

Pres: Arch Griffin

Sec'y: Vince Balderrama

45 Little Fawn Drive, Shelton, CT 06484

e: VBalderrama@Sikorsky.com

Class Web site: <http://usna1978.org>

As this comes to print, I am slowly recovering from a cold that has passed from my son to me and which I now pass on to Elizabeth. Yes, we're a sharing family (aren't all?). I figure this is the same cold we started back in 1992. It's just been continuously recycled. I'm also finally fully recovered from the rigor mortis that set in during my last attempt at capturing my youth—or was it because of my temporary lapse of my maturity (seniority)? You see, back in February, I met **Steve "Jock" Maloney** down in Annapolis for a weekend of sports-in-the-Yard. Of course that meant more than just taking in the Brigade Boxing Finals, other boxing matches and hoops games. It also meant us thinking that we could play a little hoops ourselves. The morning after the Brigade Finals, Jock, me and a fellow Marine (retired rotor-head) Tim "Butch" Boucher met Jock's Plebe son, **Chris Maloney '04**, and two of his buddies for some half-court games. It was a condition of mine that we only play half court. (Could've been my cardiologist's too.) Another condition was that *somebody* was supposed to bring an oxygen bottle. Well, they didn't. It probably wouldn't have done any good. Instead, I needed my youthful in-shape body and my trusty outside shot. I didn't have either. I would've settled for the outside shot. It would've been more useful. To add insult to injury **Ed Reid** showed up after we three were already pretty much exhausted. He was with college-age niece, Kiely. They picked up the remaining friend of Chris (the one who could *really* shoot—and who somehow was excused from formation). We played them to a few close but losing games. Jock played well, Butch fought valiantly and made a few. I couldn't buy a basket with a Platinum Visa Card. Needless to say we have demanded a rematch and we are getting serious about it. It won't be a "beer at the O' Club hey let's go play" happenstance. I even have the soundtrack to *Rocky* playing in the background as I make this boast. (Did I mention that Kiely is a stud-ette track star at Villanova, the Plebe could *really* shoot and that Eddie fouled me like hell?—'nuf said!) We're coming after you, Eddie! By the way, for Chris and his friends, we'll have **Bruce Boles** send you a deuce for not knowing your rates and being late. Can you believe that Plebes would be ten minutes late and NOT know what the menu was for noon meal? Geez, what is that place coming to?! Next time we'll have them play braced-up. (And I say that we institute a rule that says if you are over 44 that every basket made counts double—just in case.)

As for the *real* sports in the Yard... That weekend we saw some good boxing matches. *Sports Illustrated* photographers were at the matches clicking away. The magazine is doing something on Navy Boxing. Well they weren't disappointed with the caliber of boxing we saw that night—especially in the 165-pound class. That was a rocket-em sock-em robot blood fest and an example of unrelenting courage and determination by both corners. It was just a pity that somebody had to be declared a winner and another the loser. They both were winners and the crowd let them know it with standing ovations. If the picture of the referee holding the hands

of those two bloodied, bruised and battered Mids as they awaited the judges decision doesn't make the cover of *Sports Illustrated* I don't know what should. Besides Jock, Ed, and me, also at the boxing finals were **Ray Kwong**, **Chris Nichols**, **Kevin Olsen**, **Arch Griffin**, **Chris Breslin**, and **Bruce Boles**. Bruce was doing his Deputy Commandant thing. The rest were spectators. Chris is retired now. He and one of his sons came down from Frederick, MD. Chris Breslin is teaching eighth graders. That's a pretty tough job for a retired grunt because he's had to lose some of the leadership "techniques" he found so useful in dealing with his troops. No Chris, you can't have 13-year-olds do forced marches or office hours. Chris Nichols was helping Kevin Olsen look for a house. Kevin is transferring from Florida up to Virginia. He'll be heading up the bomb section of the FBI. His group has responsibility for bomb related matters *before* they explode. If they go boom it then becomes the responsibility of another investigating unit—and the cleanup guys. Ray Kwong continues to build his businesses. Right now he's hot on some new flat panel displays one of his company's designed and built. Oh and how could I forget—rounding out our "core gang" for the weekend was **Dennis Reilly's** brother, **Duke Reilly '79**. Duke works for a big construction firm and globe trots to work on projects. One of his recent globe trots was just for fun. He took a recent excursion with Jock and Chris to Rome, Italy. Two of Jock's sponsor's sons were being ordained as priests at St. Peter's Basilica. The Academy was on break so Chris got to go. Duke provided the attached proof of their "Roman Holiday."



Roman Holiday: Duke, Chris and Jock

After recovering enough from our early morning games to drive and hobble back to the Yard, we saw the Saturday basketball double header of Navy versus Lehigh. The Navy women lost, but the men won. Surveying the crowd, I spotted **Mike Kalnoske** in the stands with his Plebe son. **Bob Schmermund** was easy to spot too. First, you find the kid with the blue and gold cat in the hat headgear and "N" face paint and you just know Schmerm is close by in his Navy PE gear. I also ran into one of my Foxtrot Company Plebes, 12th Company's **Kevin Flaherty '81**. He was there with his wife (also a grad, whose name just escapes me—sorry) and his kids. He was looking forward to some school and then to head out to LINCOLN to be XO (I seem to recall.)

**Tim Stark** (StarkTJ@marforlant.usmc.mil) is not only a civil servant extraordinaire but magician as well. In his spare time, he performs at parties and bar mitzvahs.

At the end of February, **Fred Butterfield** (Fred.Butterfield@EM.DOE.GOV) sponsored another '78 brown bag-food court tray luncheon at the Pentagon City Mall. Eighteen of the illustrious Class of '78 attended—the highest turnout ever! **John "Weedo" Weidner** and Fred anchored the small-but-proud Department of Energy contingent, of course. Fred's good friend (and former DoE colleague) **Jim Ahlgrimm '81** had invited them to

do a "joint" luncheon between '78 and '81 at the end of March at the Fort Myer O' Club—provided '81 could have carry-on. Fred had hosted a lunch with our Plebers a few years back when **Art Athens** (who was then the executive director of the Officers' Christian Fellowship) was in town. It was great fun and, of course, we were treated to an inspiring talk by Art. Jim had invited CDR Corky Vasquez, the chairman of the USNA Leadership, Ethics, and Law Department, as the guest speaker. I'm anxious to hear how it turned out.

**Mark Fox** (Fox.Mark@lemoore.navy.mil) dropped another SITREP. Mark is currently the deputy air wing commander (DCAG) in CVW-2. By now, they are embarked aboard *CONSTELLATION* for a six-month, Western Pacific-Arabian Gulf deployment. They were scheduled to start by hitting the Australian ports before they head to the Arabian Gulf. Mark and Priscilla have been blessed with four children. Two are in college (which if you are paying the tuition isn't that much of a blessing), number one son, William, is a junior at Moody Bible Institute in Chicago and number two son, **Collin Fox '04**, is a Plebe in Fifth Company. (Which means he is at an uncollege so check one tuition on Uncle Sam's tab.) Their other children are Mason (a sophomore at Lemoore High School) and Abigail (a home schooled seventh grader). Like the ad said years ago, Mark's Navy life continues to be an adventure. It's also a challenge as this cruise is his eighth deployment. He expects to assume command of Air Wing 2 sometime later this year. Mark feels very fortunate to still be flying tactical jets off an aircraft carrier! He supposed that someday he'll have to grow up and do something other than fly, but he doesn't want to "rush things" just yet. Although Mark's been a single seat guy all his career (A-7s and FA-18s) the DCAG job means he also gets to fly a lot of other wing aircraft too: helos, E-2s, S-3s and the like. He said it was like owning the cookie jar. He did admit that flying the E-2 or the helo gave a good dose of humble pie to a jet guy who had only used the rudders as footrests all his life! (As for the helos, all I can say is try them sometime off of an LPH spot or smaller fast boy!) Well good luck on the cruise, Mark. Keep 'em safe.

Well, that wraps it up for now. A belated public thanks to **Ray Leuvano** and his family for taking me in for the night when I was out in Paolo Alto, CA, waiting to catch a flight back East. It was much better to spend dinner and the evening with friends instead of in a hotel. As always, the Luevanos were great hosts. A special thanks to Ray's son, Josiah, who had to give up his bed for one more night to one of his dad's old Classmates. (**Rich Benson** had taken it the nights before I arrived.) I hope to have a photo here next time. I didn't quite get the file right. The mail bag is getting a little skimpy these days so crank up the email, pull out the typewriter (some of you still have those) and get out the pens, pencils and paper and write. Adios, Launchin'—Spot 4.

## WANTED:

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