

Rob Hansen wrote from London that there has been a postal service conspiracy against him because he has yet to have anything published in the column (although he claims to have written at least a dozen times; not a direct quote, but approximate)! Okay, Rob, you get your wish. Your entire letter is about to unfold in front of your eyes—it is rather humorous:

So I'm going through the October *Shipmate*, reading the '77 column, of course, and I'm thinking to myself: "How come I've never gotten that USNA rugby shirt from the '77 reunion committee that I ordered and sent a check for (which cleared!) in June?" Naturally, I have no idea what the address was other than Class of '77 Reunion Committee, Annapolis, Md. something-zero-zero-something-something . . .

Not only that, but I even wrote to Julius Caesar over two years ago with a lengthy letter for the '77 column which never got published!!!!

Anyway, here's the relevant stuff. Name: Rob Hansen: job: London—staff of CinCUSNavEur, nuclear plan and policy—a job I'm neither educated for, experienced in, cleared for, qualified for or even wanted. There I was, a maintenance officer in VF-21 on INDY in September '90, minding my own business in the North Arabian Sea. Sweating profusely, but getting plenty of flight time and midnight pizzas plus the occasional beer every 45 days, and I get these orders to detach for London in two weeks. Now I'm really worried—a West-Coast Miramar fighter mutant going to an East Coast (sort of) fleet CinC staff. Yup, I'm going to be REAL useful . . . NOT!

Then a month after I get here, the Gulf War begins, which really bugs me (since I personally started the whole thing in August '90 when I was in INDY and said something like, "Gee, it's so hot up here in the Gulf, the next thing you know something stupid is going to happen, like a Mid-East nation invading a weaker Mid-East nation." I think I said this on the first of August or so).

So off to the land of the stiff upper lips, real potent beer (which I've forced myself to become a connoisseur of!), people who don't smile, purple haired goons with safety pins in their noses who wear combat boots (that's just the women), lousy weather, terrible exchange rates, and questionable local personal hygiene, to work for a CinC that's a couple of thousand miles away—a fleet that's rented from CinCLantFlt, and a shore infrastructure that's owned by everyone else except NavEur. To top it all off, they call off the Cold War! Can I go home yet?

At least I've been able to spend time with the family—wife Peggy (15 years married) daughters Erica (11) and Kelsey (4.5), do some traveling, and work on my Master's in international relations at some USAF bases nearby.

I've seen **Mike Keeny** (STRATCom staff) pass through, and **John Achenbach** (Reserve out of Pittsburgh) on AcDuTra on the staff. Also, **Greg Byrd** (CinCLant staff), looking as "in shape" as ever—I hate you! All Classmates are invited to stop by London for a severe, meaningful pub crawl. Address: Cdr. Rob Hansen. CINCUSNAVEUR (N5). PSC 802 Box 9. FPO AE 09499-0154. AV 235-4312/4379. Just be sure to bring that USNA rugby shirt when you come!

Ellen and **Bill Stiles** sent a Christmas letter mentioning that Bill was relieved as XO in BLUEFISH last year and then moved to the Mount Vernon area of the D.C. suburbs. Bill is enrolled in a JPME phase one curriculum but finds plenty of time to do all the dad stuff like Scouting! They have two children, Betsy (4th grade) and Chris (1st grade).

Congratulations to Diane and **Kevin Kinports** who added daughter Lindsey Elizabeth to their family on 14 December. I must also mention that we too added a little girl, Julia Irina, to our home. Julia was born in Kirov, Russia, on 12 May 1992 and following adoption, I brought her home on 19 November. It was a great November!

All this good news, though, is dampened by the loss of our Classmate, **Dennis Franich** (34th Co). What information I do have is that he was killed in an airplane crash near Sacramento, Calif., on 29

November. I didn't hear if it was military-related. If you have more information, please give me a call.

All for now . . . Happy trails, **Bill**.

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Membership: 84%

Pres., **Steve Maloney**
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Just when you finally get the habit down of writing a 2 after 199—, a new year comes along and upsets the routine! It's not that I mind messing up the date on letters, because I don't write that many, giving preference to Ma "Mini-Bell." What I do mind are all these checks I've had to void out. You guys having the same problem? Thank goodness for free checking. It pays only the first few weeks of a new year.

This particular year marks the 15th since our "ousting" from Mother B. That means another page closer to the front of this magazine, more stripes on the sleeve, "strips" (aka tires) around the waist and a little less curl off the top. It also means a 15th reunion which is a good excuse for getting together and abusing the few remaining brain cells that rattle around the ol' upper housing group. I realize that this is a very early notice. I mean, most of us are just getting over the disappointing loss to that trade school on the Hudson. (Geez, did we even have to gift wrap the game for them?! Of course, those of us who braved the game are also barely thawed out.) Anyway, it is early, but as history will show, and my record with these column submissions will attest, deadlines come sooner than you realize. So I'm giving all of you a lot of advance warning. The 15th Year reunion will be held on Homecoming Weekend (25 September 93) at the Holiday Inn in Annapolis. You know, the one by that five-star rededovous palace—the Thrift Inn. For starters, 150 rooms have been reserved for the nights of the 24th and 25th. There will be the usual tailgater bash and post-game evening affair in the grand ballroom of the Holiday Inn. For now, we're contemplating a more casual evening affair than what we did for the 10th (Coat and tie optional. Or, in John Rudder's case, Navy boxers mandatory but trousers optional.) We're saving the big shindig for the 20th. Still, that won't make the evening any less fun!! So mark your calendars, get your sitters lined up and think about it: one of those rooms could be yours! While you're thinking about it, give some thought to helping out. Anyone (preferably in the Annapolis or D.C. area) who wants to volunteer and help with the organization, planning and, more importantly, the execution, let **Jock Maloney** know ASAP. We will be polling you this month to get a rough body count of attendees and giving you a general agenda for the weekend. You can expect an RSVP type card or letter included in this month's (January) Alumni mailing with some further information.

There are also a few other reunion year activities that are inevitable, much the same as death, taxes, and it NEVER rains when you're required to carry rain gear. One is harrassing you to update the Class Directory. Yes, that's the little blue book that all, most, OK, some of you have. Yes, the one with all the out-of-date addresses and jobs titles (not to mention blank spaces). What with the success of the Alumni Association data base and "Over the Wall" computer net and your ability to get an updated list from our Class historian, **Tim Dowding**, we've decided not to issue an update of the Directory this year. Instead we're opting to punch out a super duper snazzy one as part of a reunion *Lucky Bag* type of publication for our 20th. Of course that doesn't mean we don't want to know where you are. No way, José!

So get those cards and letters coming in to Tim or me, or just call or write the Alumni Association and provide an update of your whereabouts. Remember all those "lost" Classmates that the editor ran at the end of one of my recent columns? Well, those are the ones whose addresses are not on file. If you were among the Lost Boys you may think you know where you are (or not), and some of your friends may know—but that big data base in the sky may as well list you as MIA. So update your address.

The other certainty at reunion time is the Class election. Yup, it's that time again when you can all say "Kick the bums out!," particularly if you live in the Peoples Republic of Massachusetts or the Nirvana Nation of California. But we're talking Class Officer elections here. Those other ones are over and Schmerm's job searching. What I'm saying is that if anyone desires to run for one of the Class Offices (President, VP, Secretary, Treasurer, and five Executive Board Members) just get 25 suckers, I mean Classmates, to agree to support your candidacy. (That agreement is in the form of a petition or list signed by 25 Classmates—or you could sign for them, after they've taken your five bucks and said OK.) Send this list to me along with two box tops from Fruit Loops. Those qualifying will be placed on the ballot that should go out around May. The ballots will then be returned to me and our trusty accounting firm of Dewey, Cheatum and Howe by 1 September to be tallied, and results are announced at the reunion. Of course, I'm kidding about the box tops, but you get the general gist of the process. A mailing should go out in April with more straight gouge. Look for it. Don't forget to exercise your right to vote, or exercise your quads, your biceps and those trusty abs!

In closing, I have one quick bit of advertising for **Drew Mulhare** and **Dennis Reilly**: This year's '78 Golf Outing will again be held at Ford's Colony in Williamsburg, Va., at noon on Saturday 24 April. (Once more Drew is the host!) Those interested should contact Drew at home, 804-258-3995, or at work, 804-258-4230, or Dennis at home 703-690-8548, or at work 703-690-8252. They would like to emphasize that no prior golf experience is necessary—but if you're like me, you do need an excavation permit. Hey, like I always say, if you can't hit the ball, at least dig deep enough to make a decent sand trap! Rental clubs are available for you double- and triple-digit handicappers (like me). While there may be a few ringers with single-digit handicap, that shouldn't dissuade you from trying. At the very least you can join the family at nearby Colonial Williamsburg or Busch Gardens or the 19th Hole while waiting for the rest of the duffers to finish up and hit the post-game social. There's plenty of time to make plans, so give it a shot.

Well I've got to bolt . . . I've got boxes to unpack (we moved!), places to go and work to do. Besides, **SOMEbody's** got to change this New Year's baby . . . he's only cute until the morning after. But then, aren't we all? Gotta go. My signals Buster, Spot 4.

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Membership: 93%

Pres., **Mike Finley**
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Well I'm just about back on track and I'll be writing back to ya'll here real soon. Good news too; you info suppliers will be receiving a postcard with a beautiful picture of one darned thing I'm sure proud of; the San Andreas Fault as seen from the 14 freeway in Palmdale. You'll want to break out the triple matted frames and stick this panoramic eyeeful over