

chocolate bars. Edgar taught me how to “break down” and then build them up again. I never got them to have the same mirror finish that his shoes had, but I tried. And I remember him asking me this question:

“Do you know what the Marine Corps used to shine shoes before Kiwi?”

“No,” sez I.

“Nothing!” sez Edgar.

Another life lesson.

And he gave me another lesson that Plebe Summer that I have never forgot. It was about perseverance, or pain tolerance, or whatever.

Remember how the whole Class had to muster for come-arounds out on Farragut Field? (If you are reading this and are saying “What’s a come-around?”. See NOTE above). It was like 0530 or something. The Upper Classmen would run us for what seemed like hours in the heat and humidity. The worst exercise for me was the “bear crawls”. I hated them. And I was S-L-O-W. And, of course, I felt sorry for myself (you didn’t have to get up at 0530 at UCLA ROTC and do bear crawls). It was too much; it was unfair; it was pointless; it was demeaning, you see, and I deserved better. And then I looked to my right, and there was Edgar, doing his bear crawls, with tears streaming down his face (I didn’t know until much later that he had a bad back, something he hid from the Academy, I was told). And he was passing me, and I wasn’t hurting at all, except for my pride.



Ed after a “Shower Party”

So I learned what perseverance was that day, and I didn’t learn it in a lecture. I learned it from Edgar.

And then another lesson Ed taught me Plebe Summer was all

about – well, I’m not sure exactly, but here is what happened.

One hot and humid morning we were out on Farragut Field in our White Works with leggings, boon-dockers, bayonet belt – the whole sorry, uncomfortable rig. And, of course, we were all toting our 13.6 lb. M1 Garand .30 caliber semi-automatic rifles (“This is my rifle, this is my gun...”). And we were doing squad drills – I forget what they were called. But they were unfair, pointless and demeaning (you get my drift). And for whatever reason, or for no reason at all, Midshipman Second Class (and later MGEN USMC) **Harold Mashburn** decided that our performance was not up to his impossibly high standards. And so, for the next few (it felt like days) hours, we ran – not walked, mind you – ran around Farragut Field at high port arms (or some such). Nine times. I say again: We ran around Farragut Field NINE TIMES. I know, because I counted every miserable lap. And after about five minutes, we were straggling all over the place. And I was exhausted, demoralized, and ready to quit. And then suddenly I heard the soft, dulcet tones (NOT!) of Edgar booming out “C’mon Jimmie!” And I looked over my shoulder, and there was Edgar with one arm around **Jimmie Lemaster** and the other arm carrying two 13.6 lb. M1 Garand .30 caliber semi-automatic rifles.

And so there he was, doing all that for – Jimmie Lemaster? Yes, indeed. What can I say. Edgar was willing to do that for him. I don’t think I ever saw a greater example of – what? Leadership? A sense of duty? What was it? Whatever it was, I just knew that Edgar had it and I did not.

Speaking of a booming voice, there are three sounds that I associate with our time at the Academy:

1. The Reveille Bell (One long and thirteen short, in case anyone has forgotten);
2. The clock tower bell on Mahan Hall; and,
3. Edgar calling cadence for 7th Platoon during Plebe Summer.

Now, no disrespect intended to Smitty, Thorne and Dave, but as far as having a “command voice”, well,

you guys may have had the stripes, but Edgar had the voice. Did he ever. So, if and when we get to muster again as a full platoon someday in the far, distant future along with Ed, Wally and Greg (and I am counting on The Reverend Doctor Borderud to use his influence to see that it happens), then I expect Edgar to call the cadence if we are called upon to march somewhere. It could happen. You never know.



The caption written by a Classmate: “Ed Jatho and Pat Henry after rolling in the mud after a thunderstorm. Both are going Marine Corps. When it started to rain they put on their utilities and jumped in the mud. You have to be nuts to join the Corps, anyway.”

And one final remembrance about Edgar. I don’t know how much material success Ed enjoyed after he left the Service. A lot, I hope, but it doesn’t really matter now. One thing that I do know, however, is that he was especially successful in probably the most important “career” of all: being a father.

You see, I had the great privilege of meeting Edgar III a few years back when I was in Hawaii in transit to WESTPAC. I made contact with him and spent a very enjoyable evening with him and his wife at their home. The main course, of course, was stories about Ed. And there were plenty. And plenty of laughter, just as there will be the next time we gather to remember and reminisce.

I don’t know if Ed was a prayerful man, but somewhere along the line he must have said the same prayer that I said – the prayer that Gen. Douglas Mac Arthur wrote when he was going to be a father. Here it is:

“Build me a son, O Lord, who will be stroing enough to know when he is weak, and brave enough to face himself when he is afraid; one who will be

proud and unbending in honest defeat, and humble and gentle in victory.

“Build me a son whose wishes will not take the place of deeds; a son who will know Thee—and that to know himself is the foundation stone of knowledge.

“Lead him, I pray, not in the path of ease and comfort, but under the stress and spur of difficulties and challenge. Here let him learn to stand up in the storm; here let him learn compassion for those who fail.

“Build me a son whose heart will be clear, whose goal will be high, a son who will master himself before he seeks to master other men, one who will reach into the future, yet never forget the past.

“And after all these things are his, add, I pray, enough of a sense of humor, so that he may always be serious, yet never take himself too seriously. Give him humility, so that he may always remember the simplicity of true greatness, the open mind of true wisdom, and the meekness of true strength.

“Then I, his father, will dare to whisper, ‘I Have not lived in vain.’”

Every father prays that he will raise a son who is better than himself. I succeeded beyond my wildest dreams. I suspect Edgar felt the same way.

Edgar did not live in vain.

Semper Fi, Ed. Thanks for the lessons, the laughter and the friendship. Rest in peace.

That’s it for this month, folks. Have a great summer! More to come. D.O.

Tried and True With ‘72.

'73

Life Membership: 65%

Donor Participation: 8.31%

Pres: **Kevin Callahan**

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Hello everyone! I hope you are having a great summer. This should get to you about the time for the 45th Reunion. I hope you will share many updates, pictures and memories. This edition is going to be a bit unusual. As I write it several events

73/73 CLASS NEWS

have not happened but by the time you read this it should be August and hopefully the events did happen.

I received some sad news from **Mark Kohring** that **Rod Shockley** has passed away. Mark sent me the following input about Rod and also our African American classmates that I want to share with you;

✉ "The Dirty Duzen (Class of 1972) and the Wild Bunch (Class of 1973) met for their 2018 annual reunion in Knoxville the weekend of May 4-6. Your first reaction (as mine was when I learned of this gathering) is probably, "Who are these guys?" I think they were originally known as the "1 percenters" who were the African-American members who graduated, 12 in each class, or about 1 percent of our class. Ten years ago, the Dirty Duzen ('72) started getting together each year at the home of one of the members and they reached out to the Wild Bunch ('73) who have been meeting with them since. Through the reunion host, **A. B. Coleman '72**, I learned of the July 2017 death of Rodney Shockley, the first member of the 8th Company to pass away (obituary scheduled to be in the June issue of Shipmate). Marsha and I were honored with an invitation to attend the reunion Saturday evening dinner dance which featured a "dedication/prayer/meditation" for the three deceased members of the group. I was asked to deliver a eulogy for Rod, the most recent member lost to the great beyond. The following is an excerpt from the eulogy: I'd like to tell you about two reminiscences I have of Rod and his interactions with others; one during plebe year and the other during first class year. The events of these recollections served to shape my admiration for this classmate. I'm sure you remember the warning we heard incessantly from the second class during the summer of 1969. "If you think Plebe Summer is bad, just wait until...the BRIGADE COMES BACK." We had heard some horror stories about our firsties; the day after Labor Day, we found out they hadn't been exaggerated. I distinctly remember the "chow call" just before evening meal

formation the night before academic year in 1969 began. Rod had the assignment at the end of the hallway close to my room. He began, "Sir, you have ten minutes until evening meal formation. The menu for evening meal is..." The next words I heard were from the firsties who lived directly across the hall and included some racial slurs and some serious berating and bullying in Rod's face as he continued with his chow call. Rod somehow was able to keep his cool and finish his chow call. I don't know what he did when he got back to his room. But I do know that Rod Shockley always appeared to be in control of himself and became a quiet leader within our class.

Fast forward to first class year. Rod was assigned to be the 8th Company sub-commander during spring set. **Scott Haney**, the new Company Commander, was exempt from P-rades due to track. So Rod was delegated the responsibility to lead the 8th Company on Worden Field. And he did a commendable job! No, we didn't win colors but we consistently performed well in the graded P-rades. Rod took his job seriously and he didn't put up with any guff. He had earned our respect for his leadership and we, the other firsties, made sure he was treated with respect from the other classes. As I said earlier, Rod had become a quiet leader within our class. Jim Gordon, Rod's roommate, added the following tribute: I'm guessing it happens to most of us: the first passing of a member of your company. For me, it was the early death of my roommate, Rodney Shockley. We were roommates from I-Day until graduation. His nickname was "Sideways," a nickname given to Rodney describing how he went up and down stairs at Bancroft Hall simply because his feet were so big he had to traverse "sideways." "Sideways" grew up in Salem, New Jersey, a million miles from Mayberry. Details are sketchy about his Salem days, but at some point, he became focused on the military, hence his attendance at the Marine Military Academy prior to the Naval Academy.

Sideways, like most of us, was a combination of pragmatist, realist, and survivalist. I'm not sure if he found aviation or if aviation found him, but it was a great bond that lasted nearly 40 years. He achieved a feat rarely accomplished these days by aviators. He stayed in the cockpit for his entire career and stayed out of the newspapers. Not bad for a young man from Salem, New Jersey, a million miles from Mayberry.

Sideways, I salute you, your family, your accomplishments, and your contributions to our society. When we meet at the big Steerage in the Sky some sweet youngster afternoon, we'll catch up. I'll bring the jack and coke; you bring the music, preferably some Mayfield, Flack, and Hayes.

It was great to catch up with the "Wild Bunch" members of the Class of 1973 and to be a member of their group for an evening. Thanks for allowing me to honor our classmate, Rod "Sideways" Shockley."



Left to right: "73's Wild Bunch" Bill Evans, James "Soup" Campbell, Bobby Watts, Wayne Kennard, Larry Jones, Mark Kohring

Mark, Thank you for the great input. It's a reminder of some great members of the Class. Rod's Last Call is scheduled to appear in the June 2018 edition of Shipmate.

Paul Ryan our Class Tailgate Coordinator provided the following info;

✉ Jim, Please include in the next Shipmate the lineup for the Navy home games this fall. We typically have 50 classmates plus guests under the class tent at each game. Tailgate hosting rotates among the various warfare communities and is as follows;

Sept 8 vs Memphis: Staff Corps (Supply, CEC, JAG, Meteorology, Medical, etc). **Mike Kalas** is lead.

Sept 15 vs Lehigh: Potluck
Oct 13 vs Temple: Aviators and SWOs. **Tom Kilcline** is lead.
Oct 20 vs Houston: Submariners. **Paul Ryan** is lead.

Nov 17 vs Tulsa: Marines. **Rich Kramlich** is lead.

If you're planning to come from out of town, please contact your warfare host to see how you can help. Paul also told me that after 45 years of working he's "retiring" from full time employment.

On to other news. I have learned during my years as class secretary and writing inputs for *Shipmate* I can count on three events; The 9th Company Dark Ages party at the Golya's, the 7th Company Sea Dog cruises and the 28th Company Golf Tournament. The 9th Company Dark Ages Party was in February but, unfortunately I do not have any pictures to pass on. I received the following from Brian Rich on the 7th Company Sea Dogs latest cruise;

✉ "Jim, For the third time, the 7th Company Seadogs '73 have gone to sea - on a cruise ship. After an Advance Det party in Ft Lauderdale, we were piped aboard the Celebrity Reflection in February. As seen below, our good friends Lee & Sharon Gurke, both Captain's USN (Ret.), joined Cheryl & **Steve Kunkle**, Janet Gandy & **Brian Rich**, Helen & **Chuck Trahan** and Leslie & **Michael DeManss** as we set the Sea & Anchor Detail and headed out for the southern Caribbean. We were blessed with great weather, mostly smooth seas, and 12 days of historically accurate sea stories which get better with every retelling. The two Naval Aviators were able to explain things like buoys, tides, celestial navigation and seamanship to the other communities aboard. Since three of the five wives were also retired Naval Officers, the entire ship became aware of the Seadogs and their ladies."

Thanks Brian for the great input and re-affirming everyone really wants to be a SWO! I asked Brian what he was doing these days and received back"; Life is good here in Jupiter, Florida. I have been retired for almost 10 years now from being a Captain at American Airlines, I have



'73: 27th Company Sea Dogs on their latest cruise!

no idea how I ever had time to go to work before retirement. My wife Janet Gandy (CDR, USN ret) and I have been on 25 cruises and have been lucky to have the time to spoil our 8 grandchildren. We see other 7th Company Seadogs as often as possible, and in fact Jacky & **Andy Mechling** and Lynn & **Jim Beltz** will be stopping by tomorrow for a quick visit.

I am approaching my limit for this edition so you are going to have to wait until the next edition to hear about the 28th Company Golf Outing. Trust me; Its "Good stuff"! Remember, Good things come to those who wait! I think that was in *Reef Points*.

A Service of Committal at the Columbarium for **George Kerlek** is scheduled/was held on 18 June 2018. I will pass on any additional information I receive.

I hope you have a great time at the re-union and send along some pictures and memories. As always, Go Navy and Semper Fi! General

'74

Life Membership: 58%
Donor Participation: 4.37%

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Summer time, and the livin' is easy...

Last week I saw a news story about the plebes climbing a greased

Herndon Monument. This time of year always brings a feeling of optimism to me, reflecting what it was like to reach June Week, with the anticipation of the summer on the horizon, training programs in the real Navy, 30 days leave, and the fresh start that lay ahead for all, regardless of what class you were in.

I hope by the time you read this the Midwest, South, East and Northeast have finally dried out. I can't remember when the east half of the country has had such extreme weather so consistently through the winter and spring. But one of our classmates recently made the most of a break in the storms and got out on the golf course. **Steve Jasper** (6th Co.) was playing his home course of Ford's Colony in Williamsburg, VA (Steve lives on the 15th fairway there) when he achieved what all golfers dream about; his first hole-in-one. My thanx to **Rich Johnson** (27th Co.) and wife Sarah for sending out the word, and to **Rich Vizzier** (17th Co.) for forwarding. (Those of you who read these pages know that all class-related information that leaves the Tidewater area goes through Viz. He keeps everyone informed and coordinates the many activities going on in southwest Virginia. In fact, he's so good at doing that, that someone might want to nominate Viz to take over Class Secretary duties at our 45th reunion next year.) Anyway,

my congratulations to Steve on his golfing milestone.



Steve Jasper - Hole-in-One

While on the subject of golf, The May edition of the San Diego area Monthly Dose of '74 convened in Coronado last week. Clockwise from the left, attendees included: Me, **Jay Wells** (16th Co.), **Jim Crowder** (2nd Co.), **David Topolewski** (31st Co.), **Paul Salerni** (7th Co.), **Bob Foltyn** (34th Co.), **Tim Rastok** (19th Co.), **Frank Chabza** (32nd Co.), **Evan Rasmussen** (26th Co.), **Stu Cvrk** (10th Co.) and **Gary Leupold** (4th Co.). Gary was a first-timer at the lunch. After his career as a Marine Chopper Pilot, he retired in Vista, just 20 miles north of San Diego. It was our good fortune that he recently ran into JJ Quinn, who told him about the monthly lunches and got his contact info to Stu Cvrk. We hope to see Gary frequently at the Monthly Dose.

And speaking of Stu Cvrk, Stu does a wonderful job at keeping everyone in the San Diego area up to date on activities and general information. In fact, he's so good at doing that, that someone might want to nominate Stu to take over Class Secretary duties at our 45th reunion next year.)

In what is becoming a bit of a tradition, **Mike Donovan** (26th Co.) and I met for a round of golf which is always a great time. But as you may recall, Mike was elected to the Coronado City Council about a year and a half ago, and council duties prevented him from joining us for lunch last week.

Jim Diehl (24th Co.) wrote to say he is getting ready to retire from his government service job, and he was wondering who the last call member would be still actively service Uncle Sam. He remembered that **Mugs McGraw** (31st Co.) and **Steve Gilmore** (17th Co.) were still working at NAVSPECWARCOM in San Diego. But through further research discovered that **Don Loren** (26th Co.) recently took over duties at the VA as Assistant Secretary for Operations, Security, and Preparedness.

From the "Truth is Stranger than Fiction File," my company mate **John Westerheid** (8th Co.) flew into Sanford Florida in April to attend his nieces wedding. An uncle of the groom, one **Scott Stith** (26th Co.) performed the ceremony. After serving as a Marine Pilot, Scott went on to divinity school and became the Rev. Scott Stith.



'74: Monthly Dose of '74