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ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP: 2%
LIFE MEMBERSHIP: 76%

PRES: Glen Woods

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My 1st Class year roommate and 11th Company "Wardroom Czar", **Ted Plautz**, retired from the Marine Corps in June of 1998 and shortly afterward went to work for Guidant Corporation in Temecula, California, in that same month. He's currently the Business Continuity Coordinator for one of their business units. He's a divorced father and has both his children living at home with him. His eldest, Jessica, recently graduated from the University of California, Santa Barbara and is seeking employment. Son, Michael, is a junior in High School. Ted's gotten into some serious running. He's been in over 20 marathons, including Boston and Dublin, and did a 100 mile race on Halloween. He finished in the not so blazing time of 29 hours and 45 minutes. (But he lived!) He's not sure if he'll ever try that distance again, but you never know. I guess this means that Ted long ago dropped that smoking habit of his, but I wonder if he ever cured himself of that voracious sci-fi reading bug. (His locker shelves resembled today's entire sci-fi paperback section at Barnes and Noble!) Hey, did anyone catch **Rodger Welch** briefing folks on the tsunami relief efforts from PACOM? Me neither, so here's a pic of Rodger doing his "dodger" thing with a mike and in front of the press and not on a basketball court or with a jet fighter. That "spokesperson" role is just as demanding a skill set. It's also one that if you slipup, gets replayed over and over again and keeps going on longer than the Eveready Bunny. But I heard Rodger did it well.



Rodger Welch

Any food connoisseurs out there? If so and if you happen to watch the Food Network on cable you just might have caught the cook off contest for the Navy's best chefs onboard the USS Stennis. In that case, like me, you would've seen **Dave Buss** as one of the judges. It was one of the perks of being the CO. The chow looked even better than anything we ever ate in the wardroom at Mother B— well, maybe except for those Big N steak sandwiches. Dave wrote that the crew and he had a lot of fun with Chef Andrew Selz and the Food Network folks in filming the "Navy Chef Challenge". He said it was a great way to end a fast-paced and operationally demanding WestPac deployment. Dave has come to realize that a lot of folks actually *do* watch the Food Network—especially a lot who know him. Besides me, he even got an e-mail from his high school Chemistry teacher (whom he hasn't seen in 32 years)! It was great PR for STENNIS and the Navy. It certainly captured their emotional homecoming in San Diego. Dave's commanded for almost a year and a half. They recently finished a homeport change, moving the ship from San Diego to Bremerton, Washington in early January. Right now they should be in the throes of dry dock maintenance. He's got company up there in the great Pacific Northwest. **Clarke Orzali** is Commander of Puget Sound Naval Shipyard and RADML **Mel Williams** is SubGru NINE up the road in Bangor.

Okay, it's official—we're old. I say that because you guys know how long it takes for Marines just to be in the zone for selection to general. Well, the recent selection of **John Wissler** and **Dave "Duncan" Heinz** as our first Marine Corps flag officers means we've reached the realm of "old guys". John was to take over command of the 2d Force Service Support Group (2d FSSG). The command is currently in Iraq and that is where both he and **Bubba Destafney** headed to at the end of February. It looks like it could be a change of command in the field. Bubba will be working with John. As for Duncan, he's currently the AV-8 PM at NAVAIR. The slate listed his next job as a flag as being "TBD."

Tim Sprague (timothy.sprague1@navy.mil) has been rounded up in the 31st Company search for company mates. As of the end of February he was a geographic bachelor in DC. His family is spread around the East coast. Anne Marie and their youngest, Brian, are in Virginia Beach. Anne Marie is Science Department Chair at Landstown High School and Brian attends Ocean Lakes High School. Their oldest, Duke, is a senior at Ohio State, in NROTC. Duke will be heading to flight school in the fall. Their daughter, Bridget, is a sophomore at Auburn. Also found in Fun 31's search for company mates was da Bear, **Dewain Forbis** (edforbis@aol.com). He came out of the words, so to speak. He makes his home in Providence, Utah, which is near Logan, in the upper NE corner of the state, but works in Washington State. This prompts him to rhetorically ask, "Who says you can't leave the Navy and still live your life apart from your family?" I take it he's in the "disposal" business, but not the sanitation engineering kind as he said he is "having fun playing in all the toxic, radioactive waste left here from our great nuclear weapons production program. Interesting work and it pays well and keeps me going." Dewain invites anyone visiting the Tri-Cities of Washington to look him up. He guarantees that you'll gain an appreciation for the beauty around and for trees, green things, life, etc!

This year's smoker saw over 21 classmates and friends executing **Jock Maloney's** Op Plan: **Joe Martin, Terry O'Brien, Gary Vinciguerra, Roger Cassi, Jock Maloney, Doug Diehl, Bill Yeager, Glen Ives, Craig Diffie, Mo Tose, Ray Kwong, Dave Sargent, Deke Philman, Scott Godfrey, Alan Baker, Joe Leidig, Bruce Latta, John Rudzis, Ed Reid, Dennis Reilly, Mark Fox, Duke Reilly (79)**, and Jock's Philly boys. I saw a DOD press release that announced **Joe Leidig** is being assigned as U.S. Pacific Command Representative, Guam/Commander, U.S. Naval Forces, Marianas, Apra, and Guam. That means there a few months left for those green and red alerts at the 'Dant's house in the yard. Speaking of alerts, thanks again to Joe and Meg for hosting the post-Brigade Boxing Smoker "green alert". As usual, he and Meg were grateful and tolerant hosts.

Joe even gave a house tour that pointed out the historical significance of items. I swear his historical knowledge of the Navy and the artifacts in his home is either getting better over time or practice or that it all just sounded better because this time he had more beer. We wish all the Leidigs well in their new tour. The morning after found a few of us die-hards playing a few hours of hoops. If memory serves me, of our Smoker gang were Jock, Bill, Eddie, the “skinny-brothers” Glen and Craig, me, the Philly Boys and a couple of friends assigned to the Yard (Ray stopped to cheerlead and dial 9-1-1 if needed. He would’ve played but didn’t want to “put us to shame.”). About the hoops? Yes, it was full court. Yes, substitutions were allowed (and were frequent). Yes, it was not pretty. Lastly, yes, I *did* get injured. BUT, I *did* make the shot on which I hurt my ankle and it *did* put us ahead and onward to beating Glen Ives’ son Christopher (08) and his Plebe classmates. (But Jock would be quick to say it was one of the very few—if perhaps only, shot I made for the day. But I would retort that it *was* redemption.) As for the rest of the gang you’ve been hearing about most of them throughout recent columns; except that—Gary is still works his but off with his successful tuxedo stores in New Jersey, dabbles with his horses and dotes over his precious little girl. Roger is still doing well as a Mr. UPS or was it FedEx? **Dave Surgent** is a registered principal and district agent for First Command financial planning. He lives in Stafford, VA and has regional responsibility for the group.

Scott Hoffman (s.hoffman@ngc.com) dropped a line after all these years. Scott works for Northrop Grumman in Melbourne, FL. He’s the chief engineer on all of their mine countermeasures programs and also works on their Joint Stars replacement—BMC2. Eight years earlier, Scott had been shoveling snow off the rooftops here in Syracuse when he worked at one of Lockheed’s earlier corporate incarnations here in central New York. The year he left, he had to shovel the roof three times. (Thanks for letting me know to what I can look forward.) Another “blast from the past” comes from **Tony Shaddix** (tshaddix@securityspecialists.com). Tony thought he and I were neighbors in CT

but obviously he didn’t get the word I moved. Tony’s working in Stamford for a small company that does all sorts of commercial and residential security stuff. They live in Wilton, but after a few months of the cold northeast the family is yearning for warmer climates. Anybody with a company that issues sun block to its employees and is interested in a guy with a background of military, aviation, security, and golf (in that order)? Tony’s your man. Actually, as I look out onto my snow covered yard—I’m your man too! (Except for the security and golf stuff—but I could learn.). Congratulations to **Glenn Flanagan** for being name Black Engineer of the Year for professional achievement during the Engineer of the Year Awards Conference. Glenn is the Maritime Strike Warfare branch head, at the CNO.

Well, I’m coming up against the back-stops for my word limit. In closing, a reminder that next month, June 14th, is Dog Callas’ 14th Annual Golf Day for MDA at Andrews AFB Golf Course. Over the years many have you have participated in, sponsored and had generally had fun helping Alex raise money to help find a cure for MD. This year it’s very important that we get the numbers of participants to soar beyond 300 folks. That not only ensures more money is raised toward research but will also ensure that Andrews will continue to allow them to use two courses in the morning and two in the afternoon. As you duifers know, the event flows much more efficiently when they can use two courses. So, pass the word!!! For sign-up, sponsorship and information go to www.golfdayformda.com. Lastly, in anticipation of the 30th reunion (*just around the corner*), the class officers and company reps are working hard to compile an accurate contact list of classmates (both graduating and non-graduating). While many of you are coming out of the woods on your own, some are still in defilade. Your help is needed is closing the loop and locating our lost souls. Matt Elias (mpgee@aol.com) is spearheading the effort, aided by our company reps. Please go to the website to look up and contact your company rep, or Matt, or me if you have a bead on someone or to just update your own contact info. It would be great if we

could stay in touch with everyone who stood out there with arms raised, in itchy new white works on that hot, humid Annapolis day and took the oath to “serve and defend”. It would be even better if we could get as many of us to the 30th! Launchin’ Spot Four.

79 ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP: 0%
LIFE MEMBERSHIP: 90%

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Greetings, 79!

And welcome once again to the most important pages in *Shipmate*: the ones with the numbers “79” and names in **Bold Print**.

I was all set to begin this month with the question, “Can you believe it’s May already?” I always use such riveting opening lines to capture the attention of my audience. That’s because I’m a professional humor writer. You didn’t know that, did you? But it’s true. I’ve been practicing my craft for several years now. It’s a very challenging business to break into, though many try. Oh, sure, it looks easy on the outside, but once you delve into the vast depths of “humoristory”, your perspective changes.

Without over-simplifying, I can tell you that there are three basic requirements to becoming a successful humor writer: 1) the ability to write; 2) a sense of humor; and 3) the sense to know when you don’t have 1) or 2). So, as you can tell, I’m a natural!

But I digress. As I said, I always use riveting opening lines to capture the attention of my audience. But as I was about to use my “Can you believe” line, I thought back, and it seems like during the past year I’ve used a similar opening line on several previous columns. That’s NOT a good thing. It’s a sign of lazy thinking, of putting the deadline before the quality of my writing. That’s why this month I’m going to bring all of my natural creative abilities to bear and deliver an absolutely slam-bang opening line. My loyal fans deserve no less!

So, can you believe it’s May already?

All right, gentlemen, a modicum of decorum, please, a modicum of decorum.