

Illustrious classmates, here's to one of our unsung heroes in the class of 1973: Dr. Bob **Munson**, M.D., CS-34. Bob is more than fulfilling his Hippocratic Oath and the oath he took as an officer of the United States Air Force. As always, he is looking out for others and not for himself. Bob coordinated and supervised the vaccination of more than 3000 people at the Academy in mid-winter of this year. He would not want to receive any recognition or credit for this but watching him coordinate this whole process has been a thing of beauty. Bob's selfless dedication in the service of others needs to be recognized. Thank you so much, Bob, on behalf of our classmates and society.



Bob **Munson**, CS-34, overseeing COVID vaccinations at the Cadet Field House

On Tuesday, 16 Feb 21, the Colorado Chickenhawks (Don and Joan **Sutula**, Doug and Denise **Richardson**, Tom and Sally **Mayberry**, and Rich and Teresa "**Fazieaux**") celebrated Fat Tuesday (Mardi Gras). Baked at Mama Pearl's Cajun Kitchen in Colorado Springs, a quarter of a King Cake was delivered by Rich and Teresa "Fazieaux" to the Colorado Chickenhawks who met, after all desserts were consumed, via text at 1945 MST to announce whether or not they had found the baby Jesus in their slice of King Cake. The last to reply, was the "winner." Yes, Teresa found the baby Jesus! (Before she bit into Him.) And, by tradition, is responsible for providing next year's King Cake. At, hopefully, an in-person celebration.

Tom Kennedy, CS-31, came through again with inputs for 31st Sq Grim Reapers. Like the rest of the class, a number of Reapers celebrated their 70th in the first quarter of the year: Bud **Gammon**, Fil **Thorn**, Tom

Kennedy, Rich **Hayes**, and Don **Sloan**. Remember when 70 was old? You'll have to go to the website to see the pix, except for the one of Don Sloan with his vintage Stearman, below.



Don **Sloan**, CS-31, inverted in his vintage supersonic Stearman

The flashback photo below is courtesy of Stalker **Reed**, CS-07. Something he dug up as he and Seagram's 7 squadronmates were discussing plans for our 50th reunion. That's coming up in just under two years. Current plans are for Army weekend, 2-5 Nov 23, with our headquarters at the Antlers. BUT... if they move the game to Globe Life Stadium in Arlington, TX again (or someplace else), be on the lookout for a poll to see if we might want to have our reunion earlier than November, when there's less of a chance of cold and snow.



Seagram's 7 on a Cripple Creek outing in 1972: 1st row (L-R): Tim **McAllister**, Al **Kinback**, Al **Nacke**. 2nd row: Ron **Faris**, Bill **Patterson**, Greg **Chapman**, Mark **Coffman**. Standing: Stalker **Reed**. (Al's mother failed to pack his winter clothes.)

Ted **Kammire**, CS-18, sent in pix from his South Florida AOG chapter's annual pig hunt. As I've already hit my limit of three, you'll have to see Ted's pix at usafa73.org.

Jack **Hudson**, CS-25, reported not long after the deadline for the Winter issue of Checkpoints that he made his stretch goal of riding 10K cycling miles in 2020, with two miles (count 'em, 1, 2) to spare. That's 10,000 miles, not *a* 10K. And he did 73K exercise reps, as well. Obviously not a believer in the old finite heartbeat theory. Awesome, Jack. Exercise a little for me while you're at it, would you? I could use it! Well, not really. I've got a four-mile loop with 400' of elevation change from my house through the High Chaparral Open Space here in Colorado Springs that I hike frequently.

As I write this, Pris and I are just finishing up a month-long stay with our two youngest grandkids, ages 7 and 3, in San Bernardino. Hadn't seen them in 18 months, courtesy of COVID, so we hit the road as soon as we were both vaccinated. Late March and April turn out to be the perfect time to be in SoCal. We can see old Norton from their house (shades of ZI, except there's usually no smog this time of year). However, on the second day of our drive to get here, the engine in our "new to us" 2005 PT Cruiser decided to warn us it was on its last legs. Not trusting it to not break down on some stretch of nowhere between here and Colorado Springs (we avoid Interstates), I am finishing up swapping it (the engine) out for a local junkyard special. Fortunately, my brother was a truck driver who did his own mechanic work

and has a place where I could work on my car while he kibitzed and sometimes helped. We fought like brothers when we were kids, but have become close friends as adults. This was the most time we've spent together since high school. However, I sure wish I wouldn't misplace tools and nuts and bolts, and that things went back together as smoothly as they came apart.

We continue to get good traffic on the webpage and Facebook site, and you'll notice below we are also on MeWe for those who prefer not to use FB.

73!

Mike Arnett

Class Scribe

"Here's a toast...to the host...of the men we boast...the U.S. Air Force!" but in God we Trust.

usafa73.org

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mewe.com/group/603dad3c2edb8c5cb4d7ebde