

Pres., **John Rudder**
 Sec'y, **Vince Balderrama**
 45 Little Fawn Dr., Shelton, CT 06484

Do you know what it says on the bannerhead of the *New York Times*—besides the \$1.25 and “*The New York Times*”? It has the motto—“All the news that’s fit to print.” They have the luxury of saying that because they actually have some news. But that’s not exactly the case here. I mean, I’ll usually write anything, and the editors of this here mag will usually print it (within the bounds of public and private decency—but not necessarily grammar). But see, that works on the supposition that there is NEWS TO PRINT!!! I thought maybe that a two month-in-a-row absence of my column might have gotten a few of you bothered enough to drop me a line. Well, the fact is it did get a few of you stirred up. I mean, I got the typical obscene phone calls and combustible unmarked postal packages—nooo, on second thought, that one didn’t quite make it to the mail box. Oh yeah, but I *did* receive one or two few graffiti epithets spray-canned on my wall and a bit of carnage from one of Frank Purdue’s finest dangled from my gutters as complaint, but I didn’t get anymore letters! Now, you guys know what that means don’t you? Yup, you do. I can’t help it. I’m gonna have to subject you to the fate worse than death. Nope, no substitutes. You can’t watch instead the lost episodes of Chevy Chase Late Show or even the ONLY episode of the Paula Poundstone Show. And I certainly am NOT going to subject you to reruns of the presidential debates of ’92 and force you to count the number of times an illustrious fellow alumnus says “bullypulpit” or talks about that “dog that won’t hunt.” (Bersides, what the heck is bully pulpit and who has a dog that CAN HUNT. If your mutt can handle a twelve gauge and a duck call you both better be on David Letterman’s stupid pet tricks—or American Sportsman. But I digress . . .) Anyway, sit down. Tie yourself to your chair with that scarf we used to wear with our white works during Plebe summer (You know the one you nowadays only use when you play Zorro for your significant other. Yeeha, Toronado!). Here comes the punishment—aaaauuugh—FLEET HOMETOWN NEWS RELEASES!!

One of these literary bad boys says that **Gary Eisenman** reported for duty with the Marine Detachment at Naval Education and Training Center, Newport, RI. Of course, we all know that’s code for the fact that his record book is kept there and he’s probably at the War College. Another reports that **Eric Rosenlof** is with CinCPac at Pearl Harbor, HI. **Bob Ryan** is the with VAW-123 out of NAS Norfolk. Recently Bob received a Navy Com for his “meritorious accomplishments, achievements and performance” while he was the aircraft handler while aboard the AMERICA. Congrats, Bob. That’ll come in handy if you ever get a Pentagon Tour—try for that South Parking Lot Coordinator’s Billet. At Bob’s sister squadron, VAW-124, a “fitner” (That’s how FHTNR sounds, if you try to pronounce it.) says that “**Cmdr. Ralph R. Costanzo** . . . assumed command.” Ralph, Annette and their three boys, John, Alex and Anthony, live in Virginia Beach. It’s a bit of a way from his roots at Willingboro, NJ, but Annette’s close to her mom. That’s the end of the NavNews tidbits. There is another interesting new twist to these “Fitners.” Aside from some nice graphics to the letterhead commemorating the “Big One” (WWII) they are also adding some deployed trivia. Take this one for example—“For your information: As of Nov. 3, the U.S. Navy has 385 ships; 196 of them are underway; 108 of them are deployed. We have 8 exercises

ongoing and port visits to 10 countries.” If my math serves me, that means that only 81 of all those big gray decks are in port. Like the old recruiting ad used to say, join the Navy and see the world! Now, if we could only add a little more of CONUS and home to that global view, life would be just a bowl of cherries.

Just to show that not all is not lost, I did get *one* letter. It’s from my old fooze ball partner, **Art Athens**. Well actually it was more like the latest edition of the Athens New s Daily. It’s the family newsletter—an excellent little piece of PC work, which announced that Art had left active duty. As if that wasn’t news enough it showed that he and Misti lead our Class in contributing to the world’s populace. The Athens progeny now number eight, one less than a baseball team. Unless Misti learns how to just say no, or runs out of aspirin, they could bust my high school classmate’s record of 11. (It’s a record I don’t envy!) Of course now that Art is out of the service they just might stop at the three-quarter dozen. I’m reminded of a comment a neighbor in Virginia made about being able to tell military families because they “could afford all those kids.” Well the truth is military families *can* afford to *have* them. (I think Michael cost me about \$27.50 at Ft. Belvoir.) But *keeping* them is another issue! On the outside, high hospital bills have a way of keeping families closer to ab ridge foursome. One thing that was noticed by Elizabeth, was how GREAT Misti looks after eight kids! I concur. If I can only find the picture you’ll be provided proof as well. Oh well, next issue. They are a blessed family. By now they should be well ensconced in the Rocky Mountain state and Art is well into his job as Director of the Officer Christian Fellowship organization. As I understand it, they pursued him. It was a wise move on their part, the match in skills, leadership, management and grace is perfect. Art wil still keep hi affiliation with the Corps as a reservist. We wish all the Athens family the best of luck.

Another Marine out of the past is **Earl Mosely**. Earl lives with his family in New Jersey, but don’t ask me what exit, cuz I’ve forgotten it. Anyway, Mose is doing rather well. Everytime you care enough to send the very best, you can think of him. Yup, he works sales for Hallmark but continues to play cannon cocker with the Reserves. When he’s not drilling he’s busy thinking up new holidays to sell more cards. Let’s see, there’s already a Secretary’s Day and a Grandparent’s Day. How about Left Handed Person Day, Sandblower Day, or People-With-a-Consonant-In-Their-Last-Name Day? Those should sell quite a few cards.

John Rudder doesn’t work for Career Development anymore. He, Maura and kids now live in the sunshine state of Florida, where John works for System One in Tampa. Its another placement-type company but this time the stakes have moved up toward the executive and senior levels (not J.O.s). I guess as we’ve become more senior and promotable, he’s had to move up to match our placement capability—talk about looking out for your Classmates.

Rumor control says that **Steven “Jock” Maloney** is being considered for the CO’s slot at the Marine Reserve squadron up at Willow Grove, PA. Depending on what the brass up the chain say, and whether or not Jock tells off the wrong someone at a pickup hoops game, he could just turn out to be our first Marine CO as the flag holder at HMH-772. I hope this doesn’t jinx it.

I spoke with **Mike Warner**, he’s still a BURP (Basic Unemployed Reserve Pilot) down at Pensacola, flying with VT-3. If I remember correctly, he’s also picking up (or about to) a little consulting engineering work. He’s starting to get down to some serious job search, having finally written off the airline recall. He’s not exactly tied to the Gulf Coast,

so if anyone has any job ideas, let him know. Mike got together with **John Young** back in November. Younger came down for what sounded like a high school reunion (but maybe I read too much into it). Anyway, they went to a Milton High School Homecoming football game. (John’s old alma mater.) Those of you who remember the area from flight school days are probably thinking that the game was well attended by a lot of Milton cops. (The rumor was there were two criteria to be a Milton cop—You had to have played football at Milton and not graduated.) John was unavailable for comment or confirmation—Weens just laughed. According to Mike, John is no longer in New York. Southern Companies has moved him to another high muckey muck slot in Birmingham, Alabama. It’s just another step in the rumored grooming process to be a future CEO. Just remember us little guys John (Okay I walked into that setup! I AM a little guy—sandblower that is.). Of course, with John now in the land of the Crimson Tide, there goes my hostess house in New York city! Guess I’ll just have to use those frequent guest stay passes again. Drop me a line John and let me know what’s cooking.

Well that’s all the news that’s fit to print, or at least all that I could squeeze together or make up. How about helping me out next month and drop me a few cards and letters, PUHLEEEZ? I’ve got a very special column planned for the future, so I really need some news to make it a go. Until next month, I’m launchin’ Spot Four.

Pres., **Mike Finley**
 Sec’y, **Ken Russell**
 210 South Main Street, PO Box 380, Arlington, SD 57212 (605) 983-4777

Well, if you noticed, and if the Home Office put in the fix on the header, yours truly escaped from the Golden State (land of fruits and nuts and gosh now bankrupt Orange County) and finally got the pottery started in South Dakota with an unexpected, yet very welcomed bang. Avid *Over The Wall* user and famous denture wearer, **Kevin Delaney** asked if I’d still be your Give King and doggone it the answer is: “but of course Kato, you little yellow dog.” Now if everyone is done screaming in shocked horror, and the wives are done yelling to husbands watching the news in the living room that Kenny the King o’ Give has finally gone nuts and taken Vicky and the boys on a “Mosquito Coast” adventure from hell, STOP IT!!! This is exactly what we’ve wanted to do for the last thirteen years. Now I am using my pottery skills and business start-up and planning experience doing what I love to do. Yes, **Chris Rioux**, I know. It’s cold in South Dakota. A down side to be sure, but the midwest markets for our stuff are tremendous (due to an unexpected huge order, we had to start the business 2 months early), the schools are unbelievably good, TRUST is a word that means something and no one I’ve seen abuses it. South Dakota ranks 45th in the nation in overall crime (48th for violent crime), there’s no state income taxes, and the ONLY gang graffiti I’ve seen in the whole state was on an I-29 overpass between Sioux Falls and Brookings that read, in plain English, “Perot in ’96.” Probably done by a CRIPs. Bloods or Arian Nation gang tagger, no doubt. Not to mention that it cost 39 dollars to register both cars until August (including a one time 10 buck charge for title change), then it’s 44 bucks for both cars per year, there were no lines