

## '78

**Life Membership: 81%**

**Donor Participation: 6.80%**

Pres: **Glen Woods**

Sec'y: **Vince Balderrama**

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Let's see, since we last left normality everyone seems to be anticipating a "new normal" - whatever that is or will be. All I know is I just want to call up friends to meet for a drink, watch a game, hit a few balls or grab a bite without having to don some modified level of MOPP gear. Somewhere in heaven, Rod Serling is reciting his Twilight Zone intro, "Submitted for your approval...." For now, I'll just use it to intro some brief news since the last column. Submitted for your approval....

**Lew Wolfrom** (30th Co) wrote that his companymate, **Bruce Gearey** (30th Co) and his son Noah, passed through Atlantic Beach on 9 June on their way to Bradenton, FL to visit Bruce's mom. Lew said that Bruce has been back on the golf course and shooting scores in the 70's, so it appears he has recovered from his battle last year with Guillain-Barre Syndrome. He went on to add that company-mate, Dr. **Dick Boehme**, our "class Neurologist", who counseled Bruce throughout his GBS recovery last year, just moved into his new home down the street from Lew in Atlantic Beach. Consequently, they had a little 30th Company get together at Dick's place. Lew's wife, Kathryn, and Dick's wife Ingrid also attended. After dinner, Dick entertained them in his piano room, with a concert of his own compositions. After the concert, and just by coincidence, Brenda and **Brad Thomann** (30th Co too) called and were able to join them virtually from their home in Colorado. In addition to the 4 of them and their spouses, they have ten 30th Companymates planning to be in Annapolis this month for an annual mini reunion during the 18-20 September weekend.



Speaking of classmates as neighbors, **Michael Shumaker** (13th Co) reported another coincidence of a classmate living "down the street. He reported that on the evening of Memorial Day, he was out for a bike ride when he spied a parked car with a VA license plate: "USNA78". Initially, only the USNA caught his attention, but then he realized the class was 78 and stopped. He rang the doorbell of the house. A woman answered. Michael asked if the parked car belonged to her house and then he mentioned that he too is USNA '78! She said the car is her husband's and called [my 11th Company-mate- and a former room-mate] **George Billy** to the door! George and his wife told Michael about how they enjoyed the '78 cruise mentioned in a previous Shipmate. George works for Northrop Grumman in Annapolis. His drive takes about 60 minutes while Michael's commute on public transit to Coast Guard HQ in Anacostia takes 80 minutes. Michael said he's lived in his house since 2000, but George has been in his since 1992. The crow fly distance between their homes is about 1,500 yds, but the combination of woods, a creek, and winding streets makes a bike trip of about 1.4 miles. George's part of the neighborhood is isolated from Michael's and until COVID Michael's bike riding had taken him in the opposite direction. When COVID-19 first hit, he encountered a bearded Youngster jogging. Michael called out to him assuming that he must have been an alumnus because of the beard. The Mid told him USNA had shifted to distance learning. [Hence, the facial

hair.] Michael also reported calling his old 13th Company roommate, **Ernie Sanchez** out in San Diego, and his nuke power school roommate, **Joe Britain** (13th Co), now retired from civil service in Yuma, AZ. Michael said both are fine. Thanks for the update, Michael.

Congrats to **Mark Ferguson** (7th Co). In June he checked in with news that he and Laure are doing well. They've settled into Norfolk, VA after finishing the renovation of their home just in time for quarantine. Their son Andrew got married in St Andrews, Scotland last August and is heading off to the University of Edinburgh for his MBA. Their daughter Ellie is living in northern Virginia and working for a defense contractor.

In late June, **Dave Babcock** (6th Co) checked in from Pensacola, FL to report that the 2nd Annual CAPT **Bill Yeager** Award for Security Cooperation Excellence at Naval Education and Training Security Assistance Field Activity (NETSAFA) was awarded to Trena Bartley by current CO, CAPT Dave and of course, **Karen Yeager**. NETSAFA was Bill's command when he passed away almost 12 years ago. (NETSAFA manages the execution of all international training for the Navy.) The award proudly remembers Bill's legacy.



As this was being put together, we recognized the 46th Anniversary of our I-day. A lot of comments were made about memories of that day. There were a lot of Facebook comments. (I'll have to post more of them in future columns.) **John "Skogs" Skogsberg** (23rd Co) posted a pic of he and his dad. Skogs was wearing his Dixie Cup rather salty- more like a night watch cap. **John Storvick** (21st Co) explained that "my name tag was misspelled ; ) Took half the summer to get it changed from Strovick to Storvick." **Don Schneider** (18th Co) recalled the "sandblowers" lament, "I remember that day. All of my issued uniforms needed tailoring to fit properly, and there was no time to tailor the "White Works". My sleeves were about 6 inches too long, and my pant legs were 6 to 8 inches too long. I tried rolling them up the best I could so that they would not show. The act of marching to T-Court started the un-rolling process. By the time I raised my hand to take the OATH, everything was completely un-done and no-one could see my hand. I felt like a really little kid." [Me too, Don. Until we got them tailored, we all had staples and tape tactically placed. They never seemed to hold up and we wound up with our white works drooping on us like Dopey's clothes!] Our 36th Company classmates kept me in the loop of a string of their comments and recollection that reflected what we all felt. Among them: **Paul Ross** noted like most that "Wow...how time flies...seems like yesterday..." **Duane Schoon** added that "Hard to believe how much has happened since then and how much those next 4 years impacted the rest of our lives!" **Les Wallace** echoed a common sentiment, "I just remember saying 'What the Hell just happened?'" **Jim Carr** remembered thinking, "Look at all these aces. I'll never measure up." [Looking at our class successes, I'd say we did, Jim.] **Bob Engel** said he remembered thinking, "Get me the hell out of here!".