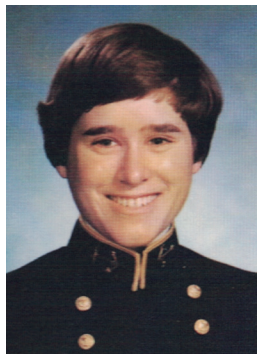


FROM THE YARD

'80s Decade

LINDA POSTENRIEDER '82



I loved 33rd Company where I resided all four years. My plebe-year roommate, Lieutenant Colonel Joyce Harrison McCallister '82, USMC (Ret.), was from my hometown of Albuquerque, NM. She was also a NAPSt^{er}, which made it even more helpful for me. We're still great friends today and I'd do anything for her and her sons. Our upper class were, for the most part, firm but fair and demonstrated solid leadership.

The other big help for me was being a varsity athlete. One of my best memories from being on the volleyball team happened my youngster year. For spring break 1980, the George Washington (GW) University team was asked to travel to Belgium to play volleyball against their national team as a good will effort.

Not enough of their players could travel so they asked Navy to find three players to join the adventure. Sue Stapler '80, Lieutenant Commander Susan Cowan '81, USNR (Ret.), and I set off to help international relations. Every night we'd toast to the freedom of Belgium and play volleyball for a couple hours. Then we'd hit the local pubs and head home, where we stayed with the players' families.

It was such an amazing experience of friendship and diplomacy at the most basic level of people meeting and getting to know people from another country. I cherish this memory as a cornerstone to my Naval Academy leadership experience.

The trip was to be reciprocated with a visit from the Belgium team to the Washington, DC-area in August later that year. It was a couple weeks before the start of the academic year.

Susan Stapler was out in the fleet and wasn't able to participate. Sue and I were back at the Academy doing two-a-day workouts getting ready for the fall season. GW really didn't have a plan for the Belgium players to stay with their team members since many were in the dorms and didn't have family nearby.

The GW coach also didn't want her players drinking at all in prep for the fall season. So, Sue and I coordinated for the Belgium players to stay in Ricketts Hall at the Naval Academy. We played our matches at Halsey with GW players traveling each day to the Yard to play. We had to figure out how to return the memorable post-match celebrations. A friend/classmate of Sue's was prior enlisted and got us access to the Fleet Reserve Club.

After our matches, we'd head there to hang out, drink a few beers, tell stories and play mini shuffleboard or darts. When they stayed in Annapolis, we'd take our guests to the Mid Store or give tours of the Yard. They had a great time and thanked us for the hospitality. It was a satisfying effort that really taught me how important reciprocation can be.



PHOTO COURTESY ANGELA (SMITH) ROTH '83

At 6-foot-1, Angela (Smith) Roth '83, center, stood out at the Naval Academy. She played basketball for the women's team.

ANGELA (SMITH) ROTH '83



I am 6-foot-1. I was told to keep a low profile, that didn't happen, ever. Basketball benefited, however.

My upperclassmen were mostly rather shorter than me. Once, during Plebe Summer, I asked permission to wipe down after melting in T-Court. Permission was denied, but when I had a huge droplet on the end of my nose, I blew it onto the back of the upperclassman's neck. He realized it

was in his best interest and then allowed me to wipe down.

We had a very difficult second class. I only got one chow package plebe year and it had Kipper Snacks. Well, what a smelly can that was. Trying to figure out how to get rid of it after the delicious herring, I put it under the plywood 'coffin' of that second classman's rack and he could not figure out what smelled so bad. I ran into him with his new wife in Okinawa, he was a much happier man, and we had a great laugh!

One youngster forgot I was female, I guess, he said I didn't have enough of a 'stud factor,' and how much my men's tie stuck out of my shirt—I told him it was a 'filly factor.' He pulled the tie out too much, realized his mistake and went to tuck it back in. I yelled, "Sir!" and he jumped back at least 3 feet. I doubt he touched another woman anytime soon.

Once, the brigade commander's laundry was delivered to 6-4 by mistake. I had a bottle of perfume that had gone bad and dumped it all over his laundry, then put it back with the others. I ran into his roommate years later and asked if he ever remembered that and he said it took numerous laundering before it was wearable.

I was starboard battalion sub-commander for second set detail in '82. Thirty-two plebes called me 'Sir' by mistake. I had them write a paragraph on what is a 'Ma'am,' another on what was a 'Sir' and a third paragraph on why they were never going to confuse the two again. The results were rather clever and entertaining. I gave the originals to Jim Cheevers in the U.S. Naval Academy Museum. ⚓