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U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY

NO. 1 OCTOBER 3, 1969

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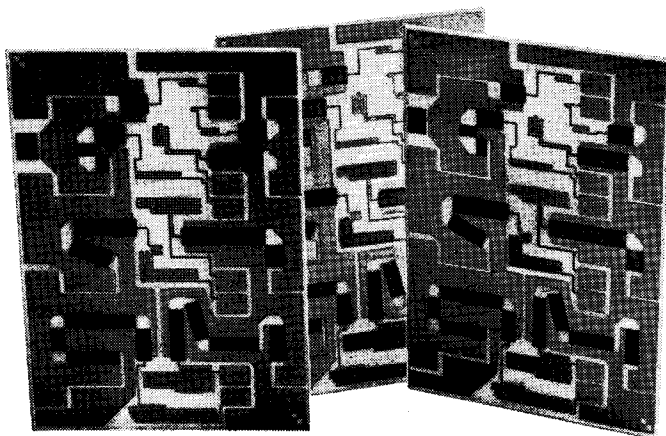


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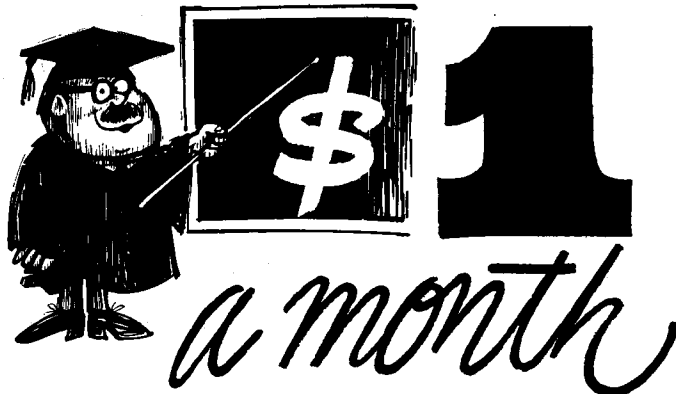
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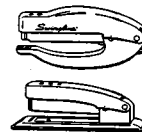
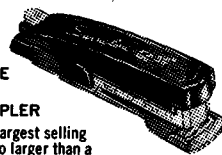
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Editorial

We've turned in our foul weather jackets and signed our marriage forms once again but many do not find themselves in the routine that we once knew so well. The plebe system has undergone a cool 180 and as yet there has not been any good indicator of either success or failure. The diggers and fillers are back again, and one may legitimately wonder if there has ever been a time in which they were idle. Change seems to be everywhere and I feel in stating that no member of the Brigade finds himself exempt from it. Not overly surprising most of the present change seems to have come about in the one short year since the Admiral and his charming wife have been at the Academy.

I also feel that no passing reference can be made to the changes taking place here without mentioning the football team and their new staff headed by Mr. Forzano. The spirit and desire, evident in the Penn State game, was as good as any I have seen since coming to the academy. The term, "magnificent in defeat" is hardly appropriate but it helps to describe a team which never gave up, or if I may be permitted, showed a good deal more guts than we have been accustomed to in the past. It's difficult to single out individuals but men, like Barr, who caught seven passes for ninety yards, Lammers blocking the punt, Pike and Marchetti who scored the TD's and Howe leading the defense, showed that there is good cause for a winning season.

I should now mention some notes from my daily deluge of fourth class mail. The Viet Nam Courier, whose address is 46 Tran Hung Dao St., Hanoi, has informed me that in the first half of 1969 the following damage and destruction was wreaked upon their enemy: 3,950 aircraft, 10,500 military vehicles, 90 battalions, etc. either downed, damaged, badly mauled, wiped out or whatever propagandistic adverb you care to use. All this was in addition to 145,000 GI casualties. Poorly informed though our country may be, the credibility gap exhibited by these claims is much too vast as to resemble any form of realism.

I also find myself on the mailing list of the Gramma from Havana, several anti-war groups who want me to lead protests on my campus, and various news release services. Some of the latter have informed me that in an experiment on fraternity Co-ed living at Stanford University, the experiment, did not, as expected, exhibit a decline in morality on campus. We don't know what the results of such an experiment would be here at Navy but several members of my company have voiced opinions favorable to the proposal. It might be a failure, but then again. . . .

Thus we are back for another year and the new Log staff hopes to provide you readers with some humor, sports coverage, and amateurish attempts at creativity. We express our gratitude for the interest shown through subscriptions. We wish the best of luck to the football team and also hope that the shadow command

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doesn't see their reflection and crawl out of their hole to torment us. I'll try to pass along any pertinent and tasty tidbits from the daily mail of the Log. Go METS!

D. A. ELLISON
Editor '70



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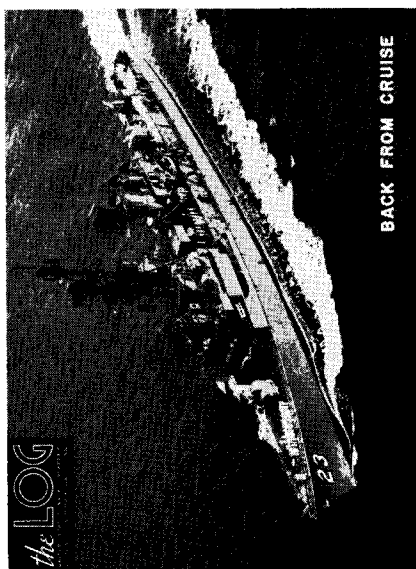
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THE COVER



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

In trying to offer the best to our subscribers the LOG Staff has decided to open a column consisting of letters from those interested readers who wish to express an opinion, correct a mistake or propose new solutions or methods dealing with the subject matter covered in our magazine, his column called "Letters to the Editor" will be printed with every issue providing sufficient interest is shown through contributions by you readers.

These letters will be printed wholly for the benefit of our subscribers and in no way will reflect the opinions of the Academy, the Naval Service or the LOG Staff. It is hoped that they will serve their main purpose through providing an outlet for constructive criticism and maintaining a positive stimulus toward individual thought and belief.

It is not guaranteed or assumed that every letter or piece of material that we receive will be printed. I will try to present all possible views on any issue and, of course, the success of this will depend entirely on what is sent to me. Letters should be kept to 300 words as a maximum and be typed if possible.

D. A. Ellison, Editor

Rear Admiral James Calvert,

On May 27, I toured the Annapolis Naval Academy with my eighth grade class. It was one of the most enjoyable days I've ever spent in my entire life. The tour guide was friendly well informed. The midshipmen were—well, what does one expect from a thirteen year old flirtatious girl? They were really nice, especially when it came to picture taking. They needed real patience and were terrifically sweet about it. Another point that I can't overlook is that those gentlemen are—"zowie"—good looking in big, bold letters!

When we stopped for lunch on the way home, I nearly fainted when I saw some of the—excuse the expression please—slobs and bums. After spending nearly three hours in the company of four thousand clean-cut men, the sight of those "icks" absolutely turned my stomach.

I'm truly grateful we picked Annapolis to visit for our class trip. Now I know what REAL MEN, are.

Very sincerely yours
Annamarie Goetzinger

Gentlemen of the First Class United States Naval Academy

It has come to my attention that on October 25, 1969, the United States Naval Academy plays my educational institution, the University of Virginia, in the game of football.

I am interested in attending that game for its numerous potentials. However, the lengthy trip from Charlottesville, Virginia would be nearly worthless were it not completed by an escorted and informed tour of your infamous institution and its host city of Annapolis.

Consequently, Gentlemen, this is my reason for writing to you. As a senior. I obviously request an escort from your senior class—or at least an aged example of a Naval gentleman.

I make no promises or excuses. I wish a good time and am asking for an escort able to provide good times—and wishing company. Because I am taking chances on one day and a date's looks, I suspect he will have to do the same—

If I receive one reply, I will be delighted. If I receive 20, possibly I can interest 19 others—Thank you and sincerest wishes for Smooth Seas—

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"Keep the home fires burning."—Nero.

"Treat 'em rough."—Henry VIII.

"Keep your shirt on."—Queen Elizabeth.

"Don't lose your head."—Queen Mary.

"It floats."—Noah.

"You can't keep a good man down."—Jonah.

LETTERS (CON'T)

A newly married couple was looking for a house in the country. After finding one they thought suitable, they returned home. The young wife, after reaching home, happened to think that they had not noticed a "water closet" on the place and decided to write to the owner about it.

Being very modest, she decided to use "W.C." instead of writing out "water closet." The owner did not readily understand just what she meant, but after pondering a while, decided that she meant the Wesleyan Church near there and answered her letter as follows:

Dear Madam:

I regret very much the delay in answering your letter and I now take great pleasure in informing you that the W. C. is located about nine miles from the house. It is capable of seating 1,250 people. This is very unfortunate indeed if you are in the habit of going regularly; but no doubt you will be interested to know that a great number of people take their lunches with them, and make a day of it. Some, who can not spare the time, go by auto, and usually arrive just in time, but generally are in too much of a hurry to wait if the place is crowded. The last time my wife and I went was six years ago and we had to stand up all the while.

It may interest you to know that there is to be a bazaar held to raise funds for plush seats for the W. C., as that is a long felt want.

I merely mention that it pains me very much not to be able to go more frequently. It surely is through no lack of desire, but as we grow older it seems more of an effort, particularly in cold weather.

Yours very truly,
The Landlord

Office of Social Director
U. S. Naval Academy
Annapolis, Maryland

Sir:

I regret to inform you that I will not be able to attend the "Tea" on Sunday, April sixth. My reasons are personal but I assure you that they are good.

It has been my experience lately, that the young men I have met at Annapolis have been exceedingly dull. Perhaps a "computer dance" would liven things up a bit.

Sincerely yours,
Miss Donna Wallace

7305 Pinecastle Road
Falls Church, Va. 22043
March 24, 1969

The LOG

The amount of sleep required by the average Mid is about five minutes more.

The LOG

"Is it true that married men live longer?" asked the patient.

Doctor: "No it just seems longer."

The LOG

A plebe went to Sick Bay. "Doc," he said, "I feel so bad it makes me want to kill myself."

"Now, now," muttered the doc, "you just leave that to us."

The LOG

Tourists Guide: "We are now passing the oldest rum house in England."

Tourist: "Why?"—Drexerd.



That bright young Marine,
George E. Porgie,
At kissing the girls
had an orgy.
They'd run
and
they'd cry,
"What brass!
What a guy!"
"But of course.
I use Brasso",
winked George E.



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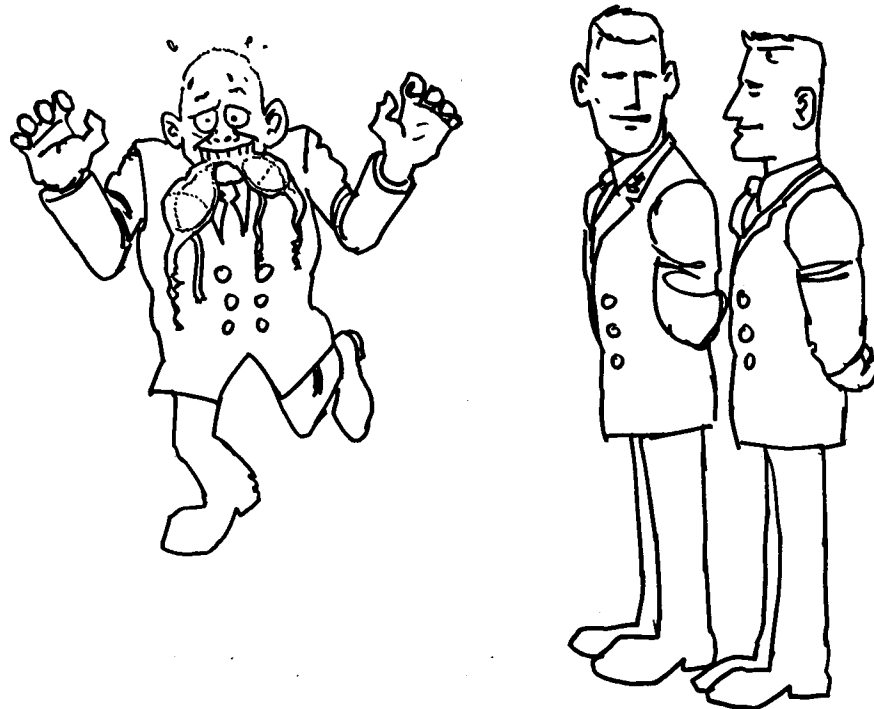
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(SPECIAL) RATES

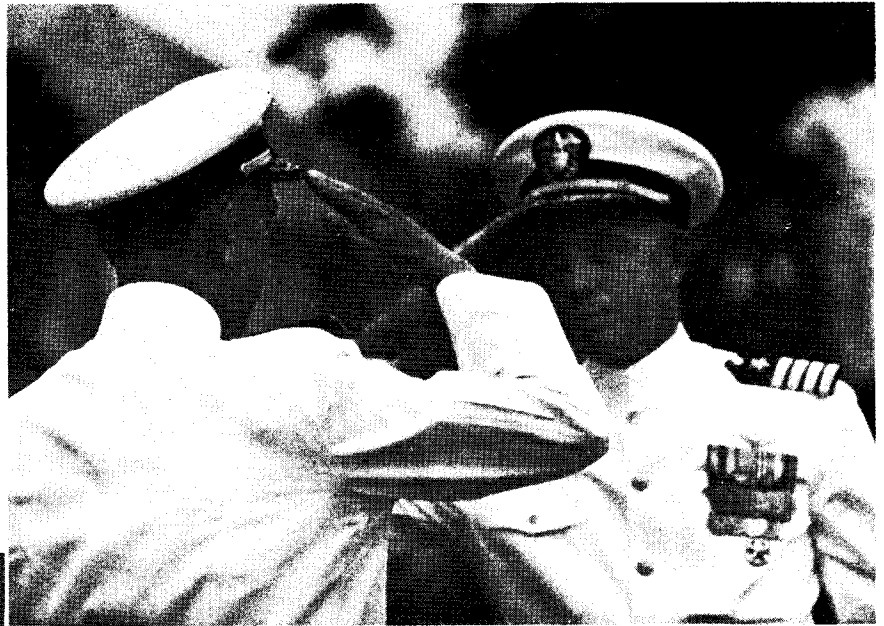
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LOG SMITH 70

Mrs. M. should schedule more of these tea fights!



CHANGE OF COMMAND





A LETTER FROM THE COMMANDANT

26 September 1969

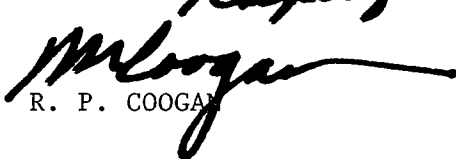
To the Brigade:

I am pleased and privileged to have assumed the duties of Commandant of Midshipmen. Normally, I believe that it is a good idea on reporting to a new duty station to do a lot of looking and listening before you do much talking. However, I bring two thoughts with me that I express without hesitation.

First, having just completed over four years duty in the fleet, I know that the men in the fleet today are of the highest caliber our Navy has ever seen, and they deserve to be provided with the finest leadership. This Naval Academy has the reputation, the tradition, of developing and providing that kind of leadership, and I hope to be able to contribute to your efforts to maintain that tradition.

Second, I believe that the very fact you are here is a testimonial to each and everyone of you. Not only have you survived severe competition to get here and stay here, but, at a time when too many people—young and old—are sick with a total concern for self, you have elected to become a part of an organization dedicated to a far higher purpose. You have every right to stand tall and look proud. You are a unique and extraordinary body of young men.

I am proud to be your Commandant.

Respectfully,

R. P. COOGAN

Captain Robert F. Coogan has become the 63rd Commandant of Midshipmen at ceremonies during the Brigade's dress parade on Wednesday, September 23, at 3:30 p.m.

He relieves Rear Admiral Lawrence Heyworth, Jr., who assumed the second highest position at Annapolis at a similar ceremony two years ago.

Captain Coogan will be reporting from Norfolk, Va., where he has been serving as Chief of Staff for the Commander of Naval Air Forces with the Atlantic Fleet.

The new Commandant, a naval aviator, has previously commanded the aircraft carrier Shangri-La, the oiler Tolovana, Carrier Air Group 16 and fighter squadron, VF-13.

A native of Newport, R. I., Coogan, 47, will be responsible for the 4,200-man Brigade. He coordinates the military and professional training programs and is in charge of the Executive, Medical, Dental, Physical Education and Midshipmen Supply Departments.

Admiral Heyworth is scheduled to become Commander, Fleet Air Force, Jacksonville. As such he will

be the senior Naval Officer at the Florida facility. He will be in charge of all naval air units at three regional Naval Air Stations and the Naval Station in Mayport, Florida, homeport of three carriers.

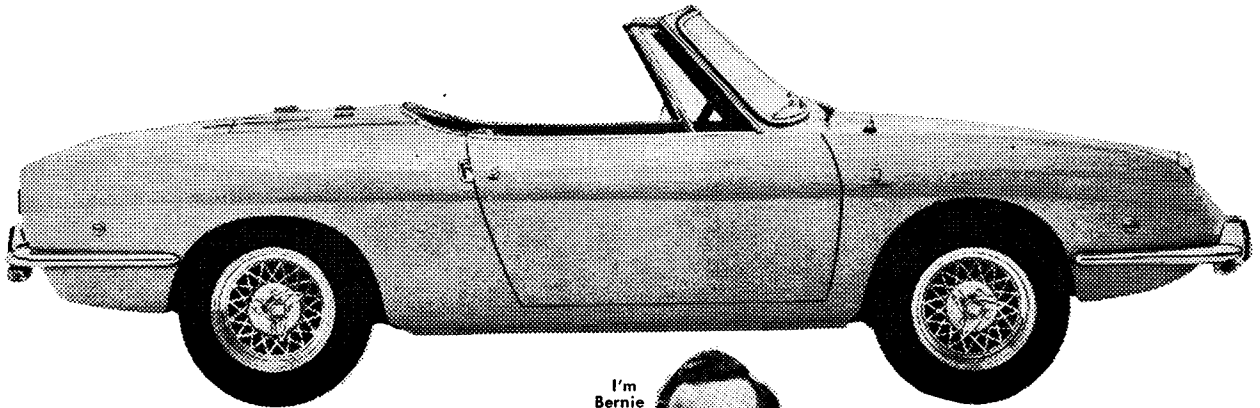
One of 19 Navy officers qualified as an aviator and a submariner, Heyworth has been commandant since Sept. 2, 1967.

For Captain Coogan this will be his second tour in the Annapolis area since graduating from the Academy. In 1957-58 he served as Operations Officer at the former Naval Air Facility in North Severn.

His naval career spans 26 years, his first tour being aboard the battleship Idaho. He remained aboard from 1943 to 1945, participating in seven major Pacific campaigns before reporting for flight training.

In 1964 Captain Coogan received his Master of Arts degree from George Washington University. He also attended the Naval War College.

Captain Coogan is married to the former Mary O'Neill Hayes of Newport. They have three children, Jane (Mrs. Gerald Beer of Los Angeles, Calif.) another daughter Mary and a son, Robert.



I'm
Bernie



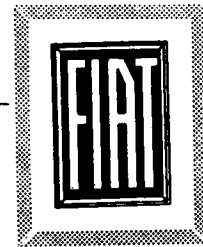
I'm
Stan



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IN THE GROOVE

By TERRY DAILEY

After spending a great summer sightseeing, sunning, and sailing across the deep blue sea, everybody seems to be pretty well settled down into the regions of academic year. But after a long week with the books, or perhaps the pad, a good weekend is just right for breaking the monotony, and everybody's favorite social director, Mrs. Marshall, has been working hard arranging them.

With some new bands added to the old regulars, like the Spiffys, there's a lot of good music to be found in the Brigade. Every Sunday afternoon in Smoke Hall one of the bands will be playing at a hop, and girls should be no problem as they'll be coming in droves just to go to a hop at the historic Naval Academy. But that's not all, on October 11 a fantastic light show is planned for Smoke Hall. It should be a real experience and a lot of fun.

For those of you who are making it to the Pitt game, I have some suggestions for your post-game entertainment. There are a few good nightclub's right in the vicinity of the stadium. Wolfanth's is probably the best as it caters to the college crowd and should be a good place to make some new friends. For those of you who like the Georgetown atmosphere, Shadyside, Pittsburgh's M Street, is only a few minutes away. There's all kinds of entertainment down there from the trombone of Harold Betters, to the heavy rock sound of *The Steamshovel*, at *The Fox*. There's also some hippy-type places serving beer and pizza. It gets pretty wild down there on Saturday nights, so it should be a good time for all.

For those of you who are a bit more reserved, the first formal of the year is going to be at Homecoming after we beat Virginia. The Chief's Band will be playing, but a rock and roll band will be turning out some good sounds at intermission. Mrs. Marshall

seemed very enthusiastic, and hopeful about efforts being made to bring in some big name television or movie personalities for entertainment. It sounds like a great idea, but more about that later.

You know, it's not too early to make plans for Army-Navy weekend and this year's informal should be included in yours. As far it looks like the best ever, so keep it in mind. I'll have more details at a later date.

The Pop Music Concert Committee got off to a great start with Little Anthony and the Imperials putting on a fine performance. The next one should be just as good with Stevie Wonder.

That's about it for now. I'll be back next issue with some good gouge on what to do to pass the time, including places to go in the Baltimore-Washington area. Researching this project should prove to be a pleasant task.



I heard that if a plebe spoons us,
we can ride in his car after
Christmas.

THE ORIGINAL CLUTCH

"Julia, can you tell us about Prometheus?" I stirred from a deep reverie to the voice of my humanities teacher, Miss Fickle. For all I knew she had probably asked me the same question only moments before. I had conservatively estimated her age at 65 going on 80, and among other things I could never get too concerned with her dynamic classroom discussions.

My thoughts drifted over to the girl answering the question. She was going on about some guy who fought with his brother and lost, so he was killed and then left out on the desert to be eaten by the buzzards. Really a groovy story I thought, but it was the girl that drew my attention.

I had noticed her the very first day when I weaved around the lost freshmen and sophomores, and fought my way through their ranks into senior English. Before I ever arrived, though I had apprehensions about that class. Of the 90 students in three sections, 89 were known scholars. That left me, known for various extracurricular activities, but studying was not among them. I went into class with the idea firmly imbedded between my frontal lobes that I would never excel. Therefore, I was free to daydream from the very onset of my entry, and I managed quite well in that category.

I've given all this preliminary data simply to introduce the situation in which I found myself as a high school senior. I was the sort of guy who sat around on the window ledges in grubbies with hundreds of other less than distinguished personalities. The only thing of note I'd ever accomplished was setting a record for the most consecutive days of school skipped without being caught. None of us studied, we played at sports, with girls, and stayed out late. Therefore, we utilized our class time to its maximum potential by sleeping from bell to bell.

Miss Fickle was determined to change me. She started by putting me in the next to last row with girls on all four sides. She imagined this would keep my attention. It kept my attention too, but not with her. The only problem was that Julia wasn't sitting next to me. Had she been I probably would have remained speechless all year. As it was, I could see her without she seeing me, so I was able to quietly observe her unnoticed, except by the teacher.

It has to become known here that this girl was in no sense of the word ordinary. She was a little short, probably the only thing that kept her from being an angel. Her hair wasn't blonde, it was more like gold, but light and flowing. She dressed in a simple manner, not plain, but with distinct class. And she was cute, blue eyes and all the rest.

While the first semester slipped away, almost unnoticed by me, my mind turned countless revolutions on the subject of how to get a date with this petite young thing. From what I gathered no one had ever taken her out, or knew anything about her. She was somewhere up on a level I didn't know existed and it was obvious that I couldn't just walk up and ask her out.

I must add that my appearance wasn't my best feature. My pea green cords, well ventilated with holes from acids in chemistry class, were going on their third season in the high school circuit. With these I wore my brother's red, sometimes button-down, short sleeved shirt. It was my stand-by and came into use at least 3 or 4 times a week, no matter what the weather was like.

As the direct approach to dating Julia was definitely out, I had to resort to subversive methods. I tried to see which way she went home, where she ate lunch, and where her other classes were. Somehow I managed to meet her going from math to physics, and staving off a moderate case of buck fever, I blurted

out a hello. She returned the greeting with a fleeting smile, and her eyes glittered, but not much.

It took weeks upon weeks of concerted effort to finally find the necessary courage to ask her for a date. We were standing outside class one morning talking about the exciting things that I always brought up. "Ah, nice day out isn't it Julia?" I ventured.

"It certainly is," she came back, "spring is my favorite time of the year." "Ya, mine too, heh heh, by the way did you get your homework done?"

"Well, I went over it just a little." That meant she had only spent three or four hours at the least. Somehow I knew it was now or never. Outside I could hear the robins singing on the lawn, and the mountains, snow covered on top, were majestic in the background. The time was right an all systems read go. I sucked in a deep breath, fully expecting the worst defeat ever suffered. "Whadaryodointhis-weekend, I mean D'yathink we could go out, I mean wouldjlike to do something, that is if yer not already doin somethin" I gasped, "That would be nice," she chirped, "what did you have in mind?"

My throat felt as dry as the label on an empty bottle of Beefeaters. Somebody was yelling at me from across the room but all I heard was a dull roar, like 500 lb. bombs exploding a mile away. My back had the sensation of a sewing machine climbing up and down it while the color of my face would have made a ripe cherry look green. I was gasping for breath trying to recall who had said that breathing was supposed to be a natural body function. I coughed, choked, started to laugh and narrowly averted barfing as my stomach, already half way up my throat, began to oscillate.

I should have been floating on the clouds overjoyed at my success. I had won, somehow, and yet in less than one minute here I was almost a physical wreck. I began to

grow pale like the color of wheat they used for hog feed at the local creamery. I had counted on her every possible action except agreement. I had braced and fortified my mind with thousands of phrases to use when she turned me down so it would look like I didn't care. I had prepared every casual joke I knew, but none were applicable. Where my satirical wit and ever-ready charm had gone was a mystery I'd have to solve later.

She was standing there waiting for me to say something obviously unaware of the traumatic situation I had encountered. My weak smile probably resembled a poorly made jack—o—lantern as I mumbled something about going to the show. That was my standard answer regardless of what movies were in town. As usual I had no idea what any of them were.

I could see her next question coming for what seemed like months before it got there. Each second brought more agony as I searched for an answer that would acquit me from the ranks of confirmed idiots. "What movies are on?" she smiled shyly. How could something as cute and dainty as she completely destroy my entire being? I couldn't see behind the faint smile and the glow of her cheeks as I dared to glance at her for a second. Again she was waiting with a somewhat puzzled expression. She had that air of mystery about her, a little aloof and escapee, but she knew what was going on. I fled away a fleeting thought that this was the first time I'd ever seen her when she wasn't one hundred per cent certain of the situation, she'd slipped to 99%.

"I don't know," I choked, and watched as she tried not to look surprised, hiding her laughter I thought. "Well then we'll have to check and see won't we," she replied. "Ya, heh heh, I guess we will." I stepped back, just far enough to almost trip a teacher from behind me. "Excuse me," I who had inadvertently approached chuckled, "awful clumsy of me wasn't it?"

I was coming out of shock, slowly it dawned on me that I was really going to have a date with Julia. I had scored on an unprecedented first. I had hardly

dared to dream that someday I would take out a girl like her. She had good manners, refinement, class, and other attributes I couldn't even spell to look up in the dictionary. I finally managed to garble out something about calling her when I found out the shows, if it wouldn't be too much trouble, then made a hasty exit toward my seat. It was too hasty I guess, as I dropped my books, kicked them half way across the room, then tripped as I picked them up. I finally fought off all my unseen enemies, collapsed into my chair,

and immediately began to plan future maneuvers to redeem myself from the lackluster performance I'd just completed. With my luck she'd probably invite me over to her house to meet her parents, an occasion which would require a masters degree at least.

BERNARD FRANCIS DINGLE

Editors Note: This article was written by a member of the Brigade based partly on personal experience and largely on personal imagination.—DAE.





How does it feel to be back at Navy for another year of fencing with the academic departments, the Executive Department, the Physical Education Department and whatever other back stabbers the Administration can find to hound us with? I can't speak for anyone else, but I am in a state approaching a nervous breakdown. For three years, people have been telling me that First Class Year is really great. It's a time for relaxation, the tube, good (well better) liberty, etc. What they didn't bother to tell me was that it is also a time for Weapons, Sea Power, Thermo, After-Dinner Speaking, and a host of other things which seem to be preempting all the etceteras I spoke of before. Things are bound to improve, though, right? Don't they always?

If I sound depressed, don't worry about it. I am. Every day, a single thought hounds me as I make the rounds of classes, formations, P-rades, and meetings: I don't like my job around here. What amazes me is that it has taken three years of the above to bring me to that conclusion. I must be getting old.

I have the feeling that my informers are existing in the same state of shock as I am. My mailbox has not been exactly bulging at the seams with its usual meaty gossip. It may take a little while for things to settle down, though. All of the rookies in the Executive Department are probably still trying to recover from the initial shock of returning to their home on the Severn. When they finally integrate themselves into the routine, I may have some tales to tell.

In the meantime, I have been

supplied with a few items which occurred over the summer. Most of them come from Actramid, but that's to be expected, with the Second Class getting their first taste of a semi-human existence.

For instance, there was a certain future aviator who celebrated his 21st birthday down in Pensacola. It must have been a good party he had, but after his fifth ride in the Dilbert Dunker, I wonder how he felt about it. I wonder which would be worse on a hangover, the Dunker or the Ejection Seat Trainer. I'd hate to have to find out through personal experience.

The Jolly Green Giant was trying to live it up with the troops (2/c type) down in Little Creek at the Officer's Club one night, and he may never live it down. He was last seen emerging from a creek in his brand new, freshly torn slacks. His normally jolly mood was slightly torn also.

Also at Little Creek, the Second Class were treated to a demonstration of life in a POW camp. Evidently, the lecture and demonstration were not suited to the mentality of the common Second Classmen, because soon there were smiles, snickers, and laughs running through the "captive" audience. In an attempt to quiet the disturbance, some of the "Weekend Marines" were singled out for preferential treatment in the POW camp manner. There were soon more POW camp Second Class than the five instructors could handle, and reinforcements had to be called in to restore order. At that point, the demonstration was discontinued. Those Second Class must have felt as though Plebe Summer

were commencing anew.

Speaking of Plebe Summer, some of the activities of our new freshmen are worth repeating. I know of one young gentleman who learned his proper place in life quite early. During the counseling sessions held in Michelson Hall in early July, he encountered a group of professors, one of whom stopped him and asked him why he was perspiring so much. The reply was prompt and to the point: "I'm a Plebe, sir!" That boy is going to go far with an attitude like that.

Then there was the Plebe who, early in the summer, passed Major K in the passageway without saluting. Mistake number one. The kindly Major asked him if he saluted officers, and the Plebe said yes. The not-so kindly Major then asked the Plebe why he had not rendered a salute to him. "Sir, the officers were the white uniforms." Mistake number two. That's one way to start out on the right foot with the right people.

My final tale of Plebe Summer occurred over Parent's Weekend, when a popular Second Class BOOW had the duty in the 8th wing. It was a typical Saturday night over the Plebes' big weekend, with parents and girls crawling all over the yard, and the BOOW was somewhat bored with life in the 8th wing. Around 2130, he decided to take a short break from his burdensome routine, and took a walk in the direction of the seawall. He was mildly surprised to see Plebes with their girls behind Ricketts Hall, lining the seawall, but that was nothing compared to his reaction to seeing Plebes with their caps off, shoes

off, and shirt tails out, sitting there (PDA all the way) with their grease girls from home. All I can say is that I wish I could have had a Country Club atmosphere Plebe Summer.

When was the last time you saw a modest youngster? You can't remember? Neither can I, but I sure wish I had been in the club in Hawaii to see the following play enacted.

The ships on the Pacific version of Youngster Cruise were in port in Hawaii, and a few of the Plebes Senior Grade were in a club enjoying themselves. Noticing two, quite attractive young ladies sitting at a table with a civilian type, one of our heroes, wearing civvies, decides to turn on the charm and join them. Being an excellent conversationalist (like all of us), he began his move with an impressive speech on the trials of the war in Viet Nam, and especially of his adventures in the DMZ. At this point, the civilian gained interest in the story and asked whe he had returned from the war.

The youngster replied, "Last week. We have a week of R&R, and are scheduled to go back overseas at the end of the week."

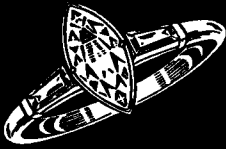
"What ship are you on?" inquired the civilian.

"The U.S.S. Dubuque," answered our friend. "I'm a midshipman on his summer training cruise."


To encourage this enterprising youngster in his future adventures, the "civvian" would like to tell our friend that he was, in actuality a First Classman off of the USS Point Defiance, who, I would say, did a superb job of controlling himself at the time.

Being temporarily devoid of gossip, I will conclude my remarks at this point. Next issue, I will try to remind some of our officer friends, that I have not forgotten them. They haven't forgotten me, either, I'm sure, but I still haven't gotten caught with my car. By the way, my aviation physical is coming up shortly. It should be interesting.


With due apologies to William Shakespeare, I leave you with this thought, straight from the mouth of my editor: All that glistens is not gold, just as all who speak with forked tongue are not officers.




Marquise



Round



Emerald-cut



Pear Shape

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WAS YOUR CRUISE LIKE THIS?

Afloat in a sea of malcontent and insubordination, The USS PEA-COCK (DDU, 2) an unguided destroyer trains an unwilling crew for the unknown perils that are forever lying in wait.

L. E. ducked into the compartment and breathed a heavy sigh of relief as the semidarkness closed about him. "They're after me," he stated matter of factly. "Who are?" asked Berg, "They are," L. E. repeated, but they won't come down here." "Why not," said Emmett, a sudden concerned look creeping onto his face. "Because I'm not here," said L. E. The regulations say no one is allowed in the compartment during working hours, so I can't be here."

The they to which he was referring were a general, vague, and distant group of officers who ran the ship, or maybe were run by the ship, depending of how you looked at it. They were the ones who made us stay awake all day and then sit up half the night watching crazy little dials spin around that told us only that the ship was spinning around on some imaginary axis. Of course if we hadn't been there the indicators would all red-line immediately causing emergencies which no one knew how to handle because none ever happened. But just in case, we were there waiting for them so that if anything did happen we could all run around screaming "emergency, emergency," and still not know what to do.

But they knew best and we know that they did because they told us so. Or at least that's what it sounded like. They had no qualms about telling us one thing and doing another, or doing something else and telling us nothing. They were the ones who glared at us silently over their meals like we were some sort of intruders of a lower caste.

We paid a higher bill for food than they, and got less for it, except for the times, late at night (When they were all having prophetic nightmarish visions of their next mid watch.) When Berg and

L. E. would steal softly into the pantry and make off with anything from pickled beets to horseradish sauce to impede their rate of starvation. The two had become quite proficient at loading up on particularly large hauls, and had an eye turned toward the outside market where profits lay unbounded. One night they made plans for unleashing their stock pile to any willing customer. Except there was no outside market because the ship sailed the next day and they were left with four lockers full of nothing but canned pie filling, barley soup and jars of mustard. This was handily disposed of the second night out by throwing it all over the side in less time than it takes to kiss a nun goodnight.

The stuff couldn't have been returned because it had already been used, so said the commissary officer's records, and nothing could be there that had been used. Just as nothing that hadn't been used could be anywhere else. If the records showed a surplus, the supply officer would get less the next time, and if he had too little he would naturally get more. Which meant that the less he had the more he could get but as soon as he got it he would get less because he had too much. And it was a full time job for two men just to figure out how to get more supplies by not having enough and still keep everyone well fed.

"What are they after you for this time?" asked Emmett, who knew that they weren't really after him at all and that he just had nightmares about it. L. E. paused a moment. It was some sort of complicity for sure. He knew that no matter what they were after him for, it would keep him awake. He had horrible nightmares, while he was asleep, that they were coming to wake him up. And while he was awake he worried about not being able to sleep. The situation was very trying for him. They thought he was weird.

"I think they want me to figure out where we are going," he said. "That makes sense," said Berg,

which made no sense at all because none of them knew where they were going. They might know after they got there but by then it would be too late. If any of them ever knew, they never said, and when they said where they were going they always changed it, so no one ever knew for sure. They all prophesied where it might be that they each would go in the end, but none of them ever got there, and those who did never came back. It was very perplexing, especially to Emmett, who kept sneaking up to the information center asking vague and unrelated questions to see if someone might slip and tell him exactly where we were going. But no one ever did. He had great plans for when we returned, and he wanted every detail to be perfectly timed. The day we got back his girl was there waiting and he was so happy he didn't hear the guy tell him we were supposed to have arrived a week later.

It was one of those days after the ship had actually stopped somewhere that Lt. Redblow called L. E., sounding worried as usual. He was a fairly tall, medium built man in his thirties who carried that distinctive air of mediocrity about him and appeared at first sight to have been put on the earth for the sole purpose of getting involved in problems and situations far removed from reality which necessitated the unbalanced thought and misguided action which only men like he could adequately provide. His hands, which were never still, drummed nervously on the table as L. E. entered his stateroom. He had a problem, he explained, which he was very concerned about. Several of the men assigned to L. E. had disappeared and not come back from liberty the night before. He wanted to know if L. E. was aware of this and what action he planned to take.

L. E., not to be outfoxed, replied that he knew nothing of the matter and planned to go looking for sea shells at the beach that very afternoon. The Lt. fidgeted nervously and attempted to light a

cigarette. After a minor struggle he freed his last one only to discover that his lighter had died. Here was yet another precarious situation. He then complicated matters farther by dropping the cig into his coffee.

Redblow's ineptitude never failed to amaze L. E. who was taking all of this in with a quiet air of humorous resentment. Redblow had been on his blacklist since the night he had had L. E. awoken at 1215, stating that by his calculations L. E. was supposed to be on watch in CIC. L. E. calmly replied that by his calculations he was supposed to be sleeping at this ungodly hour. The amazed messenger finally won out and L. E. grudgingly proceeded to stand the watch thinking up ways to get even with the nasty Lt.

Redblow was in jeopardy. If he asked L. E. for a smoke the humility would be so great that asking for a light would polish him off completely. He would then feel indebted, even though he was L. E.'s senior; a most undesirable position he concluded. However he needed the smoke desperately and the temptation was too great. And he still had to do something about those blasted guys who were missing. A fleeting thought suggested that L. E. might be more up to date if he would ever attend quarters or formations, but he couldn't risk tampering with L. E.'s emotional state, which was at present quite calm.

"By the way, can I borrow a cig?" he ventured nervously, knowing that a junior officer would never dare deny the request of a senior, "and what are we going to do about those missing people?"

"No thanks," replied L. E., "I don't smoke, and since I don't know what people you are referring to I guess I won't be of much help. I think I'll go take a nap." And he abruptly disappeared. Redblow sat quietly bewildered for a few moments. He had failed again, but he knew neither where nor how. Then with an idiotic grin on his face he commenced to beat himself on the head.

L. E. on the other hand, proceeded with relative calm toward his room. Redblow had asked him if he

was aware that some of his men were gone. Since he didn't know who his men were he decided he couldn't be aware that they were gone. But yet the Lt. had told him they were. This was very confusing to him and he finally resolved the entire matter by forgetting it and immediately going to sleep. The next day he was surprised to see Redblow with blue splotches all over his head which he passed off as a new form of Jaundice hoping that it wasn't contagious. He'd heard that you could be quarantined for such diseases, and, as lu-

crative as it seemed, he had only three days remaining until he would be freed forever from the ship. He was still mumbling Jaundice to himself when Redblow passed by within earshot, and decided L. E. had to be wierd to go around musing about rare diseases to himself.

As it turned out L. E. did eventually get off his ship, but the methods he employed to do so necessitate another complete story which will appear in a later issue.

B. F. DINGLE



The color guard was not really trying to hide their heads during the march on before the Penn State game.

(Ed. Note: While *The Log* does not pretend to be solely literary magazine, we feel there is at least as much talent on our staff as there is on the staff of *Trident*. As proof, this month we offer two selections authored by members of the staff.)

TV LAND

Cronkite keeps score in the Asian TV war
And the world watches, listens . . .
They see GI's die on channel nine
And turn the dial to view "What's My Line?"

At the Paris Round Table they're bargaining
In Belfast, Ireland they're rioting,
In Biafra everyone seems to be starving—
As the world watches, listens . . .

Mesmerized by the tube's "living color,"
We fail to see the black and white.
There exists a responsibility gap—
A chasm between those that do and those that might.

RFK, Martin, and John died young
—leaving widows, Sirhan, and Garrison.
We watch but don't believe
—Oh, turn the channel, something better's on . . .

The Czechs now fill Hungary's puppet shackles,
Nasser's real estate claimed by Jewish benefactors.
History appears to be an instant replay—
You think we'd learn from yesterday.

Peaceniks and hawks, hippie and the Negro—
The cast of a soap opera or the stars of our show?
Some see the world and contemplate,
Others seek solutions and challenge fate.

God have mercy on those who sit so sedate,

Watching a world that doesn't wait.

A handful or two are chartering our course,

While the world just watches, listens . . .

"The Interplanetary Journey to Revelation"

The year: 2010. The occasion: Man was about to leave his solar system for the first time. It had taken over half a century since the orbiting of Russia's Sputnik. But at last men were ready to explore the universe.

Progress had not been easy. There were many failures and hardships. It had taken almost ten years alone just to reach the moon. On that historic date, Neil Armstrong made the first footprints on the dusty surface of the moon.

The years that followed were discouraging in many ways. Attempts to organize an international space effort were at first futile. Problems such as inflation and poverty delayed advancement. Then, when other planets were finally reached, no traces of any sort of life were found. The disillusionment was frightening. The question was asked: "Are we the only intelligent forms of life in existence? Oh Lord, what if we destroy ourselves . . . there would be no one, nothing at all."

Thus the race to the nearest solar system was born. Perhaps for the first time, the world as one people backed a finite goal.

And now the time had come. A terrific explosion ripped the air as the 25 million pounds of thrust lifted the spaceship. That the energy of the atom had been harnessed to perfection made the odyssey feasible. It took only six months to travel 4.5 light years.

When awakened from a deep, scientifically imposed sleep, the as-



Sure hope I don't get bricked

tronauts found themselves in the solar system of a small star. They were to explore one of the smaller planets first. Astronomers had concluded that it had many of the qualities conducive to life. The chief pilot guided the craft to a landing near a deep abyss. An atmosphere was nearly non-existent—only remnants of what may have been one many years past. With life-support packs and special probes, two men left their ship . . . hoping, praying.

The frustration was choking. The barren land had only a very crude microscopic form of life. No evidence of an evolutionary process

was found. As for the planet, it was as though everything with color had been removed somehow. Only a slightly gray desolation remained. The men quickly began preparations to abandon the planet.

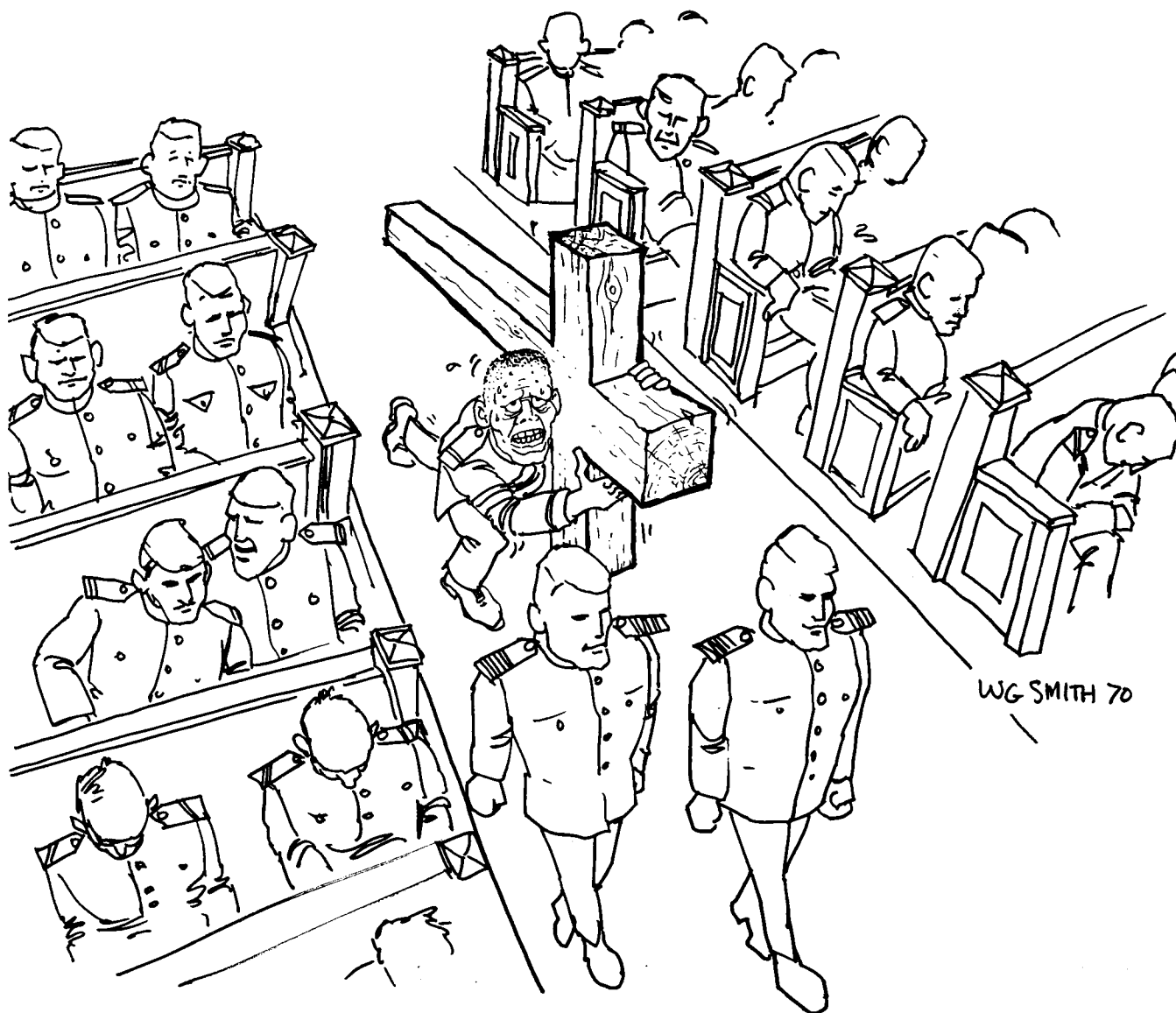
Upon blastoff, one of the mighty reactors tore apart. A miracle alone saved the astronauts from instant death. They made an emergency touchdown on the planet's arid moon. Because the inner passageway was blocked it was necessary to enter the engineering compartment from outside. Needing to assess the damage, one of the men immediately donned his suit

and left the ship. A few steps later, he kicked a metallic object in the lunar dust. The Earth man read the barely intelligible words on the plaque:

HERE MEN FROM THE
PLANET EARTH
FIRST SET FOOT UPON THE
MOON

JULY 1969, A.D.

WE CAME IN PEACE FOR
ALL MANKIND



Boy it just doesn't pay to have your car here this year.



Dear John,

On the evening of November 27 I was brutally attacked, sexually assaulted, and deprived of the fourth admendment (good, real good!) privacy. I want you to know (if you don't already) that I am not a flower child, and love-ins aren't my bag! Sorry if it was a one night stand (good punctuation too!) Houses with many rooms have their advantages, (don't they!) but sly foxes can always be figured out. As Abraham Lincoln once said, "You can't fool all the people all the time." When a child's mother teaches him the fundamental rules of behavior, should respect always be left out?

(yes, when the *end* justifies the means)

(COUCHES?)

COUCHES AND MIDSHIPMEN
ARE TWO OF A KIND,
AS SOON AS THEY MEET,
THERE'S ONE THING ON MIND.
THE GIRL MARCHES TO BATTLE
AGAINST WISHES OF HER OWN,
THE NEXT THING ON MIND
IS TO FIND A WAY HOME.
BUT THEN AGAIN SHE MIGHT UNDERSTAND,
BUT CAN NEVER GIVE IN TO HIS DEMANDS!!

(Why not?)

Taking things seriously is a bad thing, but being taken for granted is worse. Thoughts that are never said are probably more important than what is said. But, who's going to be completely truthful in our world of

today? (a mid?) This is my philosophy so I guess you really couldn't care. (Your right!!)

So John, good luck and I hope you're not mad, and y'all understand. (ri-i-i-ght)

Love, Prunelle Prude

Dear John,

Well I've waited almost two months to hear from you and still no word. I guess it is all over now! (GOOD THINKIN')

Please send me my sorority ring, my black onyx ring, and all of those pictures you took of me. I don't want them to be destroyed. (Sorry about that but they are dart boards now) I happen to think they're pretty good (modest?) So please let me have those also. Even if you want to keep our friendship going please send these things back to me anyhow. (Postage?) (Grammar?)

I must say that I did thoroughly enjoy knowing you and loving you (you weren't too bad yourself) too bad it was only a one sided love (You want your cake and eat it too?)

I wish you the best of everything Pete, and I hope that you find the right person. I already have. I hope you will be happy and the girl you marry will always love you. (Do I detect a bit of remorse?) Take care of yourself darling (sniff, sniff) and remember I'll always love and respect you no matter what. (Even if your stuff isn't sent back?) Please send those things as soon as possible.

Love, Your Conscience





Blond Miss Kathy S
ly from Washington
is currently a top
York. Her hobbies in
sailing, and a par
segundo. Kathy an
Donna are shown ha
become their natura



wed is original-
D. C., but she
model in New
clude dancing.
icular 2A Co
d her cousin
re in what has
habitat.





SECOND CLASS SUMMER: THE ADVENTURES OF '71

By Eric Benson '72

Each September, the return of the Brigade brings new variations on the cruise stories that have been told for the last twenty years. Second class summer always provides tales that are new and different; although they often seem tame when compared with a firstie's adventures in WestPac or a youngster's tale of Northern Europe.

Imagine the shock of having to start classes the morning after graduation. The new segundo's on ACTRAMID Group I found it hard to believe that they had liberty every afternoon and weekends starting on Friday; it was almost like a civilian college. But their joy was short lived—it took only a couple of days before the USNA phase of their training was renamed HACKTRAMID. Pity the poor MCBO's who spent half the night processing the Form 2's. Undaunted, the class of 71 launched a counter-attack on the men in green. Each night there were always a few 2/C swimming in the Reflection Pool and there were more cards shuffled than ATP-IA's opened. Homework was a non-existent word. After four weeks of "well prepared" speeches and flawless tactics drills (if you can overlook the two YPs that went aground) 71 was ready to go on to bigger and better things.

No one was ready for what we had to face at Little Creek. It didn't take long before we suffered our first casualty. One of the instructors tripped over a simulated

land mine, and then smilingly told the mid next to him, "You're dead, that's what you get for being so careless." That weekend the green machines challenged us to a volleyball game (by their rules) and naturally the mids won quite handily. This was after they had tried to corrupt us all afternoon with all the beer we could drink. Our last night was highlighted with an overnight aboard an LST. It was having to get up at 0400 the next morning to make the assault that turned many a mid against the Corps. Imagine, if you can, our reaction when we hit the beach at first light and found ourselves looking into the barrel of a machine gun.

The New London BOQ was slightly better than the WWI barracks at Little Creek. Every day at the SUB Base was one lecture after another. After sitting through a four-hour lecture we were usually told that all we had heard was classified so naturally it couldn't be discussed later. We were told that one of the lectures had contained SECRET information so we had to be extra careful. This same information was the lead article in that week's *Time*, one of our most confidential pubs. At one point we were on the verge of open warfare with the submariners. One of 71's finest (obviously a future aviator) asked a captain how long it took to get "porpoise wings." For some reason, this didn't go over too well.

While everything we saw was pretty impressive, ADM Rickover's boys failed with one segundo, who left muttering something about diesel boats being the only way to go. You could almost see the salt spray in his face.

If you gotta go, go Navy Air. Two weeks at Pensacola convinced many a mid that the brown shoe Navy is the only Navy. Getting over the unpleasant things in life, we did lose the annual baseball series to the AOCs. We lost six of the seven games, but wait 'til next year. . . . Flying was a lot of fun unless you happened to get an instructor who thought that the only way to finish a good lunch was to go out and do a few aerobatics. One poor mid had an instructor who showed him two Cuban Eights, three Immelman turns and four wingovers in rapid order. When the LT asked the mid what he thought about that, the response was just a little garbled. The thrill of taking the controls for the first time was enough to convince most of us that we'd like to see Pensacola again in a couple of years.

All of us on SPATRAMID '69 couldn't forget those men who stayed behind to guide '73 through the summer. How do you forget someone who *volunteers* to spend eight weeks in Annapolis?

By now 2/C summer is another memory for another class and it's on to what's really happening . . . like first class cruise.

The LOG

Did you hear about the Mid who left USNA and went to West Point? He raised the IQ of both places.

The LOG

Motorist: I just ran over your cat, ma'am, and I want to replace him.

Housewife: Well, get busy—there's a mouse in the pantry.

The LOG

Surgeon to attendant: "Get the name of the accident victim so we can tell his mother."

Attendant (three minutes later): "He said his mother knows his name."

The LOG

It was just one of those triangles, she and I were both in love with her.

The LOG

You can make sex illegal, but you can never make it unpopular.

The LOG

"What kind of a girl is Ann?"
"She thinks Don Juan was naive."

CRUISE MEMOIRS

By R. S. Collins '70

At the outset, I would like to make it perfectly clear that I bear no malice toward any of the persons involved, either directly or indirectly, in this story. My sole purpose is to point up the unfortunate fact that no matter how well planned our summer training programs are, breakdowns do occur, and when they do, they can be monumental in magnitude. In retrospect, the events which I will relate appear to be quite humorous, but while they were occurring, I felt like the central figure in a developing tragedy.

Being a prospective nuclear power candidate and submariner, I requested and was assigned to an SSBN out of Holy Loch, Scotland for First Class Cruise. I was of the opinion that the professional advantages gained, and the money which I would save would offset the short leave period. I had, however, no conception of the quantity of experience I would receive as a result of a momentary collapse in the Navy logistic support system.

The flight on which I was mustered was scheduled to depart McGuire Air Force Base in New Jersey on the morning of 19 June. When I asked Operations and Plans Division about transportation to McGuire, I was told to report to them at 1700, 18 June, and the necessary arrangements would be made.

To be on the safe side, I left myself plenty of time, and reported in at 1500, only to be met with, "What are you doing here? You were supposed to go straight to McGuire!" I was now faced with a delicate point of Service Etiquette: specifically, how, in an appropriately respectful way, do you inform a LCDR with wide experience that he is wrong? At about that time, the other Academy midshipman who was assigned to my ship ar-

rived, with the same orders I had.

After finding a tactful solution to that problem, we then had to collaborate with him to determine some method of travel which would get us to McGuire with the least possible inconvenience. Several solutions were proposed, including busses, trains, and planes, but we finally decided that we should rent a car, and drive the 150 miles.

No difficulties presented themselves on the way to New Jersey, and we arrived at the McGuire terminal at 2100. We decided to check up on the flight at the Information Desk before securing a room at the BOQ for the night. The WAF Sergeant at the desk had no record of the flight, so she referred us to the Army-Navy Desk. Army Staff Sergeant Buckmaster was quite helpful. He told us that some type of mistake had been made; our flight was scheduled to leave Charleston, South Carolina at 1000 the next morning, and no stop at McGuire was planned.

We were at the Stateside Space-Available Desk, inquiring into flights to Charleston that night, when Sgt. Buckmaster came running up, and told us that he had rechecked the departure schedule; our flight was leaving from McGuire after all. Feeling greatly relieved, Guy and I left the terminal and went to the BOQ.

Following a good night's sleep, we got out of bed, showered, shaved, and arrived at the terminal at 0630 to check in. Presenting ourselves at the check-in desk, we were rather surprised to find a very apologetic Sgt. Buckmaster, who, as it happens, had blundered again. The next flight leaving McGuire for Scotland was on the 24th. This was the 19th. In the interests of propriety and censorship, I will not burden my readers with my comments on the situation. My patience was wearing quite thin by that time. After all, we were under orders, and, as the result of some massive incompetence, we were quite likely to be late. Few things shorten my fuse more quickly than being late because of someone else's negligence.

To continue with the travelogue, and leave the topic of incompetence for the moment, we returned to the Army-Navy desk to see what

arrangements could be made to get us to Scotland. Having had about all I could take of Sgt. Buckmaster, I felt very relieved to find myself talking to a Navy First Class Yeoman who at least seemed to know which way was East. Under the circumstances, I felt quite justified in coming to the conclusion that that was classified information.

The Yeoman arranged transportation for us on a Pan American flight to Glasgow, which was due (I use the word loosely) to leave Kennedy Airport at 2100 that night. Limousine service was also arranged from McGuire to Kennedy.

After calling the Academy to notify them of our change in plans so that our ship could be informed of the delay, we departed for New York, arriving at Kennedy at 1230. A long wait for our flight lay ahead, so we relaxed as best we could in an airplane terminal, and prayed for everything to work as planned for a change.

Such was not to be the case. I was already feeling like a case study designed to test Murphy's Law (bluntly stated as: "If anything can possibly go wrong, it will, and at the worst possible time"), and apparently, my examiners were not yet satisfied with what I considered to be overwhelmingly conclusive evidence. This nonsense was going a bit too far to suit me! After my third year of playing guinea pig at the Academy, I was rather desirous of an environmental change.

At 1800, it was announced over the Public Address System that our flight had been delayed for one hour due to difficulties in the Control Tower. Looking back now, I realize that that was one of the things I liked best about Kennedy Airport: they never overstate a problem. As we were preparing to board the aircraft, the true nature of Pan American's difficulties became known. The Air Controllers working in the New York area terminals just *happened* to pick that night as the one on which they would decide that they were unhappy with the Federal Aviation Agency, and therefore, would walk off the job. There we were, orders in hand, in company with what must have been 2000 other dis-

placed travelers, with nowhere to go, and not one thing we could do about it. 2000 people isn't really that bad, though, until you consider the way Kennedy Airport is designed. Every major airline has its own terminal, and they all were in the same predicament.

Naturally, Pan Am arranged hotel accommodations for most of its passengers; *all* of its passengers, as a matter of fact, except for *one* flight. I do not think it necessary for me to elaborate further on that.

Anyone who has been forced to spend an entire night in an airport is qualified to comment on the creature comforts, or lack of them, which are at his disposal. We were each issued a single, four-foot long blanket and a pillow to make us more comfortable. When I awoke

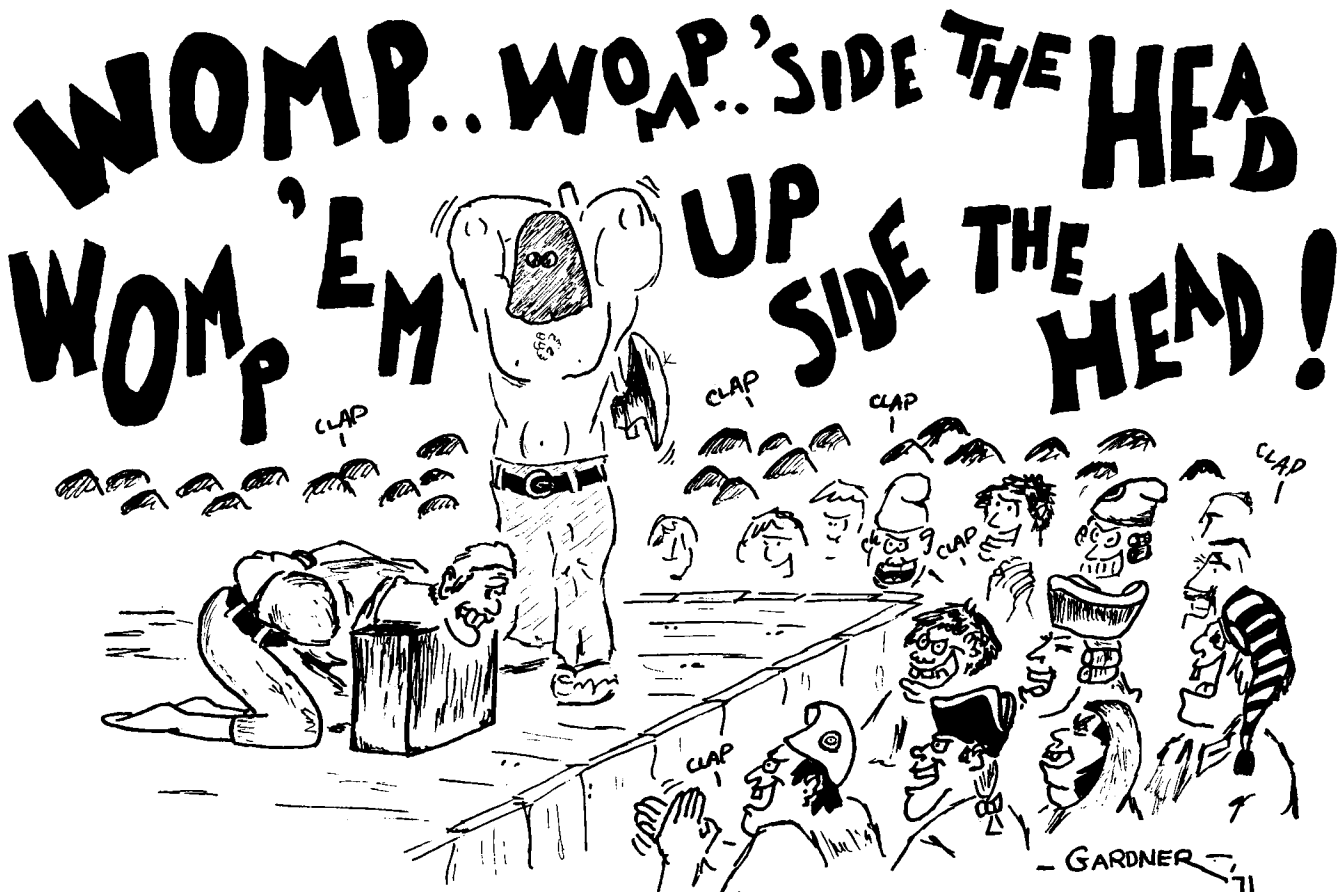
for the fortieth and final time the next morning, I was so stiff I didn't think I would be able to walk.

Obviously, someone did not want us to go to Scotland. Had I been the superstitious type, I would already have been gathering my bags together and heading back to my home on the Severn, with a plea for having my cruise changed to Lantmidwhite.

On the morning of 20 June, the Air Controllers were back on the job, and operations were being conducted in the normal manner (still bad, but improving). A special flight which had been scheduled for the passengers going to Scotland was cancelled because of the enormous holding pattern, but we managed to get reservations on that night's flight to Scotland. It took off only an hour late, and finally,

we were on our way to Scotland. For some inexplicable reason, the plane did not get hijacked to Cuba (I still haven't figured *that* out), and eventually, we landed in Glasgow.

It is to the Navy's credit that such fiascos are not commonplace occurrences, but the fact that they do happen occasionally is a sobering thought. If my mission had been of any real importance, I can only guess at the consequences of its delay. The entire experience was, if nothing else, a practical lesson in what can happen as a result of poor planning. My only real complaint is that after being forced to spend 34 hours in Kennedy Airport, and 63 days under water on my actual cruise, I was prohibited from drawing hazardous duty pay.



Democracy in the Navy

By Bernard F. Dingle

Although the U.S. military is reputed to be one of the most democratic in the world, skeptics have pointed out how military men are, in some cases, denied certain congressional rights. Along with this they are often overworked, oversexed, underpaid, and not given enough voice in the control of their lives. Always receptive to the best interests and requests of its men the U.S. Navy recently attempted a bold experiment to determine the effects of "going democratic." I was able, through much political arm twisting, to wangle a position as an observer on the ship designated for the task as democratic destroyer number one, abbreviated at DD1. Thus, being a close observer, I can give a first hand account of what took place on this premier cruise.

We were not long out of port when the captain decided to hold the first of his promised free weekly elections. He announced that posts would be filled, from OOD on down to duty life jacket inspector, by secret ballot two days hence.

The hustings were soon in full swing and emotions were at a high pitch. Early returns were indecisive, but in the final tally Rhinegold, an SA, won the top slot as OOD by a narrow margin over Ensign Hickendorf who had recently been passed-over for a two year voluntary extension. The good ensign promptly demanded a recount but failed to unseat Rhinegold when the duty ballot counters refused to work past the 1600 deadline according to section 3, of their Union Contract.

The captain acted much the same as the President, with the XO as vice president. The Navigator was majority leader of the officers and the senior watch officer was Minority leader. The House of Enlisted men failed to produce any leaders due to lack of quorum, as

all engineering department personnel were staging a sit-in in the wardroom on the issue of whether or not sun bathing would be permitted during G.Q. The captain referred this group to the duty athletic officer for further action.

About this time the ship prepared for division tactics to be administered by the flotilla commander embarked in DD1. He was CDR Undershot who as a Lieutenant had been twice passed-over for LCDR, only to be spot promoted to commander two days before his discharge date. His first signal with certain parts omitted for the sake of brevity, was as follows: "Geneva Convention this Rising Neck, break, Immediate Execute Form Hotel design Romeo and Juliet tack Sierra Echo Xray tack screen as available in 30° sectors starting 15° off relative head unless Aquarius has declination of south 19° or less tack refer SOPA INST. 900 series concerning new stations tack standby, execute."

I was standing by myself, eagerly anticipating what action Rhinegold would take as OOD. Apparently calm and only mildly confused, he called to McLish, the JOOD, for a recommendation. But McLish, exercising an option on the newly signed contract, had departed on ninety days of emergency leave to help his hometown erect monuments commemorating their rural fire department. Thus his post was unmanned and the OOD, now acutely aware of the situation, said, "I believe the JOOD post is unmanned."

The lee helmsman replied that he had no bell for the preceding command and the helmsman came to 000°T, the only course he knew how to steer. Besides the manual said it takes a 2/3 majority of all people on the bridge to authorize steering any other course.

"Well," said Rhinegold, "guess

I'll have to use the old eyeball," and there upon ordered all engines ahead starboard with right standard gyro and a reverse twist with headings belayed every 20 degrees. The chief engineer, who had been elected permanent bridge phone talker in a near unanimous write in vote, then announced that the store keepers had locked the galley and hidden the key, not to give it up until negotiations opened on serving beer with dinner. Action was referred to committee.

I then went to the fantail where several lookouts were lounging. Just as I arrived a shout went up that there was a man overboard. One of them asked the others whether or not he should throw the fellow a life ring. "Wait a second," said another, "I think that's Moon-deale, the guy who voted for eight section watches when we wanted ten sections. Lets' let him swim awhile."

"Ya," said a third, "We've thrown our quota of rings for today anyway and the union might get upset."

Since I wanted to type my story I went to the ship's office to borrow a typewriter. I asked the man in charge if I could see one. "Don't ask me," he replied, "I just work here. Even though it belongs to everyone I can't give you authorization, as elections are coming up and I don't want anyone to think I take things into my own hands without consulting them. I'm up for president of the ships library, you know" he added, slipping me a handbill.

By this time I was quite disillusioned as to the prospects of ever having a democratic navy. There are many reasons why it wouldn't work and my final thought was that even if the vote passed to have brew with meals, no one would be able to agree on what kind should be served.

VACATION (Or One Way To Get Away)

By Brad Harbin

Summer leave is the midshipman's private time, when he gets a rare chance to do his own thing and get away from it all. The Sierra Nevada Mountains of California provide the perfect opportunity to satisfy this instinct to enjoy one's freedom. Towering to 15,000 feet above the Mojave Desert, their rugged slopes offer the finest hiking, fishing, and general grooving in California. While flower children and tourist types seem to infest the lower slopes, the high meadows offer solitude and beauty beyond imagining.

Arrangements are easily made for this proposed vacation. Borrowed pack racks and plastic sleeping bags, food, and the nearest

girl friend, whose parents are ignorant or willing, are loaded into the car and next stop . . . heaven! The mountain drive is long but breathtaking, and soon the base of the trail is reached.

The first mile of trail goes easiest. Walking along a forest trail hand in hand and suddenly . . . no trail, just mud. Slogging through the gooey black stuff dampens spirits but little, and then starts the climb. The rocks get steadily bigger and definitely less friendly. After another half-hour one begins to search anxiously for signs of the promised land advertised at the base of the mountain. Eventually another trail sign appears. It can't be long now, one

thinks. Girl friend isn't talking much anymore and the sky isn't looking any brighter. Rush up to the trail sign . . . Green Lake—1½. Weary footsteps are all that is heard crunching along the trail.

Ages pass, things are looking flatter. Bigger pools now. Wow, there it is! Deep and blue and delicious. A quick reconnaissance of the lake reveals an ideal campsite, and hardy travelers set up their home away from home.


BOOM! Thunder! Rain! Plastic is quickly broken out, and two mis-erables huddle under their leaky shelter with water running all around.

"Sure wish I was home in bed wishing I was here!"

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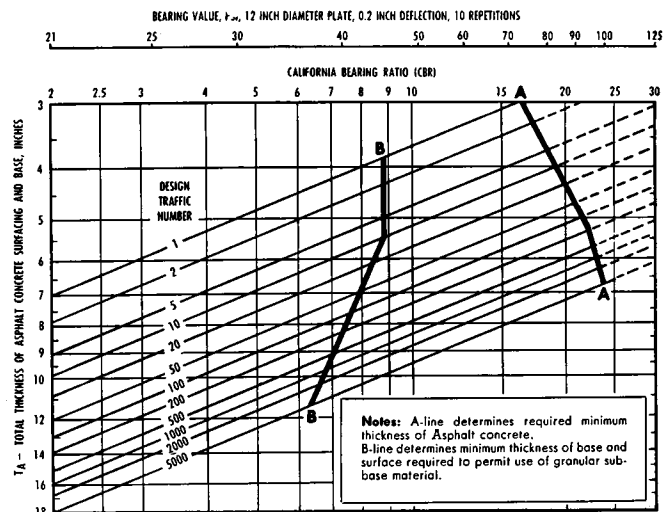
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THE LOG PICKS

THE TOP TEN TEAMS

IN COLLEGE FOOTBALL

By Steve Sisa '72

As Navy football gets underway, the cleats of a hundred or so major colleges bite into the gridiron to start off college football's 100th anniversary season. The 'LOG' joins in the ever present speculation as to which teams will succeed in attaining every head coach's dream: the golden elite known as the Nation's Top Ten. To be sure, this coming season promises to be the year of the great offense as rugged, seasoned squads like Ohio State, Texas and Penn State prepare to tackle their foes with well-honed arsenals of talent.

Though were not claiming to be analysis experts on the college football scene, the staff of the "LOG" nevertheless introduces its ideas of the country's top rated teams.

- | | |
|-------------|-----------------|
| 1. OHIO ST. | 6. INDIANA |
| 2. PENN ST. | 7. MISSISSIPPI |
| 3. OKLAHOMA | 8. NOTRE DAME |
| 4. ARKANSAS | 9. MICHIGAN ST. |
| 5. TEXAS | 10. ALABAMA |

OHIO STATE

Ohio State seems unlikely to be relieved of its crown. The Buckeyes on paper seem as awesome as one year ago. They have lost only four of twenty two starters. Back in the quarterback slot is shifty Rex Kern whose ball-handling and fakery borders on black magic, or so it appears to opponents. Besides Kern, Coach Woody Hayes has built a backfield designed to demolish almost any defensive line in its way. Jim Otis leads the pack of runners scoring points for the Buckeyes. The offensive line is the only 'weakness' with the graduation loss of All-American Dave Folley.

On Defense coach Hayes has John Tatum leading Dave Witfield, Doug Adams and Ted Provost in hot pursuit of rival rushers.

With credentials such as these, the Bucks can't help but be rated number one. Look for them to stay there, too.

PENN STATE

Joe Paterno has built his Lions into a perennial winner and National contender. This year University Park may find their heroes at the very top. Last year's Orange bowl victors (over Kansas 15-14) have thirty eight lettermen returning including Mighty Musician, Mike Reid who anchors a fearsome defensive line

averaging more than 220 lbs. a man. Chuck Burkhardt and Charles Pittman weave wonders in the back-field while the offensive line opens gaping holes to gallop through. Overall, the defense seems to get the nod in effectiveness. Last year that unit scooped up 1.8 fumbles per game, snared 2.5 enemy aerials and held opponents to a mere eleven points a game. The all-around balance of the squad makes it a sure bet to finish high.

OKLAHOMA

Though the Sooners finished 'only' 7-3 last year, they remain the cream of the Big Eight conference, one of the toughest in the country. With twenty-seven lettermen returning and an excellent sophomore quarterback in John Mildren, coach Chuck Fairbanks is once again making a run for all the marbles. Jim Owens, a mercurial tailback, is back after having scored 126 pts. and having rushed for almost a mile in 1968. Fullback Mike Harper is an excellent backfield blocker who also gained five yards a trip for the Sooners as a junior. Oklahoma's defense is an exciting 4-4-3 led by Al Fualls and John Gorman. A battle for the line-backing position is developing with sophomore Glenn King challenging regular Joe Pearce for the starting berth. Perhaps the true test of Oklahoma's durability will come as in Dallas before a Texas Longhorn partisan crowd.

ARKANSAS

Frank Broyles' Razorbacks are back in high gear again, set out to equal or even improve last year's 9-1 record which gave them a opportunity of defeating Georgia 16-2, in the Sugar Bowl. Arkansas' forte seems to be its vaunted defense which boasts the return of its entire defensive line. Lynn Garner is the iron man linebacker cementing the 4-3 defensive alignment.

On offense, record breaking Bill Montgomery is back to surpass the passing marks he set last year. Helping out is Charley Dicus who caught 62 passes for more than 800 yards, in 1968.

TEXAS

Last year, Texas finished third nationally and lost Bill Bradley, an ace quarterback, and Chris Gilbert, a premier running back. Until proven otherwise, the offensive backfield will be the chief weakness of the longhorns. But coach Darrell Royall has the knack for building meatgrinder football teams, so look for them to lose little ground nationally. Among the thirty five lettermen returning are Leo Brooks, John McKay as offensive tackles. Further bolstering the offense are quarterback Jim Street and speedy running backs Ted Noy and Steve Worster.

The defense will be just as good as last year with only All-American tackle Floyd Wainscott gone.

INDIANA

The Cinderella team and Rose Bowl duds of 1967 is

back and challenging the monster teams once again with virtually the entire '67 lineup intact. Though last year the Hoosiers finished at a disappointing 6-4, they nevertheless must be considered ready to make a move towards the pot of gold. Harry Gonso is returning at quarterback as is halfback John Isenbarger who is the crux of the Indiana power sweep offense. At fullback is Hank Pogue, a three year veteran. Defense must improve however over the 260 points it allowed last year if the Hoosiers are to make good.

MISSISSIPPI

On the strength of Archie Manning the Rebels seem likely to give Northern and Western powerhouses a run for the money. Despite several injuries last year, Manning nonetheless shredded eleven foes' pass defenses for 1500 yards. With coach John Vaught boasting forty two returning letterman from a team that was 7.3 last year, opponents had better beware. On defense, Ole Miss boasts All-American candidate Glenn Cannon at safety. This plus a defensive line which averages well over 200 lbs gives added assurance that the Rebels won't be hurting in the victory column come Bowl time.

NOTRE DAME

Gone are Terry Hanratty and Jim Seymour, Bob Gladieux and Coley O'Brein. The Irish are noticeably weaker than a year ago, but Ara Parseghian may have come up with a back-field combination that will click. Joe Theismann, from New Jersey, takes over signal-calling chores. In the backfield he has Ed Zeigler to hand off to. The offensive line has only two lettermen returning, but they were also last year's best. Guard

Jerry DeNardo and Tackle Jim Reilly are opening holes once again.

The defensive unit remains strong, especially with the presence of 270 lb. Mike McCoy. Larry Schumaker, also of New Jersey, plays a solid middle linebacker.

The recent loss of running back Jeff Zimmerman to a kidney ailment could slow down the Irish, but their tremendous depth should take up the slack.

MICHIGAN STATE

Rate the Spartans as sleepers, even in light of last year's mediocre 5-5 record. This year's schedule will be tough, but Duffy Dougherty has the returning manpower to surprise a lot of people.

ALABAMA

Bear Bryant is out to "average" last year's 8-2 record. The men on the team are relatively small, but the statistics on them are impressive. Quarterback Scott Hunter has already made himself the third greatest yard producer in Alabama history surpassing Joe Namath. Also on offense will be John Musso, only a sophomore, but already being compared to Alabama's John David Crow.

The defense lost an equivalent of an entire team last year with the graduation of eleven lettermen. This aspect of Alabama's is the weakest.

Due to an editorial oversight, Indiana was picked No. 6 when our choice was actually Purdue. Throughout the year we will attempt to provide a realistic rating of top college teams.

D.A.E.



Sir, why were we issued these this summer?



Since when is "I don't rate it, Sir" a basic response?



Lammers blocked punt set up the first Navy touchdown of the season.

NAVY FOOTBALL FOR 1969

By Fred Davidson '72

If you can remember back in the beginning of the year, the Navy football team was without a head coach for quite a while, which was along the same lines as a first grade class without a teacher. The search had begun for a mentor who would take over a position that is a football recruiter's nightmare—namely, head coach at a service academy. And that academy was Navy itself. In the back of the minds of a spirited gathering of youngsters (not literally), led by elected co-captains Dan Pike '70 and Jeff Krstich '70, was the aftermath of a somewhat disastrous season in 1968, but foremost in their mind was the 1969 season and possibly a change in the tide. The question was becoming intense: Who would be the skipper of Navy's young and upcoming team?

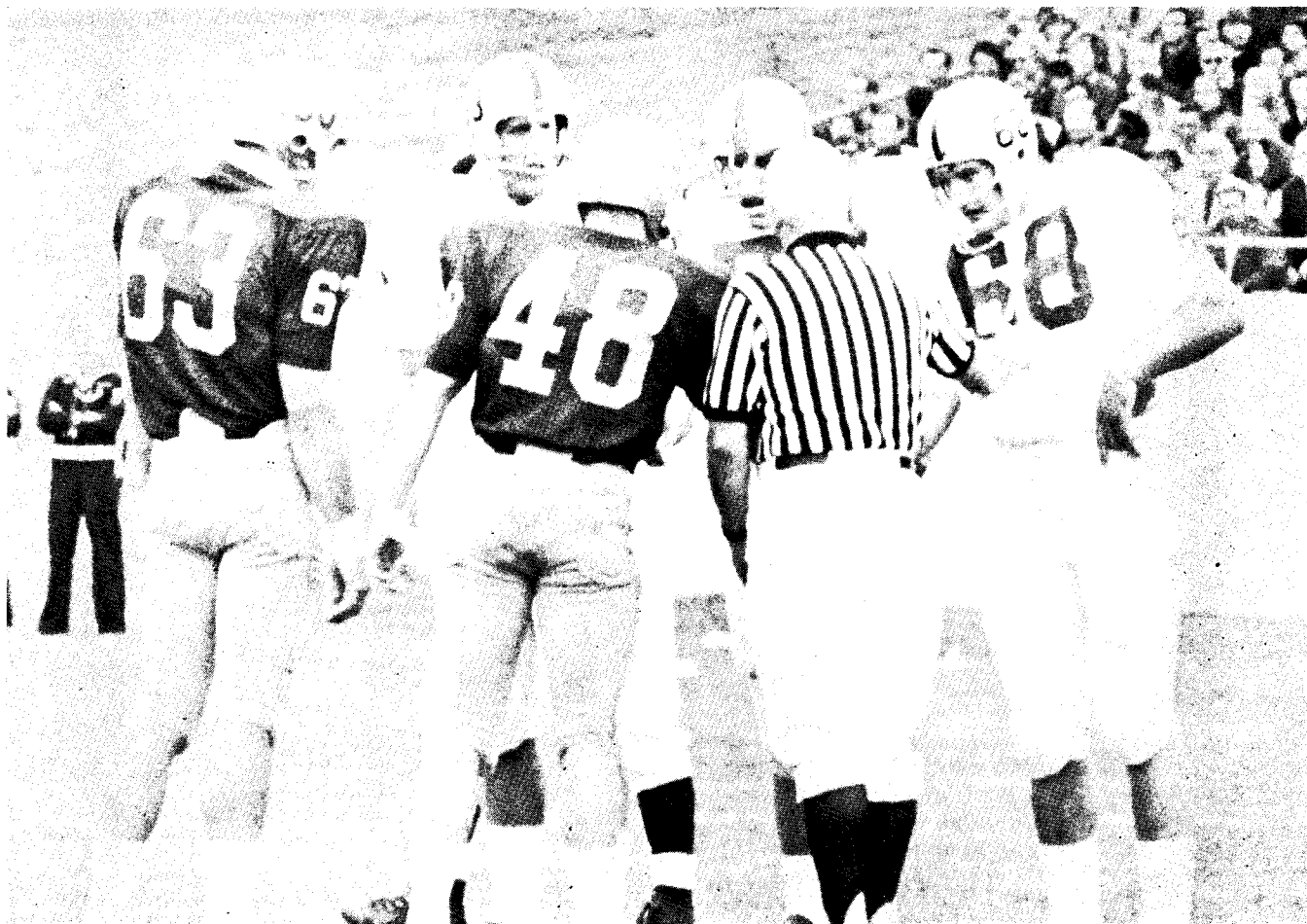
Finally one morning it was announced to the Brigade (would you believe even before the newspapers got word) that Rick Forzano had put his "John Hancock" on the dotted line and Navy football now had a Savior. There were a few sleepy-eyed Mids who grunted, "Who's he!? Who does he play for?" But on the whole, many remembered the name from the early 1960's as an assistant coach under Wayne Hardin here at Navy. Since that time, Mr. Forzano had held down several coaching positions, but his most recent stint was with the Cincinnati Bengals of the A.F.L. Now he is at the Naval Academy and football is in for a new twist. And there is a brief look at what is in store for the Big Blue and the Brigade in 1969.

To start things off, Rick Forzano is not a savior, has never been one, nor does he have the intentions of becoming one. Instead, he is a believer in mankind and insists that his team be that way also. It takes a believer and a strong and a willing and a hostile and a mobile and an agile man to play his type of football. And it takes a whole team of those men to play Navy's opponents, for the Big Blue face one of the toughest schedules that any independent could ever imagine. Coach Forzano insists, however, that squaring off against the toughest foes around will make believers out of his team, the Brigade, and many loyal fans. As he mentioned in a speech at the Penn State pep rally, Coach Forzano pleaded for the support of the Brigade to help the team in every way possible achieve a successful season. But Coach is not one who pleads for anything. The only thing he demands of anyone is that he give 110% of himself and that he is proud of his 110%.

With his firm belief and experience in football, Mr.

Forzano has established one of the finest coaching staffs available. Although all of his selections were made before spring workouts started, he was not hasty in selecting his crew and soon introduced them to what he labeled "Navy Football." Leeman Bennett, one of Coach's right-hand men on offense, came from the University of Cincinnati where he was offensive backfield director of the No. 1 offensive passing team in 1968 which was led by Greg Cook. Coach Bennett, who was a quarterback himself with Kentucky some eight years ago, is Navy's quarterback coach and offensive assistant. Joe Bugel is the newest member of the coaching staff and is in charge of the offensive linemen. Ed Ferkany and Larry Pasquale are both assistants who handle the backs and flankers. Their job is one-half of the offense, and without that portion, Navy would be nowhere without the men to run with and catch the ball. Dan Sekanovitch, Jim Stanley, and Larry Peccatiello head up one of the toughest defenses Navy has to offer. These men work hard with their team and to deny them any credit for having a tough and scrappy defense would be a serious mistake.

Enough can not be said about "ye olde foe" for '69; it will take some impressive showings by Navy to make believers out of Big Blue's followers. To open the season against an Orange Bowl Champion who has won 19 straight games and ranked No. 2 in preseason polls, is a catastrophe. But Navy has done it this year, and they have shown some people (despite 45-22 setback) that they are out to win some ball games. The Eagles of Boston College play host to the Mids on September 26 in Massachusetts, B.C., ranked as the No. 3 offensive team in the nation last year, is expecting back most of that team with the exception of a few defensive stalwarts. By October 4th, Navy should be spicy enough to face Terrible Texans. This game should be a real test to see whether the team can venture into Texas-land to play on Astro-turf and face off against Royal, Street, Worster, And Company. Following that game, Big Blue meets always tough Pitt, Rutgers, and Virginia, in that order. The final third of the season should be just as tough as the opening third with such foes as Notre Dame, Miami, and Syracuse to test the ability of your young team. Of course, there always remains the unpredictable climax at Philadelphia versus the Cadets. With a schedule like that, who needs headaches? But such as the case be, action is the word for Navy's new football !!!



NAVY FOOTBALL COMES ALIVE

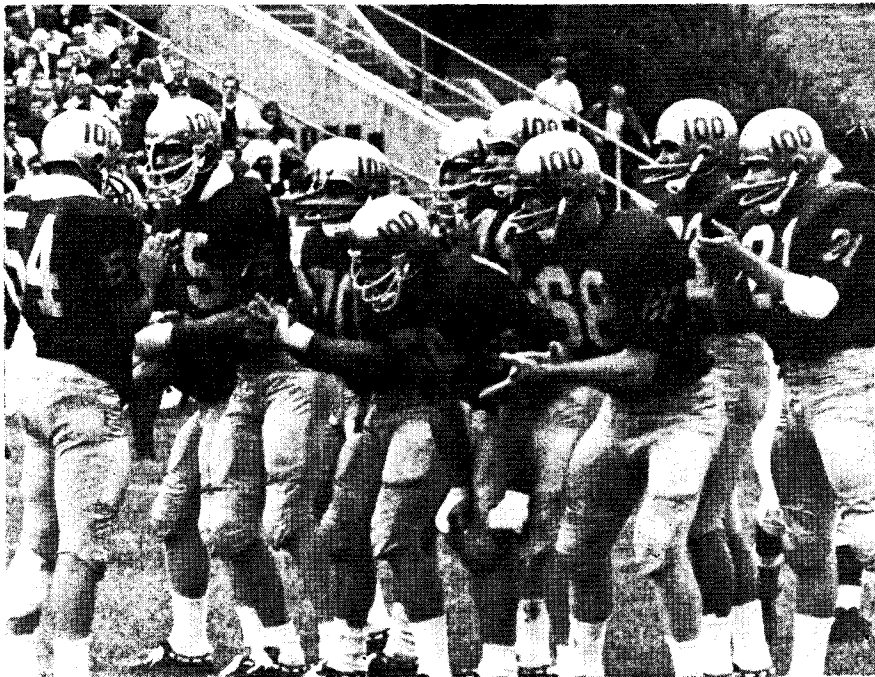
By Jack Flannagan '70

If the Navy-Penn State game is any indication, the fierce pride and combativeness which has characterized many past Navy teams is making a resurgence. Penn State, in the person of Charlie Pittman, Steve Smear, Mike Reid, *et al.*, showed a capacity Navy-Marine Corps Stadium crowd why they are rated as one of the top teams in the nation as they administered a 45-22 defeat to the Midshipmen. It was the season opener for both teams and, despite the score, promised an exciting season for Navy Fans accustomed to the doldrums in which Navy has languished the past few years.

Under the able tutelage of Coach Rick Forzano, the Midshipmen fielded a team that quickly demonstrated that they came to win. Despite a dearth of lettermen, Navy quickly established that their's would be a rough and tumble brand of football. This writer has never been a Navy team hit harder, show more second effort, or give more unstintingly of themselves. Jeff Lammers, Ron Marchetti, Mick Barr, Dave Howe,

indeed the entire Navy squad epitomized the word hustle. Even more encouraging was the rapport established between the team and the Brigade during the game. At no time did the Brigade let up and the team quickly justified the Brigade's faith in them. This rapport has been an element that was sadly lacking in Navy's campaigns the past three or four years.

Forzano is a proud man who who knows that the record book doesn't have a column for "moral victories." He knows only too well that it's the score on the board when the final gun sounds the counts. A lesser man and a lesser would take comfort in the fact that they fared so well against what could be the Number One team in the nation. Not so, this coach and this team. When they take the field they are looking for a win. When they take the field, the Brigade in the stands is rooting for a win. It's a new spirit pervading the football atmosphere here at Navy and one that we are confident will give positive results.

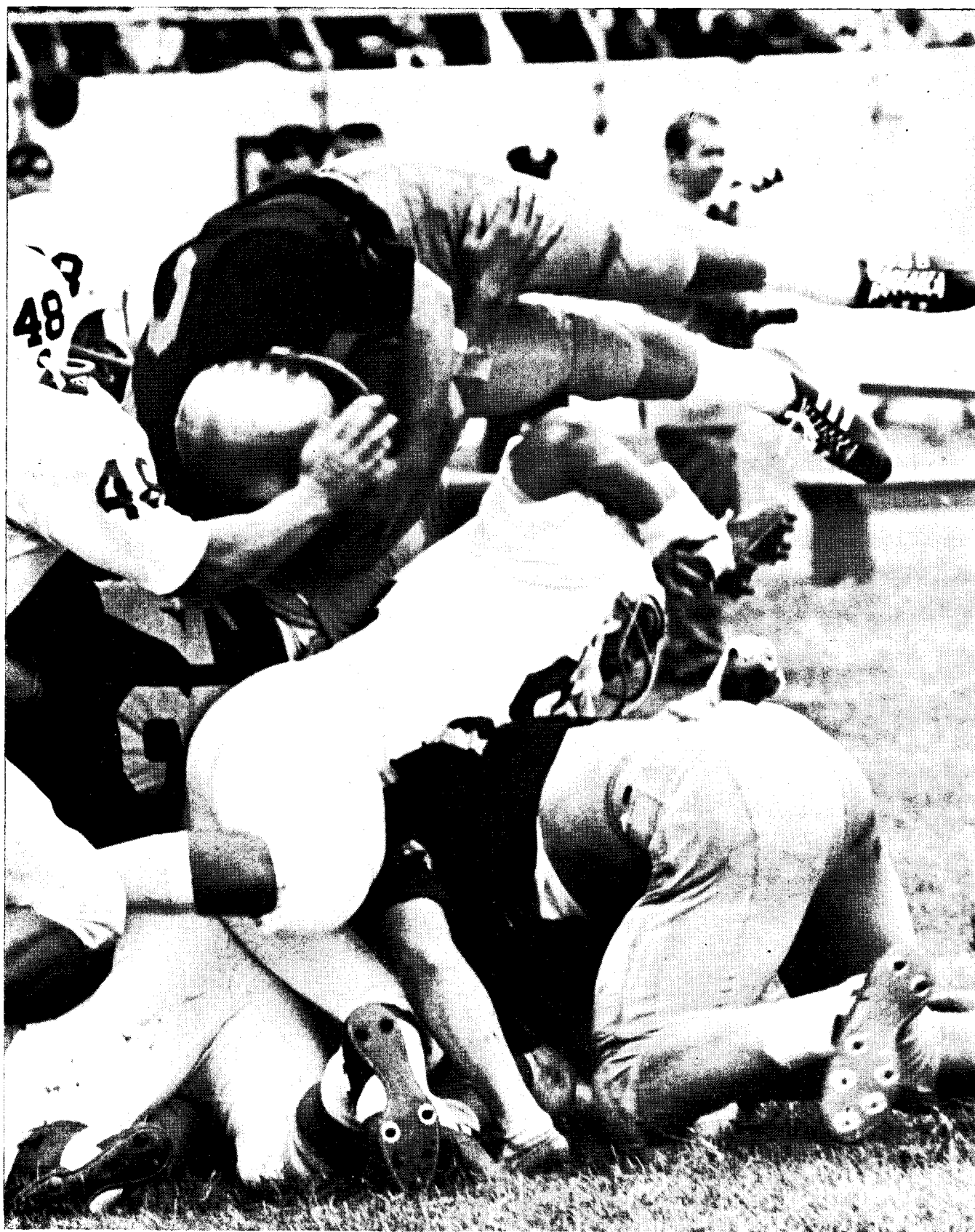


Dave Howe calls the defensive signals.

Steelman grinding out tough yards.



McNallen sets up for a completion



Marchetti scores his second against Penn State.

SOCCER OUTLOOK '69

By Jim Garrow '71

On 27 Sept. Navy will open their 1969 season when they play host to New York University on the new athletic field located behind Michelson Hall, Ingram field.

Considering the difficulty of the schedule and the loss of several key players, this year looks like it will be coach Warner's "greatest challenge in 23 years."

Last season the team suffered a heartbreaking opening game loss to this same New York University team by a score of (1-0). The team has been practicing diligently since the first week of September to avert the same misfortune this year.

Other top teams on this year's schedule include West Virginia (11 Oct.), Maryland (22 Oct.), West Chester (1 Nov.), and Army (22 Nov.). All of these four teams won invitations to the N.C.A.A. post-season soccer classic, and Maryland went on to be the N.C.A.A. co-champion. Rounding out the Navy schedule will be Catholic University (4 Oct.), Pennsylvania (18 Oct.), Penn State (25 Oct.), Swathmore (8 Nov.), George Washington (12 Nov.), and Georgetown (15 Nov.). One of the advantages of this year's schedule is that 10 of the team's 11 games will be played at home. The only away game is with Penn State on the 18th of October.



Losses from last year's team which had a record of 8-2-1 include All-American Dick Bartlett, who was the mainstay of the defensive team that allowed only .636 goals per game; and top scorers John Bodine and Glenn Reid.

The strong part of this year's team will be its defense, which should compare favorably with any in the country. Led by team captain, Casey Bahr, who won All-American honors last season, Bob Tamburini, and Doug Conklin, the fullback line should be very hard for opponents to get through. Behind the fullbacks is veteran Dan Bowlin, who is capable of stopping any shots the opponents do get off. Dan has been starting in the goal since his younger year, and is a strong candidate for All-American honors this year.

The offense which suffered the losses of John Bodine and Glenn Reid through graduation, suffered an even greater loss due to an off-season injury to scoring leader Mike Flanagan. A fieldball injury left Mike in the hospital for three months, and his chances of playing this fall are considered by Coach Warner to be "remote" at best. Without Flanagan, second classman Tom Abernathy is the only returning forward with any varsity experience. Other possible starters at forward are Lenny Supko, Bob Elsbernd, Ray Decker, Chuck Fitchet, Jim Garmon, and Harold Cummings.

Returning lettermen Chuck Savage and Kevan Dolan will hold down the halfback positions with help from Paul Roeder, Dan Rowe, and Leo Hura whose brother Miron was twice an All-American at Navy.

The prospects of this team don't look as good as those of teams in the past, but if the offensive problem can be solved, this could be another one of Coach Warner's great teams.





Pretty Sharon Gray, 21, is engaged to a Firstie.

17 year old Jill Barlow from Ogden, Utah dates a plebe.



A youngster dates 19 year old Ellen Henderson from Danville, Virginia.

1st

COMPANY

A youngster drags 20 year old Tracy Ann Sevenich from Seattle.



A sophomore at Green Mt. College, 19 year old Judy Pollitt, is pinned to a second classman.

18 year old Debbie Fairbank dates a freshman.





A University of Wisconsin freshman, Miss Linda Krueger, dates a youngster.



A youngster is pinned to Miss Melody Musella of North Hollywood, California.



COMPANY

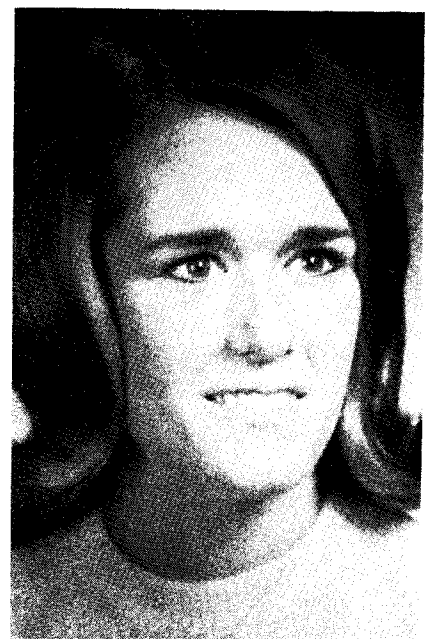
2nd

A plebe drags Miss Maddy Bromer of Bethesda, Md.



Miss Karen Anderson from St. Paul, Minnesota is pinned to a 2/c.

A student teacher in New York, Miss Carol Stephenson is pinned to a firstie.

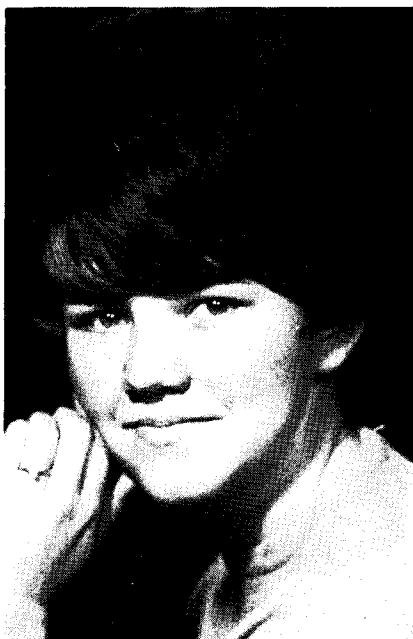




Miss Patricia Ann Noggle is a beautician in Costa Mesa, California.



Miss Betsy Jones, a junior at University of Delaware, is pinned to a 2/c.

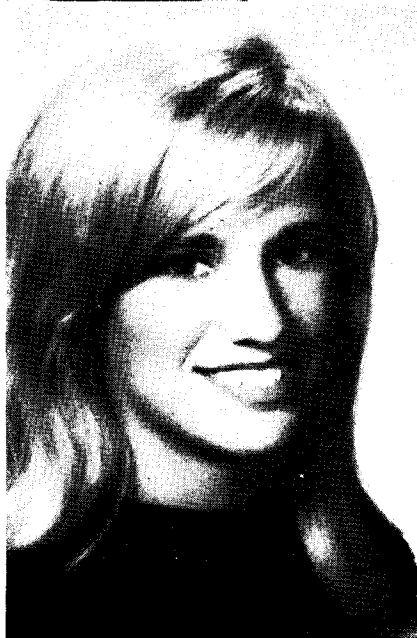


Miss Connie Thompson is a freshman at TCU and she drags a plebe.

3rd

COMPANY

Miss Sharon Kiel is a freshman at Arizona U. She is the drag of a lucky youngster.



Miss Mary Lou Ohenberger is a pin-mate of an enamored first class.

When Miss Judy Palermo isn't dating a certain 2/c she steers for Eastern.





WHAT SORT OF MID READS THE LOG?

A mid who knows his aircraft and the tools of his trade. He knows how to use instruments at his disposal accurately. He prides himself in his bearing and dress. Facts: More mids read the LOG than supposedly equivalent magazines at any other school. Advertise in the LOG.

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•

Crusader

•

Intruder

•

Phantom



33½ of the 640 Crew

Why Doesn't WRNV Play My Song?

By GERRY WERNER

PLUG IN! TURN ON! TUNE IN! You are on the GO with "six-four-OH!"

Take a Southern stroll with Gentelman JEFF//I Have a snack with MAC///Go "truckin" with JAY, "California Dreamin'" with BRUCE, or "T.C.B." with "JC" . . . after all, this is YOUR radio station . . . this is WRNV, the "Voice of the Brigade"!!!! (what do you mean, "Voice of the Brigade", my radio station"??? People JUST ABOUT listen to ME around here . . . you're not going to tell me that WRNV will . . .) YES, as a matter of fact, we are going to tell you the very same!

Our coach (Station Manager, Warren J. Mackensen) is determined to draft a few new bodies for the team this year . . . like about 4,000 Midshipman-types (ya-that includes YOU).

We want YOU to tell us what you want--

We want YOU to suggest how we might slip it to you a little better--

—Program Director, Bruce Harrison, asks you, "What sounds do you want to hear on the "Top 30 Survey"?? . . . Let me know . . . the forms are in front of your BATT (O) . . . pick your own Survey. . . .

—Jay Jenkins (the "Bronx Zeekeeper") asks, "Do you need a ride . . . or have a ride? Let me know . . . Weekend Wheels chits are in front of your nearest BATT (o), too. . . ."

—Chief Engineer, Al Schaffter, asks, "Does your radio reception need improvement???"

- (1) Put your receiver near a power cord
- (2) or wrap the power cord around the antenna
- (3) Unplug the radio and reverse the plug in the socket to possibly reduce fluorescent light hum

. . . Did that help? . . . if not, let me know . . . write on ANYTHING and send it down to WRNV, 8th Wing Basement.

—Dan McConnell, Business Manager, asks, "Got a 'sooperoldie' in mind that I can play for you . . . give

me a buzz, Ext. 2162./// Our computerized file will allow me to play one of over 3000 catalogued 45's for you in less than a minute after you call!"

LOOK FOR! LISTEN FOR!

Tuesday nights . . . 1945 . . . WRNV "CONTACT" . . . a radio *first*—the 640 staff interviews the brass . . . getting an insight into the life of an officer . . . the life we will soon assume.

WEDNESDAY nights . . . 1915 . . . Bruce (California Dreamer) Harrison debuts the weekly "Sound Hit Survey" . . . YOUR Survey.

THURSDAY/FRIDAY nights . . . 1915 . . . Sports Director JEFF KAYLOR is *YOUR* man with the team.

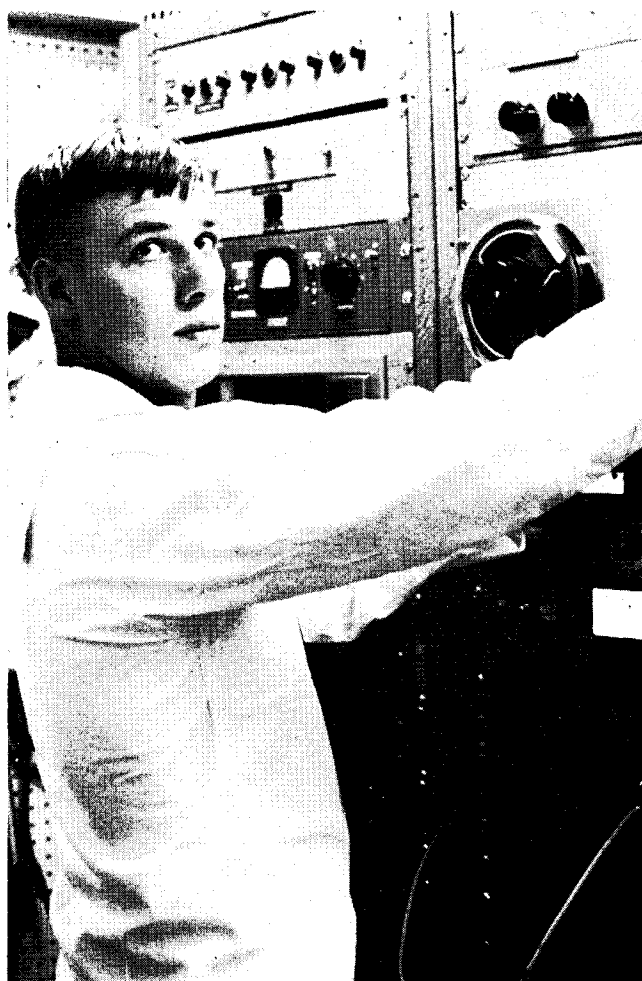
SPRING . . . First Class Duty Selection Night . . . live Play-by-play from Smoke Hall.

EXTRAS . . . Current events . . . reports from NASA.

So after 21 years, the Naval Academy Radio Station has finally been turned over to the rightful owner—YOU.///Well, don't just sit there—keep the "heavy" sounds rollin' . . . PLAY YOUR SONG . . . DO YOUR THING . . . Ext. 2162.



The Sound Hit Survey takes shape.



"Backstage" at WRVN.



The double "oog" cutting Weekend Wheels.

THE PRESIDENTIAL MONOPOLY

By Bernard F. Dingle

The following is an article by a Midshipman writing under an assumed name. While based on fact, the story is fictional, intended to be humorous and in no way reflects the opinion of the Navy, the Naval Academy or the Log Staff.

Ever since Tricia Nixon went, with her father, to Colorado Springs for a couple of days of June Week at the Air Force Academy, the armed services of this country have been in an uproar. West Point and Annapolis have demanded equal time, not only to have the President's daughter attend some of their social functions, but have the President as well put in an appearance. Throughout the nation at military bases everywhere the controversy has raged. Rumors are flying in all directions and of course accusations abound but no one really knows what to believe. I picture it something like this:

At West Point there is a plot to capture June Week away from the Zoomies in Colorado and thus prevent anything of this nature from happening out there again. (Confidentially, this plan was adopted strangely enough from Zoomies themselves who successfully kidnapped the Navy goat in '66.) West Point realizes of course that it can not begin to offer the attractions that are commonplace at U.S.A.F.A. and thus they will have to resort to underhanded methods to lure any of the Presidents family to the banks of the Hudson.

At the Naval Academy other methods have been tried, ending in utter failure, but hopes are still high. Rumor has it that one of the middies even personally asked Tricia to attend June Week with him, but we in no way support this idea and pass it off either as blatant garbage or a bush league effort by some unknown rookie. Another suggestion was that the Academy could formally contact the Pres-

ident on this issue and send an official invitation. This however, was discarded as failing by the Academic board as the Air Force would say Navy copied the idea from them, and the Navy never takes second to anyone.

Now don't get the idea that the controversy stops here. It has spread beyond the high and hallowed walls of these Academies, to the top levels of the major armed services. One observer has suggested that part of Adm. Rickover's polaris sub force be stationed in hidden lakes near major air bases to force the Air Force to yield on future engagements. The Army even offered to move some of its poison gas from Utah as a means of applying pressure, but ran into trouble from the Womens All Purpose Committee on Non-Violent Atrocities of Denver. Although this group will probably be successful in their protest the mere threat of such action by the Army will probably be enough to bring the Air Force to terms and break its monopoly on the presidential family.

The measure recently went before the Joint Chiefs of Staff. I can picture how it went. Gen. Westmoreland was sitting in the corner pouting silently while Adm. Moorer, already 15 minutes late, phoned in sick. Even Gen. Wheeler appeared a bit ruffled while Generals McConnell and Chapman seemed in good spirits. The meeting opened and Gen. Westmoreland immediately lodged a protest against the Air Force charging they attempted to promote disharmony in the other services by inviting the Presidential family to U.S.A.F.A. His protest was countersigned by Adm. Moorer. Gen. Wheeler asked why the marines weren't in on this too. Gen. Chapman replied that marines can get along without anything, and besides Mrs. Nixon talked to them in

Vietnam.

Of course she spoke with Army personnel too but the boys at West Point still feel left out claimed Gen. Westmoreland. General Johnson agreed and called for a vote on a two part measure. One, to censure the Air Force for its actions and for not offering equal time to the other services, and secondly to establish a committee to look into the issue further. At this point Gen. Wheeler thought things were well under control but an aide burst into the room with a note from the Coast Guard demanding they be included in the discussions. It seems as they have a minor franchise near New London and feel that the President or a member of his family should also put in an appearance there. Someone started to suggest David Eisenhower's third cousin twice removed but another aide came in with a note from Adm. Moorer. He was not sick in fact, but had been delayed because his official car had been kidnapped and then cut in half at a railroad crossing. He also sent his regrets for missing such an important meeting. A few minutes later they broke up, postponing action on the matter until later.

There are more bizzare incidents than these which have taken place concerning the issue. We haven't the space to list them all but notice should be made to a few of them. The mother of a West Point cadet from Jigaloo, Australia wrote to several prominent congressman urging them to sponsor a bill on presidential succession at the service academies. It quite naturally contains a no preference clause in accordance with the 1965 Civil Rights Act. Also several substitutes have been mentioned who could take the place of the Presidential family. Vice President Agnew heads this list but some Naval Academy men complain that they don't know him well enough. (This

is hard to believe in light of the fact that many of them used to run around his former house during their Pep rallies.)

No matter what happens, this author hopes that in the future the president will find the time, while he is in office, to visit all of the academies. Also I can't think of a better place or time than the Naval Academy in June of 1970.

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Many midshipmen now carry this coverage and some have already collected on loss or breakage of class ring and other losses. Many losses (including class rings, cash to \$100 and any engagement ring valued in excess of \$250) are paid in full, with no deductible. In certain other cases, a deductible of \$50 applies.

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Mid's-Eye View of Woodstock

By Mike Trant

At an Aquarian festival held in the foothills of New York state, disguised as normal, long-haired teenagers were Mids, members of our own little society, who had infiltrated the ranks of the 400,000 or so "hippies" who had come from all over the country and from several foreign nations to enjoy "three days of peace and music". The Mids, some coming from their temporary station at New London, Connecticut, but most of them on leave, made the trek from either the New York Thruway or Route 17 in New York westward, into the sticks of central New York in search of the small town of Bethel, New York. This is ordinarily an easy task, but on this special occasion, there were several thousand cars and trucks, not to mention countless motorcycles, which, on the way to White Lake, the site of the exposition had slowly crawled to a dead stop. It is extremely amusing, when one is walking, to see twelve miles of dead and dying cars, with owners hovering over them, some speaking softly, trying to coax their sick autos to move, others cursing and pulling their hair out, while kicking their downed machinery. Most of the drivers decided to abandon their worthless means of transportation, and proceeded on foot in the general direction of the festival.

The "general direction" turned out to be just that, since no one, including the inhabitants of the

area, knew exactly where or how far it was to White Lake. As it turned out, White Lake was a mile or so from downtown Bethel, which is a typical one-street village with a general store and several package stores; but the actual location of the festival was two or three miles from White Lake, in the middle of a huge alfalfa field which was shaped like an amphitheatre.

To the unfortunate individual who had not speculated and come prepared with an enormous supply of food, the weekend was not your average, run-of-the-mill, three-day party. First, the local merchants, all six of them, had decided that the price of living had risen drastically overnight and began selling their wares at two or three times their normal price. It is very disheartening to pay thirty cents for a Coke or fifty-five cents for a peanut butter-and-jelly sandwich, not to mention seventy-five cents for a bottle of warm beer!

Then there was the problem of getting drinking water, since the promoters of the show had underestimated the size of the expected crowd and the wells began to dry up after the first day. So, one had to resort to subsisting on a diet of thirty-cent Cokes and warm beer, along with anything else that could be begged or bought.

Life in the wilderness was quite different from the life which one gets used to, living at the Acade-

my. There were kids all around wearing what they called "sideburns" and smoking funny-smelling cigarettes, and the girls did not squeal when they came into an area occupied by boys. They slept on the "ground", and there were germs all over the place, since no one came to check on the sanitary conditions of their living spaces every day. And there was no reveille! Everyone got up when they felt like getting up.

There were some similarities, however. Members of a society known as the "Hog Farm", from New Mexico, formed a "Peace Patrol," resembling a watch squad, that kept the young folks from doing naughty things. There were informal formations in the "amphitheatre" immediately preceding a concert, and no one left the concert until all the lights had been turned off. There was no pass-in-review, but there were some hilarious speeches and requests made. The musicians were not exactly in the same class as the Marching 90, but the music was pretty good just the same.

One thing that the weekend proved was the Mids are human and can get along with civilian college students, as long as the civilians do not know that they are Mids. Take away the short hair, the regs, the drills, and taps, and a Mid is just another college kid. But the shiny shoes and rosy cheeks would still give us away.

The LOG

"Hey, you, why are you throwing those nails away?"

Back came the answer: "Why, they have the heads on the wrong end."

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

The LOG

A cannibal guest arrived late to a dinner party. His host looked at him and said, "Sorry, everybody's eaten."

The LOG

After a girl passed through the hotel lobby several times, a polite young man stepped up and asked, "Pardon me, Miss, are you looking for some particular person?"

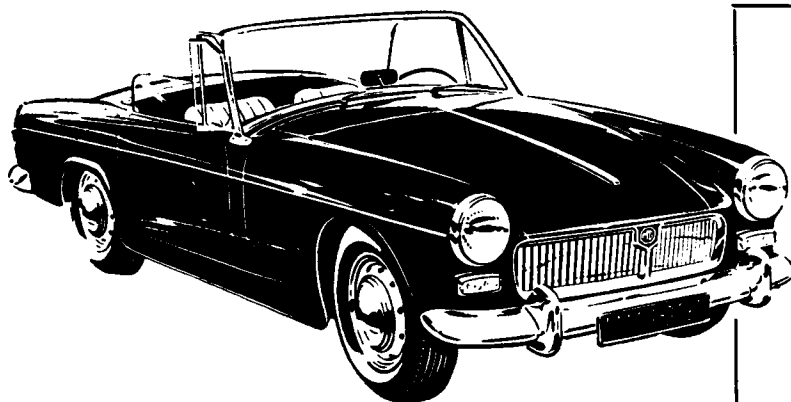
"I'm satisfied," she replied, "if you are."

The LOG

Two morons were out hunting when they saw some ducks overhead. One moron raised his gun, fired, and a duck fell to the ground. The other moron said "Why did you waste the lead? The fall alone would have killed him."



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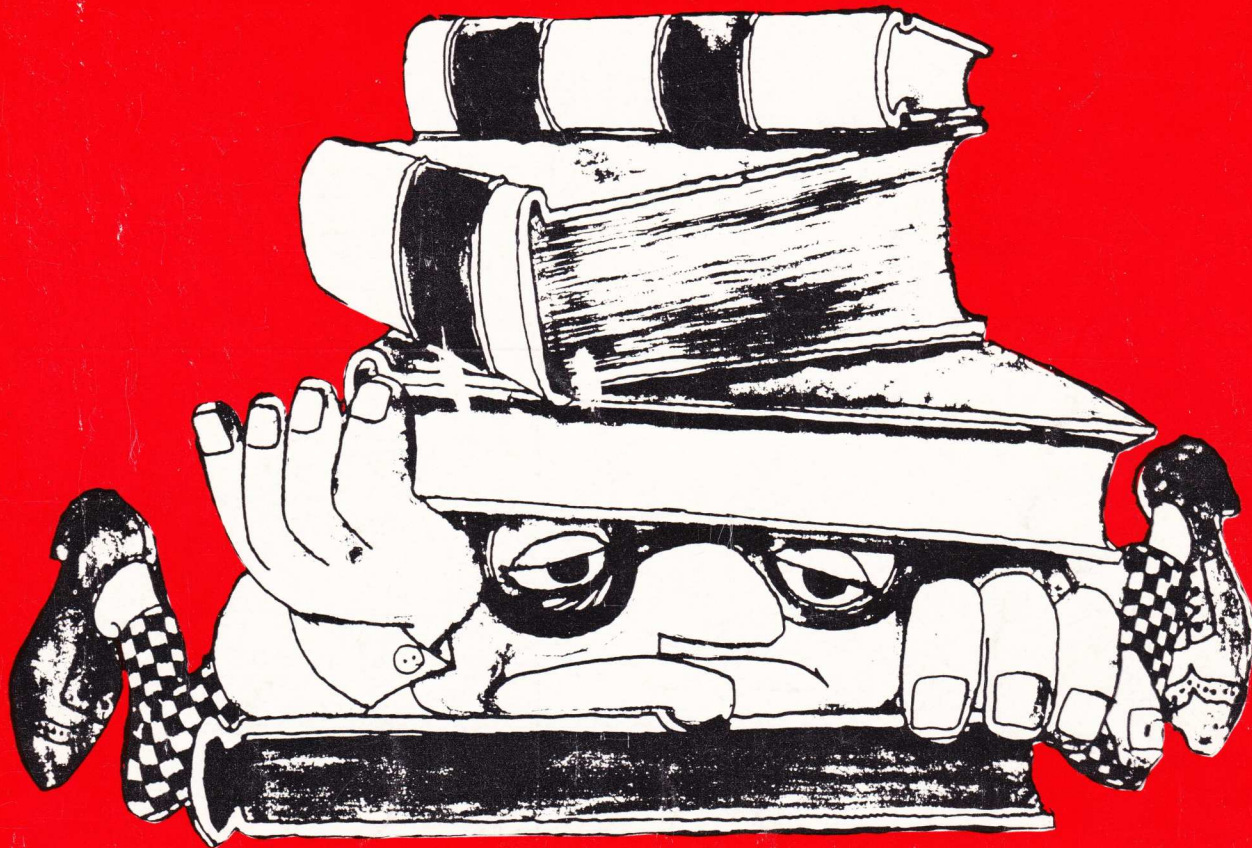
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