

Joe concluded our telephone conversation with word that **William Brown** had taken some leave from his Chaplin duties to visit Paris. *Viva la France* William!

I will close by reminding everyone about Nancy and **Chuck Gorum**'s picnic commemorating our Plebe Induction Day. This 20th anniversary celebration will be on Sunday, 12 July. Please contact Nancy at the Alumni House (410) 626-0783 or Chuck at (703) 325-7364 for further details.

Keep in touch and enjoy the Summer, **Dennis**.

# 77

Membership: 83%

Pres., Maj. **Keith Tibbitts** USMC  
Sec'y, Cdr. **Bill Millward** USN  
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Annandale, Va. 22003

Shipmates, what a way to start off my first column written while in the Washington D.C. area! I hadn't even checked into the new job when I found out about the Class luncheon for all those Shipmates in the D.C. metro area. What timing! The credit goes to **Tom Arminio** who, as **Jim Kear** put it, "took the bull by the horns" and arranged the mass gathering. Along with a superhuman tele-marketing effort by **Jim Kear** and **Joe Walsh**, over 147 Classmates were contacted resulting in 93 turning out for the 3 April event! The following were able to attend: Steve Adair, Jim Adams, Terry Amyx, R. A. Arellano, Tom Arminio, Chuck August, Duane Baker, John Bird, Charlie Boley, Laselle Booker, Ron Booker, Ron Brinkley, Mike Brock, French Caldwell, Mike Canders, Bill Claridge, Greg Cooper, Paul Croisette, Jeff Davis, Pete Engel, Carl Fisher, Dirk Gallagher, Brett Gary, Ken Graber, Frank Greco, Mike Hamner, Rich Hanson, Cliff Hallman, J. T. Hardy, Bo Henry, Duane Heugan, Straton Hickey, Cary Hithon, Paul Hollich, Gary Hoist, Pete Hyers, Doug Isleib, Chuck Ivy, Jim Kear, Bob Kennedy, Kevin Kinports, Gary Kollmorgen, Craig Langman, Leo Latonic, Shelton Lee, Tom McKee, Skip McKenzie, Brad McDonald, Bill Mickler, Ken Milhoan, Bill Millward, Carl Moore, Phil Nelson, Sean O'Brien, Joe O'Connor, Pete Ozimek, Rob Prodoehl, Al Richardson, Harry Rouse, Jim Rowan, Tom Russell, Greg Sawyer, Jesse Schrum, Larry Simmelink, Dale Sihrer, Pete Sisa, Dan Smith, Rich Snead, Mark Sobczak, Bill Sobotka, George Sprung, George Station, Greg Steele, Matt Streeter, Dane Swanson, Wally Tart, Rich Thayer, Rich Thompson, John Thorp, Owen Thorp (not related), Ken Trass, Marc Troiani, Ell Turner, John Vuolo, Skip Wagner, Joe Walsh, Terry Wilton, Rick White, Bob Wilde, and Mark Worriow.

Great enthusiasm, lots of sea stories, and catching up on years past made for a very enjoyable afternoon. We are looking forward to another get-together this Summer. It will most likely be a Friday afternoon in downtown D.C.

"Significant others" are welcome and encouraged to attend! If you haven't heard from Tom, Joe or Jim—or are new to the area—please give them a call and get your name added to the D.C. Alumni list. Tom (W) 703-697-3251/(H) 301-588-9106; Joe (W) 703-697-0063; Jim (W) 703-697-6185.

All for this month. Don't forget about our 15th coming up in October. Recall that 150 rooms have been reserved for the Class at the BWI Holiday Inn. This is a package deal that includes a welcome party Friday afternoon, 2 nights of accommodations and a complimentary brunch on Sunday. The price of the entire package is \$138 (single) or \$148 (double). What an excellent price! Please call 301-859-8400 for reservations. Special or unique reservations can be handled on a case basis. Other activities include: a superb tailgater, planned by **Tom Campbell**; and a outstanding "goodies" package, prepared by **Carl Moore**. All in all, the entire event is looking up! Call **Rick White** at 301-974-8090 or **Tom Campbell** at

301-662-3205 if you are interested in helping out. Also, we really need your help updating your address with the Alumni Association. Just drop a postcard with your latest address to: U.S. Naval Academy Alumni Association, Alumni House, Annapolis, Md. 21402-5068. Just because you receive *Shipmate* doesn't mean that the Alumni Association has your current address. Remember the new address! Happy Trails . . . **Bill**.

# 78

Membership: 86%

Pres., **Steve Maloney**  
Sec'y, **Vince Balderrama**  
10 De Marchis Dr., Shelton, Conn. 06484

By now I trust you've just about finished off that Easter candy old Pete Cottontail left behind. As for me, I'm still working on the Nestle crunch eggs, but then it's got another month or so of shelf-life. You know there's no expiration dates on those sugar bombs. From my own personal experience I've got a rule-of-thumb that says chocolate bunnies are good for about 6 months. Unrefrigerated (That's without the ears of course. They're the first to be eaten anyway.). Jelly Beans can last through about Easter of '93—but those marshmallow peeps! Well, I read somewhere that there's scientific proof that they have about the same half life as plutonium. Probably just as nutritious too. (I mean just look at those fluorescent colors! Docimeter check, please.) Still I can't help it. I just love those Neon chicks. Who cares about nutrition where they're concerned? Besides, how much healthier were all those "cannon balls" we ate over all the years? Why did you think they were called CANNON balls with HARD sauce for anyway—because they're gentle on the stomach? I'm sure those of you who tried to wolf down a dozen for carry-on know differently . . . Ooops, didn't quite make it out the Wardroom.

It's a good thing that I had some left over mail because there wasn't Diddle (Bo or any other kind) in the mail this month. I did have the good fortune of bumping into a few Classmates recently (—which I gotta stop doing that, 'cuz it makes my head hurt. Would you guys mind looking down once in a while?!). That should help make this a bit of short and sweet reading.

I heard that **J. P. McCann** was again hanging around my plant in Stratford a couple of months ago. J. P.'s still a BURP (Basic Unemployed Reserve Pilot) with HCS-5 in Point Mugu, Calif. As I mentioned a few columns back, he's been a Ready-room Rat" and has picked up more flight time than some active duty types. (And just about as much pay too! Remember, a 1.5 of sunshine or IFR, is worth a day of labor.) Of course this talk of draw downs has everybody concerned but none more than J. P. Reduce the number of squadrons and reserves? Oh nooooo Mr. Bill! This could mean a forced cure of his Maynard G. Krebs existence (WORK?!) and an end to his good deal. NOT! J. P.'s got a plan. I hear tell you can find him on the on-ramps of I-10 with a disconsolate look and a sign that says "Will fly for food." Ah J. P., what you won't do for the flight hours.

At this year's Navy League show in Washington, D.C. I came across **Joe Alvite** and **Herb Nyberg**. Joe is still living in New Jersey and is now working in the marketing group of General Electric, another Classmate bringing good things to life. Joe and I were reminiscing about being hospital roommates for a night. We both shared a room while recovering from the standard First Class issued "puffer face" disease, aka wisdom teeth extraction. There we both were lying on our sides with our crooked smiles exposed (Say, who designed those gowns anyway—Fredericks of Bethesda?) trying to introduce ourselves through all our cotton mouths. "Hebro by bamd lb Bintah. Oh, huh, I'mb Cho." As if that

wasn't bad enough I can vividly remember a VERY attractive Florence Nightingale coming into our room late at night to check our vitals. Being stalwart Navy men our vitals were pretty perky and we knew we couldn't let this target of opportunity escape without a roll-in! But alas, its pretty tough to be Rico Suave with all those "marshmallow bits," not to mention breath that could chip the non-skid off a flight deck. Needless to say, we went down in flames. Valiantly and fighting, but still another stencil on Florence's cockpit. Splash one, Splash two. Remember going through all that dental work? The only folks with more excavation business than the oral surgeons were the "Diggers and Fillers," but barely. To this day, when I look at cottonballs I flashback to feeling like a human Pez dispenser. There were only two good things about the whole ordeal. First, it was over with quickly, the Navy way, all at once (One showing, two or three, even none? Grab the dynamite and air jacks, we're going after them!). And secondly, I liked the milk shake they gave you instead of dinner. That was a rarity, as I can't recall any times we had them for meals. Still, I think I would've preferred to just have gone to the Burger King instead. I hope my son's "wiggly-tooth" falls out soon 'cuz after this little trip down memory lane Elizabeth's going to have to play Dr. Painless. Uh, Uh I'm not pulling it out. Hey Michael, how about an apple? . . .

As for Herb, he stopped by our Sikorsky booth during the Navy League Show formal reception. We barely got to talk. All Herb said was that he's NEVER been mentioned in *Shipmate*. Looking back on my files, I know he's talking like a contractor. But just in case—These two lines should rectify the situation.

Looking back on April's column I seemed to have had a case of fumble type didn't I? How embarrassing. I haven't seen last month's edition yet (it's really still April). However, looking back at my file I noted that I misspelled **Ron McNeal**'s name. It may have appeared as McNeil. Hopefully, the editors got my corrected copy in time. If not, this is an apology and correction. If they did, Never mind.

Well, let's take a look at the news I wasn't able to get to last month.

I got an update from **Steve Koronka**. He's still with Apple, but now in Santa Clara, and is busy putting together their worldwide subcontracting team. This past January he took his reserve outfit, NR ABFC D4C Tank Farm S-120 from Alameda to Operation Deep Freeze '92 at McMurdo Station, Antarctica. (Hey, even Steve doesn't know what that acronym stands for and HE's the OinC.) They spent their 3 weeks on active duty in various fuel operations and maintenance projects working with the Naval Support Force Antarctica (NSFA) which in turn supported the National Science Foundation. Steve's SIT-REP on the southern ice cube went like this:

[It was] awesome in its desolation. Though we have set up houses at several bases on ice, there is no doubt that we are outsiders there. Mother Nature frequently lets us know that she is in charge as the weather can and did change from sunshine to near white-out in a few hours. It was a strange feeling to walk around with sunshine at 2:00 am as though it were 2:00 pm.

I guess the best thing that can be said about Antarctica is that the beer is *always* cold. Then again that can be a downer. "Give me a Bud-cicle and a Light Bar for my friend." Steve added one more note—"Hey **Fuzz Foley** call your brother!" I hope by now your micro-chips have thawed Steve, thanks for the note. (And we still have to talk about a computer deal. One with spelling and grammar check of course. You know, Mac-eggheadware.)

A couple of inputs came from **Kevin Liddy**. As he was walking toward his office building one March day, he heard someone say "Naval Academy! Class of '78!" Much to his surprise it was **Earl Moseley**. Earl is out of the Marine Corps and at the time was looking for a sales position. He and his wife and 4 kids



were living in Queens. He must have noticed Kevin by the Navy Bridgecoat he was wearing. (At least there's one of us who still fits in his.) Kevin also added that **John Kutler** and his wife had a son, Brendan, around the end of February. **Don Ksiazek** was XO of ANTRIM, out of Mayport, Fla. By now, Don should've had orders in hand and been bound for other regions.

In looking back at the disc files I noted that I made a *serious* error of omission! I failed to mention that our Rocket Man, **Ken Bowersox** was to have blasted off as co-pilot on his first shuttle mission last month. It was to have lasted two weeks, the longest of the missions so far. As I look into my crystal ball, I trust all went well and I can give you a first hand account of the landing at Edwards in next month's column. Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa, Sox. Please don't take away my Commander Cody secret decoder ring!

Got a late news flash—the Commander's selection list is hot off the presses!!! It reads like a '78 Class roster. Whew, this Class just got more stripes than a San Quentin fashion show! I'll give you a count next month. I've got a copy of the message and I'm still going through a beer tally. We're talking serious coin here.

Well, that about wraps it up for this month. By now, I'm settled back home. School's out for Summer and I've got a VERY short leash attached to my collar. After 20 weeks away from home, Elizabeth and Michael aren't letting me get too far out of their sight. (You know how that "Post Cruise Syndrome" is.) That's okay, I don't exactly want to get too far either. But there's one thing that's puzzling me. You see, it's been a while since I've "cruised," so can anybody help me recall when Penance is finished? I mean, I've still got a ZILLION "honey-do's" to go . . . Oh, well I guess it does take quite a while for the devil's back-sides to turn blue from chill . . . THAT long, huh? Oh, look I gotta go . . . the bat phone went off and I'm launchin' on a serious over water mission . . . (Michael's bath time). See ya next, month. Echo Gulf One Zero, feet wet.

# 79

Membership: 93%

Pres., **Mike Finley**

Corr. Sec'y, **Ken Russell**

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The first day of Summer vacation, I went to the drug store, and hung around. The second day of Summer vacation, I went to the drug store, and hung around. The third day of Summer vacation . . . If you got this far and figured it out, yours truly got zero, and I mean zero mail. I suspect it's a coup and that several folks are getting together saying, "That's it. This guy is just too darned goofy for us." Okay, from now on, I'm gonna be more serious, honest. And the Listerine is outta here. I'm switching to Lavoris. If it's the comedy intro, I'll go exclusively with true fact clips from the *Weekly World News*. Like last week's headline, "Satan Escapes from Hell." (Yeah, like he's supposed to escape from where else? Denny's?, Wal-Mart?). Anyway, you're kinda stuck with a real short one for June AND you know that means six hours watching slides of Bryan playing in the dirt at the Grand Canyon. One big pl--- though; I'm writing this on a pal's laptop in the back of an H-60. I snaked way too much flight time at Fallon, so for punishment, I have to be a sandbag on the way back to Pt. Mugu. And remember kids, this is for trained professionals. Please don't try this at home.

On with the show. **Ken Painter** gave me a call from San Jose. KP is now the rep for 30th. He's also moving up to a new place, Incline Village, near Lake Tahoe because, thanks to the electron, he can do all his business from home. Do I hate him? Yeah, I think

so. Ken is a Financial Advisor for A. G. Edwards. Laura will have two strong dudes, Benjamin(8) and Robert(7) to help shovel the Winter snows off the driveway. You can write to K P at P.O. Box 3694, Incline Village, Nevada 8945 or better yet, phone at 800-678-8038 (**Scott Bruce**, that would be toll-free). Ken, thanks for the call and remember, take lessons. Don't go to the top of ski lift without 'em.

While at Fallon, I got to see **Jim Gigliotti** and **A----- Womble**, but only had time to say hello in the hallway, so I couldn't update anything. **Ed Francis**, who also flies with HCS-5, came up to Fallon. He and ----- flew together a few times and in fact, Ed is at the controls of the aircraft we speak. Sure, I'm terrified, but it's all part of the punishment package. For a day job, Ed still sells switches and circuit breakers for TI. He and Julie are keeping their hands full with their one year old, Andrew. Ed saw **Barry Brocato** in the hallway at Strike U. Ed told me Barry's flying F-18's.

Oh yeah, it's that short. But even with the lack of mail, it's that "give" in me that makes sure there's something here, no matter how pathetic. Plus the fact that the guy before me in that "Brand X" Class, would give me too much grief. So kids, let this be a lesson. Also, one more dry month like this and I'll have to fill up the whole thing with a blow by blow description of how I tiled two bathrooms last Winter. And saying *Beetlejuice* three times won't ----- any good. For now, I'm just hoping the aircraft commander doesn't remove the safety wire from Ed's thumbs. **Ken**, '79, *Omnes Viri*.

# 80

Membership: 94%

Pres., **LCdr. William W. Crow USN**

Sec'y, **LCdr. Joseph A. Grace, Jr. USNR**

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Finally we seem to be coming out from under the spell of that powerful groundhog, who for some stupid reason always seems to come out when the sun is shining, and sends us more Winter! I move for a full groundhog season! This weekend has been the first clear, warm, sunny day of 1992—come on Summer!

Some Classmates must read the fine print of the column. I received a letter from a long lost soul of the 33rd Herd, **Alan Lewis**, who started his letter . . . "I started feeling guilty when I saw that you had only received one letter last month, and I haven't written in 10 years . . ." It was a great letter, full of info, and one that I think might bear printing in full:

Dear Joe,

Don't fall out of your chair, but here is my second letter in almost twelve years since graduation. After reading in the March issue that you had only received one letter all month, I felt obligated to write and let everyone know I'm still alive.

I PCS'd from SRF Subic to the Defense Communications Engineering Center in Reston (Part of the Defense Information Service Agency) in November of last year. Our three year tour in the Philippines was quite exciting and culminated in the devastating Mt. Pinatubo eruption and termination of the RP/US base agreement.

The simultaneous eruption of Pinatubo and passage of Typhoon Yunya occurred on 15 June 1991. Several days prior to the major eruption, Clark Air Base had been evacuated to Subic, and we put up two displaced families in our home. Our quarters were about 900 square feet and we housed a total of 13 people, three cats and a dog. We lost power on Wednesday, 12 June after an initial eruption and small ashfall, and late on Friday additional ashfalls occurred with the big bang following on Saturday morning. By noon on Saturday, it was pitch black outside with a steady downpour of ash, rocks, and rain. Even the local AFRTS radio station went off the air and we all sat in our living room by lantern light prepared to wait out the eruption. The earth-

quakes started in the evening, one every couple of minutes, and they would shake the house for a few seconds. These quakes were the result of the subterranean lava tunnels opening and ultimately collapsing. Late in the evening the jungle started to collapse beneath accumulating weight of the wet ash. Every 3 to 5 seconds the trunk of a palm tree would literally explode with a sound similar to a rifle report, and it sounded like there was a firefight in progress. Lightening would flash and due to refraction by the ash, it illuminated the sky in a rich blood red. This continued until early morning, and when dawn finally broke, we were able to witness the incredible magnitude of devastation. The landscape was completely gray. It had the appearance of a 1 foot accumulation of gray snow, except it had the consistency of wet cement and would never melt. The jungle was virtually wiped out and only a few bare tree trunks remained standing.

Due to a lack of drinking water, power and a working hospital, all Clark Air Base evacuees, non-essential military, and Navy dependents were evacuated over the next six days. This was a massive undertaking and although there were the expected glitches, the evacuation was well done. Unfortunately, one glitch resulted in my wife and three year old son spending the night on a piece of cardboard in an open field in Cebu, en-route to the states (along with a couple thousand other folks).

My family travelled to "Safe Haven" in Monterey, Calif. and I remained behind to assist in reclamation of the Ship Repair Facility, rejoining them about five months later. I must say that I will always remember the extremely positive attitude, fighting spirit, and dedicated efforts of the men, and women who salvaged Subic and Cubi. It was a seemingly impossible task that was accomplished through sheer determination and ultimately, individuals with shovels. In the housing areas, we had no electricity for three weeks, and no running water for over a week, and then only for drinking for another couple of weeks. Needless to say, we were all quite ripe. It was truly a frontier spirit, and I must admit that I miss the comradeship we shared in the face of such adversity (but that's about all I miss).

It is with mixed feelings that I await the end of our presence in Subic. On the one hand, I feel great remorse and sympathy for the thousands who will lose their livelihoods, and yet I have no love for the Filipino politicians who blocked the new base agreement, and who will be at a minimum unaffected, or more probably, stand to gain personal wealth in the base closing and rape of the natural resources previously protected. The graft and corruption within the R.P. government is truly astounding, and pervades every level.

Well, as usual, I've gotten very long winded with respect to the P.I. After a tough three years in the P.I. everything is going extremely well. We have purchased a house here in Reston, and my wife, Cheryl is once again a working programmer/analyst and my son, Robert is a happy boy who has a place to call home, and can't wait for his fourth birthday.

I hope everything is well with you, and I look forward to hearing from other Classmates, especially the 33rd Herd, now that they know, yes, indeed, I am still alive and kicking.

Take care Joe, I hope to see you soon.

Sincerely, Alan Lewis

What a fantastic letter! It is nice to hear full reports about all of the events that bring us to the ends of the earth, battle, funny tours, and more. Thanks Alan, for a great letter and update.

My next note is one of correction. **Win Knowles** correctly caught my typo (those faxes, turn your work all around) from the last column. HE (Win) was the one with the two year old with red hair. I don't think that any of us could forget the color of Win's hair, and now the Class of 2012 will have a beacon to follow. **Rick Wendland** and his wife have a corvette, not a kid. During the terrible two's it might pay for you to trade for the Corvette, Win! Sorry for the confusion.

**Dan Hinz** faxed in an update on himself and several Classmates. Dan completed a tour at OP-02 in the Pentagon in December of 1987, and left the Navy for civilian life. He worked for Air Products and Chemicals in positions of increasing responsibility at