

78

Regular Membership: 13%
Life Membership: 71%

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Sec'y: **Vince Balderrama**
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Regular Membership: 3%
Life Membership: 90%

Pres: **Mike Finley**
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Well the big news first and I know every doggone one of you are gonna be so excited and if I may say so myself, real proud. The tally is in, and the Class of '79's column is verified Y2K compliant, but that's not all. This is the *Official Class Column of the New Millennium!* I know, I know. My eyeballs puddled up a whole lot too. So, tell all your pals, let 'em know that we have big braggin' rights with all the other Class columns. For the next thousand years, *this* is the column to read. Okay, whew, I'm a little tingly. Let me catch my breath.

Now, on to the pathetic comedy intro filler: The other day I was imagining *real* hard. It wasn't one of those cheesy type imagines like you get on the crowded freeways when you imagine "Gee, if I lived in those crappy-looking apartments *right* next to this noisy as hell freeway, I'd be home now." No, it was more like, "Imagine owning all your favorite AM radio hits for \$12.99 plus shipping." You know what I'm talkin' about, right? A little, "Midnight at the Oasis," oh yeah. All right, so here's the deal: I've been helping out with the domestic stuff a bit more lately, since we built the pottery studio onto the house. Leftovers go into the Tupperware, don't they? Sure they do. Well, I imagined a world where every Tupperware lid fit every other Tupperware container regardless of their sizes. Got a number 2 size container? Stick a number 3 lid on it. Or a number 7 lid. It doesn't matter. They all fit. They're all one with each other. One world. One Tupperware. Give peace a chance? Huh-uh. Let's figure out a way to stop Tupperware lids from escaping five minutes after they go from the dishwasher to the storage cabinet first. Then, we can worry about world peace.

Okee-dokee, that just about covers pathetic stabbin', let's get on with the info, shall we? This month is mainly going to cover the Christmas form letters and we'll leave most of the *huge* amounts of emails to April.

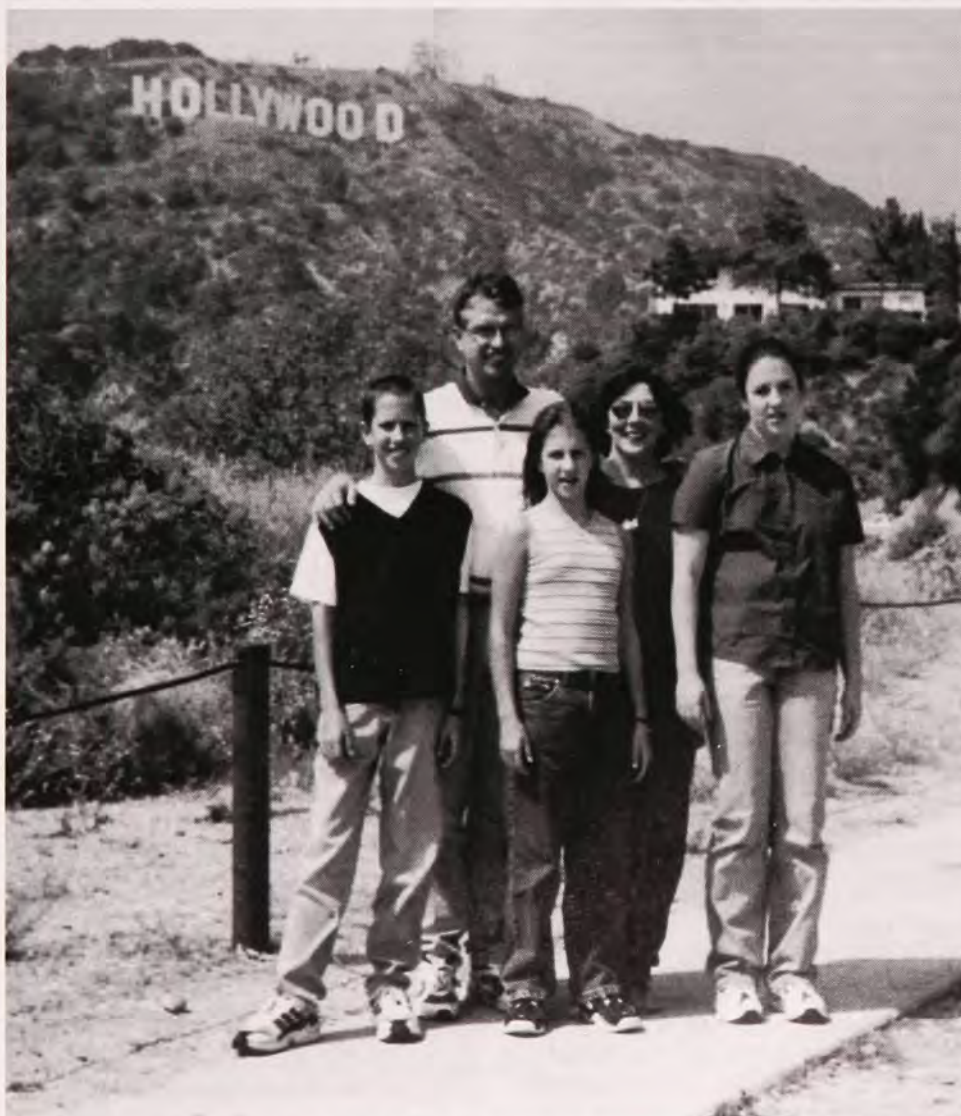
First up, is from Bridget and Craig Majkowski (Cmajkowski@juno.com) and their summer world tour. Four days in Los Angeles where Mom, Dad, Leigh Ann (16), Alex (13), and Lauren (12) performed *live* at the Hollywood Bowl and the Rose Bowl while they wreaked havoc during the day at Mann's Chinese Theater, Venice Beach, Griffith Park Zoo and NBC studios. These heavy metal rockers were nearly arrested for throwing furniture at IKEA. Okay, so they're not a heavy metal band and they didn't perform in LA, but Bridget *drove* from

Dallas, the epicenter of last summer's global warming crisis, with a van full of teenagers to Hollywood and Pasadena to visit their nephews. Craig toughed it out on the plane and flew into LA to meet them. There's some serious honey-do paybacks in there for Craig, no doubt. On the way to the Left Coast, the Mighty Ski's stopped at, well, everywhere but Wally World. They took the more scenic route through Colorado on their way back. Craig flew back from LA. No van. No driving. You shakin' your head with your eyes closed too, sayin' "Oh buddy, Craig's a dead man?" Craig gets out of honey-do hell right after they fix Medicare. Bridget's binge at the outlet mall doesn't count. In the meantime, all the kids are still keeping Craig and Bridget hyper-busy, all three are in gifted programs in school and on weekends, allow Mom and Dad to go out on dates...*alone!* (What is that like?) Bridget works at Alex and Lauren's middle school and also does PTA and Campus Excellence stuff on the side. Craig is pulling his hair out at work trying to get their confusers Y2K compliant (Craig, eat your heart out pal, your Give King and this column doesn't have that problem). Craig, Bridget, thanks so much for the stupendous update.

Next up, is a much enjoyed formster from Pam and Kevin Derbin. Kevin is a VP down in Sioux Falls at Bell Paper Box, and with his Harvard MBA, is making the place skyrocket (Sec'y: Hey Kev, I use Watertown Box. How's about a call

for some biz? I might be way too small a customer but I use about 600 boxes per year). The Derbin kid units are growing up fast. Brie will be in college in a little over a year or so. Nobody really pays attention to the precise number of days to go though, right Brie? Chase is a high school freshman and well on his way to becoming an Eagle Scout. Kevin is also a big time assistant scoutmaster in Chase's troop. He got to rosin up the Ovation this year and play in a band at the Bell Box Christmas party. (Sec'y: I think "It Doesn't Matter" was our best tune at Dahlgren. I screwed up the Eagle tunes by singing way off key. I thought it was BD and blamed it on him at first, but no. It was me. Mr. Goose Farts On a Muggy Day voice. Sorry BD, you actually sounded great.) Chase also plays bass in the rock band, Santa Claus. (Heyyy, Momma-Ceetah). Joel, the youngest Derbin in the world, is in 4th grade and is heatin' up the pools by being the #1 swimmer in South Dakota in his age group. Good on you, Joel! He also is trying a stab at playing guitar just like big bro and dad. Pam heads up Mindcore, Inc., which markets educational type stuff all over the nation. Last summer, everybody went to Florida to visit relatives and watch **Dom Gorie** do that NASA thing piloting the space shuttle.

Pam, Kevin, thanks for the update and next time send a photo with Kevin in the shot so's we can get it into the article (Pam, you get in the picture too.)



Alex, Craig, Lauren, Bridget and Leigh Ann Majkowski, summer 1998