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Dear 'mates, The Tidewater contingent of the Flower Children held a great *Fair Winds and Following Seas* party for Jacalyn and **Craig Quigley.** Craig and Jacalyn left the heat and humidity of Virginia for the desert heat of Las Vegas. **David Penman** reports.

"Thanks to **Pete Squicciarini** and his wife Anne, who took us out on their boat *Privateer* for a wonderful "three hour tour" of the Norfolk harbor and surrounding waters. We enjoyed good food, good drinks, and of course—great company. Jan and **Dave Duffie**, Beth and **Bill McGloon**, **Mark Klett**, and **Rick Schwarting** 

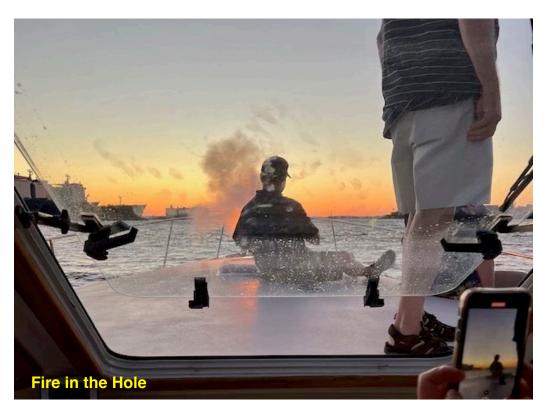


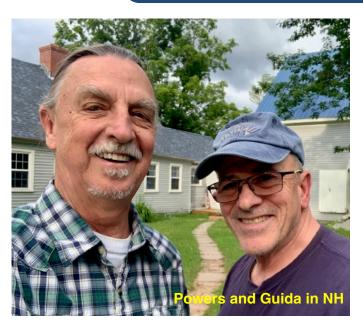




joined the Squicciarinis, the Quigleys, and Gail and me. There were a few sea stories shared, and Pete allowed some folks

to take the helm — but only if you had your SWO pin! Later, so that I wouldn't be left out, they did let this Field Artillery Officer pull the lanyard on one of our several "farewell" cannon shots. All-in-all a fabulous night, which made for great memories."





Near the end of a two-week trip to New Hampshire hiking the Appalachian Trail, Denis Powers squeezed in a side trip to see **Bob Giuda** in the small town of Warren, NH. It is a little slice of heaven tucked into the mountains. No stoplights, maybe one stop sign. Bob lives in an 18th century farmhouse that he's been adding to and fixing up for the last 20+ years. Denis and Bob had a great visit and got all caught up over dinner in town before Denis headed home the next morning. This particular section of the AT was particularly heinous and seriously kicked ass. Denis will finish Maine in July-August and declare victory. He started sectionhiking the trail in 2010 while still working completing 150-200 miles per year (sometimes less) with a weeklong hike in the spring and another in the fall. After New Hampshire, he had about 280

miles to finish. Maine will be a real graduation hike: very remote, buggy, few resupply points, more mountains, many river fordings, and then Mt. Katahdin to finish (gawd!). Powers plans to "power through" the pain.

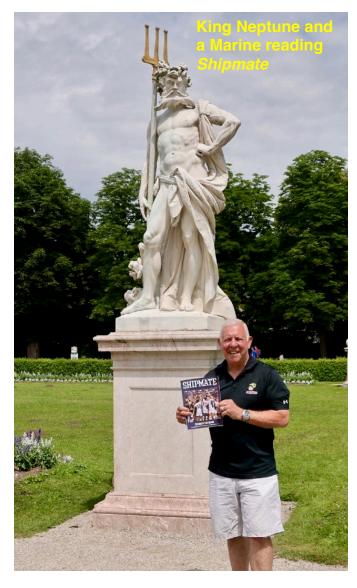
Mark Lambright sent a photo from 11th company's annual long weekend at the Indianapolis 500. They have been ticket holders so long (1980) that their seats are among the best at t h e motor speedway. In the photo — Mark Disney (top), Mark Lambright, Frank Kearney, Don Moorehead, Evan Ryan (Les' son), Pete Ortiz, and Les Ryan.



A welcome contribution from **Alex Plechash**: [Scribe's note: It's about time Alex!]

"It's been a long time since I submitted something for Shipmate. My life is still full of adventure ... maybe too much, in that I haven't found the time to craft a note. I was dutifully reminded of that when reading our Class News in the June issue, in which our Class Secretary lamented the dearth of items in the gouge locker. In the picture I'm holding that very issue when I was traveling in Europe in June. I was inspired to pull it out when I came across a statue of Neptune on the grounds of the Nymphenburg Palace outside of Munich. I made the trip to check off three bucket list items — the primary one being to attend the Passion Play in Oberammergau. It occurs only once every ten years (although this one was postponed twice due to COVID).

Speaking of bucket lists, I have been maintaining one for about ten years. It includes not only places to go but things to do (e.g., do a Ted Talk). I will likely never be able to check off everything, but I am working on them bit by bit between all my current obligations — which include being actively engaged as an executive recruiter and routinely having to race off to the firehouse as an active member of our town's fire department. I am in my second term on the Wayzata, MN city council. I turned down



running for mayor in the last election but I am seriously considering it at the end of this term. I was privileged to have been elected as a member of the Republican National Committee (168 members—three from each state and territory in addition to the District of Columbia).

I attended the GPS Defense Sniper School outside of Phoenix last year. The classmate in the photo with me is West Point '83. He was former 82<sup>nd</sup> Airborne. Although the school wasn't structured to be a competition, per se, it couldn't help but be competitive. I (figuratively) blew him away during training, happy to say. The pinnacle for me was the last day when I challenged myself to



find and range the longest distance target in the desert — 1550 yards. I said "Let's do this!" and got down into a prone position. Dialing in the elevation I thought was appropriate (an art at that distance) and getting a wind call (even more of an art) from my instructor who was an experienced sniper in Iraq and Afghanistan, I put into practice all I had learned and gently squeezed the trigger. Happy to say I hit dead center of the silhouette target on the first trigger pull and followed it up with a second shot within six inches of the first. Ever the Marine. My next military style adventure is a tactical carbine course in August. Next year, I am planning to attend the Navy-Notre Dame game in Ireland along with Patrick Sullivan, a dear friend and

former All American fullback from our undefeated Class 6A Illinois state championship football team in high school. We plan to travel around Ireland a bit with his son and hit some golf courses. After that, it will be an extended photographic safari in Africa ... another longstanding bucket list item."

Well, this is an easy job when classmates do all the work! Here's a fearless July 25th prediction — NAVY football will be 3-1 when you read this column in October. I called it first!

75 Sir! Larry