

the LOG

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY
VOL. 61 NO. 8 MAY 31, 1972 50¢

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SEND ME THE FACTS...

31

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letters

Editor,

An incident occurred on May 8th in the mess ha—oops, I mean the Ward Room—which both embarrassed and upset me. The Brigade will recall that during evening meal, a large group of civilians visited the mess hall, and included in their number were three ladies. All of them took their seats and began nibbling their roast beef dinners; all of them, that is, except the ladies, who were requested by the OOD to kindly leave the Ward Room and forego their nutrition. I encountered them in Smoke Hall shortly after their exile, and witnessed this scene: one woman was very upset, as was her husband who refused to eat if his wife could not; and the two younger ladies (aged about 18) were on the brink of tears, crying, "We weren't even hungry . . . we just wanted to sit with the rest of the group . . ."

Such inconvenience and rudeness was unnecessary. After all, one mouth is the same as another when it comes to feeding, and it should make no difference whether it is male or female. Long ago, women were forbidden to the mess hall for a substantial reason, the excesses of the plebe hazing which went on in the mess hall. Today, that is no longer a factor, and one might recall that women are often guests in ships' wardrooms. In addition, they are allowed in the USNA Ward Room during weekends, and I see little difference between weekend and weekday meals here.

I asked the Chief Steward if there was enough food to provide the ladies with a meal, and he said there was plenty. I then asked if there was enough room for them, and he pointed to a table with ten empty seats and only two civilian men eating. I then asked him if it made any difference to him if they ate, and he replied that it was against the rules, but otherwise he did not mind. I then approached the OOD on the subject, and he refused to budge, reminding me that the regulations prohibit them eating, period. He then resumed his own dinner.

In this particular situation, the ladies were already in the mess hall, and a great deal of pain and insult could have been circumvented by being flexible enough to bend the rules a little. Social tact demanded it. If officers are too inflexible on such rules, then the rules ought to be changed.

Believe me, Gloria Steinem is not paying me a nickel to write this; I felt that she could have made her presentation more effective by being less sensational. Nonetheless, in a case such as this, few individuals can deny that women are being discriminated against, and it casts the Naval Academy in a very poor light. If there are substantial reasons for such treatment, I would appreciate reading of them alongside this letter.

Dan Edelstein 1/c

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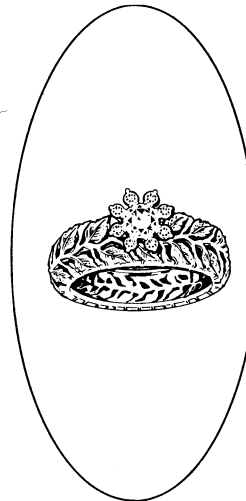
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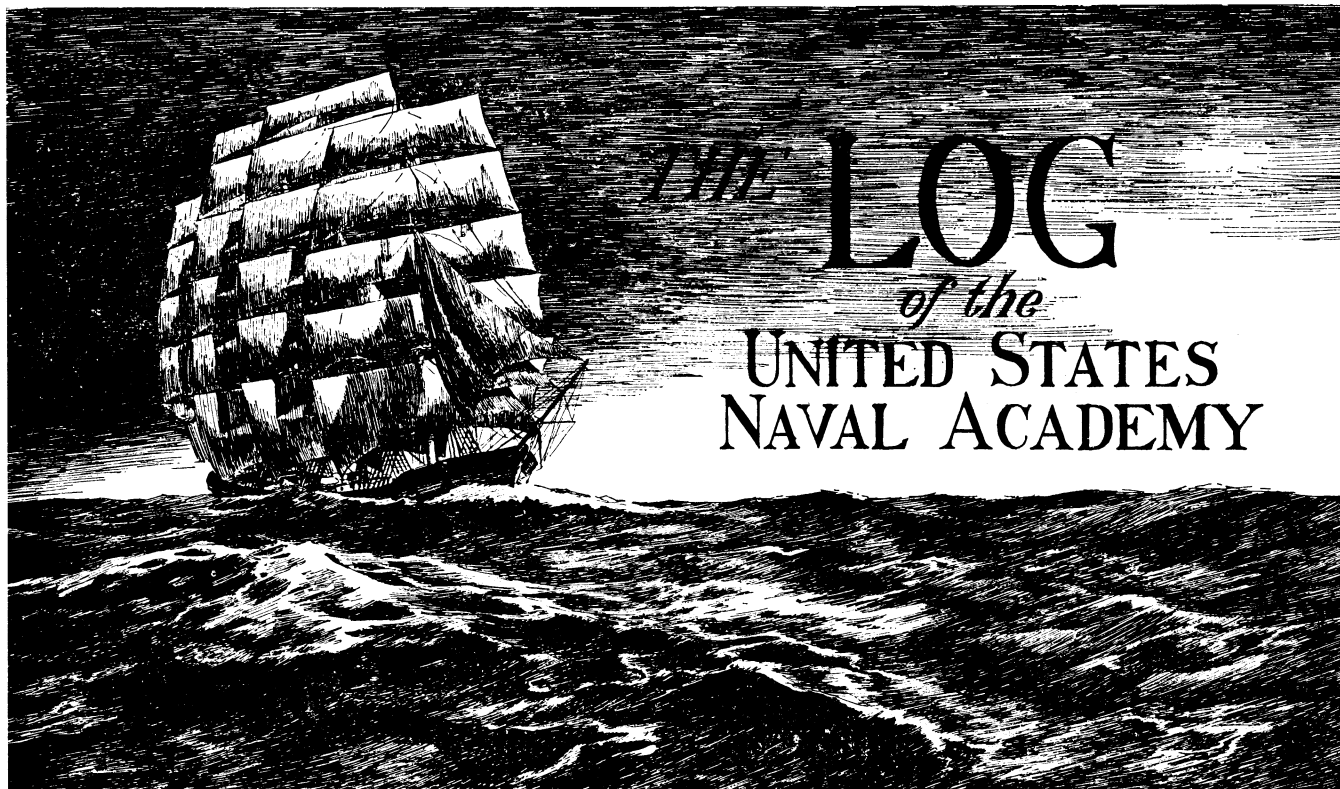


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THE LOG ADVISOR

I am the girl friend of a young man who attends one of the nation's finest small colleges. Last week we attended a lecture by two of the nation's leading authorities on sexism, namely Gloria Stunbody and Dorothy Kumquat. During the course of Gloria's speech she became aroused by the fact that a large number of the students had oranges clinched. Yes, that is right, the students brought oranges to the lecture. Gloria felt that they were brought either as a defensive measure or even worse as a weapon to be unleashed by an unruly mob of 4,000 sexually frustrated young men. Could you please tell me the reason why oranges were brought to a women's liberation lecture?

N.O. Bra, Ohio

This proved to be a very interesting topic. Our researchers found that the oranges were not brought in self-defense, for each member of this fine institution takes lessons in hand to hand combat and is very well prepared for emergencies. On the other hand, it is rumored that very often the students in the past have been known to throw food in the wardroom at each other and especially during a week known as Army Weekend. What is more, many young ladies have reported being drenched by buckets of water or water balloons while standing near the dorm. It is not unlikely therefore that the students had anticipated a confrontation and decided to be prepared should a spontaneous rally spring into being. Whatever, we found that most ended up doing no such thing but rather took a rather chauvinistic approach and ate them.

As a student of a very small eastern school I have heard some very disturbing rumors. It is my understanding that our schoolmaster is leaving after four years. This is quite disturbing since I have grown accustomed to the liberalism of our school principal. For example, his undying belief that our school dormitory is a ship. In addition our school's dress code, which allows the student body to keep up with all the contemporary styles. Could you please tell me why he has decided to leave just when things are going so smoothly?

N.O. Burns, Penn.

Our staff found that your schoolmaster is not leaving without much regret. He has taken a job which is a definite advancement over that which he held. He is really being promoted and you all should be proud. But he hasn't forgotten you either. He has promised a lengthy dress parade to say good bye, one more formal hair inspection on Sunday morning during June Week, and last but not least more difficult courses and academics in general. So you see he really hasn't forgotten his students.

I am a student at a small eastern all male university. During spring vacation I ran into a small problem.

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I was wondering if your staff could offer some suggestions as to how I might solve my problem. The problem is that I am very shy when around members of the opposite sex. On my last date I was especially unable to cope with the situation. My date simply refused to even sit close to me while in my car, much less a good night kiss. I was wondering how I could overcome my problem and become a little more aggressive.

N.O. Luck, Md.

This seems to be a quite simple problem, which many young men face. Our staff with much experience suggests you try some of these tactics. First to get you and your date in the proper mood try a good X-rated movie. Should your town have no such movie try a topless bar or dependable burlesk show. After having set the mood for the evening the next step to a successful date is buy a two dollar bottle of Mexico's finest tequilla for you and the girl of your dreams. Upon finishing your tequilla you must take your date to a nice quiet place such as the Annapolis 'sub races.' This is assured to provide plenty of excitement and a definite challenge. Should all else fail, we suggest you take your date home and try your luck at Baltimore Street in Baltimore where the shyest of men is assured an interesting evening. Good luck.



REPORT OF CONDUCT
USNA-COMDT-1610/2 (Rev. 5/70)

U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY

TO: Battalion Officer

DATE: 17 MAY 72

CLASS OF
1943

SERIAL NUMBERS:

MO: BO:

NAME (Last-First-Initial)

CALVERT, JAMES F

TIME & DATE OF OFFENSE
UNKNOWN

ALPHA CODE

BATT.

COMPANY

OFFENSE (Print or type. Use reverse side, if necessary.)

DELINQUENCY CODE: 9999

OFFENSE TITLE: AFFECTION ; PUBLIC DISPLAY OF

STATEMENT OF OFFENSE:

MR. CALVERT ALLOWED A YOUNG LADY TO HUG HIM IN "T" COURT

SIGNATURE (Originator)

W.T. Door

NAME & POSITION/RANK

W.T. DOOR

I have reviewed this report and do/do not desire to submit a statement.

(Signature)

(Time)

(Date)

(Lack of a statement will constitute agreement that the report is correct and that there are no extenuating or mitigating circumstances.)

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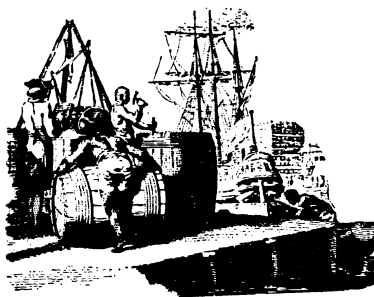
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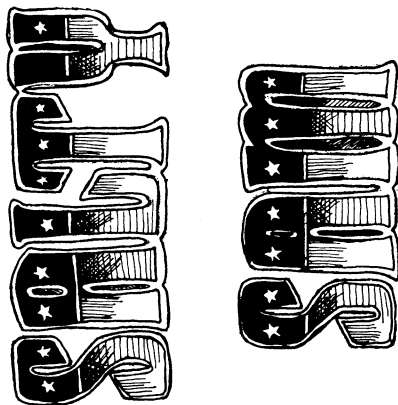
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As unbelievable as it seems, this is my last article as Salty Sam. The days are getting so short now that I am having difficulty keeping my mind on all the term papers and seminar projects due. Three cheers on a June day keep getting in my way. Especially now that everything is getting summer green and the girls are wearing hot pants again! Writing this "gossip column" has been an adventure in itself this year. Some of the best stories never made it! So after the sack is dropped, if any of you curious, subversive types want to hear what "really" went on behind the scenes come on by and see me.

Well me mates I suppose ole Salty had better jump right on into the last of his yarns . . . clean out his dittybag of all the old crabs and such that are hiding there. Now in my last couple of issues, I have picked on several of the Cdr.'s lurking in and around the grey shadows of darling Mother B. Well it seems that another Cdr.-type has made the Salty All-Star team. This conversation was overheard while Cdr. Clem and his Batt M/Cdr. were making a spot check for unauthorized cardboard boxes. (What??) After completing the inspection of several rooms, they were heard walking down the passageway:

Clem: Do we need to go any further? These rooms are definitely not in class 'A' condition.

Shog: But Sir, the boxes are not contributing to the problem.

Clem: Yes, but it all starts with the boxes!

Oh right on, sir. I guess I never realized where a fetish for cardboard boxes could lead one.

I have heard of some really good Form 2's in my time here and this one has got to be one of the best. A firstie down in Seventh Company and a Plebe in that company had been having some bad times. In fact it appears that the plebe didn't get along with anybody, he quit. But before he departed he decided to take as many firsties with him

as he could. (Nice lad.) After the investigation had turned up nothing of consequence, the company officer decided that still the firsties would not get away scot free. So he fried them for using obscene language in front of a Fourth/class Midshipman. I don't know . . . it's hard for me to see how any Grunt could fry someone for using obscenity with a plebe, especially after what I heard at Quantico.

Occasionally OOD's display a sense of humor usually at the expense of the Mid, but not always. . . . LCdr. Drexellnick was the OOW one morning back in the unenlightened era of the reveille bell. He entered a room and found a man fast asleep in the lower rack of a bunk bed. The good LCdr. well aware of the Sail Ho went over to the man and yelled "Get up! The OOD's on Deck!" Our young man sat up and cracked his head on the rack above and then smashed his knee into the post on the way out of his rack. LCdr. Drexellnick, with a steely glint in his eye, said . . . "Turn out the lights mate," and left. It is rumored that LCdr. Drexellnick learned this trick from the 1st Lt. who has greeted several famous people in Bancroft this way (such as Larry the-legend-in-his-own-time and Salty himself!).

Some of you stalwart men out there have heard rumors of the Blue Max. Well I have the real gouge . . . it ain't an award for frying the most Mids in a week, or for the best Mids mind boggling move of the year. . . . It is a contest run between special groups of officers and their wives that involves juggling volleyballs, relay races carrying your wife, etc. The winner of the first Blue Max was the Fourth Batt. Every entry came away with some award: Ops. got "Not bad, for the physically handicapped," 1st Batt. got "The least results with the most talent," and the Fifth Batt. got "Well at least they came!" award. I think every one is apropos.

Occasionally an officer runs into a Mid that just destroys the normal

machine-like processes of the poor officer's mind. One bright spring day LCdr. Sal 9000 was wandering down the hallway when he inadvertently stumbled into an unconcerned Mid. The Mid was dressed for the occasion in shorts and an old, holey T-shirt. LCdr. Sal 9000 quickly grasped the situation and skewered the hapless Mid with this stunning question: "Is that shirt military, Mister?" The Mid rather taken aback murmured: "Well sorta." Ole Sal was astonished at the reply: "What? What? What do you mean?" "Well, sir," was the answer, "It's a Girl Scout T-shirt." I am led to understand that while Sal 9000's tubes tried to cope with this, the Mid just kinda drifted on by. Mids-1, OODs-0.

I heard another tale about a drifty secondclassman and his car. It seems that the bright-eyed young man was happily on his way back to USNA one Sunday afternoon when . . . cough, sputter, sigh . . . his car ran out of gas. (Darn, Gosh, Geewilikers!) The Mid hitched a ride in time and got back to Mother B safe and sound. Come Wednesday afternoon his girl takes him out on Ritchie Highway and . . . no car. By now the Mid was thoroughly confused. . . . He couldn't remember where he had put it. After a couple of hours searching the next weekend he found the gas station he had left it in for safe keeping. Now what I want to know is why didn't he just fill up the tank there? Strange are the ways of the drifty.

A group of Buds over in the eighth wing pulled a trick on one gullible member of their motley crew. One of the Buds is dating a girl in Personnel and they typed out a set of orders as a little joke. The orders send the soon-to-be-wed Firstie to a floating drydock out of Guam, sans dependents, two weeks after graduation. I just managed somehow to obtain a copy of the orders with a stirring explanation. All I can say is: Have fun, Westy!

You know it does my heart good

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to know that the plebe system around here is still functioning so well. A couple of firsties were meandering down Stribling Walk one evening when they espied a couple of Troubadours with guitars and in tropes sitting on the grass having a sing-in. As the firsties drew closer, the wandering minstrels got up, slung the guitars over their shoulders and headed for Bancroft. It was then that the Firsties realized that these were plebes. The curious seniors stopped the freshmen and inquired what was going on. The frosh replied that they never saw or heard that one could *not* sit on Stribling and play your guitar, so. . . . And you know something, they're right!! It is always good to see men who are creative with the regs.

My next story is about if not drifty at least uninformed second-class zoomies at USAFA. A Midshipman ensign was at USAFA for a conference. While passing through their yard he received no less than

six (6) salutes from doolies and three (3) salutes with "Good morning, Sir" from juniors at Zoom U., including a salute from a second-class who was leading his company to chow. A really stellar performance, I must say, by the Zoomies. Our ego inflated Mid couldn't resist rubbing the Zoomies Brigade Cdr's. nose in it before he left too.

Oh yes . . . this is a shorty. It is rumored that in Key West there is a genuine, real live imitation tug boat with U.S. Army written on the side. Wow! Can you imagine receiving orders out of WOOPOLAND straight to Key West and a tug boat? I would love to see the Woops at YP drill preping for tug boat duty. Grand just grand!

It was a rousing night at Fort Meade a couple of weeks ago. Everyone was whooping it up when suddenly the door opened and there entered three cigar-smoking, white tie, dark shirt, slouch hatted characters from out of *The Godfather*. Needless to say their arrival

amazed a couple of people. After all Chic does look the part and his cohorts could just as easily have made the racket. It seems that their act was bought big out in town. The three of them, one on each side of Giambo, went into a packed Fred's and said: "Clear us a G-d d-n table!" thru cigar clenched teeth. In moments a table was miraculously cleared and our Merry Pranksters had broken up laughing as they went out the door. Good move guys, good move.

The fad that has been going around among the elites of the officer corps here at NAV U has reached even the OOD. It seems that one rather quick handed OOW complete with red magic marker had just a fabulous time marking up all the cap covers in Luce Hall (being careful of course not to get any Cdr.'s cap) a couple of weeks ago. (There is also a rumor that the Mad Cap Cdr. is giving free lessons at night in the proper manner in which one is to cope with the Cap Problem.) A rather tough type Mid walked out to find his "kinda clean" cap marked. He went to the OOD and asked *Why* it had been marked and also *Why* with unwashable ink. The OOD allowed that perhaps it was a bad deal to have to go down and buy a new cover because this "kinda clean" one was ruined. So he put it to the Mid this way: buy the cover and not get fried; or take the form 2 and the OOD would reimburse the Mid for a new cap cover. The Mid being a man of principle took the money. "So there, bleah!"

I received an interesting sheet of paper via the mates. It was a Xerox of some guy's EN300 gouge sheet for the mid-term exam. Besides the usual cramped equations and conversion factors, at the very top of the page, in the center of the page, quoted, written in capital letters . . . was the Lord's Prayer. To the right of this panacea, at the top of the page, in capital letters, in red ink, quoted, was the Prof's

comment. . . . "Father, Forgive Them, For They Know Not What They *DO!*"

I have in my possession a book about U.S.N.A. A Landmark book written with the thirteen-year-old (or less) in mind. It shows all the really cool sides of NAV U . . . p-rades, standing watch, noon meal formation, YP's and the Chapel covered in ivy. But the most impressive thing is a picture of our own Capt. Matthews USMC as a plebe dutifully studying away. The heading reads . . . "Intent midshipmen tackle a problem during a mathematics class." Classic.

I just heard about a group of Firsties in second Batt who decided to give their beloved leggings a burial-at-sea. I am given to understand it was an impressive ceremony. Everyone dressed up in their best B-robe and gym shorts, carry swords/battle axe/morning star, with of course appropriate headgear. After the usual pre-ceremony pictures of the bereaved and lamenting, the gaggle of mourners took all of the leggings (which were tied in a line) out to the Severn. There in the best of military manner words of comfort were said and read, and with all of the honors and gestures due these implements of torture they committed the leggings to Neptune's bosom. A couple of our vigilant Jimmylegs were present at the final ceremonies (but at some distance, no doubt out of respect for the firsties' grief). Upon returning to Mother B, singing "It's one, two, three, what are we . . ." the short-timers executed a ten sword/one battle axe/one morning star Eyes Right, to the guards. It was returned and the party proceeded merrily upon their way. Nice going guys! I would have burned 'em!

Pranksters abound Bancroft this year as every year. A company in second Batt decided to do their own version of Candid Camera. They tied a wallet to a fishing line, rod and reel. Then the wallet was left out in the main passageway at

the entrance to a shaft passageway. Half of the company was out in the hall trying to look nonchalant and inconspicuous. Quite a few fish bit at the bait only to have the wallet zip from their hands and about fifty people busting up laughing at the fish's expense. Once, though, the "fish" had the last laugh; he had by accident stepped on the line. So he was able to pick up the billfold and just walk away with it. The smirk on the face of the rod and reel man turned to dust at this strange turn of events. He was hard pressed to get his billfold back, thus ended the "fish" session.

After listening to four years of "Sound-Offs" over the radio, I finally heard a Sound-off that a Mid won. He won \$20 for his sound-off about women midshipmen. His name? Why Philo McGiffin of course!

I guess I have come to the end of my tenure as Salty Sam. It has been good. A lot of people left guesses in my Mail Box, all fortunately wrong. Which surprises me. Many of my readers know who I really am. (In fact I hereby publicly admit that George, Catsos, and the Mad Cuban know.) Actually as this year has progressed I have found it harder to remember my real name and have started to really become Salty Sam. Well anyway, here are the last clues for those of you who are bad guessers; I think the steerage French Fries are gross, I am addicted to saltines, MacDonalds, and Tolkien's Triloggy, my favorite cartoon character is Bugs Bunny and I can't wait to go home.

My last quote is important to me. It describes my approach to USNA and the four years I have lived here:

"The test of a first rate intelligence is the ability to hold two opposed ideas in the mind at the same time, and still retain the ability to function."

F. Scott Fitzgerald

Take care, buds!

SALTY '72

NEW YORK SISTERS

Pat and Sally Hamlin from Long Island are just the type of blond beauties who attract girl-watching Mids, one enough to result in a June Week wedding.



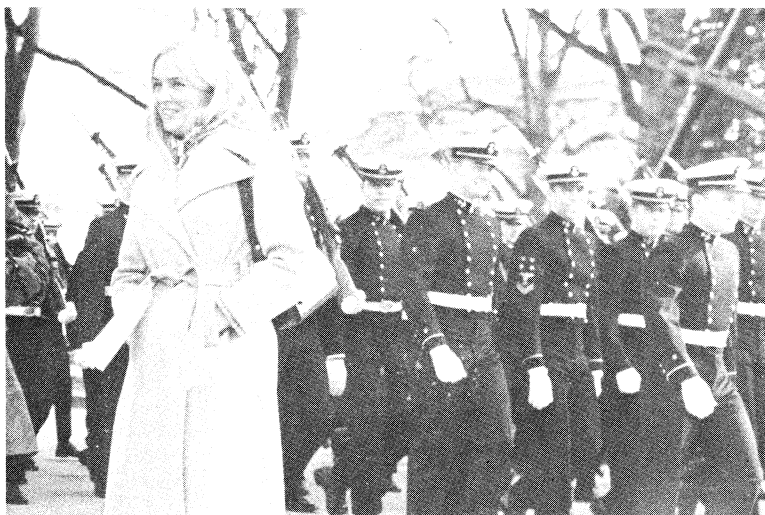
Sally



Pat

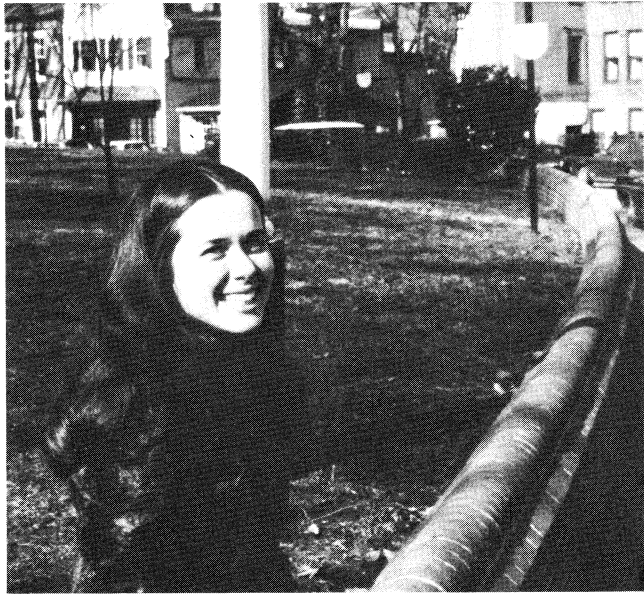


Sally (left) and Pat like nothing better than a good P-rade.



"Eyes-right!"





MARYLAND MAIDEN

Darlene Prytula, a University of Maryland coed, is a riot during the week, but forsakes the 17,500 Maryland males to find her very own Mid during the weekends.



Darlene finds out about an old Academy tradition.



SALTY SAM?

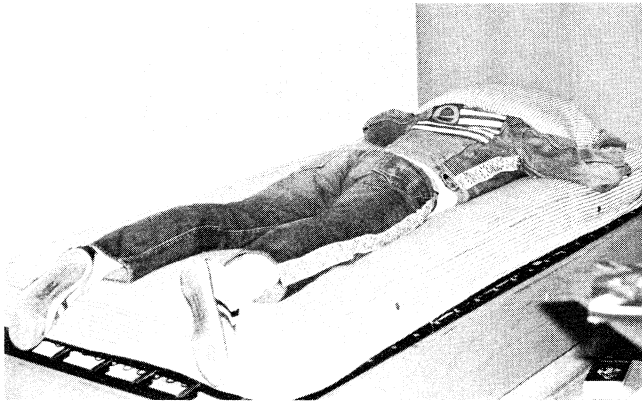
... you pick him



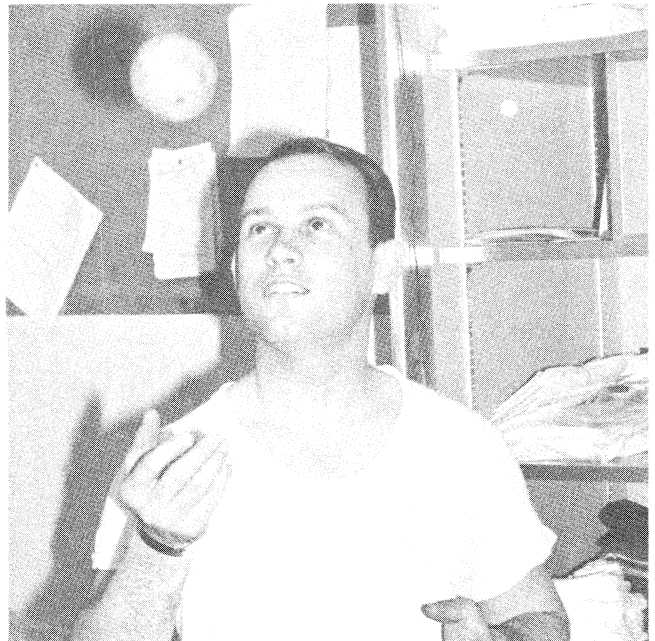
STEVE CLAWSON—Editor of the *Log*, budding intellectual, bathroom philosopher, astute and aggravating. His comment: *"Since my mother may read this, I don't want to disappoint her . . . she, at least, knows my true humility."*



JIM BRADLEY—A man on top of world affairs, outspoken and articulate. His comment: *"As a member of the power structure here at Navy, let me say this and make it perfectly clear . . ."*



JIM O'KEEFE—A literature jock, in tune with the "now" world, energetic, incisive, and a notorious wit. His comment: *"It was in my last year of college that I began to go insane."*



FRANK GIBSON—A busy man, in and out of everything, editor of the *Lucky Bag* and a noted author. His comment: *"Salty Sam? Me? Hell no, I'm a Marine."*



RICK GALLUP—Very vocal, quick, deceptive, and eccentric, past world master of the boon-doggle. His comment: *"I'm a shy person, basically."*

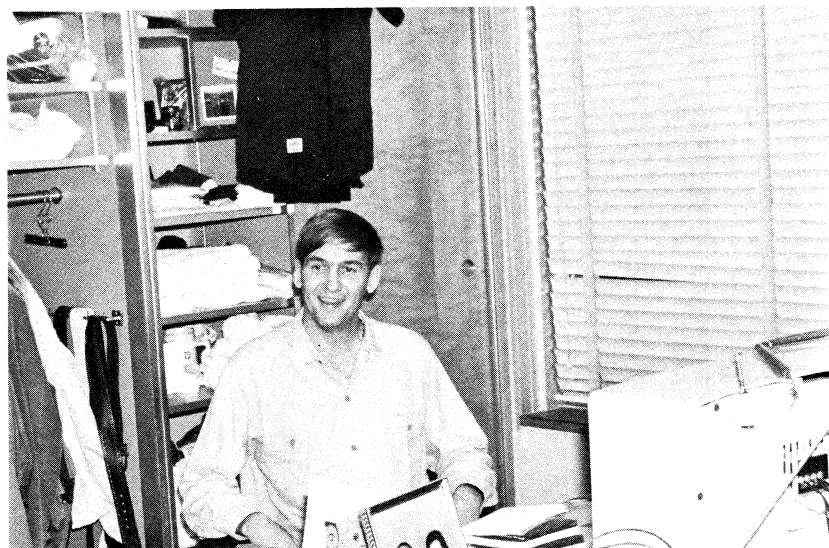


WILLIE—Discerning, discriminating, challenging and simply amazing. His comment: "Me Salty Sam? Ha! Carry on!"



TODD BRUNER—WRNV D.J., class Treasurer, savant, versatile and enlightened, a man who's always where it's at. His comment: "Fine, thank you. And you?"

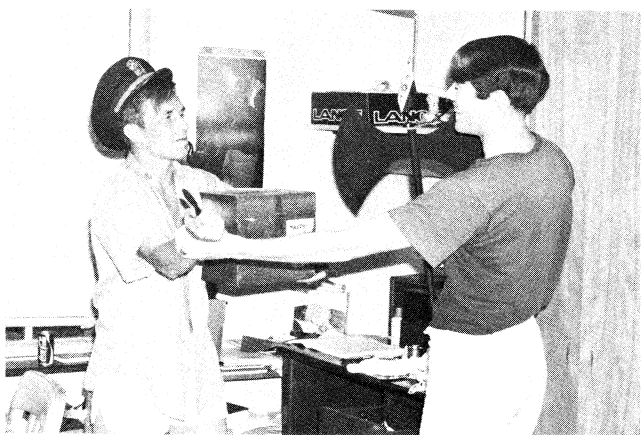
STEVE TOMIZESKY—Of KC and ski—A man who's in the know, quick of tongue, and a known criminal. His comment: "10 to nothing, Lakers! That ticks me off!"



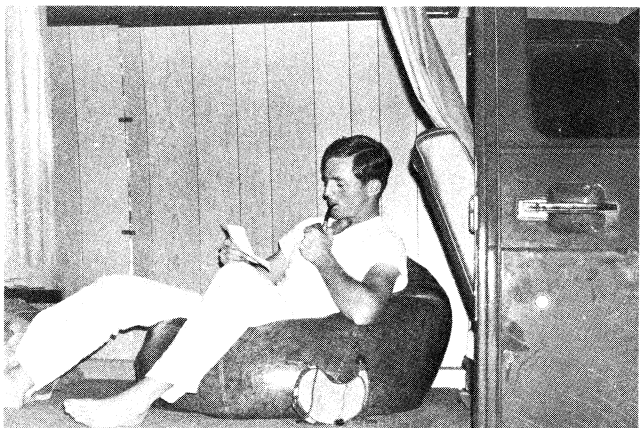
... well?



LCDR. CONNOLLY—A magi, shrewd, and surprisingly swift, a man Bolivia is still wondering about. His comment: *"With all my underground connections . . . I was a natural."*



JOHN LUCY (with knife) and LEW MURPHY (with axe)—Dynamic duo, partners in multitudinous crimes, buds, well connected and well read. Their comment: *"Power corrupts."*



CHRIS HAZLIP—Inscrutable, erudite, unconventional and controversial, a man who knows the system and how it works. His comment: *A smile.*



WES SCHMIDT—"Old man" in Brigade, mundane, implacable in the rack and renowned for his normalcy. His comment: *"Being Batt CPO has taken a great deal of time. There is no possible way. . ."*



JEFF COFFEY—Sr. class Vice Pres., dynamic, dexterous and dubious, a man who's not afraid of the world. His comment: *"Most great men are dead or dying. I don't feel so well this minute. Where's my lawyer?"*

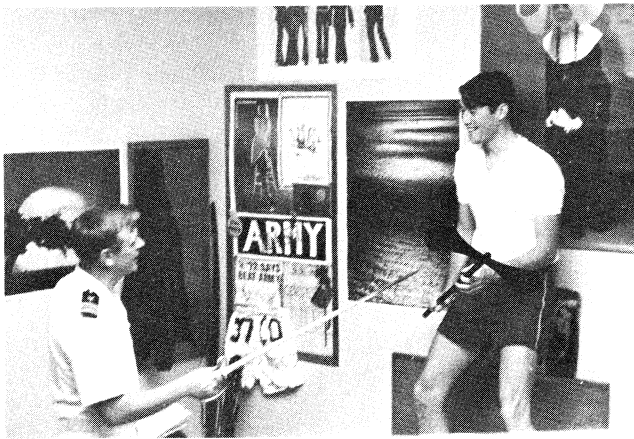
and now . . . SALTY SAM Exposed!



LCdr. Connolly: "Salty! I gotcha! . . . Ah Huh . . . Huh!"



"Hey Salty . . . I got a good story for you. . ."



LCdr. Connolly: "A pound of flesh, Salty, now!"



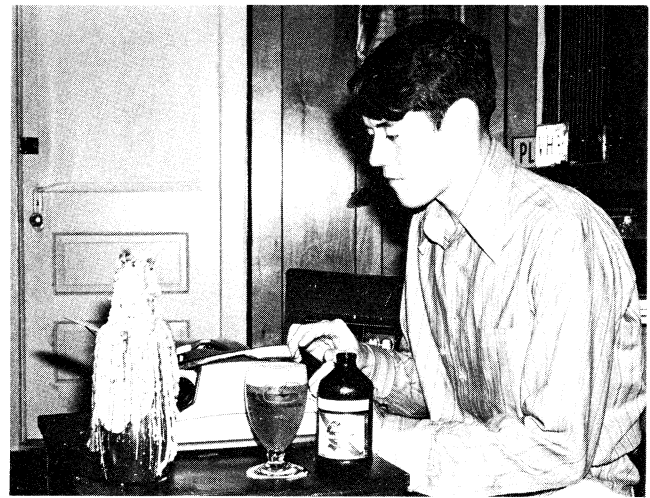
LCdr. Jones: "Alright Salty . . . get out of that car! I caught you with the goods."



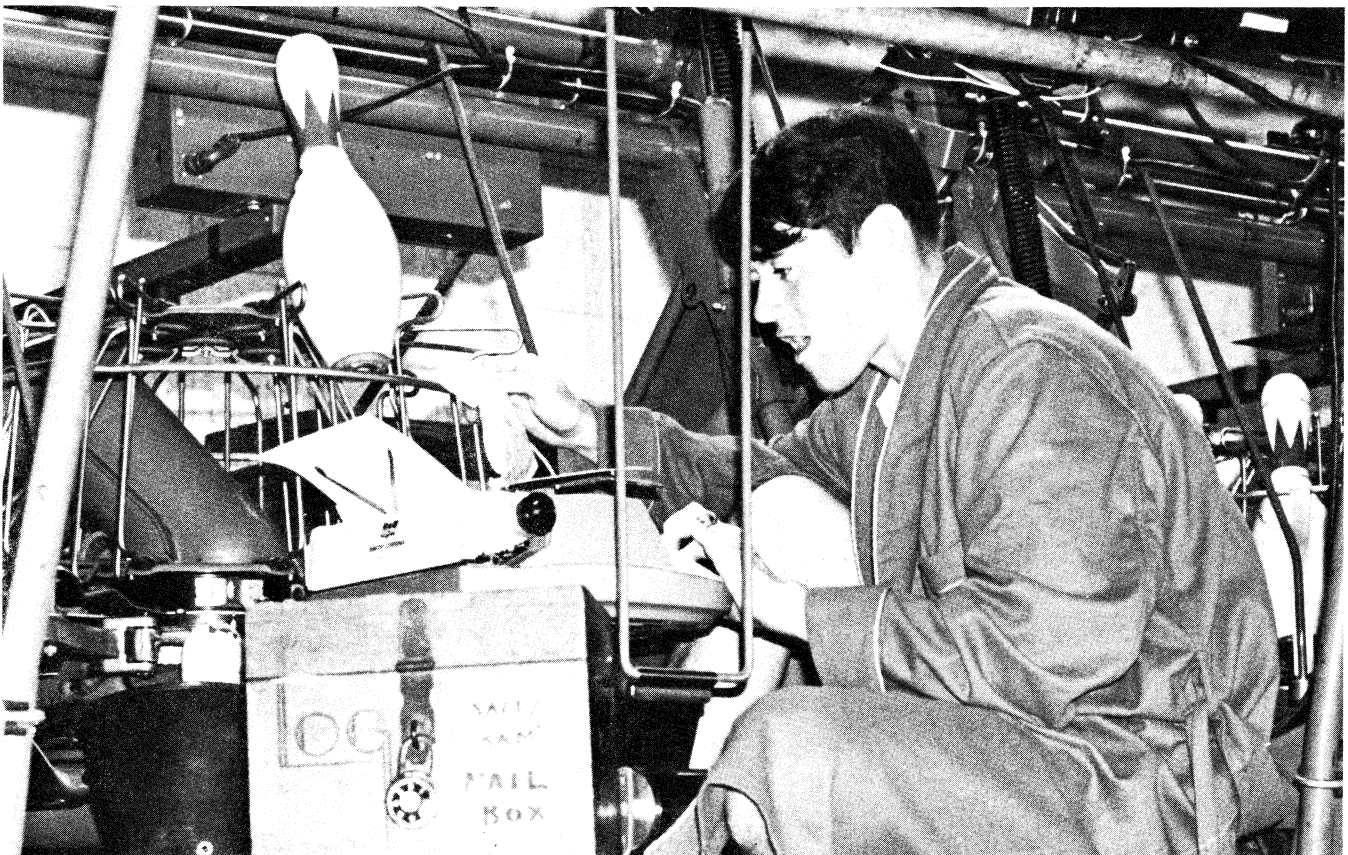
"Get out of my room, Clawson! I don't care about your deadline. . ."



"But coach! A VW can't go that fast! This is ludicrous!"



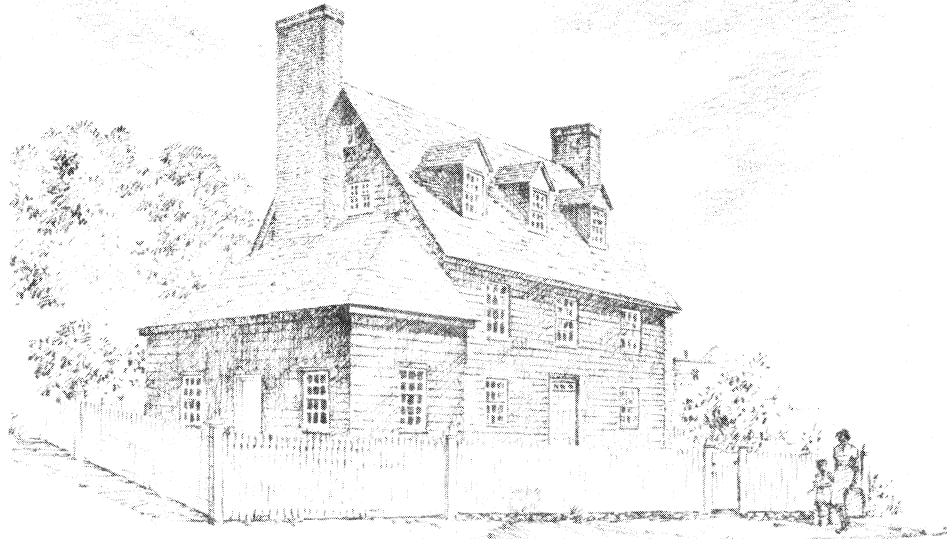
"Life's a grind!"



"It may not be roomy but at least it's quiet!"

ANNAPOLITAN GHOSTS

BY MIKE DOUGLAS



*The Slicer-Shiplap House
built c. 1720, by Edward Smith, innkeeper
restored by Historic Annapolis*

Annapolis, the capitol city of Maryland, a town of glamour past and present, is the home of every midshipman for four years. Four long years to some, four short and fleeting years to others, but to all Annapolis becomes a definite part of our lives.

Either through investigation or osmosis, each in his own way discovers this city, once known proudly as "the Athens of the West." By walking down the cobbled streets, peering skyward at the great colonial mansions, or gazing upon the illuminated capitol dome some warm summer evening, we all get a deeper feeling for the history and romance that makes up Annapolis. But what makes Annapolis interesting, glamorous, or mysterious often does not take the form of some inanimate object, but with people. People who walk, talk, eat, and live, and those that are put to their final rest but refuse to die. In this so-called "enlightened age" in which we live, ghosts are generally not given much credence by the majority of intelligent souls, but to a few residents they are as real as the city itself. With this thought in mind I decided to search out the people and their stories to

discover for myself what charm and mystery lurks in some ancient attic or frightens visitors in their slumber.

Tales of ghosts inhabiting some of the early homes are as old as Annapolis itself. Traditionally the ghosts have been quiet and orderly, doing no real harm other than scaring some poor person every now and again. Their fame has spread with the home in which they live, often enhancing the ancient lore of the old mansion. Probably the mansion most familiar to midshipmen is the Hammond-Harwood House located on Maryland Avenue. After leaving Gate 3 and traveling toward the capitol building it is the first home on the left as you cross Prince George Street. It has had a long intriguing past.

The house was originally built by Mathias Hammond for his young bride-to-be, a woman from Philadelphia. Several years were required to build a mansion of that magnitude in those days and so legend says she became jealous of the home and often said that Mr. Hammond was more in love with it than her. While he went to Philadelphia to buy the furniture,

the lady jilted him and so says a recorder of the event "she thereby tossed away the chance of being the mistress of the fairest house in the colonies." Later in life the girl saw the folly of her choice and asked to be buried in her lover's home. Poor rebuked Mathias, overwhelmed with grief at his fiancée's refusal, never married or lived in the house he cared so dearly for.

The mystery of the girl's actual burial place was never known, but rumors persisted that an elaborate and secret underground chamber had been built for her by Mathias and contained her mortal remains. Miss Hessie Harwood, the last person to reside in the home, died in the late 1920's after talking often of a secret she possessed about the mansion, but stoutly refused to tell anyone. On her death bed many asked her for the secret but she remained adamant and took the mystery with her to the grave.

In 1938, during the restoration of the home by the Hammond-Harwood Restoration Committee, Dr. James Bordley was searching around the cellar when he spied a loose brick and decided to investigate. Picking the brick up he found two large keys that by appearance were very old. One was marked "To the Secret Chamber" and the other "To the Secret Burying Place." The home was searched for more clues but nothing was found.

The news of the key discovery gained attention in the local Maryland papers. An old woman in Baltimore contacted the committee and told them of her experiences as a child when she played in the cellar of the Hammond-Harwood House. She related how from the cellar there led a tunnel past a large crypt where they would play games and amuse themselves.

With this old lady's story the committee decided once again to investigate. A hole was carefully dug in the backyard but only old arched bricks and scores of Madeira bottles were ever found. The search was given up so as not to undermine the structural walls or waste any more valuable dollars.

The idea of a tunnel leading from the home was not as preposterous as it first appears, as much of the wealth to be made in the early colonies was from smuggling contraband goods. Many seacoast cities had homes with secret tunnels leading to the shore in which liquor and slaves were brought up in the stealth of the night to be later sold at auction. Annapolis was most certainly no exception.

People have said they have heard knockings at the door and loud moans in one of the bedrooms of the Hammond House, but no recorded ghosts have been seen. Maybe the knockings and moans come from poor Mathias' fiancée lamenting over the fact that she did not marry him or Mathias himself wailing over the death of the girl he loved and lost. The Paca House, another colonial mansion of Annapolis, is presently being restored to its original form after serving a number of owners and occupations. It was built by William Paca, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Most recently the home served as a hotel known as Carvel Hall. The name Carvel Hall was derived from a novel by Winston Churchill, a graduate of the Naval Academy in 1894. The house

figured as the home of Dorothy Manners, a character developed in the intriguing mind of Churchill while writing his novel in the Paca House.

A few years back a civil engineer and his wife were at Carvel Hall when an ancient looking old woman came hobbling up to them and said, "Don't ever get old." Upon this she turned and walked slowly ahead of them and to their astonished eyes vanished into thin air. A former caretaker of the Paca mansion has told stories about a man he would see in colonial costume that would disappear if anyone came too close.

The late Marcellus Hall, an old negro maitre-d' at the Carvel Hall Hotel often told stories about the ghosts of the house. One concerned a young woman and her handsome suitor. The girl wanted desperately to marry her lover but her father refused to sanction the marriage. The maid relented to her father's will but never lost the love she had for the man she would never marry, even after death. As Marcellus tells she now stands at the head of the stairs in the house while her fiancé remains at the bottom—never to reach each other's arms. Marcellus said he and the servants were the only ones to actually observe the ghosts and he never told the guests of their presence because as he once put it "who wants to live in a haunted hotel?" A suicide did take place at the home and sometime ago a servant complained that when he walks down the hall an unseen presence goes with him pushing him along.

Of all the old homes that remain standing in Annapolis, the Brice House, located at the corner of Prince George and East Streets, is the most colorful and mysterious of them all. In its two hundred years of existence it has witnessed many violent and terrifying nights. One of the last Brices, an elderly gentleman, was found dead from a head wound one morning in his library. Death resulted possibly from a fall but more suspectedly by a club blow to the brain.

Below: The Paca House



A secret stairway exists leading from the old library to the bedroom directly above and it has been reported by tenants of the home that occasionally a shadowy figure of an old man is seen fleeing up these stairs pursued by an equally mysterious murderer.

Sometime ago the new owners of the Brice House discovered a closet that had been plastered over many years before. When the plaster was chipped away the opening revealed the skeleton of a woman. Neither local authorities nor historians could identify the remains. It is believed the ill deed must have occurred sometime during the early history of the home.

Persons of authority in the 1930's have reported hearing weird knocking sounds in the panel sections of the library wall, resembling a code, but they have never been traced to any physical source.

One Annapolitan many years ago, Thomas Murdock, a believer in witches and ghosts, reported being terribly frightened in the basement of the Brice House while whitewashing the walls. He told how he spied a loose brick behind which he knew there was money.



Pulling out the brick and anticipating the treasures that awaited him, a huge spider with a head the size of a softball came forth to attack the poor man. He attempted to strike the creature with the end of the whitewash brush but the spider simply bit off the end of the pole. Murdock rapidly retreated concluding, "the money was not for me and I left." Rumors to this very day still insist that a great amount of money is buried somewhere in the Brice basement. They say the money accounts for the repeated appearance of the ghost of Mr. Brice. One seeker of fortune hastily left the basement because he said, "I saw a beautiful blond girl with a halo around her head suddenly approach me."

Many former occupants of the house have told tales about the figure of an old man attired in colonial costume both appearing and disappearing in the library.

A Naval Academy professor, who once occupied the Brice House, tells that he was frightened one morning when he awoke to find before him a ghostly figure resembling Mr. Brice. He rose from the bed and followed the apparition down the corridor outside his sleeping chamber and attempted to address it, but

the figure disappeared quickly in a puff of smoke.

One kindly old ghost of the house, after seeing a mother in want for milk for her newborn babe as she could not wake a servant or fetch it herself, secured the milk and gently placed it in the baby's crib. Other residents of the Brice House, including a professor, have reported how they have been awakened by a ghost's hand placed gingerly on their face. They told how the apparition would pat their cheeks while causing no physical harm.

Mr. Brice also owned, in addition to his Annapolis estate, a tract of land located a few hundred yards from the Anchorage Inn. On occasion he has been seen roaming the countryside in the foggy moonlit night. Early this year a guard at the house was so terribly frightened by a ghost that he quit the job and stoutly refused to return or speak of the incident. His uncle, a noted antique dealer in Annapolis, related to me the story of what the young man saw that night.

Apparently an elderly gentleman attired in colonial costume approached the guard. Upon closer inspection he witnessed that the figure was not of human flesh but could readily be seen through!

Another story of this same ghostly gentleman was told a few years back by George Bingley, a tenant in one of the wings. Bingley would sit out on his porch on cool summer evenings and see a man dressed in colonial style on the adjoining porch of the house. If he ever approached to get a better view, the man would rapidly fade into nothing.

My journeys around the city in search of the elusive ghosts took me one Saturday afternoon to the home of Washington Claude Clement, a native son of Annapolis. Mr. Clement, who likes to be called "Mike," is the present owner of "Aunt Lucy's Bake Shop," or as it was originally known, the Greg House. The house is located just about one-hundred yards from the Brice mansion on Prince George Street. It is known to be one of the oldest homes in Annapolis, if not the oldest, and is reputed to have been built when the city was founded, in 1649.

When I first knocked at the door, a belated answer made me think no one was home. But I waited a few minutes longer and was rewarded with the wrinkled but smiling face of Mr. Clement. He at once invited me into his home, switched off the color television set and we began to talk of early Annapolis as few people can, from the eyewitness account. His history stories were fascinating but at the mention of ghosts he retorted with "Oh, I don't believe in ghosts and I don't see how anyone in their right mind could." "Heck," he went on, "I've never seen any." Nevertheless, my assignment made me keep badgering him about ghosts and he finally relented to my will. "Come here and follow me," he said and Mike led me into his antique furnished dining room. "See this cabinet, it was built in the 1700's by John Shaw, a cabinet maker who plyed his trade in Annapolis. There is something about it I just can't figure out. Maybe you can."



The Chase-Lloyd House

He then began to show me two doors on the lower half of the piece that concealed extra storage spaces. To close and lock the doors two latches must be placed into an exact position. One latch is pulled downward and one upward. "You see," he continued, "every night I close and lock these doors, but every morning when I wake up I find the doors swinging wide open. Maybe gravity could loosen the one latch, but what makes the other move uphill? I just can't figure it out. Maybe it's a ghost after all," he chuckled. Mike showed me the rest of his marvelous antique house and bidding him farewell I strolled further down Prince George Street to the home of Bob Camel, another interesting lifelong resident of Annapolis. Interrupting him from his yearly tax work, he generously obliged to sit and talk with me about the city he obviously loves and cherishes. Mr. Camel actually knew very little about the "ghostly" side of Annapolis, except for the usual stories people remember from their youth as they played about the mansions, but as a historical reference he is virtually unsurpassed. Because of this I believe his tales merit inclusion in this article as they added greatly to my understanding, and hopefully your understanding of the city outside our gates.

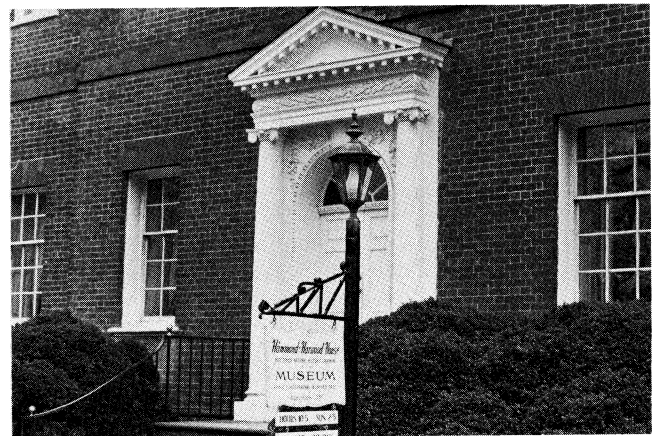
Mr. Camel proved to be the type of man you could listen to for hours without becoming the least bit bored or hear the same story twice. He did remember one grisly factual story that took place in the winter of 1870. An alley at one time led from Prince George Street to the Naval Academy gate. In this very alley a man was brutally murdered and then beheaded, but the killer's identity was never discovered and the case remains unsolved to this very day. As far as I could ascertain, the dead man decided to remain in that condition and hasn't come back from the dead to haunt the town.

Another fact he related to me was about the great and bitter rivalry staged in the last century by the Midshipmen of the Naval Academy and the military cadets of St. John's College for the affection of the local belles. The cunning girls would date the midshipmen until the taps inspection forced them back into the confines of Bancroft Hall. With the Mids

gone they would then, the same night, go out with the St. John's students who were lucky enough to have late liberty. Many times the jealous Midshipmen would sneak out of the hall and over the fence to wage terrific fistic battles with the St. John's snakes. Does it sound familiar? Anyway, enough of the side-light and back to the matter at hand.

The Chase-Lloyd House, situated directly across the street from the Hammond-Harwood House on Maryland Avenue, has been one of the more quiet colonial mansions. Its ghost tales consist mainly of the "Gray Lady" who has been reported seen walking the gardens late at night. The stories about her have circulated for years, but no one seems to know who she is or what fascination she has for the gardens. Jonas Green, an early publisher of the *Maryland Gazette* newspaper, is another one of those tenacious souls who refuses to leave this mortal world for what lies beyond. At midnight, it is told, his ghost enters the front door of his old mansion and goes from one room of the house to another. Some say the strange route resembles the characteristics of a newsman in search of news.

In another old home in Annapolis, a figure known as "Aunt Alice" is said to arrive as a messenger of death. Once a visitor, upon entering the house, remarked to the head of the household, "I see you have a new scrub woman out front." Unexplainedly, one of the members of the family died shortly after the



The Hammond-Harwood House

sighting of "Aunt Alice." The stories go on and on, but to relate mere tales was not the sole purpose of this article. I hope by dwelling on Annapolis from a mysterious and obscure vantage point a spark of interest about the city may begin to glow in every one of you. It is actually a very marvelous place for someone who will take the time and effort to discover it. Annapolis is a conglomerate of houses to be sure, but it is also the home of people, some very much alive and industrious, and some that are dead but decide to stay on for the fun. The next time you are in town look over the old homes and think about some of the stories I have told here, but meet the people, for houses and ghosts come and go but friendship and understanding among men never die.



“BOTH SIDES NOW”

April 10, 1972

Steve,

Sorry for the delay, have had a hard time trying to put my feelings down into words. I sort of think it won't get printed but I couldn't say it any other way. Hope the picture is okay, it's a picture of the campanile (clock tower); the campanile is sort of the landmark of UC and Sproul Plaza. Sproul Plaza is sort of the main corridor into campus where a lot of home-grown music groups try out their wares. It's usually a happy place. Good luck, let me know how things come out, say hi! to everyone for me.

Peace,

Dave

When I was first asked to write this article my enthusiasm was really high. Now, after attempting to communicate the changes and experiences I have been through since leaving the Academy at the end of my youngster year on June 2, 1970, my energy is subsiding.

It's subsiding because I feel sometimes that it is

almost futile to tell you how life is on the “outside” without you having experienced it yourself. Also, I feel that the direction my life has taken me is fundamentally different than yours. Although some of you have attended civilian colleges before going to the Academy, the fact is that you are at the Academy being trained mentally, morally, and physically to become a career military officer and I am not.

I am a student at the University of California at Berkeley and will be graduating this June, just a few days after I might have graduated at the Academy. The change from the Academy to Berkeley was quite a change. Going from an environment that totally expounds one way of viewing the world to an institution that doesn't force any beliefs on you and only provides the professors, class rooms, materials and opportunity to pursue your own course of study, was amazing. I didn't know what to do with the freedom.

I think if you objectively compare the Academy and Berkeley academically you would have to give Berkeley a higher rating. This comparison would be based on the percentage of professors who have their Doctorates (Ph.D.'s), the resources available for re-

(Continued on page 26)

September 27, 1971

U.S. Naval Academy
Annapolis, Maryland

Dear Sir:

I too was once a midshipman at the U.S. Naval Academy. Two days ago I received my discharge, and now I wish I had never instituted resignation proceedings.

I was a member of the class of '75 which entered this past summer. Since I left the Academy, I have been thinking more about my decision. I know now that I was wrong, and you and your staff were right, and I would like to apologize for the discourtesy and perfunctory treatment afforded you in your interview with me.

At the Academy you have one of the best deals a young man can get financially, and the best in education but more important you get a challenge. I am now attending a university, and to me it's just as easy as high school, and there is no satisfaction out of just breezing through something.

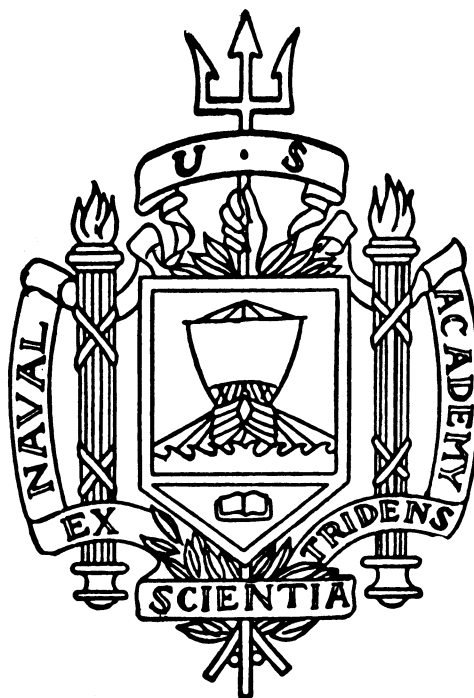
One of the most important lessons I learned from my stay at the Academy, and my subsequent resignation from it, is that of keeping an open mind. After one week there, I felt that all the details of the organized life there were designed to break me down to nothing. I closed my mind to the reality that they were of a training nature. Above all, don't close your mind to the officers you talk to. Two quotes that I remember from my interviews, and have since found to be true are, one from Major Sweetster, "You have to weigh the good and the bad, and then see what the balance is," and the other from Cmdr. Anderson, "Happiness in life is not doing what you want to all the time, it's helping people too." Now I know they were right.

In my case my worst mistake was to take the attitude that just because I had started resignation proceedings, that meant if I reconsidered, I'd really get it from the upperclass. My company officer told me that my whole man multiple would place me in the top 20% of my class, and my squad leader said I was squared away, and I probably would have gone back if it hadn't been for the above.

Another purpose of this correspondence is that during all my interviews I was asked if there was anything I could contribute to see if you could help some plebe next year. At the time there wasn't anything I could do, but now I can. I thought maybe a letter from one who did resign and then saw the error of his ways might help.

One last thing. As I understood it, once I left there was no way possible for me to get back in. Is that true? If there is any way possible I could get back in, even if it means signing a contract that stated I would not resign for four years which would require five years service, let me know. Thank you.

A former midshipman
(Class of 1975)



5 May 1971

Dean of Admissions
United States Naval Academy
Annapolis, Maryland 21402

Dear Sir:

I am a former Midshipman of the Class of '74 and I respectfully request re-admission to the Academy in the Class of '76.

I tendered my resignation on account of progressive attitudes which I held. Since my separation from the Academy I have put aside my adolescent opinions and now hold a more mature attitude which I feel is in the best interest of the Navy.

I feel ready for an institution, such as Annapolis, and feel that I can achieve higher and contribute more to the Brigade than my previous attitudes allowed me to.

Since my discharge I have been attending Grossmont College where I have maintained a 3.0 average. I am active in the student government where I hold a position as a student senator. I have also kept active in sports where I took first place in the wrestling conference finals.

Thanking you in advance for any consideration you afford me, I remain.

A former midshipman
(Class of 1974)

May 31, 1972

25

search and generally, the amount of knowledge existing within the institution.

All tenured professors at Berkeley must have a Doctorate and all people who are not tenured must have at least a Master's and be working towards their Ph.D.'s. So almost all of our lectures are taught by experts in the field. If your larger lecture class breaks down into smaller discussion groups, a graduate student usually leads the discussion. Graduate students are either working on a Master's or a Doctorate, but the fact remains that Berkeley was rated the top graduate school in 1971, therefore these discussion leaders are highly qualified.

The resources available for research are virtually unlimited. There are several Nobel prize laureates doing research at Berkeley. You are not solely limited to the facilities at Berkeley; the University of California has eight other campuses which you are allowed to attend for different periods of time if one campus is more suited to your needs than another. But this academic view of Berkeley is by no means a total picture of the institution, it is only an attempt to refute the bias that we have had drummed into us, that "we are the 'cream-of-the-crop,' because we are Midshipmen." It is very hard, now, for me to think that Midshipmen are any better than their counterparts on civilian campuses, because all of us are living in a manner that we individually consider to be the right way. It is absurd to think that any human being is any better than any other human being.

This has been the most profound realization that I have had since leaving the Academy. When I was a Midshipman I had few people I could turn to in order to help me question what I was doing. My first day at the Academy, June 26, 1968, was the beginning of an intensive indoctrination and training program that shaped my entire life-style and life philosophy. I had to think and believe a certain way in order to justify what I was doing. I had to look at other people as the enemy in order to justify my killing them. And then add all the pressures that are placed on you to stay in the Academy it was very hard to escape. These friends helped me, because it is very hard to do alone, especially with the fear of 'not having done the right thing' firmly planted in my head. But once I resigned I learned that it is not necessary to live a life full of fear and paranoia, there are just too many other more happier and fruitful ways to live, ways that are equally as valid.

So moving to California and going to school put me in an atmosphere that was conducive to my idealism. This sometimes unrealistic idealism arose from the contradiction that I was a part of while at the Academy. The contradiction between believing in something and yet living in an opposite way. Believing that life could be improved on, and the only way to make it better is to try and live that better life, as a compassionate individual who cares about the future of the human race. It is impossible to be an open and friendly person if your environment inhibits you. The contradiction comes between being a good

American and being a good human being. Our world needs a sense of caring for each other, a positive view of what life can be. It can be friendly, happy, loving, affectionate, and sharing only if each one of us takes it upon himself to change. The Academy didn't let me do this. I used to go to bed with a headache after listening to and telling a few hours worth of stories about all the women we have known and had. They're people too, but not in Bancroft Hall.

It took me a long time after resigning to think of women as women and to bring my own sexuality down to a more respectful level. In the hall women are continually referred to as chicks, or drags, or dates or pieces, not women. It takes time to learn that they are human beings, just like men. I remember all the times my friends and I tried to pick up on a couple of women and feeling bad about it because all we wanted was their bodies and they probably didn't want ours, all we were doing was hassling them. We were treating them as objects. We didn't even think of respecting their feelings. All I know is that I want people to respect me, so I must respect them.

To continue the question of being treated as objects we must look at this type of mentality as being closely related to the use of the word: enemy. When you talk of a person as an enemy he loses his value as a human being, he becomes an object, he is no longer equivalent to, let's say, your best friend. Why shouldn't

"It takes time to learn that they
are human beings just like men."

he be, if circumstances had been different he might have been *your* best friend.

I guess that's how Berkeley has helped me out the most. It showed me that things can be better. By being friendly, loving and sharing, I have found that life reaffirms itself.

In a way, that's sort of the difference between military discipline and self-discipline. Military discipline is something that you choose to accept and then gradually internalize until you are a total military person. It is discipline that starts from the outside and works itself in. You nearly spit shine your civilian shoes, you worry about dust on your sports coat, you always worry about what other people are going to do to you if you don't do what is "right." You worry about things that aren't really important. The important thing is to understand yourself and others, to be self-disciplined. To take things for what they're worth. And to become self-disciplined you must continually question, why are you doing what you are doing?, are you living a life that you have totally thought out yourself?, or have you accepted something that has been nurtured in you since birth?

Berkeley has taught me how to say no, to be self-disciplined, aware and open-minded enough to decide for myself if something is good for me or not, to take control of my own life.

Berkeley has exposed me to the world, to other beautiful cultures and their ideologies, to the potentials of new life-styles within the United States, to knowledge that isn't used to rule the world but used to understand it, to a positive and less fearful view of life.

And when I talk about Berkeley I use it as a word that stands for my life after leaving the Academy. I haven't always said these things, and I haven't always believed them. My ideas have evolved slowly and have by no means stopped evolving. They change as my understanding increases, hopefully always towards an improved reality. Life is struggle.

27 August 1971

Dear Former Midshipman,

I have received your letter of 19 August 1971 and have carefully considered the possibility of your being reinstated as a midshipman. I regret, however, that the answer must be negative because of the constraints that now exist in terms of time and training lost.

I would, very much, like to bend these constraints in your case, but you would be at a serious disadvantage when compared to the remaining members of the Class of 1975. As you have stated in your letter, you had ample time to consider the decision to resign and must be responsible for your actions. You will recall my comments in regard to this, and my pointing out the need to be very sure of your action.

Best wishes in your future endeavors.

Sincerely,
Max K. Morris
Captain, U. S. Navy
Commandant of Midshipmen

"Gentlemen, you wouldn't want it any other way."

September 22

Dear Sir:

I have been meaning to write you this letter for some time, but have failed to find the courage. When I appealed to you in August for another chance to be a midshipman, I had no intention of making you look like a fool, and if I did I am truly sorry and apologize. Shortly before my appeal, I was notified that I was not accepted at Notre Dame, and things were really dim. When I appeared for my appointment with the Commandant, I began to wonder if it wasn't just temporary bad luck, and soon the feeling got so strong that I got cold feet and left.

Since that day, I've realized that what I experienced was not just bad luck, but life on the outside, and what I left at the Academy, as hard as it is to swallow, was a damn good life.

You must understand that this is not another appeal, although if it were possible for me to regain my former status, I would agree to and meet any demands necessary to do so. I am merely acknowledging wrongs done to myself and possibly to you, in an attempt to make amends. I close by saying once again, that if I have in any way discredited you by my actions, I am very sorry and apologize. Thank you.

Sincerely,
A former midshipman
(Class of 1975)





Miss Roberta George, 18, sees a 4/c from her home state of Wisconsin. She is a freshman at the University of Wisconsin.



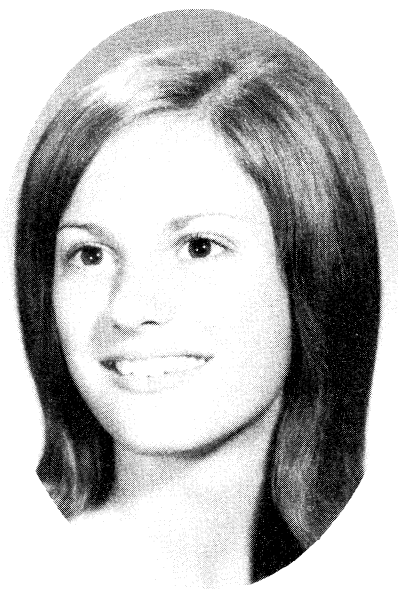
Ginger Rosenbaugh, from Cortez, Colorado, is looking forward to a June 24th wedding to Mike Byers and that rugged Marine Corps life.



Lynne Lorrey, a 19-year-old miss from Concord, Massachusetts, could ease those aches of youngster on a soon-to-be cruise.

27TH

COMPANY

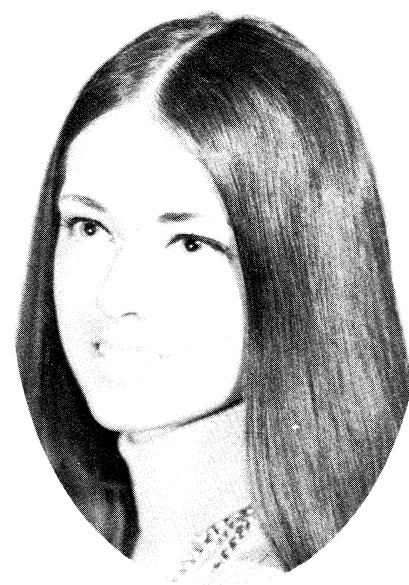


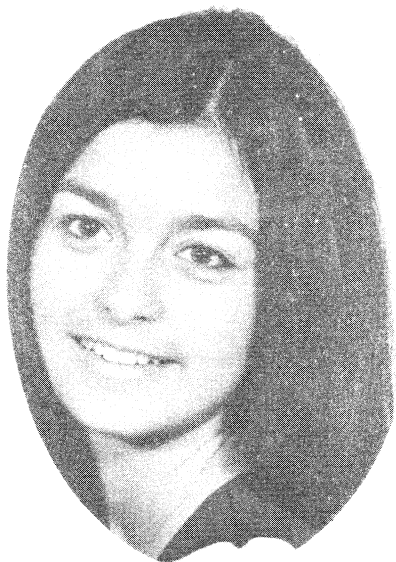
Diane Eddins of Fort Collins, Colorado, has a certain redneck youngster from New Jersey teetering on her little finger as her little boy.

Those wedding bells are already ringing for Linda "the Fish" Herring and her 3/c varsity tennis player. Who's the fish, Smitty?



Karen Heywood, 19-year-old petite (like about 4'9 1/2") beauty from the PRU, is pinned to "Tony."





Linda Ann, a student nurse at Queens Community College, is pinned to a certain 3/c, and makes life for him just a little more bearable.



Diane Berner and her firstie look forward to life on the Monterey Peninsula.

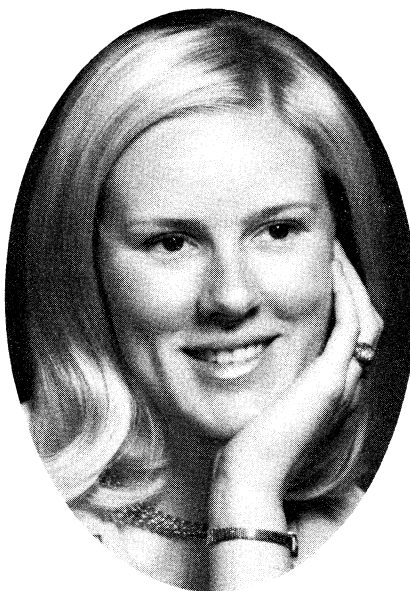
Miss Dianne Ripley, presently a freshman at Eastern Illinois University, makes the agony of long distance phone calls a little less painful.



Jean Hudspeth, the lovely "kid sister" of a 2/c, is a 20-year-old sophomore at William and Mary and has yet to attend at June week.

CUTIES

28TH



Barbara Hiller is loved by a whole company of firsties for her College Park parties, and by one very, very lucky firstie who is looking forward to a permanent party beginning in June.

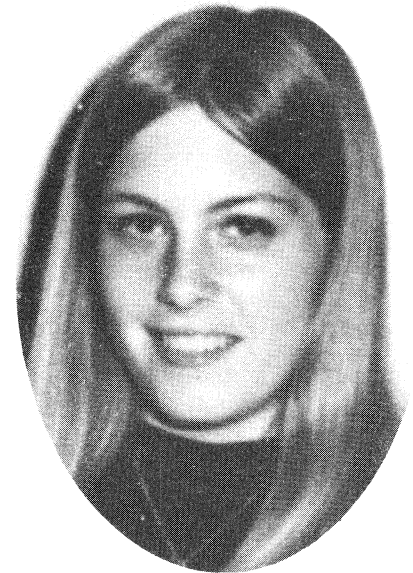
This attractive young lady, who is to be pinned in June, has her eyes set on a certain 4/c.





Chrissy, a freshman from Winchester, Massachusetts, makes coming home a little nicer for the 29th Co. Log Rep.

Paul Gimer is looking forward to marrying this lovely coed from the University of Northern Iowa.



This is Jana, one of the trophies "Bush" acquired on the last Glee Club odyssey.

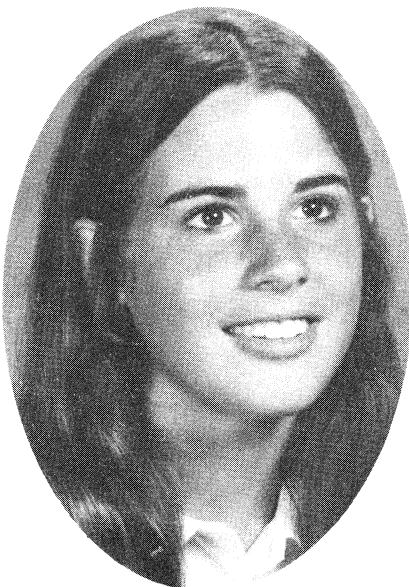
29TH

COMPANY

Susan Perrot, the sophomore sister of the Company Cdr., hails from Winter Park, Florida. Rumor has it she'll be here June Week.



This is Linda, a beautiful criminology major from Florida State. She's patiently waiting for the big day in June of '73 and for her lucky 2/c.



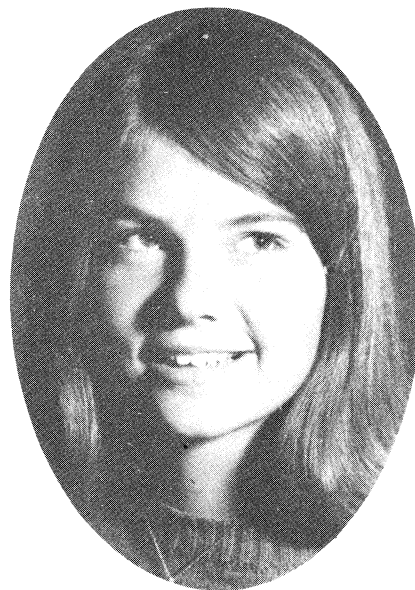
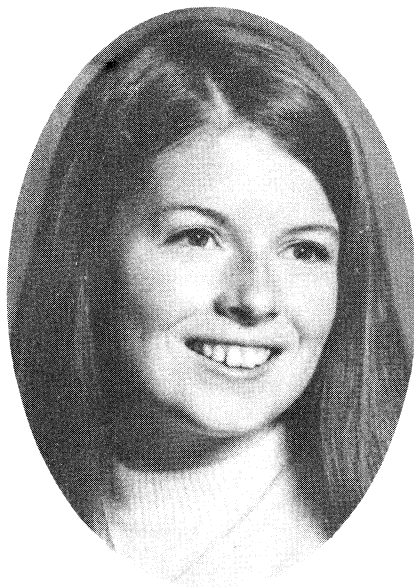
Our resident "Okie" knows the pleasure of dating this radiant young freshman from Northeastern Oklahoma A&M.





Young lovely Marcia Place is presently trying to catch T.T.W.B.

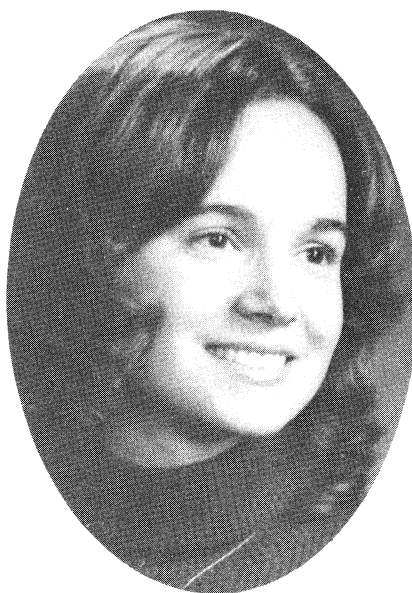
Miss Jeanne Moberly, a college freshman from Duarte, California, receives attention from a certain 4/c who can't wait for youngster cruise to end.



A certain first class chases this cutie around the track.

CUTIES

Miss Julie Broback will be flying for Braniff this summer while her June week date will be greasing the Fleet in S. E. Asia.



Miss Mary Kidd, an Annapolis lass, is "the woman behind the man" in the case of a certain 1/c wrestler.



A freshman at S.U. College at Oswego, N.Y., Connie and her 4/c mid have pin plans for June. Future June plans are in the offing.

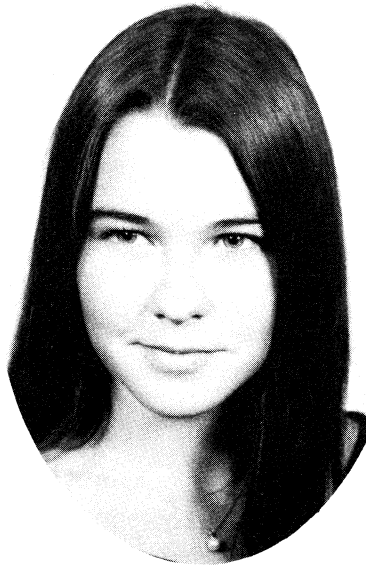




This Western Maryland sophomore keeps a certain 2/c on his toes.



Jeannie is an elusive blonde from N.J. who is still very special to a youngster.

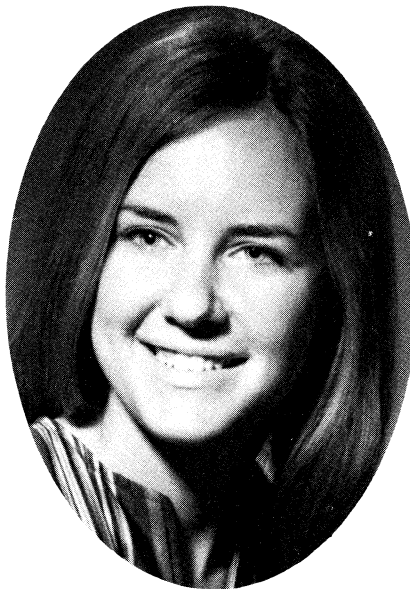


"Sam" is engaged to a lucky 2/c.

31ST

COMPANY

A certain youngster has aspirations of seeing this Hope College junior quite a lot this summer.

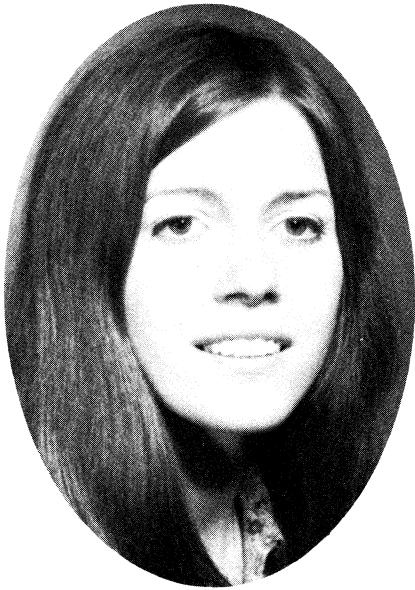


This Arizona State coed is a favorite of a certain 3/c.

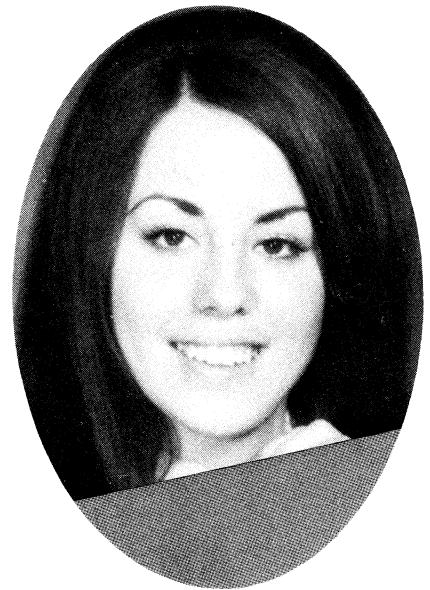


"Peach" Jackson hails from Santa Barbara, Calif., and means little or nothing to a 31st Co. 1/c.





This Southern Cal soph will be here for the first of many Junes with her anxious plebe.



AcTraMid spelled doom for this 2/c, when he ran into Melynda Edwards. Rosie can't wait till June '73 now.

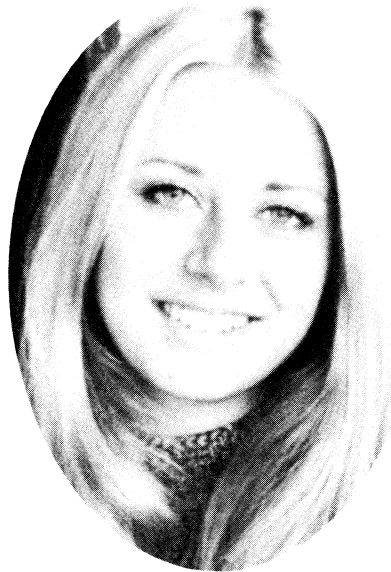


This West Virginia University coed patiently awaits the return of her mid from youngster cruise this summer.

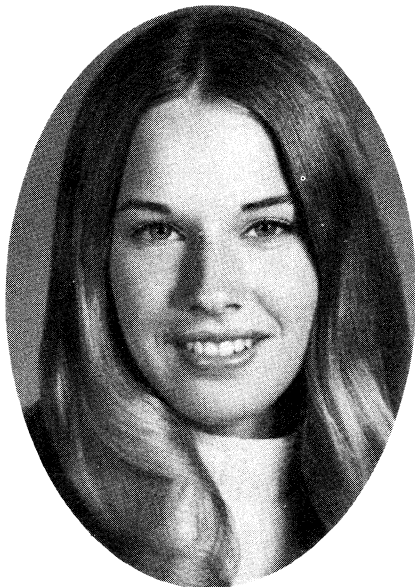
CUTIES

32ND

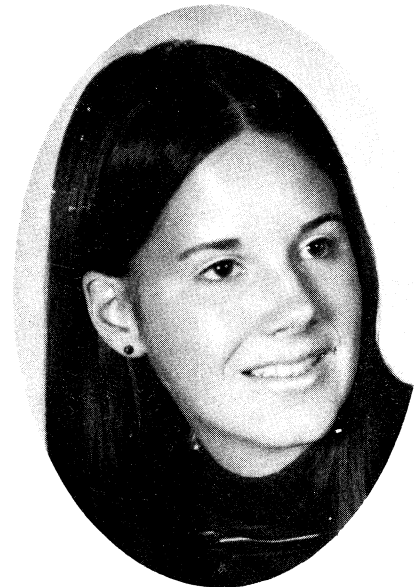
A number of mids are anxiously awaiting this Kansas Miss' visit during her brother's first June Week.



This young miss has been waiting patiently for a certain 2/c for 4 years, and should still be around come next June.

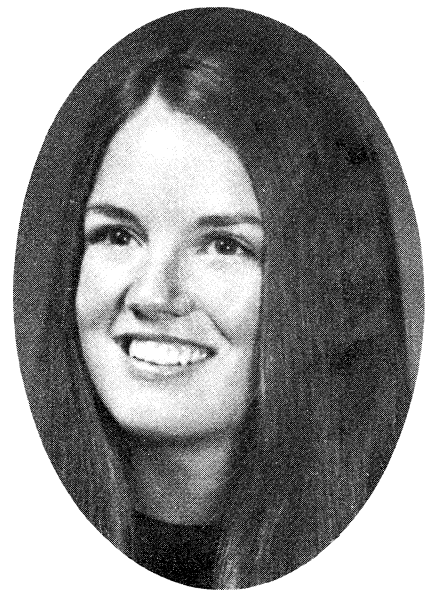


This beautiful blonde from Oak Park, Illinois, is a junior at the University of Kansas and belongs to no one in 32.





Even in the rain things are shining for Miss Donna Ross and her 33rd Company young-star.



Miss Deedra Johnston has one anxious 2/c counting the days till June Week.

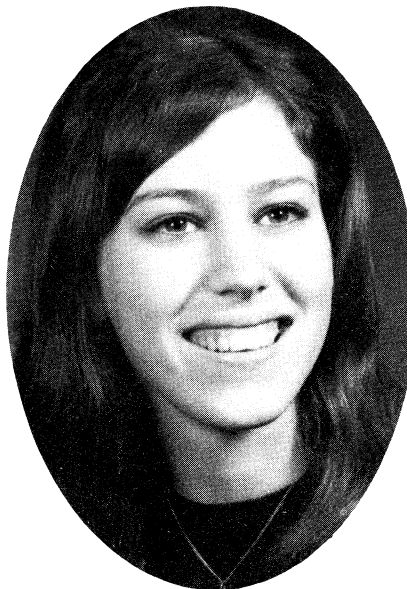


Cette jeune femme a les yeux brillants, ses seins beaux—elle est la plus belle en Roswell N.M. Un certain 3/c a envie d'elle.

33RD

COMPANY

Miss Cheryl Carl, a Colorado coed, is a fond memory in the hearts of several 2/c.



20-yr.-old Steph Gianos spends the "ac-year" in Boulder, Colo., and often does her skiing with a 33rd Co. young-star.



Miss Jule Johnson, a pretty Washington co-ed, is flying out to USNA for June Week to make a certain 3/c in 33rd Company very happy.





Pam Martin will journey from Mesquite, Texas, to see her "favorite person," a 3/c.



Mary Jo, very close to a 2/c's heart.

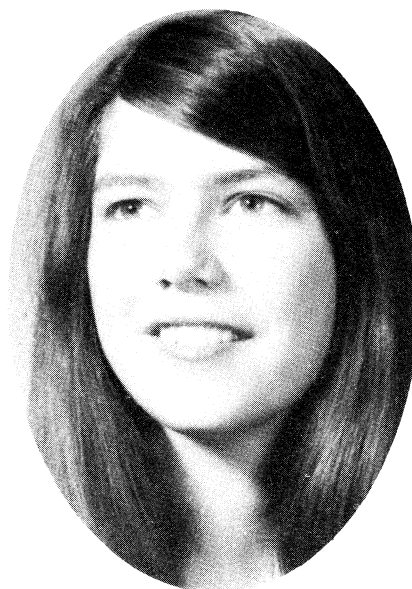
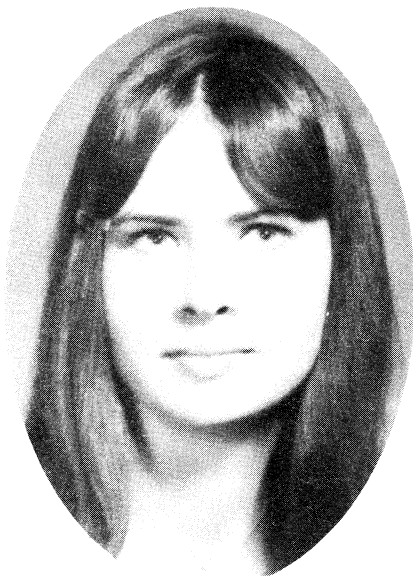


Kate Bremman will keep a proud youngster company this June Week.

CUTIES

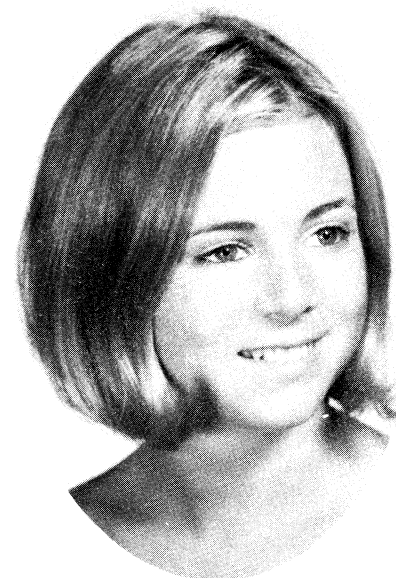
34TH

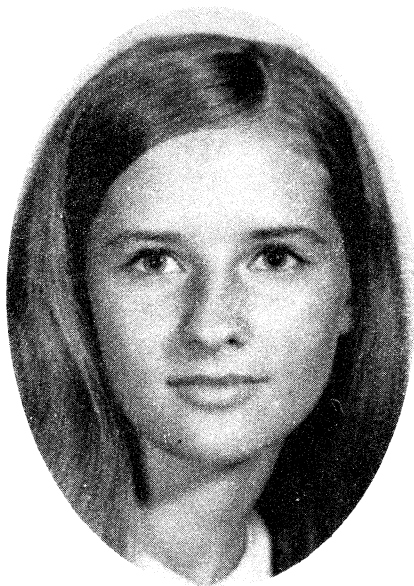
A 2/c waits to return home to Carlene Spencer of St. Petersburg, Fla.



Dana Jeanne Caruthers, a homecoming beauty, makes a freshman swoon.

Connie has special plans this summer for her graduating firstie.

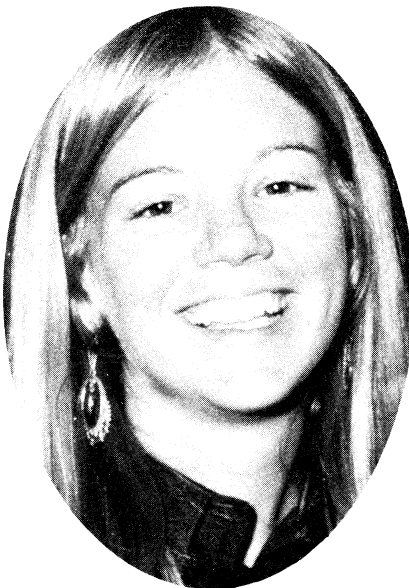




A junior at Mary Washington College, this girl will be the frequent date of a 3/c, though she doesn't know it yet.



This devastating blonde will be keeping one of 35's firsties company come June Week.



This pretty girl makes a big racket with one of 35's 4/c tennis jocks.

35TH

COMPANY

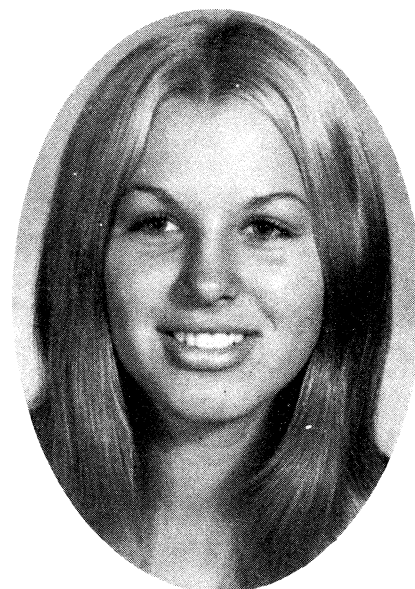
One of 35's lovable youngsters is expecting to spend more time with this young lady before much longer.



This California girl keeps the morale of a lucky plebe high during gray winter days.

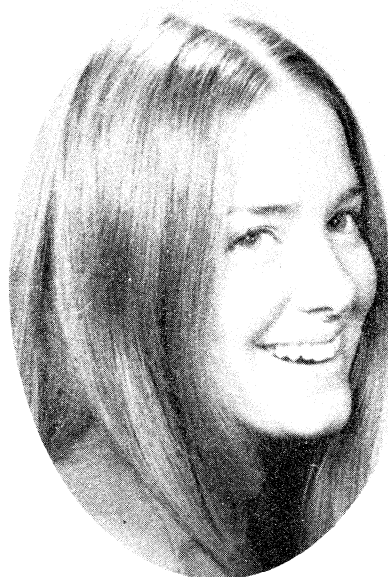


This southern belle from Anniston, Alabama, is engaged to a 2/c, who is looking forward to June Week '73.

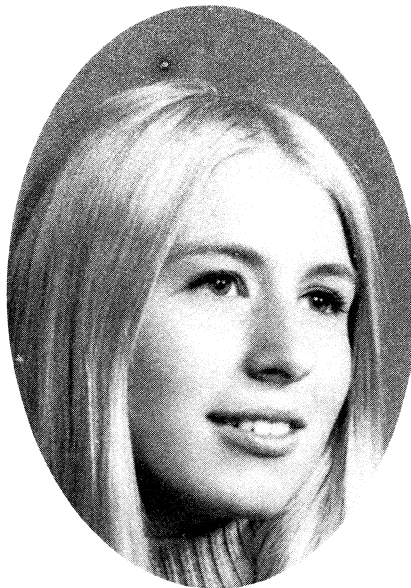




Jeanie Koehnen from Minnesota is looking forward to June Week fun and games with the baby bull of '36.



This beautiful "Little Lass from Haddonfield, N.J." dates a lucky 3/c. Graduation from Camden County College is in her future.

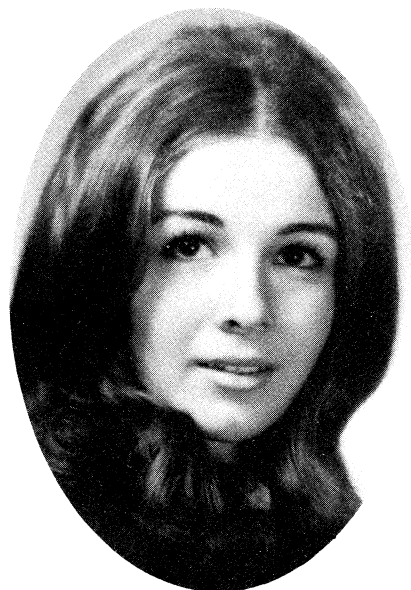


An unlucky fourth classman wishes he could find one like her in Annapolis. Debbie Mears is a college freshman from the State of Washington.

CUTIES

36TH

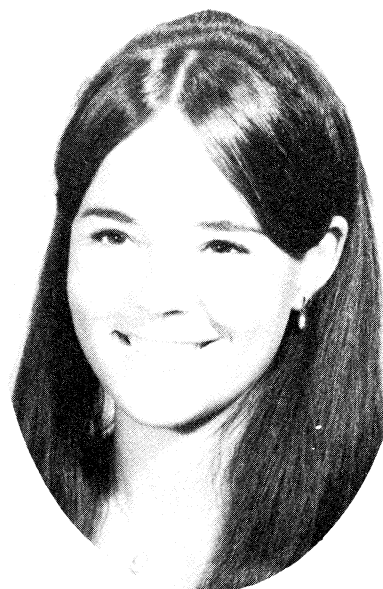
Lovely Sharon Erickson, a sophomore at Ohio State, is reason enough for the Greek to wish USNA was on the banks of the Ohio River.

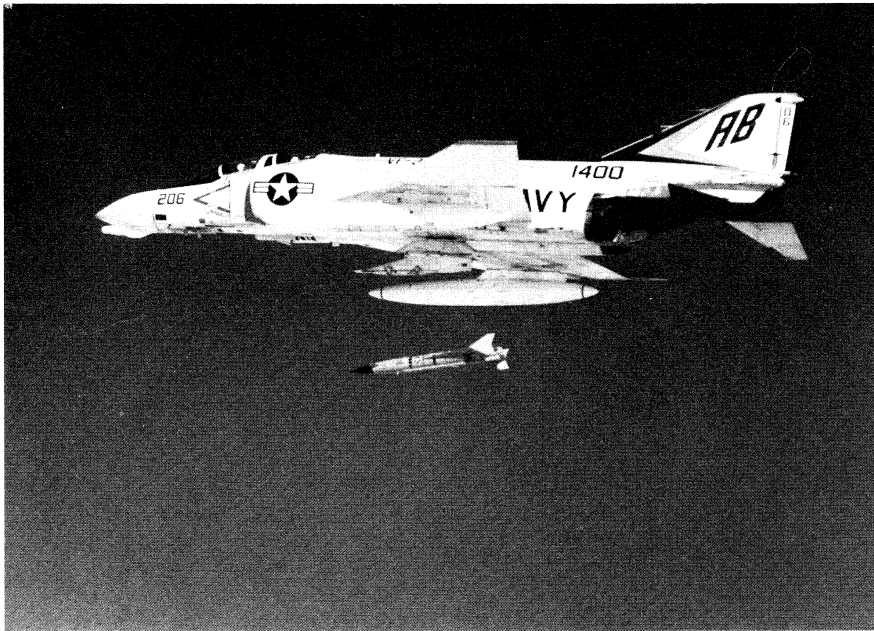


Melodie Markussen, soph. at U. of Fla., remembers a certain youngster and looks forward to seeing him at Disney World in June.



This Bostonian beauty has more in store for seventy-four!





BACKSEAT ON A COMET

Ever since I came to the Academy my hopes for service selection have hovered around aviation. I, like practically everyone else during youngster year, went methodically down to Andrews Air Force Base during my only youngster afternoon of the week to qualify in the pressure chamber and ejection seat for our Protramid week in Pensacola. After going through the long afternoon of hypoxia demonstrations and eating delicious Navy box lunches we received our cards which would qualify us for riding in high performance jet aircraft.

After second class summer, however, I felt as if the card would be of little value to me. How wrong that turned out to be. As the first semester was drawing to a close of this school year I heard of a rumor that mids could really take jet hops if an officer agreed to take them up. After a little snooping around to my chagrin, there were only five qualified jet pilots now stationed as Brigade officers in the Naval Academy. They were the Commandant, Captain Morris, the Deputy Commandant, Captain Ryan, the

Ninth Company Officer, Lieutenant Commander Seaman, the Second Battalion Officer, Commander Hamilton, the Operations Officer, Commander Taylor, and the new Training Officer, Lieutenant Commander McEwen. I found out that Commander Hamilton had taken the Second Battalion Commander during the first set for a hop in an F-4 Phantom from Patuxent River Naval Air Station one weekend, and was willing to take other mids with qualification cards when he could.

I questioned Mr. Hamilton several times about the possibility of a hop and he said that the first chance he could get a suitable arrangement, he would let me know. First semester finals drew to a close and I was planning to stay around due to the fact that the bi-weekly, single-engined airplane that would have taken me back to Gritville had broken its wind-up rubber-band engine. Luck was on my side, however, as Cdr. Hamilton notified me that he had to do some flying down at Pax River on the

Saturday semester break and I was welcome to come if I wanted.

Bright and early on Saturday we started down for the nearly two-hour drive to Pax River. Arriving at the airfield I got a completely different reaction to seeing a "real" Phantom than I did upon eyeing our Revell stripped-down model out by the field house. Sleek and neatly polished, this four-million-plus dollar weapon left me bug-eyed. After a quick check-in with the duty officer, Cdr. Hamilton and I went up to the pilots' locker room to change into our flight suits. He found a rather stubby-looking suit, designed for cold weather operations, that belonged to a Marine captain. It was bad enough to wiggle into that tight fit (similar to a wet suit used for scuba diving), but having to wear a Marine's flight suit was almost too much for my weak heart. When I asked where our "G" suits were, Mr. Hamilton replied that since we were going to pull only a couple of G forces, we were not required to wear them with this type flight suit. Quickly my mind flew back to Pensacola in our T-2 hops. I distinctly remember feeling like I was going to see "Ralph" when banking out of a 3-G turn over Forrest Sherman Field. My stomach was now a little more queasy than it had been before and I was sure I was going to take a "white knuckle flight." Mr. Hamilton reassured me it wouldn't be that bad, however, and we proceeded out to the Phantom. With the borrowed flight suit, however, the picture of us walking out to the plane looked more like an old Johnny Weismueller movie and I was Cheeta, stooped and hobbling occasionally on all fours.

Finally we made it out to the plane and then came the near obstacle course of hidden footrests and hand-holds to get up to the canopy-enclosed rear cockpit. With enlisted flight technicians working me over and strapping me in, it felt very similar to what I imagine the men in the little white suits would do. Then with a very snide pat on the helmet and "thumbs-up" sign, a chief tossed in my custom 3-quart, monogrammed air sickness bag!

Feeling a little bit less sure of myself than I had before, Mr. Hamilton revved up the two big GE J-79 jet engines and the plane captain signalled us down to the runway.

After we were cleared for take-off and started down the runway, the Phantom's ground speed quickly increased to over 100 knots. In order to take off more quickly, Cdr. Hamilton kicked in the afterburners and seemingly instantaneously we were airborne. The jolt from the afterburners was similar to the shock received in the ejection-seat simulator. If you are not prepared for it, you stand a good chance of clobbering your head on the headrest, which is exactly what I did.

By the time I shook the stars out of my head, I looked out and discovered we were about a thousand feet off the ground. Only the vibrating hum of jets and the gushing sound of air being sucked through intakes along the fuselage sounded in my ears. Gently but forcefully the Phantom began to rise as Mr. Hamilton took her up in altitude. His agenda called for testing a new hydraulic fluid in the landing gear at different altitudes to see if it caused any freezing problems. I kind of hoped that it would work as a belly landing or ejection out of a jet didn't really appeal to me at this young stage of my life. First of all he ran it through the program called for and (to my great relief) things went perfectly.

When finished with the required mechanics of the fight, we started the fun. After a few rolls and 4-G loops, Mr. Hamilton took it straight up into a full afterburner climb. The feeling is incomparable. Surely the Apollo astronauts go through a much more severe gravity force when blasting off, but I was sure we were about to escape the earth's atmosphere. The feeling is like getting caught between the concrete and the foot of an 827 pound Japanese sumo wrestler. It was so hard that the blood in my body started to "pool" in my abdomen. The force causes blood to recede from your extremities, including your head. With the loss of blood to my brain, my field of



vision started to black-out and close in on itself. It seemed like I was travelling down a cone as my circular field of vision began to get smaller and smaller. Outside the ring was just gray blankness. It continued to blot out my vision until it was about the size of a quarter, when Mr. Hamilton leveled the plane off and started laughing sympathetically at my first experience at "graying-out."

He said I could ask any questions I wanted about the plane or flying so I started in. One of the first ones, obviously, was to see some examples of performance statistics which I had read. The first was the amount of "G's" that the plane

could withstand. Mr. Hamilton said that structurally the plane could withstand in excess of 6 "G's", but since we had external fuel tanks, the plane now could only go up to the tank's maximum of 6.0 "G's", which he promptly showed me. Feeling helpless at remembering, "Oh, only a couple of G's today," I felt myself becoming a human pancake as the Phantom banked fast and steeply. After the awesome power given out by the Phantom in the turn, my voice, now eight octaves higher, could manage only a few shrill squeaks.

I had heard of the difficulties en-

(Continued on page 41)

COURSES YOU'LL NEVER SEE

The United States Naval Academy has an outstanding curriculum. The veracity of this allegation can hardly be challenged. This does not say, however, that it is beyond improvement. Here are some courses that would make the USNA graduate a better ensign with a more rounded education.

RH101 (non-credit) Introduction to Hat Recovery.

This course would give mids instructions on how to retrieve their lids from purging MOOW's.

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Near Hopkins Hospital
2200 E. Monument St.
732-0523

RH102 (non-credit) Advanced Hat Recovery.

Same as above, except this time you have to get it back from the brigade commander.

EW005 (1-2-2) Pop-Corn Popper Repair.

Teaches fundamentals of repair and preventive maintenance of basic popcorn-popping unit. Class period will be devoted to theory of corn popping.

SB101 (non-credit) Basic Uniforms.

Monthly one-hour lab teaches mid how to bend spiffies, brasso belt buckles, pledge visors, iron shoe strings, clean rings, and otherwise improve his appearance.

DD301 (0-2-1) Defensive Dancing.

Teaches finer points of one of USNA's favorite contact sports. Learn proper etiquette, a few dance steps, tactical maneuvers, and how to keep your shoes from getting wiped out.

DD302 (0-2-1) Advanced Defensive Dancing.

Same as above, except with girls. DD301 is required.

CC101 (0-8-4) Basic Chowcalling. (Offered to plebes only.)

Learn how to give the menus, OD's, days, and flicks all in one breath.

SL401 (0-2-1) Section Leadership.

Lab gives mids experience in taking roll, presenting sections, and filling out accountability cards.

TF201 Introduction to Towel Folding.

Non-credit course designed to get youngsters through formal room inspections.

DD103 (0-1-1) Social Adjustment. (Open to 4/c only.)

Teaches plebes how to enjoy tea fights without becoming emotionally involved, mentally deranged, legally obligated, or fried.

NM101 (non-credit course to be taught during plebe summer.)

Naval Medal Speed Reading.

PW444 (non-credit course not open to submarine drivers.)

Basic Plank Walking. Discussion of Navy Way military justice.

YP400 (0-2-1)

Lab course gives mids practice at conning a boat in an actual collision situation.

PW446 (non-credit, open to Marine-types only)

Flogging for Fun and Profit. General course teaches prospective Marine officers everything they need to know.

WN123 (non-credit, open to plebes only)

Introduction to wildman tactics.



206 main street
annapolis 263-6437

58th street on beach highway
ocean city 289-6676

countered by American pilots along Haiphong and Hanoi by surface-to-air missiles commonly known as SAM's. When questioning Mr. Hamilton about his experiences he said that he had dodged a few as had almost all pilots flying over North Vietnam including Captain Ryan, LCdr. Seaman, Cdr. Taylor and LCdr. McEwen. He explained that the missiles could usually be seen at launch and observed during their very short (about five year) flight to the target. He said that they could be avoided by using techniques similar to defensive driving (on the beltway or on the way to the Army game) in three dimensions. Not all pilots were lucky enough to evade the SAM as we are grimly reminded by the POW's we see in the news and in the Rotunda. These POW's are mostly pilots who wear the Naval Academy ring and are now being held as prisoners by the Communists.

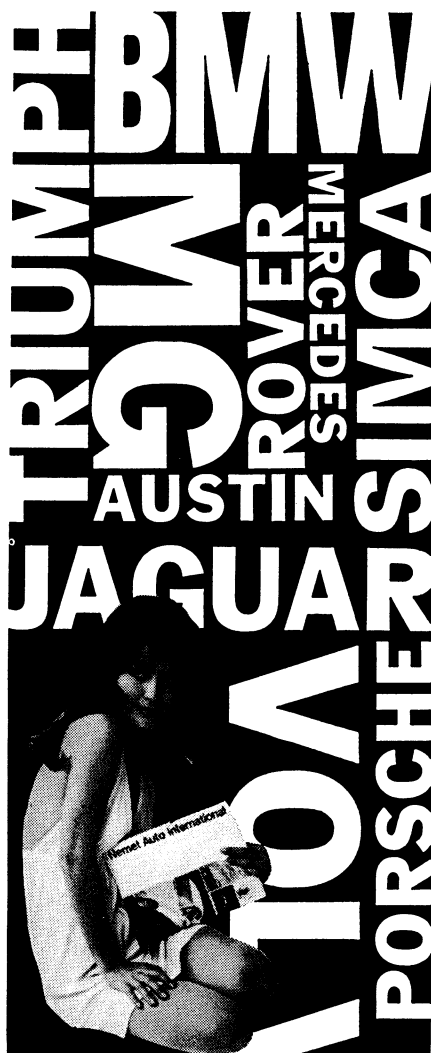
Mr. Hamilton then showed how to perform a mission where assigned a specific target. It consisted of performing turns from side to side, called "jinking," which is designed to hinder anti-aircraft gun tracking solutions until the plane is over the target, followed by a dive-bombing maneuver over the

target and more jinking until safely on the way home to that beautiful floating postage stamp for a nice refreshing carrier landing.

We flew away from the practice "site" with my really not believing the physical stresses and exacting planning that pilots must endure.

After a few more rounds up to mach one, the low fuel warning light came on. While heading back to the field, I looked at my watch and was amazed to find that nearly two hours had elapsed. Back on the ground it felt funny to walk but I walked away believing every word I had heard or read about the McDonnell Douglas F-4 Phantom. It truly is a remarkable weapons package and I can see why it has been called the world's best fighter airplane even judging from my short two-hour flight. LCdr. Hamilton will continue to be Second Battalion officer until September of 1973 when he is scheduled to take command of an F-4B squadron. The only problem is that the F-4B's may be replaced by the new Grumman F-14 Tomcat, which I'm sure Mr. Hamilton won't mind.

He is still enthusiastic about taking Mids for hops and can be seen every day over on 5-0. I know it was an experience I won't soon forget.



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| <input type="checkbox"/> Fiat | <input type="checkbox"/> Porsche | <input type="checkbox"/> Volkswagen |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Jaguar | <input type="checkbox"/> Renault | <input type="checkbox"/> Volvo |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Lotus | <input type="checkbox"/> Rover | <input type="checkbox"/> Avanti |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mercedes | <input type="checkbox"/> Saab | |

NA-3

Name _____ Rank _____

Soc. Sec. No. _____

Address _____

Date of Rotation _____

WORTH 10,000 WORDS



I'm restricted. Why are you staying?



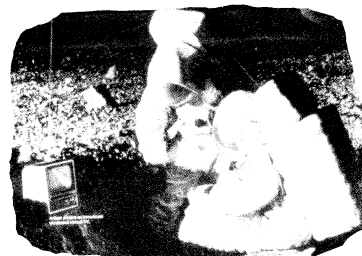
You need a little more work on your brushoff.



Eagle Scout?



It's okay, we're outside the seven-mile limit.



Stop worrying! How's the O.D. going to catch us.



2000 lbs.—Just enough to feed the entire Brigade lunch.

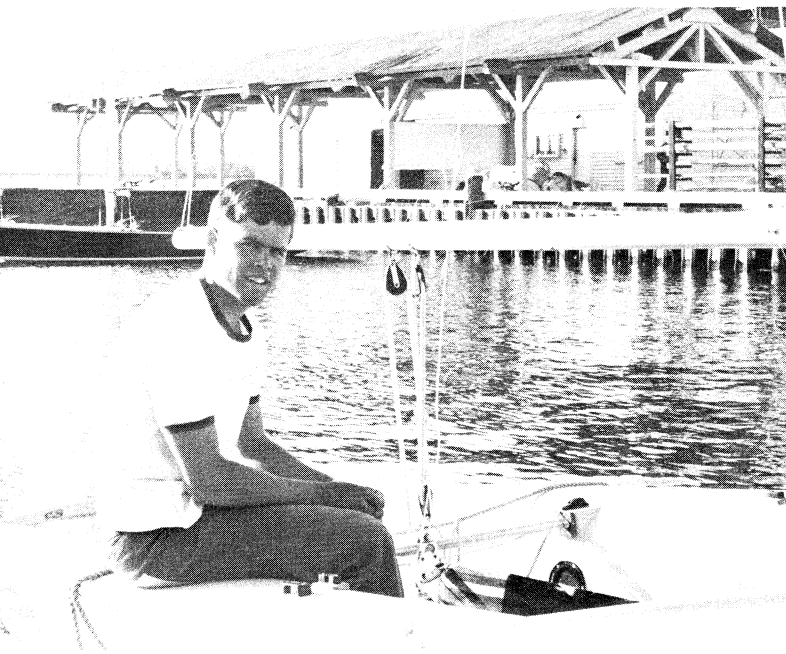
Looking back over Navy's entire athletic year, some fans have declared that it really was not the most successful one. Anyone who would take a deeper look into the subject would have to disagree. Few other academic institutions can compete with so many top level teams in so many different sports as well as Navy does.

It would be interesting to see the results of a compilation of points given to the top 20 teams in the nation of each sport with 20 pts. awarded to the first place team, 19 to the 2nd place team, etc. It would seem that Navy would have an impressively high standing for this year.

Even more impressive a sports accomplishment is Navy's dominance over Army. Excluding Spring Sports, Navy has a 10-3 advantage and, having already conceded lacrosse to Army in overtime, it is probable that the following tally for 71-72 will be Navy 14—Army 4.

How successful was this year? It could hardly have been much better.

NAVY'S LEADING



An All-America and national champion, junior Bill Campbell is the perfect captain.

Dave Murray (left, hwt) and Andy Koss (ltwt) have



This is Bruce Auckland's 3rd year starting at 3rd base.

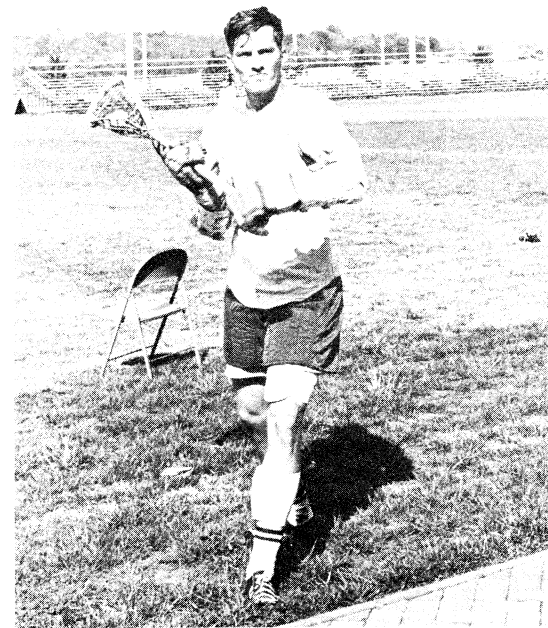
CAPTAINS THE WAY



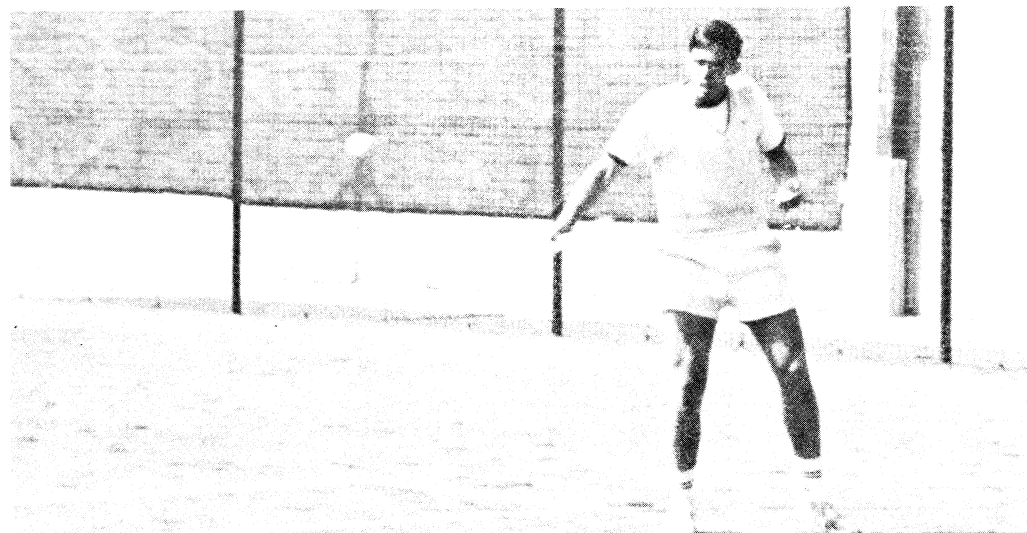
Rich Brilla—a valuable 440 man

Co-captain Bob Pell, sharing captain honors with All-American Denny Supko, is a leading scorer at attack.

long been stalwarts with their respective crews.



Junior Craig Dawson is in his second year as Navy's number one.



An N★ in cross country, placing in 7 of 8 varsity meets (25:37 best time for 5 miles) and running in four championship meets including the NCAA's.

Indoor, a 9:16 2 mile, a 4:10 mile, some 1:52 880's, All-East recognition for outkicking Villanova's anchorman in a two mile relay and another N★.

Outdoor, a place on the USNA record holding distance medley and four mile relay teams, open half mile champion at the Marine Corps Relays—on his way to a third star and a coveted N blanket award in June.

Who is this young stallion? Won't we miss him when he graduates in June?

Yes, except that Dale Bateman 4/c won't graduate until June of 1975. Coming to Navy all the way from Laurel, Md. (18 miles) Dale was a typical high school stud. Heavily recruited, especially after winning the Maryland State cross country championship and the pres-

PLEBE SUPERSTUD



tigious open high school mile at the Penn Relays, Dale stuck with his first choice and came to Navy. Dale went through the routine and found not only that he liked running here but also the challenge of academics and trying not to eat all that great USNA ice cream was tremendously satisfying.

But what about track? How did the tremendous depth of the Navy middle-distance team affect a freshman trying to make it on the tough East Coast circuit?

Although consistent in cross country he never won a dual meet; although obviously talented he never won an individual race indoors.

The feeling of hitting the tape, essential to a runner's ego, was missing. But when Dale realized his responsibility to his team, that depended on him even though he happened to be a frosh, he matured and last week in winning the Marine Corps Relays Open 880 yd. run the feeling of the tape was back.

Second classman Steve Ogden, a tight end in the fall, is a good right fielder but a better hitter, excelling in both power and batting average categories.



NAVY'S CLOWN PRINCES OF BASEBALL

Terribly dismayed after having been held hitless for only the second time this year, John "Mad Dog" Mooney still managed a smile for the camera.



NAVY TRACK IS BACK?

E. T. BLANK

NAVY TRACK is back. So read the press releases before the first dual meet of the season. Final score: Navy 70, Maryland 75. After destroying the Terps indoors it was quite a disappointment, but determined to make this the season, Navy Track got it together as a team. Led by indoor Captain John McLaughlin, Kansas Relays Champion, and outdoor Captain Rich "Julio" Brilla, 47.7 and 47.5 relay quarter miles, the TEAM started back. First a 112-42 victory over the Quantico Marines and then a trip to Philadelphia for the Penn Relay Carnival. Placing in 6 of 8 field events, including 1st by Keith Zwingleberg in the college pole vault, and a new USNA triple jump record by Pat Faust, and destroying the relay records at the Academy in the Two Mile-Sprint Medley, Distance Medley and Four Mile Relays. The Mile Relay won their Heptagonal division on Friday and came back to post a 3:15 for third on Saturday, but the highlight was the four-mile relay where in the Championship of America division Navy-Dale Bateman (4:13), Nick Lakis (4:09), Steve "Bambi" Gilmore (4:11) and anchorman Jeff Kramer (4:07)—placed 4th behind Duke, Penn, Villanova and ahead of Penn St. The time, 16:40, dropped 13 seconds from the USNA record.

With the Heptagonals two weeks away, Coach Jim Gehrdes was working through the Quantico Relays but it did not matter. Again demonstrating tremendous depth by placing in 6 of 9 field events, Steve Harkins winning the high jump and dominating the track events with medalists in almost every race. Dale Bateman won the open 880 championship to become the first freshman runner to gain a championship for Navy.

The Heptagonals were next as Navy TRACK took on Penn on its home field, but first a word or two about the people who have been making it happen for the TEAM this spring.

In the field events, strong indoors, Navy has had constant improvements and surprises. Hammer Throwers McLaughlin (192'10"), Ted Bregar (190') and Fred Pottschmidt (180'1") not only push each other but are the second best collegiate team in the country. The Shot Putters have managed 57'4 (Squat Haney) and 57'0 (Herb Hribar) even though occasionally distracted with thoughts of long-haired friends. In the other two weight events freshmen have been the key. Randy Charlesen, Craig Solem and Frank McKeone in the Javelin and Dan Murphy and Timm Morrisson in the Discus. Randy threw a PR (personal record) 214'11" for a valuable place in the Hepts and Murph has been the most consistent of all the disci chuckers. The jumpers have not been idle either with Steve Harkins finally getting the magic 7' and Kurt Labberton looking better than ever in the high jump. Pat Faust, indoor and outdoor record holder in the TJ, is still not convinced he is achieving anything (go to it, Frog). Youngsters Steve Rasin and Jim Campbell have both done 23'5½" this spring and if they stay healthy they should push each other closer to the USNA record each time they jump.

Freshmen dominate the pole vault, with Zwingleberg and Tod Brannon both tying the new plebe record at 15' before Tod broke his hand. Other frosh who have been aboard for the spring are Steve "Boy" Coppins in the high jump, Bill Montgomery in the TJ, Dana McNeil in the LJ and Jeff Baker in the pole vault.

On the track side of the picture, Navy has ups and downs but mostly ups. The sprinters have had their problems this spring with even the invincible Wayne Kennard

not at peak form. A far cry from last year's record-breaking 440 Relay team. But a glimmer of hope shone through the darkness on May 13 when Bob Meunier '75 not only made the finals of the 100 and 220 in the Hepts but placed and in the 220 beat out Army stud Tony Dedmond. Backing up Wayne in the Hurdles are Youngsters Bruce Brunson and Kevin Dilley and frosh John Brown, Ernie Carson and Greg Martin. Irrepressible Jimmy (Sooeey) Campbell anchors the relay and sprints and long jumps and . . . whatever else is needed.

From the 440 on up Navy TRACK can go with anyone. The ¼ milers, led by Captain Rich Brilla and bolstered by John Phelan, Gene Watson and Roger Brueckbauer, have all run sub 50 open 440's and sub 49 relays legs. The best mile relay time of the year so far has been 3:14.4. The middle distance runners have been great! As the Hepts story unfolds it will become apparent. In the 440 Intermediate Hurdles Ed Price (PR 53.9) has "come aboard" this year and if he does not lose his Ceetizensheep will have a good crack on the Navy record of 51.8. John Gorman vacillated between the 880 and the IH's and is valuable in both. This tremendous team is also backed up by the best team of managers on the East Coast, but that is a matter of personal prejudice.

On to the Hepts. 17 for Navy and 1 for Penn—that was the score after the Hammer and the Shot. Penn and Navy appeared to be having a dual meet rather than a championship with ten teams. Penn picked up 7 in the javelin and Randy Charlesen got in there for a point on the 6-4-3-2-1 scoring system.

In the last weight event, the discus, Dan Murphy picked up three but the event went cheap. Moving into Franklin Field for the jumps, the long jump was a NAVY-Penn duel (Penn 1-2-5; NAVY 3-4) all within 3¼" of one another. Penn took a 3rd to Pat Faust's 4th in the triple jump, and despite 7' by Steve Harkins (4 PTS) Penn got 5 with two placers. The pole vault was almost the whole difference between the teams (Penn 1-3-4, Navy 0).

On the track, Penn appeared headed for a sweeping victory leading off with 1-2 in the 3000 meter steeplechase (Bruce Lowman 4th). But in the sprints Navy was not so weak as everyone thought. Winning their heat and placing 4th overall in the 440 relay and Meunier's 100-220 double left Navy in good shape to go for it. The mile was what woke up the fans that Navy TRACK was not only present but doing something about it. Jeff Kramer, driving home in 4:06.4, and Nick Lakis (2nd in 4:09.4) had the Navy contingent on their feet and going berserk. When John Simcox ran his 880 qualifying heat without a shoe for 250 yards and still qualified, Philadelphia knew we were around and when frosh Dale Bateman bolted home in 1:53.9 for his second consecutive 880 championship (Quantico last week) the whole Eastern seaboard could feel the vibrations.

Alas, it was not enough to turn the corner, for the final score was Penn 86, Navy 70 and Princeton (3rd) 31½; Army was 6th with 21 points. Despite 2nd and 4th (on a photo finish for both) in the 440 and 2nd in the 120 Hights and the Mile Relay it just wasn't there that day. But they'll be back. Losing only 6 seniors, and with the maturing of the frosh and sophs, this TEAM is going places, so get your name on the mailing list early. 2 June 1972 ARMY; 1-2-3 June 1972 NCAA Championships.

Ed. Note: Ted Bregar '74 threw 197'0" against Penn State for a new USNA and Field Record.

1972 NAVY LACROSSE STATISTICS (5/15/72)

(8-3)

Navy 18	Washington College 3
Navy 10	Maryland 12
Navy 12	Cornell 9
Navy 16	Harvard 3
Navy 16	Baltimore 3
Navy 19	Washington & Lee 8
Navy 12	Virginia 10
Navy 3	Johns Hopkins 17
Navy 7	Rutgers 6
Navy 8	Hofstra 3
Navy 8	Army 9

INDIVIDUAL SCORING RECORD

Name & Position	Goals		Pct.	Assists	Total Points
	Att.	Made			
Dave Bayly, A	83	25	.301	28	53
Bob Pell, A	97	27	.278	9	36
Bill Kordis, M	56	15	.268	8	23
Marty Mason, A	42	9	.214	9	18
Dave Walls, M	39	7	.179	4	11
Ron Lanning, M	22	5	.227	5	10
Pat Lee, M	33	6	.182	2	8
Joe Avveduti, M	32	6	.188	1	7
John Lawler, M	13	5	.385	1	6
Nick Smilari, A	10	4	.400	1	5
Fred Cook, A	11	3	.273	1	4
Randy Ni, A	4	1	.250	3	4
Chris Virtue, A	13	4	.308	0	4
Chris Ladd, M	12	3	.250	1	4
Kim McCauley, M	36	3	.083	0	3
Jim Wall, M	11	3	.273	0	3
Tim Supko, M	11	3	.273	0	3
Bill Ayres, M	8	0	.000	1	1
Pat Meany, M	4	0	.000	0	0
Paul Gustin, A	4	0	.000	0	0
Joe Stewart, M	2	0	.000	0	0
Navy Totals	543	129	.237	74	203
Opponents Totals	326	83	.254	41	124

Goals Saved

Steve Soroka	106
Ray Mackown	10
Jeb Stewart	2
Others	1
Navy Opponents	169

BASEBALL (14-9)

Navy 3, Monmouth College 2
Navy 8, American University 0
Navy 12, Syracuse 2
Navy 8, Georgetown 6
Navy 3, George Washington 2
Navy 0, Brown 1
Navy 1, Yale 0
Navy 3, Yale 7
Navy 12, Baltimore University 1
Navy 2, Cornell 0
Navy 4, Army 7
Navy 2, Army 0
Navy 6, Gettysburg 0
Navy 1, Harvard 4
Navy 3, Dartmouth 5
Navy 1, Dartmouth 2
*Navy 2, Boston Red Sox 14

Navy 5, Penn 6
Navy 5, Penn 0
Navy 11, Columbia 3
Navy 2, Princeton 3
Navy 1, Princeton 2
Navy 4, Towson State 3
Navy 8, New York Univ. 0

HEAVYWEIGHT CREW

Navy-St. Joseph's:
Varsity-1st, JV-1st, Plebe-1st
Navy-Princeton:
Varsity-1st, JV-1st, Plebe-1st
Navy-Yale:
Varsity-1st, JV-1st, Plebe-1st
Goes Trophy (Navy, Cornell, Syracuse):
Varsity-1st, JV-1st, Plebe-3rd

Adams Cup (Navy, Harvard, Penn):

Varsity-2nd, JV-2nd, Plebe-2nd

Eastern Sprints:

Varsity-dnq, JV-2nd, Plebe-2nd

LIGHTWEIGHT CREW

Navy-Princeton:

Varsity-2nd, JV-2nd, Plebe-2nd

Navy-Georgetown.

Varsity-1st, JV-1st, Plebe-1st

Navy-Harvard:

Varsity-2nd, JV-1st

Callow Cup (Navy, Penn, MIT):

Varsity-1st, JV-1st

Eastern Sprints:

Varsity-3rd, JV-3rd, Plebe-dnq

LACROSSE (8-3)

Navy 18, Washington College 3
Navy 10, Maryland 12
Navy 12, Cornell 9
Navy 16, Harvard 3
Navy 16, Baltimore University 3
Navy 19, Washington & Lee 8
Navy 12, Virginia 10
Navy 3, Johns Hopkins 17
Navy 7, Rutgers 6
Navy 8, Hofstra 3
Navy 8, Army 9

TENNIS (18-5)

Navy 8, Michigan State 1
Navy 9, Ohio State 0
Navy 8, Williams 1
Navy 9, Syracuse 0
Navy 2, Pennsylvania 7
Navy 5, Air Force 4
Navy 7, Idaho 2
Navy 9, So. Colorado State 0
Navy 9, Johns Hopkins 0
Navy 9, Georgetown 0
Navy 7, Brown 2
Navy 6, Yale 0
Navy 4, Penn State 5
Navy 9, Cornell 0
Navy 9, Davidson 0
Navy 8, Maryland 1
Navy 3, Harvard 6
Navy 7, Dartmouth 2
Navy 8, George Washington 1
Navy 5, Washington & Lee 0
Navy 2, Columbia 7
Navy 1, Princeton 8
Navy 9, Swarthmore 0

TRACK (1-1)

Navy 70, Maryland 75
Navy 112, Quantico 42
Heptagonals-2nd

GOLF (4-4)

Navy 386, Monmouth College 461
Navy 395, Pennsylvania 379
Navy 390, Penn State 381
Navy 390, Columbia 402
Navy 393, Georgetown 408
Navy 394, Villanova 414
Navy 395, Virginia 376
Navy 395, Maryland 382

*Exhibition (Not included in Record)

rugby

Varying sports have undergone influences of popularity which have made them into money-making machines. Winning has become a spectator producing gimmick instead of an emotion of unequalled caliber. Yet there are a few sports played by a few enthusiasts which remain innocent and free. Rugby is one of these and Navy rugby epitomizes the freedom of a true athletic event.

It takes hard work, great coordination and a smidgen of masochism to play rugby. But the player must also be a gentleman who

Right: A view of Navy's line out during the Army match.

Below: Bruce Giannotti, Navy captain, after scoring the only try of the game in the Army match. Other Navy players are Rich Been and Mike Richard.





Right: Ron Guillians, number six, and Steve Schmidt, number nine, chasing down Army's scrum half.



knows how to accept the tremendous emotions generated with enough character to remain a member of a team and not become an individual hot-head. The instillation of all of these qualities upon the sixty members of Navy's rugby club is a job of infinite difficulty but it was mastered this year by LCdr. Jake Backus, Navy's coach and singularly most important element. A product of the Royal Navy, he is a former English player who has been enjoying the game since the age of eight. His love for the game and his gentlemanly demeanor have made each player at Navy prideful of their association with the team.

Though the players commit nothing short of mass murder on the field, all concentration is on the game and none is wasted in ungentlemanly remarks or self-pity. Once off the field, the opposing players enjoy each other's company (usually accompanied by an abundance of beverage) and revel in the fact that they belong to one of the world's most gratifying fraternities.

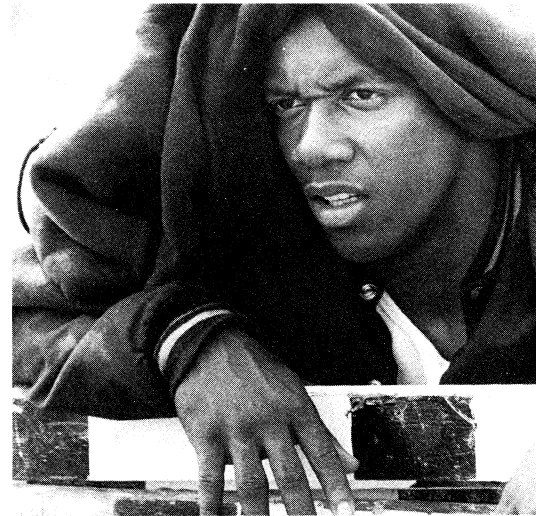
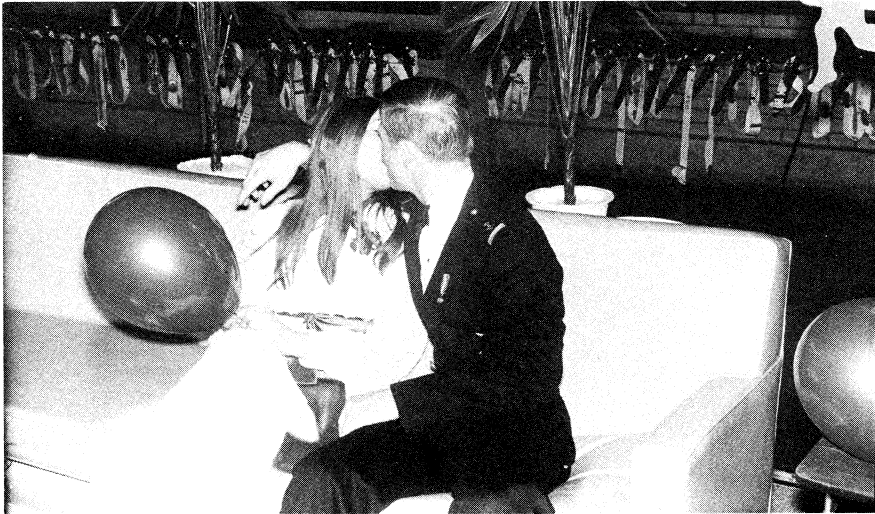


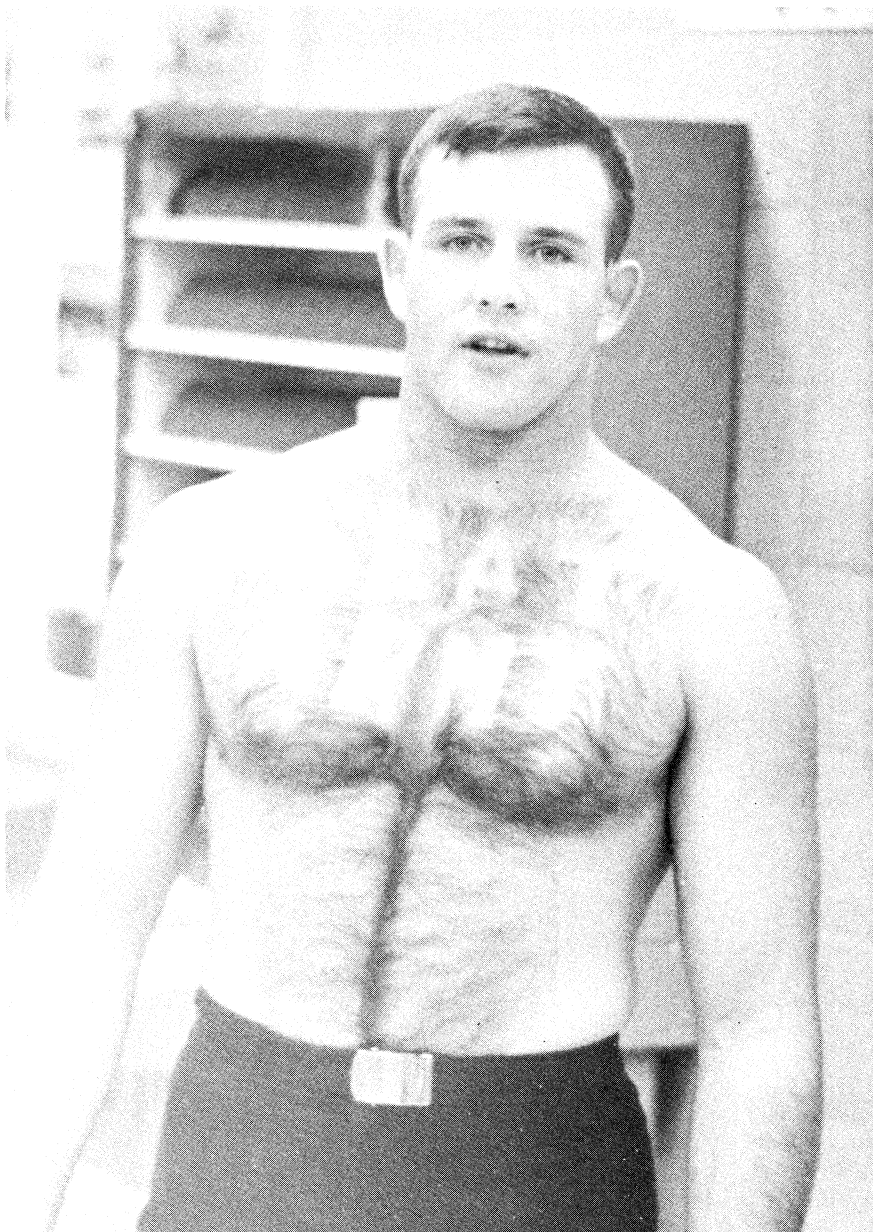
Navy has had some outstanding moments this year. One was the 17-12 win over the Charitables, a Welsh team of international players previously unbeaten in over three years. Next came the national tournament where after wins over Notre Dame and the previously number one ranked teams of Virginia and Princeton, Navy met Palmer. Palmer overcame a 13-9 halftime deficit and defeated Navy 28-17 behind the playing of many international athletes. Thus Navy now stands number one in the east and number two in the nation. Their last game is against Chesapeake and starts at 1400 on June 4. It would be worth the effort to watch a game played for the game itself. The enjoyment and enthusiasm of the players is contagious and rather enjoyable.

Left: Navy's coach, LCdr. D. L. Backus.

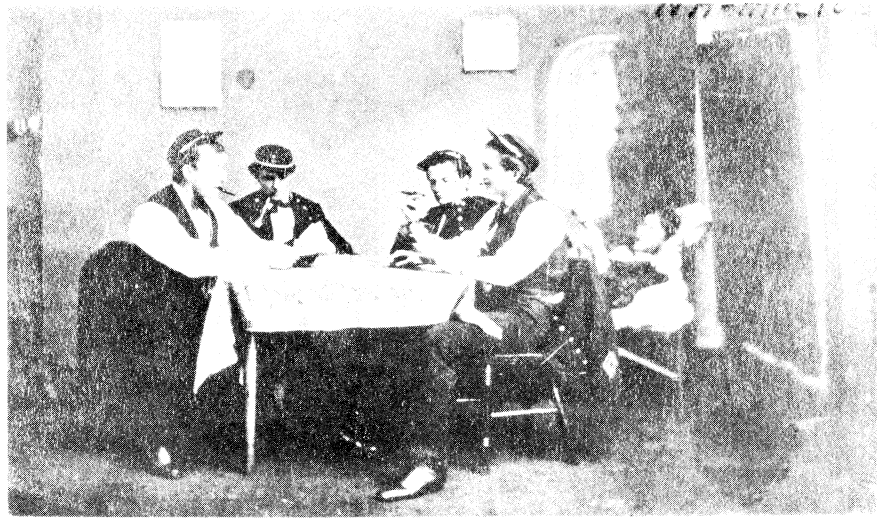
WE CAN NEVER FORGET...

... whether it has been four years or forty years, there are moments in our life at Navy we can't erase from our memory











THE NIMITZ BEER BLAST

AS TOLD BY PROF. E. B. POTTER TO RUSTY GORDON

A whimsical recollection of glorious days both past and present of the academy's long history

Undoubtedly some of the most humorous and ironic occurrences to ever befall man are deeply buried within the Annapolis we never knew. So deeply buried are they, that no living man will ever be able to extract them from their grave and unleash the sequels on our ever-receptive minds. If the halls and walls of the Naval Academy could speak they would shout of the glorious days of old that would probably cause enough alarm to make forgotten officers, officials, and midshipmen roll over in their graves.

Although all of the memories cannot be revived, it is possible, through the reminiscing of a notable naval historian who has served the Naval Academy as a professor for the past X years, E. B. Potter, to recount a few.

Potter recalls that more than one French visitor was very adept at expressing himself. This recollection was reinforced by President Veniente Auriole when he attended the academy to give a speech at a Spring P-rade.

When the morning of the eventful day finally arrived, cloudy, overcast skies greeted the midshipmen and silent prayers for rain were immediately lofted toward the heavens. The clouds seemingly filled to the bursting point, ignored the pleas and held their valuable droplets throughout the day. When the time of truth did arrive, and after the preliminaries had been dispensed with, the President arose from his seat and began his approach to the podium which was under the protective covering of a canopy. During his approach the sky suddenly spilled forth its self-contained valuables in a relentless burst.

President Auriole hesitated momentarily and then proceeded to deliver a twenty minute, in detail, oration with plenty of pauses to let his ideas "soak in." When the time eventually came for the drenched midshipmen to depart the field, they were not only soaked to the bone but also much more discontented than they would have been if the speech would have been

of more immediate relevance. Their knowledge of the world had not been greatly expanded for every sentence of the President's speech had been diligently delivered in French.

P-rades have always tended to be the origin of fascinating anecdotes. Admiral Halsey proved the point when he did the Academy the favor of returning for a reunion and of course to review the mids' marching. The P-rade began and progressed normally, until it had become time for Halsey's gun salute to be sounded. The superintendent and Halsey were standing side by side patiently waiting—and waiting, and waiting, and waiting. The awkward silence was finally broken by the superintendent who slightly turned his head to Halsey and whispered, "Admiral, I don't hear the guns." Halsey, acting typically within the realm of his modesty, retorted gruffly, "I don't hear them either." Moments later the on-lookers were startled to see a very composed young officer flying across the field to give the gunners the cue they were awaiting.

As a direct result of this incident the guns were immediately transferred from Stribling Walk to the lower end of Worden Field.

Prestigious American officials always seemed to have an influential knack for creating big waves in the Navy. President John F. Kennedy did it in one of the most subtle and indirect manners in which it has ever been achieved.

President Kennedy's arrival, half-an-hour before graduation, did not give him a great amount of excess time to rest, refresh and get acquainted with his new surroundings. His first stop after arrival was in the lounge to comb his hair which had obviously been mussed by the air current created by the helicopter. He stormed into the nearest restroom accompanied by ample secret service men and instantaneously began to converse with the professors already in the facility. Needless to say they were so awe-struck that they could hardly respond with aplomb.

From there he carried this bustling atmosphere into the lounge which had been previously designated as a meeting place for the officials and dignitaries present at the ceremony. The room was exquisitely decorated and supplied with every refreshment and comfort that the reception committee had been able to imagine.

After the President had been allowed a courtesy moment to get acquainted and relax, one of the many officers in sparkling white suits approached him and inquired if he would care for any refreshments. Thirsty from his trip and anticipating his speech, Mr. Kennedy accepted the offer of a Coke. The officer calmly strutted back to a specified table which sup-

posedly contained every make and brand of any drinkable liquid known to man—except, as you might guess, Coke!

Soon the midshipmen present outside were treated to a rare sight indeed. They bemused themselves by watching Lieutenant Commanders in white suits, gold braid and clean white gloves explode through doors, frantically running around with a dime pressed between thin fingers searching for a Coke machine.

President Kennedy climaxed his exciting visit that morning with a quote for which the Naval Academy will undoubtedly always remember him.

“Young gentlemen, I know that it has been suggested to you as Naval officers, you should not participate in politics. I attribute my rapid rise from Lieutenant J.G. to Commander in Chief to the fact, that I did not follow that advice.”

The Naval Academy apparently made a definite impression on the Kennedy administration and the Kennedy administration made a definite impression on the Naval Academy. When President Johnson was serving as the nation's second in command, he also made a trip to Annapolis to deliver an address at a graduation exercise.

Although his speech undoubtedly had its own memorable points, the most peculiar event of the evening occurred when he retired from the platform. He departed from the stage but instead of slipping out the side door he trotted up the aisle, leaned over and kissed someone and then boldly strutted out.

The midshipmen were bemused to watch Ltjrs frantically running around . . .

Eyebrows were lifted and certain inquisitive, involved personnel organized a search which produced a realistic answer to the question they had posed in their minds. His daughter, Miss Linda Byrd, felt that she could find herself a seat in the crowd with a much better view. The midshipmen agreed.

Officers, officials, dignitaries and foreign heads of state have definitely had their moments but it is unquestionably the midshipmen who have given “Old Mother B” her biggest thrills. One well-known naval officer of the Class of 1905 made many big splashes, not the least of which was getting seasick on a Sunday afternoon sailboat voyage.

Chester Nimitz's life at the Academy was indeed a rich one. His experiences were countless but one stands out as being more extraordinary than all of the rest. He explained it somewhat like this.

Upon returning from leave in September of 1904, it was announced to the class of 1905 that they would graduate at the end of January instead of June be-

cause of the growing need for junior officers in the Navy.

This extra burden was accompanied by privileges, such as the elimination of certain required subjects from the graduating midshipmen's curriculums. The most important advantage incurred, as the midshipmen view it, was termed a “free gate” privilege. A free gate allowed any first class to go to town during his non-study hours. This was to accommodate uniform changes, etc. Nimitz made a special effort to insure that this privilege was exploited to its fullest limits.

Since he also had the honor of being company commander of eighth company, his accommodations were on the northeast corner of the incomplete new wing of Bancroft Hall. His curiosity prompted him to learn that he could reach the roof from his room and be completely hidden and unobserved by anyone in the yard.

In Nimitz's own words, “It immediately became the practice to go to the roof for smoking, eating snacks, drinking beer and other forms of relaxation.”

One Saturday afternoon the gang decided it was time for a “good ole beer bash” and the man assigned to get the refreshments was chosen by lot. As is easily predicted, Mr. Gold Bars and Gold Stars himself was caught in the shake.

Soon he found himself carrying a suitcase and being observed, as is customary, by the gate guards, who supposed he was carrying a uniform. A short walk brought him to the shop of Mr. Schmidt, his tailor, with whom he did *all* of his business.

Upon entering the shop he noticed that a visitor was present and he immediately began to retire through the door which he had entered. However on the owner's insistence he stayed and stated his business. One dozen bottles of cold beer. The agreement was set and he was asked to return in approximately thirty minutes.

When he returned, the caller was still there. This did not pose a problem. He simply picked up his merchandise, received happy party wishes and returned to the academy with no more difficulty than he had experienced in leaving it.

The story of the party will be spared for it was just one of the million and one variations of the same ordeal which the great majority of midshipmen have already experienced.

More important than the party was the return to classes Monday morning. As section leader of Chemistry it was his responsibility to march his section to class and seat them. When he turned to report to the teacher he saw a brand new Lieutenant Commander sitting in the professor's chair. Mr. Schmidt's visitor was now Mr. Nimitz's teacher. Horrifying thoughts raced through the junior officer's mind a mile a minute.

LCdr. Bertollette treated him with complete indifference, and after many days of continued sweating, Nimitz finally began to breathe easier. Nimitz regretted never being able to thank Bertollette for his
(Continued on next page)

forbearance because it had never crossed his mind that he might not have been recognized.

However, the story is not yet finished.

One of the most enjoyable pastimes of Nimitz and his partner, Roy Ingersoll, and their classmates was to toss empty beer bottles off the top of the building to shatter on granite stones below. They would then amuse themselves by watching the jimmylegs scamper around trying to discover the origin of the launchings.

To think that the career of Nimitz rested on the forbearance of a single LCdr. selected at random from the Navy is in itself a terrifying thought.

However, to think that Nimitz, who advanced to the rank of Commander in Chief of Pacific Ocean, and Ingersoll, the future Commander in Chief of the Atlantic Ocean, possibly placed the fate of the nation and the world upon the punitive investigations of a jimmyleg is appalling.



Quiet in the midst of tears
and pain;
when beauty is depressing,
and a million thoughts plague the mind
so life can't raise his voice again;
that's Melancholy.

Like wisps of smoke
Wandering amongst the crystal stairways of the sky,
Your spirit likewise eludes your soul
In search of the light over the next horizon;
While here you stay amid the shattered remains of yesterday,
Playing out the role you tired of long ago,
As the same old blues-tune play over and over again without end.

Loneliness in the midst of love
and hate;
where Time is forgotten
and Desire another windswept stone
with Death too soon and Hope too late;
that's Melancholy.

melancholy

by r. c. booker

haha hollow laughter people think they've got
one up on me because they smile at everything
that comes to pass,
but more passes them than to come to, if you know what i mean;

stickyfingered greedy people think they're rich
because they can grab faster than me
before i know it;
haha, they burn their hands grabbing so,
accumulating a wealth of stupidities and ignorances, dig?

ohlook now, at the informed class
who know so much more than anybody else,
and haha look at them choke on their well-informed words
because noone else knows them; too much smarts can choke the brain;

you know, life's a laugh when you look at all the people
who think they're something from nothing
and that noone will notice their disguise, even though
they surround themselves with mirrors; ain't it a scream?

hahahahahaha . . .

JUST DOWN HOME FOLK

by ellen ratrie

The Naval Academy Glee Club's new folk trio is probably three of the grooviest butter-dudes to swing down the yellow brick road since the Cowardly Lion lost his toupee in the corn patch.

Jack Carpenter, the epitome of smooths, is a Pinky Lee image straight out of the timbers of Oak Harbor, Washington. Tom Weaver has affectionately and appropriately become known as "Dirtball." He is the real nitty gritty of the group. Finally Scott Evans, a rock of a man, can whip it right on right wing audiences throughout the American heartlands. They're like Bill Buckley, Billy Graham and the Imperial

Wizard all socked into one fiery ball. Movin' and groovin' all over the stage, the three dynamos put out the best sounds this side of Slapout, Oklahoma.

Funny man of the group is Jack Carpenter, the cute one in the glasses. Sporting seductive wire rims and sensuous polaroid lenses that really send the high school dollies swooning.

Tom Weaver is a boy wonder from San Antonio, Texas, home of Mother Marvel's rubber gloves. His favorite part of the act comes when he flies over the audience on a gold wire sprinkling dandruff hither and yon and whistling "Up Up and Away" through his false teeth. Now how much more nitty can gritty be.

Scott Evans, on the other hand, is an enigma of strong silent manhood that keep the honeys' hearts fluttering and the American Flag waving from car antennas. With curly blond hair and blue eyes that would melt the blubber off Moby Dick himself, Scott is also a favorite with little old ladies. As a matter of fact, Scott is so strong, that he has to change into his folk group costume in a phone booth.

Off stage these amazing young performers are just the humble stumbling bumbler that you find all over the Naval Academy, dribbling soup on their ties and wearing their socks on the wrong feet. In a recent interview these three lads granted us five minutes of deep introspection about their ambitions. In a few words we have managed to capture a bit of what their music and friendship mean to us.

As his Polaroid lenses changed color, Jack Carpenter, with a far off look in his eyes, said his greatest ambition is to sing a duet of "Teen Angel" with his idol Anita Bryant.

Tom Weaver was so choked up just thinking about the rapport that the group has developed that he couldn't do much but kick the mud off his pant legs.

Scott Evans probably best summed up what music and friendship mean to these three wonderful midshipmen — "individually we are basically and understandably adorable; as a group we are irresistible."



Youngsters Tom Weaver, Jack Carpenter and Scott Evans (left to right) combine talents to add a new dimension to the Academy's Glee Club.

When Midshipmen Jack Carpenter, Tom Weaver and Scott Evans step out of their Glee Club spots into the spotlight on center stage with their guitars, their professional sound is a shock to everyone within ear-shot. Blending a smooth sound with a bit of folk style the three had audiences on their feet when they performed on the Glee Club's recent singing tour through Michigan.



Singing for the most part in front of high school audiences the trio combines Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young tunes with an occasional humorous song such as "Lizzie Borden," and injects ad libs into their act as though they had been performing together for years.

Actually they have been singing together only since September, and the initial liaison started out as a rivalry. Evans and Weaver had worked up a rendition of "Jet Plane" to sing in a midshipman talent show when they heard that Carpenter was going to perform the same song as a solo.

Carpenter agreed to let Evans and Weaver perform the song and before long the two acts had become a trio.

They auditioned to become the Glee Club's folk group and ever since have been spending their spare time rehearsing. Before the Michigan tour the trio tried to sandwich five hours of practice a week between sports and studies. Late Saturday night practices in Scott's room quickly became an event.

A little of the pre-show nervousness is still there even after two weeks of touring and singing before large audiences, but the key to their unbelievably professional sound Jack Carpenter says is in the last few minutes before they go on. "We all believe in God and right before each performance, we sort of talk to each other and to God."

"We have a good balance and we get along well," says Jack Carpenter. "We've found that it is just not the same if one of us is missing in a performance."

Musically, the three talents vary. All three picked up guitar on their own, but Carpenter is generally recognized as the best musician. He works up the arrangements and has even written a song that the group hopes to perform soon.

On stage Carpenter's humor, Weaver's clowning—he likes to circulate through the audience during a sing-along number, a trick that, one observer noted, the girls love—and Scott Evans' quieter personality complement each other in performances that earn the trio accolades from high school students, parents and even the Glee Club members.

Tom Weaver said at one point high school students express surprise that "we can be talented and in the military at the same time."

"We try to get the audience with us, to feel what we are feeling when we sing," Carpenter says.

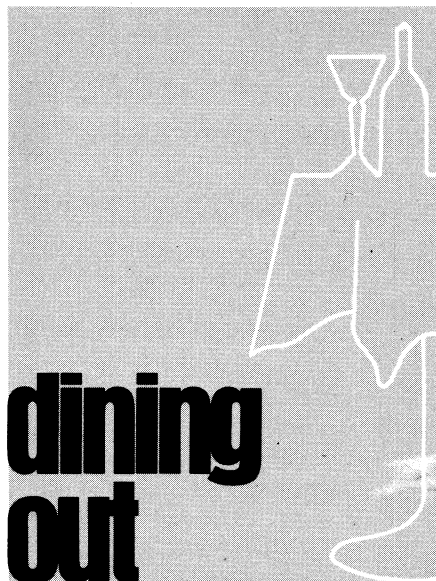
"But we know we've really done well when other guys in the Glee Club tell us we sounded good."

There are occasional autograph seekers in the high school gymnasiums and the girls who ask for "the cute one in the glasses" referring to Carpenter. But three performances a day, some first thing in the morning, plus daily practices on tour can be mentally tiring.

Ultimately the trio hopes to perform on their own. Lately they have been singing before featured names in Naval Academy popular music concerts.

As far as careers in music are concerned, the trio admits that they have thought about the possibility of going professional, but nothing more than thinking in off-moments. They all plan to stay at Annapolis for four years and to get their commissions when they graduate.

But until that June in 1974, Naval Academy Glee Club audiences will hear some good sounds from three very talented midshipmen musicians. (*Ellen Ratrie writes for the Naval Academy Public Affairs Office*).



It's possible—not necessarily likely, but possible—that a mid might get a bit tired of eating at Mother B's Greasy Spoon, in which case(s) the *Log* recommends dining out. The following establishments range from extravagant hamburger joints to mild rip-offs. But many of them offer a nice change of pace from Mulmeister's or the slick service and rowdy atmosphere of Emerson's. If the cool mid chooses with care (i.e. hommard l'amori-caine for his drag & a grilled cheese for himself), he can escape for well under \$10 including wine (or milk) and tip. Most can also beat McDonald's or Chris' for a couple of June Week meals.

ANNAPOLIS

HENKEL's RESTAURANT—If ever there was a place on the other side of the tracks Henkel's is it, but there is not a better \$1.25 ham sandwich in the state of Maryland. For those nights when you just want to go grubby and sit with some cold beer and some good food drop in at Henkel's. Take Route 450 (West Street extended) to Route 3. Follow Route 3 all the way to Fort Meade, and make a left onto Mapes Rd., the main road through the base. Mapes Road will turn into Route 32. Follow that past the National Security agency, and about another mile or two after you cross over the Baltimore-Washington Parkway. The road will narrow and get darker the closer you get to Henkel's. On your left you will eventually see a large sign for a defunct housing development, your signal to make a 180-degree left turn, down a dirt road that comes out to a railroad track and a run-down looking bar. You are now at Hen-

kel's. Be sure to try one of their "through the garden sandwiches." They stand about six inches tall and your choice of meat is topped off with lettuce, tomato, onion and mayonnaise.

HAMLEN's BAR AND RESTAURANT—209 Baltimore-Annapolis Blvd., Severna Park. Small bar and restaurant with great home-cooked food and good prices. Get there early on Saturday night or call ahead. Casual. To get there go up Ritchie Highway and turn left onto Old Baltimore-Annapolis Blvd. Follow that road several miles until you see Hamlen's on your right.

WASHINGTON

CRISFIELD's—Small, kind of dingy seafood restaurant. 8012 Georgia Ave., Silver Spring, near D.C. line (on your right as you head toward D.C. from beltway). Says one satisfied patron, "the shrimp is the best in town." Cheap, quick service. Casual, to say the least.

If **POLYNESIAN FOOD** sounds good try **THE LUAU HUT** at 14th and F N.W. or 8407 Ramsey Ave., Silver Spring. The popo platter is a must and the drinks are worth the money. Two other Polynesian places in suburban Maryland come recommended, **THE ORCHID ISLE**, 4723 Elm Ave., Bethesda, off Wisconsin Ave. and **BLUE HAWAII**, 4906 St. Elmo Ave., Bethesda.

MEXICAN FOOD is the specialty of the **RIO GRANDE RESTAURANT**, 11921 Rockville Pike, Rockville. Located in a house, you eat whatever happens to be on the menu for the day. Food served homestyle and you get all you can eat for a set price. Casual.

PINES OF ROME—4709 Hampden Lane, Bethesda, off Wisconsin Ave., near East-West Highway. Italian restaurant. From the outside it looks like the kind of place you wouldn't go into on a bet. Inside the Pines of Rome is a simple, attractive family-run restaurant with some of the best Italian food around. Very reasonable prices. Casual or sportcoat and tie.

LORD TELFORD's COCKTAIL BAR. 2605 Connecticut Ave., N.W.—A real English pub with international darts, dark beer and friendly barkeep. No sign out front, you have to go through Tippy's Taco House next door to get to Lord Telford's.

MATT KANE's IRISH BAR. 1118 13th St., N.W. Really Irish, really loud, especially good on weeknights for those who can manage such things. Bagpipers play on Wednesday night when the Scottish and Irish domestics in town have the night off. Entertainment and light cover charge on weekends.

MR. HENRY's CAPITOL HILL—4th and Pennsylvania Aves. Tired of fighting the Saturday night high school crowds in Georgetown? Try the Capitol Hill area. Mr. Henry's has an interesting crowd (sometimes very interesting), good drinks (but Georgetown prices) and good food.

Entertainment upstairs on weekends. Roberta Flack played there for several years. Also, the **HAWK AND DOVE**, a block down Pa. Ave. toward the Capitol is a good place to spend an evening.

BLACKIE'S HOUSE OF BEEF, 22nd & M Streets, N.W. 333-1100. Large, attractive spot serving a \$4.75 dinner with prime ribs, tossed salad and baked potato. Famous for steaks, too. Open Mon.-Sat. 11 A.M. to 10:30 P.M. AmEx, BA, CB, DC. Free parking.

BLACK GRECO, 2000 L Street, N.W. 293-2060. Favorite of the young crowd. Three bars, Chicago jazz, rock. Menu varied with dinners starting at \$3.95. Open for L, D, S. Closes 2 A.M. Mon.-Sat. AmEx, BA, CB, DC.

CHEZ CAMILLE, 1403 L Street, N.W. 393-3320. Small, intimate, excellent French restaurant with the proprietor very much on the job. Popular with the press, especially for lunch. Prix fixe D from \$4.95-\$8.00. L is slightly less. Open Mon.-Sat. 12-2:30 and 6-10:30. Closed Sun. AmEx, CB, DC. Reservations.

CHEZ FRANCOIS, 818 Conn. Ave., N.W. ME 8-1849. Very French, crowded, attractive with old wine bottles, banquettes, French waitresses. Prix fixe dinners from \$5.85; excellent value for the money. Good wine list. Allow enough time to enjoy all courses. Reservations needed at D—not taken for L. Go early or late for lunch. AmEx, BA, CB, DC. Dinner parking validated.

EMERSON'S LTD., 1511 K Street, N.W. 659-8170. Noisy, young, exuberant, featuring all the beer you can drink, plus all the salad you can make, with sirloin steak at \$4.50 and \$5.50. Restaurants also in Bethesda, Maryland; Silver Spring, Maryland; and Fairfax, Virginia. Open Mon.-Fri. 11:30-2:30 and 4:30-10:00. Sat. 4:30-11:00. Sun. 3:30-10:30. AmEx, BA, CB, MC.

HARVEY'S, 1001 - 18th Street, N.W. 833-1858. One of Washington's oldest (founded in 1858) and most famous. Unpretentious décor highlighted by the pictures of Presidents. Seafood is the specialty with prices for entrées starting at \$4.25. Steaks and fillet mignon from \$5.50. Crab impérial a specialty. Open L and D Mon.-Fri. 11:30-10:30. Sat. 5:00-10:30. Closed Sun. AmEx, BA, CB, CC. Cocktail Lounge guitarist 5:00-8:00. Courtesy parking. Reservations.

LE PROVENCAL, 1234 - 20th Street, N.W. 223-2420. Attractive, uncrowded, three-level restaurant that emphasizes southern French cuisine. A specialty is bouillabaisse Marseilles. A la carte moderately expensive with entrées from \$4.50 at D and from \$2.50 at L. Open Mon.-Sat. L 12-2:30. D 6-11. AmEx, BA, CB, DC. Parking validated. Reservations needed.

SANS SOUCI, 727 - 17th Street, N.W. 298-7424. This is the "in" spot to lunch to see celebrities from government, the press and TV. Food is excellent, French and expensive. Service is sophisticated. Wine list unexcelled. A la carte at L from \$3.75.

D from \$5.75. Open Mon.-Sat. 12-2:30 and 6-11:00. AmEx, BA, CB, DC. Free parking next door at dinner. Reservations at all times.

THE JOCKEY CLUB, Fairfax Hotel, 2100 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W. 659-8000. Long identified as one of the most "in" spots as well as one with excellent French food. A favorite with members of Congress and society. A la carte from \$6.25 at D and \$3.50 at L. Open Mon.-Sat. 12-3:00, and 6-11. Closed Sun. AmEx, BA, DC. Valet parking Reservations needed.

TRADER VIC'S, Statler-Hilton Hotel, 16th & K Streets, N.W. 393-1000. Like Trader Vic's everywhere, emphasis is on the Polynesian and Chinese. Meats cooked in large Chinese barbecue ovens in full view of diners. Large selection of curry dishes. A la carte from \$3.00 at L and \$4.50 at D. Open Mon.-Fri. 11:30-11:30. Sat. 5-12:30. Sun. 4:30-10:30. AmEx, CB, DC, MC. Reservations required.

BALTIMORE

ACROPOLIS—735 S. Broadway, Baltimore. Authentic Greek restaurant in authentic Greek neighborhood of Baltimore with authentic Greek musicians, singer and exotic dancers. Be sure to try the appetizer platter before your entree, be it fried squid or shish-ka-bob. Local residents eat there and later in the evening dance the traditional folk dances. An all-night affair if you want it to be. Good idea to call for reservations on weekends. Coat and tie.

BERNIE LEE'S PENN HOTEL—15 W. Pennsylvania Ave., Towson. 823-0300. American fare, with special emphasis on crab dishes. The crab-cakes are celebrated. The restaurant, a lively place, is a home to local business people and county pols. Open until 2 a.m., closed some Sundays. Major credit cards.

BRENTWOOD INN—Fifth Ave. & Brentwood, near Dundalk and Holabird Aves. 285-0520. In the wine cellar, there are 62,000 bottles, and host Joseph E. Czernikowski, proud of his title of international wine sommelier counselor, invites you to see them. There are 107 entrees on the menu. \$1.95-\$7.95, 11 a.m.-midnight, seven days. Smorgasbord lunch and dinner every Tuesday. Reservations advised. Parking opposite main dining room. Master Charge, other major credit cards.

CHESAPEAKE RESTAURANT—1701 N. Charles St. 837-7711. Seafood from the bay—and from Maine's icy waters—are featured at this nationally-known establishment, along with beef from the Golden West. Luncheon entrees from \$1.95, dinner from \$4.95. In the Pea & Quill Lounge, there's a piano bar. Noon-2 a.m., closed Monday. Reservations advised. American Express, BankAmericard, Restaurants Preferred.

DANNY'S RESTAURANT—1201 N. Charles St. 539-1393. Danny Dickman, otherwise known as the Emperor of the Caesar Salad, serves up an amazingly wide variety of dishes—prize-winning beef in many guises, lobsters, flambé dishes, the

fruit of the Chesapeake. Entrees from \$5.50. 11:30-2 a.m. Monday-Friday, 4 p.m.-2 a.m. Saturday, closed Sunday. American Express, Diners', Carte Blanche, Bank Americard.

EAGER HOUSE—15 W. Eager St. 539-2704. Steaks, Boothbay Harbor lobsters and the like are on the menu of this big, multiroomed standby, which has its own buses to transport the fans to Stadium, Civic Center, Morris Mechanic and Lyric happenings. Entrees from \$3.50. There's piano music in the Antique Motor Bar. 11 a.m.-2 a.m. seven days. All major credit cards.

GOLDEN PLOUGH—9737 Reisterstown Rd., Garrison. 363-2444. Steak is responsible for the reputation of this large (200 seat) eatery which has found favor with suburbanites. Reservations are advised on the week-ends. The menu is limited to seven entrees, ranging in price from \$3.95 to \$6.95. Rustic decor, good salad, small but serviceable wine list. Open 5:30-10 p.m. week days, 5-11 Saturday and Sunday. No credit cards.

HAUSSNER'S—3236 Eastern Ave. 327-8365. Mention Baltimore to an outlander and chances are he's heard of this big and unusual landmark. There are paintings and statues by the thousands—and seafood and German specialties. There's draft German beer. Particularly fine for lunch. Entrees \$3-\$7. No reservations or credit cards—and you're apt to have to stand in line in the evening. 11 a.m.-11 p.m. Closed Sunday, Monday. Parking in lot across the street.

HUNT VALLEY INN—In the Greater Baltimore Industrial Park, Cockeysville. 666-7000. The Cinnamon Tree is the name of the hostelry's opulent eatery. There are Continental, Chesapeake Bay and steak house offerings, and some unusual offerings, viz. Les Trois Grands, featuring chicken Bordelaise, tenderloin tips and a lamb chop. Extensive wine list. Dinner entrees \$4.75-\$7.95. Lunch, dinner. Seven days. American Express, Diners'.

KARSON'S INN—5100 Holabird Ave. 675-1600. It's in Dundalk, but the customers think nothing of coming all the way from Catonsville. Stuffed whole lobster à la Karson (lump crabmeat, mushrooms, shrimp) is a house specialty. Entrees \$3.75-\$7.50. Open 11 a.m.-midnight, seven days. Parking on premises. American Express, Diners', Restaurants Preferred.

And to build an appetite, soak up the rays (or other aspects of nature) at these recreation spots:

Maryland has a number of state and national park areas, all with easy access since the completion of interstate 81. Some of the areas north of Frederick are especially beautiful.

ANTIETAM BATTLEFIELD—In the rolling hills west of Hagerstown. Not much different today than it was in the Civil War. There is a new visitor's center where you can read about the battle, and

a paved marked route you can either drive, walk or cycle.

HARPERS FERRY—Not far from Antietam—across the Potomac into West Virginia. Not quite the ghost town it was several years ago, but a good place for history buffs to spend an afternoon. Ask the ranger how to get to the Maryland Heights trail for some good climbing, scenery and if you are there at the right time of year, blackberry picking.

BLACKWATER WILDLIFE REFUGE—Cambridge, Maryland. Huge refuge for wide variety of wildlife, especially exciting in the fall and early spring when thousands of geese, ducks and swans make Maryland their winter home or at least a stopping place. Bring your binoculars and good walking shoes.

PATAPSCO STATE PARK—Beautiful area north of Baltimore on rte. 40. Good for afternoon picnics or overnight camping. Hiking paths and swinging bridges, etc. back in the woods.

C&O CANAL PATH—Stretches from Georgetown in Washington to Cumberland, Md., through historical towns like White's Ferry, Seneca, Harpers Ferry and Antietam. Good for out of shape or half-hearted hikers. Numerous picnic and rest areas. More avid hikers and backpackers can pick up the Appalachian Trail at several points in Maryland.

GREENBELT PARK—Kenilworth Ave. and Greenbelt Rd., Greenbelt. Large green woodsy area in the middle of a criss-cross of highways in Greenbelt, not far from the University of Maryland. Not rugged but peaceful. Camping facilities, walking paths and picnic areas.

BOAT AND BIKE RENTALS

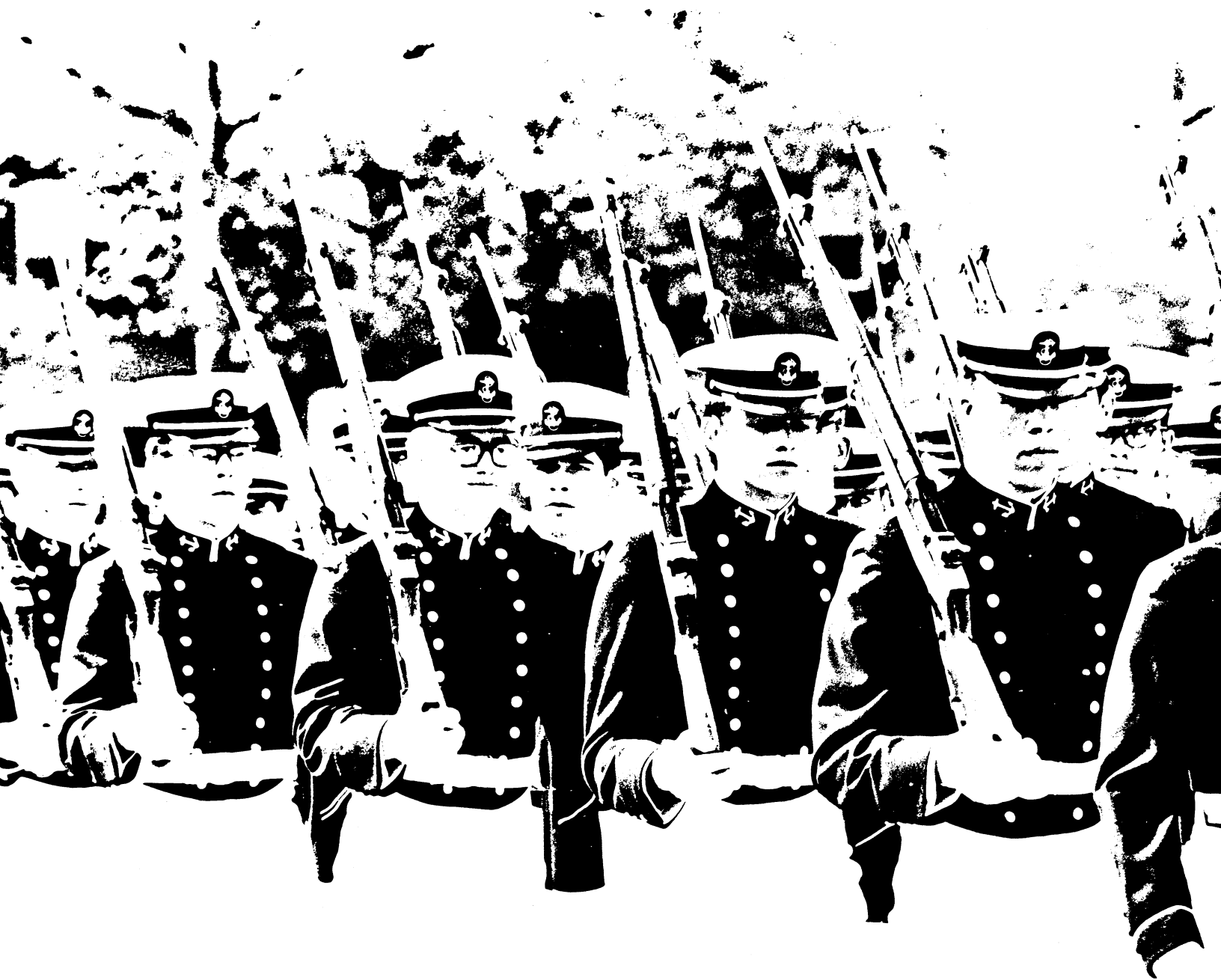
FLETCHER'S BOATS HOUSE, 4940 Canal Rd., N.W., and **JACK'S BOATS**, 3500 K St., N.W. Both rent canoes, bicycles and rowboats by the hour. Fletcher's is right on the C&O Canal Path where you can paddle or peddle for miles, stopping off for a picnic lunch (or whatever) along the tree-lined path.

You can also rent boats at **THOMPSON'S**, Rock Creek Parkway and Virginia Ave., N.W. Good on summer evenings to paddle down to the Watergate to listen to a free concert by the Navy, Marine Corps, Air Force or Army bands.

PEDDLE BOATS are available for rental at the small boat house on the Tidal Basin across from the Jefferson Memorial.

BICYCLES can also be rented at Tow Path Cycle, 2816 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W. and, for easy access to the beautiful paved trails through Rock Creek Park, at the Lock and Key Shop, 1434 Park Rd., N.W.

(Compiled by Steve Clawson and Ellen Ratrie with appreciated help from the J. F. Kennedy Center Magazine and the Baltimore Chamber of Commerce.)





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