

another term. For me, I have learned that it takes about two-three years to figure out the Alumni (Association) and the (USNA) Foundation, and to build a network with you all. As we step out into a major fund raiser for USNA, I feel obligated to ask for another term so that we can continue as a Class and provide a quality gift back to "those who remain behind" and the institution that has meant so much to us all. I will have specifics in *Shipmate* and via our sneaker net email system (which now totals about 350 Classmates!).

Again, Bravo Zulu to our reunion committee. If you stop by Crabtown, give Betty and me a call, we'd love to hear from you.

Tom "Soup" Campbell (tom.campbell@longandfoster.com) also had a few words to say about both our 25th Reunion and (believe it or not) our 30th Reunion (sometimes I think Soup's trying to make us old before our time!). Anyway, here's what Soup had to say:

First, thank you all for attending the 25-year reunion. This reunion will rank as one of the best; however, there's no time to rest on our laurels. I have received the following suggestions to help make the 30th Reunion even more memorable: keep the dinner dance on Friday, hold the dinner dance in Dahlgren Hall, provide name tags with pictures of Class members on them, do not hold the reunion on Homecoming weekend, reserve more hotel rooms, use the same caterer (which will be done, so I'm getting ready to cut a check to reserve a date).

Speaking of dates, the 2007 home football schedule (as of today) is: 1 September—California; 15 September—Boston College; 22 September—Wake Forest; 6 October—Air Force (which will be held either in Baltimore or Washington); and 20 October—Duke (Homecoming weekend)

I spoke with Class support at the Alumni Association about the use of Dahlgren Hall. There is no cost to use the Hall; however, we must give the right-of-first-refusal to cater the event to both the Officers Club and USNA Food Service. If they do not want to do it, then we can contract out. We would be responsible for all the decorations, but with advanced planning we could have fun coming up with a theme and running with it. The Alumni Association will even supply the large Class rings we had our pictures taken in during the ring dance (talk about being nostalgic).

These are a few ideas; does anyone else have any others? One final administrative request; if your email address changes, please put me on your list of people to notify (and update your Alumni Association profile online). This will ensure that I have a complete (almost) and up-to-date email list for the Class.

Again, thanks for coming and making this reunion a huge success. See you in at least five years (but I hope it is sooner).

I received a few photos immediately after the reunion and expect more to come in over time. The photos that I've received to date, courtesy of Bob Vogel (robert.vogel@1977.usna.com), include Julie and Alan Angleman (a.angleman@verizon.net); me and my wife, Michelle; Robert "Spike" Souders (soudersr@cna.org); Ron Miller (MILLERS@99MAIN.COM), Bob Vogel, and Joe Walsh (walshja@hq.sublant.navy.mil). Here's what I've gotten so far:



Alan Angleman and his lovely wife, Julie



Yours truly and my lovely wife, Michelle



My standard preflight preparations for USNA '77 balloon



Robert "Spike" Souders showing his typical support for Navy



Ron Miller, Bob Vogel, and Joe Walsh share a few sea stories



Bob Vogel posing in front of the U.S. Navy Submarine Memorial at USNA

I'll continue to publish additional reunion photos for as long as I receive them, so please feel free to send-in any photos that are suitable for public consumption (and make sure to let me know the names of the people in the photos).

Closing Remarks

It's been a busy fall, and I'm really looking forward to spending some holiday time with my family. But first, I can't wait to see our inspiring Navy football team trounce over our archrivals from the banks of the Hudson River, so keep the faith and *Beat Army!* —**Bob Sanderson**

78

Annual Membership: 3%
Life Membership: 73%

Pres: Arch Griffin

Sec'y: Vince Balderrama

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

Fred Butterfield (butterfield.fred@epa.gov) has been keeping up the informal quarterly DC lunch gatherings at the Pentagon City Mall food court. The gathering has grown over the past two years into a very enjoyable visit with old friends. The 15 Classmates who came out for the June luncheon all agreed that it's a great break to their busy workday. If you'd like to be informed about these gatherings, just let Fred know. You can catch him these days at the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency. His tour with the Homeland Security folks has come to an end, so he's now on board the EPA's Science Advisory Board.

Tom Crowley's change of command on **BOXER** was preempted by the "needs of the Navy" and the vagaries of the operational necessity. Seems the Navy in its infinite wisdom decided that his predecessor (**Mike Hylwiak '76**) was needed *immediately* in Bahrain. So off to sea Tom went. He spent a few days underway and then assumed command. Looks like we'll all have to settle for a lunch onboard in the wardroom.

As a return subscriber to *Shipmate* **Kim Tageson** (tageson@foxberry.net) thought he should report his "return aboard." Actually, he said he felt the time was right to join in the USNA Alumni Association as a *lifetime member*. (I'll take that as an advertisement and unsolicited and unpaid testimonial to your guys who aren't lifetime members!) Kim's been in SE Michigan for 16 years. He works for DTE Energy and does many nautical wanderings on Lake Erie in warm weather. He and his wife, Jane, celebrated their 20th anniversary last month (November)—belated congratulations to you! He said their children; Matt (18) and Liz (almost 15) are the resident family jocks. Matt is a 200-pound senior starting free safety and wide receiver on his high school football team. Kim wrote Matt's team was 5-0 and ranked fifth in their Michigan football division. That's pretty darn good but more especially so when you consider that they are a small school with only about 600 kids! The games are exciting enough and the record good enough to keep Jane and Kim staying around their Monroe, MI, home on

weekends. Consequently, they send regrets to all on their being able to join us for tailgaters and Navy football games. Matt's graduation this year will free up some liberty weekends next season for Jane and Kim. They intend to use time to drive to Annapolis for a game and perhaps see some 36th Company folks. Kim closed with an invitation for anyone passing through the area to look them up. You can catch up with him on email.

The Tagesons haven't been missing much with their absences at Navy tailgaters this year (at least so far). With one win and the rest losses, it's been a disappointing season. The only redeeming item has been the great turnout at tailgaters! The Navy-NC State game had an especially large turnout of folks. It was so good that many in attendance continued the party as the tailgater evolved into a birthday party in honor of **Arch Griffin** at Arch and Erin's Annapolis home. Let's see if I can remember everyone (though I know I'll forget someone!). The tailgater-birthday gang was made up of Ray Kwong, Chris Dougherty, Dennis Reilly, Hank Kuzma, Toby Buttle, Pat McCormick, Mike Galpin, Leon Miler, John Sturges, Glen Wheless, Scott Eckert, Mark McKeon, Jock Maloney, Mo Tose, Roy Bookmiller, Bob Schmermund, Mark Poston, Jim Degree, Damian Bonvilloir, Ed Reid, Otto Bulich, and yours truly. If I can break through this senior moment I am having I also recall seeing the following folks at the tailgater: Byron Marchant, Joe Schmitz, Larry Galvin, Mark Nault, John Rudder, Tim Murphy, Mike Kalnoske, Brian Kirk, Bruce Carter, and Guido Manzo.



Joe Schmitz and sons



Mmm, tailgatee chow!



Tailgater



Tailgating in fashion

On 16 September, under blustery skies during the last week of summer, CAPT **Clarke Orzalli** relieved CAPT Gregory R. Bryant as Commander, Puget Sound Naval Shipyard. The press release reported the naval significance of the occasion as Clarke "became the 45th Commander on that 111th birthday of the Shipyard." Before taking over, Clarke was assigned as branch head for Surface/Subsurface Readiness on the staff of the Deputy Chief of

Naval Operations for Fleet Readiness and Logistics. He and Joanne have three children, Sarah, Ian, and Robert. By the way, Joanne has true Navy roots herself—she was born at Naval Hospital Bremerton!



Piping aboard the new CO

George Tyree mentioned that he and Lynn have enjoyed the opportunity during the past two years to participate in the activities of their local Florida USNA Parents Club. Lynn participated in the annual Parents Club meeting held at the Academy each year while George got to play "Mr. Mom" for a few days for their other two sons while Lynn was away (working off the pay-back for his old deployment days). Lynn is currently serving as the president of the local club, and George also serves as the secretary-treasurer. Among their activities is their annual send off for the incoming Plebes, held just before Induction Day. For the first time, they held it in conjunction with the local Alumni Association. It's something Lynn and George hope will be the start of several joint events with them in the future. They are also working on "care package" events. That is where the parents all get together just before a special occasion to jointly send packages to every Midshipman from the Northeast, FL, area. The first time was to have been for Halloween, of course. Beyond that, they are working on, what will again be a first for the Midshipmen from our area, the opportunity to join with the Central, FL, USNA Parents Club and participate in the annual All Service Academy Holiday Ball to be held in Orlando between Christmas and New Year. It all sounds



A wish



Brooks and son

Find unique stocking stuffers for all Navy fans! See our Spirit Gear on page 20.



'78: Happy birthday, Arch!

like some great ideas and support for Mids! George mentioned all these things to also prompt some of you to get more involved with your local Alumni Association, and provide some activity ideas to those of you who may already be involved. As he put it:

If their [your] local Alumni Association branch isn't already doing it, I would suggest they might want to recommend that their branch make contact with the local Parents Club—just as the Jacksonville branch did with our club. By the way, both organizations are sponsored on a national basis by the USNA Alumni Association. Also, although recruiting is not the main intended purpose of the club, at a time when the pool for talented young people is dwindling, it behooves those of us who care about the future of not only the Academy, but of the Navy and Marine Corps as a whole, to help support those who are there now, as well as those who help pave the way for those we hope will follow. Besides, among other things, having the opportunity to “taste test” the home-made items (for quality control-safety purposes only of course) that all the mothers bring to be packed for shipment to the Academy is not a bad way to spend an afternoon!

Well put, George! I know our local Connecticut Chapter does a few things with the Parent's Club. You've given us a few more good ideas for activities.

Speaking of parents, I'm sad to report that we lost another member of our Navy family. On 1 September, “Doc” **Billy Martin** (BILLUSNA78@aol.com), his son, Sean, and his father, Chief Martin (BigBillUSNret@aol.com) lost a mother, grandmother, and life-long partner with the passing of Mrs. Martin. She had been battling illness for a while, and despite fighting hard she finally succumbed. She was a fine woman and another “mom” to many Classmates, shipmates, and friends who also grieve with the Martin family. We all send Bill, Sean, and Big Bill our condolences and affections.

In closing, I wish you and your families a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. 'Til next month. Launchin Spot Four.

79

Annual Membership: 1%
Life Membership: 89%

Pres: **LCDR Sean Cate, USN (Ret.)**

e: Sean.Cate@1979.usna.com

Sec'y: **LCDR John “Wiz” Withers, USN (Ret.)**

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Web site: www.usna79.com

Greetings, 79!

A couple of weekends ago, Karen and I actually spent an entire day at our house. No errands, no appointments, nothing. I was in one of the back bedrooms puttering around. The TV was tuned to a football game, but more for the “white noise” than for the game itself. At one point, as the game broadcast cut away for a commercial, the TV went silent for a couple of seconds, and I heard the muffled strains of Karen playing her

piano out in the living room. I've always enjoyed listening to her practice, so I paused and hit the TV mute button. Karen had been working on several preludes and etudes (don't ask me, I'm non-clued) for the last couple of weeks, but I quickly realized that I wasn't hearing her usual Bach and Chopin (*Question for you classical music lovers out there: What did Chopin put on his tuna fish sandwich? Polonaise!*).

Some time back, I had given her a book of sheet music by Vince Guaraldi. Vince was an accomplished pianist and composer who performed in the San Francisco jazz scene in the '60s and '70s. But he is most known today (and probably not by very many, at that) for his original scores for cartoonist Charles Schultz's “Peanuts” TV specials. This book contained many of those songs, including several from the popular “Charlie Brown Christmas Special.” Karen happened to be playing “Christmas Time is Here,” which (I'm pretty sure) is the first song we hear in the show as Charlie and Linus are walking along in the snow. I walked down the hall so I could hear her playing a little more clearly, and closing my eyes, I could hear the Peanuts kids singing the words, “*Christmas time is here, happiness and cheer...*” Karen completed the piece, and then began to play “Skating,” which in the show, is the really bright piece playing when you see the kids, well, skating on the frozen pond (at least before Snoopy grabs Linus' blanket!).

I've always enjoyed that program. I've watched it so much I could probably repeat most of the dialog by heart. Even though we don't watch that much television, each year I'm on the lookout for its airing (usually right around Thanksgiving). Yeah, I get a kick out of hearing the needles fall off of Charlie's scrawny tree each time he sets it down. But I always stop and listen to Linus as he stands spotlighted on an empty stage, hearing his voice echo as he recites the Biblical passage of the angel's announcement to the shepherds on the hillside. “For behold, I bring you tidings of great joy...” And as the lights come up, Linus exits the stage, heads over to his friend and concludes, “And that's what Christmas is all about, Charlie Brown.” And now, some 35 years later, each time I see the show or hear the music, I find myself thinking of home.

One of the advantages of growing up, as a relatively naive kid in a small midwestern town, was that Christmas was not just special: it was magical. My father's job took him on the road a lot, and my brothers had all left home and entered the service by the time I started school, so quite often, it was just my mother and me in the house. She loved Christmas. She preferred summer weather to snow, but she loved the Christmas season, and her spirit and excitement were infectious. I remember many hours of helping her in the kitchen as she baked. “Only those who help make the goodies get to eat them!” Cookies, a cake, more cookies, a pumpkin pie, still more cookies, “pinwheels,” and yes, a few more cookies. And I got to lick the beaters and mixing bowl on just about every batch. The house smelled of her baking for days, and the aroma lasted longer than most of the cookies did!

A strong Catholic mother believed that Christmas was, first and foremost, a celebration of the birth of Christ, and she was bound and

determined that her sons were going to remember that. One of the ways she accomplished this was her rule of decorating: decorations followed the Octave of Christmas. That meant they did not go up until Christmas Eve, and everything came down New Year's Day, except for the crèche (manger scene), which stayed up until the Feast of the Epiphany (6 January).

Now I want to tell ya, as a kid, this was not an easy rule to endure! First off, you started seeing Christmas stuff in the stores around Thanksgiving (now it's somewhere around Labor Day). The Jaycees would decorate the downtown area around the first full week in December, and the shopping center (pre-mall era) Santas popped up around the same time. I would go over to a friend's house and their decorations would be all lit up, and there'd be a Christmas tree in the corner. But not in our house.

23 December was always the *longest* day of the year for me. That was the day we cleaned the house from top to bottom. It was quite literally an all-day event. Try as I might, I was not exempt from helping, and as I got older, I got to do more of the cleaning while she baked more cookies (we'd eaten most of the others by then—I wish I could eat that many cookies now and not pay for it later!). Mother had pretty high standards, and the penalty for sloppy work was to go back and re-do. I soon solved the equation that doing it right the first time was the quickest way to get it done. But finally, the day's tasks were completed—usually sometime after dinner.

Christmas Eve began with pulling all of the boxes of decorations out of the closets. My parents had been married for 30 years by this time, and we had about three houses worth of decorations, most of them older than me. Everything had it's own place, and it had to be placed there just so. Again, as I got older, I picked up the outside light job, which got to be fun on those below-zero days! The last thing, after dinner, was the tree. Each year we bought a live cut tree and kept in on the back porch—often in the snow—until Christmas Eve. That evening the tree was set up, the angel, lights, and other decorations were added, and I finished by setting up my brother's Lionel trains around the base. Once that was done, mother and I would light candles throughout the house, plug in all the decorations (except the tree), turn out all the lights, and relax with a couple of cookies. Everything was so fresh, so new, and the scent of the tree permeated the house. This was one of my favorite things about Christmas, and I could almost feel the magic. For those few hours, my whole world was that house. I wouldn't trade those hours for anything.

Finally, however, it was time for Midnight Mass. The church was about a mile away, and we'd walk, leaving the house around 11 p.m. There was snow sometimes, but it was always cold, especially as we crossed the river. Midnight Mass was quite lengthy, and even though we usually found a ride home, I wasn't in bed until around 2-2:30 a.m. Sleep was usually quick in coming.

Finally, on Christmas morning, I'd get up (“no earlier than 7 a.m., young man!”), head downstairs, and then I'd see the lit tree for the first time. Presents had to wait until after breakfast.