



I-Day picnic, 20 years later

faces, sorry I wasn't able to line up the names and faces. If you see a long-lost someone, consult your September *Shipmate*.

Owen Thorp has informed me that we have received pledges for about \$115 thousand toward our Class gift. While this is over our goal, it will be needed to fund some of the extra administrative costs and our Memorial Wall.

One final note concerning Class elections. I have received nominations for the Class officers and members at large. Those individuals who accepted the nominations are:

President—**Owen Thorp**
 Vice President—**Rick White**
 Treasurer—**Jeff Wendell**
 Secretary—**Bill Millward**
 Members at large:
 —**French Caldwell**
 —**Bob Nichols**
 —**Rich McGraw**
 —**Julius Caesar**

If you have not already received your ballot, please let me know. If you have, please vote and mail it in. Don't forget to include any personal information that you would like to see in the column.

Until next month. BEAT ARMY & happy trails
 ... **Bill**

78

Membership: 85%

Pres., **Steve Maloney**
 Sec'y, **Vince Balderrama**
 45 Little Fawn Dr., Shelton, Conn. 06484

Wouldn't you know it. This deadline is still just a little before our actual 15th Reunion. So you all will just have to wait until next month to hear how things went. In the meantime, I better get my backsides in gear, jot a few lines down and get this in the old FEDEX and Fax so I don't have my record blemished again. Time to get the fingers flashing across the keyboard and break out the knee pads for the editors.

I got a quick letter from my old Lightweight Crew teammate, **Chris Davidson**. Chris is another 15 year refugee who decided to come in from the cold. Chris departed the Navy in '85, after two tours in Admiral Rickover's Yacht Club. He traded in the well glowing dosimeter for an even more glowing indicator with a nuclear utility company in St. Louis, Union Electric,



The Davidsons: Phil '82, Lara and Ben (l); Chris, Michael and Elizabeth (r)

to be exact. Chris is a Senior Engineer and performs risk assessments at their Callaway Plant, figuring out the probability of a meltdown and just how far and how fast he has to run to get out there! In addition to the change of career patterns, he also changed life styles. In '87 he traded in the unbridled freedom of bachelor hood for the shackles of married life. But the latter does seem to suit him, as he and Anne, now have two kids, Elizabeth (3) and Michael (by now a little over a year old). His home is happy and a safe haven for any cross-country bound Classmates who may need a warm bed and cold beer—or both. They're in the book, so look them up if you have the chance. Chris included a picture of him and his brother, Phil '82 and the Davidson, progeny—still looking good after all these years. (His brother is a Class of '82 grad who just couldn't get there in time to have big brother help—or harass him.) Chris also reports that Janet and **Larry Olsen** are living in Omaha, Nebr., where Larry is halfway through a tour of StratCom. Omaha has to be the farthest away from any ocean a sailor can get. To relieve separation anxiety Larry has taken to snorkeling in his bath tub. It seems any water greater than 8 inches in-depth is subject to emergency dive, I hear. Not to worry too much. Larry is slated for a command tour after this one is over, if he can just hang on. **Chuck Wendt** was reportedly due to finish up Naval Postgraduate School this past Spring. Cathy and his destination was unknown at the time of this printing. Chris speculated that Chuck could be headed for a shipyard as he is an EDO. But then that could make sense and therefore decrease its probability exponentially. Re-

member the rule—if it makes sense, it won't happen. Well, thanks for the note Chris. As I seem to say a lot these days, don't wait another 15 years to write.

I've never really gotten around to putting these Alumni Update forms in any kind of order, so I'll do the next best thing—grab a couple at random and have my literary way with them.

According to this form, Diane and **Rick Wren** are living in Plattsmouth, Nebr. Rick is getting that Join "X" out of the way by being confused with Air Force One as he trots about the airspace in a big white 747 with NEACAP (pronounced Knee Cap for all you acronym fans). For the uninformed, like me, it's really the National Emergency Airborne Command Post. Which, if I recall properly, is an aircraft which enables the Commander-In-Chief to maintain communications with who ever is still around when the big one goes up. In this case, it means Bubba can still locate the nearest McD's drive thru. By now, Rick should have left Offut AFB and is well cushioned as an O-5 and XO at VAW-115 onboard INDEPENDENCE in Japan. (See Rick, I did see your note—though belatedly.)

Holy Foreign Exchange Program, Batman!!! This form says that **Scott Burns** is living in Frankfurt, Germany. After 6 months of Navy Supply School, Scott did his first tour at Norfolk Naval Shipyard as the stock control officer. He later transferred to Fleet Intelligence Center as the Supply and Fiscal Officer. He earned a Navy Comm in the process. A medical discharge in '85 (bad kidneys) gave Proctor and Gamble an opportunity to steal a good man. Scott's been with them ever since. The first 7 years he was buying laundry raw materials. Last year, he, Kay and their sons Stephen Decatur (8) and Scott David (5) were transferred to Germany. He now has purchasing responsibility for raw materials for Always and Attends products. So if some of you ladies don't like the goodies—write Scott personally and he'll take care of that for you.

I got a gem of a form from **Jim Pointer** (That's Doctor Jim, as in Ph.D. type, Doc.) that I'll let speak for itself. . . . **Jim Pointer**, 36th Co., finally gave up his goal of being the world's oldest living grad student and finished his doctoral dissertation in psychology from the University of Alabama. Armed with that new sheepskin he's devoting his life to being a productive, tax-paying citizen, and contributing to paying off the national debt and his student loans (but not necessarily in that order). Jim has offered to shrink heads at a special rate for Classmates—triple overtime. Knowing how many of us could use his ser-

vices and from where much our phobias originate, he feels the rate is justified. (Just sneak up behind some Naval Aviator someday and ask quietly and in a Clint Eastwood manner, "What are you doing?" You'll see 'em duck for fear that a knee board will come crashing by their head. And what about you Rickover-interrogated Nuke types? Doesn't the sight of a closet just strike terror into your psyches? Yup, Jim, there's a bundle to be made here. And the neat thing is all you have to do is say, "Uh-huh, Yes, Hmmm, I see, What do you think?" And other such Shrink sayings and roll in the dough. I mean, there are no wrong answers.)

Jim reported seeing **John Marinucci** at a nuclear engineer's convention in Chicago last Winter. (Only nukes would hold a convention in Chicago in Winter.) John works for a nuclear architecture firm. He and Lori are raising their 2.0 children in the Reading, Penn.

Other 36ers in Jim's news are: **Bill Martin**—still chugging away as the MH-53J Program Manager for SRL in Pensacola, Fla. (and trying to start up a company of his own). **Reny Pili** is a bone cruncher, a la Chiropractic Doctor. **Ralph Scaffidi** works for a defense contractor in Oxnard, Calif. Jim also is looking for **Mike Ross**, so if anyone knows his whereabouts drop a line to this column or give Dr. Jim a call in Huntsville, Ala. LCdr., Dr. (real medical type) **Dick Boehme** and his wife, Nancy, are living in Orange Park, Fla. Dick is the Chief of Neurology at Jacksonville Naval Hospital.

Mike Fifer and his family (wife and three daughters) live about 30 miles south of Boston, along the coast, lobster boat and all. Equipped with an M.B.A. from Harvard, Mike works for Dynatech Corporation doing mergers and acquisitions. This gives him the opportunity to travel all over the USA and Europe to meet interesting entrepreneurs and learn all about their high tech businesses and industries. He says he enjoys it and would love to hear from anyone hanging around the Boston area.

Kerry Ann and **Chris Carlson** live in Carlsbad, Calif. Chris is an electronics account manager for Air Products and Chemicals. This followed five years of technical marketing (engineering) with the same company. Kerry and Chris have been married 11 years now and have two daughters, Elise (3) and Emily (4 months at the time he wrote the update).

Jim Oldham is at Port Hueneme, Naval Surface Warfare Center. He works in the Threat Assessment Branch doing tactical engineering in support of surface missile systems. He says the work is interesting, but in the past two years of working in the boonies, he has yet to run into a single Classmate. Among those from whom he's especially interested in hearing is his old roommate, **John Hollyer**. So if you're reading this John, drop me a line and I'll pass on the particulars of where Jim can be found. Then again, if you learned any thing from "Message to Garcia" you have more than enough info to find him yourself.

Well, that about does it for now. Too much midnight oil has been burned trying to make up for lost time. I need my beauty sleep and this needs to be on its way. Until next month, I'm launchin' Spot 4 . . . *Semper Fi* and Happy Birthday, Devil Dogs!!!

79

Membership: 93%

Pres., **Mike Finley**
Sec'y, **Ken Russell**
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(805) 943-7933

Don't you just wish we could hear more stuff about Michael Jackson? Man, it's been about three days since I've heard about him. Jeez, I wonder if he's

okay. Well, as long as Liz lends support, it sure makes me breathe a big sigh of relief, huh? Can't think of anything more newsworthy or more important to the planet than poor Mike's personal situation. It's just a darned dilemma sandwich of worry for all of us, no doubt. Sorta gives you the same sense of concern that you'd get from finding out there was yet another Elvis sighting at the Bun 'n Run next to Raley's in Fallon, Nevada. Have I beat this thing to death yet? I think so and because of this let's get on with the rest of the deal.

This month is going to win the **Shortest-Article-Even-With-Pathetic-Filler** award. Yes kids, Mr. Mailbox was that empty. **Pete Long** wrote a note on "Over The Wall." Because of the miracle of the cut and paste function in Windows, and because I don't want to condense Pete's note and on account of we need the bulk, I've put his message in here, entoto (Intoto, An toto, Toto I don't think we're in Kansas anymore, whatever). Here goes:

Hi Ken: Greetings from Annapolis. First off, the 15th is right around the corner and, as I've offered, let me know if I can be of help. Secondly, if you perchance saw the cover of the latest *Shipmate*, you may have recognized the coach on the left hand side of the Rugby team. OK, now to the meat. As far as I know, 79 doesn't sponsor anything. Most Classes have a tree, a bench or something inanimate. '77 donated a boatload of bucks to a weightroom in MacDonough Hall for non varsity Mids, staff, etc. How does sponsorship of the Navy Rugby Club sound? For starters, we are nationally ranked (#3 in the nation last season) and the future looks real bright. I'm not sure of the legalities involved with Class sponsorship, but as a club sport, we don't fall under the NAAA, so a lot of that bureaucratic BLEEP BLEEP (sorry, I had to bleep out what Pete put after "bureaucratic." I'm sure Pete meant to say something like . . . "a lot of that bureaucratic wonderful, and caring help that we all love and cherish so.") will not be a factor. With budgets being slashed, it seems like an ideal way to support one of the winningest teams in the yard. This year, we have 119 Mids playing. We field 5 full sides with a lot of extra. It seems like a good idea to bounce off the rest of the Class. All else goes well here at USNA, notwithstanding all the honor/ EE stuff you read in the *Navy Times*, and no more yelling or high stressing Plebes. I've enjoyed talking to you Ken. Let me know if my idea has merit. Take care. *Semper Fi*.
Pete Long.

I think Pete's idea has great merit and with that perhaps some of the '79 committee folks can help get the ball rolling.

Jon Brazee called the other night looking for **Ken Vanderhorst's** phone number. Well as fate would have it (plus the fact that my computer area and letter filing system are pretty pathetic) I can't find it, so Kenny, if you're listening in, how's about giving Jon a call or de-unlist your phone number. Jon lives in Escondido and is in the book. (I had the number right here a second ago, but, well . . . Kenny, Jon, blanket apologies.)

On a sad note, I'm sorry to report that **Mike Bradley** was killed in a helicopter accident near San Diego. Mike was the XO of HMA-774 in Camp Pendleton. I'm not aware of any more details other than what was reported in the press. I remember Mike as a true professional and great people. He was always smiling and helping those around him. We'll all miss him.

This month, we're lacking the FHTNR's and all their glitter and excitement, not to mention mail, so with that in mind, grab a pencil or jump on the Home Office's electronic bulletin board "Over the Wall" (1-800-982-USNA) and let us know what you've been doing. Otherwise I'll have to bore you with my

latest brilliant decision to go in with two other guys to start a helicopter transport service that was supposed to be funded by now. Yeah, I'm feeling pretty darned good about myself, especially after quitting my day job on the word of the investors. If anyone has a used butt kicking machine like those in the old cartoons that I could set up in the back yard, I'd sure appreciate you sending it my way. Are ya bored yet? Until next month, I'll be house-husbanding my way to fame and fortune. **Ken. '79 Omnes Viri.**

80

Membership: 97%

Pres., **Tim Kobosko**
Sec'y, **Joseph A. Grace, Jr.** USNR
6 Tomahawk Rd., Hampton, Va. 23669
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Homecoming has come and gone. Very hard to believe that another year has gone by. Another Summer full of skiing with jellyfish . . . air conditioners on the blink . . . kids home from school . . . and Plebes running around with their heads chopped off. Can you believe it? The Class of 1997 is now in line for the ring!

It was a very slim mailbag this month, but here goes. A note came in from our previous VP, **Steve Huber** in Newport. He is headed to San Diego, so it will probably be his last Newport review. SWOS XO's: **Dan Davenport** (9th Co.)—TICONDEROGA (CG-47); **Tim Ruck** (22nd Co.)—BARNSTABLE COUNTRY (LST-1197); **Steve Streightiff** (35th Co.)—OGDEN (LPD-5); Department Heads—**Joe Heil**—CSO in WASP (LHD-1); **Joe McGettigan**—CSO in SAIPAN (LHA-2); NWC August Inputs—**Ken Newbauer** and **Jay Bordeaux**.

Lyle and his wife Sandra are now living 30 minutes outside of Bryant, near Little Rock. He is working as an MIS officer after 7 years with the Marines, finishing out as a flight instructor for T-34's. He went on to get a computer science degree, and later worked for International Paper as a supervisor. He and Sandra have three children, Elizabeth, 9, Lyle, 7, and Matthew, 5.

Patti and **Bill Killea**, (33rd Herd) sent in an arrival notice for Nathan's baby sister, Abigail Lauren Killea, born 4 July 1993. They are living in San Francisco, Calif. Also from the 33rd, **Netia** and **Joe Hayden** are now members of the civilian community. They have recently moved up near Newport, where Joe has taken a super job with a company called Molten Metals. Along with a great new job, they are very thankful that Maureen, their premature daughter is doing well. Lisa and **Mike Grieco** are on their way back to USNA for another tour.

Randy Stefanovic (27th Co.) called last week to fill us in. He and his wife Patty have their first baby due on 7 December. They are now living in Libertyville, Ill., where Randy has just assumed command of a Telephone Company, Teleport/Milwaukee. He is the general manager there! Fantastic opportunity. He was the number one salesman at Alkatel, and one of his customers needed a salesman to run a company, and Randy fit the bill. Some of us are going to command in the Navy, some outside. Our congratulations to Randy. His beautiful wife Patty is a loan officer with Margaretan.

That's all folks. Please check in . . . the mail bag is light! As always, **BEAT ARMY, Joe.**

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