

**U.S. Coast Guard Academy  
Class of '53 Newsletter  
March 2000**

*About this Newsletter: The Class of '53 Newsletter is published "whenever we get around to it." Its purpose is to keep members of our class informed about our classmates' activities and to provide some tid-bits of trivia and information. Because not all our classmates are members of the Alumni Association, some items from our class notes section in The Bulletin may be repeated here. Send items for The Bulletin and this Newsletter to: Wee Smith, 19 Coachman Pike, Ledyard, CT 06339 -- Tel/FAX 860-464-8425 or e-mail JDSBRIDGE@AOL.COM.*

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**Arthur Miles Striker**

**1 April 1930 - 7 March 2000**

At 9:00 p.m. on Tuesday, March 7th, Arty lost his courageous battle with emphysema. He had been in a coma for several days, and his widow, Ilma, said "his passing was peaceful". She added, "Please thank all his friends for all the cards, letters and e-mails they sent him. They were always at his bedside and he often asked me to re-read them to him. He had such wonderful friends in his Coast Guard family!! All of you had such a great impact on his life".

Arty's remains were cremated and a beautiful memorial service was held for him at 11:00 a.m., on Saturday, March 18th at the Shepherd of the Hills Lutheran Church in Haymarket, VA, where he had been an active member. Dan Briganti, Bill Clark, Jim Grabb, Bill and Helen King, Ted Smith, and Wee and Jane Smith were able to attend. At a luncheon held following the service they were able to visit with each other, Arty's family, and some of the other service attendees. The minister, CDR Art Cubbon, USCG(Ret), CGA '75, said he had some great times "swapping sea stories" with Arty about Academy days.

Arty was born in Edmond, Oklahoma, and grew up in the hills of Tennessee near Lookout Mountain. He was sworn in as a cadet with our class in July 1949. After resigning in February, 1950, he attended and graduated from American University. He followed in his father's footsteps and worked for the Geological Survey in Washington, DC. Arty's obituary described him as "a talented actor, musician, fencer, sailor, and historian, but most of all he was a family man. He loved his wife, Ilma, and his children, grandchildren and great grandchildren. Arty's accomplishments and life history are captured in the enclosed verse which he wrote. It was handed out at the memorial service. As he would say, 'this is not boasting, just fact'".

Arty's exploits in his short time at the Academy are legendary. We probably remember him best for his "Ode to a Submarine".

"It happened in July 1949

I joined this here Coast Guard to sail on the brine.

I came to the Academy, they gave me a fit.

I'd been running and sweating and smelled like -- quite a bit.

Swab Summer they gave to me my first command

A monomoy coxswain -- it sounded so grand.

We went out on the river just rowing for fun,

When a sub came along that son of a gun.

Three blasts on the whistle, I heard in my ear.

I got so damned rattled I forgot how to steer.

But quick as I could, I turned on my tail

'Cause he looked like he was bearing right down on my rail.

A little while later in that fateful day "50 demerits!" I heard the man say.

I'd embarrassed the sub - they say that was bad.

Embarrassed him hell! He was damned mad.

When I bilge I will go back to Ole Tennessee where the women are pretty and the men are all free

I'll sit on my mountain and play my guitar, drink good corn whiskey --make love 'neath the stars.

Yes I'll sip those corn squeezin's be they aged or green

And drink to the demise of all submarines."

Ilma's address, phone number, and e-mail address are: P.O. Box 70, Haymarket, VA 20168; Tel. 703-754-7517; e-mail: Ilmart@aol.com.

In lieu of flowers, Arty's family suggested that contributions be made to the Shepherd of the Hills Lutheran Church, PO Box 309, Haymarket, VA 20168 which Arty loved.

## Personals.

**Paul Arnold** (6662C Sun Drive, Huntington Beach, CA 92647 Tel. 714-896-8856. E-mail: paul.arnold@West.Boeing.com). "My schedule is as active as ever. Working at Boeing in Huntington Beach. Acting Workshop on the weekends. Fencing lessons on Sunday at a local college. I just finished two consecutive plays. The first was an English farce entitled *Cash on Delivery* which I just enjoyed immensely. It was sort of a combination of a Marx Brothers, Three Stooges, type of romp. The second one was a little more serious, *The Miracle Worker* (the Helen Keller story). Definitely a different type of show, but it, too, had its lighter moments. I'll be auditioning for more plays, as time permits."

**John Gibbs.** "We moved again in order to get closer to our church on the north side of Fort Worth. Our new address is 1717 Renee Drive, Hurst, TX 76054. Telephone 817-280-0777. No e-mail, but we have intentions. Mostly, we dash off to Atlanta frequently to visit our grand daughter Abigail (now nearly 2). I do cherish the newsletters, as they help my failing memory of a bunch of great guys. Jody is my wife of nearly 2 years. We are both retired, she from 32 years as a KG and 3rd grade teacher".

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## Travelogue.

**Rick and Beth Cueroni** are currently on a three week tour of Italy.

**Rin and Bert Keyzer** are off on a five week trip. First they are going to Texas to meet their new grandson - Jason Keyzer - their 9th grandchild. Then they will be heading toward Florida, "to get an early touch of summer and hopefully some golf." The Keyzers are now on e-mail: rinbert@juno.com.

In March, **Jane and I** spent 10 days with our son, **Bill**, in Fort Myers, Florida and watched a half-dozen Minnesota Twins spring training games. Enroute down and back we enjoyed visits and wonderful hospitality at **Rick and Beth Cueroni's** new home in Canton, GA, **Dan and Helene Colussy's** home in Palm Beach Gardens, FL and **Murray and Kaye Boggs'** home in Satellite Beach, FL. On April 5th, we'll be off to Hawaii to visit some friends. We'll be home on April 21st.

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## THE TIME OF MY LIFE

Arthur M. Striker

I've climbed some high mountains, hiked down the Blue Ridge,  
Gone down in some pretty deep caves.  
I've had some pretty durned hairy adventures  
Out on the Atlantic's high waves.

Seen hurricanes blowing, the big waves arolling,  
Wind roaring through rigging and all,  
From horizon to horizon, I've seen the stars blazing,  
Heard the gods - never felt so small.

Sailed to Cape Cod and Gloucester, Boston, Bar Harbor,  
Nantucket, Belfast and Cape May.  
Camden and Newport, Bermuda and New York,  
And most of the Chesapeake Bay.

I've heard the wind screaming, looked aloft - did some dreaming  
Seen jib and royal carried away.  
Played Judo, and fenced and fought in the ring,  
And got drunk at the end of the day.

Once climbed up the mountain they call Massanutten,  
Looked out and I heard nature call.  
Pecked rocks, picked up fossils, watched a hawk far up soaring,  
And knew I was part of it all.

I've shot the white waters in canoes, just for starters,  
Then kyaks and a black rubber raft.  
Some horses I've broke - and I've been broken too,  
In the saddle, felt torn near in half.

I built my own home, I built my own barn,  
Cut trees - split my own rail fences.  
I've read quite a bit - and sat quite a bit,  
Just to try to get a hold of my senses.

I put meat on the table, when I was able,  
Deer, rabbit, quail, groundhog and squirrels.  
I've loved and I've lost, I've loved and I've won,  
And still like to look at the girls.

Raised goats, chickens, dogs, have fished and gigged frogs,  
Made hay to feed all of my horses.  
I've acted on stage, played ass and played sage,  
Played pool, played the fool on golf courses.

I've played in some bands, on one night stands,  
In joints you wouldn't go "for the hell of it".  
Seen shootin's and brawls, and cuttin's and all -  
But, I'm still here alive to tell of it.

I've ducked and I've fought, got away and been caught.  
Made maps - fixed cars - carried mail.  
I know what it's like to win a good game,  
Also - what it feels like to fail.

I've seen England and Scotland, Greenland and Iceland,  
Hawaii and the great arid west.  
Worked at jobs that I hated and jobs that I loved,  
Trying to give it my best.

I've seen the dry places, chummed up to the mesas,  
Camped out 'neath the wild desert butte.  
Gabbed with Navajo, beatnik, tramp and truck driver,  
Talked trash with a drunken old Ute.

Seen black bear and otter, moose wading in water,  
Geese flying in V's in the skys.  
Seen porcupines pawing, beavers agnawing,  
Been bled by those little black flies.

I've seen the high Rockies, the sharp-backed Sierra,  
The Northern Lights sweeping in bars.  
Heard huskies a howling, on snowshoes gone trudging,  
Seen the Firth of Forth under the stars.

Heard train whistles blow, seen drought, flood and snow,  
Stern wheelers on the Tennessee River.  
Seen porpoises playing, the whale's breath a spraying,  
'n' sights to make the faint hearted shiver.

I've shot in big matches, can throw knife and hatchet,  
Good with rifle, pistol, ax and the trigger.  
Learned the way of the sword, 'lota skills I have stored,  
But, I'm a paper tiger - I figure.

Oh, I've killed and I've run, shed tears and had fun,  
Stood fast with my back to the wall -  
Been hero, been coward, had a marriage that soured,  
But my second's god sent, thank them all!

Yes, I'm proud of my family, my Fathers before me,  
Some laugh and say "imagination",  
But the things that I've done, seem like memories from those  
who survived and built us our nation.

Some say I'm strange, some say arrogant,  
Others say "an anachronism".  
I've looked at myself, cursed and laughed at myself,  
But still have some individualism.

I've been a fool - and a fighter - and a buckinghorse rider,  
And a fool must follow his bent.  
Wisdom comes late, I've learned from my mistakes -  
Can repeat them one hundred percent.

So now, here I am in my Autumn days,  
It's all history - "So what?!" some may say.  
Well, I've won some and lost some - can't change a damned thing  
But, I lived it!.....'n' did it mostly my way.

To be continued.....