

Shipmate September 2008  
7 July 2008  
Duke Longworth

It's hard to believe September is here already. I hope you had an enjoyable summer and that you are ready for fall football! For me, this was the busiest summer since my active duty days. I managed to go on a five day Caribbean cruise with my daughter's Girl Scout troop, spend a long weekend in NYC, and spend a week south of St. Augustine at Crescent Beach. I suppose there is no time like now to do all those things, so I'll catch up on the yard work another summer! Somehow, I know those slower, less active days are ahead while I have a teenager at home. Meanwhile, the midshipmen are back in the Yard doing those fall sorts of things: p-rades, marching to football games and studying when there aren't other pressing duties! Say, this year the games are all at 5p.m. That's a new twist to allow more games to be televised. That is good for Navy. Say, it's GO NAVY – BEAT ARMY time!

The first report is taken from the Virginian Pilot newspaper and was published on 5 July. It highlights the current activities of **Dan Welch**: "Dan Welch bubbled with enthusiasm as he stood beneath the 564-foot-long ammunition supply ship MOUNT BAKER last month while it was dry-docked at BAE Systems' Norfolk Ship Repair facility. 'I love it,' Welch said of being out in the shipyard. 'Some people can't understand how I can get so excited about ship repair. It's in my blood.' A passion for working up close with ships brought him to BAE in January 2007. In April, he became the president and general manager of BAE's Norfolk operations, Hampton Roads' second-largest private shipyard. Welch, 59, sees the position as the culmination of a 28-year Navy career from which he retired as a captain. That was followed by an executive role at Maersk Line Ltd., the Norfolk-based provider of maritime and transportation services to the federal government. He presides at a challenging time in the ship repair industry. Shipyards are facing difficulties in recruiting skilled workers. Though the industry still counts the Navy as its biggest customer, the Navy's fleet has been shrinking since the end of the Cold War. Competition is fierce for the ship repair work that is available.

"Welch said the shipyard will succeed if it takes care of its roughly 1,200 employees and if he and his colleagues take care of their customers. 'I think we'll have the customer coming back over and over and over again,' he said. For a man who has spent his career focused on repairing and maintaining ships, Welch grew up in an unlikely place - the plains and farmlands of South Dakota. He was born and raised in the small city of Watertown, which is by two large lakes. Both of his parents served in the Navy during World War II, and he grew up hearing them tell Navy stories. He became interested in a Navy career himself, believing he would be more comfortable doing that than anything else. 'Then the opportunity to go to the Naval Academy popped up,' Welch said. 'That kind of sealed the deal.' Welch studied naval architecture at the academy in Annapolis, Md., and then served as a surface line officer on a guided missile

destroyer, the CHARLES F. ADAMS. That first Navy job set the course of Welch's professional life. He supervised some of the maintenance work on the destroyer. 'If it hadn't been for that first ship and that great experience I had there, I was prepared to do my minimum time and get out,' Welch said. 'I ended up doing 28 years, so something was right.' You can get the rest of the story from the Virginian Pilot archives. It's nice to see our classmate doing well and still serving our Navy, just in a different capacity. Way to go, Dan!

The next note is from **Steve Ayers** and is the annual report: "Hi Duke, how goes it? Just a quick note this year on the annual 16<sup>th</sup> Company TestFest, held in late May. I think this was our 20<sup>th</sup>, give or take. This was our second year staying at the lovely house in St. Michaels that some great friends of mine let us use for the occasion. Attending, as usual, were **Paul Timmins**, **Roger Young** (14<sup>th</sup> Company squatter), **Bill Luckey**, **Mike Bluestein**, **Paul MacIntire**, and me.



"We had a great time golfing, cooking, eating, drinking and arguing politics as we always do. Three of us (Rog, Mac and me) are retired now - the others are jealous of course. Roger and his spouse Peggy just moved from Reston, VA to Wilmington, NC, where they bought a house on a golf course there. Maybe the next T-fest will be down there...we won't tell him until we show up! Mac lives in Buffalo, but he and Jane have a condo in Sarasota that they spend quite a bit of time at these days. Timo and his family went on a great trip to South Africa this past spring, where one of his daughters spent a semester of college. He brought some incredible pics of their adventure.

"As of this writing, Blue is still a senior Captain with USAirways, flying across the Atlantic mostly. I'm sure he's having as much fun as his passengers are these days. We got to see his wife Debbie and daughter Eleanor in

Davidsonville on our way out to the Eastern Shore. Luckey is still with Westat in Rockville, MD working hard and raising two little kids with his wife Heather. Elizabeth and I are languishing here in San Diego. We're planning a month-long trip to Europe this fall. I just became the new National President of the National Contract Management Association (NCMA). That's the professional association of Contracts Management weenies like me. Pro bono of course, but tons of fun for me. That's about it, Duke. Take care, Steve."

I received this next note from **Dick Enderly** just in time for publication: "Duke, I am no golfer at all, but I do know that a "hole in one" is something special and I thought the fact that **Dave Luengen** accomplished such a rare feat was worthy of mention in Shipmate. Best regards, Dick."

Here's the story: "Well it happened yesterday, May 9, 2008, a Friday, at about 10:00 AM when all normal well adjusted working Americans are slaving at their jobs. A foursome of talented, highly trained 'old' men and one young 40ish young man were not doing their assigned tasks. Instead, they were beating up little white balls by hitting or was it 'hacking' at them and sending them all over and I really mean 'ALL OVER' the beautiful Ewa Beach Golf Club course. The little white balls seemed to be winning until the awesome David Luengen stepped up like 'Casey at the Bat'.....only this time Casey won.

"It was a beautiful 158 yards from the tee to the tiny little hole so far away. The hole, protecting itself from the probing of those hitting little white balls trying to violate its emptiness, had hidden itself about 10 feet behind the edge of a horrible, evil and most sinister sand-trap. The trap lip rising an 'Empire State Building like 14' upward thought it had protected the 4" hole from the erratic missiles of frustration. The previous attempts by the other three members of the foursome at violating the little hole were futile efforts, but then the 'Mighty Luengen' took his stance. Not at all phased by the thee 9's, a 7, a 5 and a 10 on the previous six holes, he reached down and calmly teed the ball in the correct position, 1/4" higher than normal, and took his stance, placing the ball 1" further forward in his stance than normal. Dave's former USNA '71 roommate and current golf buddy, **Jack Crowther**, had two holes before passed on these words of wisdom so David would 'get the ball a little higher' on his future shots.

"Well, with all correctly teed and set, it was time to apply the irresistible force. Suddenly the flash of steel shaft!! With a backswing so fast a hummingbird would be in awe, the Mighty Luengen descended with full intensity upon the hapless white orb at his feet. The sound of metal on Surilyn was accompanied by the visuals of a beautiful white orb sailing into the azure Hawaii skies. As the soaring arc of flight continued, the silence was shattered by the stunned 'Wow! That's a beauty. Where the ?#\$%@ did you find that?' In awe the foursome watched as the white orb disappeared behind the empiric sand-trap and into the unknown. One former US Army Green Beret in the group jokingly told Dave that the shot may have even gone "in the cup". As the two golf carts drove down the cart path to the green and no sight was made of the white orb, the anticipation grew. Dave in his calm manner did not seem too excited

about the prospects, but the other three members were in total disbelief. Hiding in the bottom of the 16th hole at Ewa Beach Golf Club, a 158 yards away from its smacking by a 6 iron lay the ball David had so deftly hit. The ball lying in the cup was one he found on the previous hole while searching for his lost ball. The ball he found that finally ended up in the bottom of the 16th cup was a Maxfli Noodle #3, covered by 1" tall handwritten black letters spelling 'JIM'. The 'found' ball with 'JIM' written on it is now in a place of honor. Wherever you are 'Jim', who plays at Ewa Beach Golf Club, your lost ball is now forever cherished and respected in David's trophy case. Later in the club house with drinks and lunch for all paid for by David, he finally admitted his excitement and joy at achieving an honor his other foursome teammates could only drool over. Congratulations David!" What a nice story. Dave's exploits continue!

As a follow on to the numerous photos taken at John Sattler's retirement festivities, I received the following note from **Loren Shim**: "Aloha all, what a great looking bunch of guys and ladies! I'm sorry I missed the occasion; from the pictures it looks like everyone had a fun time. I look forward to seeing more pictures and appreciate you sending me your good ones. I like the Hawaiian print shirts on a bunch of you! Attached is a picture of my older daughter, Tiare, with me, taken last month in the valley where I work. If you think my hair is looking gray, it's caused by the sun's reflection - my hair really looks as youthful as Bilecky's. All the best, Loren."



My next note is a response to Perry Martini's note on our 37<sup>th</sup> Anniversary since commissioning and is from **Dave Wenner**: "Congratulations to you as well, Perry. 37 years - that's pretty amazing. I remember it all vividly because there



was a hitch in my paperwork and I didn't get formally commissioned until the next week. Academy officials tried to tell me I couldn't get married on the 11th because I would officially still be a midshipman. I suggested they try to tell my future mother-in-law that and they quickly relented. Thus, my status as perhaps the only mid to ever be married with the Academy's consent - my little claim to fame." Dave continued the story in a subsequent email: "To wrap up the story, I had to return to school in the middle of my honeymoon (luckily just on Cape Cod) to be sworn in. Commission was back-dated, so my status was unaffected, but the whole process certainly made June Week more exciting. Dave."

Just prior to publication I received the following note from Dick Enderly: "Duke, I pulled these pix of **Tim Keating** off the NavyNews site on 3 July. It appears they let him play LSO on Kittyhawk as the ship prepares for her last big exercise - RIMPAC 08. Happy 4<sup>th</sup>, Dick."



Time, tide and column due dates wait for no man. The silly season in politics is heating up. This is such an interesting time as there's always a logical argument to counter your logical argument. It's enough to drive a man crazy. More importantly, it's a good time to maintain contact with classmates and to get the company annual reunions going. Meanwhile, please pray for wisdom for our nation's leaders, especially for our classmates in national military, civilian and commercial leadership billets. Pray, too, for the success of our missions in Iraq and Afghanistan.

Duces Virum, Duke