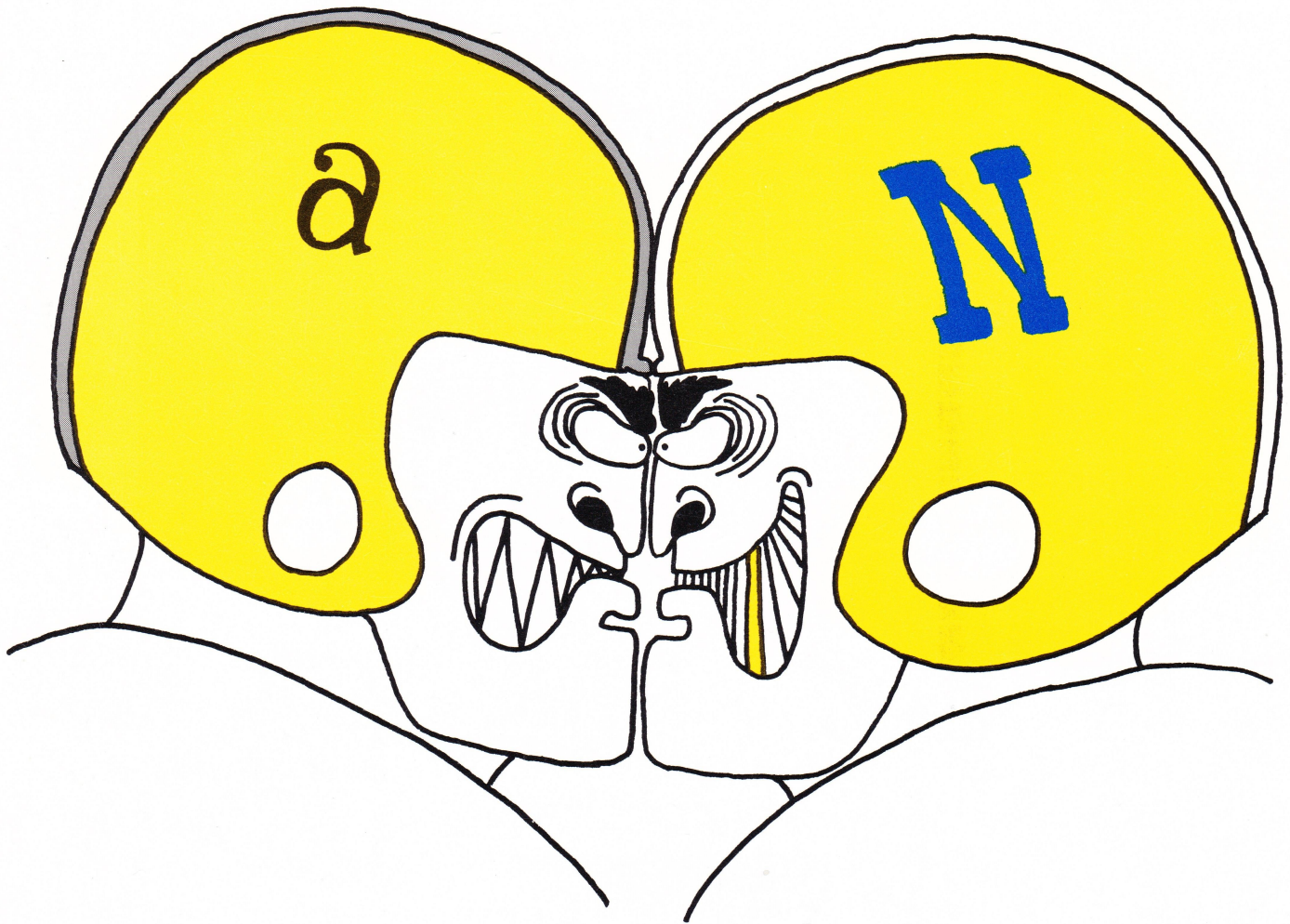


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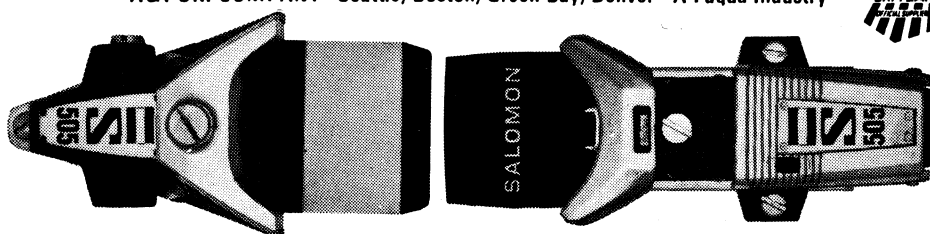
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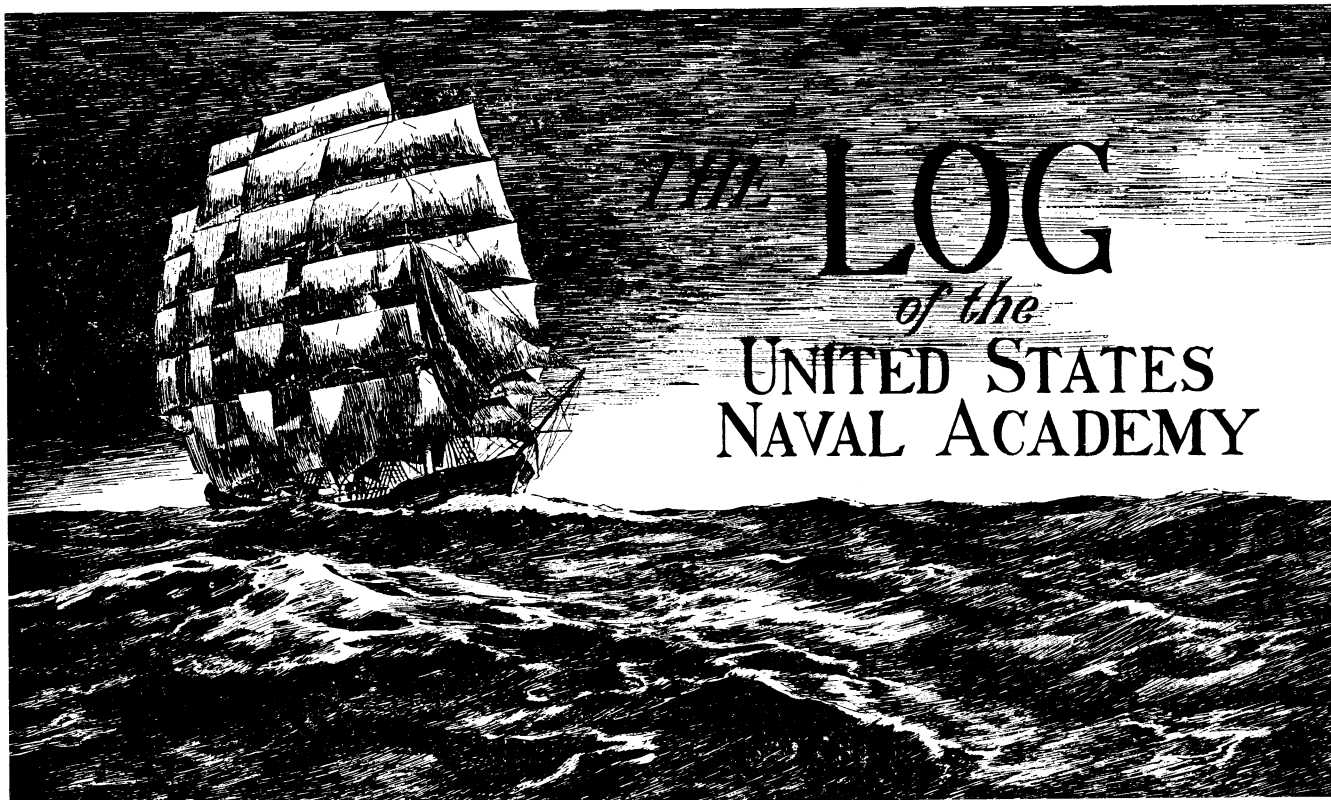
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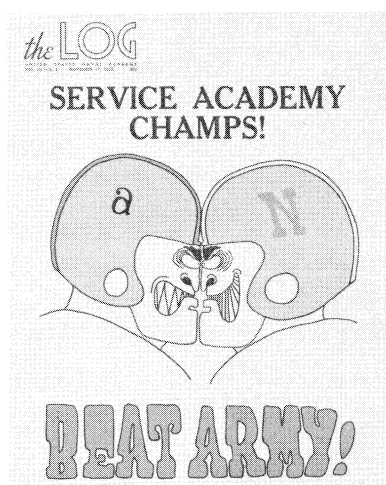
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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## On Drinking and The Single Mid

What was witnessed at the Notre Dame game and what happened that particular Saturday evening can only be called normal. It is a normal reaction for a person who has been deprived from any kind of alcoholic consumption for a period of four months.

It is a natural and biological fact that when a person has not drunk over a period of time he will over-react when given the freedom to do so. The actions of a few, but mostly fourth class, were intolerable for a school producing officers and gentlemen. So what is to be done? We can take the ancient approach and restrict the Brigade or even in future games put the Brigade on buses and bring everyone back to good old Crabtown after the game. This would be a very rational and positive approach. Why not? It's been done in the past. Or new avenues could be investigated like why such a reaction happens and what can be done to prevent such actions in the future. One suggestion is to allow midshipmen to have alcoholic beverages on weekend liberty within the seven-mile limit. The Naval Academy is a federal land grant and not bound by Maryland state laws. Thus, why would the sale of beer in the Steerage on weekends to a Middie over 18 be such an unreasonable action? The 1/c, who have Friday night area liberty, have shown in past years that alcoholic consumption can be dealt with maturely.

At the Naval Academy one can vote at 18 but he is not mature enough to drink. So a proposal by one reactionary Midshipman: That,

- 1) Alcoholic beverages be served in the Steerage from 12 noon on Saturday to Sunday at 1830 and on all other periods of town liberty granted to the Brigade.
- 2) That a Midshipmen be 18 years old in order to make use of these facilities.

- 3) That when the recreation center in Dahlgren Hall is completed it would also serve alcoholic beverages at the stated times.
- 4) Midshipmen would not be allowed to have alcohol in their rooms in times other than when town liberty is granted. Such possession would be grounds for dismissal.
- 5) Midshipmen in a restricted status would be denied the use of alcoholic beverages. And such abuse would be grounds for dismissal.
- 6) The penalty for drunken and disorderly conduct would be 75 demerits plus one month's restriction.

This would not solve all the ills and misconduct that happens in Philadelphia, but perhaps if Midshipmen were permitted drinking privileges they would be familiar with the use of alcohol. And thus we would not witness such violent reactions that happened in Philadelphia after the Notre Dame game.

This proposal is written by one who feels if a person is treated as a mature and sensible individual that person will act in a likewise manner. By Navy regulations, a Midshipman is a junior officer and is expected to act like one. Yet only at the Naval Academy are land-based naval officers deprived of the right to have alcoholic beverages. After all, wouldn't a Mid who has a few beers on a weekend and is able to sleep it off be more suitable than a horde of animals turned loose on a city, who in an eight to ten hour period hope to saturate their veins with alcohol?

Not all Midshipmen are heavy drinkers. Nor are all Midshipmen potential vandals. But shouldn't something be done to curb the actions of those few who disgraced the Brigade?

We have all seen the conduct measures that can be employed and while they are effective they leave a bad taste in the mouths of the innocent who suffered for others' actions. The stated proposal seems a more reasonable solution and perhaps it will be a miserable failure. But is it not at least worth consideration by the powers that be?

Steele Glenn 1/C

*I'm sure that the powers that are will read this with raptured attention.*

—Ed.

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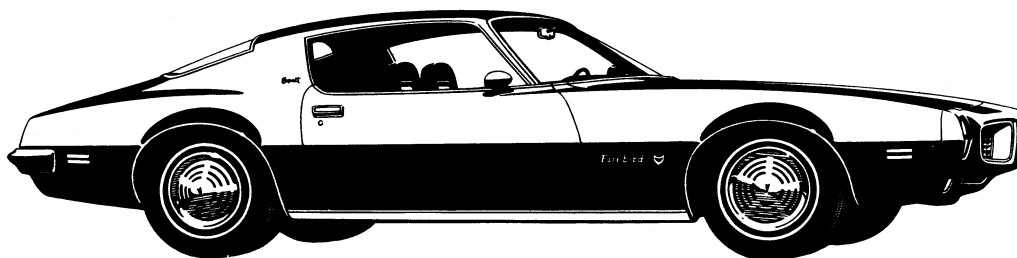


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# AFTERMATH

After twenty-seven long years of war, the health problems of the Vietnamese are overwhelming. Thousands of war-injured civilians, requiring major surgery and sustained delicate care, have created insurmountable problems. Hospitals are overcrowded to the extent that beds often sleep two or three. Supplies and equipment are usually absent; sanitation and ventilation are primitive and frequently non-existent. There are approximately one doctor and nine nurses to care for every 100,000 people.

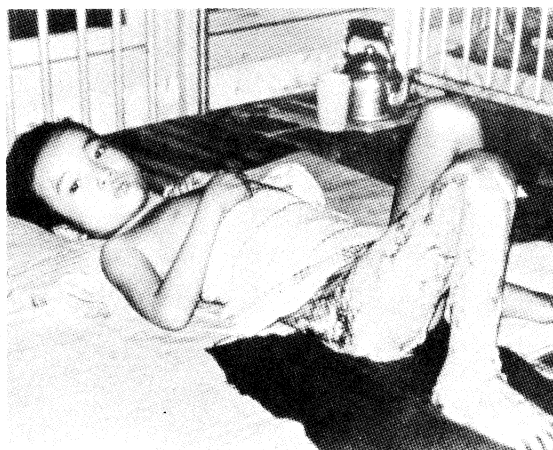
South Vietnamese hospital authorities state that there are 800-900 known paraplegics in Vietnam who are suffering from lack of any medical treatment whatsoever. The Committee of Responsibility is one of the few organizations trying to fill this pathetic void.

In December of 1966, a group of doctors and laymen formed the Committee of Responsibility to bring war-injured Vietnamese children to the United States for treat-

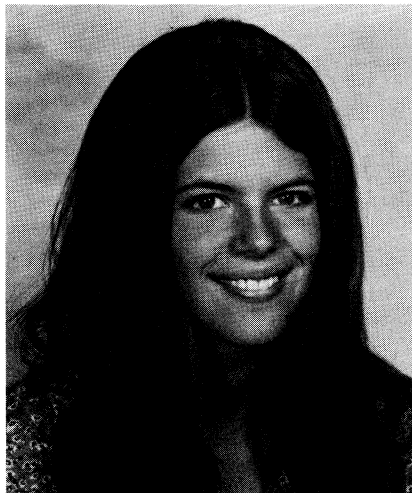
ment not available in Vietnam. U.S. Air Force Medevac planes have been bringing them here to have shattered arms, legs, and faces restored. In 1971, the Committee established a children's shelter in Vietnam where paraplegics and other severely handicapped children receive physical therapy and vocational training. To expand existing facilities to provide training and continuing medical care, the Committee is actively seeking funds.

At present, several midshipmen are considering raising funds for this organization and would like to seek out others interested in a possible Christmas project. More information can be obtained by contacting any one of the following: Bill Kelsey 1/c, 8262; Jim Etro 1/c, 5466; Bruce Bachman 1/c, 8262; or Mark Petersen 2/c, 6060.

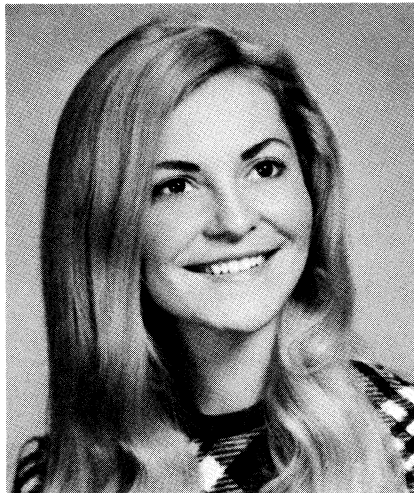
The need is urgent and real. A life of misery and gradual deterioration faces those who otherwise—with your help—could be saved.







*Shari goes to school in Cumberland, Md., but those long weekend drives don't even phase Russ.*



*Marty, from Cincinnati, is one of the dynamic duo and nabbed her firstie recently.*



*Corinne is from Utah and as a member of the dynamic duo from this summer, she got her firstie.*



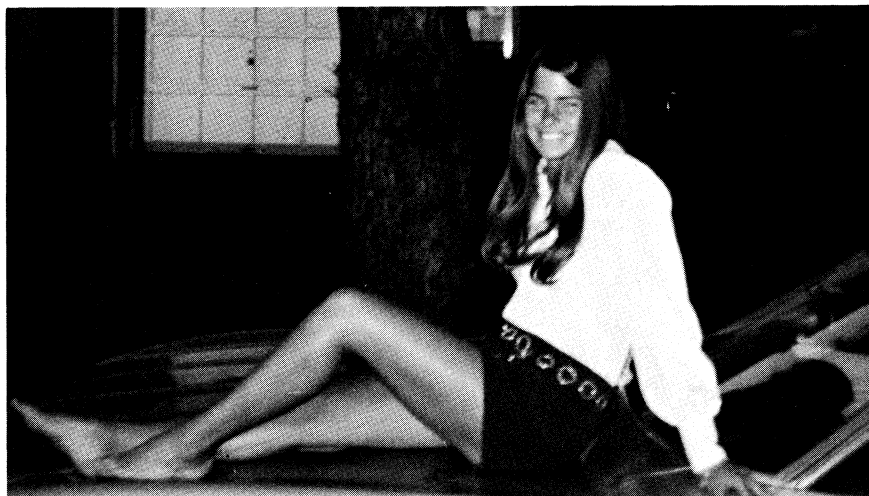
*June Week will bring more than graduation for Rhonda and her Okie.*



*This shapely X-ray technician has her sights set on a July wedding with a lonely fistie.*

## 7<sup>TH</sup> COMPANY CUTIES

*Tracy Attinger goes to Temple and doesn't play football, but she's already caught her wide receiver.*



## EDITORIAL

I think it is finally time someone spoke up on one of the serious problems here at Navy. Ever since I've been a plebe until this year we've seen some fine displays of the officer and gentleman characteristics with which we are all imbued. If you haven't already guessed, it's the problem of the public conduct after the away games. Remember Air Force in 1970? Remember *every* Army game? Yes, the cream of America's crop is rising to the top in all these cases. Like cream to the top of the pitcher and like sewage to the top of the river. This last game at Philadelphia was another prime example of our stellar capabilities.

Whose fault is it? Many would jump immediately on the office of the Commandant by arguing that if we were given a little more liberty and less stringent/ridiculous rules concerning booze, guys could learn how to handle alcohol as they grew up. Rather than "blowing tubes" after being cooped up so long, mids could handle it themselves. Another question is why can't Mids (or at least firsties) go over to the "O" club for a beer call? When I recently went to Air Force I was very surprised to see that not only upperclass but also plebes (doolies) were going to beer calls in their student center/theatre, Arnold Hall.

Others say that all young men are just sowing their wild oats and it's natural. Sound logical?

Consider our unique position (as I know we're all sick of hearing about) as Midshipmen. Outside these walls we're expected by our society to be the exemplar of American youth, or at least that's what

we *thought* when we all applied for a nomination.

This is not meant to stick the finger of accusation at any group in particular but it has become common knowledge that plebes and youngsters have been the source of most form 2's and disciplinary action throughout the years.

Others argue that it is our own fault. No matter what the situation is, it's an individual's own personal self-control *and* maturity that reflects his actions. The old saying scrawled on the desks of Maury Hall (all you underclass never got to experience Maury Hall—what a shame) seems truer than ever. It goes, "Navy takes 18-year-old men and turns them into 21-year-old boys." The difference between good times and gross conduct and property damage is clear cut. Rallying is one thing, willful disregard for others' property (i.e. hotels) is another.

Helping other guys out has always been considered (to borrow a word from Charlie Brown) *gauché*. A guy is seeing lunch for the second time and other Mids just walk on by. Somebody else is passed out and others just laugh. Another jerk "wild man's" a room and it's the cool thing to do. Where is common sense? We're all on the firing line by the officers and the outside for, as we all know, the actions of the few.

"Ah, there's nothin' you can do about it."

Think so?

It's easy to act like a complete klutz—and so far good ol' Navy is batting about .900. Not bad, eh?

—The Editor





*This blonde is hoping that her 2/c can survive steam & wires till June Week '74!!*

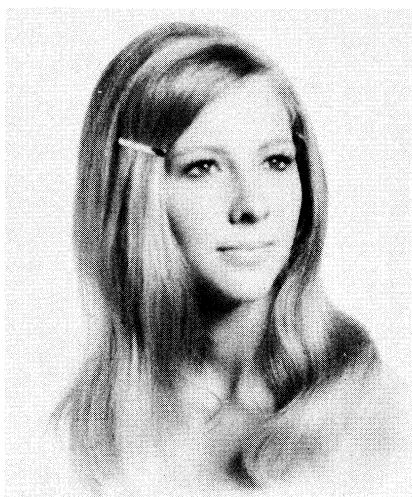


*One of the many sisters of an embarrassed youngster in 8.*



*There is a 2/c in 8, who can think of one beautiful thing in Annapolis.*

## 8<sup>TH</sup> COMPANY CUTIES



*This North Carolina beauty won't give a certain 2/c his pin back.*

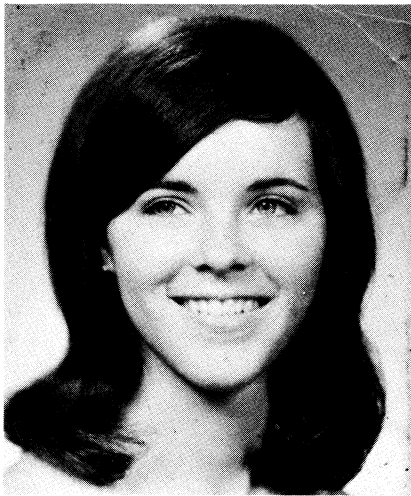


*This cutie is waiting with open arms for her 4/c at Christmas.*



*D.J. is already on Chapter 8 in "The Navy Wife." Stand by, Luke!*





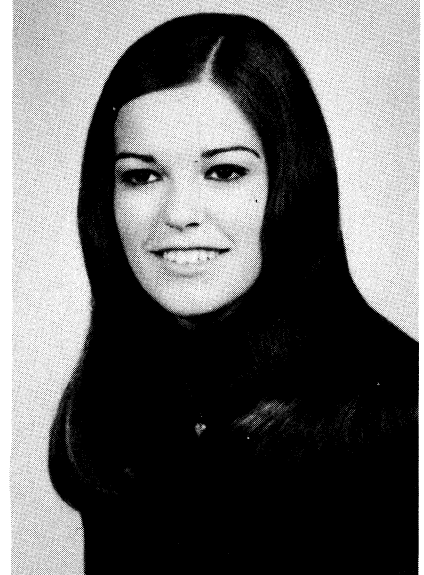
*Kathy is anxiously awaiting 1975 and her "grunt."*



*Kyppee has won the heart of a certain 1/c over the past 2 years. They plan a June Week wedding.*



*A youngster's Ex. O.A.O.—Liz.*

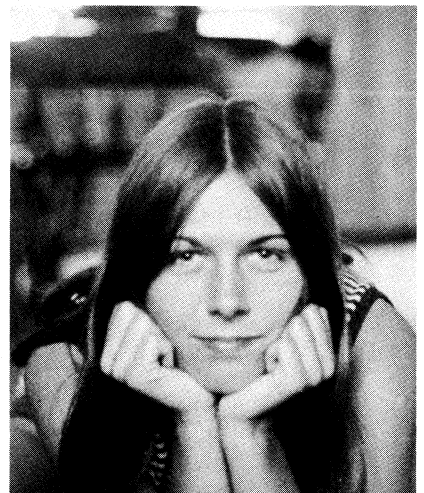


*Heart throb of "the Hud."*



*Was it \$30 or \$40, Scott?*

## 9<sup>TH</sup> COMPANY CUTIES



*Joe's girl.*

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# AFTER THE ARMY GAME

by  
BRET GRAHAM

Another year rolls around and the Brigade finds itself deep in the football season and looking forward to another win over Army. The Brigade Hop Committee has been preparing its annual "Brigade Informal" for the Army-Navy game and it looks as though it will be the best yet. The scene of the action will be the Penn-Sheraton Ballroom in downtown Philadelphia beginning at 7:00 P.M.

This year there will be over 500 hand-picked young women on hand, professionally screened by the Hop Committee officers, veterans at choosing the right kind of women. There will be three full length bars with all types of mixed drinks and beer. Sandwiches will be provided by the Hop Committee. There will be a 12-piece band and the JAYGEES supplying the musical entertainment for everyone's style of dancing. Door prizes will include the traditional Navy or Marine Corps dress sword and a cashmere sweater.

There will be cleanup rooms available for the girls (Sheraton Hotel rooms 527, 531, 533, 537) (Mid cleanup rooms 538, 540, 546, 548). Remember, you may drag or come stag. The Penn-Sheraton is located within a quick crawl of the bus-loading area.

Tickets will be on sale from your respective 4/C company Hop Reps. Due to a generous benefactor, the price for Mids and drags is a nominal 25¢ per person. Don't miss this year's "Brigade Informal"—it's sure to be the best yet!

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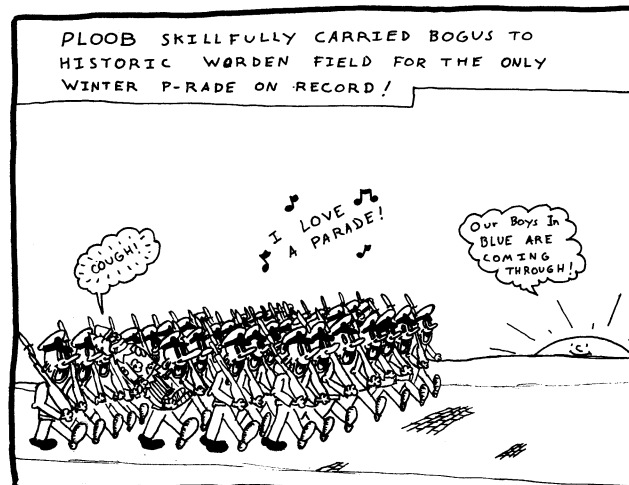
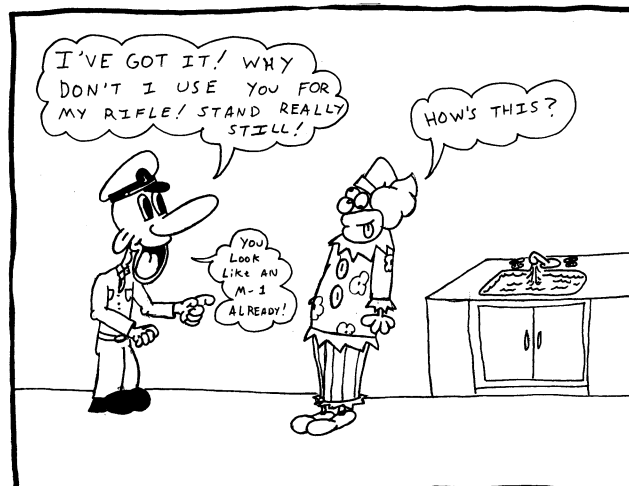
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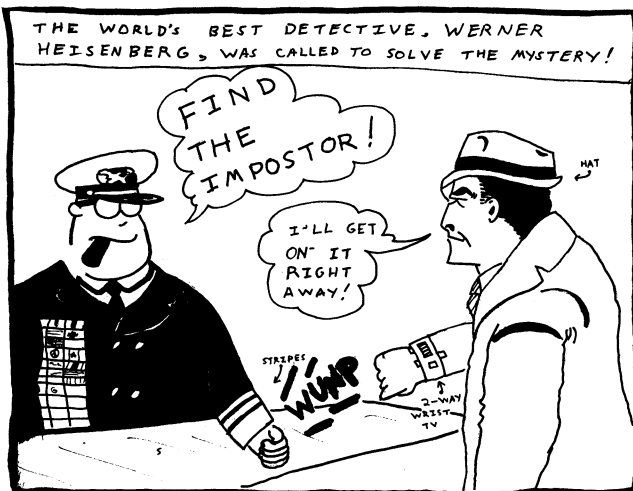
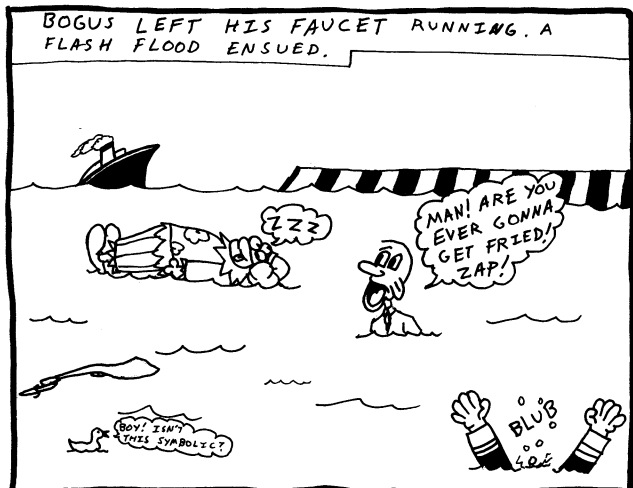
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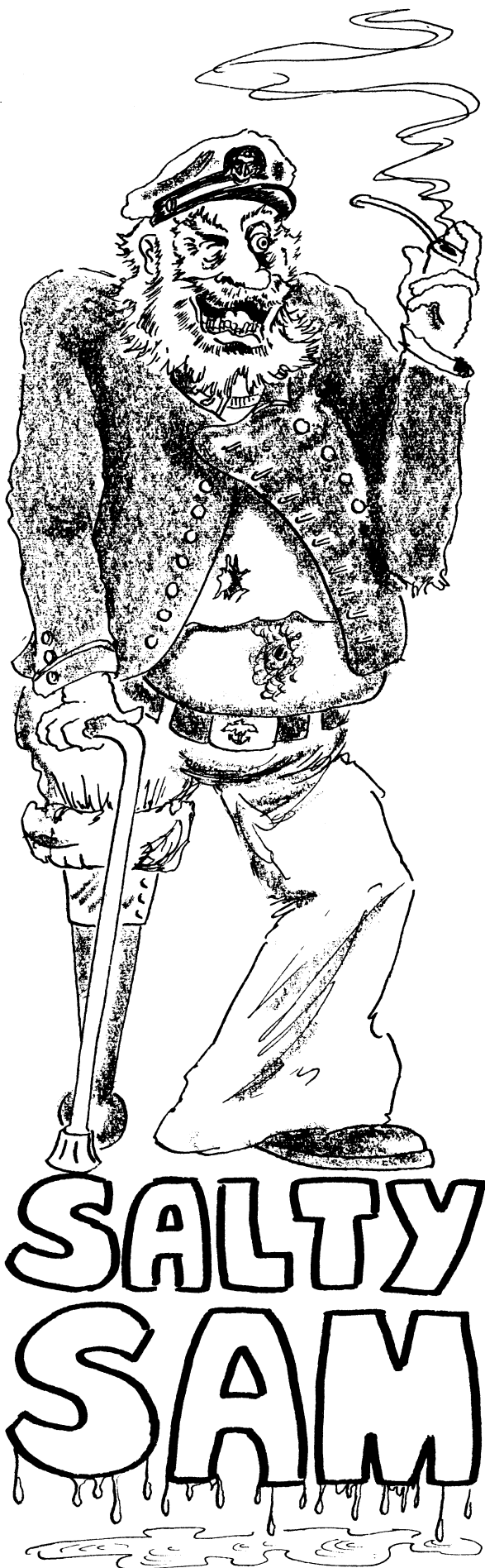
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Arh! Stand by you sea scouts because I'm going to pitch another load of funnies on you. My mail box has been more than brimming with hot items since the last issue came out, and this old barnacle molester appreciates it no end. Please keep it up. Does my heart good to see you are so eager to slice each other up into whale food.

Leading off with a few generalities. A story has come my way about seven or eight "crazies" in the Second Regiment. It seems as though these rowdy upper classmen made an eventful excursion into Georgetown one of these past few Saturday nights. Before actually gracing M Street with their presence the group wasted some time draining a number of frosty beverage cans and driving along the Potomac shining their high beams on parking couples. After this display of moral and mental fitness their loaded (and I do mean loaded) station wagon with its freshly stained tires finally rumbled into historic old Georgetown. There the group did their famous "Chinese Fire Dance" while hundreds of passers-by watched on, mouths agape. As the crazies slithered over, under, around and through the car, a host of seven policemen appeared from the shadows. Three of our heroes were frisked, their I.D.'s were taken, and the police even called the U. S. Army Military Police. While waiting for the M. P.'s to show up, the D. C. police did some heavy questioning and the crazies did some extremely fast answering. Then the dawn finally broke through the clouds in the policemen's heads. They realized that this bunch of derelicts was actually composed of the future leaders of tomorrow, the cream of America's youth, and charter members of the nation's largest Mickey Mouse Club. They uttered whimpers of "No Christmas leave," and rumors of "terminal cancer" and even "Howdja like some tickets to the

Army-Navy football game?" The police let them go with the warning to "Get outta town!" Thereupon the group beat feet for Crab City, making only one stop for a few more cool ones.

Here's a little clue as to how alert our home game, stadium rent-a-cops are. Super Straight and Peef dropped me a note relating the following incident. As the dynamic duo attempted to go onto the field they were accosted by one of the portly protectors of peace. He refused to allow them on because they did not have the required yellow field passes. At first they contemplated giving him a super hero knuckle sandwich. Instead they decided super ingenuity would be more appropriate. They gave him the old "Look behind you!" routine, and bolted past in a streak of light as he turned around. Don't you all feel a little more secure knowing that this kind of diligent warrior protects you as you watch the Big Blue?

We already have some new entries for Rookie of the Year Award. LCdr. Zipp has been outdoing himself lately with unprecedented acts of wisdom. As some firsties in the 17th Co. were burning their swim suits in a trash can during a little "No mo' drowning" celebration, the Zipp came along. Doing his O.O.D. duty, he fried three first class. His reason was that, "With all that smoke in the hall any other fires would be undetectable." On top of that he bent the 17th Co. commander's ear for 45 minutes on the hazards of burning swim suits in a trash can. The way I see it, it's not too nice to burn firsties—in or out of a trash can. However, that's not all the good LCdr. is famous for. Some years ago when he received his Lt. bars LCdr. Zipp ordered at least 2,000 calling cards, complete with name, rank and service. Unfortunately he must have only used four or five as a Lt., because he has now



resorted to leaving four or five in each room he visits. He has everyone guessing as to what his reasons for doing this are. The best guess is that he's trying to drop hints about the fact that he is soon to be deep selected from LCdr. to Lt.

Giving strong competition to the other front runners is another contestant from the ranks of the Marine Corps rookies, Capt. Rigatoni. The boys in 20 were just getting into the groove of life with Ronald McDonald for the past three years. Now, they're all singing a new tune, and it sounds like the Marine Corps Hymn. He recently gave all of his plebes room inspections awarding grades from 1.0 to 2.0, as well as formals on the following Saturday. This act of morale boosting didn't go over too well with at least one first class with a lot of principles. After waiting for three years to get his stripes, he turned both of them in to Rigatoni.

The new hair regulations have certainly brought out the best and worst in a number of our company officers. Before the change was even enacted a rookie in Fourth Batt. exchanged some serious words with an infamous veteran also from Fourth Batt. When the rumors were hot that "The Purge" was on the way, old Phillip's head screwdriver was boasting loudly about cruising 21st Co. for hair offenses. That immediately brought a verbal reaction from LCdr. Better that fairly rocked the Fourth Battalion conference room. Standing up vigorously for his men, the hero of 21 sent the villainous veteran off to drive his screws elsewhere.

On the day that the new Regs came out there were further repercussions and reactions from our officer corps. One BOOW, who went for Watch Squad inspection that night, was sporting a set of chops down to the bottom of his exterior ear hole. He had obviously been growing them for quite some time, but they were regulation at

the time of inspection. The inspecting officer. LCdr. Sour from 1st Battalion, in an act of unprecedented good judgement, threatened to fry him with a form #2 dated for 11:30 of that morning—before the change in hair regs. Well done, Walt!

The day after the new standards were announced sparks were still flying. Another 1st Batt. wonder boy, Lt. Martian, inspected his troops and zapped a number of men with enforcement of his own hair standards, which are even shorter than the old ones. Sorry pal, you missed your chance last year for Rookie of the Year. However, you're still in contention for Rookie of the Decade.

While on the topic of hair, guess I could let you all in on a few more hair-related items. It seems as though all the hours Maximus the First spent on studying the hair situation affected his eyesight. The day after he allowed Academy officers to grow mustaches they all came to a meeting with fake paper 'staches under their noses. Slapsy Maxie was about halfway through his speech before he even noticed. Even then it took prompting from his aide.

Probably the man who holds hair closer to his heart than any of us is old Bozo the Butcher in the third wing barber shop. He is so into hair that he once told a prospective Marine Corps hopeful that any time he wanted to come back for another recon that he could come down any old time and get right into the chair. Here's a quote, "You don't even have to sign the list." Such a deal from Bozo.

Not many of you know how Bozo got to be such an important barber here at U.S.N.A. It seems as though he used to cut "a lot of hair" when he was in the Marine Corps. On these qualifications alone he got a license and is now still cutting a lot of hair—off your head and mine.

In other areas of interest, Halloween brought a heavy scare to some firsties in the First Regiment. They had decided to take some one-striper liberty and go trick-or-treating. Donning costumes, they sneaked out to their car and rumbled off towards gate eight. As they pulled up to the light they glanced over to the car next to theirs. In it they noticed a familiar looking lady at the wheel. It turned out to be Mrs. Max, and you might guess who her passenger was. That's right, the guy with all the gold stuff on his arms. She looked at the firsties, then turned to tell Big Max about it. But, before he could blink his eyes or say, "You're down," the firsties had slammed into reverse and screamed back to the hall at about mach 3. I guess he's enough to spook even the best of us.

Halloween was worth a few more yuks as well. If you'd all have had the chance to go across the river to the Marine Barracks you might have had the chance to see a truly inspiring sight.

At a somewhat wild costume party two Marine Corp officers showed up clad as Sumo wrestlers wearing only a wide belt and a sock. They even conned the Japanese exchange officer into officiating a little match.

By the way, I've heard something else about our LCdr. friend from Japan. Professor Bustle invited him to his enlightened Z-power class as a special guest. The exchange officer was so stimulated by Mr. Bustle's highly interesting droning that he fell asleep along with about half the class.

This strange phenomenon has struck other unlikely victims as well. There's a professor in Michelson Hall teaching "Stars" who is prone to sleeping through the movies he shows in class. This leads me to believe that if the Sominex people could compress USNA classes into pill form, insomnia would be a thing of the past.

Even though this next bit of information is coming out in print a little late, I'm sure you'll find it worth the wait. Near the beginning of the year an easily upsettable major who teaches military law got himself into a rather compromising situation—called jail. Try to picture this. As the greaser revs his car up to a quarter million rpm's and screeches into gear, he roars past Major Madman's house taking leaves off of the trees and uprooting grass with raw sonic energy. He turns around and repeats this act of ultimate distraction several times. Here's where our professor of law earned some time in jail. On one of Parnelli's passes the major lurched from his hiding place and "Yahal!" drove a pick-axe into the door of the passing racer. Under the circumstances I guess his conduct was somewhat excusable (I only say this because I don't want to wake up some morning with a pick-axe imbedded in my writing hand).

If that's a little hard to believe I'm sure you'll find the following account a bit more down to earth. Hearing it with my own ears I can even vouch for its validity. One afternoon while E. D. was being run, the Fifth Batt. two-striper in charge decided to march the boys around in platoon formation in order to make the time spent marching at least a little constructive. Unfortunately his efforts met with disapproval. An old friend, Major Duty, happened to spot this action and immediately called the 5th Batt. officer, informing him of the illicit procedure. After checking his reg book Cdr. Wipe strutted out to our hapless crusader. The Cdr. informed him that he was to run E. D. as prescribed, individual marching, ten paces, about face, etc. When the two-striper explained that he was only trying to do something of value with the E. D. squad, Cdr. Wipe came back with this classic line, "Look, E.D. is supposed to be a complete waste of time!" Chew on that for a while and see if it doesn't make you sick. Perhaps we could all get a few hours credit for the time spent waiting for "seats" to be given in the mess hall. P-rades, mandatory Forrestal lectures, and time spent in book issue

lines would all be worth a few hours apiece. Yes, Cdr., you've really found the answer. We've all been marching E.D. but getting "No credit, Sir."

Here's another little number for your funny bone. One evening over in the Second Regiment the MOOW came onto a rather quiet and lazy deck. When the mate failed to salute him the MOOW asked, "Mate, where's your head at?" Here's the reply, "Down there across from the Coke machine."

Then there was the 2nd class who was riding the 4th wing vator in a state of undress when it stopped on 4-I. Who got on but the 1st Lt. of Bancroft Hall—and his wife. The Mid, caught with his pants down, rose to the situation with some snappy dialogue, "What floor, please?"

Even though our former Deputy Dawg is no longer with us, his ghost still lives on. There's a memorandum of his floating around Sampson Hall left over from last year. Its content pertains to academics and contains an explanatory paragraph near the end. In this paragraph is the following phrase, "This document is not intended to be an *intelligent* memorandum." I'm sure it was a misprint, but it makes sense when you consider the source.

Some time back the Glee Club took a rather lengthy trip out west. While in Salt Lake City one of the more studly members of the troupe decided to contact an old acquaintance of his and make good use of his liberty time. He phoned the young lovely and gave it the old "Hi, remember me?" She came back with, "Sure, why don't you come over to my apartment?" Hardly believing his ears he flashed over to the address and knocked on the door. He was greeted with a comely smile and "Come on in, I'd like you to meet my boy friend"—also a resident of the apartment—definitely a hit below the belt.

Writer's cramp is beginning to set in, so I'd best get on with the "Well done's":

Well done to the LCdr. Proctor at the 1/c cruise test. As the crowd belly-laughed over the first few inane questions, he came out with, "Please quiet down, some guys are

actually trying to do it right."

Well done to whoever it was who cut down the nets on the O-course. You got the mile run for a reward.

Well done to the salty ex-NAP-STER who lost his lunch at the O-course—*before* running it!

Well done to the Blue Max and the academic dean for letting us all out of classes to cheer the mighty mites when they played Army—wrong!

Well done to whoever it is that picks hotels for the Big Blue to stay in when they travel. While in Norfolk to play Duke they stayed in the same hotel that held the Miss *Male* Virginia contest. It was a real inspiration for the team.

A sincere well done to the Co. officer who called down to the barber shops and told the barbers to go easy on the men from his company.

A not so sincere well done to whichever barber it was that let the Commandant know about it.

An even less sincere well done to Maximum the First for informing the Co. officers that the next one who pulls that stunt "Gets his walking papers."

Well done to Lt. Horns, Public Affairs Officer for the Glee Club. On that trip out west he ended up spending \$100.00 for only one night's entertainment.

Well done to the professors who are playing a "football" tournament on the computer terminals in Isherwood Hall. Why not? No one else ever wants to use them; it's inexpensive; and it keeps them off the streets.

Well done to Duty Judy for putting the word out that she's changed her ways. Sure Judy, whatever you say.

Well done to the six mids who beat up 5 Notre Dame fans who were picking on some plebe.

Well done to those men riding the buses up to the Notre Dame game who performed a successful unrep operation. It involved high line transfer of some fermented grape squeezings from an automobile to a bus and back. There were no casualties nor losses of valuable cargo.

Well done to those mids who held damage control and fire-fighting classes on the 11th floor of

the Sheraton after the Notre Dame game. There was especially good use made of installed fire hoses for the extinguishing of lighted cigarettes and hallway water washdowns.

Well done to the youngster who got his bus driving qualifications on the way back from the game.

Well done to Philo T. McGiffen for decorating Watch Squad and the O.D. again this Halloween.

Finally, another well done to those involved with the new rooming policy. It will again be out next week.

As I leave you once more please remember, it's not whether you win or lose it's how you play the party after the game.

(Here's your third clue to my identity: I'm actually a crusty old salt who's spent many years on the ocean.)



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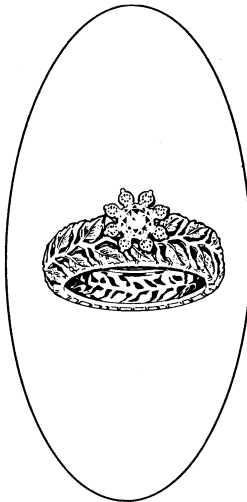
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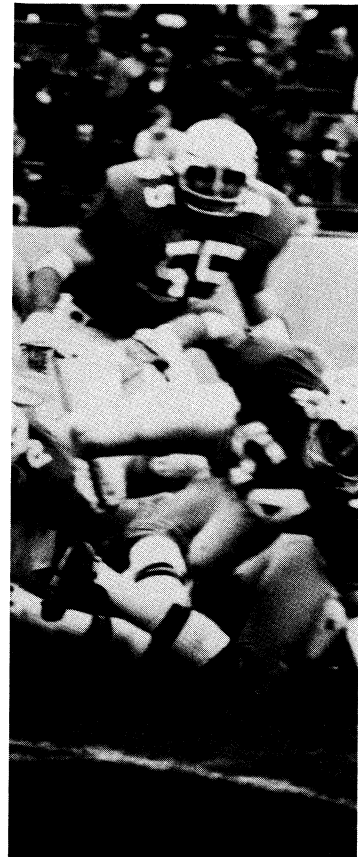
*Orange Blossom  
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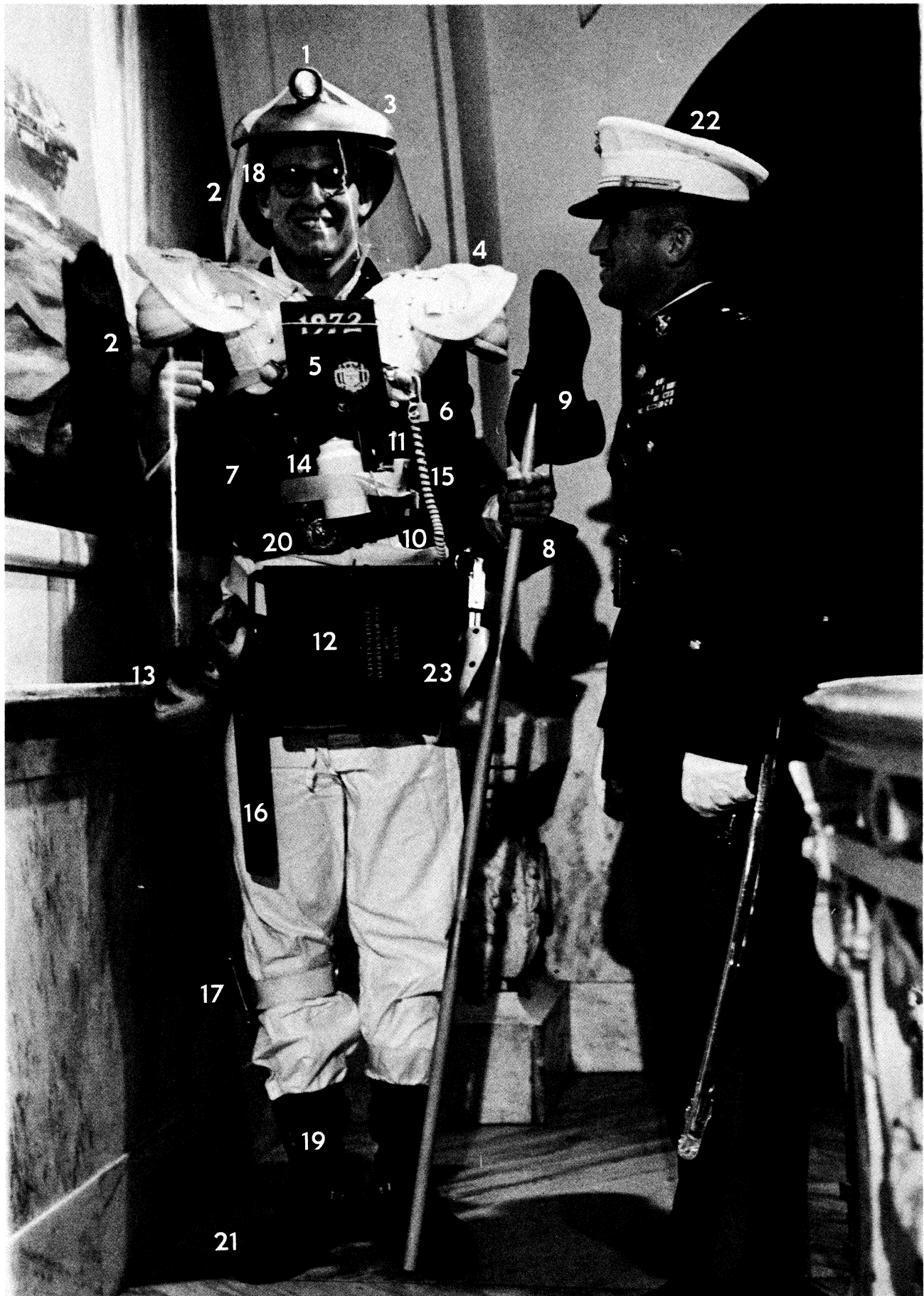
*Light bursting  
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# UNIFORM OF THE MONTH



## INFANTRY DRESS RIOT

1. Infrared standard USNA flashlight—for improved night vision.
2. Standard USNA blotter plastic visor and shield—no functional use.
3. Standard USNA hallway bell helmet—can be used to summon help by beating with a heavy object. This also will leave a ringing in rioter's ears, not to mention your own. It will also wake you up if it falls off your head should you be dozing on riot watch.
4. Standard USNA shoulder pads—also available in knee form for off duty endeavors.
5. Standard USNA Trident Calendar breastplate—can also be used for collecting dust and desk ornamentation, cheap (cheezy) Christmas presents, etc.
6. Standard USNA full dress blouse—primary 8" padding. May also be used for straightjacket to subdue rioters and make them uncomfortable. Latching of collar hook causes unbearable pain. Good for third-degree questioning.
7. Standard USNA Nav Kit—used for navigating out of tough situations behind rioter's lines. Also a good lunch box or purse.
8. Standard USNA rain gear—primary use; shower party duty, secondary use; protection against wet flowers tossed by rioters.
9. Standard USNA boondocker pungie stick—used for giving 12-foot flipper kicks and tripping rioters at long distances. Stick may be used to wave standard USNA white scarf should the going get tough.
10. Standard USNA electric razor—primary use: shaving legs for clever disguises. Also good for shaving hair off of captured rioters so that they'll become outcasts in society.
11. Standard USNA mess hall hot sauce—used as a mace substitute to blind rioters. Also used to season lunch.
12. Standard JAG manual—used to protect rioters.
13. Standard USNA O.O.D. disguise kit.

(Continued on page 20)



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IF THE GIRL  
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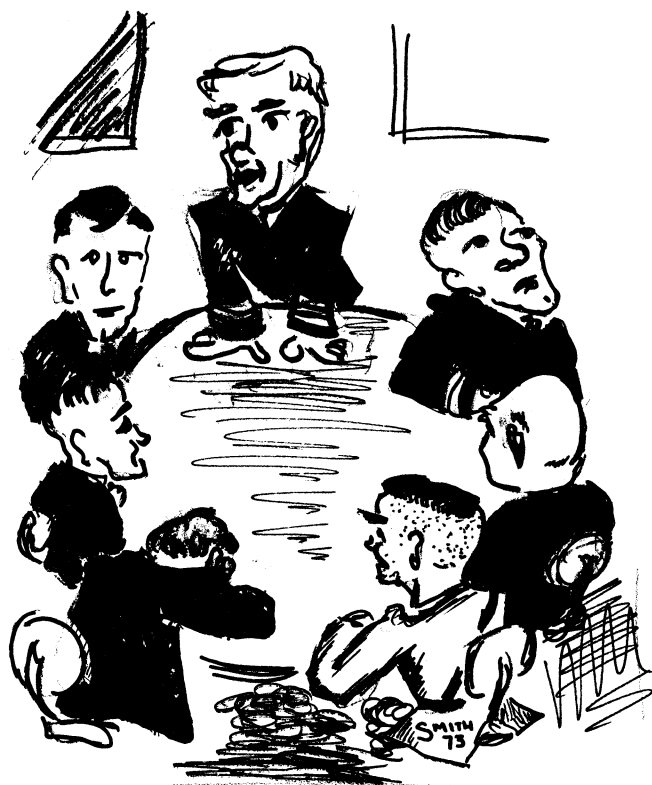
Let's face it. When you deal with diamond discount houses, the best which can be said is that you're taking a chance. Although some jewelers claim that their diamonds are available at these "savings" because they have a "deal" with the cutter or they import their own goods, they are usually offering inferior goods at inflated prices. We urge you to stop in and talk to us about diamonds. Then if you still want to take the chance, you'll at least know some of the things to avoid.

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"Formation is outside. I don't care how cold it is, one of you has to go out."

14. Standard USNA aerosol can full of Chicken Tetrizzini used to eat through brick walls.
15. Standard USNA dental floss—used to bind and secure rioters, as rioters wrap around index fingers and insert between teeth cheap shots may be rendered.
16. Standard USNA slide rule—used as light one-handed weapon. Also good for drawing straight lines.
17. Standard USNA bayonet—looks good to spectators. Also used for off-duty mumbly peg matches.
18. Standard USNA glasses—impairs eyesight in the interests of fair play.
19. Standard USNA black socks—worn with tuck-in battle dress position.
20. Standard USNA sword belt—simulates authority.
21. Standard USNA football shoes—gives traction advantage over rioters' bare feet. Also puts holes in those same feet.
22. Standard USNA O.O.D.—non functional.
23. Standard USNA shoe tree—used to keep shoes in good shape so that they look nice for the riot. Also good for cracking nuts.

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# THE LOG ADVISOR

**D**ear Log Advisor:

I am attempting to write a dictionary of all of the new terms that young people use today. I want to define terms such as "far out," "out of sight," "downer," "bummer," and "out of state." However, I am afraid that I will run out of material, and the dictionary will be extremely thin. Can you help me?

Artie Choke  
Mudflat, Miss.

*Dear Artie:*

*I agree with you that your dictionary will be thin, and more than likely not very popular. It will probably be similar to the Academy's new merit list, very short and extremely unpopular. I do have one more saying that you can add to your list. It is one of my favorites. "Upper U.S."!*

**D**ear Log Advisor:

I am a young eligible female, looking for a suitable companion. I am not very good looking, kind of dumpy, lumpy, and homely. However, I have a great personality, and I am an excellent conversationalist. I need a date. I wanna date. Can you help me?

Dee Skusting  
Gradeau, Iowa

*Dear Dee:*

**NO!**

**D**ear Log Advisor:

I understand that the Naval Academy is one of the last male strongholds in the United States. In light of this fact, what is the average midshipman's attitude toward women's liberation?

Sue Case  
Braless, New York

*Dear Sue:*

**Oink, Oink!**

**D**ear Log Advisor:

Last year the brigade was given a little dog named Larry. I haven't seen him at all this year. Do you know what happened to him?

Jim Nasium  
Barbell, Mass.

*Dear Jim:*

*Larry was gotten rid of because he left little cylindrical calling cards all over 4-1, and made a big stink about the whole thing. However, Larry was put to good use and sent down to the mess hall. You may not recognize him though, because they changed his name. They call him "veal steak" now.*

**D**ear Log Advisor:

Who are all those men in overalls standing around the yard all the time?

Nick O'Tine  
Cancer, Nevada

*Dear Nick:*

*All those men are people employed by the Naval Academy. They fall into three categories:*

- 1. Diggers and fillers*
- 2. Wreckers and builders*
- 3. Weeders and seeders*

*Despite the fact that they have different names, they all do the same thing—not much at all.*

**D**ear Log Advisor:

The last issue I asked you if there was any dope at the Academy, man. I guess you didn't dig what I was asking. What I mean is, man, is there any grass at the Academy?

Mary J. Warna  
Acapulco, Mexico

*Dear Mary:*

*Yes, there are tons of grass at the Academy. We are probably one of the biggest users of grass in the United States. In the spring and fall the grass is brought by the truckload, and distributed throughout the yard. I guess you could say that we are really into the grass thing here at good old USNA.*

*Address all questions, reasonable or not, to John Kenny, Room 5031, 7th Company. Everything will be answered.*

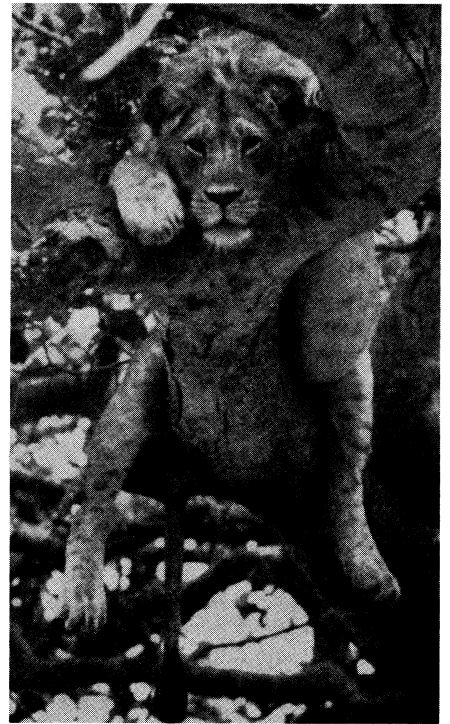


**I know it's messy but it's the only way to get back into the Hall.**

# WORTH 10,000 WORDS



Six thirty, Sunday night, SAFE!!!



Army! I'm still hung over from Notre Dame.



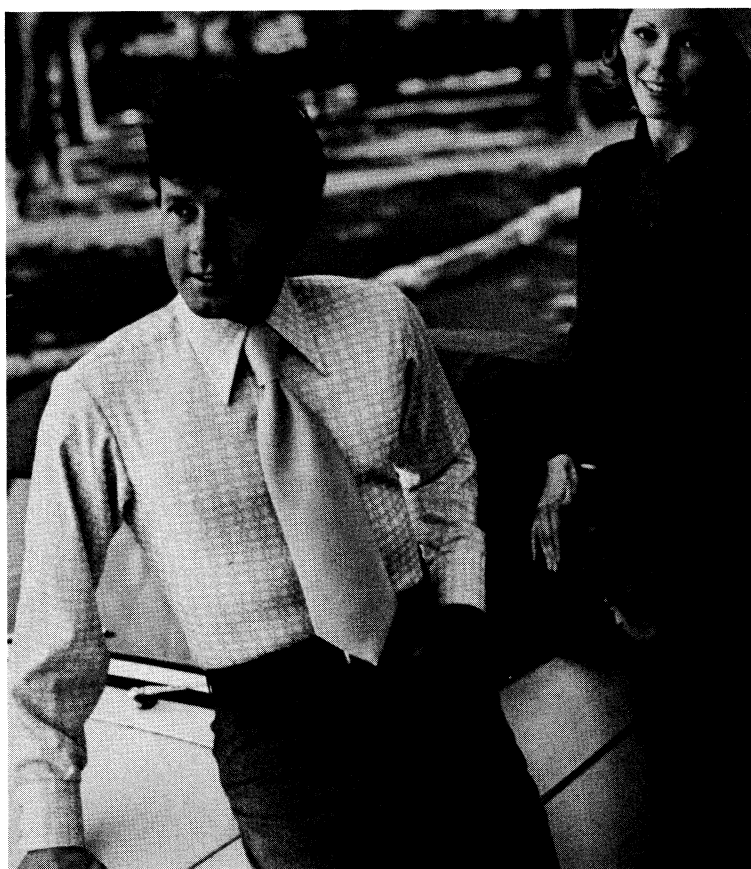
If we all get recons, can we have mustaches then?



If you don't go to the Tea Fight, I'm going to let him have you!

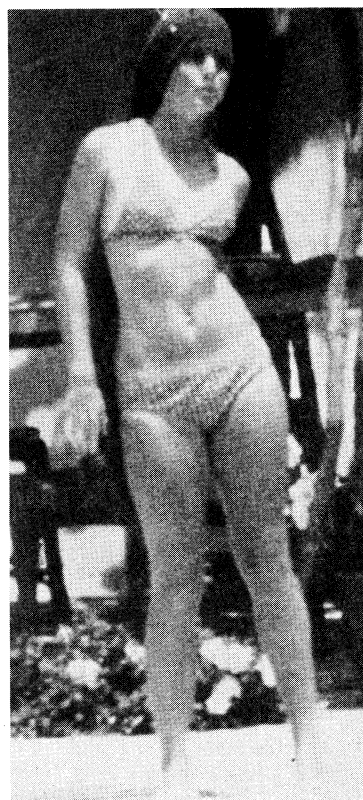


Try to control yourself, at least until we get to the motel.

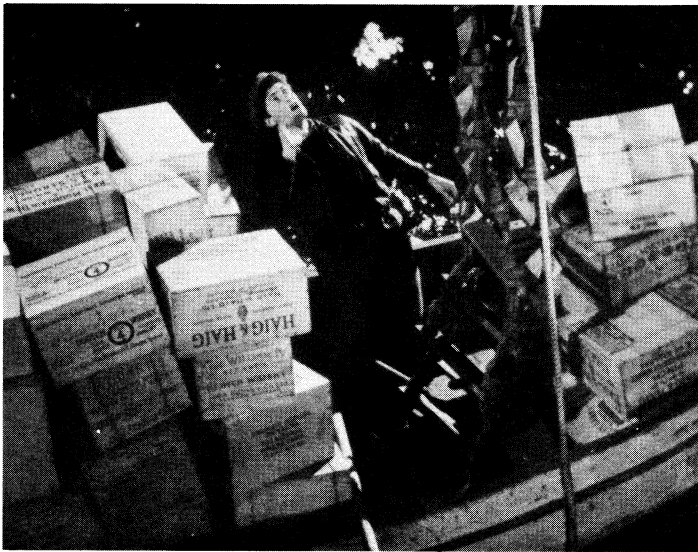


Yes, he's my husband, but ...

Is this where you return Mids after a long weekend?



I just had a thermo test.



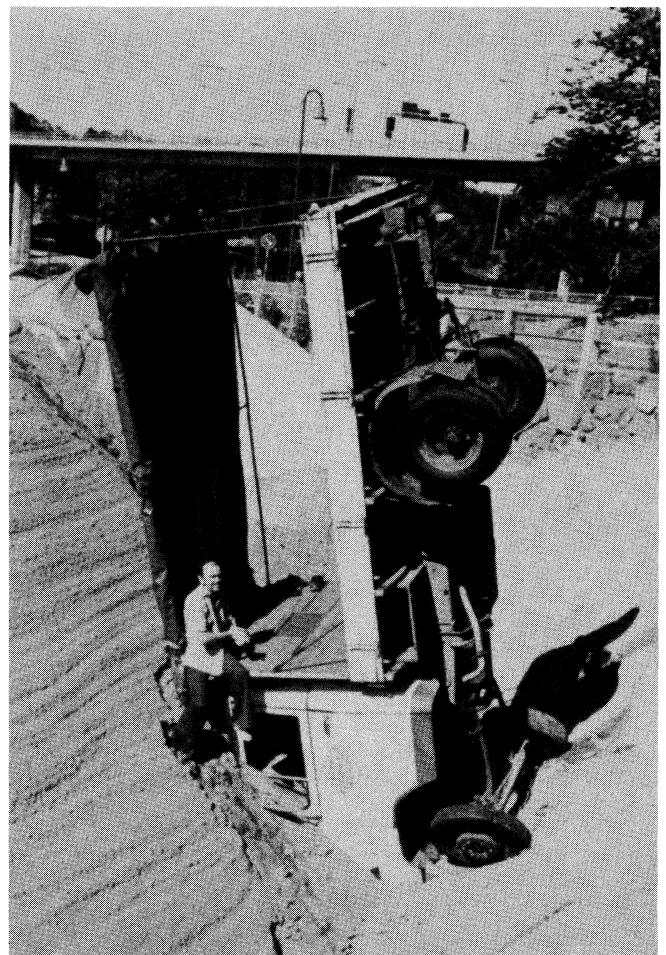
**You'd better hurry, here comes the OD.**

**Would you believe I only ate  
100 Cannonballs.**



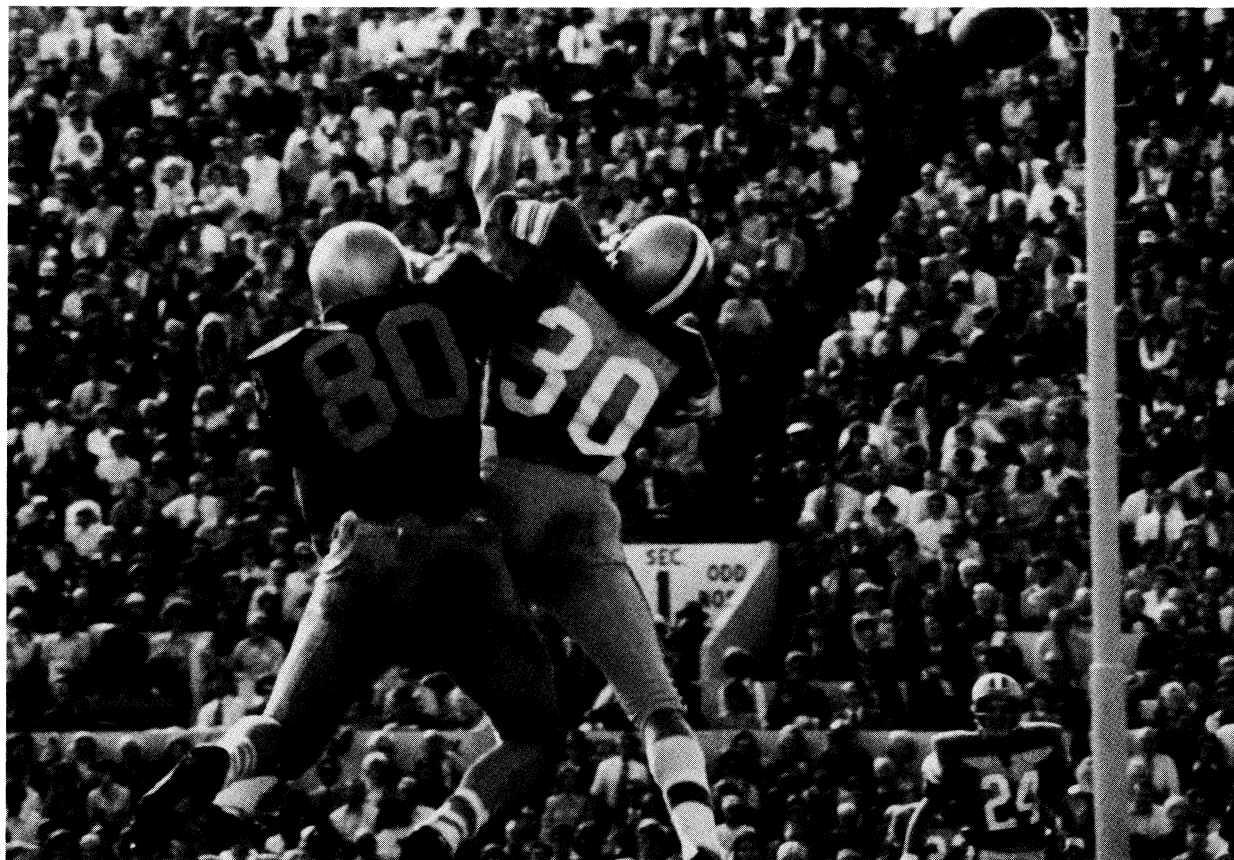
**I love veal steaks.**

**I'll never lend my truck to another Mid.**





# DUKE



**Steve Ogden and a Duke defender both attempt to snag a Glenn pass with futile results.**

In the long history of Navy-Duke football games, there have been five ties and the possibility of six was extremely evident after this year's game. The final score was 17-16 but Navy chose to go for the two-point conversion which would have given them a win rather than the almost automatic extra-point kick which would have resulted in a tie.

Navy scored first on a five-yard pass from Glenn to Jack Forde who has done an outstanding job replacing the injured Larry Van Loan. But Duke came back with a second period touchdown and the halftime score was 7-7. Navy made a terrible mistake when a defender brushed the Duke punter turning what would have been our ball into new hope for Duke and ultimately 7 points. The penalty is a judgment call by the referee and

some may question his judgment, but his word is law.

In the second half, Duke struck first with a 9-yard touchdown run. Navy countered with a 34-yard field goal by Roger Lanning. Duke then kicked an 18-yard field goal and the stage was set for Navy's final, rather tragic, scoring drive. It culminated in a five-yard pass to Jack Forde as Forde gathered in his second touchdown pass of the day. Then Navy set for the two-point conversion play and Glenn was dropping back, setting to pass when Melvin Parker, a 6-2, 212-pound defensive end from Duke, squelched hope for a Navy victory. There had been a blocking misassignment and Glenn had no chance to even look for a receiver. It's nice to win and it's saddening to lose, but it's nothing to tie.

# ZOOMIES

Navy travelled to Colorado to play a rather rough opponent. They were the Falcons of Air Force and everyone knew the Falcons were a very good team. But not everyone knew that Navy had a good team. This situation allowed for surprise when Navy ended up winning the ball game by a score of 21-17.

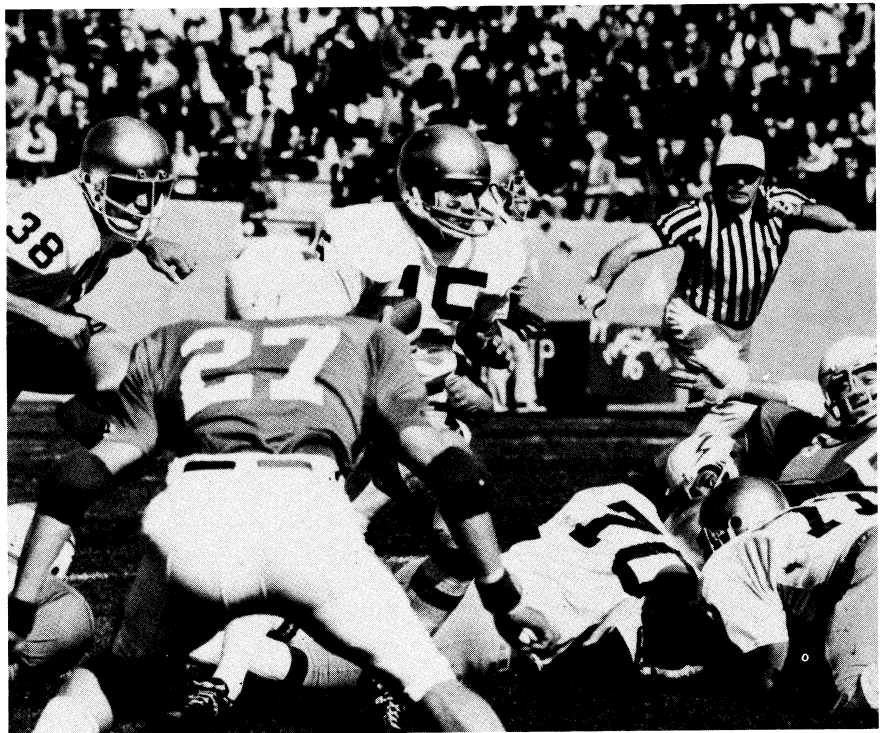
The game had begun as most had expected it would end. Air Force quickly rolled up 10 points to Navy's 0. Air Force was undefeated in five attempts before the Navy game and their offense had been outstanding in four out of those five wins. In fact the Falcons had averaged 51 points in their first four games. But then, in the second quarter, the Falcons' junior quarterback, Rich Haynie, did something he had never done before this year, he threw a pass which was intercepted, and before the second period was over he had thrown three. Navy's defensive secondary was reading the play and collapsing on the ball. Air Force coach Ben Martin attributed the interceptions to scouting. The half time score was 10-7 but the momentum had changed, with Cooper's 32-yard touchdown run after an intercepted pass.

In the third quarter, Ogden hauled in a 30-yard pass from Glenny and Navy led for the first time. But Air Force countered quickly with a 60-yard pass play to go back into the lead. Navy then got the ball on the 20 and began to march relentlessly down the field for a touchdown and a touchdown only, as they would not settle for a respectable field goal and tie. En route, the team had to convert two crucial fourth down plays. On the first, Glenny passed to Bert Calland on a roll-out and on the second fourth down showdown, Glenny ran up the middle, but on both, Navy gained the needed yardage. Finally, Dan Howard ran five yards for the final score with 31 seconds and Navy had won.

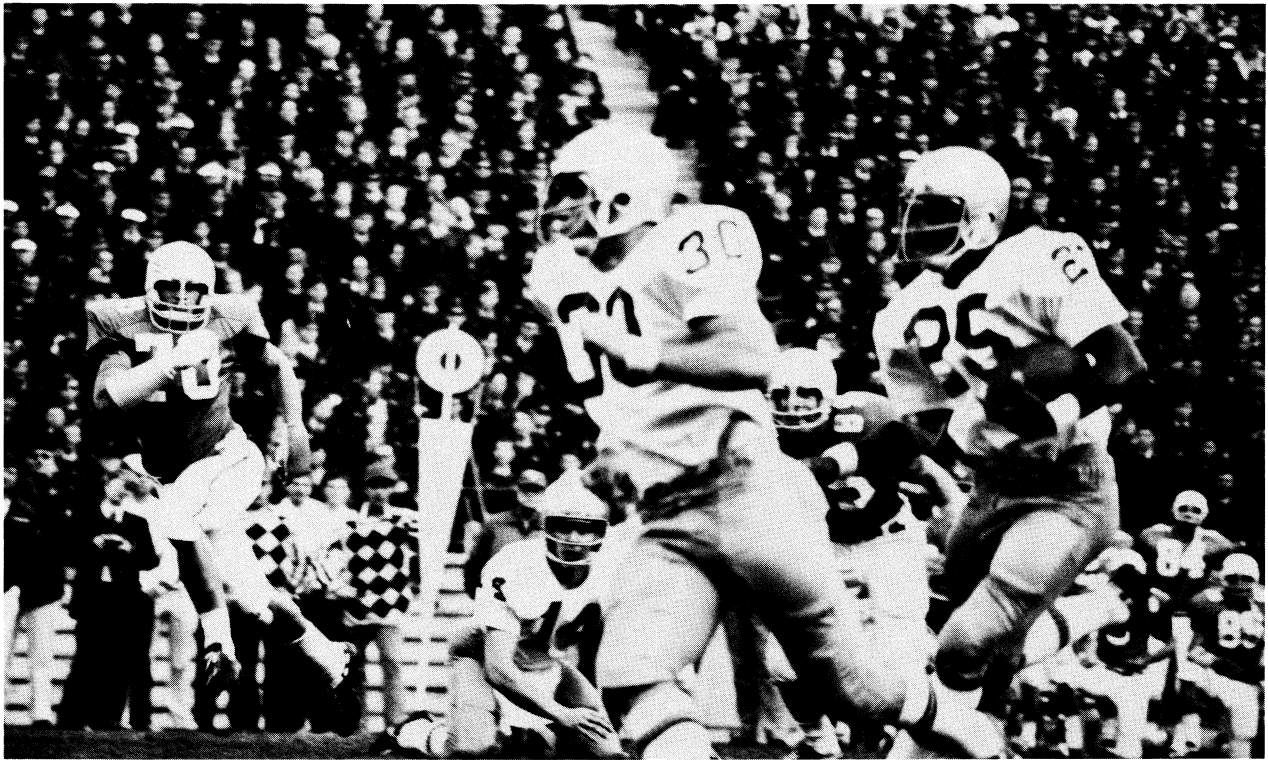


**Dan Howard runs through a gigantic hole in the Falcon defense.**

**Stuvek rambles through fallen Falcon defenders.**

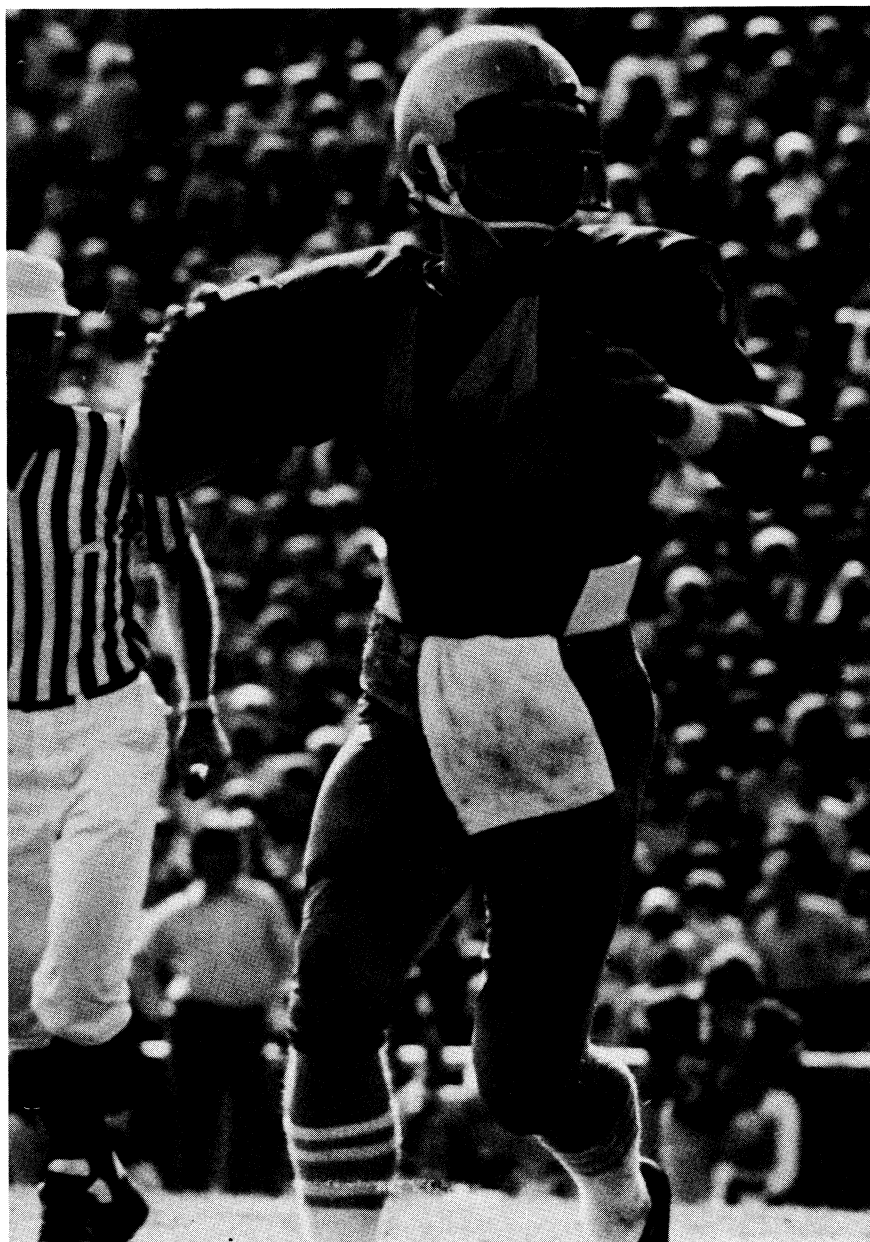


Cleveland Cooper follows Larry Carello for a Navy score.



Glenny throws to Bert Calland for important yardage.

# NOTRE DAME



The brigade seemed ready to try out number 12 ranked Notre Dame's supposed invincibility. The hunchback (or his great grandson) was hung by the neck and left hanging as our national anthem was played. The team excitedly completed its warmups and began generating psych while popping each other's shoulder pads and jumping up and down cheering. Suddenly the whistle blew, our team kicked

off and the Notre Dame returner ran through our cheering horde into our end zone for a 12-second touchdown to the immediate silence of 8000 half-grown sideburns.

The rest of the first half was nearly as disastrous. Navy's offense would drive into Notre Dame territory only to have a fifteen-yard penalty somehow put them back on their own 30-yard line, or at least it seemed that way. Meanwhile,

Notre Dame's offense had little trouble running for eight to ten yards on practically every play. The result was a hapless 35-0 halftime score.

The second half was when the team finally seemed ready. Our offense began to complete their drives for scores with Glenney hitting Bert Calland twice for scores and running for one himself. The defense caused a couple of turnovers and had an outstanding goal line stand when Notre Dame had four chances from inside our eight-yard line. After down number four, they had made it to our five. We converted on two-point conversions twice and the second half score was 23-7. Parsegian had left his first string players (except for some running backs) in for the whole game so Navy's second half play was not a fluke.

The team had begun to play well in the second half and the brigade continued the excitement in the poor city of Philadelphia where we won yet another party.

# UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF ZZZ . . . POWER

by

**peter olivieri**

In the midst of the Navy's ceaseless attempts to impress upon midshipmen the very influence of sea power upon history, it bogused out. While trying to stress the capable leadership of outstanding sea figures being studied in the gloried Sea Power course, things began to go afoul. It all began on a dreamy November afternoon when Sea Power instructors, Professors Fodder, Remote and Flirt, triangulated tactics and purchased a Time Machine in an effort to lift their sagging course.

The time machine was simple in nature: capable of hurling someone back to any period in history. Many plebes were aroused from slumber upon first sighting the device and still others came to after Professor Flirt failed to return after a demonstration of the machine's operations. A perplexed Professor Remote noticed Flirt's travel log, which propelled him to 42nd Street, New York City. Professor Fodder could only nibble at his finger in anguish. The duo remaining, however, were determined to continue with their demonstration to the class, which after the initial shock of the machine passed, once again were nodding their heads in a drugged overdue snooze.

With all the commotion going on and the very mechanical instructor Remote kicking the side of his time tunnel, I, rather curious, strolled toward the equipment. I was immediately overwhelmed by Professor Fodder and introduced to the class as one who volunteered to go back to the Age of Sail and interview the British Admiral Nelson.

A few heads bobbed up in apparent agreement, so into the machine I hopped and quickly spun directly to the home of Lord Nelson.

After the awkwardness of my arrival was explained to a bewildered Nookie, which he insisted on being called, I was pressed with vintage drink and edibles from his pleasure-garden.

It became very evident why my Professor always referred to Nelson as Lord HIGH Admiral. Being an affable and socially oriented soul, I accepted his drinks, and we sailed upon the same frequency, but I with the purpose of an interview yet in mind.

Unfortunately, his material generosity was equally and oppositely matched with his tremendous ego. Personally I found his tales of the sea boring and, accordingly, I told him so. At this point, hopes for an interview diminished, but we quickly mended our differences.

We began speaking of achievements and conquests and Nelson gloriously proclaimed he was a favorite of the queen. Known always as an opportunist, I reiterated my situation at the Naval Academy and how I've been confined to the limits of a small town. Rather innocently, I asked him where the queen may be found so I could confront her. He told me he could arrange an audience with her Highness. (I approved of his reference to the queen as high but didn't particularly care for our meeting in front of an audience.)

After the time and place was set for my visit, we rambled on to other topics. Nelson did, by the way, possess a curious habit of humming a tune solely with short and prolonged belches. Quite well, I may add. It was for the first time that I took note of the Admiral's dismembered frame and questioned him as to how he lost his eye and other parts of his person.

He began by telling me of his strong affinity towards the opposite sex. I speedily agreed with his listings of points of interest. He went beyond this, however, and mentioned his once peculiar trait to scope out Danish damsels: one eye focusing on the lower construction and the other winking knowingly at the suspecting creature. It was in Copenhagen, known even then as a "loose town," that he practiced his well-known habit, only this time was poked in the eye by a flying fist from a dainty hand-maiden.

Nelson was nicknamed, "Old Crusty" by a French madame after one visit. But he countered this by branding French lasses as "wildly foreign," scornfully pointing to his set of distorted limbs, after one gal performed a hammerlock double take down once in a Paris alley.

Without going into particulars, he had nothing but ill-words for all German beauties, pointing to large bruises and missing fingers, he waved his first angrily calling them "wild Huns." It seems he contracted his injuries after an amphibious siege on a summer day on the banks of the Rhine.

I interrupted Nelson's now potent words, finally recalling what it was I wanted to ask him. "Nookie," I said, "what has been the influence of sea power upon history?"

The impact of my question obviously sobered the whelp to a degree of answering. He first asserted my point, "You ask if I'm under the influence! You blasted rogue . . .!"

I managed to calm the Admiral down to a degree of once again pressing my question. He waited very deliberately and slowly answered, "But what's that got to do with the price of bananas."

At those words, I was suddenly transported back to my classroom. Professor Fodder, again chewing on his person, waited expectantly for my comments. Impatient, he directed the question, "How did history influence you?"

I sat down at this, feeling quite awkward by being the only student bright and awake, sunk my chin into my chest, curled up my legs and mumbled . . . Z power, man, Z pow . . . ZZZzz.





# THE BIG MACK

by steve dean

When Vice Admiral Mack assumed the position as Superintendent of the U. S. Naval Academy on June 16, 1972, he brought with him a record of genuine achievement rarely attained in today's Navy. He is, undoubtedly, one of the most remarkable men to head the Academy in many years.

But, after all, most of us are well-versed in his past, which is open to public scrutiny each fair weather Wednesday. What struck me most upon interviewing the Admiral, however, aside from his fine record, was his warmth, humor and real concern for Midshipmen.

Admiral Mack, I must admit, was in excellent form the day of our meeting. The story is often told by him of one incident occurring soon after his arrival at the Naval Academy. Upon walking through the yard the Admiral was approached by an elderly man who asked, "Where is the Superintendent's mansion?" Vice Admiral Mack very bluntly remarked, "The house is directly across from Luce Hall, but I think the museum would be more interesting and it's air conditioned!" The tourist smiled and said, "Thank you, young man. It's good to see someone knows what's going on around here."

Well, it was quite evident after my conversation with the Admiral that the elderly man was correct; he is one person who knows exactly what's going on. When the question arose as to how the Naval Academy is continually able to attract outstanding men in the face of so many personal restrictions, the Admiral quickly referred to our certain knowledge of the traditional benefits of a USNA education and then pointed to the cost of a college education at a civilian university compared to that of the Academy. As if this incentive wasn't sufficient, he pressed the plight of our civilian

contemporaries who not only must solve the problem of finding a date, but of financing one. Midshipmen are highly aware that our contributory payments are exacted in other ways, but the Admiral's argument concerning girls must be conceded, but only as hitting below the belt.

Much of the Admiral's quick wit and repartee can most probably be attributed to his experience gained while a Midshipman here at the Naval Academy. It was during his heydays as a firstclassman that he sported his talent for humor. Admiral Mack was the notorious Salty Sam of his class whose poison pen struck the funny bone of all *The Log* subscribers. For example: *Score One*

*A femme obligingly writes us this little tale about a First classman—*

*It seems, says she, that a certain Middie scored a big hit with a blind date, an extremely wealthy and fairly attractive girl from New York. The attraction was mutual and for a long time the two were thick as thieves. Eventually, however, our Middie got tired of the young lady's high-handed, hey-hey ways and she in turn got fed up with some of his personal peculiarities. In short, they decided to break things off.*

*Well, after some time the Middie received insistent letters from his ex-girl that he return her photo, which he ignored in the very best Naval tradition. Finally, he received curt notice that if he did not mail the photograph immediately, Papa, a man of much influence in Washington, would take drastic steps through official channels.*

*Whereupon, our unperturbed Midshipman rounded up all the available photographs in Crabtown,—photos of sisters, cousins, O.A.O.'s and plain femmes. These he wrapped up in one enormous bundle which he mailed to New*

*York with the following note—*

*"Please pick out yours. I've forgotten what you look like."*

After a few more reminiscences about Old Salty, we next spoke of our academic system, and while there is a wide selection of majors, this interviewer offered the opinion that it is yet impossible to obtain a truly liberal education with the many professional and required courses. In the Admiral's opinion, here lies "the heart of the Academy." The objective is not to provide a liberal education but rather to provide each midshipman with the technical background needed in a modern navy. At the same time, however, it is hoped that the education will provide us with the liberal basics, that we can develop further either in graduate school or through our own reading of the humanities. Thus, sometime after leaving, the Academy graduate will have approached a university-educated civilian.

We at last discussed the rumored change in hair regulations. (The interview took place in early October.) I believe everyone can recognize the work of the Superintendent as the man most responsible for the new regs. Upon relentless questioning, a sly grin came over Admiral Mack's lips, he chuckled and finally responded, "I've been considering the proposal . . . (but) I'm afraid I won't be able to go as far as you would like me to. But I have been looking for a geographic location for the sideburns and I will say that there will be an improvement."

Throughout the interview, it was quite apparent that the interests of the Superintendent lie with the midshipmen. All in all, it was the general attitude, unparalleled wit, and keen understanding that presses me to say, "It's good to see someone knows what's going on around here."

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY  
Annapolis, Maryland 21402

Canc: Dec 72  
COMDTMIDNNOTE 1000  
31 October 1972

COMDTMIDN NOTICE 1000

From: Commandant of Midshipmen

Subj: Advance Change No. 5-1 to Midshipmen Regulations

1. Purpose. To publish advance notice of change to Midshipmen Regulations, article 0420.

2. Action. The following change is effective this date:

a. Delete Article 0420 and replace with following:

"0420. HAIR AND BEARDS.

1. Midshipmen shall keep their hair neatly trimmed. The haircut shall present an evenly graduated appearance and be tapered to the skin at the hairline of the sides and back. In no case shall the length of hair exceed four inches on top. The hair shall be combed in such a manner that it remains clear of the forehead when uncovered and does not protrude below the band of properly worn headgear in front. Sideburns shall be neatly trimmed and shall not extend below the lowest part of the exterior ear opening. They shall be uniform in width throughout their length (no flare), and shall end up at a clean-shaven horizontal line.

2. Moustaches and beards or other forms of facial hair not specified will not be permitted.

3. Midshipmen are not permitted to cut other midshipmen's hair or to receive haircuts from other midshipmen."

3. Cancellation. When action has been completed.

  
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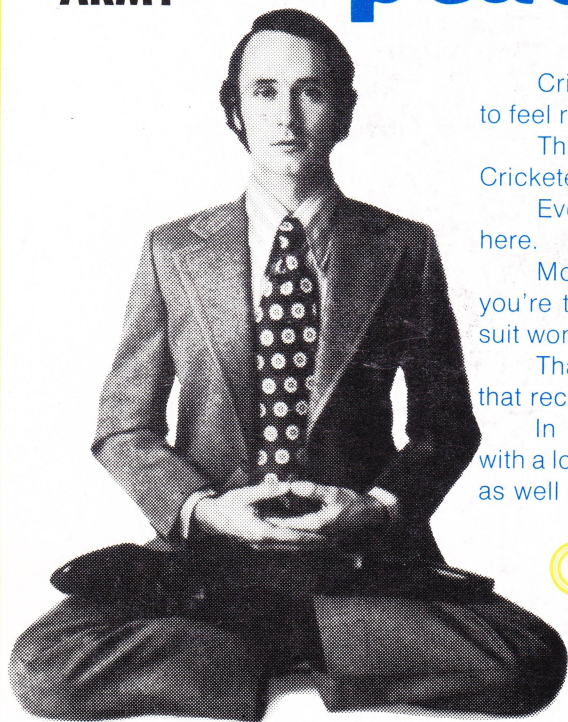
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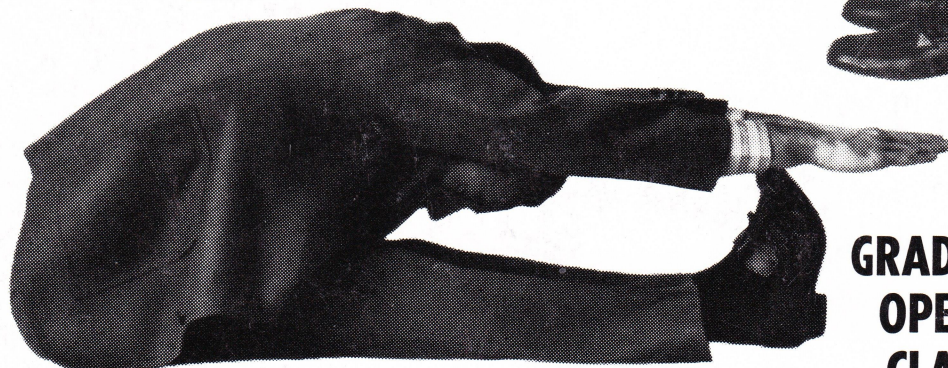
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