



John Brownell, Jim Thompson, Ken Beeks, Dan Hartwell, Jeff Connelly and Keith Laser (l-r, front-back)

Congratulations and good luck, Teri and Jeff. **Blair Vorgang** was the most recent Classmate to check into the net this month:

I don't know if it's middle-age settlin' in or a twinge of nostalgia, but I did my part to boost our Class percentage and rejoin the Alumni Association. I suppose that I'm to pass along a quick update so here goes:

After graduating from the Naval Postgraduate School in 1981, I found myself responsible for the Marine Corps' amphibious C<sup>4</sup> I programs at Headquarters for four years. Part of the assignment included being the Marine Corps' combat systems engineer for WASP (LHD-1) Class ships. It was rather challenging as we attempted the first-time installation of Marine Corps C<sup>3</sup> systems/engineering aboard a Navy ship.

I left the Corps in 1985 and started to work for Sperry Corporation . . . which became part of UNISYS Defense Systems . . . which ultimately became Paramex Systems Corporation. My wife Linda is the Executive Assistant to the engineering director for our division. I am currently the Program Manager for the Special Operations Forces Planning and Rehearsal System. Our son Michael started high school (boy does that make you feel old!?) and our daughter Erin is in second grade.

Thanks again, Blair, watch out for that nepotism! In closing I would like to thank Robin and **Bryan Webster** pictured here during their open house at their new home in Tierrasanta, Calif.



Robin and Bryan Webster

Everyone has been very gracious with their time and correspondence this month. Best wishes for all the "new" '76 XO's and CO's throughout the fleet. Keep a steady strain and please stay in touch. *Semper Fi, Dennis.*

**Don't Miss an Issue  
of Shipmate!**  
**Keep the Alumni Association  
Current on Address Changes  
(410) 263-4448**

# 77

**Membership: 83%**

Pres., Maj. **Keith Tibbitts** USMC  
Sec'y, Cdr. **Bill Millward** USN  
5013 Stone Haven Dr.  
Annandale, Va. 22003

Here we are racing toward Christmas with blind abandon. Why does it seem to come earlier each year? Reminds me a little of Einstein's time dilation—theory of relativity—where one twin zooms off in a rocket ship at the speed of light and later returns only to find the twin who remained on earth older. There must be some connection. Here we are, zooming around at a bazillion miles an hour and not realizing how time has gotten the better of us. We look at those we knew long ago—kind of like reunion—and say to ourselves, "Boy, has that guy changed!" Of course, we still look young to ourselves!

Don't forget about the Alumni Association's fund raiser by providing seats at Alumni Hall. Please call 410-268-2558 or write the Naval Academy Alumni Association, 247 King George Street, Annapolis, Md. 21402-1306 if you are interested.

More from the Alumni data base . . . **Dave Pad-dock** checks in from Fort Worth, Texas, where he is the Assistant Director of Management Information Systems, USPA & IRA:

The family and I moved back from Heidelberg, Germany, after living overseas for four years and working for USPA & IRA. Now we're in Fort Worth where I'm responsible for software development, testing, implementation and local area network installation for its 160 field offices. Like the military, we will be here three to four years and then head back to the field-location to be determined. My wife, Susan, has adapted to stateside living again and is presently working in the Fort Worth Independent School District library system. Cassie, our daughter, is well on her way to those teen years—although she is still only in fifth grade! Safety patrol, class plays and good grades keep her busy! Our son, Christopher, is active in third grade with terrific grades, basketball, soccer, and baseball. All in all, we are doing great and looking forward to Homecoming this year.

**Tim Lorentz** (17th) dropped in from his XO ride in Precommissioning Unit BOISE (SSN-764). Although he has rolled from that job by his publishing, he reported that all was fine on his home front. Susan, his wife, was working as an aide in the local Newport News school system; daughter, Katie, was headed for eighth grade and son, Patrick, to fourth. Katie stays active playing the cello and Patrick is involved with baseball and Webelos Cub Scouts. Hopefully, Tim has landed his job of choice!

**Tom Lindner**, another 17th Companymate, checked in from his Mayport DesRon 24 Chief Staff Officer job. To get a true feeling of his "misery," I quote:

I am suffering here in Mayport. When not at sea, which is often, I can be found out on one of the many golf courses in the JAX area, keeping my handicap in simple digits. **Greg Gulletts**, currently XO at HSL-40, is a fellow member of the local Mayport Golf Mafia, and I see him on the links occasionally (we "ropeyarn" twice a week here—unless we get a morning tee time instead . . .). Although I suspect my golf game will suffer, I am looking forward to a Summer in the Med this year. We are the SARATOGA CVBG TacDesRon, embarked in COMTE DE GRASSE. On the home front, my wife, Becky, stays too busy with our daughters, Erin and Meghan, and with volunteer work as a teacher's aide and Ombudsman Representative to the Jacksonville Naval Officers' Wives' Club. We live in base housing—right next to the beach, which is convenient for Becky since the DesRon staff is gone so much. We still own the house in Virginia Beach, so we hope to get back there someday—but I have to admit, Florida is a nice change of pace.

Tom is with the battle group off the coast of Yugoslavia!

Others have listed their whereabouts as **Dave Bullard**, NAS Miramar in San Diego; **Steve Bridges** with wife Barbara, and son, Darren—NavSta Rota, Spain; **Thomas Thomas** with wife Rhonda, son, James Taylor, and daughter, Nancy Elizabeth—Command and Staff College, Quantico, Va.; **Doug Wilson** and wife Dee—Naval Undersea Warfare Center Det. New London, Conn.; **Guy Cofield** and wife Connie, and three children—ComOPTEVFor, Norfolk; **Doug Briganti** and wife Joni—FBI in Philadelphia, Pa.; **Dale Govan**, wife April and three children, Chip, Dale and Cassie—U.S. Strategic Command J-5, Omaha, Neb.; **Duane Baker** and wife Margaret, and son, Duane III—living in Fairfax, Va., but currently in pipeline for submarine command; **John Madaio** and wife Eileen—President of Chesapeake Consulting in Baltimore; and **John Thorp** and wife Joan, and daughters, Barbara Louise, Erin Stephanie and Eva Marie—General Supervisor, Nuclear Operations Support at Calvert Cliffs, BG&E, Port Republic, Md.

One last note. I ran into **Dirk Gallagher** and his wife Maggie at an OSD promotion ceremony. Dirk is working in the DIA, JCS J-2 and Maggie is working at Hughes Simulators. They have a son, Sean (6 months), and reside in McLean, Va.

All for now. Stay tuned for the next couple of issues . . . Happy trails, **Bill**.

# 78

**Membership: 86%**

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

The mail bag is about as slow as the Navy offense was on opening day. (Yikes, 53 to Zip!! Couldn't Coach Welch '56 have felt a little more mercy for his old Alma Mater? I guess those Virginia boys were just reliving the Battle of Bull Run!) Hopefully, by the time this gets published, both our offense and the mail train will be rolling along.

By now, this year's class at Marine Corps Command and Staff College at Quantico should be well into the books. Study habits should be much improved as with the weather's change, only but a few die-hard golfers will likely be found on the links. This year's class again boasts a few more of '78's finest. In fact, I had the pleasure of running into most of them while I manned a Sikorsky exhibit at the Modern Day Marine Corps Exposition this August in Washington, D.C. It was a school field trip for the gang—under the guise of mixing with contractors and learning about recent developments in military equipment. In reality, it was an opportunity to grab all the latest in beer can coolers and assorted pins pens, posters, pictures and propaganda. Another excuse for a day off from school and trinket hunting! Among the scavengers were **Mike Dyer**, **Dan Peters**, **Paul Pietsch** and **Terry O'Brien**. If you recollect service selection night, you'll recall that Paul and Terry were about as far from the Marine Corps table as I get to the rim in a slam dunk contest. Well, their presence is all part of a cultural exchange program in which the Marine Corps permits the Navy types to participate in a REAL MILITARY school. O'B.'s proof that they'll even let in Black Shoes. Aside from these Fab Four, **Dan Peters**, **Tom Sudbeck** and, I think, **Bob Tomon** are also in attendance. Tom is a second year man. No, he's not part of the retread crew. He's in Command and Staff phase two—or, "How to boondoggle another year away from the FMF." From what everyone tells me, the curriculum pendulum has once again swung in the other direction. Gone are the days of history texts and tactics theses, mixed in with heavy doses of early



morning (O-dark thirty) organized PT. Today, those classes are mixed with lessons on gentlemanly ways—I mean, classes on etiquette and mastering the art of the formal place setting. Just remember, beer is poured into a GLASS. (And no eating the glass either!) One of the perks of C&S is that there are occasions in which the students can actually exercise their cultural skills. In fact, some even get the chance to impress their wives with their new found talents, to which Paula Dyer will attest. Paula and Mike joined us and several hundred of our closest friends at the black tie banquet at the Marine Corps Exposition. Paula can verify that Mike didn't have any extra cutlery at the end of the dinner. (I think he just hid the ones that confused him under the table.) Even I can attest to the fact that he didn't even toss a single dinner roll. (Of course, the fact that one of his instructors was a guest at my table may have had something to do with it.)

Another face out of the past was also in attendance at the Exposition—**Case Runolfson**. Case's wife, Beverly, was actually manning a booth. She's a captain on active duty at Quantico. Case had "Reid duty." (Reid's their active three year-old. Hopefully, I've spelled his name correctly. But if I haven't, I'm sure it'll elicit a letter of clarification from the Runolfson household.) Case is no longer on active duty. Like a lot of us, though, he's still looking forward to a government retirement check that'll at least cover a beer tab, so he's kept his Marine Corps Reserve affiliation. In fact, he and **Lee Yarberry** were among those selected for major on this last reserve selection board. (Congrats!) If I recall correctly, Case is working on a Master's program while working days for the Justice Department in New York. Unfortunately, I am experiencing a case of brain dump and have forgotten the particulars of what the Master's program is all about and what exactly he does for truth, justice and the American way. I do recall he had thought of going to law school, but the thought of someday having to explain what he did for a living to Reid made him think not.

An invitation announced **Chip Ridenhour's** relief last month as Commanding Officer, NavResCen, Roosevelt Roads, Puerto Rico. How about an update, Chip?

I got a letter from **Rick Schiefen**, all the way from Ridgecrest, Calif. Rick was another of the Reserve Commander selectees who I left out of the July/August SHIPMATE! This was the *first* time he had written to *Shipmate*. (Ahh, the contrivances one makes to get you guys to write! Just remember this excuse if ever I again miss a deadline). Much has happened to Rick since he got his M.E. from Mother B and bid adieu to his company mates from the 19th. His eight and a half years of active duty was with nuke subs. First, six patrols with the boomer **WILL ROGERS** (Gold) out of Holy Loch, followed by SOAC (dept. head school) and a shortened shore tour at Submarine Training Facility in San Diego. (Then, aren't *all* shore tours always that way?) But let me have Rick tell his story:

My second sea tour was as a department head, Nav/Ops on a fast attack sub, PERMIT out of San Diego. Following that, I got out and went to work in mid-1987 as a civilian for the Navy(!), China Lake Naval Weapons Center, as a system test engineer for an air-to-air missile program (Sidewinder AIM-9R). I learned quickly what is required of development work on a weapons system! In 1988 I married Julie Davis from Bakersfield, Calif., and have one daughter, Elizabeth, born in 1989. Last year I got an opportunity to go back to USNA when I had to go back east to perform some missile testing at PAX River, Md. Lots of changes at USNA have occurred, especially if you haven't been back in awhile. Since leaving active duty, I have been affiliated and very active with the Naval Reserve in San Diego (submarine force, not the airdale community!), commuting about four hours each way every month. It gets the family out of the desert at China

Lake periodically! Currently, I am XO of a submarine tender reserve unit drilling at Sub Base, San Diego. As a result, I have two demanding Navy jobs instead of one (they contrast quite well)—For how long is anybody's guess, but currently things are going quite well. Recently, I saw **Joe Leidig** . . . now XO on POGY out of San Diego. He is hoping for a shot at CO, but obviously concerned with the sub force downsizing these days. **John Rogitz** has been with the submarine reserve and is a patent attorney in San Diego. . . .

Rick closed with reminding me that we were in the same "Segundo" Summer training group. More amazingly, he had the dubious distinction of being **Bob Schemermund's** roommate in 4th Wing during the classroom session. It's very likely that Scherm is still wearing the SAME pair of Navy athletic shorts he wore back then, Rick. Anyway, thanks for the letter and don't wait another 14 years to write (if not, I won't let that crack about airdales pass! You may just get those old shorts of Scherm's in the mail. Whew!—That is, if we can ever get them away from him!)

I got a letter from Millie Gregorich '83. She reported the death of one of Navy's most active midshipmen sponsors, Mrs. Barbara Schlech, on 23 August. Since 1972, Barbara (who had been affectionately known as "Den Mom") and her late husband, RAdm. Walter Schlech '36 had sponsored hundreds of midshipmen and provided them a relaxing haven in their Annapolis home. For many it was a restful port, seemingly far from the often hectic pace and pressure of Bancroft Hall. As one who had been taken under their wing, Millie is coordinating an effort to erect a fitting memorial to both RAdm. and Mrs. Schlech on the Academy grounds. Some of you may have had the good fortune to have to have been touched by her warmth, generosity and genuine affection. Those who have not may have been blessed with someone just like her. In either situation, Millie asks that, if you wish, you can make donations in their memory to the USNA Alumni Association.



Well, that about wraps it up for this month. Another page torn off the calendar, a little closer to the beginning of the magazine we get. With that, I'm late for a little Happy Hour and salute to the Few and the Proud as we mark the 217th Birthday of the World's Finest Fighting Force, the Marines. So here's a Happy OOORAH to you. I'm off to clear my throat with a frothy, yelling OOORAH hurts me. In closing, I'll leave you with the image of two Dapper Dans (**Kevin Lynch** and **Toby Buttle**) sporting the latest in

Bermuda formal attire. (Brings back memories of that Summer Service Bermuda uniform, doesn't it?) The picture was taken at a Sensomatic Electronics awards trip to Bermuda for the 100% Club. The "Club" is recognition for all those who made their yearly quota. The shorts were *de rigueur* for the President's Banquet. I don't know, Grinch, with those knees I might have worn a longer pair of Bermudas. Of course, for me that would make them—trousers!!

With that, I'm launchin' with a signal, Buster, *Bar Spot 3. . . Semper Fi, Semper Gumby!*  
(Always Faithful, Always Flexible!)

# 79

Membership: 93%

Pres., **Mike Finley**

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

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After a few months without a comedy intro (oh, yeah, Ken, and we've really missed 'em, too), I figure this month ought to have a good one. But, besides the political stuff and my usual Weekly World News source (and because I have NO original thought whatsoever), I'm fresh out. I can't do a political deal because it might get edited out by the Home Office unless, of course, I don't inhale, break any federal laws or spell a word like, oh I don't know . . . potatoE incorrectly. Speaking of politics, I hope all your favorite candidates (kinda mutually exclusive nowadays) were elected. I'm sure all of mine have been (No, I didn't roll my eyes after typing that, Why?). Okay, the comedy intro is over, and it was almost as pleasant as an eight-hour flight physical or a forty-minute swim. See what happens when only one guy runs for Class secretary and wins by default? The whole Class feels the five years go by in a geological kind of way. The Home Office is aware of this torture, and it's why they put our names in bold print. By now several are saying, "Kenny, would you please shut up and get on with it?" Yep, here goes:

I forgot to mention **Ray Griffith** last month and because of my new short attention span, I can't remember a whole lot. (Yeah, it's even shorter now than it was after cramming for the celestial nav final. By the way, my last fix covered about the entire Northern Atlantic; four points, well over a thousand miles from each other. Well, at least they were all located over water.) Ray, I need an update. Perhaps Mrs. Griffith could help if at this time, Ray is on a big gray thing with a pointy end, which I think he is. I do remember that Ray is flying S-3s out of North Island. Good thing nobody pays me for this stellar performance.

**Dave Olson** called and gave me some great info. Dave is a principal in a business that sells rubber inflatable stuff. These products are mostly CO<sub>2</sub> lifesaving devices for aircraft and boats. Plus Dave called to plug a new product. It's an orally inflatable seat called a stadium saddle. I was promised a whole pallet of 'em if I could shmooze enough Classmates to buy a few but I told Dave that this is a family-oriented column and not to be used for peddling wares. Besides, we all know that I'm no salesman, can't play poker and always end up telling the emperor to put some clothes on. Dave agreed and decided that his info would be a better thing for me to pitch. So here goes: Dave and wife Teresa (Teresa of course being a former Clovis High Cougar; C-C-L-O, Oaky! Teresa, Vicky was a varsity cheerleader AND also a Cougar AND Vicky is beating the snout out of me right now for embarrassing her.) have three young'ns Andrew (5), Brynn Ann (4), and Collin (2) plus another one being born about the same time you're reading this. Congrats! Dave also sent news of **Jeff Klingensmith** who is an exec for ALPO. (A little dog trivia for you,