

77/78 CLASS NEWS

Later, Hunter and Marty had the chance to get up close and personal with Bill the Goat.



Bill the Goat, Hunter and Marty

✉ Robin, Harpo, Marty and their families met in Coronado for The Game after another recent get-together in Phoenix to celebrate Harpo's daughter's 30th Birthday. Marty also attended the 100th Army-Navy lacrosse game in April. Here's hoping Hunter, who's an up-and-coming stickman, elects to help Navy turn its lacrosse fortunes around.

Next, we recognize the retirements of two more classmates from the cockpit, **Bill White (32nd Co.)**...



Bill White

...and **Hal Garrigues (32nd Co.)**:



Hal Garrigues

✉ Twice in our life it's been our good fortune to have a Navy classmate/fellow grad at the controls on a commercial flight, and both were on American from DFW to BWI. The first was Keith Champion, one of the few, the proud...you know, a rare member of '76 never featured on a Massengill box. The second was Bill White, and therein lies a tale.

In June, we were headed back from a memorial service in L.A. for the mother of Chris Wilson, a close friend whose son Jack (USNA Class of '14) we sponsored and is currently an SH-60M driver based at NAS North Island. After three gate changes and two posted delays for our DFW connection, we were beginning to wonder whether we'd be spending the night with Mrs. McKee in Maryland or in a Dallas hotel.

Imagine our surprise when, upon seeing the flight crew walking up to the gate, we realized the pilot was Bill White. We hugged (in a very MANLY fashion!), talked for a while, and then Bill went off to find out what was ailing his aircraft. Emerging from the jetway some minutes later, he walked directly over to us and detailed how one of the engines had experienced an overtemp climbing out of San Diego, that this was by no means an unusual event and we'd be departing shortly.

He then left, at which point two fellow passengers who'd overheard the conversation approached and asked who we were, obviously curious as to why the pilot would discuss an aircraft issue with some guy sporting a t-shirt and golf shorts. After explaining our connection with Bill, we told them, "You can be certain of two things: first, you're in the best of hands. And second, if there's anyway that airplane can get to BWI, it will, because the captain lives an hour north of the airport." In keeping with the highest standards of the Class of '77, Captain White didn't disappoint!

We know you join us in wishing both former 32nd Company roommates Bill and Hal long and happy retirements.

Magoo

'78

Life Membership: 80%
Donor Participation: 26.32%

Pres: **Glen Woods**

Sec'y: **Vince Balderrama**
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Mea culpa, mea culpa, mead maxima culpa! First, I'd like to kick off the column with a BIG apology to the two "MACs"- 6th Company's Pat J. "PJ" McCormick and 29th Company's Brian J. "Bull" McCormack for erroneously mislabeling the photos and commentary of PJ with the WWII paratrooper as being that of Bull. My bust for copying and pasting without editing properly. That was a "below in headwork as flight instructors would say. I sent PJ and Bull personal apologies when I (and many of you) caught the error. I know the difference between the two and publicly offer them a drink - or drinks - of apology whenever we get together. Will the real Delta Pilot, please stand up! Here is the pic again with "PJ" and the veteran!



Buck Connally's (36th Co) three-year old grandson, Noah,

has been a tough fighter since birth- and even while still in his mom's womb. At the 20-week ultrasound they diagnosed a hypoplastic left heart syndrome. That means the left side of his heart cannot effectively pump blood to his body, so only half of his heart is fully formed. A risky in-utero operation during his mom's, Niccole's, 28th week of pregnancy wasn't successful, and Noah's left ventricle remained underdeveloped. A veteran of multiple heart surgeries, in August, his parents, Sean and Niccole brought Noah from Orange County, CA to Boston for another potentially life-changing operation. The operation would be a biventricular repair heart surgery, to give him two working ventricles. Unfortunately, just before they left, they got word that their insurance company Anthem Blue Cross of California would not preauthorize the million-dollar surgery. Appeals were also disapproved. With a GoFundMe me page, hope and determination, they went ahead to Boston anyway. Before the surgery could proceed there were a few tests that had to be completed. Unfortunately, the tests by the hospital revealed Noah was not a candidate for the surgery. His heart was too badly deteriorated on the one side to move forward. The surgery was canceled. Buck reported that the money in the GoFundMe page may be able to cover the cost of all the testing- as this goes to print, their insurance still hasn't said they would cover it. If they



'78: The Connally Family

do, or there is money left in the fund Sean and Niccole will use it to "pay it forward for other HLHS (Hypoplastic left heart syndrome) kids". For now, they will have another procedure done back home in California to help Noah continue with his one ventricle until his prospects are better for the operation or a new heart; or as Buck said, "until medical science catches up and prints him a 3D heart with his heart tissue. They are working on that I know..." You can read and hear more about Noah from Buck's links on our Class Facebook page. Thank you for all your prayers and contributions to Noah's GoFundMe page and support of one of the little members of our '78 family.

Dave Babcock (6th Co) had posted to social media that it was "Great to host Karen Yeager (**Bill** / 10th Co.) who helped present our command's inaugural CAPT William E. Yeager, USN Award for Excellence in Security Cooperation." The event was conducted during yesterday's Change of Command for outgoing CO, CAPT Andy Truluck, USN at the Naval Education and Training Security Assistance Field Activity (NETSAFA). "Yeags" [Bill] was serving as NETSAFA's 10th Commanding Officer at the time of his passing. The first recipient of Bill's award is Mr. Bryan McKernan. As Dave put it, the award is "Fitting recognition of a fine classmate, leader and friend. It's my pleasure to serve as the command's Executive Director and pass along Bill's legacy." I agree, Dave. It is a fitting tribute.



With that, I'll end this very brief column. Hope to put more into next month's issue. Until then,

Launchin' Spot Four!

'79

Life Membership: 91%
Donor Participation: 30.49%

Pres: **LCDR Sean Cate, USN (Ret.)**
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Sec'y: **LCDR John "Wiz" Withers, USN (Ret.)**
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<http://www.linkedin.com/in/wizwithers>

Facebook Group: **USNA Class of 1979**

Website: www.usna79.com

Greetings, 79ers!

Just a couple of things to report on this month.

Stephen Maloney '78 sent in a couple of photos of **Kevin "Duke" Reilly**, Chairman of the Board of the JW Danforth Company. Duke was in Annapolis last spring attending the 2019 Brigade Boxing Championship. Accompanying him were his brother **Dennis Reilly '78** and Chaplain **Alan "Blues" Baker '78**.

From Stephen:

✉ Being the "humble" man that he is, Duke does not seek adulation, but does want his classmates to know that he is doing well in Buffalo, and his door is "always" open! He has been attending and supporting the Brigade Boxing Finals for over twenty years and rarely misses an opportunity to be photographed with his classmates, friends from Philadelphia or Buffalo, family, co-workers, business associates, or street people.



Duke Reilly with the Supe



Dock Street Tavern: Duke Reilly, Dennis Reilly '78, Blues Baker '78

Thanks, Stephen, for the update and the great photos!

Punahou School, a college prep school in Hawaii, made the news a few years ago when one of its alumni, Barack Obama, was elected President. Well now I find out that there are two even MORE famous alumni: **Tom McLernon** and **Mac Silvester**. Last summer the Punahou Mid-Atlantic Alumni Assn. held its family picnic, where Mac entertained the crowd with his performance with the ukulele band. Tom just focused on the food. Thanks, Tom, for the note and the pics.



Mac Silvester, Tom McLernon at the Punahou School Family Picnic



Mac Silvester channeling "Tiny Tim" on the ukulele

Stay tuned, classmates - next month I should be able to start reporting some reunion updates. See you then!

**Omnis Viri,
Wiz...**

CLASS SECRETARY COLUMN DEADLINES

Send to: classnews@usna.com

ISSUE:	DUE DATE:
Jan-Feb '20	Nov 25, 2019
March '20	Dec 26, 2020
April-May '20	Feb 24, 2020
June '20	Mar 23, 2020
July-Aug '20	May 26, 2020
September '20	Jun 22, 2020
October '20	Jul 27, 2020
Nov-Dec '20	Sep 21, 2020

'80

Life Membership: 96%
Donor Participation: 16.61%

Pres: **Tim Kobosko**

Sec'y: **CAPT Joseph A. Grace Jr., USNR**
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Greetings Classmates!

It's August! Kids (grandkids), families all gearing up for the school year, vacations, family gatherings and lots going on. Whenever it's really hot - it brings back memories of Plebe Summer and no air conditioning in Bancroft Hall. Sweating and tossing and turning and worrying about the day to come. Does it get any better...?

Thinking about that heat during Plebe summer had me reflect during one of my emails about the cool quiet of the Chapel and the serenity of Sunday mornings in the Yard. As a result, I received a heartfelt note from **Mike Wallace**, mawallace13546@msn.com, 30th company with a great memory:

✉ Joe,

You struck a nerve when you mentioned quiet Sundays. Boy, did you hit that one out of the park! I recall walking to Chapel for the 9AM mass. In church, in that large building, I had the overwhelming sense that I was safe, at least for an hour. That safety was not only from a spiritual perspective but a physical one as well. I recall feeling a sense of "I can make it through these hot summer days..." when I listened to what the preacher had to say. His words were calming and peaceful. In church, I wasn't being threatened. I was safe...

I also recall enjoying seeing real people that dressed in colors and style. Almost like a scene from Pleasantville where the towns people eventually start seeing color and they themselves were seen in color.

After church, there was always a gathering of the midshipmen at John Paul Jones' crypt for some fellowship and cookies. Once again, it was the coolness and quiet of the