

**John Sarao** is now half way through a six month deployment to the Med and Black Sea with ComDesRon 26. ComDesRon 26 is deployed in DEYO.

**Ed Gilmore** recently completed a six month deployment to the Gulf, IO and WestPac. Ed is CO, RUEBEN JAMES, and during the deployment the ship visited Australia, Bahrain, Bali, East Java, Hong Kong, Japan, Oman, Qatar, Saudi Arabia, Singapore, and United Arab Emirates. (Isn't it amazing how he got to those ports, in alphabetical order? Or is it just the Fleet Home Town News Center's poetic license kicking in?)

In Mayport, **Ken Beeks** was relieved of command of HSL-44 on 8 September 94. He is now Chief Test Pilot, Rotary Wing Aircraft Test Directorate, NAWC Aircraft Division, Pax River.

Sorry for the paucity this month . . . hope to get more news from you guys soon—I KNOW YOU'RE OUT THERE!!!! WRITE!!!

And a few words from Chuck:

Hello from Annapolis! Well the old football team is not panning out like we had hoped earlier this year! Maybe by now we've beaten Army and found a small bright spot in an otherwise dismal season. . . .

I just wanted to take a moment to wish everyone a great holiday season. This is a special time of year and one when we often take stock of our blessings. As I get older, the springboard that the Academy provided for my life becomes more apparent. Many of us have taken significant course changes since those days in the early Seventies but the constancy of that experience is always present.

I've found it hard to get the Class together in large numbers for the few social gatherings that I've undertaken over the last couple of years. Many of the older classes assure me that in the years to come we'll probably follow the common pattern of growing closer as a group. I hope so, we've got a lot in common and there are still a lot of friends to be made in our Class. If you're like me, you hardly knew the folks in the other regiment! In any case, consider showing up the next time we throw some kind of shindig. If you're afraid there might not be "anyone" there, you can assure it by not showing up yourself. It's kind of a chicken and egg thing. . . .

God bless all of you, particularly those facing challenges in their lives. Please keep in touch. Friends, particularly old friends, shouldn't be lost and it only takes a moment to make a new one. **Chuck**

and scheduled to take command around January. **Ron Brinkley** is PCO of the LST GUNSTON HALL. **Phil Nelson** is the Strike Ops Officer here aboard the IKE. We left **Bill Hirko** aboard the JFK as Strike Ops when the ship went into the yards after last cruise.

The old adage, "No good deed goes unpunished," sent **Jeff Weddle** to the INDY in Japan as the CDC officer, after 14 years in Norfolk. I, of course, tried to go back to Japan, but there were no orders available. Instead, I have to leave scenic Whidbey Island for Norfolk and the CDC job aboard the ENTERPRISE.

Command has been both rewarding and challenging. My command was the first in the navy to have women in a combat role, so, needless to say, we had more than our fair share of "attention" from the press. That seems to be dying down a bit, now that some other units (including combat ships) have women assigned. Joan Lunden, *48 Hours* and a host of others stopped in over the last year. It made for some interesting juggling, trying to balance the regular squadron workload with aircraft and OPTAR reductions, personnel cuts, SERBS/IRADS, and then tossing in a few "no-notice" national media events. Despite the extra challenges, all in all, I would have to say that it was a super fifteen months and that I am going to miss it tremendously.

On a personal note, my bride of eight years, Maggie, is busily preparing for her fifth move in as many years with typical navy wife enthusiasm. Our oldest daughter, Deidre (5.5) seems to be the most excited. Jamie, (3.5) is just excited about whatever everybody else is excited about. Throw in two cats and the air wings ugliest dog (Zaper a one year old Shar Pei), and it is going to be quite a caravan of gypsies making its way across the country!

I need to get back to the Fitperts. I hear occasionally from Barb and **Mark Tierney**. He is an EDO working on the AEGIS project in D.C. Barb is a college Professor and busy mom (any other kind?). Finally, Lori and **Steve Weingart** check in from time to time from their home in Norfolk where Steve is the CSO of the Naval base and Lori works as an Audiologist (Ditto busy mom). **Jim**.

Thanks for the letter Jim. It sounds as if you had a fabulous tour. Lots of firsts for you: first to have women at USNA; first to have women in a combat mission role! What could be next?

**John Almeida** dropped a line from Long Beach, CA to let us know that **Walt Yourstone** recently assumed command of the OHIO (SSBN-726) Gold on 20 June. I don't have an answer to this, but John seems to think that Walt is the first O-5 to command a Trident submarine. Any one out there with other information? Thanks heaps John.

**Gary Beaver** wrote recently for a copy of our class roster (plenty left @ a discounted \$3.00 for copying and mailing). In his letter, he mentioned that he is still with the Greensboro office of the law firm of Patton Boggs. In his spare time he managed to complete a tour as the commanding officer of the Marine Corps Reserve Communication Company in Greensboro. He has also been trying to create an USNA Alumni Association Chapter in the Piedmont Triad region—Winston-Salem, Greensboro, and High Point areas. If you are interested in more information, please give him a call at 910-273-1733. Best of luck Gary!

**Jeff Caulfield-James** send a very informative card from his new home in Lindale, Texas. Jeff retired on 1 August as an EDO at the Supervisor of Shipbuilding Office at Electric Boat. He has since relocated to Texas with his wife, Sue, and—as you might recall—their two sets of twins. What might he be doing in Texas? Jeff and Sue have signed on with Mercy Ships, an international Christian organization dedicated to caring for the needs of the poor and needy in port cities worldwide. Jeff would like to put his navy skills to work as an engineer, and Sue hopes to put her nursing talents to use. Terrific news! If you

are interested in contacting Jeff, please send your letter to: 40 Hershey Ave, Lancaster, PA 17603.

That's all for this month. I'm up against the deadline (nothing new here) so the homecoming news will have to wait until next month. Happy Trails . . . **Bill**.

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Membership: 84%

Pres., **John Rudder**

Sec'y, **Vince Balderrama**

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Trick or Treat. Deadline Beat. Hope this column's short and sweet! Yup, can you imagine that—a deadline around Halloween? I can't, that's why I'm rushing! This Halloween we played it smart—bought enough candy to get me through my munching before the 31st, and enough for the actual trick or treaters themselves. People asked me what my costume was and I told them I was going as a beleaguered corporate weenie, concerned father and misunderstood spouse—I didn't change my clothes. But what am I talking about, this is the Christmas column isn't it? Peace on earth, good will toward men 'n all that. Well, be of good cheer and let's get on with the column.

**Chuck Miller** sent his second letter to *Shipmate* so it's only fitting that we start with his note. After three years at US Southern Command (That's USSOUTHCOM for you acynophiles) in Panama City, Panama (yup, the REAL one, not Florida), Chuck, Adrienne and their two daughters have returned, as he put it, to "the land of the 24 hour generator and the BIG PX (oops NEX)". They're now at Mare Island where Chuck is the Director of Training at the Combat Systems Technical Schools, that is until they make the base go away in September of 95 (The Shipyard itself will be "mort" the following April). Right now he's in the thick of getting the school transferred to Norfolk and glad not to be involved with the pleasure of dealing with the city of Vallejo, like the shipyard folks do. As he says, they gotta deal with issues such as, "shooting ranges for national competition, the local colleges want our classroom spaces for themselves (yet can't muster 'enuff people to fill the classrooms), the 9 hole golf course, the Elks want, and the constant daily tours and inspections of housing leads one to believe the homeless will move in here too. YIKES!! City groups lambasting other city groups—petty politics—Peyton Place/Falcon Crest/Dynasty all rolled into one living soap opera." But you know what Chuck, if you close your eyes, it sounds like the Beltway and a Pentagon tour. Ya could'a gotten another "X" outta the way. But you already have that "joint" X filled up. Of course it's not the "didn't inhale" kind but the joint service kind. As the J3 at SOUTHCOM Chuck got involved with all that counter-narcotics, special ops, snake eating stuff, as well as the tea and cakes society stuff of briefing ambassadors and foreign military. He got so good at it he was made the XO. Yeah, boys n' girls, Chuck was XO to a 2 star Army General. Yup, a Navy Commander as XO to an Army 2 star! I'd say that the power structure was out of balance—to the Navy side of course. Back at civilization again and joining Chuck on the island are Patti and **Rob Westburg**. Rob is the head cross banana dude (CEC) at Mare Island and doing quite well. To show once more that this is a small Navy (and that those MILCON [Military Construction] guys hang on to all their toys for a very long time), get this—Rob, Patti and their two girls are living in

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Membership: 79%

Pres., Cdr. **Owen G. Thorp III** USNR

Sec'y, Cdr. **Bill Millward** USN

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Shipmates, the change of address has taken hold; mail has finally started to arrive! We have a terrific column filled with news from the fleet, homecoming and the real life. Here we go!!

Long overdue but not forgotten is a great letter from **Jim Coulson**. I include his letter in its entirety:

It is time to break from change of command fitness report writing, and drop you a line. I thought *Shipmate* and '77 Alumni might be interested in knowing CVW-3 and the IKE Battle Group had its fair share of 12th Company commandos . . . er, ah, make that commanders. **Jeff Weddle** just turned over command of VAW-126 (E-2s), I have command of VAQ-130 (EA-6Bs), scheduled to turn over 1 September. **Pat Walsh** is the XO of VFA-105,



the same house that Rob occupied as a kid when his dad was head CEC dude on the island! Yes, BELIEVE IT OR NOT. Of course being the chief "enganeer" I'm sure he's got his boys crawling around his quarters taking care of all those "Honey-dos" that Patti has for him. (Rob, wouldn't a bay window look great here? . . . Got it Chief? . . . Got it, sir.)

**Marty Drake** dropped me a line to express his frustration at being just about ready to go max beep on me for forgetting the past two columns when I pulled my bacon out of the fire and got something in—more importantly his homeport—I mentioned him and his new bride! Well, Marty, I hope you got your frustration out elsewhere. If not you can save it for new new command. Looks like Marty, aka Maddog, aka Poodle, aka (soon to be) skipper, will take command of the **HAWES** (FFG-53) in October '96. It's the closest thing to being true 'cuz he got the orders in October. Of course we all know it ain't true until your holding the command pennant. The **HAWES** is out of Norfolk, Virginia. So while Marty takes his finals, Leigh will be making her first move as a Navy wife—**SOLO**. Hey, I figure she can handle it. Just be advised, Leigh, don't leave any food on plates when pack up time comes 'cuz they'll pack the plate, meal and all! It's the truth. In between War College and command, Marty will be assigned to **CincCLantFlt**. Of course they haven't figured out what to do with him yet—which why they'll make him a CO. He'll probably be assistant to the assistant coffee officer-while-waiting-for-orders-officer. Maddog said I was right and that **Gary "Nils" Lovgren** is not a gouge prof to the senior class. While in DC scheduling the movers, Marty ran into **Maurice Tose**. Mo was looking good and about to bowl over the communications world with some initiatives he was launching with his company. He'd just moved into a house overlooking the ChesBay somewhere near Thomas Point Light. So I guess business is doing very well! **Rand Lebouvier** was Marty's detailer for a while. By now he should be in the PCO pipeline—bet he got a good ship! Now the liar's billet is being occupied by **Dan Holloway**. Sorry, Dan, nothing personal, but you know it comes with the territory (Just as I do when I get the line . . . "Vince is a lying, cheating contractor—but that's redundant"). Just hang on for the next few years when you can cut yourself a great set of orders and pass the mantle on to some other unfortunate soul.

I received a birth announcement from Marilyn and **Scott Langdon** boasting of the birth of their first daughter, Erin Jamison, on August 26th. She came in at pounds 6 ounces and 21½ inches. That's just within the acceptable limits in Nebraska so Marilyn and Scott didn't have to "release" the catch. Now older brother Kyle (2 years) has a new playmate. The Langdons are still in Omaha, Nebraska—which is about as far as a submariner can get from the deep. Scott's at Offut Air Force Base getting his joint merit badge with the J5 at USStratCom. (I guess that's the old SAC guys). All he needs to do is hang on until next July when he gets away with the PCO class. Scott reported that a few of our Classmates have already escaped Offut for PCO. I could make out **Rick Martinez's** name but for the life of me I couldn't make head or tails out of the other name. Hey, I thought all you nukes had PCs? Anyway, according to Scott, Rick left there this March. He'll take command of the **GATO** in Groton. The indecipherable Classmate left in September to take over Minneapolis/St. Paul out of Norfolk. Whoever you are, drop me a note so I can clear this mystery that the Langdons have unwittingly produced for us . . . Yeah, fess up or we'll hunt you down. As many can attest—you can run, but you can't hide. (You see that's because if you're running, your movement is visible, and you can be seen (something to do with that Doppler stuff).

But then, if you hide you can't run. I mean, you have to stop and look for concealment. You obviously can't get very far and eventually you'll sneeze or perform some other bodily function and be found out—or just get hungry and tired of it all and give up. Well, so now you see, you CAN'T run and hide. Sorry for the long explanation, but we've got a lot of black shoes to contend with—besides I didn't have a lot of mail (and this babbling is called filler).

Well, that looks to cover it for the month. The mind's a blank, but then that's what the AC Board told me years ago. Anyway, I've got tons of paper to read between this job and school—I did tell you I was going after an MBA to go with my certificate of attendance from old USNA, didn't I?), I'm getting run ragged. Everyone tells me I should take a few days off. Nope, what I really need are gouge profs, (those these guys are pretty close), a kinder and gentler procurement system, a bigger defense budget, and my smart rommates to mive in to my house for the next two years. (After all, they got me through four years at Navy!) Well, that's my Christmas Wish. Nnnnnnot really—My real wish is that you and your families continue to be of good health, in safety, be blessed and prosper, that the New Year brings fulfillment of all your hopes—and that I get this column in on time!!!! Sleigh Bell One is cleared to launch, spot four.

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Membership: 94%

Pres., **Mike Finley**  
Sec'y, **Ken Russell**  
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This just in from NASA, the new policy has been firmed up regarding contact with intelligent life when we start future exploration to planets in other galaxies. Like the long standing policy of space aliens who have visited planet Earth, we too will only reveal ourselves to the stupidest, goofiest people in the universe. Good to see consistency between life forms.

Back by popular demand (or sympathy), yours truly will continue being your Give King for another five years, filling your lives with love, hope, peace and lots of yawns from pathetic comedy filler right here from the Word Processor of Love. And, because I did nothing but walk around and thoroughly enjoy myself at the Fifteenth, I have very few updates from that source. At the Twentieth, I'm going to grab the microphone after the door prizes are handed out and tell everyone to jot down a fw notes for me so that I can put a REAL article, not a Sears article together after such a tremendous event. Yes, if you haven't already figured it out, I'm making excuses for the lack of post-reunion info. I tried to interview everyone, but when I looked out at the sea o' Classmates at the cocktail party, tail gater, and dinner dance, I was completely overwhelmed. How do you interview over six hundred Classmates at once? Beats the heck outta me. Next time, you're all going to help. As far as Class voting went, all the incumbent Class officers are back and a new VP position was created and it will be held by **Sean Cate**. Now on with the show. Oh yeah, one more pathetic whine (hey **Ray Dolan**, I'm cold, I'm tired, I need some coffee, a big coffee) and I'll be through: The reunion pictures will be in the January/February and probably March issue.

All right, I'm gonna fill you in with updates that I was able to get at the reunion and it will be incumbent upon you (don't you love that stupid command and staff school phrase: "incumbent upon"? "Deconfliction with" is another one of my favorites) to fill up Mr. Mailbox with your antics and pictures most ricky-tick. I was going to make it real obvious to

many of you how to force you to write by coming up with outrageously wrong names for your wives but after writing a few of them, it started looking even too corny for me and didn't smack of something that should spring forth from your King o' Give. So when you see an "and his wife," it's really because I met so doggone many wives and since I didn't take any notes, I forgot the names of most of them. In addition to the updates from the reunion, there's a few phone calls and even a Classmate visit to my house in the cusp of paradise, the Antelope Valley, to make the column. Okay, now let's begin, shall we? And remember, for those of you who get to the "and his wife," try to channel your anger into building a new and lasting peace by filling up Mr. Mailbox.

Was the reunion a great time or what? If you weren't able to make the Fifteenth, we dedicated many beers to you, and you were in our thoughts. Those absent did miss one helluva spectacular time. I speak for everyone when I say that **Frank Dombrowski** certainly far exceeded our highest expectations. **Frank, Mac Sylvester, Brian Williams, Jeff Johnson, Dave Wyatt, Steve Smith** (and I know I've left out a few others because I was enjoying myself WAY too much) all deserve many thanks and much appreciation for doing such a marvelous job in spite of the chuckleheads running the hotel. To those in charge of the Twentieth, you have a tough act to follow. Let's see, I think it's going to involve a few folks from 22nd Company like **Skip Krause** and **Steve Smith** heading it up, so we know it will be pretty fantastic. Start making plans now because you will not want to miss it.

First up is another big thanks to Frank for his understanding and for saving the day by getting Vicky and Cookie Dolan to the boathouse so they could watch Ray and me in the Alumni rowing event. Cookie and **Ray Dolan** are living in upstate NY where Ray works for AirTouch. Another treat of the weekend was getting to see **Larry Taggart** on Friday night. He looked great and although his wife Patti couldn't make it, we sure missed seeing her and the kids. Let's see, as I launch into a "Miss Nancy from Romper Room with the Magic Mirror" deal (and those oh so subtle hints), I saw **Joe Boland** who is a lawyer in Annapolis, and **Kent Norgrove** and his wife. Kent is a distribution honcho for I think it was Toys R Us. **Dave Frey** was there at the dinner dance with his fiancé. **Tom Strader** was there and he flies for American. Vicky and I got to enjoy Sunday brunch with **Mike Mowins** and his wife. Mike is the President and COO of the Phillips Screw Company. **Rob Needham** and his wife were also at the brunch table. Besides yours truly, the guys from 26th Company were **Jim Stetson, Scott Belanger, Dave Frey, Mike Eriksen, Dave Meeder, Bob Kloczek, and Joel Shugars**. Mike and his wife Karen live in Greenville, SC with their three cutie pies, Tara 11, Heather 9, and Kristen 6. Mike works for Proctor and Gamble and is also a Reservist at the Naval Doctrine Command in Norfolk. By the looks of the picture, poor Tara and Heather just finished a big portion of gorp soup that Mike gave them from the pot on the camp stove. "Mmm, Dad this stuff hurls as good as it tastes." By the way, Mike was the ONLY guy who gave me a great note about the family and a good picture. The rest of you be ashamed. Be very ashamed.

I also got to see **Tom Gehrki** and meet his wife Kristina. **Gary Stahl** was also there with his new bride. The guys I saw from 30th Company were **Danny Chang** and **Scott Bruce**. Scott's wife Lori had to smack me out of my glazed eye fog to remind me that I was in their wedding. But then again, I was in one of those "way over my head" cones of confusion all weekend trying to remember everyone but failing miserably. So much so that when **Bob Leszczynski** and **Bob Tata** walked around the cor-