



**Captain Don Campbell**

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***2012  
NROTC  
Leadership  
Award***

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**University of Idaho**

*If your actions inspire others to dream more, learn more, do more and become more, you are a leader.—John Quincy Adams*

*Sponsored by*

**NROTC Class of 1962**

## The Teacher

### Donald Stiles Campbell, Jr.

He was born on 10 January 1932 in Spokane, Washington and raised in Portland, Oregon and Boise, Idaho. Following high school graduation, he attended Boise Junior College for one year prior to entering the U.S. Naval Academy in 1950. He graduated with a Bachelor's Degree in Naval Science in 1954.

Upon graduation Don joined the Destroyer Fleet serving in various billets for three years aboard the Long Beach-based USS James E. Keyes (DD-787). Following this tour, he attended the Submarine School and reported to the USS Spinax (SSR-489) in San Diego. This tour was followed by a succession of tours on diesel-electric submarines including the USS Volador (SS-490); USS Perch (APSS-313); USS Greenfish (SS351); USS Tang (SS-563) and ultimately command of USS Barbel (SS-580). Following his submarine tours, he elected to return to the surface navy and was the Executive Officer aboard USS Leahy (DLG-16) and commanded USS Conyngham (DDG-17) and USS Camden (AOE-2).

His sea duty tours were interspersed with shore assignments which included: Assistant Professor of Naval Science at the University of Idaho; Assistant Operations Officer on the Staff of Commander Submarine Force Pacific; Diesel Submarine Force coordinator on the staff of the Director of Submarine Warfare (OP-31) in OPNAV; Washington Placement Officer in the Bureau of Personnel; Executive Assistant and Senior Aide to the Deputy Commander in Chief Atlantic Fleet; Officer responsible for Flag Officer matters in the Bureau of Naval Personnel; and Deputy Commander of Reserve Readiness Command 22 in Seattle, Washington.

Among his personal awards are: two Legion of Merits, three Meritorious Service Medals and two Navy Commendation Medals. He retired in the Seattle area in 1980 and pursued a variety of civilian occupations including: Director of Architectural Operations for Fentron Building Products; Director of West Coast Operations for Gould's Ocean Systems Division (manufacturing the MK 48 torpedo); and Executive Director of the Chambers of Commerce in Bremerton and Sequim, Washington.

He married Phyllis Olson in 1955, a marriage that lasted 53 years until Don's death in 2009. They had three children; Casey, Kim and Brad who have, in turn, given them granddaughters Rhya, Dakota, Laina, and grandson Cameron Davis.

## The Students

*The request that a "bio" be provided was made a few months ago to members of the University of Idaho, NROTC Class of 1962. There were no guidelines as to length, style or format. Some members were brief and others wrote in considerable detail. Most are first person accounts, a few are told in the third person. Taken in their entirety, these half-century life summaries seem to be a powerful endorsement for the Navy's longtime collaboration with land-grant universities that turns young men into well-educated naval officers. In the case of the Idaho Class of '62, it seems to have been a success for both the Navy and the no-longer young men.*

### Darwin Afdahl

LCDR USN retired

Aug. '62-Nov. '64, USS Topeka CLG 8, Deck Officer

Dec. '64-Oct. '65, USS Leary DD 879, 1ST LT

Nov. '65-Feb '67, US Navy Flight School, CV-20 USS Bennington

Mar. '67-Mar. '69, VAQ 130, Detachment OIC (EA-1F), CVA-64 USS Constellation, CVA-43 USS Coral Sea

Mar. '69-June '70, VAQ-133, Department Head (KA-3B, EKA-3B), CVA-34 USS Oriskany, CVA-64 USS Constellation

Sept. '70-Aug. '72, VAQ 129, Department Head (EA-6B)

Aug. '72-Feb '75, VAQ-133, Department Head (EA-6B), CVA-61 USS Ranger, CV-66 USS America

Feb. '75-Dec. '78, OPTEVFOR, EA-6B Desk

Dec. '78-Oct. '83, NAVAIREWORKFAC, A-6 and EA-6B

After retiring from the Navy, we stayed in Virginia Beach, VA and I sold insurance for over 20 years. In 2005, we moved to Oro Valley, (Tucson) AZ. We enjoy the sunny climate. My wife and I recently celebrated our fourth anniversary and play a lot of tournament bridge together. We usually go on one or two ocean cruises (three to four weeks) a year, teaching bridge and enjoying the different locations.

### Van Baser

Van started his flying career as a midshipman at the University of Idaho and completed Navy flight training at Pensacola with classmates Durbin, Heck, Longfellow and Woodbury. Then, with Dave Heck, he flew helicopters out of Quonset Point and off the USS Essex and USS Randolph.

After the Navy, he was hired by United Airlines and for several years flew 747-400s on the JFK-Toyko route, while making his home in Essex, CT. Health issues forced his retirement from United in 2001 after some 33 years of service.

With his first wife, Tinder, Van had two children, Robbie, a professor at a small Pennsylvania college, and Natalie, who lives in Connecticut with her husband, a Coast Guard officer.

Currently Van and his wife, Patty, live in Florida and, for three months in summer, in Maine. He flies radio controlled model airplanes and likes to fish.

### Bob Bestor

While mess cooking and cleaning heads aboard the old WW II submarine USS Aspro (SS309) I applied as a "fleet candidate" for NROTC. After taking the test and attending an NROTC preparatory school for fleet candidates at Bainbridge MD, I was selected for the program—despite big problems with a geometry course at Bainbridge.

With three semesters of college prior to my enlisted service, I joined the Idaho NROTC class of '62 as a sophomore in 1959. It was the next year that Don Campbell came aboard.

While serving as Disbursing Officer at Kodiak Naval Station I realized what I really wanted was a career in professional

sports administration. At my next and last assignment, NAS Alameda, I started to work in off-duty hours as an unpaid volunteer for the Oakland Raiders, then of the American Football League. I resigned my commission in 1966 and joined the Raiders full-time. On the coaching staff that year was Bill Walsh, an aloof but brainy assistant who was a misfit with the 'down and dirty' Raiders (he left to coach a semi-pro team in San Jose). I was the team's public relations director at Super Bowl II in Miami and the next year became the Raiders' business manager. My roommate on the road in 1968 was our young linebacker coach, John Madden. After five seasons, I recognized a clear choice, my family or the Raiders. I left them for a job as marketing director for the San Francisco Bay Area's National Hockey League franchise. In 1976 I joined the Golden State Warriors of the NBA. Eight years later I was "relieved" of my duties (fired) as VP for Player Personnel when the team won just 37 of 82 games.

Immediately following the Warrior years, I started a small sports marketing/public relations firm and, in 1987, began to publish a subscription newsletter about travel to Europe. The newsletter quickly became the most enjoyable and lucrative part of the business, and I turned away from sports pursuits. As our customer base grew we added the sale of various travel products and services including maps, guidebooks, rental cars, airline and rail tickets, even cruises. In 1994, Liz and I created a partnership with our oldest son and his wife to launch Travel Essentials ([www.travelessentials.com](http://www.travelessentials.com)), a company that sells luggage, travel clothing and a variety of travel gadgets. Four years ago our family partners purchased our share of the business. The newsletter is now in its 26th year of publication and our other two children are gradually assuming responsibility for the entire business ([www.gemut.com](http://www.gemut.com)).

Liz and I will celebrate our 50th anniversary on June 11. The wedding took place here in Moscow the day after graduation in 1962. Lt. Donald S. Campbell was best man and the unit's CO, Captain Davey, generously offered the use of his house—across the street from St. Mary's Catholic Church—for pre-wedding activities. We have three children and six grandchildren.

There aren't too many days in the last 52 years that I haven't thought of Don Campbell. As in "What would Mr. Campbell have done in this situation." Over the years I've met people who, because of a high-profile position of power, were assumed to be competent leaders. Some completely lacked the ability to lead, some used intimidation and fear to achieve objectives, and a few were actually skilled managers. Don Campbell, however, remains the most effective leader I have known. As midshipmen, we were desperate for his approval. We weren't the least bit afraid of him, but we were terrified of letting him down.

#### Walt Bird

I was the damage control officer and repair officer on two destroyers having taken both thru shipyard FRAM. After going thru the Panama Canal on the way to Vietnam I was reassigned to the Oriskany to be the boiler officer which left for Vietnam a few months later. The fire that killed over 40 cut our cruise

short and it was another shipyard period. I wanted to switch to engineering duty officer but the Navy only wanted me as a line officer so I got out staying with the reserve to make commander.

My civilian work career has all been in the nuclear area having worked at two national laboratories and a utility. I picked up a master's degree and a professional engineering (PE) license along the way and most recently the American Society of Quality Certification as an assessor (CQA).

Married now for 46 years. We have twin boys and a daughter. Retired at the end of September (2011) from Argonne National Laboratory and look forward to traveling and picking up some consulting to keep me busy.

#### Randy Campbell

Jack R. (Randy) Campbell, Jr. was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the U. S. Marine Corps upon graduation from the University of Idaho in 1962. After attending The Basic School at Quantico, Virginia, he served in various junior officer assignments as an infantry platoon commander at Camp Pendleton, California, a tour of sea duty with the Marine Detachment aboard the USS Galveston (CLG-3) and subsequent to sea duty, returning to the infantry field as a company commander, ultimately in the Republic Of Vietnam. Vietnam was followed by orders to the Marine Corps Recruit Depot, San Diego, California, where he served as a recruit company commander and later as a battalion operations officer. A return to Quantico, Virginia, where he was assigned as a student at the Amphibi-

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*His personal decorations include: the Silver Star Medal, The Bronze Star Medal with "V," the Purple Heart (with gold star), the Meritorious Service Medal, the...*

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ous Warfare School, ensued and was followed by a return to the Republic of Vietnam, where he served as the senior advisor to a Vietnamese infantry battalion.

Following his second tour in the Republic of Vietnam, he served as a special operations officer on the staff of the Commander in Chief, Pacific, returned to the infantry field as an infantry company commander at Camp Lejeune, North Carolina, and completed a Special Education assignment.

A third assignment in Vietnam saw him again serving as the senior advisor to a Vietnamese Marine infantry battalion. He then served as the Commanding Officer, U. S. Marine Corps Recruiting Station, Portland, Oregon, which was followed by assignment as the Commanding Officer of an infantry battalion at Camp Pendleton, California. Following these tours as a commanding officer, he concluded his career serving in several staff assignments at Camp Pendleton.

His personal decorations include: the Silver Star Medal, The Bronze Star Medal with "V", the Purple Heart Medal (with gold star), the Meritorious Service Medal, the Joint Services Commendation Medal and the Republic of Vietnam Cross of Gallantry.

His married to Delores I. (Lien) Campbell. They have four children and six grandchildren.

**Brody Conklin**

Not much to my Navy career. Two years as a "shoe" on a DE. Then to Pensacola for my wings in 14 months and out to the fleet again in VS. Got off active duty in 1968 and went with American Airlines for 31 years staying in the USNR most of that time. Served as a check airman on the MD80, F100, and MD11. Served on the 2nd fleet staff and as chairman of Congressman John P. Hiler's screening board for all the service academies for six years. Flew S2Fs, P2Vs and P3s in the USNR. Graduated from the Aviation Safety program at the Naval Post Grad. School in Monterey. Made two cruises to the Gulf of Tonkin but didn't get any serious medals. Centurion on the Yorktown and somehow got over 21,000 hours without an accident and am still flying when the FAA lets me. Retired as an O6 with 23 years total service.

I'm sure this is way too much information, just use what you want.

**Larry Durbin**

After graduation I went to flight school and then to F-8 school and then to Fighter Squadron 13, where I made two, eight-month cruises on the USS Shangri-La. My first job was personnel officer. The Leading Chief of the squadron, Chief Eanes, reported to me. I was twenty-four years old. Chief Eanes joined the Navy nine days before I was born. Don helped me a lot learning how to handle this job. I was not intimidated, cocky, or unprepared. It went very well. On the second cruise I was Asst. Maintenance Officer. On cruise the Maintenance Officer, nicknamed Chain, had to go home as his wife was having severe medical issues. While he was gone our squadron maintenance department set new records in availability and total sorties. Don helped there too. I spent every waking hour with the men in some capacity. I was in their working spaces, hangar deck, flight deck and in the ready room giving lectures. I urged them to look good while Chain was gone and congratulated them wholeheartedly on their successes.

In 1967 I left the Navy and went to work for United Airlines until I retired as a 747-400 Captain in 2000. From 1972-1982 I was also involved in a Chicago area real estate company called Durbin-Stovall for ten years. We went from startup to number two in the county during that time. I was then asked to become the Midwest Regional Director for Realty World Real Estate, which I did for three years.

At graduation, Don gave us a small pamphlet, *A Message to Garcia*. It was a guiding light for me for my whole life. I shared it with many people because I thought it was so important. When my nephew's boss at Andersen Consulting asked him if he had read, *The Millionaire Next Door*, Christopher said, "No, but have you read *A Message to Garcia*?" I also remember the class from Don that had to do with us being upset because we had to run the Navy Ball. Don's point during the class was that we could do a mediocre job or a fine job. It was our choice. His closing line was, "What kind of effort do you want to look back on." I never forgot it. He had another great line, "It doesn't cost anything to be nice to people." I shall never forget him.

*(Editor's Note: Larry has been happily married to Teddie for 46 years. They live in Florida.)*

**Bruce Greene**

**Military Career:** Very short and not so sweet. Took normal midshipman cruises; Ozbourne (DD846) out of San Diego, Corpus Christi for introduction to flight/ Coronado for amphib. School, took Marine Corps. option and went to Quantico. Was going to be a Marine and I didn't need to attend classes, do homework, or take tests and while flunking out was evicted by the NROTC program, with, I must say, pretty good cause. Never attended the reserve unit I was assigned to and was, to my surprise, honorably discharged as a seaman in '64 or '65. Not proud of this but past mistakes cannot be repaired and life goes on – make the best of it.

**Professional Career:** While on forced leave from the U. of I. for a year and a half worked for the State of Maine Bridge Department as junior engineer on two bridges and ran original survey line for I-95 north of Bangor. Returned to do homework for winter term in '64 and after graduation in the fall of '64 went to work for architects in Seattle for two and a half years until the business dried up there just as San Diego was really opening up. Moved to San Diego in summer '67 and have been here ever since. Became licensed to practice architecture in Washington in '69 and California in '70, and have been doing so continuously ever since except for a year and a half off to

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*'82-'83 Navigator on Americas Cup '92 primary market boat, setting marks for all Defender and Cup races using the brand new tool of GPS.*

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cruise in a 37' steel hulled Seawitch ketch with wife and two young boys in England, the canals of the Netherlands, Belgium and France; the Mediterranean coasts of France, Italy, Sicily, Malta, the Greek Ionian and Aegean islands and through the Corinth Canal and around the Peloponnese from spring of '69 through late fall of '70.

Worked for mid-size local architectural firm mostly doing medium-size shopping centers or 20+/- acres with a major grocery, drug store and 30-50,000 S.F. of shops and a few pad buildings throughout California and Arizona. When they started talking about my buying stock I went out on my own and have worked in a small partnership or on my own ever since. Did more shopping centers, a few medical office buildings and eventually became an expert witness nearly full-time in the early 90s. The work was more interesting, varied, much of it outdoors, there was less liability risk and the pay was very, very much better. It seems I have some skill in talking to lawyers, judges, negotiators and juries in words that they can understand and I always tell the same story whether working for the plaintiff or the defense. Also worked as an occasional consultant to the State Board of Architectural examiners when Architectural malpractice in violation of the licensing act was alleged. The guys were normally innocent but not always. Worked for several years as a Master Commissioner for Oral Exams, the last stage of the licensing procedure where a candidate has to show up before a panel of three experienced architects to show that he or she is really ready to enter practice after passing the earlier 5 days worth of written and graphic exams. Frankly the pass rate was poor—one in three

candidates passed on the first try. Started shutting down the practice when we learned that my wife had an incurable lung disease about six years ago to spend more time with her and gave up the license last year.

**Avocation:** Sailing/sailboat racing/running sailboat races

'65-'67: Raced on Triton 27 in Seattle area.

'67-'69: Raced small and mid sized catamarans on Mission Bay and San Diego harbor

'69-'70: Cruised Europe with family on '37 Seawitch ketch. Rescued from boredom by US Navy in Saint Tropez with dinner aboard with family and first look at gee-wizz electronic navigation that could actually tell you , eventually, where you were to within a mile or so.

'70-'92: Raced in San Diego on variety of boats from 27 to 50 feet long as crew on local and overnight races. Joined San Diego yacht club in '81.

Mid '70s – present: Worked on SDYC race committee.

'82-'83: Navigator on Americas Cup '92 primary markset boat, setting marks for all Defender and Cup races using the brand new tool of GPS. Marks accurate to +/- 50' of location in 240 – 1100 feet of water.

'94-'95 Markset team leader for Americas Cup '95. Ran 30 volunteers with two 26 foot 59.9 knot boats ( I tried to get them to 60 kts, but despite every trick never could, probably fast enough anyway) fitted with improved GPS. Marks accurate to +/- 25 feet of computer derived location in same water depths.

'97 – present: Five-time SDYC Race Committee chairman responsible for putting on and running 70 to 100 days a yea.

Now one of about 33 US Sailing National Race Officers, one of about 14 US Sailing Advanced Race Management Instructors, on the US Sailing Race Officer Certification and Training Working Group and one of about 120 International Sailing Federation (ISAF) International Race Officers. I run about one to two World Championship or similar level Regattas a year and several other higher ranking events plus still run regattas for SDYC for 40 to 60 days on the water each year. Even still sail small boats with my daughter occasionally.

It's a great sport. I don't know any NFL players but I know a great many of the world's best sailors and I get to set up and run their races. Lost my wife last year so sailing is my outlet. Also, Cold-Molding a 23-foot mahogany triple-cockpit runabout similar to a Chris Craft or Gar Wood, and play some really bad golf, but at least I'm outdoors in the sunshine and fresh air.

### Dave Heck

After graduation I had a 1st Class cruise to make up and was on the Lexington from San Diego to Norfolk around Cape Horn. It was a great summer with some interesting ports. A-1's and F-3H's conducted air ops at Cape Horn—a first.

At Pensacola I went through with Denny, Woody, Van, and Larry at various points.

Went through the helicopter pipeline and the RAG for anti-submarine at Key West.

Assigned to HS-9 with Van at Quonset Point, RI and the

USS Essex. Flew SH-3A's for the next three years off the Essex and Randolph. There is not enough money in the world to get me out on those night missions now! While most were fighting Communism in Vietnam we were protecting the East Coast from Viet Cong submarines. Did a hell of a job too—nobody ever saw one. I met Peg through a squadron mate and we were married in July, 1967.

After release from the Navy I started with TWA in January, 1968. Seemed like a good idea at the time. Trained on the Boeing 707 as flight engineer and assigned to Boston. We lived in Hingham, MA, until 1975 when I was transferred to New York and we moved here to Salisbury, CT. I hit TWA at exactly the wrong time in terms of pilot seniority and ended up after almost 20 years with one year as a 727 First Officer—the rest was FE time. A couple of furloughs and a year of TDY in Chicago finally did it and I took early retirement.

I worked here in Salisbury as manager of a farm and flew the owner who was CEO of Benjamin Moore Paints as a private/corporate pilot. We had a Cessna 414A and flew all over the country. Best job I ever had—farming and flying. By this time we had three boys that grew up here in Salisbury. They had good

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childhoods here in a small town. It wasn't always perfect but they have grown into good men. I was always active in church and civic work. That has been a great satisfaction.

When the Benjamin Moore people had passed on after 10 years I worked as a contract pilot flying all kinds of stuff for a number of different firms and individuals. It was interesting but after four years of trying to keep all the balls in air I decided to settle into a real job and went to work for Lyon Aviation in Pittsfield, MA. I was four years there flying the Lear 25D and Hawker 800. Just for fun this morning I counted up 31 aircraft types that I had flown as PIC. It was an interesting career (my mother-in-law would say "checkered"). Never bent any tin or hurt anybody. I decided that I had used up all my luck and retired at age 65 and lived happily ever after. Retirement is greatly under-rated.

At present Peg is still working as a naturalist and teacher at a Nature Center in Canton, CT, and I divide my time as President of the Salisbury Association (Land Trust, Historical Society, and Civic Activities) and restoring a 1960 Healey with my son Dan. It is the fourth car I have restored—great hobby. I still do a lot of trout fishing in our area and the West. Also work with a forester on a property that I am involved with. I have always taken a lot of pleasure from my education in forestry even though I never practiced it.

Peg and I are both in good health and feel very blessed to be living here in this time and place.

I guess that hits the high spots. Have a great time together at the good old U. of I.

### Gene Henry

1958: Joined the NROTC Unit at the University of Idaho from my hometown of Tonasket, Washington. I took my Third Class cruise on a destroyer and first Class cruise on the Bennington (CVS 20) both out of San Diego.

1962: Graduated with BS in Metallurgical Engineering and commissioned as Ensign, USN, with my first assignment on USS Pivot (MSO 463) out of Long Beach. Reported aboard on June 30 and departed the next day for an eight month WestPac deployment as the Operations Officer (Navigation, Signals, Radar, Radio, Sonar, Communications, and Crypto).

It took thirty days for Mine Squadron Five to reach Subic Bay—you could easily ride your bicycle faster than our SOG—and I lost ten pounds in the process. We visited several small islands in the PI—some the first by the Navy since WW2. We only grounded once, and with minor damage. We practiced minesweeping in or near the Philippines, Taiwan, Okinawa, Ryukus, Kyushus, and South Korea. No ships were sunk on our watch.

We thoroughly enjoyed our one week R&R in Hong Kong, where captain (Chubby) Decker had the ship's exterior completely painted by Hong Kong Mary's girls using rags—in exchange for the garbage from the galley. We supplied the paint, too.

1964: Reassigned to the Ranger (CVA 61—they are larger and faster than MSO's) as Assistant Communications Officer. The Ranger was enjoying a complete, two-month boiler re-tube R&R project in Yokosuka. (The Engineering Officer was not—he was court-martialed.) That fall the Ranger responded to North Vietnamese PT boat attacks on our destroyers. After that we spent endless months touring Yankee Point in the South China Sea, launching raids into Vietnamese jungles.

1965: Selected for Civil Engineering Corps School at Port Hueneme, and, after graduation, assigned as Assistant Public Works Officer at USNAS Miramar. I came to the Captain's attention by thwarting one of his Beautification efforts. I directed the Seabees (as a training exercise) to install a left turn lane for all the heavy traffic (mostly dependents) going to the Commissary and Exchange. The Seabees inadvertently plowed up a row of acacias the Captain had planted (in the way) the year before.

1967-1980: Attended the University of Missouri at Rolla and earned an MS in Engineering Management. Went to work for the Atomic Energy Commission; which became the Energy Research and Development Agency; which became the Department of Energy—all without my changing desks. The work was enriching Uranium for use in nuclear power plants and bombs.

1981-2006: Went to work for Bechtel Corporation in San Francisco in Project Controls for design and construction of nuclear power plants; including Arkansas Nuclear One, Midland Nuclear Plant, Limerick Nuclear Power Plant, and finally the Washington Public Power Supply Systems Units 1 and 4.

After the nuclear power program was suffocated in the US, Bechtel sent me to Hong Kong for four years to assist in building the New Airport at Chek Lap Kok. While the project itself was a mere \$120 billion infrastructure ensemble, life as an expat in Hong Kong was like Royalty in a World Class City.

My final project for Bechtel was on the Faarsdal Aluminum Smelter for Alcoa in Reydarfjordur, Iceland. It was the polar

opposite of life in Hong Kong—and yet an unforgettable experience of austere beauty in snow, ice and volcano. After 42 years of effort, I better understood the relationship between the modes and meanings of work. I retired. It is strange, and yet common, how priorities shift in a working career—mature, even. That perception is a gift, too, from our own Captain Don.

### Bill Hobby

I took a year leave of absence from the NROTC program to facilitate a change of majors to Engineering and was commissioned in 1963. I went into flight training and flew the H-3 in HS-6, an ASW squadron based in the San Diego area, making two WestPac tours aboard USS Kearsarge before leaving the Navy after six years. Besides ASW training we flew combat search and rescue as well as logistics missions on Yankee Station. I worked in and retired after 35 years in manufacturing engineering and quality management in the semiconductor industry in Silicon Valley, Portugal and the Orient, and still live in the San Jose, CA area. We have three daughters and nine grandchildren. Life is good.

### John Kennedy

1962: Graduated with B.S. In Psychology; wanted Naval Aviation but 2025 vision eliminated that option

1962-1966: Assigned to DDR-743/DD-74/DD-743 Fram II as MPA, DCA, Engineering Officer and Diving Officer. Three Vietnam deployments for S.A.R., PlaneGuard and Gunfire Support.

#### Memorable Events – Vietnam

Started the Vietnam War T.I.C.

Accidentally strafed by one of our Air Force jets. Fastest our ship ever went to GQ (1 ½ min.) some of the crew manned their stations in underwear or no clothing!

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*Accidentally strafed by one of our Air Force jets. Fastest our ship ever went to GQ (1 ½ min.) some of the crew manned their stations in underwear or no clothing!*

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Steamed miles down a Vietnam river at midnight at 27 knots, darken ship, with two feet under the sonar dome.

Tracking an aerial contact moving so fast our computer could not produce a fire control solution. Years later I found out that it was an SR 71 Blackbird traveling 2200mph at above 80,000 feet.

Using Scuba dove under an ocean going tug with handsaw to cut it free from a Vietnamese bamboo fish trap. Good news, it was freed. Bad news, don't wrap your legs around a barnacle covered propshaft while doing this; barnacles can grow on human skin.

Qualifying for command of destroyers: 120 page written exam, several months, underway evolutions, observed and graded by the division Commodore.

Offered Division Engineering Officer but a family illness precluded, more SEA duty at that time.

1966 – 1969: NROTC Unit University of California Berkeley teaching Marine Engineering and Naval Leadership.

#### Memorable Events – Berkeley

Battlefield Berkeley was my most dangerous military assignment; we were firebombed five times, machine gunned once, surrounded by

rioting mobs numerous times (which required gas masks at the ready) and finally the building front was blown off with 20 sticks of dynamite. All of this orchestrated by "peace-loving" students for a democratic society and the more violent "weathermen"; both anti-war proponents.

Still wanting to be a pilot. I got a private pilots license, then used the GI Bill to get Commercial Pilot Multi-Engine Land instrument ratings followed by C.F.I. And C.F.I.I. and certified Boeing 707 flight engineered written exams.

At the time, the Navy was short on pilots and initiated a program wherein NFOs with 20/40 vision could apply for flight training. Based on number two above which included over 600 hours hours of flight time and 20 hours of jet time with the NROTC XO Commander Lou Fields (who was the pilot in the Navy short comedy film *Scrambled Eggs*) I was accepted. The program filled so quickly however, that I was not needed. I resigned from the Navy, became a flight instructor at Sierra Academy of Aeronautics (SAA) and over a year period applied for a position with every airline on the planet. Bad timing. The airlines had over-expanded. Laid off pilots were asking SAA if there were job openings. Realizing an airline career wasn't an option I asked that I be given my regular commission back, be sent to destroyer school and be put before the LCDR selection board. Amazingly, I got immediate orders to DD school, my regular commission back, and was selected for LCDR sooner than if staying on active duty.

Aug '70 - Apr '71: DD school

While at DD School I was a FIP (Flight Indoctrination Program) Instructor at the local airport.

Aug '71 - Sept '71: USS Mahan DLG-11 weapons officer.

**Memorable Events - USS Mahan**

Bye bye Berkeley, back to safety of deployment to Vietnam, in SAR, air defense, and gun fire support missions.

Attempted to destroy the bridge of USS Sterett DLG-31. The Mahan and the Sterett were to conduct a simultaneous multi-missile shoot at multiple targets to observe guidance interference. The range was fouled for several hours causing a multi-pin contactor on Mahan to melt in just the right sequence to complete a firing circuit. When cleared to fire, Mahan's missile went onto the rail and immediately fired, without guidance at Sterett's bridge. It self-destructed with no damage or injuries. Exercise cancelled.

Sea detail OOD from San Diego to bath Maine.

Sept 73 - Sept 75: Midway Island harbor operations officer.

**Memorable Events - Midway**

Converted a McHale's Navy into the sharpest unit on the island.

With diving partner caught over 2000 lobster.

A 12 foot, 1100 lb tiger shark attacked our 13ft Boston Whaler dive-boat. Because I feared sharks I carried a 44 magnum hollow point bang stick. The sharks jaws are in our den.

Sept. 75 - Jan. 78: USS Enterprise CVN-65 Deck Dept. Hed.

**Memorable Events - Enterprise**

"Seaman, though a hardworking and dedicated lot, are sly and cunning and must be closely watched".

Whenever Enterprise came into port and the brow was secure the deck department side cleaners debarked and immediately started chipping and painting. Within 24 hours Enterprise looked like she hadn't been to sea..Seaman Sly the junior side cleaner was

tired of painting a rusty area under a drain near the waterline. Being a cunning side cleaner he hammered a damage control wooden plug into the drain and painted it haze gray.

Weeks later while underway for major air operations no aircraft could be launched because there was no cooling water flow to the hydraulic system that operated the jet blast door deflectors.

Seaman Sly was lowered in a boatswain chair with hammer and marlin spike in hand, with the DC plug removed. Enterprise was once again combatant.

Enterprise's presence off the coast of Uganda convinced Idi Amin to let our American hostages go free.

Ended Vietnam War T.I.C.\*

Naval Weapons Earle Colts Neck New Jersey

Jan 78 - Jun 84: Ordinance Officer / Executive Officer

**Memorable Events - Earle**

Met and subsequently married my second wife Darene.

Chased by Marine security vehicle while testing my Cobra replica sports car on isolated back roads. They didn't catch me. The car weighed 2480 lbs. And had 550 HP 440 CI Plymouth Magnum engine; 0 to 60 in 3 seconds flat.

Parachute jump wings earned at jump school NAS. Lake Hurst. Good news; a spot opened because of a last minute cancellation. Bad news; jump-mates were Navy SEALs who constantly tried to get me to do dangerous career ending things, i.e. they said "when the Admiral comes out to watch our jumps let's see who can land on and dent the roof of his car." Or "after today's jumps let's go to the local bar and start a fight."

Jun '84 - Jun '88: Naval Station Pearl Harbor Operations Officer / Executive Officer

**Memorable Events - Pearl Harbor**

Through coordination with 40 tenant commands successfully defended the Pearl Harbor complex against SEAL Team Six who were posing as terrorists.

Completed three triathlons and two marathons.

Retired on the Arizona Memorial followed by a champagne boat tour of Pearl Harbor, brunch at the O' Club for all the attendees and a two week "you only retire once" party at our home.

Jun '88 - Present Day: Refurbished two "fixer" homes. Rent one out and live in the other pursuing my lifelong hobby of restoring collector cars and building hot rods.

\*T.I.C. = "tongue in cheek" aka "bazinga!"

**Bill Kindley**

First with regards to what I have done that is noteworthy. I think that contributing to the transfer of high standards of nuclear reactor safety from the US Nuclear Navy to civilian nuclear electricity generating plants after the nuclear accident at Three Mile Island is what I would want the midshipmen to know about. This started with nuclear plants in the United States, and after Chernobyl, was continued world-wide. Success in the United States was significant, but world-wide success was very slow and still had a long way to go when I retired. Of particular note, my efforts with the Soviet Union, and later, Russia, led to the adoption of U.S. style emergency operating procedures. The fact that Don Campbell encouraged

all of us to strive for high standards should not be overlooked. So Don should also get some credit for instilling standards of excellence in his students.

In my case, Don's influence appears to have crossed generation boundaries. I encouraged my son to enroll in NROTC. After being commissioned, he qualified to fly F/A-18s. He finished his tour as commanding officer of a squadron of Super Hornets after a deployment in support of the war. He has recently been notified he has been selected early for Captain.

A brief resume follows:

After a short tour on a destroyer, Bill Kindley was assigned to the staff of Adm. H. G. Rickover, the "father of nuclear powered ships." His primary role was to promote high standards of radiation safety in the operation and repair of the Naval nuclear propulsion plants.

After 17 years in the Naval Nuclear Propulsion Program, Bill joined the Institute of Nuclear Power Operations (INPO) to continue to promote high standards of nuclear safety, this time for civilian nuclear electric generating plants in the United States. After the accident at Chernobyl, Bill led a team of engineers, under a contract with The US Department of Energy, to encourage the Soviet Union to adopt safety standards similar to those at US civilian nuclear plants.

Subsequently, Bill became senior vice president for international affairs at INPO and continued to promote high standards of nuclear safety world wide through the World Association of Nuclear Operators (WANO). Bill retired from INPO after 21 years of service in 2002.

#### Keith Lillico

Little is known about Keith after he left the University for his first assignment. A bright guy with a deadpan sense of humor, in a 1968 letter to a classmate he commented on attending the 10th reunion of his Kennewick, WA, high school class: "It's amazing what 10 years of fried food can do to what once was a fairly attractive body." He was referring to a former cheerleader whose affections he had sought in earlier times.

He graduated with the class of '62 and served at least four years, his last duty station being in the Seattle area. Sometime in the early '70s he died in a car crash in eastern Washington. Insofar as is known, he did not marry.

#### Denny Longfellow

I became a Naval Flight Officer with a specialty of Radar Intercept Officer which means that I flew in the back seat of the F4 Phantom. I had two combat tours – One with Fighter Squadron 41 (the Black Aces) in 1965 and one with Fighter Squadron 96 (the Fighting Falcons) in 1970. I have 165 combat missions which means that I have at least 10 air medals. Air medals were awarded normally on number of combat missions. I supposed that I earned them because we were shot at every time we flew over North Vietnam during the 1965 deployment. At least I came back; Rod Mayer, who was a pilot in the Black Aces, did not.

I retired in 1982 and went back to school to get a degree in Computer Science at Glassboro State College in New Jersey. Graduated with honors and worked in computer related jobs until 2007 when I retired for good.

While on my second tour at the Naval Plant Representative Office at McDonnell Aircraft in St. Louis, MO, I met a very pretty woman, Betty Mussman. We have been married since July 1968. We have two daughters, Janel Tavet and Erica Longfellow. We also have a son-in-law, Christian Tavet and a granddaughter, Aldanna. Janel and Christian live in France and Erica lives in England, so Betty and I travel a lot. By the way Betty is still very pretty and luckily has kept me around.

I think all of us in our class can cite how Don affected our lives. I remember two things in particular. When he became our instructor, I noticed an enthusiasm that he brought into the classroom that we had not experienced before. Even a cynic like me could not help being affected by it. I mentioned Rod Mayer earlier. Rod was in the class of 1961 at Idaho and was an NROTC student as well. He was also in the Black Aces as a pilot the same time as I was and was shot down in 1965. Around the time the class of 61 had received their assignments, he came to Don one day asking for advice on a temporary assignment that he had been offered before flight school. I was still in the class-room studying. Don's answer was "You will never get another chance to something like this." I took those words to heart and more than once have applied them to my life. I repeated this incident more than once to my daughters and they have applied that philosophy to their lives as well. In fact, our son-in-law has started his own business with full support of our daughter (Christian may never get another chance to something like this). Our granddaughter seems to have a similar attitude, so Don has had a positive effect on three generations of Longfellows.

#### Pete Peterson

Upon graduation, Pete was commissioned ensign in the U.S. Navy and proudly served his country during the Vietnam Era as communications officer on the USS Colahan (DD-658), and operations officer on the staff of Commander Destroyer Division 112. Pete attained the rank of Lieutenant and received several commendation medals, including the National Defense Service Medal, the Vietnam Service Medal with Bronze Star, and the Vietnam Campaign Medal.

After his Naval service, Pete attended Stanford University and earned a M.A. in secondary education in 1968. He then taught in the Jefferson School District in Daly City, California, until he retired to Meridian, Idaho in 1998. During his teaching career he was a member of the California Teachers' Association and was appointed a mentor teacher. He received several National Endowment for the Humanities Teacher Fellowships in geography (National Geographic Society), the U.S. constitution (University of California Berkeley), Shakespeare (Columbia University), and children's literature (Princeton University).

Pete volunteers for the Idaho State Historical Museum and the Idaho Shakespeare Festival and is a substitute teacher in the Meridian School District. His hobbies include socializing with friends, and developing new friendships, volunteering, traveling, swimming, bicycling, hiking, reading, playing bridge, square dancing, gardening, and attending theater, films and concerts. And of course—Vandal football. Pete has traveled extensively in Europe, South America, Mexico, Central America, Asia, Africa, as well as within the U.S. and Canada. He continues to explore this wonderful planet we occupy.



### Jim Okeson

Upon graduation I had orders to report in July to Submarine School; then, three days after graduation and commissioning, I was notified I had been selected as a Fulbright Scholar to study in the Netherlands. With strong support from Don and Captain Davey, my orders to Submarine School were postponed. In August I married Jeanne and together we sailed for Holland. We had a wonderful year sharing a four room flat with a Dutch couple old enough to be our grandparents. We travelled; I did research; and we were thoroughly immersed in the Dutch culture. Our best souvenir of Holland was our one month old son, Kevin.

Upon returning to the United States, I began the "nuclear pipeline" training program. I did well in two of the three six month phases; I had a very difficult time at the prototype (near Idaho Falls). My fitness report from there reads something like, "For as hard as he works and as much extra effort he puts in, it is amazing how poorly he does." But, many years later I had the last laugh; I was the Commanding Officer of the three prototypes from 1984 to 1987.

Upon completion of prototype training, I was assigned to the new construction crew of USS Kamehameha (SSBN 642) (BLUE). After shakedown and a homeport shift to Pearl Harbor (for the families) and Guam (for the ship), I completed two deterrent patrols (one was over 70 days continuously submerged and undetected—that is my personal record). I was then assigned to be the Engineer Officer for USS James Monroe (SSBN 622) (BLUE). After one deterrent patrol in the Mediterranean, we entered Charleston Naval Shipyard for a 13 month refueling and partial SUBSAFE overhaul. Through hard work, attention to detail, and cooperation the overhaul actually took 18 months to complete. I thought that was terrible until I later found that other SSBNs with the same work package took as long as 25 months to complete.

With all that time in the shipyards, the detailer and I agreed I needed some "real" at sea time; so I received orders to USS Barb (SSN 596) for an 18 month second Department Head tour as Navigator/Operations Officer. The Barb was a challenging ship with a multitude of problems; the end result was that in addition to serving as NAV/OPS, I was also the Engineer Officer for six months, and twice served as Acting XO for three months each time—first time because the XO was fired; second time because the replacement XO, was medically disqualified after about nine months on the ship. You can read between the lines to get a feel for the challenges the ship had. As difficult as the BARB was, my most gratifying Navy experience occurred there in July 1972 when we steamed at Flank speed from Guam to attempt to rescue the crew of a downed B-52 that had gone down right on the track of Typhoon Rita. We surfaced at night in 30 foot seas; we found and rescued four of the six crewmen. We were in the right place at the right time for them; had the ship been more successful in the previous six months, we would not have been in Guam and those four may well have perished. A "Hollywood" write-up of the rescue is in the January 1977 *Popular Mechanics* magazine (I am confident you have that on a shelf in your garage; but if not, "google" Rescue from Heart of Typhoon).

My shore duty tour was as the Assistant Nuclear Power Officer on COMSUBPAC staff. During the next 30 months I was at sea more than the BARB was. It was a good job; I spent a week to 10 days at sea aboard more than 25 ships helping them prepare for challenging operations; in the process I had the opportunity to observe many Commanding Officers and their approaches to achieving excellence. I also had the opportunity to work closely with Bill Kindley when he was at Naval Reactors; he was the "thinker" and I was one of the "doers" in figuring out ways to reduce the radiation exposure of the operators of warship nuclear propulsion plants.

During my five patrols as XO of USS Alexander Hamilton (SSBN 617) (GOLD) the crew moved from the absolute bottom of the COMSUBLANT re-enlistment statistics to fifth best (out of about 55 crews). We met all commitments, but never fired a single missile in anger; that was the ultimate measure of the success of the POLARIS missile program.

I was Commanding Officer of USS Billfish (SSN 676) for five years. We earned the Battle Efficiency E, as well as several departmental awards, for two of the three years we were deployable. We completed an 18 month overhaul at Portsmouth

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*We surfaced at night in 30 foot seas; we found and rescued four of the six crewmen. We were in the right place at the right time for them...*

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Naval Shipyard two weeks early; this early completion was unmatched by any of fifty-two other submarine overhauls at Portsmouth Naval Shipyard in the ten year period between 1979 and 1989. Those overhauls ranged from 29% to 110% beyond the scheduled duration.

From June 1984 to July 1987 I was Commanding Officer of the Nuclear Power Training Unit at Idaho Falls. We had 600 instructors who supported around the clock academic and watchstanding training for the 1,000 students undergoing this intensive six-month training program. Every seven weeks the successful students graduated and went to their first ship assignment; the following Monday, a new class arrived to begin their training.

My last assignment in the Navy was Commander, Submarine Squadron 10 in New London, Connecticut. I oversaw the training, maintenance, and certification of the eight submarines in the Squadron. These were the eight "oldest" nuclear submarines in the Atlantic Fleet at the time. We had frequent equipment problems (often had to manufacture our own replacement parts because the original vendor was no longer in business) but we met every operational commitment the Squadron had (but not always with the originally designated ship).

I completed my career ("retired" is such an ugly word) in the Navy after 27 years and found a job at the Idaho National Engineering Laboratory (INEL). I worked in various capacities for the prime contractors over a 12 year period; first EG&G, then Lockheed Martin, and finally Bechtel. I had an amazing range of jobs, for about 18 months I was the General Manager of EG&G Idaho (5,000 employees). We had significant successes during that period; the Secretary of Energy awarded me the "Outstanding Contractor Manager" Award for 1992. Then, in a corporate

restructuring effort, I was assigned by EG&G to manage the Advanced Test Reactor (the nation's largest materials test reactor). During those two years we achieved significant operational improvements—reduced operating costs by 13% while improving operation time from 54% to 86%. During the last two years of the Lockheed contract, I led the technical team which resolved the daunting political, technical, emotional, and legal issues that had previously prevented recovery of buried nuclear waste materials at INEL. These issues had resisted resolution for over 20 years. As a result of this resolution, removal of nuclear waste is now in compliance with regulatory schedules.

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*Bill led a team of engineers, under a contract with The US Department of Energy, to encourage the Soviet Union to adopt safety standards similar to those at US civilian nuclear plants*

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Jeanne and I are the parents of four children (two boys and two girls); they are now married adults with growing families. Our oldest grandchild turned 23 this year (older than I was 50 years ago—hard to believe). We have 20 grandchildren, ranging in age from 23 to two.

Since retiring from the INEL, Jeanne and I have had a wonderful life filled with sharing the lives of our grandchildren, gardening, and service in our Church. We have served missions in Guyana (one year) and Barbados (six months), Fiji for 13 months, and just finished a one year mission supporting the LDS sailors stationed aboard the 55 surface ships based in San Diego. In addition, we spent the 2008-2009 school year teaching English at Nanjing Technical University in China.

In 2003, following the advice of my doctor, I began daily walks of at least three miles. I soon became "bored" with that distance. I "ran" (really jogged and walked) my first 10K race in August 2003. In 2004, I did my first marathon; since then I have "run" (more truthfully "completed") a total of 14 marathons [ranging from along the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, to the Idaho Wilderness, to Death Valley, to the Great Wall of China; my most recent marathon was in March 2010 in North Carolina]. I look forward to resuming marathons later this Spring.

Jeanne and I have had a wonderful life together. Much of it was shaped by Don Campbell's advice to work hard, do your best, and not be reluctant to take the first step—even if you could not be sure where it led—as long as it was in a meaningful direction. We did and we found he was right.

#### Darrell Purcell

Commissioned June 1962. Reported to first duty station July 1962, USS Colonial LSD (Landing Ship Dock) 18 San Diego, California. Deployed to the Caribbean Sea Oct - Dec 1962 with other units embarking the 1st Marine division during the Cuban missile crisis.

Upon return to CONUS immediately deployed to WESTPAC until June 1963. Served as 1st Division Officer then Navigator aboard the USS Colonial. Attended Fleet ASW School and Nuclear Weapons Safety Officer School March -May 1965.

Reported to USS Goldsborough DDG 20 Pearl Harbor, Hawaii June 1965 as ASW Officer. Deployed to WESTPAC Jan 1966 and provided AAW and ASW support to US forces in the

Gulf of Tonkin in addition to gunfire and shore bombardment support of US Marines in South Vietnam.

Selected for and attended US Navy Destroyer School (later changed to Department Head School) Newport, Rhode Island Oct. 1967 to May 1968. Upon completion, reported to USS William R. Rush DD 714 Newport, Rhode Island as Operations Officer. Deployed to the Mediterranean Sea January 1969 to July 1969 in support of US 6th Fleet Operations. Upon return to CONUS, reassigned as Weapons Officer USS William R. Rush until May 1970.

Reported to US Naval Amphibious Base Little Creek, VA for Survivor School June 1970. Reported to USMACVSOG July 1970 for in-country operations.

Returned from Vietnam to CONUS July '71 and reassigned to US Naval Schools Command, Newport, RI, as Executive Officer of Surface Warfare Officer School. July '73 Reassigned to USS Yosemite AD 19 as Weapons Repair Officer, Mayport, FL.

Deployed to the Mediterranean Sea in support of US 6th Fleet Operations July -December '74. Reassigned to Defense Nuclear Agency Washington DC, June '75, as Branch Chief Stockpile Management Division. Duties included management of the entire US Stockpile. Remained in this assignment until retirement in '83.

**Since Retirement:** Worked for VITRO corporation 1983 -1987. Responsible for designing the Navigation, Interior Communications and Alarm systems on the DDG 51 class ships.

Worked for E-Systems which was bought by Raytheon Corp. on classified systems which I am unable to further define, 1987- 2000. Retired permanently in Dec 2000.

#### George Robertson

I wanted to see the world and the Navy provided me the opportunity. My cruises carried me to Turkey, Lebanon, Greece, Yugoslavia, Italy, Spain, France, Holland, Japan, the Philippines, and Taiwan. Not to mention being a member of the Tonkin Gulf Yacht Club.

My experience in the communication field helped serve as an entry point into the field of computer software, a field I grew with as the discipline matured. I worked in the defense industry on North American Air Defense, tactical simulation, war gaming, and then into building/distribution of the tools to build the systems -- compilers and operating systems. The leadership principles I learned in the Navy helped me move my career from maintenance level programming to management positions.

The lesson's Don taught in building teams was never forgotten and served as a model for my own team building efforts.

#### Richard Steiner

My choice to attend the University of Idaho was based on swinging a compass and going to the farthest school from my home in Pittsburgh, PA. Moscow was farthest. On June 10th, 1962, upon graduating and getting commissioned, within an hour or so, the day was culminated by getting married in dress whites with several of my Navy friends acting as groomsmen. My first plan upon graduation was to attend flight school but my vision eliminated that idea and I decided to try to go to Navy Supply Corps School. Most attendees had business backgrounds but somehow, with not one business-type course, my wish was granted.

Upon graduation from Naval Supply Corps School my orders were to go to Morocco as Disbursing Officer. Upon arrival my first chore was counting over \$1,000,000 dollars in cash was never accomplished—only the 20 dollar bills were counted. Six years later—after four new duty stations, two children, and two Vietnam extensions I left active duty and joined up in the Reserves. At each active duty station my job greatly differed which built up a lifelong confidence in undertaking new things.

As a civilian I became a public school teacher for 24 years. While teaching, a Masters Degree and administrative credential were earned. In addition to teaching, several business ventures were entered including becoming a Certified Financial Planner and real estate broker. As general partner and partner of several ventures I decided after two heart surgeries to retire early at age 57.

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*We are now on a 5/5/1/1 plan. Arizona five months, California five months, Hawaii one month, and a one month mystery trip, sometimes with free military air...*

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Before retiring and wondering what would fill all the available time, twenty places to travel and twenty things to do were written down. The travels were completed years ago and the list of twenty things to do was lost, but somehow there has been enough to do.

After living in 29 places for at least 60 days, traveling to all 50 states and 87 countries we are now on a 5/5/1/1 plan. Arizona five months, California five months, Hawaii one month, and a one month mystery trip sometimes with free air from Space Available military travel departing from Travis AFB, CA.

I, like my fellow classmates, have great appreciation of the strong influence Don Campbell had on assisting us and leading the way for our future paths of life. It is rather unique for a person to be honored as an important figure over 40 years later. We each have different stories and lessons we learned from Don but we are all unanimous about him being a great leader. Influencing others in a positive way may be the most important characteristic of leadership.

### Dave Stere

Enrolled in U. of Idaho in Sept. 1958. I think I was one of the few (only?) in the class to have Idaho on my three-university "Wish-List".

Commissioned Ensign, USN aboard the USS Kittyhawk (CVA-63) at the end of my 3rd Midshipman cruise in late summer 1962.

First assignment: Electrical and Damage Control Officer on USS Vesuvius (AE-15): home port – Port Chicago, CA on the Sacramento River. Survived two years on this 1941-era 220 Volt DC ship. (There were few, if any redundant systems on Vesuvius. She was built for the Lykes Lines [Cargo vessel] and was commandeered by the Navy while on builder's trials out of Houston, TX on Dec 7, 1941.)

Following Prospective Engineer Officer training at NS San Diego in September 1964, I reported aboard the USS Finch (DER-328) out of Treasure Island. Propelled by four 10-cylinder, opposed piston Fairbanks-Morse Diesels, she had been refitted with Aircraft detection/tracking radar. I spent three or four "pickets" on early-warning duty 500 miles off the West

coast before she was deployed to Vietnam. Operation Market Time was the coastal vessel tracking and interception service – Finch was there from early 1965. I left her the first of June 1966 and was discharged at Treasure Island.

Was employed by the State of Oregon Forestry Dept. from Sept 1966 to July of 2000 when I retired. I held a number of positions with the Dept, in Forest Fire Control and Prevention, Timber Management and Sales, Reforestation and young forest management through 1980, when I moved to the headquarters staff, where I performed and directed economic and policy-development studies until retirement. Currently "working" at woodworking projects, which I sell through gift shops.

### Woody Woodbury

Attended University of Idaho on an NROTC scholarship and got a great education - BS in Electrical Engineering. I joined the NROTC program from San Juan, Puerto Rico, as the only selectee from Puerto Rico for that year. Born and raised in Miami (Coconut Grove), Florida, until age 15.

After graduation and commissioning as an Ensign USN from Moscow, Idaho in June 1962, I was assigned to Naval Aviation. Until my class, I was assigned to the USS Yorktown in Long Beach, CA as was Denny Longfellow. When duty was completed at Yorktown, Denny and I drove in my 1962 red convertible Chevy Corvair Spyder (bought new in Moscow at graduation) from California to Lewiston, ID, Moscow, ID, Montana, Yellowstone on our way to NAS Pensacola in order to start flight training.

I entered USN flight training in Pensacola, FL in October 1962 with four classmates from our 1962 U of Idaho NROTC class – Van Baser, Dave Heck, Denny Longfellow, and Larry Durbin. I received my Naval Aviator wings at NAS Corpus Christi, TX, in February 1964.

I completed pre-combat training with Attack Squadron 122 (VA-122), known as the RAG (Replacement Air Group), at NAS Lemoore, CA; was assigned to Attack Squadron 25 (VA-25), The Fist-of-the-Fleet, also in NAS Lemoore, in July 1964. On combat missions we flew with no identification, jewelry, or pictures.

Flew my first combat missions into Vietnam as part of my first "cruise" (Navy speak for deployment) off the USS Midway CVA-41 on April 10, 1965. I was part of the very first air combat strikes into North Vietnam after it was declared an official combat zone by the US. During the early night missions that we flew over North Vietnam the major cities were lighted. As we flew toward a city, all of the lights would be extinguished at once. They probably heard us arriving; during the early years, most cities (except Hanoi and Hai Phong in the far north) did not have radar sensors to detect us. But, they did have searchlights which they used to try to find and light up our aircraft so that they could shoot us down. We shot up and destroyed those searchlights within the first few nights. After that time, the city lights were never on at night for the remainder of the war.

I performed all kinds of air combat missions in North and South Vietnam and Laos while flying AD-6 & AD-7 (A-1H & A-1J) Skyraider. It was a huge propeller-driven single-seat aircraft (last one used for bombing in Vietnam). The pilot had to perform all flying tasks without any help from a co-pilot or

sensor operator – any mistakes made were yours alone.

These missions included day “Alpha” strikes on high value targets (on the “A” list in Washington, DC) in which 30 to 50 airplanes would fly a consolidated single mission against such targets. During one of these missions on the Than Hoa highway and railroad bridge, I was about aircraft #12 whose turn it was to roll-in in order to dive at the target and drop my bombs. The Anti-Aircraft Artillery (AAA) fires were so intense, I was not sure that I would survive that one. I could see their AAA tracers going by my aircraft too close for comfort. I was lucky to survive that mission!

During these “Alpha” strikes, one or two aircraft on average were shot down by Surface-to-Air Missile (SAM) or AAA weapons because they were so heavily defended. That bridge was very sturdy and survived many hits from our bombs over several years before being brought down; it was similar to the Oakland Bay Bridge.

In addition, flew many armed reconnaissance (recce) missions, usually with two aircraft. On a typical one of these missions, we carried four to six 500-pound bombs (structure killers) on the wings of the aircraft. Also on the wings were two to four rocket pods with nineteen 2.75” rockets with high explosive warheads (truck killers) inside. The load also included two four-round pods for the large 5” rockets (tank killers). Under the center of the Skyraider was a 300-gal external droppable fuel tank. It was a very big aircraft, especially for a single-seat version! The pilot’s head was about 13 feet from the ground. Note that a single Skyraider could carry a lot more bombs over a much greater distance than the famous B-17 four-engine bomber of WWII with a ten-man crew.

We flew these armed recce missions both day and night. At night, we would fly using dead reckoning navigation since we had no Radar or Forward Looking Infrared (FLIR) sensors to locate targets at night. We did use 7x50 binoculars from altitude which helped us locate targets on the ground.

We would fly to a suspected area of military activity and drop a parachute flare where we hoped to find targets – usually trucks being moved across small rivers on make-shift barges. They would only move them under the cover of night. If our primitive navigation was accurate, we might see them under our parachute flare illumination. If we did see them under the dim illumination, then two of us would attack. During these very dark nights we took turns diving at the target to drop bombs or rockets on the targets one at a time and being careful to have only one of us diving toward a target from a safe orbit at high altitude while the other pilot remained high. We flew these missions with all exterior lights off. We certainly could not see each other at all. Our interior cockpit lights were also off, so that we could see out better during the very dark nights without light reflections on the inside of the plastic canopy from the interior instruments, even when dimmed. During one mission, all of a sudden the inside of my cockpit was lit up by red-orange balls of light very rapidly streaming upward just outside the right side of the aircraft. They were AAA rounds (likely 37 mm) that were barely missing my aircraft. I banked very hard left away and down with full power – slowly the rounds drifted away!

A typical configuration of AAA fires is that about every fifth round has a tracer – a part of the round which leaves a fiery trail. The tracer is present so that the shooter can adjust his aim. If one is not the target of these rounds, it looks pretty from a distance – like roman-candle fireworks. I was lucky to survive that mission!

I was periodically assigned missions under the direct control of a Forward Air Controller (FAC), usually airborne spotter, but sometimes ground-based. These were Close Air Support (CAS) missions performed in order to protect friendly ground forces. These were some of the most rewarding missions because you know immediately that you helped save fellow Americans. I was on the CAS missions that covered the Amphibious Landing by US Marines which established the airbase at Chu Lai on the coast of South Vietnam south of Da Nang.

Also flew RESCAP (Combat Air Patrol of Rescue forces) missions providing protection for the rescue forces when they made a rescue with our cannons and rockets. The Air Force maintained full time an HU-16 seaplane in an orbit east of North Vietnam (NV) over the water; it could rescue downed air crew even from the water east of Vietnam. Both USAF and USN had helicopters at various locations on alert which would fly in over land or over water to rescue downed aviators. We

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*During one of these missions, all of a sudden the inside of my cockpit was lit up by red-orange balls of light very rapidly streaming upward just outside the right side of the aircraft.*

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routinely flew six-hour or longer missions to cover the HU-16 by orbiting with or near it.

The Navy was so impressed with me, they LET me go on a second “cruise” (deployment) to Vietnam aboard the USS Coral Sea CVA-43 from 1966-67.

For all of this effort, I got a few combat medals.

I am especially proud of my Distinguished Flying Cross (DFC) medal. I got it for a rescue of a Navy A-4 pilot shot down on Sep 20, 1965 in a very heavily defended area with SAMs and AAAs near Hai Phong (their main sea port) in North Vietnam. That day the squadron commander and I were assigned to a RESCAP mission. We flew in, located and protected him by shooting our 20mm guns at the bad guys. I flew back out to the ocean, escorted and protected a Navy helo and got him to the downed pilot. His rescue was the first by the Navy from North Vietnam during combat. Earlier VN rescues had been only over water.

In addition, I was awarded 13 Air Medals, two Navy Commendation Medals for personal aviation combat actions, and other “I was there” Medals. My combat covered 160 missions and 687 flight hours. Overall in the Navy, I had 283 carrier landings (75 at night) and 216 catapult takeoffs.

I stayed in the reserves and flew – A-4A, B, & C Skyhawk single-seat jets—at NAS Los Alamitos, CA, and NAS Pt Mugu, CA. In Nov 1968, I was recalled to active duty for nine months and served at NAS Los Alamitos because of the USS Pueblo intelligence gathering ship being captured by the North Koreans. I made Lieutenant Commander. I left the Navy after eight years service.

I obtained a license as an FAA commercial pilot for single

and multi-engine land airplanes.

Working as an engineer in the aerospace field, I have been closely associated with aviation ever since getting out of the Navy. While working and going to school at night, I pulled off a Masters in Engineering from University of California, Fullerton, 1974 – Optimal Control Systems using Kalman Filtering, etc., especially with Inertial Navigation systems for aircraft and submarines. I obtained and still maintain a license as a registered Professional Engineer in California.

While working with several companies, I have become expert (always been modest and humble) in computer aided mission planning, electronic warfare, and flight and mission simulators—for Navy, Air Force, Marines, and Army.

I stopped working at Edwards AFB in the high desert of Southern California in 2010 when funding for contractor personnel was cut by the Federal Government. I was the chief engineer of an engineering, flight simulator hardware, and flight simulator software development group and advised base senior management. In addition to building the flight simulators, I flew and taught F-16, F/A-18, F-22, F-35, B-1 simulators. The last high fidelity flight simulators I built had very high fidelity visuals with 360-degree horizontal and +90 to -45 degree elevation coverage for the F-35A, B, & C Lightning II fifth-generation fighter aircraft – it has truly impressive capabilities.

I still enjoy flying. I have a Cessna 182 Skylane which is a large four-place aircraft in a hangar at the William J Fox airport (WJF), Lancaster, CA. with three partners. I had planned to fly it to Moscow for our April 2012 Navy class reunion / Don Campbell award ceremony. But, the plane is down for annual maintenance and for a new engine.

I reside in Palmdale, CA 93551 (high desert near Edwards AFB, 1.5hr North of Los Angeles).

I learned to speak Spanish fairly well with a decent accent (Puerto Rican).

From Don Campbell, I learned some guiding principles, which have helped me:

- Perform a job right the first time
- Perform a job as cheerfully as possible
- Put in extra time when needed
- Satisfy the final customer of your work
- Treat others fairly and with respect
- Mentor others to do the same

### Bob Young

Bob was married immediately after graduation and commissioning at Idaho and assigned to the Navy Supply School in Athens, GA. His first duty station was aboard the USS Ajax, a repair ship home-ported in Sasebo, Japan. Following two years on the Ajax he was assigned to the Oakland Naval Supply Center.

The next stop was Harvard Business School in 1967 where he earned a master's degree. Then it was on to the USS Cochran, a Guided Missile Destroyer, for two years. From June 1971 to December 1973 he was attached to COMCRUDESPEC.

In '73 and '74 Bob was Chief Consultant to the South Vietnamese Naval Supply Center—one of only two supply officers in Saigon—and from '75 to '78 he served as the Ship Parts Control Center, Mechanicsburg, PA.

For six years beginning in 1978, he held three different jobs with the Office of the Chief of Naval Operations, the Office of the Comptroller of the Navy, and the Navy Supply Systems Command Headquarters, all in Washington DC.

Bob made Captain in 1982 and from '84 to '89 he was at Supply Center Norfolk. In April 1989, he was named CO of the Oakland Naval Supply Center where he died in October 1989.

## A Sea Story

by Gene Henry

We were steaming through the Straits of San Bernardino, between Mindanao and Luzon, in the Philippines on a hot summer night in 1963. I had freshly qualified as Officer of the Deck (Underway) and was enjoying all that power and control. The Captain lay asleep (for the first time on my watch) in the cabin below my feet. I "had the Conn and the Deck"—with many sailors asleep atop their mats on the fo'cstle. Air-conditioning on minesweepers—why, who wanted that?

Looking up, Orion and his brothers were brilliant in the blue-black sky. Looking down, the ships prow left a rolling-phosphorescent wake with long-trailing, yellow-green flashes in the translucent sea. The sea state was "zero" with no wind on the waves. Two minesweepers forward, two astern, and the USS Pivot in the middle--Mine Squadron Five moved forward toward duty, honor, and country.

My binoculars scanned the starboard horizon for the uncertain navigation lights of fishing boats that ignored our passage. I scanned past--and then returned to a distant glow, two points off the starboard bow. "What was that?" I thought. It was coming straight as an arrow toward the ship—then it resolved itself into two parallel, undersea glows rapidly approaching.

I panicked and picked up the sound powered phone—the red one that goes only to the captain. I hung, transfixed, a few seconds--and reviewed my brief career as a Naval Officer. No doubt, two torpedoes were approaching at high speed for the starboard of our little wooden ship. No doubt, the communists were unhappy with the settlement Kennedy had made at Cuba. No doubt, Russian "trawlers" had torpedoes. No doubt, I had paralyzing doubt.

If torpedoes, then I had the death of sixty-five sailors on my hands. If not torpedoes, and I roused the Captain—that prospect was nearly as grim. I hung with the phone in my hand as the "torpedoes" disappeared under the starboard rail. There was no noise and I was still standing on the bridge when the "torpedoes" bounded out of the water on the port side, and rolled on straight away—just like dolphins do.

The Bo'sun's mate looked curiously at me as I slowly rehung the red phone. I located my coffee cup, and checked our position on the radar screen. Everything OK—this time. Captain Don might have said I needed just a little more sea-time. Or he might have said, as I have found, many things, that look like they are going to sink your ship, run aground, or underneath, before quite getting to you.



Swearing-in for the Class of '62. Who knew?

# *The Way They Were*



Graduation/Commissioning, June 10, 1962



Don & Phyl at the Navy Ball



Baser, Woodbury, Heck, Longfellow, Durbin—Christmas, 1962