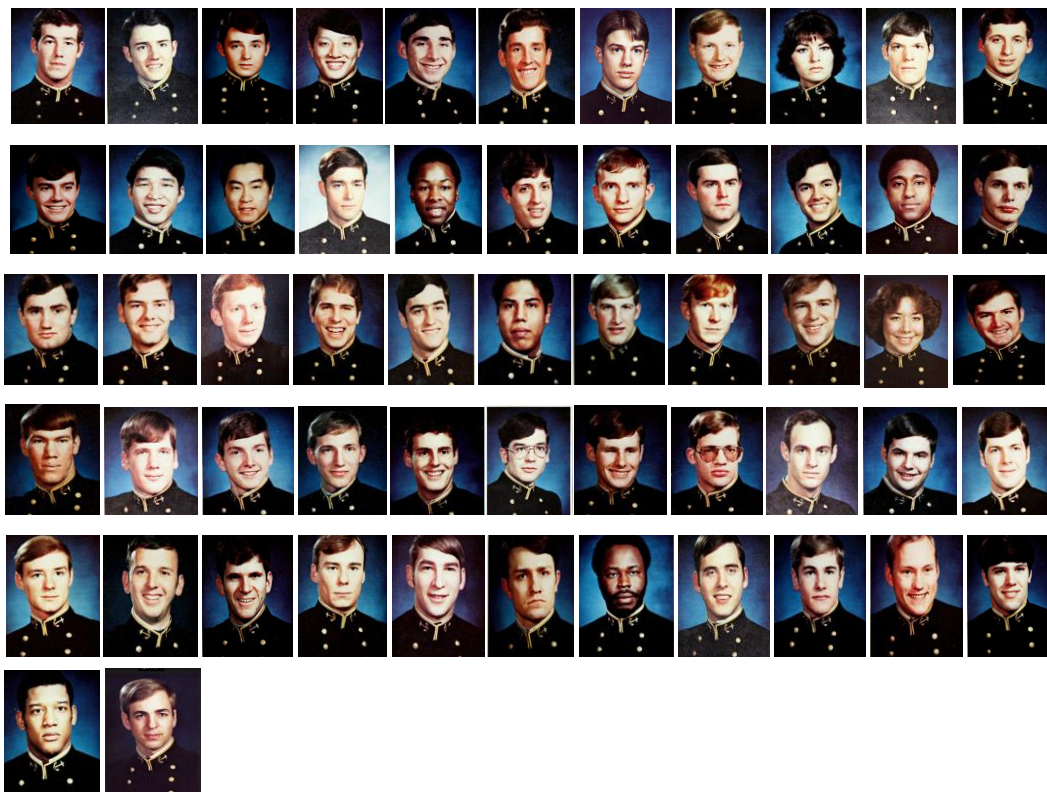




USNA Class of 1980 Memorial Website



USNA Memorial Class of 1980 Heroes

For Those That Have
Passed Away Too Soon



David E. Witt
22 October 1977
Non-Graduate
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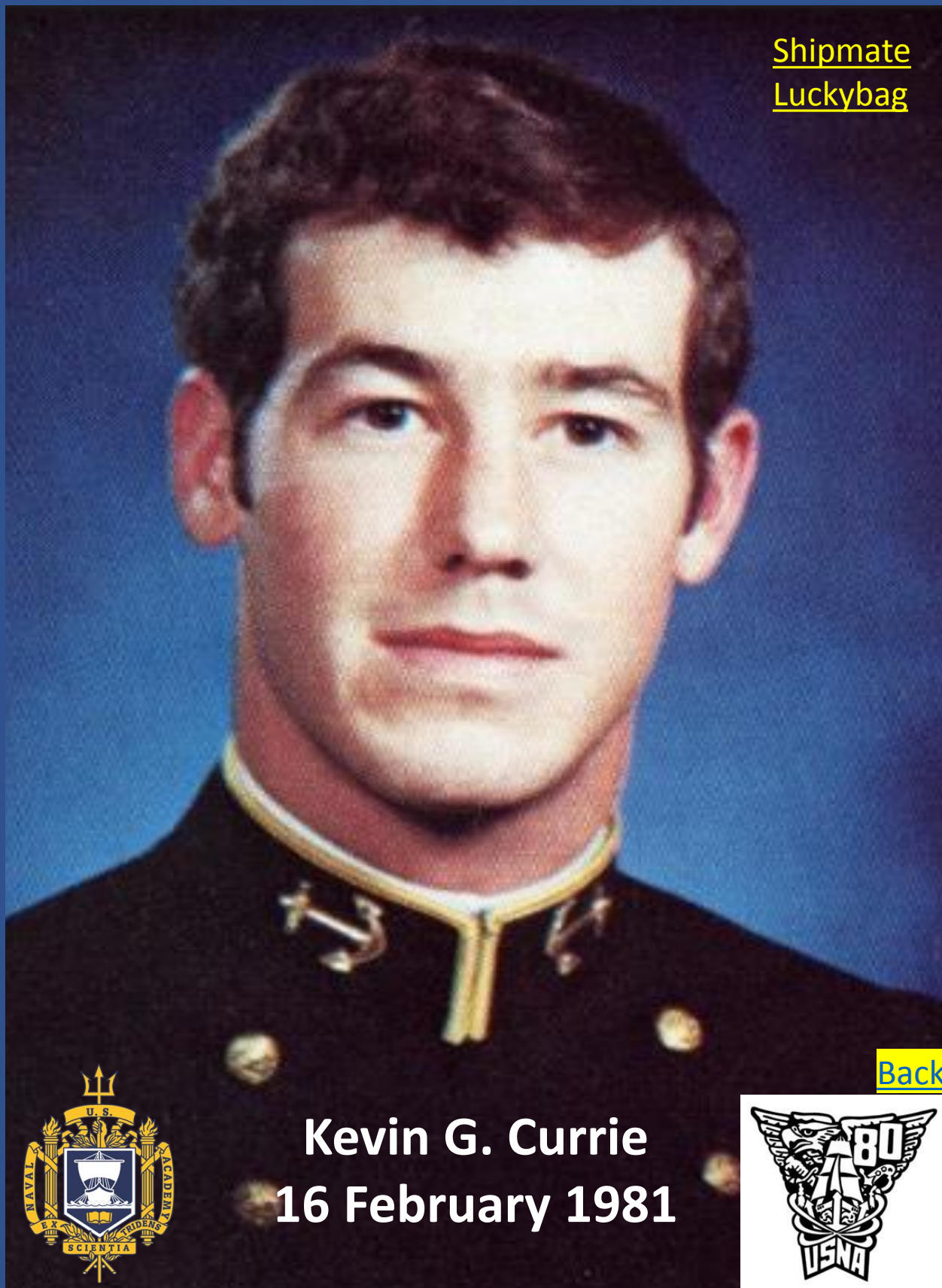
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Stephen C. Lantz
13 May 1979
Non-Graduate
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Kevin G. Currie
16 February 1981



Shipmate
Luckybag

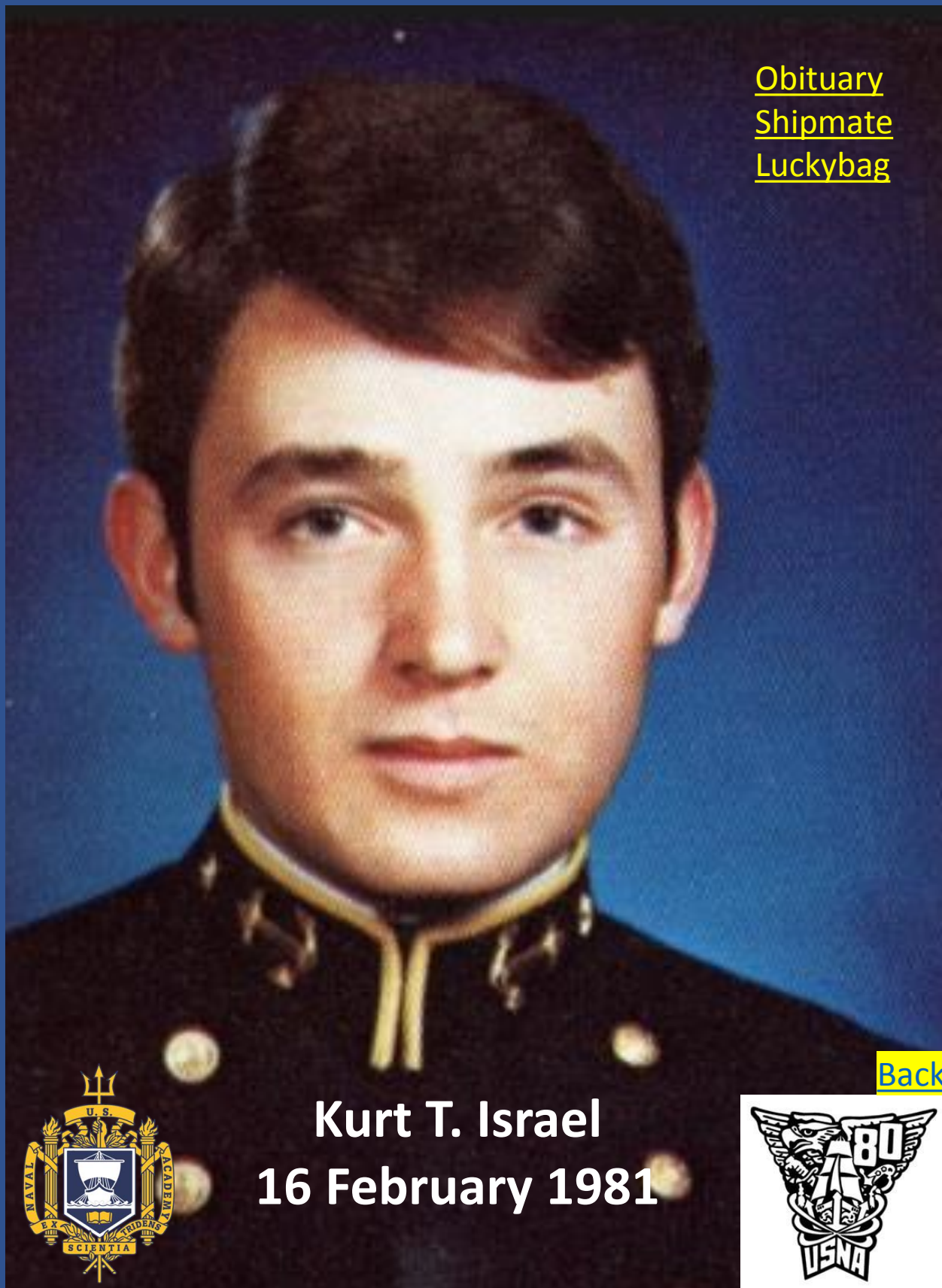
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Christopher W. Nelson
16 February 1981



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Kurt T. Israel
16 February 1981





Phillip J. Connell
20 April 1981
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Daryl L. Chen
9 July 1982



Luckybag

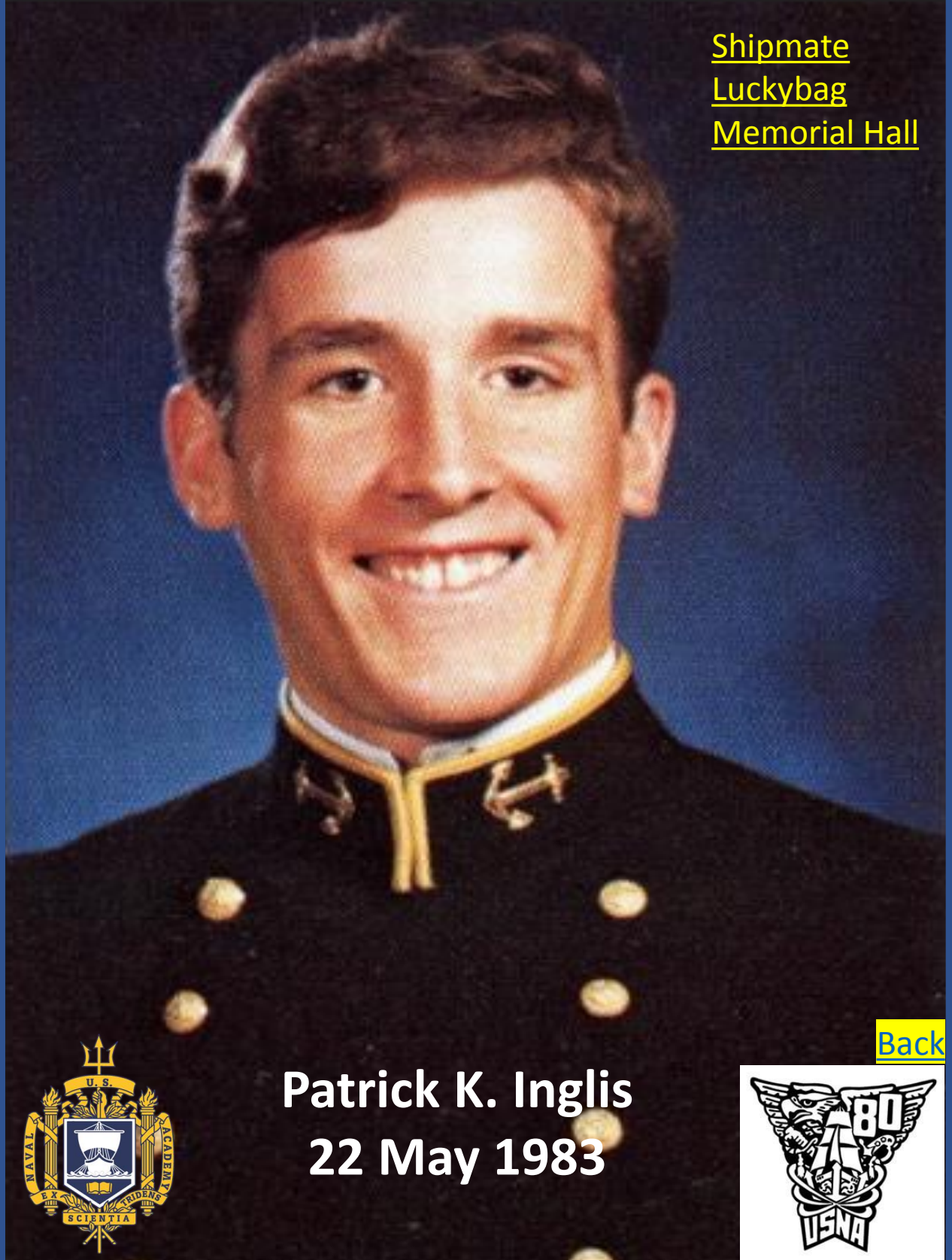
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Jon C. Pino
23 July 1982



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[Memorial Hall](#)



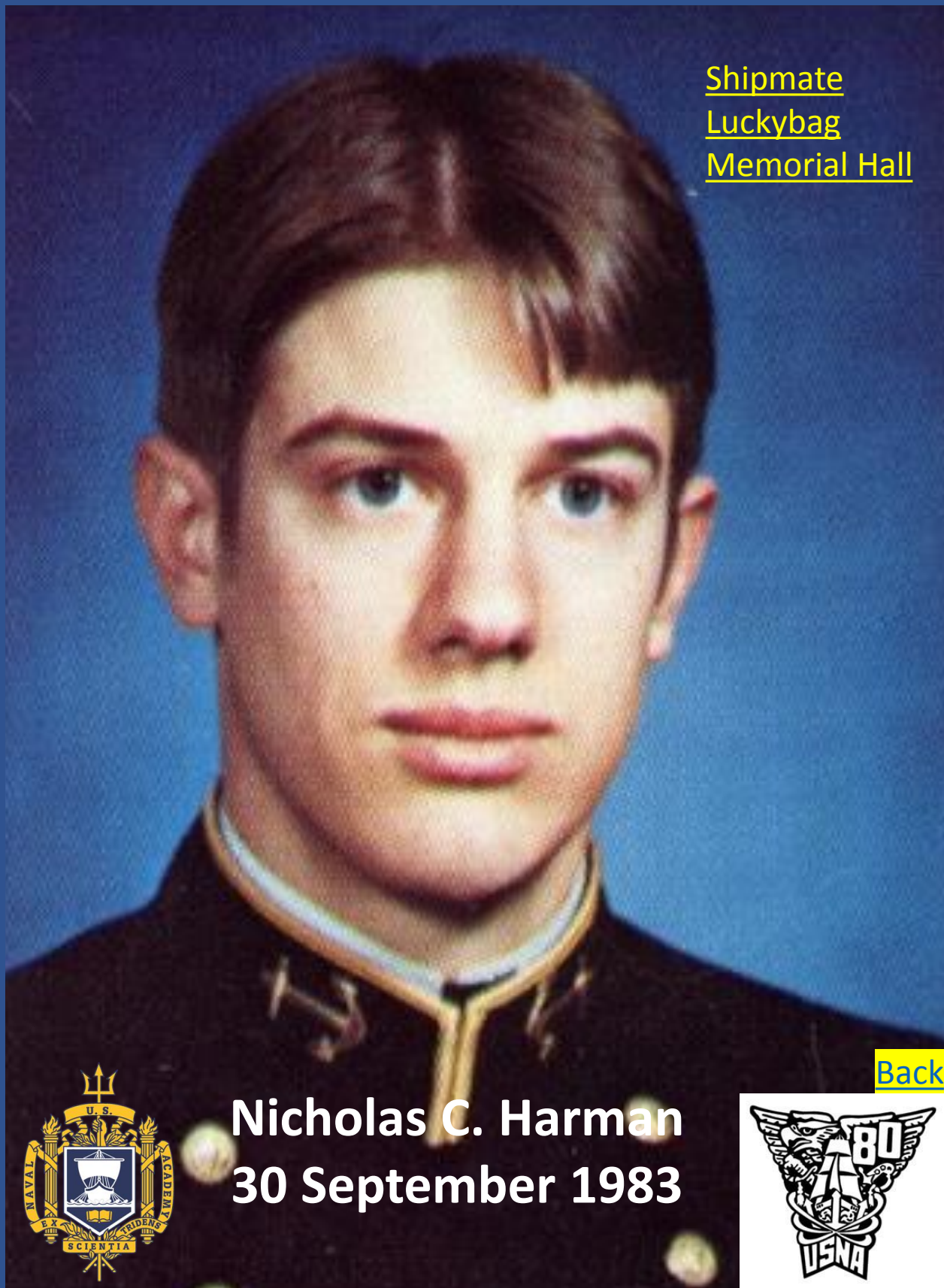
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Patrick K. Inglis
22 May 1983



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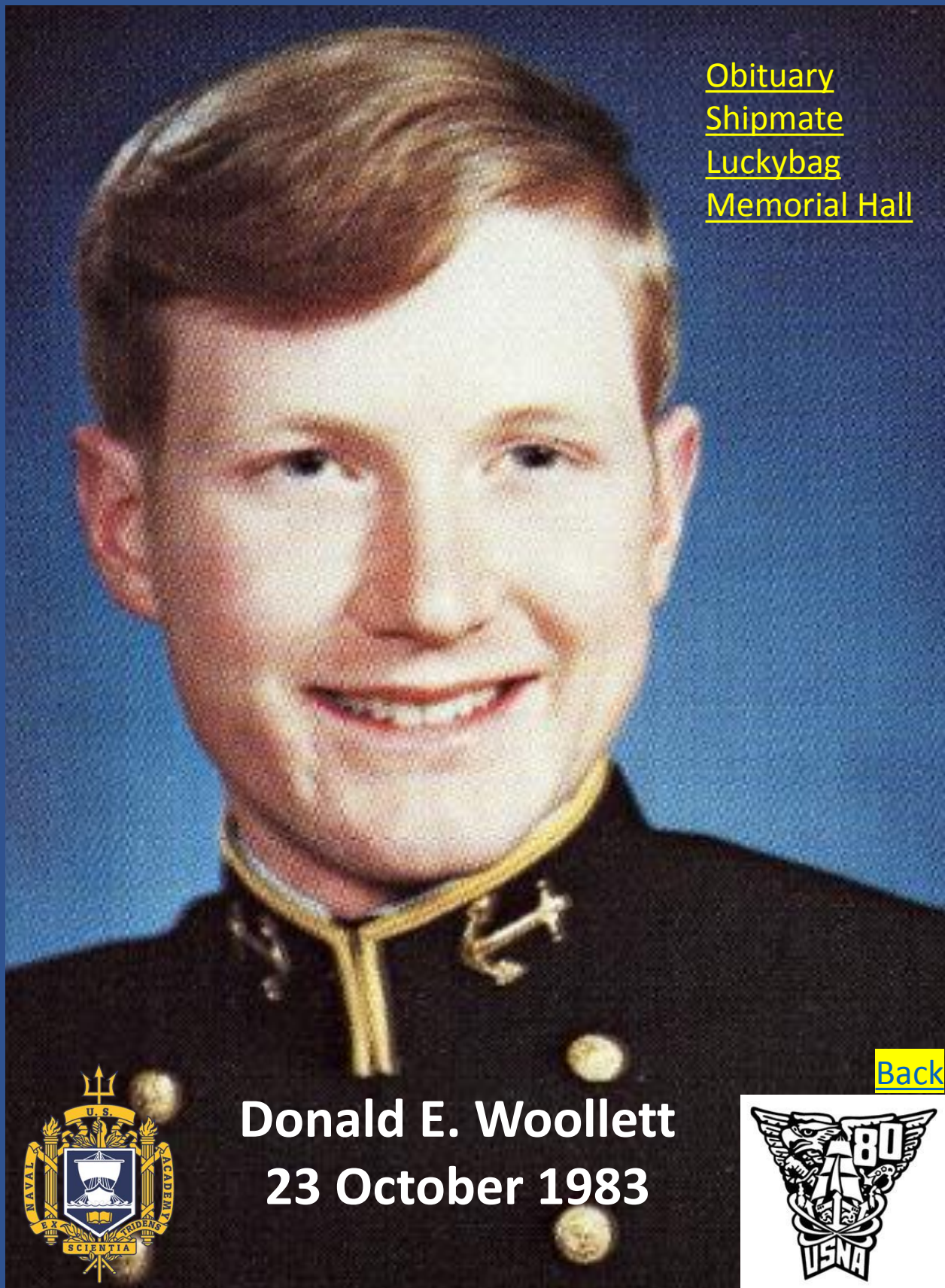
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Nicholas C. Harman
30 September 1983



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Donald E. Woollett
23 October 1983



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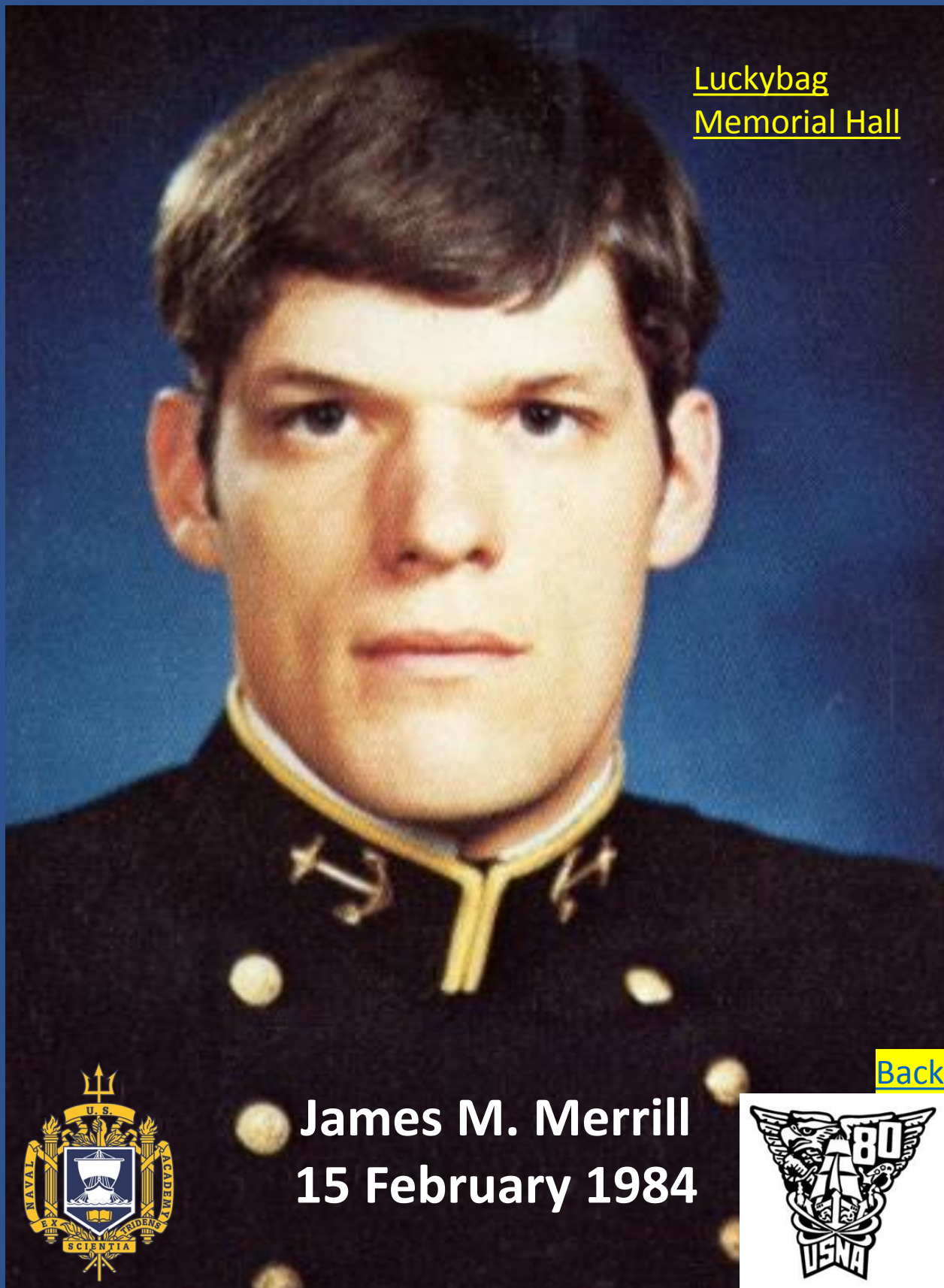
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Cynthia S. Grubbs
24 November 1983



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[Memorial Hall](#)



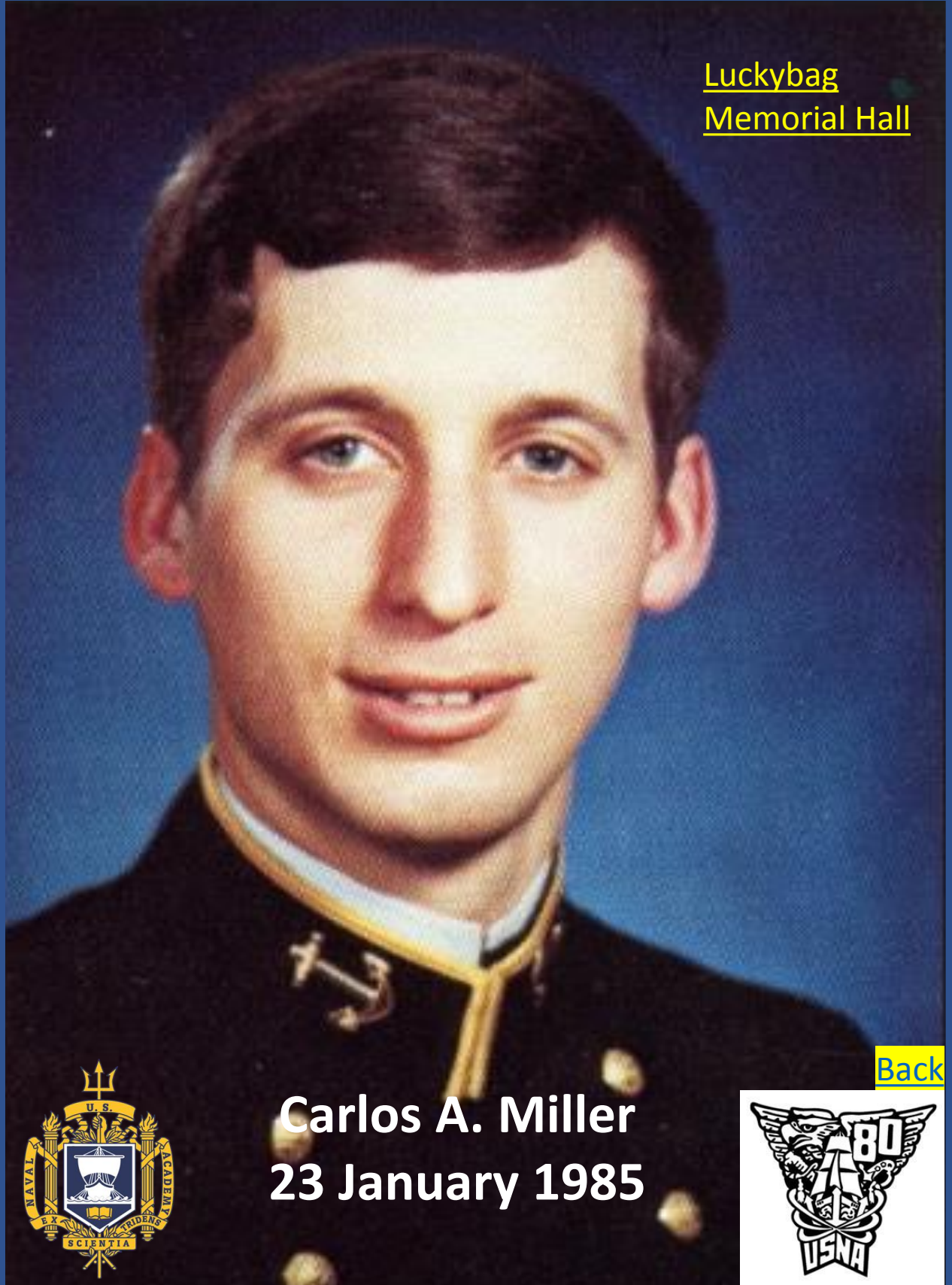
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James M. Merrill
15 February 1984



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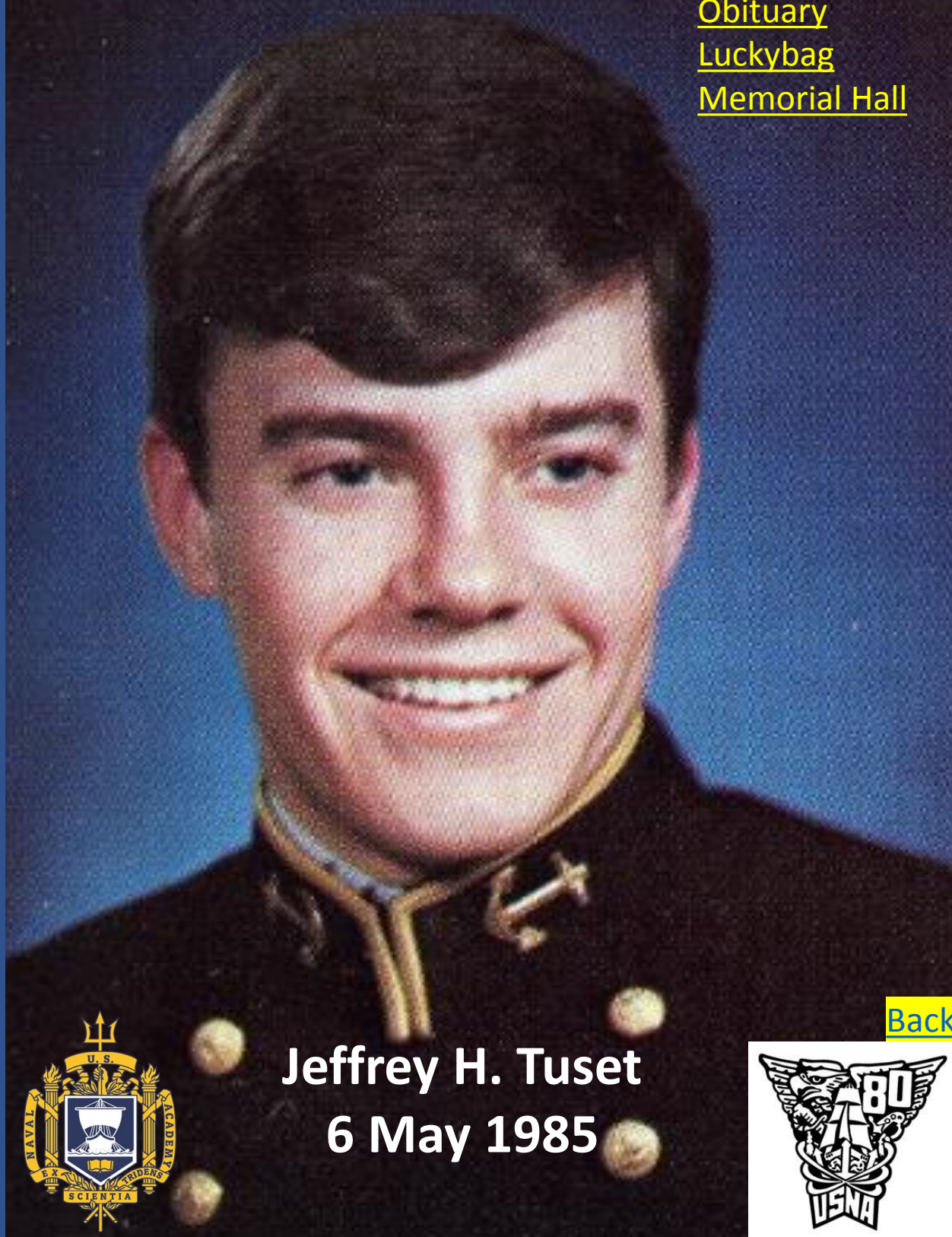
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Carlos A. Miller
23 January 1985



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Jeffrey H. Tuset
6 May 1985



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Michael J. Palencia
12 July 1986



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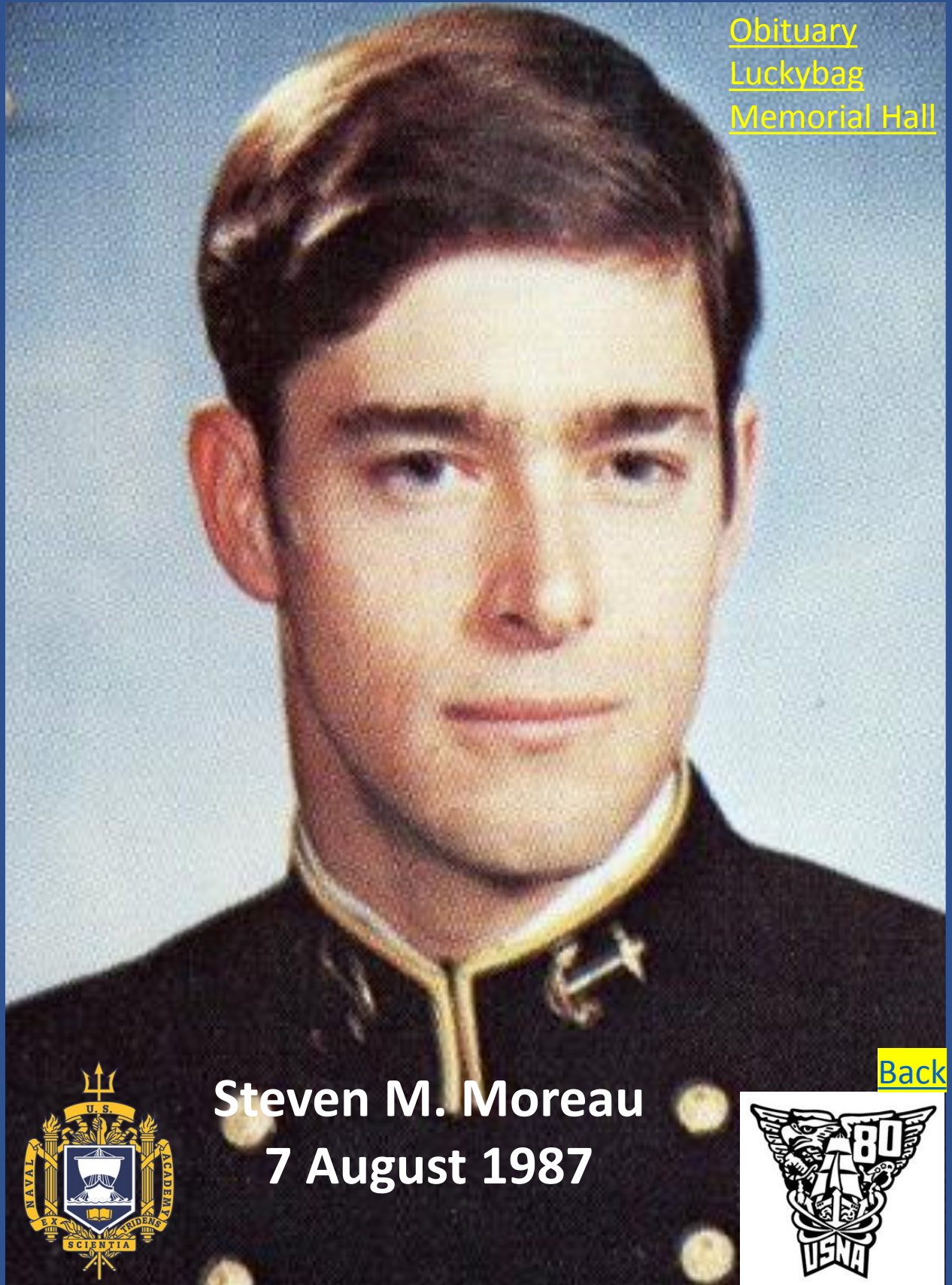
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Anthony G. Gragg
26 June 1986



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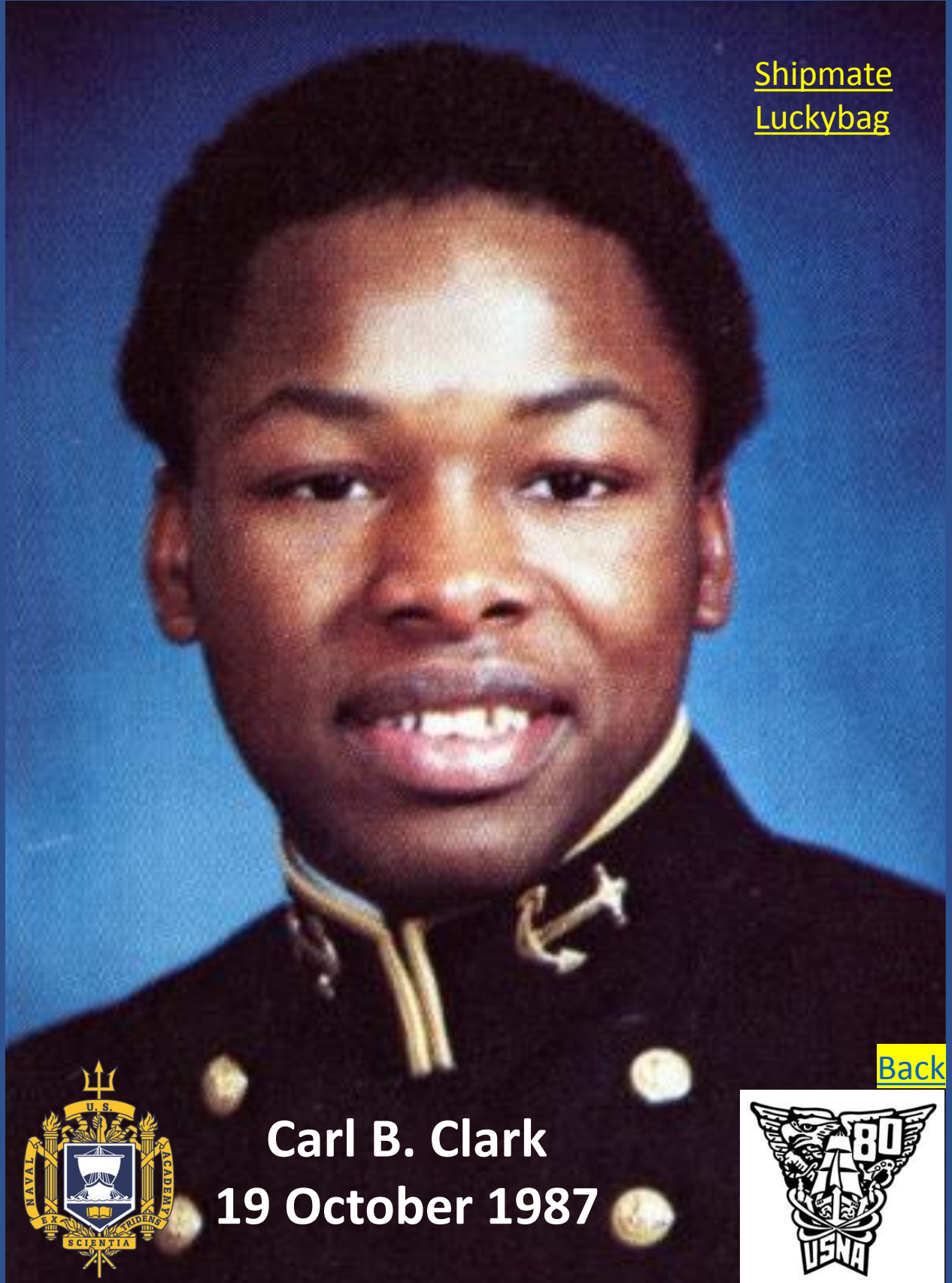


Steven M. Moreau
7 August 1987

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Carl B. Clark
19 October 1987

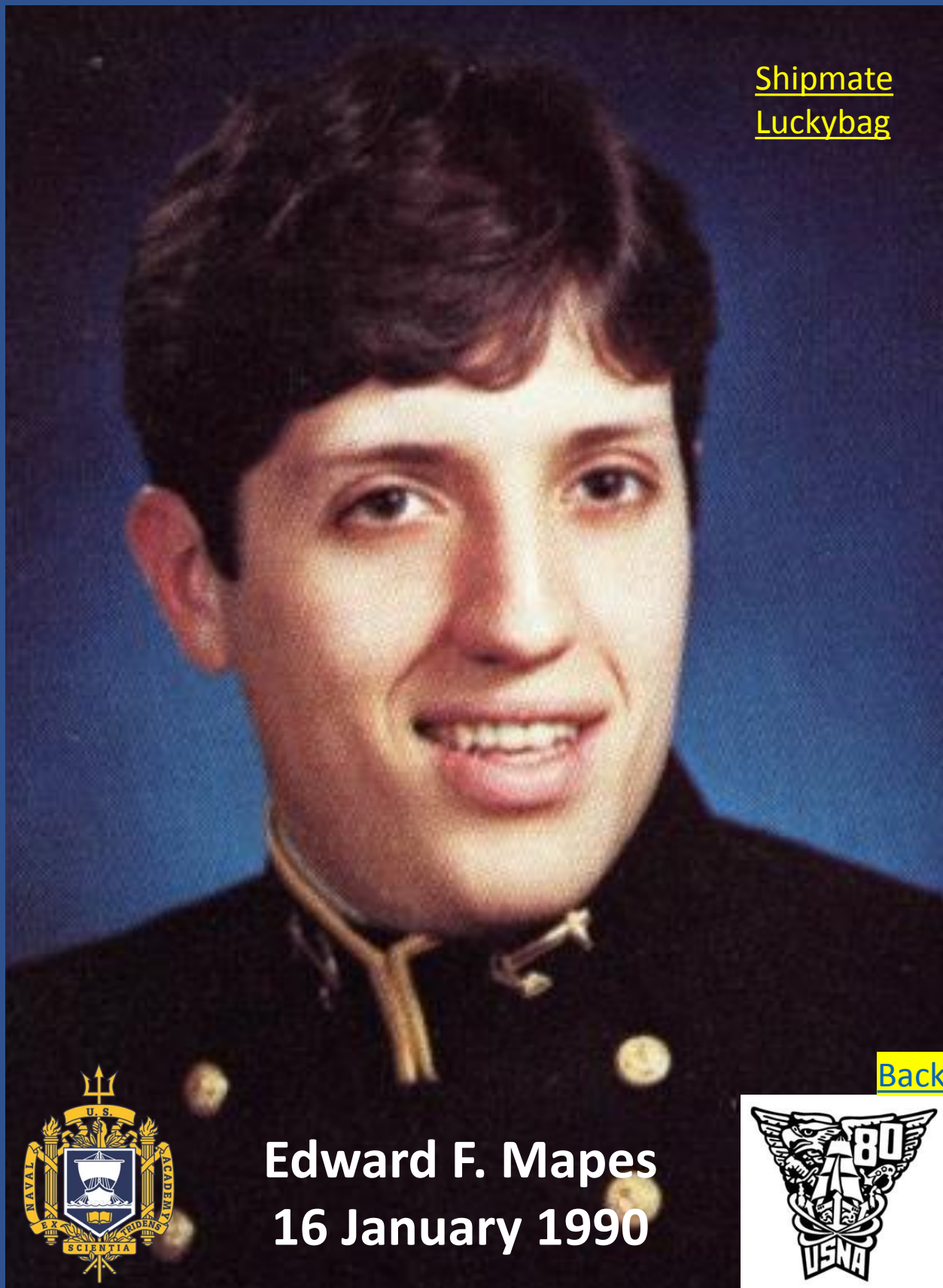




Edwin A. Crawford
XX October 1988
Non-Graduate
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Edward F. Mapes
16 January 1990



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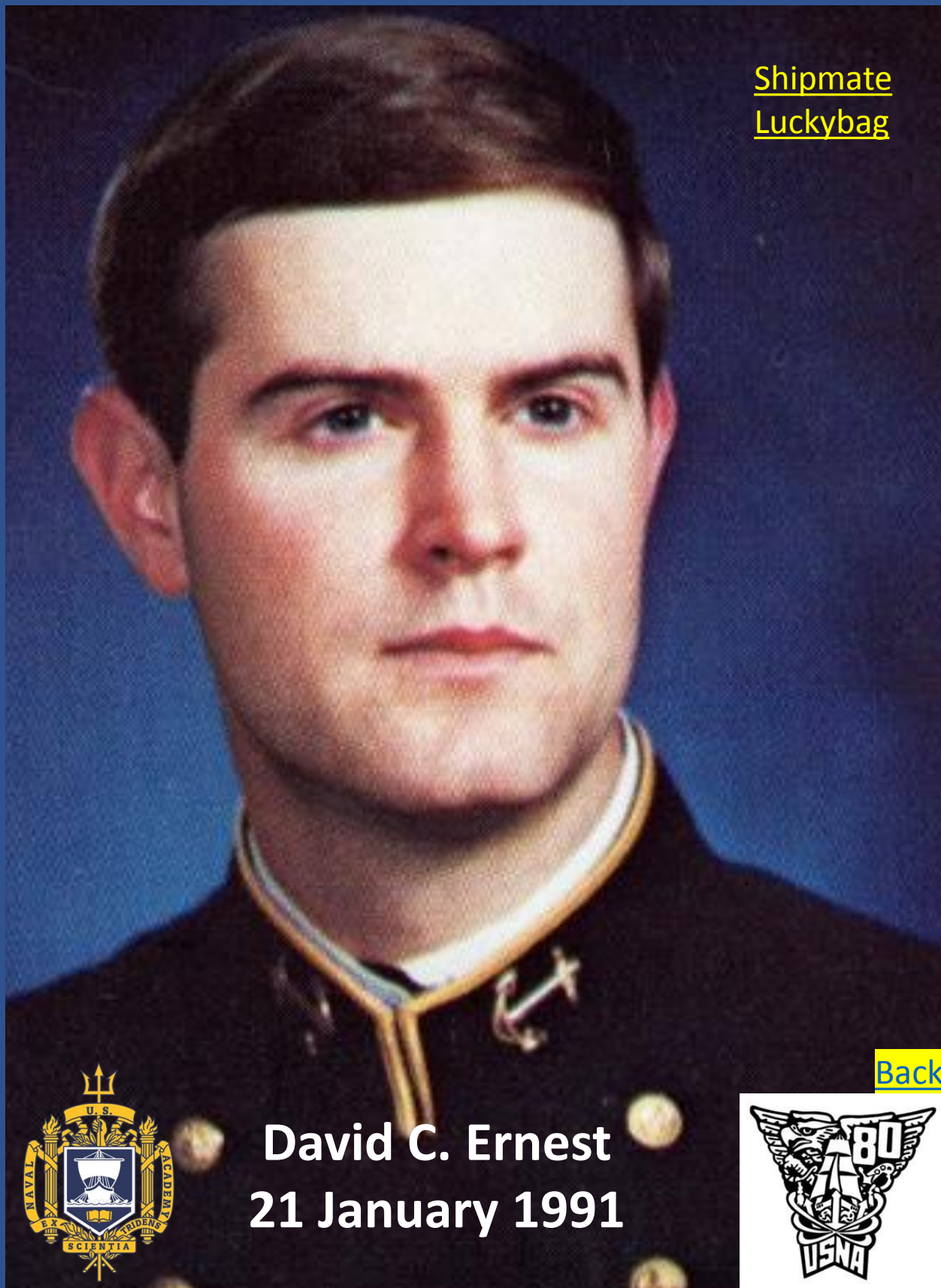
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James D. Hogsett
14 April 1990



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David C. Ernest
21 January 1991

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Robert A. Nemecek
21 March 1991





Paul M. Brissette
5 October 1991
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Richard S. Worley, Jr.
24 October 1991
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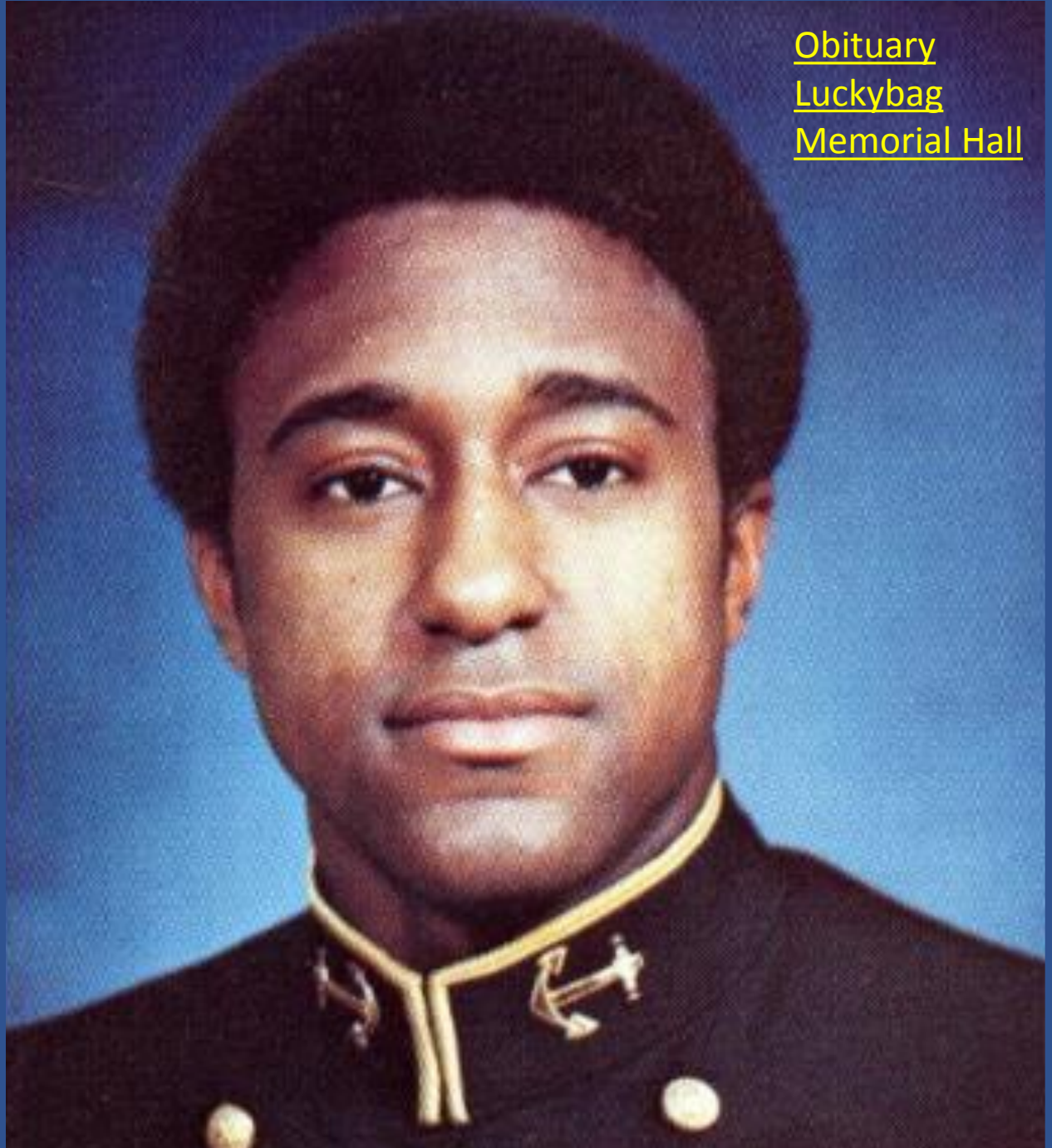
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Gerald W. Fonville
XX XXX 1993
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Marshall W. Atkins
21 April 1993





Craig J. Philip
8 June 1993
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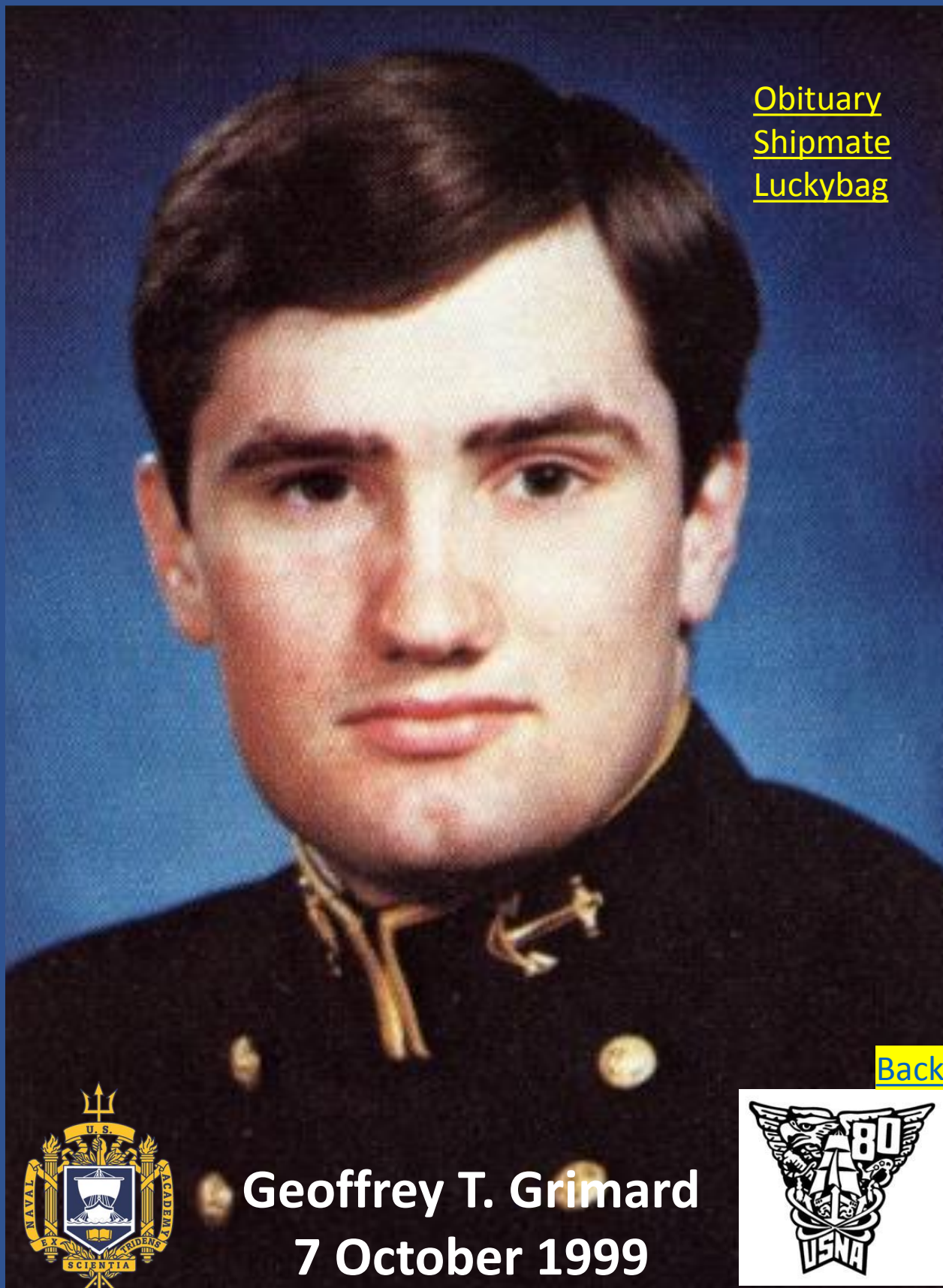
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David A. Kish
9 May 1996



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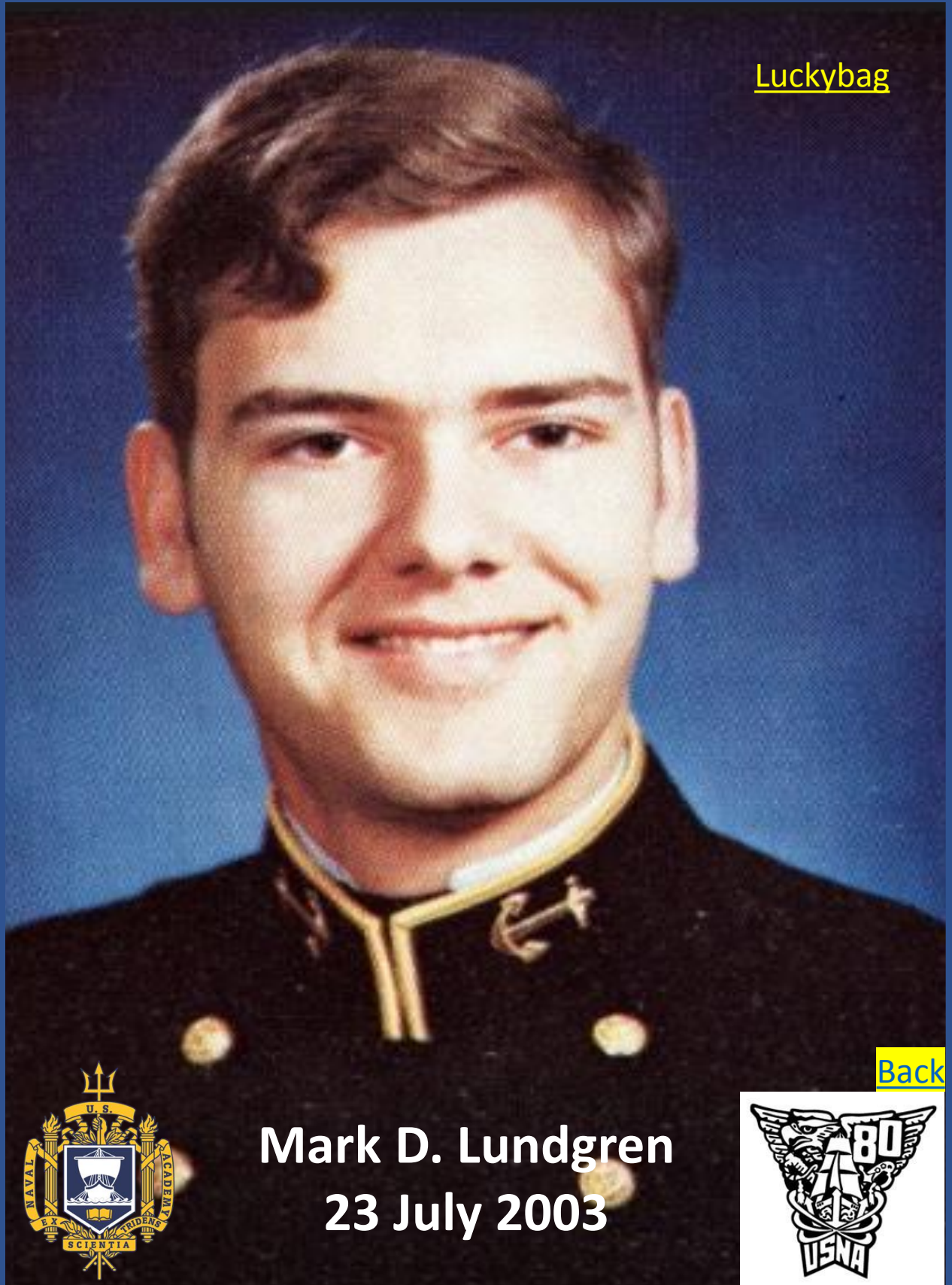
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Geoffrey T. Grimard
7 October 1999



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Mark D. Lundgren
23 July 2003



Robert D. Ryza

[Obituary](#)

Services celebrating the life of Robert D. Ryza are scheduled for 12:30 p.m. Saturday, at Bethlehem Lutheran Church, 340 Grand, Elgin. Born Oct. 27, 1958, he passed away suddenly Tuesday, May 4, 2004. Bob grew up in Rosemont and graduated from East Leyden High School in 1976. He attended the Naval Academy and Drake University. He retired from Shell Oil Technical and Training firm after 20 years of employment. Bob was an avid jogger. He was always involved in many of his children's sports, usually as manager or coach. He was a proud volunteer for Junior Achievement and Big Brothers programs. Bob was an active member of Bethlehem Lutheran Church. He will be remembered for his deep love of all children. He was the loving husband of Kathleen Ryza of Elgin; proud dad of Natasha, Heaven, Ricky, Madison and Bobby; devoted son of Bernette and the late Bruno Ryza; caring brother of Shelly (Jim) Noyce of West Des Moines, Iowa, and Bruce (Karen) Ryza of Crystal Lake; and cherished uncle of Jaime, Lindsay, Bobby, Keeton and Nathan. He will always be missed by his many aunts, uncles, cousins and friends. Visitation will be from 4 to 9 p.m. today, at Laird Funeral Home, 310 S. State St., Elgin, and from noon until the time of services Saturday, at the church. In lieu of flowers, contributions may be made to the family for an educational fund for the Ryza children. Friends may visit www.dailyherald.com/obits to express condolences and sign the guest book. For funeral information, (847)741-8800.

Published in Chicago Suburban Daily Herald from May 6 to May 7, 2004

Robert D. Ryza
4 May 2004
Non-Graduate
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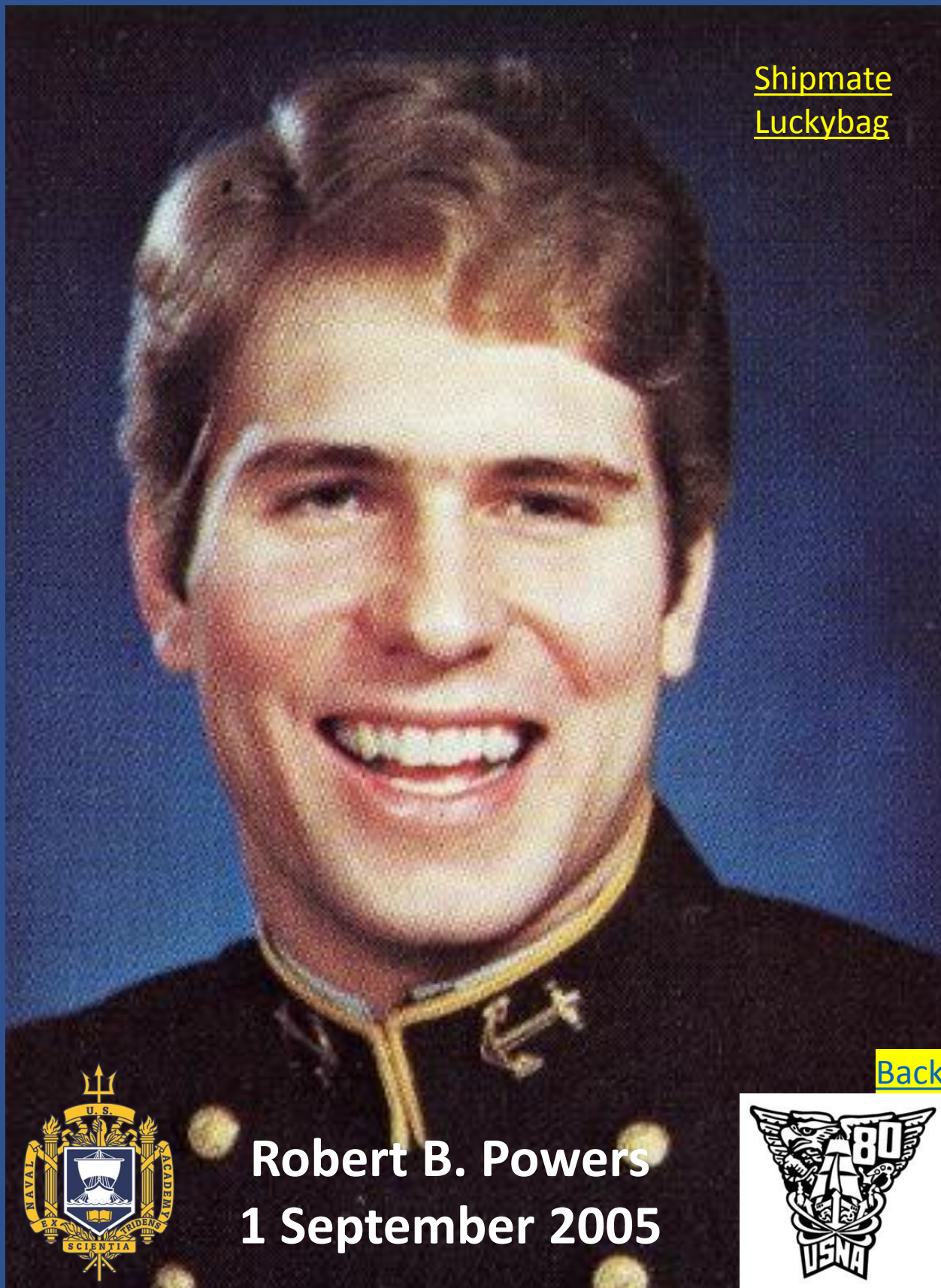
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William B. Blackwell
12 December 2004



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Robert B. Powers
1 September 2005



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Mark A. Huetteman
20 June 2006



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Adrian K. Lash
14 February 2007
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Johnny B. Esparza
16 March 2007



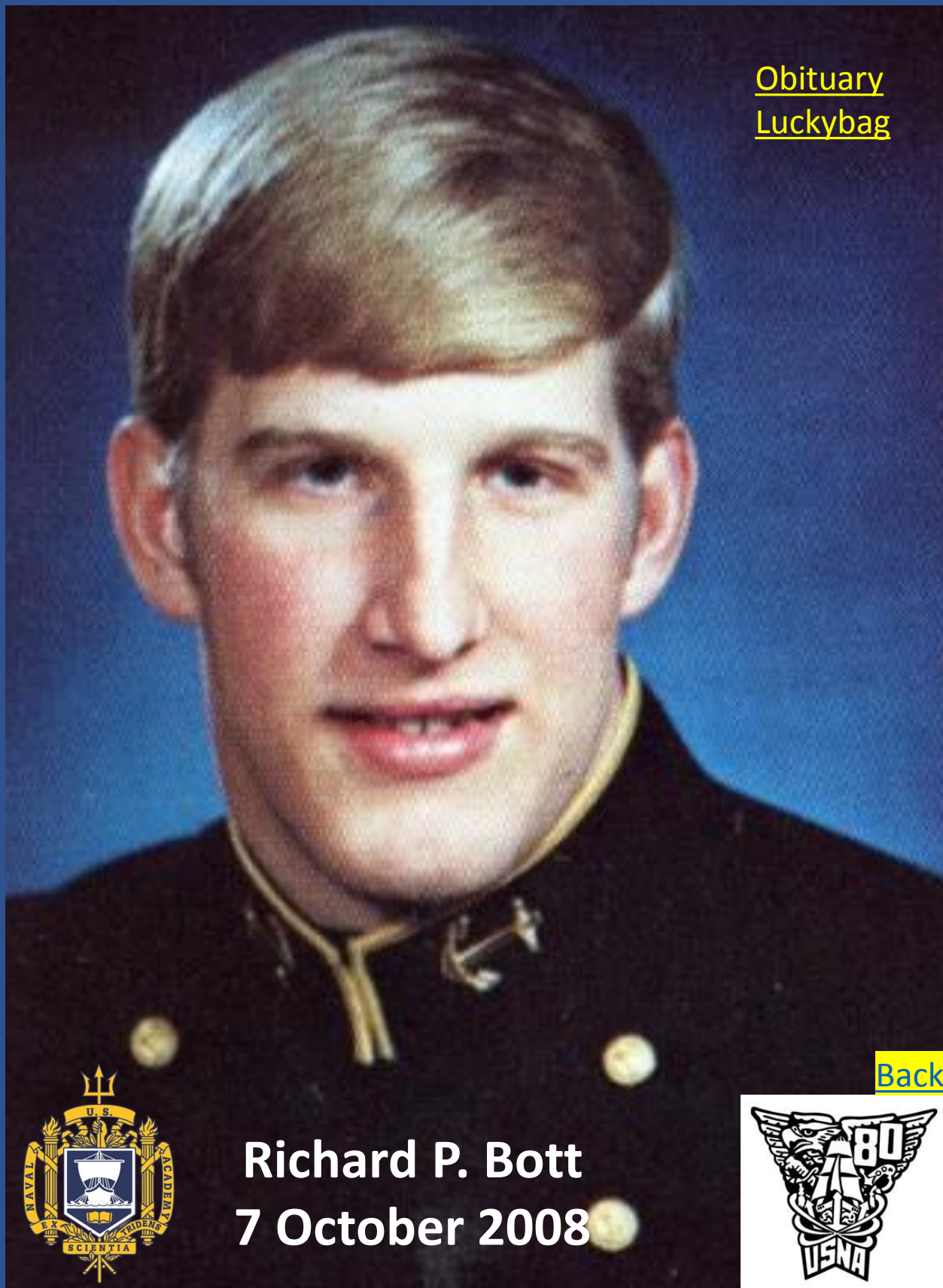
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Prudente M. Baysic
31 October 2007
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Richard P. Bott
7 October 2008



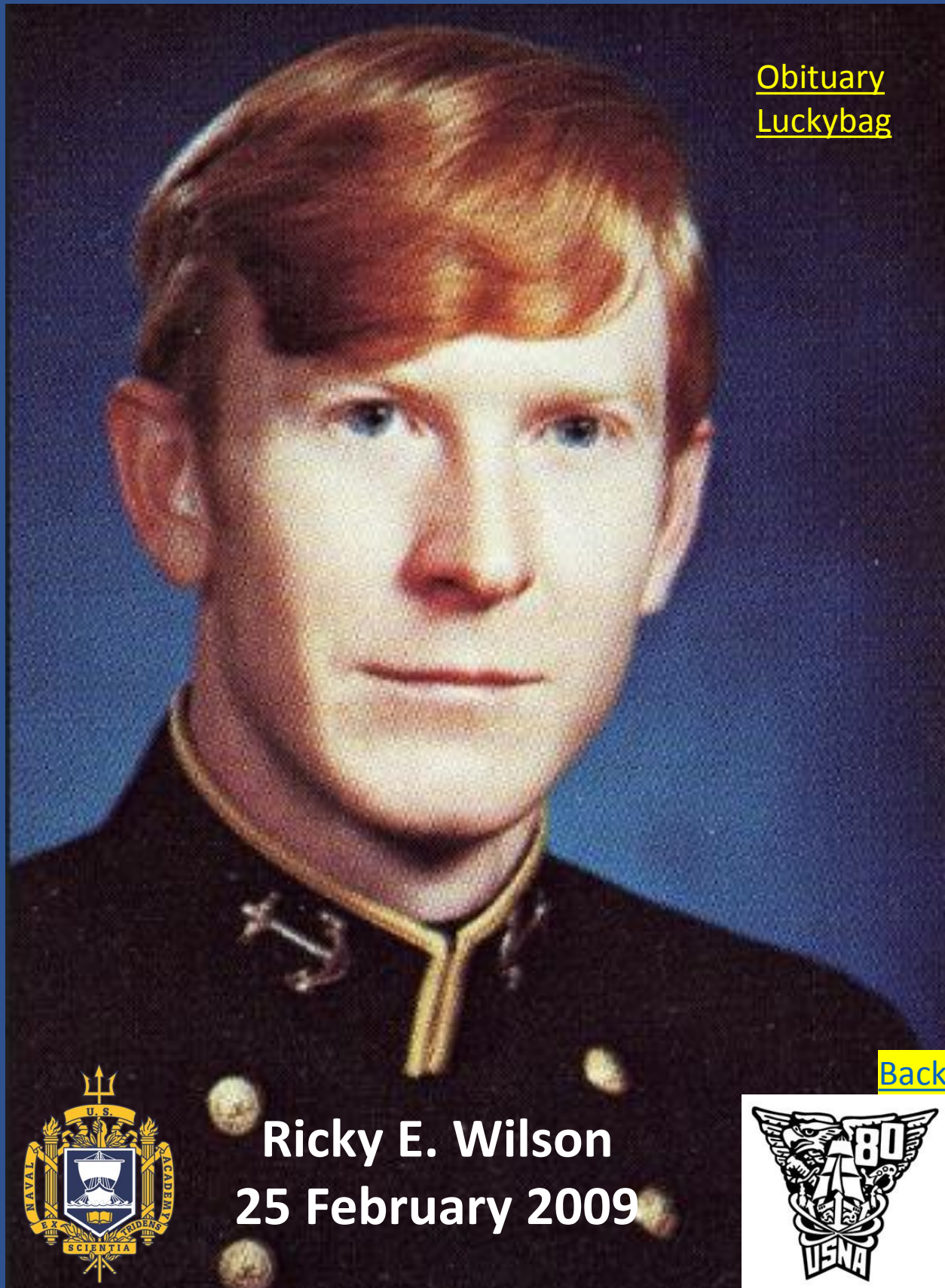
Americanmemorials.com - **Marc S. Brett** Father, husband, brother, son, 50, of Maplewood passed away on Saturday, Sept. 13, 2008, in Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, New York City, after a valiant battle with cancer. A memorial service will be held on Sunday, Sept. 21, 2008, to honor his memory and celebrate his life at Reeves Reed Arboretum, 165 Hobart Ave., Summit, at 12 noon. All are welcome to attend. Arrangements are by the Jacob A. Holle Funeral Home, Maplewood. For more information or to send condolences, please visit jacobhollefuneralhome.com. Born in Kingston, N.Y., Marc lived in Cherry Hill before moving to Maplewood 17 years ago. He graduated from Cornell University, Ithaca, N.Y., and was director of contract negotiations with the Hilton Corporation in Maplewood, where he worked for 17 years. He is survived by his daughters, Rachel, Laura and Molly; wife, Wendy; sisters, Bonnie Brett and Erica Silverman, and his mother, Hilda Brett. He will forever be remembered for his devotion to his family, positive perspective and unwavering spirit.
Americanmemorials.com

Marc S. Brett
13 September 2008
Non-Graduate
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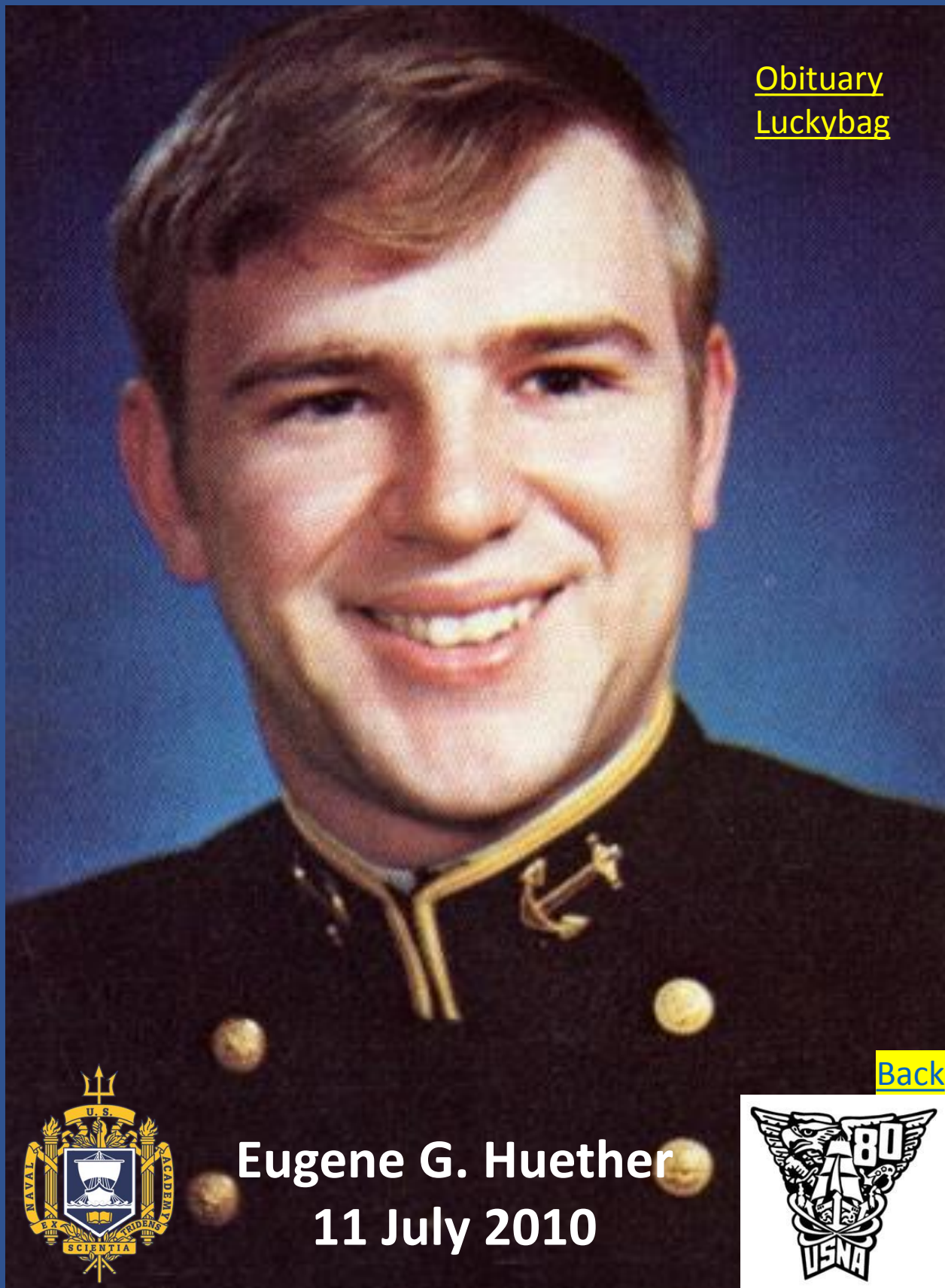
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Ricky E. Wilson
25 February 2009



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Eugene G. Huether
11 July 2010





Timothy J. Puls
11 July 2010
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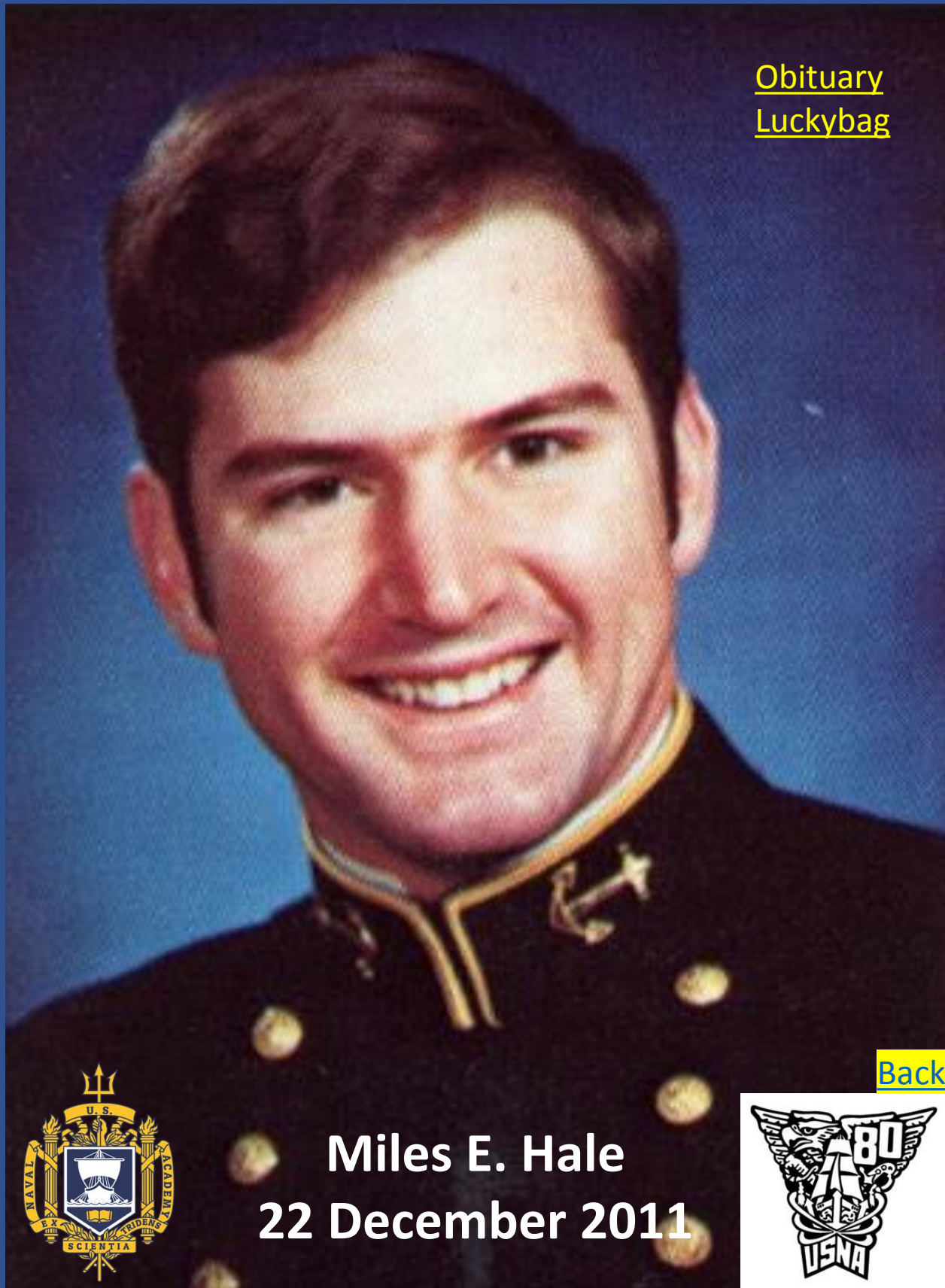
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Sharon L. Sheffield/Raum
12 April 2011

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Miles E. Hale
22 December 2011



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Derek D. Meek
1 January 2012



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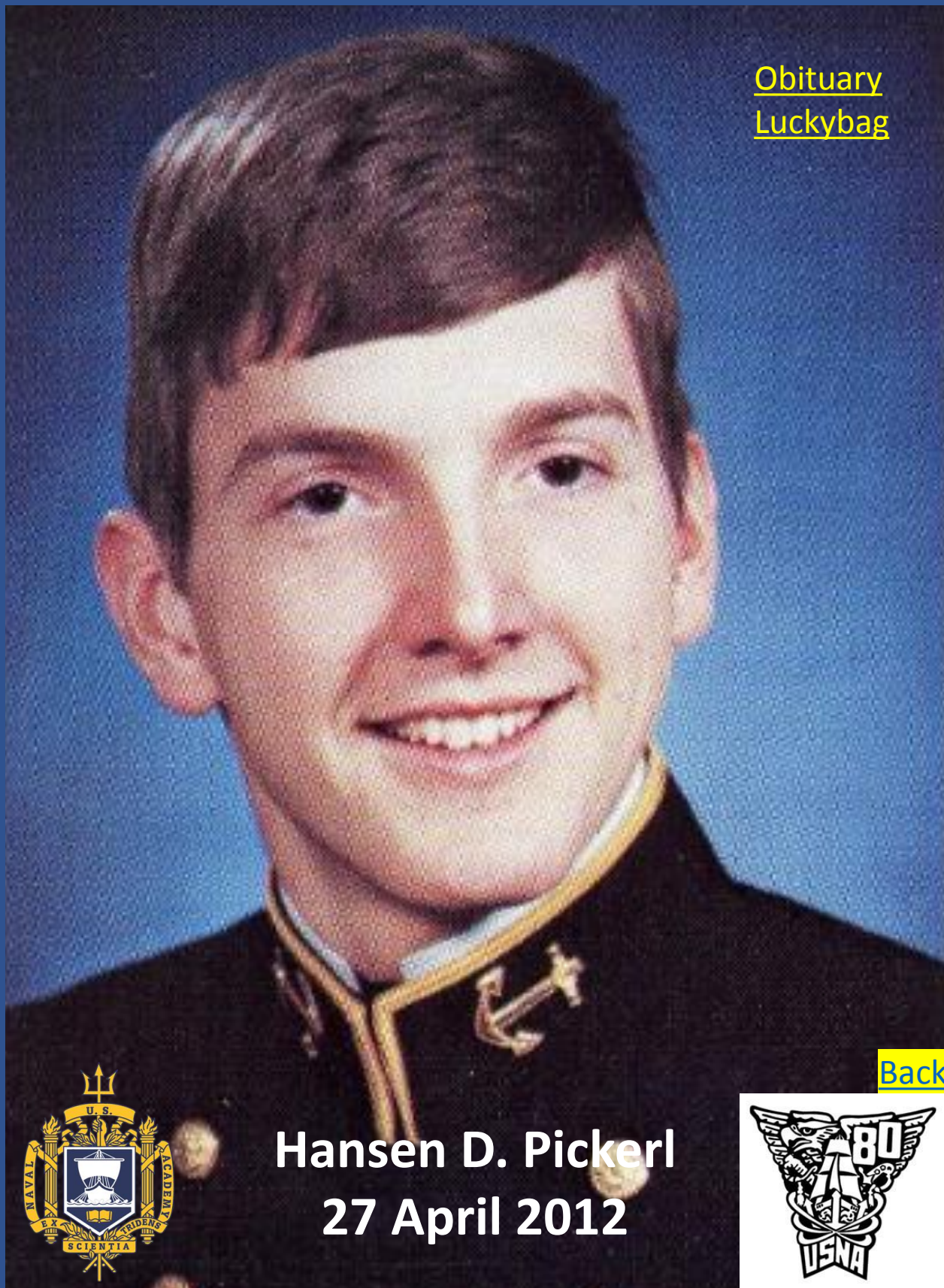
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Bradley A. Peterson
7 March 2012



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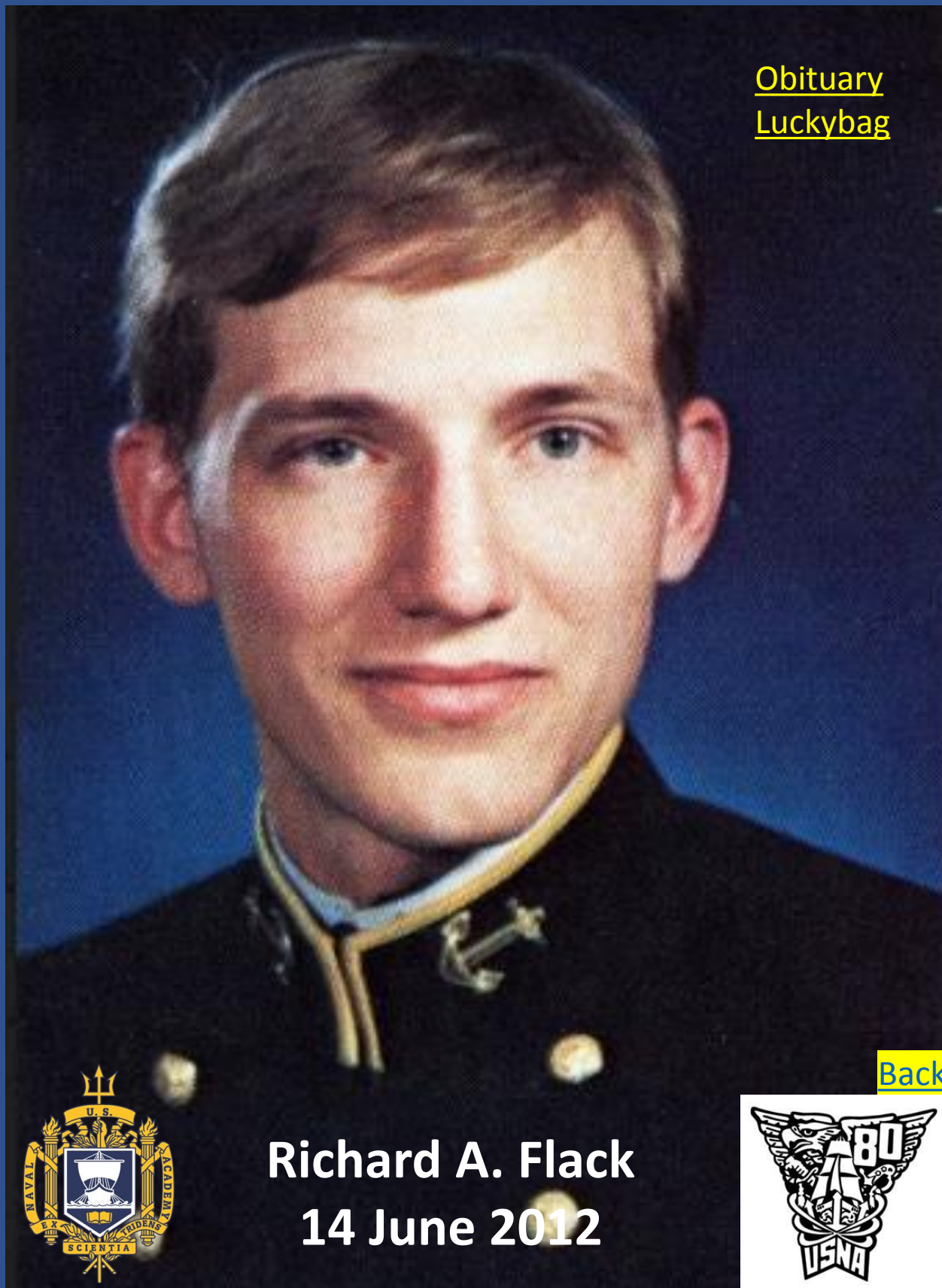
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Hansen D. Pickerl
27 April 2012



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Richard A. Flack
14 June 2012



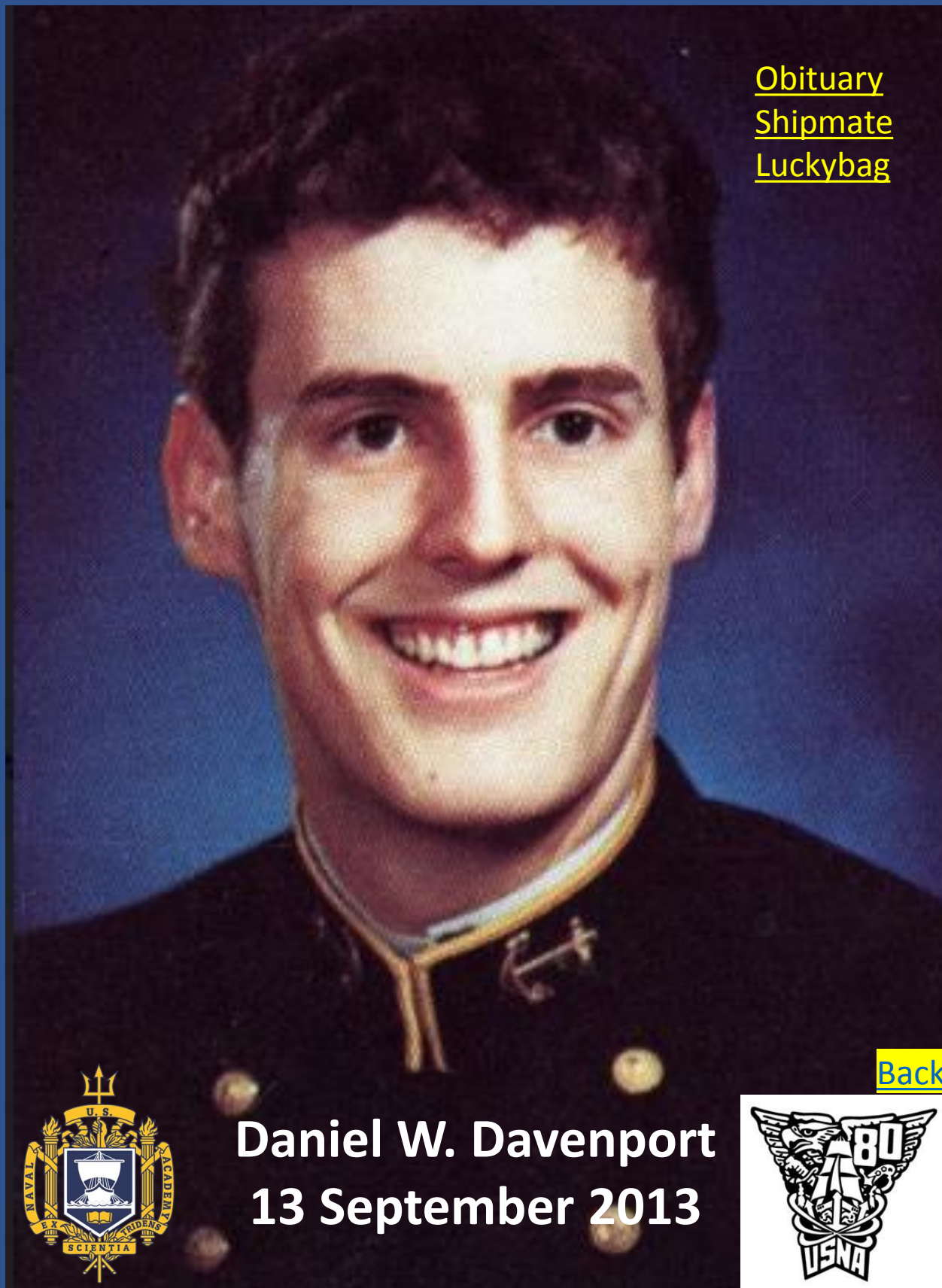
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Mark W. McBride
8 May 2013
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Daniel W. Davenport
13 September 2013



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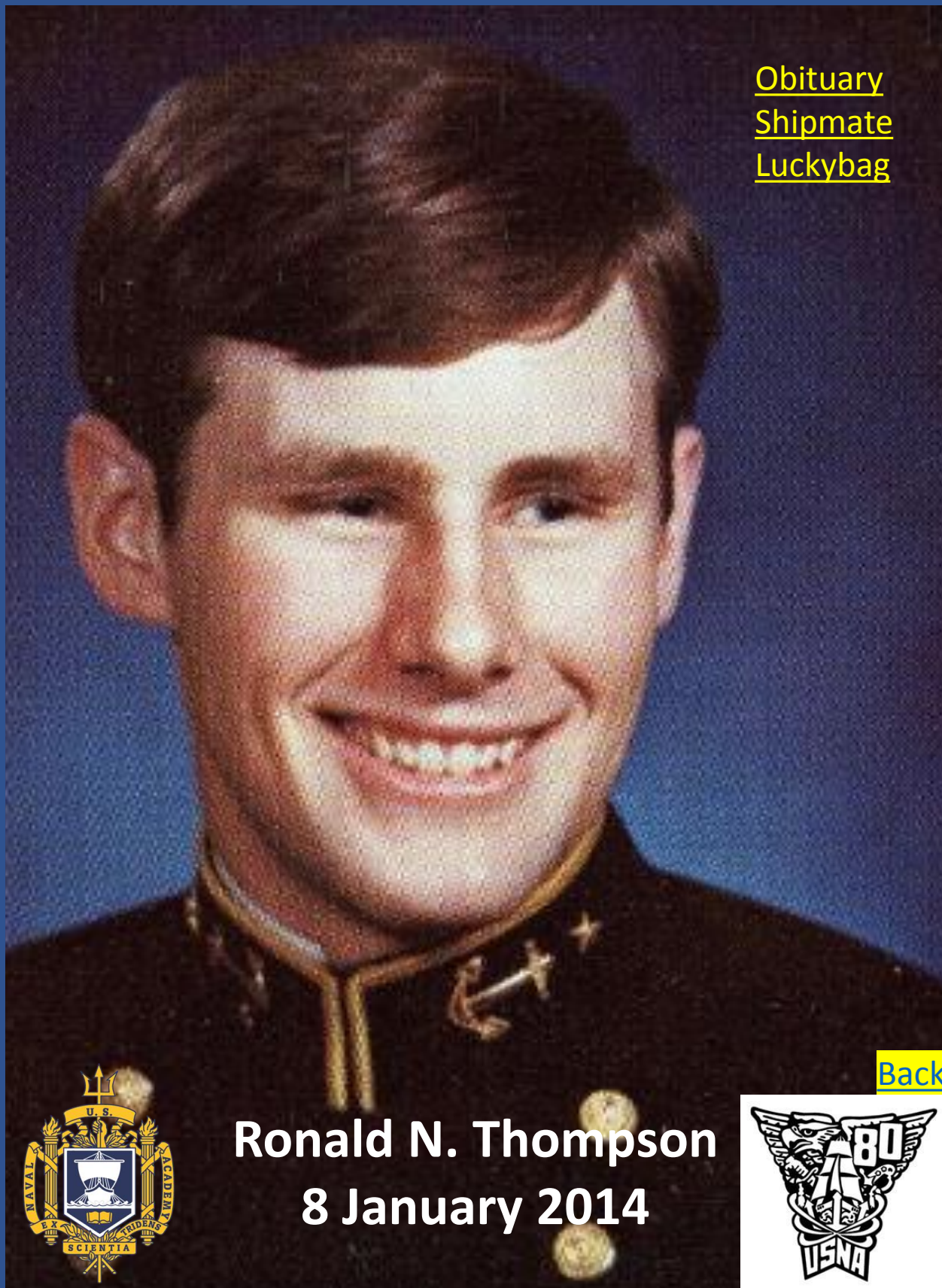
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Larry E. Arkley
10 November 2013



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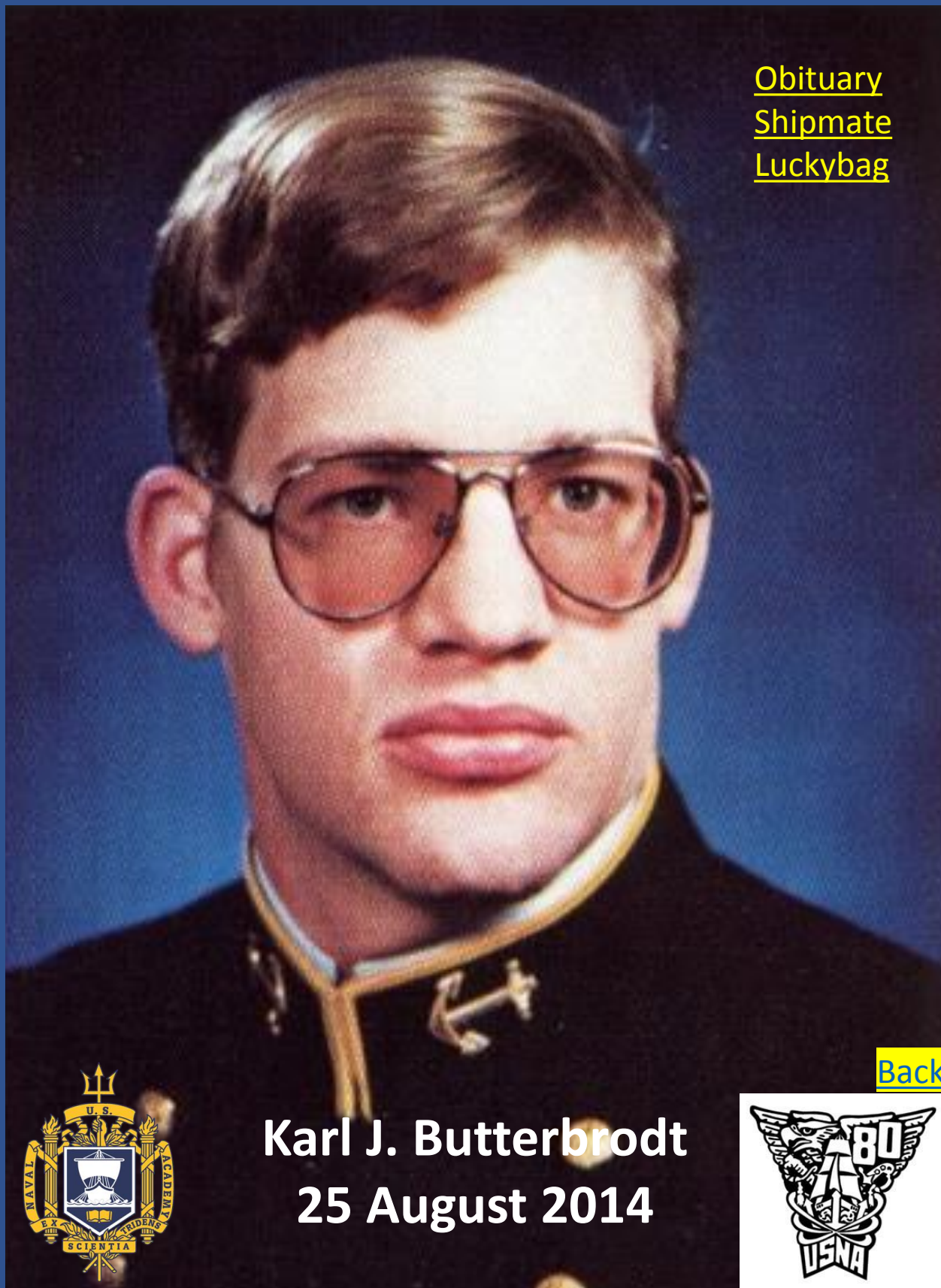
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Ronald N. Thompson
8 January 2014



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Karl J. Butterbrodt
25 August 2014



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William L. Elder
12 November 2014



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James A. Prosser
24 March 2015



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Steven C. Head
5 June 2015





Steven M. Harris
22 August 2015
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James B. McGee
4 November 2015

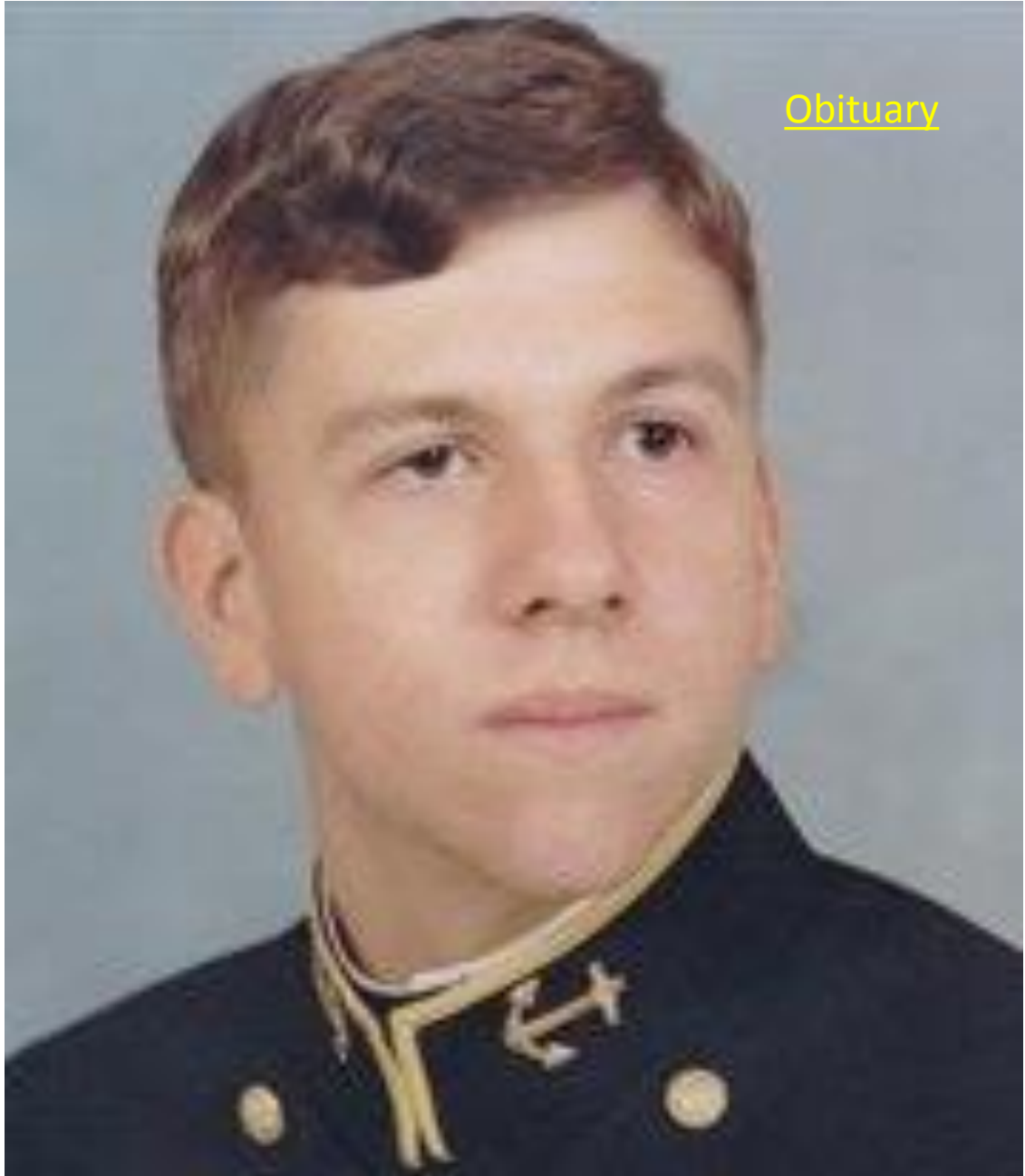


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Clayton J. Hogue
3 March 2016
Non-Graduate

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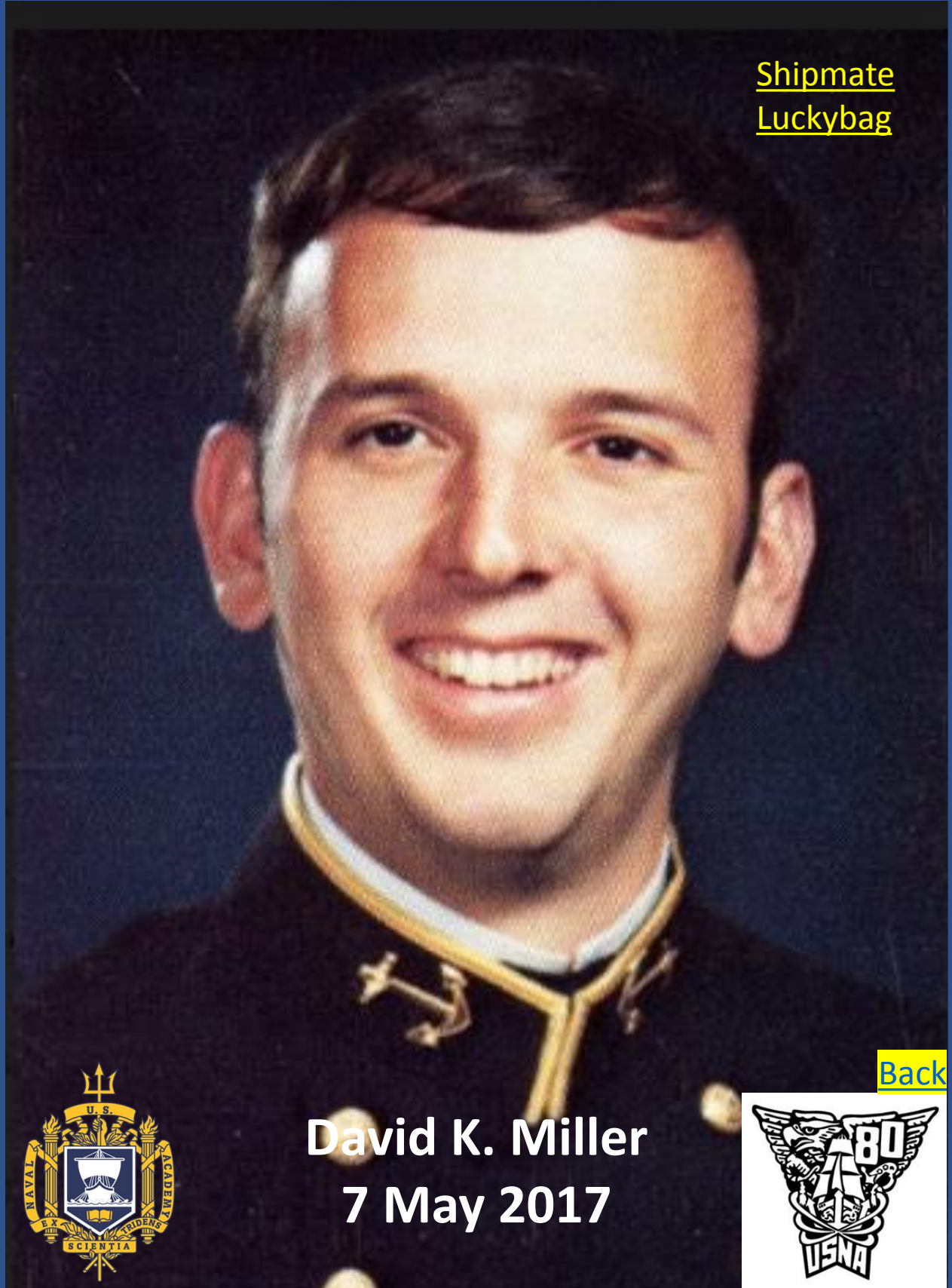
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Alex P. Madarasz
5 May 2016
Non-Graduate

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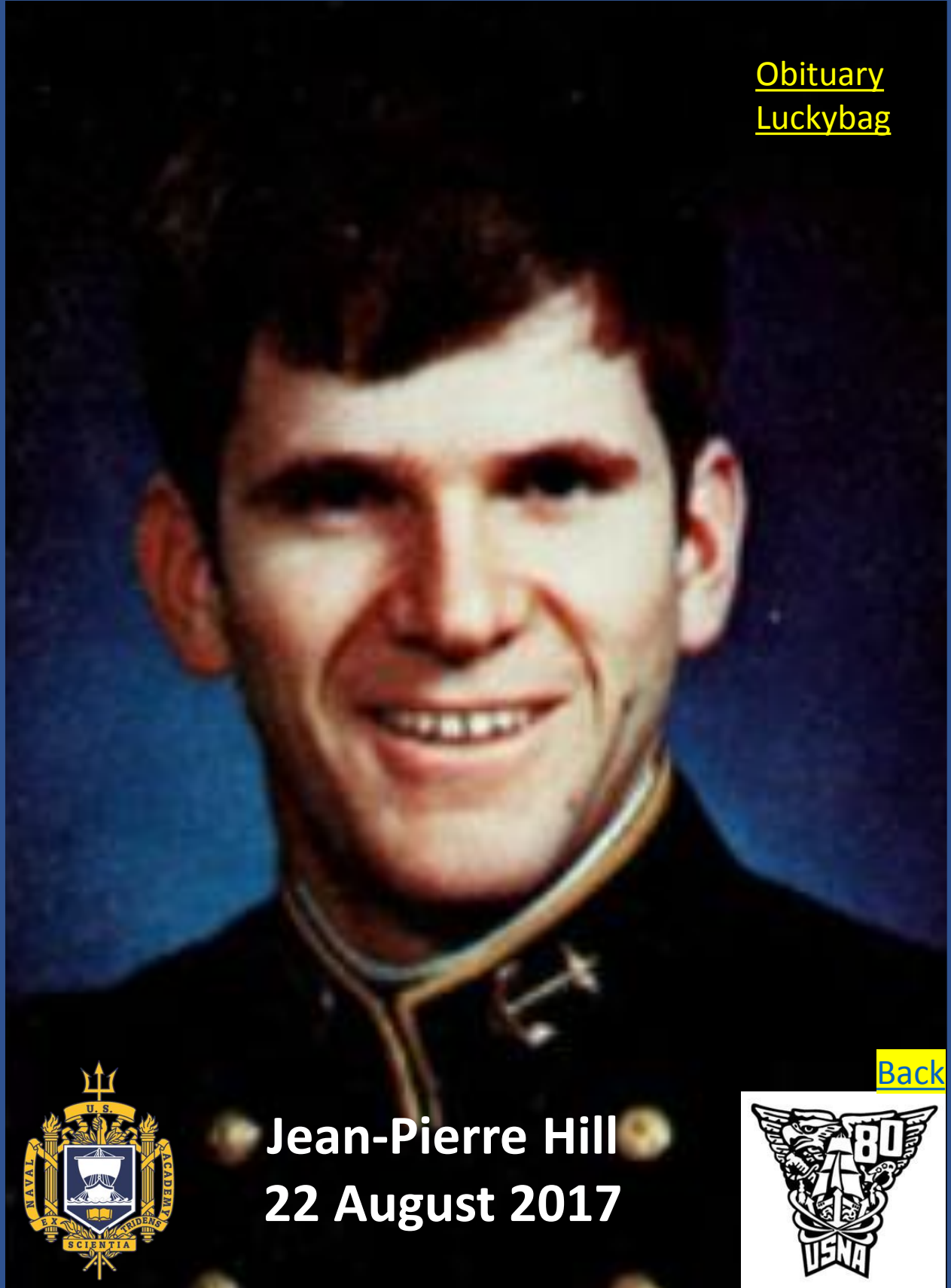
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David K. Miller
7 May 2017



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Jean-Pierre Hill
22 August 2017



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Elizabeth A. Stein/Whitehouse

24 August 2017

Non-Graduate

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Thomas J. Kean
16 November 2017
Non-Graduate

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Michael P. Maley
XX November 2017
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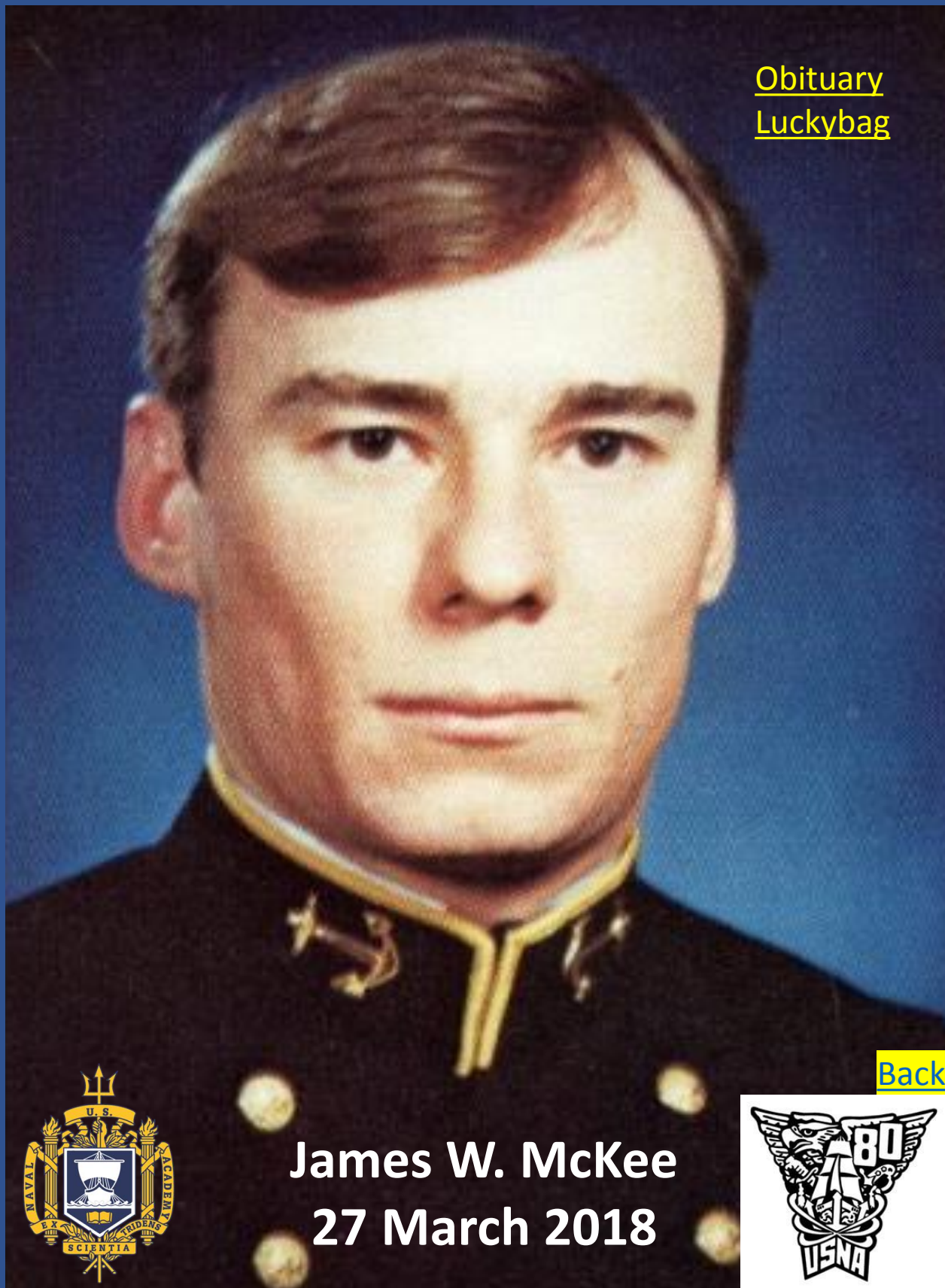
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Christopher R. Blackburn
28 January 2018
Non-Graduate

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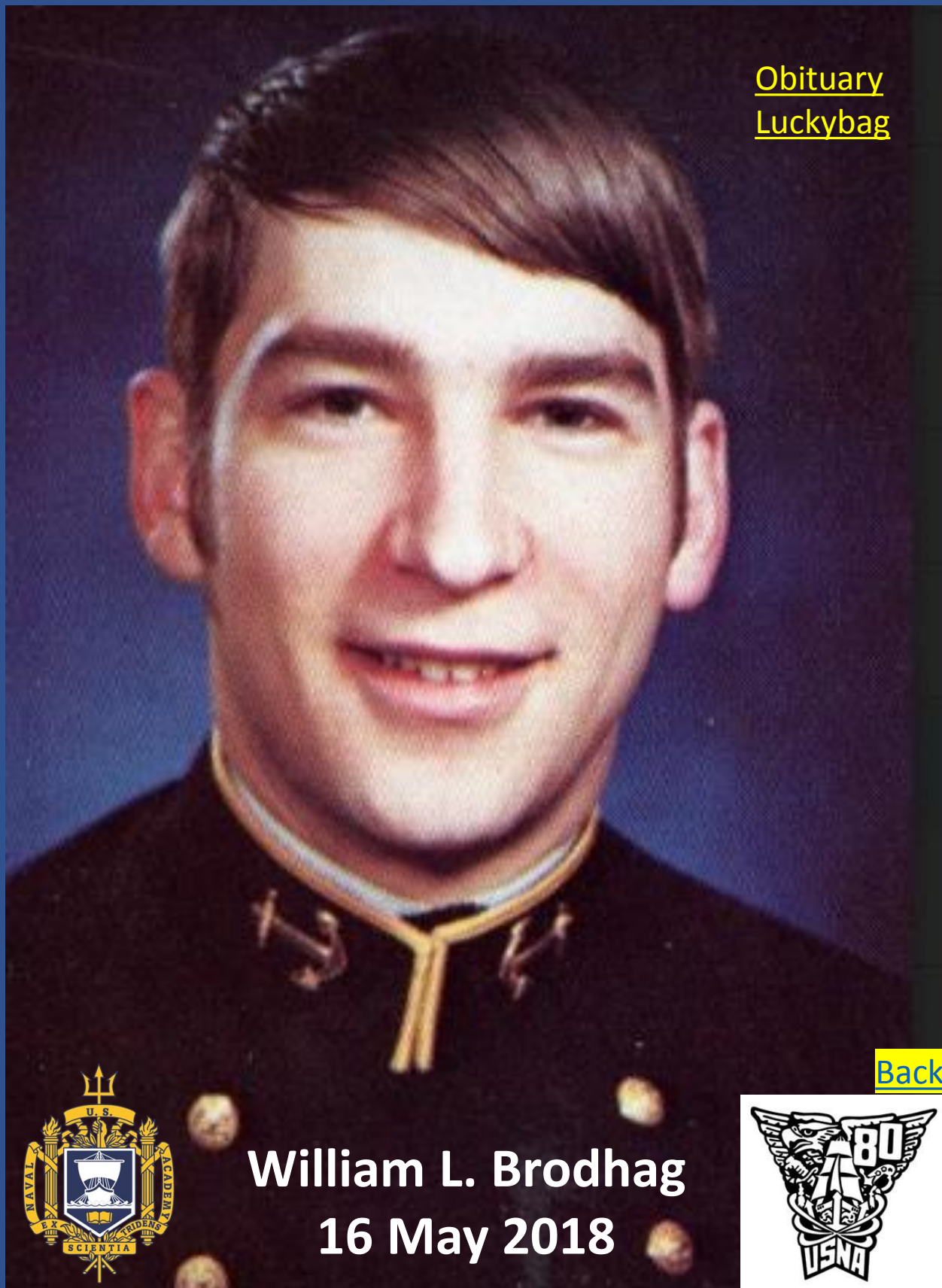
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James W. McKee
27 March 2018



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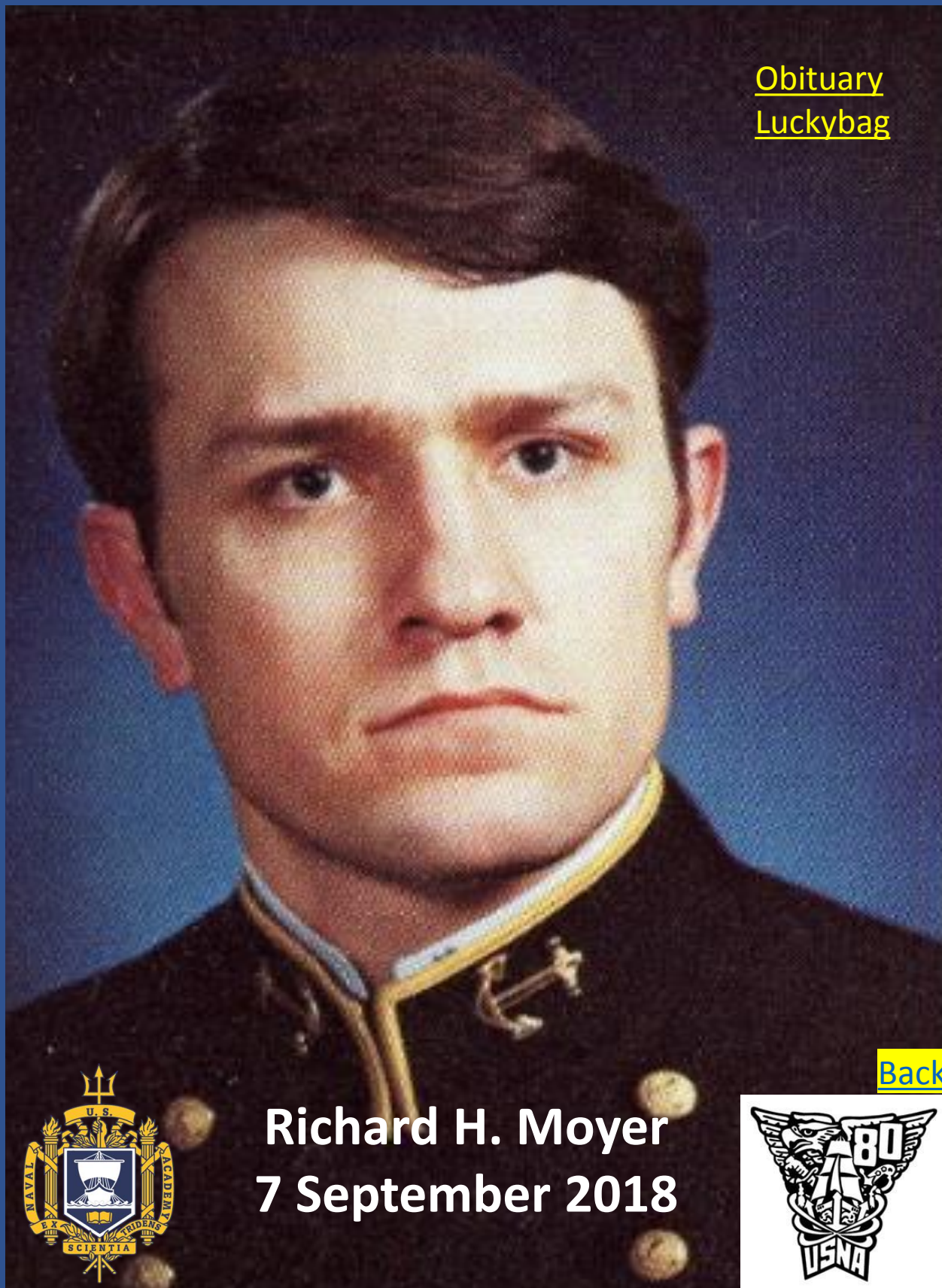
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William L. Brodhag
16 May 2018



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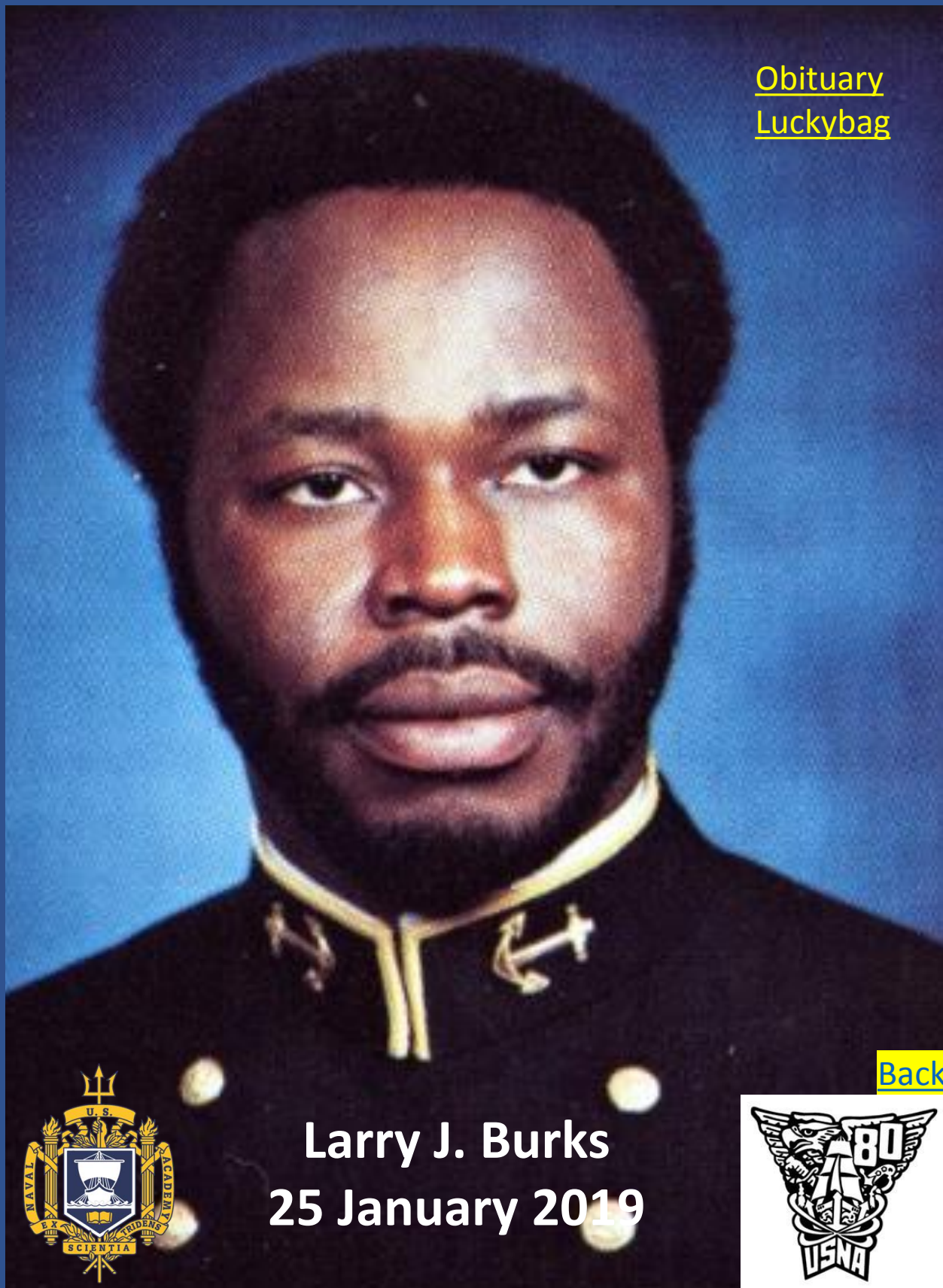


Richard H. Moyer
7 September 2018

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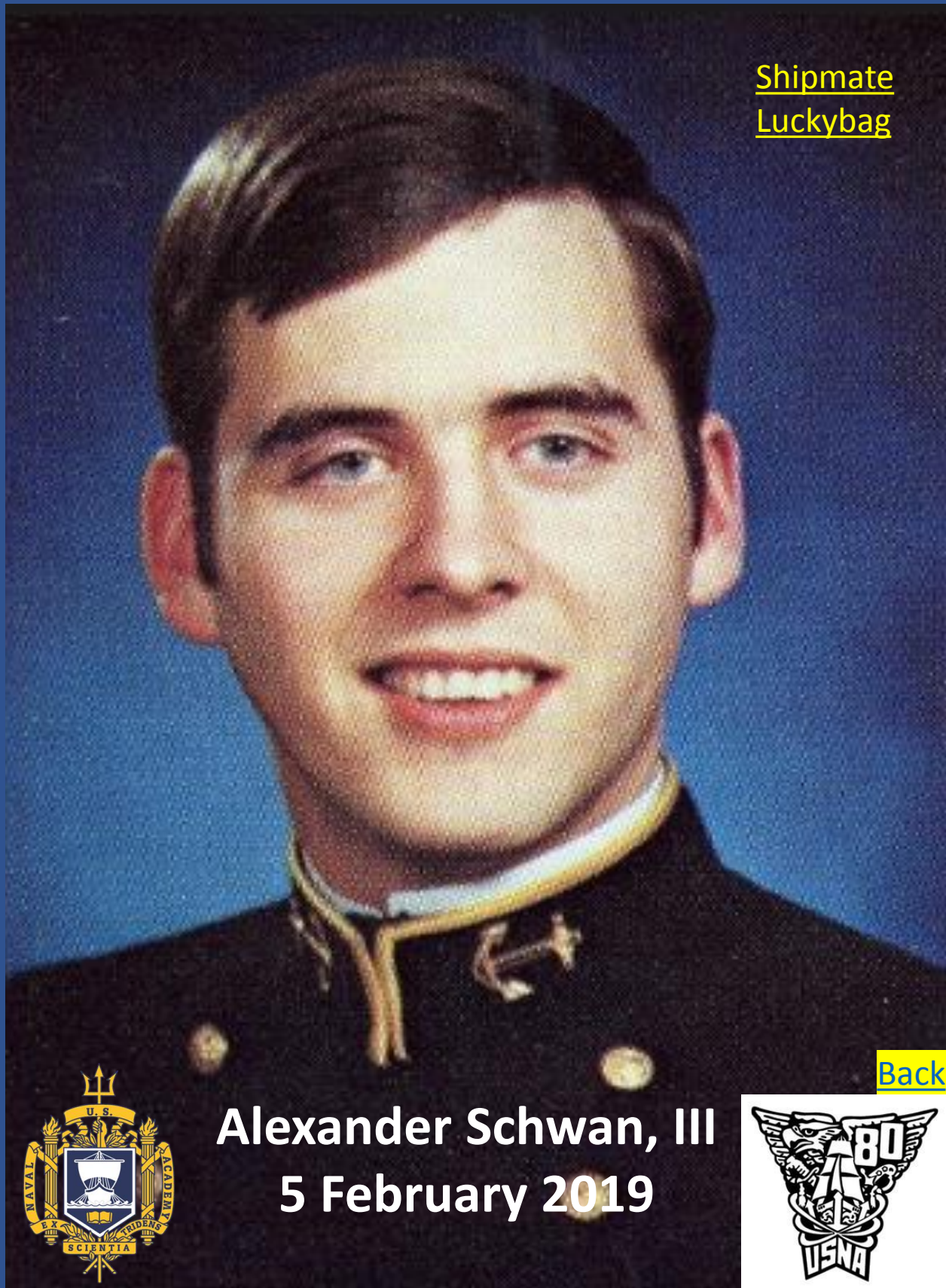
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Larry J. Burks
25 January 2019



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[Luckybag](#)



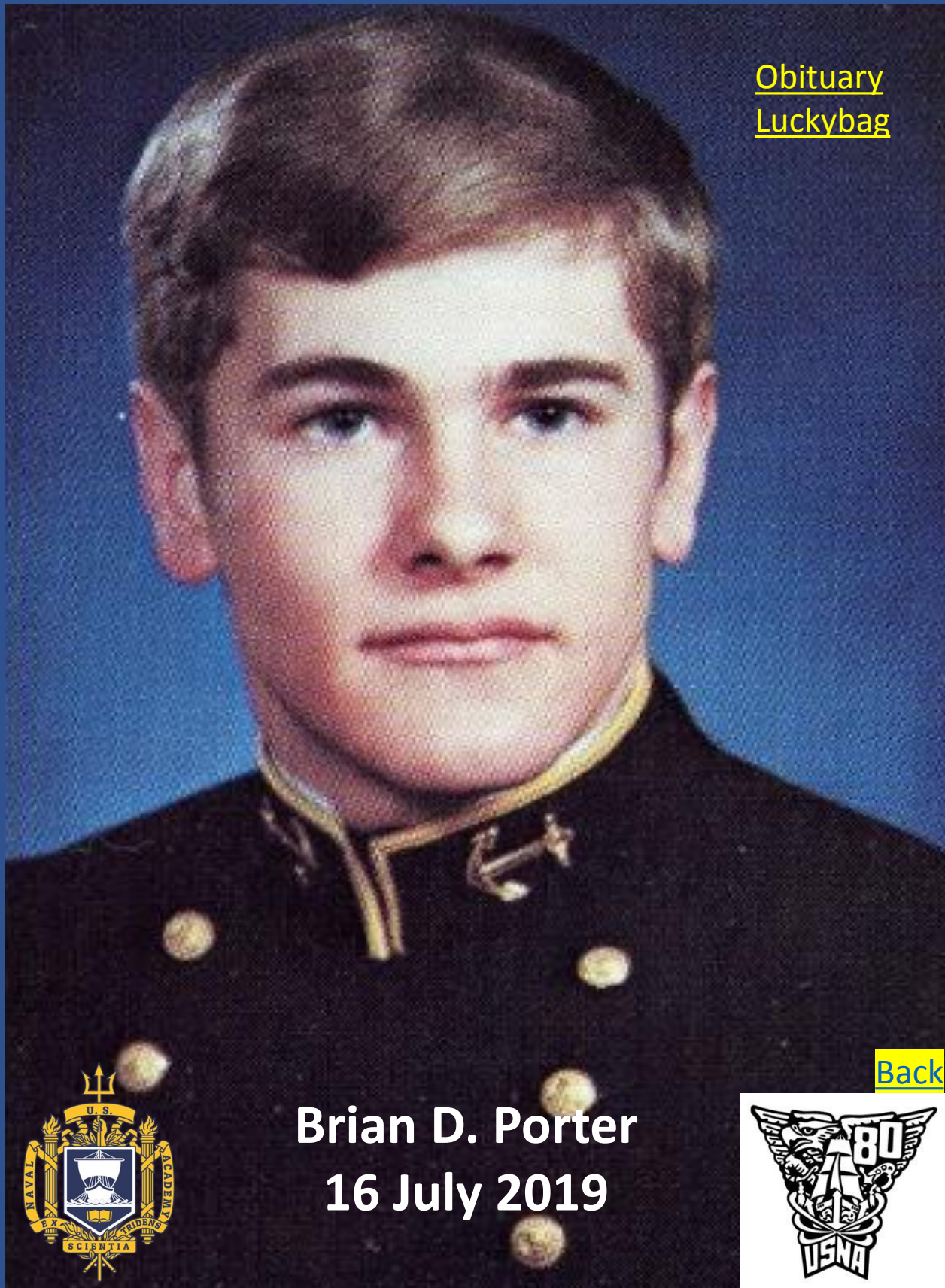
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Alexander Schwan, III
5 February 2019



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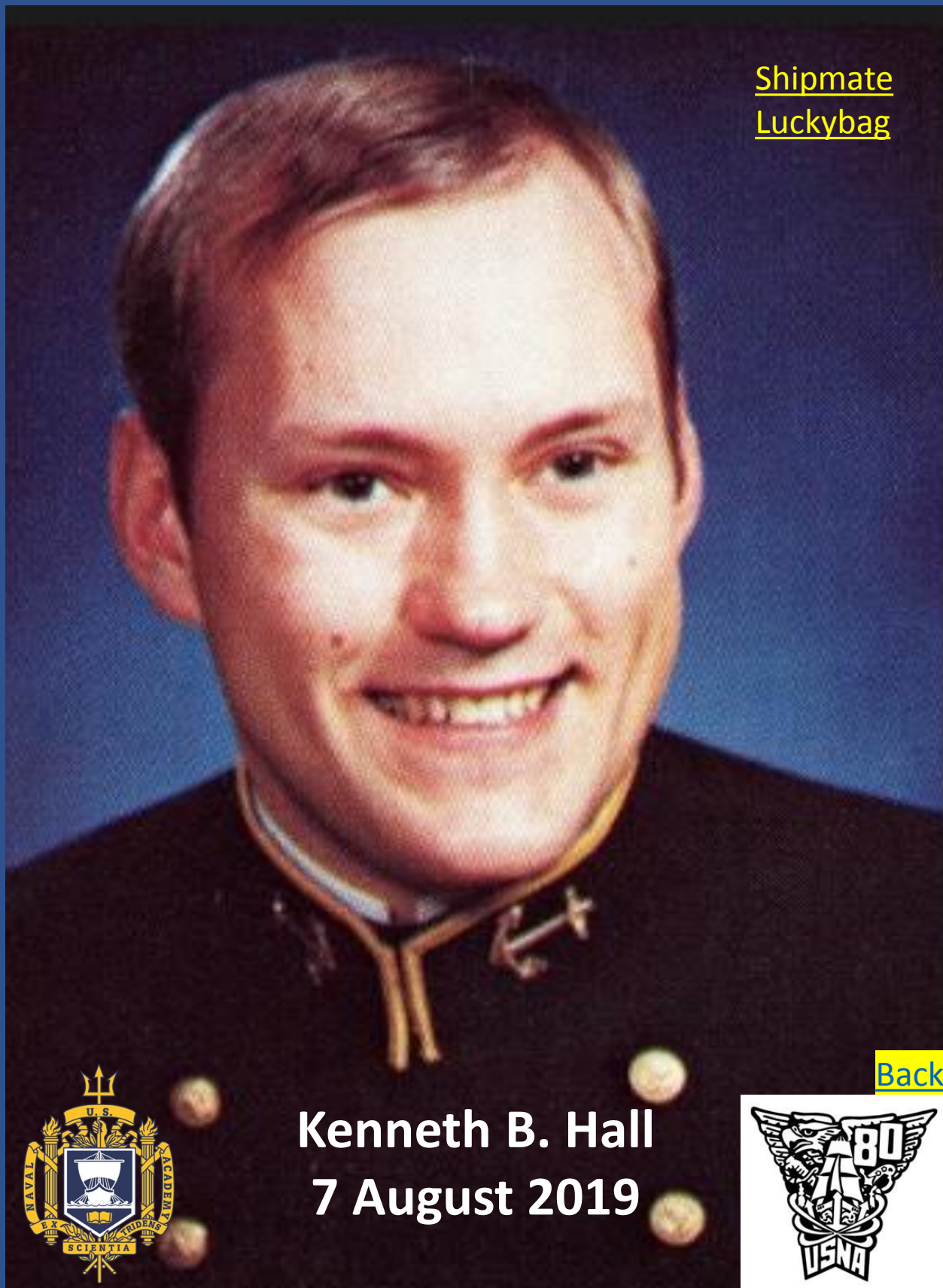


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Brian D. Porter
16 July 2019



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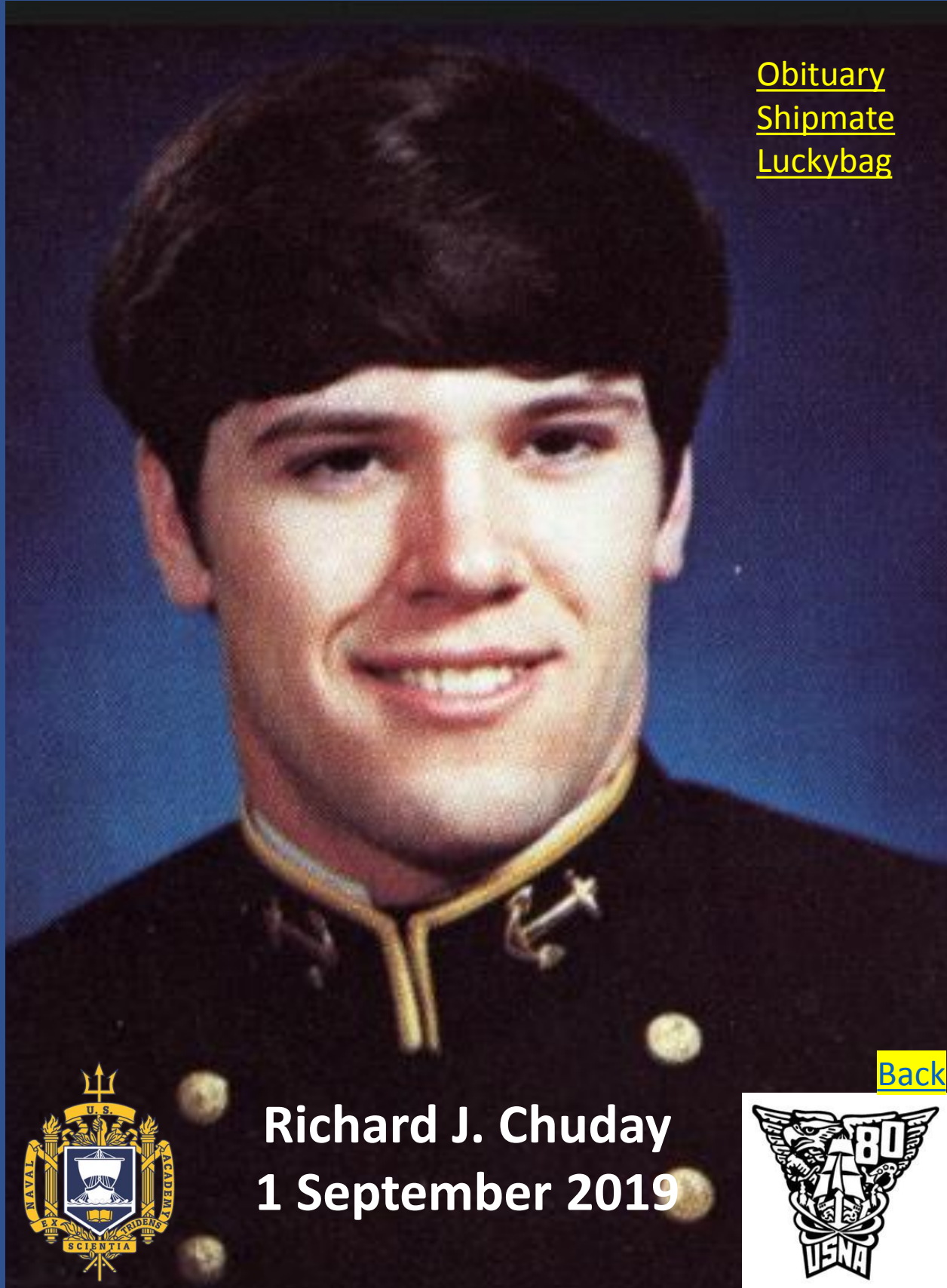
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Kenneth B. Hall
7 August 2019



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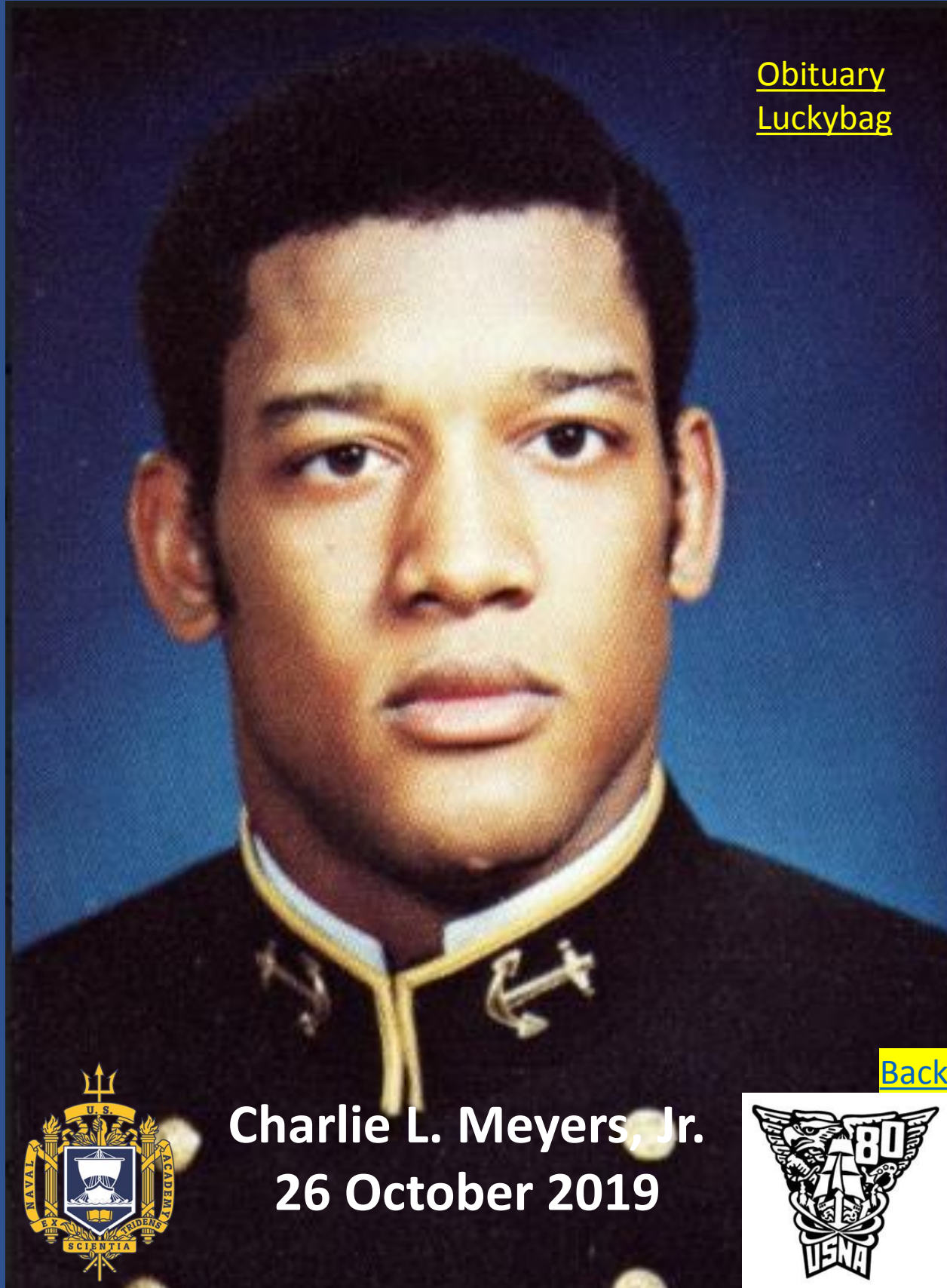


Richard J. Chuday
1 September 2019

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Charlie L. Meyers, Jr.
26 October 2019



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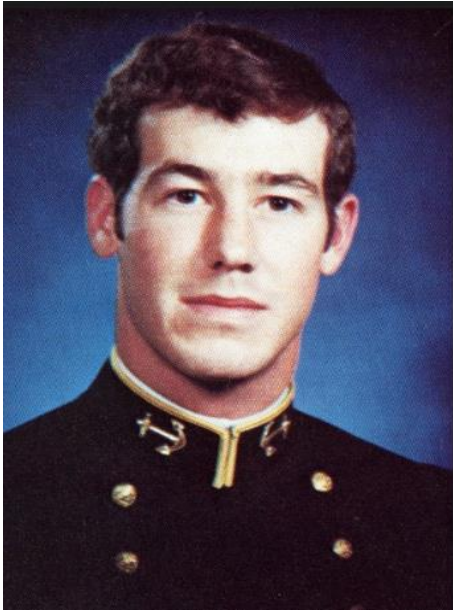
Leslie Martin Hahn
17 March 2020





Darrill Carter
18 March 2020
Non-Graduate
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KEVIN GEORGE CURRIE

Validating Plebe year was no major task for Kevin as he transited from nearby Laurel, Md. His first two years were spent kicking a soccer ball for Navy on the weekdays and expanding his social life on the weekends. Kev ' s family and friends always come first in his busy schedule. Nevertheless, Kev managed his social life expertly as a weekend warrior, although for a brief moment we almost lost a good man to a foreign beauty. It seems ole ' Kev just isn ' t into buying diamonds. Ocean Engineering cramped his style from time to time but it never kept him down. As a firstie, his Friday night flings and generous tailgaters won many a following, but Kev is better known for his endless supply of girls to call. " Who shall I call tonight? " became a standard discussion, especially after the Navy volunteered to finance his social calls. Combined with his unique ability of extracting countless horseshoes during Navy ' s unpleasant situations Kevin has earned a high place in our hearts and in Navy Air.



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CHRISTOPHER WILKES NELSON – CW

Chris attacked his four years at the academy with such zeal that he was seldom seen standing still. He put his overabundance of energy to work as an active member of the Brigade Honor Committee and as a reliable member of the Navy Tennis team. Academics were another strong point of his. Through hard work Chris was able to obtain top grades. For all his efforts, Chris was awarded the Fourth Battalion Commander post. He was not all work and no play, though. He greatly enjoyed the two summers he spent in the Med. When Chris played he played to win. In his first love, tennis, he was rarely beaten. Hardly a day went by when Chris could not be found on the tennis courts, running someone into the ground, or making his yearly pilgrimage to Forest Hills. People like Chris are an asset to any institution. He was a dependable friend to everyone. His determination and sense of humor will surely be a worthy contribution to the Fleet. We wish you only the best Chris.



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KURT THOMAS ISRAEL

Kurt left Phoenix with two goals. He wanted to become an ocean engineer and a "general" in the navy. Kurt's changed his plans; after he turns in his last oceans lab, he'll settle for ensign's bars and head for Orlando to understudy Rickover. Kurt always wanted to be a submariner. Not even good times on the plains of Arizona or the hills of Tennessee could cook Kurt's burning passion to cover himself with water and become one with the sea. The nukes are really getting a good engineer in Kurt — you have to know your technical courses well before even attempting to explain calculus (or negative gravity) to a bull-major roommate. But Kurt's more than a technocrat. He's a good man who never forgets his friends or obligations. Good luck Kurt — don't forget coke cans out the window Randy Wood, 0530, flunking plebe pistol (and then becoming an Ail-American), Shelly, or Ktown. At our reunion, we'll both look back and laugh. See you at the quonset hut.

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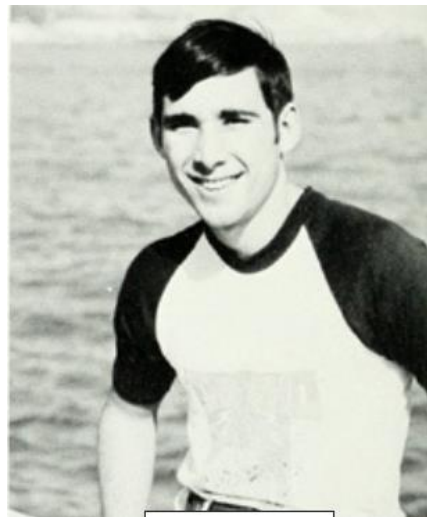
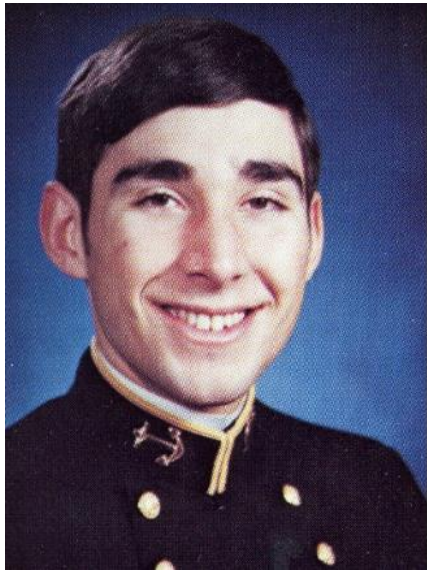




DARYL LEE CHEN - Chen Man

This derelict came all the way from California to be a star. Had he known what was in store for him, things might have been different, but Daryl never could resist a challenge and quitting was not his style. Daryl's style is a fast car, a steep slope, or a good scrum. The 150# team missed out on a great athlete, but their loss was the Rugby Club's gain. Also among his favorite pastimes are hang-gliding, skydiving, expensive stereos, chesty women, and toys. He loved baseball in the halls, computer football, and his theme song is "China Grove". His major is Mechanical Engineering and First Class year he minored in P.E. To Daryl all the military formalities are bogus. He takes pride in his individualism and fought the system long and hard to keep from being changed. He won the first half of the battle, but now the Navy has him by the nads for at least five years. What better way to spend it than as a Navy pilot? Fricken aye! After four years with the same roommate anything will be a pleasant change.

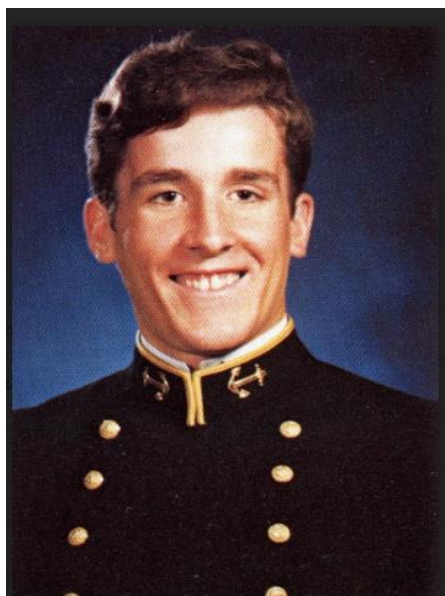
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JON CARLOS PINO

In his four years at USNA Carlos has distinguished himself in many ways. For instance, he is known to have gotten himself so drunk that he had to have a plebette escort him back from outside Middleton Tavern, one block from the main gate. He is respected for his willingness to help out, his knowledge of stereo equipment, and his ability to stump plebes with musical trivia. His extracurricular activities include training for marathons, recording innumerable albums, DJ'ing for WRNV FM, and driving his beloved '68 Firebird. Carlos loves fast cars, true rock and roll music, expensive stereo equipment, nice girls, and pulling all-nighters before finals. Carlos presently hopes to be a career Marine Corps airdale. We of the 12th Company and the class of '80 wish you, Carlos, all the luck and happiness in the world! "

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PATRICK KLELLY INGLIS - Ping

What can you say about someone from Linthicum, MD., everyone 's favorite city? Ping arrived at USNA after practicing for a year at NAPS and immediately made use of his prior military experience by managing to catch mono during plebe summer. A staunch believer in hard work, Pat 's philosophy paid off in academics where he managed to do well especially when weekends were at stake. Weekends gave Pat an opportunity to display his talent as a tour guide. Who else could show you such rare sights as Seven Hills, Belmont Cemetery and the Haunted Tunnel? For those who believe uniform races serve no purpose Pat is living proof to the contrary as on numerous occasions he managed to throw off civies, shave and shower, get into SDB 's and run down to formation and inspect the plebe who was giving the 5 minute call when he came in. Two summer cruises have convinced Ping to opt for the less exciting life of a Navy pilot. For the mid who has everything including a Corvette, a super O.A.O.-Snoop, the only thing missing are wings of gold!

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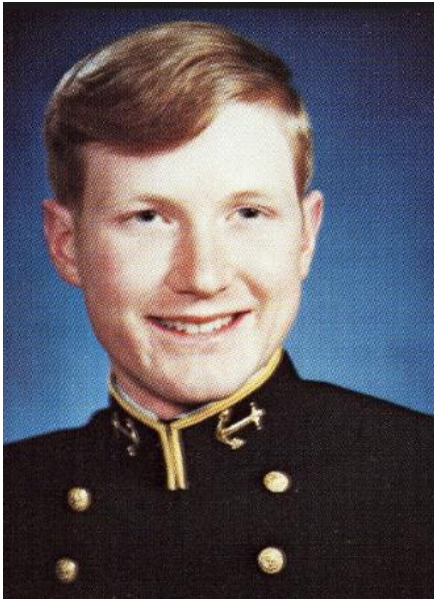


NICHOLAS C. HARMON - nnnnnNick

After four struggling years in E.E., Nick has finally made it. Nick worked hard during the week so he could have the weekends free to run wild. His favorite hunting grounds have included the colleges of Notre Dame, Goucher, Hood, Oxbow Inn, Pier 7, and Charlies W.S. The Hoodlum Fan Club will always have a place in their hearts for Nick. There is a special tub reserved for him and his Kissing Bandit costume has been retired. Nicks unquenchable thirst for those evil spirits sometimes brought him into unusual circumstances. Take that Army Party in 78 for example. Nick retired early after a losing battle with the bottle. Nick woke up with bruises all over his body the next day and claimed that people mistook him for the carpet. Nick was a dedicated gymnast who followed a rigorous diet that included hot chocolate (without the water), and crackers and diet Pepsi for dinner. Nick will always be remembered as a guy who never quits.

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DONALD E. WOOLETT - Woolly

Woolly Don, Dr W, Woolly Bear, and last but not least Buana, came to USNA via Walbrdge, Ohio. Though Walbridge is presently his family ' s place of residence, Don claims to be nothing but the best, southern and Texan. Woolly originally sought to become an engineer but quickly discovered that USNA w/as full of many such unimaginative souls. Since Buana was gifted with the talent of BS-ing he aspired to the life of none other than the History major. A certified sea lawyer, he was always called upon when his friends were in need. Being a member of the Slaughterhouse 5, " The Boys " saw fit to elect Wools honor rep. Don bought a ' 68 Cadillac 2/c year that looked more like a tank than a boat. All of those close to him feel that this must be the factor that swayed him toward the Marine Corps, as no other viable excuse has surfaced. Everyone hopes the Bear will immaculately maintain his room at Quantico as well as he has (?) on " The Cloud " . Don is destined to become a success and he may even make the world forget F. Lee (Flee for short) Bailey. ”



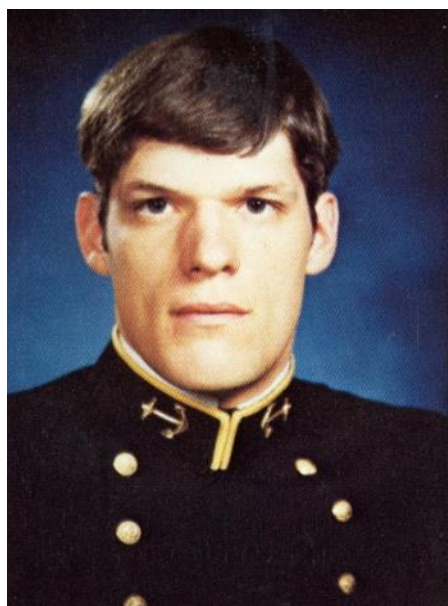
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CYNTHIA SUZANNE GRUBBS

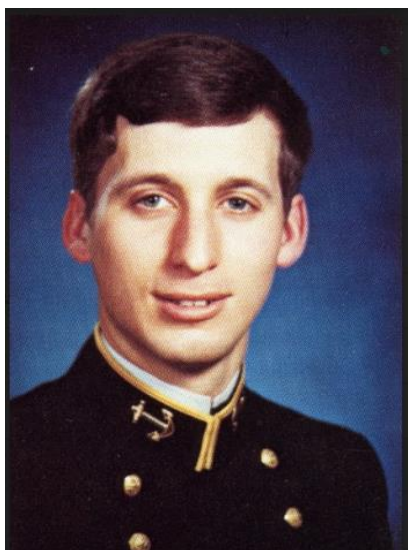
Cindy-Su, that wild Texas rose, whisked into USNA with an impressive resume. After being a Scuba Instructor, private-pilot, sky-diver, free-lance artist, dirt-biker, aeroengineer student at UT, and a rumored former Texas Sweetheart, it was somewhat hard to sport plebe upperclass wargames. Yet thru 3 years, 400 demos, and the guiding hand of one particular CoCdr, she fit the mold of the exemplary Midn. Who can forget that Recongreen on T h? or the Don Q-7? What about the Wild Bunch? Her favorite activity was racking on her Zebra-skin and trying to simulate tropical weather by any means possible. Not to mention a special method of keeping hair dry while washing one's face. We love ya Suzy-Q and D) too. (his n ' her trans-ams) . . . Strawberry Crepes Movin ' fast Don ' t slow down BAM!





JAMES MICHAEL MERRILL

Ziggy came to us from the Buckeye State with visions of becoming the next Chet Moeller. However, two years of George was enough for him and he left the gridiron for more gratifying and varied pursuits. James quickly became known for flamboyance. His choice of girls, cars, and clothes ranged from the sublime to the ridiculous. At various times he could be found sweet talking the beautiful girls, expounding his unbounded (albeit confused) philosophy to anyone who could be forced to listen, or exposing his body after physically abusing others on the Rugby pitch. We will all miss Jim 's ready smile and easygoing attitude as he journeys to Pensacola to try and find a cockpit that will close over his nose.

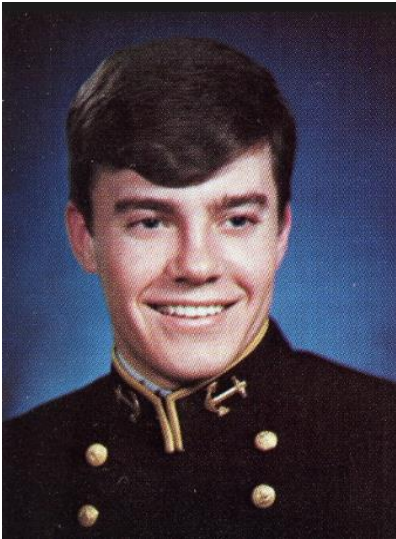


CARLOS AL MILLER - Loscar

Our good friend Loscar fell off of the pumpkin wagon on his way to the Mormon Temple in Washington D. C. Coming all the way from Amarillo, Texas, he had the misfortune of landing in the open arms of Lucky 13. Loscar ' s financial wizardry left him without enough funds to afford a bus ticket and continue on his way. Consequently, he had to make the biggest decision of his life, next to buying a stereo. He decided the only way to get back on his original " mission " was to make a home of thirteenth company, study Aerospace Engineering, and become a fighting Navy pilot. Loscar ' s true spirit for the Academy could always be found tacked to the door of his room in the form of a traditional nameplate, O. Howie Phartz! Carlos really enjoyed the first semester first class year and the green elerts at the Lt ' s. What with Company Sub-Commander and Cables 11, he was usually in the rack by 0300. With his fondness for those hours, those 0400 carrier take offs should be a real thrill. God bless you friend.

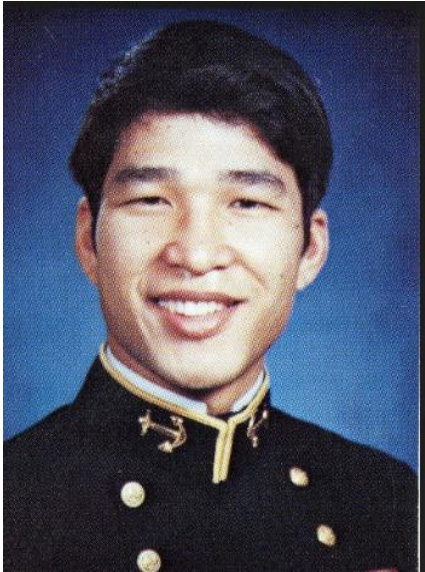
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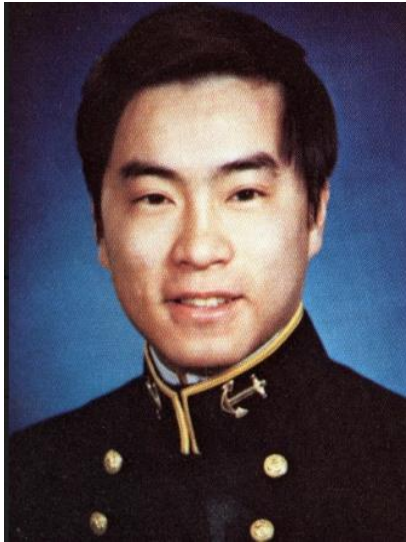


JEFFERY HAROLD TUSET – Tuse

This lad came to the Boat School from the teeming metropolis of Coon Rapids, Minn. His first position of authority was Sea-Stud Commander where his philosophy became " If you don ' t know it now you won ' t know it ten minutes from now. " He spent youngster year dreaming about the greatest weekend of his life. No more stalling for this Deadhead a s future plans include leaving the frozen tundra and the burning Arabian desert for the sun and fun of P-Cola after a short layover in Quantico. "



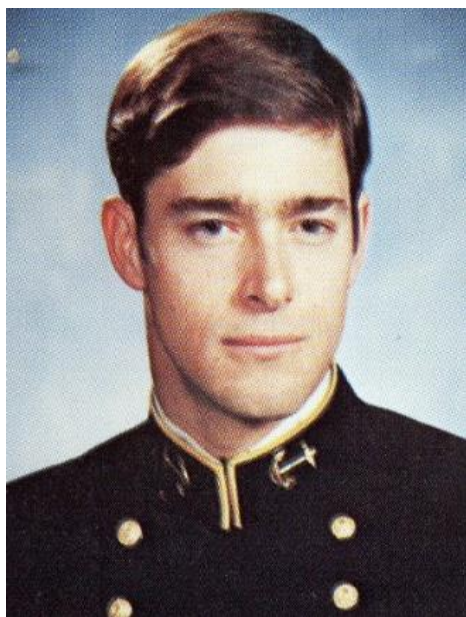
MICHAEL JON PALENCIA - Pineapple
Hailing from Kailua, Hawaii, "Pineapple" spent i time in the fleet and a year at NAPS before dropping his seabag at NAVY. Plebe year and youngster year saw the Happy Hawaiian ! " hanging ten " or zipping down Route 50 on his 750 Suzuki to relieve the boredom of fruit... academics. Whether it was chow from home or a chaw from his favorite brand, Mike shared what he had to offer. His Second Class and First Class Year saw Big Brother at football games and woodland romps with his troop of Little Brothers. Hi, Champ! Hitting hard, hitting fast, and hitting often was what Mike practiced for four years as a Brigade Boxer. In jungle dense or desert sun Marine Corps Armor gets the job done! Move ' em out! Good Luck in the Marine Corps, Mike!



TONY G. GRAGG

Here ' s another boy from the surf of California. Four years here on the East Coast has been an experience in itself besides the fact of spending most of it at the Academy. The first year, besides trying to get use to the unusual four seasons, was spent in hiding avoiding as many of the upperclass as possible. Sometimes referred to as " the mystery plebe " , most of the hiding was done on T-tables and the Sailing Center with the Plebe Sailing Team. Tennis, football and Softball became the afternoon activities after all the hiding from Plebe year. First class summer saw his heart captured by a hometown girl, which would eventually lead to something special. Either in the air or on the water, the memories will always be there and now it ' s time to head back West.

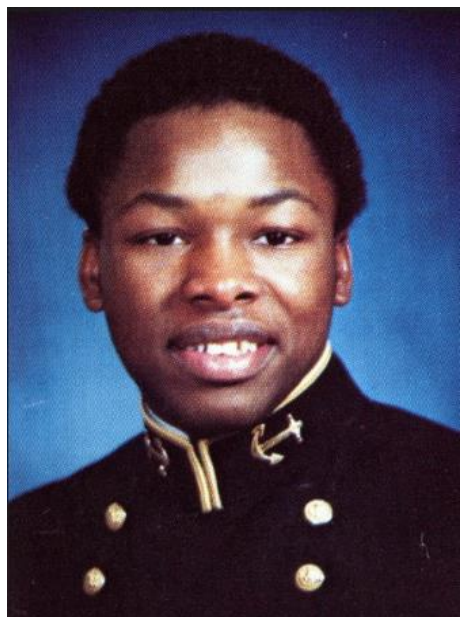




STEVEN M. MOREAU - Steve

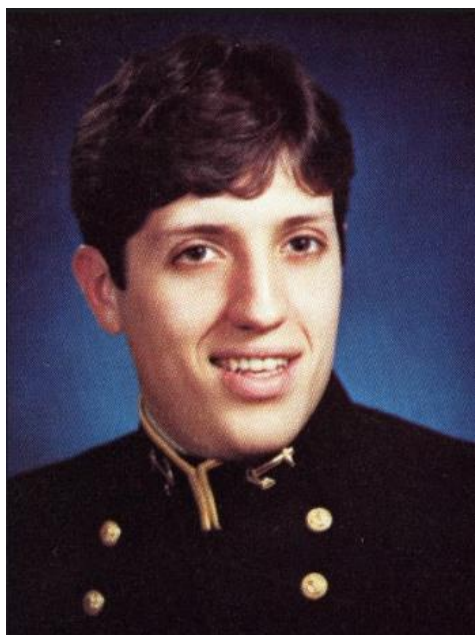
Steve came to Navy after a year at NAPS, and being from a Navy family seemed to fit right in, although he'd never admit it. He was never really happy about classes, and went through four majors before he found the right one. He spent more time working out and running than anything else, and was recruited for the crew team youngster year. A natural leader and super athlete, he was the ideal choice for team captain first class year. Steve will be remembered for his absence from most of our class pictures, and for being the 'Iron Mid' at Quantico second class summer quiet and reserved, yet always sure of himself, Steve is one of the most respected and well liked guys in the class.





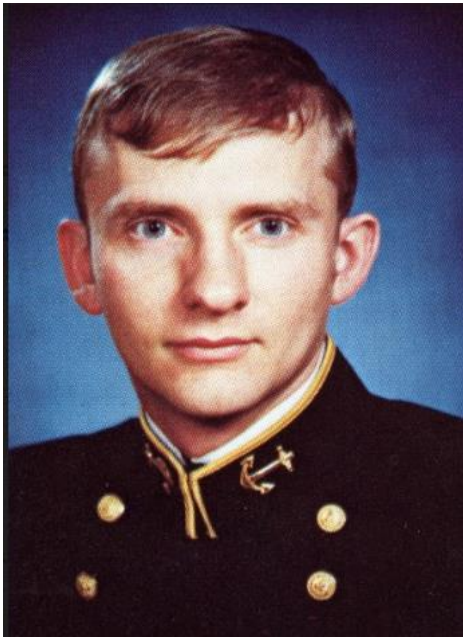
CARL B CLARK-CC Caor Clark (CC from DC) came to USNA from the fleet-will return a pilot. He even saved a ship on 1/c cruise-fond memories include the gruesome threesome (CC, COS, Bird), trips to DC via the wall, the green bug that will turn into a 280Z, his love of sports (snow skiing, FB, BB, especially boxing) and dislike for swimming. His dislike for studies earned him 4 AC boards and 3 trips to summer school. Socially he's involved in big brothers, funkmob, and BAC. Ladies were his specialty, but he possessed a personality to charm all. Drinking was never a problem except on the bus to Army, the Toga party, and the squash courts with Lee. His diet was pbj. " Hey Mike, where's the Mix " - stylish and smooth, quick and aggressive, but a friend and a partner to all - Slam bam thank you Mam - " SWORN TO RUN LOYAL TO NONE " ; What a guy! But, somewhere out there is that special lady. Sincerely Yours, Father COS (roommate)

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EDWARD FRANCIS MAPES-Easy Eddie
Easy Eddie came to Annapolis straight from Henrietta, New York. Coming from upstate - "Gods Country" he naturally arrived with his lacrosse stick and Genny Cream Ale in hand prepared to dazzle the crowds with his athletic prowess. Recurring ankle injuries hindered Ed's ability to display his amazing speed too often - but a quick stick enabled him to shove the garbage goals into the nets occasionally. Living in the Penthouse for 3 or 4 years, Ed had very little trouble maintaining the high traditions of Club Sixteen. Despite being an ME major, Ed never let his studies overwhelm him - always managing to pull it out in the end. The pleasures of life never eluded Ed - driving his silver 'vette (C-car) he cruised in comfort. The trio of Vette, N-Star Stud, and that sexy Portuguese smile were devastating on the LOCAL lovelies. The stories and activities involving Ed are numerous, but lack of space precludes discussion of his antics. Hopefully, service selection will mean flying down to Florida for vacation.

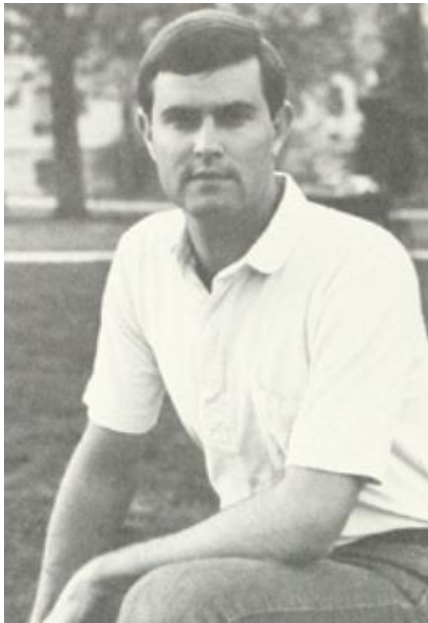
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JAMES DAVID HOGSETT - J.D.

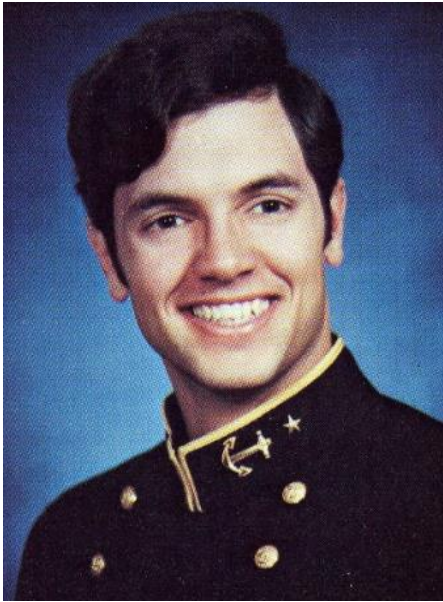
Hailing from Macon Missouri Jim wasn't interested in taking the easy way out. So in order to graduate from U.S.N.A. he decided he would try the long way around. After giving enlisted life a run Jim went off to NAPS before finding a home at Annapolis with Dirty Thirty. Jim is sometimes mistaken as Ted Nugent when he plays his squash racket with the stereo blasting, listening to what else but 98 ROCK. Jim will do well no matter where he goes so long as the music's hard the women fast and the beer cold. Good luck always J.D.





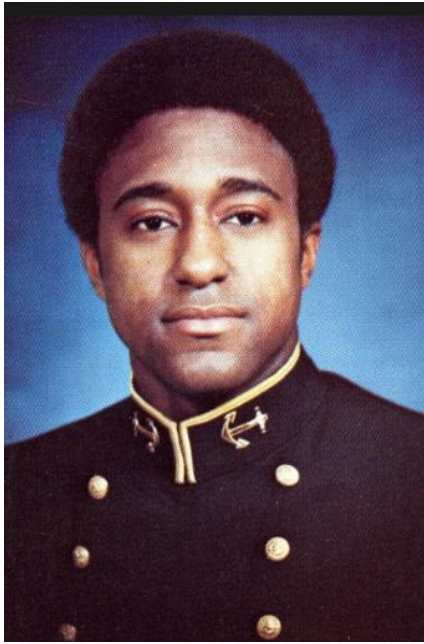
"DAVID COLLINS ERNEST - Ern

As the future becomes the past, I will most probably forget numerous seemingly undesirable moments at the Academy. Plebe year, the countless formations, conduct reports and the subsequent restriction musters will all sink into a dark sea of amnesia. In their place I will always remember having had the opportunity to be friends and companions with what has to be some of the greatest people a person could ever hope to meet. If I may plagiarize a well known phrase, " Thanks for the memories.



ROBERT ANTHONY NEMECEK - Tony
Tony came to the Naval Academy from Utica New York. Even though Tony was class president for two years. He does not aspire to be president. He wants to be king. As a former member of the Village People, Disco Tony can usually be found doing the rock to EM 103. Tony has always looked for the best things in life even though he 's going P-3 ' s. Good luck always!





MARSHALL ATKINS - Chet, Hom-boy

Having lived just about everywhere possible, Chet found a home both at USNA and Springfield, VA. "The Tooth" could often be seen jogging to the " Library " (at St. Johns 2/C year and out to the seawall 1/C year) to hop into his jet and head out to those "highways." Although Chet never had any difficulty getting over the wall, when it came to mechanical genius, we're all still wondering how he gets his car started. Chet is appearance conscious. This is evident by the many hours he spent readying himself (packing his rug) for both his "Boy" and Thurs. noon. Of course we all know Nuke Power needs more good-looking, professional Black Officers. But Diane is

Chet's real reason for all his pruning, she manages to be the only one who can keep that conduct case out of trouble. Whether Chet is going Navy Blue or Army Green is still in question, but whatever his choice we wish both he and Diane the best of luck. See you in Wing-16 after our swim in the reflection pool with the rest of McKee's bottom 5%.



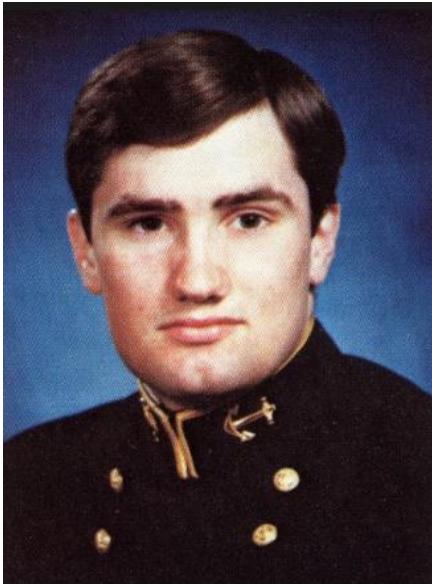
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DAVID A KISH - Dave

Which ever way... Marine Air or Navy Air, Dave decides to go, he is sure to be one of the more exciting pilots. He will be remembered as the guy with all of the pictures. We rest assured that as he leaves the Academy, he will maintain his high level of chivalry which he showed us continually. Dave will also be remembered professionally as an expert parachutist, and an outstanding leader. His activeness in ECA's was contin by being the president of both the Military Parachute Club and the Foreign Affairs Club. Athletically, Dave was to say the least, active — a true " player. " He participated in track, rugby, company sports, and even tried his hand at " BIG TIME FOOTBALL. " Overall, Dave was more than just an average Midshipman, he was and will be a respected friend among many. "

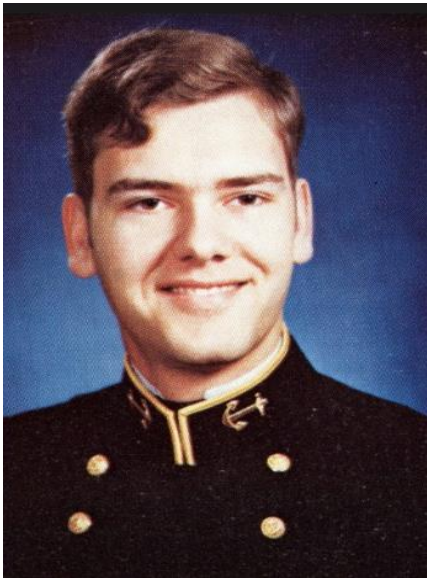
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GEOFFREY TODD GRIMARD

Gizmo Geoff " Gizmo " Grimard says he came to us from Palo Alto, Calif., but anybody who knows Giz can attest to the fact that that is entirely false. Academy officials are still searching for the undiscovered fairy tale that he must have come from. For you lucky people that have not confronted Geoff in the boxing ring, and those of you who were not lucky enough to witness him rearranging a few faces, then maybe you will remember him for his most famous fight of all. He was that elite individual who threw the first " punch " in the Great Food-Fight of 78. Giz will keep up his fighting tradition along with his fine table manners as he ventures on to Quantico to become one of the Marines finest, a fighter pilot. So here's to Geoff, chug-a-lug, GOOD LUCK, JARHEAD. ”

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MARK DAVID LUNDGREN

Mark came straight from Deep Creek High School, in Chesapeake, Virginia. Being a quiet person, Mark didn't hit it off too well plebe summer, but he sure lightened the load for the rest of the plebes in his squad. Although academics were not his favorite pastime, Mark chose Aerospace Engineering for his major, besides what is one A C Board second class year anyway? He didn't fare too well with roommates either, out of five only three made it, it seems that one had a wife and two kids at home. He wasn't an outstanding athlete yet Mark played a variety of company and battalion sports, which included softball, team handball, fencing, and plebe crew. It seems that next to getting weekends disapproved (grades), Mark enjoyed country and western music and lots of television. With a little luck from Tecumseh, a little love from his fiancé, and a lot of help from above, Mark is going to enjoy flying in a navy plane somewhere. Good luck, and God be with you.



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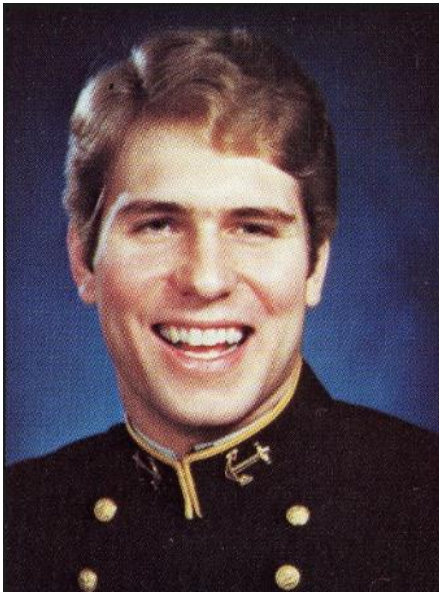


WILLIAM BURLON BLACKWELL

The Naval Academy attracts all types from all places and Bill is a prime example. Just where is Forest, Mississippi? Forever concentrating on improving himself, he developed an ethical system by which to live. Short-term pleasures gave way to long-term goals that would have lasting and significant results. It was the belief in improving his relationship with God would help him accomplish these goals and through the Baptist Student Union God has helped him find the answers. Membership in the Orienteering Club, Scuba Club, and Outdoorsman Club reflect interests which spell out USMC. He also takes pride in a blue MCB that does not turn off with the key and requires a new battery every six months. Good luck wearing Marine Green, work hard, and keep in touch Bill.



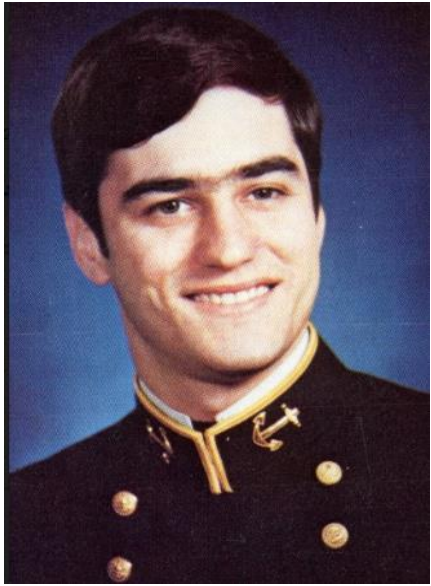
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ROBERT BRUCE POWERS - Wheel

The Big Wheel rolled into the Naval Academy from Beaver, Pennsylvania. Bob wasted no time living up to his nickname by telling the Fourth Class Regimental Commander that plebe summer was a "piece of cake." This fun-loving, easy-going lady killer spends the majority of his day playing varsity football, combing his hair, brushing his teeth, and sleeping. Wheel is a well rounded individual. Bob's intelligent honesty, and warm personality always creates a lasting impression upon anyone he meets. His great sense of humor brings out the best in everyone. Wheel will always be remembered as a true friend. We are all PROUD to be his close friends and wish upon him all the happiness the world has to offer. Good Luck WHEEL!!!

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MARK HUETTEMAN - Grinch Hutt " The Grinch "
Huetteman did not like people. He would not submit a biography; however, he grudgingly donated his space to Greg Mislick. For further information, write to: Mark " the Hermit " Wilderness, Wyoming. You will NOT get a reply!



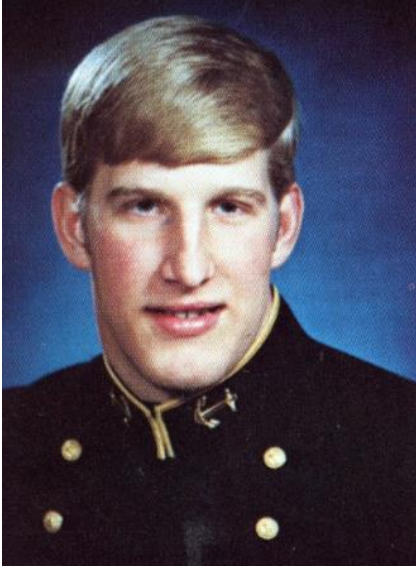
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JOHNNY BEN ESPARZA – Horsehead

When the horsehead grazed in from Spokane, creativity came to Navy. He quickly noticed a serious deficiency in the cultural education of Midshipmen, and overnight created a pictorial empire second only to that of Larry Flint. Youngster year, Johnny became a physical fitness buff, and after an evening of 12oz curls, Culty, feeling ripe, decided to show up Heinz Lentz and swim to Baltimore in an overcoat. Unfortunately it was January, and the bay was frozen. Second class year, Johnny 's true talents surfaced with a bald bubble in the 10th Co. hit " Not So, Macho, Man " . As a firstie, however, his artistic zest reached shattering new dimensions as Johnny moved into the forest of Impact Art. After experiencing the miracles of bionic reconstruction, Johnny too felt he should try his hand in this new frontier of modern art, and so purchased a pre-impacted Fiat Spider. He also enjoyed driving up the stock of Columbia Records and chasing a Midstore Mamma. We only hope Pensacola has an oxygen mask that will fit over his Buffalo lips. "

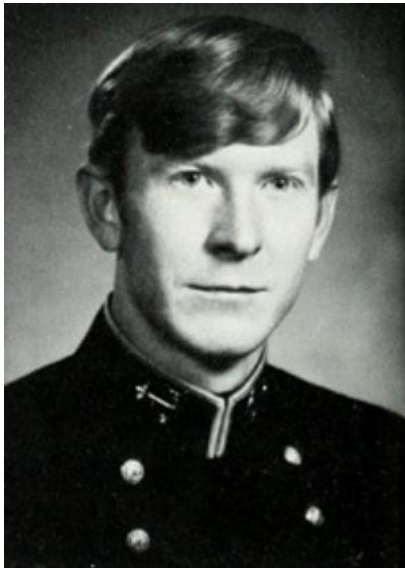
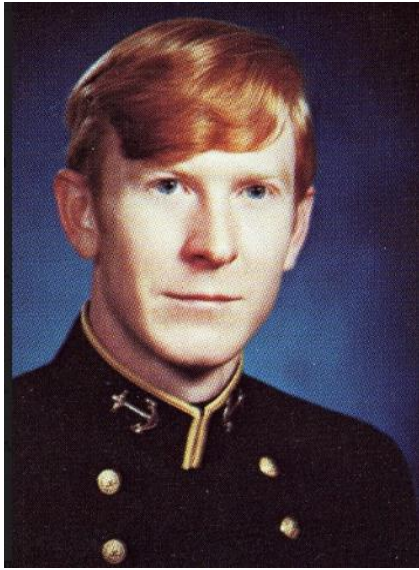
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RICHARD PHILIP BOTT - Boats
Four-year Varsity Football Letterman



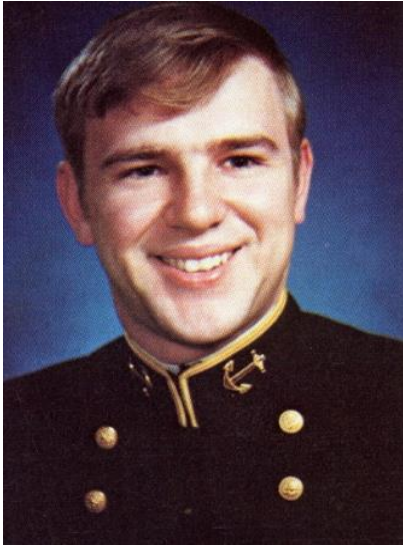
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RICKY EUGENE WILSON - Rick

Rick came to us as a Navy brat. A quiet, low keyed individual, he spent many a night dreaming of his fine beauty. Yes, his car really is something else. As a physical science major, "study" became a word of the past. When he wasn't dreaming of his car he was either in class, in the wardroom checking out Star Trek, or strumming his guitar. When weekends came. Rick could not be found, as he was out visiting his fiancée. Hence we didn't get much of a chance to see him. Perhaps we'll see more of him out in the fleet. In addition to a commission. Rick will be getting a new wife. We wish Rick well in his future endeavors and much success. "

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EUGENE GERARD HUETHER- Fred, Gene

Gene is affectionately known throughout the company as Fred, a name he acquired after a gallant act of bravery his youngster year. Earlier on Fred decided to be a mechanical engineer This decision caused him much mental duress. He has alternately beaten and been beaten by his major. Throughout it all, however, Fred persevered and will some day return to the Naval Academy to avenge himself. Fred's claim to fame came during his youngster year. He and his roommate are among an elite few that anonymously redecorated the interior of main office late one night. Although it was a brilliant mixture of military planning and raw courage, it was never considered when Fred was selected as the first class company commander. Under Fred's " Jersey Style " leadership, 19th Company blossomed much to his company officer's relief. She now received notes of praise rather than condemnation concerning the company's performance. Although Fred played lightweight football, he has always been a heavyweight in his favorite sport.



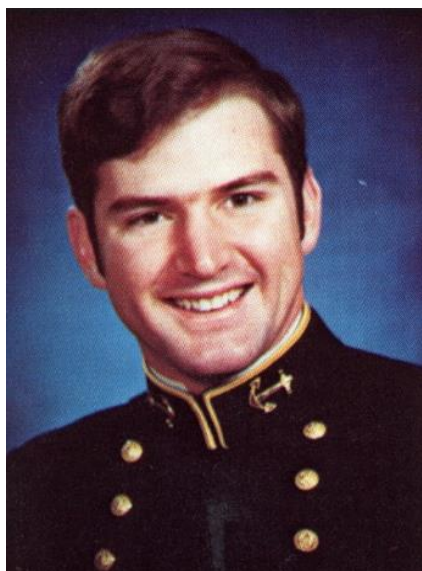
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SHARON LYNN SHEFFIELD - Betty Boop

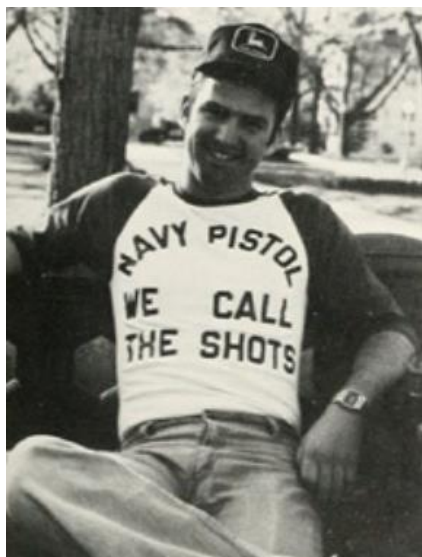
Sharpes, Florida lost one of its best Sheepfields when Sherry came to Navy right out of high school. Once she had her hair curled, however, she became known as wormhead, Li'l Orphan Annie, and most affectionately as Betty Boop. Whenever she was not answering such questions as, "Did you forget to put your finger in the socket this morning? " Sharon was busy throwing birthday parties, making Christmas stockings, playing dominoes, and otherwise raising the professional consciousness of Fighting Five. No genius, this phy-sci major worked hard, but nonetheless saw one summer of Canoe U. Certain Honorary members of 29th Company knew she was one to come to for notes and her infamous memorization jingles. Sharon tried nearly every sport possible before finally letting her natural meanness shine on the fieldball field. Since she was born on Paris Island, it shouldn't have surprised us all so much that Sharon took it to heart when an instructor at Quantico told her that her eyes match the fatigues. Once a Marine, always a Marine!

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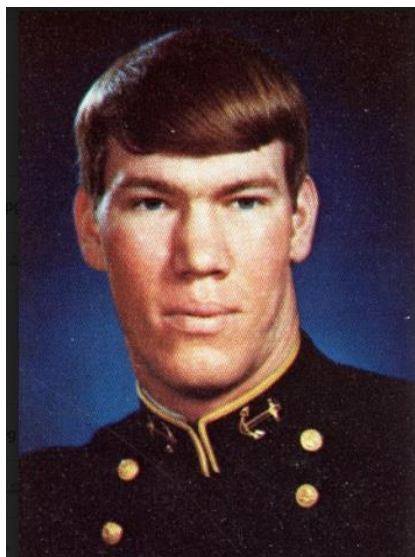


MILES EDWARD HALE - Bucko

After ejecting him to USNA from Santa Cruz, California, Miles' folks moved to Hobbs, New Mexico, and then Albuquerque — but he found them both times (barely!), even trying the tactic on his own roommate. Bucko 's firm-mindedness and singleness of purpose (i.e., stubbornness) led him to prove himself a real bigshot by captaining Navy 's SWAT team to their 4th National victory during his stay. Although almost asked to remain at the Academy because of his unique mental capabilities. Miles obtained his MR degree (Master's Rack), and ended his era of bachelor- hood by luring old Watts-her-name into his revved up VW. Ready to give his views to any mid or State Park policeman, the Toast Wizard was led into an air career, and other paths which he is sure that God has planned for him. But will he enjoy it? " Hey — You bet! " See you in Florida, Bucko — J.K.



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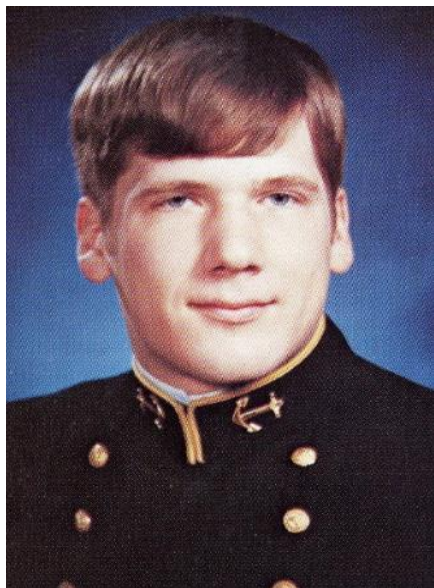


DEREK DEAN MEEK - Deek

Deek came to us from a tiny little town in the northwest corner of Missouri. Don't feel bad though if you've never heard of Tarkio — I think the only people who live there are his folks, his cousins and his grandmother. As a plebe, he was so shy he'd go visiting and the guys often mistook him for a piece of furniture while they were dusting. And this guy was an all-state tackle offense and defense? He drives around in class though — a shiny new Trans Am (only totaled once). Don't ever let him talk you into leaving your car behind and going to a non-existent party over in Odenton or you too might end up walking 15 miles back to school at 3 o'clock in the morning. If there is one thing he's learned here is that you don't use a whole can of shoe polish to polish your boondockers. A whole can? Come on Deek — no wonder they looked like a Hershey bar. Best of luck in the Marine Corps and may you find one in every mudhole, but you gotta leave them plebes alone!!!



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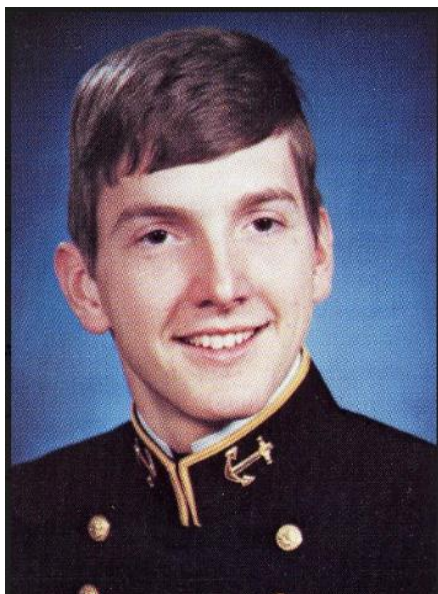


BRADLEY PETERSON - Brad

Brad came to the Boat School out of Pittsburgh on a wing and a prayer. After four years he's adopted the wing and held to his prayer. Knee surgery plebe year altered Brad's plans to play Navy football, but in fighting his way back, he showed us all and himself a special kind of courage. This sort of determination was reflected during Dean's time as Brad's grades in M.E. always seemed to climb. But through his successes. Brad remained dependable and sincere. First class cruise saved him from joining the dolphin gang and he'll be going the other way when he heads for the skies. To the boys in 14, Brad is someone we've been proud to look up to. And look up we will as those Navy wings of gold carry Brad to even greater heights.



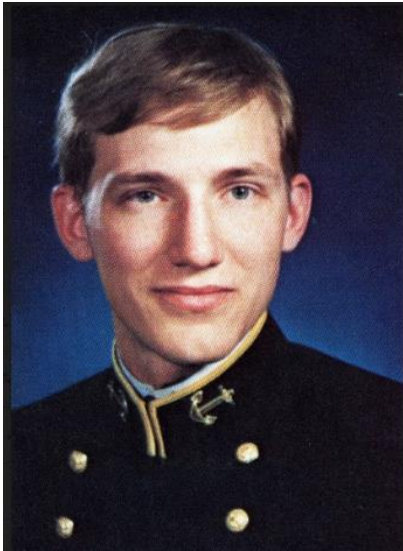
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HANSON DOUGLAS PICKERL - Pick

After a stellar high school record. Pick came to the U.S. Institute of Naval Technology from the sprawling megalopolis of Downers Grove. He immediately established outstanding trends of performance. Hanson's thanks go to Steve Basford and Mike Tryon for their selfless dedication to his development as an " atypical " midshipman. He remembers " Black Wednesday " as the high point of a truly memorable Plebe year. Youngster year found Hanson buried in his physics books, taking time out only for his daily turns on the high bar and for wearing gloves to bed every night. Before long, he decided that the high bar wasn't high enough so he tacked on his silver wings and is working on his driver's license for a " Strato-Cloud." He returned from first class cruise with dolphins in his eyes and on his heart, and with a blue "poopy suit" to cover up his "submarine suntan." Hanson will continue to excel if he can only find a way to have Mom's chow packages delivered to his submarine.

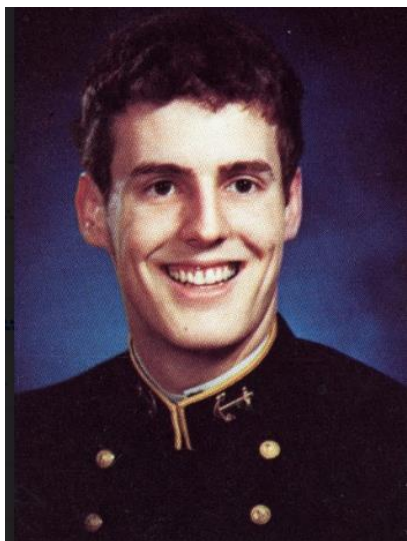




RICHARD AUGUST FLAK - Augi
Tonight God knows what
things may tide the night's
expectant wait wearily paces,
bleary-eyed, racked with
expectant pain, and we who
labored from our mother's
side thrilled with every cry. ”



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DAN WALTER DAVENPORT - D Squared
Dan was a pal, a friend and a peer. He always joked and laughed. He never minded buying the beer, But why did I get the shaft? . . . BAM!!!



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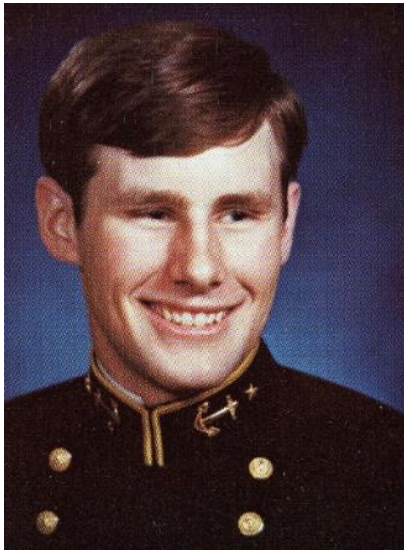


Larry E. Arkley - Kley

Larry “Kley” Arkley provided useful work in preparation for formal room inspections Plebe year . . . his garbage can and dust pan were brassoed, blackened and pledged. He provided daily obstacle during Plebe summer for Sab, whose job was to level Kley's cover. After two years of frustration and anticipation, Kley's dreams were realized when, as a second class, he brought. . . the mean machine to school. His tumultuous ecstasy; however, was toppled by J. Lucy's rejection (not once, but twice!).



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RONALD NEIL THOMPSON - Rat

Rat came cross country to the Naval Academy from Oak Harbor, Wash. Getting his nickname early, because his initials were RNT, Rat saw a major turnaround while at Navy. He managed to struggle through plebe year as a leader in demerits and a loser in academics. Seeing the light soon after though, he became a giver of the gouge and wore stars his remaining three years. Despite his brains. Rat always found time to take life easy. Many an afternoon was spent dozing on the red beach or out at Little Campus slugging down a beer or ten with the boys. His only big weakness was not saving money. After buying new wheels as a youngster, he ended up taking out loans to get himself out of debt. But what the hell? You only live once. Those of us lucky enough to know Rat will never forget him, and Navy Air is getting an excellent man.



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KARL JAMES BUTTERBRODT - Brute
How can a gearhead from upper Wisconsin end up in the Naval Academy? It's easy when your parents fill out the forms and you only sign them! From the start. Brute was in for a unique stay at NAVY. A snuff chewing, black leather jacket wearing hulk, he got off his Harley and his Blizzard snowmobile and into a crew shell for four years. Because of his size, R.C., in a first for crew, took him off of weights and onto the ergometer. Not forgetting his love for speed, he took the Marine Option cruise where he flew high in Hawaii and back into the states in a turbocharged 240-z. Although he missed the Marine Corps selection, he's still going to fly, as a Navy backseat NFO.

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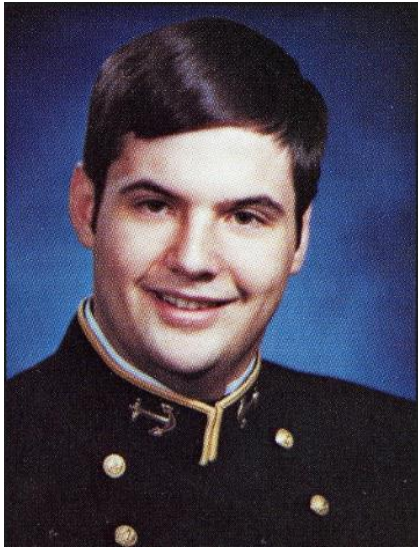


WILLIAM L. ELDER - Hick

Bill " Hick " Elder was the owner of the largest thighs in the first class. Hick was an avid confederate although his hair line was moving north to better display his single ZIT depository. (Don ' t look at the picture, it has been retouched!) He had many " interesting " experiences while under the influence such as; MR. BILL ' S wild ride and " I'm going home NOW! " Batt staff was a relief since it legalized MR. MORNING'S infrequent appearances at morning quarters. As a firstie, he spent Halloween Weekend exploring Bootlip-Caverns. He'll always be remembered with a pinch of dirt between his cheek and gum "because it felt so relaxin' in there. "

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JAMES ALLEN PROSSER - Pross

James " Earl " Prosser left a multitude of friends in Fairfax, VA only to find many more at Canoe U. Beginning with 1-Day his exploits read like a connect-the-dots-storybook. Four years of — Mayaquez — grinning idiot — Boz and the Cotillion — Timmy ' s — Turkey day keggers — Jack-in-the Box — Killington ski trip — sailing — gin and tonic — nagging back problems (How did it happen?) — weekends in Fairfax — Lacrosse — Lucky Bag — beer, beer, more beer — Jaguar XKE — Army-Navy in Philly — Kato — UVA "Let's borrow this car" — Cookie — CW Bridge breakdown — Let's go out for a couple beers — Baltimore's "invisible accomplice" — Chester and Hester — vodka shots, beers, and phone calls — Seattle and The Beach! — experiments at Hood — Goucher College — football games and Mom and Pop tailgaters — Hang gliding — the Library in Fairfax — the blue van — Howie and the " Yard " — Backgammon in the snow — San Diego — the last run at Killington. No one could pack more into 4 years, he will be missed, but watch out world the Baltimore Co-Op lives on!!!!

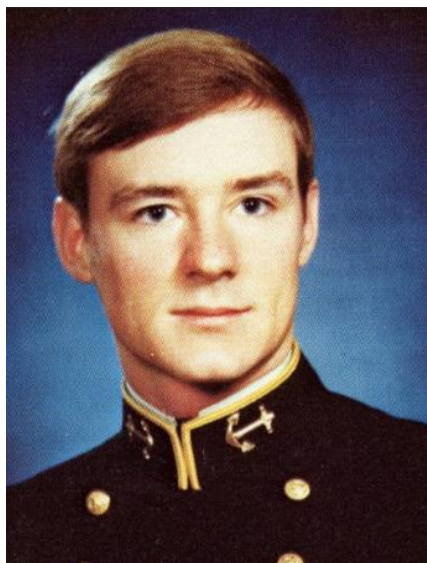
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STEVEN C. HEAD - Steve-O

Steve known as Steve-O by his friends, came from the small hick town of Paris, Texas. With a mighty Texan drawl upon arrival at USNA he soon came around to normal speaking. For his first three years at USNA he was a Varsity Sailor of great potential and ability. His Senior year however, he left sailing for his weekends, fiancée, and a shining career as Company Basketball Coach. Just staying here at USNA was feat for Steve-O, as he watched his two original roommates quit, and join the fun and fantasy of civilian schooling. Steve-O has survived his four years however, and looks forward to his marriage. Graduating as a Physical Science Major, he is looking forward to being a pilot of P-3's. With a sharp mind, quick reflexes and a positive outlook, his future is secure, and he is sure to go far.

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JAMES BRADFORD McGEE

Brad, McGoo, McGeek

Brad came from the small town of Carmel, New York (WHEREINTHEHELLIS Carmel, NY '). He concentrated solely on academics his Plebe Year until he found his true love — computers. Spending nearly all his waking hours at a Tektronix in Rickover Hall, he soon acquired an ability to perform magic with a computer. This magic earned him the Navy Achievement Medal his Youngster Year. Even though Brad spent more time on the computer than he did on academics, he managed to work his way into " Stardom " five out of eight semesters. On a blind date at the end of Youngster Year he met Char. It was tough trying to support both his computer "wife" at the Academy and his girlfriend in Severna Park at the same time, but Char was able to monopolize his weekends. His total unaccountability as MIS Liaison Officer 1/C year improved both relationships. After a quick chat with Rickover, Brad is going to Orlando for NPS Future plans include becoming "fully educated."



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DAVID K MILLER - Deke

To know Deke when he arrived at the Naval Academy and then meet him again at graduation was to know two different people. Deke packed up for the Academy from Oklahoma City, stopping for a year pit stop in Newport R.I. Naps was for Deke though a great year because it was there he met his "dream girl." The picture of D.K. Miller as a plebe then was a mellow, quiet, one-woman man who chose Systems Engineering as his academic challenge. But then came the metamorphosis. By the time youngster year was half over, the dream girl had faded and Deke the "lady's man" emerged. As for being a mellow person if you walked into a crowded party and D.K. was there, you could find him by following the loud voice coming from near the keg and always with a beer in one hand and a girl in the other. Yes, it will be hard to forget about the mellow boy from Oklahoma. I wish him good luck in his Aviation Career though I know if he treats his plane like his women, he can't help but be a success.

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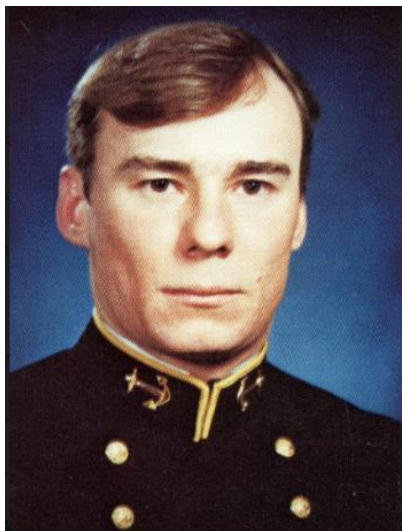
PIERRE HILL - JP

Another face in the crowd, I guess
A little uglier than most
No more, no less BAM!

He was a wild one
But then aren't most hungry kids
Born and raised proper I guess life
just bugged him.
Bernie Taupin



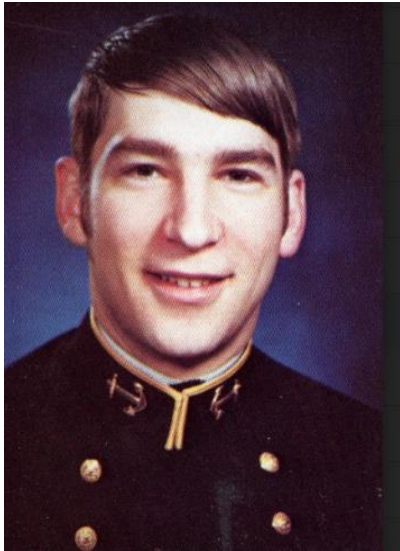
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JAMES W. MCKEE Goo

Goo-Dog stumbled into the hallowed halls of Bancroft after a short summer of hell raising with the boys in Wildwood. Little did he know at that time, he would become quite a legend in his time at the Academy, almost like the "Snake." The legend of Goo-Dog started well before I-Day, and had matured very nicely on 7Jun77 when he was observed by his roommate, leading a young lovely out of the bushes on Memorial Overlook. From this strong affinity for the fairer sex, and his strong dislike for engineering. Goo finally realized by first class year the cost effectiveness of the Yard-Engines. Being an all-star catcher on Stiff's team. Goo had few worries about academics, and he formed his own curve along with Joe Bellino. At this time, the amazing Goo-Dog 's career is very nebulous, but if he is lost. Bill, Drew, Stiff, and the Navy will be at a great loss. "

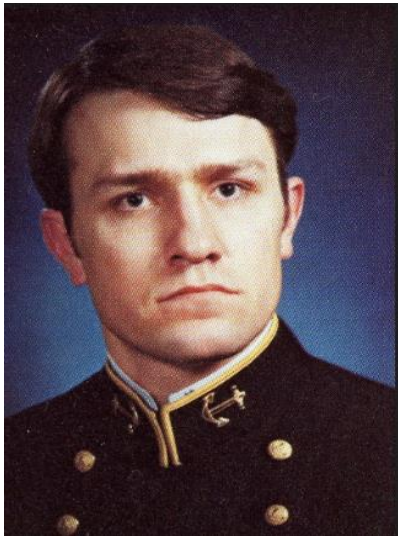
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WILLIAM L BRODHAC - Bro

Bill, a gifted scholar-athlete is his hometown of Lansdale, Pa., came to the academy to earn a degree in Computer Science and to play Navy baseball. However, he soon found out that both goals were futile. USNA had no such academic program and Coach Duff felt Bill would be better off in the intramural program, as he was retired during 2/c year. Bill's ECA's were many and varied, but none were sanctioned by USNA. Besides the 1st wing barbershop he owned and operated. Bill could always be found with a deck of cards, drumming up support for a card game. Yet Bro, now a management major, still maintained a QPR high enough to qualify for the first nuclear draft. Having his heart set on flying, he'll find himself instead driving one of Adm. Rickover's long black boomers. Wherever he goes, we'll always remember his great intensity and dedication (to regs?) to whatever he sets out to do. We all wish him well!

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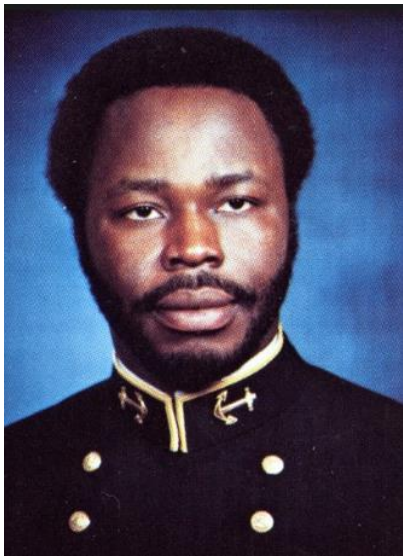


RICHARD HASS MOYER - Hass

Hass made his way to the Academy from the deserts of Southern California. He is well known for his country western wardrobe, Waylon & Willie, and Copenhagen. He seems to also have a strong attraction for older women, preferably over forty and fat. He usually spent his weekends at the Sail Inn seducing these ripe beauties. However, one famous weekend he treated himself and Goo to the pleasures of the Butterfly Haven on 14th street with his Visa card. Hass, being a first semester platoon leader, may have been responsible for the dissention between the other platoon leaders when he snaked them both. His high academic achievements in Marine Engineering are attributed to hard work and plenty of E.I. from his roommate. Hass is destined to become a Nuke puke.



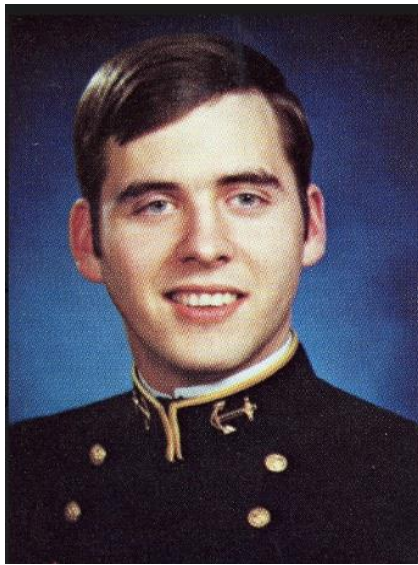
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LARRY I. BURKS – Moose

Larry blew into USNA from Montgomery, Alabama, via NAPS. From those first hectic days though, Larry had girl problems. They just wouldn't leave him alone. He still has that problem. But Larry gets by. When not fighting off the ladies, he could generally be found underneath somebody's car. He was good at it, even though an occasional throw-out bearing took longer than it should have. Academically, despite his end of the year moaning to the contrary, he got by. In sports he shone like a supernova. On the football field especially, he was tough. Many a dent on Farragut Field has a matching dent on some one. Larry is the kind of guy who could cheer you up when you got down, and a hell of a man to have in your corner when you needed it. He will always be remembered by those of us who knew him as a generous, helpful guy with a good sense of humor. Unfortunately, for medical reasons, Larry will not be commissioned, but rest assured he will be successful in whatever he does."

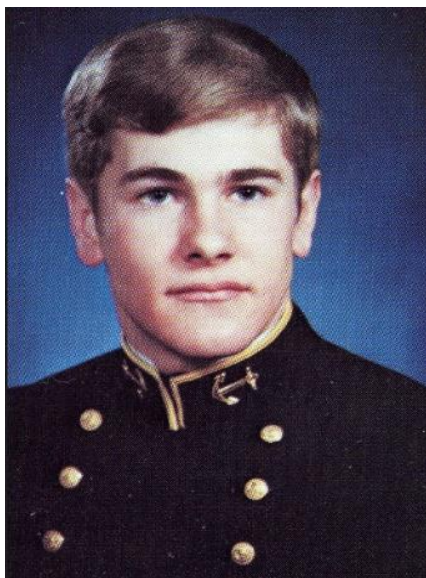
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ALEXANDER SCHWAN III - Big Al

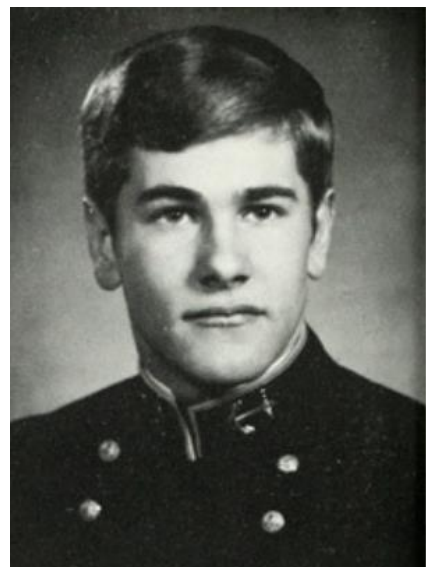
With Big Al, "III" is deceiving — for he is indeed one of a kind! In a company full of characters, Al stood out from the crowd even during Plebe Summer. Al wasn't just a screen; he was much more like a force field. Whether his secret was determination, luck, or sour balls, Al went through a Plebe year that Genghis Kahn would have been scared by, and came out a better man. Boots and his cohorts, responsible for many of the hundreds of demos accrued, were impressed. Between listening to Convy and amazing us with his athletic prowess, Al volunteered his services in many areas. Flying high with the Blue Angels, recruiting at home — he even tried to take our blood! As chairman of the "save the 8 track" committee, many of us almost bought 8 track players so that we could borrow his classic collection of tapes. His blue tank is admired as well — though he won't get much use of it underwater when he graduates. For all he took, and what he gave, we hope he gets his dream farm one day.





BRIAN DAVID PORTER

Brian came to U.S.N.A. from nearby Springfield, VA where he spent his younger years cutting down trees and moving pianos. As soon as his FEET stepped into Bancroft Hall, Brian and the conduct officer became good friends. One brigade performance board, two Class A's, and a bunch of Form 2's developed this strong and handsome young man into a SAD individual. Brian looked forward to weekends so that he could polish up on his boxing techniques or bring his rabbit foot "Q" and meet one of the many young women in the area. A super individual who always lends a helping hand, Brian plans on being a Marine and eventually getting a job with his buddies at the Annapolis Police Department!



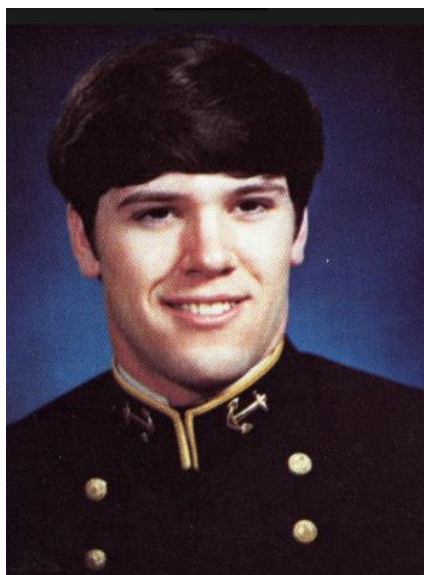
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KENNETH BEACH HALL – K.B.

Ken came to us from landlocked Detroit. He hoped to major in sailing and minor in long distance running but USNA changed all his values. Forced to open a few books, he became known as a light studier and a hard sleeper, his grades reflect a strong effort, but those of you who know him, know better. Owning the Du Car 1/c year made Ken very popular on Friday and very low on gas on Saturdays. Serving Wardroom President and Navy Hockey timer proves Ken ' s willingness to get involved, a trait future wife Carol hopes will remain social in nature. Ken ' s dream of the future is five year under Adm Rickover and a lifetime job as a taste tester for the Mars Candy Bar Company.





RICHARD JAMES CHUDAY JR. - Chu Chu left the skirts of Philiy, namely Cinnaminson NJ, and via the "wild" shores of Jersey, landed at the Academy gates. Being the offspring of an Alumnus, Oick naturally excelled Plebe year - spending most of his time at "special" come arounds held every Friday night in the "Penthouse" where card playing and alcoholic beverages were the main "Topics" . Rich came to the Academy determined to be a success, and a success he was. Rich excelled on the athletic fields, playing soccer until an injury forced an early retirement. He then put his ever growing "size" and ability to use on the intramural fields, where he could be seen (when not in the rack) "eliminating" opponents one at a time. Surprisingly enough, as the years buzzed by, Dick's academic prowess also improved — despite the oblivious state he was in on most weekends. This three year member of the Penthouse will no doubt start looking for a ride to Pensacola immediately following Graduation.



CHARLES LESLIE MEYERS – Dr. Bogard

Dr. Bogard, Eddie 's older brother, slid into USN from the bustling metropolis of Pemberton, NJ! From day one, he showed more glide in his stride, even while he was lost. Dr. B was saved from Plebe Year by Var. FB; in which he earned three Letters. Academics were his repertoire — as the AC BOARD agreed — three times. Summers were never boring for the Dr., because he never went anywhere; preferring instead to work on his Masters' and Trident Projects during the hot months. First there was Doug, Fitz, Galp, Lef, Lum, and Joel. He was finally adopted by Sloman and Slotis, and from that Trio emerged the Love Grotto. His first love was the Bad MO-CHINE, The Z-28, complete with autopilot to Hood, where he met his second love PD. Dr. Bogard was always found with a smile on his face and a good word for his classmates. He is easy to like — six foot and 204 lbs.. Who would argue? Barney, Holiday Bowl, Slo Bo & Mo restrict in the snow. Love Backgammon with V. Have to be seriously GQ, 7 Batt. It was tough, I made it. Thank You Lord, Megalater!!!





LESLIE MARTIN HAHN – Mar-tie

L. Martin Hahn came to USNA, via NAPS, from Connecticut, and quickly endeared himself to Micks and the boys during Plebe Summer. A firm believer in the God of 2.0, Mar-tie started out in Marine Engineering, but soon got realistic (like the rest of us) and switched to General Engineering and lots of weekends. Between bouts with the rack monster and brew-ha-ha, Marty had a habit of throwing things at people, namely pennies, shoes, and buckets of floor wax. As well as being a bagger 's bagger, he was also a ladies ' man, going through more girlfriends than anyone else in the company during our four years together. So, to the Barber of 5-0, we wish fair winds and following seas, because he'll need them if he runs into his old buddy RLC, aka Jaws. Whatever service selection he makes, both Marty ' s and the Navy ' s futures are bright. ”

