

(they've really made it simple for everyone to stay current now so there should be no excuses).

Closing Remarks

If you're anything like me, the last few months have been a trying time for us all, but I trust that the Army game will help improve our outlook toward many things. Keep rooting for the good guys and always be ready to kick some...Mule (and take names)! Go Navy! —**Bob Sanderson**

78

Annual Membership: 18%
Life Membership: 70%

Pres: **Arch Griffin**

Sec'y: **Vince Balderrama**

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I've been staring at this blank screen for so long, unable to get started with this month's column. That's not wholly true. I can start the column but I just can't get through it. A sentence gets tapped out on my keyboard only to be erased with the stroke of the "delete" key. It's not the first time this has happened to me but the circumstances behind my writers-block are far different than my lacking news or ingenuity of prose (though many of you would no-doubt already question the ingeniousness of any of my writing). The fact of the matter is that I am simply "overwhelmed." I'm overwhelmed by the magnitude of the impact of attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon, to our nation, our national psyche, our Naval Academy family, in particular—our Class. How can I possibly articulate it? After all, the events of these last few weeks and the emotions exposed by the swath of crashing airliners have been captured in text and speech by many far more talented and eloquent than me. Perhaps overly articulated to some minds. So how do I with my just-SAT-to-graduate mind and Marine-limited vocabulary ever expect to do justice to the matter at hand? I guess in Marine-like fashion, by saying it simply and straightforward. That's always been the best approach for me. Whew, I'll just get to the point and let the eloquence within your own hearts speak for me. Here goes.

In the terror wrought before our nation's eyes on 11 September, our friend and Classmate, **Ken "Waldo" Waldie** was lost among the first casualties in this newly borne struggle that has been called a "war on terrorism." Waldo was a passenger on American Airlines Flight 11 when it struck one of the towers of the World Trade Center that Tuesday morning.

Ken wasn't originally supposed to be on that flight. He and his fellow workers at Raytheon were scheduled to leave the next day. But difficulties experienced by a customer caused a change to that itinerary and put Waldo and his co-workers aboard that fateful flight.

Ken is survived by his wife, Carol, a second-grade teacher at Sacred Heart Elementary School in Lawrence, MA, and their four children, Andrew (24), Jeff (20), Meredith, (16) and "J.T." (14).

Those of us who knew Ken understood that the answer to our regularly asked question "Where's Waldo?" laid in the priority he set in his life—family first. Recently, that meant that he was usually found coaching his budding baseball star and "side-kick" J.T. at Little League or seen on the sidelines cheering on his only daughter, Meredith, as she excelled at field hockey and basketball. Just as he had done with their older brothers years before. That

meant, as always, that he was around home, around his community, with Carol and the kids, doing family things.



Waldo and team

Statisticians have estimated that throughout our lives we come in to contact with over 500,000 people. If that is true, then Ken by his very nature probably came into personal, intimate contact with most of his share, even in his short life. This was especially evident by the standing room only crowd of people who filled Sacred Heart Church to celebrate his life. The Class of '78 was present, represented by the two **Steve Maloneys** (Jock and 2nd Company's Stephen), Arch Griffin, Dan Surfass, Van Berry, Shaun Bradley, Mike Brown, Gary Vinciguerra, Kevin "Grinch" Lynch, Ron Uglov, John Ehlers, Dave Williams, Scott Darling, Ed Reid, John Kovalcik, Mark Bolin, Bob Destafney, Brian Kirk, Herb Nyberg, Chris Hassler, Mike McCaffrey, Alex Callas, Jack Christensen, Craig Diffie, George Demarco, Gary Simpson, Chris Dougherty, Fred Sheehan, Faris Farwell, Jim Shulson's mom and sisters, and myself, as well as **Pete Grieve '77**.



'78 paying respects to Waldo

As this comes to print, we are deciding on an appropriate remembrance of Waldo, one that is representative of the life he led, fulfills our own needs as a Class and certainly includes Carol's wishes. As for Carol and the kids, a scholarship fund has been established by Raytheon and the state of Massachusetts is reportedly offering scholarships for the families of all it victims. His son, Jeff, is in the Coast Guard serving his nation as his father once did. Andrew is now married. We know he'll be an excellent husband and father. After all, he had a great role model in Ken. For Carol, Meredith, and J.T., they are carrying on with life, supported by family, countless friends and Classmates, and aided too by the echo of Ken's daily guidance to "Trust in God. Do your best."

In closing, we are also grateful for those who were spared, like our own **Steve Jones**, who worked with the Port Authority in Tower Number One. He escaped in time. Finally, our prayers and condolences go to all the families of the victims of the World Trade Center and let's not forget the Pentagon and our Naval Academy Shipmates among them.

I'll end this now...go and kiss Michael and Elizabeth goodnight...vowing never forget to count my blessings...to never forget....Semper Fidelis and God Bless America.



Kenneth E. Waldie

79

Annual Membership: 4%
Life Membership: 88%

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Dear Classmates,

By the time this issue of *Shipmate* reaches your mailboxes, we'll be about three to four weeks from celebrating Christmas. The decorations are going up (they've been up for a while in the stores). The office parties have begun, and the kids are participating in school or church plays. For those of you blessed to be living in the northern states, winter weather is fast approaching, and the talk once again turns toward the chances of seeing a white Christmas. There's a lot to do, and precious little time to get all those things done. And somewhere in all of that, we remind ourselves to still enjoy the season.

I had big plans for this particular column. I promised all of you—in print—that I was going write the whole thing as a Christmas poem. I was considering a parody of *The Night Before Christmas*, and I was also toying with the idea of following the Naval tradition of composing the New Year's log of the fictitious USS OMNES VIRI in verse. In all seriousness, I thought about this several times throughout the last 12 months, and promised myself I would be ready to write it when the time came. Well, that time is now here, but I just can't bring myself to do it. Rather, I have the distinctively unpleasant task of updating you all on how the Class was affected by the horrid events of September 11.

First, we lost **Gerry "Fish" DeConto** (7th Company) in the attack on the Pentagon. After successful tours as CO of SIMPSON and Chief of Staff for the Standing Naval Forces Mediterranean, Gerry had been recently assigned to N35 as the director of the Navy Command Center (NCC). After the first attack on the World Trade Center, Gerry took control of the NCC watch, and was in the process of