

Last month I also promised an update from **Paul Przyborski**, one of my former Classmates and one of the few people in the Class with a less pronounceable name than mine. Paul writes:

I marvel at your powers of coercion (*Sec'y note*: I had threatened to make-up a string of lies if he didn't answer my request for an update), I am tempted to let you generate an update for me; it would, no doubt, be more interesting than reality.

Currently, I am developing a locksmith business in conjunction with a hardware store I work at in Bay Minette, AL. If you can't find it on the map, it is about nine miles west of the westernmost tip of the Florida Panhandle. Somehow the leading wildman of the Company (35th) came to enjoy small town life with a wife and five grandchildren. (Yes, that's five, checksum Roman Numeral V) I am the only Przyborski in the phone book (*Sec'y*: why does that not surprise me) so we aren't hard to find, once you get to town.

I also received an email from **Larry Peruffo** (Peruffo@ibm.net):

I am still with Applied Materials after 15 years and more business cycles than I care to remember. The last three years have been particularly difficult, but business is improving and the stock market loves us again. I am now the senior director of Business Process and System Solutions for our worldwide manufacturing operations. My wife, Sharon, and children, Lauren (11), Matthew (9), and Steven (5), are all doing well in school and the many activities which keep Sharon busy chauffeuring them all over Austin. I experienced a bit of a mid-life crisis this year, and I had to have a hot rod in my garage, like the '31 Ford coupe I had First Class Year. Not having the time to build one, and wanting something a little more reliable than my last home-built, I bought a bright yellow Plymouth Prowler. Sharon and I go out "cruising" when the weather is nice.

Harry Meyers retired in October '98 and is now in private practice in the Dallas area. He stopped in for a visit when he came to town to get his Texas medical license. Ruth called and said that Harry has plenty of work. She and their four girls stayed in Maryland until school let out. They bought a lot in Plano and are currently planning a home suitable for a surgeon.

Rick Marcantonio left the State Department in July and went to school at ICAF. He recently screened for command and will be assuming command of NAS Corpus Christi this summer. I'll be looking for an invitation and will make the drive down to Corpus Christi for the occasion.

I see **Tim Jenks** occasionally during my trips to the Bay Area and had the pleasure of dining with Tim, Atsuko and CAPT and Mrs. Jenks a few months ago. Tim left Raychem last spring and is now the President and CEO of Nanogram, a start-up company developing sub-micron particulate materials. I thoroughly enjoy sitting down with Tim and discussing his plans to build a business out of this new technology.

John "Foch" Feiler has also checked in with a synopsis of the last decade or so:

After meeting Stacy at the Naval Postgraduate School in '88, I graduated in '89 with a master's in computer systems management and married her. We were then cruelly shipped across country from Monterey CA, to Tampa, FL, for a joint tour at USSOCOM. After two tours, we decided to go postal and signed up for NAS Adak—whoopee! Actually it was wonderful, although we had not even finished getting all our household goods when they decided to close the island, oh well, back stateside. We went to Bremerton, WA, where I had extensive knee reconstruction, very, very painful. We began to settle on the idea of living in the arty town of Port Townsend, but the Navy decided otherwise. Off we went back to Tampa to the Recruiting office. I took the easy way out after 17 1/2 loyal years and retired. I entered a program called "Troops to Teachers" and was hired instantly (since the military helped pay part of the salary) been plugging away at it ever since. We feel so

blessed that you are all our friends and we always have an open house anytime your travels bring you down this way! Our address: 2106 Haydon Court, Brandon, FL 33511; feiler_j@popmail.firm.edu; 813-651-4353.

My 'brother,' **Mike Wertz** must have been more than a little bored on a recent flight for FedEx (packages never complain about a hard landing), thus the following:

Hi Mark, how you doin'? Hopping along here at 33K en route to the center of the universe (also know as Memphis to non-purple and orange guys). Had a nice layover today in Ontario, CA, and head back to San Diego in three hours then done for the month, but it only gets more hectic. My oldest daughter is off to UCSB in the fall to play water polo, not study. Somewhere along the way, she'll get it. Part of the requisites of her scholarship requires mandatory tutorials though, so it shouldn't take too long. Talk to **Tommy Bauer** occasionally, he is doing well with Southwest, and running a side business selling Rexall products. I'm sure most of our Classmates have heard from him. I get the occasional bit of humor from **George Herning** and **Cal Bagby** via email, sounds like they are doing well. George is in training, using his daughter Kyra's team, to take over the head coach position of the US National Women's soccer team. I haven't heard of him being kicked off the field lately so he must be getting better (or they're between seasons). **Skip Chesnut** is a captain flying the DC-10 for Northwest out of Hawaii. He, Kate and the kids still live in Oak Harbor. I was tired of no news in the column so I felt compelled to take the time and drop this line to you. At least you'll have something this month!

As I have mentioned in prior columns, the 'word police' at *Shipmate* are trying to crack down on long Class columns. The following was received from **Dave Aland** and although it doesn't chronicle the exploits of any Classmates, it is a darn good read. He calls it *La Vita Mezzo Dolce*, "The Semi-Sweet Life":

The Red Bugs are back. They are mite-sized insects colored a bright cherry red, who, when crushed, produce a remarkably large blood-like stain that resists all efforts to wash out. Every child in Italy has a backside full of these streaks, and every mother in Italy would hate May if only for the Red Bugs. But, May is a great month. The weather starts to turn, with the comfortable mornings followed by warm afternoons and cool evenings, not unlike Newport in June and early July. The days are almost at their longest, and that most civilized of all Italian customs starts to reemerge: *La Passagiata*.

La Passagiata, literally "The Long Walk" is one of the truly Mediterranean customs that we wish we could take home with us and plant. It is a long pre-dinner stroll through the heart of town, punctuated with meeting and greeting neighbors, friends and acquaintances along the way. Sometime during the walk, everyone eventually stops at a cafe, and sips something long and cool, or tries one of those heart-arrestingly-strong coffees. Fancy sorbets, Campari, and little bruschetti (like bread pizzas) disappear at a leisurely pace all over town. And everybody does it, from the Nonos and Nonas (grampa and grannies) to the middle-aged parents, the young couples, and the teens. Small children walk, run and ride strollers and are universally admired. The evening air fairly crackles with the buzz of companionable conversations.

We take Ben downtown for a long walk as often as we can, which is to say, not as often as we would like. He gets to practice his Italian with all the people who greet him, and is often rewarded with a *Zucca di Frutta Pesca* (fresh peach juice) at the cafe. The other night, we strolled into *Gaeta Vecchia* (old Gaeta) and discovered a new restaurant, so we stopped in for dinner.

The place looked like a somewhat sleek bar, but the bartender reassured us it was a ristorante and not just a pizzeria. Italians are funny about those definitions—a pizzeria may be a really fine

restaurant, but it is always a cut less than a real ristorante. Calling a "pizzeria" a "ristorante" is a serious misstatement to most Italians. Although this new place looked scarcely like a slapdash pizzeria, the barman was quite emphatic over the ristorante status. After we tried the food, we knew why. It may be hard to imagine a lot of variety in what most people perceive to be the basic Italian menu, but the Italians manage quite a bit of diversity in their food anyway, and it is not always subtle. The sautéed linguine with porcini mushrooms, clams, garlic, fresh basil and oil was so good, I had to restrain myself from licking the plate. Susan's risotto (rice stew) with spinach and shrimp was similarly irresistible. The mixed seafood grill and veal that followed were also near legend.

A grappa and *caffè* (espresso) later, we strolled back through town while Ben dozed in his stroller (a survival tool when eating out with a three-year old). The night was quiet; the bay lit up by the lights on the mountains. It was like being in love for the first time, it was so sweet an evening. If only you could bottle days like this. I may be working seven days a week, but sometimes one good evening can make it all worthwhile."

Dave is so right, life is sweet and he paints his intimate picture of Italy like a grand master. I only wish I could write with such passion. Until next month...be well.

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Regular Membership: 13%
Life Membership: 71%

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Regular Membership: 3%
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Well...I had to fire my Spiritual Advisor, Koko the Signing Gorilla, and hire a new one. Koko had been responsible for my meeting the article deadline, making sure I got it in on time, but after the past few months, well, she had to go. See, Koko speaks, but only in sign language. I don't sign all that well so sometimes there's misunderstandings on which way to go in life. Even when I tried telling her in sign language, "Koko. You're fired," she gave me a big hug and signed, "Give King, you look fine, too." Anyway, I've got a new Spiritual Advisor. Her name is Panbanisha the Talking Chimp. Much better. She does have to use a computer voice machine to speak so there is a slight problem with the machine accent, but is she ever a talker. 3,000 words strong and never once has said, "Like, you know." And, I think she can keep me out of hot water for missing any more deadlines. I love being a baby boomer. *Nothing* is ever my fault or my responsibility and it's so easy nowadays to just blame it on someone else, because, hey, we're stupid. Witness the media's furor over gravity having the unmitigated gall of applying itself to their Chosen One (Panbanisha was heartbroken) and the fact that it gets real hot in the summertime (when in the world did that ever start happening?).