

that we'll have a difficult time contacting. We'd like you all to join us in trying to recruit one Classmate to join the Alumni Association and come Home to Homecoming in 1996....**Chuck**

Hey guys, that's about it! Hope you're all doing well and life is treating you right...you ain't alone out there, there's a grunch of us around! Later, **Tim**.

77

Membership: 80%

Pres., Cdr. **Owen G. Thorp III** USNR
Sec'y, Cdr. **Bill Millward** USN
1026 Magnolia Ave. Norfolk, VA 23508

78

Membership: 85%

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

Happy Birthday, Devil Dogs and Devil Dog wannabes! As I pen this November column I am in the Capital City of Washington DC. Like an expectant father awaiting the news of birth, I wait another fiscal mark and wonder whether or not I will still have a program and can make the mortgage. (Yup, it's September) But unlike the birth of the Corps, I'm not in a Tavern, mugs clanking in revelry, the foamy sloshing about the floor and down the gullet. Instead, I'm stuck in an office, lurking about the Pentagon, or lingering around Capitol Hill. Oh, the life of a lying, cheating contractor—I'd rather be in the bar, some foxhole, or better yet a cockpit! You can bet, I'll be in the bar soon after I hear the final results of the budget. (Not that I ever really need an excuse.)

Those of you still on active duty are also anxious to hear what the new fiscal year promises—perhaps another pay raise (always just a point or two BELOW the inflation level) and fleet operating dollars (never enough to keep you flying as much as you want, but always enough to keep you at sea and away from home). That Uncle Sam he's such a generous guy. One thing that gets funded, and one that's really important to your mortgagor, is your paycheck. That pay package also says how many of you can be promoted and how long it takes for the really big bageetas to kick in. For the Marines of year groups '77 and '78 it's of special interest as the powers-that-be finally decided to promote a few more good men. The flying fickle finger of fate finally landed on something better than what the flight surgeon's digit used to and picked a few of our own for promotion to Lieutenant Colonel. Yup, now at least some '78 Marines can finally be on an equal footing with our peers.

Here are the fortunate names I could make out from the fuzzy fax copy of the promotion list:

On the active duty side: D.J. Barile, D.J. Barnd, T.P. Benson, R.J. Blanco, M.G. Bolin, C. R. Davis, R. W. Destafney, G.A. Eisenmann, W.G. Fell, R.J. Findlay, T.C. Hanifen, J.E. Harbison, D.R. Heinz, H.A. Hopper, L.W. Longcoy, M.F. McKeon, J.E. Page, R.L. Reece, J.D. Rudzisz, G.P. Shaw, J.J. Spegele, C.M. White, J.E. Wissler, L.M. Yeary,

From what I could spy on the Reserve selection list, selected weekend warriors were: A.J. Athens,

G.J. Baur, K.M. Carmody, G.S. Cory, C.E. Dougherty, S.A. Maloney, D.D. Mossbarger II, C.H. Pangburn, M.T. Spencer.

Those of you fortunate enough to make the promotion cut, congratulations! Don't get too heady now. Some of your wives may already be spending that extra pay but like they say, remember what LtCols select are called?—MAJOR.

As this fiscal year's budget gets put to paper, we hope there's enough change to let you pin those silver oak leaves on soon, *with* pay. None of this frocking stuff for you guys. At least we hope it comes in time to pay the bills form the extra spending spree and the big wetting down. Those not yet on the lists, we'll catch your names next time. I know I have *my* fingers crossed.

I got a very long distance letter from Debbie and **Keith Davies**. They are in Turkey where Keith is the Assistant Naval Attaché at the American Embassy in Ankara. They arrived July of last year and are enjoying it immensely. Keith has the typical aviator attaché's lament—they *make* him fly C-12s. Ain't life rough? His Turkish language skills have improved enough so that he can get by in his job. He now knows more than the standard liberty phrases of "How much is the beer?" and "Where is the bathroom?" (Which I can still say in no less than 6 languages—French, Italian, Spanish, English, Southern (North Carolinian dialect) and sign language.) Keith's working on really improving his linguistic talents so he can mesh it with his C-12 ticket and qualify for the embassy "Rug Run Team". Persian Carpets anyone? So far it looks like Keith will stay in Turkey until June of '97. With the NAPS credit, that's his twenty-year mark (Some of you are also in the same boat.). His options are many. He could open up a Davies Carpets of Ankara, become president of the Hair Club, or settle down and get a real job. But in any case he might have to grow up, something to which Debbie can attest is a lost cause. There are three kids now in the Davies household. Besides Kurt (16) and Katie (14) they now have Evan (2 1/2), whom they adopted back in 1992. As for Debbie, she got her nursing degree (RN) in '92 and is working as an embassy nurse in the British Embassy Ankara. She overcomes the "English-American language barrier" and really enjoys the job. You can drop them a line via the embassy at USDAO, PSC 93, Box 5000, APO AE 09823.

Larry Semanyk (Yak, sorry if I misspelled your name) dropped by the office a while ago. He now works for DP Associates, a beltway bandit firm that does support work for folks like NAVAIR. He's also in the Reserve and works out of the Aviation Logistics Branch at the Navy Annex. Besides Lawrence, he and Leslie also have three daughters all below the age of 6. Leslie's still working as a nurse. She pulls the long weekend rotations which means Larry pulls the Mr. Mom routine on Saturday and Sunday. It's a tag team arrangement that suits their needs for parenting.

Larry mentioned that **Steve Sterner** is doing fine these days. He did have a little setback a while ago. After a car accident, he was even further laid out with what almost sounded like a half body cast on his arm and torso. Seems that Steve was cruising along when someone tried to prove out Newton's Law about objects in motion being acted upon by other objects — WHAM! Totaled his car and plaster of paris'd Steve. Don't feel too bad for him. In typical resilient Sterner fashion, he had somebody available to pop and pour the beer down him! When you're given lemons, Steve doesn't make lemonade, he brews! If you ever get down to Severna Park (I think) don't forget to look up Steve. At the very least you've got to check out what has to be the very best I love me wall and boat school memorabilia display this

side of Preble Hall. (That's the Yard's museum for those of you who skated Plebe summer.) Well, I hope you're out of the cast by now Steve and getting along better. Get healthy, bubba!

I've been talking to **Steve "Jock" Maloney** a lot more these days. Part of that's because, eventually, we're going to replace his reserve squadron's aircraft with my "big rig" CH-53E; and partly because I've talked my way into doing a little active duty time in Norway for an exercise "at a not yet determined time" next year. (Is that indefinite enough for all you Secret Squirrels?) As the Reserve Squadron CO at Willow Grove, Jock will be leading his guys from the front but he'll also lead the R&R. You can be certain that at least one of those RH-53Ds of his will have some nets, balls and backboard. On week-ends the rotary warrior, during the week he's "Joe Entrepreneur" with his Continental Rubber Seal Company. The company's doing okay, making payroll and paying off debts. Jock's doing what he can to push it to the big time.

Speaking of that exercise of an undetermined time, joining us will also be **Alex Dimitrew** and **Chris "Doc" Dougherty**. (Sounds like Jock's padding his five on five team.) I'm probably remembering the "org" table wrong but I think Alex will be running the TAC Center and I'm reasonably certain that Doc will be the Headquarters JAG. I know he is the JAG, 'cuz he's an attorney in real life and besides there's a requisition form with his name on it for a *mahogany* field desk. As for Alex, he's living in New Jersey and working Lockheed Martin on the Aegis Program.

Marines running around the Washington DC area are: **Tim Hanifen**—due to leave Aviation Plans Branch sometime next year, back to New River. He and his new bride, Ann, bought a house there and we'll see what exposure to full time life in lovely Jacksonville, NC, brings to the newlyweds. **Mike White** is at the Pentagon as N880F—the money guy in aviation amphibious warfare for 53s and 46s. I bumped into **Gary Shaw** at an MCAA dinner a few months ago. He's running around the district at school, I thought. **Mark Bolin** is supposedly running around the Navy annex in one of those "Iron Majors" jobs. **Jim Shulson** and **Bill "If" Fell** were last heard of in Okinawa, as was **Tom Sudbeck**.

It looks like I'm running out of space for this Uncle Sam's Misguided Children edition. I know there were over 168 of us who took the oath from the Assistant Commandant, General Sam Jaskilka, on that warm June day. I haven't even scratched the surface of where you are and what you are up to. So pick up a pen—or crayon if you went 03 (infantry)—and drop me a line, correct me, berate me—but just write. Let me really pack these columns with tons of news.

In closing I just have to say for all you guys who could reach the line on the wall for debutante escorts—There's a new "Commandaddy" at 8th & I—a fellow Boat Schooler and a guy with whom I can see eye to eye! Life is good!

So here's "health to you and to our Corps, which we are proud to serve." Cut the cake, light the smoking lamp, and pour the toast to another year. Semper Fi, Semper Gumby, Semper Tardus... (Always Faithful, Always Flexible—Always Late!—I'm IBuster, launchin' Spot 4 with the FedEx express. Hold the presses!) [ed note: For a Marine, always!! Happy Birthday, Vince...Nancy]

Thank You! Private support built a baseball clubhouse and dugout facility!
