LOOK OUT FLEET, HERE THEY COME—

COMMISSIONING CLASS OF 1984

PLUS:
- AN INSIDE LOOK AT SHIP SIMULATORS — PG. 10

- HOW TO SURVIVE ON CRUISE: A BEGINNER’S GUIDE — PG. 10
RETIRING CO
SPEAKS OUT

The 1983-84 school year has been busy and challenging for us all. There is good reason for you to look back with pride upon your endeavors throughout this year. The amount of time and effort expended by the majority of the battalion is reason enough to feel a certain amount of accomplishment and satisfaction. If you had any doubts at the beginning of winter term, I'm sure you now agree that the NROTC program demands and expects quality effort from its midshipmen and officer candidates.

Quality isn't an accident and neither is outstanding performance. Self-sacrifice and a burning desire to succeed are the key ingredients to a program of which other units are rightly envious. For those of you who continue with our program, feel assured that you will be among the best-trained junior officers in U.S. Navy and U.S. Marine Corps.

Next fall's activities bring new challenges and new growth opportunities. Many of you will help plan and lead these activities, it would be my hope that you give Mr. Manring and his staff the same support you have given me throughout the year.

I owe a great deal of thanks to the outgoing battalion staff for their continued hard work and leadership throughout the year.

I look forward to serving with the Oregon State graduates in the upcoming years.

Respectfully Submitted,
Dominic Pynes, BNCO

NEW BATTALION
COMMANDER
DOESN'T
SPEAK OUT

It is customary at this point for the new BNCO to offer up his thoughts about the challenges ahead and the great talent within the unit. However, in this case the new kid on the block is in the unique position of being editor of the unit mouthpiece.

If you read your Albatross, you'll find in it what I have to say. And the message isn't in code.

A quick glance through the pages shows one thing — we do a lot around here. The programs here, the teams and activities, are very special, and merit the support you give them. Look at the enthusiasm they generate throughout the battalion.

The Albatross is a reflection of that spirit that endures rain, midterms, exhaustion, and even an occasional defeat.

And it is that same spirit that earned us the title of "Best in the West and all the Rest." The Tri-Service Review, team changes of staff, the field trips and Ring Dance clearly show that not only do we do things, but we do them well.

As for the rest of the story . . . it's up to you to read about. But most of you already live it.

COLONEL'S
CORNER

The 1983-84 school year has ended and you are all anxious for the diversions of summer. I know you all join me in congratulating those who have completed their education and are being commissioned. If you ask them, midshipmen or ECPs, they will probably tell you that what seemed like a long time in prospect seems to have passed quickly. I know the excitement they feel about their future and envy them the experiences they will enjoy.

This has been a very good year for the Battalion. It is stronger in every way than it was at the beginning of the year. Every team has enjoyed its measure of success. We made a particularly strong showing at Northwest Navy and laid the groundwork for an even better performance next year. The academic performance of the battalion, as a whole, was improved over last year. The ECPs and MECPs have entered fully into the life of our Unit and have added their strength and enthusiasm to all we do. The returning classes all impress me with their strength, dedication and enthusiasm. Present indications are that the incoming Rookie Class will be somewhat larger than last year's and will start with a greater percentage on scholarship. I believe all of these things augur well for the 1984-85 year.

On the sad side we will miss a few familiar faces. Major Myers, Lieutenant Cheeseman and Petty Officer Robertson (Robby) are returning to the Fleet. Lieutenant Cee is going to give civilian life a try. Commander Burlason has reached the end of a long and distinguished career and will commence a well earned retirement.

In actuality, I suspect it will be a busy second career. I know you all join me in wishing them fair winds and following seas, all the best for the future. Of course we will have some new faces aboard who will ably pick up the load. Lieutenant Dave Darnell is already with us, Major Doyle Hensley will be with us by the first of July and we expect soon to see orders for a nuclear power qualified submariner to complete the staff for next year.

I'll think of you all this summer. Enjoy it until Fall — It's going to be the best year yet at "The Best in the West and the Rest".

SENIOR SEMINAR

A time for the seniors to express any concerns, anxieties, questions, hopes, comments, desires, wants, . . . about what lies in store for them after they get commissioned this June, actually a time to get rained on. This is what faced the seniors this weekend as they all made their way to the beach for the annual event.

Once the final site was located, the seniors broke up into their warfare specialties and with a qualified staff member, spent an hour or so discussing what to expect when they hit the fleet. While most of the Navy types stayed under cover, the hearty Marine Options went out into the torrential elements for a two-mile forced march and rap session.

After the sessions were over, the real purpose of the day took over . . . the bar-b-que and good times! Under the expert tutelage of Chef Jim NEES and Chef Brian TANSEY, as well as sauce-man Jeff DENNY, the seniors were treated to some of the best bar-b-que chicken, hot dogs, corn-on-the cob and beans ever eaten this side of Waco, Texas. The food and beverage was plentiful, and no one was turned away from the ever-plentiful grill.

With the wane of our time here at OSU, we, the seniors, have developed into a close-knit group and this chance to spend some time together was appreciated by all. Even with the rain, Senior Seminar was a success.

MIDN 1/C J. E. NEES
PFT

Saturday, 28 April 1984, was a cool, cloudy, and damp morning. It seemed like the perfect morning to hold the Spring PFT. Everyone appeared energetic and anxious to get started. I even shaved before going to the Unit — a rarity on Saturday.

A couple changes were in the works, though. First of all, the order of events was changed. The pull-ups and arm-hang were first, followed by sit-ups, and finally the run. Seems like some people thought that doing the sit-ups first reduced their pull-up output, so everyone wrangled out as many pull-ups or seconds above the bar as their bodies would tolerate, one question kept flashing through my mind — "What was the other change in store for us today?"

After struggling through two minutes of sit-ups, my question was answered.

"It seems that MIDN 2/C Mark Henderson had run the run earlier than everyone else and found it to be short by about one-eighth of a mile. So that distance was tacked onto the end of the run, and everything was now in line. So, as the PFT team, who had run the PFT on Friday afternoon, officiated the course, the run commenced. Most of the runners were not affected by the slight change, and most everyone finished in good shape.

Congrats go to those midshipmen who scored 275 or more: MIDN 1/C Bowers, Holdener, Richardson, Pynees, and Cady; MIDN 2/C Henderson, Russnogle, Washabaugh, Wenzel, Heefter, and Sharp; MIDN 3/C Arnold, Brogan, Day, Dorman, Grant, Kraus, Larkin, and Mazza; MIDN 4/C Dyer, Osborne, Pulicella, Smietanski, Spilsbury, Traffas, Trautwein, and White; and OC Vasquez. Special recognition goes to MIDN Cady, Henderson, Russnogle, Sharp, Traffas, and Trautwein for pushing their bodies to a perfect score of 300.

The battalion averaged 222.8 for the PFT. A good job overall. It seems that you should not quit staying in shape now and wait until one week before the next one to get back in stride. Keep working out regularly, if you did not meet your goals, keep trying. If you met your goals, set higher goals to strive for. Keep working on that 300. It probably is a great feeling."

MIDN 4/C A. R. BARKMAN

MOFT

The MOFT this year was fun, yet it also had its strenuous moments. On Monday, March 19th, we boarded a Marine Corps DC-9 In the air, we were greeted by the crew. On the plane were midshipmen from the University of Washington, University of Minnesota, and Southern Louisiana University. Our contingent consisted of Major Myers, Gunnery Sergeant COAN, MIDN 3/C J. P. Day, D. S. Scott, and MIDN 4/C J. J. Bonner, E. A. Carlson, D. M. Heath, M. A. Phillips and C. F. Swanson, as well as Army ROTC member J. Martin.

We landed at MCAS El Toro and proceeded to Infantry Training Center San Onofre in Camp Pendleton. In the barracks we learned the intricacies of Marine life, such as hospital corners, lights out, and short sheeting. Those unfamiliar with early mornings found out that PT can make you wake up, especially with the Major and Gunny leading. One such morning was spent assaulting an affectionately named mountain close to the barracks.

Chow was a relief to dorm dwellers; quality, quantity, and price. At Camp Pendleton we saw several weapons exhibitions, a weapons demonstration courtesy of a drill sergeant known only as "Madman," an artillery demonstration, and a heavy army exhibition, with the Army that tower and got $2 haircuts at the base exchange.

Thursday we transferred to MCAS El Toro for the aviation part of our trip. We billeted in BQ #277 and spent the day on the beach or at Disneyland. The next day we were welcomed aboard by Major General R. M. Cooke, and we were allowed to ask questions of him. Afterwards, we were given a tour of MCAS (H) Tustin, where we saw the CH-46, CH-53, and the Huey, as well as, going through the $2 million CH-46 simulator, a highlight of the trip. Later we observed the many different aircraft the Marines have, including the FA-18, F-4, A-4, A-6, OV-10, C-130, and the Cobra. Still later we saw the total spectrum of aviation control and safety in the control tower and the rescue team...

Saturday, we went home, more enlightened in the Marine branch of our Armed Forces. We made friends and observed other units in action. Although going home to Montana would have been sweet, we had a good time. Hopefully next year there will be a much bigger turnout, but I am still Navy Option, sorry Major!

MIDN 4/C J. J. Bonner

CNET TAKES A LOOK

An inspection team headed by the CNET Inspector General, along with his staff visited the unit during April 24 and 25, to inspect the staff and battalion.

Headed up by Inspector General Captain Colbert, the team came to check up on how well the unit was training midshipmen for future service as officers in the Navy and Marine Corps. The inspection was also to assure the staff that was running the OSU Unit by the book. Assisting CAPT Colbert in his inspection were CDR Olsen, USN, MAJ Durand, USMC, and Mr. Stewark, a civilian employee of CNET.

While CAPT Colbert was inspecting the midshipman battalion and later fielded questions from the mids at the LaSalle Stewart Center, his team was combing the armory for possible errors in operation.

According to CDR T. G. Robertson, Unit XO, the results were, "Exceptionally good". A few gigs were noted during the inspection of the battalion staff, and as far as the midshipman battalion goes, ours had the finest appearance of the seven ROTC Units, which have been inspected by CAPT Colbert since he transferred to CNET from the Naval War College.

MIDN 4/C S. Bracken

CAPT COLBERT, Inspector for CNET, gives the battalion a look over. Later, he met with the mids and fielded questions, stunning Navy Options with his ready praise of the Marine Corps, "I haven't been on LOA for five years, sir, I'm an ECP!" The inspection comes to a halt as Mr. Pynees succumbs to rigor mortis.
DEPARTING STAFF

Oregon State will be losing four key personnel in June. From YN1 ROBERTSON to MAJ MYERS, all will be moving on to new projects beyond our big green quonset hut. Each has played their own unique role over the years, leaving their own mark on each midshipman they have met.

From our steadfast Robby (who will be risking his life beneath the waves once more on a sub named — of all things — PLUNGER) to that erstwhile figure-follower LT COE, they will all be missed. For LT COE and the Major, it was a time to return to a place they knew well. For others, like LT CHEESEMAN, it was a new experience.

As their replacements trickle in, like YN1 POSADAS and LT DARNELL, these people will continue to work to assure a smooth transition. And while our new staff members may have some big shoes to fill, they will have plenty of support from the battalion as their feet grow.

To those of you who must move on — thank you. Good luck, and for gosh sake stay out of the rain.

MAJ MYERS

Major MYERS returned to his Alma Mater in 1981, where he has served as MOI. Every midshipman in the unit has come to know Major MYERS, one way or the other. He worked with HP Company as advisor to the teams, and has played an instrumental role in the ongoing success of OSU’s NROTC Drill Team, Drum & Bugle Corps, and Color Guard, as well as the shooting teams.

During the summers, when the OSU mids thought they might get a break from the old familiar faces, they found Major MYERS waiting for them on second class cruise in Coronado. One summer he guided midshipmen from all over the nation through their stay at Camp Pendleton, while last summer he spent PTing new crew during their stay in Coronado itself. He was a proven master at the deft “grabbie” and the artful arm circle.

The Major himself spent four years as a mid at OSU, winning the Drill Team Commander’s Plaque and serving a stint as Battalion Commander. He was glad to return to OSU.

Since getting his commission as a Second Lieutenant in 1970, Major MYERS has had eight major changes of duty station. After attending the Student Basic School in Quantico, Virginia, Major MYERS went to California where he was Executive Officer of a Marine detachment on the USS ORISKANY (CVA-34). After that he went to Camp Pendleton and MCRD, San Diego, where he had eight duty assignments, including: Platoon Commander, Company Commander, and Battalion Operations Officer.

After finishing the Student Army Infantry Officer Advance Course in Fort Benning, Georgia, he had another eight duty assignments in Okinawa and Camp Pendleton, and finally here at OSU.

Major MYERS will now go back to Quantico, Virginia, where he will be a student at the Marine Corps Command and General Staff College.

When asked about his time here, Major MYERS replied, “I’ve enjoyed it. I was a student here myself about 18 years ago. I asked for this job, and it’s been a good tour of duty. For the past two summers I’ve worked with hundreds of midshipmen from probably 40 units. Very few have the quality of the ones here.”

The departure of Major MYERS will leave a big hole in the unit, not only for the Marine options, but for some of the Navy options, too. He has been a great source of motivation and confidence. He has seen things in us that we probably haven’t seen ourselves. So long, Major MYERS, we wish you the best!

YN1 ROBERTSON

Article will be found on back page.

LT CHEESEMAN

LT CHEESEMAN joined the Unit at OSU in April 1981 as the new Freshman Class Instructor. He has served as the Unit PAO, as well as advisor to many projects. After serving as FRI for two years he transferred to the Junior Classroom to instruct "his" class for the first year he was here.

LT CHEESEMAN first enlisted in the Navy in November of 1965. After attending boot camp in San Diego, LT CHEESEMAN reported to NTC Great Lakes where he attended Boilerman and Electronic Technician “A” School. From there he was sent to the now extinct type of an antifreeze, the "oil-based-powered" submarine. He served aboard the USS REDFISH (AGSS-395) and the USS ARCHERFISH (AGSS-311).

After a short tour as a bubble-head, LT CHEESEMAN was sent to Mare Island to attend Nuclear Power School and subsequently to prototype in Idaho Falls. He then reported aboard the USS ENTERPRISE as a reactor operator.

LT CHEESEMAN received his commission through the NECEP Program at the University of Washington in 1977 with degrees in zoology and oceanography. He’s a perfect example of what you get when you cross a husky with a beaver.

LT CHEESEMAN’s first assignment as an officer was the USS SACRAMENTO (AOE-1) where he served primarily as navigator. He saw many places, including that great liberty port that every sailor looks forward to — Diego Garcia.

LT CHEESEMAN’s next assignment will be Department Head School in Newport, Rhode Island. The most rewarding aspect of his time here was to watch each midshipman mature and grow into what will eventually become the finest of Naval and Marine Corps officers, he says.

During his 18 years in the Navy, LT CHEESEMAN has earned several awards including an Achievement Medal, and has gained valuable education.

This midshipman has learned a lot from LT CHEESEMAN and will be sorry to see him go. From the entire battalion and especially the Junior Class, fair winds and following seas, LT CHEESEMAN. Long may your stay be.

LT COE

After arriving at Oregon State University in April of 1982, it is time now for LT COE to be moving on. The Lieutenant has spent the past 2 years as the senior instructor and also served as the Nuclear Power Program Officer and all activities concerning the seniors.

LT COE received his commission in March of 1976 after graduating from OSU with a degree in Electrical Engineering. He then went to Nuclear Power School in Orlando, Florida and Nuclear Prototype in Idaho Falls, Idaho. Before getting his first duty station, he spent 4 months attending Surface Warfare Officers School in Coronado, California.

LT COE’s first duty assignment was aboard the USS TRUXTON (CGN-25). While there, he served as training assistant in “M” division for 26 months. He was then stationed on the USS BAINBRIDGE (CGN-35), where he was main propulsion assistant.

When it came time for his next tour of duty, LT COE was looking for anything involving teaching. OSU was one of the schools in need of an instructor and LT COE jumped at the opportunity. Under normal rotation, LT COE would be headed for Department Head School when he left here. He has, however, opted to separate from active duty in pursuit of his masters degree. LT COE plans on participating in the reserves and pursuing work in electrical management.

LT COE says that OSU NROTC has been his best tour of duty. We’re glad that his tour here has been enjoyable and thank him for his hard work and dedication to the unit and wish him the best of luck in his future endeavors.

YN1 ROBERTSON

Spring, 1984
PLATOON COMP

On 1 May 1984, the six platoons that comprise the bulk of the NROTC Midshipman Battalion competed against each other in the annual Platoon Competition, which is an important part of the year-long struggle known as the Color Company Competition. Many hours of uniform prep and drill practice went on, and display as each unit stood a demanding inspection phase, then proceeded with a graded regulation drill sequence. In many cases, the judges were hard put to find discrepancies, as each platoon competed with the pride and confidence that is a noted characteristic of the midshipmen of OSU NROTC. After the conclusion of competition, anxious competitors frequented the hot scoop board, waiting for the results to be posted. At long last, and none too soon for many, the final standings were displayed as follows for all to see:

1st Place — 3rd Company
2nd Place — HQ CO, HQ Plt
3rd Place — 1st CO, 1st Plt
4th Place — 1st CO, 1st Plt
5th Place — 2nd CO, 1st Plt
6th Place — 2nd CO, 2nd Plt

Top honors went to 3rd company, who emerged as the “undisputed” winner of the competition. For those that followed in the final standings, the hard work and spirit put in this year was not in vain, for there will be more platoon competitions, more awards...

MIDN 2/C R. C. HICKS

The Major in his element: surveying a new batch of rookies. Two familiar faces, YN1 ROBERTSON and LT COE, are headed for new challenges. And who could forget the kind of DC Central, LT CHEESEMAN?
THE SENIOR CLASS

Although the weather does not show it, spring has once again befallen the Oregon State University campus. As spring arrives in any college atmosphere, there is an anticipation felt among all graduating seniors. At the NROTC Unit there is an added air of anticipation. The seniors at the unit are about to be rewarded for their four or even five years of dedication and loyal service. They will be rewarded with the bars of an Ensign or of a Second Lieutenant.

As is usual for the OSU NROTC Unit, we will be commissioning the finest in Naval and Marine Corps officers. There will be 17 midshipmen receiving their commissions this spring, with a number of additional seniors being commissioned at the end of summer and winter terms. The ALBATROSS staff extends their congratulations and thanks to these seniors. To the commissioned Ensigns, “Fair winds and following seas.” To the commissioned Second Lieutenants, “Semper Fidelis.”

LEINGANG Pilot Aviation School Command, Pensacola
PYNES Pilot
TANSEY Pilot
WAGENET NFO
WILSON Pilot
ZWICKER Pilot
SABIN SWO USS SIDES (FFG-14)
DITRI SWO USS BAINBRIDGE (CGN-25)
PARKHURST SWO USS CARL VINSON (CVN-70)
WINEBARGER SWO USS ROBERT E. PEARY (FF-1073)
DENNY SWO Unavailable
VESTICA NPS Orlando, FL
EARNEST OSC Orlando, FL
BOWERS OSC
CADY OSC
WESSEL OSC
McCONNELL OSC
*The Basic School
Enlisted Commissioning Program:
GILLEON OSC Newport RI
WALLS OSC
LINDSEY OSC
PITTSLEY OSC
WEINSHELBAUM OSC

(Clockwise, from below) The Class of 1984 is sworn in after a memorable Rookie-O. Where have all those faces gone? Who can forget freshmen pride at the old football game? And that indomitable rook spirit, as Rich Wersel heads up the rope.
RING DANCE

This year's annual Navy/Marine Corps Ring Dance was once again a success. As the Elk's Lodge was overrun by men in white, the usual bingo players were forced to the back rooms, giving way to the many participants in the event. After a few warm-up dances, the ring ceremony commenced. Wittyisms filled the air as the Master of Ceremonies, MIDN 2/C Jason WASHABAUGH, roasted the seniors as they approached the waters of the seven seas.

The drill team was also a smash, almost stealing the show with several hat tricks. The ceremony ended as "Joe Fraternity" and those gorgeous girls of his swept onto, and luckily off of, the dance floor.

Then the time everyone was waiting for, the announcement of next year's billets. Some people were surprised, others were not, at the positions they soon would be holding, but none was happier than MIDN 2/C K. G. MARRINS who captured next year's captain's bar. (Rumor has it, however, that there were several midshipmen captains at the Ring Dance that evening).

Refreshing punch, cake, and conversation made the evening even more enjoyable. To those who will soon be commissioned — good luck! The Navy and the Marine Corps could not ask for a better group of officers!

MIDN 4/C K. L. VAN GORDER

(Clockwise from above) Cover, cover, who's got the cover? Dom Pynes practices the secret senior class hand shake with his date, Alfredo Hotzenhoefer. From beyond the men's room, it's the Sex God with his two hairy, er, lovely dates. "Alright, here's the boards and $1000 for a new wardrobe..."
WOODCUT

The Battalion Spring 1984 woodcut took place on April 14-15 at McDonald Forest. It was a weekend perfect for some hard work in the woods. But it was also a perfect weekend to be out sunbathing, playing frisbee or softball, or just relaxing in the sun and 80 degree heat. But the good weather didn't deter the midshipmen from making a good haul.

Starting at about 0630 Saturday morning, many carloads and vanloads made their way to the forest for a long day of hard work. For the morning hours, as the chain saw operators showed no mercy (and not much discretion) in downing the trees, and the midshipmen moved logs all around, up and down hills (mostly up), through small swamps, and finally to the roads, energy and spirits were high. A prolonged lunch break was well-deserved.

The afternoon was very warm, to say the least. The work done by the battalion didn't seem to be affected, although a lot of people were taking frequent and lengthy breaks as the day progressed. But the work was done, and done well.

More of the same went on Sunday, although the heat wasn't as big a menace as it was Saturday. All the wood cut this weekend was taken to Independent Lumber, where it is awaiting further orders. As it is split and sold, profits approaching the cost of staying in a residence hall for a year here at OSU will be garnered. Not bad for one weekend.

While wood was the main crop harvested, another plant was found and paid great attention — the infamous poison oak. We were walking through it all day. Probably our best harvest of rashes and other allergic reactions ever. But, as the rashes fade and the money rolls in, the success of this woodcut will become very apparent.

MIDN 4/C A. R. BARKMAN

MOFEX

MOFEX, the final frontier. This is what those cammie clad people around the unit have been working toward since the term's beginning. This weekend of rest and relaxation was attended by the ever-present seniors and 15 weary candidates.

The weekend started with some silly little games at the unit involving our ALICE packs, then it was on the road. At approximately 0200 the vans stopped and the seniors told everyone to get out and walk. The walk wouldn't have been so bad, except that it was mostly up hill. After being chased to camp by the Major and a few seniors, the candidates settled in for the night.

Saturday morning the sleepy candidates were awakened by an M-14 alarm clock and within an hour they were assaulting the Libyan Terrorist Battalion consisting of the sophomore MO's. After a full day of teaching the Libyans a lesson, or two, the candidates retired to camp to do some reaction problems. When it got too dark to do any more problems the campers settled around the campfire.

The highlights of the campfire are the Improptu speeches given by the candidates. Some of the more memorable speeches included: "Of Sheep and Men" by MIDN 2/C JAMIESON, "The Music of my Life" by MIDN 2/C MANNING, and "My Life of Crime" by MIDN 2/C WENDEL.

After a well deserved night of sleep the candidates awoke to the beautiful music of the M-14. Striking camp and finishing up the reaction course problems, the candidates prepared for their Sunday morning stroll, affectionately known as the "death march". This was an 11.5 mile course, covered with a 40 lb. pack, for time. The Drill Team once again proved that nobody marches better as they finished first and second.

The true effectiveness of MOFEX and Bulldog Prep taken as a whole, cannot be measured until this summer when the candidates complete Officer Candidate School. OSU has an outstanding reputation for sending outstanding candidates to OSC, and this year should not be any different.

MIDN 2/C J. D. ANSLEY
AWARDS CEREMONY

At the conclusion of yet another year of hard work and dedication on the part of all OSU midshipmen, the Annual Spring Awards Ceremony took place on 22 May 1984. After the midshipman battalion was formed and presented to the reviewing officer, COL M. E. STEIN, awards were presented as follows to those judged outstanding by the OSU NROTC staff and a variety of other organizations.

SENIOR AWARDS
American Legion Achievement Award .......... Dominick J. Pyne
Reserve Officers Association Award .......... John V. Alles
Daughters of the American Revolution Award .... James E. Nee
General Dynamics Award .......... G. Michael Nadler
Marine Corps Association Award .......... Robert E. Bowers
Naval Institute Award .......... Dominick J. Pyne
NROTC Staff Award .......... James E. Nee
PFT Award .......... Dominick J. Pyne
Sons of the American Revolution Award .... Morgan T. Winebarger
Fleet Reserve Association Award .......... Donald M. Leingang
Military Order of World Wars Award .......... Lisa M. Earnest
CAPT Richard Poppe Award .......... Richard M. Wessel

JUNIOR AWARDS
Reserve Officers Association Achievement Award .......... Mark D. Henderson
Reserve Officers Association McAlexander Chapter Award .......... John A. Bottenberg
Veterans of Foreign Wars Award .......... Henry P. Alama
American Legion Award .......... Richard G. Jamieson
American Defense Preparedness Award .......... Keith G. Manning
Aptitude Award .......... Richard G. Jamieson
NROTC Staff Award .......... Mark D. Henderson
Military Order of World Wars Award .......... Robert F. Wendel

SOPHOMORE AWARDS
National Sojourners Award .......... Donald W. Witts
NROTC Staff Award .......... Charles A. Gunzel
Academic Achievement Award .......... Jonathan B. David

FRESHMEN AWARDS
NROTC Staff Award .......... William J. Lear
Saveker Award .......... Alan R. Barkman

GENERAL AWARDS
The Top Gun Award .......... Richard G. Jamieson
The Tyrro Trophy Award .......... Timothy L. Clark
The Dick Lyndon Trophy Award .......... Kevin J. Sudbeck
The Gunny's Plaque Award .......... William J. Lear
Childers-Delchi Award .......... Mark A. Parcell
Color Guard Commander's Plaque .......... Steve B. Dorman
Drum & Bugle Corps Commander's Plaque .......... Keith G. Manning
Drill Team Commander's Plaque .......... Raymond C. Hicks

Congratulations to all of those that received awards. To those that did not — don't despair. For many of you, there is still time to show your outstanding qualities and to take your rightful place among those judged before you.

MIDN 2/C R. C. HICKS

COLOR GUARD

The OSU NROTC Color Guard finished another outstanding year with a crew of six motivated midshipmen. Commanded by MIDN LT(jg) S. B. DORMAN, the Color Guard wowed 'em at several exhibitions. The challenging position of Mustering Petty Officer was filled by MIDN CPO D. KRAUS. Rifle squad was led by an able-bodied MIDN PO1 B. A. HARMON. Color Guard was filled by the likes of MIDN 4/C A. J. PULICELLA. MIDN 4/C A. M. BILTON-SMITH played a mean cadence as sole member of Rifle Squad.

The scene: Gill Coliseum. The time: Mom's Weekend. An awed hush falls over the crowd of moms and other aficionados as the Color Guard takes the floor. Five minutes later, wild applause floods the farthest recesses of the echoing building. Thus the Color Guard once again shows what discipline, hard work, and talent can accomplish. Another scene, another time. This one, OSU lower campus — the Armed Forces Day Parade. As the Color Guard marches solemnly through town, even the protesters turn to watch. The very sight of our National Colors brings goose bumps to the observers' collective spine. Yet another occurrence: The Tri-Service Review. Under the command of the Army ROTC, MIDN BILTON-SMITH and PULICELLA shows to the world what the words "National Pride" mean. An altogether tear-jerking ceremony, despite obvious handicaps.

Ladies and Gentlemen of the world's finest services, I give you . . . the OSU NROTC Color Guard. Drumroll, please . . .

MIDN 3/C DORMAN

MARE NOSTRUM HITS THE BEACH

If you were at the Battalion Social on April 29th this term, you might have noticed that a certain number of outstanding midshipmen were missing. Where were they, you might ask? On that fateful, rainy day the Mare Nostrum Club was at the beach.

Having survived the madcap driving of LT PILOSOFF, who had a tendency to gun the motor of the van, grin, and scream through the famous Oregon curves, the members of Mare Nostrum unloaded their gear, the barbecue, and the beverages, then proceeded to hit the beach.

After a fast game of sand football, a few strolls along the waterline and a number of growlings and grumblings coming from respective stomachs, the group headed to eat.

Steaks were char-cooked and beverages flowed freely as the midshipmen devoured everything edible within sight.

Then it was back down to the beach for more football, with several personal fouls committed against a Mr. Eric Miller by some visiting girls who also wanted to get in on the fast-paced action.

And what would the beach be without rain? After a fairly dry day it was only natural for it to end in rain. At first it was sprinkles, but then the rain came in force, causing a hasty retreat to the vans. Engines were started, tapes were selected, and the detail moved out, with only a brief stop to allow this midshipman, overcome by the effects of the Lieutenant's driving, to get some air. Once back at the Unit, the group dispersed to their respective residences. As always, a "good time was had by all!"

MIDN 4/C K. L. VAN GORDER
SUMMER CRUISES

Summer training cruise for third class midshipmen is an experience that will most remember. When you arrive at your ship for the four weeks or so of sea life, be ready. Be ready to learn what the men in your division could be doing when you are the one in command. Third class cruise enables you to get a look at the life of enlisted men in their various jobs around the ship.

Your actual cruise will consist of five different phases, these being: deck, engineering, damage control, weapons, and combat information. The midshipmen on board usually rotate around, spending from six to ten days in each phase. An experience you will get to enjoy is the standing of the midwatch (2400-0400) as aft lookout (not extremely exciting), or trying to understand the jabber that comes across the sound-powered phones as the other phone operators “have fun with the middle.” And then there is steering the ship (always an exciting job for the first 15 minutes). Or even being stuffed into the chamber of a 16-inch gun barrel with a can of QLP and a wire brush and being told, as the breech slams shut, you can’t get out. And when the rifling is clean (definitely not for claustrophobics!)

Some things that I learned for ‘next time’: Get all of your clothes marked before you leave school, so it’s done on time and right. Bring civilian tube socks, and wear black NAVY socks over them (saves your feet). An electric shaver is a must for those that have to shave every day or two. Bring a pair of earplugs for your time in Engineering and get to sleep at night. Get your boots signed off as early as possible, as it frees time for being lazy later on. If you have not gone one already, get an equipped-wristwatch and bring spare batteries, the wake up service on some ships is not always on time.

And always ask questions! If you are interested in some part of the ship that you are not assigned to (say fire control computers), get permission and go there. Remember, cruise is for your benefit. Use it.

MIDN 3/C T.P. HARRYMAN

SCHOLARSHIPS

Every year the unit has a number of College Program midshipmen who are active within the unit. These midshipmen have the same demands placed upon them as anyone else. There is one difference, however, these midshipmen don’t have the luxury of having their tuition paid or any of the other benefits of the scholarship midshipmen. These midshipmen apply for CNET scholarships and with the help of a good recommendation from Col. Stein, have a chance at being awarded a 3 or 3½ Year scholarship.

It is up to the scholarship applicant to earn the scholarship. Not only does an applicant have to excel with his or her grades, but they must also show the desire and motivation to excel as midshipmen and later as officers. Congratulations to the following midshipmen who earned scholarships and a deserving thank you to Col. Stein for his much appreciated efforts.

MIDN 4/C

CHARLES WHITE  SCIENCE  3½
JOHN GREMMELS  BUSINESS  3
ERIC HANSEN  SCIENCE  3
LARRY BAGLEY  SCIENCE  3
GARY HILBERG  SCIENCE  3
ANDREW KING  SCIENCE  3
GREG RIEHL  ENGINEERING  3
TIM CHARLESWORTH  ENGINEERING  3½
KRISTI VANGORDER  LIBERAL ARTS  3½
CHARLES FOX  ENGINEERING  3
MARK PHILLIPS  LIBERAL ARTS  3½

MIDN 3/C

KEVIN SUDBECK  SCIENCE  3

CLEARED FOR RIDICULOUS

Aaw, Hell! I was supposed to be on a bus in ten minutes and my mouth still tasted like a herd of camels came for a drive-in movie and stayed that night. I fell out of my bunk, staggered to the shower and drank. After hacking my face with a dull razor and donning a heavily starched, crisp wash-khaki uniform, I sat out for the point of departure. A gypsy moth attack helo screamed low overhead and dumped tiny green pellets on my head.

“Aah, the smell of malathion in the morning,” I thought. “It smells like…”

My shiny brass and brush-polished safety boots forecasted all in my vicinity of my steadfast determination and preparation but not my punctuality. I missed the bus. Lucky for me, a Junior Class POY staff—FIAT pulled to a halt at my feet. I fell in.

A nutritious meal of Egg-McMuffins was served enroute. On arrival to the Swan Island Naval Reserve Center, I felt refreshed, alert and a bit buzzed. The Naval Reservists strolled about aimlessly while the Marine Reservists ran about aimlessly.

At the door, we were met by reservists wives and tables of goodies for sale. The Navy gals offered a Welcome Aboard and a smile. A Marine gal struck me to the ground with the butt of a cocked .45 auto, stuffed a crumplet in my mouth and took my wallet.

The Junior Class and Freshman sidekicks assembled in a briefing room where we were welcomed, then split into our respective classrooms. Our familiarity lecture was based on modern naval systems and capabilities of the Russians and the U.S. I soon fell asleep. My raucous snoring was interrupted by the heel of MIDN GAHAGAN’s left foot impacting my cranium.

“Wake-up you drooler! They’re gonna show our side next,” he growled.

I belched a howl Go-raht for an F-14 slide then ambled out with the rest for a quick break. Assembling minutes later for an introduction to our new classroom, we all felt a sense of excitement and “Go for it”. We were surrounded by radar scopes, signal desks, helm wheels and plotting boards.

Today’s mission was to learn the different watch stations and duties on board the Shipboard Simulator. All day would be spent taking different positions on the bridge, combat-information center and throttle room. My first watch was on the surface status board. My shipmates would rely on me to assemble, record and pass on vital information to our practice scenario. All went well. Information flowed smoothly. I did not have to write backwards.

Soon came time for lunch. I scarified down a Tylenol and some yogurt. Things were looking up! After the needed rest, we returned to the simulator. Hot Dog! I got GIC watch officer — now the devils would really pay! I had it all under my command—radars, radio,otters, spotters—everything. Except weapons. How could I take charge without a little muscle to back it up?

“Sir, skunks 1, 2, 3, 4 on screen,” my radar operator Bottenberg reported.

“Very well, lad,” I returned. “Have electronic warfare identify and classify all vessels. If they’re not ours, blow ‘em away!”

“Sir! EW reports fire control radar in the air!”

I cringed.

“All hands man your battle stations,” I quickly ordered. The bridge was advised to put the wheel hard over and nose into the imminent threat. Too late! They all fired on me. Four incoming bogies all with constant bearing and increasing range. I tried to think what Jim Kirk would do in this situation . . . Damn! He cheated.

All missiles struck their target. The boys in problem control pounded on the walls and laughed at me. The lights came on, the screens went dark and the “Battle” was over. A “well done” from our patient, friendly instructors concluded our debrief and the rest of the day was ours.

It was a fast-paced day of learning, teamwork, and experience at the SBS. All were a little fatigued after a tough day on the high seas and the cheery lights of Corvallis were a welcome sight.
RETURN OF TRI-SERVICE REVIEW

(Clockwise, from left) The first annual Gunny COAN Fan Club meeting is about to start, only moments before the Tri-Service Review itself, where the entire ROTC Brigade rocked to the righteous riffs of this year's Tri-Service D&B. Meanwhile, tomorrow's leaders were locked in an earnest discussion on the future of the Battalion. That night, Keith spent most of his time trying to convince his date that the other guy with all those stripes was an imposter, while Les checked his mustache for stow-aways.
hampered only by a phenomenon that Oregonians call rain, a reality that we Californians have a tough time grasping. We piled out of the vans and after a brief pause for instructions, we set to our task.

The building was in poor shape and needed a paint job more than anything else! We cleared furniture and toys away from the walls, and spread down tarpas as to not paint the floor. The paint arrived, and by some miracle, there were enough brushes to go around; no one's efforts were wasted. Each platoon took one of the rooms. A wise decision was made in sending first platoon to paint the kitchen, a job that required skill and steadiness to avoid painting cabinets shut, putting a fresh coat of paint on the sink, or filling in light sockets. Showing superior logistics, the paint was distributed, and armed with brushes, rollers, and paint pads, we began adding new life to the aging walls. The painting went well, under a constant barrage of compliments from the proprietor of the school and snide remarks relating painting to an actual military mission. The job was going fast and stories of the fleet from prior-enlisted helped pass the time. Tales of "blue-nose initiations", foreign ports, and CO's that made you polish the underside of your shoes were all in order.

We finished by noon and had done a tremendous job. I had kept the paint off me pretty well, but some looked like they dipped their shirts in the paint and rubbed against the walls instead of using a brush. We had turned a run-down, dreary house into a bright, cheery school. It showed what organization and motivation can do. We piled back into the vans and what we did the rest of the day is classified.

_YN1 ROBERTSON_

Since joining the Navy in July of 1969, YN1 ROBERTSON, better known as Robby, has spent eight years on submarines. These include various GUPPY II class and 563 class diesel-electric submarines. He was transferred to the HIGH POINT (PCH-1), a research hydrofoil, in July of 1977, where he spent three years.

After spending four years here at OSU as an Administrative Assistant, Robby will be going back to submarines. He will serve on the PLUNGER (SSN-595). Robby plans to retire in 1989.

"It's been an enjoyable time here, and hopefully I'll get to come back." We hope so, too, Robby.

_MIDN 4/C D. OWENS_

FIRST COMPANY PROJECT

First Company got off to a great start this term. On Saturday, April 7th, our second weekend back from spring break we had our company project. Our task was to paint the inside of the Old Mill School, a non-profit school for handicapped children.

We arrived on the site at approximately 0700, on a morning