

Pres., **John Rudder**Sec'y, **Vince Balderrama**

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I'm still fiddling around, trying to understand the world of the modem and *Over-the-Wall*. That's code for — I haven't got a clue. In the end it means that this will either be Fedex'ed or "Electronic". Which-ever way it turns out will be transparent to you, just as long as it makes it to print.

The weather has been gorgeous these last few days in the nutmeg state. It looks like spring is truly here. Thankfully, this winter was pretty mild. My snow shovel was dented only once. That's because I ran over it with my car! I really lucked out this year — no multiple snowstorms and no sore muscles. Life is good! It would be better if I got more mail. The pickings in the mail bag were rather thin. Still the one or two notes I got are gems.

Here's a quick note from **Mike Moore**. Mike's up in Newport, RI in the perspective COs school. (A lot of you guys have been migrating there lately.) — When he completes, he'll head out to take command of the **FREDERICK (LST-1184)**. It's home ported in Pearl Harbor, HI, so he'll just have to force himself to get used to the warmer weather — Yeah, that's tough duty. Other Classmates romping around the Brick Alley Way in Newport, stuck in PCOS, are: **Tom Holman** [heading for the **LAMOURE COUNTY (LST-1194)**]; **Gerry Roncolato** [PCO **SULLIVAN (DDG-68)**]; and **Rand LeBouvier** [whose destined to take the **CARTER HALL (LSO-??)**]. On the other side of the desk, as an instructor at **SOSMRC**, is **Jonathan Will**. Mike says that all of the aforementioned Class of 78 Det Newport aren't advanced enough to be able to sign on to *Over The Wall* or they would've sent that info electronically. That's okay, Mike. Once I get the hang of this "tron" stuff I'll forward the news about the other Boat School grads in your Class.

The other letter I got came from **Doctor Scott Stafford** in Rochester, MN. Having self-diagnosed as suffering from "guiltus absentee-itis" he prescribed a dose of correspondence and penned the following remedy. Well, actually he kindly TYPED a letter. After all, he is an MD. You didn't think he would hand write something, didja'?! Think about those prescriptions you've gotten from your family doc, 'nuff said. Anyway... Scott's admitted that a lot has changed since he and Jackie attended the 10th reunion. For one thing, Jackie left her Assistant Professorship in Ophthalmology at George Washington University. She's been a consultant (read that staff physician) there at the Mayo Clinic. Shortly after arriving in Rochester they had a baby boy, Eric, who is now 3 1/2. Scott spent his last 4 years on active duty as the diving medical officer at **NAVSCOLEOD**, Indian Head, MD. That was until June 1992 when he departed the active rolls. He's also at Mayo, albeit back in training in Radiation Oncology. He'll finish up next spring. His Navy years must have wimped him up some as an Alaskan he admits to Minnesota being one cold country. Come on, you don't hear Rocky and Bullwinkle complaining do you? Of course those Frostbite Falls natives are animated and covered with fur. Scott reported he ran into **Frank Schraml** at the Naval Hospital Bethesda during some Reserve Active Duty. Frank wasn't hurt, but you'd think that Scott might have spotted a glowing Frank. You see, Frank's a "fellow in nuclear (read that unclear) medicine". Scott reported that another dosimeter brother, **Sean McCloskey**, finally got married to a Minnesota girl while he (Sean) was in the twin cities doing nuclear consulting work. The McCloskeys now reside in Colorado. The move came after Sean and Scott's old Nuc School Roommate [a

Georgia Tech grad...Brad Geddes] took over as chairman and president of the company and moved it lock stock and barrel to Boulder. I'm having a serious case of *deja vu* here. I think I wrote about Sean in a previous column. But I also have a sneaky feeling that I may have just mentioned it briefly and left it off as a "I'll give you more details in the column". I'll have to do some digging. (But I know you guys will tell which is the case.) In closing, Scott added that it seems that "the rest of 9th company must have died from prostate cancer already as I haven't seen their exploits in the column." [Hey, you write, I'll print...for the most part.]. If any of the gang is out in MN or Chicago, Scott asks that you drop him a line.

Speaking of a few quick lines — An invitation to a Change of Command stated that **Mark Fox** took over **VFA-81** at Cecil Field, Florida on 10 March 1995. Congrats to another '78 Skipper! I also got one of those bathing beauty postcards from Hawaii, from **Loren Divers**. Actually it looked more like a beached blue whale. In typical Loren fashion, the beauty on the card's face was definitely in the eye of the beholder — if Jose Feliciano was doing the beholding that is! I thought they had laws against putting that stuff in the mail! To this day I'm scared to open my mail box. On what room the bovine sun-bather left on the postcard Muff wrote about his opening up an office in Jakarta. It'll be for the sale of fruit syrups and beverage machining. His agent there is a New Jersey boy from the shoe business — (most athletic shoes are made in SE Asia). He added that Indonesia, while beautiful — is exceptionally unclear. He had an episode in a hospital there. [Are you sure you can blame the landscape for that, Loren?] Anyway, while being checked out he said he had to ask them to take his temperature. He thought that was supposed to be SOP. I defer to Doc Stafford on that one. Back in Paradise, aka Hawaii, Loren's subdivision just got funded. Keep doing that entrepreneur stuff, Muff. I finish up the MBA in May '96 and need a rich Classmate to employ me.

By the time this goes to print, **Mike White** will have left the **CH-53E** Class desk at **NAVAIR** and finally figured his way around the Pentagon in **N880F**. It's a perfect assignment for Whitey, there are more flag officers in the Pentagon to provide targets of opportunity for his tactful subtle contradictions—such "Whitey-isms as—"General, there's no such thing as six sigma"; "Admiral, you don't understand"; "Mr. Secretary, if you can't figure out this simple budget profile of mine, we're wasting my time." Yes, he'll do well in the Puzzle Palace.

Looking at the old clock on the wall— and the calendar—I am my usual tardy self. Time to figure out the modem and excite those little tron genies to get this out to my kind and always understanding Shipmate editor (A little smacking goes a long way.) I'll see you guys next month— **Launchin' Spot Four**.

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Straight from the Word Processor of Love, yours truly is fresh out of comedy filler. Now that I'm a touchie-feelie-Cumbayah artist/potter, I contemplate infinity and view Mother Earth with a new consciousness pretty much all day long so I'm unable to dredge up and spew out quick witted-laugh uncontrollably intros the way I used to (yeah, sure, pass the drool cup, Ken's puttin' me to sleep with his "quick wit"). Uh huh, I'm also too busy tie dying T-shirts when I get home from the pottery. Anyway, for some reason, this month's first paragraph o' fun is not up to the usual standards of comedy and shoot I don't even care. How's about let's get cracking then with the oh so teeny amount of info, shall we?

After years of abuse to get him to write, I finally struck gold by abusing his wife and got him to call. That's right kids, Chris and Jim **Rioux** called us up out of the blue a few weeks ago to chew me out and let me know of their doin's. Jim had worked for one of GM's subsidiaries in Ohio for a few years then realized Kingston, NY would be a better place to live even if it meant a pay cut. Hmm, I know a guy who sorta did that and he's glad he did. We even got to say hello to their daughter Jaimie who is now 14!!! Man, when Jaimie was 2, Jim and Chris would bring her over to our house early on Sunday mornings and Vicky and I would make pancakes for her while Mom and Dad went back to sleep. Now she's a teenager. Yikes. What's worse is their baby boy Chris is now 10. Excuse me while I go hang myself in the garage. They told us about an upcoming road trip they were taking to Annapolis to see Joe Boland and bring him some tasty peanut butter sandwiches to give Joe an intense feeling of *Deja-Vu*. Jim, Chris, it was truly fantastic to talk to you two again and thanks for the call. You're now abuse complete.

I got an e-mail message from former roommate, **Sam Hull** the other day. It was sent private so I'm gonna respect Sam's wishes and lay off the standard cut and paste magic of my Windows "gooies". However, I can do the Reader's Digest thing and tell you that he and Patti are having a marvelous time in Thalequah, OK. Sam is the pastor-teacher of a local church there in town and Patti is way busy raising their two mega cutie-pies Elizabeth and Rebecca. The real reason I'm not gonna cut and paste Sam's *Over The Wall* message is because he gave me so much grief for moving to SD. Plus, he's a lot funnier than I am and I'm jealous and don't want you to see how good he is. Sam is now the local B&G Officer so he'll be doing the rest of his Reserve stuff for Mom B's Home For Wayward Boys. Oh yeah, And Girls. Sorry. Okay, I will cut and paste one little blurb from Sam only because it's pretty hysterically funny in giving me maximum grief for having moved to the Northern Plains. Here goes:

Well, got to go spread sunshine to other lives besides yours. Now that we've checked your reaction to shock, I can move on and start working on your humility. Say, what was the name of that lighter-fluid handwarmer thing you had for rowing in the dead of winter—Bonny Hot Toddy, or something like that? Can you use it while you're throwing pots? Final question—are you still flying? Tag—you're it. Sam.

Sam, thanks for the note and we might come down to visit next February.

Next in line via the magic of television, is sand blower, helicopter pilot and famous denture wearer, **Wiz Withers**. I was only smart enough to get part of