

to plan accordingly. Feel free to contact **Tom "Soup" Campbell** (Tom.Campbell@longandfoster.com); 703-293-6368, if you have any specific questions about the reunion.

Closing Remarks

Another month has slipped by and another academic year is about to end. Soon summer will be here; Crabtown will be devoid of Mids and a horde of tourists will take their place. Hope everyone has an opportunity to relax and enjoy your summer and prepare yourself for the big 25th in September. Until June, Go Navy! —**Bob Sanderson**

78

Annual Membership: 18%
Life Membership: 70%

Pres: **Arch Griffin**

Sec'y: **Vince Balderrama**

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

Since our 20th Reunion **Gary Thompson** (garythompson1@mac.com) seems to have shortened the distance from Mother B to his current residence. As he put it, he took the plunge in December 1999, left Guyana and moved the family to Mexico for a year and a half. He got tired of being the beach bum and then moved again, this time back to his old stomping grounds in Honduras. He bought a house and plans on staying there "for good." He boasts that it's a beautiful country about the size of Ohio; 650 km of Caribbean beaches and 125 km of Pacific beaches; 80% mountains with rainforests; a southern desert; a 300 square km lake with great bass fishing; plus the Bay Islands and Copan Mayan ruins. They live in the mountains about 1 km above sea level so it's actually fairly temperate. (Okay it sounds good, but do you have cable?) Gary is working with Episcopal Relief and Development on a street kids project. They have a primary school, a vocational education institute, and an agricultural school and farm. He offers that if anyone interested in more information may email him. They're also always on the look out for donations of any kind (sports gear, school supplies, computers, etc.) Enclosed are yours truly, wife, Maribel and boys, Andres and Adrian. Take care and I'll see you at the 25th.

Charlie Bell (charles_w_bell@navsup.navy.mil. or charliewb@hotmail.com) saw **Bob Schwaneke**'s name in the January-February '02 issue of *Shipmate* and thought he'd send an update from another "chop" Classmate. This was his first letter ever. He did a pretty good job of synthesizing the last 24 years into a few lines. His atypical supply corps career has been primarily in the information technology field, including stints as the information systems officer (the computer guy) for both SubPac and AirPac. He was wide area network project officer within the Navy Supply Systems Command and had two different jobs in SPAWAR as a deputy program manager and OinC working afloat supply/maintenance systems many of you "lovingly" know as SNAP and NTCSS. Oh yes, along the way he says he *did* go to sea a couple of times. Both

times were out of Norfolk, VA. The first excursion was as a plankowner and aviation stores officer on *NASSAU* (LHA-4) (the last ship I was on!). The second float he was the supply officer on *ARTHUR W. RADFORD* (DD-968) ("before her infamous event"—whatever *that* was and for which he claims he had nothing to do with). Before it started sounding anymore like a resume, Charlie got to the personal side. He finds himself still a little surprised to still be counted on the active duty rolls. He and his wife, Judi, moved to San Diego in 1993 for the AirPac tour. They stayed in San Diego while he helped move SPAWAR from DC to San Diego. After renting a house for six years in San Diego things started to look rather permanent so they broke down and bought a house (I know, that's a below in headwork because you *know* what's gonna happen next!). Of course, he then picked up O-6, all the planets aligned and the fates of the Naval Service stepped in and shipped his arse off to the other side of the continental U.S.—to Mechanicsburg, PA. That was back in October of 2000! He's been a geographic bachelor ever since. Judi continued to babysit the house, their menagerie of seven cats and one very understanding canine back in San Diego. Judi works for the City of Chula Vista in the Community Development Department. Charlie is the director for the Smart Card and Common Access Card program at the DON eBusiness operations office. What that impressive title means is that he's the guy responsible for issuing the new smart-chip-equipped military ID card that replaces the well known green ID card. If you are Reserve, civil service, or contractor working with DON systems, you'll be getting one too (eventually). He says it's been a challenge replacing an icon like the green ID card, after all it's even more respected than that other popular green card—no not the immigration pass—the American Express card! Charlie admits that they still have a long way to go, but the long-term advantages are significant. If anyone is interested in knowing more or adding to his collection of poison arrows (in case you do have a smart-card that should be at an AcBoard) he invites you to contact him at him at either email address. You only have a few moths to toss an attaboy, hand grenade, or small nuclear device at him. In July, he transfers to the SPAWAR as the CO of SPAWAR Systems Center in Norfolk. Judi and he both agreed that being a geographic bachelor sucks, so they're going to make the big family move from San Diego to Norfolk. If anyone is also interested in picking up a great house for *rent* in Chula Vista in September, Charlie says to drop him a line! Charlie admitted he hadn't done a very good job of staying in touch with Classmates except for his 14th company roommate, **Larry McCabe**. Larry, his wife, Caroline, and daughter, Cheryl, settled in Plano, Texas, many years ago. Recently they moved to a newer house 15 miles north to McKinney, TX, and got out of the big city that Plano had become. Larry is now in charge of hardware configuration management in the electronic systems business of Raytheon. Caroline is working full time with Collin County Community College. Cheryl is in her junior year at Texas A&M-Commerce (a little more than an hour away from mom and dad). Cats Lilly and

Punkin and dog, Buglet, round out the McCabe family. A couple of years ago business took Charlie out to Fort Worth. He and Larry were able to share lunch at the ballpark restaurant where the Texas Rangers play. Like all Classmate gatherings, the conversation was filled with talk of baseball, old times and friends old and new. Speaking of old friends, Charlie asked if anyone has heard from Classmate **Ernie Sheldon**. Ernie had jumped to the Air Force. It was last reported in the movie business. Thanks for the update, Charlie!

Fellow 11th Companymate and basketball player extraordinaire, **Rusty Cone** (Rusty.Cone@alliancesystems.com) was motivated by the March *Shipmate* into dropping me a line as well. Rusty heard from several Classmates and Alumni since his name was mentioned in the Jan/Feb '02 column. In particular, he got email from **Mike Kreyenhagen '79**. Mike and his wife, Trina, are over in Spain. Rusty had not heard from him since graduation (and come to mention it—neither have I). Back then; Mike had spent the summer up at my house in New Jersey. Rusty thinks Mike and Trina have two kids. Rusty has also managed to hook up with **Matt Elias**. Matt is doing great down at the Baptist Annuity Board. He is a key member of the management team there. Rusty still regrets not being able to convince Matt to come to work with me, but Matt is very happy at the board. Meanwhile, they try get together monthly or so. Back in January, they met for a lunch that also included one of our 11th Company Firsties, **Mark "Lambo" Lambright '75**. Lambo is also living in Dallas. (He's resting from several successful entrepreneurial opportunities.) Rusty had Mark looking at an opportunity he has at Alliance Systems. After the lunch and visit to Rusty's company, Lambo, in typical Firstie-fashion, mentioned that he and the rest of '75 did a pretty good job on us. I'm not quite sure I would draw that direct of a correlation of our successes to them (remember we also had three years to cleanse ourselves of their influence—not to mention the decades since.) Still, as I recall they were a pretty fair and good group of guys, and we did learn some valuable lesson. In the final assessment, I guess they were all-right Firsties—but *we* were *great* Plebes! To spread the Alumni interaction around, Rusty also was in contact with **Harry Gray** (91). Harry is with an investment bank in Dallas (Dressner+). Rusty also keeps tabs on **Marty Drake** (still in Tampa) and **Prentiss Hall** (in Los Angeles). Prentiss is possibly looking to get back into fast food business. He is currently president for a health club company. As for the Cone family, he reported they are doing well. Both kids are in college. Bobby is at the local community college but getting ready to go to the University of North Texas next semester. Kristen is an Aggie down at Texas A&M. Rusty is working like a mad man at Alliance Systems to survive the telecom downturn. However, things are looking up! He welcomes any grads to Dallas. Just give him a call at work (972-633-3467) or home (972-727-1270).

I got an email with the subject "*Shipmate* found on Air Force golf course." That header got my attention. Well, the author of that note was another lost sheep—**Rick Paulsen** (paulsen@

mics.net). As you read his email, you'll see the connection with that Zoomie golf course.

On 31 October 1983 (yes, Halloween), my wife accidentally bleached my blues and Mike Duncan issued me the oath of office for my inter-service transfer to the Air Force. Word has it that NavSea-08 was pretty upset and shut the door on any more nukes sneaking out to other services. The Air Force was pretty good to me. I made it to O-5 and commanded two squadrons before retiring in July 2000. In honor of retirement, I weighed in at my graduation weight, ran a 6:20 mile, did 78 sit-ups, maxed dips, and, well, I never could max those pull-ups. I'll try the obstacle course next time we pass through Annapolis, but think I'll pass on that tower jump...I got bored with my workout routine back in 1990 and began running marathons for a diversion. Everything was going well until my pace slowed significantly this past year. The short version of a long story is that I'm home recovering from quadruple bypass surgery. Moral of the story—long distance running doesn't necessarily counteract pizza and ice cream. We are very thankful the doctors found and corrected the blockages before they turned into a heart attack. The Lord gave us a real peace throughout this trial. We have been surrounded by family, friends, and many wonderful people in our church who been a tremendous support. Romans 8:28 has been a real comfort to me, "And we know that in all things God works for the good of those who love him, who have been called according to his purpose." I am currently residing in Dayton, OH with my wife, Barb and four kids Donna (20), David (16), Daniel (10), and Bethany (6). Please write, call, email, or stop in if you're in the area: 245 Belle Watlin Ct, Beavercreek, OH 45434; 937-431-9979.

Rick, all I can say is—Rickover must have been rolling over in his reactor core! What BuPers guy approved that inter-service transfer for you? (Probably some stashed ensign—permanent ensign after that happened!) Well, it worked out for you. You forgot to mention that aside from the running not making up for that ice cream and pizza, it also doesn't make up for the old genes. (That's a big part, too!) Anybody remember what happened to the guy they attributed the running craze to back in the '70—Jim Fixx? Yup, he died of a heart attack. The Commandaddy says I only have to run a PFT of 3 miles once a year—that'll do. As for your bypass operation, we're all glad to see you caught it in time and made it through okay. Glad to see you back in the fold! If I ever get to Dayton, I'll certainly give you a ring. See you at the 25th Reunion.

Well that's all she wrote. Not much in the way of the grab back or "inbox." So I'll just zap this out and get rolling along.

Launchin' Spot Four

Digital Photos

A digital camera will have pixel dimensions that define the resolution.

$$\frac{\text{pixels}}{\text{inches}} = \text{dpi}$$

• photos must be 300 dpi

e.g. Your image 12 inches x 20 inches at 72 dpi has a pixel resolution of 864 pixels x 1440 pixels. It would be reduced to a 2.88 inches by 4.8 inches image with 300 dpi.

79

Annual Membership: 4%

Life Membership: 88%

Pres: LCDR Sean Cate, USN (Ret.)

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Sec'y: LCDR John "Wiz" Withers, USN (Ret.)

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Greetings, 79!

Welcome to May! Welcome to the month of the Kentucky Derby, Cinco de Mayo, Memorial Day weekend, USNA graduation, and the "official" start of the summer season. Time to dust off the Weber grills, mix up a batch of BBQ sauce, clean the lawn furniture, and load up on mosquito repellent. And in this part of the country, the most important thing is to knock the rust off those golf clubs!

At the risk of disappointing both of my fans, I'll have to cut short the deep philosophical discussions for which I have become known. I don't know what exactly happened to last week, but all of a sudden the deadline draws nigh. From the depths of my subconscious echo those famous words, "Time, tide, and formation wait for no man." Fortunately, I have several news articles and emails to pass on, so turn on your bold print scanner and commence reading!

Starting off this month is a news article from the *Roanoke (VA) Times* and *News Week* letting us know that last February, CAPT Bill Toti was awarded the Legion of Merit from President George W. Bush through ADM Vern Clark, CNO. According to the article, Bill was honored for his service as special assistant to the Vice-Chief of Naval Operations in Washington, DC, 11 September-19 October. The citation states that he was one of the first on scene at the Pentagon following the 11 September attacks. He helped evacuate and treat the severely wounded, then repeatedly returned to the site to ensure the safety of others. He then devoted his energy to restoring the infrastructure and full operational capabilities of the Navy Pentagon organization.

Bill's dad, Joe Toti, said that even though he (Joe) had been in the Army, he tried to convince his son to join the Air Force, but Bill had other plans. "He wanted to be a submariner," Joe said. "Why he wanted to be a submariner, I'll never know." This was Bill's third Legion of Merit. The article didn't mention the first, but says that the second was for leading a task force whose members were from five different nations, and serving as the last commander of the submarine *INDIANAPOLIS*, named for the last vessel that sank during World War II. Bill, congratulations from all of us on your achievements, and on surviving what must have been a harrowing ordeal. Sounds like you have a couple of very proud parents!

The winner of this month's "Bail Out Your Friendly Class Secretary Award" goes to our fearless leader, Class President **Sean Cate**. First, Sean forwarded an update he received from **Felix Hernandez** (HernandezF@state.gov), who writes as follows:

Sean, **Frank Dombrowski** forwarded your email to me. I haven't seen you since the 15-year reunion. I hope you are well.

Here's a quick update. I am living in Northern Virginia and have been with the State Department for 13 years now. I am currently working on Indonesian affairs. I take over the Australia Desk this summer. I have served in West Berlin, Vienna, Bonn, and a second tour in Berlin (united this time). My wife, Chrissy is also at State. She is the deputy director for UK, Benelux, and Ireland Affairs. **Dave Soranno** is back in the area now. I will forward your email to him.

Felix writes that he and Chrissy have two boys, ages 11 and 9. The boys have a big surprise in store for them—dad is going to take them to visit Annapolis this spring. It's possible that they'll just "happen" to stop by where ol' dad went to school!

Sean also forwarded an email from Alicia Parker who, if I figured this out correctly, is married to **Greg Parker**. You might have heard recently that a precedent was recently set, as we now have the first Marine selected as the 'Dant. Thanks to Alicia, we now know something of even more significance—Greg is the new deputy 'Dant. He must be the youngest "deputy dawg" ever selected, because we haven't graduated that many years ago. I mean, come on! When we were Mids, the Supe and 'Dant were, well, "seasoned gentlemen." We still have a long way to go! Seriously, congratulations on your selection, Greg! And by the way, Sean asks that if you can, please, access his old conduct record and delete some of his more "interesting" experiences.

Next up is the "You Can Run, But You Can't Hide" section. During the last few months, I have been subtly (too subtly, it turns out) trying to entice my predecessor, the **Ken "Give King" Russell**, to take a break from his pottery enterprise and check in as one of our heartland correspondents. Well, my efforts were bearing no fruit, so I brought out the big guns: Karen. Right before Christmas she sent "Colonel Potter" an email, asking if his goods were sold somewhere near Washington, DC, so she could get something for her mom. No answer. I was surprised: was Karen losing her touch? "Patience," she replied, and she was right, for a couple weeks ago our long lost Marine finally made contact. There was a reason my "South Dakota Connection" had such a time connecting—the Russells have relocated! Kenny explains:

Karen, I know you sent this a million years ago, and you caught us during our move to Missouri. We moved from South Dakota on 28 November and have been living in Clarksville, MO, since then. We also have a new email gone2pot@big-river.net. We stopped the old account last November and frankly, I'm surprised and amazed that all the old emails from the old email account are downloading through our big-river.net account. I give you this long explanation to let you know you haven't been intentionally snubbed, it's just that I didn't get your email from last November until today.

We had been kicking around the idea of selling retail for a few years, and even looked into moving to Dell Rapids to try to open a retail shop. Demographics in South Dakota and along the I-29 corridor are pathetic for retail/tourism, etc. traffic. Since no one lives in South Dakota, we had to look out of state. We found Clarksville last June, made a visit, sold the house, and moved here to open a wonderful