

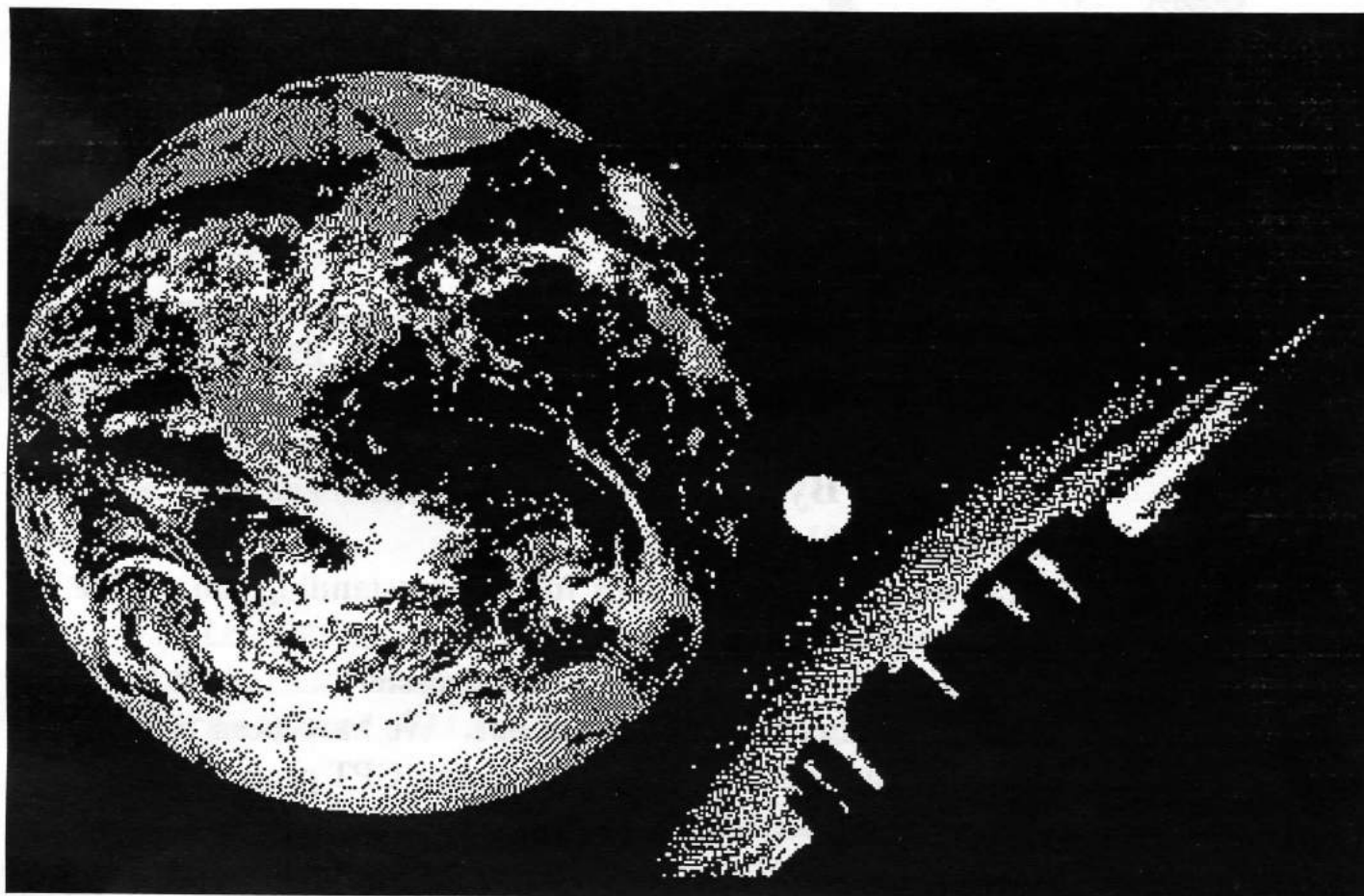
THE NAVAL ORANGE

Volume XXXII

Issue Number 3

Apr. 1991

NAVY



THE ADVENTURE HAS JUST BEGUN

The Professional Journal of the Reserve Officer Training Corps
University of Texas



THE NAVAL ORANGE STAFF

Advisor :

Lt. D. P. Stuart

Editor :

Midn 2/c Paul Jack

Asst. Editor :

Midn 3/c Craig Blackburn

Adieu from the XO

By Shane Yates

As this semester draws to a close, I would like to take this opportunity to say congratulations. Congratulations to the graduating seniors. You've completed a rough and exciting journey and are now about to begin a new journey as officers in the US Navy or US Marine Corps. To the freshmen I would like to say congratulations for finishing your first year of college and ROTC. To the remaining midshipmen and officer candidates, I say congratulations for another semester under your belt and being one step closer to your goal. Finally, to the Unit Staff I say congratula-

tions for the outstanding job on the IG inspection.

This semester has been a busy and eventful one. We have been through inspections, a new CPT program, and most importantly U.S. military involvement in an armed conflict. This has made this semester a little more stressful and difficult. The battalion has come through this with flying colors. The way the battalion has performed this semester has made my job as XO easier and very enjoyable. I appreciate the hard work all of the battalion members have put forth this semester.

Now I want to give 10 recommendations of advice to help finish the semester and your academic careers. These are things I have been told or learned during my four years here.

1. Keep focused. As springtime (summer really, as there is no real spring in Texas) arrives, remember your studies. Finals are still going to occur - nice weather or not.

2. Provide time to relax. You need to make time to relax during your studies. Few things can help your studies as much as taking a break and clearing your mind. Just do not over do it.

3. Eat Well and exercise. Good nutrition will help you feel better and help your studies. Exercise goes hand in hand with this. Good health helps your ability to learn and remember.

4. Get enough sleep. After a certain point of study, your brain becomes too tired to learn anymore. Get a good nights sleep, it helps.

5. Talk to advisors. Your advisors (academic or NROTC) have probably been in or have seen someone in your particular situation. If not, they know someone who can help (That is where I got most of these recommendations or ideas).

6. Set short term goals. Break your goals down into smaller, more easily at-

tainable goals, this prevents discouragement and worry.

7. Talk to upperclassmen. Jrs. and Srs. can be a wealth of knowledge. They've been in your shoes. Ask them about professors, classes, etc.. They can also advise on other problems.

8. Do not over worry. It is good to be concerned about problems (if you're not, you have got a problem), but do not worry to the point were you become unable to concentrate on other things.

9. Use University facilities. Your tuition pays for them, so use them. The University provides many services that can help. The Learning Skills Center, counseling, etc.. Do not let your money go to waste.

10. Remember your ultimate goals. When you got here and joined the ROTC, you made a goal to get a college education and get commissioned in the United States Navy or Marine Corps. Keeping these goals in mind will help you accomplish short term goals and provide a light at the end of the tunnel.

Now, I would like to say that these will guarantee you success in school, but I can not. They will help, however. Good luck to you in your careers.

What has the Athletics Committee Done for me Lately

By Sarah Biddle

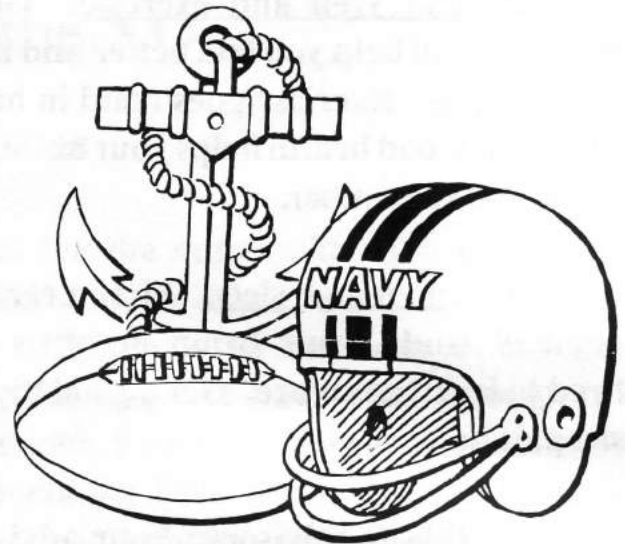
Now, everyone knows that the Athletics Committee organizes what is affectionately termed the PRT, and that Midn. Wade, the Athletics Officer, avoids the

Army at football? Navy has never lost the Tri-Service field meet. And, what about the racquetball tournament? OC Davis is still waiting for a challenger. Then of course there are all the IM sports the Navy competes in. All guided by the omnipotent hands of the Athletics Committee.



Matt Wade, our hero!

Captain's office whenever possible, but what else does this glorious committee do? Well, it starts early in the morning, too early for most people, with CPT. This semester thanks to new policies, CPT was organized at more convenient times like dinner, during class, or at 2100. But there is more to the Athletics Committee than that. How many times have we beaten



Army,
You can't touch us

The U.T. Regatta

By Paul Jack



Congratulations to the UTNROTC sailing team for winning the 4th annual UT sailing regatta. Team members James Brown, Clay Hinton, Paul Jack, Dave Klump, Paul Mueller, Brett Padgett (Captain), Launtz Rodgers, and Tracy Shay

triumphantly won back the trophy from the Sooners of Oklahoma. To those of you who did not attend, you missed one of the most exciting regattas held in these parts

in quite a while.

The day started out with gale force winds which had all the sailors jumping for joy. Their hopes, however, were soon crushed by the overly cautious Lt. advisors (We'll let Lt. Stuart take the blame for this one). Eventually, after about ten games of volleyball and the same number of hamburgers, the UT Regatta was given clearance to start. Going into the Regatta, our own UT sailing team was the unanimous favorite (being the only team with eight sailors). This fact, however, was soon forgotten when the stiff competition from the visiting schools: Oklahoma, New Mexico, and Praire View, became apparent. This was no where more evident than with Oklahoma having the first place finish in the final heat. However, with Launtz Rodgers and Brett Padgett finishing a close second and third places respectively, the team points were more than enough to bring home the trophy.

In what has become tradition, the Regatta was concluded with a pizza party at Mr. Gatti's. It was here that we bid adieu to our courageous sailor friends. To Praire View, good-bye and try practicing with water next time; To Oklahoma, better luck next year (yeah right); and To New Mexico, have a safe trip home y'all **PIG CENSORED.**



James Brown, you have been charged with violating the rules of the road. How do you plead?

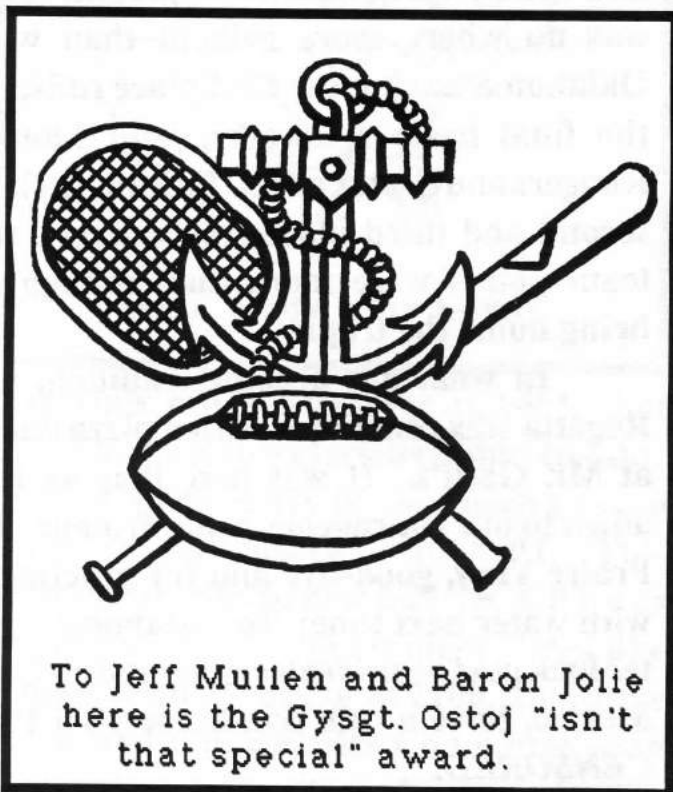
The Kings of the Court

By Michael Titcombe

The change in structure of the Spring '91 CPT program provided true competition between the platoons and served as a morale and camaraderie builder for individual platoon members. But, after ten weeks of competition in racquetball, volleyball, and basketball only one platoon can claim bragging rights. Charlie-2, led by Jeff Mullen, undoubtedly has these rights. With the top overall finish, a 10 and 0 record in racquetball, and the best record in basketball (9-1), Charlie-2 clearly reigned as "Kings of the Court." Finishing a close second was Alpha-1, led by Baron Jolie. Alpha-1 had the best volleyball record

with a finish of 9 wins and only one loss. With weapons like Baron's jump serve and Mike LaPlante's paralyzing spike, they were a formidable opponent. The Alpha-1 basketball team, led by Rick Fabby, also finished a close second in basketball with a record of 8 and 2. Tony Defrias was the key offensive weapon with Andy Miller offering a dominating inside presence. Even the lowest rung on the ladder, Charlie-2, offered stiff competition handing Alpha-1 their only volleyball defeat.

All things considered, everyone had a great time, whether they won or lost, and were helped into shape for the PRT as well. I'm sure we all hope to see the system continued in the Fall.



Editor's Note

We close this, the final edition of the Naval Orange for the Spring '91 semester, with the traditional senior wills. But, before I go, I would like to say a word of thanks. In keeping with my directive, I tried to produce a publication that would express the colorful life we have here at the University of Texas. I was overwhelmed and pleased with how it was recieved. It is the enthusiasm and the pride that the battalion has shown toward the Naval Orange that has given a new spark of life to the publications department. I would like to give a special thanks to everyone who turned in articles, for it is you who determine the quality and the tone of each and every issue. Let's carry on the proud tradition next Fall, and remember: It never hurts to laugh at ourselves.

SENIOR WILLS

I, Mark Lwin,

being of MOI-beaten, sick of IG inspection mind and half-Burmese, Ghurka stud-warrior body, do hereby bequeath:

TO VICTOR BUNCH: a Boy Scout handbook to learn land navigation from, a tranquilizer to control the temper Walter Watkins left you.

TO MARK DAVIS: a 4th Class midshipman at every lab wearing a tank-top, tennis shoes without socks, no belt, and Wranglers. We wouldn't want your life to get dull, Mark.

TO BILL "I have something to say about everything" AVERY: your own private wardrobe to rule as your own kingdom, a pacifier, the Duane Shannon Big Mouth-Greek award, and a quarter to call someone who cares.

TO CAPT DWIGGINS: the teacher of the year award and Buick Skylark as it has a much more spacious trunk.

TO GARY BENNETT Captain Dwiggins amphibious warfare class and a bottle of no-doze. Don't worry, it only gets better in the second semester, just ask Sir Francis Bacon.

TO PUMPKINHEAD RAMSEY: some tact, enough said.

TO THE LEATHERHERD: I leave nothing. What can you give a bunch of guys who already have everything? Well, on second thought, I leave a healthy dose of humility.

TO DAN "who thinks he's tall but isn't really" KAZMIER: memories of David and Goliath, Alexander the Great, Ghengis Khan, Isoroku Yamamoto, and Napoleon Bonaparte. You could also use a new collection of "short-jokes".

TO MY "Pencil-necked Geek" OF A PREDECESSOR: enough money to buy any state of the art computer (such as a MAC) which, instead you blow on that beauty of a junk heap, the AMSTRAD! And, just to test your sense of humor, I will you 2 IG inspections at your first command.

TO RICHARD "the sleeping bushwhacker" HEALEY: I leave you whatever I leave Shane Yates, because I know it's going to be delegated to you anyway.

TO SHANE YATES: a sledgehammer for the next AMSTRAD computer failure, a ripe banana, your very own trash can, and any car you want, no matter what your wife says.

TO JOHN "Hoover" BROOMES: I leave a box of assorted bandaids to cover up your hickies prior to inspection.

I, W. S. Yates,

being of mind and body do hereby bequeath, leave, and will the following:

To Mark Lwin (To whom I said I would make no references to height, of lack thereof), I leave the knowledge that if we ever work together again and he throws out my Korean War vintage desk top book rack, I'm going to get really, really upset.

To Rich Healey, I leave the new F-SSN-14A Seacat attack fighter submarine to give him the edge in those high-speed, high-G underwater dogfights.

To Mark Davis, I leave his very own set of Battalion dress-up dolls with extra socks and belts.

To John Broomes, I leave a presence so someone knows he is around.

To Kevin Snoop, I leave one week that all the Bi-Weekly reports are turned in to him on time.

To Chris Kelly, I leave a case of mechanical pencils so he will leave mine alone.

To Mark Rungstrom and Jim Hanen, I leave 11 guys who field like Ozzie Smith, hit like George Brett, run like Ricky Henderson, and behave like ... adults.

To Melanie Carter, I leave an electric golf cart to tote softball equipment and Kelli Yates' new book Score Keeping Made Easy.

To the Ancholette Pledges, I leave a 25Lb. bag of salt to make some more cookies for Rich Healey.

To the Battalion Staff, I leave my thanks for a job well done.

To the Unit Staff, I leave my sincere thanks for the support they provide in helping us get to where we are today.

And finally to my beautiful wife Kelli, I leave my love and thanks for the support you have given over the past four years. I love you with all my heart!

I, William N. Avery,

being of Bill the Cat mind and Mr. Bill body, do hereby bequeath the following:

To Colonel Walters: A conversation, introduction, or lecture lasting 60 seconds and in which only one topic is addressed.

To Commander Haley, the Nukes, and those who feel that Liberal Arts courses are "Bull": One History 350L class taken on a Pass/Fail basis. Good luck.

To Lieutenant Commander Shannon: An executive officer billet aboard a U.S. naval warship, and an ounce of humility to go along with it.

To Captain Dwiggins: The presidency of the Fine Young Cannibals Fan Club, and a midshipman battalion that is not apathetic.

To Lieutenant Chisholm: An aggie joke free day and a set of legos to cure his boredom.

To Ensign Baumgarten: A one way ticket out of here (even though it pains me to give you this because of our deep and lasting friendship).

To David "Gunner" Gundlach: One "get out of a relationship free card" or one "get involved in a relationship free card".

Which one he gets will depend on if he can ever make up his mind.

To Mike Hughes: Stock in the Dallas Nite Club, stock in the Miller Brewing Company, and the wife he is so desperately looking for but cannot find.

To Danielle Kibel: A government contract for the building of a joint Navy/Army installation.

To Denny Payne and Darren Woods: A woman that will talk to them even though they do not have a wad of money in their hands.

To the wonder Twins, Brett Padgett and Paul Jack: Congressional Medals of Honor, the only awards they have not yet received.

To Sarah Biddle: A three year supply of BS repellant, a guy who will hang around for more than one date, and a beautician who will do something creative with her hair.

To the Anchoresses, past, present, and future: A life size portrait of me, so that hey may have a standard by which to judge all other, lesser men.

And finally, to Dorothy Jo Hardwick: Nothing. You already have me. What more could you possible want?

I, William Haynes,

being of supply corps mind will:

To Denny "the spenster" Payne: the phone number for spenders anonymous, 1-800-ITAIN'T FREE. Also, a free get out of jail card for those times when one does not have the proper ID. A duplicate set of keys to my car. Finally, \$20 for those times when one is in TJ and is looking for a good time.

To David "Gunner" Gundlach: a book on abnormal psychology to be used whenever he deems necessary. A stools so he does not have to look up at his men. A book on opera for when the category of opera comes on Jeopardy. A check from Denny Payne that won't bounce.

To Darren "Troglodyte" Woods: a book on social graces. A pair of "beer goggles" that work. The ability to be able to dodge women in the elevator. And, at least one time to clean up after himself.

To Richard "I was not asleep" Healey: a case of vivarin so he can stay awake in the field.

To Chris "I'm not going to change majors" Young: a liberal arts catalogue on economics because your aerospace catalogue is useless.

To Ramiro "Crackmero" Gonzales: a nightmare that will not scare him.

.....

I, John Wesley Broomes,

being of degenerate mind and deteriorated body, do hereby bequeath the following:

To Gary Bennett: The cheek muscles to extend that smile to the other half of your face.

To Dale Seeley: A little respect for a bit of a job that is almost partially done.

To Chris Stacy: The ability to make a 5 minute presentation in 25 minutes or less.

To Shane McInstosh: A billet of some significance.

To Lt. Chisholm: a sea story of some significance.

To Gysgt. Ostoj: a wise crack of some significance.

And to Mark Lwin: Wherever you end up and whenever you get there, some significance.

I, Mark William Davis,

being of nautical mind and salty body, do hereby and forthwith bequeath the following:

TO MARK LWIN: I leave a can of general purpose lubricant, so that you may never have a mission degrading casualty to sweat pump.

TO CHRIS KELLY: I leave a "moment" to pause and reflect, as your expenditure of words consistently exceeds your income of ideas.

TO BILL AVERY: I leave a well-deserved "B" "A" degree, because he has finally mastered to first two letters of the alphabet—and backwards at that.

TO JOHN BROOMES: I leave a packet of yeast and a can of shoe polish, so that next semester he continues to "rise and shine".

TO DARREN WOODS: I leave some "trombone" lessons, because it's the only instrument on which you can get anywhere, by letting things slide.

TO RICK FABBY: I leave an IRS audit and comment, it's a good thing that you don't have to pay taxes on what you "think" you're worth.

TO RICHARD HEALEY: I leave an unabridged Oxford universal dictionary, as no one is your equal at using more words to say less about the obvious.

TO MIKE HUGHES: I leave a gift certificate from Kelly Temporary Services. While he occasionally puts in a good "day's work", it always seems to take more than a week.

TO DALE SEELY: I leave several significant digits off my sea service counter to go on his LES, and facsimiles of the following: my shellback card, my "Order of the Locks" and "Domain of the Golden Dragon" scrolls. It is my intent that with these you will be able to pass yourself off as a real "Fleet Sailor".

TO GEORGE PEREZ: I leave a set of rubber dentures and a hockey goalie's mask to wear while playing outfield. I also leave a bill, in the amount of \$11,000, to pay the Dredging company I hired to retrieve your car keys from the bottom of Lake Travis.

TO BEN MOLINA: I leave a copy of the song, "The Gambler" by Kenny Rogers, because contained therein are many valuable lessons, which definitely explain why, that when we play Poker together, you consistently lose.

TO CAPTAIN DWIGGINS: I leave a "Cattle Prod" and its associated owners manual, with the section highlighted on its use as a midshipman motivational implement. I also leave him my utmost respect and admiration.

I, Ramiro Gonzales Sr.,

being of college wearied mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following:

TO BILL "Mutant" HAYES: better pick up lines than, "Hey girls, want some pizza!" Also, may the star of India guide your way.

TO DAVID "Gunner" GUNDLACH: a cook book, because you're the only person that had ever burned noodle. Also, don't ever have Dr. Pepper again!

TO DENNY PAYNE: your own car so you won't have to borrow anyone else's.

TO MATT EDMUND WADE: a pair of new sweats to replace your old ones, so you won't have to scratch yourself through the holes. And please, keep your odors to yourself.

TO DARREN WOODS: I leave you the paper bag from your date with your two favorite girls. I also leave you a roll of tape so we can shut you up and be able to watch a movie without you spoiling every scene before it happens. Finally, I leave you the knowledge that my nightmare can't compare to the real one you just woke up from, you must be lucky in love.

TO CHRIS YOUNG: I leave you my orange blanket for all the times you crashed on Darren's couch.

TO THE BATTALION: Thanks to everyone and anyone who has ever helped me.

TO THE CROW'S NESTERS OF MY FRESHMAN YEAR: thanks for the best year of my college career. I'll never forget anyone that was at the Crow's Nest or everything that happened. Congratulations to those of you have made it this far and good luck in the future.

and finally TO TINA "Reba" CLARK: I hope you can wait a year and a half.

.....

I, Stephen J. Whipple,

possessing both a mind and a body, do hereby bequeath the following:

- one-on-one counseling sessions to any midshipman wishing to discuss personal debt.

TO MIKE HUGHES: another spring break to make up for the one you missed.

- an automatic toilet flusher to my forgetful roommate, Chris Kelly.

- and to all aviation hopefuls, ENCOURAGEMENT, for if Mike Hughes can make it?????????

I, Michael Hughes,

being of pickled mind and well, a body, do hereby bequeath the following:

TO SCOTT HANNA AND STEVE "I just turned off his air for a few seconds" WHIPPLE: I leave my personal copy of "How to Sustain a Lasting Relationship". Don't worry, it's never been opened.

ALSO TO SCOTT HANNA: the ability to think before you act, and colored T-Shirts for those special occasions. Plus a set of my uniforms, as you already have half off them anyway.

TO TOM RAMIEH: a new pair of flip-flops to replace your hightops that were stolen on the beach. P.S. It wouldn't have happened had you not passed out face down in the sand. Also, I leave you a major and a graduation day, if that fails through, call me, I'll fly with you.

TO JIM HANEN: a team that plays softball as well as they drink beer.

TO DARREN WOODS, DAVID GUNDLACH, BILL HAYNES, DENNY PAYNE: separate rooms.

TO BILLAVERY: the ability to "relax" in the wardroom.

TO MATTWADE: the ability to be serious in the wardroom.

AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST, TO CHRIS "Can you give me a ride, bud?" KELLY: I leave the keys to my truck, you can have it...all you have to do is find it.

.....

I, Denny Payne,

being of convoluted mind and straight-as-a-rail body, do hereby bequeath the following:

To Darren Woods, I leave the ability to watch one TV channel for more than three seconds.

To Matt Wade, I leave the good luck he'll need to avoid future roommates who will:

- A. Leave his bathtub with unidentifiable extra growths and keep large roaches as pets or,
- B. "Borrow" his underwear for the weekend.

To Ramiro Gonzales, I leave plenty of sets of earplugs (for the next time you get dragged to a Metallica concert).

To Bill Haynes, I leave a wetsuit to remind him of his nightly excursions to the Crow's Nest swamp and a cure for the dreaded disease of "Bill stare."

And finally, to David "Gunner" Gundlach, I leave him his own room (I wake up easier than you may think!).

I, Scott V. Hanna,

being of College Program mind, body, and spirit, will the following:

- To Bill Avery - A chip for his other shoulder.
- To Jeff Mullen - A jacket other than his high school letter jacket so he can stop living in the past.
- To Ben Molina - A catalog of 'Toys for Big Boys' so his wife can buy him everything he desires. And triplets, so he'll have something legitimate to whine about.
- To Mark Davis - The proper enunciation of the English language.
- To Bill Haynes - Something he's actually good at.
- To Matt Wade - The ability to play quarterback as well as he thinks he can.
- To Rick Fabby - The ability to play a sport as well as he thinks he can.
- To Captain Dwiggins - A straight pair of legs.
- To Ronny Rios - The lead part in Dumbo.
- To James Brown - A Formal date that wants to be with you.
- To Gunner Gundlach - A booster chair.
- To John Katzmarek - A pair of legs that match his upper body.
- To Denny Payne - A first-class roundtrip ticket to Tijuana and a ten dollar expense account.
- To Steve "How did I get on the roof of this building?" Whipple - A sleeping bag so that he may pass out everywhere in comfort. And a camcorder so that he is able to recall what actually happened the night before.
- To Chris "I really worked hard on the Log" Kelly - A leather jacket to match that whip that his girlfriend wields over him.
- To Mike "If it's beer and it's free, I'll be there" Hughes - A lifetime supply of rogaie, a real hairline, and something to whine about besides his ex-girlfriend.
- And finally to Tom "Can you cover me on the rent, phone, and electric bill this month and loan me twenty bucks even though you know I'm never going to pay you back" Ramieh - Any college degree, the autobiography "Memories of life before Tamara", and full access to my checking account since I pay all the bills anyway.

I, Keith Hinton,

being of rapidly destabilizing mind and body bequeath the following:

TO MARK "what can I command now?"
LWIN: one last chance to inspect the battalion because his "short-man syndrome, fuzzy headed ego" demands it.

TO JOHN "how many G's can you handle, sir?" KATZMAREK: the ability to concentrate on something other than his biceps. Plus, a blindfold for those Whigby Island excursions.

TO RICHARD "hey guys, wait for me"
HEALEY: one free compass and a "Get out of Camp Pendleton Free" pass.

TO BARON "I'll only say this once more"
JOLIE: a platoon full of 290 PRT scores and racquetball players, plus someone who is really listening.

TO CHRIS "I was a company commander for a day" KELLY: my entire collection of Playboys, plus a housing guide for San Diego, that is where you want to live, isn't it, Karen?

TO JIM "you did want it high and tight, didn't you" HANEN: a bottle of Crown Royal and my heartfelt thanks, you deserve it.

last, but not least

TO DARREN "Oh God, it's been so long"
WOODS: one free copy of the bestseller, "Popcorn as a substitute for sex—free yourself from the addiction."

I, Richard Alan Healey Jr.,

being of soon to be irradiated mind and nowhere to be found body hereby bequeath the following:

Captain Dwiggins,

A 24 hour Battalion Staff that is not enrolled in The University of Texas so that they will always be available. I also leave a copy of our staff's book relating our experiences with the MOI in the Spring of 91, Thank You Sir, May I Have Another.

Lt. Chisholm,

A degree from a more prestigious educational institution....The American Truck Driving School.

Shane Yates,

Your very own Macintosh computer, stuck in IBM emulation mode.

Mark Lwin,

A Battalion that can spell your name. Even better, a Battalion that can "look up to you" and spell your name.

Colonel Walters,

Stories, Lots of Stories.

Keri Robinson,

My last name and my undying love. I can't wait until the 25th of May and our Marriage. As I look back at our last 2 years together, I know the future holds the best.

I, Kevin J. Snoap,

being of an irradiated mind, body, and wallet (which is soon to be thicker) do bequeath the following:

To the battalion staff:

To Mark Lwin, an office where you can kick back and take your afternoon naps without being caught by the photographer.

To Shane Yates, your own battalion phone, hard wired directly to the boss, you wife Kelly.

To Mark Davis, a little (no, make that a lot) of a democratic leadership style to blend with your autocratic style. Also, (I'm feeling generous) an age waiver to allow you into the Nuclear Power Program. I figure this is worth about \$60,000 over a ten year period.

To Richard Healey, John Brooms, and their finances, the best of luck in the future and the prayer

that your marriages will be every bit as happy as mine.

To the battalion:

The opportunity for each of you to experience the sensation of coordinating the actions of over 100 persons.

To the graduating NECPs:

The following thought: While you are having fun at OCS doing pushups, I will be on Daytona beach basking in the sun, spending my nuclear accesseion bonus.

.....

I, Darren Woods,

being of unstable mind and of elevator attacked body do hereby bequeath the following items:

To Jim's Haircuts, I leave the infamous ever clean red shorts.

To Matt "Dawn, do my homework" Wade, I leave my passing grade in self paced psychology and a

bathroom barbell, because you are the only man I know who has to go pump up in the head every time there is a girl you are trying to impress in the room.

To Wild Bill Avery, I leave you a lifetime supply of Tom's picadillo complete with hamburger, raisins, sugar, tofu, stomach sweat, and don't forget the nest egg for desert and your laundry.

To Denny "what do you mean, I still have checks" Payne, I leave a letter of thanks from the Austin Banking Association, because without you they would have never made it through the S and L crisis.

To David "I'm not short, and I don't have a big nose" Gundlach, I leave one case of Dr. Pepper, because this case won't leave you with a hangover and a deep sense of regret the next morning.

And Finally to Bill "I am every girls friend and nothing more" Haynes, I leave a date not made out of sympathy or desperation.

I, Christopher Kelly,

being of sound mind and “ready to leave in one semester” body do hereby will the following momentos:

To Mark Rungstrom: My personal copy of “The Guide to College without a Car.”, chapter 4 Girlfriend’s Wheels is particularly useful.

To Jim’s Haircuts: My old Pleasant Valley Champions T-shirt so y’all will know what one looks like, one “get out of Jim’s inning free” card, and my rousing thanks for 4 years of softball glory.

To Super Staff Sergeant Kazmier: A volleyball win over any platoon, and my old platoon command, “Oh wait, you already have that”.

To Ensign “I’m too good for aviation” Baumgarten: Permanent assignment to USS Attack Van 1, a patent for his “hit and run” pick-up technique, and a bigger neck, torso, and legs to support his head.

To LCDR. “You fouled me” Shannon: An XO tour, triplets, and a basketball game completely free of fouls with the use of my jumpshot.

To Keith “Hey! I’m sensitive” Hinton: The ability to say the L-word in an emergency.

To Mike “Wait, there’s a reason I’m

late” Hughes: All the clothes you lost from Padre, I really took them; 15 hours of actual studying per week at the Latin-American Library, of course; and, a mouthful of Padre sand so he has yet another excuse to be quiet at Mess Night.

To Steve “You are only my 5th best friend” Whipple: Morals and a conscience; another catamaran with firmly attached pontoons; hobbes, so you really are like your cartoon hero; and a homing beacon, so we can find you tonight.

And to the Longhorn Log staff: An instant, just-add-water Log kit, and my winning ticket from Ed McMahan.

.....

I, David Gundlach,

being of purely intellectual, rational, logical, Vulcan-like mind and well-sculpted, tan, Napoleon-like body, do hereby bequeath the following to my fellow misfits:

To Darren “The Rock” Woods:

First, I leave you a lifetime pass to the San Antonio Zoo, so your relatives in the primate cage won’t get lonely.

Second, the entire Alexandrian Library in Egypt to aid you in discovering words more original than big, small, and a lot, and all of Cicero’s writings so maybe

some day you will learn what a run-on sentence is and where periods are located in a sentence. Just think, Darren, even you could learn to write a college paper higher than third grade level.

Third, a copy of Charles Darwin's evolutionary studies so you can attempt to find your intelligence somewhere in the ranks of the animal kingdom. If I were you I would look somewhere between troglodytes, blue-green algae, and miniscule whale plankton.

Finally, a crystal ball, so you can foresee what your dates will look like after your beer goggles wear off. Wow, what a difference, huh. Maybe now you can avoid those Neanderthal Ladies.

To Bill "The Mutant" Haynes:

A pair of earplugs so you don't have to give up on perspective blond partners just because they snore.

A button to wear after two beers saying: "Beware, I am now a drunken idiot and will act accordingly."

And finally, and certainly most importantly, an abacus so you can spend many happy nights calculating how many sensual girls have whispered those immortal words: "Hey, I just want to be friends." By the way Bill, if you plan on dating in the future, you might want to look into a home computer.

To Matt "Don Juan, She wants me!" Wade:

I leave you four thousand dollars to help you publish all four of your hot and steamy biographies most appropriately titled:

"How to do Taiwan with less than ten dollars."

"The secret joys of anchorette pledge retreats."

"All you can do on cruise, and A LOT MORE."
and my favorite,

"The world's greatest excuses to bluff your girlfriend, and still study with that special friend."

To Denny "If it's in my pocket I'll spend it" Payne:

I leave a button saying: "Despite whether you're selling or not, I'm buying."

A shopping spree at Toys-R-Us to stock up on all those toys and gadgets you buy to try to impress girls, like that train under your bed, the numerous hamsters, or your new country wardrobe.

A collection of books on Economics so you'll know what check-writing is, and that checks are only pieces of paper.

Finally, a brand new clock radio without a snooze button. I just couldn't bear to hear that alarm go off again, so I destroyed it.

I, Mose Thomas Ramieh III,

being of sun kissed body and engineering scared mind, do hereby bequeath the following:

To Mason Ward: I leave you the pair of beer goggles that I personally owned. May they bring you as many foggy memories as they have provided for myself.

To Launtz Rodgers: I leave the beer goggles that Mike Guard left me...I think he would of wanted it that way.

To David Klump: I was going to leave my George Jetson alarm clock...the one that lifts me out of bed and kicks my butt out of the door, but, I still need it, so you get the beer goggles that Joe Marshall left me; may they bring you what they never brought him.

To Jim Hanen: I leave a steady hand and hopefully a championship season this year.

To Bill Avery: I leave you a girlfriend that can love you as much as you love yourself.

To David "Gunner" Gundlach: I leave the body building video, How to Pump Up Your Body and Keep your Head From Swelling and the ever popular get out of marriage free card...semper fi.

To Billy Surina: I leave my hairdo...mine might look funny, but yours is just plain weird.

To CDR Haley: I leave the "Straight Shooter Award". Thanks for shooting straight with me and for helping me get things straightened out.

To Denny Payne: I leave you a clue...something you could have used a long time ago, and a belt with "your" name on the back of it.

To Sarah Biddle: I leave one of my many birthdays, so you will come of age, and a picture of the Bird that you showed me.

To Paul Mueller: I leave a bit of advice: shave the mustache, quit smoking, and get a new major.

To Shane McIntosh: I leave the book, How to Get an Engineering Degree and Have a Social Life and the book I wrote titled It Can't be Done.

To George Perez: I leave the good sense to ask someone that will say yes to going to the formal with him and a dancing partner.

To Steve Whipple: I leave the common sense to think about his actions before he commits another crime.

To Mike Hughes: I leave the knowledge that it must have been the cop that was drunk the night that he insisted you drive my car home from 6th Street. Also, I leave you a girl as good looking as your new jeep.

To Scott Hanna: I leave a girlfriend that will do your laundry, cook your meals, and go down... to the store to buy more beer. I also leave you my respect and friendship, thanks for everything.

And finally to Tamara Haley: You gave me the first dance and I leave you the last dance and every one in between.

.....
I, Matthew Wade,

being of "I think I've already graduated" mind and "I still have another darn semester" body do hereby bequeath the following:

TO DAVID "Gunner" GUNDLACH: for all of your one-sided arguments, I leave you a leg to stand on, and a chair, a few telephone books, and one pair of high-heels to help you get your point across.

TO DARREN WOODS: I leave you one, authentic, no strings attached, "A" parking sticker to use at your own discretion. P.S. Don't laminate it.

TO BILL HAYNES: I leave you your own personality so you can stop borrowing Rick Fabby's.

TO RICK FABBY: a softball glove as big as your ego, so that you won't drop so many while playing center field.

TO RAMIRO GONZALEZ: I leave you my pair of pants, since your girlfriend, Tina, seems to be wearing yours.

TO RICHARD HEALEY: I leave 100, U.S. Marine issue glowsticks to be used by your men in case you get lost somewhere in the Navy again.

TO DENNY PAYNE: I leave you a tranquilizer; The fidgeting, twitching, tapping, wiggling, jiggling, perpetual body jerking, so you can rest medicine.

TO MIKE HUGHES: I leave you your biography, "The stealth midshipman"; an unbelievable story on how to get into flight school by doing less than nothing.

AND LAST TO CAPTAIN DWIGGINS: I leave you an office on the other side of the building, and a telescope, so that you can view the fine Texas scenery between classes. I also leave you one, all expense paid vacation to I.G. Land, where you can see the horrifying "PRT without a corpsman" exhibit.

I, George Perez,

being of a superior state of mind and semi-superior state of body, do hereby bequeath, bestow, and pass on to:

To Mark Davis: The first edition to my books entitled How to Play Chess and Win, How to Shoot Pool and Win, and How to Catch the Easy Pop Fly in Softball 10 out of 10 Times Without a Body Roll; the Grand Canyon, probably the only thing large enough to contain his ego; a dog that wags his own tail; a scale that always reads 180 lbs. so he can still believe he is the love god he was back in high school; his very own Buford T. Justice pin for the next Adjutant billet he receives; and last, but definitely not least, an Admiral he can beat at racquetball.

To Ben Molina: O1E pay so his income will finally be comparable to his wife's, and the ability to catch a fish when someone else is around.

To Mark Lwin: The four sit-ups I docked him on the PRT

To Shane Yates: A book entitled How to Hit a Softball Anywhere Else But Right Field, my ability to tie a neck-tie into a decent knot, and Gunny Ostoj's command voice.

To Chris "the lover of all women, not just the fine ones" Kelly: The woman he lost in Abbyville, Mississippi. Just had to go back for that six-pack, didn't you?

To Kevin Snoop: My ability to go out and have a good time, and the 2 hundredths of a point he needed for the "A" in Dr. LaGrone's class.

To Gunner "what's his real name anyway": One pair of elevated choroframs to wear to inspections so the inspecting officer will notice him.

To Bill Avery: A wardroom in which no underclassmen may enter.

To Rich Healy: A real technical question for his Nuke Power interview.

To Denny Payne: A new set of bones to replace the ones he lost in the Army-Navy softball game, way to go "bone-crusher".

To James Brown: A car, a girlfriend in this city, and money for lunch.

To Tom Ramieh: One certificate that will allow him to legally change his first name, the party life he used to have, and the EE degree he swears I'd never get.

and finally, to the Anchoresses: I leave and endless supply of appreciation and a battalion of guys that can take a joke as good as the food coloring in the brownies.

SERVICE
IS OUR
FIRST
ORDER
OF
BUSINESS

“Pioneering innovative products and services is a USAA tradition. In order to serve our members better, we’re utilizing new portable computers that allow us to provide them with faster and more efficient service.”

**KEN MASON
USAA FIELD
APPRAISER
ORANGE
COUNTY,
CALIFORNIA**

For almost 70 years, USAA has been driven by the philosophy that superior service is the key to customer satisfaction. That’s why we’re always among the first to develop new ways of doing business.

Take, for instance, our new automated on-site appraisal program—one of the few of its kind in the insurance industry. Using portable computer workstations, our field appraisers have direct access to claims information from anywhere in the U.S. So, they’re able to provide members with accurate damage assessment and repair cost appraisals within minutes of seeing your car. As a result, repairs start sooner, saving you time and money. What’s more, in most cases, they can issue a check right on the spot. That’s how fast and simple we make it. But, that’s exactly what our members have come to expect.

So whatever your needs—insurance, investments, banking or merchandise—you can count on USAA to provide the very best. Because at USAA, service is our first order of business.

Banking Services not available in Pennsylvania.

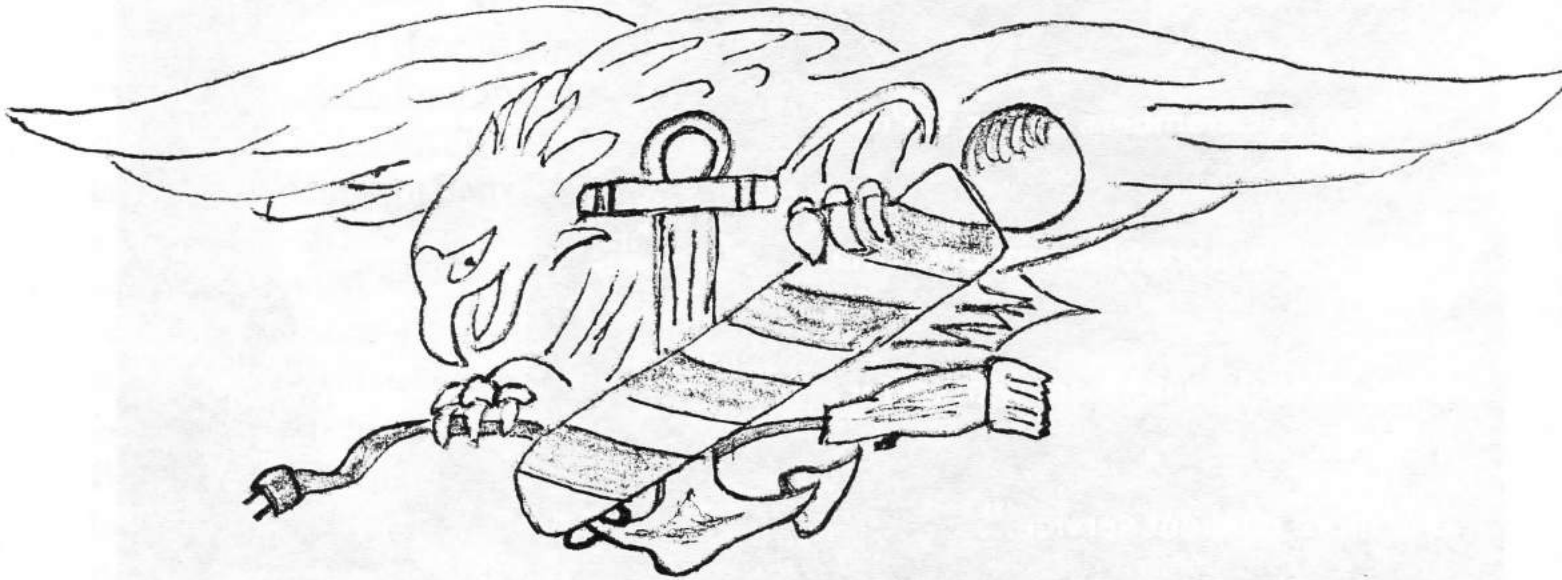


EXCLUSIVELY
FOR MILITARY OFFICERS
AND THEIR FAMILIES



CALL 1 - 8 0 0 - 8 4 5 - 0 5 0 8

JIM



THE NAVAL BARBER

All Styles of Military Cuts
Mon. 0830 - 1700 in the Wardroom
Tues.- Sat. 0830- 1800
2604 S. First near Oltorf
442-9988