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## **CLASS OF 1948 SHIPMATE COLUMN**

**APRIL 2005**

Again this month we are sparse in fresh news from the field. Classmates have been cruising and tripping, but failing to report in. Even with the limitation column size, I suspect I may have to start fabricating news just to make the limit. Send along those digital fotos and pasteboard snapshots, but be sure they are good ones.

Here is a new and hitherto hidden resource for Class funds. The Alumni Association sent me notice that they deposited in our Class checking account \$11.75, a quarterly royalty check, representing 60% of the net proceeds from Classmate purchases made from "Tic Tok", the Association's online store (go [www.usna.com](http://www.usna.com) and punch Alumni Store). Apparently they vend clothing, tailgate and automotive items, barware, etc. online, and we get a cut of all that 48s buy. Ahoy, the intricacies of fundraising.

Roy (Andy) Anderson, who died 14 January, see the March column, was buried at Arlington Cemetery, 11 February, on a pretty day by February standards, attended by Barbara, a daughter, sister-in-law, grandchildren, all three of Andy's brothers, friends, current leaders of the Military Order of the World Wars, and Classmates Warren Graham, Gordon Anderson, Phil Thomas, and myself. The ceremony there is always awe-inspiring and a tribute to the departed. There was no mistaking Andy's brothers, all of whom look just like Andy except all are bald. Andy was the oldest, Gayle stayed in Minneapolis, Roger USNA 52 lives in Lebanon OH, and Mel, a retired Navy chief communications technician, lives in Littleton CO. Andy joined the Navy in '42, entered NAPS as a radioman 3/c, and retired in '68.

Connie Bates, Dick's widow, called the other day to see if I could help get her disappeared Shipmate restarted. Dick was a life member, and widows of life members retain the subscription. She has settled in Leisure (Seizure) World, Leesburg, VA, to be near her son, daughter-in-law and grandchildren, and is content to be settled into a relatively carefree environment. (19375 Cypress Ridge Terrace (#321), Lansdowne VA 20176).

I received a letter from Midn Alexandra L. Cole, 4/c, thanking the Class for contributing to her year of prep school at New Mexico Military Institute and subsequent entry into the Class of 2008, through the Class of 48 Alumni Foundation scholarship.

I excerpt her letter: "This opportunity to be a member of the Brigade of Midshipmen is unlike any other experience that I will ever encounter again. I live every day in awe as a proud member of the US Navy. NMMI prepared me well academically, mentally, and physically. Taking difficult plebe courses such as chemistry and calculus at my prep school gave me an advantage. I worked steadily the first semester plebe year to earn Superintendent's List honors and hope to continue strong throughout my Academy career. The Academy is my home now. I live to work with my shipmates and in my utmost capacity as a midshipman. Your support has made all of my success possible. Thank you for blessing me with this gift, an opportunity to serve, that I will cherish the rest of my life."

Midn Cole, 23<sup>rd</sup> Co, sings in the glee club, was selected to serve on the Summer Seminar Detail as a Squad Leader, is already eyeing the Marines, ground or air, and will major in math. It is gratifying to hear from one of the mids we have sponsored.

Dick Robertson reported from Columbia, SC, that William D. Wilson, 23<sup>rd</sup> Company, "Bill or W.D.", died in January and was buried on 5 February in Columbia. He succumbed to pneumonia, having been disabled by a stroke three years ago. Dick attended the funeral and says that WD was active in the SC Midlands Chapter of the Association until his stroke. He retired from the civil engineer corps as a

LCDR and acquired a doctorate in engineering from USC (East Coast Branch) and taught engineering technology at Midlands Technical College in Columbia for over 20 years. He is survived by his lovely wife, Patricia, and sons, Bill, Jr., and David. Dick remembers him as a quiet, awfully nice person. There should be an obituary in the Last Call section.

I asked Dick Robertson for a few words on his current doings. He replied:

“Tut and I are fine, both children in SC, grandchildren at Vanderbilt, Washington & Lee, and one in grammar school. We spend time at Pawley’s Island, Tut is addicted to bridge, me to golf, both to travel, sometimes with a USNA group. Our last USNA trip was on northern German rivers and I was given an award for being most senior alum present – a shock. Having lost my golf buddies in the D.C. area, we haven’t been back much. I have had a couple of rearrangements of my innards due to colon cancer, but all is well at the moment. Don and Debbie Harvey bless us with their presence commuting to and from DC and Sarasota. And we plan to go down and bug them in March, before the next hurricane. We’ve a couple of spare bedrooms, halfway from Yankee-land to Florida, and would welcome folks.”

Bill Barnes reported in on the third annual meeting of the Buckeystown Social Club, which happened in a dimly comprehended area west and clear of that blob north of Annapolis known as Baltimore. Bill insists it is indeed a beautiful and well-preserved village dating back to the late 18<sup>th</sup> century. A couple of miles from B-town in the retirement community of Buckingham’s Choice reside the Dick Scotts and Ed Stacys in a couple of beautiful homes. In this milieu, chez Scott, in early January, Fay and Bill joined Liz and Dick Scott and Mary and Ed Stacy for KT’s, followed by chow, along with West Point (’54) neighbors Helen and Chuck Wilson, which group constitutes the said Social Club.

Bill relates the meat of the meeting: “After brunch, the exec board met and the ensuing conversations were primarily of family matters, and tales of Classmates near and far. There was also talk of Navy football, the USNA, and world affairs. Dick spoke of the early days, of being born and raised in

Highland Falls, which is to USMA what Annapolis is to USNA. With the imposing USMA complex close aboard and his family ties to the place, Dick had a lot of interest in the Military Academy. Fortunately for us, our All American football captain and six striper opted for USNA. Not surprisingly, no official business was conducted, and the meeting was adjourned. In the accompanying snapshot, note that Army's Chuck Wilson knelt in front of the group, a position he will maintain until Army wins an Army-Navy football game."

In the November column, I noted that Jim Ward was interested in Classmates who had children, other than the Ward twins, born at Annapolis at the Naval Hospital. Trickle in, we have historic reports, in addition to two Jane and Sumner Moore kids; of Bill Speer's daughter, Andrea, now a dentist in San Antonio; Joan and Arthur Hodder, two out of their three sons; Alice and Tom O'Connor's first daughter and son; and Betty and Ben Moore's daughter, Diane. I also have Gunvor and Bob McClinton noted, but I must have lost the details.

Tom O'Connor elaborates: "After Supply Corps School, Bayonne NJ, and a destroyer tour in the Pacific, I was in the Steam Department teaching fluid mechanics and thermodynamics, July 50 to July 53. Our first two children, Carol and Thomas, were born at Hospital Point. They became the first of our now nine children and eighteen grandchildren family. Thomas Jr, USNA 75, has retired after 26 years of submarine service, including command of the fast attack USS Scranton. Sidelight, one of my steam students was H.Ross Perot."

Ben Moore, who lives in Annapolis, also adds: "Our daughter, Diane, graduated from Annapolis HS and U. Maryland, and married an army dentist. They have 2 sons, one a graduate of U. North Carolina, now in basic flight training, Quantico, to move on to Pensacola when space is available. The other son is also at UNC, and also an NROTC Marine. Our oldest son was born at the USNH Quantico,

and the youngest, in the army hospital at Ft. Sill OK. He is now a Seattle oceanographer, working the Pacific area providing advance warnings of El Ninos, etc.”

Well, there are the squeezins from the mailbag.