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Yo ho me hearties! Well, our 30th Reunion has come and gone. This issue of Shipmate will have gone to print immediately before our golf event, but we expect Team Troiani, aided by Christofferson's somewhat suspect 9.6 index, probably won. That is...unless of course another group of even saltier sandbaggers...like the Kelly foursome, nosed them out of first place. You'll recall in an earlier column **Jim (11th Co.)** related how he recently brought the Old Course at St. Andrews to its knees with a round of 74; yet somehow he carried a 10 index into *our* tournament. What's up with that? Two possibilities come to mind: Jim neglected to enter that 74 as a tournament score, hence his curiously inflated index; or, the only time he's ever played the Old Course is on his computer!

Regardless, we're already looking forward to planning the golf for our 35th, although it may be advisable if not necessary to monitor certain individual's handicap trends three or four months prior to the tournament! Seriously, our sincere thanks to everyone who participated, particularly if the weather refused to cooperate; it was great seeing you all.

We kick off this month's column with a photo that brought back many fond memories of the eight-month pool we enjoyed at Whiting Field. The average day consisted of checking in, lifting, playing hoops with the likes of **Barry Wilbur (20th Co.)**, **Steve Harper (21st Co.)**, **Bill D'Amico (21st Co.)**, **Ray Simmons (21st Co.)**, **Kevin Sullivan (14th Co.)**, **Phil Nelson (4th Co.)**, **Ray "Magoo, are you going to talk or lift!?" Crevier (6th Co.)** and **Joe Christofferson (6th Co.)** (just to name a few!), heading to 3-mile Beach, partying all night,....and then waking up and doing it all over again!



Ensign Jim Schall

The handsome lad in the picture is one **Ensign James William Schall**, son of **Bill Schall (29th Co.)**. Jim recently finishing basic training in P'cola, and is now in Corpus Christi battling his way through primary flight training in the T-34C. Is there anyone else out there who'd trade places with Ensign Schall in a New York minute?!? It's worth noting Ensign Schall carries a noble heritage; he bears the names of two of our classmates, **Jim Watkins** and **Bill Readman (29th Co.)**, both Bill's former roommates, both Naval Aviators, both of whom died in the line of duty.

We hate ending columns on sad notes, but we regret to inform you of the recent death of **Dave Burdine (26th Co.)**. Dave had evidently been enjoying retirement as a flight instructor and aerobatics pilot, and was somewhat of a fixture at air shows around the country. He took off Labor Day in a Yak-52 trainer with Steve Hildebrand, his former flight student, and both were killed when the aircraft crashed shortly after take-off. Dave was our RAG classmate in VF-124 back in the day, and he'll be sorely missed. Our thoughts and prayers go out to his wife Yvonne and the entire Burdine family, as well as that of his friend Steve Hildebrand.

We also regret to report the passing of **John McAllister**, another '77 classmate. John was a lifelong resident of Chattanooga, TN, and had worked the last 25 years a wholesale grocery broker. Our sincere condolences to his family and those who knew him.

That's all the news that's fit to print, mainly because that's all we've got to report! Remember, this column doesn't work without your input, so please, keep those emails and photographs coming!

Go Navy, Beat Notre Dame!

—Magoo

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Got a great note and pic from fellow Foxtrot Company mate—12th Company's **Mike "Gurns" Gurney**. This past July he fulfilled a dream of his to ride some of the routes used in the Tour de France. Since the end of his running days (many moons ago) he turned into an avid cyclist hence his quest for a different kind of pain and suffering! (Mine was just beer and eating Gurns—much better on the

knees and back but awful on the waist!). Anyway, Mike hooked up with a group from the west coast whose agenda was to ride about 8 different Pyrenees classics cols in 6 days. In total they climbed 40,000 feet and ascended mountain passes such as the Col de Pyresourde, Col du Tormalet, Col d'Aspin and Col d'Aubisque. Gurns reported the experience was surreal – the scenery of jagged and rugged mountains, the steepness of the roads and the delicious food – all indelibly etched in his memory (and legs!). He specifically trained for the excursion for six and half months. Living in the flat lands of northeast Florida, it was severely challenged to develop an adequate training program. During the peak months of his training (May and June) he was riding 230 miles a week. This was accomplished by riding 6 days a week with "2 a day" rides twice during the week. His training paid off and he rode the Pyrenees with less difficulty than he had imagined but he also added "Make no mistake though – the rides were tough and my Navy language skills were exercised fully". Thanks for the update, Gurns. While I know you won't be challenging for the yellow jersey, you've accomplished a feat I (and many others) only achieve in some Walter Mitty fantasy. — Thanks for making us look bad, classmate!



Mike Gurney at the summit of the Col d'Aspin

J.D. Cook ('87) sent along an "action pic" of our own **Norm Hanson** from the cockpit of a Delta Airlines 767-300ER on the way to Athens, Greece. Norm donned his Greek hat in preparation for his landing at the Athens airport. J.D. said—and this is a quote so no scowling that it's *my* lousy unintended pun—"Suffice to say, it [the landing] was a "Greecer"! Hey, Norm, too bad you weren't Captain on my flight to Greece this April!

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Norm "Zorba" Hansen landing in Athens

Matt Elias sent word that on July 2, 2007, then newly selected Rear Admiral (upper half) **Harry Harris** addressed a luncheon in Dallas, Texas. Until late May, Harry served as Commander, Joint Task Force Guantanamo (JTF - GTMO). As you may recall he did a great job of explaining to our "fair-minded" press corps the difference between a prisoner and a detained enemy combatant—not to mention explanation of the extreme measures to ensure humane treatment of detainees vice their view of torture. (Hmmm, come to think of it based on the New York Times definition—our Plebe summer and Plebe year would constitute torture! Hey, where's my ACLU lawyer I need some compensation dollars!) Anyway, Harry is now assigned as Director of Operations (J3), U.S. Southern Command. At the luncheon he addressed the Southern Command's area of responsibility and his experiences and observations while commanding the three detention areas at the Naval Base at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. At the luncheon were **Bryan Livingston** and **Matt Elias**.



Bryan, Harry and Matt

Matt also provided proof that **Scott Provow** is the new Croc Hunter—well more accurately "Gator Wrangler". Scott always knew that walking around his neighborhood at night that he'd probably see something interesting – and he did! He caught a 4 ? foot alligator then relocated it ? mile away into a local lake...amazing. Look for Scott's show—Amazing



Scott Provow – "Gator Wrangler"

Well once more Anne Rentz proves that the best way I get news is from your wives. Anne is the better half of Anne and **Tom Rentz** (**John O'Dwyer's** sister). Anne and Tom are proud parents of a Plebe daughter **Katie Rentz** ('11). Katie runs cross country for Navy. Katie represents the third generation of Rentzes at Annapolis that started with her grandfather, Tom's dad, **Frank Rentz** ('51).



Tom, Katie and John O'Dwyer



Three Generations Rentzes at Navy

Kim Tageson wrote that 21 years on Michigan's SE frontier appear to be ending. He's accepted a lead engineering position in Wilmington, NC. This new position has a raise, a more temperate climate, and fresh seafood. It was a "tough choice" for him to make. In true midshipman sarcasm he says "I will miss fuel cost amortization so much, though". Of course he has some acreage in Michigan to sell now. Anyone interested in a 13 acre estate at Midwest bargain

prices? Best of luck living in part of the Hurricane Coast of Carolina!

Hey, I *knew* I forgot some names of attendees at Jeff's change of Command and that I *would be* corrected. **Joe Alvite** reminded me that **Don Gold** and his daughter were there; so too was **Jeff Roton** and of course Joe and his son Ryan. Heck, I even spoke with Joe and Ryan for a while. In fact, we had to dash out of the place as VADM Rempt's retirement ceremony began because **Jock Maloney** shouted a *very* LOUD "See you later" (or something to that effect). There we were two fifty-year olds running out of Alumni Hall as if we were two 18 year old Mids worried we'd get fried! (Some instincts never die.)

Got word from **Curt Perry**. Curt's been with Gulfstream for the just over five years. He's a Production Test Pilot and counts the job as a "blessing" and evidence that he hasn't "grown up yet". He and Claudine live in a bedroom community of Savannah, GA. Their oldest daughter finished college and works for Compassion International in Colorado Springs, Colorado. Their oldest son, Chris, is a 2ndLt currently at TBS and a member of the USNA Class of 2007. Chris has an aviation guarantee when he finishes TBS in January '08. His younger brother, Craig, is a Youngster at USNA and wants to go Marine Recon. Thanks for finally reconnecting, Curt.

Well that's all the room I have. Being a picture intense column this month keeps my verbal meanderings somewhat under control. In next month's column among other things, look for news of more retirements and an update from Doctor Dick Boehme (and yes, Judi Farwell, I'll finally get that pic in). In closing, I just want to publicly give our classmate and Supe, **Jeff Fowler**, an Atta-Boy from this Marine's perspective for the changes he's made so far and the attitude "re-adjustment" he's trying to instill. It reminded me of that decal on sale at Mid Store during our years that seemed to sum it up. It read—"Navy- the UNCOLLEGE". When I addressed parents at a Blue and Gold meeting of perspective midshipman, I opened up by asking a Mid to give me his ID card. I held it up to the parents and started by telling them –"this is the *real* difference between your son or daughter going to Navy or going to another college. *This* is a U.S. *military* ID card not a student ID..." and then I went on from there. We're not a college with really "cool uniforms".

Bravo Zulu for re-emphasizing it, Jeff.
From my soap box
—Launchin' Spot Four!

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LIFE MEMBERSHIP: 90%

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Greetings, 79ers!

As I was prepping this column, I started to write a few words about how we were entering the "busiest time of the year." It seemed like a safe, innocuous statement, but in reality it was just "filler", something that I typed without much thought. (*I know – most of my columns seem like they've been typed without much thought. Let me get on with this, OK?*) But if that were really true, then there must be other times of the year when people aren't as busy. And from my vantage point, to paraphrase my buddy Pogo – "that jes' ain't so!" For example, my local Alumni Association Chapter had challenges scheduling its summer Crab Fest because everyone was "so busy". Parents know how busy September is, with school and all its attendant activities starting up again. Lots of guys working as civil servants and contractors report that their travel picks up in October with the new government fiscal year. So – everyone is always busy, all the time. That about sum it up?

The reason I bring this up is that I was concerned this column might be the first in a long time that had no **Bolded Names**. The Class Secretary email inbox has been unusually empty as of late. Now I admit – I've been spoiled. There have been numerous columns where I couldn't fit everything in because of space limitations, and a couple items would have to wait for the next issue. That's not a bad problem to have! But when the "day before deadline" comes and the inbox is empty, well, that's just so unusual that I was a little unsure about how to handle it. I came up with the idea of telling stories – about my childhood, about my travels, about flying helicopters in the fjords (and "Chjevys") of Norway. I could supply pictures, and put slide shows on the web. It would be the ultimate in home movies!

Well, a couple of you stepped forward and rescued the Class of '79 from such a fate. One guy that you all should be thanking is **Don Brummett**

(donbrummett@comcast.net), who checks in with this update from 9th Company:

■ Wiz, I enjoy reading our class column every month. Even though I have been remiss submitting anything over the last 28 years finally something worthy of our class column has happened.

Ninth Company had a bit of an "incestuous" marriage occur on 11 August 2007. My roommate **Mike Marciano's** daughter Loren married another 9th Company mate **Mark Shell's** son **Jason Shell '05**. I was thinking we were going to have a mini-reunion but Mike's and Mark's wives made it clear each guy could only invite one company buddy. **Doug Patton** and I were the lucky guys. Let it be known those Italians know how to throw a wedding. We did not stop eating or drinking the entire weekend. The question has been asked what relation do the 22 other Ninth Company guys have to these two fine progeny? Even more perplexing would be what Loren's and Jason's future children would call their 22 additional grandfathers!

Included is a picture of the four 9th Co. mates and the happy couple. Thanks for putting together our news.
Don Brummett ■



Marciano-Shell Wedding (l-r): Doug Patton, Mark Shell, Jason Shell '05, Loren (Marciano) Shell, Mike Marciano and Don Brummett

Don, thanks for your email and photo – and congratulations to all the new "fathers" of 9th Company!

I also heard from **Kirk Michealson** recently, who forwarded a photo and note from our "resident Ukrainian" **Steve Walsh** (Steve.Walsh@AES.com). As you may remember, Steve right now is working in Kiev, Ukraine for AES Corp., one of the major energy-suppliers around the world. And as you may also remember, the CEO of AES Corp. is classmate **Paul Hanrahan**. Steve sent along a photo from Paul's recent visit to Kiev, where they are accompanied by Ambassador **Bill Taylor USMA '69**, the US Ambassador

to Ukraine. Steve noted that, for some strange reason, Ambassador Taylor elected not to bet on the Army-Navy Game this year! Thanks to both Steve and Kirk for the update.



In Kiev (l-r): Paul Hanrahan, Ambassador Bill Taylor USMA '69, Steve Walsh

You know, Steve's email got me to thinking – remember all the variations of chicken served for evening meals at the Boat School? I can't begin to name them all – Chicken Montmorency, Chicken Williamsburg, Chicken *a la* King, Chicken Cleveland, etc. So here's my question for Steve: do they actually have a recipe for "Chicken Kiev" in Kiev? Or do they have something like "Chicken New York"? I'm just curious...

Not too long ago Karen and I were watching that great movie *Holiday Inn*, starring Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire. In the film, as they transition to the Thanksgiving holiday, a November calendar appears on which an animated turkey jumps back and forth between two different weeks, until he gives up and shrugs his shoulders at the audience. I was curious what that was all about, so I consulted my highly authoritative source (the Internet – so it must be true!).

Back before World War II retailers didn't start their Christmas advertising until after Thanksgiving (*what a novel idea!*). In 1863 President Lincoln declared Thanksgiving to be on the last Thursday in November. In 1939 this would fall on 30 November, and the US Secretary of Commerce thought the late date might have an adverse effect on Christmas sales. So President Roosevelt decided to alter the custom for 1939 and 1940, declaring the second to last Thursday in November as Thanksgiving. However, Roosevelt's declaration was not mandatory; each state government had the final say with regards to the date of Thanksgiving. Twenty-three states went along with Roosevelt's recommendation, and twenty-two did not. The three other states – Colorado, Mississippi, and Texas – could not decide and took both weeks as government holidays.