

THE WOMEN TAKE OVER



THE FEMMES

LOG

GILMORE '79

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY
VOL. 60 NO. 9 MARCH 26, 1971 50¢

**Barbara Putnam said safety belts
made her feel strapped in.**



What's your excuse?

Advertising contributed for the public good



letters

Dear Editor:

In the last year our "group" has spent over \$2,000 visiting U.S.N.A. From this marvelous social experience we have reaped the following benefits: 1 marriage, 1 engagement, 1/2 baby, 1 illegal trip into Bancroft, 26 broken hearts, 8 "I'll never come back", mucho vail, D.C. "tours", 1 case of mono, 1 case of beard burn, bad cold, 5 June weeks, 2 Army Navy Week-ends, misc. dances, 1 Ring Dance, 2 sailing Lessons, 1 Broken down bus, 3 nervous breakdowns, . . . hangovers (yours & ours . . .), busted from 2 motels, several articles of mid's clothing . . . (could they be yours?), X number of great times . . . we love you! 1 free "wrestling" lesson by visiting Princeton crew jock, many free meals . . . X number of pizzas.

OUR MOTTO—

"NO GUTS, NO GLORY!"

Dear Editors:

And why not?

Whenever someone needs money they grab a few letters from our alphabet and throw them at the public with a few slogans and add that magic phrase "tax deductible" and the American people rise to the occasion and give.

Let's face it men—we have an emergency! How often has your drag had to say "no" to your invitation because of the expense involved? How often have you had to wait until the last minute without an answer while your drag was trying to get one more baby-sitting job so that she could buy that bus ticket, that plane ticket or that train ticket to Annapolis?

Well—let's do something about it! We already have AMVETS, UNICEF, BS of A, GS of A, SCI, NBA, NYBS, ABS, IHB, DAV ad infinitum. One more will hardly be noticed so let's add DRAG!

Mothers of mids step forward. We need volunteers (every agency uses them) to organize a DRAG FUND. We must have a slogan

ATTENTION!

Insure Your Class Ring and Other Personal Property

\$850 PER \$1000 OF COVERAGE,

LOWER AFTER FIRST YEAR, DEPENDING ON DIVIDENDS.

INSURES YOUR CLASS RING, FIANCEE'S ENGAGEMENT RING, UNIFORMS, OTHER CLOTHING, CAMERAS, WATCHES, SPORTING EQUIPMENT, CASH TO \$100 AND OTHER PERSONAL PROPERTY

Many cadets now carry this coverage and some have already collected on loss or breakage of class rings and other indemnities. Above rates are for coverage which carries a deductible of \$50 for certain losses, although deductible DOES NOT apply to class ring or cash to \$100. Coverage which carries NO DEDUCTIBLE also is available, with initial annual rate of \$10 per \$1,000 coverage.

I hereby apply for Personal Property Insurance in the amount of \$ _____
I understand this coverage becomes effective immediately and I agree to furnish a list of certain property, as required by Association rules, when proper forms are supplied to me:
_____ I wish coverage with \$50 deductible with initial annual rate of \$8.50 per \$1,000 coverage.
_____ I wish coverage with no deductible, initial annual rate \$10 per \$1,000 coverage.
Name _____
Rank _____ Serial No. _____
Address _____ Log _____
DO NOT SEND CASH—We will bill you when we forward policy.

ARMED FORCES

COOPERATIVE INSURING ASSOCIATION

FT. LEAVENWORTH, KS. 66027 • SINCE 1887

letters (cont'd)

contest to make that all important word "drag" mean something to the public. Let us pull at the heart strings of Mr. and Mrs. America. Let us also pull at their purse strings.

Do you want to help the morale of our mids at the USNA?

Regularly give to the DRAG FUND.

Anapolis needs your gift!

Give—give—give.

All we need is leadership. A chairman. Come, mothers of mids, who will lead us?

Why don't I become chairman? Well, yes, I agree it is my idea. Yes, I do have the enthusiasm to put it over, but, (this is hard to admit) my energy is running thin, for, you see, I'm a

Grandmother of a midshipman.

We gave to the
DRAG FUND

Dear Drags and Mids:
In The Name of Women's Lib!!

Girls!—Are you tired of being called "Drags"? Since Women's Lib has come about I think its time to up-date an old title. After all, some of us have been dating Mids for sometime. We certainly deserve a more appropriate name than the one which has descended upon us—probably by some Mid who got bored one night. So come on Middles, give us a break! Wouldn't you rather have a Miss'shipman by your side than a drag?

Love

Your Miss'shipman

Dear Sir:

It has come to my attention that you once took advantage of a certain Miss Cathryn Mary C. when she tried on your hat. It may be the custom (crude as it seems) to kiss any & every girl found under your hat but really!—this was the first time you ever met Miss C. In the handbook—it *does* say use

discretion. Did *YOU* use discretion?? NO!!! It's just like you midshipmen to take advantage of any young girl that happens to come your way. And Cathy is a young girl—in fact, she's practically a babe in arms (*not* your arms!!).—You know it really is a shame that a midshipman—who's supposed to be fine & upstanding—has undertaken the task of corrupting such a fine young lady as Miss C. That's what I call lowering oneself.

There is only one bright spot in the whole underhanded affair. No one's heard any complaints from Cathy.

Compliments of Cathy C.

Kathy P. Pledge

To the 14th Co.:

The other day I was at my orthodontist and while waiting I happen to pick up the January issue of the "Log". Was I ever surprised to see my picture among the 14th Company Cuties—

I declare—I never dreamed there'd be a day when I'd have a Secret admirer. I'd be ever so glad to know who my secret admirer is—'cause I know June Weeks 'a com'in and I've heard that you fellors have an awful swell time with all them company cuties!

I'd surely like to know how you got hold of my picture—thankgoodness it's one of my better ones!!

I just wanted you boys to know that I appreciate your thoughtfulness, and I'd be more than delighted if you would print in your next issue who my secret admirer is. . .

So for now, you boys in Company #14—so long—

With Kisses and hugs. . .

LURETIA

To all midshipmen:

As a "lifer" and as a gung ho Army brat, it's been a difficult task to see the Navy side of any issue, especially in regards to the Army-Squid games. I know that Army is SUPERIOR and nothing can change my position!

But I take this opportunity, in a letter to *The Log*, to express my

thanks to my "special" Mids for trying. I enjoy our verbal rivalry.

And a particular thank you to the Mid who gave me *The Log* for a present. I've enjoyed reading about the other side. . .

I hope I get a chance to meet many more Midshipmen—you all are wonderful people.

Sincerely,

Cyndy Gorwitz

P.O. Box 2668

Mary Washington College,

Class of '74

Fredericksburg, Virginia 22401

To the editor:

In the past six months, while working in the Mid-Store, I have come in contact with a large number of the Brigade. I am sorry to say that a great percentage of these mids need some lessons on manners and common courtesy, as well as to review the differences between their rights and privileges.

In the recent exchange weekends, the mids have failed to "Beat Army" or the Air Force cadets in good nature and thoughtfulness towards others.

As a navy junior and future navy wife, I only wish to inform the mids about how they appear to others and how important it is to their career.

Linda C. Dalton—

Midshipmen's Store

To the administration:

We are pleased with the renovation of the Navy, but we are now pleading with you to focus your attention on the Brigade of Midshipmen. These "men" who are supposedly being trained to fill your shoes, are being suppressed by the antiquated regulations of naval tradition.

Bumper stickers propagandizing midshipmen as "leaders of tomorrow" are ridiculous, when you come to the realization that these men are not even allowed today's responsibilities.

Unable to own and operate their own cars, (a privilege any sixteen year old civilian is allowed), these men are expected to jump into the

realistic world after four years of hibernation, and not only own and operate cars, but command ships!

These "men," socially unable to function in the civilian world, cannot be expected to understand their subordinates well enough to adequately command them, because of their totally different orientation.

If the Naval Academy wishes to instill in the minds of these men the responsibility necessary to enable them to function as a qualified officer, they should begin by granting them real responsibility now.

The Naval Academy could achieve its goals much more efficiently by teaching these men to budget their own money rather than its present method of distributing "allowances." They give them credit for being the top thinking men in the nation, and yet compel them to abide by rules which at times insult their intelligence.

We hope that you will encourage your fellow officers to review the situation at U.S.N.A. and determine which of the regulations now being imposed on midshipmen are achieving the desired goals.

Thank you for your attention.

Sincerely,
Towson Drags

Dear Gentlemen of the Brigade:

In almost two years of LOG reading I have seen you slandered, battered and generally "romped on" by a series of female discontents. By now you must be wondering if there are any females remaining who have a kind word to say for the "Mids." Though perhaps we're growing rapidly extinct there are those of us who actually do value you and the strange 'Brew' that is your makeup.

Because, to us, you see a Midshipman is a rare breed of crab, clown, doer, dreamer, leader and lover.

He is capable of soaring to heights of ecstasy—over an army victory or plummeting to depths of despair on arrival back at Mother B after Christmas leave.

He will plunge frequently into intramural sports and chocolate eclairs with the same fervor.

He'll fumble like mad for words

Like Avis - - -

"WE TRY HARDER!"

We Want Your Banking Business

and we say it with—

FREE CHECKING ACCOUNT SERVICE
(NO MINIMUM BALANCE REQUIRED)
(A LOAN IS NOT REQUIRED)

FREE FIFTY PERSONALIZED CHECKS
WHEN YOU OPEN ACCOUNT, THEN
200 PERSONALIZED CHECKS \$2.00

LOW DISCOUNT RATE ON SIGNATURE LOANS
TO GRADUATES & CAREER OFFICERS

1st National Bank
ODON, IND.
"ACCENT ON SERVICE"

OFFICES
CRANE
ODON
MONTGOMERY
ELNORA

Free Checking Account Service—Since 1890
Member F.D.I.C.

RETURN COUPON FOR COMPLETE DETAILS
(Please Print)

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, ODON, INDIANA 47562
ATT.: M. G. POINDEXTER, PRESIDENT

PLEASE SEND FORMS TO OPEN CHECKING ACCOUNT AND
INFORMATION ON LOANS.

MID'N , '7.....

CO.

RM..... BH, USNA, ANNAPOLIS, MD. 21412

on a Saturday night and guide a yawl in without so much as flinching on a Sunday afternoon.

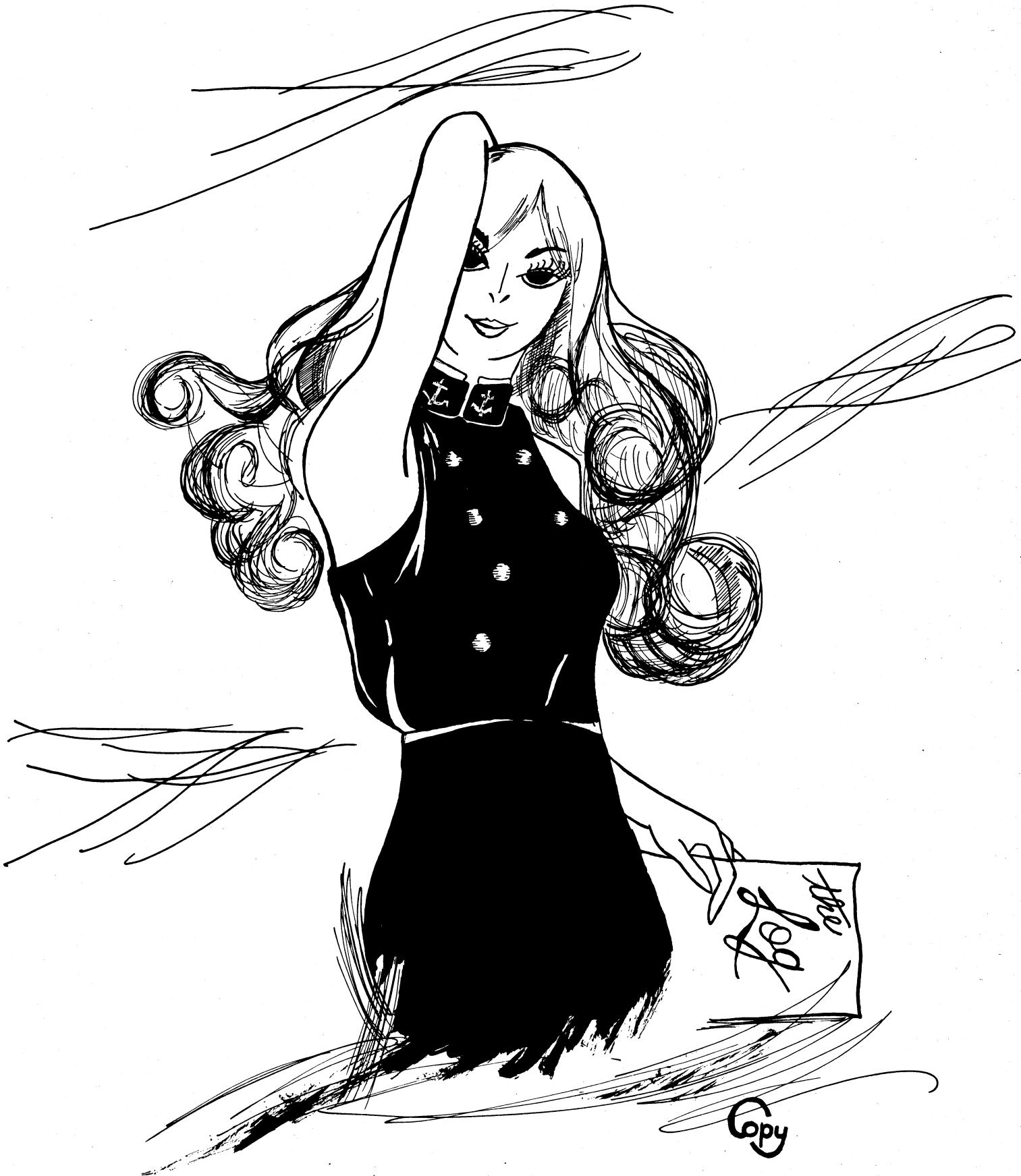
He'll tell you his plane arrives home at 1700 and then put you on a *movement order* to be there!!

He is determined enough to put card board in his socks for added height on the entrance physical and clown enough to rip open his service dress blue to reveal red, white & blue suspenders.

He thinks he has a real racket going when he pulls off an rendezvous Friday night in the library

or has a girl whose job allows her to call toll free! from North Jersey.

He may leave his heart in Norway or find it after a 2 year interim in the U.S. He is constantly running Plebes and to formation. He can sing up a storm on Glee Club tour, yell up a storm at any football game and love up a storm on Liberty. He'll always stand by you and behind you, but just occasionally he'll step right on you. He lives for June Week and Christmas Leave. He'll save his money for
(Cont'd on page 31)





Male Chauvinist Advisors

EDITOR—

Steve Clawson '72

ART—

Greg Gilmore, Copy Berg

(Thanks also to Lou Murphy, Jeff Gossett, Cesare Cardi, Jim Bradley, and C. W. Chesterman)

OFFICER REPRESENTATIVES—

Cdr. H. F. Randall, Jr., USN

Lcdr. J. C. Port, USN

Capt. T. J. McKay, USMC

I offered the gals 32 pages and a chance to cut their male chauvinist Mids to pieces. Not that I expected a bunch of Kate Millets . . . but I thought most femmes would relish this opportunity to "get back." As it turned out, however, all but a few femmes were complacently loyal. Women's Lib ran second: Midshipmen are very lucky.

To the gals: much thanks. This is a great issue. I received 5 times as much material as I could use, most of its was good (some of it was late . . . sorry), and what was not used will be passed on to next year's editor. I must admit, that Lou Murphy and I were terribly tempted to contact a few of the femme poets. However, we finally managed to restrain ourselves to a business level only.

To the guys: if the poetry's a little too heavy, try the bilge dept. and letters. Lucretia and others would like to have a word with you.

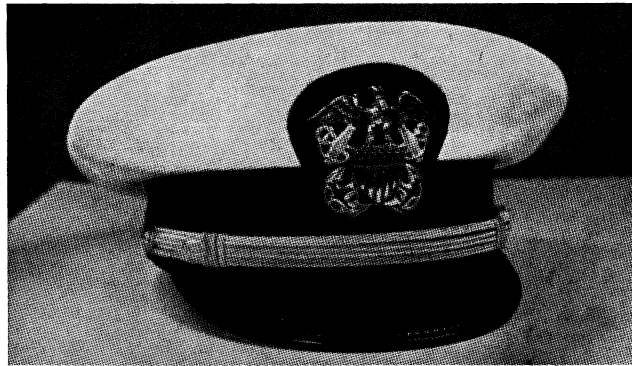
—Steve Clawson, ed.



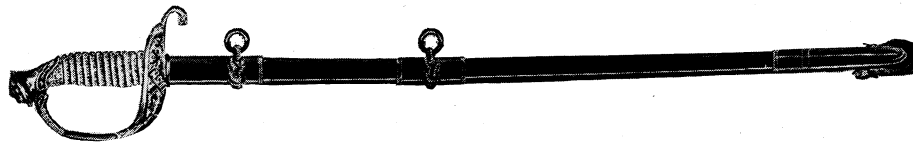
GRADUATION GIFTS FOR THE CLASS OF 1970 at JOHNSON'S "On the Avenue"

Custom-Built Naval Officer's Cap Outfits.

Recommended by and Shipped to Academy Graduates Throughout the World Today.



Johnson's Caps are . . .
Light-Weight
Flexible
Conforming
Sturdy



Regulation Swords and Scabbards—featuring the finest stainless steel blade—Sword Knots, Carrying Cases, Name Engraved on Blade.

Navy Blue Blazers with Embroidered Academy Crests—Academy Seal Ties—Ensign Shoulder Boards—Navy Gold Cuff Links, Gift Certificate for Any Amount for Civilian or Uniform Apparel.

JOHNSON'S

Corner Maryland Avenue and State Circle

Annapolis, Maryland

"AS SUPERINTENDENT, . . ."

Heard it through the *Grapevine*,
There was a caper in your midst.
That guy was mightly crafty,
And he wasn't even blitzed.

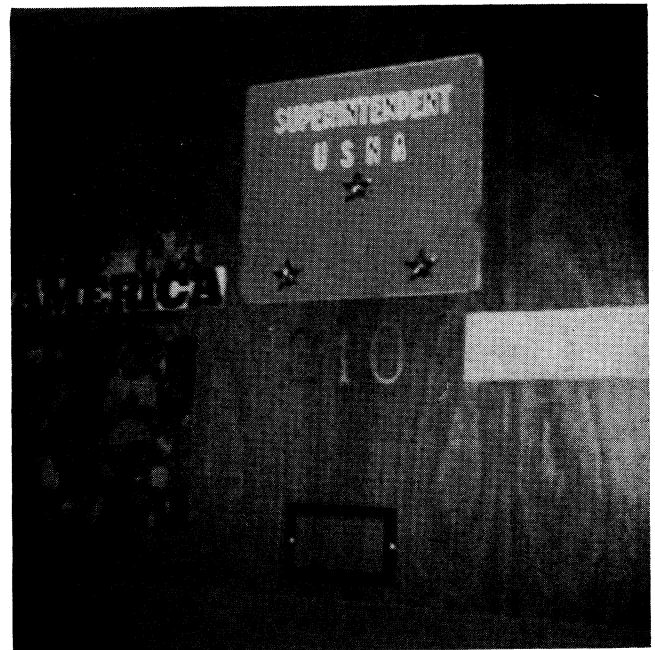
Army-Navy was a bummer for me,
But proved to be quite a battle.
Even though I'm a sister of a Woop,
I can never tattle.

Another World in 310,
Found this metal quite a prize.
So here's to you Mr. Superintendent,
An Army Brat's idea of surprise.

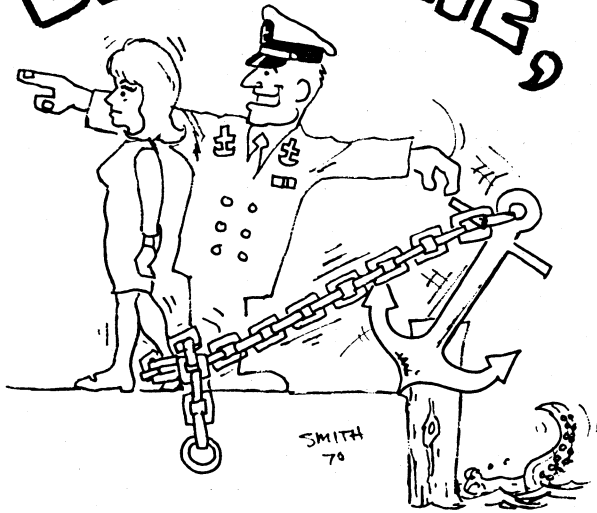
True, many weekends have come and gone,
Sorry the three stars weren't back sooner.
But just want old Navy to realize,
You haven't heard the last from *Hot Tuna*.

Hey middies, GHET Hold of the right figures,
Rumor has it: mysterious disappearance of two stars.
Next time we won't settle for three,
We'll go for bigger and better things. . . i.e., the bars.

Poets: Hot Tuna, Munk, and Sadie



DEAR JANE,



what you think, I always thought you were a great kid. (Funny. I would of thought 36-24-36 measurements put me out of the kid class, oh well, back to the sand pile.)

About that girl on the last day of my leave. I'll let you figure it out. I believe I'm building up a reputation. (Yea, for your kind of reputation the latest miracle cure is "Pampers.")

I myself didn't know how to really have fun, clean fun, until I was shut up in here for 6 months (Oh, come now). Anyway, I'm not doing bad for myself these days. There are plenty of mature people who know how to live. (Someone must have drawn you a picture)

Hope that no one missed me when I came back early. (right on—mid)

I'm getting very tired now so I'll go hit the sack. Don't let any of my letters bother you because we're big people now (ughhhhh) (After four years you finally reached the height of stupidity!!!)

John

Dear Jane:

I just got back to the room and rather than call you collect I thought it better that I write. (A completely unique experience, no doubt.) I talked the weekend over with my roommates, and they seem to feel that it is ridiculous for you and I to continue our present relationship. (What relationship?)

Jane, our weekends just don't measure up to all the other guys' standards. Sure you're a nice kid, and I have a lot of fun with you but we mids must live up to our image. (What image, apple pie and mother?) After coming here right out of high school, I haven't really had a chance to meet many girls, and I don't think I'm ready to settle down with one steady girl yet. (That's for sure: let alone a *woman*.)

Perhaps if you get an apartment in Annapolis next year when I'm a firstie we could try it out. (Try what out?)

I really wish you luck in the future, (what as, expectant mother of the month?) and I'm sure the guy you finally snare will be the next best thing to a midshipman. (Heaven help me if it's not. . .)

Sincerely,

Mid'n. J. B. Jones, '72

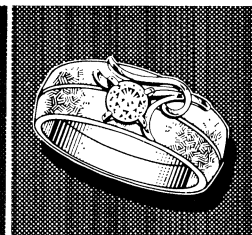
P.S. I want you to know that I really appreciate the way you've helped me out with the payments on my car. (Right on, dad.)

Dear Jane:

You thought I would never write and you think I'm a snob. (I was hoping you wouldn't, because I knew you were.) This letter is a mess mainly because I'm sitting in my rack—bed to you civilians—with an ice pack on my swollen knee. (It's a shame it's not an ice pick in your swollen head!)

I wish I understood what your letter meant. Despite

SAVE 50% on DIAMONDS
buy direct from the importer
CHOOSE from 500 STYLES
of beautiful engagement rings



Free 10-day inspection before you buy!

write for FREE catalog

Greenebaum's
Box 4133
Baltimore, Md. 21205

Name
College
Address
City State Zip

- ★ ROUND
- ★ EMERALD CUT
- ★ MARQUISE
- ★ PEAR SHAPE
- ★ HEART SHAPE
- ★ OVAL SHAPE

IMPORTERS
Greenebaum's

Greenebaum's is America's oldest diamond importer by air and is now entering its 61st year in business.

ORDER BY MAIL OR DRIVE TO OUR SHOWROOMS
Several charge plans available

Downtown—104 N. Howard St. • East—2200 E. Monument St.
Baltimore, Maryland

When your roomie is a drag . . .

Little did I know when I walked through the door on that first day of college that my orientation would include the wild and wonderful world of Midshipmen (or why the 25th Co. is better). The pennant that already hung in my room should have been a warning of things to come, it said-NAVY.

I spent most of the first day accomplishing that awkward and hazardous mission, meeting my roommate, Emeraldalda (a somewhat descriptive alias). Everything seemed to be coming off smoothly, that is until she so calmly described herself as a "drag." Naturally I didn't jump to conclusions, I just started repacking.

I gradually got accustomed to this new terminology, however there were a few mornings during those days of transition that I thought I was in Bancroft, instead of Miley Hall (boy, do I have an imagination!).

Decorating the dorm room is a memorable part of college life and I tried to go more than halfway in meeting my roommate's wishes. Even our color scheme was unique (would you believe blue and gold?) but when she wanted to hang a life-sized picture of Admiral Zumwalt on the wall I decided I had exceeded the limits of patriotism.

I must admit I have learned to accept my roomie's peculiarities, in fact I've grown to think of them as

quite humorous. I have learned much about the Academy through our conversations, both while she is awake and while she is asleep (the latter is the *most* informative).

Then there were her trips to Annapolis for Homecoming and the Army-Navy Game and the stories she told about PDA (whoever he is). Well I guess it was at this point I submitted to her relentless indoctrination. To my amazement several days prior to the game I was arguing with her over who would be victorious and I was betting on Navy (such optimism—I was for the Mets in '69 too).

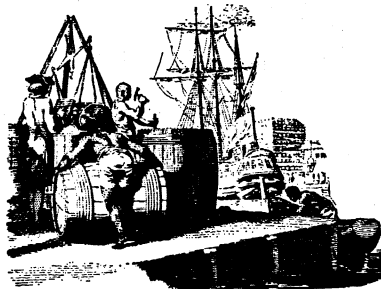
Ah, such trials and tribulations but I have come to the conclusion that life is never dull when your roomie is a drag.

—Donna M. Fitzwilliam

George Phillips'
Harbour House
Restaurant

Offering the same warmth and refreshment that the harbour houses of old gave the colonial sailor home from the sea.

Sizzling steaks and hearty seafood dishes cooked beneath the gleaming copper hood, hallmark of hospitable dining at the Harbour House.



SERVING HOURS
11 AM TO 10 PM
DAILY
SUNDAY NOON TO 10 PM

GOOD DOCKAGE for
BOATS &
AUTOMOBILES

AAA RECOMMENDED

On The City Dock In Olde Annapolis Towne

Weekend leave? Leave it to us. \$7.50*



Sheraton Park Hotel and Motor Inn. A luxurious 16-acre country estate with all the assets of a fine resort, still in the heart of all the capital action. And at rates that rate a smart salute!

Spacious air-conditioned rooms with TV, radio. Free parking. And for just \$9.95 a person our famous Enchanted Evening: cocktail and fine roast beef dinner in the delightful Cheshire Cheese, and an after-dinner drink and evening of dancing and entertainment at Poppy's, Washington's popular rendezvous. Don't spin your weekend wheels. Drive over and spend your leave with us. For reservations, call toll-free any time 800-325-3535.

*Per day, single or double occupancy.



**Sheraton-Park
Hotel & Motor Inn**

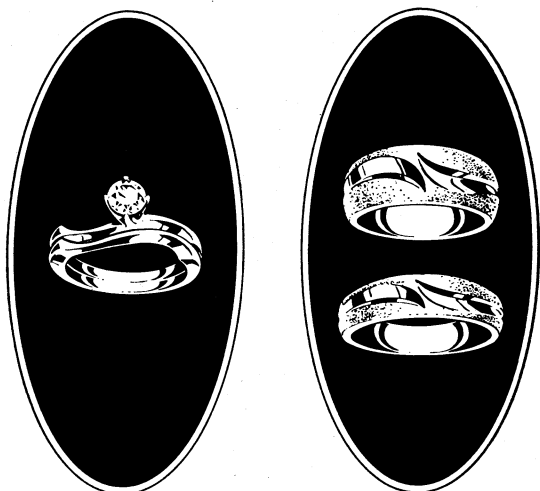
2660 WOODLEY ROAD, N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C.
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS.
A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF IIT



— WE OFFER SPECIAL RATES TO MIDSHIPMEN —

Also see our complete selection of loose diamonds.

Orange Blossom
Symbol of a Dream



Jasmine Ensemble

For our
one exquisite love
we chose one enduring style.
The Jasmine Ensemble.

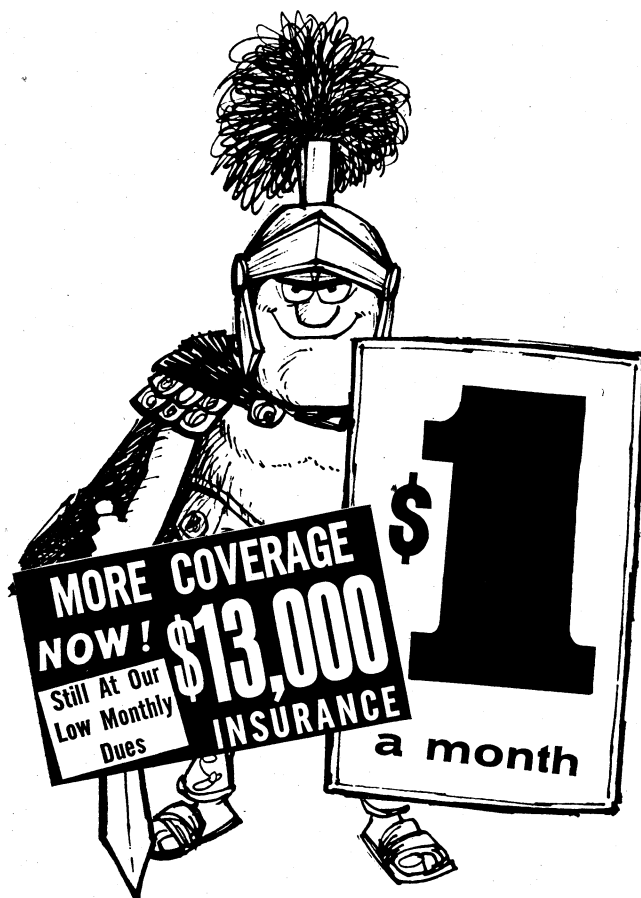
Two special rings
<a swirled engagement
and wedding ring set>.

And two more for every day:
Carved wide bands
<one his, one mine>.

Jasmine from Orange Blossom.
We chose togetherness.

W. R. CHANCE & SON

110 Main Street
Annapolis, Maryland
Phone: CO 3-2404



gives you worry-free

INSURANCE COVERAGE!

Junior Membership in Navy Mutual Aid
while at the Academy provides:

\$13,000 INSURANCE COVERAGE
(\$7,500 Primary Benefit Plus \$5,500
Additional Death Benefit At No Extra Cost)

Convertible to Regular Membership Any Time

Prior to Graduation or Separation with No War Clause

Serving the needs of Officers and their Dependents since 1879

for further Information and Brochure write:



**NAVY MUTUAL AID
ASSOCIATION**

Navy Department • Washington, D.C. 20370



BILGE DEPT.

DEAR SIR,

In the recent issue of the Log (January 22, 1971) there was a certain photograph under the "14th Company Cuties". I thought that the guy that was fortunate enough to date Lucretia should have his name printed in the Log's Femmes Edition! He happens to be a certain 1/c in the 27th Co. (not the 14th) named Dave Lee.

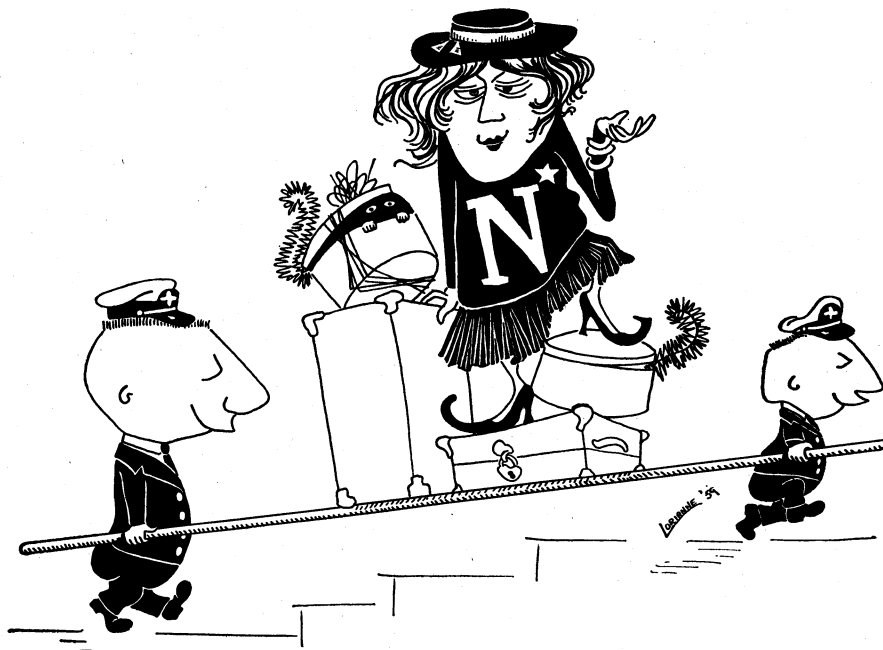
If this is Women's Lib fair chance. PLEASE print the important info. for EVERY ONE to SEE. THANKS Very Much Lucretia!



THIS IS HOW A FIRSTIE IN 20th CO. WAS INSPIRED TO GO NAVY



You've come a long way Baby,
To get where you got to today.
You have your OWN little "Vette"
now, Baby,
And a Gold Bar soon, I pray.
P. S. And Baby—you've still got a
long way to go!!!!!!



A

Girl's

View

Tomorrow

While i walked along the beach
today
i tried to imagine you-
in your other world.

Losing the touch of the sand
beneath my feet
Oblivious to the wind against my
face-
i pictured you-
in your other world.

Tomorrow—We will walk the
beach-
Together
Sensuous to the sand beneath Our
feet
Aware of the wind against Our
faces
No longer must We imagine.

... Our worlds will be one!

patti short 1970

You keep him working all the
time—
Every hour, every minute;
And when on breaks he calls me
Even that time you always limit.

On weekends you're 'so' generous—
Inspections and a carfew;
It's so discouraging when your
boyfriend
Has to be in before you!

Oh, Mother Bancroft, loosen those
apron strings;
Please let my poor mid be.
He's so tired, sick, and in need of
rest,
He needs some time with me. . . .

karen bruke

Saturday Night at USNA

A lonely drive,
a crowded parking lot
filled with smiling, hopeful faces.
The flashing of lights being
turned off
one
by
one.
Formation!

The exodus of exuberant faces,
tired, but excited faces.
An embrace
a kiss.
Escape!

The confines for an evening
of fun-
a party
a movie
a dance.
Anything light and fun-
to interrupt the mundane life.

The constant eye cast
upon a timepiece.
That dreaded hour of
hurried good-byes
plans for the future
a hurried kiss

A dash!
The lonely drive—
a Navy drag.

by jacquie van dyke

"Plea to Mother Bancroft"

You tell him he must rise at six
And get dressed in a "shake";
And even tho there's time for
sleep,
You make him stay awake.

You herd him into classes
Filled with tests and quizzes
galore;
And each prof thinks his class most
important,
So the homework piles up more.

You make him take courses
which are hard and twice the
chore;
And you make him read for hours,
Til his eyes are red and sore.

You tell him just what time to eat
And show him where to sit;
You tell him when to leave; and,
no doubt,
You even tell him where to # % \$

You tell him to be active,
Yet you find little sympathy
When he plays his heart out at
your game,
And ends up with a busted knee.

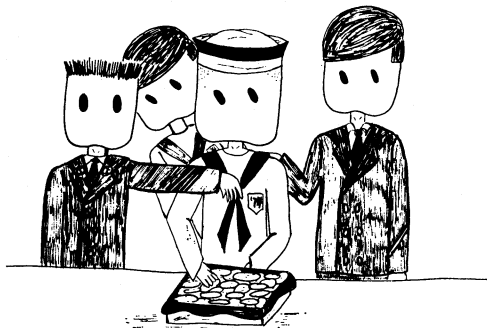
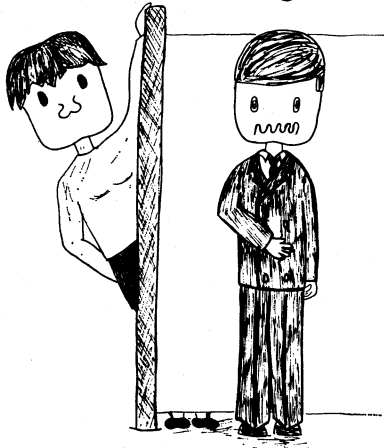
You make him study constantly,
You've worn his nerve ends bare.
With all the pressure, all the
worry,
He's losing half his hair.



Caricatures Of NAVY

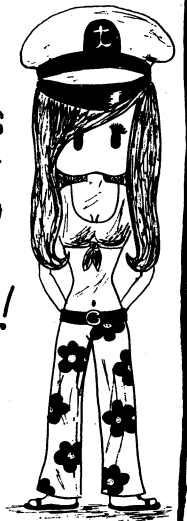
by
robyn hatfield

Frustration is a rigged tea fight.

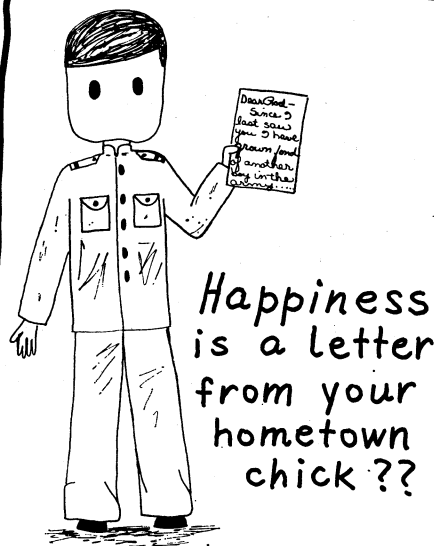


Frustration is Mom's homebaked goodies—when upper classmen are around....

Happiness is a sweet young thing under a Mid's cap!

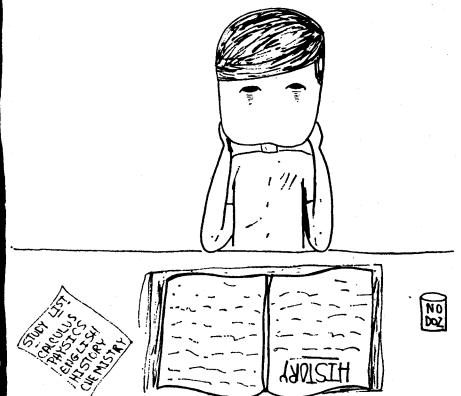


Frustration is a dixie cup hat.

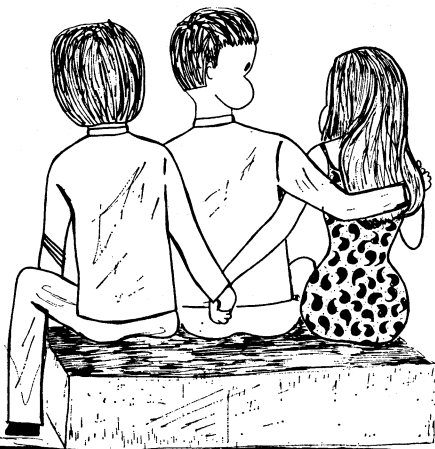


Happiness is a letter from your hometown chick??

Frustration is finals.



Frustration is getting snaked at June Week.



Frustration is a summer cruise.



Happiness is a graduated Mid.

LOVE and other things

Love is...

four years of anxiety
taking 3 suitcases for a weekend
listening to his problems sympathetically
giving me his sweater if I'm cold
waiting for his weekly calls
writing down everything we do to put in a scrapbook
summer consisting of 3 weeks
cramming things into 1½ day weekends
getting a ponpom at a football game
reading his letters over and over
checking the mailbox everyday
meeting the guys in his Company
four years of Company friendship
going all over town to get a Washington Post to read
about USNA sports
wearing a USNA parka
cooking at Company parties
trying to memorize Navy lingo
sitting through 3 graduations and thinking of the
fourth one
going to three formals during plebe year and none
now
watching the first snowfall during Army
being on a separate bus during Army
waiting two months only to find PDA rules
having the airport fogged in
sitting in the L.A. for hours
getting ready for the Ring Dance
getting blue stain on my dress after the ring dip
letting me drive his new car
buying cards for him
knowing he'll be a half hour late for dates
picking him out of 4,000 men
going to the airport an hour early to wait for him
sending him his horoscope knowing he won't read it
anyway
helping him pack at the end of leave
walking in the snow together
four years of calendar counting
squeezing his hand
saying goodnight to a picture
driving during June Week as he cringes
taking care of his car
looking for engagement rings
planning our future
facing each day alone
telling each other about it once in a while
making me smile
feeling great about US
the greatest Christmas gift of all—Love
being thankful I found him first
giving and receiving a special look
counting until the day it'll be Ens. and Mrs.
being a drag and liking it



We couldn't find the goat, sir, but . . .

My Favorite Things?

Girls in white dresses, complexions all creamy.
Mids wearing dress blues, the ball is most dreamy.
Don't let this fool you—it's not quite so pat,
After four years I have learned where it's at!

E.D. on the weekend that I came to party.
P.D.A.'s risky, the penalty hearty!
No car, so the walk through the slush was divine,
My drag house T.V. room was crowded by nine.

My love's thoughts of papers and p-works instilled
fear.

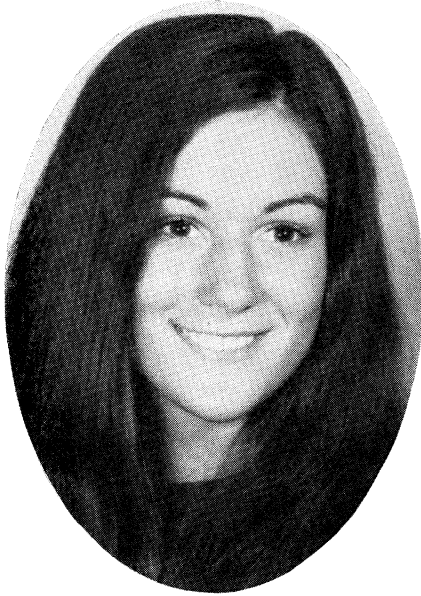
We brightened by boozing it up on pure root beer.
Six-thirty on Sunday, he's back or gets fried,
"I'll write." he said meekly. "Yea, monthly." I sighed.

When my mid's down,
When he needs cheer,
When I'm full of doubt:
I simply remember that June is so near—
And as of the ninth . . . he's out!

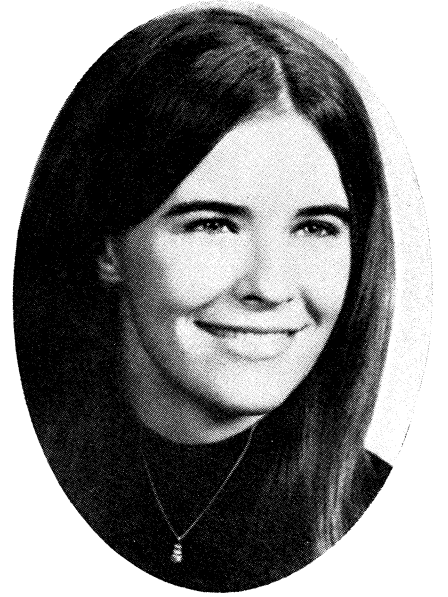
by elaine taseos

by jill richardson

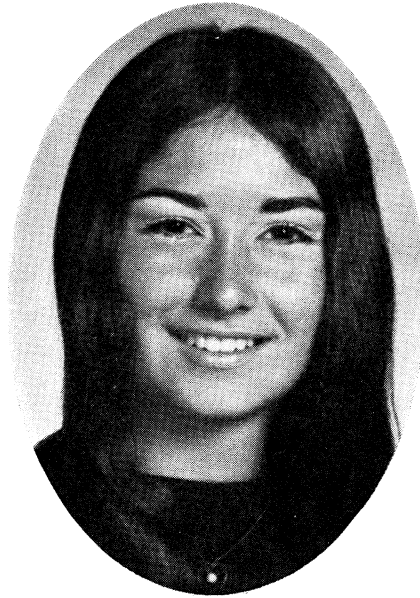
THE HOPES OF 24



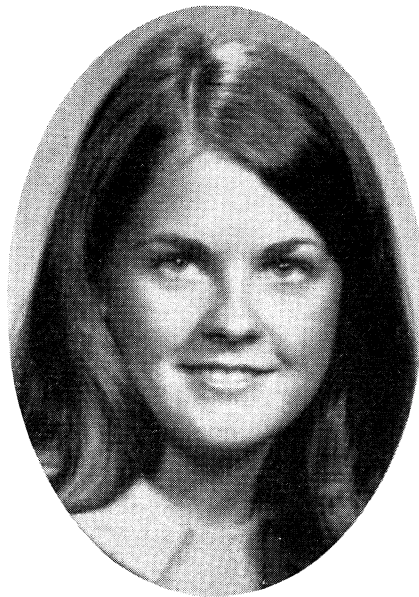
Miss Jo Anne Miller, from Buena Park, Calif., is pinned to a certain 3/c, who wishes U.S.N.A. was in L. A. not Annapolis.



Kathy Ruth of Johnstown, Pa. is pinned to a very lucky 2/c.

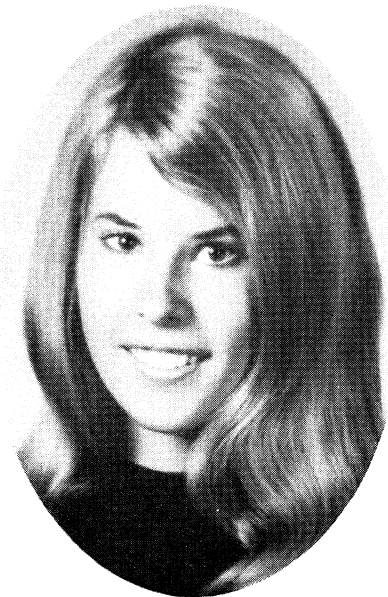


Poochie Stradtner, pinned to a youngster, likes squirrels, bunnies, and moles.

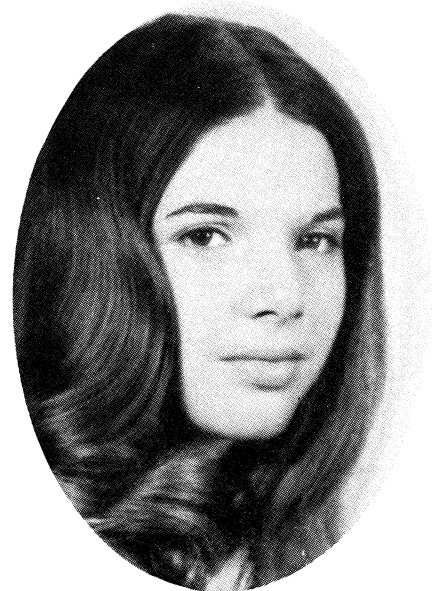


Sue Cornelius, 19, is a freshman at Concordia College, Moorhead, Minn., and makes life beautiful for a certain 3/c.

Miss Loretta Guerrero, 18, of Annapolis is a favorite of the 24th Company 2/c.



Miss Janie Hewitt, a sophomore at Furman University, Greenville, S. C., is pinned to "Max" at "NAVAC."



spr

THE WOMEN OF 25

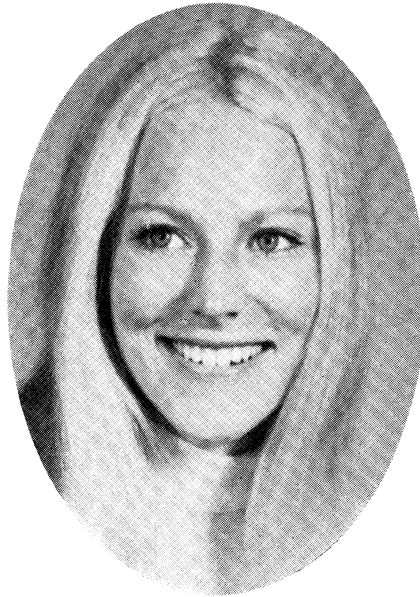


Miss Paulette Winkowski a 21 yr. old from Pittsburgh, Pa. has hooked herself a youngster.

A freshman at University of Arkansas, Debbie Meek makes Academy life bearable for a 2/c.



From Lynchburg, Va., Debbie Mettenet, 18, is pinned to a lucky 3/c.

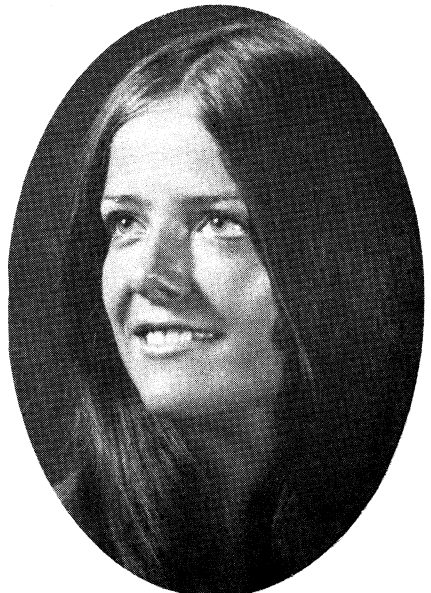


Pulchritudinous Stephanie Hoff is looking forward to first class cruise.



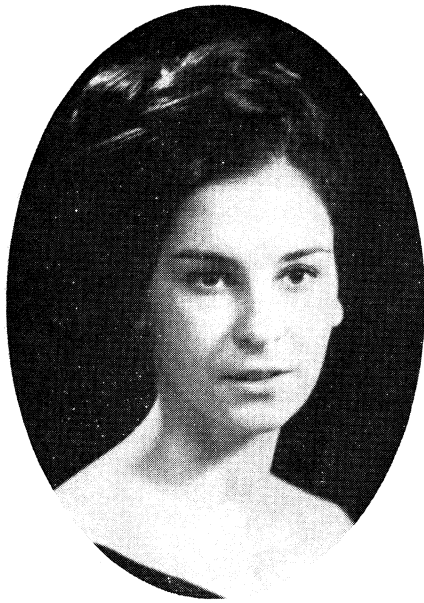
Miss Patricia Mewheney has won the hearts of all the men of 25.

18-year-old Wenda Massee is a skibum from Bloomington, Minnesota.



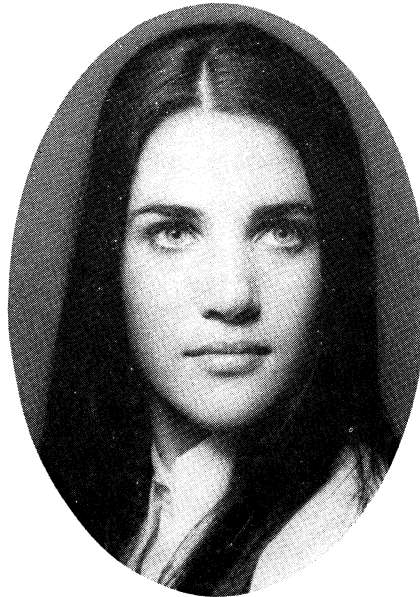
ing

THE DRAGS OF 26



Barbara Brannan is a sophomore at LSU

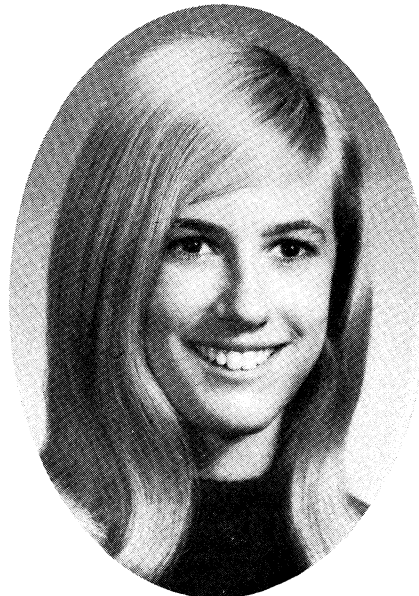
Marcia Allen, a freshman at East Tennessee State University, looks to the future with a lucky 1/c.



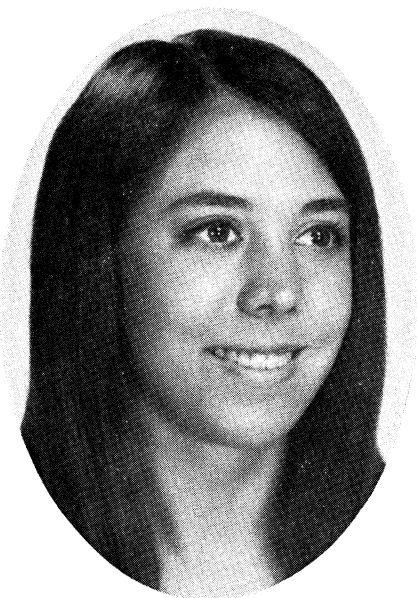
Debbie Mock spends all the time she can with a lucky 4/c.

Is

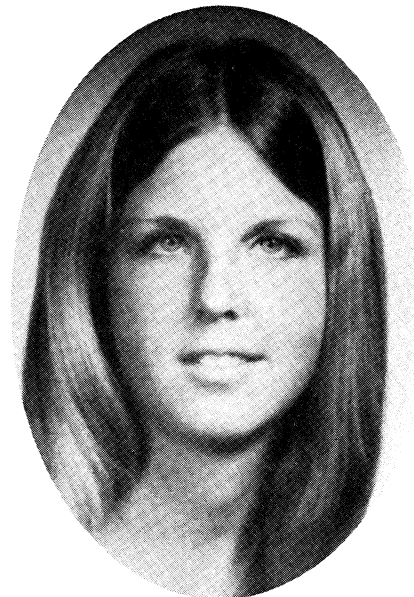
Hailing from Texas, Barbara Peterson looks forward to spring leave and her youngster.



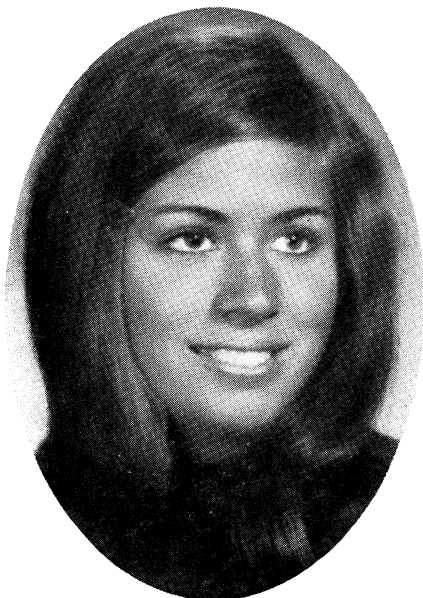
Jan Morgan is a senior at Westminster College.



A certain 3/c is anxiously awaiting his next letter from Mary Jo Marasco.

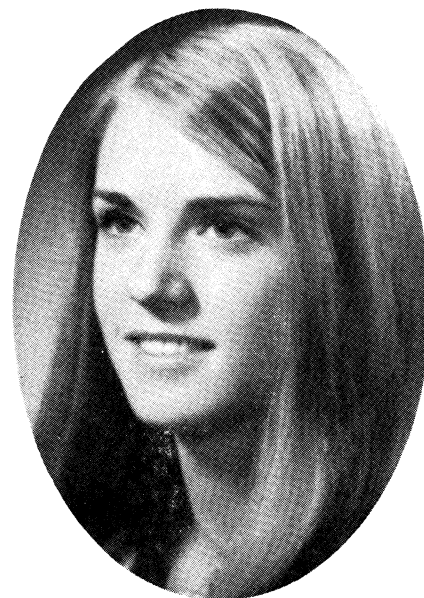


THE COMPANIONS OF 27



Our 4.0 plebe looks forward to mail from Margie Letter.

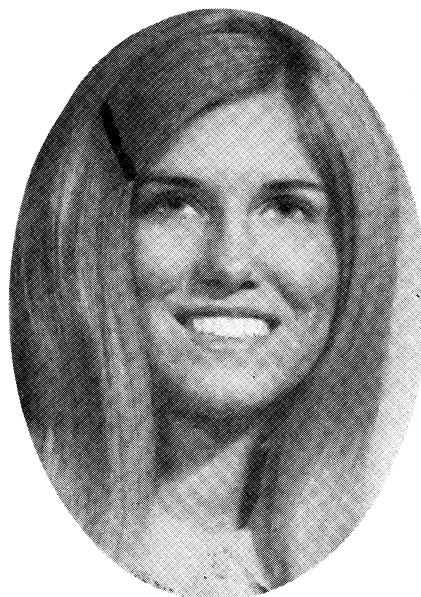
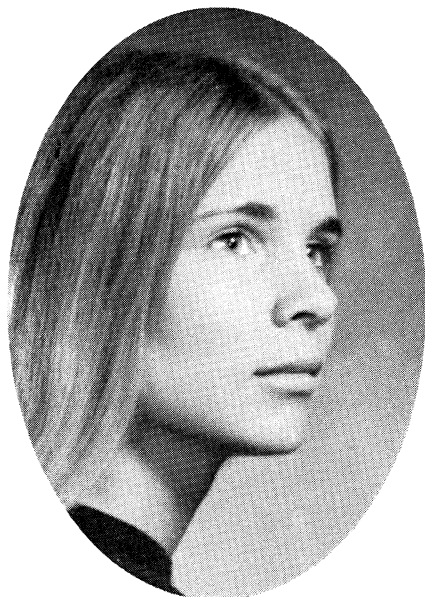
Mary Jane Bachmann is pinned to our 3-striper, she attends St. Agnes Nursing School.



Holly Prescher, of Wisconsin Rapids, dates a 3/c.

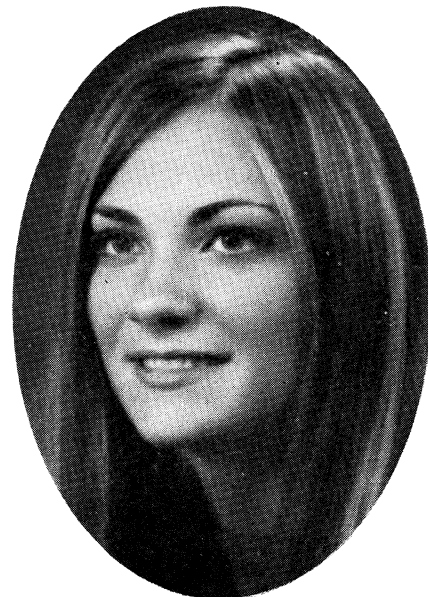
Here

Deb Van Kampfen lives in Holland, Michigan and writes to "Mumbles."



Cheryl Ann Aylesworth wishes her 4/c could get home more often.

Lee Kozozenski, a soph at Southwest Missouri State, writes to a 1/c.



THE GIRLS

FIRST, MOM

(Bringing up Mother—short)

In the almost breathless waiting period between nomination-to-compete and appointment, the mother of the mid-to-be pores over the Naval Academy catalog. Ah! How stirring is the "Mission of the Naval Academy"; how comforting the references to religion and moral training. In rosy imagination, her fledgling becomes a squire maintaining the vigil before knighthood.

He is appointed! Mother wishes she could wrap and tie the candidate and hold him for delivery in late June, as he embarks upon a course guaranteed to reduce parents to incoherency. It's "Today we live, tomorrow a plebe"; and he tries to crowd half-a-lifetime's activity into that period before the gray walls enclose him. Yet, how quickly the moment of departure arrives, and it's "So long," to Dad and Mom, sisters and brothers. (Bite the lip, Mom. If he sees tears, the lump in his throat might dissolve and spoil the image of the young man bravely facing the unknown.)

During plebe summer, with its melange of activities, our plebe alternates between elation over new accomplishments and near-despair over the rigors of the program. Then, it is Parents Open House. The plebe's first spoken word after Mom's exuberant greeting is, sternly, "The midshipman does not display affection in public places." The second is, with anguish, "You've wiped out my shoe shine." And the third, "Did you bring me a chow package?" The amenities completed, we set out to enjoy the weekend.

It is a blend of color and conferences, excitement and fatigue, stirring music and sober, thoughtful moments. He has surmounted plebe summer; and he's proud of his attainment. Mom must now see the place where he has chosen to spend the next four years; and while seeing it, she enjoys being seen in the company of this tall young man so recently a boy.

The Brigade returns, a academic year begins; and it's countdown until Army-Navy game. It's a thrilling game, "we" win, and the Brigade's post-game exhilaration is followed by celebration in the hard-drinking Navy tradition. (At home, the question of drinking was a standoff. His parents never convinced him that teenagers shouldn't drink, and he never convinced them that he didn't. Mom breathed easier when he left, knowing the restrictions the Academy imposes. But she failed to reckon with Washington, D.C.; Philadelphia, and points east, west, north, and south.)

Mom has other fancies harpooned: She has seen her son as a Trident scholar, a six-striper, a young man outstanding in mental ability and qualities of leadership. Her scholar steers a course midway between Trident and anchorman. Her early disappointment yields to admiration. She marvels that her son (or anyone else's) can so adroitly balance studies, athletics, extracurricular pursuits, professional training, and a healthy interest in the opposite sex.

The months and years at the Academy are passing—and, yes,
(Cont'd on page 31)

NEXT,

("What's it like to meet a

I am always excited to hear of couples at Navy that are the result of being childhood sweethearts. Mike and I were not that lucky. but, if anything, we must have the most unique courtship on record. Let me elaborate:

To begin with, we met up at West Point! I was dating a cadet at the time.

Our first real date was in Princeton at the Squash Intercollegiates. We spent half the evening trying to get the steering lock off in my car and the other half of the evening trying to eat Chinese food at a table that was located over the restaurant's dishwasher motor.

We were pinned four weeks after we met! It was anything but super romantic! The chain lock on the "N" wouldn't open and Mike had difficulty finding something to pin it all on (if you know what I mean).

Being as poor as church mice, even the drag houses were too expensive for me so I stayed for free at a "hippies pad." You probably saw us enter and exit the Academy at times—via a large black hearse. It was that "hippie" who taught me what it is to call someone a friend—and mean it.

Parties in Washington consisted of being evicted from one room only to be placated by house detectives with the immemorable Suite F-141 (In case you're wondering why Tecumseh had F-141 on him during June Week.)

Washington will never forget the day our party tried to give away pieces of the mess hall's cake. Everyone we stopped thought it was

STRIKE BACK

THE GIRL

FINALLY, WOMEN'S LIB

Mid . . . The hard way?")

(What the United States Naval Academy needs in WOMEN!!)

everything from laxatives to goodies from Tijuana.

Long awaited June Week ended in seeing Mike off Sunday night for early cruise. Thanks to the "guys" no one was feeling any pain. We all literally and physically swung from the rafters of our June week cotage. June Week was also the time I cooked seven pounds of spaghetti sauce for our gang.

Summer was a phone call from Greece that cost us fifty dollars. And my traumatic experience of having the car blow up at 10:30 p.m. on US 301. I am now the world's expert on draining

(Cont'd on page 31)

As a frequent visitor of the United States Naval Academy, as well as an interested female for women's rights (not necessarily liberation!) I feel that what the great academy on the bay needs most is female midshipwomen and fast!! This change would not only benefit the girls and the mids, but the female population of the Annapolis area, and also any female visitors to the area. What I mean is that it has become absolutely embarrassing to walk the streets of Annapolis or walk through the academy without being stared at by at least two hundred female starved midshipmen! The truth

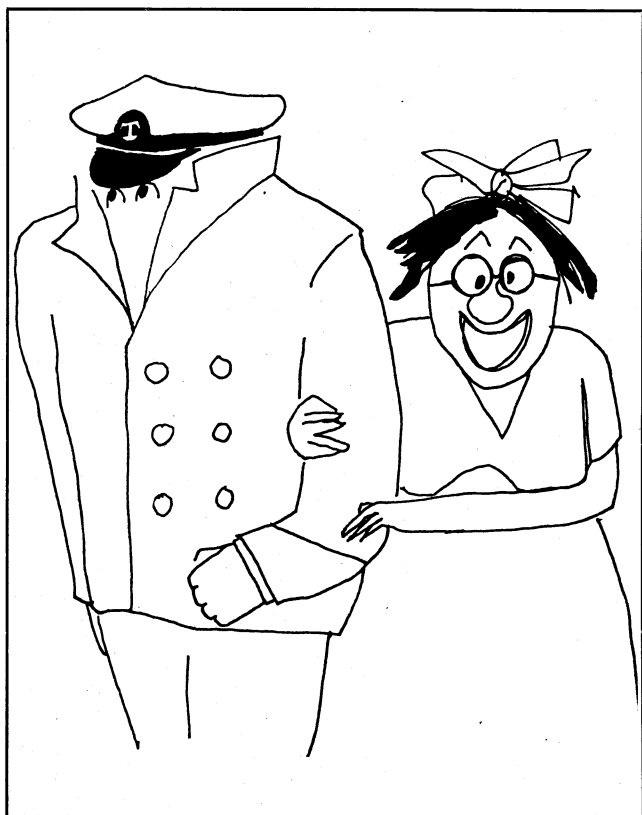
hurt guys doesn't it! Just sit and recall what your reaction was the last time you saw a girl sauntering up Stribling Walk?

Having female mids at USNA would help alleviate the problem of eye strain for the mids. Girls would then be considered equals (almost) and not be considered freaks to be stared at like a circus side show! It is my belief that mids leave the academy with very little ability to associate with the opposite sex.

So what if you're a mid who is pinned or otherwise tied up and you really don't care about any females on or around USNA? What would be in the institution going coed for you? Well your girlfriend could attend school with you! Or then consider your classes. Can you realize what a one sided education you are getting among nothing but male classmates! You are completely indoctrinated in the "Man's World" which no longer exists on the outside world. Did it ever occur to you that females may have just as good ideas and opinions as you have, as well as just as much brains [sic]? Shocking isn't it? But true! So why should females be denied the right to obtain a superior education from a military academy? Females in your classes might open your eyes to some whole new concepts that males would never think of. It would be a big help to you to be educated among today's females who will be tomorrows leaders, like it or no!

As for how social conditions would change. Things certainly would be shaken up in the hallowed halls of Bancroft with the coming of panty hose, hair dryers and ravishing perfumes? Can you imagine for one moment some poor girl walking down any wing or deck in Brancroft today? How would she be treated?

It's about the time when the United States Naval Academy should make the break from archaic rules and add females to their ranks and help beautify Bancroft Hall and the yard!! How about it??



LOVE . . .

Decision to Love

He came into my life
One summer day
Touching each other
Our lives entwined
We slipped through the months
Accompanied by precious mem-
ories
Summer was the sound
And fall summers echo.
For we then departed
There were no good-byes
Instead of promise to return
To test the spoken words

patti short



Susy Case

Compromise

Warmly the sun does rise.
So does my Love.
With soft silence in his eyes,
Whispering sweetly, compromise.

Brightly the sun gives light.
So do His eyes.
Loving and trusting in my sight
Speaking gently, compromise.

Closely sun rays enfold the earth.
So His arms do me.
Two hearts, then one, love's birth,
Touching tenderly, compromise.

And it's fired with words "I Love You."
But too soon only memories left.
For goodbye and a tear are partners two.
And both are forced into compromise.

a girl

Goodbyes

Its so early yet so late.
Too early for goodbyes.
Too late to say you just can't go.
Goodbyes must come. . . but why?

Airports should look pretty at dawn
With the rising sun wishing us good morning.
But this isn't goodmorning—
—just goodbye.

Ear-splitting noises fill the gateways
While ticket agents drone flight no's. through the
air—

I feel so crowded. . .
Beautiful machines . . . beautiful people—
All at once making it so hard.
But you once said to me. . .
Beauty is a state of mind.
Could it be. . .
Goodbyes are too?

m.c.c.

Of Time And Love

Every day
is an unlit candle.
Only the sound
of your voice
can ignite the wick
And give light
and warmth
to my day.

Without a word
from you
The sun forgets
to rise
And that icy day
passes
in darkness
And without meaning.

Is there anything
Sadder
Than a day without meaning?

by mil

Love is like a wave
approaching the shore
majestic, awesome, and powerful
until the end
When a slow flowing of calm
incompasses all.

linda zoulek

“By A Star”

How often my Mother has asked of me,
Where are you planting your family tree?
Uprooting the children and moving each tour,
How can they possibly feel secure?

How can I explain about children's hearts?
When love is present, fear departs.
We love a man who strides the earth,
Who visits Hong Kong, Crete and Perth.

This love will always keep us secure
And give a peace that will endure.
Someday I hope to make Mother see
We live by a star—Not by a tree.

june bride

While walking along the beach
at dawn,
alone. . .
I stopped and wrote
“I love you”
On the cold, damp winter sand,
knowing full well
Our so-called love
will pass
Maybe before the tide returns
I will miss you.

*birdie
roddey*

Your tenderness moves softly
through my mind,
never leaving
yet always leaving
a melancholy sweetness;
the after-taste
of gentleness remembered
births its own hungered need,
gently gently
my memory cups your love
carrying this warm life
-suspended-
in the deep elusive core of my
mind

of my soul
of my life.

unbounded,
rather escaping, spreading,
the soft odor of its waves
wash through the halls around
the corners of all thoughtways
—receding again
to the source
to the well of this gentle mem-
ory.
My soul drinks deeply.

Quiet in its ceaseless motion
your Gentleness
held thus, close within this cup
holds me wholly
in your hand.

tonya l. lanham

...and love lost

Yesterdays Song

i passed you once
(do you remember?)
wandering through the mass of beings
we commonly call humanity.

i was being pushed and shoved
(perhaps towards you?)
by the crowd that had gathered
to view the amazing spectacle of life
when your anonymous smile
found its way towards mine.
during that fleeting instant
(how long is it until forever?)
our beings blended beautifully.
you
were no longer
only
you;

i was no longer
only
me;
we were us.
but then i passed on.

gail gandenberger

'70

Nothing grows where once you
stood

For nothing grows in darkness.

That barren spot, nourished now
by
naught but fantasies

Watered by the stream of my
never-ending tears

Grows nothing.

The absence of your sun leaves
only

empty

space.

Love touched my heart and swelled
as the sea swells with
the tide.

But, unlike the tide, my love
did not linger and swell with
the moon

But was washed out to sea
to the icy depths
of loneliness.

—dedee

...Only Existing

The withered branch from winter's work is like my
heart within,

A dried up soul, a core of dust—through hell and back
it has been.

Those crying nights and lonely hours did penetrate
the key

Which closed that loving heart, before had opened up
to he.

And now it lies within my breast, a seed which did not
prime,

A former piece of love, but now a tick-tock of my
time.

—dedee



Salty Sal



Well, a whole year has elapsed since the last Salty Sal article and I certainly have seen and learned a lot this past year!—i.e., Admiral Zumwalt's Z-grams (haven't helped the mids, huh?) cars for 1st class since right before Army, restrictions for being bad at the Air Force game (shame!), a fantastic Army victory (and that was a totally new experience), AND unlimited weekends for 1st Class (eat your hearts our plebes!).

I must admit that Admiral Calvert has taken some of last year's Salty Sal to heart and read the suggestions (refer to 1970 Femmes Log). He has not let girls come to the Academy yet on a co-ed basis, nor have beer machines been put in the basements, but he has given the green light on cars and weekends. I swear, the Academy of today looks like a large new car lot. I understand that a few mids even bought "land and sea" cars. How is that warranty holding up??

So, here I sit, attempting to write without any special outside information from you femmes.

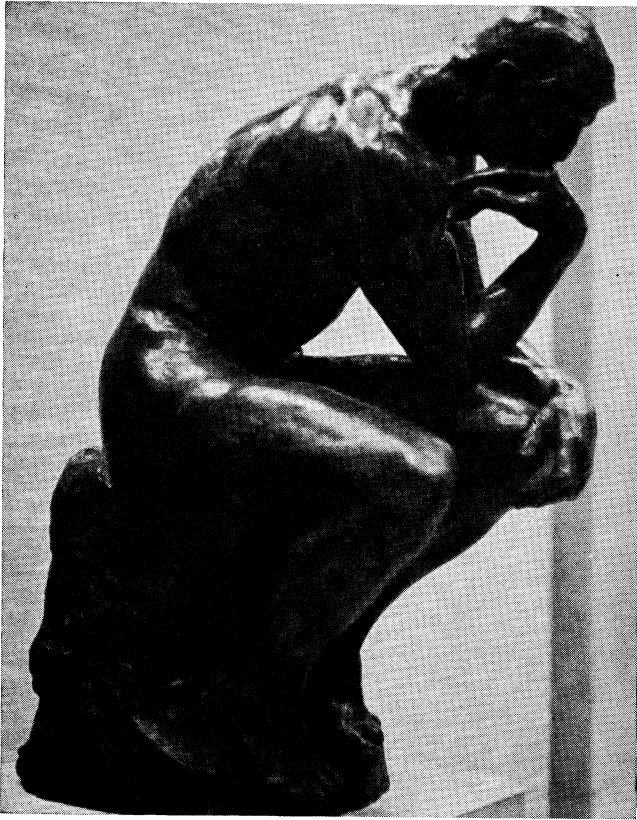
Thanks a lot girls. . . Seriously, Sam has had this problem all year. We all know that Salty Sam is always everywhere, but his 15 sets of ears and eyes just don't pick up everything. I think he needs your help. Your stories are always the funniest, so drop them in his box. (I won't mind!)

The liberty policy this year has been so fantastic that Sam likes to call it the new "Ensign (jg) philosophy." I understand that some guys ran the 3-striper liberty pretty well, but the Commandant is still going to take a long look at it. I didn't know that some of the guys had become day students. Is that true?? Being able to see more of Sam this year, I have noticed quite a change in his attitude. More free time, more parties, less dances, less formations and Sam has been taking many more liberties (choke!). Writing as Salty Sal gives me the opportunity to apologize for Sam in that he has not made himself quite so controversial. But he is actually allergic to torture of any form—especially Form 2's.

I must admit that this year has been quite an interesting year, but it has certainly gone by fast. I guess first class year always seems that way. Everytime Sam and I had the opportunity to go out this year and especially when we were among friends, inevitably something would happen that was funny or embarrassing. Sam would always smile and say ". . . don't worry, they'll read about it maybe!" One thing I did learn this year from being out with Sam a little more than before: the Academy should offer(?) courses in social graces for plebes and youngsters!! They were really amazing to see in action.

Well girls, that about wraps it up for this year . . . hope that you are getting all ready for June Week and especially good luck to all you femmes out there who are seriously on their way to becoming Navy Wives. May we always get the chance to meet up somewhere, sometime, somehow. Have a good spring!

Salt Sal, '71



Scattered Thoughts

Promises

Starving children with protruding stomachs
 . . . Hunger beyond feeling
 Encompass our great newspapers
 To die there between the pages
 From the small dark faces
 A screeching plea is sounded. . .
 Through the tiny lips hang limp in the corners.
 And the promises like the newspapers
 Are left to mount on society's doorstep
 For society is on vacation.

patti short

Revealed

Slow is the steel band of darkness
 Giving way to scattered streaks of early morn-
 ing;
 Night slowly lifts its protective curtain,
 Dim rays of dawn gain momentum.
 A poised baton falls. . .
 Quietly the overture begins.
 Pale beams of light pirouette across the horizon
 Preparing the world's stage. . .
 The stage for a day's crescendo.
 Clashing cymbals bring forth the piercing sun.
 In the revealing light
 Stands a soul, center stage, naked, alone.
 A soul without masquerade for pseudo-animated
 existence,
 With beating pulse holding fast the belief
 That in shadows, twilight's prelude. . .
 This day, too, shall retard;
 That a chord of darkness shall user forth the
 night,
 A dark night, to release twinkling stars
 Allowing tranquil rest for a tortured soul.

geraldine newcum lemaster

Peace is a word
 That some fail to know
 Till Uncle Sam calls
 And it's their turn to go.

kathy crist

Thrusting Waves

terror.
 with Then
 foaming ebb
 jowels back
 their like
 monsters; a
 mad meek
 as lamb.
 rise
 Waves . . . Silence

Dance across ebony rocks
 Tossing white drops
 Into the heavens
 Surely it's choreographer must be—
 God!

patti short

revelation, or the dreams death

he was always quiet;
but those who knew him best
realized that somewhere inside
lay something very special. . .
something not yet discovered
even by himself.

he was never called a dreamer;
that title they save for me.
but when looking into the stars
he saw more than just
flaming gaseous bodies.
it seems strange, doesn't it?

that he, of all people,
was actually like me.
so quiet; so shy; so sad . . .
and yet so happy.
at least i hope he was.
just think—my own brother. . .

then they sent him away
not because he didn't fit in,
but because they thought he did
into their style.
into their dreams.
he was so beautiful.

he stayed for them—
even dreamers have responsibili-
ties.
he'll continue to stay and
live that way—for a while.
so quiet; so shy; so sad;
so real.

i saw him yesterday, and ya know,
he doesn't look at the clouds any-
more
except to check the chill factor.
he doesn't smile much;
do you think they might try to
do that to me too?

i've witnessed the death
of my dreamer. . .
i don't mourn him though.
because somewhere inside
the something special remains.
he is still beautiful.

gail gandenburger

Once upon a time there was a thing called West Coast Cruise and a place called North Island. South of North Island was a beach where Midshipmen could meet young girls, lie around and play in the sun and the surf all day. They called this wonderland Coronado.

susi lyon

a man

I've seen him.
He's the one who stands tall
and shortens others.
He's the one who faces problems
and doesn't escape reality.
The sharp one.
You've seen him, too;
the one who stands out in the crowd.
He's pride, a man.

I've see him excelling.
I've seen him giving, not taking.
Accepting opportunities
and making others.
The one who symbolizes America
by being what he is.
He's humbleness, a man.

I've seen him.
He's not far away.
He's here constantly if not in body,
here in thought, memories, and deeds.
He's here with pride in his country
and honesty from the soul.
He's honor, a man.

I've known him.
To know him is to be proud.
He's the one with all the ingredients:
pride
humbleness
honor
(and a bit of the devil in him, too!)
A man, he's my brother.

debbie anderson



Susi Lyon

A DAY AT SEA

Last summer I went sailing at the Academy for the first time. I say "sailing" in the broadest sense of the word because to a non-experienced sailor like myself, I thought it was more like swimming. Walking down to the dock, I was confident that everything would turn out fine. In fact, I was actually *looking forward* to it. Then I saw the boat—now I don't want to knock the Academy's sailboats, you understand, but do they *have* to be so small, and skinny, and heavens, so low? I mean, when the smallest thing a person has been in is a river barge, that sailboat looks awfully small?

Then the crew starts working—actually all they look like they're doing is hanging bed sheets on a vertical clothesline but they fuss and fume more than an old washer woman. *Everything* must be perfect! If you close your eyes, you'd believe you were in an operating room—"Slats please," "rope please," "hold steady please," etc. And, of course, we girls feel definitely out of place seeing all we can possibly understand to do is to try to stay out of the way. And in that tiny craft, with three lumbering mids aboard, it's almost impossible.

Finally, all is in readiness. One mid is at the little steering wheel in the back, one is holding the main

line, and one is untangling the sails. The wind is ripping, the waves are splashing around you, fish are jumping—and you're not moving. Turning around, one discovers the rope tying the boat to the dock is still tied. This remedied, we literally take off.

Now tell me this, why, in the movies, do they film boats as being comparatively steady, with gentle winds, when in reality the safest place in that tossing craft is up near the front, flat on your stomach grasping the life preserver? And why only *one* preserver? There are *five* occupants in that boat!

I rather liked my position on the bottom of the boat, in a puddle of water, gazing up at the shifting skies and sprays of icy water. The only difficulty was that everyone kept tripping over my feet when they tried to shift from one side of the boat to the other . . . like my 5'7" frame became a stumbling block.

The excursion continues for perhaps an hour until the crew makes sure you are soaking wet, then they decide to go in. Sighing with relief, you figure that this is the end of all your navigation problems. Ha! It seems that the day *you* plan to sail, *everyone* plans to sail and *everyone* decides to dock at once, and *everyone* decides to take the

same route. Now our navigator, being a perfectionist, wanted to rely on his skills and maneuver the boat home by himself and not with the aid of a tow boat. Fine. No one minds getting a little wetter, after all, you can only get so drenched. You circle, then circle again and still another time until you can't decide whether your navigator wants to get in or out.

I huddled in my usual position on the bottom of the boat, patiently wringing out my hair and clothes, waiting, waiting. All of a sudden, "Look out for num—" CRASH—well, I guess every able-bodied seaman has at least one collision a trip and we were no exception. So we broke a shaft—I'm a taxpayer. All I worried about was more water coming into our already water-logged craft but we were lucky, no more than two feet was found.

I can't explain the thrill of that docking! Never before have I witnessed such inexpressible joy at setting soggy foot upon firm ground. And yet when asked by my companion how I liked it, I managed a feeble grin and said, "Oh, I loved it!" Well, come to think of it, I did and I shall brave the Severn again next year, weather permitting, mid willing and preserver handy.

susie renee

CHEMICAL ANALYSIS OF WOMEN

SYMBOL: WO(E)

ATOMIC WEIGHT: 120—varies from meal to meal.

OCCURRENCE:

1. Can be found wherever man exists.
2. Always appears in disguised conditions.
3. Boils at nothing and freezes at any point.
4. Melts when properly heated.
5. Very bitter if not used correctly.

CHEMICAL PROPERTIES:

1. Extremely active in presence of men.
2. Great affinity of gold, silver, and precious stones.
3. Able to absorb expensive foods at any time.
4. Not soluble in liquids but activity greatly increases when saturated with a spirit solution.
5. Sometimes yields to pressure.
6. Turns green when displaced by better specimen.
7. Highly dangerous explosive in inexperienced hands.

Soon . . .

Others will watch

I have loved you
in so many ways
close and far away

Letters, pictures,
cherished memories
fondled in my mind
Increasing my love.

I have watched lovers
whispering, laughing,
seen that certain
look, special touch . . .
All the time dying.
Replaying those cherished mem-
ories
in my mind.

Yes . . . I have loved you
in many ways . . .
so beautiful the close,
and meaningful the far away.

Soon . . . others will watch
The whispering, laughing
will be ours—
to ignite new memories
and kindle the old.

patti short

When it rains —

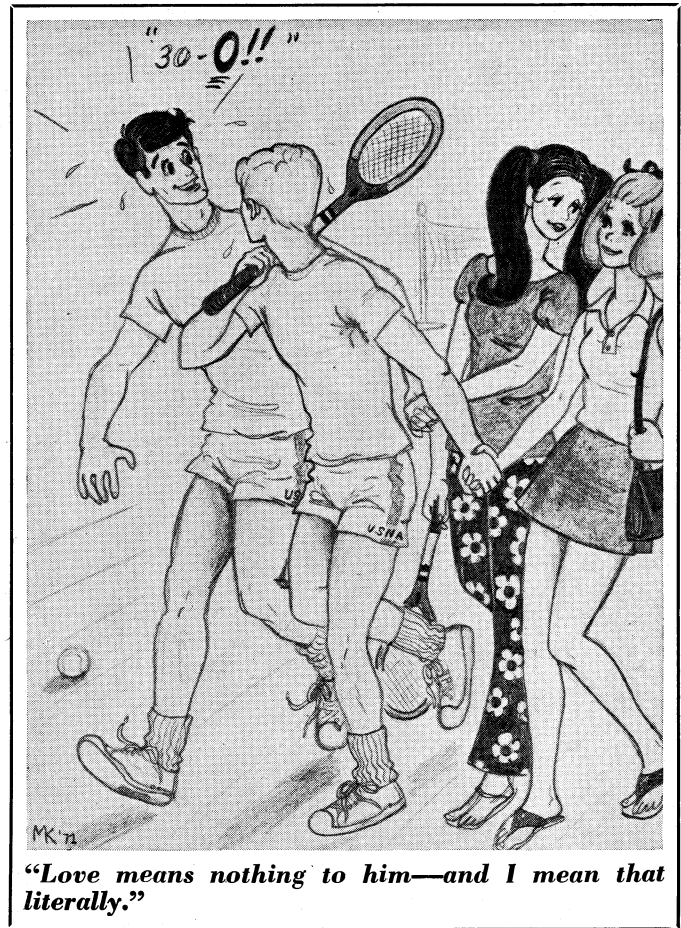
Don't go now for the leaves are changing color.
I want to walk through the leaves
and hear the rustling beneath our feet.
Wait until tomorrow when it rains.

Don't go when the first snow silences the city.
I want to roll in the snow
and snuggle up to you by the fireplace.

Don't go when the flowers peek up their sleepy heads.
Let's climb trees and cool our
toes in the stream.
Wait till tomorrow when it rains.

Don't go when the warm summer breezes fill the air.
Let's go swimming in the early
morning mist and count love.
Wait until tomorrow when it rains.

marti montague



“Love means nothing to him—and I mean that literally.”

(DECEMBER 1970—ON A RAINY AFTERNOON)

If I could be shut up in my roof with myself
And the whisper of the rain outside my window—
The dark heavy sky pressing down
Against the dripping pane—
And if I knew that it couldn't come into my cosy
haven of thought—
Then
Without a soul to interrupt my perfect dreams,
I could think of you and how your voice sounds
When you tell me I'm beautiful.
I know I'm not.
But in your eyes filled to the brim with love,
You cannot see past your dark eyelash
That blinks quickly,
And my reflection is mirrored
Into a thousand sparkling teardrops—
And I am beautiful.

karen kalen



Reverence for **life**
Our concern is **life**
Life before birth... **life** at birth
And a healthy birthright for every child

GIVE TO THE MARCH OF DIMES

THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE BY THE PUBLISHER

letters

(Cont'd from page 3)

months and then blow it on a car and diamond all in one week.

He gets vegetables constantly in the mess but occasionally he'll get a real live pumpkin through the mail from his girl for Halloween! He can pull together a coed volley ball games during June Week in no time at all. He'll rarely be able to make Firday night proms at your school but if anything in your life goes wrong he'll be right there with a \$10 hour long phone call.

He dreams of corvettes for all, unlimited weekends, spiked Root-beer at Buzzy's & 1/c yr. He'll offer you an old paper for your English assignment and then tell you that the title is "Ballistic Missiles." He can drop your hand faster than any guy you know!!!! And he'll tell you that the Naval Academy the saying goes "You don't have to go out but you *always* have to come back!" He'll teach you those intangibles of honor, intergrity and loyalty just by being and that even big girls still get chills during the Stars Spangled Banner.

He's always gone all too soon and makes you realize that weekends are never really long enough.

There are times when you can't live with him but you know you could never live without him.

His a special breed. McHale has absolutely nothing on him!!! . . . but just the same you know you'd crew under him anytime at all!

My Love

A not so secret admirer

Thanks—ed.

"Mom"

(Cont'd from page 20)

Mom has been brought up short. While her son does not conform to her concept of "The Perfect Midshipman," he continues to build on the foundation established in his earlier years; and she ponders the verses of Kahlil Gibran:

"You may give them your love but not your thoughts,
For they have their own thoughts.

You may house their bodies but not their souls,

For their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow. . . ."

Her child becomes a man and forms a life apart. That this transformation takes place at the Naval Academy is to his credit, for he could have chosen a much easier path; and Mom's could have been harder!

Mrs. Carl E. Gross

"Girl"

(Cont'd from page 21)

mudpuddles for water for the radiator. August was cancelling my contract to teach in Anne Arundel County due to a lack in funds for moving.

Fall brought some visits to Tighman's out in town. And Mischief Night, Notre Dame Weekend, brought a diamond. So now we were engaged. I still wear my pin, for sentimental reasons.

Army weekend was a taco party and birthday party, the fantastic game and score, and hot toddies afterwards.

The Christmas Formal was attempting to take the Santa Claus out of Dahlgren Hall and being stopped by none other than Mrs. Marshall. Christmas was seeing Mike off once again with the squash team. New Year's was driving 100 mph home with six minutes to spare just to "be home for New Years."

January and February was trying to begin to put a wedding together. Take it from me—Elope!

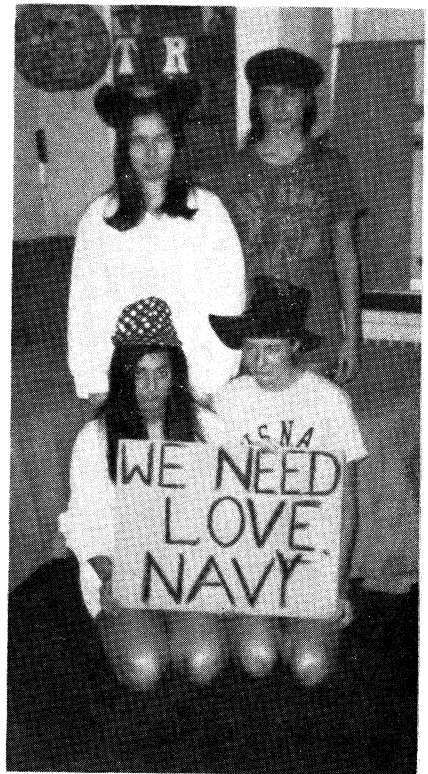
Of course the crowning moment was winning the Army-Navy Sports Weekend. And winning in Squash 9-0. It was exactly one year to the day that we met!

It's been an out-a-sight year. And no matter where the Navy chooses to send us, no matter if we are together at a base of separated by the sea, our memories of Annapolis and our year at Navy will always be cherished.

My only suggestion to a girl who would like to meet the man of her dreams would be.

"Date a Cadet—if you're lucky you'll meet a Mid and then . . . You've only just begun.

Marie Hammond



the LOG

SHE—"I think dancing has made my feet larger."

MID—"Oh yeah?"

SHE—"Just look at my shoulders—their development comes from swimming."

MID—"Great! and Ahem—I suppose you ride too?"

the LOG

1/c: Since I met you I can't eat, I can't sleep, I can't drink.

DRAG (cooly): Why not.

1/c: I'm broke.

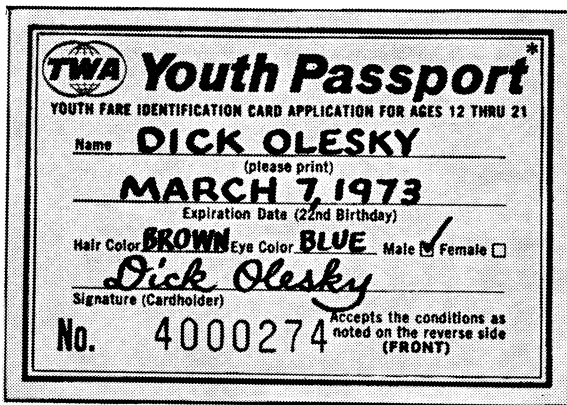


Mary Lou Garren

and now Spring

TWA INTRODUCES 1/3 OFF.

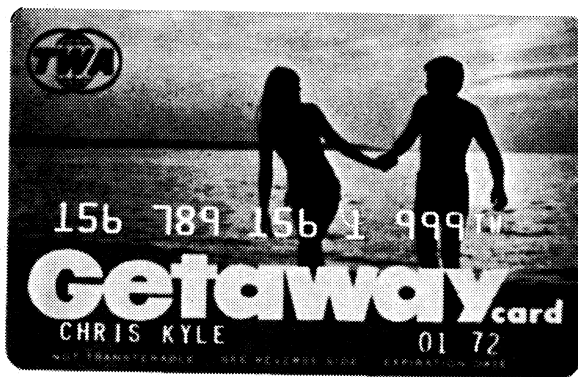
With a Youth Passport card you get 1/3 off on all TWA domestic flights, on a standby basis. And reduced rates at many places you'll stay.



Youth Passport cards cost \$3 and are available to students aged 12 thru 21.

AND 2 YEARS TO PAY.

With TWA's Getaway Card, you can charge airfare, hotels, meals, cars, just about anything to just about anywhere. And then take two years to pay.



The Getaway Card is available to most students in the U.S.A. For additional information contact TWA or your local travel agent.

**TWA's Getaway Program
U.S.A./Europe/Asia/Pacific/Africa**

**Now Hear This—Class of 1971
Conversions**

We will convert your Midshipman
Blues to Ensign using the finest
gold and gold thread stars
by expert tailors.

\$10.00

Naval Officers Caps

Famous Bancroft Naval Officers
Caps complete.

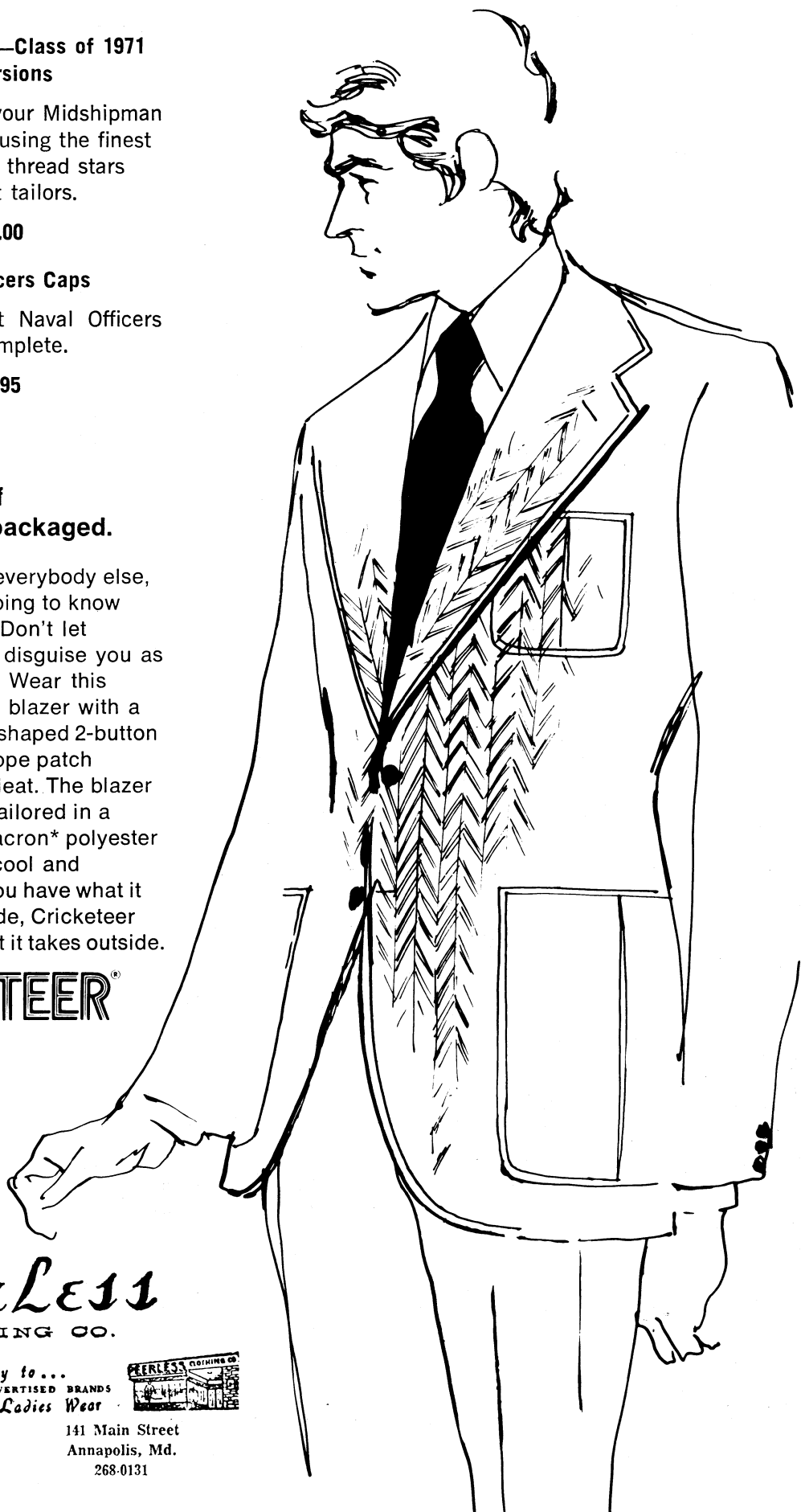
\$17.95

**It's easier
to sell yourself
if you're well packaged.**

If you dress like everybody else,
how is anyone going to know
you're different. Don't let
ordinary clothes disguise you as
an ordinary guy. Wear this
latest Cricketeer blazer with a
bi-swing back, a shaped 2-button
front, and, envelope patch
pockets with a pleat. The blazer
bone pattern is tailored in a
great blend of Dacron* polyester
and wool that's cool and
comfortable. If you have what it
takes on the inside, Cricketeer
will give you what it takes outside.

CRICKETEER®

\$65.00



Peerless
CLOTHING CO.



8-10-12 Parole Plaza
Parole Shopping Center
263-9161

Doorway to...
NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS
Mens and Ladies Wear



141 Main Street
Annapolis, Md.
268-0131