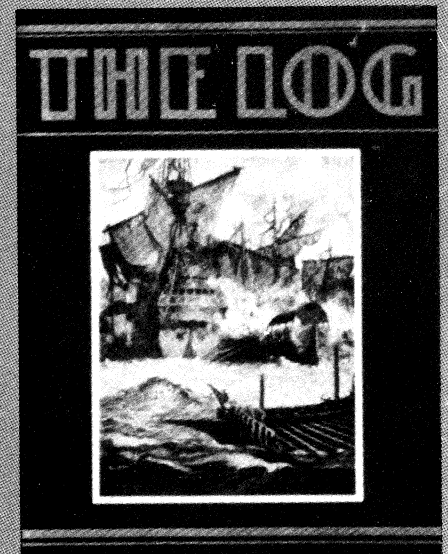
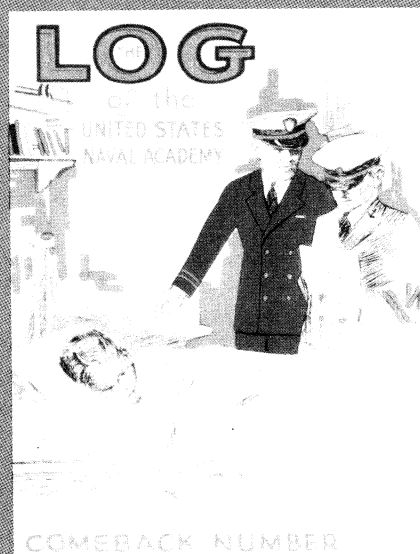
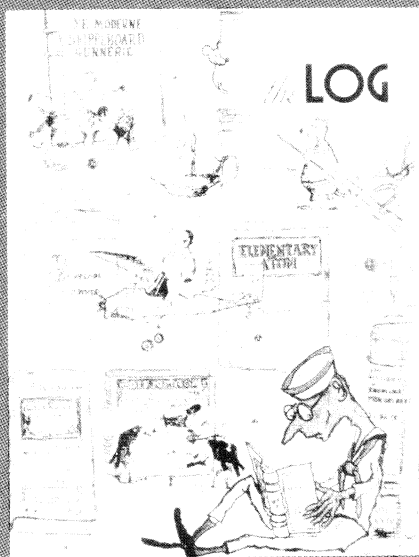
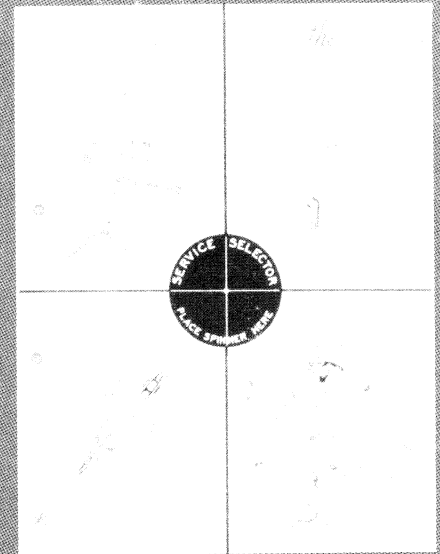
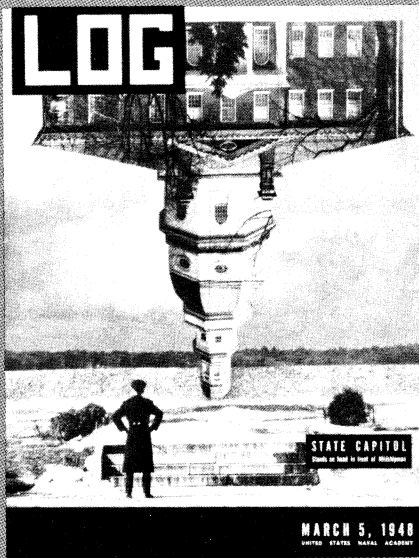


# BACKLOG

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY  
Vol. 61, No. 5 MARCH 8, 1972 50¢

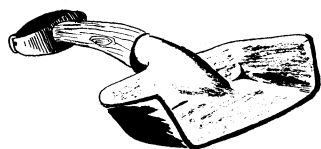
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# GIFTS *for* MIDDIES

PARENTS, SISTERS, WIVES AND BROTHERS!

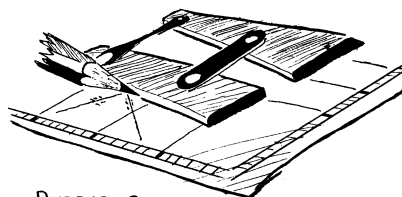
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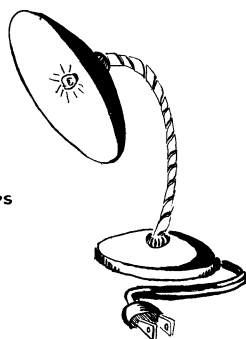
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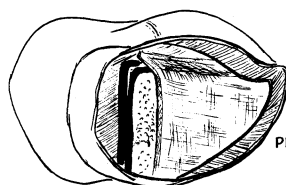
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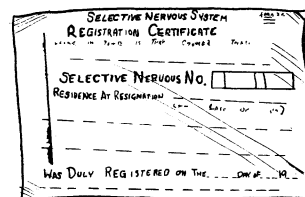
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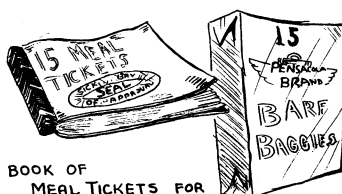
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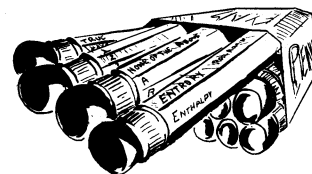
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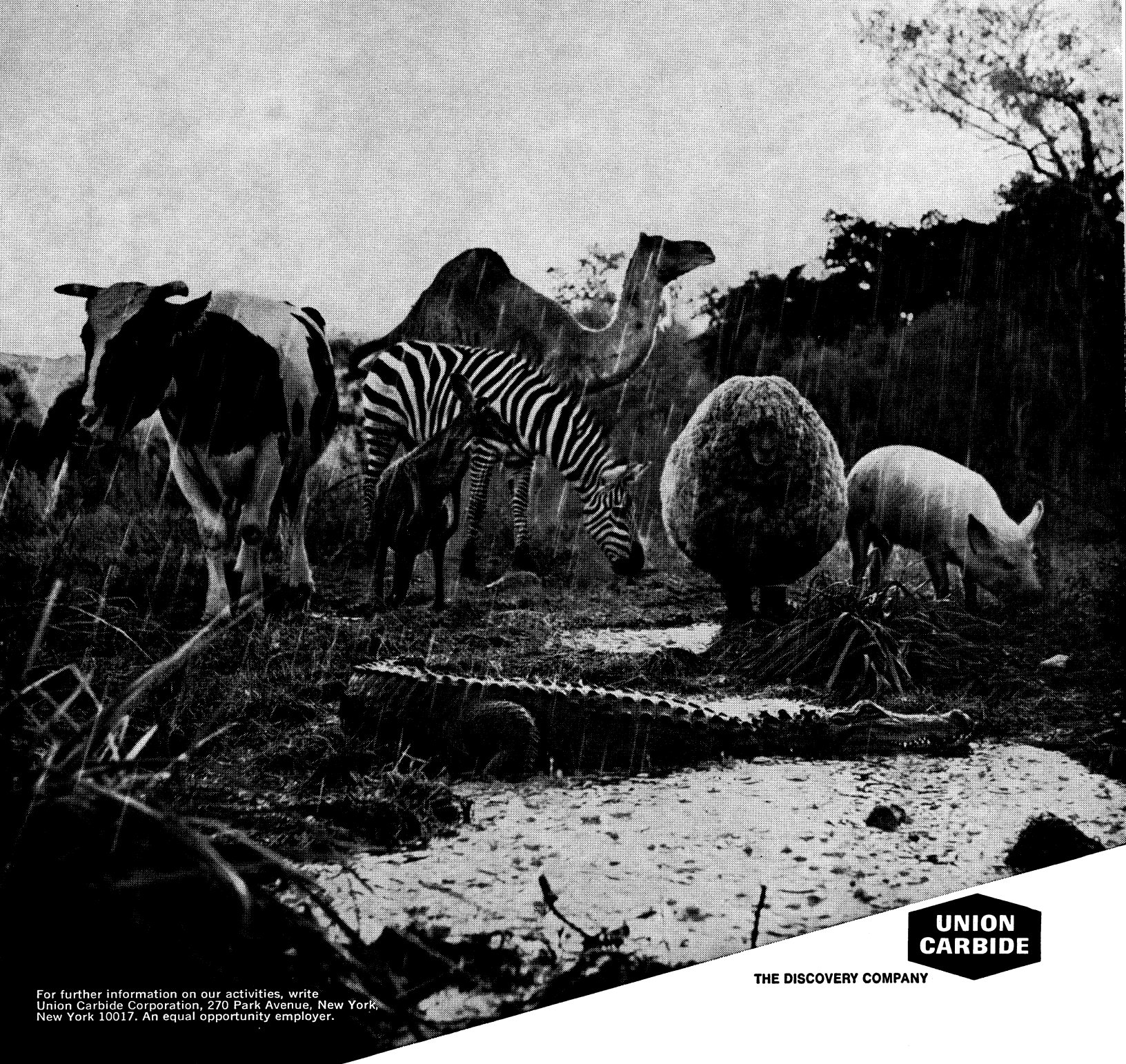
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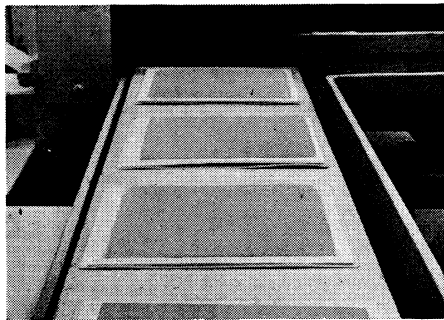
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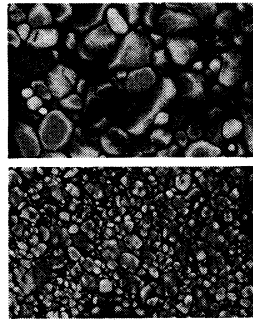
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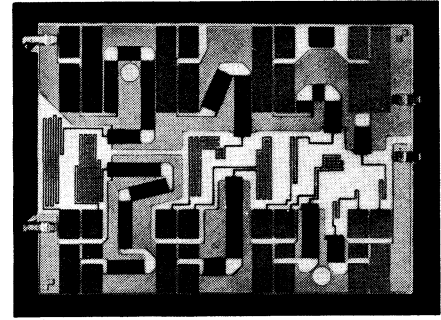
# WESTERN ELECTRIC REPORTS



**1500° C furnace** was specially designed to fire these new substrates. The relatively low temperature results in smooth substrate surfaces for practically fault-free thin film bonding.



**Electron micrographs** show the great difference in grain size between new ceramic material (lower) and the previous material (upper).



**Thin film integrated circuit** shown here is part of a resistor network. It is one of many that benefit from the improved substrate. Metal leads on sides are bonded by thermocompression to tantalum nitride resistor film.

## Smoothing the way for perfect thin film bonding.

Aluminum oxide, or alumina, is considered to have the best combination of properties for thin film circuit substrates. Until recently, however, the bonding of metal elements to gold-coated tantalum nitride resistor film on alumina was somewhat unpredictable.

Now, an advance at Western Electric has made it possible to get practically fault-free bonding of these materials.

This new perfection in bonding came through the development of finer grained alumina substrates.

The process has four basic steps: milling, casting, punching and firing.

During milling, alumina is combined with magnesium oxide, trichlorethylene, ethanol and a unique deflocculant. For 24 hours, this mixture is rotated in a ball mill. In a second 24-hour period, plasticizers and a binder are included.

The deflocculant plays a major role by dissipating the attraction forces that exist between the highly active alumina particles. This prevents thickening, which would ordinarily make an active alumina mixture unworkable.

The 48 hours of milling is followed by casting. When the material comes off the casting line, it is in the form of a flexible polymer/alumina tape, dry enough to be cut into easily handled sections.

After casting, a punch press cuts the material into the desired rectangles or

other shapes. Holes can be punched at the same time.

Finally, because of the use of active alumina, the material is fired at an unusually low temperature which results in smooth substrate surfaces for reliable thin film bonding. The finished substrate is then ready for the various processes of thin film circuit production.

In developing this new process, engineers at Western Electric's Engineering Research Center worked together with engineers at the Allentown plant.

**Conclusion:** This new way to produce substrates is a truly significant contribution for thin film circuit production.

The ultimate gain from this smoother substrate is for communications itself. For through the achievement of nearly perfect bonding of metal leads to tantalum nitride, thin films can be produced with even greater reliability and economy.



## Western Electric

**We make things that bring people closer.**

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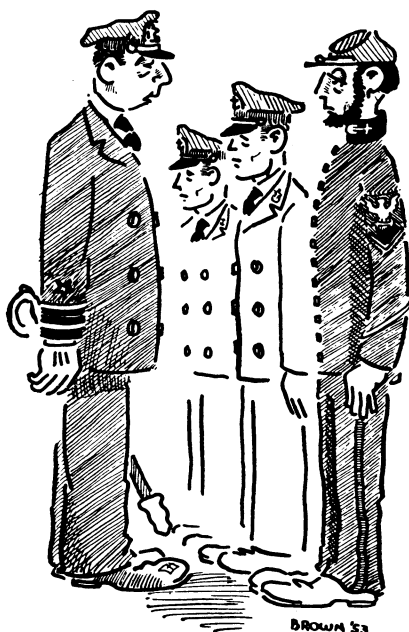
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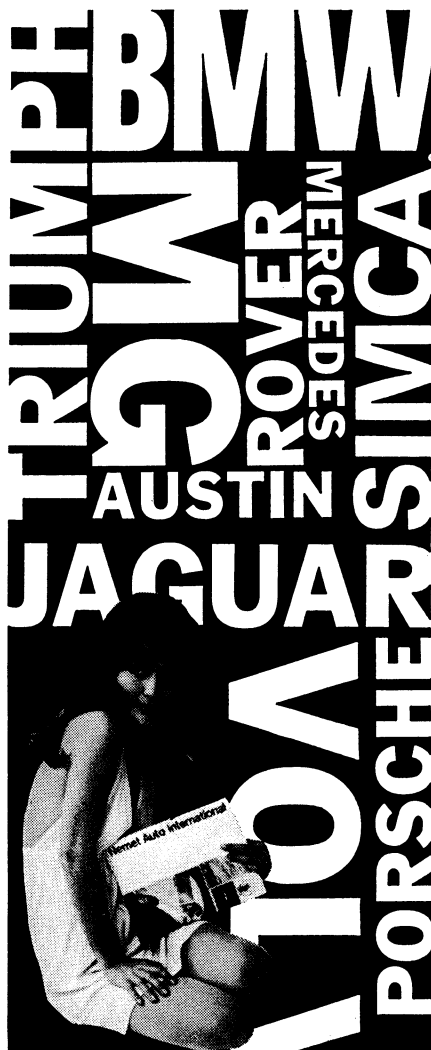
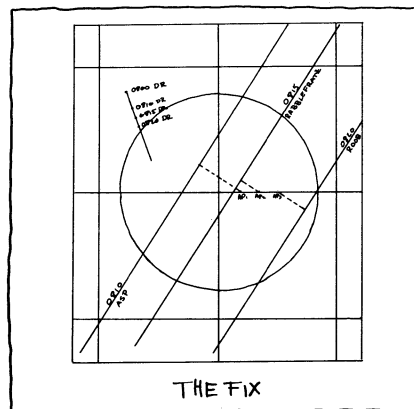
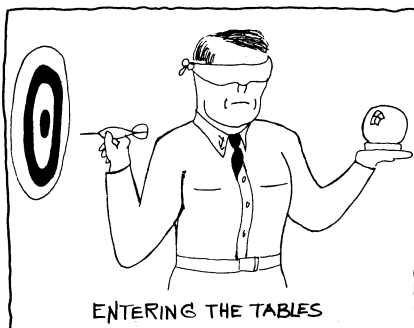
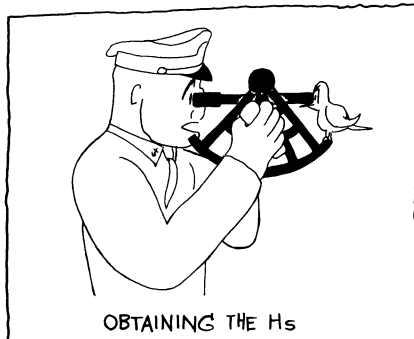
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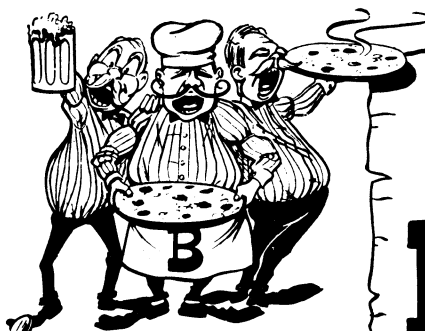
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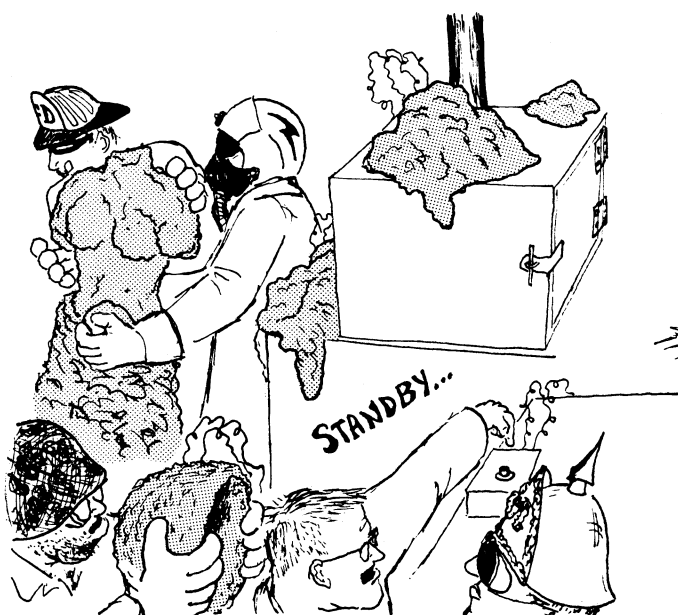
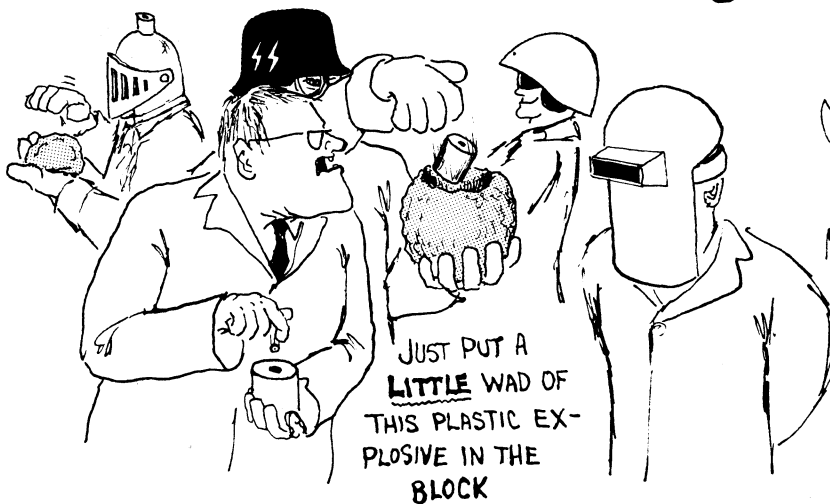
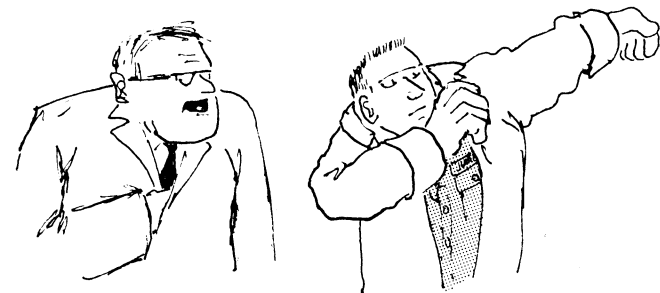
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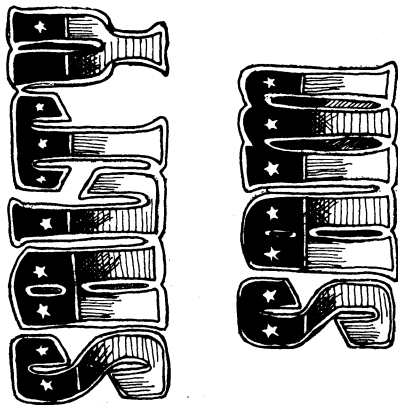
# WEAPONS LAB

....NOW, GET TO WORK!

FIRST RECITE WEAPONS DEPT. INSTRUCTION  
702631794-G33.9182B FROM MEMORY  
AND PUT ON YOUR SAFETY EQUIPMENT....







Well, mates, I'm sitting here shivering in my Army B-robe with the snows of Washington's Week-end drifting up around me. I'm trying to think of something to cheer up the Dark Ages for everyone. It ain't easy, especially when I think the Dark Ages have got it in personally for Old Salty. So what have I done to brighten up the dismal Maryland Winter? Well, buds, I have been researching as many of my forefathers' columns as my smoky kerosene lamp will allow. In my trek through the dusty wastes of old worm-eaten manuscripts I have at last tracked down the Source and Origins of Salty Sam. I found his mummified remains after a whole night of rummaging through the tombs of the *Log* files; tucked away in the October 21, 1932, issue I discovered the first article of the first Salty Sam. You'll never guess the subject of his first story. . . . Yep, the OOD v. Da Mid. In this the Back *Log* issue I will endeavor to relate the best and representative stories of Salty Sam. USNA and Mids don't seem to have changed much since the good old days. (In fact a Mid in '34 wrote Jean Harlow for a June Week date! And got an answer!) Salty '33 was disgusted with "mis-informed and prejudiced sports-writers," and Woops in general.

Here are a few of his first stories: Dark morning reveilles are getting some boys down. A few mornings ago a D.O. was inspecting at breakfast formation, when he stopped and asked a sleepy individual "Did you shine your shoes this morning?" "All turned out, Sir," was the reply. . . . Weekly Health Hint: Don't holler "daddy" when the seventh company commander is around. . . . The Second Batt taps inspector turned in the boards for his whole deck. He then went back to his room and patiently waited twenty minutes, for his lights to be turned out (back then the Taps

Inspector turned out everybody's lights). When an alert mate came to check out the unauthorized lights, he was met with an angry "Who the devil is inspecting to-night, anyway?" . . . (Ping . . . Blevit . . . Ping) (whereupon the mate gently informed the irate Firstie that he, himself, was the Taps Inspector). This one is from Nov. 18, 1932: A LCdr. who is now a D.O. at the Academy lived in Great Neck, Long Island (where most Big Time Actors live). His little daughter used to play with one of Eddie Cantor's kids. One afternoon the LCdr., coming home from the Brooklyn Navy Yard in uniform, called at the Cantors to bring his daughter home. A few days later Mrs. Cantor met the LCdr.'s wife and exclaimed, "Why Mrs. ———, you have one of the smartest looking chauffeurs on the island!" The last Salty '33 vintage story is about two former USNA roommates, then LCdr's on cruise, one roomie in front of the other:

The one behind nearly came in contact with the next ahead. The next ahead turned in his wrath and quoted the Bible. "Your attention," his semaphore said, "is drawn to St. Matthew, chapter 16, verse 23." Number Two sent for his Bible, and read, "But he turned in his wrath and said unto Peter, 'Get thee behind me, Satan: thou art an offense unto me.'" But Number Two had his revenge a little later, when Number One nearly collided with a buoy at the entrance to the harbor. "What about the book of Proverbs?" his semaphore asked, "Chapter 22, verse 28." Number One read, "Remove not the ancient landmarks which thy fathers have set."

Jumping ahead to the class of '41, there used to be a ceremony put on by the graduating class after their last exam. It was called, (would you believe: cont'd on pg. 13?)

ity, but managed to recall his duty enough to question the locker top sitter about his unorthodox position.

"I like to study here, sir," was the reply. "I can think more clearly in this rarified atmosphere." The story ends with Larry spending the night in Sick Bay under observation and Wes reporting the next day to his Batt Officer to explain his proficiency at animal imitations.

**IN RETROSPECT:** This story and the recent exams week bring to mind another sad case of a few years ago. The hero of this episode resorted to a little ditty about "Papa and Mama" as a mnemonic for remembering the steps in the manufacture of smokeless powder for an Ordnance exam. Arriving at the examination he immediately jotted it down for reference when he came to that question. Unfortunately he forgot to erase it when he finished, and the instructor noticed it when he graded the paper.

The matter was brought to the attention of the Medical Depart-

ment and they hustled him off to the hospital. He decided to make the most of his opportunity and spent a delightful week running through a Napoleon routine for the doctors. Finally he broke down and confessed before they consigned him to St. Elizabeth's.

As far as I am concerned, all of this goes to prove that Midshipmen in even Lord Jim's time were capable of thwarting the system occasionally. It makes me feel more at home to know that today's Mids aren't deviants from long-standing tradition. In the March 5, 1948, issue I came upon a treatise on the history of the pranks Mids of Yesteryear had played. Every single story is a miniature masterpiece, the first one starts out with a quote:

***"I dust for people six feet tall,  
For giants I don't dust at all,  
So if you're six feet two or three,  
And snoop around my house you'll see  
There's dust on every topmost shelf  
But kindly keep it to yourself."***

**—Margaret Fishback.**

The preceding poem was thought appropriate by a sandblower. He pasted the ditty on the outside of his locker. Returning from class a few days later, he was greeted with a room inspection chit on his desk, upon which was inscribed:

***"I rise to heights of six feet one,  
Your locker top is dusty—five and one."***

**—Boow**

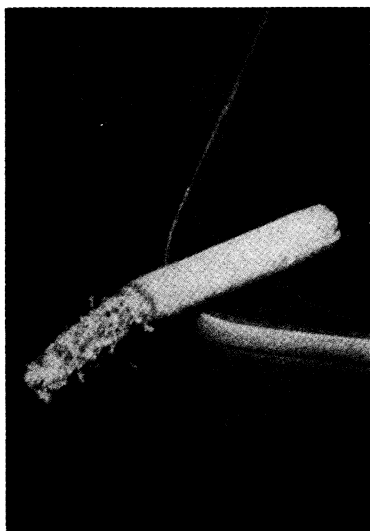
While this is the first iambic pentameter conduct report in the history of the Naval Academy, it is by no means the most unusual. Ever since George Bancroft thought it might be nice to start a Naval School on the banks of the Severn, the drama of Midshipman vs. System has been played to capacity audiences. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the cards are stacked with the mustachioed villain who, in this melodrama, carries a sword rather than a horsewhip. But in the one-hundredth case, the persecuted middie brings the house down with a bit of dashing bravado that leaves the infamous OD at the post, snorting and frothing at the mouth.

It is seldom, indeed, that the pen proves stronger than the sword, but the following is one



**Go ahead, Dave, they can't fry the whole company.**

#### DRAG OF THE WEEK



*Salty found lovely Elless Emestee smouldering next to a plebe a few weekends ago. When we asked her if she really was so round, so firm, so fully packed, she seemed to get all burned up over it and made a complete ash of herself, so we used what little discretion we possess and didn't press our interview.*

occasion when the "statement," the midshipman's only recourse to the pap sheet, threw up a stout defense: In September 1941 a midshipman third class was placed on report for "Animals, having in room without authority. (The midshipman had two insects, *mantis religiosa*, *preg-dion*, *prie-Dieu*—commonly known as Praying Mantis of the order Orthopotra tied around the thoraxes with reef knots with two pieces of white line approximately one fathom in length. These lines were attached to the towel rack in the midshipman's room.)"

The subsequent statement turned in by the guilty midshipman stated, "Being a student of entomology I have kept the bugs to 1—study their boxer-like actions, and 2—to (would you believe: cont'd on pg. 15?)

"T'ain't no more rivers," and was a chance for Mids to get back at their beloved Profs. A task reserved to Salty now. In this particular ceremony a common type of Navigation Prof was depicted at the microphone up in Room N. "Two minutes to go, one minute, fifty-nine seconds to go. Correction on page three. Change east longitude to west longitude and January 8 to July 6. Knock off work!" Amazing as it seems, I bet that Prof. is still around after 30 some years.

From Salty '36 come these two: *Fashion Note:* F. Moffet Traynor, the picture of sartorial elegance, was observed on his way to steam drill in an immaculately pressed pair of white works trou with knife-edge creases down each leg. They were laundered at home. . . . Ordnance profs have their worries—the other day one of Dahlgren hall mokes entered the section room and announced that his "cah was on fiah." Needless to say, our hero dashed out of the room in high perspiration. Some minutes later he returned, cooling off, and remarked, "Kinda had me scared till I remembered I got a ride down this morning."

One of the most amazing Salty Sams to ever put typewriter ink to

paper has got to be Salty '68. Let me relate to you this man's saga before I reiterate some of his stories. Salty Sam '68 was turned back once, kicked out once, and advanced once. He was a veteran of 4 Co. Officers, 5 Batt Officers, 3 Commandants, 4 Supt's and 24 roommates, 3 of which were 6 strippers. Lt. Tenbrook (then 10th company officer) was a youngster when Salty was a plebe. 16 of 36 Company Officers were Mids while Salty has been here. The officer inspector of uniforms (in 1968) was once Salty's classmate. Among Salty's accomplishments: 6 years on the honor committee, twice elected class president, editor of 1966 *Lucky Bag*, designer of 1966 class crest, twice on Plebe Detail (including running his present classmates in '68). Salty was a member of '65, '66, '69, and '68 in that amazing order! Yet he wasn't the oldest man to graduate in his class. This man's career is the stuff of legends. Now to his stories . . .

Then there was the Youngster at excuse squad formation in the Third Batt. It seems that one of the Rookies in the Exec. Dept. as AOOW had just wiped out the Ex. Squad for the usual crimes, lack of tuck with an arm in sling, non-spit shined slippers, dirty casts, etc. Well, our 3/c Hero managed a slight smile and shake of the head in disbelief as this was happening. ZAP! and I quote, "Un-military, ranks smiling in, during and after an inspection of the excused squad at noon meal. Borders on disrespect."

This one is a true classic. A Weapons Prof, who because he was new this semester decided to make a name for himself so he promptly fried his whole section for not properly preparing for lab! Nice guy! Not only that but said fine fellow surprised a certain firstie who had set up an appointment for E.I. by walking in and handing him a Pop Quiz.

Here is a cruise gem that can't go unpublished. The gallant, proud destroyer (can to the un-initiated) was steaming through the warm dark night. On the

bridge, Mid'n Gungho, 1/c, was humming "Victory at Sea" while he went through the motions of keeping station. Suddenly a bright light lit up the dark horizon. "Look, an explosion!" This brought the ship's OD and everybody in sight quickly to alertness. The ship's OD estimated the explosion to be at a range of 13 miles and shouted into the handy voice tube, "Captain, Captain, explosion to be at a range of 13 miles!" The light grew brighter and brighter. "Must be a 'Tomic Bomb!"

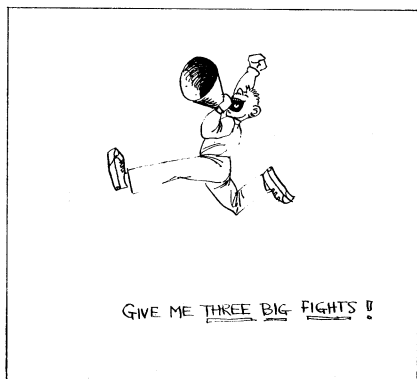
The Captain got to the bridge just in time to see the moon rise. The explosion started after the skipper saw the moon. Ye shall reap what ye sow.

Here's a true story; it concerns those lovely THINGS they serve us hiding under the name of pancakes. You know, the things which are two parts lead shot and four parts glue? Well, a short time back there was this Mid from Colorado who brought one of these gems back to his room. Sat down with his MARK\*A\*LOT pen, addressed it, put a stamp on it and sent it home!! Even more fantastic, it *arrived* not much worse for the wear.

Dropping back a few years into the childhood of the Salty Sam Experience I managed to dig up some goodies from Salty '41's seabag. . . .

**MENTAL CASE:** An old axiom of the Executive Dept. is "You never know what midshipmen will do next." There's more truth than fiction in that statement. Not so long ago some of the boys in the Third Batt. heard the door-to-door rapping of the OOW making a little checkup during evening study hour. Thinking to add a little zest to the evening they prepared for his arrival.

Larry clambered up on top of his locker and when the D.O. entered was carefully reading columns of logarithms from his *Useful Tables*. His roommate, Wes, commenced barking like a dog. The officer was just a wee mite nonplussed by such unusual activ-





room with an electric toaster."

It is not to be inferred that the form two is a device of recent origin. It is an accepted fact that long before the roof had been thrown over the midshipmen's living quarters back in 1845, a whole carload of form twos had been delivered to the commandant's home. To substantiate this theory is an account of the first black N to be awarded at Navy. It is the story of Augustus McLaughlin who pulled into Annapolis on 10 October 1845.

Gussie has an assured place in history, since in addition to receiving the number one "Black N," he is also the first character to squeeze through these hallowed halls as anchor man.

In this day and age the sick grandmother has been worn a trifle thin. In 1845, however, it was absolutely the last word in emergency leaves. Gussie evidently began to feel the strain after a while, and put in for a couple of days in Baltimore. Seems the old lady had a slight touch of cat fever, and could he possibly have a few days off? Gussie received Commander Buchanan's official benediction, and laid plans for a nice little binge.

All would have gone well with Gussie, but at 1600 that afternoon, Commander Buchanan was having his constitutional on Prince George Street. Feeling a wee bit dry, he decided to wet the salty old whistle with a hot toddy. Consequently, he entered the Annapolis Hotel. The scene is described in the picturesque language of the conduct report.

"Upon entering the Billiard room, to my utter astonishment I came upon Midshipman McLaughlin dancing a hornpipe upon one of the tables. He was singing the 'Roaring Brandywine,' and had a bottle in his left hand. Having brought him up sharply, I observed that he was greatly under the influence of spiritous liquors. I directed him to his quarters and told him to consider himself under arrest. I further directed him to prepare a statement for the Secretary of the Navy in defense of his disgraceful conduct."

Gussie's statement was as juicy a bit of sea lawyering as this institution has ever produced. We quote:

"The Marine orderly failed to awaken me in time to catch the first coach to Baltimore and while waiting for the second coach, I was in an evil moment led astray by my friends." Still, he graduated.

In those days the Sec Nav acted on all Class "A's," and the volume of correspondence on delinquencies flowing twixt the Severn and Potomac would have made even Fearless Fosdick turn green with envy. Besides the usual run of the mill fraps on liquor, leave and ladies, there was a stabbing in the mess hall (North-South affair), a couple of abortive duels, and an attempted shooting. This last, which ruined a friendship of some years' standing, revolved about the question as to whether time spent in sick bay counted on one's week "In charge of room." The principal characters in all of these were, as the Navy quaintly put it, "restored to their friends."

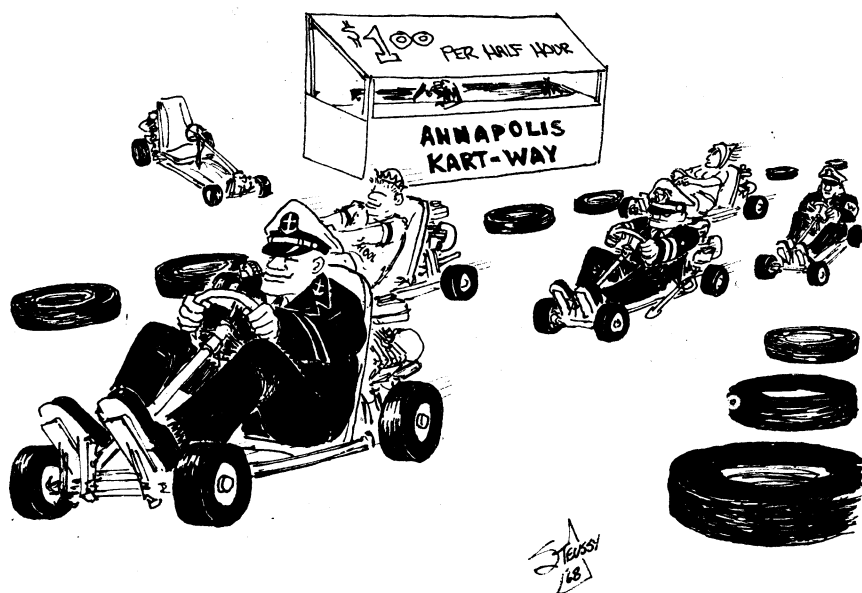
My, my, I never knew Mids were so even tempered! Can you see a duel today? And in this corner wearing fatigues, and armed with his M-14 representing those in the wardroom who want to watch *The Sands of Iwo Jima*, Mike Gung! And in this corner manning a 5" 54, wearing the Navy Line is Mighty Fine T-shirt, representing those who want to watch *Night Gallery*, the challenger, Lint Drift-

wood! This kind of action could have disastrous effects!

Now leaving the ancient history part of the Best Of Salty Sam, we get nearer to the present time frame. Salty '59 had this little immortal tale in his bag of tricks: It was not too long before Christmas last year and one youngster got the urge, so he painted a poster of Santa and hung a stocking outside of his door. Everyone went along with the joke except for a certain Captain Sandwich who papped our boy for not stowing his laundry. I bet he only believes in the Easter Bunny if he is a jungle-bunny (and I think he and the Chauvenet Hat Man were roomies here! S.S. '72). Salty Sam '60 had a good quicky . . . EN PASSANT: then there was the Fifth Batt plebe who appeared in the Mess Hall (ah, come on, you know the Wardroom. SS '72) the other night labeled: I AM A SUB\*NERG!! A sub-nerg is the only thing capable of being outwitted by an inanimate object.

From the secret cynic of '67 I have managed to salvage two delightful stories which amply describe how the battle between the USNA and the Mids tends to totter back and forth. . . . It was also the class of 1969 who pulled the great pillow bombing not too long ago. For those of you who do not know the story, there was this watch squad inspection, and right in the middle of the show, there came a shower of feathers down on the troops. It

(how about flipping to pg. 17?)



keep flies away from the study table, as aforementioned *mantis religiosa* are carnivorous and attack, kill, and destroy other insects upon sight."

Leniency was recommended in this case.

Another example of the most beneficial employment of the statement is contained in the following. The frap occurred in January 1941. A plebe section leader was fied for Improper Performance of Duty. "As section leader, this man permitted his section to get out of shape."

His reply was terse, to the point, though a bit understated:

"1—I was placed on report for allowing my section to become out of shape.

"2—The last man in the rear rank of my section was hit by a laundry truck.

"3—As a result, my section was somewhat disorganized."

While the frap sheet is almost solely reserved for use by officers and upper classmen, plebes, if they are shrewd enough to spot the opportunity, are able to make a vicarious use of the conduct report. Back in October 1942 a plebe mate (in the days when they had plebe

mates) had taken a full day's torment from the BOOW, but was able to place the latter on report via the following entries in his log:

"1200—BOOW came on deck via outboard ladder."

"1205—BOOW left deck via elevator."

In many cases the manner in which a frap is worded can spell the difference between 3/0, and ten years on bread and water. Only last year a plebe was fied for throwing ice cream in the ward-room mess, an offense which through some technicality carried with it a punishment of a mere five demerits and one hour's extra duty.

However, in the course of the frap's journey from the reporting first classmen to the Commandant of Midshipmen, the form two found itself in the hands of the "Ghost," whose exploits in breaking all existing form two assignments is a story in itself.

The plebe was promptly summoned to the Ghost's lair. "Mr. \_\_\_\_\_," the Wraith cackled, "you have been placed on the conduct report for throwing ice cream in the mess hall. Such an offense is of relatively minor importance. However, it is the view of the executive department, that ice cream is

frozen milk. Hence, in our eyes, you are guilty of throwing milk. This offense carries with a punishment of 15/4. . . . Next case."

Often, a single word omitted from a frap will change the entire complexion of the case. Turned in on a plebe—"This midshipman returned from a party in bath robe, hat, and no trou, over the mess hall grating." The frap was cancelled when the batt officer discovered that the "Party" in question was not a strip poker affair, but a tailor shop party.

An example of letting the emotions carry the reporting officer away, and thus jeopardize his own afternoons is rare. Nevertheless, occasionally a reporting first classman hurls discretion to the winds. Among the more interesting of this genus is the report, which was born on 10 January 1938, "Bancroft Hall, tampering with electrical equipment of—by pushing control button this man caused the elevator in which I was riding to descend to the terrace deck."

While on the subject of electrical gear there is the classic which is particularly apropos at this latest outburst of Severn sunshine. "Unauthorized articles—this midshipman was attempting to heat his

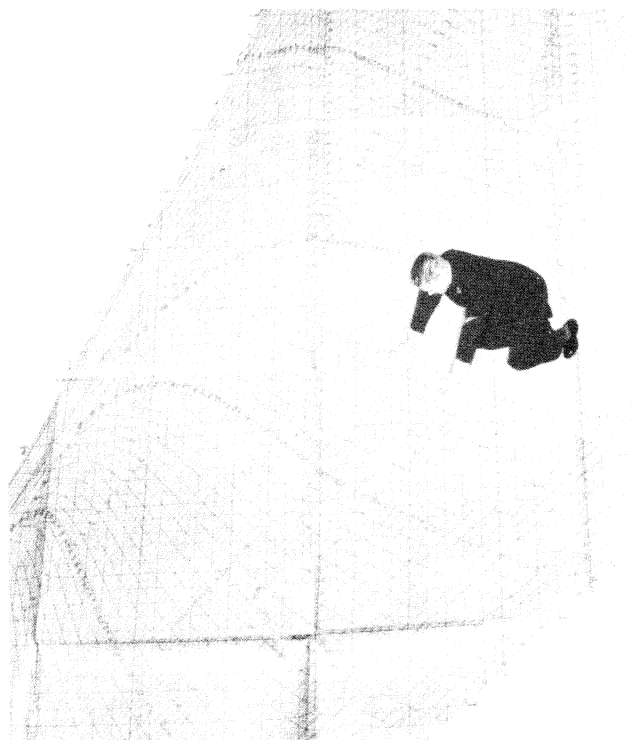




**PIC of the WEEK—Royalty reviews a noon meal formation. King Saud Al Saud and Admiral Smedberg stand on the front steps of Bancroft Hall surrounded by the visiting party from Saudi Arabia.**



**PIC of the WEEK—Well, looks like that old Navy efficiency has found new uses for the deck waxers. Wait until these plebes devise a way to spit shine shoes with those power brushes then watch the upper class flock round. What's that about a mouse trap?**

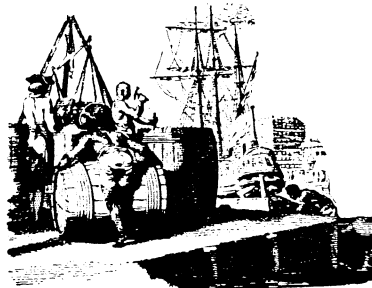


**PIC of the WEEK—What a sight! A member of '57 and his new toy, the Mollier chart. Back up boy and follow that curve. Mollier Mania**

## *George Phillips'* **Harbour House** *Restaurant*

Offering the same warmth and refreshment that the harbour houses of old gave the colonial sailor home from the sea.

Sizzling steaks and hearty seafood dishes cooked beneath the gleaming copper hood, hallmark of hospitable dining at the Harbour House.



SERVING HOURS  
11 AM TO 10 PM  
DAILY  
SUNDAY NOON TO 10 PM

GOOD DOCKAGE for  
BOATS &  
AUTOMOBILES

AAA RECOMMENDED

**On The City Dock In Olde Annapolis Towne**

seems two youngsters had rigged a box of feathers over the rotunda, and attached a string to the bottom of the box, when one of them signalled, the other pulled and . . . Surprise!

Here is one of USNA's greatest stories. Picture a 3/c standing in the doorway of his classroom talking to his prof. The very picture of academic excellence. In the door comes a gentleman from the next section to use the room, and the 3/c who is turning to leave the room brushes him. He keeps on walking, and is asked by the prof: "Why didn't you say 'excuse me'?" The Mid says, "Huh?" The Prof says, "You bumped into that man and you didn't say anything to him, so I am placing you on report for being uncouth." The Mid says, "I didn't see nobody do nothing." So he was placed on report for being IGNORANT OF HIS SURROUNDINGS. That, if I may say so, is *all time*.

My last three anecdotes come from that infamous character Salty



**You say that it's impossible, heh?  
Well then put it on tomorrow's quiz.**

Sam 1970. They are short, sweet and incisive! . . .

I have been informed that a few Company Officers are taking a serious interest in the material conditions of rooms in their areas. Lumpy was inspecting one of his rooms which had numerous BAC posters around the walls. He ordered them removed, however, because "the walls will get dirty at an uneven rate." With such important things to worry about, it's no wonder we see so many bald and greying senior Lts.

Here is a case which all advocates of CATCH 22 logic should consider and study. A certain Professor H. in the Naval Science Department (where else?) teaches (?) a course in Near Shore Environment. On one of his tests, a Firstie in 6th Company found a mistake in which he did not receive credit for a correct answer worth 15 points. The professor generously admitted his error and added 15 points to the Mid's score. To compensate for this, however, he lowered the grade from a C to a D. Are you sure the Professor's name isn't Yossarian?

Then there was the Plebe who early in the summer passed Major K in the passageway without saluting. Mistake number one. The

kindly Major asked him if he saluted officers, and the Plebe said yes. The not-so-kindly Major then asked the Plebe why he had not rendered a salute to him. "Sir, the officers wear the white uniforms." Mistake number two.

Well, that about wraps up probably one of the longest Salty Sams ever to be conceived. I hope you have enjoyed it. I had to fight off whole herds of worms to get those stories. I have heard complaints that I don't give enough overt clues to my REAL identity. Well, I can't agree because half my company calls me "Salty" every time I walk into someone. My facade must be thin at best. Anyway, for you slow ones, a clue: I have lived on 8-4 and 1-0 in my time here, but never 7-4 or 2-0. Oh yes, one more thing . . . to that cretin classmate who guessed right and left me a note. I'm not sure who you are, but I've seen that handwriting, and heard that story about you and the CNO and SECNAV before. I'll find you out and put a Salty Sam curse on you for my sleepless night trying to figure *you out!!* Until next time, mates, remember:

*He who will not risk, cannot win!*

Robert E. Lee

SALTY '72

(nice going)

## Port of Annapolis

formerly Arches Rest.

Dick Gessner at the Piano

**186 Main St.  
Annapolis  
263-4490**



**LUNCH, DINNER,  
SNACKS, COCKTAILS,  
ENTERTAINMENT  
SERVING FROM  
11 A.M.-2 A.M.  
DAILY**



# 'Way Back When--

By H. C. Garver, Jr.

● Now in the midst of our anniversary celebration we can look back, but not necessarily to October 10, 1845. We have all seen a stack of fine old histories and read them through but they reek of routine and tradition. Now my theory is to dig into the lower strata, heh, heh.

A troublesome issue to the Executive's department is to get the boys out of bed in the morning and keep them out. Here is a copy of an interesting manuscript:

U. S. Naval Academy  
Office of Commandant of Cadets  
Annapolis, Md., January 4, 1889  
To: The Officer-in-Charge  
Sir,

Direct the Officer of the Day to report daily to the Officer in Charge at 6 A. M. for orders.

When Officer in Charge will then direct where the inspection of rooms shall begin and the route of inspection.

The Officer-in-Charge may also delay the inspection 5, 10, or 15 minutes.

The object of this order is to break up the practice of Cadets of turning in after inspection. The Officer in Charge will endeavor to stop this practice among Cadets and require them to turn out at reveille. If necessary to stop this practice, inspections will be repeated.

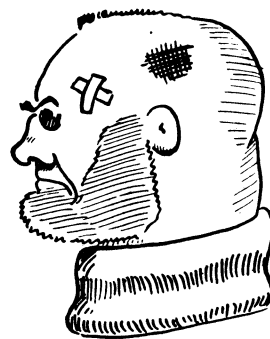
Respectfully,

P. F. Harrington,  
Comd't of Cadets.

Then even as now they were still battling the powers that be.

An order published January 9, 1889:

The Comd't wishes particular attention paid to the dismissal of sections in front of quarters and section leaders reported for not giving orders in a military manner.



"MY GRAND POP"

Here's one though that would stop you guys with the tobacco juice drizzling out of the corners of your mouth:

U. S. Naval Academy  
Office of Commandant of Cadets  
Annapolis, Md., December 21, 1888  
To: The Officer-in-Charge,  
Sir,

You will inspect the room of Cadets Gartley and Radford, No. 70, frequently and at odd times, for evidence of the use of tobacco.

Respectfully,

P. F. Harrington, Comdr.,  
Comd't of Cadets.

And here's one that is a deluxe suggestion for a practical joke:

Office of Commandant of Cadets  
U. S. Naval Academy  
Annapolis, Md.  
November 21, 1888.

To: The Officer-in-Charge,

Last night a broken dumb bell was rolled down a corridor and the offender was not discovered. In case a recurrence of such disorder the offender not being known, the Officer-in-Charge may, at his discretion, form the battalion in front of Cadet Quarters and send for me.

It is not my intention to permit anyone to violate the Regulations by making noises or creating disorder in quarters after taps. If control of all cadets cannot be maintained in this respect, the whole Corps will be held responsible and all will suffer deprivation of privileges.

Respectfully,

P. F. Harrington, Comdr.,  
Comd't of Cadets.

For the benefit of the snakes from way back, about 1913:

"The Department of discipline at the Naval Academy frequently exercised paternal care over the Midshipmen, the latest occasion being the promulgation of specific directions as to their manner of dancing, and also of escorting their young women friends to and from the hops. These instructions were recently made known to the Midshipmen by an officer of the Department: (1) None of the

Modern dances\* are to be performed under any circumstances; (2) The Midshipmen must keep their left arm straight during all dances; (3) A space of at least three inches must be kept between the dancing couple at all times; (4) Midshipmen must not take the arm of their partner under any circumstance. Some of the Midshipmen are rather restive under these regulations, and particularly object to the second, which they claim enforces a constrained and tiresome position. However, the rules will be rigidly enforced."

(\*Refers to the "unbecoming Turkey Trot.")

Now all that is well and good but you can't have a Naval Academy without a pap sheet and demerits, so for the benefit of our patient and gracious readers we will reprint a sample:

From the "Reg. Book" of 1877

	Demerits
Bed, pouring water in another cadet's . . . . .	2
Buttons, pinned on . . . . .	1
Chair, chalking (for the benefit of sitters) . . . . .	2
Gas fixtures, blowing in† . . . . .	2
Looking-glass, casting reflections with . . . . .	2
Tobacco, room smelling of . . . . .	5
Pockets in trousers . . . . .	1

†A practical joke among the clowns of those days.

A typical instance when the punishment was devised to "fit the crime" occurred on a certain Washington's Birthday, when, for some arbitrary reason, as the cadets considered, their time-honored privilege of visiting the town was revoked. This they resented by flaunting from an upper window of the "new quarters" a huge white flag bearing the legend "The Sun of Liberty Has Set."

There was at once an investigation, which resulted in the arraignment of five woe-begone culprits. A few days on the *Santee*, or a reasonable modicum of demerits, the usual and speci-

fied punishments in the circumstances, would seem to meet all the exigencies. But the following sentence was imposed: 1. That the flag should be fastened on a long pole and carried by the smallest of the offenders. That all of the others, wearing cutlass belts and scabbards, but without cutlasses, should form a color guard. 2. That the squad should march around the grounds displaying the said flag every Saturday during the remainder of the school year. This was scrupulously carried out, but whether it was calculated to dignify punishments in general in the eyes of the average boy of eighteen is a question which I prefer to leave to the reader.

Now for the real Founder's Day contribution we must lift our hats. It was in the days of the Maypole dance on the pleasant shores of the Severn. The conduct report would fill the air with quaint customs:

#### REPORT OF CONDUCT OF CADETS

July 17, 1847—A. F. Monroe

Violation of articles 1 and 3 of Rules and Regulations for the good of the school and articles 13 and 15 of laws for the Gov't of the Navy, Specifications — Ad-

ressing Lt. Ward in a loud and angry tone and calling him a lion, the said Ward being then in the execution of his duty.

July 5, 1847—Same

Violating article 1 of the Rules and Regulations for the Gov't of the School in violating Art. 15 of the laws for the better Gov't of the Navy by using reproachful words and menaces to the steward of the mess, cursing him and striking him with a broom.

October 24, 1847—Robt. Stuart, W. F. Jones

Intoxication; breaking open stable door and chasing the horses about the yard after midnight.

June 27, 1848—S. Davidson

Disorderly and violent conduct in messroom during dinner; cursing and striking several times one of the servants, and afterwards pursuing him into the city with a carving knife in his hand and threatening to kill him. Arrested by civil authorities, civil suit instituted against him.

Nice boys though; maybe you have a problem child too, if so mail a stamped addressed envelop to our Better Children's Bureau. Also for proof of the above do same for our Proving Grounds.



"REUBEN, IS YOUR ARM STIFF?"

**WORTH**

**10,000**

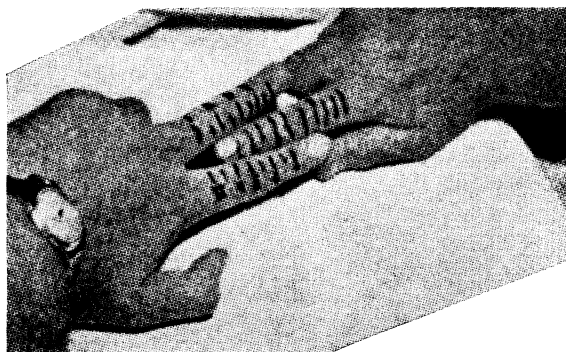
**WORDS**



**"In battery.——."**



**This week, I'm not going to get fried!!**



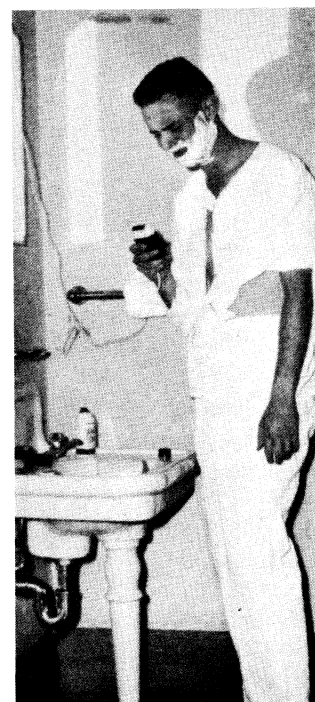
**That's the last time I'll forget to bring my  
slide rule to a final.**



**I'm so proud of our son! He came  
through with another whopping 1.11 on  
his grade card.**



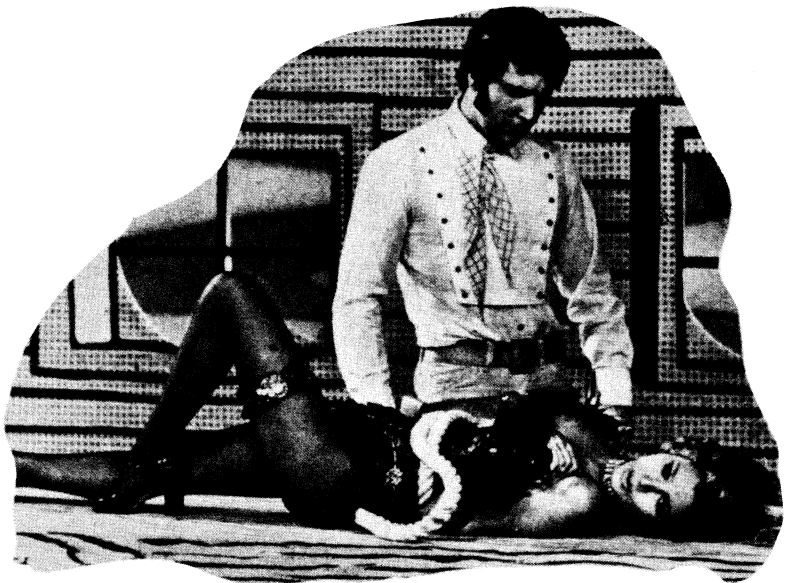
**What makes you think  
the AC Board doesn't  
have any faith in me?**



**0644 This razor ain't  
worth a Shick!**



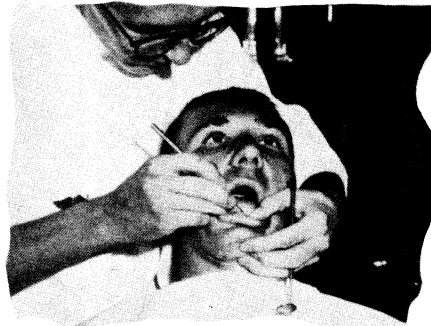
**"I'm from the Food and Drug Adm.  
You tell your U.S.N.A. that they are  
down big!"**



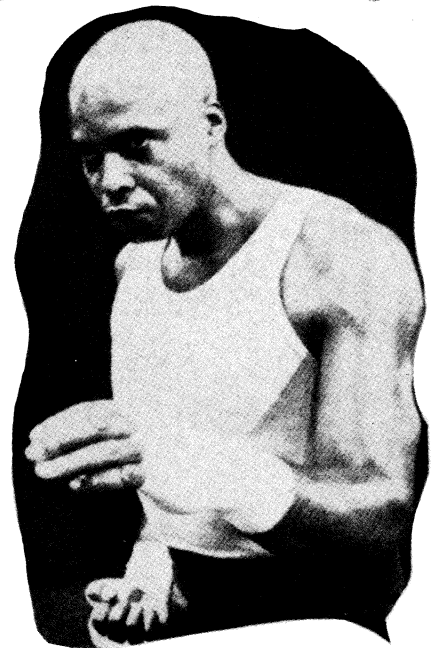
**"Does it have to be by  
the Reg. Book every  
time?"**



**So I took a little food from the  
mess hall.**



**What do you mean I was sup-  
posed to take out the left one!?**



**Don't never say nothing about a  
barber when you're in the chair.**

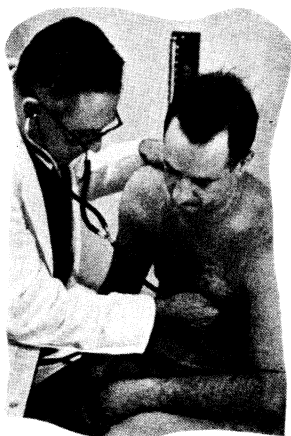


**"Oh no! Chicken Tetrafluoride again."**



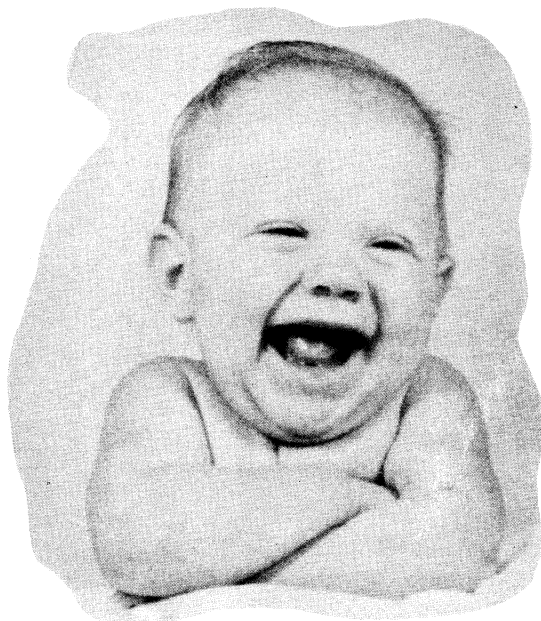
**According to this we're steaming at  
12 knots on the New Jersey Turnpike.**





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

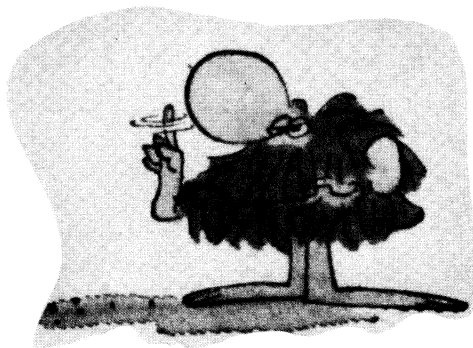
**It sounds like it's your  
knee!**



**And I gave them a pop quiz on  
the first day.**



**You can have anything you want—all  
you have to do is restrict for the rest of  
your life.**



**U.S.N.A.**



**Gee—I really didn't think you  
had it in you, chicken.**



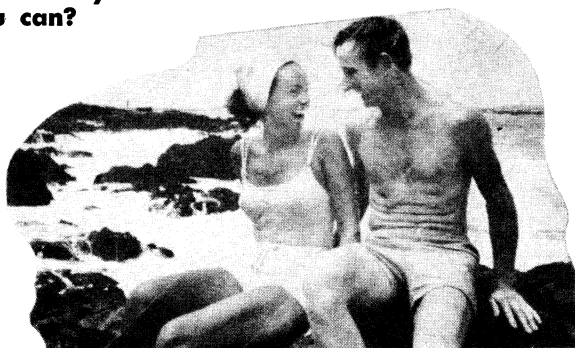
**I know you're going to be an  
ensign soon, but don't you  
think it's funny that I can stay  
out later than you can?**



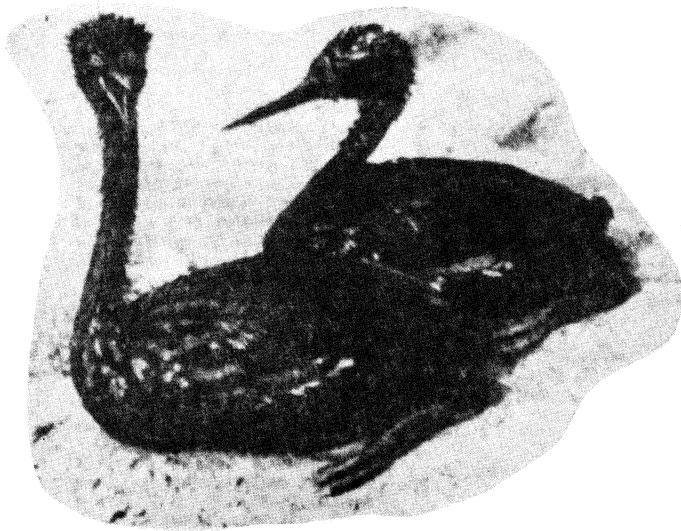
**Those bells. I just can't seem  
to run away from those rev-  
eille bells.**



**We came to see our boy graduate.**



**I just sat on a crab!**



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



**10 more days and daddy gets out for Christmas!**



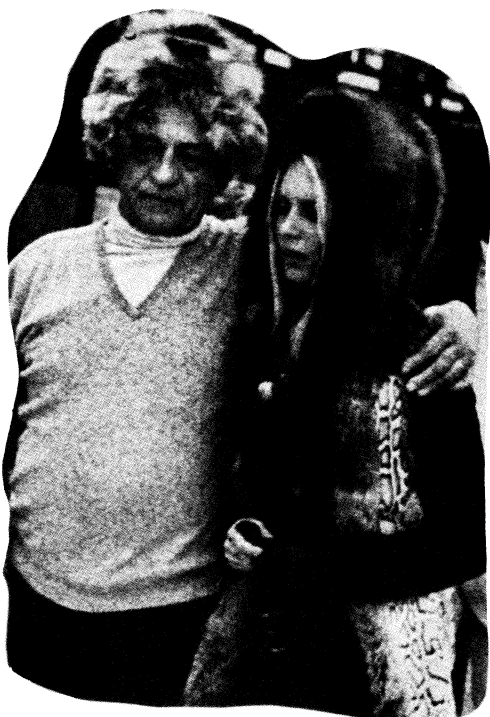
**Let go of my nose and I'll let go of your ear.**



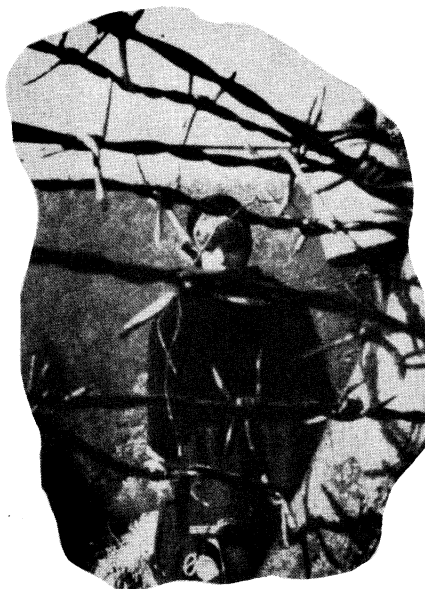
**I certainly hope this is my last time for after dinner speaking.**



**I don't care what you got, the prof's gouge says the fix is here.**



**Mine's a beaver, what's yours?**



**Admiral, please let the plebes come out and play.**



**What do you mean, "Deck Ape?"**

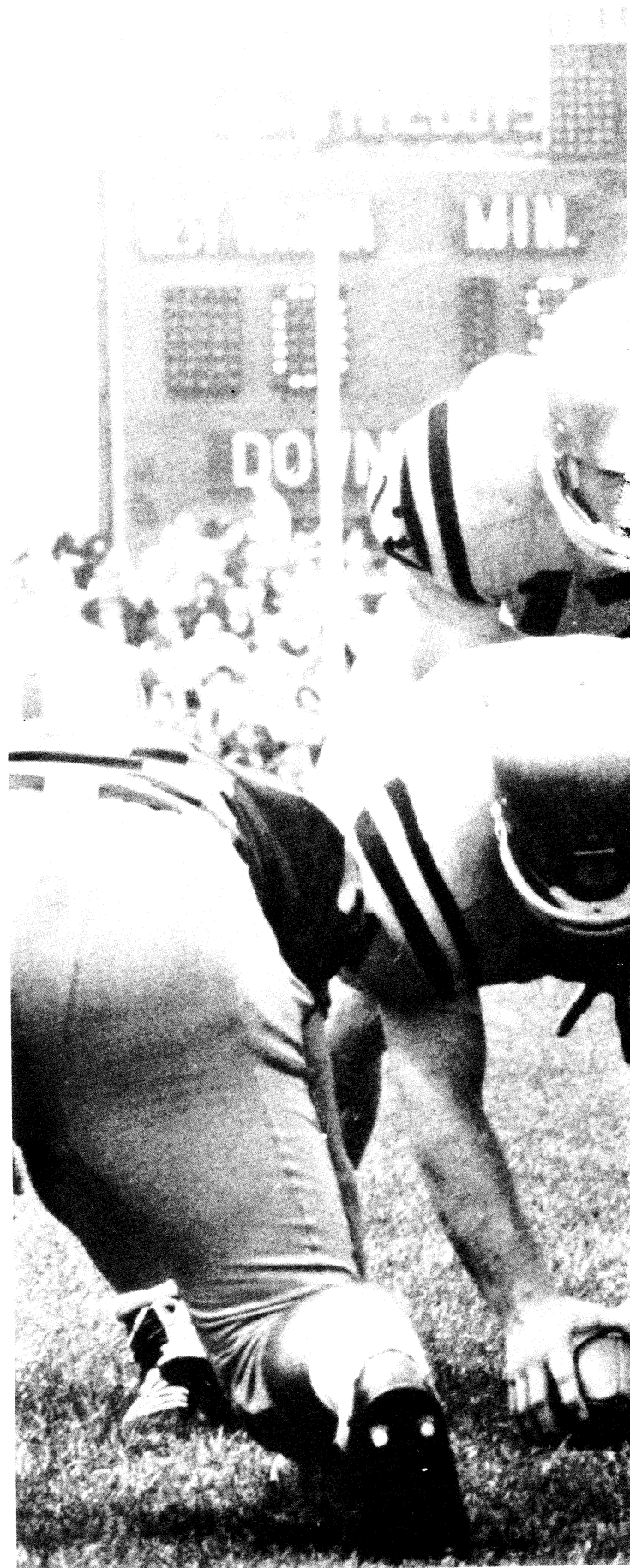
# AND THEN CAME ROGER . . .

**The seemingly Fantastic play of this quarterback has evoked national interest in our Big Blue Team.**

**by JOHN BEAKES**

Each passing Saturday afternoon provides this nation's college football following with more convincing proof that the man at the top of the "Most Yards Total Offense" column, Mr. Roger Staubach, is the class of this season's outstanding crop of talented signal-callers. His gridiron performances are the subject of more newspaper and magazine commentary than any event since the last presidential election, and yet no writer can do justice to the deeds of this marvelous Middle—not even seeing is always believing in this fellow's case. When listening to radio broadcasts the phrase "I don't see how he could have possibly . . ." is almost as common as breaks for station identification. And no one talks of All American teams without mention of "Jolly Roger" being dropped somewhere along the line.

If the country's sportswriters and coaches bestow Rog with the All-American recognition which he, to date, has shown that he rightfully deserves, this modest segundo will take a place beside some of the greatest names in college football history, Navy's own All-Americans. Such names as Bellino, Mather, Reifsnyder, Eisenhower, Duden, Borries, and Cutter echo across the span of this century as representative of a lengthy list of great Navy footballers. Each, in his own era, captured the imagination of a Bri-







PLUMB

gade, much as ours is presently under a Staubach spell, and mere mention of these men strikes a sentimental chord in the hearts of Academy alumni everywhere.

Very much alive in the memory of most of the present Brigade are the most recent additions to this list of our football elite, Greg Mather and Joe Bellino. Mather displayed the most talented toe in the nation in '61, and possibly the best since. The truth in this statement is found in the record book. Big Greg had a 22 for 23 performance in points after touchdowns and added 11 field goals. He also snagged 22 aerals for 258 yards that season to cement his position on the "dream team" of that year.

And who can forget "Joltin' Joe" Bellino? Until Staubach appeared on the scene, this little speedster from Winchester, Mass. was the most talked about player in Navy history. In 1960, the last year of King Joe's reign, he was awarded both of college football's most coveted awards, the Maxwell and Heisman trophies, and was thereby named "the outstanding college football player in the nation." Little Joe was the only man ever to score three TD's for the Big Blue in an Army-Navy game (in '59), and he holds Academy records for most points in a season (110), most carries for a season (168), most yards rushing (834), the longest single run from scrimmage (90 yards), and most points in a single game (24). Bellino was paid a tribute reserved for the greatest of the great when the Academy retired his number, 27, and enshrined it in the fieldhouse at the close of his star-studded career here.

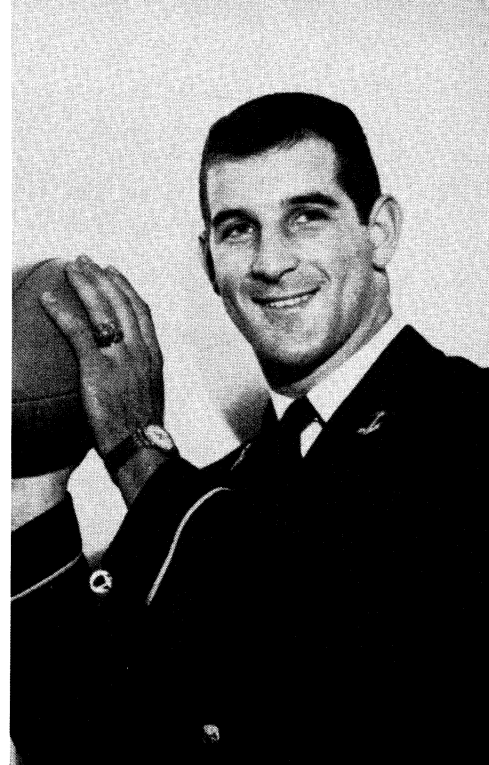
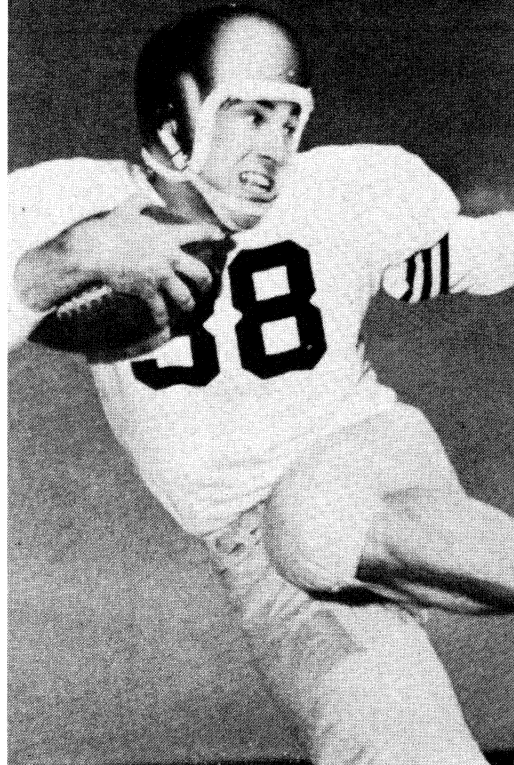
Navy boasts two other winners of the Maxwell Trophy, tackle Bob Reifsynder, who won the award in 1957; and end Ronnie Beagle, an All-American in 1954 and 1955. Reifsynder, who garnered another much sought after award when he was presented a silver anchor at graduation exercises for the class of '59, was one of the biggest men ever to wear the Blue and Gold uniform, as well as being one of the fastest linemen in Academy history.



**G**OOD football players are found with increasing regularity in college ranks today. However, truly great players are still at the premium that they always were. For the past three seasons, those of us who have been here at the Naval Academy have had the rare opportunity of watching the development of one of the most spectacular athletes that the sport has ever known. As the end of your last and most successful collegiate season nears, we the Brigade salute you, Joe Bellino.

In this, his last year of Navy football, he has accumulated an unsurpassed number of awards and honors. In each game of regular season, Joe has been selected the outstanding player and back of the game. He has won the Heisman and Maxwell trophies, the credentials of the outstanding Collegiate player of the year. In Norfolk, along with the 26-7 victory over the SMU Mustangs Joe received the Blasingham trophy which is given annually to the most outstanding competitor in the Oyster Bowl. He is the unanimous first choice of writers and coaches everywhere for the 1960 All-American squads. Associated Press just last weekend selected him as the outstanding player of the year. There seems to be no end to the laurels which are heaping upon this little, five-foot nine-inch rocket.

In his gridiron career, he has thrilled spectators from coast to coast with his versatile game of running passing and kicking. When Joe came onto the football scene, the meaning of the triple threat was made quite clear. Besides his well publicized running game, he quick-kicked eleven times this year for a forty-seven yard average, completed five of fourteen passes for one hundred-twelve yards and two touch-



**Just Another Joe!**

## Saluting Joe Bellino

downs. Add to this his pass catching ability, fifteen receptions for two hundred sixty-four yards) and we have a quadruple threat.

Defensively, he has been a standout in many games. Perhaps his most appreciated effort in this vein came in the closing minutes of this year's Army game when he snatched what might have been the winning touchdown from the hands of an Army receiver and raced with the leather out of deep Navy territory.

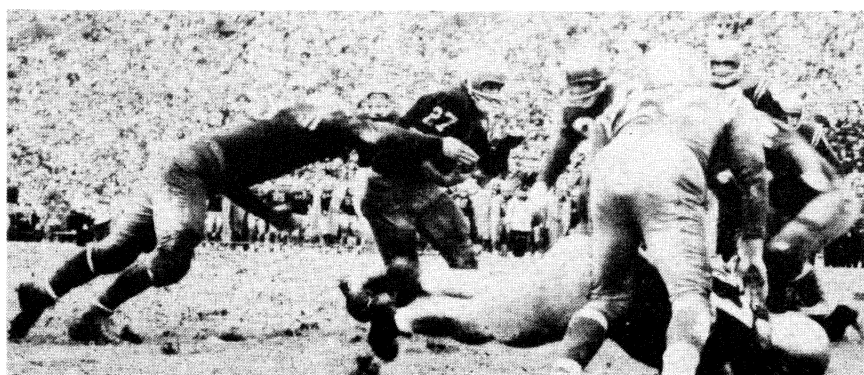
Throughout the nation he is

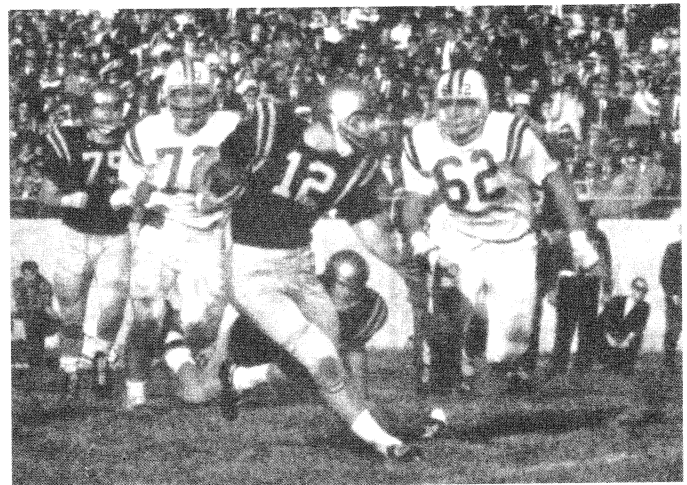
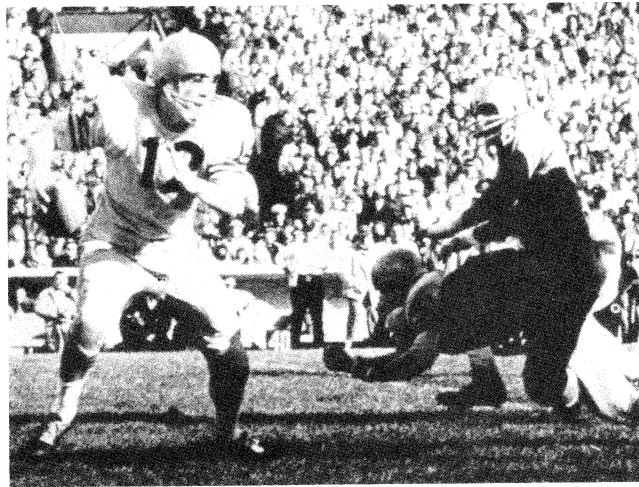
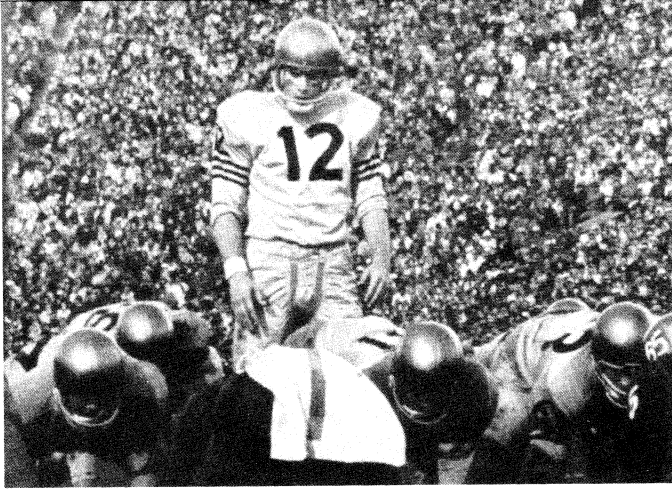
known as the hardest runner to bring down, and this is mighty high praise from the likes of Washington's McCasson and Army's Vanderbilt.

Modestly, he attributes a great deal of his success to Coach Wayne Hardin, for he feels that if many of the plays had not been designed for him, he would not have had the measure of success that is now his. To an extent, this of course is true. However, this does not make it any easier to run through a field of opposing tacklers.

Humility and teamwork are the two qualities that often make good men great. And so to you, Joe Bellino, a great athlete and a great man, we, the Brigade pay tribute. In winning the two highest football honors in the nation, you have joined the ranks of such legendary figures as Johnny Latner. May you have equal success in all of your future undertakings, and may you wear that success as admirably as you do now.

**Joe in Action Against Notre Dame**





**The Boss and His Helpers—Belichick-Jorge-Hardin-Forzano-Duden**



# Lilacs, and Sin

He MUST live somewhere—there was only the need to find where. Some of the places that he had passed were eliminated from belonging to him by the simple fact that they were inhabited. Others were labeled as being for sale or rental. None of these could be his. Near some of them, he had seen people in uniforms, and he had learned that anyone in a uniform was associated with his mysterious imprisonment. He could not stay near them.

Early in the evening, he found a building that he was sure belonged to him. It was located behind a mansion in the middle of a mass of undergrowth, largely flowering vegetation. It was unoccupied, and bore no label. On closer inspection, it proved to contain a number of tools in a large chest, and hoes and rakes stacked in a corner. Surely this house must be his home, for he recollected almost clearly having grown up on a farm. There was plenty of extra room for him to live in, and a small bed on one side. This last object proved to his turbulent mind that the structure was truly the place of his childhood. He set about to clean it for his future life.

In an hour, his task was completed. He had swept the floor and dusted off the long-unused cot. As he relaxed for a moment by the window, but he tensed immediately. In the cleared ground behind the mansion, not 50 feet from where he sat, a man in a uniform flicked a switch, illuminating the garden with a flood of light from Japanese lanterns hung overhead. With his daughter on his arm, Admiral Pinkham led his guests to the buffet supper table, and his garden party commenced.

A small orchestra was assembled at one end of a terrace, and they played soft dinner music. It was to be a gay but sad night; the last party before the Admiral went into retirement. At the same occa-

sion, he hoped to announce the engagement of his daughter to a young ensign of his command. He beamed at his guests, but when he spoke, there was a catching in his throat.

Not so with the young girl, Lydia. She was a beautiful girl, just about to enter womanhood, and she was the toast of the party. Her golden hair swirled as she danced with gay abandon. Her lithe body gracefully swung to the louder rhythms of the orchestra, and all eyes were on her, enviously.

In his shed, Major Bill cringed in a corner, a terrified heap. The sight of these many uniforms sent terror surging through his limbs, and put fear in his heart. Until he spied Lydia. He gazed at her in awe, admiring her slim form in its close black covering. His eyes became attached to her; he could not shift them. The more he stared, the more wicked became the light in his eyes. They bulged, and he licked his dry lips, tightening them into a smile. He knew then what the next objective of his life must be, but for the present, he felt his terror creeping back. He crept into the tool box, and once there, his fears multiplied like germs of the brain, clawing and taunting.

When he finally raised the lid only enough to admit a crack of light, the laughter was gone and the lights had disappeared. But still his dread was great. He could only peek through the crack, much as he wanted to climb into his cot. He saw the lights in the mansion disappear one by one; then he felt that he was safe. He began to raise the lid, but dropped it with a silent curse as he heard light footsteps on the pathway outside.

He could hear the wooden steps creak under the weight of a human body; he could hear someone cross the door past his box to the window. There was only one chance. Kill whoever it might be with his bare hands, and then leave the new-

found home. But when he raised the lid again, he paused suddenly to reconsider and collect himself. The person was Lydia!

He stood behind her and touched her shoulder. She whirled, a look of fear in her eyes. He quieted an outcry by significantly touching a finger to his lips. She looked at him wonderingly, fear still in her. How long it had been since he had last touched a woman!

His strained but gently vibrant voice whispered to her.

"I don't recall your name, but I have been waiting an eternity for you. On the fields, and in the forests of France, I have seen only your eyes, your hair, your slimness. You may not remember me, it was long ago. But I remember you for what you are, and, though life is hard, the thought of you has carried me. To see you now is like being in a fairy story. You must not be afraid, for the wounds of being away are just beginning to heal."

"Please," she thought confusedly, "don't say those things to me in that beautiful voice. Go away now. I'm Clint's. Or I was until tonight. You're so handsome and have such a firm look in your eyes—No, don't go. I want to hear that voice speak again. I want to feel those strong arms about me—please stay as long as you can."

His voice continued.

"Your hair, above all else. I can't ever recall having run my hand through it, but I must now. I must—it calls to me, pleads to my hands."

She smiled shyly.

"You may," she said without realizing that her lips had moved, without any consciousness of her acquiescence.

He cut off any further words by slipping his arms behind her and pressing her to him. She tensed, but slowly relaxed as he pressed his lips against hers, fire against ice, then, fire against molten gold. He pressed her to him, and, as the fire coursed through the two beings, and the night began to close in about them, he let his hands

*(Continued on page 49)*

# Musk,

by Stan Garner

**M**AJOR William Robert Moore dodged furtively down alleyways and across side streets. Somewhere, for some reason, he was being pursued; he did not understand why.

There were many things that he had not understood in the past few years. Why, for instance, he had suddenly fallen into the bad graces of the military authorities, after having won three decorations for bravery on the field of battle. Why "they" had kept him in the hospital long after the wound on his forehead had healed. Why they kept a guard in front of his door always, even on the ship coming home. Why they had kept him in a small, white room on his return, not even allowing his family, whoever they might be, to visit him.

That devil in white had told him that his release was imminent. But how long was imminent? They hadn't let him go, though he had told them repeatedly that he was well. It would have been only right if that white devil had died. If they had only let him go ahead and kill him! But they had intervened, and subsequently increased their vigilance over him. And they wouldn't even give him anything with which to eat other than a spoon.

And it was so unfair. Unfair because they should have been helping him to remember. Remember who his friends were and where he lived.

But that phase had ended. He was free now, and this time they wouldn't catch him, if it took all of his battle-earned experience to remain in concealment. He must live an ordinary life—"avoid being conspicuous, and you're well hidden." He was hunting for his ordinary life now.

What constitutes the commonplace? The blending of person with environment. In a city, live in your own home with your own family. He was hunting for the home now.



*She tensed, but slowly relaxed  
as he pressed his lips against hers*



IT WAS A WINTER MORNING OF THE COLD ANNAPOLIS VARIETY AS FRUDLY GLEEPLER, MIDGET OF THE FIRST ESTATE, TROMPED DOWN JOYFULLY INTO THE 3RD WING BASEMENT...

AND GLEEPLER WAS RIGHTFULLY JOYFUL, FOR IT WAS ALMOST THE CHRISTMASTIME, AND HE WAS GOING TO BUY A PRESENT FOR HIS GIRL MYRLE... A PRESENT ONLY SHE WAS WORTHY OF... A PRESENT FROM THE...

# MIDSTORE

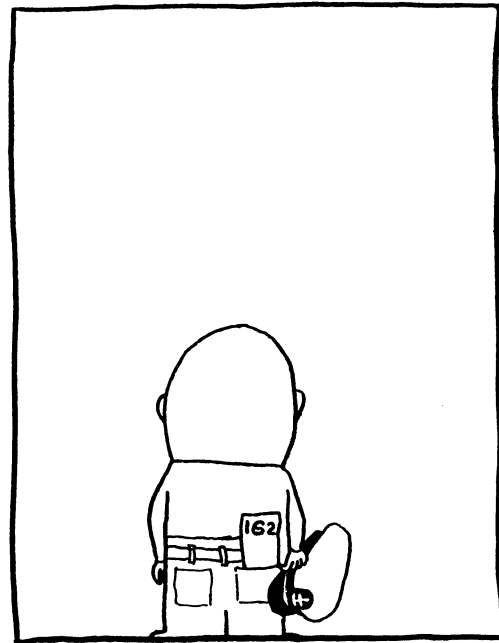


BUT THEN HE STOPPED, SHOCKED, AS HIS BLOODSHOT EYES TOOK IN THE SCENE... COULD THIS BE MACY'S... SEARS... NO. IT WAS THE NEW MIDSTORE - IT WAS CHRISTMAS RUSH... IT WAS UNNERVING



FINALLY RESIGNING HIMSELF TO THE SITUATION, GLEEPLER'S MIDGETMAN MIND QUICKLY SOLVES THE PROBLEM BY PURE HERD INSTINCT...

THE SIGN SAYS "TAKE A NUMBER" AND SO HE TAKES A NUMBER - HMMM, ONLY 160 PEOPLE AHEAD OF HIM... WE ARE IN GOOD SHAPE.



SO FRUD DRAWS ANOTHER NUMBER... HMMM... 1,060... AND HE WAITS... AND WAITS... AD INFINITUM... AND AT LONG LAST HIS TIME IS AT HAND... HE DASHES TO THE COUNTER, BRANDISHING HIS NUMBER IN HIS HOT LITTLE HAND... HIS EXHUBERANCE AT FIRST DISCONCERTS THE SALESLADY, BUT SHE IS FINALLY COAXED FROM BENEATH THE COUNTER...

SO: ANOTHER NUMBER FOR FURDLY GLEEPLER... HMMM... 10,060... COULD BE WORSE... COULD BE 100,060... OH... I MISREAD IT... HAHAHMM... WELL, 100,060 ISN'T SO BAD... @ &!!... AND SO ITS THAT OLD WAIT WAIT WAIT KICK AGAIN... DAYS PASS... AND THEN...

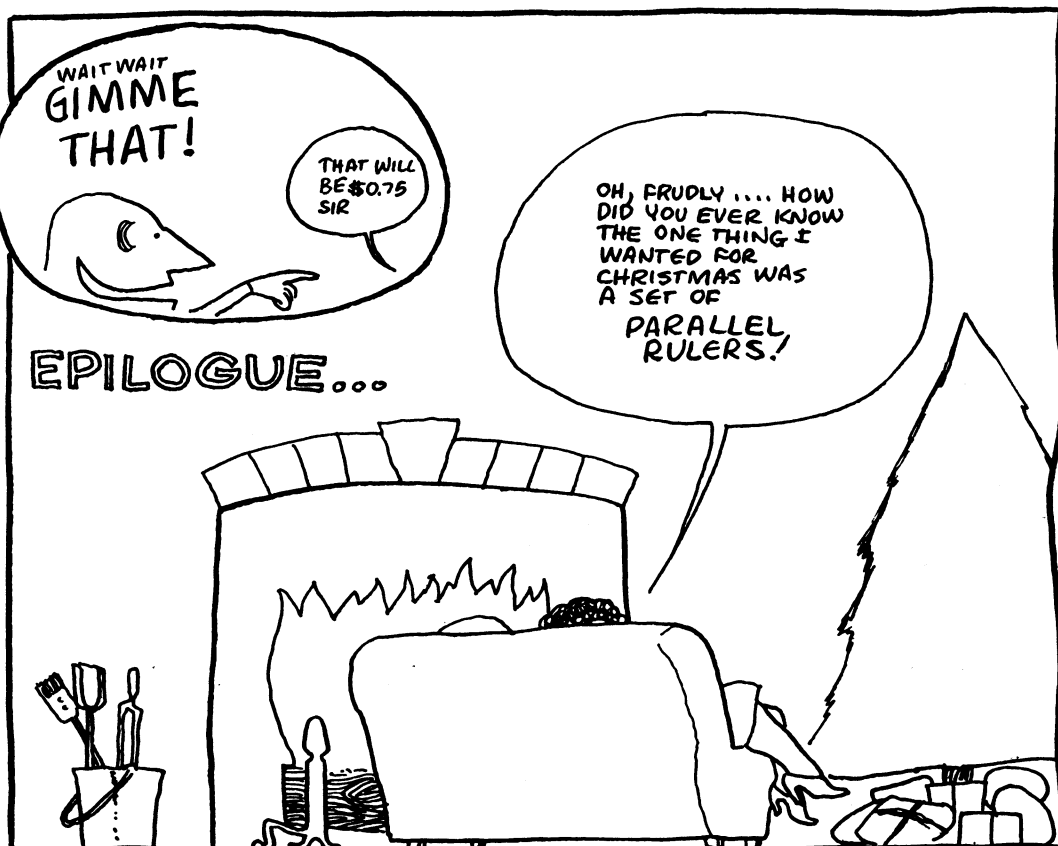
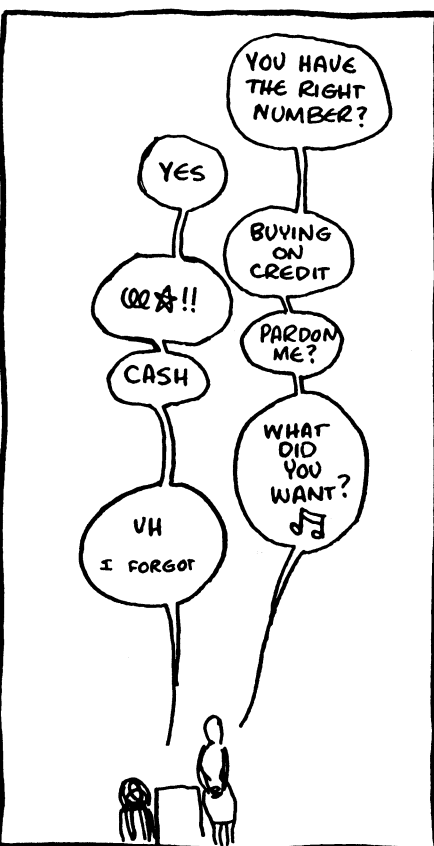
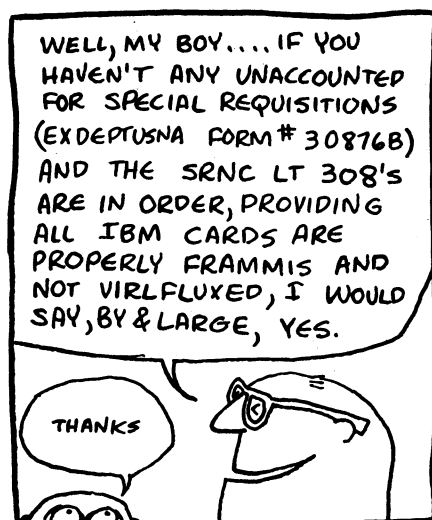
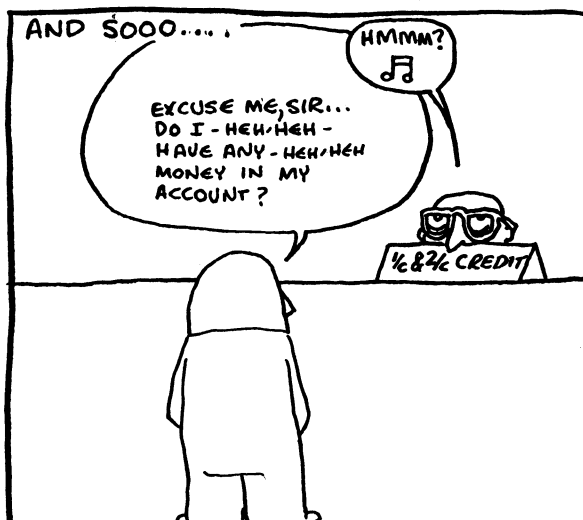
NUMBER 100,060

THAT'S ME!

AND SO HE WAITS...  
 .... AND WAITS....  
 AND WAITS AND  
 WAITS AND WAITS...  
 AND FINALLY, AFTER  
 WHAT HAS SEEMED  
 LIKE ETERNITY....  
 HIS NUMBER IS  
 CALLED..... HE  
 SPRINGS LITHELY TO  
 THE EDGE OF THE  
 COUNTER... HE  
 PAUSES FOR EFFECT  
 WHEN SUDDENLY...



THE VOICE IS  
 DEEP WITH  
 AUTHORITY...  
 STENTORIAN...  
 IT WOULD LIKE  
 VERY MUCH TO  
 MAKE ITS LITTLE  
 PURCHASE BEFORE  
 FRUDLY... FRUDLY  
 HESITATES. SHOULD  
 HE?... HE DOESN'T!  
 HE REBELS... NO  
 OFFICER PUSHES  
 A GLEEPE AROUND  
 ... "SORRY, SIR.." HE  
 BEGINS TO SAY,  
 BUT BECOMES  
 INCAPACITATED



# A CRYPT FOR

Is the body in the Chapel crypt actually the body of  
John Paul Jones or is it someone else used to cover  
the neglect of over a century.

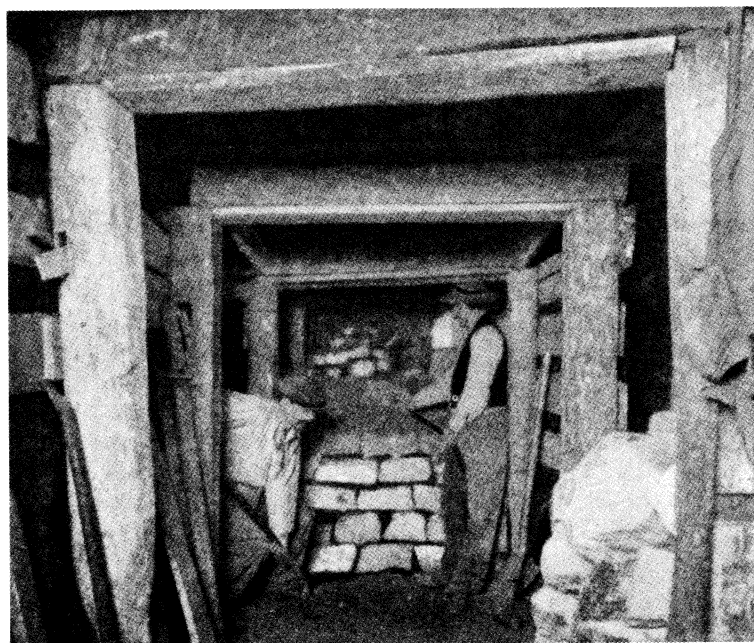
*by Wayne Weeks*

**ONE** of the most controversial of the United States' long line of outstanding men is John Paul Jones. Contradicting articles concerning his life and death have been written for many years and the true facts have become increasingly muddled. One of the most discussed objects concerning the great naval officer is his final resting place. Doubt has been expressed that his body rests in the crypt beneath the United States Naval Academy Chapel, or in the United States at all. The purpose of this article is to prove beyond doubt that the remains in the Naval Academy Crypt are those of John Paul Jones.

The facts have become so clouded that it is necessary to find an accepted point from which to start. It is widely agreed that he died in Paris on July 18, 1792, while in the service of the United States. He had just returned from Russia where he had lost his health in the service of that country. After his death the French people, who had a high regard for the officer, naturally assumed that the United States would want the body returned. With this thought in mind a French admirer, Pierre Francois Simonneau, had the body prepared for sea transport. The remains were partly wrapped in tinfoil and placed in an alcohol filled lead casket packed with straw. As time passed and the body was not sent for, a rebellion broke out in Paris and the body was forgotten. It was soon buried on the outskirts of Paris with a group of Swiss Royal Guards killed in the rebellion, and still no action was taken by the people of the United States. As Paris grew and time went by, a structure was built over the plot which contained the body.

The body remained there for over a century until the United States Ambassador to France, General Horace Porter, initiated a private search for the body. It is interesting to note that General Porter was a West Point graduate. He received no help from any source and he had to direct the project during his free time. He continued the search for five years at

a cost of \$35,000 until finally the General's tenacity paid off when the last burial plot was located beneath a dwelling. The tunneling operations which he began immediately encountered trouble from the very beginning. Water filled the tunnels, and the large number of bodies encountered made the task seem hopeless. Finally after removing hundreds of the bodies of Swiss Guards, four lead caskets were discovered. It was fortunate that three of these were marked with plates while the fourth was not. The casket which contained John Paul Jones' remains was unmarked. If General Porter had located the correct



*After extensive tunneling, the spot which was believed to hold Jones' body was discovered.*

# WHOM?

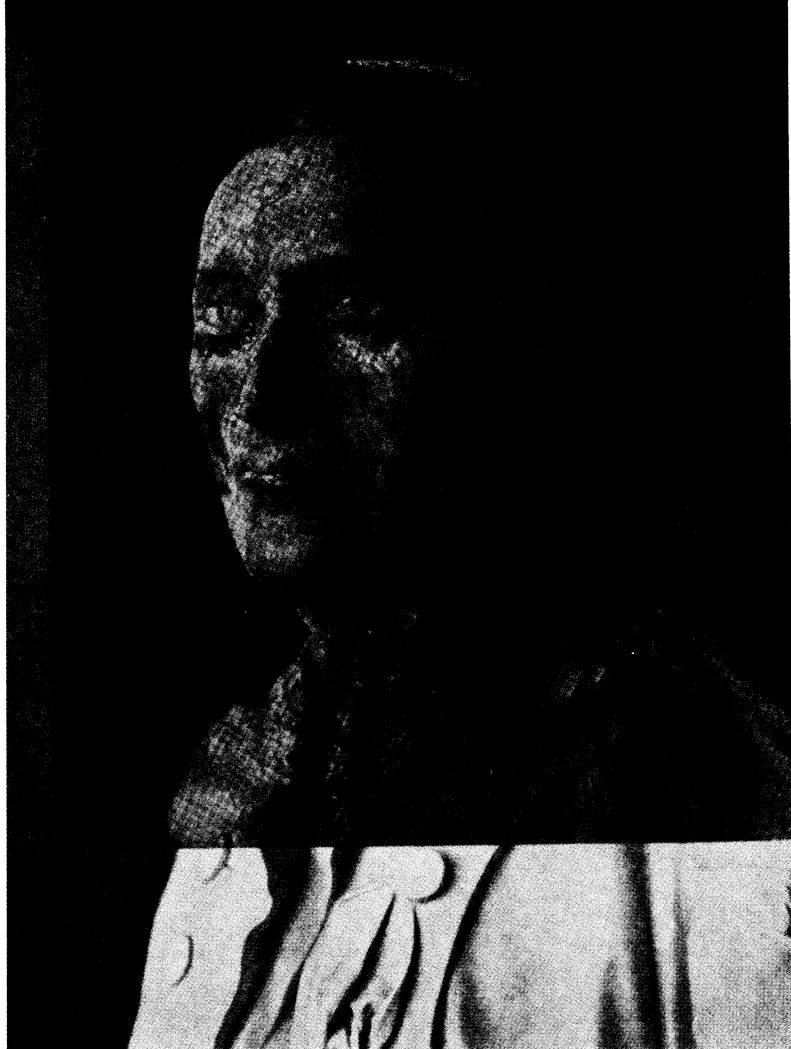
plot then the fourth casket must contain the body of the naval hero or all hope of ever finding the body was lost.

With the discovery of the casket which could possibly contain Jones' remains much interest was aroused on both sides of the Atlantic and as the identification proceeded the interest rose even higher. Due to the foresight of the French the body was wonderfully preserved. When the casket was opened it was carefully checked against the available records and it matched perfectly. The located casket contained alcohol, the limbs were partly covered with tinfoil and hay packing was present. None of the other three lead caskets were prepared in this manner.

The location of the coffin was encouraging but the tedious job of proving beyond a doubt that the body was the correct one lay before General Porter. Since the body was well preserved it was possible to take measurements and compare them with busts and measurements known to be correct. It was noticed that the body was unclad. At the time of his death all of Jones' uniforms were accounted for and he was placed in the coffin without covering except for tinfoil. Next it was observed that the rich brown hair of the body was the exact shade and length (70 centimeters) of the subject. The body was removed from the casket and Dr. Papillault took measurements. The length of the body was five feet seven inches—the exact height of John Paul Jones. The head measurements were taken and the forehead, eye spacing and length from the nose to chin agreed exactly with the famous Houdon bust.

Next, Dr. Capitan performed an autopsy to determine the cause of death and the age of the body at death. The doctor placed the age at 45 years. John Paul Jones was 45 when he died. Dr. Capitan was also able to trace the effects of the disease that was fatal to John Paul Jones.

In summary, the following overwhelming evidence was uncovered. The casket was identical to the one in which the subject was buried. Alcohol, tinfoil, and hay were present and, it was unmarked lead. The hair and other measurements were identical to the known measurements of the great naval hero. The age of the body was correct as was the cause of death. The body was unclad as John Paul Jones' body was when buried. After these findings had been sworn to by high officials the body was again prepared for sea transport in a triple casket of lead, pine, and oak.



*This overlay shows the great similarity between the unearthed body and the famous Houdon bust.*

By this time, interest had grown to such limits that arrangements were immediately made to return the body to the United States. The casket was taken to Cherbourg, France in great ceremony to be loaded upon the U.S.S. Brooklyn for the crossing. The Brooklyn and its escorts under Rear Admiral Sigsbee sailed for Annapolis. When the ships arrived the casket was transferred to the tug Standish and landed at Annapolis. An honor guard of sailors, marines, and midshipmen accompanied the body.

On April 24, 1906, final honors were paid to John Paul Jones in a ceremony attended by the President and Secretary of the Navy. The body was then placed in a temporary crypt. Congress offered to reimburse General Porter but he refused and requested that the money be used to help build the permanent crypt. The crypt was completed in 1912, and the next year the body was moved to its present location.

With the final placing of the body the long effort of General Porter was ended and the neglect of "our first great sailor" was partly rectified. All of the American people could rest easier knowing that they had at least tried to repay the enormous debt that they had long owed a foreigner who loved and served their country through many disappointments. ✕

**The Navy was embarrassed, the country was in an uproar, but Shultz, the mad genius, didn't care. He was intent only on finding a niche in history. He almost succeeded.**

ning, and most important, for me, the outlay of cash. I would need the price of a trip across the continent, a suitable uniform as a disguise, and a great deal of study and luck. It took weeks for me to accumulate the materials I needed for my exploit. During that time, I grew thinner and thinner, for the restaurant had cut my allotment to two crusts a day, and heels at that.

From the Public Library I borrowed books on Navigation, Seamanship, Fireroom operation, and every other thing I could find that would help me take a ship out and run it into some secluded inlet. The thing was impossible, fantastic. But I had decided—I would be content only with the biggest, the most important—the USS Massachusetts.

About this time you have me pegged as a nut. The Massachusetts, indeed! Why, didn't I know that her crew is over two thousand officers and men, highly skilled, experienced in handling mighty ships. My mind was fixed, however, on the hope that I could be so sure of myself that those on board would not inquire into the facts.

I proceeded, to use the Navy term, to Norfolk, using every means of transportation known to man. My plans had long since been made. I would go aboard, stow away somewhere, and then take over the ship after dopping the entire mess. Ha-ha-ha! It was a brilliant scheme. Once under way, and at sea, I could set the crew afloat in life rafts off the Virginia coast, where they could not fail to be picked up, steam due south, round Cape Horn, and have the whole Pacific to hide in. Of course, there would be the chance that I would be observed, but anything is better than cold water and dry bread.

Early in the morning, when the

great ship was ready to weigh anchor, I used my last dollar to bribe a local boatman to take me out to the accommodation ladder. Dressed in my faded, but clean and neatly brushed-off uniform, resplendent with full Admiral's stripes, I clambered up the ladder. The Officer of the Deck was stupefied, to use a conservative phrase. I think that the gleaming gold had hypnotized him, for he bawled for side boys, and sent the messenger

headed out to sea.

I made a hearty meal of anchor grease and after things had settled down somewhat, I ventured out into the passageway. No one was in sight, so I moved cautiously down the corridor, ready at a moment's alarm to fly back to my chain locker. All seemed secure, so, taking courage, I crept into the crew's quarters. I managed to capture a seaman's dungarees, and stole silently back to the locker, to change.

Using my protective coloring, I strode boldly down to the galley, rattling my knockout drops casually in my pocket. While the ship's cook was busy with the vermicelli soup, I poured half my bottle of pills into the potatoes, knowing that the taste would never be detected. After a bit of hunting, I found the officers' mess, and deposited the remainder of the dope in the stew. Then I went topside to await developments.

Presently the watches were relieved, and the second section, fresh from chow, took over. Still I waited, puttering about the deck, until the ship suddenly swung violently to port. Hastening up to the bridge, I found the en-

tire bridge watch sound asleep. Chuckling softly, I lashed the wheel for dead ahead, and went below to check on the rest of the crew. Sure enough, every man was snoring like a lumber mill. I ran down to the fireroom to look at the boilers, and then returned to the bridge. Our last position was just off North Carolina, so I rigged the lifeboats and rafts, checked their gear, and loaded them with the slumbering men. That's quite a job, you say, lugging two thousand men from all over a ship as big as that. It certainly is, and it took five hours, leaving me completely exhausted. I set the boats and rafts adrift, with

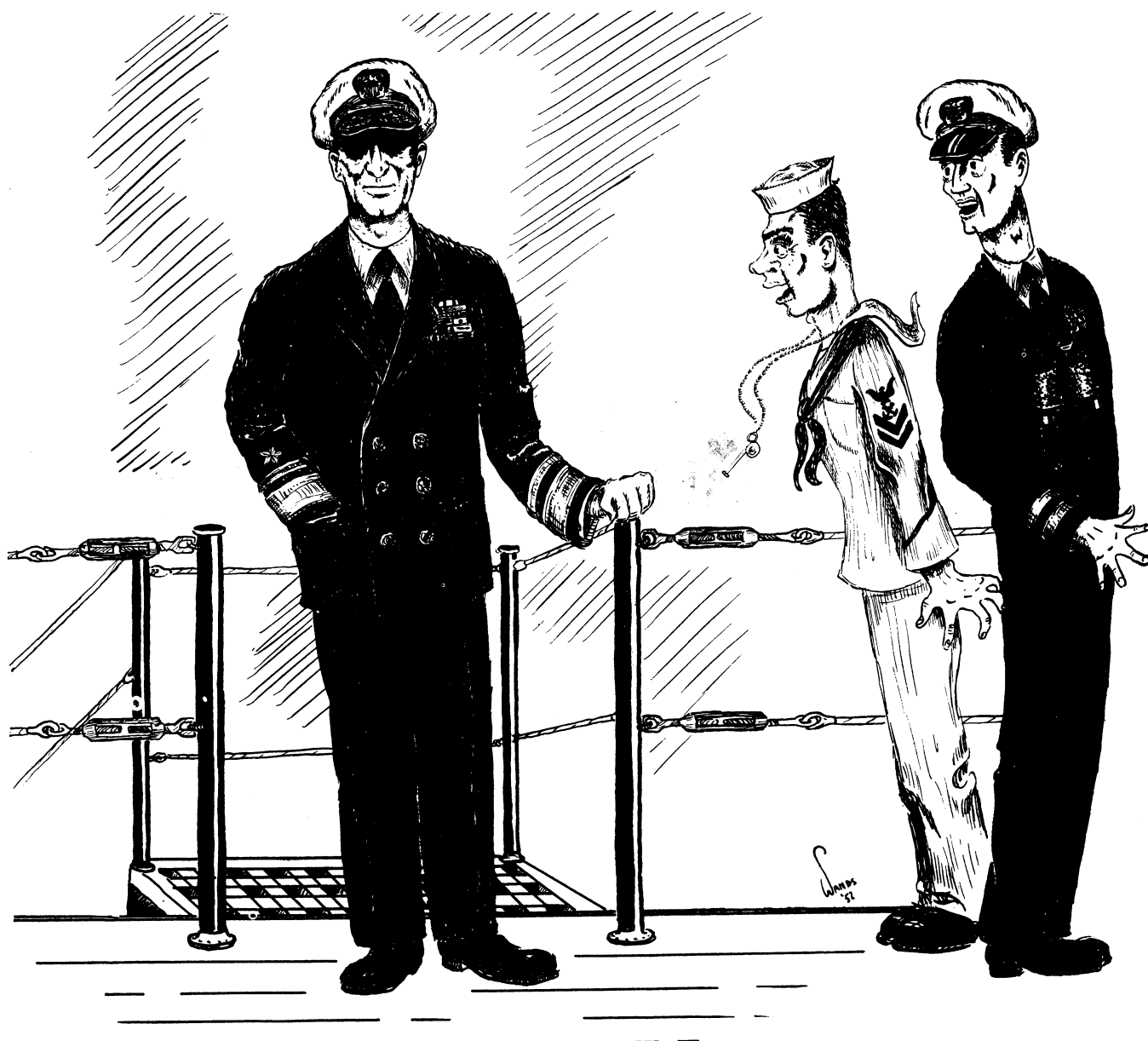
(Continued on page 38)



*Navigating proved to be my most difficult task but I mastered it during the next six weeks.*

pelting off to get the Captain. For a moment he almost recovered, but in that instant I roared at him to belay the ceremony, that I was making a surprise inspection. His mouth flapped idiotically, then snapped shut, and he presented a snappy salute. While he stood entranced, I disappeared below, and when at last the Captain puffed up. I was securely curled up in the chain locker. In the general search that followed, believe it or not, I remained undiscovered, and eventually the word went round that I had fallen overboard. I had a lively time dodging the giant links, as they weighed anchor, but at last I could tell that we were under way and





## How I Stole the Massachusetts

**A**ND if you think it was easy, you're far, far wrong. Knockout drops alone cost me \$7.50. I really take my hat off to the vigilance of the U. S. Navy, in peace and in war. It took all the acting I learned in the Provincetown summer stock theaters, and two fruitless years in Hollywood, to convince the Officer of the Deck that I was Admiral Dewey, incognito.

Suppose I begin at the beginning. My name is Vladimir Schultz, and I'm currently holed up in a cove on

by  
**Dick Raymond, III, '53**

the Aleutian coast. The first glimmerings of my fantastic scheme to steal the USS Massachusetts came to me six months ago, when I was starving quietly in an 11-dollar-a-week room in Los Angeles. After the initial flash, cold reason overcame my enthusiasm. Who was I? An impoverished, unemployed actor, living on rye crusts begged from a

nearby restaurant and cold water from the tap. I knew absolutely nothing about ships, except that they cost enormous amounts, and that the Navy was primarily concerned with the operation and maintenance of them.

After reflection, I decided that I could pull off the most spectacular publicity stunt ever conceived by the mind of man, by swiping one of the Navy's ships, and dickering with them for its return. Of course, I realized that this operation would call for unlimited gall, careful plan-

# HOW I STOLE THE MASSACHUSETTS

(Continued from page 11)

a copy of the chart marking our position, a compass, and a sextant. Just for kicks, I threw in a radio transmitter.

Then I was off, for ports unknown. From the bridge, which became my home for six weeks, I managed to run the ship. Every twenty minutes I would run down to check the boilers, engines, and the auxiliary equipment. I wouldn't get much sleep, you say, and I didn't, but I made out all right. I was used to starving, and food didn't have much appeal. I found that the Navy was rather incensed at the abduction of its battleship, and had instituted a world-wide search. The Captain, officers, and crew had been picked up two days after I had set them adrift, and it was only by adroit maneuvering that I avoided the scouts. I was forced to head farther into the Atlantic than I had anticipated, but otherwise I continued south, going down below the Antarctic circle. I turned west, ran past the Cape Horn patrols in the heavy fog, and then moved north, into the vast Pacific.

Now I was a hunted man, and I knew it well. My only chance of successfully completing my operation was to steam west of the Hawaiian islands, north to the Aleutians, and find a little inlet there to hide in. I chose the Pribilof group, because on that chart I had found a suitable cove, and again because I wanted to hole up as quickly as possible. I had previously ruled out Antarctica, as I had no wish to tangle with the icepack. The Aleutians offered the fog that hampered visual observation, the rocks and tides to impede surface scouts, and the high backgrounds to confuse radar. In the last day before I sighted my destination, my nervousness increased. I just had to pull this thing off, even if, when they eventually caught me, I had to eat bread and water in Alcatraz. I'd been feasting on that for months.

After some hunting around, I found my inlet, and ran down to the fireroom to cut off the burners. Toiling like a slave, I managed to drop both anchors and secure the ship. I had accomplished the im-

possible—had stolen a battleship single-handed. My triumph was complete.

As I lay on the Captain's rack, savoring the sweetness of my victory, I remembered the original purpose of my plan—to make myself famous. I leaped from my Beautyrest and dashed to the radio shack, where, in glowing words, I informed the world of my accomplishment, and promised the Navy to return their ship unharmed. A voice from the receiver said that I had been heard and understood, and that a flotilla of destroyers was on its way to get the Massachusetts, and bring me back to the acclamation I deserved.

Alas! I could not keep my promise to the Navy, and keep the Massachusetts intact. As I write these sad words, I am crouching in a tiny shack perched high on a rocky cliff over the cove. From the glassless window, through which the wind whistles dismally, I can see the hulk of the great battleship, the monument of my success and failure. This was how it happened:



Less than two hours after I radioed the Navy that I had anchored in the inlet, a twin-motored plane roared overhead. I leaped joyfully to the searchlight and began to flash a message. No sooner had I begun than the plane dived at me and commenced firing. Stunned, I

fell behind the bulwark, and the plane continued its fusillade. As it whistled just over the foremast I could see that it bore the insignia of the Black Star. Presently the plane departed, and I had time to think. Doubtless it would return with bombers, and then I would be powerless to resist. I might handle a ship already under way, but I could not fight an entire squadron of bombers simultaneously. The ship was doomed. I contacted the Navy again, and informed them of the situation, but they could offer no assistance. I prepared to abandon ship.

My first and last command! Now I knew the deep despair and humiliation of the Captain forced to see his beloved craft battered, blasted, and at last sunk. I grabbed some supplies from the galley, and pulled a rubber life raft from one of the scout planes on the catapults. Too bitter to cast a last look at the scene of my defeat, I silently pulled away from the Massachusetts. I sank the raft, after I had reached shore, by piling rocks in it and cutting out the valve. Then I crawled wearily up the cliff to the little hut I had seen there. Huddled miserably in a corner, I watched the waves of Black Star bombers sweep over, laying their sticks of bombs with beautiful, hideous precision straight up the deck. At last I could see the ship's stern begin to glow from some internal fire, and as I still stood dumbly, helplessly, a tremendous explosion tore the after superstructure apart. Then the silence closed in, and the ship slowly sank. When the American destroyers came racing up, they found only the smoking remnants of the once-proud ship. I had failed utterly.

I cannot stand the thought any more of having wrecked so fine a craft, through stupidity and carelessness. In a few minutes I will throw myself from the cliff, after sealing this manuscript in a bottle and dropping it into the tide, that will carry it down the coast and across the Pacific to Japan.

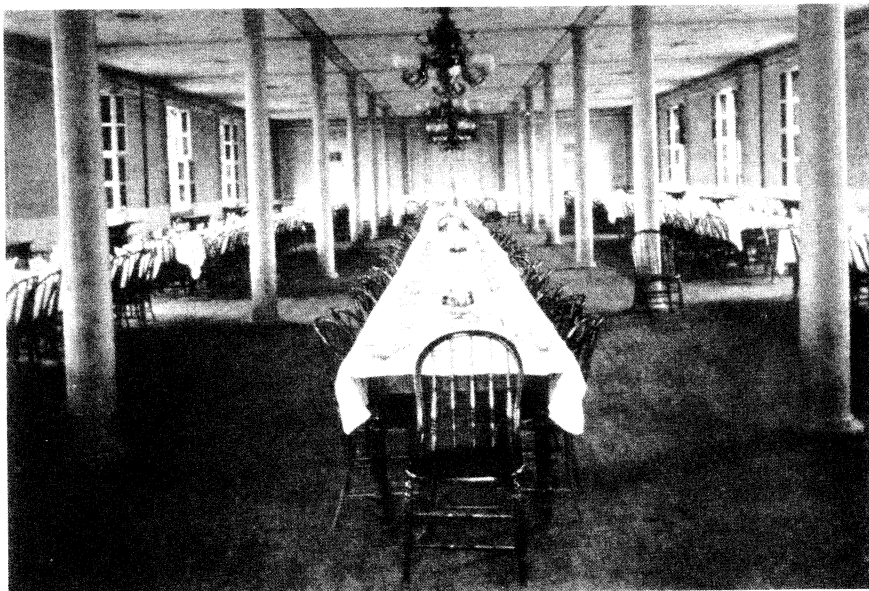
*Ed. note: This fantastic manuscript was found in a floating vodka bottle off Coney Island. The Navy Department, when contacted, knew nothing about the incidents mentioned in the story.*

# NAVAL ACADEMY...

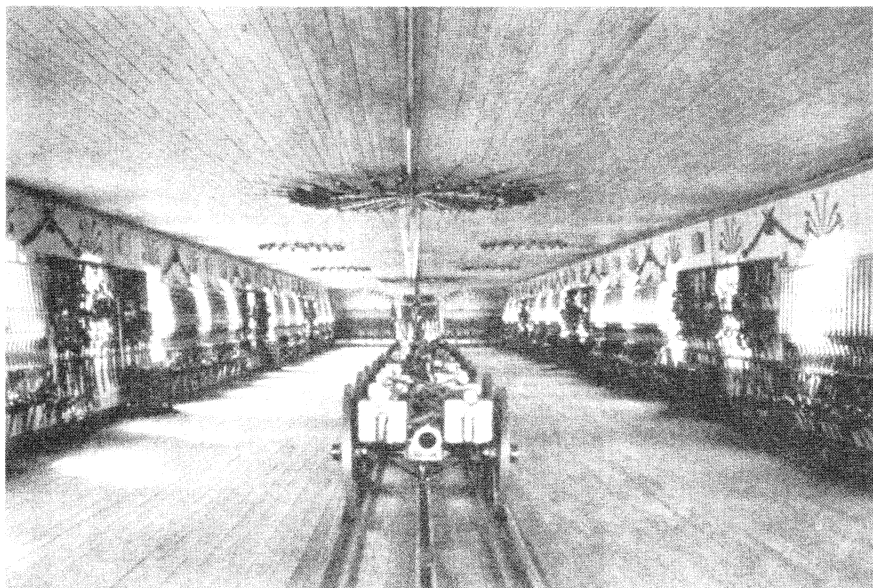
## GLIMPSES OF YESTERDAY



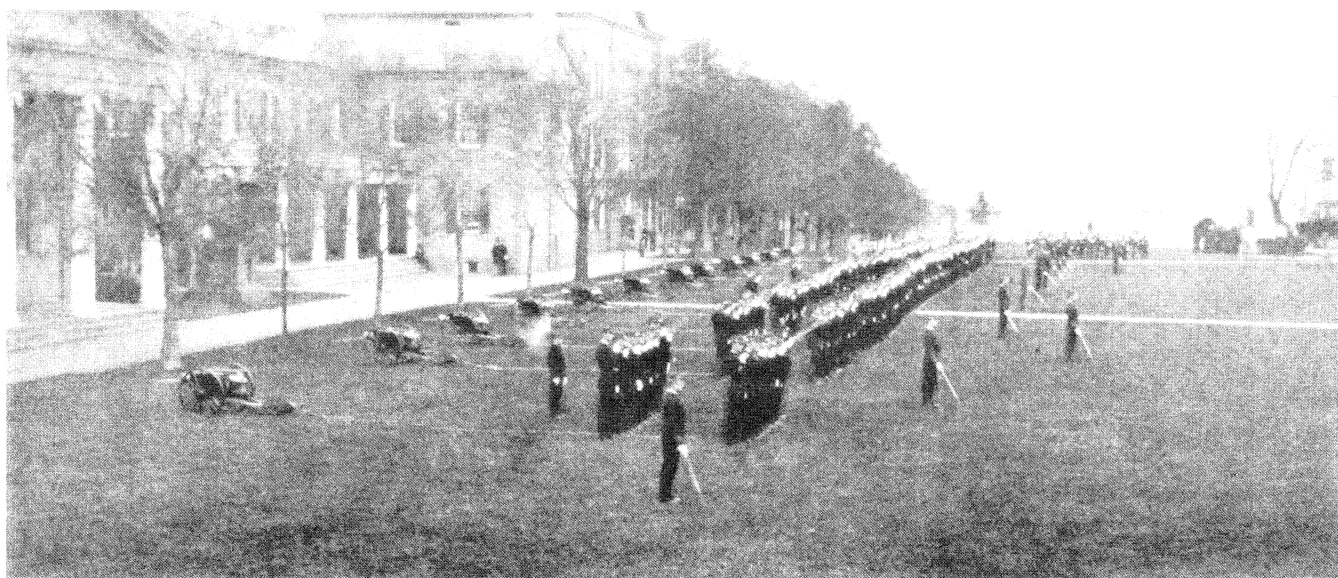
The members of the first football team posed for this picture in the fall of 1879. The game and the ball were similar to what is now called Rugby.



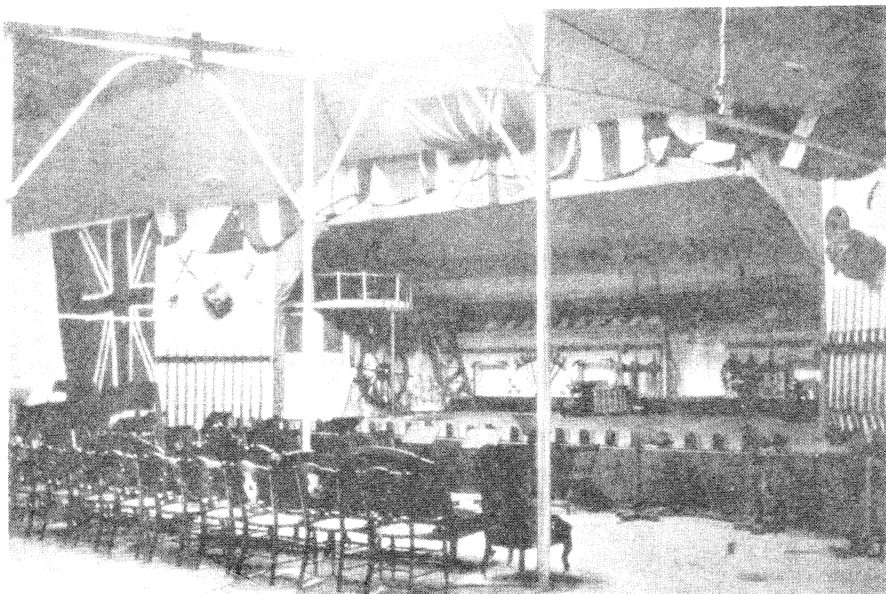
The Midshipman Mess Hall was located in the quarters building and had a decor appropriate for future Naval Officers. This building was replaced with the construction of Sampson Hall. Wines and liquor were a normal part of the menu in the old days.



**The Naval Academy Armory, which once stood where the filtration plant is now located, was the home of the smooth-bore brass howitzer cannons. On the overhead is a cache of cutless swords once used by boarding parties.**

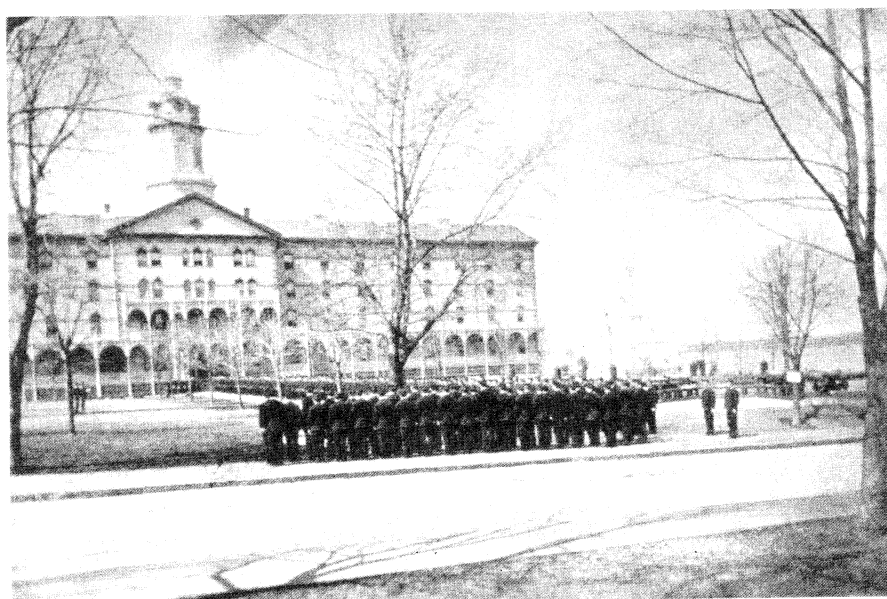
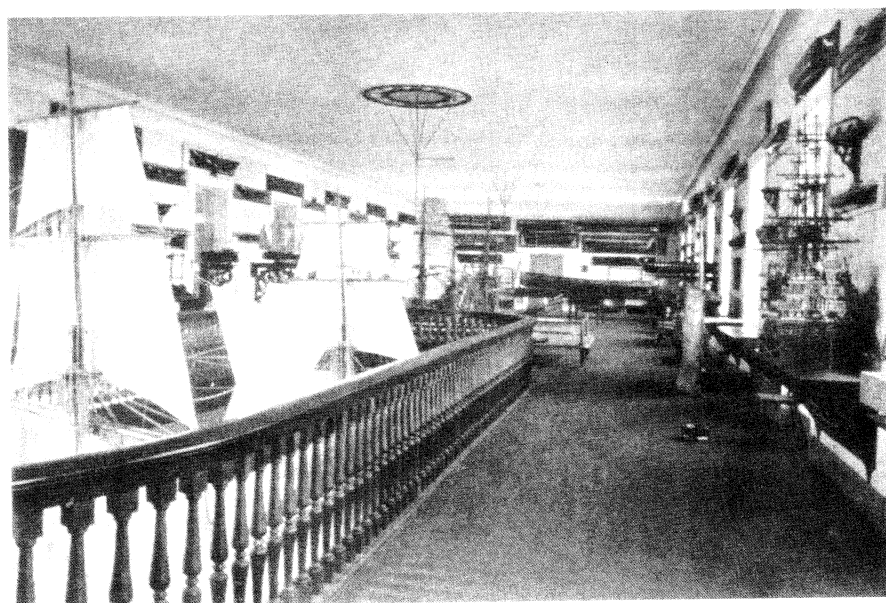


**The “Battalion of Midshipmen” goes through military drills in a formal setting that included the Navy Band. On the left is the original Naval Academy Chapel.**



The Gymnasium in the old Fort Severn, which was erected as a fort to protect Annapolis, is shown here rigged for a musical production.

This is the upper room of the Steamship Building that once stood in the vicinity of the Tecumseh Monument. Razed in 1902, the building contained a model of the *Antietam* (left).



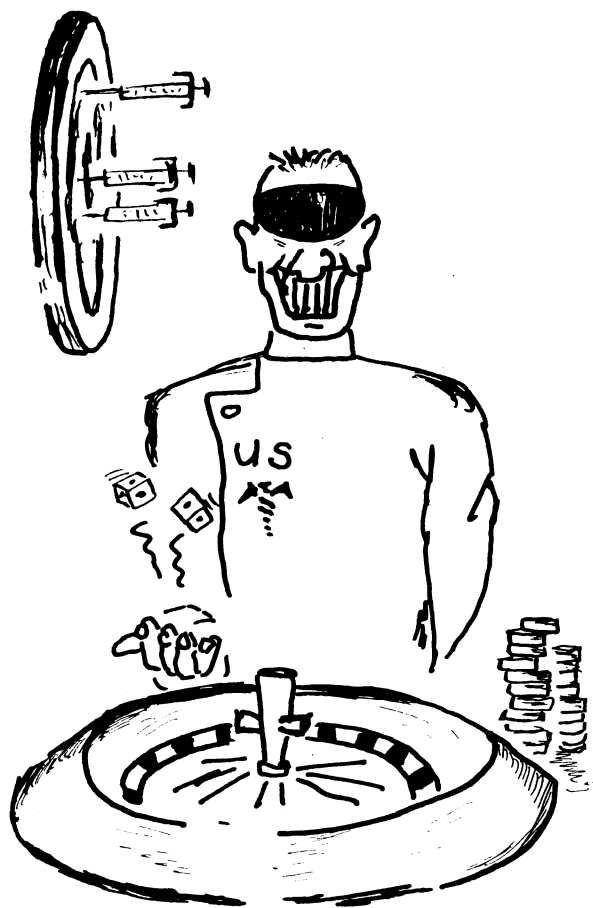
The middies above prepare to march to chow in formation. They're standing in front of the "new" midshipman quarters constructed in 1868 and razed in 1905. The "new" quarters stood at the present location of Mahan Hall.



# USNAR

AN OBSERVATION.

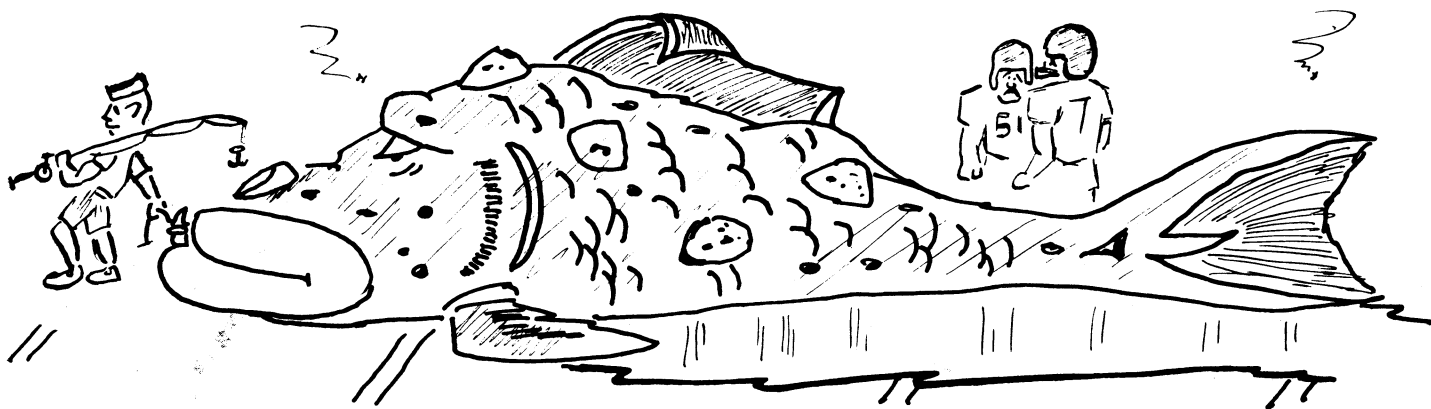
**F**ROM THE INVIOABLE SANTITY OF CHAPTER 7,  
THE GOVERNING DOCTRINE OF MIDSHIPMAN  
**BEHAVIOR**, COMES THE FOLLOWING WELL  
AND LITTLE KNOWN DICTATORIAL PEARLS OF  
OFFICALDOM.



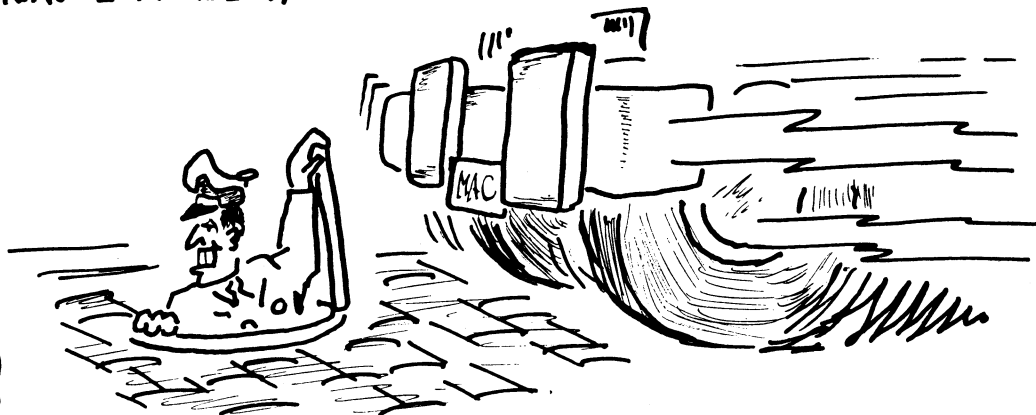
0709- MIDSHIPMEN WILL  
HAVE NO FINANCIAL  
DEALINGS WITH ENLISTED  
MEN OF THE ARMED FORCES.



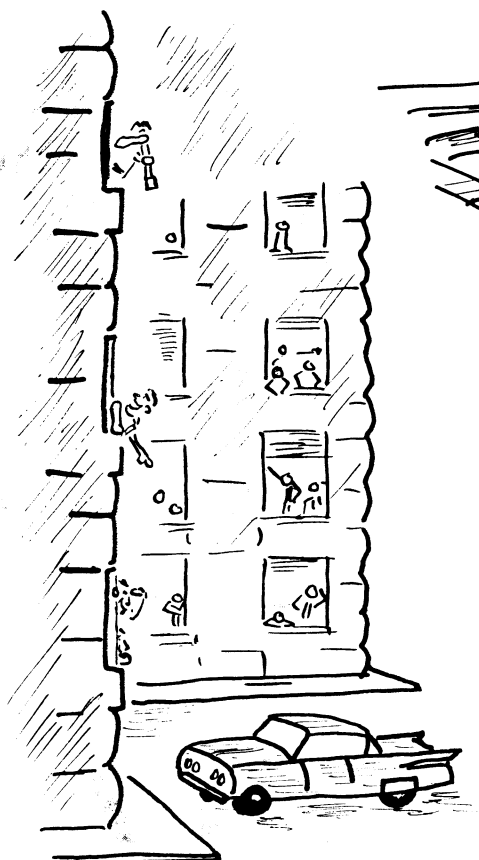
0720- THE HAIR OF MIDSHIPMEN  
SHALL NOT EXCEED 3 INCHES. SIDEBURNS  
SHALL NOT BE BELOW THE EYE  
LEVEL.



0731 - MIDSHIPMEN MAY FISH FROM THE SEA WALL WITHIN THE GROUNDS OF THE NAVAL ACADEMY DURING AUTHORIZED... LIBERTY HOURS.

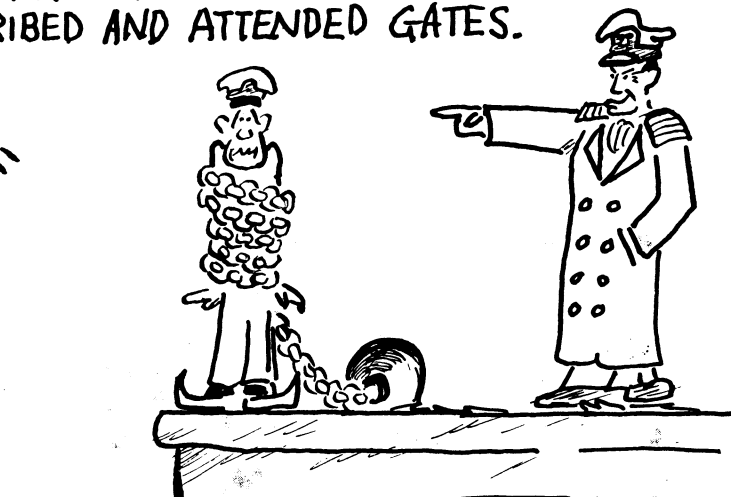


0732 - MIDSHIPMEN WILL ENTER AND DEPART THE NAVAL ACADEMY YARD ONLY THROUGH PRESCRIBED AND ATTENDED GATES.



0722 - MIDSHIPMEN WILL NOT SIT IN OR LOITER AROUND PARKED AUTOMOBILES WITH YOUNG LADIES.

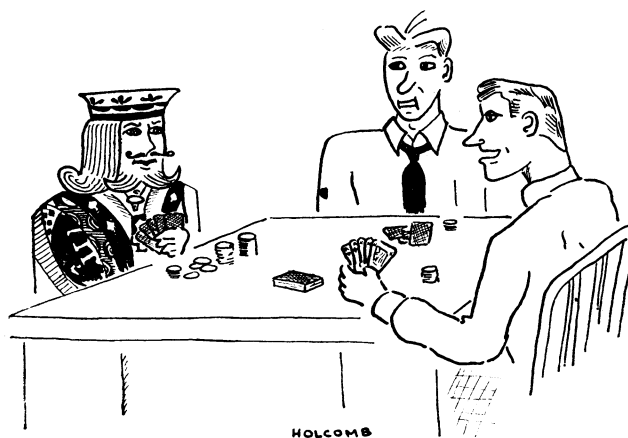
GARDNER '71



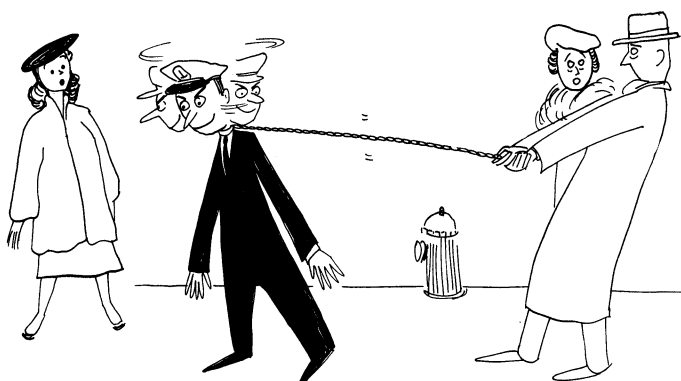
0719 - MIDSHIPMEN WILL NOT VENTURE ON THE ICE OF CHESAPEAKE BAY... EXCEPT THOSE SPECIFICALLY AUTHORIZED BY THE COMMANDANT OF MIDSHIPMEN.



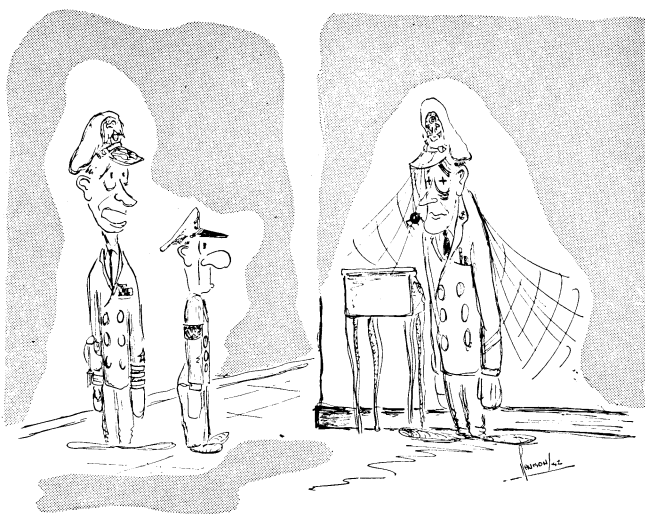
*"Of course you realize that will hurt your grease."*



*You play cards much?*



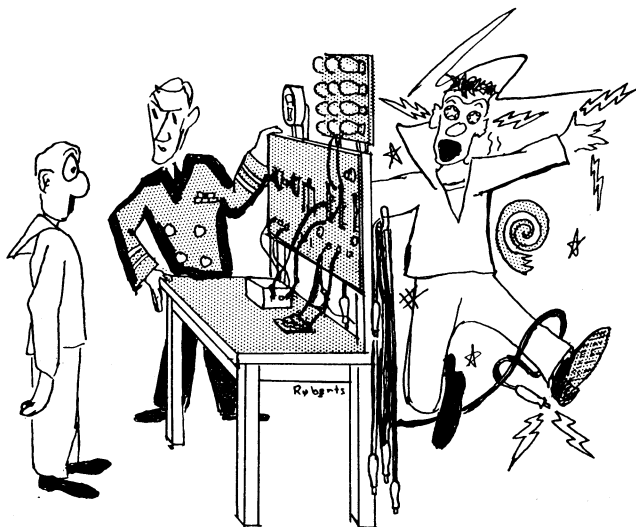
*"John, what have they DONE to our boy?"*



*"If he breathes, take his name."*



*"Now take navigation . . ."*



*Well, don't just stand there. Read his phase voltage.*

"Shall we join the ladies?"

"Why, are they coming apart?" (28 Oct. 32)

Blessed are the censors, for they shall inhibit the earth.

"Do you know what they call a man who doesn't believe in birth control?"

"No, what?"

"Daddy."

Then there's the one about the moron who wanted to know when the girls would come out of the tunnel, because the trains went in saying "Whoo-whoo" and came out saying "Puff-puff."

Overheard at breakfast: "You're looking good today, pal, who's your embalmer?"

Firstie: Mr. Gish, I can write my name in the dust in this locker!

Plebe: It must be great to have an education, sir.

At a circus in a nearby town, a man stood thoughtfully looking at the camels. Then he picked up a straw, placed it on a camel's back and waited. Nothing happened. "Wrong straw," he muttered, and walked away.

Annapolis motorist: Officer! Officer, come quickly! I've just hit a midshipman!

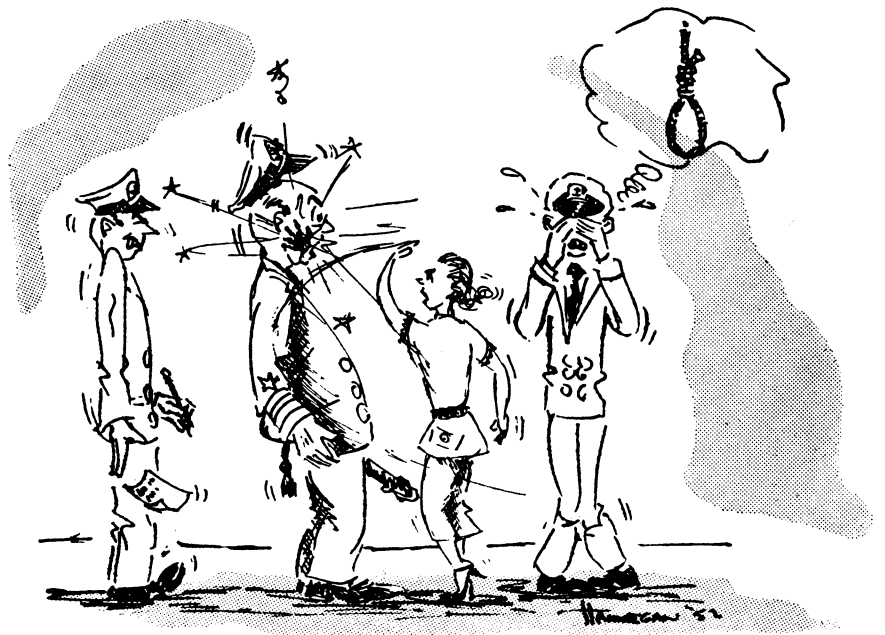
Cop: Sorry, it's Sunday. You can't collect your bounty 'til tomorrow.

Math prof: Now, Mr. Gish, if I lay two eggs over here and three over there, how many will there be altogether?

Gish: Personally, I don't think you can do it.

A girl couldn't decide which of her sailor boy friends she liked best, so she decided to put out to sea.

"Hey, you, why are you throwing those nails away?"  
Back came the answer: "Why they have the heads on the wrong end."



To which the foreman, thinking fast, replied: "You darned fool, save all that kind. We'll use them on the other side of the house."

Marine drill instructor: When were you born? (No reply) I say, when was your birthday?

Recruit: (sullenly) Wot do you care? You ain't gonna git me nothin'.

Her—"I think dancing makes a girl's feet big, don't you?"

Him—"Yeah."

Her—"I think swimming gives a girl awfully large shoulders, don't you?"

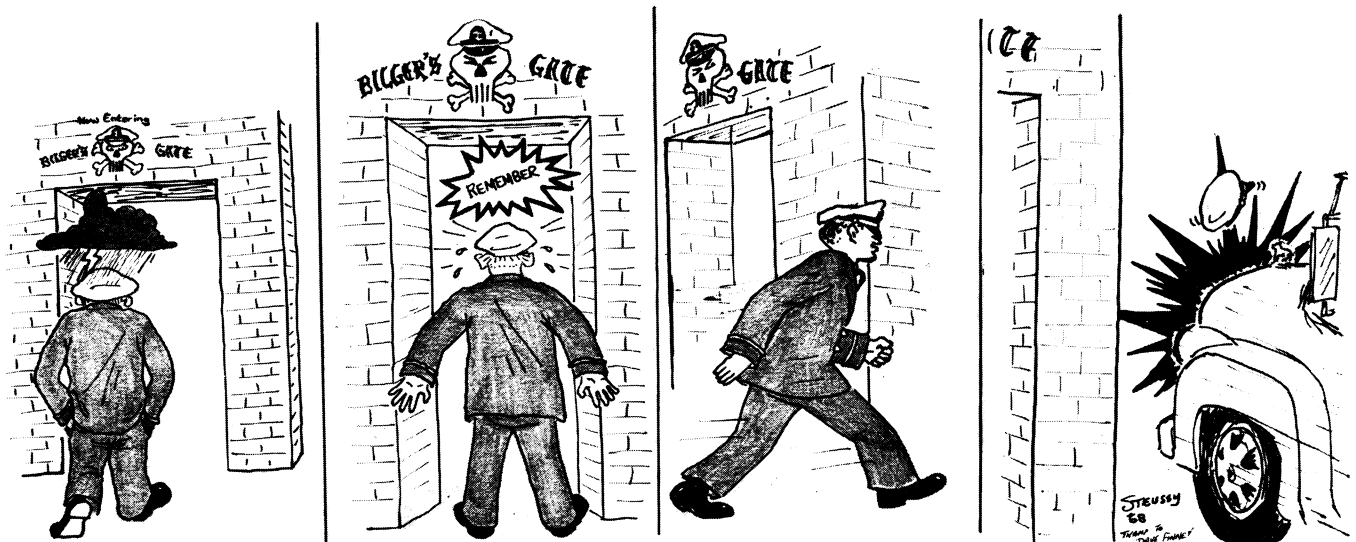
Him—"Yeah."

Pause.

Him—"You must ride quite a bit, too."

—Owl.

"Don't you think mids are tied down too much?"  
"You'd be tied down too if you had two anchors around your neck."



# January 23, 1942: a log prediction

Alas my friends, not very long from now will come the day when we too will look down upon the family's pride, Junior, and say—"I remember when I was a plebe." Can't you just see your boy enjoying his free week ends? His number of cuts per class average three per week, but if he studies child psychology and home nursing as supplementary to the major course he is given a flat rate of 100 cuts per year. Alarm bells are posted at the entrance to all doors in every Battalion which ring automatically every time the D. O. goes through them. That's to give all men a fighting chance to straighten out their rooms and look Regulation.

A sample day in 1965 will go as follows:

1030—Reveille, all hands will be gently reminded by their

valets that breakfast is waiting.

1100—Breakfast in bed or in the mess hall. Take your choice.

1140—First period class for all who desire to get a mark.

1230—Noon meal formation. Designed to thrill the public and bolster morale.

1340—Second period class for all hands who went to first period and bilged (the dopes).

1430—Afternoon nap (more commonly known as bunk drill).

1540—Sailing on the Severn. (No faces will be made at passengers on the Ferry Boat.)

1645—Tea and Crumpets (no dunking allowed).

1720—Third Period class. All hands who bilged the second period class may pull sat for the day.

1800—The drags for the hop arrive at the main gate. All hands will go out immediately and draw one.

1900—Banquet in the Mess Hall.

2000—Knock off chowing down and get over to the hop.

2400—Hop ends. All hands up anchor and take girls home.

0100—Liberty expires. All those not on the grounds by that time will not be allowed inside the gate and will spend the remainder of the evening in Annapolis.

0110—Study hours begins. All hands will rig their gonks inside the automatic knowledge instiller and learn everything about everything.

0115—Lights go out, but candles will be supplied to all those who wish to write their congressman and complain about the severity of the system.

## A VISIT TO THE BARBER SHOP

BY  
STEVE AYERS  
AND  
DICK FISHER



\* NOTE: USNA MUST BE THE ONLY PLACE IN THE WORLD WHERE PEOPLE HAVE THEIR HEADS VACUUMED!



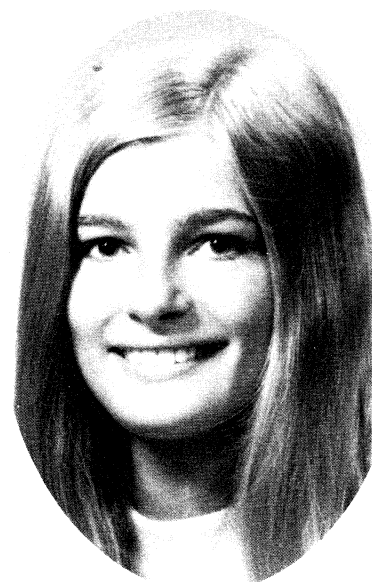




*An unlucky third classman wishes he could claim this beauty after 2 years of trying. Debbie is a sophomore at Ursinus College majoring in math.*



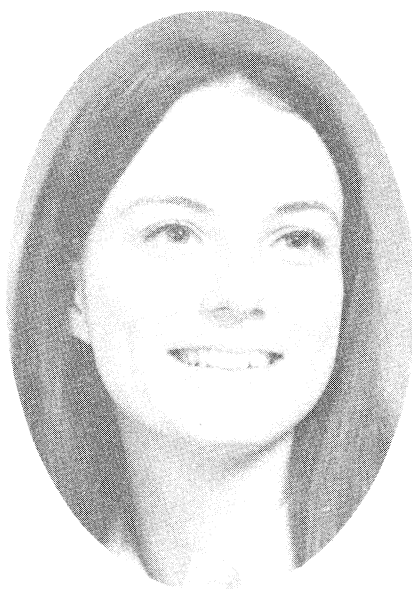
*Susan Hintze is a sophomore at Cal-Poly College who is anxiously awaiting the return of her youngster so they can spend long days and nights at the beach.*



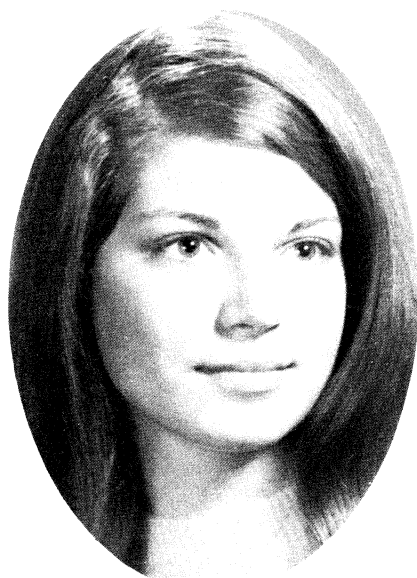
*The small town of Readsboro, Vt., brings us Bonnie Sprague, a lovely 18-year-old college freshman, who dates a plebe and recently became engaged (but not to the plebe).*

## 15<sup>TH</sup>

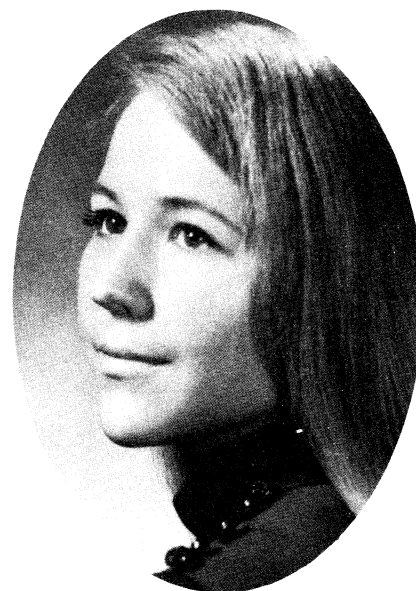
*Bobbie Kramer is a high school senior at Greenfield, Wisconsin. She has won the affections of a certain youngster who can't wait to have her occupy his time at Easter. She loves to dance (Polish style) and take hikes in the wilderness.*



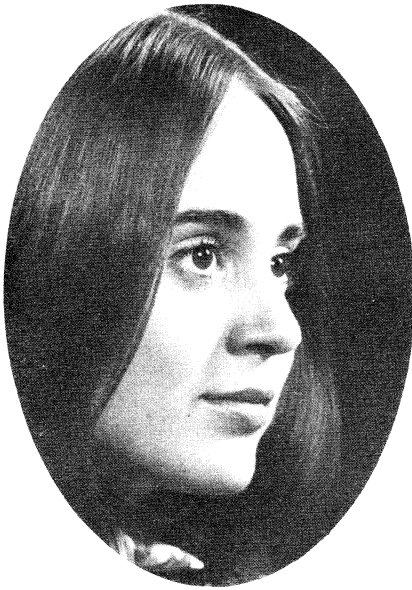
*Charley Ann Peele, a sophomore at Meredith, is making sweet music while waiting for her plebe. She plans to play a Kee role in his future.*



*"Hey Babe, look over here" made Debbie Gillespie, 19, from Blue Springs, Missouri, look over Thayer.*



## COMPANY CUTIES



*Monica le Potucek of Hutchinson, Kansas, is engaged and loved by a 1/c.*



*Miss Vickie Webb is planning to marry her firstie in July and is looking forward to spending their first tour of duty in Japan.*



*Ellen Linton, a 22-year-old senior at Salisbury State College where she is majoring in secondary school education, is engaged to Tom Prince, 1/c. Ellen enjoys outdoor life and is looking forward to a year in sunny California and then two years in snowy Colorado.*

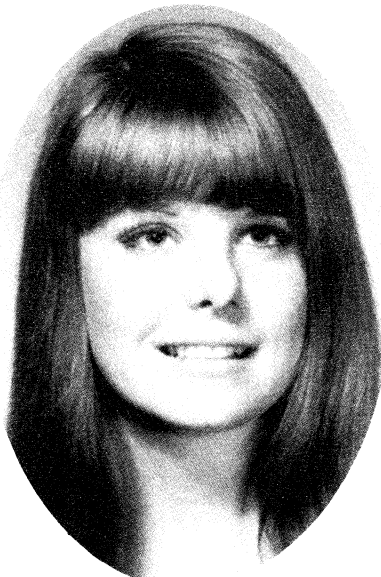
## CUTIES

## 16<sup>TH</sup>

*Karen Atkinson, a sunshine beauty at the University of Florida, is an avid fan of water sports and would be a welcomed sight to a certain 1/c in Sixteenth Company.*

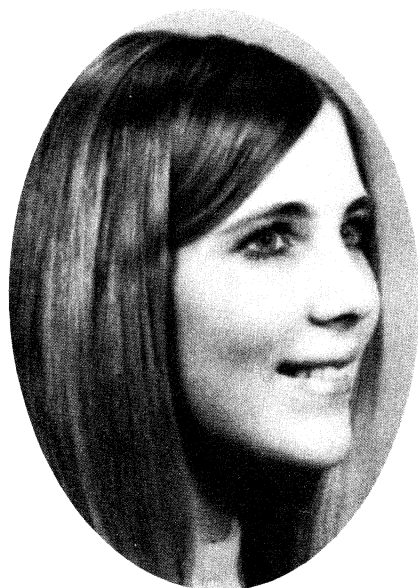


*Miss Nikki Nicholas has lived in Annapolis all her life and now works in the math department. This June she will be going to Japan as the wife of one of our lucky 1/c.*



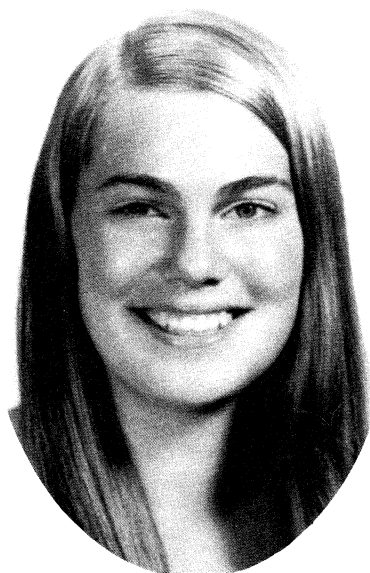
*Another stripe and a certain firstie would satisfy this Bostonian.*





*Char Dietrich from Lincoln, Nebraska, graduate of fashion merchandising school.*

*Paula Becker is an art major at Syracuse University. On week-ends she prefers to devote her "talents" to a certain 2/c. Picasso was never like that!*

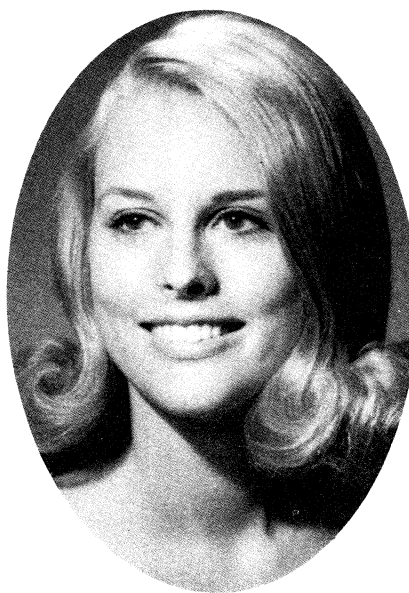


*Jane Klein, Miss Nevada World 1970-1971, unofficial pin-up of the Vietnam War.*

17<sup>TH</sup>

COMPANY

*Marsha Krengel attends Sullins College but will one day probably get her B.A. at the Academy. The bachelor in question is a lucky 3/c.*



*Presently a sophomore of the University of Maryland, Miss Sue Catchings is pinned to a second class.*



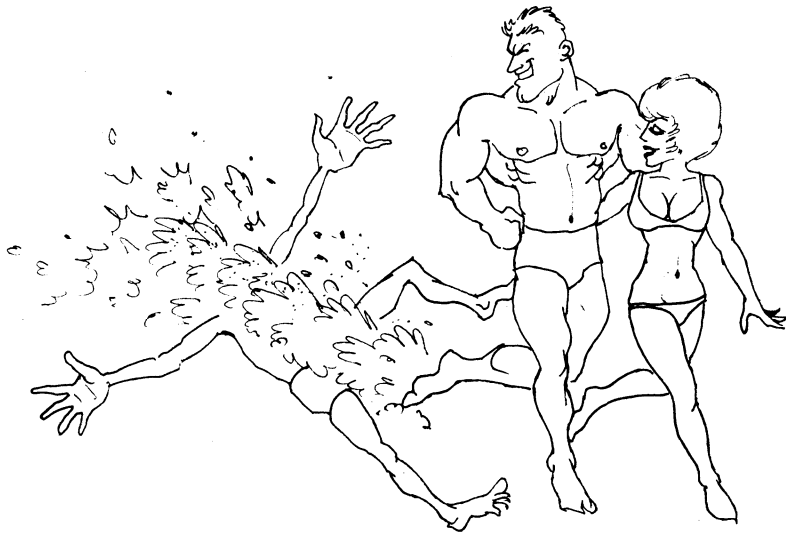
*A certain second class (Yankee) awaits his summer trip to Memphis where he will be entertained by this lovely southern belle, Beth Wolfe, who is presently a sophomore at MSU.*



# Girls we'd like to see again



# ARE YOU TIRED OF BEING PUNY? PUSHED AROUND?

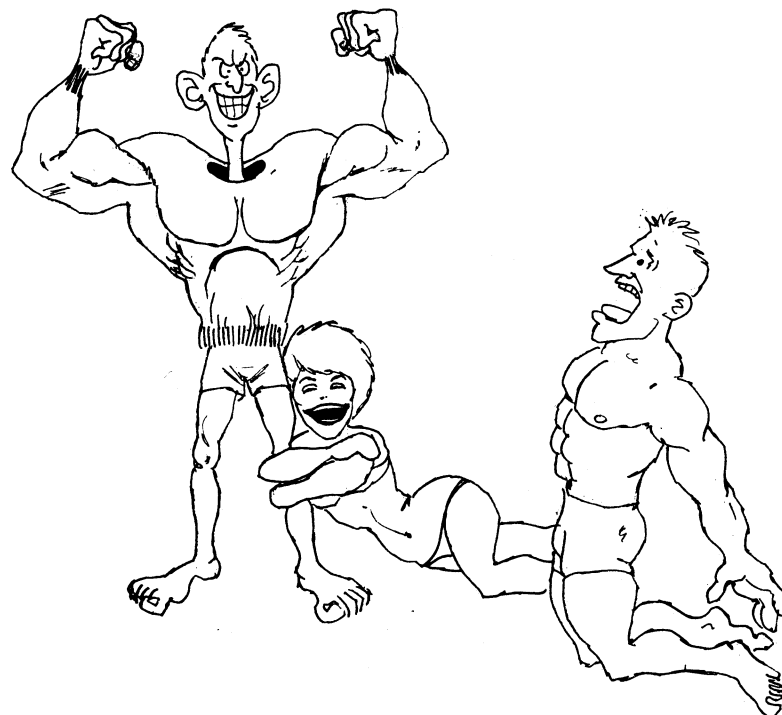


**STAND UP TO BULLIES  
PROTECT YOURSELF!!  
RUN RIGHT OUT AND  
GET YOUR LOG**



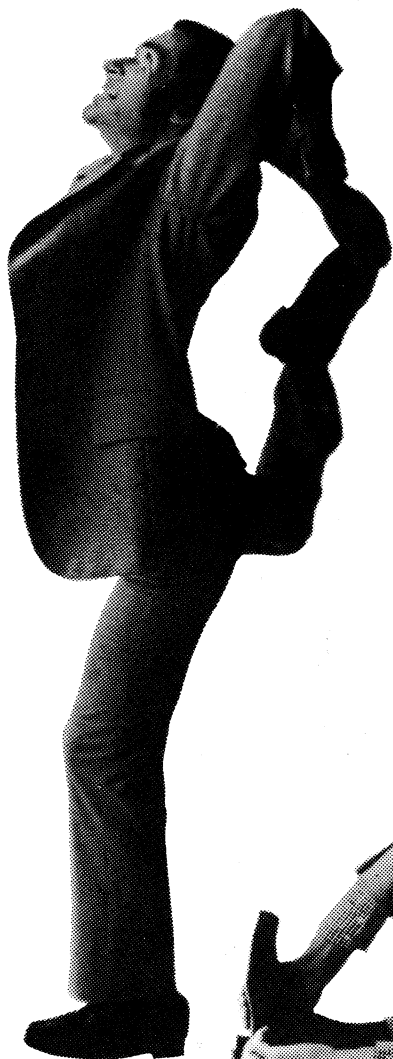
## **ANTI BULLYSHIRT**

**THREE SIZES: LARGE .....\$4.50  
X-LARGE .....\$5.00  
SUPER X-LARGE.....\$6.00**





# You'll be out of shape before a Cricketeer suit will.

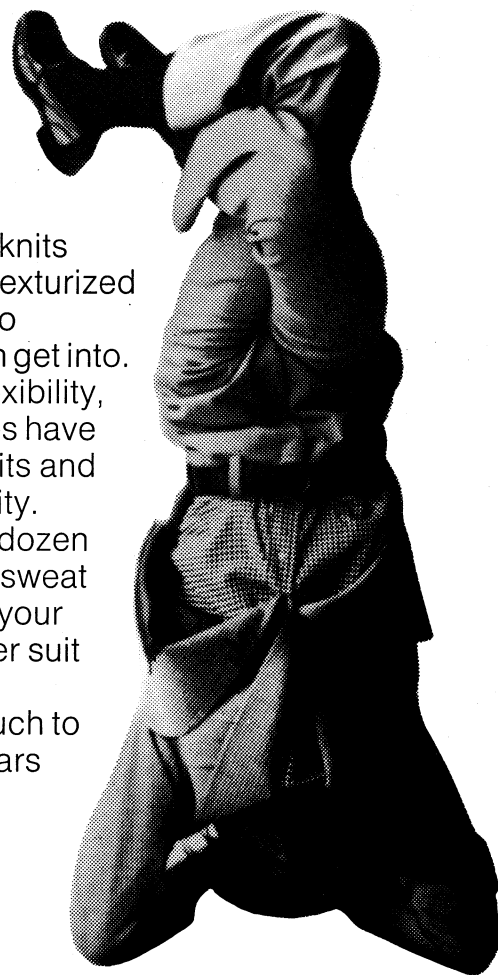


Because of their unique construction, Cricketeer doubleknits of 100% Dacron® polyester and texturized stretch woven fabrics can get into practically any position a guy can get into.

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