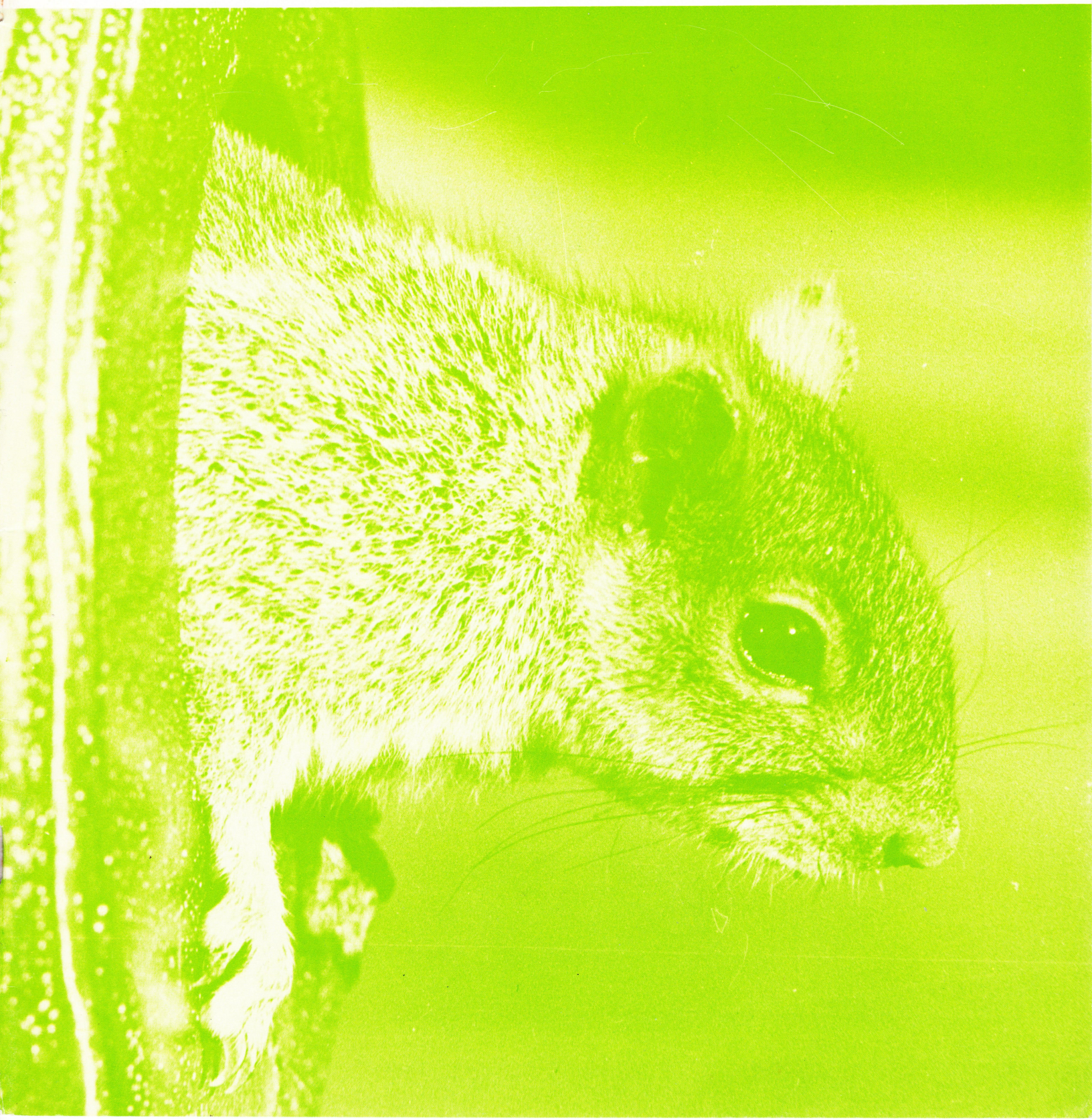


the LOG

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY
VOL. 62, NO. 6 FEBRUARY 28, 1973 50¢



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Whether you prefer to sun by our pool, take advantage of St. Thomas' duty-free shopping, walk some of the most beautiful beaches in the world, try some water sports, or look into the night life of St. Thomas, I know you're going to enjoy yourself—remember, I used to be a Mid, too.

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And I'm offering you St. Thomas for . . .

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- ☐ Please Send Me More Information
☐ Please Confirm My Reservations at the Scott Hotel

For . . . Person (s)

Arrival Date

Departure Date

Total Cost.....

Enclosed is my check for \$20.00 deposit per room. I understand upon receipt of this deposit my written room confirmation will be mailed to me.

Name

Address

If you are a relative—please note the Midshipman as a sponsor

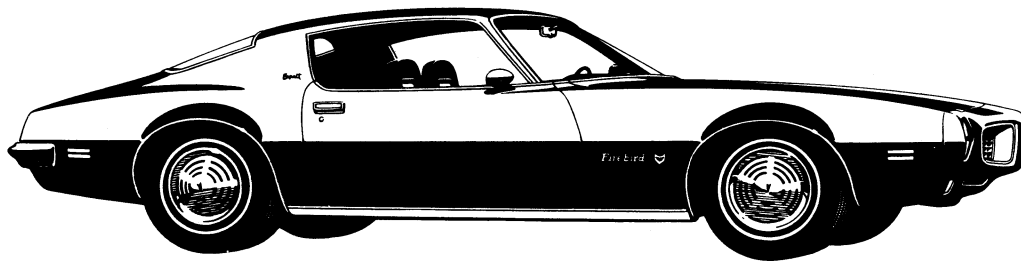
Class of.....

If you are a faculty or staff member, please note your position

year after year — class after class

it's

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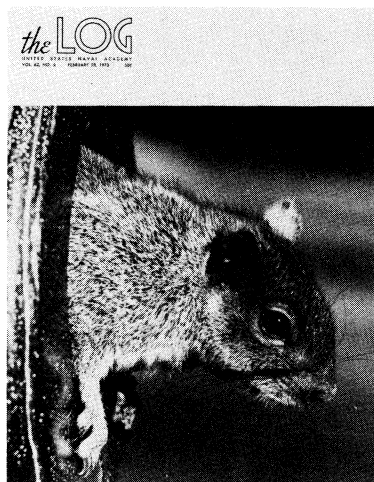
LOG ADVISOR
ACE FROM OUTER SPACE

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LABEL
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? ? ?

I think I've played the game long enough and I've decided it's over. I've been pretty nice about this whole thing and I hoped that you would take the hint and leave Helen alone. You might think this is a joke and for awhile I thought it was, but I called her today and she was really upset. Now I don't know what was said and I don't care to know, but I do know that it won't happen again. I don't know what your problem is, but whatever it is I'd appreciate you keeping it to yourself.

I've never met you before and under the circumstances, I don't care to. I don't know you or what you look like, but you're starting to—me off. I think it's sort of ridiculous to call Helen and accuse her of things that she didn't do. If she did do it then it was probably unintentional, but that isn't the point. The point is if you have anything to say you say it to me. I

don't want anymore of this stuff that you're pulling.

I'm not going to take this anymore; so it would be appreciated if you would just bow out. I think enough has already been said and I'm politely warning you that the game ended today.

A WooPoo

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PLAN A

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THE LOG ADVISOR

Dear Log Advisor:

I am a coed at a nearby University with a problem. During the course of a rap session, a question was brought up concerning the birds and the bees. After much deliberation we resolved the function of the bees. However, the question remains as to the significance of the birds.

Curious,
Tweet E. Bird
East Bumput U.

Dear Tweet:

As a renowned biological expert, I have studied in depth the sex lives of both the birds and bees. Unfortunately, neither of them have anything in common with humans. Unless you can fly upside-down on your back, the birds won't be much of a help. In other words, the person who made up the birds and bees story was a eunuch full of bovine fertilizer and guano.

I would recommend that Saturday night you (to coin a phrase) "Do as the Romans do."

Dear Log Advisor:

My friend and I are having an argument. She says that you make up both the questions and the answers. I say that she is wrong, and that people write in questions and you answer them. Who is right?

Anonymous

Dear Anon:

The following questions are real ones sent in by real people who are slightly ding-ding, as in kook-a-ding. The answers are unreal ones written by an unreal spaced-out person, namely me, the ace from outer space.

So that means that your friend was wrong. Ha, Ha, friend, you big dummy!

Dear Log Advisor:

The midshipman I am dating has a terrible problem—he is neurotic about his belly button. Is there a relationship between "navel" and "naval academy", and if so, will his condition disappear upon graduation?

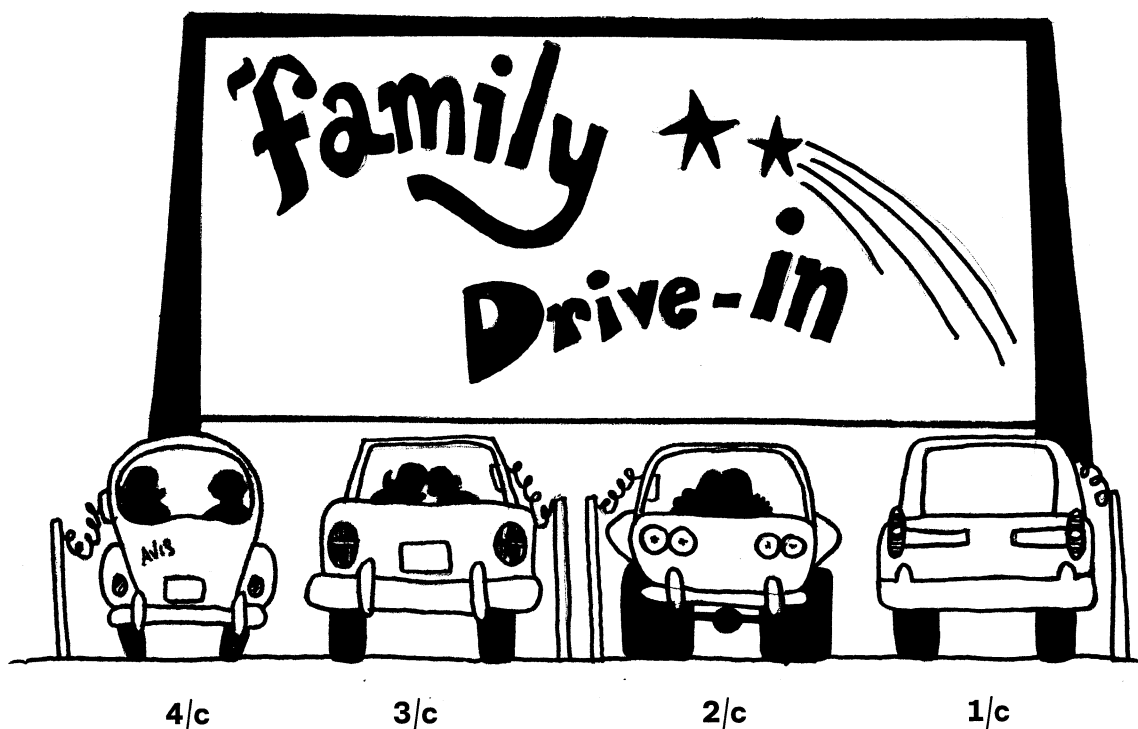
L. Muffin
Annapolis

Dear Lennie:

Your midshipman has a very serious problem. After consulting with medical experts, they confirmed my suspicion that this was a rare case of "bellibuttonitis."

I am afraid that he has an abnormal umbilical attachment to "Mother Bancroft", which he has confused with his real mother. This is caused by a psychotic reaction of an acutely inflamed lower lumbar deformity combined with a paranoic synapse of a depressed loose screw.

I sincerely doubt whether graduation from the academy will cure him of this dreaded disease. In the meantime, I would recommend that you have your boyfriend watch three continuous hours of old "Batman" reruns while standing on his head drinking prune juice. Other than that there is not much you can do for a confirmed basket case.



Dear Log Advisor:

I'm a student at a military academy on the shore of the Chesapeake. Recently I ran into a species of flora called the Hickey Bush. My upper torso is covered by oval purple marks caused by the plant. The dress code at my school does not allow turtlenecks and I'm up to my neck in trouble. Please help.

Mark Spot
Red Neck, Maryland

Dear Mark:

The scientific name of the Hickey Brush is "BIG-BUSTABUS REARENDERA". This man-eating plant is found in various shapes, sizes, and colors, and is densely distributed throughout the entire world. These plants are alluring, petite, and attractive, as well as devious, deceitful, and cunning. Contact with this plant can result in purple suction marks, which last anywhere from one day to two weeks.

Once in the clutches of the "BIG BUSTABUS REARENDERA", the plant has been known to use soft caresses and whisper endearing phrases into the helpless male victim's ear. These clever actions cause the victims to assume a false sense of security, a veritable state of Nirvana.

Ultimately, the plant achieves complete control of its victim, having erased all of the man's chauvinistic attitudes. At this point, the endearing phrases and soft caresses of the plant suddenly change to the harsh commands of "Bring Me, Buy Me, Take Me, Show Me, and Marry Me".

There is no escape!

Dear Log Advisor:

I am a music major. My main instrument is the tuba. Because of this, my lips have taken on a peculiar shape. As a result of this, I get no dates, just a lot of laughs. I used to go out a lot on my own. Lately I have been staying home, due to the expensiveness of chapstick. What do you suggest?

Clara Net
Tootersville, Kansas

Dear Clara:

Throw away your chapstick. Your problems are solved. Just follow these simple directions:

1. Run to the local drugstore and buy a ten gallon can of flat black, and a one gallon can of glossy white enamel.

2. Apply three coats of flat black to your upper and lower lips. (Use a roller to save time.)

3. Stencil in block letters the word **UNIROYAL** on both lips (Caution: the lower lip is the more difficult of the two since the word must be stenciled upside down.)

4. Fill in your letters neatly with the glossy white enamel (Caution: Don't sniff the fumes. You may flip out.)

5. Place an Edsel hubcap in your mouth.

6. Make squealing tire sounds.

That's it—easy as one, two, three . . . four, five,

and six. People will still laugh, dates will be rare. However, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you will be the only one on your block to have Wide-O's for lips.

Dear Log Advisor:

I know a "mid" who promised to call and then never did. I always thought that midshipmen were gentlemen and scholars. Am I wrong?

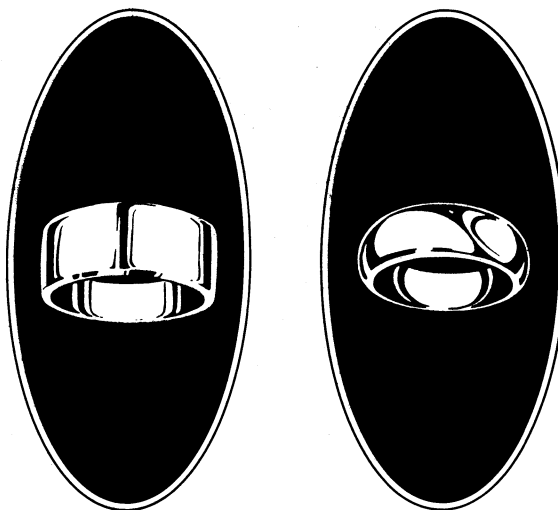
Nancy
College Park, Md.

Dear Nancy:

I am sure that your "mid" promised that he would call you, and he certainly will keep that promise. He just didn't say when he would call. If you just wait patiently, he will call eventually.

However, since this is the day of the liberated woman, if you get too impatient, you can always fork out your own dime and call him!

Orange Blossom
Symbol of a Dream



There is a time for love.
There is a time for peace.
There is a time for joy.
And for you the time is now.

Come in and try on
Orange Blossom's "Soft Touch"
wedding bands, the most
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in America.

10,000 WORDS

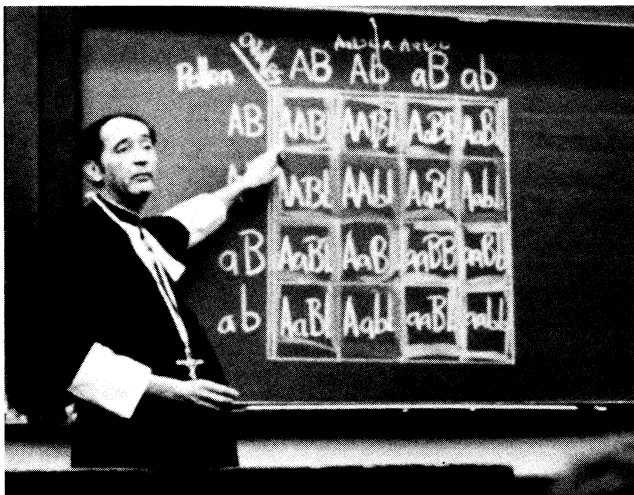


Oh Ethel, I see some turkeys on 4-1.

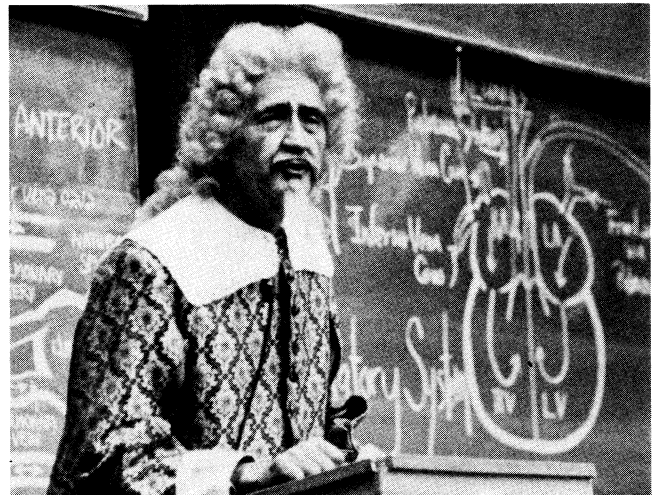


Man, what you mean . . . non-reg!

It's intuitively obvious to the casual observer.



And the proof is left to the student.





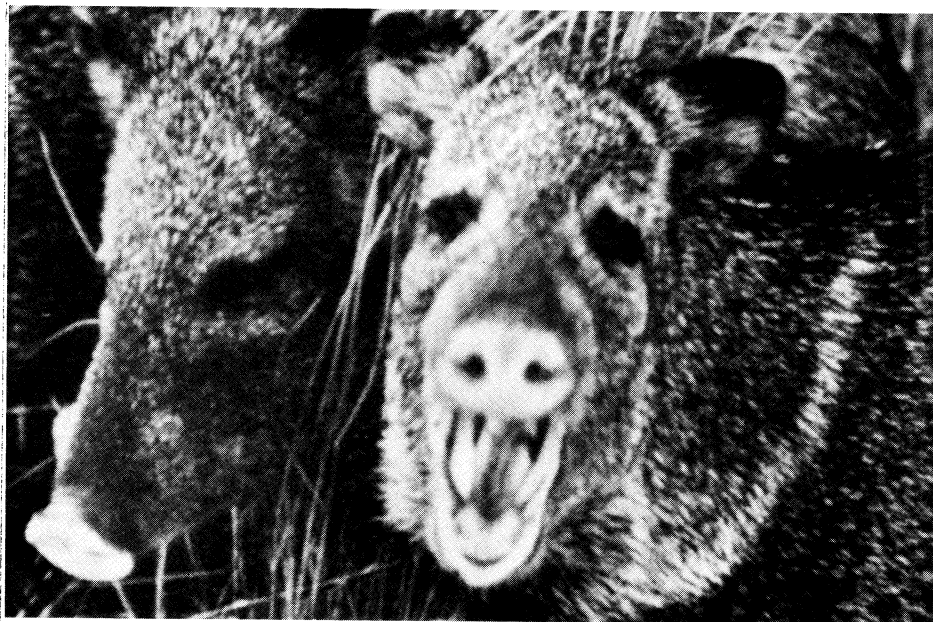
It's called being caught up by
the system.

Anybody that doesn't go "air" is
nuts! ...?



I don't know where they are.
This is where we usually wait.





**They're crazy if they think
they're going to put me in a
veal steak!**



2/c weekends!

Definitely prehistoric!





The only thing that captures a certain firstie's fancy besides a good brew and the kicks.

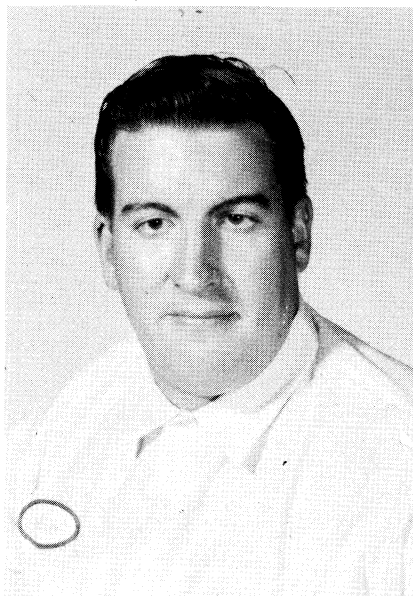


This Arizona lovely has charmed all the 16th youngsters, but the Mid from Arizona has her all to himself.



What more can be said.

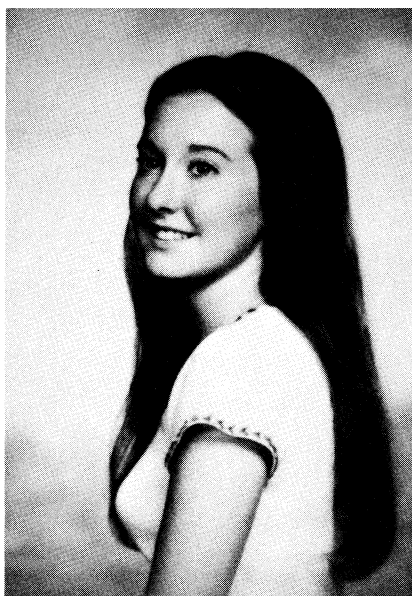
16TH COMPANY CUTIES



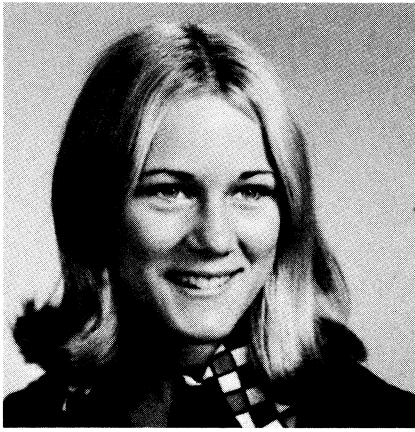
This handsome devil has been an inspiration to the second class.



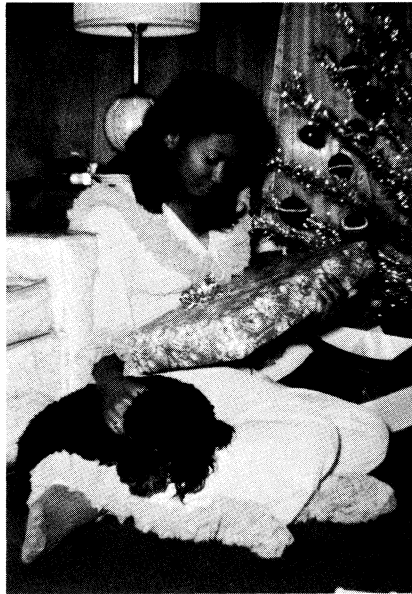
A very special reason one Mid is waiting anxiously for June '73; she's in California.



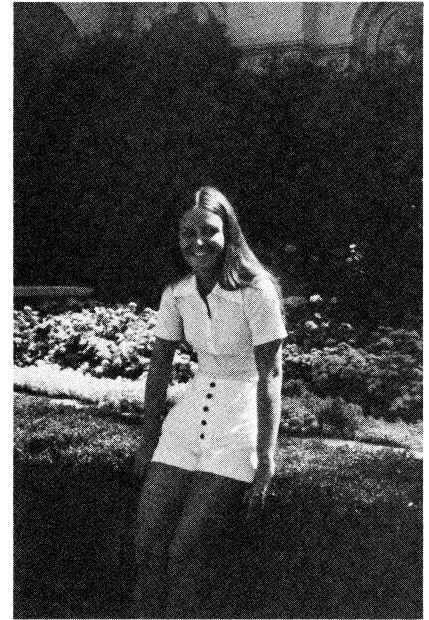
June 23, 1973, is a date this girl and her firstie are anxiously looking forward to.



Jeff can't wait until he gets his 1/c wheels, so he can spend his weekends up at Gettysburg with his moll.



Elsa, a native of Guiana, makes a certain Middie very happy.



Jim, the all-time mover, met this Boston girl youngster year, and now realizes the real satisfaction of settling down. (Right on Colli!)

17TH COMPANY CUTIES

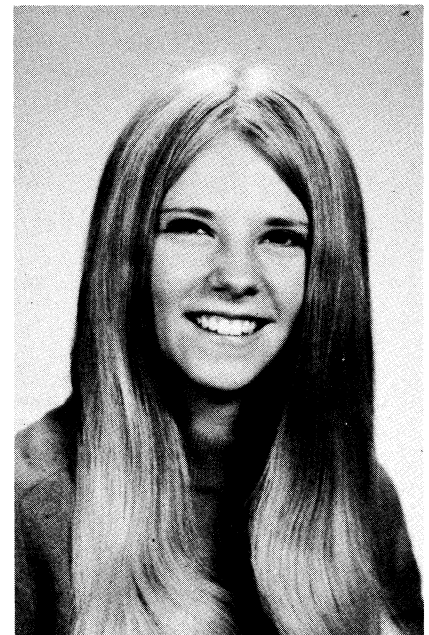
This 4/c's girl has him lying awake at night thinking of summer leave.



Behind every successful man is a woman.



This young lady is NOT waiting for a Mid to come home.

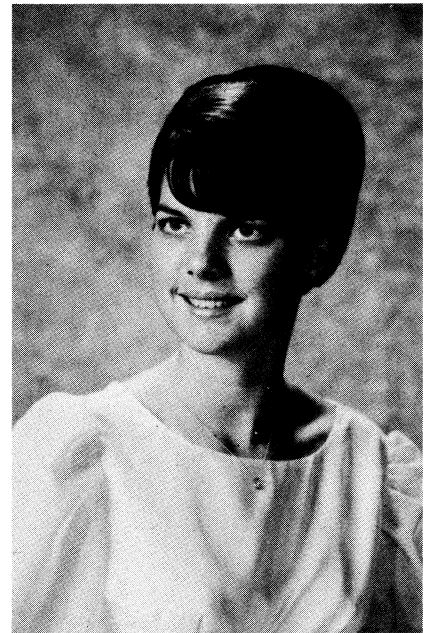




She came from the Midwest to find her Mid. Now this beautiful blonde looks forward to June '73.



1/c cruise turned out real well for a certain firstie.



This Texas Ms is looking forward to June '73 to get her Mid.

18TH COMPANY CUTIES

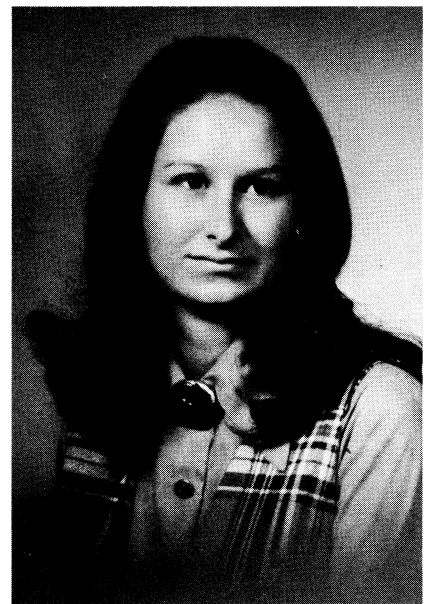
It's been a long two and a half years for this Minnesota miss and her lucky firstie.

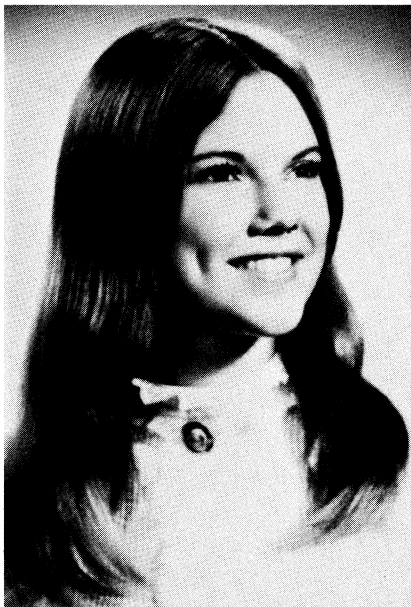


This Indiana beauty keeps a firstie happy and waiting for graduation.

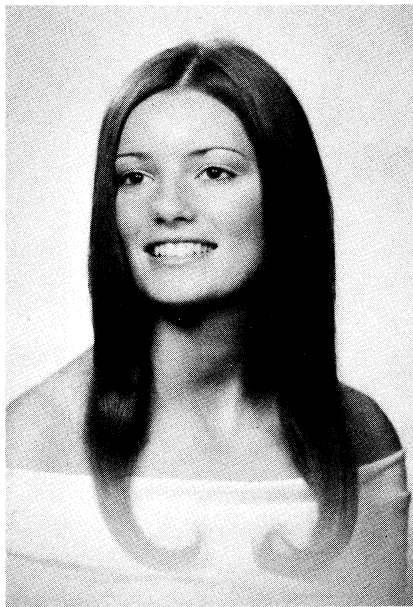


This Baltimore girl has been looking forward to June '73 wedding bells with her favorite first class for 3 years.

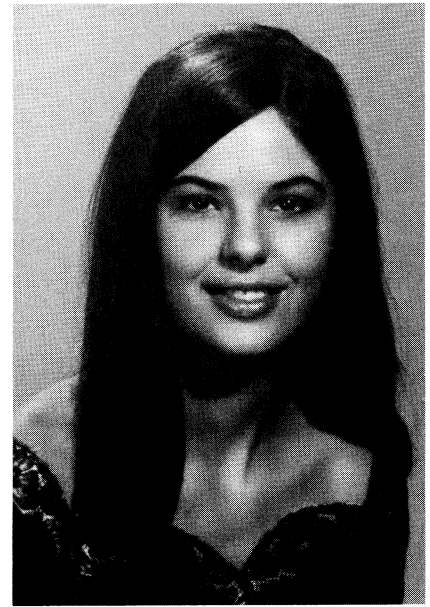




A 20th Company fourth class hopes this Indiana co-ed will still be there when he gets out of his cage for spring leave.



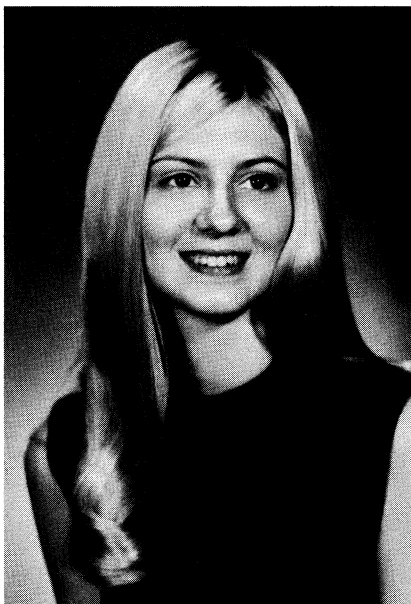
Who says plebes don't have more fun?



This southern belle from Chattanooga rates high for a 2/c in twenty, even though Tennessee is a long way from Oklahoma.

20TH COMPANY CUTIES

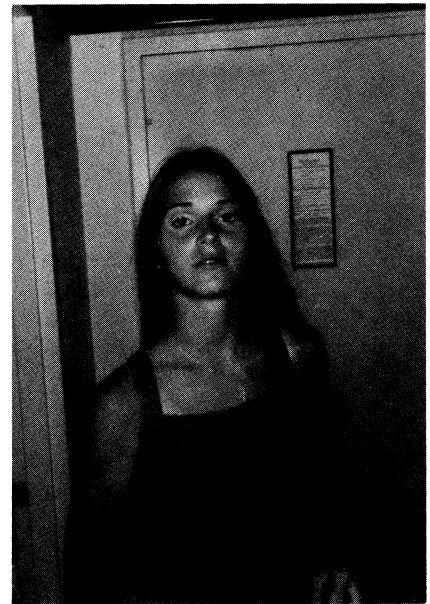
This beautiful lass keeps drawing the company hayseed back home again to Indiana.



This fresh looking woman, a Poly Sci major from New York, is an intimate friend of one of our future flyboys.



One certain plebe is looking forward to his next leave with obvious anticipation.



Remember the Profs . . . well now it's Company Officer time! Match them all correctly and win a free ticket to the next Forrestal Lecture. P.S. there is a \$10 prize for the first person to do it. Turn in all tries to 5065.

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| 1. LCdr. Sowa | A PILLSBURY DOUGHBOY |
| 2. Lt. Nunno | B RIGATONI |
| 3. Lt. Martin | C CHROME DOME |
| 4. Lt. Brennan | D NICK THE GREEK |
| 5. Capt. Krulak | E HARD CORE |
| 6. Maj. Sinnott | F STAN THE MAN |
| 7. LCdr. Lemke | G HONKEY DAVE |
| 8. Lt. Singleton | H THE CLAM |
| 9. LCdr. Seaman | I POOH-BEAR |
| 10. Lt. Carter | J THE GRIF |
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| 13. LCdr. Jones | M JONESIE |
| 14. Lt. Scott | N MR. PEEPERS |
| 15. Lt. Andres | O THE SHADOW |
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| 23. Lt. Taylor | W STUD STU |
| 24. LCdr. Kipp | X UNCLE WALKER |
| 25. Capt. Mueller | Y HOOPLE |
| 26. Lt. Kirkpatrick | Z IRON MIKE |
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| 33. Lt. Townsend | GG RUF |
| 34. Lt. McAlexander | HH MINDER BLINDER |
| 35. Lt. Griffin | II POP TARTS |
| 36. LCdr. Daramus | JJ BIG MAC |



Batten down the hatches, there's gonna be some real hot poop flying around this column. After catching wind that they'd put the clamps on the "Femmes Log" it seemed up to me to carry on my end of the tradition. I'm a little too salty to let old Sam get all the glory again this year.

I suppose you're wondering what a fine-looking woman like myself is doing hanging around with an old barnacle like Salty Sam. We met up when we could still tell our ages—Sam already owned a sailing ship and I tended bar for an old coot who had won one in a poker game. Strangely enough, things took a turn for the better after Salty fell into my life—and I do mean fell; he'd had a few too many when we first made contact. As a matter of history, that's the night I got my name. I won it and a chest of gold after beating poor, drunken Salty in a game of arm wrestling. (He used both hands.) It didn't do much for his ego but it sure did kill my bodice. 'Course there are other tales people tell—like the time I walked the gang-plank because my partner thought I was plotting mutiny. But the sea was on my side that night and summoned one of her creatures to loosen my bonds in time to breathe fresh air. Ever since then, people have held me in high regard; they're too afraid not to.

But on to present times—listening to an old gal like me reminisce gets pretty boring . . . just getting to write this column is a story in itself. I first grabbed the well-used quill pen from Sam and tied him up in the galley down below. It wasn't an easy task, I can tell you—I had to lure him with promises of octopus drum sticks and seaweed pie. He never has been much for resisting a good meal. . . . After taking care of my mate, I rooted around long enough and came up with his strong box containing all the gouge I needed.

What caught my eye, not to mention my fancy, was the number of complaints about an item in last month's column. Seems that Salty Sam missed the boat—something he does with a lot of flair when he wants to. Exaggeration has always been one of his more popular pastimes but he really outdid himself in his rendition of the Scuba Club trip. I saw it with my own eyes because I was popping down shots of grog in that same little seaport. Too bad I didn't get ahold of the strong box two weeks ago; you'd've heard a more accurate story. The boys were pure-bred gentlemen, and their officer rep. was the most cavalier of them all. Lieutenant "Curried Rice Bombay" (as we all fondly know him) shouldn't take the rap because of Salty Sam's overextended mouth. (He's had his peg leg crammed into it more often than he likes to remember.)

More apologies are in order for the usual author of this section. Salty did a typical job of not cleaning out his box and in one dust-laden corner I dug up an item well worth mentioning. A portly, farm-boy-type mid was playing "Barnyard Joe" with some squirrels on his way to class. He must have gotten a little too friendly because one little critter took a chunk out of his body. Being a fast thinker, our injured friend cornered the squirrel in a tree and with the help of some classmates kept him there in hopes of having a health inspector check the squirrel for rabies. No such luck. Not only did the academy facilities refuse the honor but so did the city, the county and the state health facilities people. Guess who got to lose out on 11 days of Christmas leave because he was getting a series of rabies shots? Me thinks our buddy got bit by a bigger, more bureaucratic squirrel than the one in the yard.

I've been hearing tales that one

of our favorites from a few issues back is up to his old tricks again. LCdr. Wimpke has started a new job as company messenger boy, but it won't last long if he continues at his current rate. In pursuit of his rain, storm, and snow duty, he rushed into his company commander's room with a message of the utmost importance. Unfortunately, he was so excited that he cleverly tried to take off his hat while still holding the paper at such an angle that he sliced his eyeball. Hmm, I know there's a moral in here somewhere. . . .

Another tantalizing story came my way concerning a certain 3/c in the First Regiment. The way I hear it, this studly fellow was hanging around one of the circles in town looking for some female companionship. He wore that typical lecherous look with his hands in his pockets and his hat at a coquetish angle. A car slowly pulled up and Mr. "I'm-looking-for-a-good-time" knew he'd scored upon hearing a voice that said: "Hey, come over here." Being thus encouraged, he sauntered over to the driver, a fine looking young woman, and peeked in. Surprise! Who should be in the passenger's side but Lt. Stingerton with an admonishing word and Form 2 about appearance for our now deflated mid. Sounds more like a put-down than a pick-up to me. But to top it all off Mrs. Stingerton is bragging about taking all the credit!

Along similar lines, I've gotten the word that a 3/c recently enacted every midshipman's dream. While out on a Saturday stroll around town, this daring young man ventured to open his coat and remove his hat in an effort to look less conspicuous. Unfortunately for him, he succeeded in just the opposite. Capt. Fishey and his wife caught him in the act. But upon hearing the voice of "Fishfry," this mid took off at a sprint and was back inside security haven before

Fishey had time to react. This time it was a case of the bait bolting before the Fish had a chance to bite.

Speaking of food, I've got a feeling that there's one youngster who won't forget one special Academy yummy. Either his biteful of mystery peppersteak went down the wrong way or something strange is cooking in the galley because we almost lost one of America's cream of the crop last week. Gotta invite that kid over to dinner some night and turn his head with my specialty—breaded veal steak.

One of my favorite memories of Academy life centers around the time I was invited to a tea fight. Now I'm not saying there isn't social value to be gained from it but *really*, I wish someone would be more accurate in naming the event. I naturally came primed for a free-for-all, so when they placed me with the other women I tried to drum up some support for our attack. No one seemed too interested (maybe they'd played the game before?) so I good-naturedly struck out on my own, reached under the curtain and dragged off four or five screaming, kicking young studs. I wasn't ready for the commotion that followed—it reminded me of a bout I had with the Barbary Pirates once (a hint of my age). And to top it off, my friend Mrs. M. publicly took away all her blessings on my pea-picking little heart; I figured it was about time to dance out the door.

A friend of mine tossed me an item concerning just such a tea fight. Maj. Duty gets an "A" for his ability to fry a plebe for breathing. Anyone who deals out 75 demos in the name of D.D.O. for failing to move fast enough through the chute has got to have a lot on the ball. Who knows? The plebe may have heard about my past adventures and gotten a little battle shy at the moment before meeting the enemy.

In another vein it really does my heart good to hear about a spirited underdog coyly slipping a good one to those at the top. The 36th Co. is hopping these days due to a few ingenious youngsters who intended to lend a helping hand to members of the 1st class. They calmly gathered up at least one of each of the first class' shoes and militarily knotted them to a nylon line to be hung outside over the walkway. Sad to report, before the odors could be aired the nylon string broke and shoes went crashing to the ground. By all accounts "quarters were hilarious, but smelly." If you think you've got problems, try living with Salty Sam's feet for a few days. . . .

Lt. Baby Hewie, you've done it again. You were the star of the last issue with Sam at the helm, and now you've made it big in my column too. The rumor is that Black Bart didn't appreciate the accuracy of Sam's descriptions of his cute and endearing "antics." In fact Zorro wants to hunt down my mate, Sam, and fry him—*seriously!* How would he write that up anyway? "Truth—unwarranted assumption of authority to tell same," or perhaps, "judgment—good use of." Whichever the case maybe he can't fry me 'cause I'm not a mid—besides I outrank him. Therefore, let me fill you in on a few more tales about good ol' Formtewitt:

The night your semester break ended a firstie in 35th Co. raced into the parking lot with only seconds to spare. He was accosted by Black Bart who began to dragon-scorch the firstie for not coming back earlier. When the heat finally cooled down our tow-headed hero escaped from Zorro's lashing tongue and dashed for his company area. He barely made it, but he *did* make it. With a sigh of relief he trotted back down to the batt office to sign in. As the clock ticked 6:31 and W.K.'s initials scratched across the

list, who showed up from under a rock but — that's right — Baby Hewie. Another tirade ensued including threats of an honor offense. However Black Bart settled for less: A Form #2 for signing in from leave late, a Form #2 for going to formation in civilian clothes and still another Form #2 for something or other. I'd hate to cross the Lt. in a bad mood. Since then, Black Bart's been thumbing through the reg. book looking for a loophole that will allow him to actually hang a mid from the nearest yardarm. Even just last week, he peaked out by sending a mate out to Thompson Field to catch firsties going over to applied strength and if they weren't in white works, ZAP!

Let me give you mids a bit of advice on how to temper this regulation ruffian—take him up for a “first class indoctrination violation.” The specific offense was giving “no credit” to a marching firstie for—are you ready—taking his eyes out of the boat. You haven't heard the last of Salty Sal, Baby Hewie. The “well dones” are yet to come.

But first, while on the subject of E.D., I'll impart this little tale of interest to you. It appears as though one of your saltier compatriots from 30th Co. was wearing out the soles of his “boonies” along with the best of them when a hair became lodged in his lower extremities (if you know what I mean). Being in charge of the squad he made a command decision to revoke a certain 2/c's credit for “marching too slow.” On the rare occasions that I've visited your noble institution I've yet to notice any speed limits posted on your terraces. The story doesn't end here though. In the fourth hour of our fickle firstie's Saturday afternoon marathon Mr. Salty Seadog veered somewhat from regulation conduct himself—and paid for it. While ostentatiously returning a sword salute to a fellow first class offender,

this master swordsman returned his sword to his right cheek—where it lodged itself. With blood streaming from the wound, a quick evacuation put him in sick bay for immediate treatment. Too bad they were all out of band-aids that heal an acute lack of common sense. The scar should make you look even saltier, you old seadog!

There's one more E.D.-related tale that I just can't pass up. Recently a youngster in 24th Co. was marching off 50 demos for sleeping through morning meal on Dec. 14th (the day you all went home for Christmas). After E.D. was over he made the short trip from the fourth wing terrace to steerage for a milkshake. Setting his rifle outside the entrance to steerage he took no longer than one minute to get his 'shake and return. During that brief interlude an old friend of yours Lt. Zipp snatched up the rifle and spirited it away. The youngster found the rifle in the batt office as well as a fresh Form #2. The BOOW said that the Kipper had recommended a colossal zap of 50 demos for losing government property. The youngster only got 15 but I wonder how many demos Lt. Zipp could get for *stealing* government property—or does that come under some other code of yours?

The following is an example of the true comradeship and spirit of helping each other out that I've noticed among you sturdy young whelps. Two firsties in 2nd Batt were returning from an evening out with two lovely women (quite similar to myself I'm sure) when disaster struck. One debonair rapsalian we'll call Little Andy and the other we'll call Birdman. As the two were about to climb the stairs into the fifth wing Little Andy was confronted by a seething, foaming, Green - Bay - Packer - sized, highly agitated civilian who also happened to be an ex-mid. The intruder began to grill Little Andy

with questions concerning the young woman he had just left. The ex-mid apparently had more than a passing interest in her. As his fists were twitching open and shut, and the tension mounted, Birdman nonchalantly drifted up the stairs and out of harm's way. After a few minutes of sitting in his room watching dust collect, Birdman strolled into a classmate's room and casually mentioned the fact that Little Andy might be in some kind of trouble. As the news hit, a horde of firsties went charging to the rescue. When they got there Little Andy was holding the remains of his battered nose with painful care, and the ex-mid was making off with one of Little Andy's dimes to call up the lady in question. With help like this from Birdman, Little Andy doesn't ever need to worry.

Also stroking right on form was our old buddy, LCdr. Phillips Head Screwdriver. He was passing through 30th Co. one morning during an inside formation. He spied a youngster with his reefer collar turned up and of course had to investigate. Even though the youngster was praying hard, Zorro had him turn his collar down. The cause for prayer was that the youngster hadn't bothered to put on a tie for formation . . . nor a shirt . . . nor an undershirt! Further inspection showed a lack of socks as well.

Another tidbit has come my way from 2nd Batt. It seems as though one Danny Moosemouth 1/c was displeased with his last appearance in Sam's column. In fact he said that he hoped he'd never make the *Log* again because his mother was giving him grief about it. Sorry, Danny, but this is Salty Sal holding the quill now, and both you and your mother have just made the *Log*.

If anyone of you can tear your eyes away from my wise words of worldly winsomeness, you might notice the 18th Company cuties in this issue. True; none of them quite

match the fetching allure of me own beauty, but that's not what I want you to know about them. The point of interest is that they were all picked by 18th Co.'s Major Hoople. Since when do WooPoo majors qualify as beauty judges? Since when do WooPoo majors qualify as beauty *anythings*?

Here's one about one of the bright young professors who enlightens a number of you to the mystic, conceptual, aesthetic and almost sensual pleasures of seapower. A short time ago, Lt. "That's Cool" Ruhe was stressing to his class most emphatically the reasons why they must comply with his assignment schedule. He closed his plea with the following statement, "You *must* get it in to me by Thursday . . . But if you don't, well, that's cool too." Hence the name.

Before I get to the "well dones" let me put a word in for LCdr. "Seaman Recruit." He has complained to the *Log* editor that he's been trying for one-and-a-half years to make it into "Salty Sam" and no matter what he does, he just can't cut the mustard. He says that he gets hyped up for going on watch as OOD and really trying to make a bad name for himself. However, he always ends up with a tough act to follow. Headliners like Black Bart, Walt-the-Salt Sour, Lt. Zipp, and the rest of the gang always dwarf his meager attempts. Well, LCdr., your eagerness has made "Salty Sal" anyway. Think rotten and you might make Sam's column next time.

Here come the well dones:

Well done to Cdr. Hardgravy for making it non reg. in his batt. to wear Marine Corps pins on service dress blue. If no one wears nuclear pins, then no one wears *any* pins, except in place of their heads sometimes.

Well done to those who plan to run 200 miles by May 12 so that the Marine Corps will give you a

little trophy. I'm going to go out and buy a trophy for Sam so that he won't run himself into any more of a rut than he's already in.

Well done to those partying boys in 36th. I'm sure you must hold some sort of record for the most demerits received at any one time for a group.

Well done to your leader, Slapsy Maxie, for his liberal policy on attending sporting events in the middle of the week. I'm sure the teams appreciate no fans in the stands.

Well done to the plebe in the First Regiment who answered the following pro-test question in the following manner:

Q: What does M.I.R.V. stand for?

A: InterContinental Ballistic Missile.

Well done to LCdr. Messhall for publishing the score on a handout for those of you who missed it. I'll blow Sam's horn for you: Salty Sam 1, LCdr. Messhall 0.

A special well done goes to the ever-watchful Jimmy Legs who salute and usher into the Academy anything that moves, including passing dogs, birds and kitty cats.

Well done to the enterprising plebe in the 34th Co. who swindled \$100 from his father to make a donation to the Memorial Fund. He must have wanted that "free" weekend pretty badly. . . .

And well done to a non-engineering fan in 6th Batt. Unfortunately, I don't possess the necessary spherical physical prerequisites he insinuated I might not have in order to print his quotation. Better luck next time sweetie.

A well done to Lt. Formtowitt who blithely fries youngsters for not knowing rates (whatever that means) and for informing a firstie that he may have to turn back because of a 2.28 cum.

Yet another well done to Black Bart for letting his youngsters know that they "didn't have a plebe year" in Capt. Krewcut's "frat five." Do

you have any additions or corrections, Captain?

Still another well done to Lt. Formtowitt who has seen fit to take it upon himself to initiate the 6th Batt.'s new E.D. policy of increasing the amount of E.D. hours. He's quite the little morale cheerleader . . . but maybe with these few well-deserved words of praise, this former All-American fencer will finally get the point.

A sincere well done to the Blue Max for finally giving you bicycle privileges. Firsties have only had four-wheelers since homecoming.

And finally, another well done to those who were involved with the new rooming policy. I hear it's out, but it's not new.

Better luck next time.

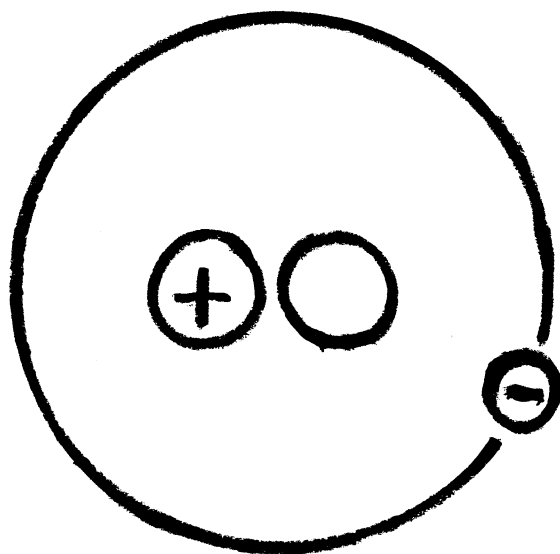
From the cursing sounds I've been hearing coming up from the galley, I think Salty is becoming a little impatient with being tied up. And because I'm a generous woman, I'll let you all off the hook by ending here. In closing, think about what an old sea captain once told me:

"If you be a youngster that can't pick up UHF stations on your tube, connect a single lead antennae (.16 gauge bell wire) to the right UHF antennae outlet and crossover both left and right outlets with a *spiffy*! . . . Works great for channels 20 and 45." Don't say Salty Sal never taught you anything.

(Here's a clue to my identity: in real life I'm Salty Sam's Mama.)

And Salty didn't go nuclear power, he can barely make it on his own power.

DEUTERIUM FOUND IN OUTER SPACE



(HEAVY HYDROGEN)

Discovery in outer space of deuterium—also called heavy hydrogen—by Bell Laboratories scientists adds new knowledge of the birth of the universe. The scientists used the 36-foot, millimeter wave telescope of the National Radio Astronomy Observatory at Kitt Peak, Arizona.

Deuterium is the hydrogen isotope that has twice the mass of ordinary hydrogen, and is found in trace amounts on the earth, as in sea-water. For more than a decade scientists have sought, unsuccessfully, to detect its presence in interstellar space. This is because deuterium is of special interest in understanding the workings of the universe. Hydrogen is the main constituent of the universe. Deuterium also is the first and simplest product of nuclear reactions such as those occurring in stars, and those believed to have occurred in the early evolution of the universe.

But the "surprisingly large" concentrations of deuterium now detected, according to a joint announcement by Bell Labs and the National Radio Astronomy Observatory, also pose a host of new, unanswered questions about chemical and nuclear reactions in space, questions which astronomers and astro-chemists will feel challenged to answer.

The BTL team—Keith Jefferts, Arno Penzias, and Robert Wilson—detected the deuterium as a part of "deuterated hydrocyanic acid" (DCN) molecules in the Orion nebula. The initial observations last April were confirmed within the last month by further observations of a second transition (spectral line) of the "DCN" molecule.

"The surprise is that we found so much of it," the Bell scientists said. The ratio of heavy hydrogen

to normal hydrogen on earth is about 1 part to 6000. In Orion, however, initial indications are of a ratio of 1 part of DCN to 500 parts of HCN (hydrocyanic acid), which contains ordinary hydrogen instead of deuterium.

Astrophysicists have expected that when deuterium was detected, it would occur in only minute traces, and these left over from the original primordial explosion that created the universe about 20 billion years ago. It was felt that any additional deuterium produced in stars since that time would have been "burned up" almost immediately by nuclear interactions. Scientists believed that only the primordial deuterium which had not condensed into stars would remain. Now cosmologists must reexamine their calculation of the amounts of deuterium initially produced. To explain the relative abundance of deuterated molecules astrochemists are investigating the possibility that the heavier deuterium forms molecules more easily than does ordinary hydrogen.

The same Bell Labs team in 1970 was the first to detect carbon monoxide in space, also using the same 36-foot NRAO telescope at Kitt Peak. A sensitive solid state device, developed at Bell Labs, enables the team to work at the higher frequencies needed for such investigations. This kind of research adds to basic knowledge and to the technology to support space communications. Penzias and Wilson, in 1965, found residual noise radiation from the universe that provided evidence for the new cosmological ("big bang") theory of the universe.

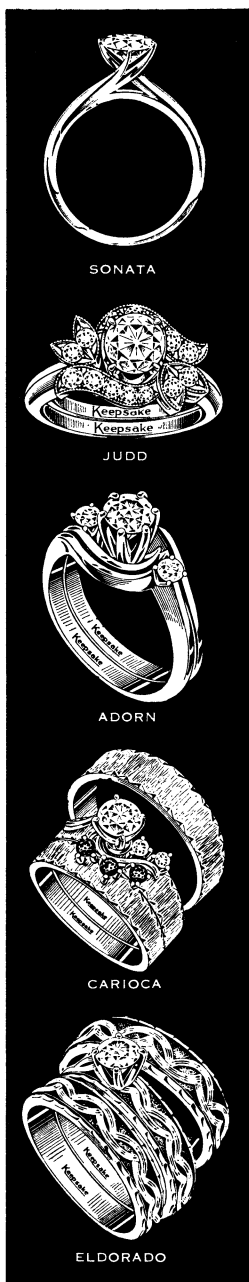
Courtesy of Bell Labs News

*"They do not love
that do not show their love."*

William Shakespeare

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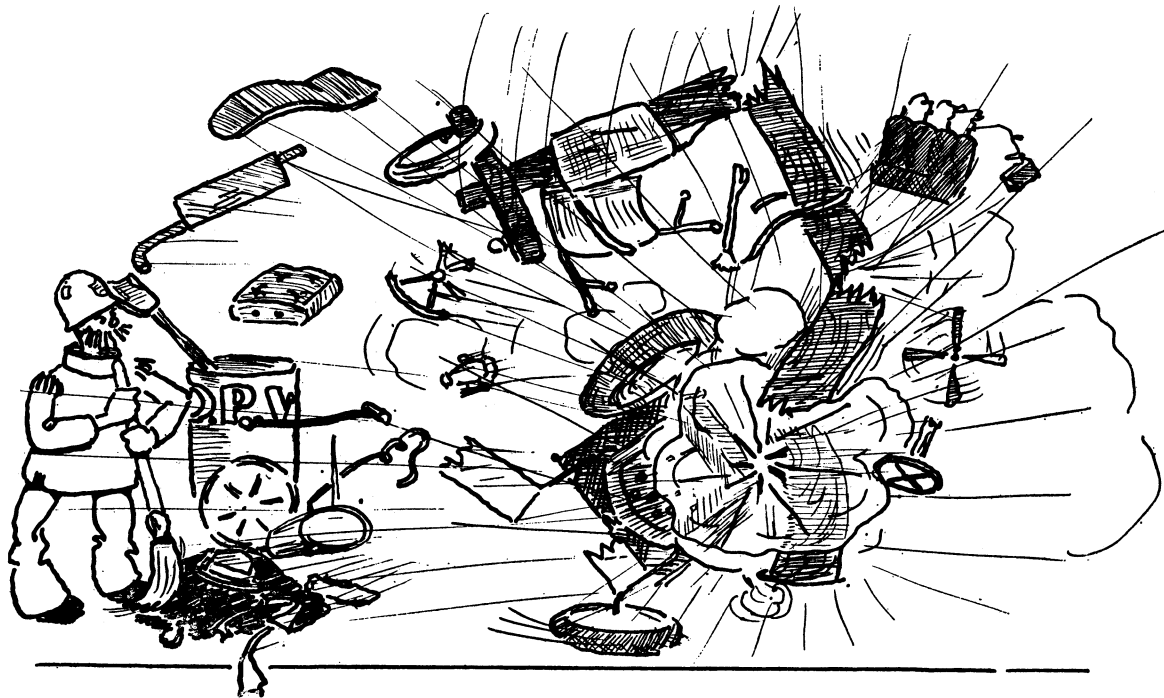
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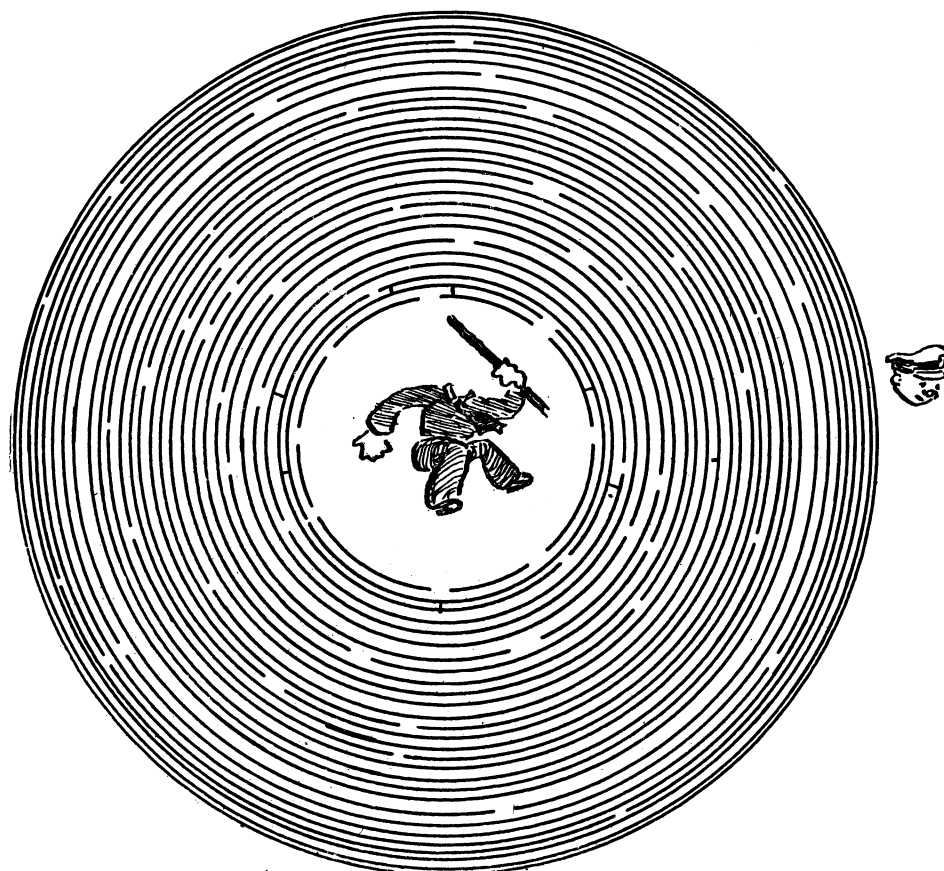
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PUZZLE PAGE



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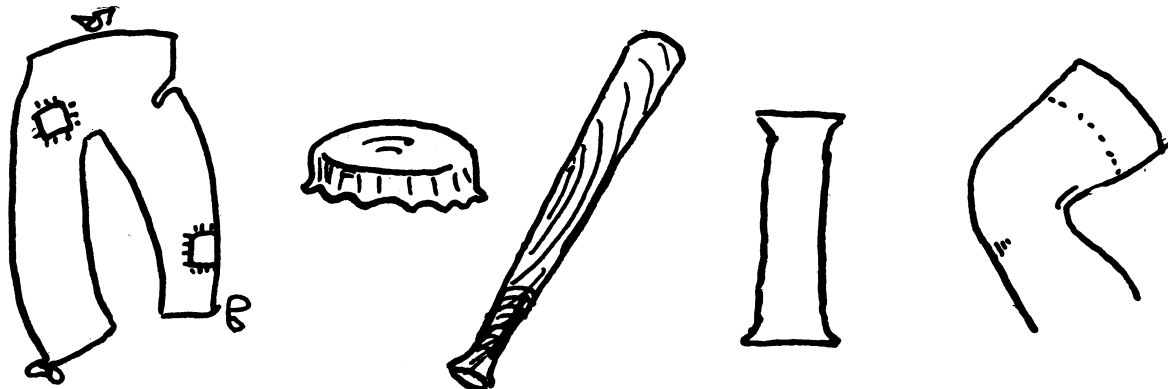


Get Him Out of the Bight

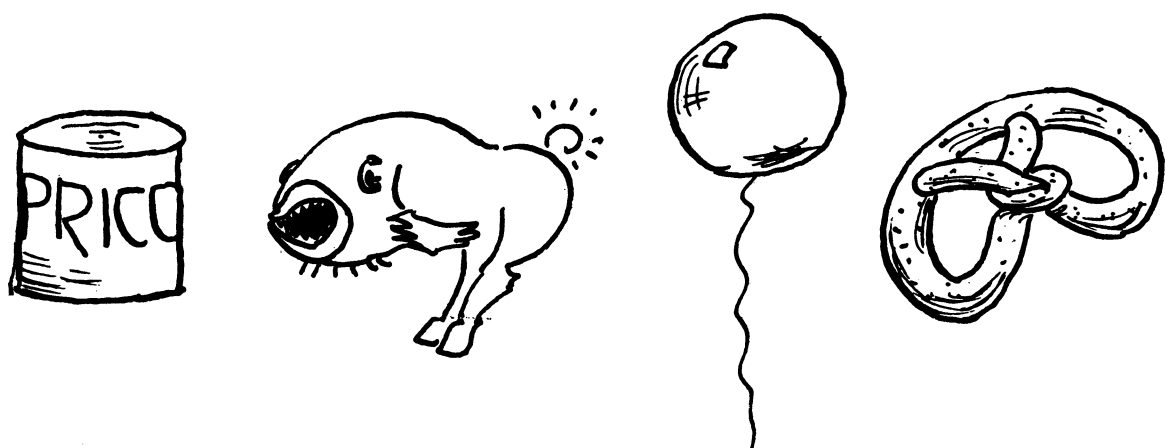
Puzzle Page

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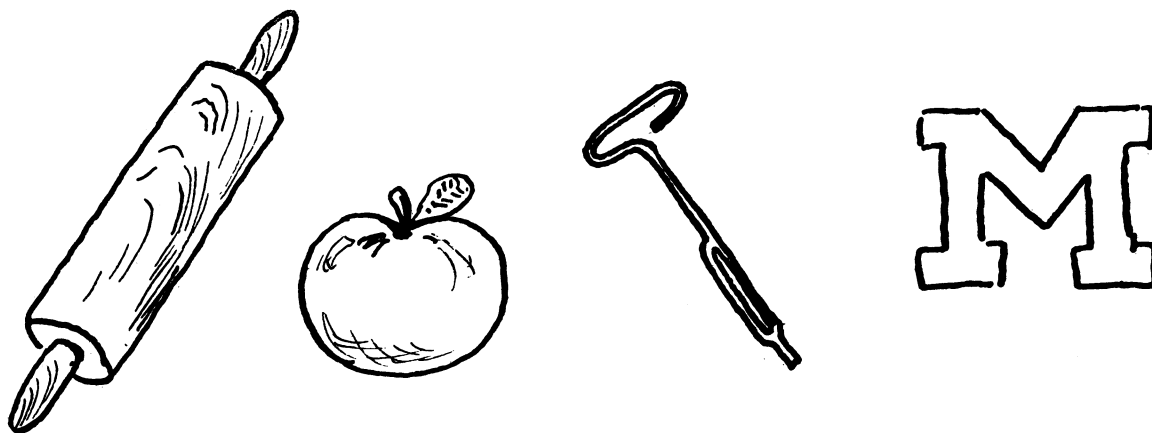
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ANSWERS ON PAGE 19

WESTINGHOUSE ANNOUNCES MOST POWERFUL SUPERCONDUCTING MACHINE

The world's most powerful "superconducting" machine: a five-million-watt (6700-horsepower) alternating-current generator, whose heart is a spinning electromagnet refrigerated to 452.2 degrees below zero Fahrenheit, was unveiled by Westinghouse Electric Corporation.

Superconductivity is the curious phenomenon where special metals suddenly lose all resistance to electric current at ultralow temperatures.

Westinghouse announced that it may be possible to develop superconducting generators for central power stations by the mid-1980's, with less powerful versions to be ready for ship propulsion and auxiliary aircraft power in the late 1970's.

Dr. William E. Shoupp, Westinghouse vice president—research, said that the prototype proves that it is technically feasible to develop full-scale commercial models. He called it "a major advance in technology."

He said that superconducting generators will occupy only ten to 30 percent of the volume of conventional generators and will be much lighter. He added that energy lost through conversion to heat is expected to be less than one-third that lost in conventional generators of the same power rating.

The prototype, built at the Westinghouse Research Laboratories, is basically a cylinder only five feet long by three-and-a-half feet in diameter, yet it is powerful enough to supply electricity for a town of 8000.

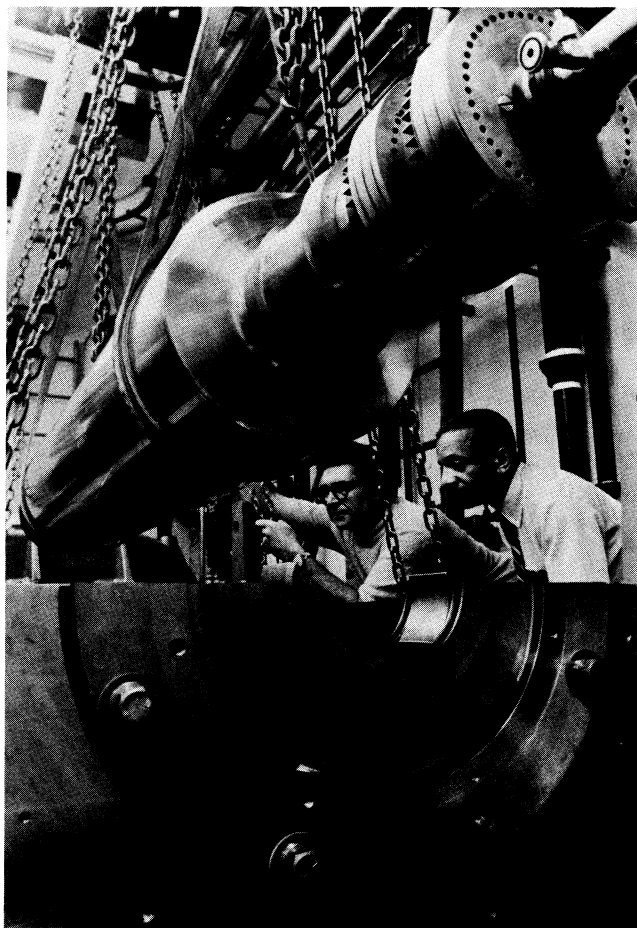
The superconducting generator gets its advantages from the two miles of superconducting niobium-titanium alloy wire wound into the electromagnet. The wire carries about 50 times more electricity than conventional generator windings, and produces a magnetic field three to four times greater than that in conventional generators. The superconducting field is 100,000 times more powerful than the earth's magnetic field.

The superconducting generator does away with all the iron needed in a conventional generator to concentrate the magnetic field, amounting to several tons in central station generators.

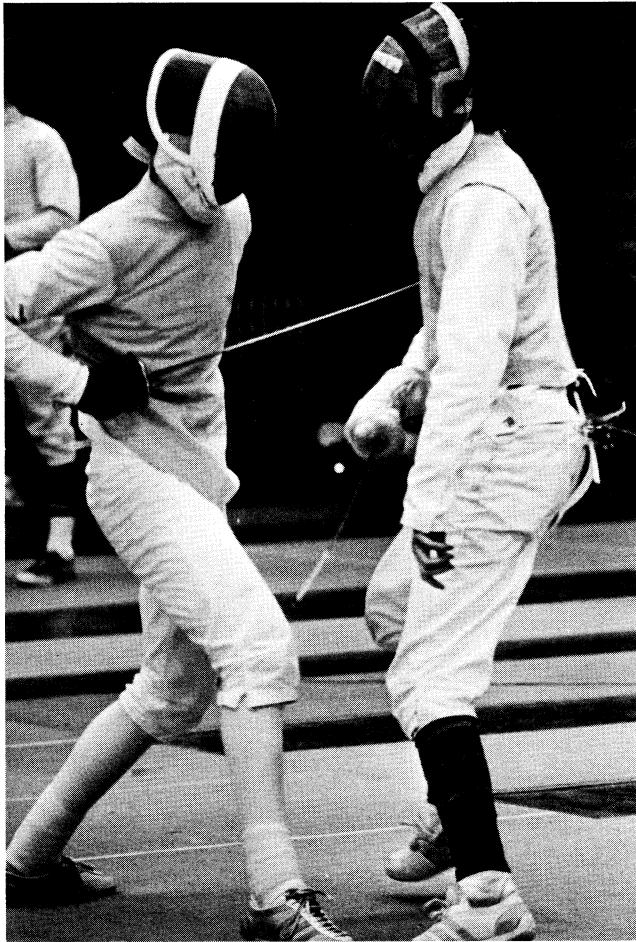
Liquid helium, the coldest liquid that exists, circulates throughout the electromagnet, which is inside a large, rotating, thermally insulated vacuum flask. This flask serves as the rotor of the superconducting generator.

"Conventional generators face ultimate technical limits to their size and power, and even now are approaching sizes too cumbersome to be shipped from manufacturer to electric utility stations. Superconducting generators could solve these problems," Dr. Shoupp said.

"Small, light superconducting machines may also make electric propulsion practical for the first time on many classes of naval and merchant marine ships."



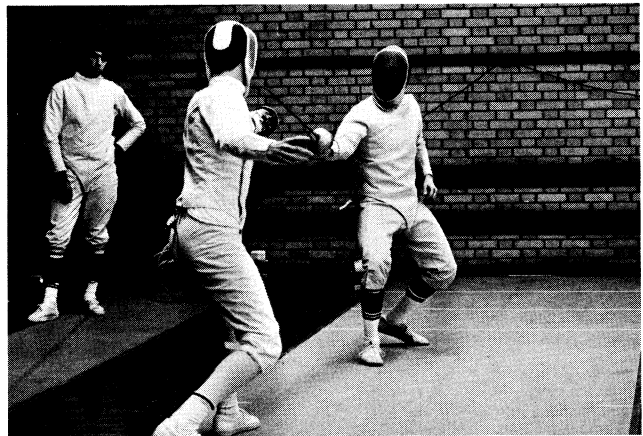
***SUPERCONDUCTING ROTOR:** Workers at the Westinghouse Research Laboratories are shown lowering the newly developed superconducting rotor onto a test stand prior to its installation in the generator unveiled recently. The rotor is an electromagnet made of coils of special wire inside a thermally insulated vacuum vessel. In operation, the inside of the rotor is kept at 452.2 degrees below zero Fahrenheit, cold enough to freeze air solid. At this temperature, the wire is superconducting, meaning it can carry enormous currents. The spinning rotor is the heart of the five-million-watt alternating-current generator that Westinghouse calls "the world's largest superconducting machine and a major advance in technology."*



FENCERS STICK OPPONENTS

BY

MATT LECHLEITNER



With a clashing of steel, a bending of blades and great enthusiasm, Coach André Deladrier's fencers entered the Winter Sports Season. Only four lettermen return to take starting roles, leaving over half the positions to be filled.

Captain Ed Donofrio, a returning All-American foilsman, anchors what has proven to be a very strong foil team. Fourth Classmen Pete Varsanyi and Greg Freitz are the remaining two starters with Adelbert Walker 3/c backing them with consistency. After a relatively shaky start against St. John's of Brooklyn, they have come back to convincingly beat Princeton and the University of North Carolina.

Third classman Bill Rose leads the attack of the Navy sabremen backed by seniors Mike Carrigan and Greg Straessle. With both Rob Frazier 2/c and Jack Moore 3/c pushing for starting berths the sabre team

faces their toughest teams in the upcoming meets against Columbia and Army. Victories here would put the sabre team on top and difficult to beat.

The epee team, thought to be Navy's weakest weapon this year, has proved to be in contention for the number one position in the East. Losing three starters to graduation experience was lacking. However, seniors Bob Wakefield and Lou Knotts have led the onslaught, with third classmen Bill King, Malcolm Patterson, and Greg Hoffman fencing very strongly. The five men alternating starting positions have handily beaten all of their opponents.

Thus far the Navy fencers pose a fine record beating St. John's of Brooklyn, Princeton and the University of North Carolina. The top teams in the East remain but an undefeated season is a feasible goal with the winning of the Easterns being a great culmination to a "rebuilding" year.

INTRAMURALS

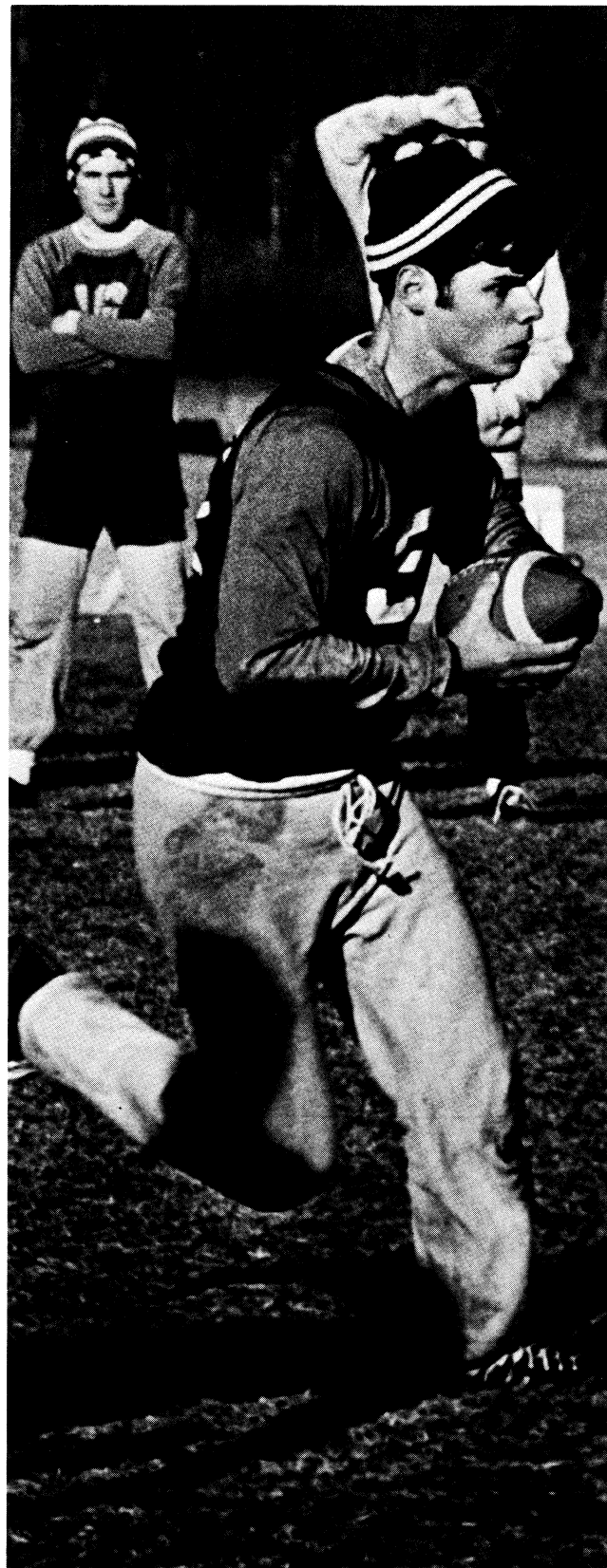
All the boys down in Sick-Bay can heave a sigh of relief, for their endless treatment of twisted ankles, broken bones, black eyes, and missing teeth will drop in volume considerably. This coincides with the ending of the winter set Intramural program which we all hold dear to our hearts here at "The Boat School." Nothing is more stimulating than the easy stroll over to Hospital Point on those "crisp" wintery afternoons to partake in a friendly game of football or fieldball with the rest of your chums in the Brigade. If you are a freshman then you know the inner glow of pride that warms all over as you carefully fish out *your team's* ball from the placid Severn River. Juniors acting as team managers will always cherish the look on the opposing coach's face as he cheerfully signs his name on the game report next to—Losing Coach. And the seniors, our guardians in the dark, will carry forever the feeling of accomplishment knowing that even though they had lost a closely contested game—they still won all the fights. Now let's look at this year's results.

In the Leprechaun division of football it was a match between the 35th and 16th companies. Thirty-five came out on top with a score of 10-7. All of the scoring for 35 during the playoffs (Regimental and Brigade) was accomplished by "Mr. Wizard," Jim Campbell. He was responsible for the touchdown and PAT in their 7-6 victory over 26 in Regimentals and kicked a field goal and scored the only touchdown in the finals.

All the TD's in the game came in the first period. For 16 it was a 5-yard pass from quarterback Joe Robb to Skip Stocknick for their only score of the game. Campbell avenged that with an end reversal for six quickly followed by a PAT. With the score 7-7 late in the second quarter QB Martin engineered his boys inside the range of Campbell's toe and he made it 10-7 at the half. No scoring on the part of 16 in the second half was mainly due to the tight defense headed up by rushers Etter, Dion, and McAliley. Other defensive standouts were linebacker Smith and Don Fleming, the defensive back who in the last two games played stopped scoring threats by key interceptions. This defensive unit was responsible for four suhtouts during the regular season and never had double figures scored against them. However it was still Jim Campbell who was awarded the game ball for his outstanding offensive efforts.

For the heavyweight championship it was 29 pitted against 12. Although 12 came from a tougher league and had to hold off the "long-haired ruffians" of 7th company in Regimentals, it was 29 on top at the end 18-14.

Quarterback McMillin hit tight ends Jencks and McNulty with two and one TD passes respectively. The first one came in the first quarter giving 29 a 6-0 edge. But 12, engineered by Dave Pattillo, came



back with 6 big ones after Pattillo connected with Ransburg in the second quarter. The PAT made it 7-6 at the half.

It was 12 again in the third quarter when after extensive scrambling Pattillo let loose the bomb and Steu White, with some amazing acrobatics, came up with the big catch and 6 more. The PAT was good and 12 was out ahead 14-6.

But that was all she wrote for 12. In the fourth quarter the defense headed up by big names like McNulty, Cecre, and Beale would not let 12 even see the goal line. McMillin hit on two more TD passes and Charley Beale (player/manager) came up with the key interception on 12's last scoring threat putting the icing on the cake and 29 on top at the gun 18-14.

Moving on to the "Game of Men" (or what Sick-Bay claims is the biggest cause of loss of manliness) it was 8 against 24 for the Brigade Fieldball championship. This game, rumored to be played only two places—USNA and state penitentiaries—has had a lot of the brutality of contact taken out due to new

rules but the ferocity of the competition is still there (along with a few well placed cheap shots).

Coach Collins and the boys of 8 battled pretty evenly with 24 during the first half coming up with a 3-3 score at half time. Then the defense tightened up on both sides allowing only one score in the next quarter and a half. All of a sudden with four minutes left and trailing 4-3, 8th company went on a rampage led by scorers Collins, McCracken, Fessler, and Gagalís and good playmaking by Huston. In four minutes they put together three goals in a great display of ball control.

The clutch defense turned in quite a final performance also. Not allowing any additional goals in the last four minutes and only one the second half were such stars as "Shoe" Schumacher, "Roe" Ryder, "Satch" Morgan, "Soph" Sophy, Bertalan, and Pisel. The greatest factor in this feat however had to go to "Little Randy" Avers who played consistently great goalkeeping all season. So at the final gun it was 8 the winner 6-4.



Brigade Champions

Lightweight Football: 35th Company

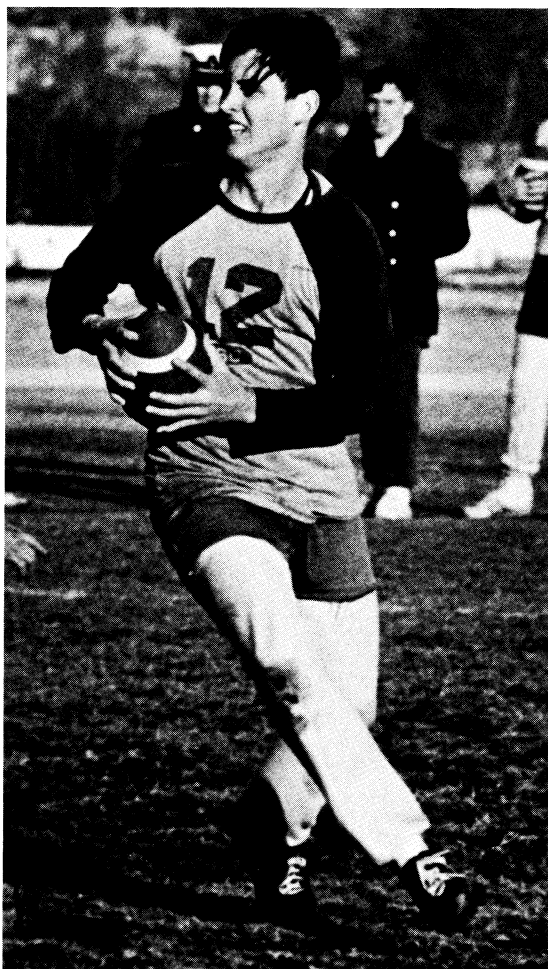
J. Campbell (Coach)	K. Martin	M. Shafer
C. Benway (Manager)	S. Smith	D. Armstrong
M. Shaughnessy	T. Dion	L. Doong
J. Brown	J. McAliley	D. Stockwell
J. Etter	H. Hohn	W. Matzelevich
D. Fleming	T. Naple	B. Smith
M. Holton	D. Winston	

Heavyweight Football: 29th Company

J. Callahan (Coach)	J. Noonan	D. Vilotti
C. Beale (Manager)	T. Gordor	J. McNulty
C. Osborn	R. McMillin	K. Hart
J. Cotton	T. McClellan	P. Reardon
W. High	F. Petrie	M. Poppler
S. Hill	D. Vidal	V. Huston
J. Kelly	M. Cecre	S. Thompson
W. Mayo	R. Jencks	K. Vandever
	A. Eaton	

Fieldball: 8th Company

J. Collins (Coach)	K. Morgan	J. Crowley
M. Ryder (Manager)	P. Sophy	R. Stutler
S. Hester	K. Pisel	F. Searl
W. McCracken	D. Patterson	T. Reilly
C. Fessler	D. Ahle	S. Wiley
J. Gagalís	R. Avers	D. Pupillo
K. Huston	F. Bertalan	M. Karsner
S. Schumacher	J. Bobenage	S. Ewers



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NAVY'S NEW HEAD COACH

by RUSTY KOLLMORGEN

"I have never been associated with a losing squad yet." Those were the confident words spoken by Navy's new head football coach from Penn State, George T. Welsh. Coach Welsh is the Academy's 31st head football coach and the first one to be a graduate of Annapolis since 1948 when Tom Hamilton skippered the mids.

George Welsh wore number 11 as a 165-pound quarterback who led the Midshipmen squads to 17 victories and a 1955 upset of Mississippi in the Sugar Bowl. With Coach Eddie Erdelatz behind him Welsh brought the team consecutive records of 4-3-2, 7-2, and 6-2-1 while passing for 2,335 yards and 20 touchdowns. He is ranked fifth on the list of all-time Navy passing and also for total offense.

Coach Welsh's greatest acclaim was won with Navy's 21-0 upset of Mississippi in the 1955 Sugar Bowl. Johnny Vaught, coach for Old Miss, claimed, "He kept us loose and that opened up their ground game. He ran the option to perfection." (And brother, how we need to learn that!)

Although Navy didn't go to a bowl game in 1956, George Welsh let the country know that the Mids were still a tough unit. Despite seeing action in only eight of Navy's nine games his senior year, Welsh led the nation in both passing (1,319 yards) and total offense (1,348 yards). This record, combined with his great performance as an infielder on the baseball team, earned him the Thompson Trophy Cup at graduation as the midshipman who had contributed the most "for promotion of athletics at the Naval Academy."

After graduation Coach Welsh received orders for

the *USS Des Moines* out of Norfolk. He played ball for one year with the local Naval Base "Tars." Torn ligaments in the knee ended his active playing days there. The rest of his service hitch included duty with the staff of Commander, Cruiser Division 5, Company Officer at the Academy, and sea duty on the *USS Fletcher*. While at Annapolis he assisted Coach Wayne Hardin and traveled with the squad to the 1960 Orange Bowl.

In July, 1963, Lieutenant Welsh turned in his boards and a month later picked up a clipboard as he joined the football staff of Rip Engel at Penn State. During his ten years there as quarterback and offensive backfield coach he has guided such standouts as Lydell Mitchell and John Hufnagel. Both were All-Americans and hold various school records.

His performance at Penn State has earned him nothing but praise from Joe Paterno and nothing but high expectations from the people who were instrumental in his appointment. As Capt. J. O. Coppedge (Ret.), Director of Athletics, said in answer to what the decisive factors were in Coach Welsh being picked from over 250 applicants, "He was familiar with the Naval Academy, he was a fine gentleman, and he was a winner!"

Coach Welsh shied away from any immediate goals or predictions. He did go so far as to say that he hoped that with a lot of hard work, co-operation of a good staff—the nucleus of which he feels is here—and a well defined day-to-day work load he would be able to help Navy prepare for a winning season in 1973.

GYM TEAM IMPROVING

Seven meets into this year's season the gymnastics team has a respectable 5-2 win/loss record, and is on its way to a very rewarding season. Coach Saverling, the head varsity coach, is pleased with the team's performance so far and feels that they should get better with every meet because "that's what we're supposed to do." And a glance over the meet scores shows that the team has just about been doing what the coach believes them capable of doing—improving.

vs. Syracuse: 151.70—147.25

Temple: 152.40—156.15

Penn St.: 153.70—159.30

Cornell: 154.85—150.70

Springfield: 158.40—153.90

Pittsburgh: 130.50— 98.90

U. Mass.: 158.10—155.70

Of note in the Navy scores shown above are the highest and lowest point totals.

The low score against Pittsburgh was due to featuring the 4/c specialists on the team with the varsity backing doing compulsory routines which are measurably harder than the optional routines that they normally perform. And the high score of 158.40 against Springfield is the highest score ever amassed by any Navy gymnastics team—a new Navy record. And the team came close to that record again in the meet against the University of Massachusetts which was considered by the coaches as their toughest meet with the chance of winning.

The individuals worthy of a little extra praise for their outstanding efforts this season are; Frank Lanzer '73 on the pommel horse and Eric Swanson '73 also on the pommel horse (side horse) who was NCAA and Eastern runnerup last year in his event and is con-

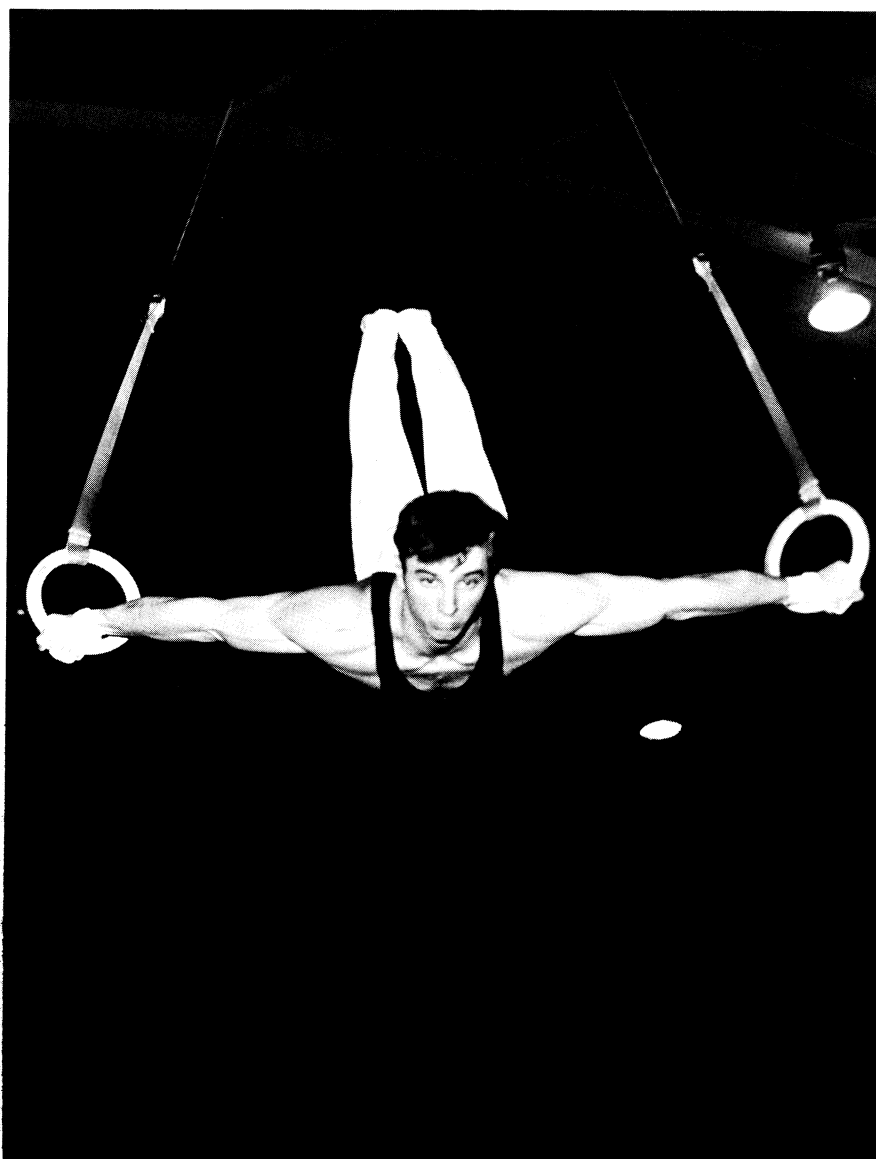
sidered as the best in the world on the pommel horse by Coach Saverling; varsity captain Randy Hess '73, Curt Powley '74, and Doug Griffith '75 as the top floor experts; and Doug Griffith again as the best all-around man. Of note, also, are three fourth class on the team—Rich Smith on the pommel horse, Dave Shimp on the rings and Walter Sparks as an all around man—who looks very promising for the future.

Aside from the hard, dedicated work of the athletes and their talent, the coaching plays an important part in the success of the team and this year's team is amply supplied in that department. Coach Bill Saverling, the head varsity

coach who has the distinction of being one of the first Penn State gymnasts to become nationally ranked, has two highly capable assistants this year in JV coach Gary Anderson, who was a participant in the Pan-Am games two years ago, and Stormy Baton, who represented the Navy on the U.S. gym team in the 1972 trampoline championship against Russia.

And the feeling about Army this year is one of confidence—from the coaching staff to the gymnasts to the managers—since the meet that the team considered its toughest of the season, the U. of Mass. meet, ended in a Navy victory.

by TOM HARRIGAN



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

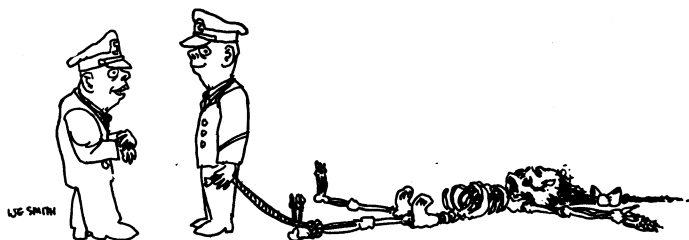
Regulations! A word used quite frequently around U.S.N.A. and I'm quite sure that anyone who has anything to do with the Academy knows what they are. I can see following regulations to the book in some instances, but when a barber (civilian no less) tells you that you have to get your hair cut the way he wants it, I think that someone is carrying the regs. a little too far. What I'm trying to say is that there are about 4,000 guys running around here, who are over voting age and it seems to me that they are old enough to take it upon themselves to get a reg haircut. Now, some people might say that the Midshipman might avoid getting a reg haircut by getting his hair cut by a friend. Well seeing that it happens around here anyway it shouldn't make any difference. Besides if the Mid's hair doesn't meet the regulations in the inspector's eyes why not fry him. (That seems to be the popular solution around here anyway.) Seeing that this action of frying happens quite a bit, why can't we as "grown men" go down to the 3rd, 7th and 8th wings and tell these men of the order of the electric razor that we want our hair cut to our personal tastes rather than sitting down and being raped like a chicken! This article is in reference to the recent flow of hair falling from Chair No. 1 in the 7th Wing.

Suggestion: Perhaps make barbers and other personal service personnel subject to removal by a board of Midshipmen (possibly a few officers also) if they are found to be unsat. They are supposed to be doing *services* for our convenience. We do not, as it sometimes appears, get our hair cut, clothes pressed, etc., so that they may have a job. Why should we pay a lot of money and be told how these services are going to be performed rather than being able to have a say in the matter? How much do barbers get anyway?

F. Wayne Bergman
18th Company
(Thank you Larry C.)

Accost your batt. study group for answers.

—Editor



I see you're still dragging the same chick. . . .

To The Log Editor:

The big rumor that is going around now is that the powers that be are considering a change in policy concerning switching companies. Supposedly, plans are underway to switch Second Class into new companies for First Class Year.

I think I speak for the majority of Mids when I say that I disagree with this projected change in policy. There are several reasons why the present system should be retained.

First is the desirability of divorcing the evaluation of an upperclass Mid from his prior performance as a Plebe. Under the present system, a Plebe who has had a poor year has a chance at improving his aptitude without the *a priori* judgment of the upperclass. He will continue to be a Plebe in their eyes. Also, resentment of the actions of upperclass which seemed too severe to a Plebe is eliminated. In short, the former Plebe starts his Youngster year with a relatively clean plate.

Another factor, company loyalty and spirit, is encouraged by the present system. Presently, many Second Class are anxious for their company to put on a good showing in Color Competition. What would be the use of working hard to win colors only to switch companies and watch some other company enjoying your hard-earned bennies?

Continuity of leadership is another important factor under the present system. With an average Company Officer turnover of one-third each year, maintaining a satisfactory relationship between Officers and Mids is difficult now. With the entire 1/c command structure disrupted in every company, an even more chaotic condition would exist.

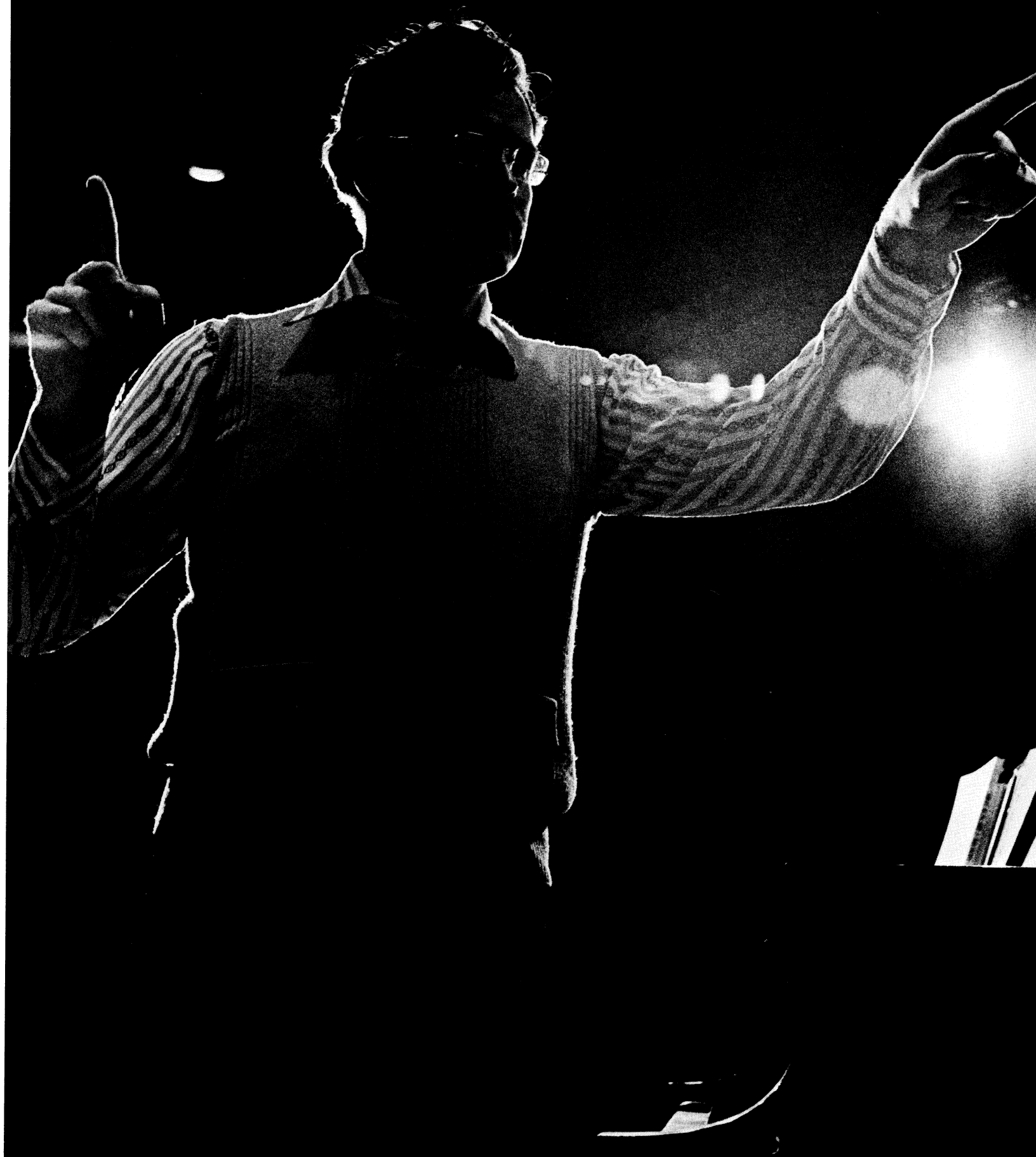
Each year Mids invest hundreds of dollars and many hours in improving their Company Wardrooms. Should the Wardroom that a Mid has spent so much time, effort, and money to model according to his dreams be taken away from him? And should anyone get stuck with a Wardroom which he neither respects nor admires?

Any one of these is a strong argument in favor of the present system of switching companies after Plebe Year. Together, I think they are convincing proof that the present system should not be changed.

Midshipmen should make their ideas known before the final decision is made. Get together with your classmates. Use Brigade Suggestion Forms. Talk to your Company Officer. But do it now before a decision is reached which is contrary to your best interests.

Respectfully,
16th Co. Youngsters

PROFILE OF PROF. TALLEY



by DEAN DOBBERT

As part of our continuing program of profiles of the men and women that make up our life here at USNA we present Prof. Talley, who commands the entire musical program here, including the Glee Club, Masqueraders, and the Chorus.

He started out in a boom town called Princeton, Kentucky, as the son of a poor itinerant farm worker. Early in life he pictured the world as full of great pianists and conductors, so he decided he wanted to emulate them. He attended the Oberlin Conservatory in Ohio, starting out as a pianist. However, he stayed an extra year to acquire a second major in conducting.

From there he moved on to the Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore teaching music theory and piano as an assistant. He enjoyed the work there, but in time moved on to work for the Church of Good Shepherd in Ruxton. He relates, "It was a medium rare Episcopal, neither high nor low. You see, they had candles on the altar but a spoken liturgy. There was room for a good music program there."

When he got his Master's in 1967 he began teaching at the Bryn Mawr and Garrison Forest Girls' Schools in Baltimore. "The scenery was much more colorful than at the Naval Academy."

While all this was going on, he was involved in still more musical interests, including the Harford Choral Society and the position of conductor of the Baltimore Comic Opera Co. He reminisced about one of his earlier interests. "There was this group called the Eichenkranz Verein, a singing group which paid me \$15 a week and all the beer I could drink. Although my memory of this group is foggy, it was generally pleasant. They would get to rehearsal 2 hours early, and by the time it started, were pretty well tanked. There were some tenors, about 65, who would pass out every time they went over an 'A'." He also participated in the Gilman summer music theatre.

How did he get involved with the Naval Academy? "I was formerly an organ grinder at the corner of

E. Baltimore and Calvert Sts. until my monkey died. There being a shortage of monkeys, I had to seek elsewhere, so I came to Annapolis. Failing to find any here, I began working with the Glee Club as the next best thing."

Actually, when he found out about the job he was in Newport on a boat and, "I came charging back to the Academy at about 5 knots, aided by a hurricane—you might say I was wafted here quite literally by the winds of fate.

"The whole situation here is unique in that it very closely resembles the role of the 18th century court musician—numerous performances and the fact that we perform practically at the drop of a hat. But I found that I had walked into a job that I enjoyed immensely. I like the idea of a fine performing operation without the commitment of classroom teaching, which I don't care for.

"Here, I am dealing with an assortment of truly remarkable and interesting people. There is far more talent in the Brigade than I had ever imagined. Personal qualities make it a very pleasant working situation. One of the best things about the job is that people you work with will do what you ask them to, or tell you why it can't be done. There is much less buck passing, especially among the midshipmen, than I have found outside the Academy. Another thing that makes this situation different from another college is that the music program is much more complementary to the rest of the programs, contrasted to another university where it exists for its own sake. Here we are together exclusively for performances—which is really the best way to learn. Like many other endeavors, if you want to learn about it—do it."

When asked what the most unusual thing was that he had encountered here, he said, "There have been so many—or not so many." Pondering a while, he finally concluded, "I don't remember it having been dull, so there must have been a lot of them."

What about future plans? "Yeah, I want to go back to Disneyworld. Actually, a Hawaiian Tour with the Antiphonal choir would be nice."

Finally the subject of his remarkable resemblance to Teddy Roosevelt came up. Does the analogy end with physical appearance? "I carry a small stick, about 18 inches long, and I yell a lot—but I assume it ends there. When we went to Disneyworld last year, my hometown paper ran a picture of me with the 80 or so members of the Glee Club standing behind me. I got a letter from my uncle, who commented that I looked like I was ready to charge up San Juan Hill."

He summed up his personality in the following words: "My greatest love, besides family, is sailing. There is a kind of grandeur to it that you kind of lose in modern cities. I think it entails looking for something beyond yourself. I'm a 19th-century romantic at heart. They say I was dragged kicking and screaming into the 20th century." The Naval Academy should be blessed with his presence for many years. Prof. Talley plans on being here until he receives his doctorate, which by his estimate should be around 1984.



ALL IS FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR AND MIXERS

by Wayne A. Thornton, 2nd Company

Imagine yourself at the Standard Afternoon Mixer in Smoke Hall. Pounding out the hits with volume at "MAX" is the incomparable "Reuben Sandwich and the Sparkplug Gap"—backed up by those legendary heavies "The Major Offenders" (or is it the West Point Glee Club?). As you look over the collection of available lovelies huddled in giggling masses you note that most of them look cornfed. You conjecture that at 39¢ a pound you could probably make a fortune.

Then. . . The Thunderbolt. There she is. Across the room. The one that could charm you into a June Week wedding. Instantly that pilot light you thought was snuffed out explodes into fiery passion.

But, you control yourself . . . very coolly . . . you stalk her. With your hand casually in your SDB pocket (reminiscent of the Peerless Clothing ad or maybe Napoleon) you are just about to ask her to dance. But . . . there's your roommate, standing right next to her.

"Hi!" he beams. "Meet my fiancée. Lisa, I want you to meet my roommate."

Your moment is here. No time to mumble a Glad-to-meetyou and give up. You have to function under pressure. Your Naval Training has sharpened your wits to a keen edge. So you grab your chance to drop a casual bombshell. Try one of these:

- 1) I can't understand you Joe. She's not ugly.
- 2) Is this the one on the bulletin board or the desk?
- 3) Lisa? Lisa? . . . OH! I remember now!
- 4) Did she make those brownies you threw out?
- 5) I can't see why you're thinking about dropping her.
- 6) Oh yes. Our whole company wants to meet you.
- 7) Is she your grease girl or your class girl?
- 8) Did she write that letter you passed around?
- 9) The plebes sure appreciated those brownies you baked.
- 10) Sometime you'll have to tell her about the time we were at Blaze Starr's place on the Block and . . .
- 11) You're right. She's a size 12 with a double "A" cup.
- 12) Oh yeah! I think I saw you both at the mixer at Hood College last weekend.
- 13) By the way, Joe. Are you still taking penicillin after what happened in Subic Bay this summer?
- 14) Is she the one whose phone number you found in the head?
- 15) I thought she had a moustache.
- 16) She looks like a natural blonde to me. I can't see any dark roots.



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