottage. He made it all the way out to Ritchie Hiway on his thumb, where who should be the next good Samaritan to pick him up but his very own smiling, pencil-pushing company officer (with another of that sinister brood along for the ride). I understand they laughed about it all the way home, as did the firsty all the way to restriction muster.

Well, that about wraps it up. We've got Army looking at us and that blessed time of Christmas, too. The wind is cold and blowing out-

side my window and the rack is calling me, too. So I'll leave all you Seafarers with this clue. . . . I violently dislike Maryland Weather. If you think you know who I am (or rather if you care), leave your written guess with Steve Clawson, or in my "Mail" Box. That is the only way you'll get an answer from me.

If any one of you have ever tried to get a special request chit through a good conservative, book-type company officer, here is a quote for you. From *Waiting For Godot*:

*Estragon*: What exactly did we ask him for?

*Vladimir*: Oh nothing very definite.

*E.*: A kind of prayer.

*V.*: Precisely.

*E.*: A vague supplication.

*V.*: Exactly.

*E.*: And what did he reply?

*V.*: That he'd see.

*E.*: That he couldn't promise anything.

*V.*: That he'd have to think it over.

*E.*: In the quiet of his home.

*V.*: Consult his family.

*E.*: His friends.

*V.*: His agents.

*E.*: His books.

*V.*: His correspondents.

*E.*: His bank account.

*V.*: Before making a decision.

*E.*: It's the normal thing.

*V.*: Is it not?

*E.*: I think it is.

*V.*: I think so too.

Take care of yourselves and  
BEAT ARMY!!!

SALTY '72

*The  
Finery  
Boutique*  
37 Maryland Avenue

# Winning the party too —the brigade informal

At the moment I am on a two-hour lunch break from PMS School in San Diego. I have a roast beef sandwich on my left and a tall glass of ice cold beer on my right. If any of you have been to Admiral Kidd's O. Club on a Thursday afternoon watching the sailboats cruise by with full sail set against the blue sky you would know what I mean.

What does all this have to do with the Brigade Informal? I don't know. Perhaps my having such a great time here, thinking of Homecoming this weekend and remembering some of the better teams at the old Alma Mater made me reminisce. I can recall just about a year ago when Mrs. M. spotted me for the fourth consecutive year at the Brigade Informal having my usual jolly time getting slightly inebriated.

Her first words, "Bruce, it's so good to see you—haven't you been here for the past 3 years?"

Steadying my floating head I managed, "Sure have, and I love it each time more. Wow, what a h - - - of a party."

No need to relate the rest of the conversation since here I am (my head floating), writing the article about eight months late. Personally, I didn't think that the

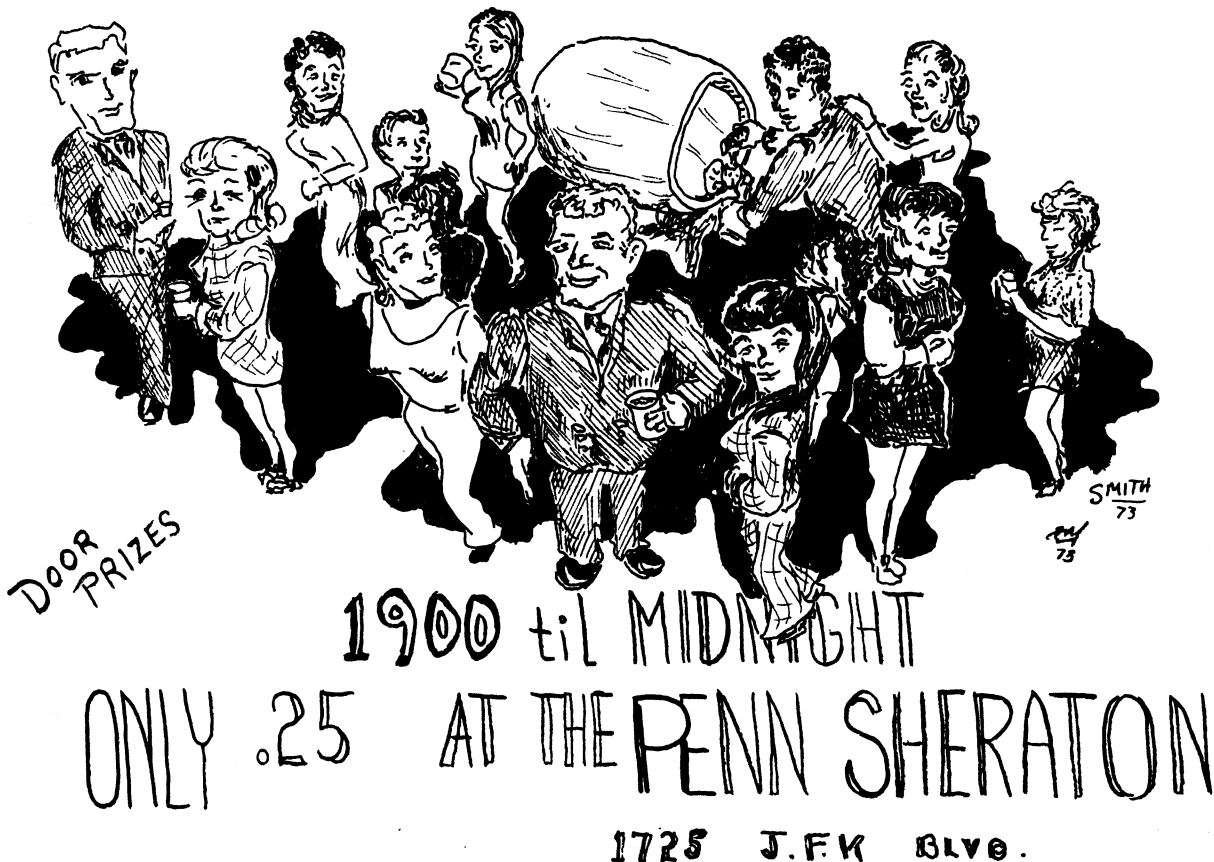
big post-game bash needed any publicity since it was as packed, noisy and active as ever. The food was good, the music was great, the girls were lovely and the booze was outstanding.

Some of the other little amenities which sold me on the party were the ready accessibility of the return buses which becomes of prime concern around midnight. The entrance fee is also within the budget at 25¢ and puts you in the running for a sword and a sweater. Furthermore, the food, music and perhaps a young princess also come in the deal.

Any way you look at it you can't lose. Next to the ring dance with its flourishes, drink for drink you can't come close to the Army-Navy informal—take it from a pro.

My lunch break is over—besides I've had too many beers—must go back to school. First and foremost win that game, then go win the Party.

by bruce nichols, ens.  
(usna class '71)



# for the mid who ain't got no culture . . .

The English Department is sponsoring a program which will allow the Brigade to attend a variety of cultural activities in the D.C.-Baltimore area. In the past year, this area has become one of the most active in the United States, with the opening of the Kennedy Center, the expansion of the Arena Stage in D.C., and the increased activities of a number of professional companies in both cities. The range of offerings includes drama, musicals, concerts, symphonies, and ballets, all of the finest caliber.

With the enthusiastic endorsement of the Dean and the Commandant, the program is already underway. In one week in late October, some 200 midshipmen attended performances of Leonard Bernstein's musical version of *Candide* and Ibsen's *Doll's House* at the Kennedy Center. Over the weekend of November 20-21, groups will take in performances at the Arena Stage and the Washington Theatre Club. The next event scheduled will be a Saturday, December 4, matinee performance of a great American play, *The Country Girl*, by Clifford Odets, starring Jason Robards, Jr., at the Kennedy Center.

Throughout the year, the program will schedule two trips a month to plays, concerts, ballets, etc. Tickets are usually available at half price. It is expected that, beginning with the December 4 trip, one ticket per performance can be charged to the mid. store account. Upperclass may drag to most events, with drag tickets paid for by check.

Arrangements for the trips are made by Associate Professor Michael Jasperson of the English Department. Any questions about the program or suggestions for future trips should be directed to him, Room 224 Sampson.

## Eisenhower

*The Country Girl* (Nov. 8-Dec. 11). The casting for this Clifford Odets drama is incomplete but Jason Robards and Maureen Stapleton are possibilities.

## Kennedy Center Opera House

*Doing It for Sugar* (Jan. 11-Feb. 6). David Merrick has director Gower Champion, composer Jule Styne and Bob Merrill lined up for this musical version of *Some Like It Hot*, possibly to star Robert Morse.

## National

*Fun City* (Nov. 22-Dec. 18). Joan Rivers stars in a comedy she wrote with her husband, Edgar Rosenberg, and Lester Colodny. Alex H. Cohen musters tryout.

*The Box Step* (Jan. 10-Feb. 5). Murray Schisgal, who wrote *Luv*, muses about women's lib and men's as well. A co-producer is Allan Jack Lewis, former D.C. adman.

## Arena Stage

*Moonchildren* (previews Oct. 28, opens Nov. 3-Dec. 5). American premiere of Michael Weller's story about a crowd of college kids; Alan Schneider directs.

## Kreeger Theater

*Pantagleize* (previews Oct. 22, opens Oct. 27-Dec. 5). Michel de Ghelderode's 1927 satire about an innocent whose casual remark sets off revolution.

*The Dream Machine* (previews Jan. 7, opens Jan. 12-Feb. 20). Jim Steinman has written book, lyrics and score to this new "rock-theater piece," spun from "wild fantasies" and an electronic synthesizer.

## Ford's

*Bob and Ray, The Two and Only* (Nov. 30-Dec. 19). The satirists of radio and TV reminding us of frivolities we thought we'd all forgotten.

*Echoes of the Left Bank* (Jan. 4-23). Rod McKuen has put together a dominantly French cast for the songs of Brel, Becaude, Aznavour and LeGrand.

## Washington Theater Club

*All Over* (previews Oct. 28, opens Nov. 3-Nov. 28). Edward Albee's Broadway failure of last season rightly given a second chance by director Davey Marlin-Jones. It's about the few hours before a man's death.

## Hartke

*Pygmalion* (Nov. 26-Dec. 12). Robert Milli will head the Equity cast in the Shavian comedy.

*Juno and the Paycock* (Jan. 7-Jan. 23). Second all-professional production of the season for Sean O'Casey's Irish comedy.

## Folger Library

*The Revenger's Tragedy* (Dec. 14-Jan. 9). Dubiously attributed to Cyril Tournear (1575-1626), a minion of England's Cecils, this was revealed on its Stratford, England, revival five years ago as "a Renaissance black comedy."

## Mechanic Theater, Baltimore

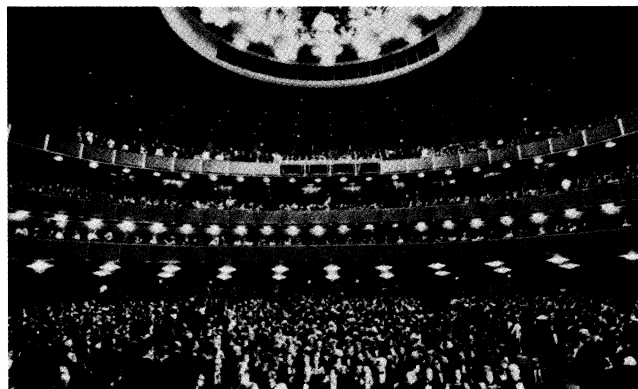
*The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds* (Nov. 29-Dec. 11). Paul Zindel's Pulitzer Prize-winner about a mother and two daughters.

*Scarlett* (Jan. 10-22). Still unsigned but holding the dates is the musical version of *Gone With the Wind*, which premiered in Tokyo with music by Harold Rome and adaptation by, apparently, director Joe Layton.

## Center Stage, Baltimore

*The Seagull* (Nov. 28-Dec. 19). Robert Lewis, who staged Wolf Trap's Musical Theater Cavalcade, turns to Chekhov's story of the reluctant actress.

*The Beaux' Stratagem* (Jan. 2-30). George Farquhar's Restoration comedy which, incidentally, presents theater literature's first divorce case.



*A vista of the Kennedy Center Opera House before the curtain rise.*

### SOUND-OFF '73 (Continued from page 9)

criticize, and the other 75% just sit back and do nothing. It would be easy to let this continue. We could let the Class of 1973 receive the benefits of a few individuals, but we won't.

Last Spring, the critics of our class, self appointed cynics, made a mockery of our class organization, and helped to make the transition period for the new class officers even more difficult than it already was. In addition, the outgoing class officers allowed themselves to be trod upon, even though they knew the truth of the situation. The present class leadership isn't going to do this. We are going to take it to the class. We want to know where all the critics are from last Spring. The Class of 1973 is very quiet, and very apathetic right now, and this present attitude can only be described as a "cop-out" on the part of our class.

In the military environment in which we function, the class organization does not assume the importance it might otherwise assume at a Berkeley or Penn State. At Navy, we must function within the system, and must necessarily assume a secondary role to the military structure. This doesn't make it easy for us. It forces us to function in the shady grey area and change is difficult. However, it is a realistic situation and challenging. It is wrong to adopt the attitude

that nothing will ever be changed, and, therefore, we should stop trying. If for no other reason, we owe it to ourselves, and our self-pride to continue to make the effort to extract change from the system. The class organization will continue to do this, regardless of the 95% who are apathetic. The role of the class president and class organization will take on more significance before the end of this year.

The matter of attitude and apathy is very significant in a military system. Apathy, in any form, is unprofessional and a totally useless quality. After much thought on this subject, I am extending a personal challenge to each member of the Class of 1973 to live up to his responsibility and take an active role in class functions. The change must take place in the mind of the individual and can be reflected in the priorities we establish for ourselves. I do suggest that each member of the class strive to adopt a state of mind that is functional to the Class organization. To do anything else is to "cheap shot" the people in the class who are trying to build our class organization, spirit, and unity. Every member of the Class of 1973 should take this opportunity to reevaluate our situation—where we stand now, and where we are headed as a class. Any comments, criticisms, or suggestions should be directed to Kevin McCleskey, President U.S.N.A. Class of 1973, Rm. 4134—Ext. 2472.

## '73 SOUNDS-OFF

by gary klein

Unfortunately, I have developed two bad habits since plebe year—thinking and reading. As a plebe, the very little free time is spent dreaming about leave. Don't get me wrong, I still think about leave and if I had a girl I would probably think of her constantly, but in addition, I have begun to think about myself, a career, and everything else that I should have seriously considered before becoming a plebe.

With little exception all upperclass refer to youngster year as their worst year at the Academy. Their comment: "All you do is eat, sleep, and study." Maybe they should add to the list that a lot of their free time is spent thinking and they are unsatisfied with the conclusions they develop. By the time first and second class year roll around, possibly with the increased responsibilities, cars, and numerous other aspects one tends to forget his past anxieties. One functions yet one forgets.

My opinions are still too easily changed every time I hear an impressive speaker. I listen to people when they tell me what, why, and how to do things. Why should I question people whom I greatly respect? These individuals are older, and have done a lot more than I. But as Thoreau once asked, "Who is old enough to have learned from experience?"

I have heard the Academy referred to as the only place where they take away your rights and give them back to you as privileges. Well, I have always treasured my rights and if there was any effective purpose for putting this yoke around my neck for four years I would have no objections. But right now I feel as

though I don't have any identity or any independence. As another mid put it, "I feel like a roamer in the messhall of life."

As usual, I got out of my rack at 0615 this morning so I would not get fried for sleeping in. Of course, discipline and accountability are important, but does it not take just as much discipline to have to make the decision about whether or not it is necessary to wake up at 0615 to get one's work done? Almost everyone who has been accepted to the Naval Academy knows that discipline and accountability are mandatory if one is to succeed.

I am only twenty and maybe I fail to grasp the objectives of a lot of the practices around here. But if it is true that NROTC officers are becoming just as competent and respected officers as their Academy counterparts then maybe "things" around here should be reevaluated.

I wrote a poem at the beginning of plebe year. It went like this:

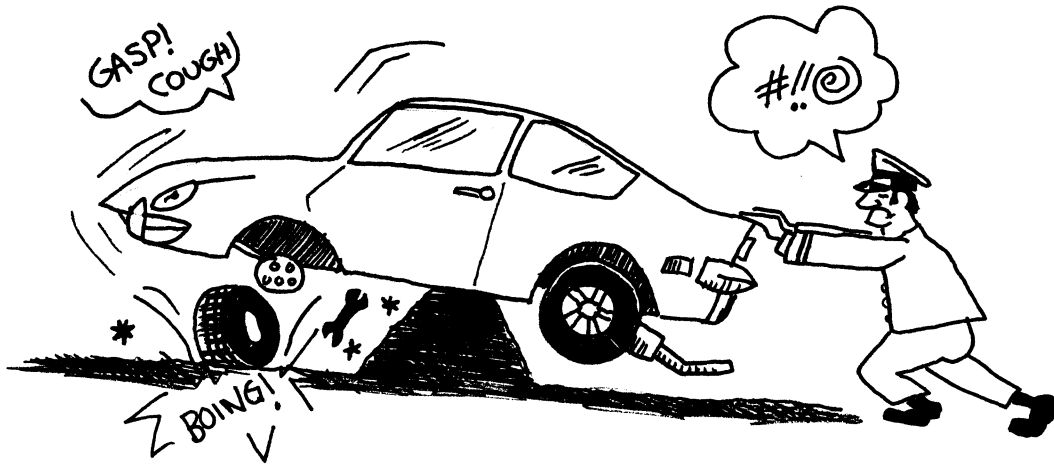
*To end a life but yet not die,  
To begin a new life yet not be born.  
I had a loose-fitting uniform for a costume  
And a timorous look for my mask  
There was a dixie cup to cover my naked head  
And a name tag to remind myself who I was  
My disguise was complete  
And my new life began.*

Now after twenty-eight months, I feel as though my new life has begun, but I still am unborn.

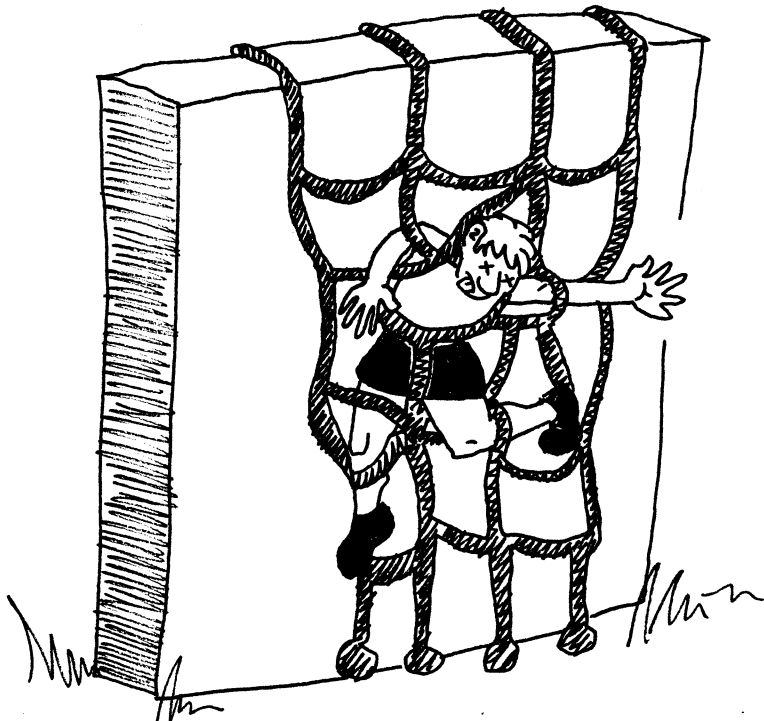




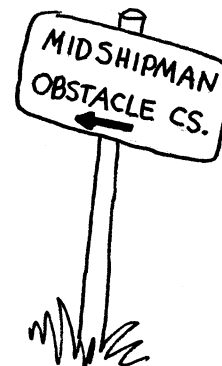
# AT YOUR OWN RISK!



4. SPEED CONTROL BUMPS. This is to advise you that speed control bumps are being installed throughout the Naval Academy and are to be transited at operator's risk.  
(Brigade Bulletin No. 33, 26 Oct. 71)



THIS OBSTACLE COURSE IS DESIGNED FOR MIDSHIPMAN USE ONLY. ALL OTHERS DO SO AT THEIR OWN RISK.



## this property is condemned

Brown-eyed Susan  
Bobbin' in the crowd  
Flashing smiles  
And colors in your hair.

My Guinevere  
That day in battle  
Your smile  
My token  
For two short hours.

With blazing eye  
And sweeping arm  
The last man  
I pledged to you  
Like a petty Roland  
I played at gallantry too.

Brown-eyed Susan  
Smiling in the crowd.  
I beat your lover  
And saw you laugh.

L.F.M.



## POETS CORNER

### our love . . .

It all began with the sound of a light snap.  
It was that first subtle sound that created  
life in our hearts,  
Driving us to new heights of experience as  
we probed the minds and bodies of each other,  
Filling us with a burning desire to satisfy  
our love.

That silent snap, it once had signaled the  
end of our day,  
But then you and I did not understand . . . nor  
trust each other,

Nor were we capable of sharing the feelings  
that we both held.

We were then divided by a wall constructed  
by our parents' thoughts.

Together we tunneled under that wall and  
found a whole world in motion.

We discovered a sun shining now in many  
places once darkened by misunderstanding.

In our new world, the boundary of our  
division grew smaller and smaller,

Until at last our hands were no longer held  
back . . . we were nearly one.

Our childish dreams of perfect love seemed  
to have become our reality.

Life was now wonderful and beautiful . . . and  
for the first time liveable.

You and I, we needed no one but each other,  
For we were climbing to the heavens with  
no anxiety of falling.

Then one day we reached our destination,  
but our climb had been too fast, too soon in our lives.

You and I were not accustomed to the pressure  
up so high.

The first time I let go of your hand, we  
stumbled and fell.

And although it was such a hard fall that  
left us in someone else's arms, I feel we will  
never lose the love we had once shared.

—jgn

## drums

The rumble, the roar  
Of drums  
Slowly becomes meaningless,  
It fades away.

You continue,  
Step by step,  
Pace after pace  
Until, you fall

And those behind  
Continue, as if  
You weren't there at all.

L.F.M.

## variations on the same theme

for Susan Maese

I am still  
waiting to find out  
whether life is one  
long Tennessee Williams play  
and  
all ends are full of ashes  
and tears  
or if Prince Valiant  
will win Aleta  
or whether  
we all end up  
running down  
Guinevere's  
garden path  
to summer . . .  
and find only death.

## the walls

The old, grey walls stand and look on,  
Though spattered by rain  
And covered by snow  
They continue their silent vigil

Their hollow presence goes unnoticed  
Used when needed  
If only for protection  
Their wisdom and power neglected.

The hollow forms of strength and beauty  
Though left to survive  
And remind for all time  
They will remain the dull sentinel they are.

J.R.L.



## hour glass

The moments we had  
fled past  
like an ever moving  
stream,  
floating by here  
and then  
. . . swiftly gone.

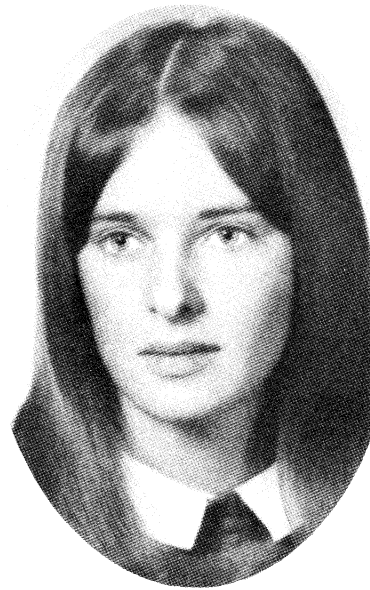
The ceaseless flowing  
of the sands of time  
must give no pause  
to think and to wonder  
on life  
and those who touch us  
I often think of you.

J.S.C.

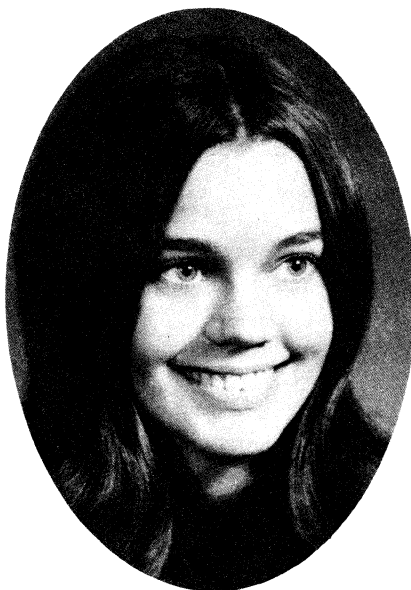


*Lovely Jeannie Mahoney, from Trevoze, Pa., is a sophomore at a college whose name we can't spell. Spell it for us Segundo!*

*And here's Susan Merson, from Odenton, Maryland. She's caught her Third Classman and goes to the University of Maryland.*



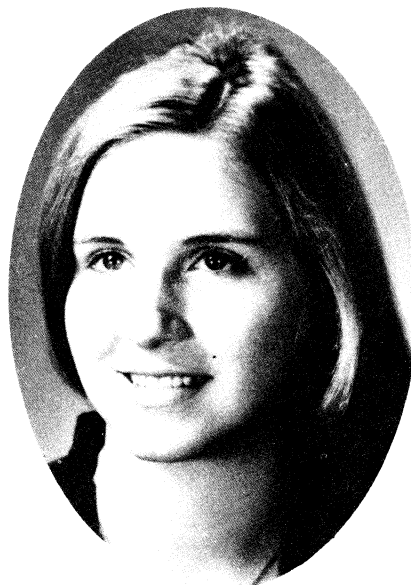
*Lovely Jennifer Joyce from Marshfield, Mass., made a choice of some lucky Third Classman.*



## 5<sup>TH</sup>

## COMPANY

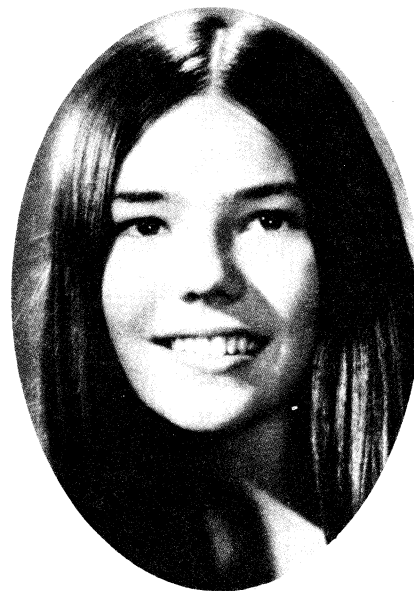
*A senior in high school, Margie Seelig is the lucky date of a Midn. 3/c. Ha, Ha. Who's he?*



*This makes 5 of 6 for the Class of '74 in the 5th Co. Eighteen-year-old Dodie Kane goes to Meredith College in Raleigh, North Carolina.*



*This lovely 17-year-old from Tulsa in the land of the "Sooners" has her lucky youngster. Right, D.S.?*

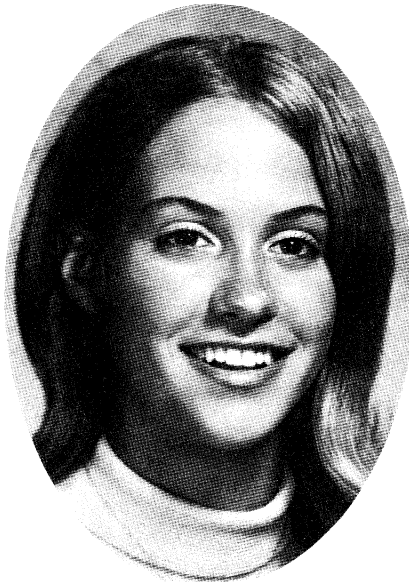






*Miss Karen Cattabiani, a freshman at West Virginia University, is always in the thoughts of a 6th Co. Second Classman.*

*18-year-old Wendy Rice of Massillon, Ohio, is anxiously awaiting the return of her one and only plebe, "Goober."*



*Bobbie Tussing is a freshman at Mary Washington and will help a certain 2/c celebrate victory over Army.*

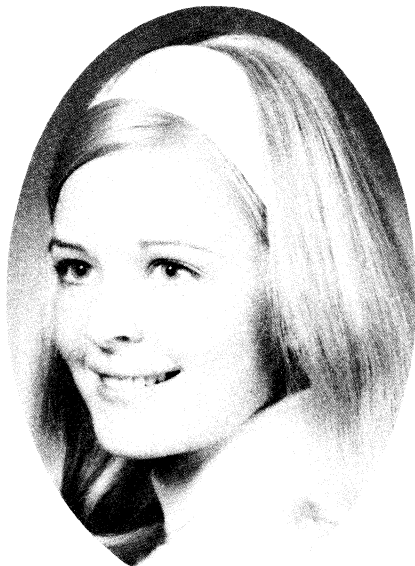
## CUTIES

## 6<sup>TH</sup>

*This little blonde has left a 4/c with too many happy memories to let him forget her before Thanksgiving.*



*This smiling lass has one anxious plebe counting the days till the Yuletide Season.*



*This winsome lass is a favorite of all the boys in Six.*





*Gail Roedersheimer hears June wedding bells with her 7th Co. Firstie.*



*Heidi Mueller, a junior at Towson State College, makes life bearable for her 2/c.*

*This Floridian is pinned to a lucky 7th Co. Firstie.*

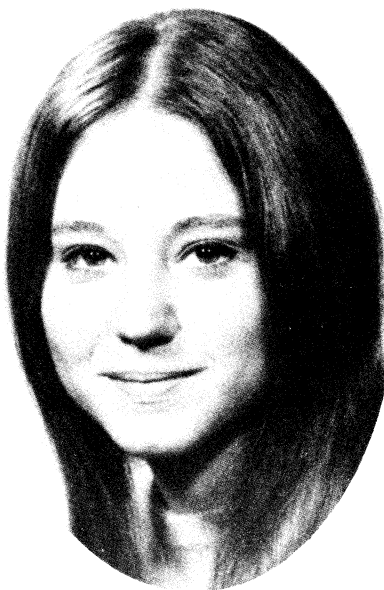


## COMPANY CUTIES

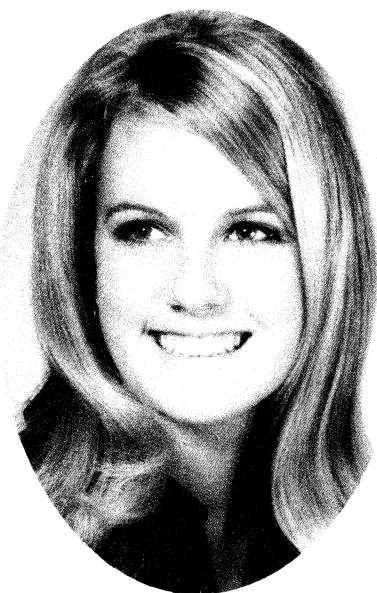
7TH

*Joan Donald, a junior at U.C.L.A., makes life pleasant for a certain 2/c.*

*A member of our fourth estate wishes he could see his drag more often.*



*A 20-year-old lovely Pat Stein, from nearby Arnold, is engaged to a lucky 2/c.*



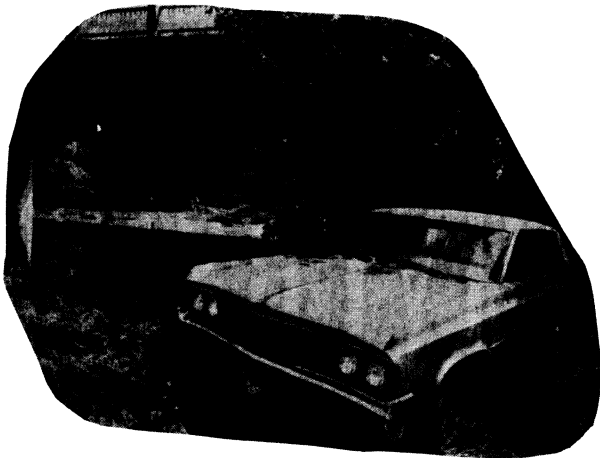
# Worth 1000 Words



Our latest intelligence reports show 723 first class cars between Richmond and Boston.



I'll be damned, there is an outside world!



Hey Fred, do you think any officers will ever spot it down here?



... Yes, I would say that the Washington to Annapolis run was one of the toughest on the circuit.

# SPORTS LOG



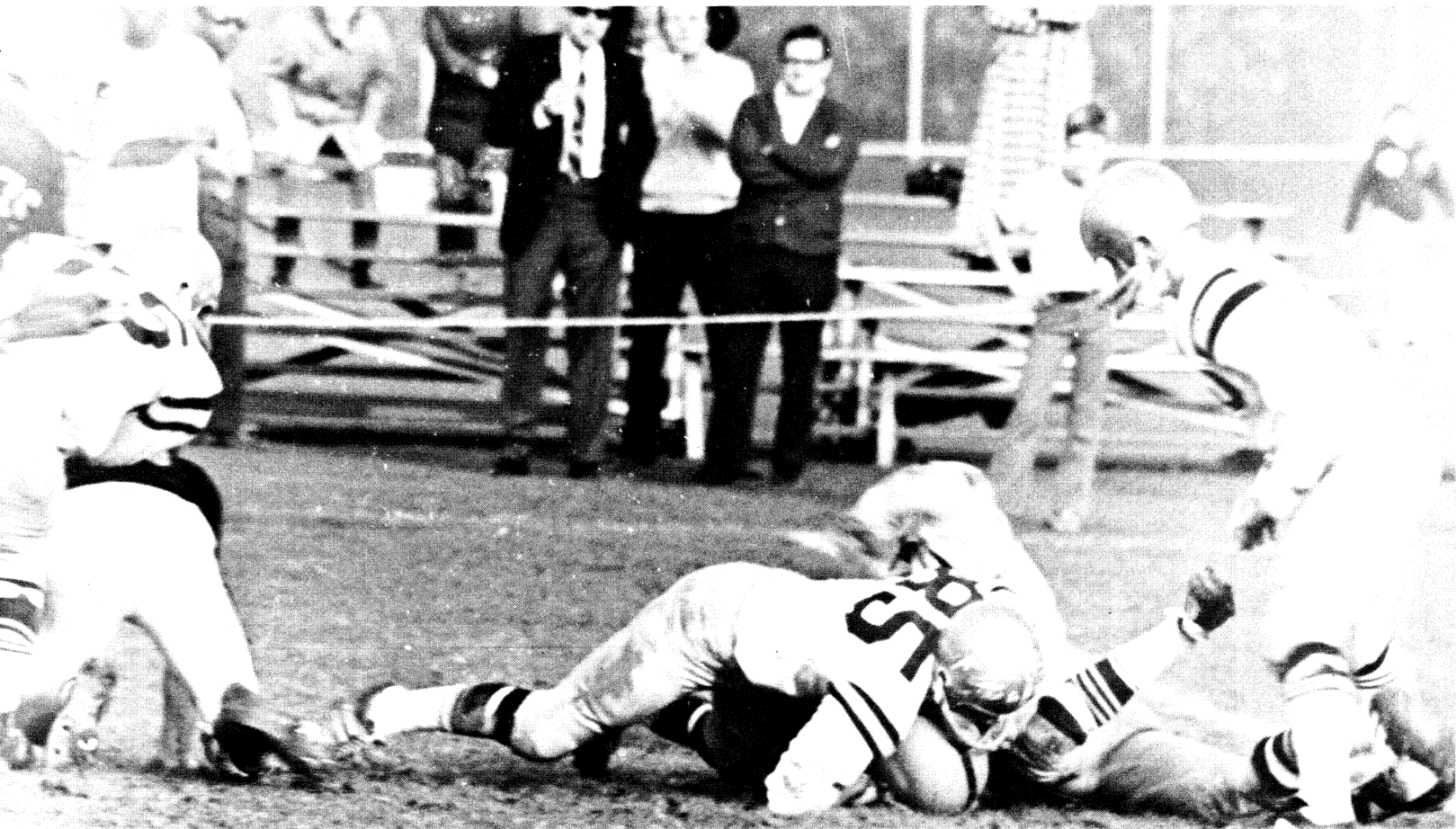
## NAVY 150's ARE NATIONAL CHAMPS!

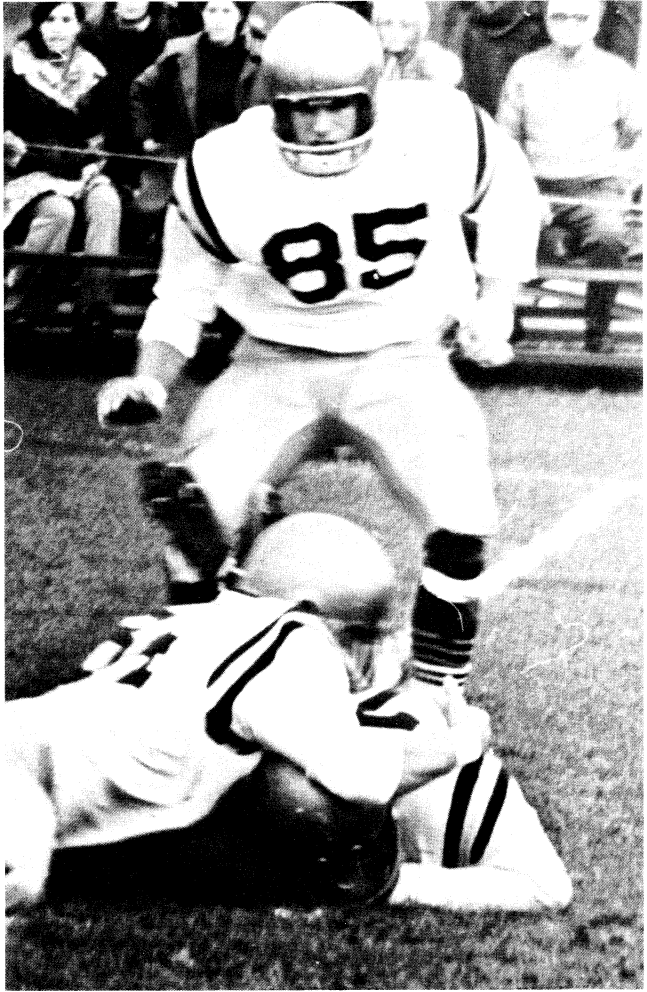
For the sixth time in the last ten years, Navy's Little Blue is the National Champion in lightweight football. Although having to share the title with Army this year, Navy proved to be the elite of the league as, in the last game of the season, Army barely squeaked out a 13-12 win over a Penn team that Navy defeated with fair ease.

Navy, which had been carried by its defense the first four games, broke out of its offensive slump when firstie Blake Stephens took over at quarterback for the

Columbia game. In the season finale halfback Gary Arniello's three touchdowns led Navy to a 34-0 victory against Princeton.

Navy finished the season with a record of five wins and one loss. The only loss was to Army in a defensive battle. Army scored on a blocked kick, and an interception. Their offense scored once, but it was set up by their defense. The game ended with Army on top 20-0, but as far as the Brigade is concerned, the season ended with Navy on top.





Firstie Blake Stephens (13) led the team's surge in the second half of the season and Gary Arniello (34) scored thrice against Princeton. Toby McNatt (85) was a frequent quarterback torturer.





Captain Jim Wall (32) was the leading ball carrier for the 3rd year in a row. He and Pat Grady (75) joined Dennis Morral (78) and Jim Devin (40) as returning All-Americans. Others pictured here are Butch Tongate (84) and Rod Womer (66) who just finished opening a hole for Wall.



# BIG BLUE GIRDS FOR ARMY

With each succeeding game Navy has played this year, more and more of the possibilities of greatness have been exposed. Just coming off an upset 17-14 victory over perennial power Syracuse, the Big Blue has yet to put it all together. Our passing attack has jelled remarkably recently and our ground game has been sporadically explosive, but our "total" game has yet to become reality. Perhaps Navy has been waiting for the Big one. It is the opinion of the *LOG* that this is, indeed, the case.

## Stuvek's Passing

Fred Stuvek has been impressive in the past few games. His confidence undoubtedly bolstered by the mere presence of Larry Van Loan, Fred has been completing passes at a percentage significantly over 50%.

## Van Loan

Because of Fred's resurgence, Larry has had much more of an opportunity to display his near-phenomenal abilities. Having already broken into the Navy record book, Larry has been leaving impressions with every opponent. One of Miami's defensive halfbacks declared, "This Van Loan was much harder to cover than Tom Gatewood, Notre Dame's All-American." Georgia Tech's coach Bud Carson said following their game with

Navy, "Van Loan was as good today on Grant Field as any split end we have faced."

## Ogden and Calland

Larry won't have to catch any passes against Army. Just by running downfield he attracts two or three defensemen, which usually allows Larry's complements Bert Calland and Steve Ogden to be wide open.

Despite his multiple coverage, Larry needs only six more receptions to become one of the top ten pass receivers in Navy history. There is something much more important to Larry at the present, however. When asked about those six passes, Larry's response was a serious, "as long as we beat Army, that's all that matters."

## Army's Record Impressive

Even though Navy has much to be optimistic about, it would seem that Army should be even more optimistic. Army and Navy have had five common opponents this year. Army beat Georgia Tech while Navy lost 34-21. Army lost to Penn State by only 42 points compared to Navy's 53 points. Virginia was defeated by both Army and Navy in similar fashion and Miami was victorious over both by fairly even margins. Again, though, Army defeated by 3 points a team to which Navy fell.

All this might make an unbiased observer conclude that Army will win the Army-Navy game. No such luck. All season long Navy has been doing things that would fatten the egos of the Black Knights and that would build their confidence to a height that would allow Army to fall so hard in Philadelphia November 27 that the boom of their collapse would be heard way down in Annapolis.

## Navy Gets It Together

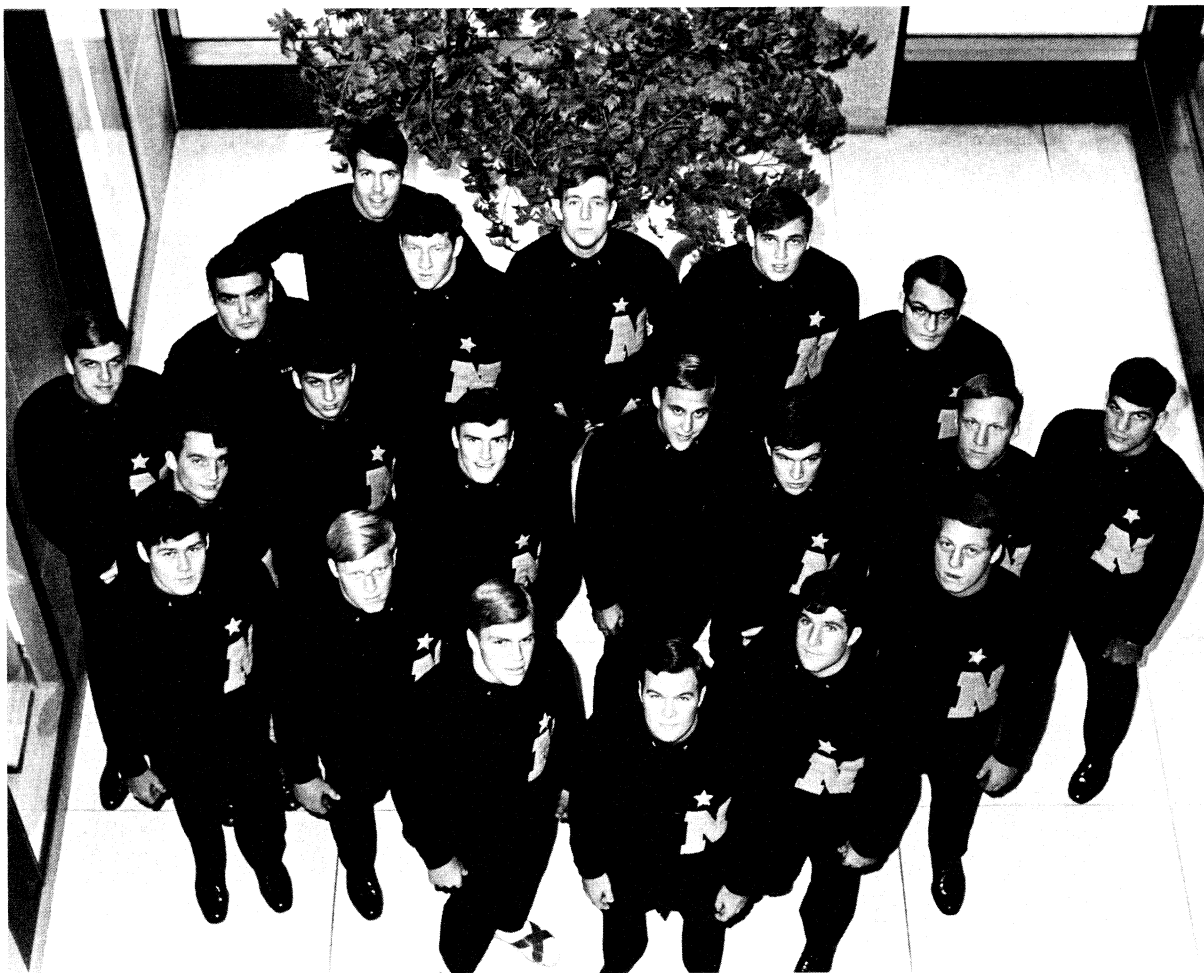
Someone is going to do it. It may be Len May and his offensive linemen that will carry the team. It may be Chuck Voith and the linebackers or Charlie Robinson and his defensive secondary who will do the job. It may also depend upon stellar performances by Mike O'Shaughnessy and his defensive linemen or Andy Pease and his offensive backfield mates. Quite possibly the burden will fall on Roger Lanning and his toe. Special "heroes" of the recent past, Mark Schickner and Tom Moore, will certainly be ready. Both are already in the "big game" record book.

## The *LOG* Predicts

More than likely, all of our team's components will unite together for a total output of victory over Army. This leaves the *LOG*, in its infinite sense of non-bias and total objectivity, to predict: Navy 24, Army 17.

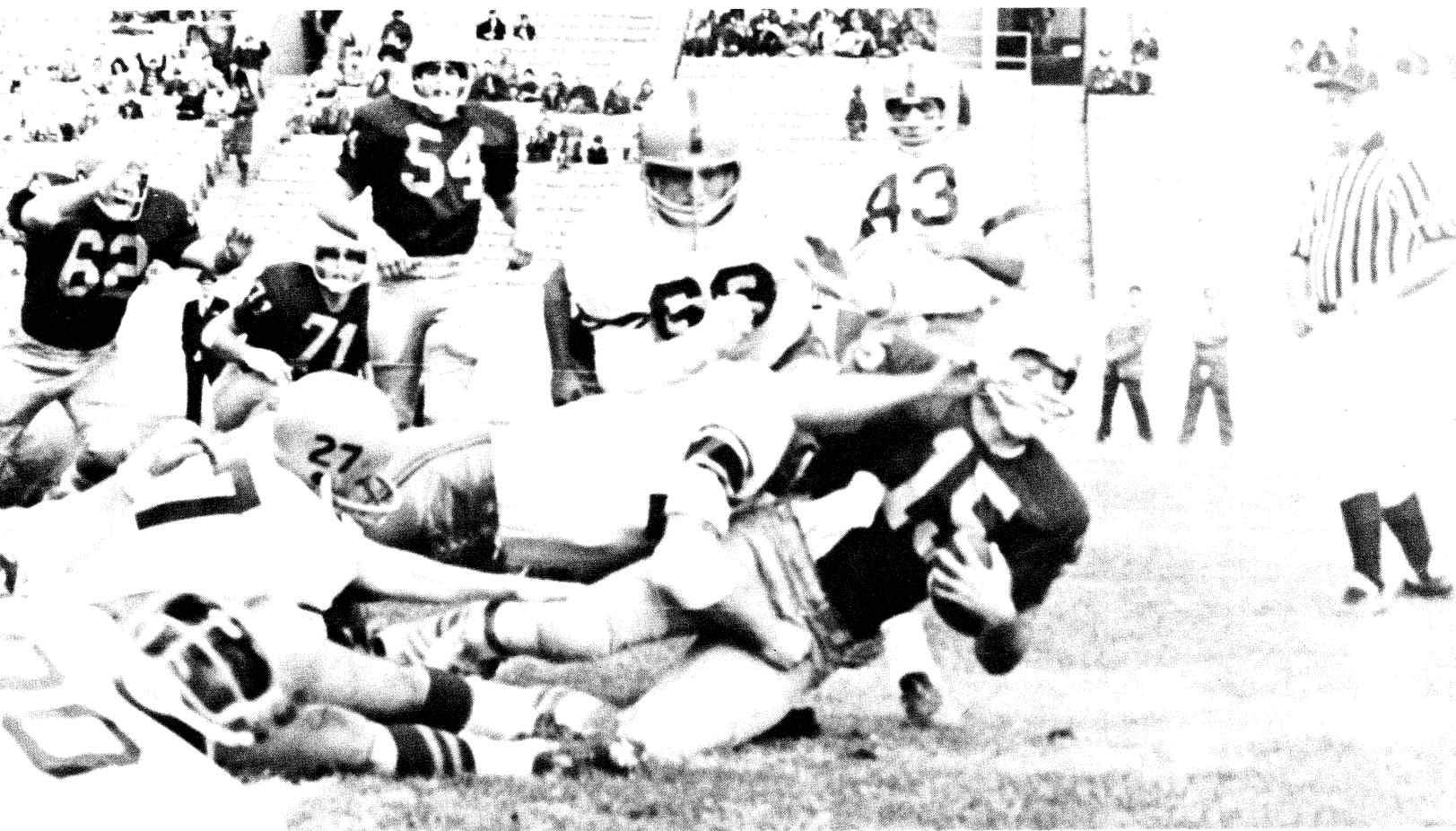
Navy's superstar Larry Van Loan hauls in one of 150 yd. producing passes against Syracuse.

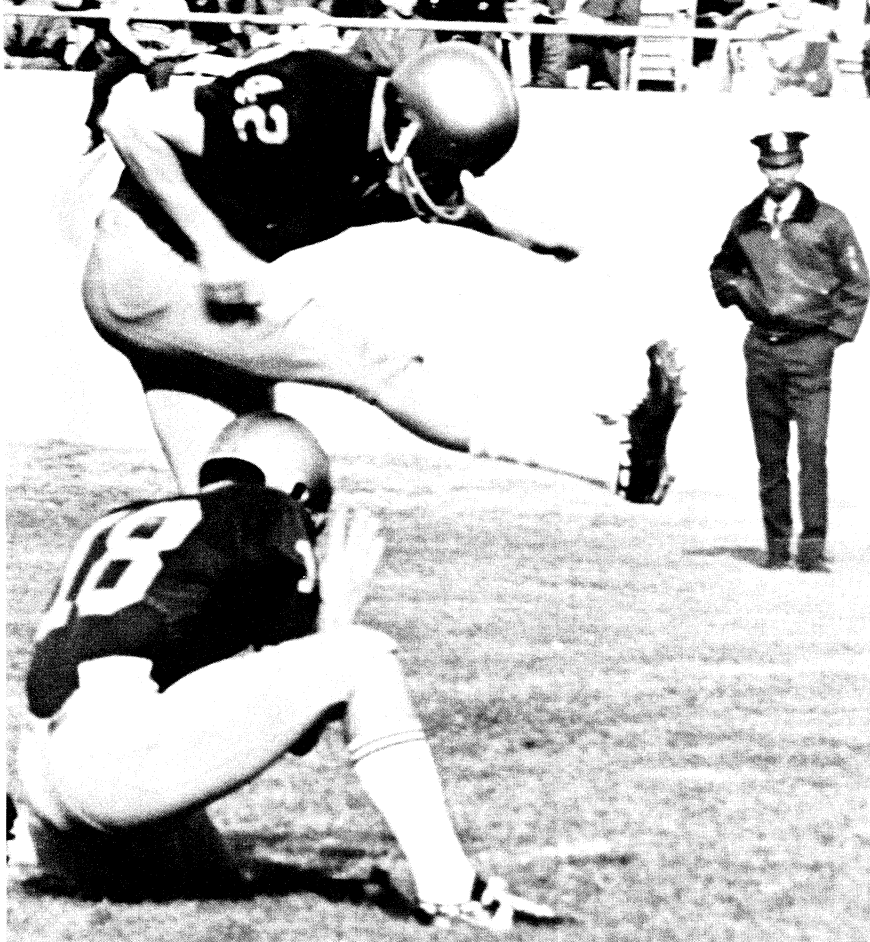




These men have stars in their eyes and hope to add more stars next Saturday.

Quarterback Fred Stuvek goes 3 yds. for first score against Syracuse.





Again Roger Lanning's toe provides the margin of victory in Navy's 17-14 win over Syracuse.

Quick Danny Howard surprised the Orangemen over and over.



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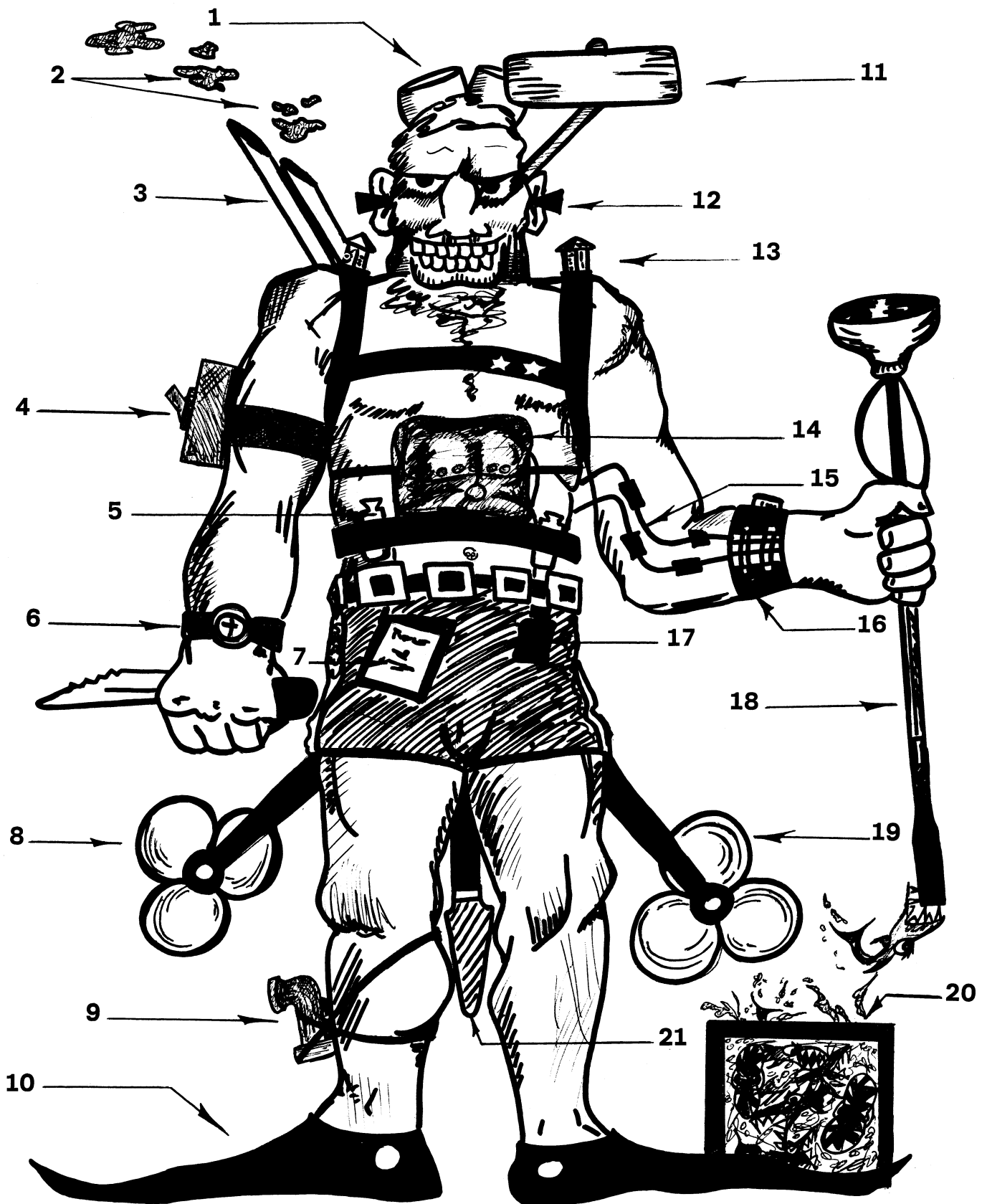
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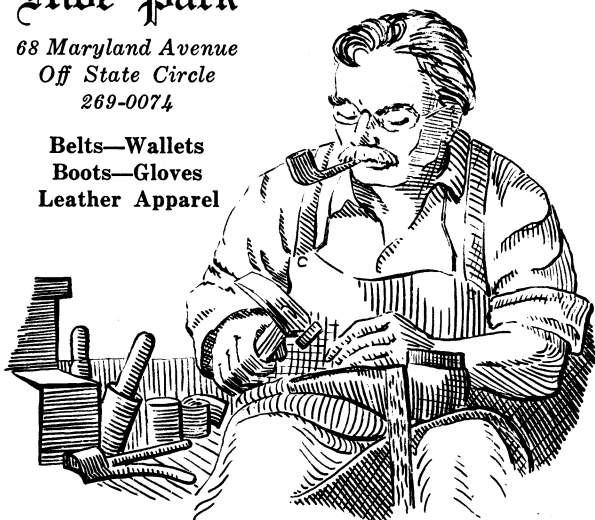
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3. TWIN EXHAUST PIPES (CHROMED)
4. LIGHT SWITCH
5. CO<sub>2</sub> CARTRIDGE AND FLARES
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7. TIDE AND CURRENT TABLES
8. MATCHED TWIN SCREW (NAVY TYPE)
9. NAVY-ISSUE FLASHLIGHT (FOR ADDED WEIGHT)
10. FANTASTIC FIBER FLIPPER FINS
11. REARVIEW MIRROR
12. EAR PLUGS—TWIN MATCHING SET
13. RUNNING LIGHTS—RED AND GREEN
14. PARACHUTE (FOR TOWER JUMP)
15. CONNECTING WIRES (TO '56 VW ENGINE)
16. ENGINE CONTROLS ⓈASSORTED FROG ⓈFLUTTER ⓈFLANK
17. "MURINE" EYE DROPS
18. "BUDDIE SPEAR" GUN (EQUIPPED WITH PLUNGER)
19. ANOTHER SCREW (NAVY TYPE)
20. PIRANHAS (FOR SLOW-MOVING TRAFFIC)
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by copy and shawn

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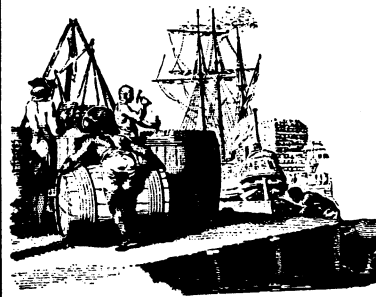


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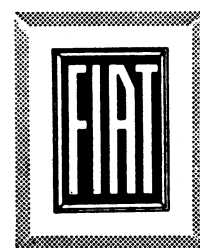
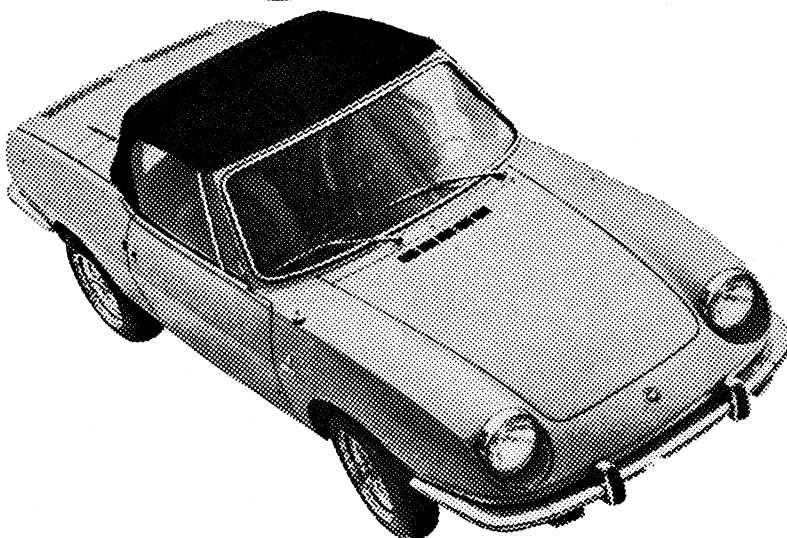
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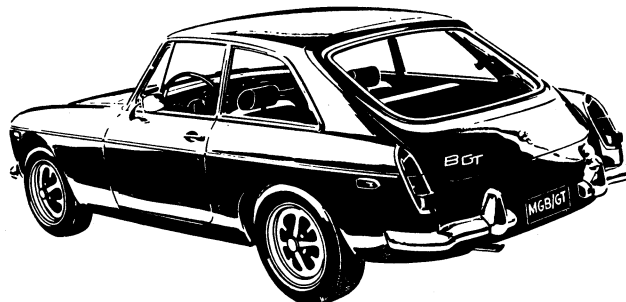
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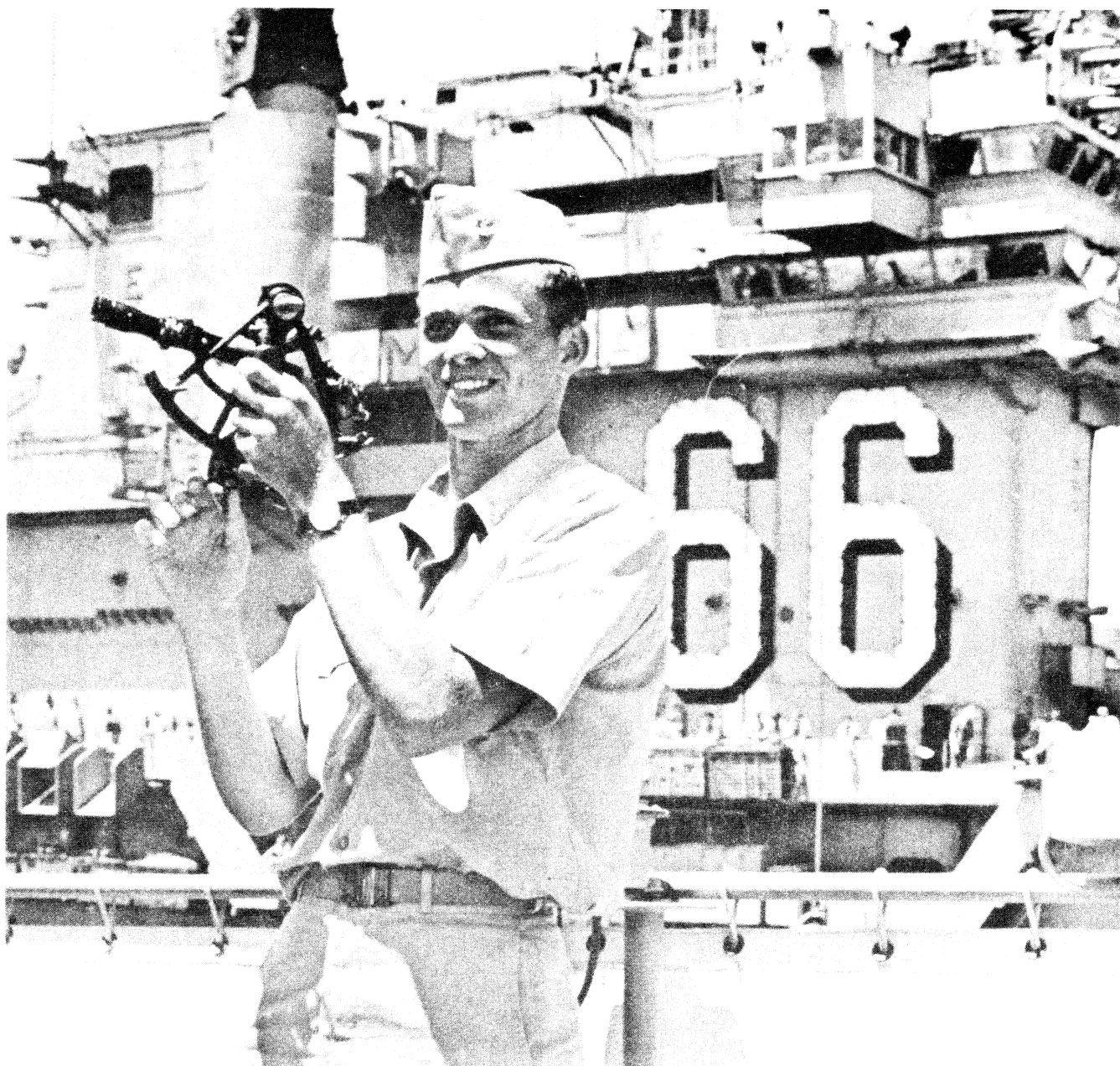


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## Only 2 GIs Listed Dead In Combat

SAIGON (AP) — The U.S. Command's weekly casualty summary today said only two Americans were reported killed in action last week in Vietnam, the lowest total since March 1965.

But a spokesman for the command acknowledged that

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Only 2 GIs listed dead . . . .

LTjg Arnold W. Barden Jr., member of the Class of 1969 and a LOG staff photographer, was one of them.

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