

In continuing Bruce's discussion, the decision to fund the weight room was made by polling Classmates about potential projects. Overwhelmingly, we heard that our Class project should be something practical and useful.

As a result of these discussions, we decided to finance the improvements in the weight room in Halsey Field House. Procurement and maintenance of equipment, as well as refurbishment of the area, will be coordinated through the PE Department.

To date, sixty-five percent of the Class has been contacted, with forty-nine percent of those contacted contributing over \$110,000.00. These contributions exceed our goal of \$100,000.00, and have been made with full knowledge that weight room refurbishment is the focus of the effort. Nonetheless, Bruce has brought up legitimate concerns that should be considered. If you share these, or have other concerns, do what Bruce has done, send them or call them into **Owen Thorp**, **Jeff Wendel** or myself.

Finally, while on related money matters, **Jeff Wendel** reports that our Class account—separate from the above fund—has a net balance of \$12,573.00.

Until next month. Happy trails . . . **Bill**.

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Membership: 85%

Pres., **Steve Maloney**

Sec'y, **Vince Balderrama**

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Okay, another Ac Year commences and a new Plebe Class begins its march toward that "butter bar" and a Naval future filled with uncertainty and challenge, but also a heavy dose of promise. For us, we can now look back and wonder, were we EVER that young, that fresh and naive?! Of course we were!! Some of us are still "Sparky-the-new-guy" and many of us still feel the challenges of each new day as we awaken (For quite a few of, just getting up is the initial challenge!). But unlike those poor Plebes we now have in our favor the knowledge, the experience (and the wisdom that comes with it) and the maturity of our years . . . Okay, three out of four ain't all bad. September's the month these young pups begin their plod through life while for us old dogs it's a chance to romp, roll, recant stories, embellish old lies (Sea Stories), and prove that we can still find the big trees and remember their purpose. It's time for our 15 year reunion. All those unable to be with us at Homecoming and the weekend's festivities will be with us in spirit, your memory surfacing up among the bubbles of our tonic. So, raise a glass in toast to the Great Seventy Eight!!! Now on to the mail bag . . .

Here's a long overdo printing of a note that I got from **Lloyd "Flash" Prince**. Lloyd tried to contact me via the Alumni Association's Bulletin Board. Seems I once logged on while visiting my old buddy and fellow Class scribe, Ken Russell '79. Unfortunately, it was a one time deal and so I fooled you guys into thinking I really knew this computer stuff and would be a consistent modem maniac. WRONG. Well, I haven't quite got the technology yet, but once I do you'll know for sure. Anyway, Flash is still the 7th Co. Rep so all you Sea Dogs can keep writing to him and he, in turn, can write to me (the old fashioned way for the time being, Lloyd). You computer literate types can reach him via E-mail on "Over the Wall". The rest can write to him at the Naval Safety Center, Code 111E, 375A Street, Norfolk, Va. 23511-4399. For the lazy type, like myself, just call him at 804 444-6118, or DSN 564-6118. His Fax extension is 7049 on both systems.

After a 15 year absence of "never seeing his name" in the *Shipmate* (and claiming he "always seemed to see the same names" time and again), **Paul Ross** decided to drop me a line, just to add variety to the name lists. Paul said he was only kidding about the names. Well, whatever, here you go Paul. Your name now is a part of history and included in these page. Now on to somebody else . . .

Duane Lafont wrote to me back in May (Yikes) to let me know that after having been out of the Naval mainstream as a Special Duty Officer in cryptology overseas, that he's back in the D.C. area. (Like D.C. is part of the Naval mainstream?) After a command tour of SpecOps at New London, he had a brief stint as the Director for Electronics Maintenance Management and Field Station Support for the Naval Security Group Command. By now he's pinned on the silver oak leaves and moved on to be the Deputy Assistant Commander for Telecommunications and Automated Information Systems. As he put it "Not bad for a guy who couldn't get past 'Ac Board' Brandt in EE for two years." He, Missy, Douglas (11), Claire (8) and their trusty dog Maggie (age unknown) are living up in "Hoodlum Country" Frederick, Md. (Better known by some of you former Spring party animals as the home of Hood College.) Since being in D.C. he's either heard from, of, or seen **Tim McGee** (On his way now to Italy as previously mentioned in the column.), **Randy Duncan** and **Kevin Carmody**. Alicia, Dunc and their kids (at last count, 4) are living down south outside of Orlando, Fla. Randy's doing electrical engineering work associated with space shuttle (and still recalling those days of the World Famous "Chief's Club" at Folkstone). Kevin is living in Green Bay, Wisc., where he is the VP in charge of east coast sales for a furniture manufacturer that sells to hospitals, airports, and the like. Duane also heard that **Chris Nichols** was, at the time, working on some "black project" out of the Pentagon and that **Case Runolfson** is living in Alexandria (Unless things changed, I thought he was last reported working for the Justice Department in New York.)

Another "better late than never" bit of correspondence, I got a letter in May from **Rick Dubberly**, written on some stationery from, of all place, the Sheraton Hotel in Dubai, United Arab Emirates. Dubs is alive and well and was, at the time, serving as the Chief of Staff in DesRon 23, embarked aboard NIMITZ. (Then, how did you get the Sheraton paper, Rick?) His Commodore is none other than Capt. Eric Utegaard, 32nd Company Officer during our Second Class year. Fortunately, the Capt. doesn't remember Rick. Good "Mess Deck Intel" tells Rick that **David Addington**, his fellow 33rd Company mate and Hole in the Wall Gang member, is the Director of Legal Defense Services with DOD. That personal contact could come in handy in the event that the Commodore ever does begin to remember Rick!!

Cdr. **Mike Shumaker** is another one of you guys with an FPO address. Mike wrote me from SHENANDOAH (AD-44) in Augusta Bay, Sicily, where he is the XO. After completing PXO last November, he did a little temp duty at the Surface Nuclear Propulsion Mobile Training Team in Norfolk. While there, he conducted inspections—I mean, umm, "assist visits" on LantFlt ships. As XO, his claim to fame has been the instituting of "toots and taps," aka—bugle calls over the 1 MC in lieu of the spoken word for certain routine events such as Officers Call, liberty call, etc. Are you sure there isn't a bit of Grunt in you, Mike? Mike does admit that being a ship's subgod to a crew of over 1300 and a wardroom of 38 is "interesting, to say the least." Heck, intoxicating would be more like it. Mike reported that this past February, Jenny and **Sean Donovan** were in the area, having flown out to Rome for a week. (It would seem that the life of a radiology resident at Bethesda is not all that arduous.) Sean will finish his residency next year, which I guess means he'll have more free time

for globe-trotting. Just follow the glow to keep track of him. Thanks for note, Mike, and continued good luck as XO.

I got the cutest announcement in the mail in June, which reported a "six-foot addition" to the Bracy home. The six feet are the 3 pairs belonging to Clara Rae, Nathan Thomas, and Eric William, the Evonne and **Ray Bracy** triplets, born 21 May. As Ray put it, "after being a bit premature and very sleepy [at first] they are waking up a bit and acting like babies. Translation: all hell is breaking loose!" Aside from being a new daddy again (or is that thrice more?) Ray is kept busy as a factory manager at Boeing Commercial Airplanes. His factory produces composite details and assemblies such as ailerons, elevators and doors. He has about 450 people reporting to him. With any luck, he may have 1,000 under him in the next 6 to 18 months. (Which should make up for the "power loss" he gets having to report to Evonne, young Dale and the triplets.) Despite the downsizing of the aerospace industry he seems to be busy, especially so nowadays, "both" at home and at work.

I got a letter from fellow lightweight Cox's'n **Rusty Chang**. Aside from wondering how much extra ballast I was carrying these days (None of your business!) and reading a recent column, he also wondered how I could write "so much, for so long, about so little." Then he recalled our previous lives as cox's'ns and that the billet description required skill in never ending interesting banter. It was a skill necessary to keep the rowers from realizing just how tired they were, especially during those long rows to the "source" and around Sherwood Forest. The small talk (and probably excruciating pain and fatigue) prevented them from realizing just how ridiculous the situation was—they willingly killing themselves to row our scrawny little carcasses all about the river. If they ever figured it out they might have just thrown us overboard. Fortunately, they never broke the code. Sylvia and Rusty are living in Ceiba, Puerto Rico. Cindy and **Mike Holden** had stopped by for a visit this year. Mike reported to Rusty that **Paul "Munch" Mansfield** was out on a carrier as part of a "crises control team." There must be some crises to get Paul involved! Also, second hand from Mike was that **Frank Schraml** is a Navy psychologist. Well, he should have plenty of business in the Navy. As Rusty put it, they should "paint his house subliminal pink." **Steve Bartle** is flying the Caribbean Route for American Airlines and occasionally RONS in San Juan, but mostly he heads over to St. Croix. I did run into Steve during commissioning week and found out that he's just down the road from me, living in Westport. During a recent active duty Rusty's wife, Sylvia (She's a LCdr. in the reserve.), served some time with **Mike McCaffrey**, who was also getting his Reserve "X" out with the Naval Control of Shipping. I was honored to have Rusty write me since I wasn't sure he knew how (it was even typed!) and especially so, seeing as he doesn't even write his folks. Thanks for the note Ming.

Okay, you guys really didn't think I was gonna leave **Paul Ross** hanging in the breeze there, did you? Every once in a while I have to keep you guys in line. Besides, the election's over (No I don't have the results in time for this edition.). Either way I figure I'm either out of here or you have to take me for another five years. Ahhhh, when you short—make that a short timer, or newly empowered—you can be daring! Anyway, this July Paul attended **Tom Trudell's** Change of Command. Tom assumed command of VAW-113 at NAS Miramar. As far as we can tell, Tom may be the first of our Class to take command of a squadron. Also in attendance were **Mike Crisp** and **Ralph Scaffidi**. Ralph is a surface GS in Oxnard, Calif. Other Classmates of whom Paul had knowledge were: **Reny Pill**, **Fred Graf**, **Matt Duranske** and **Les Wallace**. Reny is a "bone cracker" in California. He recently graduated and now is a Doctor of



Clara, Eric, and Nathan (and Dad)

Chiropractic. Fred is an engineer somewhere in Connecticut and Matt had just moved somewhere near Pax River. Les is a rotorhead and at the Pentagon. As for Paul, well . . . After leaving active service in '85, he took a short sabbatical with Eastern Airlines which lasted only 2 years. (He steadfastly states his employment had nothing to do with its demise.) Instead, Paul resigned to go to better pastures and work for Piedmont. Those of you who know the airline industry realize that Piedmont is now USAir, which is where Paul is today as a pilot on DC-9s in Washington, D.C. Is this clear to you or have I made his career track sufficiently muddy? Paul didn't completely give up the Navy but stayed in the Reserve and flies with VP-68 at Andrews AFB. He recently pinned Cdr.'s on oak leaves which should make up for that terrible airline pay those pilots get. Uhhh, yeah, right. He and Jennifer are going on 14 years of marriage and three great kids: Sarah (12), Julie (9) and Michael (6). Since they live in Dumfries, Va., I see no reason why we shouldn't expect to see them at the reunion. Here's hoping to and also here's hoping I haven't over abused Paul so that he waits another 15 years to write. Just funnin'. Thanks for the letter, Paul and don't be stranger to this column.

Dennis Reilly sent a fax reporting on this Spring's Class of '78 Golf Tournament at Ford's Colony in Williamsburg, Va. As always, Cheri and Drew Mulhare were a most gracious host and hostess. Drew made all the arrangements for the tournament, while Cheri (ably aided by Denise Reilly and Barb Eckert) hosted a lovely post game barbecue for spouses and families. Everyone had a fabulous day. It was sunny and coincidentally—78 degrees. They had two foursomes who, in a scramble format, each



Crisp, Ross, Trudell and Scaffidi (l-r)

shot, also coincidentally and no Bravo Sierra, a 78! Team one was made up of: **Drew Mulhare** (Best Chip Shot), **Spence Witten** (Best Approach Shot), **Craig Cowen** (Longest Putt) and **Dennis Reilly** (Best Whiff). Team Two was: **Scott Eckert** (Closest-to-the-pin on a Par Three), **Rich Cellon** (Best Swing), **Steve Sutton** (Best Jokes), and **Terry O'Brien** (Longest Drive). Among the spouses and gang nibbling on the barbecue were, Lisa Cowen, Wendy O'Brien, Linda Witten, Carol Sutton and a lot of little ones. Dennis will pass me the info for next year's tournament around next May so expect to see it then. In the meantime, hit the driving ranges and Putt Putts for practice. Dennis also closed with a little handwritten note on a few other Classmates. Those of you who know his handwriting will understand that it's taken me this long to decipher it (I could've used **Duane Lafont's** expertise in crypto for a while.) Dennis states that he bumped into Janet and **Don Free** at church one day. Don is stationed at the Board of Inspection and Survey. Dennis also spoke with **Mike Duncan** a few months back. Mike and his family are doing well and living in Tulsa, Okla. Mike is in the insurance business and is active in advising state and local policy makers on responsible health care policy. But so far, Hillary hasn't been knocking on his door. **Chuck Hefren** was in town (D.C.) on a business trip from Florida and was able to get to a Baltimore Orioles game with **Scott Eckert**.

I've been getting around a lot lately. Okay, I've been reminded by Elizabeth and Michael that I've been getting around a lot, A LOT. Anyway, in my travels I've culled the following information and spotted quite a few Classmates. Let's see if I can remember. I shared drinks and munchies at Libby and **Craig Diffie's** quarters in Annapolis. Also attendant were Elizabeth and **Steve Kinney** (enroute to Stuttgart, Germany) and Barb and **Glen Ives**. Before the gathering we all came across **Joe Stanik** at a kids' baseball game. Joe was ecstatic about his next assignment. He promised to send a letter and some good photos when he gets to Morocco, where he'll be the Naval Attaché. While at a dedication ceremony for the Marine Corps Research Center at Quantico I saw **Mike Harbison**. Harbs is the aide to the Navy Vice Chief. Not bad for a Marine. Annie and **Mark Bolin** joined me at the bar for a Change of Command at Cherry Point in July. Mark had been pulled out of the boat early where he'd been assigned with a Harrier squadron (VMA-231). He claims the real reason they sent him home early was to attend the Air War College at Maxwell AFB and not to keep him out of further trouble. **Curt Perry** is reportedly now at the Air Force Academy as a Marine liaison. **Bill Dunkin** is still at NavAir as the P-3 Class Desk. Bill provided me a copy of this year's command selection list which I'll publish in another column. **Bill Martin** is still the Senior Engineer and Program Manager for the MH-53J with SRL in Pensacola, Fla. He's also in the process of starting up his own business involved in what is basically "paperless" maintenance pubs and the like. He's still a single parent, but the "Vette has made way for a Porsche." Thanks again to **John Young** for the loan of his pad in New York over the 4th of July weekend. John is now with the "parent corporation" of Gulf Power, Southern Services Companies, Inc. and living in a great 2 bedroom apartment right smack downtown, complete with a great view of the Big Apple! It's a couple of years tour for John and I think he's a VP for Marketing and Sales or something at that level. Whatever it is, he's a displaced Southerner deep in Yankee country!

Well, I think that covers it all, at least that's all the news that's fit to print. Translation—it's all I can remember and the column's got to get to the editor tomorrow! Besides, I've got to pack for a reunion. There's a beer with my name on it and friends to see. Meet you at the tailgater. Launchin' Spot Four!!

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Membership: 93%

Pres., **Mike Finley**

Sec'y, **Ken Russell**

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Well, I hope you're as thrilled as I am over the recent move to France made by the Taster's Choice couple. Yeah, nothing says "get romantic" like knowing there's a jar of freeze dried coffee in the pantry of your condo. Such intrigue. Sorta makes the human headed horse deal fade into insignificance. Kids the comedy's limited this month (yeah right, like it ever had potential to begin with) and so is the length of this article. Mr. Mailbox failed us, no doubt because of the fervor over those two caffinated lovebirds. Let's move onto the good stuff and stop all these intro extravaganzas.

Congrats to Ronnie and **Larry Kihlstadius** over the birth of their new cutie-pie daughter Sierra Stabler. As you can see, Dad is a tad-bit proud of his new little one (as it should be, of course). As I mentioned last month, Larry is a TQ internal consultant for John Wieland Homes in Hotlanta. Larry wanted all the Niners with TQ experience to data dump some stuff on him. Keep it simple guys. Remember, it's Larry and if too much reading is involved, he'll get confused what with a new baby and all. **Jeff Klingensmith**, you need to give the new parents a call at 404 996-2400, ext. 248 or 404 975-0069. Larry, Ronnie, good on you two and what a doll!



It's a girl

That zany, madcap, walking infomercial, **Ed Francis** saw Margo and **John Green** during one of Ed's many fraud, waste and abuse escapades, stealing tax dollars at the H-60 simulator in San Diego. Can you believe Ed shows up for two days, sits in a box for two hours then gets four days pay for that? At least I made a real sacrifice by flying the aircraft over 17 hours that week to satisfy my Reserve obligation. I'd rather pay more taxes so that a few billion can be spent on a study to stop Ed's boondoggling. Back at the ranch . . . John is the XO of HC-3 and has been since January. He and Margo have two kidsters, Mason 3 and Travis 8 months.

I know it seems like this is way too soon, but it's time to close your eyes, sit back and imagine yourself

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