

A Class History

We were children while our nation and our allies fought and won the greatest war in history, against the Axis powers. We could do little to help win that war, but it certainly shaped our attitudes toward our nation and our military. A few of us had more dangerous encounters than others.

Walt Meukow: I doubt that there are many who packed as many thrills, excitement, and danger into four years between the ages of nine and 13 as I did. I was born in Chefoo, China in 1932. On 7 December 1941 my family — my mother, my stepfather (a retired Navy CPO), and my stepbrother, and I — arrived in Manila on the last liner out of Shanghai. During the Japanese bombing of the Cavite Navy Yard on the 10th, although uninjured, we lost virtually all our personal possessions when our newly rented house took a direct hit. Following that, we took refuge in a small Filipino barrio on the shores of shark-infested Manila Bay, awaiting the end of what was expected to be a short war. When the action picked up immediately after New Year's Day 1942, we took the advice of friendly Filipinos, to head for the sanctuary of Bataan, across the Bay. We were saved from drowning that night by the FINCH (AM-9) seconds before our small boat broke apart; were bombed minutes after landing at Cabcaben pier; were attached to Hospital #2 for feeding during the four-month siege of Bataan; were provided a broken-down school bus for shelter; and endured nearly daily bombings. During lulls, I visited the wounded in open-air wards, played chess with them, witnessed the death of a cook hit by one of our own spent shells, ate cavalry meat (very small ration), and fought the mosquitoes and other tropical nuisances. In the final stage of the siege our drove the bus through burning oil depots, in fruitless attempts to escape to nowhere; met U.S. General King and Japanese General Homma at the surrender camp; and were directed by them to report to Manila. Soon after leaving the surrender site, we passed our troops in the infamous Bataan Death March, and shared some of their rations; in San Fernando, the site where the American and Filipino troops were put on trains, an overzealous Japanese infantry captain pulled us off the bus, accused us of spying, and threatened to shoot my parents. However, shortly afterwards this captain came by with a doctor, as all of us were suffering from malaria. He took us children off to get some food; two days later he put us on a truck for the trip to an old Spanish fort in Manila for interrogation, advising us to tell the truth and all would be well.

After 10 days with eight people in a 15x12 cell, our family was released and sent to a Jesuit hospital to recuperate, before being trucked to Santo Thomas Internment

Camp. Later, a new camp was built at Los Banos, where families were able to live together. Our family volunteered. By mid-1944, things began deteriorating rapidly, mostly focused on less and less food. A couple of internees were shot returning from foraging for food outside the camp. Then on 23 February 1945, Company B of the 511th Airborne, assisted by Filipino guerrillas, rescued all of the Los Banos internees from behind enemy lines and whisked them to safety, by crossing Laguna de Bay in amphibious craft. Intelligence had indicated that there might have been plans to execute all internees. In the rescue the liberators killed some 75 Japanese while suffering one broken leg. The single most dangerous situation at that moment became the possibility of over eating. Supplies had to be dropped by parachute within two days because the planned rations had been exhausted. On the first day, at almost 13 years of age, weighing in at some 60 plus pounds, I went through 12 half-rations of pork and beans. In April 1945 we former internees were embarked in the ADMIRAL EBERLE for passage to the States.

One last adventure remained. Our ship sailed through the horrible typhoon that sank three of our destroyers. No wonder Plebe Year seemed somewhat "fruit". — WTM.

Most of us being still too young to fight while we achieved a painful stalemate in Korea, seven classmates did serve, and received the Korean Service Medal. **Allen Hemphill**, for example, served as a fire control man aboard the O'BANNON (DDE-450), which introduced the North Koreans to the devastating effects of the rapid, accurate fire of the new 3"-50 batteries against shore targets, including rail guns.

We graduated and were commissioned when the Cold War was still in its infancy — scarcely a dozen years old. Our careers, military and civilian, or both, spanned the rest of that great war. Our nation won that war, and we helped to achieve that great victory, even though, along the way, there were a few setbacks.

How we began our military journeys varied in a hundred ways. There was even the occasional fraudulent enlistment:

Bruce Demars: During high school on the south side of Chicago I worked as an assistant janitor at the Second Federal Savings & Loan. It was run by the Sierosinski family. The Vice President, E. John Sierosinski, knew I wanted to attend the Naval Academy. He called me in during my senior year and

told me I had an appointment to the Academy but had to use this address — 46 Northlake Road, Riverside, IL — a very affluent suburb. I thanked him and asked if there was anything else I should know. He told me that the Riverside congressman owed the editor of the Southwest News a favor, the editor owed him a favor and I was the favor. However, the congressman was on record that the appointment would be competitive so I had to go downtown to the post office building and take the civil service exam. There were others there from his district and they did think it was competitive. I, of course, said nothing.

I received the appointment but failed my physical at Great Lakes on high blood pressure. I traveled to Annapolis by train and bus for a re-exam and arrived late at night at the Visiting Team Barracks with the others. The next morning a corpsman took my blood pressure, and it was still too high. He said I looked tired, which I was, and told me to lie down on a bed in one of the wards. I fell sound asleep and was awakened by the same corpsman, again taking my blood pressure. He said “Red, its OK, you’re in.” So I started my long career on shaky legal grounds but with an enduring respect for the fine judgment of enlisted men! — BD

As mids, we all studied the same courses (having choice only as to which of a handful of foreign languages we studied for two years). We marched everywhere, especially to every class and back. We learned the rules and we learned to respect them — while we also learned the principle of the calculated risk. We learned how and why moral turpitude doesn’t qualify for calculating risk. We learned also to feel sorry for our Army brethren on the Hudson in one respect: at West Point, NOT to report an offense was itself an offense.

We certainly did not obey all the rules all the time. Although women were not permitted to be mids, somehow there was the occasional girl in the Hall after hours, and even in the mess hall; and ah, those grilled cheese sandwiches, enjoyed while watching a small, grainy, black-and-white, illegal TV. No matter what our age, we could not drink within seven miles of the Chapel dome, and we were generally not permitted to go outside that seven-mile limit. Somehow many of us calculated the risk as low on this one — there were no Breathalyzers around then. The OOD generally had to see evidence of intoxication. And just as we learned to instantly switch from guys-only speech (unbelievably coarse) to polite mixed-company talk, we learned to display (we hoped) no outward sign of alcohol consumption.

We dragged, and our drags stayed in drag houses with chaperones (mostly). We raced hand in hand through the

streets of Annapolis after singing Navy Blue and Gold at the end of each formal dance. Yes, we raced, because the first couple to reach the drag house would get the best sofa or chair on which to make out for 20 minutes or so, before the mids had to run back to Bancroft.

A small (?) number of us somehow made their way back out into town after liberty expiration, to extend the evening’s social activities.

As a firstie in 1957, could any of us imagine that in our lifetime, we would be able to:

- Talk instantly to anywhere using a device smaller than a pack of our favorite cigarettes?
- Organize and manipulate data faster than the largest computers in the world at that time?
- Watch men explore the Moon — live on TV?
- See the Soviet Union collapse utterly, but peacefully?
- See an African-American Secretary of State, and an African-American woman as National Security Advisor — and then as Secretary of State?
- See our daughters or granddaughters fighting side by side with our sons and grandsons in combat zones, and stationed aboard most combatant ships?
- Determine our geographical position within a few yards instantly, using a small portable device (thanks, Brad Parkinson)?
- Walk 18 holes on knees made of steel, titanium and polyethylene plastic; and during the round hit tee shots of 230 yards using a titanium driver with graphite shaft?

In 1957 we reported in to first duty assignments as commissioned officers, 0-1. For most of us, this was routine even if personally exciting. For others, not so routine.

Urb Lamay: In early August, I arrived in Coronado with my bride of several weeks, and upwards of twenty pounds of having-eaten-very-well since 7 June and especially during the eight-day cross-country trip. Former company-mates Cleve Loman and Dick Enkeboll and their wives helped us to find suitable housing, and a few days later we newlyweds were at Lindbergh field. I was ready to embark on the first leg of what was to be about a three-week comedy of getting to BRAINE (DD-630), then in the Western Pacific. But first, a picture of the young ensign in his khakis — a quick check to make sure the cap was not too rakish, a smile (hardly genuine since he was about to leave a teary bride), then brace up for the photo — the latter action a bit more than the buttons on the now

somewhat undersized khaki blouse could withstand. So pop, pop, pop they came. The tears on my bride's face were instantly transformed into almost uncontrollable laughter, not exactly a bad thing at the time. Good thing I didn't bend over too quickly to retrieve said buttons and so test the strength of trouser seat seam.

A few days in San Francisco followed, getting necessary shots and waiting for the call to board a bus to Travis AFB for the flight across the big pond. (Of course I used my time wisely; spent nearly all of it learning to sew buttons on my blouse; also purchased a brown leather belt, a little more accommodating to my present circumstances than the 7-June-and-earlier size khaki web belt straining around my middle.

Seated on sagging canvas seats (does memory serve me correctly that such seats were mounted so that one faced athwartships?) the flight was uneventful, uninteresting and seemingly unending — nine hours to Pearl, nine hours on hold at Pearl, nine hours to some mid-Pacific island for refueling, then nine hours to Tokyo. There I was stashed in a barracks for several days checking in often with the Fleet Ops Center at Yokosuka as that office first tried to find BRAINE and then arrange for transportation thereto.

Finally I found myself en route to Taipei and thence to Kaohsiung to meet the ship. But first a refueling stop at Okinawa. Upon arrival at Naha, the several passengers were informed that they would have an hour to get lunch, either at an enlisted mess or at the O-Club. Leaving all, except what I was wearing, which included my now leather-belted khakis, I alone of the several transients chose the O-Club. As I recall, I had a decent meal there while periodically checking my watch to make sure that I returned to the plane on time. When one such check divulged the exact same time as when previously checked, I bolted from the table, and out the door. Before getting very far I was treated to the vision of my plane picking up speed on the runway and lifting into the air. I didn't remember having been trained at USNA for such a contingency and so had to draw on other resources which about that time seemed very lean indeed. Finding my way to Flight Ops, I told personnel there of my sad plight and pondered anxiously as to what kind of a holding cell they would assign me. Actually, I was told to check in at the BOQ and to check back with Ops twice a day until they had arranged further passage. With fast depleting cash, no checkbook or credit card (were there such things then? would it have been accepted at an exchange even if I had one?) I purchased a few necessary toiletries and began the seemingly interminable wait for "further passage".

Two days later, wearing the same now none-too-presentable clothes as when departing Tokyo, I was again en route to Taipei. Arriving in the dark, I was directed to a ground transportation office, if one chose to call it that — actually, a flimsy screened-in hut whose two or three bare light bulbs attracted every sort of insect, all to the delight of the hundreds of chameleons which, in addition to two Taiwanese, manned this post — seemingly in the middle of nowhere. (Here occurs another memory lapse — for how many hours was I at this remote post? How was I reunited with my luggage and khaki blouse, which I had left on the plane at Naha?). When memory picks up, without blouse to mask my leather-belted trousers, I sheepishly approached the brow of BRAINE with seemingly a thousand faces of officers and crew turned in my direction. With a surprisingly firm "Permission to come aboard, sir" so ended the first weeks of my naval career. — URL

We engaged early in the Cold War, as illustrated by "A Saturday Night in the Cold War", author: Dick Gentz: At 2000 on Saturday, 2 September 1961, Labor Day weekend, families were settling down to watch their favorite TV programs, "Leave it to Beaver", "Bonanza", or "Perry Mason." Sunset had been at 1937. The moon was in its last quarter and would not rise until 0054. There had been scattered evening thunderstorms predicted. Somewhere east of Norfolk, ASW squadrons VS 24 and VS 27, flying twin-engine, propeller-driven, Grumman S2F Trackers from the RANDOLPH had just begun conducting night carrier qualifications. The Air Wing was getting ready to deploy to the North Atlantic in ESSEX, to operate with NATO forces and "show the flag." Two other classmates were also in the Air Wing: Bud Edney and Doug Burns.

A buzz went through the ship: — an aircraft was missing in the landing pattern. On board were the VS 27 executive officer, an experienced carrier pilot, and a lieutenant who had joined the squadron from the recently retired blimp force and who was his first night carquals. At that time, night operations were conducted under visual flight rules (VFR) meaning aircraft approached the ship from aft, at 600 feet just to starboard, broke left about a minute ahead, dropped the gear, flaps and hook while in a 180 degree turn, maintaining 600 feet. With no moon, instruments would have given the only cues. It was clear the aircraft had crashed, and no one had seen it happen. The VS 27 Squadron CO assigned me and my normal crew, including an ATC and AE1, to fly the SAR mission. The carrier maintained position while the escorting destroyers also searched. I logged three hours and remember the moon rising over a relatively calm sea. After landing, the CO told me I was going ashore to serve as the Casualty Assistant Calls Officer

(CACO). RANDOLPH'S carrier on-board delivery (COD) aircraft launched at first light. Walking to the aircraft, near the catapult, I saw on the flight deck a landing gear assembly and a pilot's helmet. Immediately after landing, with the NAS Norfolk base chaplain, I began the ride to notify the families. The XO's wife was first. That was hard enough, as they had older children. Then we walked up the steps of a modest home and met a pregnant young woman. The lieutenant had apparently just completed Virginia's required one-year waiting period to obtain a divorce from his previous wife, and had not yet remarried. Over the next couple of days, after getting some sleep from being up for about 36 hours, with lots of support from the chaplain and BuPers, I obtained the lieutenant's father's permission to transfer his benefits to the pregnant fiancée. The lieutenant's father had to walk to the local store in the back hills of Kentucky to speak on the phone. ESSEX, with CVSG 56 embarked, departed Norfolk on 23 October 1961 and returned to Quonset Point on 22 February 1962. Not a long cruise. — RCG

We were there for the 1962 Cuban missile crisis: Aboard the surface ships enforcing the cordon, in the submarines tracking the approaching Soviet shipping, in the aircraft poised to strike the missile sites, and in the ground forces readying in Florida for a follow-up invasion. Unaware at the time of the withdrawal of our Pershing missiles from Turkey as a quid pro quo, to our minds this was a clear win: "eyeball to eyeball, and the other fellow blinked." Meantime, our families were learning to live with the nightmare of nuclear holocaust — possibly with only minutes' warning.

As 03 to 05 or even 06 pay-grades, we endured the Vietnam War. We lost eight classmates in Vietnam. One endured five years, seven months as a POW. A few (seven) others were wounded in combat. Our Class garnered six Silver Stars, 45 DFCs, 77 Bronze Stars, and 133 Legions of Merit.

After graduation, as we worked, and learned, invented, and grew, and often led the way, our nation also won the "space race", demonstrating unquestioned superiority in technology, courage, and achievements. Our own **Charlie Duke** walked on the Moon in the Apollo program (see his account in *The First 30*). Many of us saw combat in Vietnam.

Jim Quinn: After a first tour in S-2s, three years in Monterey and four months in the A-4 replacement squadron, I found myself in VA-94 in October, 1966. I was most junior of eight LtCdrs in seniority, and blessed in my squadron with fine leadership: CO Jack Wynn '49 and XO Joe Wilkinson '52.

As part of Air Wing Five, we deployed in HANCOCK in January 1967, racing by Hawaii for a quick ORE and on to the Gulf of Tonkin, with interminable all-officers meetings and briefings en route — drilling rules of engagement into us all the way.

Once on the line, the winter monsoon socked in all of North Vietnam, so we flew to Laos and, occasionally, South Vietnam, always working with an airborne FAC. In early May the weather broke, and the deckload Alfa strikes began. On one of the first of these, to the Kien Anh airfield southwest of Haiphong, a SAM shot down our CAG, Dutch Netherland '47. He was listed missing, and years later declared killed in action.



I flew my first Alfa strike against the Hai Doung bridge complex located half-way between Hanoi and Haiphong in late May-early June 1967. We saw a few SAMs, and flak was heavy, but the gunners shot down no one on this strike, and it was pretty much "pick up a wingman if you can, every man for himself off target".

We could never predict what the reception would be like at a given target. I flew an Alfa strike to Phu Li, a railroad junction about 30 miles south of Hanoi, the flak was light, and there were no SAMs. The afternoon strike went to the same target, all hell broke loose, and we lost Cdr Jim Mehl, XO of VA-93.

During our remaining time on the line I never got to either Hanoi or Haiphong, but I got to most of the others that circled Hanoi, including Nam Dinh, Ninh Binh,

and Phu Li. Nam Dinh caught Harrison Salisbury's attention: in a *New York Times* article, he described it as a textile manufacturing center; I described it as the textile manufacturing center having the heaviest concentration of AAA defenses as any on earth.

After six months ashore in Lemoore we sailed again in January, 1968 in BON HOMME RICHARD. What promised to be a long, hot summer of two-a-day Alfa strikes turned benign when President Johnson declared a bombing pause north of the 20th parallel on April 1. We brought back all the squadron's pilots on both cruises (a welcome change from the previous cruise on ENTERPRISE in which four squadron pilots hadn't returned) — a triumph of leadership, airmanship, focus, luck, and, perhaps most significantly ... the politics of the war. Air Wing Five wasn't so lucky: 12 killed or missing in action on the two cruises.

But the politics didn't help our comrades on the ground. To me, there has never been a doubt about who the true heroes of any war are: It's the guys (and now, gals) on the ground who fight in mud, rain, elephant grass, urban slums, desert sand, rain forest ... with their lives at risk every moment, with no respite from danger and discomfort. The aviators have their thrilling moments, but they return from each flight to beds with sheets, air conditioning, movies, and hot food. As I write these words, nothing has changed. Fallujah is being mopped up by the grunt Marines and the aviators are less at risk than during the Vietnam war. For those on the ground 35 years later, danger and discomfort haven't changed, and I salute them. — JHQ

Fritz Warren: In the summer of 1964 I completed the course in Communications/Electronics at the Naval Post Graduate School in Monterey, California. I was posted to the Marine Corps Development Center at Quantico, Virginia for a three-year tour and was assigned to the Communications Electronics Division.

Then Marines landed in Vietnam in May of 1965, and I immediately became impatient with the remaining two-plus years left on my tour. I submitted a request to be released in order to serve immediately in Vietnam. Marines were in a combat situation and I wanted to be there also! I got as far as General Hurst, the CG of the Development Center and he, while sympathetic, informed me that there was no one else in the pipeline to replace me in the important technical job for which I was responsible. Shortly after my failure to escape, I was also made the Marine Corps Project Officer for tactical secure voice systems. I served the remainder of my tour and received orders to the 9th Marine Amphibious Brigade (9th MAB) on Okinawa.

Prior to my arrival, I sent the customary letter to the Commanding General of the 9th MAB indicating the date of my arrival and my willingness to serve in any capacity where he felt I could be most useful to his organization. In Okinawa, I reported to the G-1 (Personnel), as the CG was "off-island". The G-1 was somewhat pudgy in appearance and less than a picture of a Marine. He told me that I had been assigned as the CO of Headquarters and Service Company, an organization which he said was essentially responsible for taking care of the disciplinary problems of Marines who were unable to stand up under the pressure of combat and who were awaiting various types of action, ranging from courts martial to administrative discharge from the Corps. I was somewhat shaken by the news of my assignment. I recalled how Captain William Weise, my company commander in 1958, handled a similar situation, and decided to follow suit.

I told the LtCol G-1 that "I could out-run, -fight, -fuck or -fart anyone that was available for a job in-country with one of the two Special Landing Forces that were embarked aboard amphibious ships operating off the coast of Vietnam." He seemed quite shocked, but managed to say "Major, the line for those jobs is very long." The die had already been cast at this point, so I retorted "bring me to the head of the line and I will knock the first guy flat on his ass." At this point the slightly rotund G-1 ordered me to follow him to the office of the Chief of Staff. When we arrived I was instructed to sit down while the G-1 spoke with the C/S. I was a little worried at this point about what was about to transpire and could envision myself "in-hack" for a fortnight as a result of my insubordination. After about 15 minutes, I was ordered into the office of the C/S. I was not offered a chair, so I stood at rigid attention. The colonel told me "Major Warren, I want you to keep your mouth shut and not say one word. He then said that he was shocked at the words that I used when talking to the G-1. Then, to my surprise, he told me that I was being assigned as the assistant operations officer for Special Landing Force Alpha (SLFA) which was embarked on Amphibious Ready Group Alpha (ARG A) ships off the coast of Vietnam. I could hardly contain myself, but somehow did. I have always been grateful that the C/S was a naval aviator and could appreciate the message in my outburst, whereas if he had been an infantry officer, I feel sure that I would never have left the island of Okinawa for the duration of my tour.

The next day I was off to Danang, in order to grab a ride to the PRINCETON, the flagship of ARG A and headquarters of the SLF. I worked on the detailed planning for five landings while a member of the SLF

staff, before being reunited with LtCol William Weise, who was now the Commanding Officer of BLT 2/4.

2/4 is shorthand for the Second Battalion, Fourth Marine Regiment. My CO was a wonderful leader — LtCol Bill Weise; I had earlier served with him when he was a captain and I a first lieutenant. As the operations officer for BLT 2/4, I was now responsible for coordinating the other staff members and for developing plans for the combat operations against the North Vietnamese forces. For the next six months, I was located physically near the DMZ, and most of the time north of the Cua Viet River.

The BLT consisted of a Marine battalion (2/4) and several attached combat support organizations, making it capable of limited independent combat operations. During the months of January through April of 1968, BLT 2/4 was heavily engaged in combat action against enemy soldiers of the North Vietnamese 320th Division. We suffered many killed and wounded Marines as a result of the constant fighting that took place while 2/4 defended the northern bank of the Cua Viet River. This river was important to the Marines, and it was used to transport more than 90% of the ammunition and supplies used by the U.S. forces serving in the area. BLT 2/4 was supported by aircraft, artillery and naval gunfire from ships in the South China Sea. In this period we experienced continued battles with the North Vietnamese soldiers who were trying to move through our area, to get into positions where they could cut off the flow of materials on the Cua Viet River and to attack the Marine base at Dong Ha.

On April 30th, one of the U.S. Navy boats on the Cua Viet River was fired upon from the north bank of the river near the village of Dai Do. For the next three days, BLT 2/4 moved its Marines into positions where they could push the enemy soldiers away from the river so that the Navy boats could resume their operations and movement of supplies. The battle was hard fought by both the Marines and the North Vietnamese soldiers and it lasted for three difficult days. The Marines were under-strength from their constant contact with the enemy over the past three months (normally a rifle company has 206 men, whereas at the beginning of this battle the average strength of the each rifle company was approximately 165 Marines.) At the end of the three days of combat, 2/4 had lost about 85 Marines to enemy fire and another 500 had been evacuated due to their serious wounds. Each company had received some reinforcement from Marines on board the ARG ships, but even with these, each of the four companies had an average strength of only about 25 men who were exhausted from their three days of constant battle.

The Battalion CO, Bill Weise, had been wounded on May 2nd, as was the CO of E Company — Captain Jim Livingston. Another company CO had been seriously wounded on the first day of the battle and evacuated to a hospital ship, and a third company CO had been wounded five times by the end of the third day. We used support from aircraft, artillery and naval gunfire to help Marines battle the much larger 320th Division of North Vietnamese soldiers. The North Vietnamese force had excellent artillery support from units operating inside of the DMZ. Keith Nolan describes the story of this battle in a book “The Magnificent Bastards.” LtCol Bill Weise also describes the battle in a video “Memories of Dai Do.”

For the first two days of this battle, I was in a support role, constantly on the radio with higher headquarters arranging for artillery, close air and naval gunfire support. It was a frustrating job — I was aware of the serious battle that was taking place because I saw the killed and wounded Marines being evacuated. On the second day, I moved with my “bravo” command group from our normal base to a position on the edge of the village of Dai Do. I had been monitoring the radio and realized that the battle was fierce, and that the more-numerous enemy was counter-attacking against our Marines. Shortly after arriving, I saw Captain Livingston being carried from the field — he had been seriously wounded but refused to leave his men, until he was unable to continue. Shortly thereafter I learned that our CO, Bill Weise, had been seriously wounded and was being evacuated from the battle area.

At this time, as the senior Marine, I assumed responsibility as the BLT CO. I called for supporting arms to hit the enemy positions while organizing the roughly 100 or so Marines that had survived the battle thus far into defensive positions. The enemy forces, also badly depleted, decided to withdraw in order to reorganize their men. We took the opportunity to collect our dead and wounded from the battlefield and to get the wounded to medical treatment. We received small attacks from the enemy forces throughout the night, each of which was successfully repelled. In the morning of 3 May, BLT 2/4 was relieved by the Third Battalion, First Marine Regiment, and returned to its base camp.

For this action, Captains Vargas (F Company) and Livingston (E Company) received the nation’s highest award, the Medal of Honor. LtCol Weise received the Navy Cross (2nd highest combat award) along with SgtMaj Malnar, who was killed while protecting Bill Weise during an enemy counterattack. The Marines who fought at Dai Do earned numerous other awards.

In retrospect, we are left to speculate about the true nature of the Vietnam War, and its effect on the United States and the countries of Southeast Asia. For my part, I did my duty as I understood it, and felt that I was assisting people who wanted to govern themselves using a democratic process rather than being dominated by the Communist government from the North. — GFW

The Vietnam war also caused many Americans, mostly airmen, to endure months and years of hell on earth, as prisoners of the North Vietnamese, who did not honor the Geneva Conventions for the treatment of POWs.

Lee Hyatt: Four sledge-hammer blows shook our RA-5C Vigilante and caused me a near-total blackout, as I felt a spinning sensation which I tried to correct. I do not remember my ejection from the bird. My left forearm was broken by the seat, and since it was a command ejection, when the front seat fired, my RAN (radar-navigator), Wayne, left the plane just before I did. When I came to, I noticed that it was very quiet, looked up and saw the chute, and said “Fuck me” to no one in particular. The ground was coming up fast and I landed on my butt in a bunch of scrub brush. It was a struggle getting out of the chute harness, helmet, and oxygen mask as my left arm would not work at all. It had been shattered at the shoulder socket. Got up and took off running, leaving my gear behind--didn’t know where I was going, as we were over 110 miles from the coast and chances of pickup were remote. It looked like 1,000 people were after me. They were shooting, and I noticed that the bullets went “snap-pop” as they went by. One hit me in the back of the right arm and down I went head over heels into a clump of bushes. I took out my .38 service revolver and threw it away, along with the two radios, after trying to make a call that we were on the ground. I couldn’t fight an army with six tracer rounds.

Lee and Wayne were captured, violently, by a group of soldiers, who took them to a nearby village and held them in a cave overnight. A medic came and dug a bullet out of his right arm as well as a nail from his boot out of his right heel. Next day their captors moved them by truck and Russian biplane to their new home, the Hao Lo prison — known to history as the Hanoi Hilton.

Lee: I was put in a room with a table, chair, stool, slop bucket, teapot and cup, stripped down to shorts and given a pair of red and gray striped pajamas, black cotton T shirt and shorts, and a pair of flip-flop type sandals (we called them zaps) made by cutting the sole shape out of a tire with pieces of inner tube across the instep to hold them on.

Time to take stock of myself. My left shoulder looked to be about four to five inches out of the socket and pushed in. The way it hurt, it had to be broken in many places and the upper arm broken about two inches below the ball. Everything else was minor compared to that.

The door opened and in walked the devil himself in the shape of a small Oriental man in uniform who was about to give me my introduction into Hell. This English-speaking (but not very well) officer sat behind the desk, motioning me to sit on the stool while an enlisted man stood behind me. The interrogator asked my name, which I had to spell, and he said, “You Vietnamese name Hy.” Then came rank and serial number, and I was thinking that this was just as it was supposed to be, according to survival school training. Then came a series of questions like what squadron, ship, type aircraft, etc., to which I replied that I couldn’t and didn’t have to answer those type questions, according to the Geneva Convention. This really pissed him off. He started yelling at me that I was a black criminal, air pirate, there was no Geneva Convention, there was no declared war, it was an unjust war and I had a very bad attitude for which “You must be punish!” This was the first of countless times I was to hear this. I was grabbed from behind and then it began.

The wrists were bound together behind my back by rope and the ankles were secured spread eagle by shackles to a rusty metal bar across the top of the feet. The rope was looped around the tips of the elbows which were pulled together and then the rope passed over a shoulder to the bar. Then the whole thing was cinched down to fold one up into a suitcase position--arms extended to dislocate the shoulders, (but my left one was already detached!) and the legs pulled up to form an unbearably painful position wherein it was nearly impossible to breathe. Screaming got you a filthy rag in the mouth, held in place by a piece of rusty pipe. There can be no way to really describe the pain of the position you were in. The enlisted guy doing the work was enjoying it and it must be said that they were masters at inflicting massive pain for prolonged periods. They would leave for a smoke break, while parts of you went numb and you gasped for air and wondered how in God’s name you could survive this. I remember asking God to give me the strength to make it for a minute, count it out and then ask for one more. This ritual went on and on, over and over during the next two to three weeks. They would come back in, release the rope and the blood rushing back in to the extremities and the nerves coming back on line were nearly as painful as the tie-up. “You answer question now.” “No.” Back in the position. I honestly do not know how many times this went on over the next many days and nights. It was terribly hot and I could

not get enough liquid in my body with two liters of boiled water flavored with a bit of tea and two bowls of cabbage soup each day. I couldn't eat much anyway as I was nauseated. He was getting more upset with me and yelled at the goon doing the damage on one particular day. He cinched down extra hard as he kicked me in the right rib cage. I felt the ribs crack and my neck broke around the fifth vertebrae (confirmed by X-Ray after I got home.) I started to vomit and had to blow it out my nose as I had a rag in my mouth. The English-speaker was down on the floor next to my face and kept yelling, "You talk now?" I figured that this was a pretty stupid way to die — drowning in your own vomit — so somehow I indicated that I had had enough.

I was turned loose and refused to answer anything until I had crawled back up on the stool. The main purpose of the questions now was, what would future targets be?

Of course I did not have a clue, but figured I had to give him something. I said I needed some maps and he ran out to get some. I then proceeded to point out various areas all over N. Vietnam. Saying that here was a truck park, rail siding, someplace along a road, etc. This went on for several days and each time I would give him something, he'd run out to another room and I could hear him yelling as if on a very poor phone connection. If they sent flak sites, SAMs or whatever to the places I told them from, they burned up one helluva lot of fuel.

The next step was to write about myself in a sort of biography. I was put into another room and told to write. I would jot down a few sentences about nonsense and then write that I had much pain and had to rest. I did a lot of crying, feeling sorry for myself, along with a bunch of "Why me, God?" I was lower than whale shit. I had broken faith with my fellow prisoners by giving more than name, rank, serial number and date of birth in accordance with the Code of Conduct. I was a total and disgusting excuse for an officer in the Navy. What would the rest of the POWs think? I found out some time later after communication links had been established with the senior officers in the camp that the rules were not to endure torture to a point of no return, but to give something and live to come back and fight another day. I don't know of a single POW who was able to beat the ropes unless they chose to die. We were most fortunate to have a superior group of seniors who had some great advice, made tremendous policy and kept us together in a unified front. There were a few POW's who strayed, doing anything to save their own hides and, over the years to come, eight were given early release because of propaganda they made for the V.

After some time, punctuated by intermittent interrogations and torture sessions, Lee's injuries, far from healing, were becoming grave. Finally unable to leave his bed boards unassisted, he began awaiting death. Then help arrived, in the form of Ed, another Air Force pilot, also injured but still able to help Lee. His nursing care essentially saved Lee's life.

Lee: Time slowly passed until about October in 1967 when Ed and I were split up (he died later, still in captivity). I went to the Zoo Annex, to a room with five other guys. One had been there for enough time to learn how to communicate cell-to-cell through the walls, by using a code based on a 5 x 5 tap code or flashing pot lids between buildings, or by setting up drops in the bath areas. What a blessing that was, as we were now in the comm link and could find out what was going on.

The main technique for communicating was the five-by-five system so we could tap code through the walls. It was based on an old prisoner code and made up as follows:

A	B	C	D	E
F	G	H	I	J
L	M	N	O	P
Q	R	S	T	U
V	W	X	Y	Z

The letter K was eliminated and C used for it. The rows were numbered 1 through 5 as were the columns; hence, "Any news" was tapped out with 1 tap, 1 tap, pause, 3 taps, 3 taps, pause, 5 taps, 4 taps, pause, 3, 3, pause, 1, 5, pause, 5, 2, pause, 4, 3. Many hours a day were spent tapping on the wall to the guys next door and the calluses on the knuckles of the index and middle fingers grew — they are still there to this day.

Christmases came and went — surely the saddest time of the year for these prisoners. Their captors also used Christmas as an opportunity to generate propaganda.

Lee: The third Christmas I was there I was told to suit up for a trip to the "Head Shed". Word came through the walls that guys being called up to the interrogation rooms were being given packages sent by our families. So, the word was, go get the goodies and do your very best to not make propaganda for the V. In other words, don't smile for the cameras! Off I went, spruced up in a set of striped PJ's, having been made to shave, and gotten a haircut from the guard. Sure enough, lots of photographers were present with lots of lights. I sat on the customary stool and a package was placed in front of me. "We show you humane and lenient treatment to have Christmas package from home." I had been sitting with my arms folded, having slowly and with a

show of pain lifted my left arm into place, all the while extending the middle finger of each hand in the classic “bird” position. I was told to inspect the contents of the package and sign for it. I did so with slow motions, always moving the left arm with my right. I was told to look happy and smile, which of course I didn’t, with the cameras flashing the whole time. They didn’t like what was going on, so I was told to get my stuff and go to my room. The photo in Life magazine a short time later was the first time that my family knew that I was a POW and removed my name from the MIA list. Intelligence people called my wife to ask if she had seen the photo and did she see anything in particular. She said it was obvious that I was totally pissed off and I was shooting the bird at the whole world. The intelligence folks had not noticed!

Possibly the biggest blow to morale was the cessation of bombing. The prisoners began to feel completely abandoned. This was much exacerbated by the Hanoi visits of American anti-war activists, the most prominent of whom was Jane Fonda.

Lee: We lived in constant fear of being pressured or tortured to go meet one of these delegations or to write letters to various congressmen supporting their views on the immorality of the war and how we agreed with them. Quite a few of the POW’s had to endure severe torture until they agreed to meet with these Americans that all of us felt were traitors. Several of the men tried to slip small pieces of paper with their names on them to these people. In at least one case, that individual promptly handed over the papers to the English-speaker with the delegation and the guys were, of course, punished when they returned to their cells.

I believe that we all agreed that people had the right to speak their minds about the war, but — and it is a mighty big BUT — when it is done in a manner that (a) aids and abets the enemy, (b) prolongs the war by giving him hope that the U.S.A. will be forced by the movement to quit the scene, and (c) it puts American fighting men who are held captive in grievous harm’s way — IT IS ABSOLUTELY wrong and traitorous. Most of us would agree that it prolonged the war by several years. I have the scars to harbor my hatred for these people, and I suppose I will take it the grave with me. I am proud to have been an Air Pirate and the Blackest of Criminals, because I am honored to have lived so long with some of the finest, bravest men this country has ever produced.

If we had turned our backs on the Vietnamese, we would have been the biggest hypocrites on earth. It was simply a matter of helping them to become more free and

democratic, and the first order of business was to keep them from falling under the Communist umbrella.

We lived on in limbo until 18 December 1972, when we noticed something out of the ordinary just before go-to-bed time. A noise such as we’d never heard before. It was a long way off, muted, and definitely lots of jet aircraft. Air raid sirens went off, the lights went out and someone yelled, “Holy shit! That’s high-flying B-52s!” Someone else said, “We’re getting out of this fucking place now!” And then it started.

The thump and bang of anti-aircraft guns joined in with the blasting off of surface-to-air (SAM) missiles. The drone of the B-52’s became louder and then the bombs began to hit. They hit ammunition dumps, POL (petroleum, oil, lubricants) storage areas, warehouses, power plants, rail yards, etc., and the whole world seemed to be on fire. The night became day. The ground shook, and it was a most awesome sight and sound display. AND, all of this was the most wonderful, exhilarating thing any of us had ever seen! WE WERE GOING TO GO HOME! The good ole U.S.A. had come to get us out. No city or nation could withstand the onslaught of hundreds of B-52 aircraft in an unending stream for very long. And, as we learned from some of the newly shot-down airmen, this was occurring in the port city of Haiphong and other major areas all over N. Vietnam. This continued until just before Christmas and then stopped.

After a few days a major move was under way again. Our most senior officers were called to the headquarters building. They were told to control their POW personnel and make everyone behave, and the treatment would be relaxed. Word came out that there were talks going on in Paris regarding what was to happen, and that we would be going home soon. Our SRO (Senior Ranking Officer) asked for only one thing, and that was for the sick and wounded go home first, to be followed in order of shoot down, longest tenure first, in that order, or none of us would agree to go.

In a few days, we were called together in the main courtyard. There were a lot of cameras and a lot of brass in attendance.

An English-speaker read about the Paris Peace Accords that had just been signed and said, “The humane and lenient people of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam now allow you to go home to your families,” or words to that effect. To a man all of us stood there stone-faced, showing no emotion. Silence engulfed the courtyard for several minutes. The English-speaker waved his arms up and down and said over and over, “It OK, be happy,

you go home.“ We gave him nothing and the cameras got nothing. After several minutes we were told to return to our room. Then, I can tell you, all hell broke loose!

The day finally came when we were issued a small overnight bag, pants, a shirt, a windbreaker, socks and black shoes. We were told to get dressed in our new duds and load some buses that had pulled into the courtyard.

We moved slowly through the city, and it was a sight to behold. It was devastated — piles of rubble everywhere. We arrived at the airport ramp area. A table had been set up, behind which sat some of the English-speakers who previously had conducted the interrogations and torture sessions.

But the most beautiful sight in all the world was parked out there on the apron, with its ramp lowered and a large American flag on its tail. There never has been nor will there ever be a more beautiful sight than that C-141 airplane with Old Glory on its tail. Enough to make grown men cry from sheer joy, and most of us had tears rolling down our faces.

We were met on the ramp by four of the most beautiful, best-smelling U.S. Air Force uniformed women God had ever created, who took us to a seat and gave us some fruit juice. We felt that we had died and gone to Heaven!!

As we took off. The cabin was strangely quiet. I guess we suspected it was all a joke, we would have to go back and land, or they would shoot us out of the sky as we climbed out toward the Gulf of Tonkin. Then the pilot announced that we were “feet wet”! Now the cabin erupted with yells, hoots, hollers, hugging, etc. We were finally out of Hell and on our way home!

I have been asked many times what made it possible for me to survive. There are several reasons. First, I had a tremendous hatred for my captors, their inhumanity, brutality, the whole Communistic crock of lies, etc. Secondly, although I felt that my God had forsaken me (part of my feeling sorry for myself and the predicament I was in), I never knew that there was a large group of people praying for me every day. At the church where I had grown up, a tree had been planted in my behalf to remind parishioners to keep it up. It must have done a lot of good, because I was given the strength to survive — I didn’t do all by myself! Thirdly, I have to go back to my high school football and basketball coach who had instilled in me an unshakeable ethic of “get up when you get knocked down and have the guts to face the bigger, faster, stronger guy across from you”. Last but

not least important were the principles of leadership, love of country, honor, and duty that had been drilled into me while I was at the U.S. Naval Academy. You simply didn’t quit, and it was imperative that you kept faith with your fellow officers and the men with whom you served.

We each went through a press conference and an awards ceremony, over the next several weeks, at which I was awarded a large number of decorations/medals. The two of which I am the most proud are the Silver Star and the Bronze Star with “V” for valor. — LGH

Silver Stars: Lee Hyatt’s citation reads, in part: “... while interned as a Prisoner of War in North Vietnam ...his captors subjected him to extreme mental and physical cruelties in an attempt to obtain military information and false confessions for propaganda purposes ... Through his resistance to those brutalities, he contributed significantly toward the eventual abandonment of harsh treatment ...”

Other classmates also were awarded Silver Stars during the Vietnam war.

Larry Bustle’s citation reads, in part: “... Major Bustle was performing duty as a forward air controller over North Vietnam. Although his aircraft was hit and heavily damaged, Major Bustle marked the target for the fighters before he left the target area ...” Then-Major **Jerry Gentry** also earned his Silver Star while flying FAC missions in the F-4D Phantom over North Vietnam. Jerry had a very distinguished career in aviation, in which he test-flew the lifting bodies that evolved into today’s Space Shuttle. His work as a test pilot earned him the Harmon International and Kincheloe Trophies as well as the Octave Chanute award — he was one of the few ever to win all three.

On the ground, then-Major **Jim Beans** was serving as the senior advisor to the Ninth Vietnamese Marine Corps Battalion in May of 1972, defending a bridge against a strong North Vietnamese army attack with tanks and infantry. Attacking in the dark, the lead enemy tanks were allowed to pass by the first two lines of defense, as they were thought to be friendlies. When they were finally identified as enemy, desperate measures were required to prevent the loss of the bridgehead. During this intense battle, by remaining in a very exposed position to call in critical air support, Jim was instrumental in stopping the attack, thereby earning his Silver Star.

Also advising Vietnamese Marines, in August 1966 then-Major **Jack O’Donnell**, as Assistant Advisor to the First Battalion, Vietnamese Marine Corps, landed with the assault waves in a heliborne assault on a known enemy regimental position. Quickly the casualties mounted,

including the U.S. Marine Senior Advisor, so Jack stepped up, and through three days of supporting the battalion CO, XO, and maneuver elements (running back and forth across paddies with his radioman), in which he was blown off his feet three times by mortars, he was able to call in enough artillery and air to essentially destroy the enemy firepower and fortifications, thereby earning his Silver Star. (N.B. Jack and Pat's son Mark was born during the early phase of this battle)



The ordeals suffered, the losses sustained by our classmates and their fellow warriors in Vietnam were terrible. Broader and as deep were the injuries to our national society and culture. Our military did not win this war, probably could not have won it given the constraints placed on it by our civilian leadership, and some came to believe that it was a war which should never have been fought.

For the first time in our history as a nation, our soldiers, sailors, airmen and Marines returned home from bloody combat to the sometimes vocal contempt of the civilians for whom they had fought.

Our military learned not to go to war again willingly without overwhelming force and the freedom to use it. As a nation we learned that we might not be able again take our government's word at face value, in every case, on matters of war and peace — and perhaps on other grave matters.

To our national dismay, this lesson was reinforced, as a president who had won global respect for his new opening to China, and who although a conservative Republican had sponsored many progressive social initiatives, suffered the humiliation of impeachment and forced resignation from office, because he lied to cover up a relatively minor crime.

Meanwhile, another great movement reached a crescendo in the according of full legal civil rights to our African-American citizens. In the military especially, we witnessed,

took part in, and led successful efforts to integrate our forces racially.

Some turning points with momentous consequences downstream transpired with our withdrawal from Vietnam, especially the move to an all-volunteer military and, concurrent with the success of the women's liberation movement, the integration of women in many military billets, including the service academies.

While we were living these lives of ours yet another revolution shook the world: information technology. Computers, communications technology, and networking combined to change radically the way we live, do business, entertain ourselves, and share our lives.

In the sixties and seventies, our Class was stepping up to the challenges not only of commanding military organizations but also of helping to develop the weapons and systems urgently needed to maintain our national security and contain the Soviet threat. Jerry Gentry, mentioned above, wasn't the only ace test pilot in our Class. For example, **Pete Purvis** did a tour testing the new F-14 Tomcat, which went on to become the Navy's first-line fighter (the last Tomcat was just retired in November 2006). In one well-publicized event, in June, 1973, Pete succeeded, while testing the new Sparrow missile with a Tomcat prototype, in shooting himself down. The test missile tumbled, struck the aircraft, and caused a catastrophic fire. Pete and his RIO ejected safely and were soon plucked from the sea.

At the other end of the altitude scale, many classmates were serving in and commanding submarines. Although our submarines are very reliable and safe, thanks in part to The Kindly Old Gentleman's tutelage, we suffered two terrible losses in the 1960s: THRESHER and SCORPION. One of our classmates was involved in deep submergence programs and participated in the search for Thresher:

John Howland: When I finished my PG course in oceanography at the University of Washington in Seattle in 1964, I received orders to the bathyscaph TRIESTE II, which had been ordered back to the Atlantic to conduct a search for the THRESHER (SSN-593) that had been lost in April of 1963. A search had been conducted in 1963 and identifiable pieces had been retrieved, but the hull of Thresher had not been found. We were sent back to find it.

Being the junior guy, I was assigned to make every dive as co-pilot for continuity purposes, with Brad Mooney '53 and Larry Shumaker '54 alternating as pilot. We made several dives in the search area and found only debris. Diving on 17 August, after no results for several hours, we settled on the bottom at

about 8000 feet deep to reorient ourselves. After about 30 minutes, we received a steer from the surface and lifted off to go in the required direction. Brad Mooney was at the window forward, and I was keeping track of the underwater television cameras. As we lifted off, suddenly the picture on one of the TVs cleared, and I told Brad to stop the ascent. We were on the hull of THRESHER! We had been sitting on the hull for thirty minutes trying to figure out where to go to find the hull. Had we not stopped to reorient, we might have missed it, as it was covered with a layer of silt and was not obvious when just passing overhead.

The Navy's Deep Submergence program was spurred on by the experiences and discoveries we made that summer and resulted in, among other things, the development of the Navy's Deep Submergence Rescue Vehicles. — JHH

And let us not forget the contingent of '57 who served in the Cold War front lines from underground — and thank God that they never fired a shot:

Roy Dahnke: Early in the deployment of the Minuteman Missile Systems in Montana, I was on assignment as a Combat Crew Commander in the Alpha Command Center, which handled all of the communications regarding the status of 150 ICBMs with SAC Headquarters, Numbered AF Headquarters, Bravo and Charlie Command Centers, Home Base Headquarters, 10 missile sites, and any air or ground traffic moving through our area. The command centers were underground in hardened sites, with motion detectors and fences, as well as security guards with fully automatic rifles stationed above the underground site. Each missile command site housed only two people underground, the commander and deputy commander.

Because there was no such thing as an “inhibit override switch” to a launch command, other than within our underground command sites, all orders including launch commands came directly from SAC Headquarters. We in turn made the decision regarding launch, and within 90 seconds, missiles could be launched anywhere in the world. I won't comment on what kind of warheads they contained, but I'm sure you can guess. This was unique at the time, and needless to say, the U. S. Congress was very concerned. We had many visitors from the House and Senate, touring the Alfa Command Site (which I often manned), and asking lots of questions.

One day I had a U. S. Senator on board and was showing him around when he asked what we had in the file cabinets above our control panels. I explained that in

addition to some eatables, they contained cryptographic decoding books. He asked to see them. I replied that no one could see my decoding books other than me, and no one could see my deputy's decoding books other than my deputy. He responded that he was a “United States Senator” and would see them! I replied that even the United States President, who could initiate a missile launch was not allowed to see them. He again replied that he was a “United States Senator” and would see them, and started to reach for the cabinet, which had no locking capability (mostly due to the requirement for rapid response). As he reached for the cabinet, I drew my 38, placed it one inch from his chest cavity near his heart, and pulled the hammer back, with audible clicks. I stated that he might see the decoding book, but he would not walk out of the underground site. I then instructed my deputy to call the guards to come down to the entrance to our underground capsule, advised the “United States Senator” that this tour was over, and escorted him to the eight-ton door, which I closed behind him as I turned him over to the security guards. I then went on with my normal business.

I never heard any more about this tour. As to what I would have done if he had continued to grab a decoding book, I leave to the reader to guess. I clearly had a plan in mind, which I would have executed. Suffice it to say, the Senator made a good decision not to call my bluff.— RSD

Naturally, as our careers progressed, we joined in the many rivalries: surface vs. submarine, ground (or surface or subs) vs. air, fighter vs. multi-engine, fixed-wing vs. rotary, squid vs. jarhead, Navy vs. Air Force, and many others. One particular rivalry is remembered by two classmates: diesel vs. nuclear submarines:

Dick Scales & Rich Enkeboll: In 6/58 then-Dick Enkeboll (soon to change nickname to Rich) and Dick Scales (among others in '57) arrived for Submarine School Class 107 after a required “surface duty” tour. After completion 12/58, we reported to HARDER (SS 568) as a pair of green 'jg' JOs to try and earn our gold dolphins. We wondered if such could be done readily, since the early reputation of that group of boats (Tang Class) was captured in the dig/jeer: “*Harder, Darter, Trigger, Trout* — Always ‘in’ and never ‘out’.” We joined an ‘experienced’ wardroom that included two from USNA '55 (Tony Cjaka and Jack Renard) — true DBFers — Jack in particular was a promoter of the DBF emblem concept.

Both Tony and Jack had already completed the ‘voluntary’ Admiral Rickover interviews and were irked because it was not clear what caused the ‘non-

selection' — certainly not because they weren't "worthy". Jack's glass was always at least half-full so he was able to turn this disturbing news into an 'opportunity', and by the time in late '59 that the Enkeboll/Scales duo wetted down their dolphins they also found they had orders to be interviewed by the "kindly old gentleman" at Naval Reactors in early 1960. We recalled that Jack's advice was to "think long and hard as to whether going the nuclear route would be best" because once the DBF pin was approved, 'nucs' might not be eligible to wear one.

Our skipper at the beginning of that tour was Ed Cooke, who had regularly advised us that if we wanted to be 'career submariners' we had to get accepted by Rickover. These general circumstances/considerations throughout the submarine force precipitated the DBF movement: If "boomers" can have a separate and unique insignia for serving in SSBNs on patrol, so should those who earned their dolphins in diesel boats, especially those who completed Special Operations and didn't get towed back across the Atlantic, as occurred the previous time HARDER had tried to make such a trip. — REE

Of course one of the featured rivalries in the U.S. Navy is that between surface ships and submarines. Which is the better target? In an exchange of salvos in our Class Internet chat room, in which forum, over the past few years, some of us have published some very sincere and sometimes heated essays:

Pete Baker: Last week the former boy soprano from San Antonio, Aloha Hemphill, made a snide remark about surface ships are nothing more than "targets" for submarines. Let me tell y'all that the opposite is the case (and it can get you thrown out of bars).

After commissioning KING (DLG-10) in Bremerton, in 1961 we proceeded to San Diego for shakedown training and firing of our ASROC system. One day we teamed up with an old diesel boat for some ASW games and live firing of the ASROC torpedo. After several hours of "games" we fired the torpedo. Our sonar gang evaluated a hit and passed the information down to the submarine via underwater phone. The submarine reported back that it was a clean miss and that they were surfacing and then proceeding to San Diego. As she surfaced about at 10,000 yards to port, what do think we saw? Nothing but the after half of a torpedo stuck in its sail. We couldn't break out the cameras fast enough. Nothing from the submarine, as she went to full speed and high-tailed it for home. We arrived about two hours later. After mooring we went over to take a look. No torpedo; and in its place was a freshly painted-over canvas patch.

Ten days later we were in Pearl Harbor. A group of us decided to pay a visit to the Sub Base O'Club with some pictures in hand. After a few cool ones we started to hang our art work with cool things written over them—such as "submarines are nothing but targets for destroyers". We couldn't believe the lack of humor displayed by the manager when he asked us to take our pictures (or words to that effect) and leave.—PAB

Perhaps Pete was responding to:

Alan Hemphill: I was getting prepared for going to Prospective Commanding Officers School in Hawaii, so my CO gave me the assignment of making an approach on the ENTERPRISE during an exercise.

I penetrated the screen between two American destroyers — there were Canadian destroyers in the screen, and they needed to be avoided because they were GOOD. I made the approach, and at 1,000 yards we loosed three Mk. 14 torpedoes directly under the midships of the carrier.

As usual, we fired off a flare and surfaced — right into the teeth of a state three sea! Watching the bow dip under green water, the CO decided that he was not going to take the proffered helo over to the debriefing. He turned to me and said, "You sunk them, you tell them" — so with a three-day growth of beard, drenched in diesel oil and green water, I appeared in the wardroom of the ENTERPRISE. I was greeted by an audience of well-pressed blue uniforms, complete with ties, and an admiral who was not happy with watching three torpedoes run under his hull.

I explained how we had penetrated the screen — not difficult off San Diego where the inversion layer is great protection.

"Nice work, Lieutenant, but we were only doing 19 knots. Would it have made a difference if we had been at 40 knots?"

"Not really," I said, matter-of-factly. "At 1,000 yards, the ENTERPRISE looks like the coast of California." I then swung an air periscope 180 degrees, and said, "Your bow is here and your stern is way over here."

My CO got a message when I returned to the boat... something about "insubordination." — APH

In space, aside from Charlie Duke's lunar adventures, our Class was instrumental in satellite systems development and exploitation. The National Reconnaissance Office claimed a number of '57 bright lights:

Bob Rosenberg: Several members of the Class of '57 served in the National Reconnaissance Office (NRO), including Phil Papaccio, Don Regenhardt, Johnny Sedano, Bud Coyle, John Disher, Ed Smathers and me.

Knowing what went on behind the Iron Curtain was critical to our nation's survival. Our national leadership was concerned with the bomber and missile gaps — was there really a gap? We knew the Soviets had the hydrogen bomb — they had tested their first one years ago. We knew, thanks to the small but transformational object called Sputnik, that they had the means to deliver those bombs upon our homeland. In July 1955 President Eisenhower proposed an Open Skies agreement to allow reconnaissance over-flights by both us and the Soviets, but Khrushchev denounced that, saying he wouldn't legalize espionage.

We tried to assess their level of capability with secret aircraft reconnaissance flights over Soviet territory, but, after Gary Powers' shootdown in 1960, this means was denied us.

Fortunately, an alternate solution was already in the works: space reconnaissance. The NRO's first satellite programs stunned the reconnaissance community, and, with the completion of the second mission in December 1960, the NRO had imaged 3.8 million square miles of denied area — more than the coverage provided by all 24 U-2 missions flown by 1960. By June 1964, the NRO had photographed all known Soviet ICBM sites.

The NRO regained for us our strategic advantage over the Soviet Union, eliminating the need for sensitive aerial over-flights, and demonstrated that satellites could push beyond the limits of traditional means.

Our classmates were a part of that from the beginning, and from those early days came sophisticated weather, warning, communications, navigation and reconnaissance and surveillance systems that enabled us to see, hear and know with certainty what was going on in the Soviet Union and Warsaw Pact and other Communist states.

My role in space reconnaissance started in the late '50s, as a member of the Vandenberg test team doing systems tests of the Agena satellites with their SAMOS or CORONA payloads. From '64 to '68 I was the Mission Controller, at the Satellite Control Facility in Sunnyvale, doing the targeting for the early film-return reconnaissance systems in response to the needs of the intelligence community.

Eventually we grew from three-day missions to three

to four weeks, and since the film load didn't change ... our world was one of squeezing more and more priority stuff without breaking the bird. Our team would bust our butts responding to special requests from analysts in the intelligence community to get some special shot... not a lot of automation like we have today ... we had to trick the bird into rolling, pitching and yawing in weird ways to get that special image of some new Soviet weapon, nuclear test facility, or military operation". — RAR

Don Regenhardt: Although decades have passed since all of us mentioned by Bob served in the NRO, most of the program remains classified as this is written. Until it is declassified, all we can say is that we were privileged to serve on a very special team where the amazing was routine. — JDR

Another notable classmate was instrumental in the development of the Global Positioning System, which has become such a part of our lives, in travel, recreation, and just driving around. As reported by the Mercury News service in February 2003:

"Stanford University's **Bradford Parkinson**, a pioneer of the navigation technology that now guides everything from military missiles to misguided motorists, was honored Tuesday with the Charles Stark Draper Prize, the engineering equivalent of the Nobel Prize. ... The achievement ranks Parkinson and co-award winner Ivan Getting among the creators of the jet engine, microchip, fiber optics and the Internet, said William A. Wulf, president of the National Academy of Engineering that awards the Draper Prize...

"In 1957, the two were among a group of U.S. scientists attempting to track the Soviet Union's first Sputnik spacecraft as it crossed over the United States. Using the craft's own radio signals to follow its course, Parkinson realized the signals could be used in reverse to determine positions on earth. Getting went on to develop the satellite transmitters that would be needed to accurately determine positions on earth ... It was Parkinson, however, who was able to navigate the GPS design through the military. A graduate of the U.S. Naval War College and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Parkinson earned his doctoral degree in aerospace and astronautics from Stanford in 1966 but was shipped off to Vietnam before he could make a GPS system reality.

"After flying more than 150 hours of combat missions and becoming a flight instructor at the Air Force's ... Top Gun school, Parkinson led a Department of Defense team in creating the GPS system. ... Parkinson's and Getting's GPS system revolutionized military maneuvering after its

1973 creation. ... There are now millions of GPS locator devices around the world, available for as little as \$100. And in coming years, scientists believe the devices will become a common feature in cell phones and PDAs and may become the navigational backbone for the nation's airline system."

In the latter half of our active careers, we welcomed, or at least accommodated, the inclusion of women in all but a few specialties in our military forces, and everywhere in our civilian organizations. Classmates were involved at the beginning of this transformation. Their experiences also illustrate why our Class generally regards their Pentagon duty as hardship tours:

Wilson Whitmire: Following my submarine command tour in 1972, I was assigned to head the new Officer Career Planning Board in BUPERS, on which I had permanently assigned officers from each warfare community. I also had the privilege of calling in other officers from the Washington area to participate in studies. We did three major studies (submarine, surface, and aviation), each lasting about 6 months. We would routinely present preliminary recommendations to a board comprised of the Chief of Naval Personnel (VADM David Bagley, USNA '44), and the Pentagon three-stars heading the major warfare communities. The final study recommendations were presented to the CNO/SECNAV and, as it turned out, all recommendations were accepted. There were many changes affecting the warfare communities which came out of these studies, primarily because the study participants were mostly fresh from the Fleet and had a good perspective of what the operational forces needed. The CNO was enthusiastic about the results, and upon completion of the last warfare study he directed that the Officer Career Planning Board do a study of women in the navy to determine how they could be better utilized while achieving more fulfilling career paths. I called in about 15 officers, mostly 0-6's, representing a fair cross-section of personnel in the area. The senior woman officer in the Navy at that time, Captain Robin Quigley, attached to BUPERS, was a study attendee. The study took only one day and basically all attendees, including Captain Quigley, agreed that women in the navy were currently doing just what they should be doing. As this study had no recommendations for change, instead of a formal presentation, I drafted a letter containing that finding which was signed by VAdm Bagley and forwarded to the CNO who, according to a witness, read it, uttered a few expletives, and trashed the letter. The CNO then requested that the RADM who headed Pers-6 in BUPERS (also known as the "touchee-feelee" office) do another study. As a courtesy, the admiral invited

me to his meetings and I did attend the first few, where discussions concentrated on the placement of women on board ships and in airplanes and assignment to billets normally reserved for personnel rolling ashore. There were also proponents of admitting women to the USNA. I was a negative voice in these discussions with the admiral often asking me, "why can't we do this?". I finally said, "Admiral, you can do or recommend whatever you want, but you know the attraction to the USNA and a follow-on career in the Navy for me was the fact that it was a man's world, and quite frankly I probably would have chosen a different career had it not been". I obviously didn't make much of an impression, as the CNO endorsed the Pers-6 study and many of you are familiar with the subsequent policy changes. — WRW

Ray Dove: In the spring of 1977, the project 'Women at Sea' was a high priority, and I had been tagged as the NAVSEA project officer for the effort. At the conclusion of one of my meetings with OPNAV and BUPERS representatives, I had been tasked to provide information of the ships which could accommodate women personnel ASAP. I reviewed ship drawings which were available in my office, and conducted a four-day visit to combatant and non-combatant ships in Norfolk, with three BUPERS women officers. We spoke to the ships' COs and toured the ships' living quarters.

I returned to my office and prepared a letter with background, discussion, findings, conclusions and recommendations. The details included ship assignments and modifications, if required, with cost estimates. All were non-combatant ships and could accommodate women almost immediately with minimum alterations — in some cases, just a deadbolt inside a head door. When I finished the letter I took it to my boss for review and signature.

He glanced at the subject line of the letter and declined to sign it. He explained because of high-level interest it would have to be signed by the admiral (Deputy Commander, NAVSEA, SEA 94). But he added, "Where is the study report?" I told him there was no report, that the letter was my original work. He indicated that was unsatisfactory - we couldn't take the letter to the admiral without a study report. I told him I would need two more weeks and \$10,000 to hire a beltway contractor. He agreed and directed me to proceed.

That day, I called in one of our civilian contractors, handed him my letter and explained what I needed within two weeks. I also gave him the caveat that if he

had any disagreements or found any inaccuracies in my letter to indicate them in the report. I specified a flat fee (\$10,000) for the work. He accepted the task and was on his way. He returned two weeks later with 30 copies of the study report. He had spent two days at the Norfolk Naval Base and three days on the west coast checking and verifying the contents of my letter.

The report was 55 pages of single-spaced typing with diagrams and illustrations. It was excellent, and fully supportive of my letter. I took the report copies and my letter to my boss. He glanced at the stack of reports, picked up two copies and with the letter headed to the admiral's office with me in tow.

The admiral received us and read my letter in its entirety while we sat and watched him. When he had finished he picked up the report copies and asked, "What's this?" My boss responded, "That's the contractor's study report on which the letter is based". The admiral said, "I don't need this crap," and threw them into his trash can. He stood up, glared at me, shook the letter in my face, and said, "This is what I needed two weeks ago!" My boss sat mute as the admiral stalked out of his office, letter in hand.

I returned to my office, sat down, and drafted a letter requesting my voluntary retirement effective 1 June 1978. — RWD

As we know, women were admitted for the first time with the USNA Class of 1980 and they now comprise about 20% of Brigade strength. They are stationed in all ships except submarines, and are excluded only from the infantry itself in the Marine Corps. They are fighter pilots, logisticians, operations officers, department heads, squadron and ship commanders, and much more. They are an inspiration to many American girls who want to serve and to lead.

And although women did not end up serving aboard our submarines (yet!?), there was a different transformational initiative in the submarine force that happened because our classmates made it so: The submarine-launched cruise missile, which is today a major strategic and tactical Navy capability. Who made this happen?

Bob Fox: In the summer of 1979. I arrived in Washington to be the Project Manager for Attack Submarines. The 688 class was the ship of the time. They were all broken, and one of the enduring traits of all submariners is the belief that "if it is broken, fix it". That summer saw me as a very busy manager, with much guidance and direction "to fix it". Into this pressure cooker walked Harry Yockey, Project Manager of the submarine-launched Tomahawk

cruise missile. Harry worked in a Joint Project Office with Air Force and surface Navy guys and gals. Harry asked what I was doing to make 688-class submarines capable of firing his cruise missile. My answer was easy: "Nothing". I had enough on my plate, and I didn't think any more new "stuff" was needed. However, Harry was a classmate, and I must admit the idea of turning a nuclear attack submarine into the wind to launch a cruise missile was a captivating concept. I did not know Harry at the Academy, nor had we worked together before. But, as I am sure many of us have experienced over the years, there is a union that comes into play. There are certainly exceptions, but I do believe there is a bond between all of us that makes us want to help one another. Besides the fact that Harry was a classmate, I had spent most, if not all, my submarine career with a "weep list" in my hands, and here was an opportunity to do something that might be important to the Submarine Force, the Navy, and the country. One might think that a Tomahawk capability would have been a high priority, and an area where intense oversight would be the order of the day. Not so: the Washington bureaucracy was not that interested. I am not sure why. The cruise missile task was Harry's and mine.

At the start, Harry had a missile that was designed to be fired from a standard 21-inch submarine torpedo tube. My initial task was to make 688 submarines Tomahawk-capable. Once I had adequate systems to satisfy the difficult command and control requirements, I wanted to increase the number of missiles carried on board. Vertical launch from tubes installed outside the pressure hull was the idea. This notion was new, different, and transformational. One of my thornier problems was to convince the bosses that we could add twelve missiles without affecting noise and speed. To take my back-of-the-envelope ideas, and do a first-class concept paper that would address all the issues, and have all the "t's" crossed, and "i's" dotted, I needed some funds. Harry and I went to the SSN desk in the Pentagon. The response was to the effect "What, are you guys nuts", and we left. Retreating to the parking lot, we were marching along an "E" wing corridor when we noticed the Deputy CNO for Undersea Warfare coming towards us. He turned left, and entered an office. When Harry and I reached the door to the office, we noticed it said "MEN". We looked at one another and entered.

That afternoon, I received a telephone call from the SSN desk. I was informed that funds were located for the engineering work.

Twenty-five years later, the Submarine Force is marketing an SSGN that will carry 154 of Harry's

missiles. I wonder if there is any notion that the concept of launching Tomahawks from vertical tubes was born in a head on the fourth deck of the “E” wing, by one vice admiral and two captains from the Class of 1957, while taking care of “business”. — RFF

Indeed, our Class’s impact on the submarine force was remarkable. Our entry into the submarine force coincided with the advent of nuclear propulsion and submarine-launched ballistic missiles, which fostered a huge growth in capability, budgets, and manpower.

Ken Malley: As the Class progressed up the promotion ladder, ‘57’s presence throughout the submarine community was visible in the Pentagon, in the fleet, in shipyards and as project managers for the majority of submarine-related programs. Consequently we became known as the ‘57 Submarine Mafia. Rumors were that if information was desired on the submarine Navy, attend a ‘57 Washington Chapter luncheon.

One example was the launching of TENNESSEE (SSBN 734) in December 1986 at Electric Boat in Groton. This was the first TRIDENT SSBN built to carry the new TRIDENT II missile, then under final development by the Navy’s Strategic Systems Programs Office. Attending the ceremony were Bruce DeMars, Vice-CNO for Submarines (commonly called the Submarine Pope); Dan Cooper, Commander Submarine Force Atlantic; Ken Malley, Director, Strategic Systems Programs; Pete Boyne, Deputy Director, Strategic Systems Programs; and Bob Fox, Navy Supervisor of Shipbuilding, Electric Boat Division. (Pictured at the TENNESSEE ceremony: Fox, DeMars, Peg Malley, Mary Fox, Betty and Dan Cooper and Malley)

The development, production, construction and operational control of the nation’s newest strategic deterrent weapons system were part of ‘57’s contribution to the Navy. — KCM



In the late seventies, as many of our classmates were retiring on 20 years service, and as we were beginning to recover from the aftermath of Vietnam, Watergate, and the sudden 1973 oil supply shock, a new threat surfaced. This was in the form of Ayatollah Khomeini in Iran, where American citizens were held hostage despite a disastrous U.S. joint military rescue attempt. The hostages finally being returned, the U.S. was embarked on a painful long-term relationship with Iran, which continues to this day.

Tommy Sawyer: As Test Director in the Torpedo MK 48 Project Office of NAVSEA I was responsible for optimum torpedo performance of the Submarine Force’s primary weapon. Performance of the torpedo against both surface and submarine targets under normal environmental conditions exceeded expectations, but there remained the important unanswered question of how the torpedo would perform in the under ice environment. If the cold war turned hot, this is the environment in which it probably would be employed.

We had to know if the torpedo’s acoustic and warhead sensors could distinguish between real targets and ice. We needed a site where the ice would support test personnel and equipment but also permit exercise torpedo recovery. As the On Scene Test Director and OTC, I selected a site that was closer to the North Pole than to the Arctic Circle. The average temperature was twenty-five degrees below zero.

The actual torpedo firings to answer our question would be conducted by one of our newest fast attack nuclear submarines trained in under ice operations. But the first order of business was to construct an ice camp to support the operation. Prefabricated building materials were airlifted to the site. The heart of the camp was the Operations Control Center which included a communication center and equipment to track both submarine and torpedoes. The camp also provided berthing and a messing for about thirty people for the forty day test period.

An under ice instrumented tracking range was constructed in order to know the position of the submarine, torpedo and target simulator at all times. This required positioning of range hydrophones over a large area below the ice cap. When the torpedo had completed its run it would float to the underside of the five foot thick ice. Its approximate position could be determined from the tracking range. A specially designed ice-cutter was used to cut a four foot diameter hole in the ice. A Seal Team Diver would then pull the torpedo to the ice hole where it would be winched to the surface or lifted out by a helicopter. The helicopter would transport the torpedoes to an intermediate

staging area before being transported home for a complete post run analysis.

The planning and execution of the operation included personnel and equipment from three countries, fourteen U.S. Navy commands and six U.S. Air Force commands. All torpedoes were recovered and provided the required information for employment of our torpedoes in the under ice environment for present and future generation weapons. — TDS

In the Soviet Union, one Marine classmate was having his own adventures:

Paul Roush: During my tour as Assistant Naval Attaché in Moscow in 1977–80, I sometimes traveled with a person who was not military, but worked for another unnamed agency with headquarters near Washington, D.C. His employer was no secret to our Soviet hosts — every time I traveled with him, the KGB escorts tripled their number and aggressiveness. On the occasion in question we were innocently driving along outside of then-Leningrad in the vicinity of a Soviet communication station with antennae whose type and orientation were of interest to my companion’s agency. He was driving the Zhiguli, and I had my Canon A-1 w/motor drive at the ready, on my lap, inside the sleeve of a sweater at the proper angle to shoot past the driver and capture the scenery outside his window, should something interesting materialize. A carload of goons was following behind us, and approached very close to us as we neared the site. Then a second car pulled out in front of us. At the precise moment my trigger finger energized the motor drive, a Soviet helicopter swooped down to a position about 15–20 feet in front of our windshield and perhaps 5–10 feet higher than our car and maintained that relative position as we continued to drive down the road. One of the crew in the helicopter was filming us through our windshield with some sort of camcorder. Fortunately I kept my hands still under the sweater on my lap and the motor drive continued to do its thing. I may have remained motionless on the outside but I was in sheer, stark terror on the inside, and expected that the goons were going to physically stop our car and pull us out. I was mentally reviewing the steps for opening the Canon and pulling out and exposing its contents, while at the same time I was conjuring up images of my career going up in smoke. Instead, the helicopter pulled away and the goons behind us dropped back and those in front zoomed off. The event lasted only a few seconds, but seemed a lifetime. We drove back to the American Consulate for a fresh change of underwear and continued the rest of our mission. Another day of undetected crime. — PER

Meanwhile, some of us were enjoying a unique Class perk: skiing at Brian Head.

Burt Nichols applied for the Marine Corps upon graduation, but they turned in down for physical reasons. He appealed; graduation came and went with no resolution, so he took his diploma and headed west. For reasons unknown, the Navy Department never contacted him regarding a commission, so he joined Hughes Aircraft and started a successful career. He and a few partners purchased a small ski resort in Brian Head, Utah, some years later. He eventually became the sole owner, and in 1979 he invited classmates for a week of skiing. Seven couples accepted and thus began a ten-year run of fellowship, recreation, and competition. Burt and Sally provided the venue and lift tickets; others, notably **Ron and Barbara Baker**, did the organizing. There were ski lessons, downhill races (with video), après-ski activities, snowmobiling, hot tubs, and week-end award dinners. As word spread of the wonderful times being enjoyed at Brian Head, classmates and families came from far and wide. Regulars included the **Milt Banks, Jim Beattys, Harry Gimbels, Bill Kronzers, Pat Henrys, and George Lanmans**, and one year more than 120 people came. A few classmates even bought land in the area, and even more bought condos there. It was a memorable few years. Sadly, as Burt and Sally needed to relocate and thus to sell the resort, so the major Class skiing series ended.

Also in these years our Class was represented to the nation most visibly on the gridiron — by one of the best and most respected referees in the National Football League. He has, of course, a million stories — here’s a sample:

Bob McElwee: Probably my favorite player of all time was Walter Payton. Not only was he a great player, who loved to play the game, Walter also believed in having fun on the field. Because of him I always had to be ready for anything when I worked the Chicago Bears.

Officiating involves many disciplines. Before each play the referee must run through a series of checks. Game clock, play clock, downs, distance, substitutes, eligible receivers, etc., etc. When working the Bears, I always had to add one item to the list ... checking my pocket to make sure my penalty flag was there. Walter would bump up against me while I was retrieving the ball from him after a play, and my flag would disappear from my pocket. When I checked and found it gone, I would mosey on up to Bears’ closed huddle, stand right behind #34, and tell Walter I wanted my flag back. He would take the flag out of his pants where he had stuffed it and, without disturbing anyone in the huddle, hand it back to me while the quarterback was calling the play. With my flag back in my pocket, I was ready for the next play.

I was working a Bears game once, on a rainy, muddy day in Soldier's Field. My umpire was a grizzled old gladiator from the University of Georgia and the Steelers, Frank Sinkovich. As the game progressed, Frank came to me three or four times and told me his shoelaces kept coming untied and he couldn't figure out why this would happen just because the field was muddy. We never figured it out, until the next Saturday when we were reviewing last week's game film in the hotel room as a part of our weekly preparation for Sunday's game. They were the old 16mm films, which were hard to see in detail on a clear day, much less a rainy, muddy day, but I thought I saw something after Walter was tackled on a play. I told the guys to stop the film and re-run it in slow motion. Sure enough, there was the answer. As Frank Sinkovich came over and reached for the ball from Walter as he lay tackled on the ground, out came this little hand, grabbed Frank's shoelace, and jerked it loose. And this was going on all day!

One of the lessons I took from Walter Payton, which I try to convey to young people today, is to find a vocation or a life's work that you enjoy. Whatever the job, if you love your work, you will probably be successful. Tragically, we lost Walter too young to a rare disease, but my memories of those Sunday afternoons in Soldiers Field will stay with me forever. — RTM

While Bob was showing everybody, year after year, what a world-class zebra looks like, another classmate was back in the Yard, year after year, leading, teaching, coaching, recruiting, and in general passing on to other generations the best of our common values. At a ceremony in January 2006, his contributions were recognized. On Saturday, 7 January, 2006, In Alumni Hall at the Naval Academy were gathered hundreds of friends, family, teammates, colleagues, mentors, protégés, midshipmen, and more than 40 classmates of **Dave Smalley**, Class of 1957. They came together there to celebrate Dave's half-century of service to the Academy, and to honor the positive impact Dave has had on so many Academy faculty, staff, and student athletes. As reported in the *Baltimore Sun*:

“Smalley ... was honored yesterday by the Naval Academy, which renamed its Alumni Hall gymnasium the Dave Smalley Court in honor of his decades at the school ... He played basketball and baseball for the Midshipmen, coached the men's and women's basketball teams, and in 1979 became the assistant athletic director for admissions. He is now senior associate athletic director for admissions, academics and compliance.

“... Smalley said he considered leaving the academy briefly in 1976 to coach men's basketball at another school. He eventually decided to stay out of loyalty and was offered a

chance to start a women's basketball team. It was the first year women were admitted to the academy, and Smalley began with no recruits, no uniforms and no schedule. Of the 20 who tried out for the team, he took 13, seven of whom had not played basketball before. Despite the challenges, the team went 10-1 that first season and won the Maryland state championship in the junior varsity division of the Association of Intercollegiate Athletics for Women ...

“Cmdr. Becky Vautier, one of the first women Smalley recruited to the team ... said Smalley was a champion of women's sports at the academy. “We were in the early years of women here when nobody wanted us here,” she said. “He was a refuge in the storm for us. He saved some of us at academic boards and saved some of us at medical boards. It wasn't that we couldn't get good grades, but sometimes you wanted to get bad grades because then they would show you to the door. He would stand up for you and make you believe that you could do it and that you should do it ...

“‘He has a unique combination of insightful knowledge of the Naval Academy, Navy sports program and young athletes,’ [Admissions Dean David]Vetter said. ‘He's been an extraordinarily effective member of our admissions team.’ ...

“Marine Lt. Col. Dave Bethel, who played under Smalley and has remained close to him ever since, said Smalley is a ‘patron saint’ at the Naval Academy. ‘If Navy is everything that's right about college athletics, then Dave Smalley has to be everything that's right about Navy,’ he said. ”

We who are lucky enough to know Dave well, and who were on hand to help celebrate the dedication, also know that he well deserves this gratitude and praise.

Other classmates have given much back to our Alma Mater. One of the best known is our first Distinguished Graduate Award recipient:

Ron Marryott served in P-3s, commanded Moffett Field, served as president of the Naval War College, became our Class's only Supe, and led a sustained effort to make the Alumni Association and the Alumni Foundation what they are today. The Association and the Academy recognized his commitment and service with the Distinguished Graduate Award in 2005. One of our fondest memories of Ron was coming to the pharmacy counter at the USNA medical clinic when our number was called to pick up a prescription, and finding guess-who, garbed in baby-blue volunteer smock, smiling and saying “Hi Bill, how can I help you?”

Our naval careers (yes, folks, Marines ARE naval officers) featured ups and downs, of course, but almost all of us

got the chance to lead and to serve, and we had learned pretty well how to do those things. Visitors to our Alma Mater have in recent years been treated to a fine tutorial in these arts: The impressive video *To Lead and to Serve*, shown many times daily in the Visitors' Center, which was produced by Empire Videos, a company founded and operated by our classmate:

Bob Rositzke: I was a technical director at Rockwell International in 1989, when we sold a complex weapons system to the Japanese. I had the task of explaining to them how it worked. I decided that producing a video would be the best way to do that. That's all it took. I was hooked. After careers as a line officer, EDO and defense contractor, I embarked on a third career, taking early retirement from Rockwell in 1990 and setting up shop in my basement as Empire Video. At last count, Empire Video has produced more than 600 video presentations for a wide variety of clients.

I must admit that projects involving the U.S. Navy and Navy organizations are especially fulfilling. In 1995 Empire Video produced "To Lead and To Serve," a moving film about life at the U.S. Naval Academy. This project won eight national awards and truly put us on the map.

I can't think of anything else I would rather be doing at this stage of my life than helping my clients tell their story through video. When my friends ask me if I'm ready to retire for a third time, I reply, "not yet...I'm having too much fun!" – RHR

Even very successful careers of course had some difficult moments, many of them experienced in that Least Desirable Duty Station, the Pentagon:

Bruce DeMars: In 1987 I was a three-star on the CNO's staff when I was appointed to be president of the O-6 selection board. I called on the CNO, Carl Trost, and he told me to do a good job. I called on the Secretary of the Navy, John Lehman, and he gave me a list of people he expected to be selected. I found this strange but didn't say anything. We had a good board and worked hard to follow the precept issued by Secretary Lehman. We selected some of the Lehman names, on merit, but not all. I found that some others on the board had the same list of names.

When I made my out-brief to Lehman, he was quite upset that I hadn't done what he wanted. I explained it wasn't legal and he had communicated to us by the precept, which we had rigorously followed ... I reminded him that each flag officer on the board had sworn an oath and signed the selection report. This

started about two weeks of regular meetings with him and selected members of his staff in attempts to get me to do something different. I kept the CNO informed as we went back and forth and knew I had his full support. Lehman even offered to give the board five additional selection numbers if we would reconvene and select those we wanted ... I refused. He said he was going to remove me as president of the board. Hearing that, I wrote a letter of resignation that somehow got out to the press. I began to consider a civilian career.

The pace now really picked up. Lehman portrayed the matter as civilian control of the military and had several others write articles and op-ed pieces supporting him. I received many letters and phone calls supporting me. The Secretary of Defense Inspector General was called in, and all were interviewed. The report upheld my position and about a month later Lehman resigned.

Epilog — About five months later I was nominated to be the Director of Naval Reactors. Lehman started a rumor that the influential Senator Tower didn't like DeMars. A senate staffer friend of mine called Tower, who was in London, to ask if he supported DeMars. Tower said "Who is DeMars?" and the matter was over. — BD

With the election in 1980 of a former Hollywood actor and California governor who became a respected, even revered national leader, a war president of the Cold War, our people and our military began to recover confidence. He led the effort to refurbish and update our arsenal and to develop a magnificent all-volunteer armed force.

Partly as a result of our clear and growing military advantage, but also simply because the Communist system, founded on misunderstanding and sustained by lies and terror, collapsed, politically and economically. The great war of our time, the Cold War, thus was ended — and ended, miraculously, without great violence.

Our Class, with others, had experienced the Cold War as "our war" — and we had won.

But at least one of us experienced what turned out to be a big future threat: terrorism:

On June 14, 1985, **Jerry Barczak**, five years into retirement from his Navy career, boarded a plane in Cairo, bound for home to attend his daughter's high school graduation in San Diego. He was to change planes in Athens, but he was late and missed the connection. A very helpful agent was able to get him on board TWA Flight 847 which was already on the tarmac ready to roll.

Fifteen minutes into the flight, a man ran up the aisle to the cockpit and, armed with a handgun and possibly a grenade, hijacked the flight.

Over the next two weeks Jerry and many fellow hostages were kept imprisoned, first in the aircraft and later in a house in Beirut. The hijackers forced the plane to go to Beirut, then Algiers, then (despite the controller's refusal to permit landing), back to Beirut. The gunmen, ultimately numbering about a dozen on the plane, represented Hezbollah, Amal militia, and Islamic Jihad. They wanted to trade the plane and hostages for release of many Muslim prisoners held by Israel, and also to put their demands to the whole world via the media.

On the first day, the hijackers identified U.S. military men on board, including some Navy personnel, took them up to the first class area, and beat them badly. As Jerry writes: **On Day Two, Seaman Stethem was beaten again and executed. When this occurred, the flight attendant announced, "You may want to plug your ears. You will soon hear a sound you might not have heard before." Then there was a sharp pop that was definitely a gunshot. We found out later that Seaman Stethem was killed and thrown off the plane to the tarmac.**

Finally released on July 1 and driven to Damascus, Jerry and other U.S. citizens were flown directly to Frankfurt and thence home to Andrews AFB. Jerry: **Even today I have two very fond memories of that day. First, as I was stepping through the plane doorway I saw classmates and posters of the USNA Class of 1957. The second was the honor of stepping off the plane to shake hands with President Reagan and Mrs. Nancy Reagan. Both I will always remember. — JJB**

After the Berlin Wall came down and the Soviet Union ceased to exist in 1990 — coincidentally just three years after all of us but our flags and a few special cases had to retire and enter the so-called Golden Years — our nation enjoyed a decade of exuberant prosperity, fueled by the IT and dot.com miracles as well as the absence of any serious threat to our security, or so we thought. We easily pushed Saddam Hussein's forces out of Kuwait, and thereby secured important oil resources, on which we were daily growing more dependent.

We were rudely awakened from our complacency on a September 11 Tuesday, less than a year into the first term of our new Republican president, George W. Bush.

Today our children, and even a few grandchildren, are fighting in a different kind of war, a long-term struggle against fanatical zealots for whom terrorism is the weapon of choice, and for whom the lives of innocents as well as

of themselves are of little value.

Recognizing that the Naval Academy will remain and, we believe, strengthen her role as a developer of outstanding young leaders who will fight this new war, and in other ways secure our nation's future, our Class has also paid some of the great debt we owe to our Alma Mater in recent years, beyond even the great individual contributions of classmates like Dave Smalley and Ron Marryott. As our 50th anniversary approached, led by Ron and Bruce DeMars, we thought long and hard about what legacy we might leave the Academy. In the end, we decided against brick and mortar and in favor of a new Chair in Naval Heritage in the History Department. Our campaign, led by Bruce and Sam Trippe after Ron's untimely death, achieved its goal (\$2 million) and even exceeded our "stretch" goal of \$3 million. With these funds we have been able to establish the Chair, and to recruit as its first incumbent an outstanding historical scholar and professor, Williamson "Wick" Murray. Wick has made his first year a real success, impressing mids, other faculty, and our classmates with his lectures and through a series of special guest lectures and seminars.

Our fundraising success is such that the Chair is guaranteed being fully supported for at least 20 years.

And while doing all these great things, many of us discovered the personal, physical, and social pleasures of GOLF:

Jim Poole (The Commish): Let there be no question about it, Cleve Loman is to blame! At a Class luncheon during the "dark ages" of 1997, I observed that a number of classmates were interested in playing golf, and suggested that they get together on a regular basis to play various courses in the area. Several luncheons later, when I repeated the suggestion, Cleve Loman challenged me "put your money where your mouth was" and organize and execute a golf program for the Class. Thus, in April 1997 the position of "Commissioner of '57 Golf" (The Commish) was created and the Class Golf program became a reality.

In that first year, 18 classmates signed up and formed the initial mailing list. Since that time, the roster has grown to 60!

In addition to the annual Myrtle Beach Getaway started in 1997, a three-day Williamsburg outing, coordinated by Dick Vosseller, has been held every October since 2001.

Other outings regularly held each year include the Army-Navy "Black and Blue Challenge", pitting

members of the West Point Class of 1957 in head-to-head competition with their USNA '57 counterparts, and the Jerry Smith Open, which has served as the Class championship tournament since 1999. The Army-Navy Challenge began in May 2000. Unfortunately, Army has won the trophy 3 out of the 4 times it has been competed. The Jerry Smith Open was named for our esteemed classmate (and past champion) to honor him and other classmates who have faced life-threatening health problems and, through their indefatigable spirit, courage and tenacity, survived their illnesses. The most recent new addition is the Jack O'Donnell Devil-Dog Pro-Am that saw its first year of competition in 2003. The "pros" are Marines and the "amateurs", of course, are all others. The tournament was designated to honor our Marine brethren and to recognize, in particular, the contributions Jack O'Donnell and his Marine colleagues have made to the Class of 1957 over the years.

The program has survived and thrived. It has always been open to not only all classmates, but also their guests, spouses and significant others as well. The major objective has been and will continue to be to provide a social setting at which every person can experience peace, enjoyment and camaraderie with their fellow players, and allow all things stressful, hateful and unhappy to be overwhelmed by the breathtaking beauty of nature, lush fairways, verdant greens and the sound of a 30 foot, downhill, breaking putt hitting the bottom of the cup. — JRP

And Larry Magner: This group holds a very special place in the hearts and souls of our classmate participants. We and our spouses can identify with a competitive golf game and then socialize afterwards. Special friendships have developed amongst caring people. Golf tips have been exchanged freely. (Bruce Demars told me one that improved my driving accuracy and distance appreciably.)

Memorable golf shots were made:

- Ginger Poole made a hole-in-one, causing Jim Poole to say, "I've been playing this silly game for 50 years and never made a hole in one and Ginger does it after playing for only two years."
- When challenged, George Philipps used a three wood to carry over the water some 220 yards on the 18th hole. He made it and his team won a prize as a result.
- George Lanman shanked a five iron out of the rough, grazing my eyebrows as I hid behind a tree. The ball then crashed into my golf cart and shattered the windshield.

- Jack O'Donnell ignored the course ruling to not drive the carts into the rough to look for misguided balls. While looking for a brand new ball, he drove right over a small tree and stalled the cart. Dave Cooper's reaction was to get help from the clubhouse. Overruling our president, seven classmates picked the cart up with, Jack in it, and pulled it off of the tree.
- Bob Crouch's amazing talent has created so many memorable shots it would be impossible to mention them all.
- Jerry Smith managed to win the Jerry Smith Open at least three times. — LMM

Afterword:

No question, it has been a wonderful run. Not always fun, and sometimes very sad, but wonderful. We got our gold bars fifty years ago, and started out, as '07 is starting just this year, on a voyage of discovery. Most of us picked a team-mate early — our brides. As reported in the prequel to this book, *The First Thirty*: "At least 187 of 848 classmates — about 37% — were married by the end of 1957 ... They showed that intermittent family life does not necessarily inhibit family growth: the Class had 1764 children at the last count.

"The Marine Corps commissioned 62 — our best 62, or so they say ... The still Academy-less Air Force took 206 ... In the Navy-blue majority of 568, we sent 160 to Pensacola; 46 to supply school; five to CEC; 203 to destroyers; 42 to auxiliaries; and 94 to capital ships including aircraft carriers. In a year or so, aspiring submariners started leaving their initial ships or stations and heading for New London, ultimately totaling 134 of the Class."

Most of this History has featured individual stories as representative of our Class's history. There of course is a more general, collective history. Here are some factoids bearing on that history; the numbers are approximate, based on the Alumni Register, Dick Scales's database, and our 2006 survey responses, projected to the whole Class:

488 classmates married within one year of graduation; 832 (98%) married at least once in these fifty years. 190 have divorced at least once; 106 have been widowed. As of 12/06, 183 classmates have themselves passed on. Twelve died in Viet Nam or Laos, seven of them with the Air Force.

We are fathers to 2817 children and step-children, which in turn has led to 4589 grandchildren/step-grandchildren ... and, so far, 85 great-grandchildren.

Of those marrying in the first year after graduation, 301 marriages endured at least 49 years or until ended by death.

534 classmates remained in active service for at least 20 years after graduation; 118 did so for the full 30 years or more. Our average length of active service was 18.6 years; the longest continuous active duty term was 39 years (Bruce DeMars). On average, we served 1.2 times as CO of a ship, squadron, battalion or higher command. The majority of us consider the command tour as the most rewarding assignment of our career; the assignment most cited as “worst” is the Pentagon.

In these years we’ve each suffered about nine PCS moves; owned 13 cars, but only one boat; had three dogs but only two cats; had 0.2 joints replaced and 0.2 coronary bypasses, and something like 2.9 surgical procedures. Our Class has been hit with 275 diagnoses of cancer of one kind or another; 453 smoked early, but 332 of those quit later. 29 classmates (4%) are still smoking.

We started as Republicans (54%) mostly, and of those who started as Democrats or independent (14%), more converted to Republican affiliation by 2006 than went the other way. Only 11% of our classmates claim Democratic affiliation now. Independents moved from 8.5% to 10.4%.

Physically, it’s pretty clear by now that age has its effects, most of them deplorable. On average we have gained 23 pounds in body weight, and 5.2 inches in waistline, while losing 0.7 inches in height. Our top achievers along these lines gained 150 pounds and 22 inches of waistline (not necessarily the same guy).

After retiring or resigning from our chosen military service, we had many different careers and professions. Some of us also became reservists, and those who stayed with it were rewarded with full military retirement. Civilian careers or professions numbered 2.7 on average, and 266 in our Class (38%) owned at least one business. 169 classmates were presidents or VPs of companies, while 33 served as CEOs. At age 70, over 38% are/were working full or part-time.

The majority of us have done our jobs, done them well, and were thus able to support our families, educate our children, support our nation militarily and economically, and make some provision for the Golden Years currently in progress. Many of us think we were sustained at least in part by what we learned at USNA: Of our experience as midshipmen, about 9% of us value most the discipline we developed there.

But even more — 22% — of us consider “most valuable” the midshipman experience that which makes this book a worthwhile project: the lifelong friendships we made at the Naval Academy.

At the same time, 16% of us are split between thinking plebe year and marching (in all its forms, especially ED) the least valued part of that experience. As for how we think our school is doing today, 64% of us think we are doing better or much better and 5% think we are doing worse or much worse academically. Professionally or militarily, 30% think we’re better or much better and 23% just the opposite. In personal character development, 22% of us feel we’re doing better or much better and 25% disagree.

The majority of us — 64% — are involved in serious volunteer or pro bono activities, prominent among them being church work, Boy Scouts, Class activities, civic and community associations, and non-profit boards. For recreation our most popular pastimes are reading, travel, grandchildren, golf, computers (84% of us use them regularly), woodworking, and (again) church activities. We are traveling a LOT, averaging 18 foreign countries visited (one classmate claims 127 visited!).

We appear to be muddling through our Golden Years and now have reached our Golden Anniversary — the Big Five Oh. Congratulations to us all, and our deepest gratitude to those who helped us make it this far.



Irregular Formations

1. Dick Kiel, Jerry & Anne Smith, Rosemary & George Murphy ('00); 2. Cleve Loman - Champion ('06); 3. George Philipps, Dan Cooper, Bruce DeMars, Pete Boyne, Jack O'Donnell ('03); 4. Bruce DeMars, Walt Meukow, Carol & Ron Marryott, Dave Cooper ('01); 5. Valerie & Phil Papaccio's wedding: Bart Campbell, Jim Beatty, Vince Jamison, Phil Papaccio, Jeff Dennis, George Lanman, Harry Gimber, Tom Fleming '58 ('06); 6. Jim Poole, Bill Hamel ('05); 7. Bob & Jule Saracco, Fritz & Barbara Warren ('95); 8. Brad & Ginny Parkinson, Dave North ('00); 9. George Lanman with grandson, Bruce Friederich ('96); 10. Jim McGinn, George Ashford ('98); 11. George Philipps, Susan & John Howland ('00); 12. Jim O'Connell, Rev. Duncan Jones, (at his Ordination), Joe Byrnes, Jerry Smith ('00).



Irregular Formations

1. Pope John Paul II receiving Blanca & Pancho Vainstein ('85); 2. Homecoming Tailgate ('98); 3. Submariners: (l-r) Dick Scales, Charlie Biele, Dan Cooper, Pete Boyne, Ron Wiltsie, Tom Fox ('97); 4. Ira Hughey, John Ogas, Joe Koch, Rex Leonard ('98); 5. Ron & Carol Marryott, Joan & Pete Neumann ('99); 6. John Shewmaker, Sam Underhill, June & Bob Foss, Dick Scales ('98); 7. Chester Tricca, Dale Hollabaugh, Dave Ritterhoff ('50, TBS Instructor), Jack O'Donnell, OC Baker, Bill Hamel ('99); 8. Dianne Howe, Carolyn Hoppe, Janice Prosser ('05); 9. Nan & Dave Mabry, Randy Brown ('98); 10. Magistrates: Bill Peerenboom, Stan Severance ('03); 11. Terry & Bev Mahony, Aggie & Al Koster ('05); 12. Nancy & Bob Crouch, Larry & Louise Magner ('99); 13. Bob Lutz, Tom Sims - Presentation to 22nd Company ('98).





Irregular Formations

1. Lomans, Pooles, Kenneys, Philippses, Coopers, Trippes, Magners, Crouches ('04); 2. USS Lake Champlain: Dick Madouse, George Lanman, Bob Lutz, Joe Koch, Jim Beatty, Harry Gimber ('97); 3. Dave DeLo, Doug Lowrance ('04); 4. Fred Howe & Jerry Dunn ('03); 5. Navy/Stanford Game: Derr, Alvarez, O'Connell, Koch, Fazzio, La Salle, Holt, Bank, Parkinson, Campbell, Papaccio ('06); 6. Bill & Rockie Truxall, Trink & Jon Howe ('06); 7. Ted Erickson, Ken Meneke ('05); 8. J. Beatty, Dick Madouse, Florence & Vic Prushan, Jim & Pat Paulk, Bob Lutz, Joe & Mary Jane Koch, 47.5W ('05); 9. Margaret & Bruce DeMars with President & Mrs. George H. W. Bush ('90); 10. Doug & Susan Lowrance, Bill Mickle 47.5W ('05); 11. Christmas Party: Hastie, Warren, O'Connell, Tapper, Sims, Rositzke, Behrends, Crouch ('99). 12. The EmeraldBowl in San Francisco ('04);



Irregular Formations

1. Dan & Betty Cooper, Margon & Bud Edney, Margaret DeMars, Fritz Warren, Bruce DeMars ('89); 2. Jerry Smith, Jim Kirkpatrick, Buzz Beans, Rich Enkeboll ('04); 3. Skip & Pattie Rutemiller, Margon & Bud Edney ('05); 4. Jane Junghans, Bill Peerenboom, Monica Shewmaker, Betty Peerenboom, Pete Junghans ('05); 5. Lanman, Kachigian, DeLo, Madouse, Lowrance, Bass ('04); 6. Muff Philipps, Sam & Sandy Underhill, John Shewmaker, George Philipps, Stan Severance ('97); 7. Judy Dennis, Anne Lanman, Maxine Gimber ('05); 8. Walt Meukow, Carter & Gayle Glass, John Stacey ('97); 9. Rich & Jan Enkeboll, Louise & Larry Magner ('04); 10. Mule Roast at the Roushes ('03); 11. Dennis, Mitchell, Holt, Whitmire, J. Beatty, Gimber ('96).





Irregular Formations
 1. (l-r frt) Peresluha, Woodrow, JJ Stewart, (bk) Koster, Burke, Demott, Marcotte, Dolliver, Prosser ('96); 2. Ginny & Brad Parkinson on lion watch in Africa ('05); 3. Barry Fink, John Heyde, George Philipps ('06); 4. Vic Viewig, John Shewmaker, Herb Hoppe ('02); 5. Jim Foresman, Bill Mickle ('03); 6. Wyoming Seminary Alumni: Lehman, Neary, Del Duca, Turner, Prahalis, Bechdel, Christenson ('03); 7. Ron Marryott & Dick Scales - Ron's Distinguished Graduate Award Ceremony ('04); 8. Jim & Jean Gant, John & Barbara Jerome ('04); 9. Bud Edney, Anne & George Lanman & Margon Edney ('05); 10. Dave Mitchell, Al Brooks, Art Wright ('04); 11. Peg & Ken Malley ('04); 12. The Honorable Daniel Cooper ('04); 13. Houston Bowl: Rutemiller, Koch, Smalley, McMenamin, Sims, Earl Smith, Basse, Burchett ('03).

