

the LOG

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY
VOL. 62, NO. 4 DECEMBER 13, 1972 50¢

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

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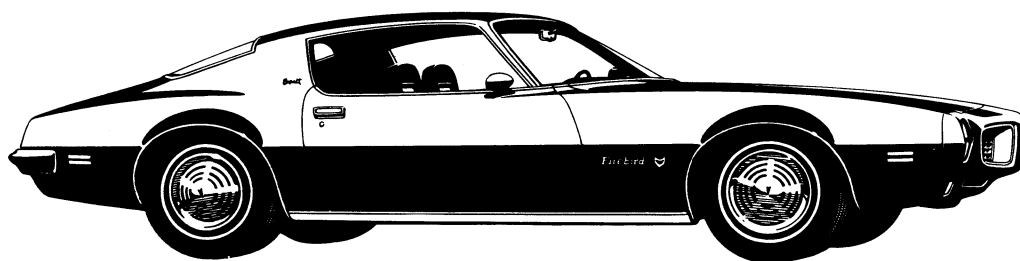
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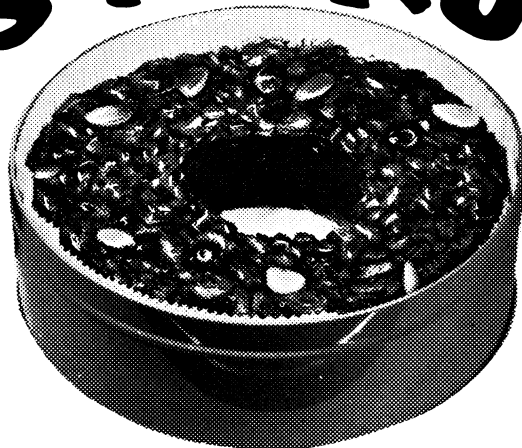
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NAVAL SEA CADET CORPS

OBSERVES 10TH BIRTHDAY

Washington, D. C. The Naval Sea Cadet Corps (NSCC), an all-volunteer, youth-training organization of young men 14 through 17, will observe its 10th anniversary this fall. Federally chartered in September 1962, the Naval Sea Cadet Corps is jointly sponsored and administered by the Navy League and the U. S. Department of the Navy.

After rigid mental and physical requirements have been met, the Sea Cadet recruits are given an opportunity to learn the ways of the Navy and Marine Corps. But they are in no way obligated to any of the military services. The Corps is not a recruiting program. (If a Sea Cadet develops a true interest in the Navy, however, he can enlist as an E-3.) Patriotism, courage, self-reliance, and confidence are qualities which the Naval Sea Cadet program develops. While some Cadets go on to lifetime careers in the Navy, others are sparked to scientific and scholarly pursuits fostering oceanic advancement.

The Naval Sea Cadet's training includes classroom training, a two-week summer program, shipboard training, and, on occasion, exchange programs with allied countries. Sea Cadets are afforded the opportunity to study in various disciplines including oceanography, construction, medicine, naval officers' preparatory courses, engineering aspects of avionics and nucleonics. In addition to the classroom and advancement-in-training programs, extensive instruction is provided in water safety, military bearing, and Navy history, customs and traditions. Cadets are also given presentations explaining both civilian and military career opportunities during special career counseling periods.

The activities and accomplishments of the Sea Cadets are varied and worthwhile. Indeed, the Navy League and the Navy share a deep pride in their Sea Cadets. In this, the tenth year of the NSCC, opportunities for advancement are unprecedented. The Corps has grown to 300 units with nearly 10,000 cadets and officers participating. It is an unusual opportunity to both

educate and learn. For science, exploration, technology, jobs and adventure, the seas are a new frontier. Those who seek to join will be those who meet the challenge of sailing far into the future.

Frank E. Raab, RADM, USNR-R
President

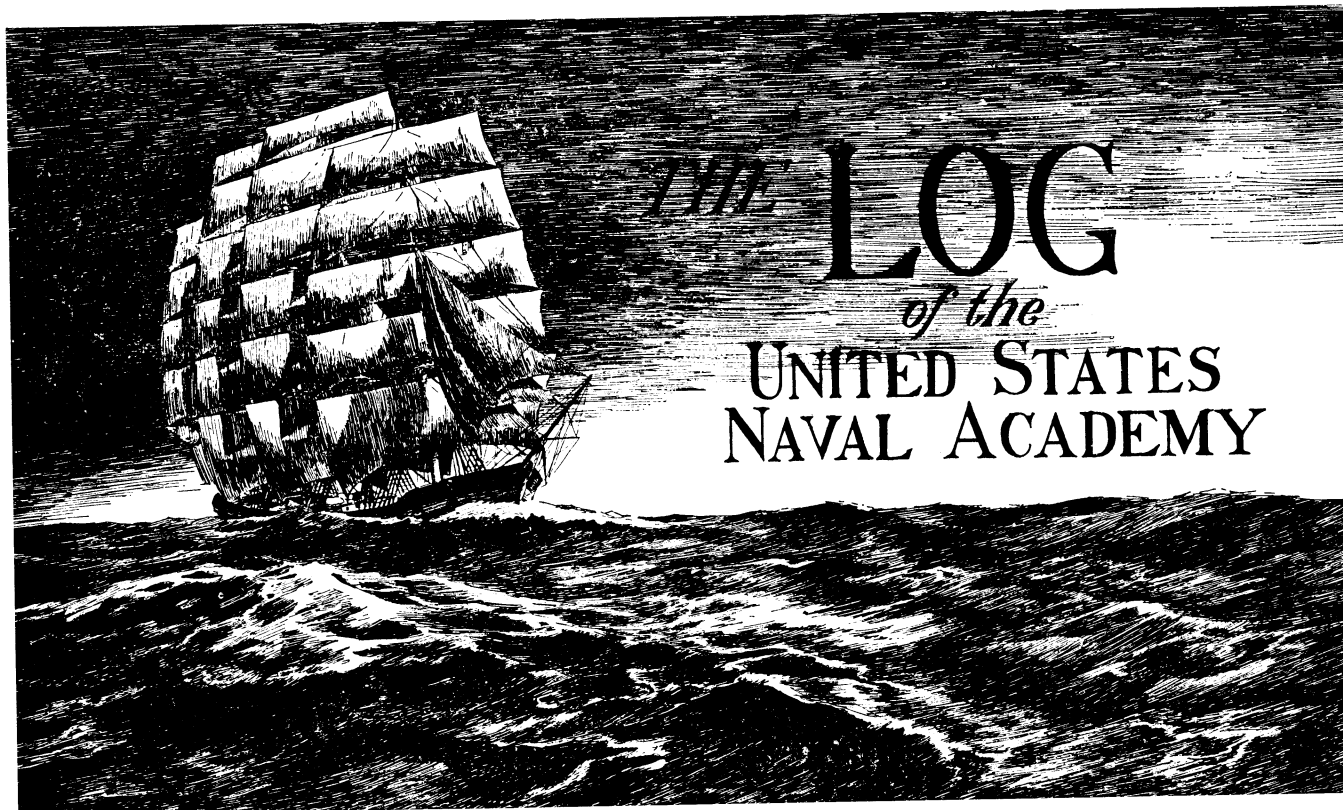
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Standing in the fading light of a late autumn afternoon, I watch a mass of fallen leaves being swirled aimlessly around in the vacant parking lot beneath my window and wonder if perhaps my life has as much direction as those leaves. Suddenly, the wind dies and a large leaf near the lot exit breaks free from the main group—heading towards the exit and . . . freedom. I watch the leaf with rapt attention and find myself intently eager to see that one, lone leaf escape the confines of the parking lot. But, seconds later, a strong gust of wind catches the leaf just short of its goal and sends it whirling end-over-end back into the engulfing confines of the waiting lot . . . dashing my hopes to pieces! Disgusted and weary, I turn away from the endless, autumnal ballet being performed below me and wonder why the ordeal of that leaf and its tragedy affected me as sharply as it did.

Those leaves . . . those damn leaves . . . even at night they continue to haunt me . . . endlessly swirling, rustling and scratching around in the lot. During the night the noise of the leaves becomes a desperate cry—a long, continuous moaning that invades my soul and sets every fiber of my being tingling with an eerie uneasiness. And I lay awake wondering what it is they are trying to say to me . . . wondering . . . wondering why my life is as dead as those leaves! I was happy once—free to feel, to run, to laugh, to live. ALIVE . . . once sometime ago . . . as those leaves were alive and green . . . once sometime ago. Now they are dead, lifeless—harbingers of death for other living things.

Those leaves—they're doomed to a cycle dictated by nature, and so, too, am I. But, mine needn't be as brief—as seasonal—as theirs. Yet, time does slip by rather quickly and when the time for living is past I will never be able to call it back and live the time that I've killed. So, why . . . WHY do I continue to stand at my window watching the ballet of the leaves day . . . after day . . . after day?

by Tom Harrigan



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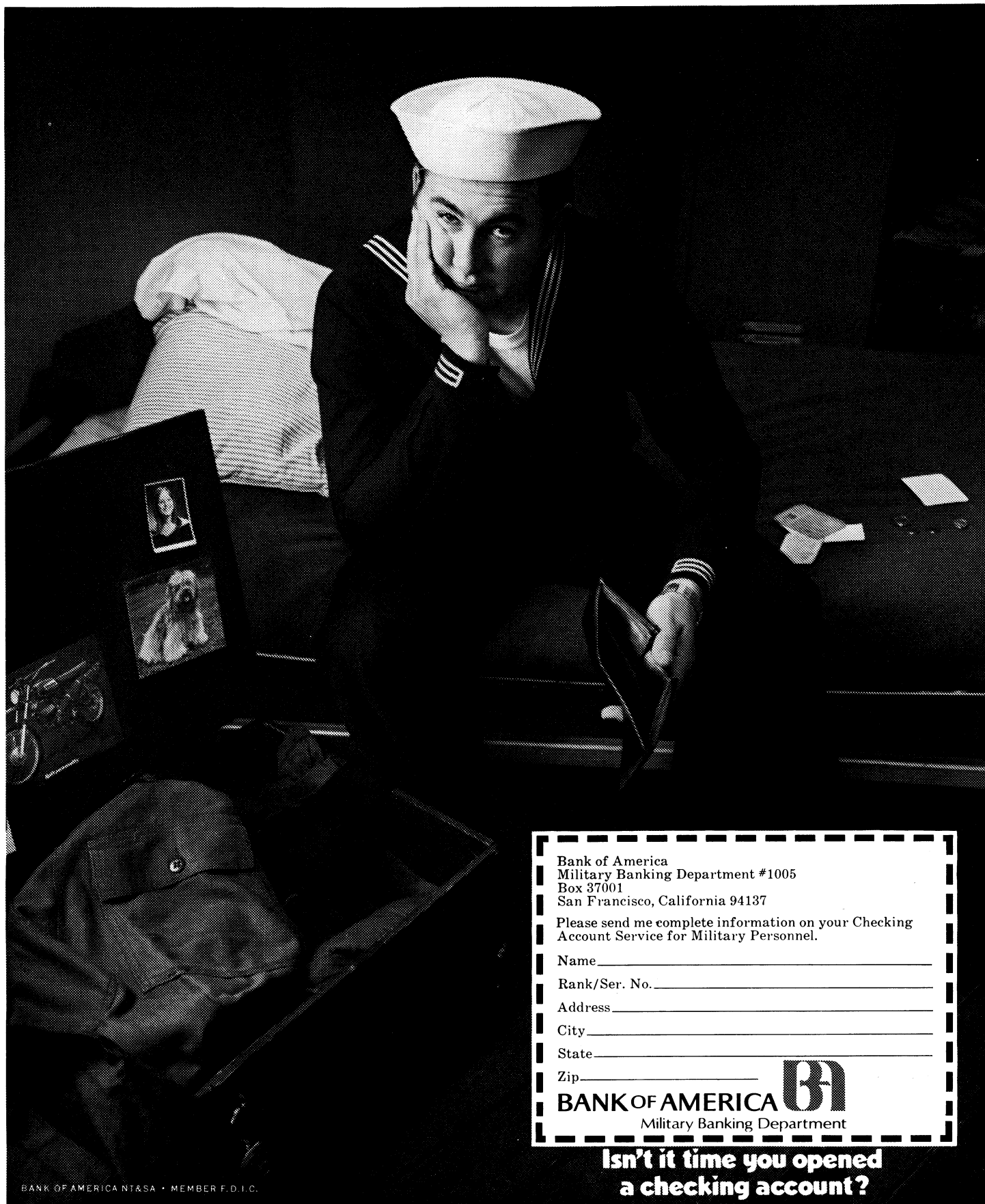
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Faithful Readers,

Two great forces on campus are engaged at this very moment in a contest for your very soul. These forces have arisen from the inability of philosophic sublimation to check the rising tide of eroticism in modern society. Over the question of what to do with all the excess sexual energy, an unbridgeable schism has developed.

In one camp are the space grunts, termed thus for the chic lunar costumes they wear to birthday parties and a self-proclaimed, though certainly obscure, connection with careerism.

Their solution to the dilemma is to entirely surrender themselves to the pleasures of the flesh, though they make a small and transparent effort to disguise this doctrine. They claim, as foolish as it sounds, that you can get anything you want by merely chanting over and over again a particular foreign phrase (huptoophthreepforp). To throw you off, they actually do this sometimes, small groups of them collecting in centrally located areas especially selected for their early morning acoustic qualities. No doubt you've heard them; they sound like millions of crazed locusts. But this is only a front; for important rites they go in clusters to more private places. You can see them, hours later, returning from these sorties, peacefully smiling at their purifaction. If you approach them at these times, they will assure you with certain conviction that since they have become space grunts they've gotten anything they want. But do you see Lincoln sedans parked along the sea wall, fortunes dropping in their laps? Have they become fine scholars, superlative athletes? And yet they insist they get anything they want. But what do they want? They want what everyone wants, what you want. Only they get it . . . 'cause they give it to each other.

Opposed to them are the Rickoverites; any connection between these and thoughtful line types is purely physical. The Rickoverites have developed an incredible device for ridding themselves of painful overstimulation. It is easy to recognize new recruits by their incessantly beaming but pale white faces and bodies and endless obnoxious good will, all due to the wonderful feeling of relief they have gotten being finally unburdened of their insatiated horniness. They has arrived at this inner peace of adopting a cosmic, sexless Lover to whom they turn when excitement becomes too great (SSBN's, SSN's, etc.). Like lovers everywhere, Rickoverites will talk to anybody at all about the virtues of their beloved subs in the unquestioned assumption that everyone else is as interested in their Love Object as they are. Occasionally their Beloved becomes in their minds especially tangible and desirable, at which times they are given to throb and twitch until their passions are spent. The popular term for this is: "A visit from the god of steam."

As the power of each of these groups grows, the final battle to decide service selection at Navy comes ever nearer. Both camps want you on their side in this crucial encounter, and are actively drafting from the dwindling body of as yet undecided. How are we to resist the lascivious rites of the one and still avoid escaping into the unnatural fantasies of the other?

There is only one hope: Play chess! Give your soul to CHESS and have salvation from Rickoverites and Space Grunts. With CHESS in your heart, you can dissipate excess sexual energy, retain your dignity, and make an intelligent selection. Because CHESS is nothing other than the highest form of symbolic sex. What a wonderful and harmless release! But since all of this is only symbolic, you leave the board refreshed but untainted, with the intelligent selection of Navy Line.

respectfully,
the myth?

Bill Shipley

Dear Sir,

I believe that Steele Glenn's recently enumerated beliefs on alcoholic consumption and his proposed solutions are preposterous. To put his propositions into effect would merely be applying cosmetics to a deeply rooted problem instead of solving it, somewhat like giving a man an extra inch of hair and longer sideburns.

As I see it, this problem lies within the Naval Academy system itself. I do not include the academic divisions, not even Naval Command and Management. As the organization which sets the pace of things here, the Office of the Commandant is primarily to blame for the existence of the problem. A secondary but significant part of the blame lies within the Brigade itself, for though there may be reasons for acting like a "21-year-old boy," there cannot be excuses.

I agree wholeheartedly with Steele's idea that he who is treated as a mature individual will respond in a like manner, but the Naval Academy system by its nature precludes this. I won't elaborate on my beliefs here, as I intend to treat them extensively in an article for an upcoming issue of *Trident* magazine.

Bruce Castleman, 1/c

The Gospel according to St. Maxwell

... and God said,

$$\begin{aligned}\vec{\nabla} \cdot \vec{E} &= \frac{\rho}{\epsilon_0} \\ \vec{\nabla} \times \vec{E} &= -\frac{\partial \vec{B}}{\partial t} \\ \vec{\nabla} \cdot \vec{B} &= 0 \\ C^2 \vec{\nabla} \times \vec{B} &= \frac{\vec{j}}{\epsilon_0} + \frac{\partial \vec{E}}{\partial t}\end{aligned}$$

... and there was light.

The Gospel according to St. Luce

And it came to pass that the very young children of Bancroft entered into the land of Luce, and there were many rooms therein; and some from their number went into a room and immediately the light of knowledge was turned on, and a great voice roared from the light and they were seized with great fear for the voice spoke a strange tongue; and upon the board there was a great circle with many symbols they did not comprehend. And it came to pass that a great vector that was called "rm" was pointed upon them and they cried out and wrung their hands and were afraid for surely they would perish. But lo amongst them was a wise prophet and he said unto them, "Hadst thou not asked the great 'Z' for deliverance?" and they were much ashamed and besought the great one from across the sea. And he was struck with pity and didst slay the great vector with a solution and the children rejoiced as the great "Z" said unto them: "It came to pass that many years ago as I was walking amongst the untrained a voice called down to me and said, 'Great Z, take these two stone tablets that have been engraved with the secrets of the mysterious maneuvering board, walk among your people and put out the gouge.'" And the tablets had written upon them:

- I. Thou shalt call vector "er" true course and speed of reference ship
- II. Thou shalt call vector "em" true course and speed of maneuvering ship.
- III. Thou shalt call vector "rm" relative direction and relative speed of maneuvering ship.
- IV. Thou shalt not originate any vector from the middle of the board lest it be a true vector.
- V. These three vectors will be referred to as "speed triangle".
- VI. Thou shalt plot the position of the maneuvering ship as M_1, M_2 , etc.
- VII. Thou shalt connect M_1, M_2 , etc. and call this relative plot.
- VIII. Thou shalt only compute CPA from DRM.
- IX. Thou shalt always compute CPA as bearing, range and time.
- X. Thou shalt never endeavor to mix a true and relative quantity.

As I left the presence of the great one these final words were cast upon me, "Heed these commandments or you will suffer the overwhelming wrath of the Academic Board and future commanding officers."

So be it!



Arh! We're sailing on wintry seas now.

In keeping with the Christmas spirit, I too feel that it's much more rewarding to give than to receive. So, for my present to the Brigade I'm going to give out a number of well-honed harpoons to a few select, deserving flounders.

First, let me digress for a few paragraphs. On the Wednesday night of the recent long, long, long weekend for first class, two red-blooded, all-American Jack Armstrong types decided to forego their much-deserved liberty to partake of some handball and a refreshing plunge into the shark-infested waters of the natatorium. There was a local civilian team using it for practice purposes but after asking permission from its coach our two sportsmen proceeded to cool off.

At this point the villains appeared on the scene (as they always do). The O.O.D. and his mate (who happened to be some Cdr.) stroked in and informed the two that they didn't rate swimming. The flawless logic that they used to explain why swimming was not allowed was that "There are probably 4000 other mids who all want to swim too." This of course makes all the sense in the world when you consider that 2000 of those 4000 were on weekends or overnights, 80% of the remaining 2000 were out quenching their thirsts on "foamies" and the final 20% were out playing football under the lights. That apparently left only Mark Spitz and Johnny Weismuller who wanted to swim. The result of this encounter was of course very worthwhile. The two mids dried off and went out in town with most of their counterparts and tested their pollution index with some sort of mind-bending brew. The officers, who were still all wet, left the pool area to go turn off the lights on Farragut Field.

Not only do OOD's check for swimming offenders but they perform other useful functions as well.

For instance, after evening meal formations on Sunday night they check firsties' cars for parking offenders. While carrying out this rather serious business a few Sundays ago, LCdr. McRuin had his fun spoiled. He was completely unsuccessful until he came around to the Reflection Pool area. There he spied two youngsters and their ladyfriends becoming intimately acquainted with each other. As he was about to close in for the kill, the car behind the youngsters', apparently also filled with amorous offenders, bolted forward and wheeled out of its spot. This move fairly startled McRuin out of his skivvies not to mention almost making him a hood ornament. In the next few moments the youngsters in the first car made a snap decision to follow suit while the O.O.D. was changing his underwear. They, too, roared out of their spot, leaving LCdr. McRuin standing in a cloud of dust staring blankly at two empty parking spaces. Nice try Hot Dog!

Then there was the famous inside/outside noon meal formation. Another function of the O.O.D. is to call the shots on whether we stand at attention inside or huddle in shivering masses outside at noon-time. Well, on that memorable day LCdr. Zipp and Lt. Kirk Fatrick decided to waive this command decision and wait for word from higher echelons. So the Mark I, Mod O, Deputy Commandant Weather Vane walked outside, threw his arms up in the air and decreed that it was warm enough for an outside formation. He dashed inside before frostbite set in and passed the word on to Zipp. From that point it came down to the Brigade as "inside," then "outside," then at the one minute call "inside" again. The result was that a few battalions formed up inside and a few outside. Chuckles, the Brigade buffoon, remained oblivious to the entire circus going on throughout the hall, rolled out of the sack and ambled down to the staff table. It was there that the

A.O.D., Honky Dave Saintpatrick, asked the immortal question, "Who's supposed to call commands, anyway?"

For those of you underclass who aren't happy with your first class leadership this year, wait 'til next year. My timbers are shivering with glee that I won't be around to live under the reign of "Sarge" Grunt-fall, the current 2/c Brigade buffoon. He's been making himself very popular at the anchor microphone lately by verbally whipping the entire 3/c for leaving the messhall too early in the mornings. They were probably going up to his room to light his laundry on fire. If that didn't gain him enough respect then I'm sure he got it for the following move. One Sunday morning at chapel choir formation he made 2/3's of the group go back to their rooms and get their raingear. He called a "reformation" ten minutes later. But I guess any guy who voluntarily fires himself during 2/c summer can't be all bad.

It seems as though the youngsters have some winners wearing invisible stripes too. A 5-striper designee turned in one of his classmates (who was also in his squad) for a plebe indoctrination violation some time ago. The "offender" had allowed his girl to playfully brace up a plebe a few minutes before a weekend formation. What are classmates for?

Speaking of serious offenses, here's a dandy. The recent scandal over a violation of the Brigade's smoking privilege left our ranks somewhat depleted. There was, however, one soul who survived the onslaught and is still alive to talk about it (*barely* alive, I might add). This seemingly naive ploob was merely present at the scene of the crime and unknowingly passed a single "funny" cigarette along, not realizing what it was nor partaking of its nonregulation fumes. What's the award for this conduct offense? 260 demos *followed* by three months of restriction. Merry Christmas!

One of the highlights of the cruiser-destroyer party was slipped into my mailbox and I feel compelled to pass it on. A rather studly 1/c attending the affair attempted to snake a Pentagon LCdr.'s wife. At the end of the evening he and another 1/c were offered a ride back by the LCdr. and of course his wife. During the course of the ride our stud lost his cookies, colorfully decorating the back seat of the car. This had no effect on the stolid Navy wife. She maintained her pleasant smile and didn't bat an eye as the other firstie pushed Mr. Class' head out the window. As the car stopped to drop off the mids, the wife smiled a goodbye. Here's the big-time reply, "Ma'am, sorry about blowing grits all over your car!"

On a lighter subject, did you know that there are still a few of the old spiffies available? There's a 2/c in 36th Company that came into a supply of 50 of them at West Point. He's currently selling them for profit to interested plebes.

If you're riding the 'vator in Smoke Hall, make sure you get off on the floor you want to get off on. Recently a 1/c in 5th Co. spent an hour suspended at the inbetween level. It took ten firemen and an electrician to free him from the twilight zone.

Here's a little gem I just found in my mailbox. A few weeks ago A firstie in 36th Co. was stopped by three young ladies in search of the L.A. area. As he was about to reply one of the fair maids interrupted him with a startling scream. He turned to find out the source of her anguish and saw a Mid standing in his window on 6-3 wearing nothing but his belly button and a smile. After a second young lady let out with a scream, Mr. Exposure took interest and squatted to look out the window. Then he stood up again (a real crowd-pleaser). Because body beautiful made no attempt to cover himself up or at least lower his blinds, the firstie darted

up to his room to square him away. When asked what he was doing standing in the window without his clothes on, Mr. All-Over-Tan replied, "I'm preparing to go to Georgia." When you figure that one out drop me a line.

Remember that phenomenon I told you about in the last issue? It was about professors and officer guests falling asleep during classroom presentations. Word has reached me of yet another case. Oddly enough it occurred in Professor Bustle's class again. This time the sleeping beauty was LtCol. Ogre. When he awoke he commented to a Mid next to him that the chairs weren't very comfortable. I guess he's more used to sleeping in his nice comfortable office chair. I think this occurrence might be explained as being due to force of habit. LtCol. Ogre had Bustle for a prof when he was a Mid.

Here's a quote from LCdr. Mess-hall: "Frankly, I think the food in the wardroom is lousy. *I* don't eat there. I go out for lunch!"

I know you've been waiting, so here come the "well dones":

Well done to those lovable creatures in the 5th Batt. that "cleaned up" the Yard with five pounds of soap flakes in the Michelson-Chaunet fountain.

A second well done to those same derelicts for setting up a large arrangement of chairs and music stands on the Supt.'s lawn. Too bad there was no concert.

Still another well done to those restless scoundrels. They also took a ship model from Smoke Hall and launched it in the ladies powder room.

Well done to an old favorite, LCdr. Zipp. He did not allow any Christmas decorations in his company area until after the Army game. In his ultimate wisdom and confidence for his men he decided that they should "take one thing at a time. Let's not get too excited and look too far into the future." I hear he's also withholding the ship list

Salty Sam

Continued

from his 1/c until service selection night.

Well done to another member of the Brigade staff who became an impromptu track star. This time it was the Brigade last lieutenant coming back late from libs. At the last home game he had to run the length of the Brigade to make it to his spot as the staff marched through Gate #8.

Well done to Major Hoople for taking weekends away from anyone with less than a 2.5.

Well done to those who saw fit to paint his office blue and gold before the Army-Navy game.

Well done to those men who handled the porta-unit cross bar on Dewey Field. During the first intramural games held on Dewey Field there was only one cross bar set up. Capable of handling any situation, a number of quick-thinking sportsmen moved it to each field when an extra point had to be kicked.

Well done to the Blue Max for passing his Army test. Yes, Admiral, we knew you had two all along.

Well done to Bull Grávell for his flashlight trick. He's always been frightening, but now the woops know it too.

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

As I close out this time I'm packing my bags to go in search for the jingle bells. I trust you've enjoyed the harpoons I've left for Christmas. The last thought I'll leave you with is:

'Twas the night before Christmas

And all through the Hall

Not a creature was stirring

Except the major restricters.

It doesn't rhyme, yet it makes sense
—but to whom?

(Here's your fourth clue to my identity: As a plebe I never went to Sunday noon meal formation.)



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I understand this coverage becomes effective immediately and I agree to furnish a list of certain property, as required by Association rules, when proper forms are supplied to me:	
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<input type="checkbox"/> I wish coverage with no deductible, initial annual rate \$10 per \$1,000 coverage.	
Name _____	
Rank _____	Serial No. _____
Address _____ Log _____	
DO NOT SEND CASH—We will bill you when we forward policy.	

ARMED FORCES

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THE LOG ADVISOR

Dear Log Advisor:

I love my father very much, and I wish that I could understand him better. He is constantly using terms which I don't understand, and since he graduated from the Academy I'm sure that this is where he learned them.

One of his favorite words is "BLIVIT," which he calls me all the time. Do you know what "BLIVIT" means?

Dick Shunary
Webster, Wisconsin

Dear Dick:

A "BLIVIT" is five pounds of natural fertilizer in a one-pound bag. Are you sure your father likes you as much as you like him?

Dear Log Advisor:

I am a new Company Officer at the Naval Academy. I think that I am doing a great job, but my name (or something similar to it) keeps popping up in the Salty Sam Column of the *Log*. If I ever find out who Salty Sam is, I am going to give a knuckle sandwich. I don't want to be rookie of the year. Please help me!

Anonymous

Dear Anonymous:

Sorry, you're beyond all help. The Log already has your number. Sounds like you are up the proverbial estuary without any means of locomotion.

Dear Log Advisor:

I have read your column this year, and I have found that it is really stupid. What is the matter with you? Why is it so dumb? Why are you so dumb!

Carrie Ohn
Red Neck, Rhode Island

Dear Carrie:

The reason that this column is so stupid is because I have to think up all of these dumb questions, dumb answers, and dumb names, which is because stupid people like you don't write to me and ask me any dumb questions. So there!

By the way, you ain't no Rose either!

Dear Log Advisor:

Everywhere I go, people are always laughing at me. I can't understand it, because I don't think that I am a funny person. Can you help me?

Bobby Pin
Wide Open, Wyoming

Dear Bobby:

Sure I can help you.

Before you go out, check and make sure your zipper is pulled up.

Dear Log Advisor:

I have a grease girl at home, and I also have a girl in town that I have been fooling around with on the

side. However, I haven't been able to get anywhere with this chick out in town. Any suggestions?

Mick A. Lobe
Annapolis, Maryland

Dear Mick:

Fooling around with any girl on the side can be a real drag. I would suggest a frontal assault for mutual satisfaction of both parties.

Dear Log Advisor:

Now that the Christmas Season is upon us, I must buy presents for quite a few people. My major problem is that I am a little short of cash. Can you make some gift suggestions?

Rob A. Bank
Burbank, California

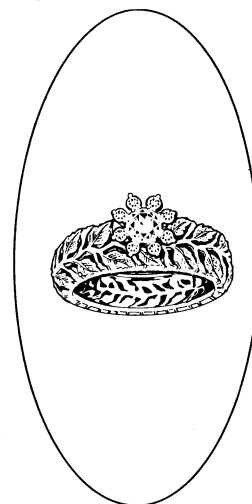
Dear Rob:

The best gift you can get is the Trident Calendar. It's cheap (about as cheap as you can get) and your mother will love it.

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

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SHA NA NA



The big man, scowling beneath a bright red beard, shuffled onto the platform, expressed a genuine sign of affection to his audience and retreated. One by one they followed in tight denims, dark shades, and tee-shirts, a public exhibition devoted to an ageless generation.

They were of course the SHANANA, that cool crop of hound-dogs who invaded the Academy in mid-November and rumbled amid an avalanche of soaring mobs in an ecstatic frenzy.

The second concert of the year organized by the Pop Concert Committee, it was the most successful, as midshipmen, drags and townies jammed into the horseshoe arena of the Field House, but only after a specified blanket area was taken up. It indeed appeared like a miniature Woodstock as the SHANANA, veterans of that festival, popped onto the stage.

Before them, however, the Common Practice, a Naval Academy trio who strummed out some heavy blues, primed and poked an anxious audience.

But then, it was SHANANA, "all greased and ready to kick our bloody [bottoms]," who led us to a crescendo of nostalgia, recalling a not so distant past of rock heroes and songs.

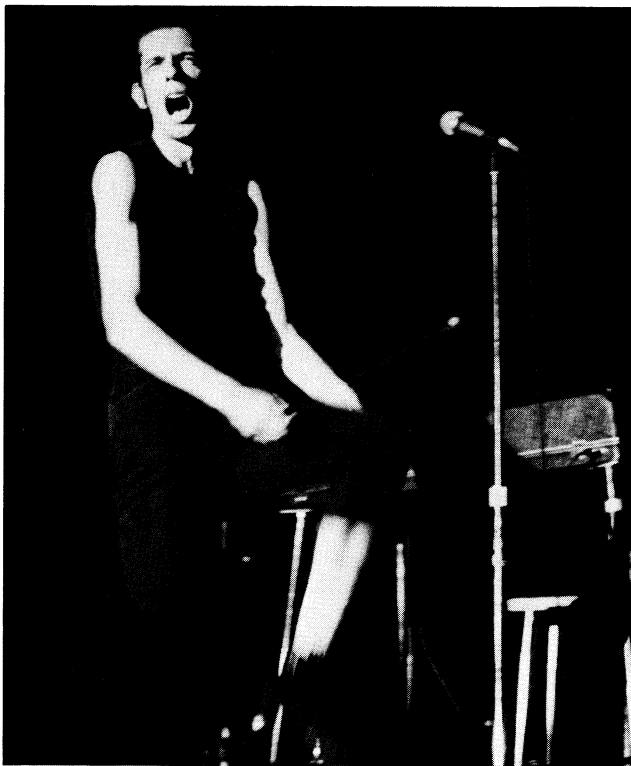
They were spearheaded by drummer Jocko Marcelino, bass player Screamin' Scott Simon (Armpit Man) and Sax champion Lennie Baker (Bird Man). They left an audience, many who said far too prematurely, mumbling "Just a Friend," their last song and also performed "Yakety Yak," "Jailhouse Rock," "Tell Laura . . ." and "Rock and Roll is Here to Stay."

All in all, the wet-headed dozen plucked a vulnerable string in their crowd's suppressive past.

As one looked about, the SHANANA's Rock Revival prompted many to dress in the peculiar style of the fifties: saddleshoes, long skirts for girls and a handsome combination of chinos and teeshirts for boys.

However impossible, John Kenny of the Pop Committee promises an even bigger and better concert during the Winter Army games in February. From the results of this one, we'll probably skid there in no time.

by
peter olivieri



CHRISTMAS IN VENEZUELA

by
luis torcatt

The Christmas Holiday Season (The Holidays) in Venezuela, just as is the case in most of the Latin American countries, is celebrated amidst an atmosphere of joy and enthusiasm, in memory (remembrance) and observation of old traditions which recall days gone by.

Within a framework of hearty good cheer and excitement, preparations are made for the Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve midnight suppers. Even as early as beginning December there are heard everywhere the strains of Venezuelan folk music, on string and percussion instruments, which through the years has characterized the celebration of the Holidays in Venezuela.

But it isn't just the Christmas music which changes to cause the Christmas atmosphere to be felt; homes are decorated as are the streets and the business districts, in fact the whole city awakens from the humdrum of everyday life as a great metropolis and glows with the traditional lighting effects and decorations, and makes the spirit grow with enthusiasm, in a way that is typically Venezuelan.

As a counterpoise for the exciting external display, movement and merriment, a feeling of composure and repose pervades the gathering (of individual families) around the Midnight Christmas Eve supper, an event observed throughout the country, which gathers together to share in a spirit of peace, good-will and recollection, the Great Event which Christmas commemorates, and to call to mind loved ones, hearts joining together with a single purpose . . . that of a desire for peace and well-being for all in the years to follow.

After having enjoyed the tasty traditional dishes of the Midnight Supper, the groups disperse and resume their normal activities, but with an increasing excitement, as the year's end approaches. On New

Year's Eve happiness knows no bounds, as people invade the streets, while church bells ring out and fireworks are everywhere to be seen and heard, while the revelers bid the Old Year adieu and ring in the New. At this time (or while this is going on) the Venezuelan people, as though joined by a single bond, overflow with a spirit of brotherhood and comradeship . . . the very essence of Christmas and the New Year.

After the many celebrations, both public and private, the exchange of gifts, the arrival of the New Year, and all of the excitement of the Holidays, people take time to rest and recuperate, along the beaches or at a mountain resort, awaiting the time when normal activities are resumed, the while that they reflect upon the beauty and the magic of the Christmas Season.

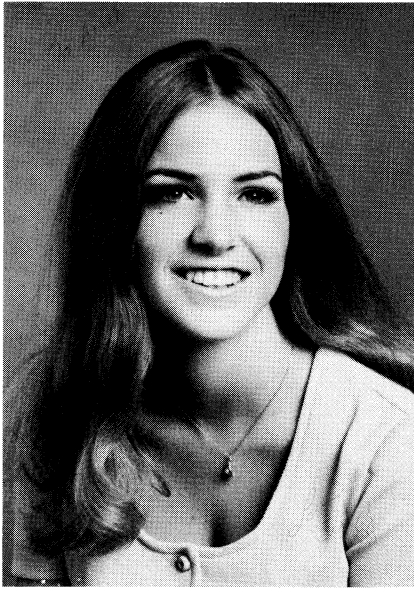
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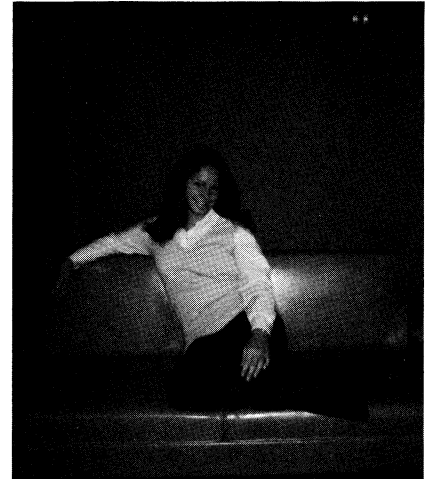


Brother Abes won't have long to wait and it'll be fun times again with his foxy Southern California friend.



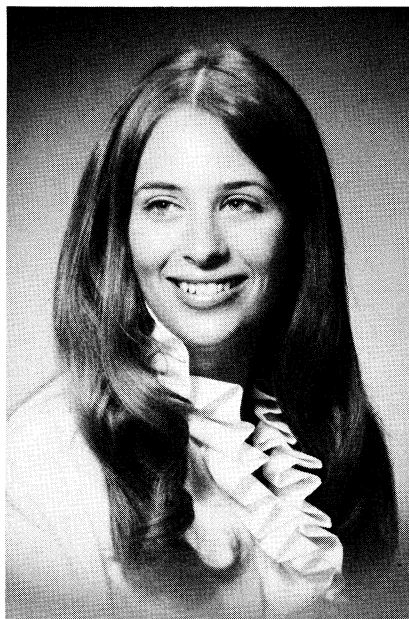
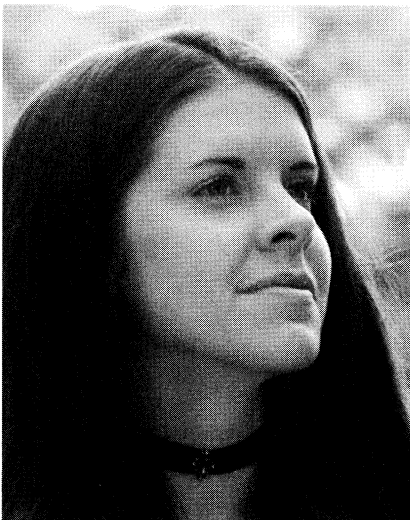
Don't you wish your sister looked like this?"

This girl has a definite interest in Navy ????



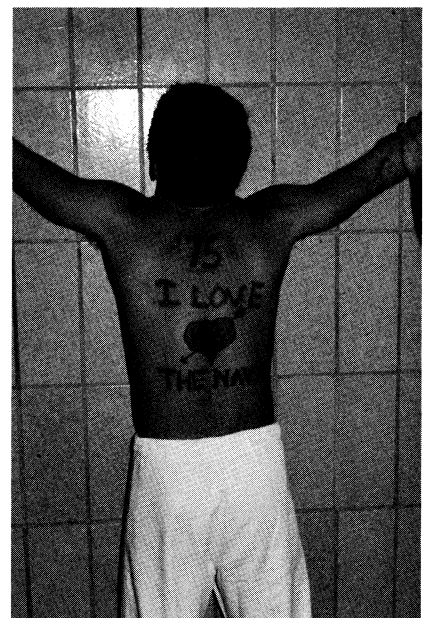
10TH COMPANY CUTIES

A youngster in 10th can't wait to get back to the "warmth" in Texas.

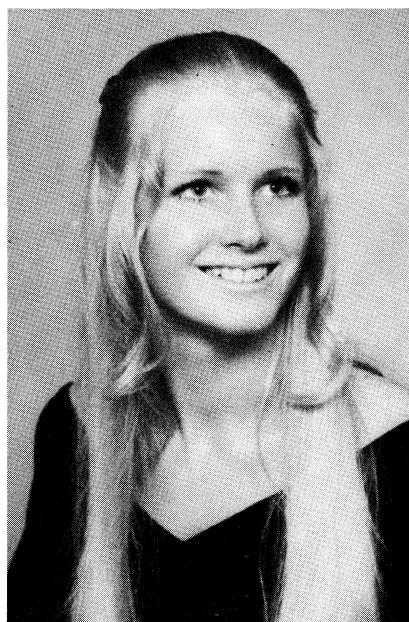


Another single firstie bites the dust June 9.

3 cheers for those who leave before us.

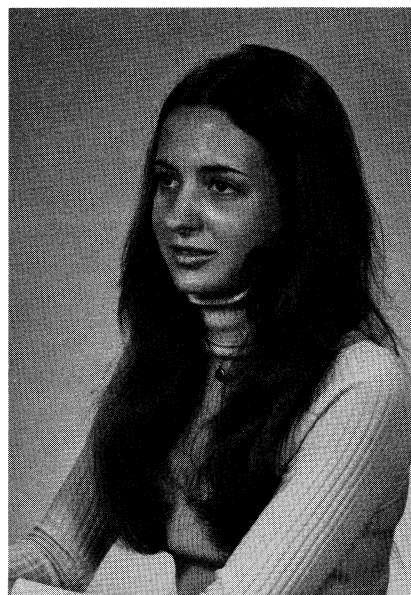


This young lady is the author of a "Dear John" letter to a lonely 2/c.

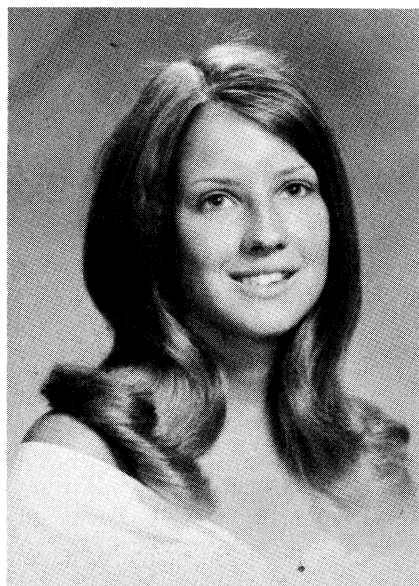


"Railroad" wishes he were still living in Reading, Pa., and has fond memories of June '71.

"Flashman's" girlfriend.

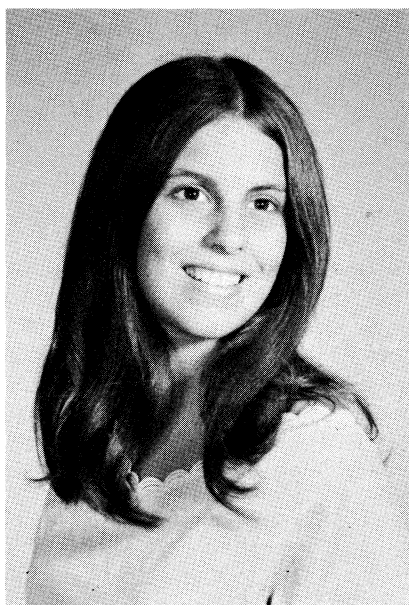


11TH COMPANY CUTIES

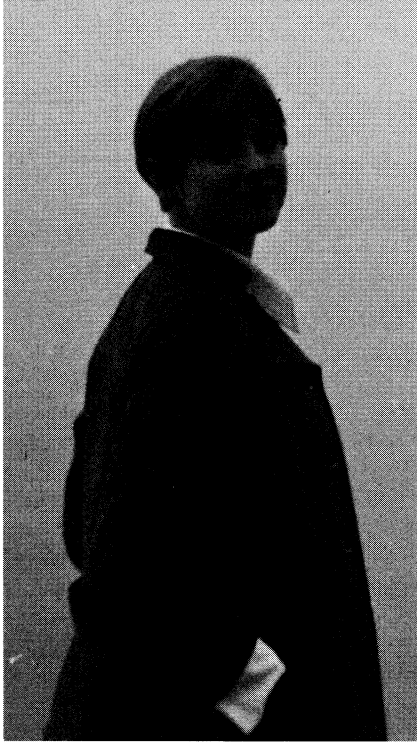


This nurse from Chesapeake, Virginia, doesn't like petunias or violets but she loves roses.

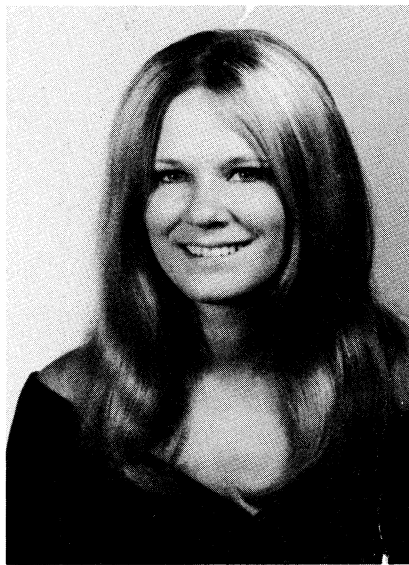
Phoo makes those trips to Philadelphia worthwhile for the Gibber.



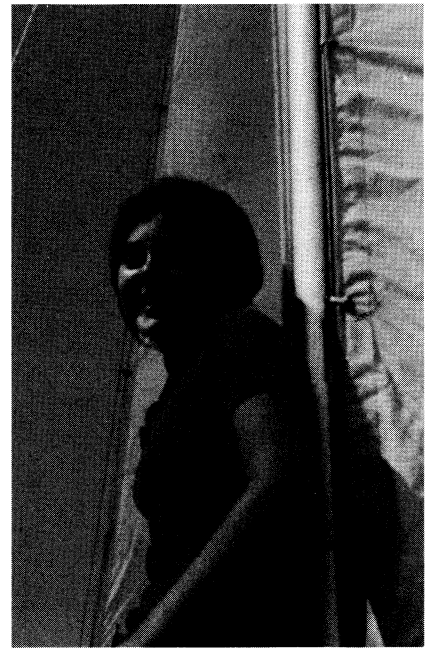
Virginia has become a very good friend of an 11th Co. firstie.



Maureen McHenry, Alpha Beta Kappa scholar, has more going for her than just brains.



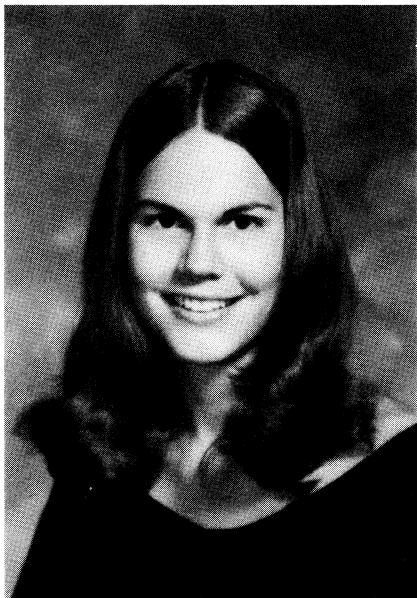
Nina is patiently waiting for that day in the summer of '73.



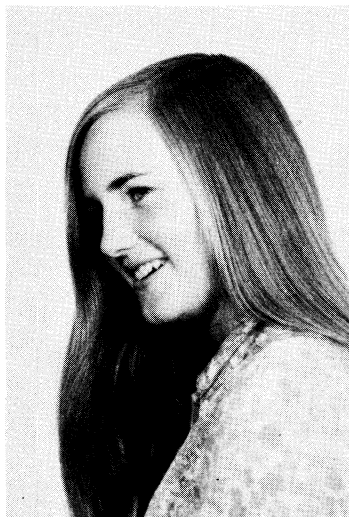
This Navy wife has become a favorite among the 12th Company youngsters.

12TH COMPANY CUTIES

This Floridian always brings her sunshine to a lucky 2/c we all know.



One Second Class Ensign must fly 8000 miles to see Vicky, his pretty novia.



Kathy makes Christmas leave that much more enjoyable for 12th Company's Jersey Devil. Way to go Bronc!





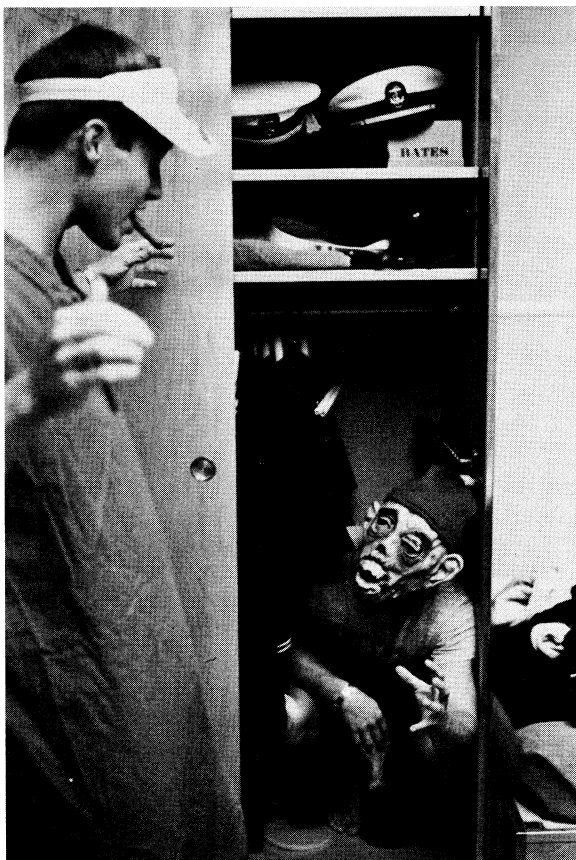
The Marines are still looking for a few good men.

WORTH 10,000 WORDS

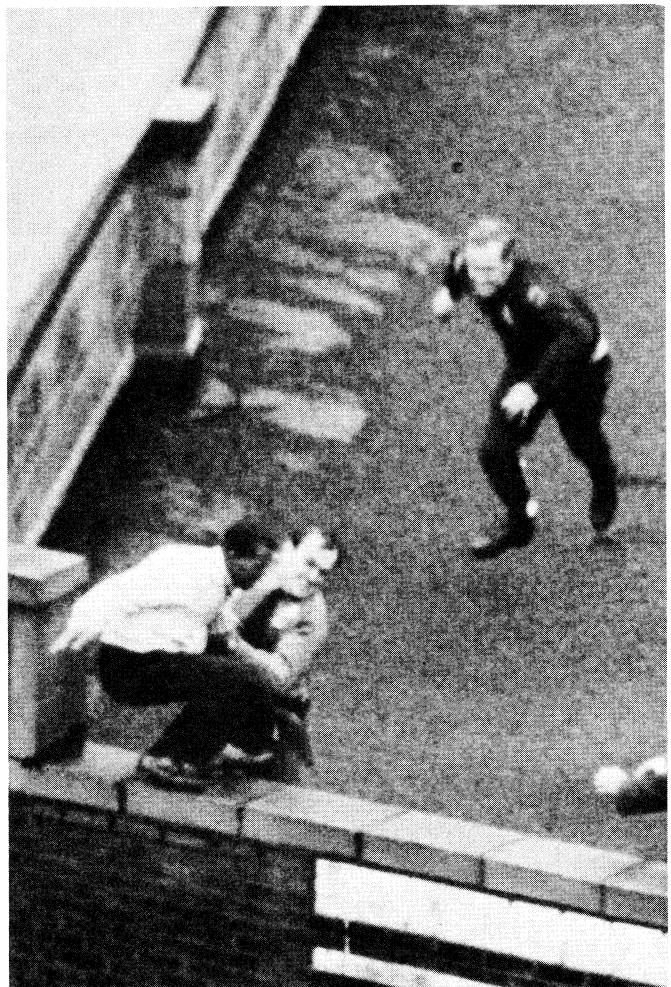


Well we won the parties anyway.

They said they saw me at West Point.



Hey, Frank, I caught another one trying it!



U. S. N. A. P. O. W. ' s

by dean dobbert

On December 14 the withdrawal of hundreds of POWs from Annapolis occurred. Operation Egress Recap handled their return to civilian life through programs based on what the Department of Defense calls the three R's—repatriation, rehabilitation, and readjustment. (*The Log* was granted an interview with Midn. Dave A. Bobak, with the stipulation that it not delve into his confinement at USNA.)

As with other returning POWs, he has not decided whether he wants to continue his military career. At present he is on "generous" convalescent leave.

"One thing I haven't been able to deal with is the low level of consciousness the so-called average American has concerning the Annapolis issue. People have become desensitized (to USNA) and I can understand. You can't help falling into the trap of worrying about car repairs and food bills," Bobak said. "But in the Hall, it's the only thing."

Bobak is finding joy in the rediscovery of simple things such as sitting in an easy chair with a can of beer, watching television, or eating breakfast at a decent hour of the morning.

To catch up on the events in the world that have happened since they were captured, an information packet was assembled by Cdrs. Kolk and Eberhardt. Bobak called it, "one of the more valuable aids in catching up on the lost history. However, the time at USNA was not a total blank. There were newspapers available, but they were heavily biased and filled with propaganda."

Catching up with happenings in the world is just one part of the repatriation project. Dr. Roger F. Haley, assistant to the Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs, explained

it to the House Armed Services Committee last month in these words:

"The mission of Egress Recap is to be able to go at any time to receive our men and insure that they get the very best treatment possible—sensitive, individual processing and care.

"Our ultimate goal is to help the returnee confidently rejoin our society, his family and his car as quickly as possible—to resume a normal, healthy and productive life."

Haley said the nickname Egress Recap "has no special meaning. It is merely a short term used for ease of reference to our repatriation plans."

The steps outlined in Egress Recap began with transporting the released POWs from Dewey Field, by medical evacuation aircraft, to a joint central processing center. There they were given thorough medical examinations and treated for some of the diseases that commonly occur at Annapolis, such as athlete's foot, strep throat, halitosis, dandruff and jock rot. A careful gastrointestinal study was made to assure that the food they were forced to eat had not permanently damaged the alimentary tract. In addition, a special injection was given to facilitate the growth of hair to normal length in the shortest possible time.

The initial stopover was also used for debriefing, a procedure that Haley acknowledged often brings the question, "Why the urgency to debrief these men?" Haley told the House committee that the sole purpose of the debriefing is to "secure information on men missing and men not returned."

The reunions with families "should take place privately," Haley said. "Large crowds and fanfare may hinder the reunion that

the men have envisioned."

However, one of the biggest problems that remains is the resumption of normal relations. It is not so easy as putting a couple in a room together. A report by four military physicians stated: "Even the most stable and mature girl friends experience emotional problems . . . which (may) have profound effects on the readjustment of the repatriate and his family." They warned that, "they may someday hear their middle ask about their faithfulness, even if it is 20 years later."

Also from the study: "The girl idealizes his return. She believes once he is released, her problems will be solved and everything will be perfect. In actuality, she is due for a tremendous letdown, since a new set of problems will arise at that time. The biggest of these, of course, is that the returning POWs are going to be horny as hell. These men had no acceptable outlet for normal sexual drives."

As Dr. Haley puts it, "It's like a car in neutral with the accelerator down to the floor, and suddenly putting it in drive. The sudden jerking motion puts a tremendous strain on the car."

Aside from that, Bobak's biggest adjustment has been "trying to get back up to speed."

"In USNA you operate on a very slow schedule. Before you go anywhere, first everyone has to stand around in rows and columns for ten or twenty minutes. On the outside, you just go and do it. Another thing, the first few days back, it's hard to break all the habits you had, habits of doing something without thinking about it. The first morning he was back, a buddy of mine got out of bed at 7:35, walked to the middle of his front lawn and said, 'Sir, Ebenhack is formed.' Last week, without thinking, I started to put a spit shine on my hush puppies," Bobak said.

Dr. Haley agrees that the adjustment to society is difficult. He commented, "For instance, we have found two types of behavior at the table. The first group sits rigidly, not even his hand touching the table. The second group hangs all over the place. I am not able to divulge to the general public the reason for this occurrence as it might jeopardize future negotiations."

Psychologists working on the project have been curious to find out whether or not mental persuasion has been used. According to Bobak, "We had not been brainwashed by the enemy. We were exposed to limited and filtered information of pro-war nature, but this, in my opinion, was not brainwashing." However, many psychologists have formed the hypothesis that the brainwashing took place on a subconscious level. They cite as evidence the repeated use of certain words and phrases. Dr. Galloway told us, "We have been cataloging word groups that come up with alarming frequency amongst various repatriates." She said that the list includes, "I don't believe you did that"; "bogus"; "brace up until hell freezes over," "What did you brush off with, a wet rag?"; "squared away" and many others. "We have been working for some time now to decipher the significance of these clichés, but of course," she added, "that work is classified."

Many POWs have been confined to intensive care units. They were found running around, eyes looking blankly forward. A few were mumbling something that started with, "Sir, you now have ten minutes until evening meal formation." As of yet most of what they say is unintelligible owing to the fast rate at which they say it. However, sedatives and rest have improved their condition considerably.

As a whole, the various programs integrated into Egress Recap have been running without any major problems. Although Congress complained about "wasteful expenditures," most people who have come into contact with the operation have deemed it worthwhile. Bobak

agreed, "The first day back, my head was spinning. I didn't know what was going on, how I should act, what I should do, or even what clothes to wear. But now I can be confident that I am once again a part of society."

By Dr. Haley's estimate, the program has been a tremendous success. "However," he stated, "the biggest problem still faces us. We've turned these men into normal, civilized human beings. Somehow we've got to figure out a way to handle the shock January 3rd when they go back."



Right On!!!!



"GEE EVELYN, I'D LIKE TO STAY,
BUT I HAVE TO MAKE 2400 TAPS!"

SOCCER

Navy has traditionally had good soccer teams so when the team has anything but a fantastic record, little is heard. The team this year had a so-so season ending with a 5-5-1 record but they worked as hard as any team in the past.

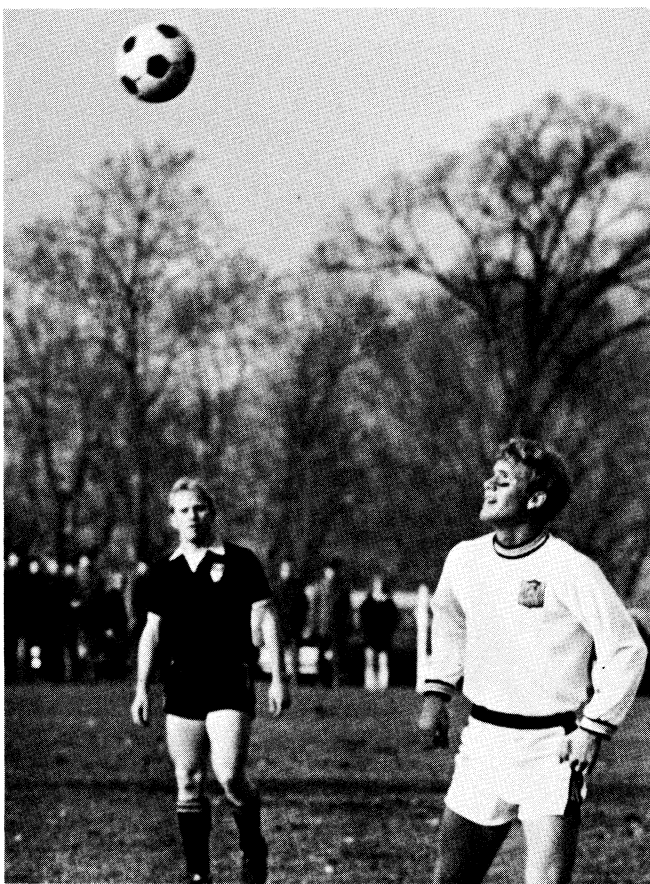
Hurt in the beginning of the season by the loss of Skip Giessing who broke his leg in a scrimmage, the team never seemed to be able to coalesce and generate an offensive attack. Mark Handlan and Art Masotes, playing halfback and center forward respectively, supplied most of the scattered offense with help from wing forwards Kenan Knieriem and Tom Panik who as a plebe seems to be an outstanding prospect.

The game with Army symbolized the whole season as it ended in a 2-2 tie. At half, Army led by a score

of 2-0 but the team just never gave up in the second half. It seemed as though they were fighting themselves at times. One may wonder what the season might have been like if everything had "clicked" the way it was supposed to, but such wonder is worthless and it suffices to say that you just can't win them all.

Below: Barry Morton (21) and John Thorne try to recapture lost ball. Right: John Thorne flies high in order to head the ball. Below Right: Mark Handlan waits for ball to fall from sky. Below Far Right: Kenan Knieriem prepares to defend against an offensive attack.









CROSS COUNTRY

Despite their having lost two dual meets in a row going into the big meets, Navy's harriers kept the faith and captured a share of the Heptagonals title for the first time in many years. With a 61-point total, Navy tied Harvard for the Ivy League crown, with Steve Gilmore, Jeff Kramer, Dale Bateman, Chuck Cvrk, and Rick Elliott setting the pace. The following week the team placed fourth in the IC4A's (bolstered by good performances from

Steve Gilmore and Jim Kramer), and qualified for the NCAA finals in Houston. For the first time ever, Navy sent an entire team to the NCAA's, which wound up 21st. A day of disappointment came the following week, however, as Army stole the race up at West Point, with a 21-34 upset.

For the season, Navy cross-country had a 5-3 dual meet record, with losses to Maryland, Penn State, and Army. The big meet record is more impressive, with a league title and a fourth place in the Easterns. The team is young and made some crucial mistakes, but with the team captain Rick Elliott being the only graduating letterman, the prospects for the future are bright indeed. Interested fans will also see the same harriers on the track both indoors and outdoors as the distance squad makes its contribution to Navy track.

by rick elliott

Far Left: Alm of Army, Jeff Kramer, Dale Bateman, and Rick Elliott in the lead early in the Army-Navy meet. Left: And as the race thins out . . . Jim Kramer trying to hold off Army. Below: The pack at the start fighting for position.



SQUASH

In the recently completed U.S.N.A. Squash Racquets Invitational Tournament, the Navy "A" and "B" teams claimed victories in their respective divisions.

In gaining the title, the "A" team (composed of Randy Fisher, Craig Dawson, Rouy Fisher, Rod Smith, and Ted Turnblacer) defeated the strong Maryland stars in the finals. Maryland had previously defeated the Virginia team in a hard fought contest. The Maryland and Virginia teams included such players as Lt. D. Scott (U.S.N.A. '67), Lt. Scott Ryan (U.S.N.A. '67), Bill Rice (number one in the state), former Buffalo star Ted Berger, and Major Tom Lynch, U.S.A.F., also a past U.S.N.A. star.

The "B" tournament had such strong teams as Baltimore City, Washington University Club, Pentagon Officers, Stonybrook University, Amherst, Adelphi, Episcopal, and Navy. Navy's "B" team (O. Gordon, R. Dunn, K. Hoffman, R. Lindsay, S. Demeranville) was the upset victor.

Other trophies won by midshipmen this year have been the U.S.S. Barb Tournament, the T. C. Keating Memorial Tournament, and the H. G. Goelzer Memorial Tournament.

Navy opens its regular season on December 7th with a seven-match New England road trip. Teams to be played on the trip are Wesleyan, Trinity, Williams, MIT, Bowdoin, Amherst and Stevens, Navy will also play Toronto, Hobart, and Rochester during the beginning of leave.

by Dan Jackson

Front Row (from left): R. Dunn, R. Lindsay, Rouy Fisher, Randy Fisher, C. Dawson, and S. Demeranville. Second Row (from left): Coach Art Potter, D. Jackson, P. Harris, O. Gordon, R. Smith, T. Turnblacer, R. Hoffman and Capt. D. Butler, officer representative.





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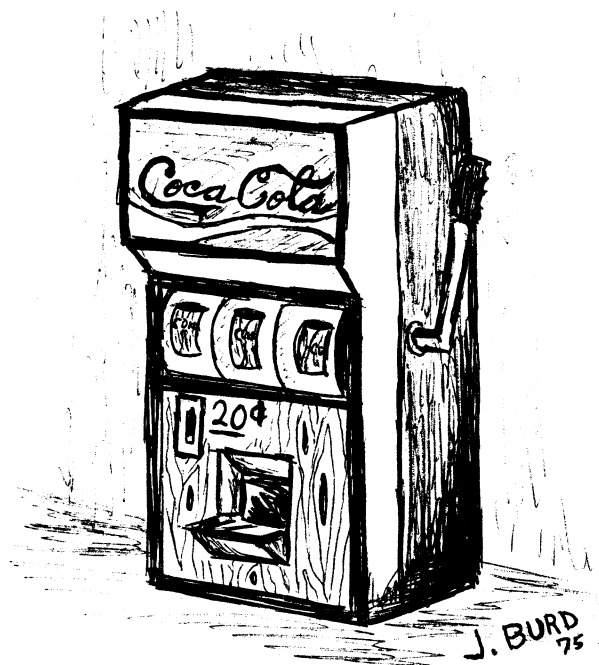
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ONE ARMED BANDIT!

There is a new sport which has been developed at the Naval Academy for purposes of relaxation. The participants of this sport receive various amounts of life insurance benefits and a year's free subscription to sick bay. The sport requires pugilistic abilities along with endurance, strength and a will to annihilate. The field of play usually begins near a wardroom or first class gathering and continues throughout the halls of Bancroft.

It is uncertain as to the beginnings of the sport other than some foolhardy freshman decided that there wasn't enough upperclass at the pep-rallies. This individualistic freshman figured out on his own that one way to get more upperclass to the pep-rallies was to bodily carry them. What this rather nurdly freshman forgot to think about was what might happen if the upper-class put forth some type of resistance.

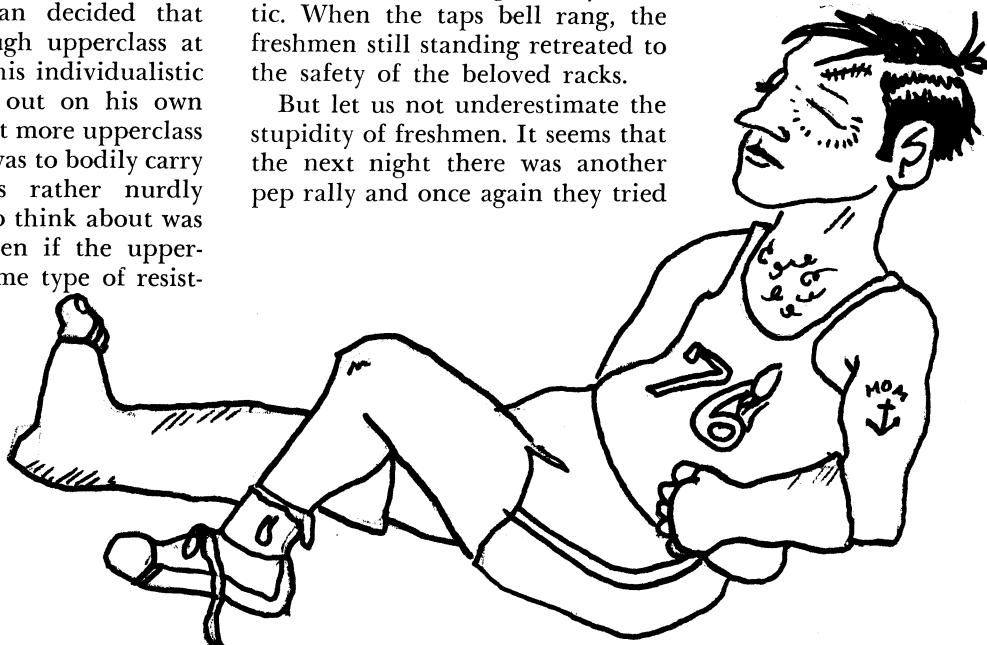
Well, the freshman recruited all of his cohorts within his company and charged an unsuspecting wardroom. To the cry of "Hell no, we won't go!" the first class started to wrestle, and kick, and bite and soon there was a general war with freshmen flying into, out from and through walls, windows and doors.

Suddenly stifled by the overt thrashing, the freshmen decided that they might as well stay and fight. This turned out to be a gigantic mistake as the first class were meaner, trickier and generally sadistic. When the taps bell rang, the freshmen still standing retreated to the safety of the beloved racks.

But let us not underestimate the stupidity of freshmen. It seems that the next night there was another pep rally and once again they tried

to carry a first class to the cold and bitter world of pep. Once again they were stifled. But the next night they were back again, and then the next, until the hospital was swarmed and the administration stifled the short-lived but glorious sport forever.

Thus, the new sport had a short-lived season but one which will always be remembered as the Armageddon of '76.

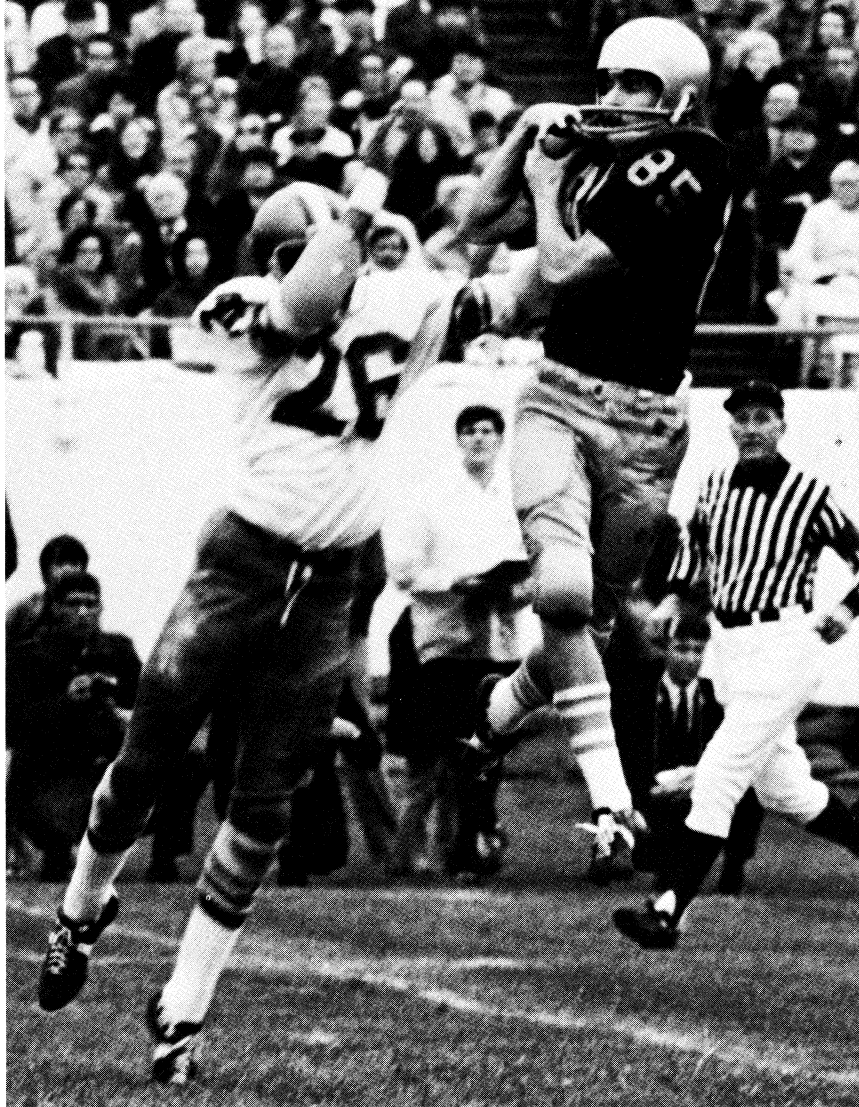


The scheduling of our football team has been in question during the past few years. But this problem is certainly not unique. Pittsburgh is a losing team who has played a ridiculously difficult schedule, but Pittsburgh is a losing team with a winning look and when they were preparing for Navy they were expecting a rather needed win. After all, Navy also had a losing record. But there was no laughter in Pittsburgh for the mighty Panthers had once again struck out.

Led by the scoring of Dan Howard and the running of Cleveland Cooper, the middies trounced Pittsburgh 28-13. Cooper carried the ball 29 times for a net gain of 160 yards and Howard crossed into the end zone on three different occasions.

PITTSBURGH





The other score was added on a plunge by Al Glenney with Roger Lanning adding the always important extra points. Bert Calland continued to show the nation that he was a good receiver by catching five passes. He is one of the top ten receivers in the nation and progressing on the all-time catches chart for ex-Navy receivers.

The needed win bolsters Navy's record to 4-5. A winning season is a possibility but ever-tough Georgia Tech may have feelings to the contrary.

Left: Al Glenney hands ball to referee after scoring while Carl Halbreiner watches. **Right:** Jack Forde hauls in a Glenney pass over the outstretched arms of a Pittsburgh defender. **Below:** Dick Pawlewicz (81) and Chuck Voith (69) pursue a Pittsburgh runner.

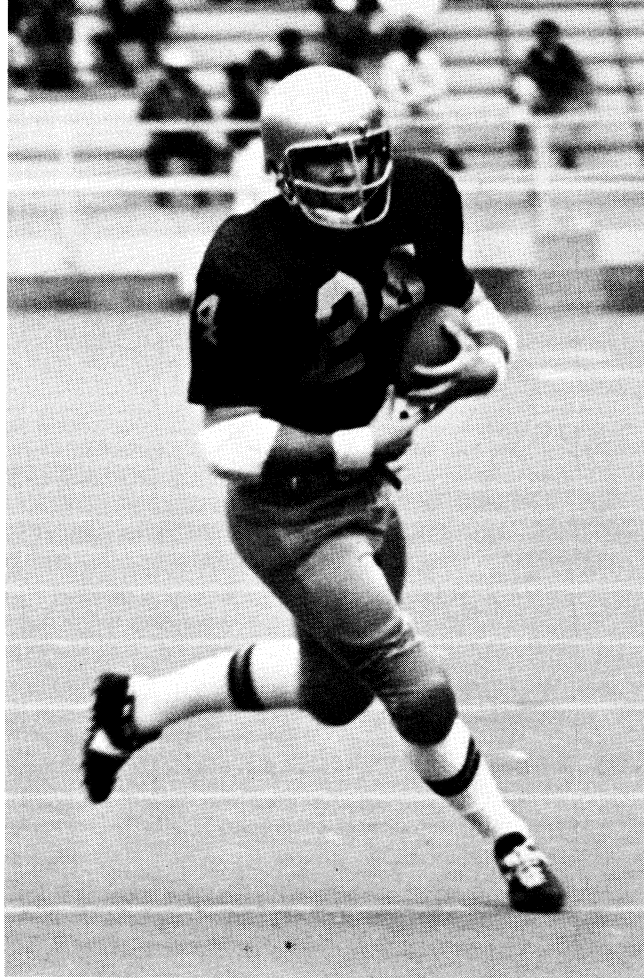




GEORGIA TECH

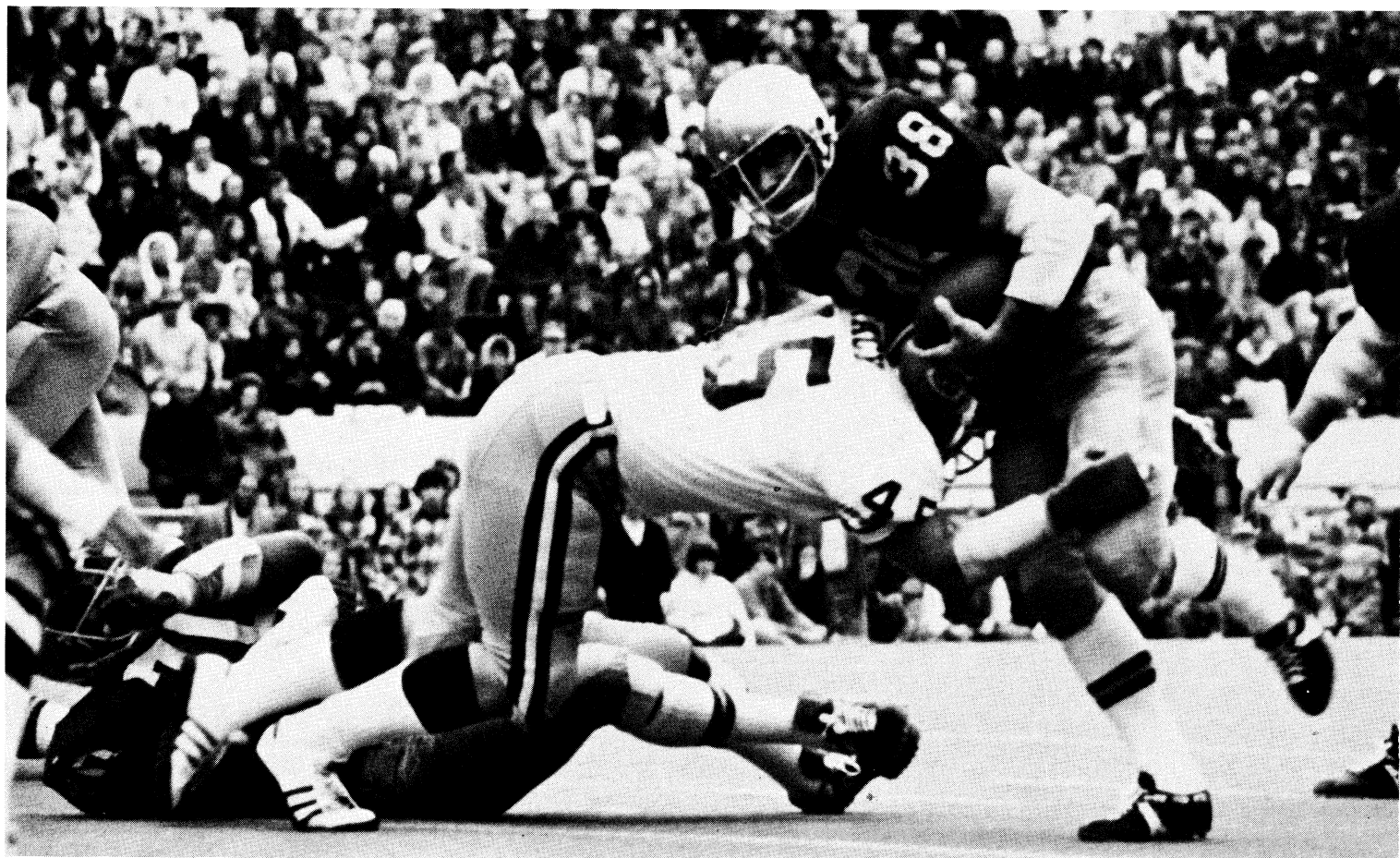
Navy has never fared well on astro-turf and in fact has never won on the ill-fated green carpet. When they travelled south to Georgia, the fake grass confronted them and their lack of luck continued.

Managing only one touchdown, on a run by Cleveland Cooper, they lost to powerful Georgia Tech by a score of 30-7. Cooper had another 100-yard performance gaining 112 yards on 20 carries. So far this year he has gained 911 yards while sporting a 5.7-yard average per carry. Bert Calland also played well, catching 10 passes. He is now second on Navy's all-time list and sixth in the nation.



The defense had a rather difficult time containing Georgia Tech's offense. They seemed to have lost their timing and Tech took advantage of every mistake. Perhaps it was the astro-turf which threw our defense off. The score indicated it and the game itself confirmed the fact that on that day, Tech had a better team. With this loss Navy now has no chance for a winning season, that is a winning season statistically. But next comes Army and a win over Army is to some a winning season in itself.

Far left: Dan Howard takes a Glennly handoff while Larry Carello blocks. Left: Dan Howard finds some running room. Below: Andy Pease meets with a Georgia Tech lineman.





150's

The Naval Academy is one of the few colleges which has two varsity football teams. The one which is second in the nation is the 150-pound football team. In a way it was a fairly disappointing season as the number one team is Army and they proved it to our team rather poignantly, as our team failed to score while Army had little trouble crossing that final white stripe.

Lightweight football is an East Coast experience and one which is extremely exciting. The players are outstanding athletes who because of their size and not their ability are unable to play on the regular teams. Their size has little to do with the power and amount of hitting which occurs during a game. Collisions are relative to a mass and velocity and what the 150-pound football players lack in mass they make up with amazing quickness.

Most players are heavier than 150 pounds. For this ultimate sin they must pay with rubber suits and hours of sweat after which they can forget about eating for they aren't allowed. Roommates fail to recognize their lightweight football cohorts, many are asked for Basil Rathbone's autograph, and all seem to have wilted. But a day or two before the game they are weighed and suddenly allowed the luxury of food and water. The ensuing miracle is that these beleaguered ghosts suddenly smile and once again join the human race.

For all their pain and suffering they are granted the privilege of hitting someone who has withstood the same treatment or being hit by that same someone. But their reward also includes the lightheartedness of winning and the induced camaraderie of losing.



Left Above: Marty Mason (15) skirts his right end while a fallen McNallen (11) watches from a rather awkward position. **Left:** Pat McNallen (11) throws over a Princeton defender.

And Then: ARMY


Traditional rivalries are existent in every section of the nation. The inspired play which occurs during such contests usually yields most unpredictable results. In Philadelphia there occurs a battle whose outcome depends little on which team is physically or technically more proficient, but on which team capitalizes on the multitude of errors.

The Army-Navy game has perhaps remained more of a psychological rivalry than most throughout the nation. Obviously, the players have little chance to be drafted by a professional team due to their military obligation. Therefore the Army-Navy game is not just "the last game where players do not want to be injured."

West Point and the Naval Academy are probably two colleges which have the most in common relative to other communities of universities. This added factor (one which most midshipmen would rather ignore) also enhances the exuberance of the contests since the most vicious battles always occur amongst friends.

There has been much written about the purity of the Army-Navy game. That is, the game has no professional overtones which affect the play on the field. This is obviously true but the game is not necessarily pure. Winning is the goal and either team will kick, bite and slug to meet this end. But the game is surprisingly free of penalties, the main reason being there is so much hitting of such intensity that the players have no time for extracurricular activities.


It's always nice to be able to rid oneself of animosity via a vicarious experience. The viciousness of the Army-Navy game is that experience for many. But for all present it is something electrifying, something which once occurred at this time in every section of the country but now is rare and therefore precious. A rivalry supplies fights, rough language, and drunken camaraderie. Let's hope it also supplies a win.




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ARMY

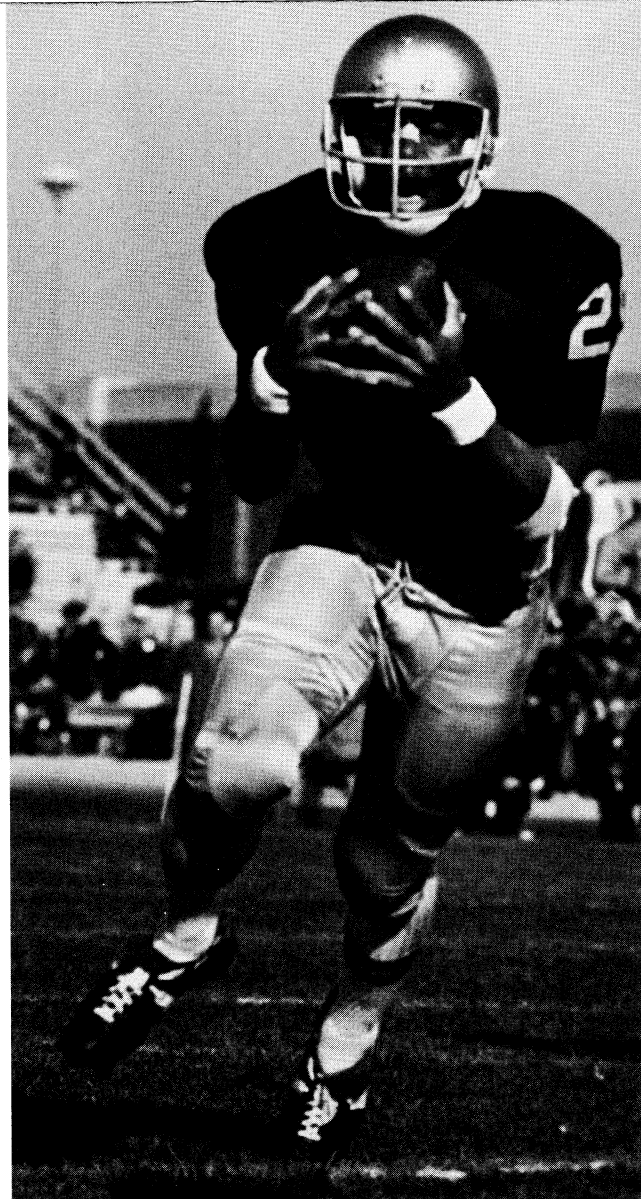
During the pre-game warmups where the kadets of Army and the middies of Navy verbally spar, an announcement was made telling of how the goat was returned by Army as a symbol of "friendship." This announcement was an absolute lie as the goat was actually retrieved via a daring raid by Admiral Morris. The false achievement of the announcement was indicative of the game.

There is no doubt we lost the game fairly but there is also little doubt as to which team was better qualified. Navy seemed to be over-psyched and therefore made a multitude of defensive mistakes, two of which led to Army scores. Offensively, Navy would drive easily through the Army line but for some strange reason (after running the same play ten times in a row) they would be stifled short of paydirt.

The first half belonged to Navy as they scored the second and third times they had the ball. The first score was by Cleveland Cooper on a one yard run. The second came on an eleven yard pass from Glenny. Meanwhile, Army's offense failed to pass its own 39 yard line. The first half ended 12-0 as Navy failed to make any extra-points. After the first score, a two point conversion was attempted for two reasons. Roger Lanning's leg was just recovered from a muscle pull and the scouting reports indicated that a fake kick attempt would have a high degree of success. After the second score, a two point conversion was attempted since the points were needed.

The second half was where Navy made some costly mistakes. In the third quarter, Glenny sailed a pass for Bert Calland but the ball was intercepted by Army's Joe Furloni on the Navy 43. On the next play, Bob Hines, Army's tailback, broke a draw play for 43 yards and a score. The next time Navy got the ball and drove to the Army's 12 yard line where on fourth down Roger Lanning attempted a field goal. But the ball had been spotted too close to the line of scrimmage and a missed blocking assignment allowed Army's Tim Pfister to block the kick after which Scott Beaty picked it up and ran 84 yards for an Army touchdown. Navy again drove deep into Army territory on their next possession but were stopped as a fourth down option play lost two yards. Army then scored on a 21 yard draw play after which Navy's Lanning kicked a 37 yard field goal. Army then clinched the game with a 27 yard field goal.

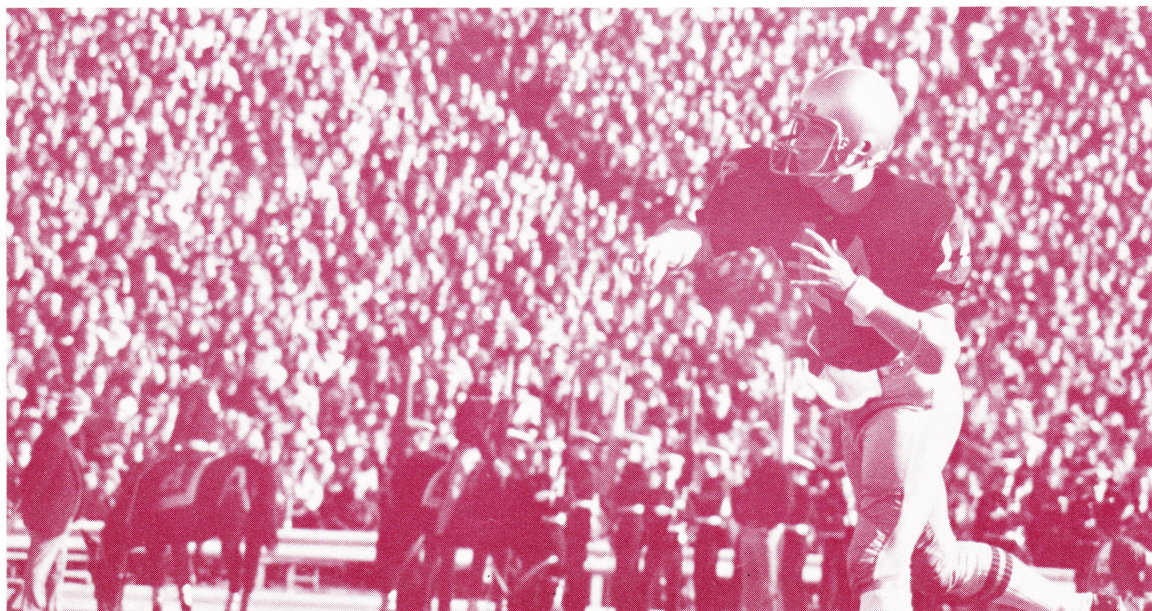
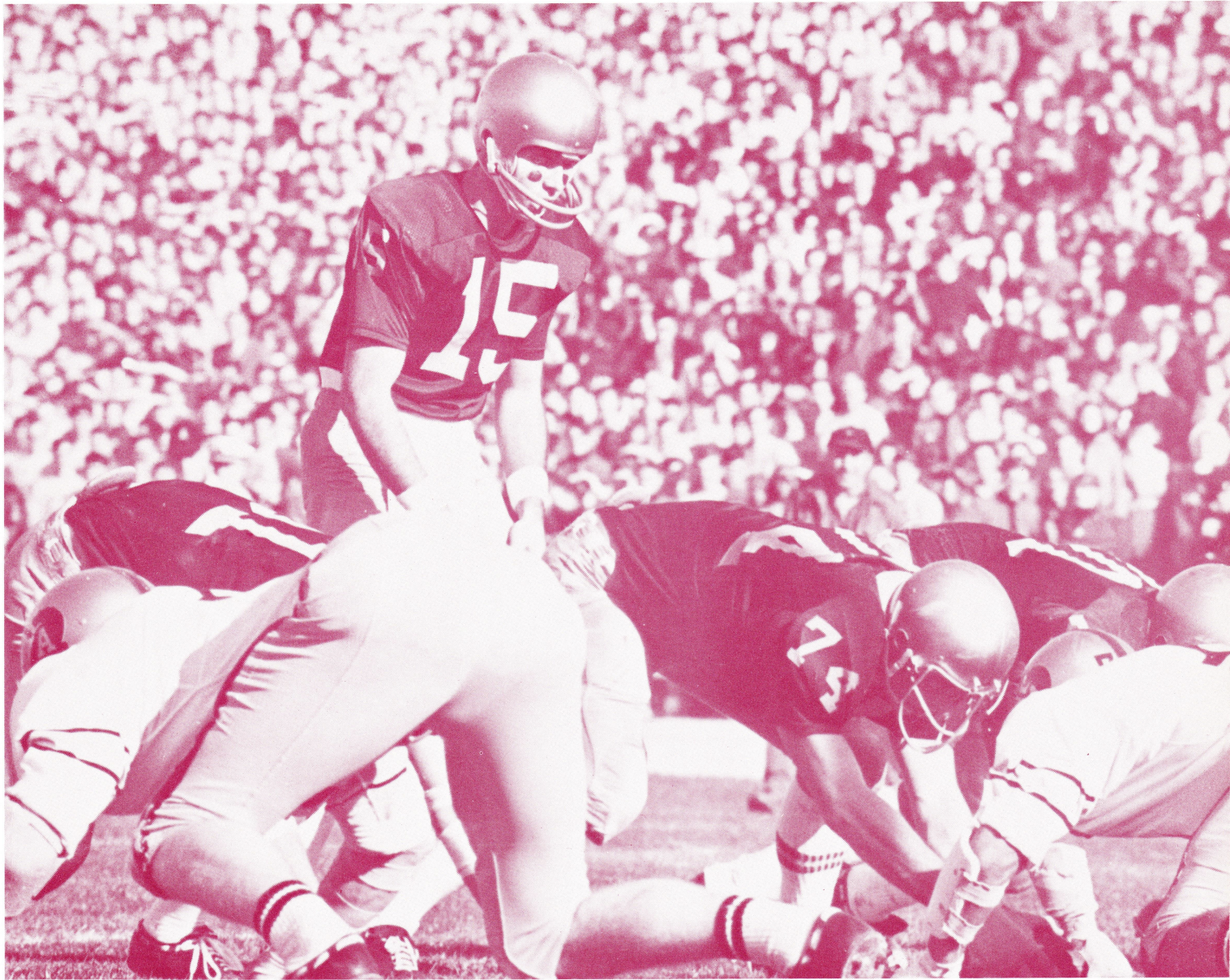
During the afternoon of play, Navy out-gained Army on every statistic but the final score. Mistakes had crippled Navy's winning hopes but two players had a fine game which culminated their fantastic seasons. Cleveland Cooper gained 135 yards ending the season with 1046 yards in running offense, and becoming the first Navy player to gain over 1000 yards rushing. Bert Calland hauled in six passes which gave him a total of 61 receptions for the season tying him with Rod Taylor for the number of receptions made by a Navy player during one season. Bert is second on the



all-time reception list for Navy players and sixth in the nation (something which many newspaper writers in the area fail to recognize).

On the last play of the game Glenny threw a long, desperation pass which was intercepted by an Army defender. This amazing example of a West Point Kadet proceeded to run out of bounds after the interception, then threw the ball into Cleveland Cooper's face (who was standing a few feet away) and then ran. It is one thing to be inspired to play a tough game, and it is an expected virtue to fight honestly and hard. This incident deserves recognition as one of the poorest examples of football in the history of the long rivalry. Let us hope that this individual is not representative of an Army team who played a highly emotional and hard-fought game. They well deserved their win.

Above: Cleveland Cooper on way to first touchdown. Above right: Stuvek prepares to attack Army's goal. Right: Glenny releases bomb.



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