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Sorry for the blank column for April—chalk it up to cranial flatulence. That short month of February seems often to be my downfall.

The FY05 flag selection has placed a veritable constellation '78 in the sky. Congratulations go out to the latest Broad-Strippers: **Mark Boensel** (currently Chief of Staff at AirPac), **Jay Bowling** (now special assistant to PhibRon Three in San Diego), **Vic Guillory** (branch head for Warfare Systems, N6/N7 in the Pentagon), **Cecil Haney** (commander, Submarine Squadron One in Pearl Harbor), **Harry Harris** (Assistant Chief of Staff for Plans, Political-Military Affairs for Naval Forces, Central Command in Panama), **Joe Leidig** (If you've been following the columns, you know where he is.), **Charlie Martoglio** (executive assistant to the Commander, U.S. Fleet Forces Command in Norfolk), and **Rick Wren** (CO of CARL VINSON out of Bremerton). Congratulations to your families too because as we all know, if it wasn't for them tolerating the Navy life, you couldn't have had the careers you've had. There should be one heckuva wetting down coming soon!

That one more rung climb for some Classmates means there should be more room at the very bottom of the naval career ladder. Of course, as we were all taught, the very lowest rung belongs to the Plebe. As this is being submitted I know of at least two from our '78 family who'll be starting that climb. **Barb Morris '80** and **Glen Ives'** eldest son, Glen Christopher, received his appointment. Also, Mary Burke (**Bill Burke's** wife) dropped an email to say that their son, Will, received his appointment. Actually, I was aware of Will's candidacy back in February when I met he and his mother at a USNA Connecticut Chapter dinner for perspectives candidates. In fact, they even sat at my table. Not wanting to jinx things (and also at Mary's own superstitious insistence—she's a true Navy wife alright.) I refrained from mentioning it any column. Now that it's a done deal I can mention it and add the picture below. As for dad (Bill) he's down in DC on the N8 staff (I think). He'll continue being a geographic bachelor until this summer when Will heads off to Mother B. There are a couple other '78 "youngins" who are awaiting the fat letter from **Bruce Latta** and his admissions folks. Being true to naval form—I don't want to jinx them either.

I was sitting in one of the reading rooms recently while on drill at Quantico. (Okay, it wasn't exactly the library—but there *is* professional reading in there as you all know!) While looking at the February edition of *Armed Forces Journal* I noted that **Jim Rennie** was extensively quoted in an article on airborne mine countermeasures. Jim is the CO at Mine Warfare Command at Panama City, FL. Pretty impressive sound bites, Jim—and we all thought that

only Sean Coffey gave "good quote." Speaking of magazines, and further proof that Marines *do* read **Jock Maloney** noted an article in *Aviation International News* that Cessna announced **Don Beverlin's** promotion to vice president, supply management. That makes him the man responsible for material price variance management; supplier relations and development; strategic sourcing and procurement of propulsion, avionics, electrical, and major aircraft systems; indirect materials; and supply chain new programs, policies, processes and contracts. Whew—that's a lot of responsibility! Before the promotion to "Princedom" Don was a Cessna's Director of Strategic Sourcing for the Systems Commodity Group. The press release announced, "Prior to joining Cessna, Beverlin *worked* at Honeywell." Even though I am the one who highlighted the word *worked* I did it because it just struck me as implying that was the last time he really got his hands dirty. I had to chuckle because recalling our days on Youngster Cruise chipping the fantail of SUTHERLAND (DD-743), I knew that couldn't be true. I talked to Don briefly; I wondered how he got into the supply business having been a sales guy. He said it was his predecessor who got him interested in it, taught him the ropes and passed on the baton. He did say his sales experience has been a plus in dealing with suppliers etc. Proof that you can teach a more "mature" dog new tricks—Don and his team were winners of *Purchasing Magazine's* 2003 Medal of Professional Excellence. As for the family, they all live in rural Newton, KS—well the two boys do because their daughters are off at K State. Congrats on making "Flag Rank" in business, Don. Stay in touch.

Rich Polek passed on that Jill and **Jack Christensen** and their daughter, Anna, welcomed Alexander Anson Christensen to the world on 6 January 2004. Alexander was born in Germany, where Jill has taken a "temporary?" job assignment, and the family is currently residing. Rich and Jack were two of three Plebe Year roommates in 31st Company. Jack is happy playing Mr. Mom in Europe. Hey, Jack most guys take up golf when they retire! Anyway, all I know is that this news *definitely* crushes **Randy Kahn's** thoughts last year about laying claim to his proposed "Anchor Baby" scheme. Congrats, Jill and Jack.

More word on activated Classmates—On 15 March, **Charlie Pangburn** went on six months active duty. He's now the Chief of Staff of the Coalition Military Advisory Team in Baghdad. He's been told it's a six-month stint but we all know how that can turn out. For now he hopes to be home by late September. We hope so too. **Greg Baur** (gregory.baur@auab.aorcentaf.af.mil) sent an email from Qatar. He and **Tim "Magoo" Murphy** are both in theater. Magoo is the head cheese at an airfield in Iraq that receives regular incoming rounds...Greg says Magoo is his personal hero for that. Greg is the senior Marine liaison at the CAOC in Qatar working with the other services in the CFACC (Combined Forces Air Component Command) business—he's been up to Iraq, but says his life is considerably more safe than "combat" Magoo's life. They're supposed to be in theater for seven-months, extendable to a year. It's Greg's third mobilization. The first one started

asked to lead the Commercial Real Estate Association—a tight knit coterie of businessmen and woman closing more than 80% of the deals in the region. He introduced me to many of them at an exclusive club—I think he was member number seven. And during our tour of the real Vegas, he, in a truly humble manner, pointed out glittering hotels and major business deals with which he had been involved. His proudest part of the tour, however, was the casino where he started twenty some-odd years before—working the floor. Because pay was low and hours long, he decided to spend a couple hundred bucks on a real estate course to support his growing family by working weekends.

Mostly, though, Mike spoke about family and distant friends as it seemed during his ascendancy that there was something missing from his core. He had his family—whom he loved and cared for deeply—but he also yearned to reconnect with a few close friends; really a guy thing. His search brought him full circle to his Classmates—those with whom he shared a common and familiar set of values based on service rather than self-promotion. In reconnecting, Mike spoke freely of his spirituality and in his desire to reestablish his relationship with the Lord. He spoke with strength, unafraid to reveal personal issues or an occasional self-doubt. He spoke of his tremendous love for his wife, daughters, and son. He was so proud of them all and especially how his children were finding their way as young adults. He also asked about you, his Classmates, what you were up to and how things were going.

We said our good-byes after a splendid evening and committed to stay in touch—which we have. Our parting idea was to reconnect this fall in Vegas for a surprise 50th birthday party honoring Julius. Mike, I'm saddened in that there wasn't time to pull this off, and am also thankful to you for reaching out to me. I'm glad we were able to connect, shipmate.

Our thoughts and prayers go out to Bill's family and friends; I know that we'll all miss him, but we're glad to have been even a small part of his life. May God's peace be with us.

Closing Remarks

That's all I have for this month, Classmates. Now may be a good time to remember the words of one of the great comedians of our time, George Carlin, who once said,

Remember, spend some time with your loved ones, because they are not going to be around forever. Remember, say a kind word to someone who looks up to you in awe, because that little person soon will grow up and leave your side. Remember, to give a warm hug to the one next to you, because that is the only treasure you can give with your heart and it doesn't cost a cent. Remember to say, 'I love you' to your partner and your loved ones, but most of all mean it. A kiss and an embrace will mend hurt when it comes from deep inside of you. Remember to hold hands and cherish the moment, for someday that person will not be there again. Give time to love, give time to speak, and give time to share precious thoughts in your mind.

Until next month, Go Navy!

—Bob Sanderson

Congratulations
Class of 2004
from your Alumni Association

in the Pentagon the day after the airplane hit. His current short-term roommate (trailer mate) is BGen (sel) Bob Steel USAF. While he is a '78 grad, he's from that other "Academy" in Colorado. Greg closed by saying that he and Tim are two Reservists who are "proud to be there...asking for your prayers...doing [their] best to represent you well." To *everyone* out here, stay safe and we're proud of you and support you 100% and then some. If your families back home have any needs—don't hesitate to let us know. We take care of all our shipmates.

Drumm McNaughton passed on his new email address drumm@thechangeleader.com. Excuse me, I should've said, "Doctor Drumm." He's got the Ph.D. Drumm's teaching online for DeVry University and Central Michigan University (on the military bases). At the same time he's working hard to build his consulting practice back up after the couple of years he took off to complete the doctorate. **Tim Stark** (Timothy.Stark@usmc.mil) also sent a change of address. He's has been "NMCI'ed." Some of you who've had bad experiences being moved over to the NMCI system may wonder if that's the last we'll ever hear of Tim, or vice versa.

I caught the Brigade Boxing Championships in February with a gang of '78. It's become an annual road trip for many of us. This year's spectators (and I know I'm forgetting somebody) were: **Jock Maloney, Doug Diehl, Gary Vinciguerra, Mike Brown, John Rudder, Glen Ives, Craig Diffie, Chris Breslin, Bob Destafney, Vance Barry, John Rudzis, Terry O'Brien, Joe Martin, Ray Kwong, and Joe Leidig**. After the matches, Jock arranged a "green alert" at the 'Dant's house. For Joe's wife, Meg, it was more of a "red alert." While we weren't sure if Joe had enough beer to handle the group, we *were* certain that Jock and the "Boys from Philly" could make up for any shortfall. Joe and Meg were gracious hosts. Joe even gave us the first floor tour. He pointed all the historical pieces of furniture and recounted the story behind each one (but just the naval history items and not Meg's items from shopping trips with his nuke pay). I could tell he did his homework. After the visit, as I walked back to the BOQ, I couldn't but help wonder why I hadn't stopped in while we were Mids. Then I remembered—I was a Mid hanging on for dear life—I didn't rate!

In closing we are already starting to plan for the 30th year. I know, you're thinking "Didn't we just have our 25th?" While that's true, the next few years will sneak up quicker than you think, so we're trying to get ahead of the power curve. Besides, early planning pays off. We are focusing on having our reunion events and lodging at the Loews Annapolis on West Street. It's just walking distance from downtown and the Yard and stadium; but still above the flood line if another hurricane decides to pay us a visit that year. The target date being discussed is the weekend of 25 October 2008 (which I believe is Navy versus SMU). Just keep tuning in to the web site and this column for updates. Remember, it'll be 2008 before you know it!

Until next month, enjoy some pics. I'm launchin' Spot Four.



Larry Semanyk, Randy, and Alicia



Guess who didn't get the word on uniform



John and Cindy Day and Po



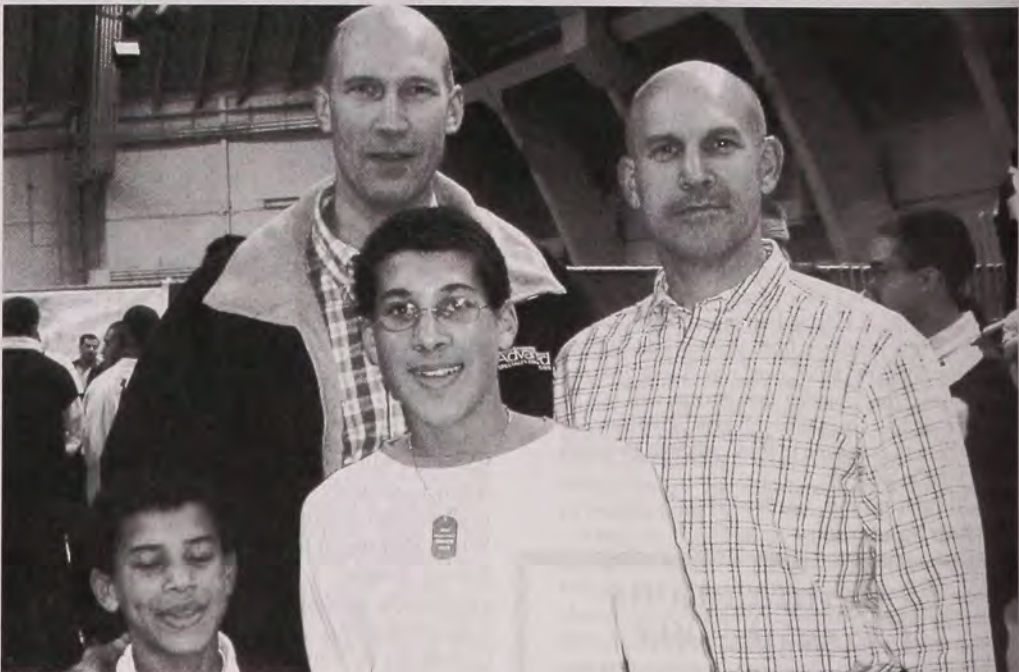
Yikes, Scott Provow and Keil Norris



'78: 31st Company



'78: 36th Company



'78: The brothers Diehl



Yeah, we boxed!



Vance, Bubba, and boxing fans

A lot of changes since then, don't you think? Our nation's adversaries are certainly different. Pretty much every aircraft I flew, or ship that I deployed on, has been removed from the Navy's inventory. (The lone exception is the V-22, and I expect we'll still be discussing the delays in initial fleet delivery at our 50th Reunion, but that's another story.) One other change: Navy captains and Marine Corps colonels are a *lot* younger now than they used to be!

Our Class certainly has seen its share of changes as well. Most of us are parents. A few are grandparents. Some have a son or daughter attending USNA, while others have one who has already graduated. Four of us are flag officers or appointees, while the vast majority are no longer on active duty. We've been to all the continents, and have visited both poles. We've explored the lowest depths of the sea, and also experienced months in orbit around the earth. And a few, a precious few, are no longer physically with us.

Earlier, when I was counting, 25 years seemed like a long time. But when I look at where our Class has gone and what it has accomplished, I'm amazed that so much has transpired in "only" 25 years. I mean, we're just starting to hit our stride. We're just getting warmed up! And it's a good thing—because there is so much left to do. So much more we can and will accomplish.

We are on the verge of a major reunion—perhaps *the* major reunion—of our Class. We're going to see guys we haven't seen in five, 10, 20, or 25 years (longer, in a few cases). It's only natural that when we get together we look back and relate the events of our lives with those who shared in our four years at Navy. But while periodic looks back are good and fun, our focus cannot be fixed on the past. We must be constantly, continually, doggedly focused on where we're going, what we'll do next, and who we can bring along with us.

Congratulations, guys, on this, our 25th anniversary. Twenty-five years is nine,125 days (plus a few leap days here and there). If our focus is on what is behind us, it can be a lifetime. But if our focus is forward, it's just a warm up, and we're now being introduced as the starting team. The game is *on!* And nothing can keep us from the victory that is ours. We are 100% in control of our focus: let's make the next 25 years the absolute best of our lives. As it says on one of my bookmarks: "Now is the time of your life to have the time of your life."

Well, enough about the past and the future for now. Let's get you caught up to the present. First up is an extremely well-written and informative email from **Scott Pursley** (SPursley@aol.com). Scott is an official "Class secretary's friend" for sending a timely update on a lot of guys. And his timing, just prior to the 25th, could not be better. One quick note: Scott sent along several digital photos, which unfortunately were too low of a resolution for publishing here. However, they have been posted on the Class web site, so log in and view them as you read Scott's novella:

I just got home to Little Rock following my USNR active duty at ComPacFlt N43 in Pearl Harbor and thought I would pass on some news.

Bill Toti and I spent a bit of time together while I was out there. Bill has been commodore of SubRon Three since last summer. He, Karen and their son, Billy, live in quarters on Ford Island, just a stone's throw from the

ARIZONA memorial. Their eldest daughter is in college back in Virginia. I was very impressed with Bill's parental dedication. Their 15-year-old son, Billy, is a drummer in a band that plays gigs most every Friday and Saturday night. Bill Sr. may be a fancy commodore by day, but at night he becomes a "roadie." His typical routine is to drive young Billy to different clubs on Oahu and set things up for the band to start playing at 10 p.m. Naturally, as Billy is underage, Bill stays for the whole gig. He helps out with the sound system while the band plays and later takes down the equipment sometime after 1 a.m. I helped out for only one night; that was enough for me. Way too late for these old bones. Also, I discovered that it has been a long time since I have been to a bar/nightclub. As the father of four teenage daughters, it was all I could do not to walk up to the young women in the club and ask them "Do your parents know where you are, young lady?" I guess I need to get out more.

Bill and I spent some time with **Chuck Doty**, who is the engineering and planning officer at Pearl Harbor Naval Shipyard. On the web (www.usna79.com) is a photo of the three of us at PHNSY's change of command. Chuck took some time out of his busy schedule to give me a tour of the shipyard. It was very interesting, as I had never been to PHNSY before.

One evening I worried my way into a reception for the attendees of the Major Submarine Commanders Conference held at the Bowfin Memorial. I ran into **Scott Van Buskirk** and caught up with him. After finishing his submarine squadron tour, he and Mindy moved down from New London to Norfolk where Scott is the chief of staff at SubLant. It had been a long time since I've seen Scott. Back when we were ensigns, Scott and I were stationed at Mare Island together before we headed off to nuke school. Following the reception in Pearl, Scott was winging his way to Bellingham, WA, to be at his daughter, Jessica's, wedding. My wife, Beth, remembers she was born when we were at sub school. Scott went house to house offering each of us a small bottle of beer with a pink ribbon tied to it. Seems like a long time ago. On the web (www.usna79.com) is a photo of me, Scott and Robert Thomas, the incoming CSS 11.

Scott passed on news on **Greg Parker**. As it turns out, Greg, Alicia, and their girls are heading to our neck of the woods. By the time this is printed, Greg will be in Millington where he will head up the enlisted submarine detailing at BuPers. We are very happy that the Parkers will only be a few hours drive from us in Little Rock.

While in Hawaii I was able to make a weekend pilgrimage to the Big Island to confirm that **Mark Statler** does indeed still exist. Mark, Ruth, and their three children disappeared off everyone's radar screens when they moved from Novato, CA, to Pahoia on the Big Island back in 1996. To prove it, a photo of Mark and me is on the web (www.usna79.com). To confirm that the photo had not been retouched we included a copy of the 13 February 2004 edition of the *Hawaii Tribune Herald*. Yes, Mark Statler is alive and well. Since getting off active duty, Mark has been a merchant mariner, sailing for the Polar Tanker fleet from Valdez, AK, down to Anacortes, Richmond, Long Beach and occasionally to Barbers Point, HI. Mark was just promoted to chief mate (XO in naval parlance) and seems to still enjoy being at sea. In fact, in his off time, he recently completed a solo sailing trip from San Diego to Hawaii aboard his

79

Annual Membership: 0%
Life Membership: 89%

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Greetings, '79!

I can see it from here, sitting at my desk. Ever since it was handed to me that one bright sunny spring morning, it has hung somewhere in whatever apartment, townhouse, condo or house that I called my home. A close friend of mine, **Bob Eves '77**, put me in contact with a guy who mounted it very professionally, and now it's well protected from the elements.

From here I can read the words "United States Naval Academy," my name, and the phrase "Bachelor of Science." And although I can't make them out from here (I don't need glasses—really! Just ask me!), I know that last words read, "this thirtieth day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and seventy-nine." No matter how many times I do the math, it still comes up the same: 25 years. Wow!

I recently spent some time reflecting on where I was on major anniversaries of our graduation. On the first anniversary I was a flight student in Pensacola, and I remember thinking, "One year already—wow!" On the fifth I was deployed, chasing Soviet submarines all around the Atlantic Ocean, and I was amazed that five years had gone by so quickly. On the 10th I had just returned from my first WestPac deployment, almost two months after the Rodney King riots in LA. On the 15th I was here at Pax River, working with the V-22 program (I had quit counting by then). On the 20th I was in Long Beach, MS, playing the role of "XO's husband" during Karen's SeaBee tour. And now it's five years later—so 25 years really has elapsed.