

and our ability to attend the Navy-Air Force game at FedEx Field in early October. Other than that, things just couldn't be better!

Best of luck to Bob and Michelle; and remember the words of those veteran parents out there, "Life begins at childbirth!"

### Closing Remarks

I'm not sure anything can top that news right now, so I won't even try. Have a great month, Navy fans, and I'll see you in July!

—**Bob Sanderson**

# 78

**Annual Membership: 3%**  
**Life Membership: 73%**

Acting Pres: **Bob Novak**

Sec'y: **Vince Balderrama**

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Back in January I got the chance to swing by Palo Alto in Northern California. As is becoming habit, I got to spend the night at the "Vince Balderrama Memorial Suite in Casa de Luevano." Otherwise known as **Ray Luevano's** house. Yes, Ray put me up for the night. He even arranged for us to get together with **Phil Winters** and **Mike Sears** for a light snack and latte downtown. Ray has a couple of Vespa's but unfortunately I didn't have a motorcycle operator's ticket on my license—not that you Hog riders out there would consider a Vespa a motorcycle, but remember, that is California. So instead I rode with Ray. I was on the back of his Classic cruising scooter. He was the driver/chauffeur and now that I think about it—protective air bag. We met up with Phil and Mike but not without Ray having them first sign my "custody card." I had joked to Ray about passing me from Classmate to Classmate so he gen'ed up a custody card—complete with a *Lucky Bag* photo of a much younger and lighter me and lines to folks to sign on as ICO (In Charge of) Vince Balderrama. Needless to say, nobody wanted to have custody of me for long. (From time to time even Elizabeth's looks for someone to sign and relieve her of the duty!) Phil and Mike looked great! Mike is still doing his consultant work and entrepreneur coaching I guess you could say. Ray is looking for another opportunity. If anyone needs two talented folks with a lot of experience in software and top management, give them a buzz. As for Phil, he and his partner sold their Fog Dog Sports business. He's now got a new business, Armor Gear. It's a line of high quality ballistic nylon travel gear (bags) that you can private label or embroider for teams, businesses, fund raiser, etc. He has some really cool stuff from wheeled duffels and golf bags to computer courier bags and backpacks. He showed Ray and me one his latest backpack/computer back designs. It had a little compartment for M3/CD and a cell phone, all of which could have the line routed out so you could strut down the road as you listened with the pack on your back. Last year, Phil and his Fog Dog partner made the U.S. Gallagher Trophy Team. The trophy mirrors the Ryder Cup format and is exclusively aimed at leading

company directors/corporate officers of Europe and the U.S. They have to play their way on to the final teams via qualifiers. A former Ryder Cup player then heads the final teams. The 2002 matches were played in Loch Lomond, Scotland. The U.S. team won the inaugural match and Phil had one of the 100% day records on one of the days. Mike had to break off after our little coffee clutch of sea stories and "how things have changed since we were Mids." Later Ray, Sherry, and their boys, and Phil and Jennifer and I rendezvoused for dinner. Sherry teaches and conducts a youth orchestra. Jennifer is a tenured prof in the psychology department at Stanford. Later over some wine at Phil's house, I got to meet Phil's son, Chris. He was on break from his first year at Berkley. Everybody is looking forward to getting together over the reunion weekend.



Phil Signs for custody of Vince



Phil, Jennifer, Sherry, and Ray

Not only will the 25 June graduation of the Merchant Marine Academies Class of 2003 end their four years of hard work but it will also close out **Art Athens** (AthensA@USMMA.EDU) tour as their Commandant. Art has been selected to be the Lakefield Family Foundation Distinguished Military Professor of Leadership at the Naval Academy. It is an endowed chair. He will be its first occupant. With Misti's "logistics expertise" I'm sure she'll have the household all packed and on the road south in no time. While they'll certainly be in Crabtown well before Art's planned start in early

July in the Leadership, Ethics. Art says they are all excited and looking forward to a return to Annapolis. Congratulations, Art. I can't think of a more fitting candidate!

**Fred Butterfield** (Butterfield.Fred@epamail.epa.gov) reported they had another excellent turnout of eighteen (18) Classmates at the recent informal lunch in the "friendly confines" of the Pentagon City Mall food court: Joining Fred were Rich Holzknecht, Pete Flynn, Scott Darling, Ken Heffernan, Mark Hubal, Charles "Whitey" White, Spence Witten, Jay DeLoach, John Rudder, Jack Christensen, Kevin O'Keefe, "Doc" John Hancock, Aaron Watts, plus newcomers **Mark Ferguson**, Brent Obenour, **Dave Sargent**, and Fred's 22nd-Companymate, **Chuck "Like the Rum" Bourquardez**. Fred gave Jack "triple-credit" for his attendance, since Jack's wife, Jill, and daughter, Anna were in the mall. Those of you who may be in the DC area on Wednesday, 25 June, stop in the mall. That's the day they've penciled-in for their next quarterly gathering. Just drop Fred an email to make sure. Fred also forwarded an email **Tim Stark** sent him that had been relayed by **Paul Wrigley '76** that reported that our own Chaplain **Al "Blues" Baker** was featured in an article in *Christianity Today* entitled "Faith and Fear on the TRUMAN" by Adam Piore. The lead in identified the article as being about "How one Navy chaplain helps men and women face combat." Here's a little extract that Paul, via Tim, via Fred sent:

Alan Baker huddled in the sweltering bunker as the air raid siren screamed one desert night during Desert Storm in 1991. "Scud alert. Scud alert," a loudspeaker warned. "All hands take cover!" In each hand, Baker clutched an auto-injecting antidote to lethal nerve agents. In the dimly lit bunker, he looked at his companions, packed tightly together, waiting for the first symptoms of gas poisoning. The dark rubber masks made everyone seem faceless and robotic. Baker was as terrified as anyone, but he had something that many of his companions did not: a deep faith in God. As the chaplain to the Third Marine Air Wing, Baker had spent months praying, reflecting, and preparing for such a moment...

To read the entire article check out this website [www.christianitytoday.com/ct/2003/004/2.74.html](http://www.christianitytoday.com/ct/2003/004/2.74.html) or just look for the link on our Class website. Blues is now gone from the front lines to a desk job in Tennessee. He's now CAPT Blues Baker and is the senior detailer in the Chaplains Corps. That means he still uses darts and a board to make assignments but the toss is more "divinely inspired" than the other folks around the Pentagon. Say, doesn't it strike you



'78: Ray, Mike, Phil, and Vince



# *Class of 1978*

## *25th Reunion*

***Friday, 19 Sept. – Sunday, 21 Sept. 2003***

*Reunion Headquarters: Annapolis Radisson Hotel*  
*(410-224-3150)*

***Friday, 19 September:*** Prayer Breakfast, Memorial Service, Golf, Mid store shopping, Walking tours, Hotel Reception and Dinner/Dance

***Saturday, 20 September:*** Tailgate, Football game, Company get-togethers

***Sunday, 21 September:*** Chapel Services and farewells

*We are conducting the reunion registration and optional merchandise purchases online, so:*

Go to [www.usna1978.org](http://www.usna1978.org) now to update your address/email information and find Reunion Updates and Gouge on your Classmates.

Then, log on to find out how to Register and how to Order Class Merchandise online.

Reunion Coordinator: Glen Woods ([gowoods@aol.com](mailto:gowoods@aol.com))  
703-764-8089 (home), 571-243-4811 (cell)



strange that a Navy's Chaplain detailer is in Tennessee and *not* DC? Hmm, may something something about DC. Anyway, by the time this edition hits the streets, school should be done in Virginia Beach and Maura and the kids should be reunited with Al in Tennessee. By the way, here's an old photo of Blues with another Navy Veteran you may recognize:



Blues Baker and "Navy Veteran" George Bush

Lots of Changes of Command were scheduled and over the last few months. Here's the low down on some:

On 10 March, **Bob "Zool" Schwaneke** (bob.schwaneke@navy.mil) was relieved by CAPT Lee Henwood as Commanding Officer of the Naval Transportation Support Center in Norfolk, VA. Bob's new job is force supply officer, and assistant chief of staff for logistics. His new boss is the Commander, Naval Surfaces Forces, U. S. Atlantic Fleet ComNavSurFlant. On tax day, 15 April, **Andy Karakos** gave up command of Amphibious Squadron 11. The ceremony was held aboard ESSEX (LHD-2) in Sasebo, Japan. **Brian Roby** passed the command pennant of Airborne Early Warning Wing, U.S. Atlantic Fleet, to Ed Rosequist on 24 April at NAS Norfolk, VA. On 4 April, **Glen Ives** had his Change of Command of VX-1 at NAWC Patuxent River. Glen's new job is as the Vice Commander of NAWC Pax (a job previously held by **J.B. Hollyer**). While scheduling conflicts precluded me from going to Brian's Change of Command and pure geography and cost kept me from Andy's (though a trip to Japan would've been great) I was able to attend Glen's CofC. Alumni present were of course CinHOUSE-IVES (Commander-in-Chief of household) a.k.a. Glen's wife (and a Reserve captain in her own right) **Barbara Morse Ives '80**, **Alex Sharp '79**, and **Winn Everett '80** (both lightweight crew teammates of mine); and from '78—**Chris Powers**, **Stephen Brady**, **Larry McCracken**, **Karen** and **Bill Yeager**, **John Rudzis**, **Jock Maloney**, **Eddie Reid**, **Libby** and **Craig Diffie**, **Maura** and **Al Baker** (who gave the invocation), **Bill Duncan**, **Russ Gordon**, and me. Mary Novak represented Bob while he was off shooting Tommies. She did a great job and is much better looking anyway. Stephen, Bill, and Russ work for local support contractors doing business with Pax River. Larry came up from Orlando where he's deputy to **Andy Mohler** of the NAWC that used to be the old Naval Training Systems Center. Craig is now with Schlumberger (that berger is pronounced *ber schay* not like *burger*) working on all those smart cards and new smart IDs that contain all the information that ever existed on you in that



'78: Ives Change of Command



'78: Glen, Barb, Libby, and Craig

little microchip. Yeags just reported aboard Pax and the new "code" number of his group escapes me. I forgot or didn't get to discuss with Chris his current job, Jock and Eddie you read a lot about in this column so you'll just have to remember. Alex Sharp is now working at Sikorsky as a regional sales guy in our commercial marketing group. Winn and I didn't have a chance to talk at all. Glen's parents couldn't be there but his sister, Linda, and her husband, Phil and their two boys were present. While, Phil, is a Woop, his association with the Ives clan has made him one of the good guys. Afterward, Eddie, Jock, and I checked out Mary and Bob Novak's quarter on base. Eddie went to look for beer. Jock needed a place to nap. I just visited. As for the quarters—one word—*nice*. It overlooks the water and is actually the quarters that Mary considers home, as that is where her father was quartered when she was growing up. She even showed Jock, Ed, and me the names they etched into the wet cement by the garage when they were kids. How many Navy brats get a chance like that? By the way, the yard is large enough to hold a great '78 "field exercise." Sorry, Bob, but even Mary joined Ed, Jock, and me in laying out the plans "maneuvers." "The keg can go there...grill there."

You may recall from an article this time last year that **Jim Fiorelli** (jimfiorelli@arilion.com) graduated last May with an M.A. in public policy and a J.D. The next day he retired from the Naval Reserves. Last August the family moved to Richmond, VA, where Jim had accepted a one-year position as a law clerk (essentially a staff attorney) to the justices at the Supreme Court of Virginia. They've liked Richmond and planned on staying there if the job market cooperated. Jim had a few interviews line up in April that he hoped would be fruitful, challenging, and enable them to remain there. Hope everything turned out as you wanted, Jim.

In some old "stray-rounds" I've rescued from the pile of Christmas cards and notes before they got tossed. Marilyn and **Scott Langdon** (mslangdon@aol.com) sent "Aloha" greetings for Brussels, Belgium. They left Naples in July of '02. Scott is on the International Military Staff at NATO headquarters. His group is responsible for developing military policies for the 46 Partnership for Peace nations. Kyle and Erin attend the Brussels American School. Kyle

and Scott are involved in the Webelos group. Erin is taking guitar lessons and Marilyn is working on a new degree in web design. Hey, Marilyn, looks we now have you pegged as a possible "consultant" if we have any problems with our web site. To all, they invite you to drop them a line if you're heading to the area!



Aloha from the Langdons

**Steve Bartie** has more male support in the Bartie household from his now two-year old son, Odin Erik Bartie. While they're still outnumbered by Kirsten and their four lovely daughters, Erin, Kristin, Olivia, and Anika, at least they each have some testosterone-laden company (and someone else to blame for leaving the toilet seat in the upright position—well *after* someone is potty trained that is). Steve can also now alternate dreaming about playing football with his son with that recurrent dream he already has about all the girls eloping at the same time and him getting out of wedding plans and bills. (Well, I had a friend with six daughters who claimed that was *his* dream. I just figured it might be a common one-like the "falling dream".)



Odin Erik Bartie and Steve



Here's a shot of the **Jack Richardson** (unable to use the photo, it was low res.) clan down in Tallahassee and **Skip Bayes'** family in Montclair, VA.



Bayes Family

On the Class web site, **Rob Cloutier** added a page that identified Classmates engaged in the war in Operation Iraqi Freedom. Among those he listed were: **Mark Fox** (CAG on CONSTELLATION), **Faris Farwell** (CO, BUNKER HILL), **Tome Crowley** (CO, BOXER), **Jay Bowling** (CO, TARAWA), **John Wissler** (CO, Second Transport Battalion, Marine Logistics Command), **Chuck Lowther** (MarCent), **Harry Harris** (ops officer, NavCent), **Larry Olson** (NavCent operations watch officer), **Scott Mobley** (CO, CAMDEN). I know that it isn't a complete listing as **Mart Thamm** is also out there with the Marines and I'm sure there are many others to add to the list. So we ask, please send Rob an update (rob@calimar.com). We all take pride in your contributions. We'd like to make sure you get some recognition. As the main effort winds down we glad to know that you are all safe. Judi Farwell sent in a photo of **Brian McCormack** and **Joe Lynch**. They were toasting to Faris at a local pub in Coronado, Coronado Brewing Company. Joe was in town working with SpaWars as a consultant for his company and Brian was getting ready to move to Annapolis. By now he is in Annapolis and CO of the Naval Station Annapolis. Here's their toast and let's just say it's to all you folks out there. Cheers!



Brian, Judi, and Joe toasting Faris

Pay attention to the ad here on our reunion. Also go up on the web site [www.usna1978.org](http://www.usna1978.org) for the latest updates and registration—not to mention updating your personal stuff in the "Classmates" section. We're trying to as much as possible to do things *online*. In a plug for the folks and all their hard work, let me say—the reunion committee is doing an outstanding job and working diligently to make this a truly memorable and fun occasion for us all. Despite all their best efforts we all know not everyone is going to be happy about *some* aspect of the

reunion. (I know I can be picky too.) But as I told my son about his prom—it's the people you are with that will determine if you have fun and what you'll remember. So never let it be said that the Class of '78 wasn't a fun group of folks! (I think we sort of re-wrote the book on it.) So make those reservations (hotel, plane, train, or auto), go online and register, order your goodies, enjoy your comrades, Classmates, families, and friends and *don't sweat the small stuff*. Just enjoy!

See you in September. Until the next column—Launchin' Spot Four.

## 79

Annual Membership: 1%  
Life Membership: 89%

Pres: LCDR Sean Cate, USN (Ret.)

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Greetings, 79!

One cool morning about three weeks ago, as I was backing out of my driveway, I noticed that all was not well with my mailbox. We live in a somewhat rural area, and each house has the standard rural mailbox on a post near the road, all set at the prescribed height required by the U.S. Postal Service. I stopped, got out of the truck (okay, it's an SUV), and confirmed that it had indeed been involved in—and lost—a battle. Looking around the neighborhood, it appeared that several such battles had been waged, with the mailbox always coming up short.

My first thought was that it had been hit by a snow plow, as the aggressive actions of local snowplow entrepreneurs had caused sales of replacement mailboxes to rise throughout the "Tri-County Area" (doesn't everyone live in one of those?). Using the keen situational awareness I developed during a career of flying helicopters, I eventually rejected that as a possible cause (there was no snow on the ground). Upon closer inspection, it appeared that the box had been subjected to the force of a baseball bat swung from a moving car. Fortunately, it was still serviceable, meaning that the body was still intact, albeit reshaped, and the door *almost* closed. The little flag thingy, however, would never be the same. At any rate, this meant that we could go a day or two without replacing it and still meet USPS guidelines, allowing us to continue receiving our mail. An annoying situation, but hardly anything to write home to mother about.

As you may have surmised, we have yet to replace the box. Karen and I are playing an informal version of "mailbox chicken," wherein the first person who mentions the condition of the mailbox loses the game, and has to run to one of the home repair warehouses and purchase the box. (The next phase of the game involves installation.) Our local mail carrier (that's what they're called these days) has been more than understanding, and for the last three weeks has successfully inserted all sorts of catalogs, bills,

catalogs, magazines, catalogs, solicitations, catalogs, and an occasional package (the result of a catalog) into our misshapen box.

Methinks, however, that the patience of the post office may be limited. They've not communicated anything directly, but just this morning I noticed that something had gone awry. As I sat down to compose this column, I reached into the '79 mailbag, and it was (Gasp!) empty. Nothing. Nada. Zip. Zilch. Saddam's future prospects. El nothingo. I could only come to one conclusion—the Post Office has been withholding all Classmate correspondence until the box gets replaced. That must be it! So I have developed a two-prong plan of attack. First, I replace the box. It will mean losing the chicken game, but hey, I'm willing to take one for the team. Secondly, you guys *flood* the post office with so much Class info. that they'll be *forced* to deliver it all. Good plan, huh? I'll do my part, and you guys back me up, alright? Thanks!

Well, let's segue from the "Hilarious Comedy Intro," (thank you, **Ken Russell**) to the just plain awesome: the performance of the world's finest military force. I couldn't begin to find the appropriate words to describe them. I'm not sure there is a word or phrase in our language that can accurately portray just how well they've been doing. I also can't adequately describe the pride I feel for our military, our leadership, and our country. The political debate regarding the necessity and timing of this conflict will no doubt continue for some time, but no rational, thinking human being can honestly debate the fact that our interests are defended by the finest military force in the history of the world. I take absolutely nothing away from the contributions of our coalition forces, but let's face it, we have the best. We've seen strong, decisive leadership enact a sound plan, and watched it implemented by a motivated, dedicated force. We are truly blessed.

It is particularly gratifying to know that some of our own are in key leadership roles in Operation Iraqi Freedom. A very busy **John Miller** is currently serving as commanding officer of the carrier CONSTELLATION. Two Classmates are commanding Aegis class cruisers, **Chuck Dixon** in COWPENS and **Nevin Carr** in CAPE ST. GEORGE. The *European Stars & Stripes* reported that COWPENS was the first ship to launch strikes from the Gulf, firing Tomahawk cruise missiles at several targets, including the building believed to have housed Iraqi leaders near Baghdad. In a phone interview with the paper, Chuck reported, "We're honored and proud of our role. The crew trained very hard to be prepared to do this." Less than 30 minutes after the order to fire came from the Fifth Fleet commander, 11 Tomahawks were hurled from the ship, shaking sleeping crewmembers awake. Sailors hurried to watch the launch, but all the missiles were Iraqi-bound within minutes, he said.

Also, in a phone interview with the Norfolk, VA, *Virginian-Pilot*, Nevin said his 400 sailors on CAPE ST. GEORGE are exhibiting "sky high" morale. "But that is not to say they are gleeful about anything," he said. "They take everything very seriously and they are just very motivated and thankful to be contributing to the hard work on the ground over there. If you happen to see