

caine bust assisted by a P-3 supported by "Halfwit's" (sorry Steve, but that old JO-days nickname just won't go away) Tactical Support Center. "The Navy's job down here is extremely important," said Shegrud. "Working with the local authorities is something we are proud to do in order to help protect the interests of Puerto Rico and the United States."

Ray Wassel plans to put his Plebe Summer knockabout sail training to good use in the "world's toughest yacht race—the BT Global Challenge." As an employee of a British Telecommunications subsidiary, Ray was chosen to participate in one leg of the race as a fundraiser for the Save the Children charity. The race begins in September 2000 and will take 10 months, going 30,000 miles the "wrong way around" (from east to west, against prevailing winds and currents), visiting seven countries on five continents. You can find out more on the race Web site: www.btchallenge.com. Ray will be raising funds for the U.S. branch of Save the Children. You can send a tax-deductible check made out to "Save the Children US" to Ray at: 2820 Cravey Drive NE, Atlanta, GA 30345.

The Donaldson photo archives yielded some early 1970s treasures for this month's edition. Judging from the choice of beverage, this must have been an away game.



Steve Oslund, Kermit Stott, Rich Davis, and Rich Whiteside fuel up for the game

100 Years of the World's Greatest Rivalry

Go Navy — Beat Army



Mike Thumm scores with Pat Connally on deck

I wonder if **Jack Stewart** still has that big beer mug from Der Zillertal in Hamburg? I remember that Youngster Cruise night. (The bell bottoms we wore in 1972 came in handy!)

With my oldest in his freshman year at Tulane, I asked **Steve Hubbard** for advice on parenting college-aged kids. He and Maggie certainly have the experience, with three in college this year! Kyle is a senior at Pitt, on the dean's list, playing rugby, and making career decisions. (Go Navy, Kyle!) Jeff is a sophomore at American University, and Joanna is in her first year at Mount St. Mary's. Not to be outdone, Maggie is working on a master's in special education emphasizing inclusion. She does this while teaching first grade and serving as assistant principal at St. Mary's School in Laurel, MD, and taking care of Steve and the one young Hubbard still at home. Supermom lives on!

I caught **Dave Gove's** name in the *Navy Times* change of command list. Dave moved on from command of SubDevRon 12 to be one of the deep thinkers on the Strategic Studies Group in Newport.

The *Baltimore Sun* just ran a nice article lauding the Class of "Ought Three" for their high academic qualifications and excellent Plebe Summer record. The Superintendent gave a lot of credit to the better and deeper recruiting effort led by **CAPT Rick Hammond** in the Admissions Office. Bravo Zulu, Rick! The top-notch kids with the vision to understand how USNA can fit in their plans are out there—but they are tough to find!

Don Keeler, are you out there? One of your high school buddies from Ambler is trying to track you down. Call or email me and I'll give you all the information.

Until the next issue, then... *Go Navy!*



Celebrating the victory. Dan Thompson, Pat Connally, Jack Stewart, Rich Torgerson, Steve Simonson, Pete Damisch

76

Regular Membership: 43%
Life Membership: 17%

Pres: **Chuck Gorum**

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77

Regular Membership: 24%
Life Membership: 55%

Pres: **CAPT Richard (Rick) White, USN**

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78

Regular Membership: 13%
Life Membership: 71%

Pres: **Arch Griffin**

Sec'y: **Vince Balderrama**

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Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells. Just singing a few Christmas carols. Grateful to be singing them at home in the U.S. and not still in Turkey. Altogether, I've spent about a month and a half there. Of course, since I'm writing this almost two months in advance, who knows where I'll be? I could very well be reading this as I sit in the Ankara, Hilton, cursing myself—"sucker!" Oh well! Please Santa, don't let that happen. I promise to be a good boy, eat my vegetables, say my prayers, pay my taxes (on time), plant a tree, save a whale...aw heck, who am I kidding? I'm doomed. Anyway, on to the mailbag.

Hall Van Vlack (vanvlack@erols.com) checked in. The September issue kicked him into the response mode. His 20 years worth version goes something like this. Despite his graduating USNA late (taking remedial Motors and Rotors to get his BSEE) he overcame his aversion to higher education and decided to go back to school to update his sheep-skin. In May, he completed his MSEE from Johns Hopkins University. It was the culmination of four years of part-time night school. In addition to a few extra IQ points he got a nice piece of paper to hang up on his "I Love Me Wall" along with the one from USNA. Hall says that with any luck that will be the last degree for him. But since he specialized in computer networks, he suspects he'll be stuck in one course or another just to keep up with the technology. It's a process that continues until he retires and takes up fishing. To pay the mortgage, he's working for Uncle Sam as a GS15. But the man with the beard and striped pants says he can't retire until 2012. (That's funny, my debt-

ors say I can't retire until I'm dead!) Hall finds computers and networks "fun and interesting" especially as we approach the year 2000 turnover. He doesn't anticipate any real problems. But with all the concerns other people have, he expects to be celebrating the New Year in front of a keyboard, just in case. (Of course he didn't say anything about that cache of food supplies and gold bullion he's keeping in his basement.) The Millennium Duty will be just like standing OOD midwatch but this time he gets to sit down and doesn't have 20 pounds of binoculars hanging on his neck. In a few more days we'll see if Hall's prediction of "no problema" rings true.

Tom Martinez (Tom.Martinez@nsc.com) sent an update. He says that life is very hectic, but good. His daughter, Sarah (19), is in her second year at MIT. She hopes to be a civil engineer. He says he doesn't know how that could be, as we should know that teenagers "are rarely civil to anyone." He reminded Sarah that civil engineers make things that are targets, bridges, dams, bunkers, and that electrical engineers make things that blow up those targets up. She didn't see dad's Marine artillery humor. He's been putting life back together again after losing his wife to cancer. He's started dating a very nice lady. They have a lot in common, love of the outdoors, bird hunting, Labrador Retrievers and a slightly off-center sense of humor. Tom says she gets extra points for just being able to put up with him. Some might say she loses points for a "below in headwork" for just that same reason. Still, he's lucky and looking at life positively now. Glad to hear it!

Rich Polek (Richpolek@aol.com) left "sweet home Chicago" in the middle of August for Richmond. Actually he found a house in Midlothian, VA. Rich started a new career in paper/plastics recycling. He is now the VP of Operations for a start up company called Extraction Technologies of VA. Jennifer and their daughter, Nadilee, followed him out in late September. Too much prolonged travel with ABB in the commercial nuclear field services business made him feel like a totally inadequate husband and dad. It was just too tough to leave his three-year-old for months at a time. The only difference between that and submarines was that he could call them from the hotel or plant everyday. The new job will involve travel, but more several-day trips and certainly not months on end.

I spooked **Chris Burgin** (CCBurgin@leggmason.com) when I responded to his global "radio check" on email. Seems I remembered too much from 2nd Class YP cruise. Chris is a Financial Advisor/Certified Financial Planner for Legg Mason out of Ponte Vedra Beach, FL (just outside Jacksonville). He's been doing that type of stuff for about 13 years. He says he's just "plodding along trying to make a buck and, of course provide value, added service to my clients (no day trading...just night!)." He wonders what's up with **Charlie Nickel** or **Matt Rausch**, but has managed to keep in contact now and again with **Kevin "Grinch" Lynch** and **John "Younger" Young**. If anyone can help Chris with news about Charlie and Matt, zap him an email. How about a "cc" to your Scribe too?

Luis Rodriguez (lrodriguez@transok.com or at home at l2rodriguez@earthlink.net) sent me a "Comm Check" type of email. Luis was with 14th Company and made the trans to CivLant during '76. He's anxious to hear from old Companymates and Classmates. **Dennis Pricolo** (DenPricolo@aol.com) of 35th Co. fame also responded to my administrative glitch. He wrote to tell me he was among the guys I overlooked with the O-6 notifications. Dennis is a cryptologist. He converted designators after a couple tours as a SWO. He is

now the CO of Naval Security Group Activity Denver in Denver, CO. He pinned on captain on 1 October. So with the new fiscal year comes the new pay. Since he's never written me before he was awash with an update. Here's his "Cliff Notes" version.

Been married for 15 years to Cindy Mittnacht of San Jose, CA. Have three kids: Danny (9), Nate (5) and Kristi (18 months). During my last tour, I was at the National Security Agency in Fort Meade, MD. We lived in Annapolis, and we were able to make some football games, parades and other events in the Yard. It was really neat being back in the area for first time in career. During other cryptic tours, I was stationed in Japan, then on the CarGru 3 staff in Alameda, taught at SWOS Dept Head Course at Newport, attended the Naval War College, and was on CinCEur staff in Stuttgart, before returning to NSA.

Okay, now for my version—crypto, yeah sure—he's a spook, 007-type stuff. Just check out that resume—Ft. Meade, NSA—yup, do the math. It all adds up. Any more and I'd have to kill ya. Thanks for the update, Dennis. (If that's your real name!)

Tom McLeod (tom.mcleod@lmco.com) said my complaining so much about empty mailbags was the motivating factor for him to write and fill us in on the goings-on at the McLeod household. After a series of acquisitions Tom now works (like most of the other defense folks) for Lockheed Martin. He's in Orlando, FL. He, Judy and their boys have been down there for three years. Judy, Matt (15) and Danny (14) seem to be enjoying it, which always makes dad's life easier. Tom is still working on the project, which brought him to Orlando, which is part of the Lockheed Martin Simulation and Training organization. They are providing a training capability to the British Army for an Armored Battle Group. Lots of simulators and workstations tied together on a LAN with a visual database etc. It's pretty interesting stuff. Since they have a number of U.S. and U.K. subcontractors he gets to travel a lot. He gets to the U.K. almost once a month so the Delta frequent flyer miles build up! For the 2nd Company guys that read this, Judy and Tom are talking about a company reunion in Orlando for the Navy-Notre Dame scheduled to be played there around October of 2000. They would at least have a party on Friday night, a tailgater at the game and then something after the game. They can also do a golf match and of course there are the "attractions"—you know, that little theme park with the mouse. Tom needs to get indications of interest so he can start planning and costing out the parties, hotel and transportation. Tom says that **John Watters** and **Dennis Viera** are also living in the area and have offered to help with the Reunion. Second Company folks who are interested can drop Tom a line either at work or home. Here are his particulars: work email is tom.mcleod@lmco.com; work phone is 407-306-2650; work fax is 407-306-2677; and home phone is 407-208-9365. Sounds like it'll be a fun time. I hope the game will be as successful as the party!

Matt Leavitt (leavitt@erols.com) also filled us in on his 20-plus year gap with an email synopsis. In a nutshell, he says that "life is good" and he feels as though the Leavitt family has been greatly blessed. They are all reasonably healthy, happy, and doing well in jobs or studies. As to some of the particulars, he just completed two years on the Joint Staff (in J-5 Western Hemisphere Div.) and officially retired on 1 March '99. He began working on the transition in the fall, intent on remaining in the D.C. area. In December of last year he signed on with UTD Incorporated, a small engineering company. Since February, he's been working for them at an office of the Defense Threat Reduction Agency in Alexandria, VA. The work is very interesting, and it pays the bills. To Classmates in the transition process he offers some gouge. He learned of openings at UTD from an ad at the USNA Career Center computer bulletin board. He gives it a thumbs up as a productive resource! Aside from work, he spends time doing things with the family, participating in Rotary, and singing with his wife in the choir at our church. He and Maria just celebrated their 21st anniversary. Like most Navy wives, she is glad to have settled in one place and has made a lot of friends among the displaced Spanish families here in the D.C. area. She is in the second year of a post-doctoral fellowship and is doing research in Bethesda at the NIH's Institute of Neurological Disorders and Strokes. Maria is very excited about the research and her flexible schedule allows time for a variety of family activities, choir, teaching confirmation Class, and serving as a volunteer interpreter. Their daughter, Elizabeth, is in her second year at William & Mary and doing fine. She had an internship in D.C. last year at the Office of National Drug Control Policy and got to do some "neat" stuff. Matt is a senior now at Langley High School, and is in the application process for admission to USNA with the Class of '04. He worked at Raytheon E-Systems last summer as a software dude, and is now working part-time at a small software company near Dulles called "ArcSecond." Seems to like it! Their youngest, Joe, is a sophomore at Langley. He also professes an interest in USNA, and is off to a great start in athletics, (Track/Cross-Country) and studies. Last summer he spent a couple of weeks with the family of a friend of mine from the Spanish Navy who was teaching at the NATO school in Oberammergau. As we can see, they have a lot of "moving parts" in the Leavitt household.

Matt's been in touch with a few Classmates over the years—**Frank Schraml**, now a doctor at Bethesda working in Nuclear Medicine, and **Jon Will** (who began his Joint Staff tour the day Matt was checking out) is working in the J-5 Nuclear Arms Control Div. Last year, about this time, Matt's roommate at USNA, **ML "Lafayette" Norton**, came out and stayed with them during the 20th Reunion. Lafayette lives in beautiful Redmond, WA, where he works for a power co-op. His son,



'78 helping Jerry's Kids (see November Shipmate '78 class column)

Michael, also came out for the Reunion and is contemplating application to USNA. The best way to reach the Leavitts is electronically at leavitt@erols.com. Otherwise, catch them at the tailgaters!

Will Pearce sent an update to his email. Seems the amount of junk mail at the old address was too overwhelming. Here's his new address to which you can now send junk—Will78USNA@aol.com.

Sonny Del Santos forwarded an email from **Steve Murphy** (s_murphy@bellsouth.net). Seems that Steve is also down in Florida. In fact he's up the coast from Sonny in Brevard County. Steve's been there most of the years since leaving USNA—except school and a few years working out of the country. He's working in the telecommunications field after having spent 19 years in aerospace. He got married a few years after leaving the Academy and now it's been 20-plus years of marriage and three great girls. His eldest daughter just went off to school (college) and the youngest two are juniors in high school. Thanks for the update, Steve—and thanks, Sonny, for forwarding the news.

I was among the recipients of **Gary "Iceman" Eisenmann's** (eisenmann@konnect.net) mass mailing from Okinawa. He said he sent it because he hadn't anything better to do during a super typhoon. OK, there are lots of things he could've been doing, but then we'd have missed his update. Besides, snorkling in your living room isn't as pleasant as sending an email (though he was fully prepared for that possibility!). Gary knew there was going to be trouble when he saw the name of the typhoon—Bart! Like the cartoon character of the same name—Typhoon Bart proved to be a hellion. DOH! He provided a blow-by-blow account of the event (no pun intended). Bart grew in strength as it finally reached the island of Okinawa with better than 100 mph winds. Fortunately the eye was not supposed to pass over them. As it was, the winds were rocking Gary's van, bending the trees, tearing covers off sheds (his and his neighbor's). Bart was just making a real mess of things. In his job as facilities maintenance officer, Gary gets calls all the time—especially while a storm rages. Two bases were without power (and not a thing he can do about it in that sort of weather. He can't exactly send someone up in a bucket truck with typhoon winds and rains!). Several houses in his neighborhood had serious damage and flooding (which fortunately was the Air Force's problem. Gary doesn't do housing maintenance—for which at times like that, he's very glad!). Fortunately, he lives in a nice thick reinforced concrete house. He could hear the winds roar and rains pelt, but things were fairly safe. As he was typing, it was getting dark, partly from the setting sun but also in large part from the denser clouds and heavy rain. The darkness only makes things spookier, as one can't see how bad things really are (or aren't). Gary, thought that those of us living on the East Coast, especially in North Carolina, have probably experienced the excitement of just such a "little storm." There was one difference, however. When Floyd was heading toward the East Coast everyone fled. Folks on Okinawa don't have that option. They just have to "bunker-down" in their houses and let it blow over them. The storm gave the kids a couple of days off from school and promised to give them a few more. They don't have snow days on the "Rock" but instead they have typhoon days. In the span that Gary was writing he admitted to going a little stir-crazy. After all he hadn't been able to get out of the house at all that day—except for an occasional dash to and from the neighbor's house. As the wind continued to whip around, Gary cut the email short. He and his four boys needed to play to release some of that pent up energy! I can't wait to hear the conclusion of his Typhoon Bart story!

Well, that's all she wrote. Reunions, 20 year histories, typhoons—this month's column had all the makings of a Michener novel or an Aaron Spelling mini-series. I'm looking forward to next month to see what happens to the Iceman and to discover who else has come out from the cold. Of course, I'm just looking forward to seeing if there is anything left of civilization after this millennium bug hits. It could turn out to be as bad as the commercial equivalent of the swine flu or then again it could be as big a bust as New Coca Cola. Who knows? In the meantime, I'm making copies of my files and accounts, stocking up on paper products, water, MREs and canned goods, filling up on my NRA quota of rounds for my "for hunting-only" AK-47, and heading to the bank for those Krugeraands. See you after the electronic fallout. Launchin' Spot Four.

79

Regular Membership: 3%
Life Membership: 90%

Pres: **Mike Finley**
Sec'y: **Ken Russell**
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Well cowboys, for my very last article to you, I was going to write a sappy, flowery sort of thank you type deal that attempted to puddle up a few eyeballs. Vicky puddled up pretty badly when she read it. However, after excruciatingly going through the thing over and over, typing, retyping, trying and failing to get my point across, I decided to scrap it all together. I don't know how to write very seriously without boring the hell out of people more than usual. Besides, a monthly article should be fun to read, not painful, not sappy either. And, we all know how painful it's been over the years reading some of my stuff anyway.

So, I want you all to know how grateful I am for getting to do this for the past 10 years. I mean, I know more of you than any other guy in our Class; a privilege I jealously treasure. I've made some pretty good friends of guys I never knew when I was a Midshipman. It's one of the best things that's happened to me in my life, and I've had quite a few wonderful things happen to me, as things go. Plus, I've been able to read about, talk to and hear about you guys and what you've been up to; your wives, kids, careers... well, your lives. Some of you might be saying, "Man, Ken, it's only an article," but to me, it has been a pretty big gift in my life.

In a weird sort of way, I feel like I haven't been a member of our Class because I get to see us from a bird's eye view all the time. The view is incredible; so much so that it's hard to fathom being part of such an amazing bunch of people and I don't think it's from an inferiority complex. I wish you could see this whole Class of '79 like I have had the privilege of seeing it. And look, I'm turning hokie and sappy, but so it goes.

I've seen commanding officers of ships, submarines, squadrons, battalions, and soon will read about aircraft carrier commanders and space shuttle commanders, all from the Class of '79. I've seen people who started corporations, discovered galaxies, became doctors, pastors, lawyers, and myriad other occupations. Some things made me teary-eyed with pride like when a Company got even closer, and became even better people because one of their Companymates fought hard against but, in the end succumbed to cancer. I've seen that

some things are bigger than we are as individuals; a truth about life of which I am gladly and quite often reminded.

I'm lucky. From my panorama, I've seen patriotic, honorable Americans who do uncommon things every day and think nothing of it. It's humbling because the more I got to see the Class as a whole, the more I realized how much more you deserve. But, because I know how great you are as a Class, you'd never come to that conclusion.

Lastly, the one who has made sure that there has been an article just about every month for the last 10 years is Vicky. She's the most demanding, caring, thoughtful, funny, loving and beautiful friend who loves you guys as much as I do. Vicky's high standards and inspiration helped tremendously on many late nights and early mornings while I tried to make a deadline. Thanks, Sweetie.

For allowing me to be Secretary of the Class of 1979, I'll be forever grateful, and I'll miss it. So, as I continue to make round stuff out of mud from The Arlington Pottery studio in South Dakota and read books like *Wry Martinis*, by Christopher Buckley, and *Eat The Rich*, by PJ O'Rourke, I'll look forward to receiving my monthly *Shipmate*, turning immediately to the '79 Class column, reading about us and hoping the next guy might get to be as fortunate as I've been as secretary. Thank you so very much for letting me do this over the past 10 years. —**Ken Russell**

'79, Omnes Viri

80

Regular Membership: 1%
Life Membership: 96%

Pres: **Tim Kobosko**
Sec'y: **CDR Joseph A. Grace Jr., USNR**
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At last, the summer has past and we are into the really enjoyable months here in New Orleans. We really have two seasons here—summer and delightful. We're now entering the second season! It sure seems that I was just finishing my last column yesterday and here we are again. It is now time for all of you who took time off during the summer to send in an update and let me know what is happening in your world. As I mentioned in the last issue, we are working to develop the network for the Class and need everyone's email address. So if you have been reluctant to send it in, now is the time to change. Go to the USNA1980.org site and check to see if you're listed. If not, add your name so we can extend the ring.

I'm not sure if I had the chance to mention that I had the privilege of having lunch with **Mike Maliniak** in his wardroom with his officers. What a treat! His Command tour is about to end and he is soon to rotate. Being in command of fast attack is one of the few things that I wish I could have done. Few regrets in life, but I will admit that I sat in the wardroom with envy and respect. For those of us who left the Navy early, we can live vicariously through our Classmates and it was certainly a treat and was a great experience. I have to admit that it's a little frightening knowing that our Classmates, people like you and me, are in charge of nuclear weapons, submarines, ships, squadrons and more. Of course, other Classmates are in charge of multi-million or billion dollar companies too. We have come a long way. On to the mailbox!