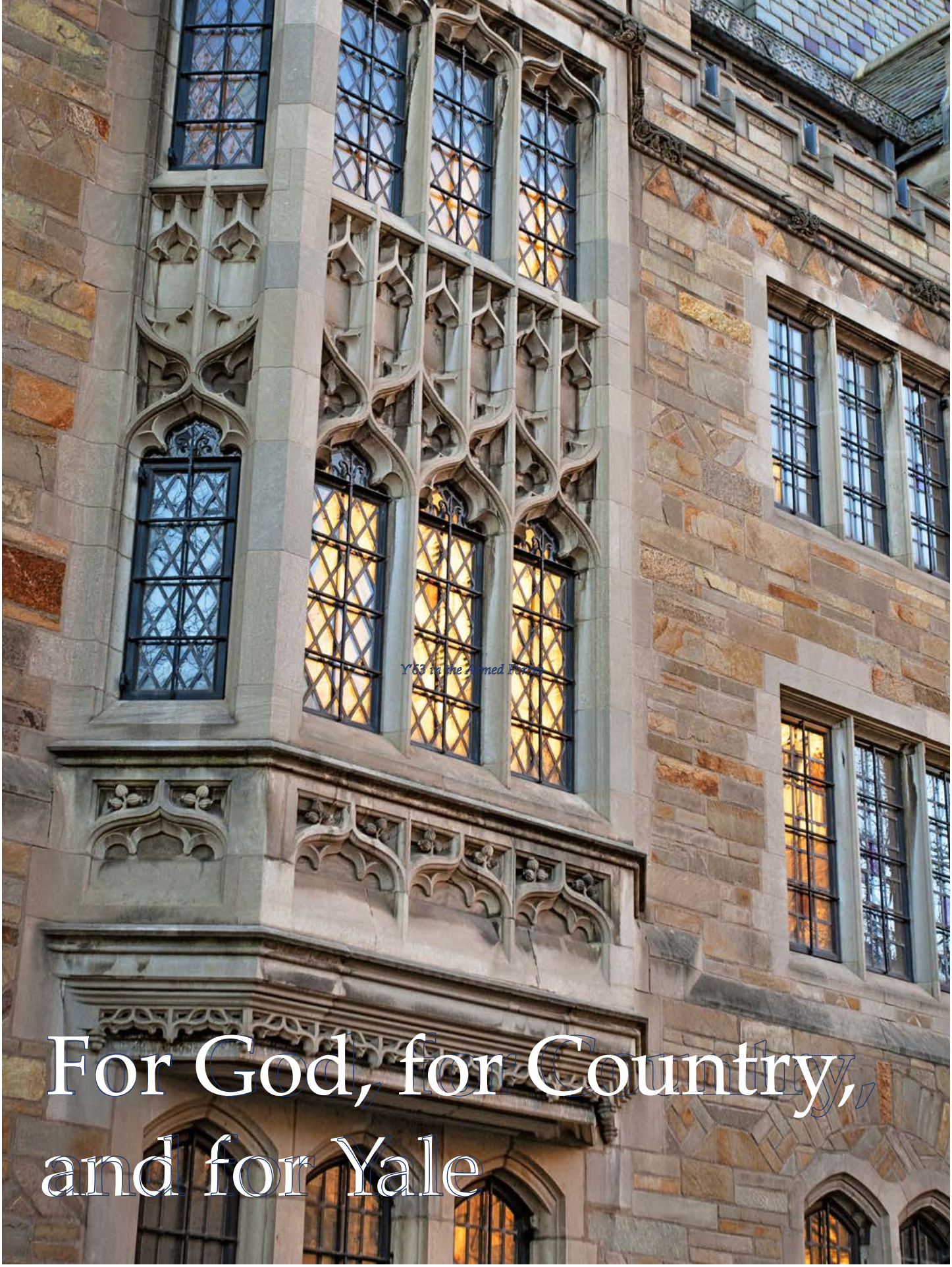

For God, for Country, and for Yale

Class of '63 in the Armed Forces
For God, For Country, and For Yale

Update from our 50th Reunion
"Yale 1963 at 50" Class Book

'63 Yale College and Engineering graduates had a unique perspective to offer the armed forces. Yale graduates added thinking skills, scientific study and proven leadership that produced stronger direction for our nation's military. Army and Navy ROTC units were on the campus producing regular and reserve officers until Vietnam protests eliminated the programs in 1973. In September 2012, we are glad Navy and Air Force ROTC returned to the campus.

Yale '63 Graduates' Observations on their Military Service

In the following collection of essays, class of '63 graduates relate how military service affected their accomplishments, lives and families. Individual achievements resulted from the Yale selec-tion process, education, camaraderie and wiliness to serve. Some classmates joined the service after earning a graduate degree. Our thanks to all classmates who were involved in any capacity in the country's military effort.

Our thanks to all 256 of our classmates who served in our country's military efforts.

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Captain George Hamlin USAF

First Lieutenant George Hamlin
F-105 Thunderchief
Taklai Royal Thai AFB, Thailand

By spring of senior year my passion for flying was well developed, and I selected the path to become an astronaut by using my BS in Physics to enlist in the Air Force with dreams of fast airplanes, test piloting and "beyond". Following flight training we were assigned to Okinawa and sat on perpetual alert as certified Bomb Commanders with arming codes in our pockets. We were ready to spring into the single seat F-105 loaded with two one megaton hydrogen weapons and launch into the air in 15 minutes after the horn sounded. Starting engines many times, we never taxied the 300 yards to the 13,000 foot runway that awaited us.

My own reflections of the "beyond" involve memories of flying 100 combat missions over North Vietnam during the summers of 1966-68 as an F-105 Fighter Pilot deployed to Thailand

from Okinawa. At first, "Rolling Thunder" was to be three weeks of strategic bombing of North Vietnam intended to force a **diplomatic settlement** of the developing conflict. It extended almost three years and was concurrent with my service in theater.

Thus, from the very beginning the goal of hostilities was **not a military victory** to secure and occupy territory. Moreover, first sorties were against the LEAST strategic targets such as roads, bridges and POL storage areas. Only towards the end did we attack the most critical targets - the airfields, Haiphong harbor and downtown Hanoi. For an economy more rural in nature than industrial, there were no manufacturing centers to bomb. The munitions, equipment and supplies came overland from China or by sea from Russia, then broken down and literally slung on/over bicycles which were ridden or pushed down the Ho Chi Minh Trail by individual North Vietnamese. This hands-on disbursement and non-reliance on motor transport on roads to any great extent frustrated the effectiveness of our massive bombing effort.

In their book *In Retrospect, The Tragedy and Lessons of Vietnam*, Robert McNamara and Brian Van De Mark recall that "the CIA's information showed despite our bombing, the supplies flowing south over the Ho Chi Minh Trail were sufficient to sustain and expand the war effort and recruitment in South Vietnam as well as support the flow of reinforcements from the North to cover losses and ultimately expand the North Vietnamese effort to a full scale conventional force in the end."

We all knew we were not there to "win", but as pawns to bring pressure to bear on negotiations in Paris. In 1966, educating pilots on the rules of engagement which restricted our forces took half a day; by 1967 it was a full day, and finally, in 1968 it took **three** days for us to understand the rules. We could not chase MiG jet aircraft into Cambodia, but back to the North was fair game. You could not roll-in and return fire on a Russian ship firing at you, since we favored the supplier by water over the land supplier, China since it was believed that the Russians were encouraging a settlement effort by the North while the Chinese were not and further were pilfering the overland shipments for their own account.

In human terms the War took its toll. Friends died. Others were captured, but thankfully, they too were pawns and eventually returned after their families suffered much travail. I have talked at length with many prisoners of war at reunion gatherings. All survived by virtue of a strong set of values and a belief in God. None was bitter, though each experienced a torturous ordeal. They rather exhibited a calm, an inner strength and wisdom. The ability of the human spirit to overcome adversity is truly remarkable and an inspiring element brought forth by such extreme circumstances. That the whole thing could have been avoided is a haunting notion that still lingers.

We **can be proud** of the strength of character and bravery of the men and families who knew that the next knock on the door could be the Wing Commander bearing bad news of a neighbor being shot down. Even worse, asking: "Could you come over to console the family?" This is exactly what happened in 1966 to Mary just 6 weeks after we were married stateside and returned to Okinawa. At 10 p.m. one Saturday night, the Wing Commander was at our kitchen door saying that Captain Glenn Nix had been shot down over Hanoi. Glenn was my squadron mate, and Jenny, his bride of two months, was a school teacher on the base; they were a tad older than we. I served as his personal representative for the coming months, and Jenny frequently had Friday suppers with us. Thankfully we later learned he was a POW in the "Hanoi Hilton". After that night, Mary **knew** from the start what the stakes were. She didn't let on and was a real trooper. But she **was** affected; she was the one waking up in the middle of the night screaming with nightmares about the consequences of combat three years later in 1969. She had PTSD as her healthy mind allowed her to process these experiences once safely stateside at a "distance" of three years. We all had sleepless nights as our minds allowed us to process the "near misses" to oblivion.

Late one night in 1973, I stayed up alone to see on TV Glenn Nix get off the C-141 at Travis Air Force Base in California after six years of incarceration in Hanoi. I wept for the joy of his homecoming and at the impact of the profound waste of war on his and Jenny's lives. I was struck by the realization of the variety of life's experiences shared by Mary and me during his long confinement.

My understanding of these observations springs from the foundations at Yale which encour-

aged our independent study and critical thinking. The "Lux et Veritas" begun at Yale as a "way of going" has proved of inestimable value in guiding my inquiry and thought during the last half century. Thus, I believe the call "For Yale and For Country" continues to fill a critical need to secure the peace. If fully realized, it will permit the constructive collaboration of human beings to bring ingenuity and open minds to the challenge of achieving prosperity in the world.

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Yale's NROTC Unit

In 1916, a small group of Yale students provided their airplanes and formed the Naval Reserve Flying Corps. By 1926, Yale was one of the six original universities to have an NROTC Unit on campus. During two World Wars and the Korean Conflict, Yale graduates served with great distinction in the Navy and Marine Corps.

In 1959, 29 Yale Class of '63 students took the oath of office as Midshipmen. During the next four years they grew into a cohesive group and, in the summer of 1961, placed first in strenuous competition with other NROTC units at the Little Creek Amphibious Base in Virginia Beach. On the lighter side in senior year, Midshipmen removed the cannon from its place in front of the Army ROTC building and hosted the Army ROTC during the first Navy Ball held at the New London Submarine Base.

Commissioned as Navy Ensigns and Marine Second Lieutenants, the Class of '63 NROTC and Marine PLC graduates followed the storied Yale tradition of military service. Their initial assignments included naval aviation, nuclear submarines, surface ships and Marine ground and aviation units. More than 25% of these NROTC graduates elected to make a career in the Navy and Naval Reserve. After commanding a P-3 patrol squadron and air wing, Peter Cressy retired as a Rear Admiral, a first for a Yale graduate in the modern era. Captain Dick Ahlborn commanded a nuclear submarine and the Naval Service Schools Command. Captain Tim Holme was a submariner, intelligence specialist, attaché in Moscow and Commanding Officer of Naval Recruiting Command Orlando. After over 16 years of active duty as a Surface Warfare Officer, Jay Rixse joined CIA, but stayed in the Reserves where he was promoted to Captain. Surface Warfare Officer Captain Joe Valenta earned this rank after 28 years of service, 24 in the Naval Reserve.

Many officers were directly involved in the Vietnam War. Lieutenant Commander Roger Emrich and Lieutenant Junior Grade Clyde Edgar gave the last full measure of devotion to their country during this conflict. While operating from aircraft carriers, Lieutenants David Anderson, Al Aston and Commander Hank Wood piloted jets during 191, 215 and 250 Vietnam combat missions respectively. David and Al advised pilots during carrier landings; and for over 2 years, Hank was an exchange pilot with the German Navy. Lieutenant Tom Perrie flew C-130 transports in Vietnam.

Marine and Navy officers were in country. Charles Sherwood was wounded twice requiring a lengthy recovery and was promoted to Major in the Reserves. Captain Dick Moser flew 659 helicopter missions in the dangerous low-level environment and subsequently was a pilot for two U.S. Presidents. Marine Captains Jim Clark and Rich Kapsch, First Lieutenant Paul Field and Navy Lieutenant Troy Murray served in Vietnam. Retiring as a Commander, Spence Hines was in Saigon and Da Nang, Vietnam, and then on many ships and stations as a Cold War Russian-language cryptologist. Many other officers served on ships and submarines in Vietnam waters that conducted or supported combat operations.

After their active duty, many officers went on to distinguish themselves in the private sector, education and government.

In 1973, Yale discontinued its NROTC Program during the anti-war sentiment that engulfed the country. Almost 40 years later in September of 2012, the Yale NROTC Unit returned to campus. During a large and very patriotic gathering in Hewitt Quadrangle, President Levin, an Assistant Secretary of the Navy and senior naval officers welcomed the Navy back to Yale. Prior to our 50th reunion, the Class of 2016 Midshipmen will complete their first year. They will graduate 100 years after formation of the Naval Reserve Flying Corps at Yale. The Midshipmen of the Class of '63 hope the pride and fulfillment that we enjoyed during our service to this great country will convey to those who follow us.

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6Y3 Naval officers were important decision makers and commanding officers:

Rear Admiral Peter Cressy USN Retired

Admiral Peter Cressy welcomes President George Bush on Crete during the 1991 Desert Storm buildup.

When we graduated from Yale, the Cold War was hotter than a then little-known conflict in Southeast Asia. Although punctuated by Vietnam and Desert Storm, my time in the Navy was largely scripted by the Cold War. My service was not heroic as that of our classmates who served in the air and on the ground in Vietnam. Neither was it as important as those who labored brilliantly out of uniform on behalf of national security at the Departments of State and Defense, the CIA and other agencies. It was, however, challenging and often intense, and at every phase Yale's broad education proved useful. For the Navy, the strategic Cold War was a combination of tactical encounters at sea, diplomatic visibility overseas and budgetary maneuvering in Washington. During my first seventeen years of service, this meant deployments as a naval flight officer to Iceland, Alaska, Japan, Cuba and other strategic locations past which the Soviet submarine fleet had to traverse to access the open ocean. These deployments also meant a great deal of military and diplomatic interaction with our allies overseas.

During this period, I was assigned to an aircraft carrier on its way to the last days of South Vietnam. In an intense two-month period, the ship played a key role in the evacuation of Cambodia, the evacuation of Saigon and the Mayaguez rescue operation. The carrier was old and the crew tired but willing. The evacuation of Saigon was chaotic. The two aircraft carriers involved pulled hundreds of Americans and refugees out by helicopter and simultaneously flew air cover. Helicopters landed full of bullet holes and if unable to take off again, were unceremoniously pushed over the side. Much of the operation was directed from the White House and communication channels were saturated. The White House resorted to early satellite voice communication and twice, as the communications officer, I was told by the heavily accented voice of Henry Kissinger to get the "damn Admiral on the line."

Glossed over during this time were the tense race relations on many of the Navy's largest ships. This was a serious problem and had sadly resulted in riots on several ships. Although I was assigned as the head of communications for the ship and the fleet, I had received some training in race relations and spent much of my time creating and executing a race relations program for the

entire 5,000-man crew. Ironically, I had written a senior paper on race relations and the tensions of accelerating integration. Also forgotten during this period was the enormous sacrifice made by families left behind as their husbands and fathers made repeated deployments overseas. Those spouses and children deserve great credit and appreciation.

As a more senior naval officer, my next eleven years included assignments at the State Department, Congress and the Pentagon. Each of these three institutions, while serious about national defense, had very different cultures and made decisions quite differently. Nuance, discretion and carefully drafted policy papers generally dominated the process at State. Constituent interest, seniority, political compromise and press statements often dominated the decision process on Capitol Hill. Reams of analysis, the budget, inter-service rivalry and power point presentations ruled the process at Defense. Essentially every national security decision involved these three entities coming together. These interactions usually resulted in reasonable decisions but were often marred by excessive wrangling over which institution would dominate the process and thus increase its power.

Service during Desert Storm wrapped up my naval career. Based out of Naples, Italy, I had charge of two large U.S. and NATO logistics commands and two Sixth Fleet operational commands. Supporting me in these efforts were four outstanding staffs which included Officers and Petty Officers from six NATO countries. Together we had oversight of twelve bases, ports, airfields, industrial facilities, numerous logistics ships and more than 100 aircraft. Desert Storm emphasized the importance of modern, accurate and expensive weapon systems. These costly systems dictated that the war was fought on the basis of "just in time logistics." This made the professionalism and dedication of the 15,000 active duty and reserve personnel who served in logistics capacities in the Mediterranean and Red Sea during this period particularly important. Their motivation reflected a new, broadly-based societal appreciation of military service, far different from that which we experienced in the Vietnam era.

This new appreciation is importantly also manifested in the return of NROTC/ROTC to the Yale campus. The loss of these programs to the Ivy League was an unfortunate consequence of the Vietnam experience. It is, in my view, significant and satisfying that Yale will once again be contributing substantially to our country's national security by developing America's future military leaders.

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Captain Dick Ahlborn USN Retired

Because I needed significant financial aid to pay for Yale, I applied for and was accepted into the NROTC program, which simply agreed to pay my tuition for four years in exchange for four years of service as a Naval Officer. It's absolutely one of the best deals going, because the payback of those four years of service gives a young adult more exposure to more of the world in a setting that develops leadership skills, useful for a lifetime, than could ever be found as a junior cog in the machinery of the business world.

In my case, the Navy certainly got a significant return on its investment, because my electrical engineering major led to my entry into the Nuclear Submarine Force, in which I served for the next 26 years. I spent 20 of those years on sea duty in eight different submarines in the midst of both the Cold War and the Vietnam War. What follows are a few vignettes of that period in my life:

1. On my first watch as a newly qualified Officer of the Deck (Submerged), in the dead of the midwatch, I mistook the running lights of a line of ships I was crossing, and ended up taking an 8,400-ton ballistic missile submarine (SSBN) at periscope depth across the tow line between a tug and the barge it was towing. I have no idea how close I came to hooking that tow line with my rudder, but it had to be inches and I got away with it. Since it was dark in the Control Room and I was the only one who could see through the periscope, no one else had any idea what had hap-

pened - and I never told a soul.

2. In my next tour I was the Missile Officer on another SSBN, transiting submerged through the Strait of Sicily between Italy and North Africa, when a Soviet nuclear submarine came up from astern, where we could not hear him coming, and collided with us. We recovered from the impact and simply kept on course and speed. I spent two days running my missiles through their maintenance checks to prove we were still effectively covering our target package within the USSR. The other guy panicked and blew his ballast tanks to surface. He returned through the Atlantic and up over Norway to his base near Murmansk on the surface and badly damaged, monitored by our maritime patrol aircraft. We learned later through intelligence channels that on his return to port, the GRU met them on the pier and shot the Commanding Officer in front of his crew.

3. During the early 1970s, President Nixon wanted to know who among the Eastern Bloc was supplying the Viet Cong by sea through the Hainan Strait, across the northern reaches of the Gulf of Tonkin, and into the port of Haiphong, despite Nixon's having mined the channel. The nuclear attack submarine (SSN) I was then serving in as Navigator and Operations Officer was assigned to patrol off the approaches to the Strait and report each night the name and port of registry of all the ships that passed during the day. One day during my watch, I recorded two North Vietnamese coastal merchants and reported their passage outbound. It turned out the North Vietnamese had dredged a side channel to get around the minefield and these two were part of the almost 200 ships supposed to be interred for the duration by our mining operation. On receipt of my message, the President ordered the re-mining of the harbor, shortly after he had won a second term on a platform of getting us out of the war. The hue and cry among the American public about this belligerent act almost drove him out of the White House a couple of years before Watergate.

Edward "Richard" Ahlborn
Commanding Officer
US Navy Service School
Command - San Diego

4. During the 3-1/2 years I was in command of USS Andrew Jackson (SSBN-619), there was a problem with the Poseidon missiles we used back then. When it was fixed, we needed to prove the fix was effective. I was ordered off patrol and back into the Holy Loch in Scotland, off-loaded four of my missiles and reloaded four telemetry birds, then returned to patrol. A few days later, I received the first real launch message I had ever seen and sent the four test missiles 2,500 miles down the Atlantic Test Range. They worked flawlessly and the problem was resolved. Each of those missiles weighed about 14 tons, so I ejected over 100,000 pounds of weight from my submarine in 56 seconds, while hovering at launch depth -- about 120-150 feet submerged. It's a great system, and was the primary strategic tool our government used to keep the Cold War cold.

Navigator and Operations Officer
of the USS Pintado SSN672
surfacing at the North Pole

I ended my Navy career in command of one of our largest technical training commands, where in a role equivalent to the president of a technical college, I put 75,000 teenagers through 163 different courses in 2-1/2 years. Since on any given day, I had a student body of about 4,000 hormonal kids who went on liberty onto the streets of sunny San Diego, I got to know the sheriff, the chief of police, even the mayor really well. But that "twilight tour" in a scholastic environment gave a good start to a new generation of young people.

I took my Navy years of going around the globe a

number of times, making friends among our allied navies, learning cultures and smatterings of languages, and gaining an overall understanding of how this poor old world works to launch my own business development company -- taking U.S. defense companies into naval markets both foreign and domestic. I will say that, as challenging as dealing with foreign customers can be, it's much more fun than wandering the halls of the Five-Sided Funny Farm, dealing with our own Pentagon bureaucracy. The neuroscientists among you will understand why I named my company Synapse International, when I tell you our motto: "We put the spark in your network."

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Captain Tim Holme USN Retired

Captain Thomas Holme
Commanding Officer
Recruit Training Command,
Orlando, Florida

It's been nearly 50 years since I embarked on a largely unknown adventure. Along with a few of our classmates (less than 10% of our class), I was commissioned a few hours before our graduation on the 10th of June in 1963. Honestly, it was my intent to serve my required 4 years and move on to other pursuits, probably law or teaching. I had been accepted into Yale's MAT program and I was leaning in that direction. As it would happen, my service was multiplied seven-fold and my experiences forever enriched my life and that of my family.

In the spring of 1967, on the verge of getting out of the Navy, I was offered the opportunity to do graduate studies in intelligence in Washington. This assignment was only the first of several that were too good to turn down. My first duty station following graduation from Defense Intelligence School turned out to be an extraordinary view of my future. I was assigned to the submarine desk writing and editing material for National Intelligence Estimates (NIEs) and other studies. One of my responsibilities was to represent the Director of Naval Intelligence (DNI), Admiral Fritz Harlfinger. When NIEs dealing with submarine matters were debated by the Intelligence Community prior to publication, I would find myself at the side of a very long table with representatives of a dozen or more of the other Intelligence Community agencies. These meetings were chaired by The National Intelligence Council. My job was to be sure that the position of the DNI was properly supported. Extraordinary attention to detail and thorough understanding of nuanced meanings of the written word were essential. Thank you Yale!

My immediate superior was Captain Frank Babbitt, USN who was a former Naval Attaché in Moscow. He frequently shared Moscow experiences with us that I never forgot. Years passed quickly. Language School and two years in Athens, then three years in the intelligence office of the Atlantic Submarine Force followed by command and sea duty before returning to Submarine Force HQ, this time as Assistant Chief of Staff for Intelligence, Special Operations and Special Security. By this time, I was feeling comfortable with my knowledge of the Soviet Navy. A chance encounter with a know-it-all changed that. According to him my knowledge was necessarily deficient because I had never been to the Soviet Union while he had, as part of an Intourist tour lasting two weeks. Although two weeks being escorted by the KGB was hardly enlightening, I thought back to Captain Babbitt and realized I had to go.

Back to Intelligence School for attaché training and Language School, this time Russian, and it was off to Moscow for Joy, our three boys and me. Service as American Legation US Naval Attaché (ALUSNA) Moscow was everything it was cracked up to be. Joy attended attaché school with me and received the necessary security clearance to travel with me on operations in country. It was extremely gratifying to be able do our job in spite of constant surveillance wherever we went. We regularly traveled to observe and these trips weren't guided Intourist tours. We went to Murman-

sk and Archangel in the Arctic and to the Black Sea. We also made over twenty visits to Leningrad. We were a team and we were very effective. The proof came in the fall of 1986, while on an operational trip. We were informed, upon arrival in Minsk, that we had been declared persona non grata by the Soviet government and had less than ten days to leave the country. In an act of reciprocity for the expulsion of four Soviet diplomats caught spying by Washington, I was expelled along with the Army Attaché and two civilian diplomats. It was clearly their intent to disrupt the effectiveness of our officers, but those who remained were equally effective.

Returning to Washington, I stopped in to see the DNI (now Admiral Bill Studeman) to ask for a job. He promptly sent me to Langley to interview for a new position at The National Intelligence Council. I was immediately accepted and spent the next two and a half years as Assistant National Intelligence Officer for General Purpose Forces. My job was to guide the development of NIEs and other studies while ensuring that the positions of all members of the Intelligence Community were accurately included. It was an absolutely super job. My life in the intelligence world had come full circle with a move of just a couple of feet from the side of the table to its end.

I spent my final two years of active duty as Commanding Officer, Recruit Training Command Orlando. It's been 26 plus years since Moscow. Joy and I continue to enjoy retired life in Florida, but we would do it again in a heartbeat.

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Captain John (Jay) Rixse USNR Retired

Captain John Rixse and his wife Terry leaving his retirement ceremony.

How could any of us, when raising our right hand in the NROTC lecture hall that fall day in 1959, hope to know what lay ahead? Why did we do it? We certainly didn't do it for the money we would receive on graduation/commissioning ($222.30/month, although those who sprouted wings and became aviators got extra and those who became submariners got extra whenever on a boat). We did it because of a sense of service that we owed the country (a very Yale tradition as it turned out). Each of us in that room, after four years of a common bonding in the NROTC, followed a different path. I would submit, however, that one constant remained with each of us: there was something we gained by going to Yale that marked and stayed with us, whatever we did and wherever we went. I consider it like a DNA marker that was added. We were not just Yale or Navy, we were Yale and Navy: in today's parlance, Yale was the operating system and the Navy an App. In fact, I strongly believe that both the country and Yale have suffered in many ways during the period (1973-2012) when NROTC was not on campus.

My own journey was long and seemingly convoluted, but it was one I am glad I took and I regret none of it. So how did the journey begin? For me, when it came time to decide where to go to college, three criteria were foremost in my mind: a good education, crew and the fact that I would go into the Navy after graduation. To meet my first two criteria I applied to, and was accepted at, Yale. But, as to the third, I knew that I was expected to serve in the military after graduation (Congress had passed a law in 1956 requiring all males to serve six years in the military). I decided to make my choice (Navy) rather than leave it to chance. I decided I would be better served by a Yale education and experience in the long run so I applied for an NROTC scholarship. Once granted, my trifecta was complete when Yale approved my participation in its NROTC program.

Most of my fellow NROTC officers had more exciting and challenging naval careers. Foremost I acknowledge the great debt owed to those who gave their lives in service to their country and those who served in combat in Vietnam. They are truly the quiet heroes our young need to remember and emulate. I hope the "new" NROTC unit will study and learn from the lives of those who preceded them.

My own experiences while in naval service (on active duty until 1979 and in the Reserves until 1991) were unexceptional, but somewhat non-traditional. I had not planned on the Navy as a career. Like most of us, I intended to do the four years to which I was committed and then go to graduate school to be followed by a civilian career that was as yet unknown. Then the Navy offered me a chance to go to the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy for two years and I took it. Looking back, I would never have thought that, as a Reformation History major I would have transitioned to a naval and federal career mostly involved with national security policy on the National Security Council Staff, in London, at the Pentagon (twice) and at CIA (where I found a tradition of Yale service just as in the Navy).

First, the short version of my career while on active duty. I served on four destroyers, two each based in the Atlantic and Pacific. It was on the shore tours that things got interesting: assignment to the Navy Staff at the Pentagon; a tour on the NSC Staff (working on SALT and MBFR); the Navy staff (CINCUSNAVEUR) in London; the Intelligence Community Staff; and CIA. While at CIA I served both as Deputy Executive Secretary (it was in this capacity that I engaged with classmates Jerry Bremer and Ray Seitz, State's Executive Secretary and Deputy Executive Secretary respectively), and as the DCI's National Security Council/Presidential Briefing Coordinator (liaising with the NSC Staff Director and Deputy National Security Advisor).

Some of the key remembrances while on active duty:

In traditional fashion, my first four years were spent at sea on two destroyers, and I had the good fortune to serve briefly with classmates on each: Nat Kingsbury on the USS Lloyd Thomas (based in Newport, RI) and Troy Murray on the USS Semmes (based in Charleston, SC). While on the Lloyd Thomas, we transited the Suez Canal (summer of 1964) and were part of the then two ships (never together) representing U.S. interests in the Red Sea/Indian Ocean/Persian Gulf region (a far cry from today). My assignment to the Semmes was an exceptional experience; many of my close and lasting Navy friends were made there, including several who would affect my future career.

After Fletcher, I joined the USS Worden at the shipyard in Bath, Maine as Weapons Officer and Senior Watch Officer. We sailed to Long Beach and then to a new homeport in Yokosuka, Japan. While there we provided support for PARPRO (Peacetime Aerial Reconnaissance Program) missions along the North Korean coast from the Sea of Japan. Interestingly, the Rules of Engagement for this activity were much less constrained than those in Vietnam: we had a "weapons free" for any aircraft originating in North Korea that was heading toward one of our reconnaissance flights. My second WestPac deployment was on the USS Ouellet, based in Pearl Harbor; before deploying, we served as CINCPACFLT's flagship for the Navy's 200th Anniversary (1975).

Now for the trivia question: What was the only U.S. warship that was hit by "hostile" fire resulting in casualties during the Vietnam War? If you guessed the USS Maddox, you are wrong. If you guessed the USS Worden, you are correct. On the ship's first combat air control patrol in the northern Gulf after I left the ship, a USAF plane, returning from a bombing run, released unexpended anti-radiation ordnance that homed in on the Worden's search and fire control radars. The resulting explosion left several dead and more wounded on the bridge and in CIC in addition to significant damage to radars and superstructure (modern warships were not built to withstand modern weapons!). "Collateral damage" as they would say today.

Next, the short version of my career while in the Reserves as a CIA employee. In the winter of 1980-81 I was assigned to the Pentagon as TSA (The Special Assistant) to the Secretary and Deputy Secretary of Defense (Weinberger and Carlucci); I then moved to the position of Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for European and NATO Affairs. On return to the Agency, my assignments

included: responsibility for CIA's current intelligence production (including the President's Daily Brief and the CIA's Operations Center, inter alia); Executive Secretary of CIA; and Executive Assistant to DCI Casey.

There were a couple of memorable incidents related to my service at CIA and the Pentagon:

As I was about to leave the Naval War College in 1977 my orders to the Navy Staff were changed: I was to report to the Intelligence Community Staff (my Detailer said he only knew he was told to make the change – it turned out one of the officers I served with on the Semmes had me reassigned). I reported to 1724 F Street, NW (across from the Old Executive Office Building) and began my career in intelligence. Interestingly, my first assignment was back to the Navy where I joined colleagues in an expansion of the study we started at the War College being done for Under Secretary of the Navy Jim Woolsey; the result was SeaPlan 2000, which ultimately was used by SecNav John Lehman four years later as part of his plan for rebuilding toward a 600-ship Navy.

In the 1977-80 period at CIA, I had to prepare the DCI for his bi-weekly meeting with President Carter, and for his weekly meetings with the National Security Advisor (Brzezinski), and Secretaries of State (Vance) and Defense (Brown). In 1980, this segued into the preparation for, and participation in, the briefings of 1980 Presidential candidates Ronald Reagan and John Anderson. Then there were the Iran Hostage Crisis and the multiple planning events seeking to get them out and a trip to China (along with future DCI and SecDef Bob Gates).

In the 1980-82 period at the Pentagon as TSA, I attended all weekly meetings Secretary Weinberger had with Secretary of State Haig and DCI Casey, meetings with foreign visitors as well as key budget briefings involving the Secretary or Deputy Secretary. As I was also responsible for approving all use of military aircraft for official travel, there was a recurring amusing event: State always requested a specific aircraft (the one – they were all converted 707s - with the most windows); I had to keep saying 'no' – that Secretary Weinberger was using it. Two events stand out during this period. In one, during preparation for negotiations in Ottawa regarding the DEW line, I learned that, since all the radars were dependent on tubes (not transistors), we had to buy all replacement tubes to keep the radars operating from the Soviet Union!! In the other, when the last U.S. manufacturer of manual typewriters went out of business (and the Army needed manual typewriters in their field units) we were forced to buy from the only available source: the GDR (East Germany)!

During the 1982-91 period back at CIA, I was deeply involved in some of the key events of the period, including the KAL 007 shoot-down by the Soviets, the car bombings of our Embassy in Beirut and the Khobar Towers (Marine Barracks), the Lebanon Civil War and the Israeli incursion into Lebanon and the related Sabra and Shatila massacres, and the Falklands War. One anecdote some may find amusing: just after taking over responsibility for current intelligence production (including the team that prepared and presented the President's Daily Brief), I undertook the role of briefer for a couple of months to get the flavor of our customers before setting up the permanent briefing team. My run would be first to pick up Secretary Haig at his home and ride with him to his office. Then I would go to the Old Executive Office Building to brief VP Bush. Then, I would go across the street to the West Wing to brief the National Security Advisor (Judge Clark). One day in the car with Haig, before I could get into the briefing, he started on a rant against Meese, Baker and Deaver, convinced they were out to get him. Most interesting was his comment (as best recalled) - apparently unaware of what he was saying – that "I know they are out to get me, because that is exactly what I did [vis-a-vis the Secretary of State] when I was in the White House [as Deputy National Security Advisor]."

During my naval career, I observed several trends that I believe are not in our best interest that began with the dropping of ROTC programs at Yale (and other schools) and the creation of the All Volunteer Force. In the intervening years we have witnessed the growth of two societies, one military and one civilian. And, within the military, while we have seen the growth of a highly capable force, it has become both further divorced from, and looks less like, the citizens it serves. To avoid the two extremes of a tyranny of the majority or a minority, our nation is better served by having a commitment to public service, of which service in the military is a component. We need to return to

a military that reflects the society from which it is drawn and doesn't become one that more closely resembles the legions of ancient Rome. I am glad NROTC has returned to the campus. That is an important first step. Yale, as a university, can help start the national dialogue on a return of public service of all kinds as a requirement for our youth.

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Captain Joseph R. Valenta USNR Retired

I had wanted to win the Navy Scholarship since my sophomore year in high school. My dad was WW II Navy…So I applied and was selected to attend my 10th and last college choice. But I accepted, and instead of Brown, was off to a 2-3 Engineering Program at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. After 2 years there, I was able to transfer to a school not on my original list, and thus was admitted to Yale's Engineering Program. Lucky for me, Yale wasn't on my original NROTC application!

As a Yale senior, those interested in the Nuclear Power Program interviewed with Admiral H. G. Rickover. I was sold on Nuclear Surface, thus after graduation, I was assigned to Mare Island, CA for Nuclear School. While waiting for school, I qualified as Officer of the Deck (F) on USS Dahlgren (DLG-12) home ported in Norfolk, VA. Then it was to on Nuclear School. Upon completion, our class was asked to go into nuclear submarines as no surface officers were needed. I couldn't bring myself to sign up for subs, so I opted for conventional surface, and had the good fortune to be assigned to a cruiser in Japan. I completed Gunnery School in San Diego, prior to joining my new ship. The Navy wasn't exactly happy with me for leaving nuclear power, but in hindsight, I had landed a great assignment…

From October 1964 to June 1967, I served aboard USS Oklahoma City (CLG-5), Flagship of the Seventh Fleet that was home ported in Yokosuka, Japan. The ship was deployed routinely for combat operations on Yankee Station in the South China Sea from July 1964 to December 1966. The Vice Admiral, who commanded the Seventh Fleet and his staff of 400, were embarked on the ship that had a crew of 500. During the Vietnam War we had 3 primary missions: 1) Combat operations on Yankee Station and off the coast of Vietnam, 2) Conduct the people to people program, to show the flag and enhance our country's image aboard, and 3) Act as the Admiral's taxi to meet his demanding schedule.

As an officer of the deck underway and the gunnery division officer, I was in the thick of the combat operations. We would maneuver our ship 3-5 miles off the Vietnamese Coast to position our forward mounted triple turret 6 inch guns for firing inland. An aircraft spotter directed the shore bombardment for the 6 inch guns that had a 26 mile range. I received spotter's data in "Plot 6", the computer room below decks. Then, when ready, I gave the order to "Fire" up to the CO on the bridge. We used the 5"/38 guns for direct fire from as close as a mile offshore, to protect our truck convoys along the coast (this was called: "Riding Shotgun"), or shoot at the bad guys...My job was to man the Gun Director high up in the center of the ship's superstructure and aim/fire at targets of opportunity! For air defense, the ship had twin Talos Missiles aft in the missile house, with 120 mile range.

The OK City, as she was affectionately called, spent 5 consecutive 6 month deployments, or 2.5 years away from the U.S., which was longer than any other ship during the Vietnam War. While I was public affairs officer, an August 1965 Life Magazine story featured the ship with guns blazing on the cover and contained an article about wartime operations in the South China Sea. Upon returning home as I stood watch on the bridge and we passed under the Golden Gate Bridge, my Junior Officer of the Watch

invited me to a party in San Francisco. Little did I know when at that party, I would meet Cindy who became my wife of 45 years this year!

My reflections on my wartime endeavors bring several thoughts to mind: Yale academic and naval training permitted me to inspire personnel to meet the challenges of combat and readiness. I served my country, and met my obligations with commitment, enthusiasm, and no regrets. But, unlike today, I was unaware of what the dragged the country into conflicts. My liberal engineering education (Yale's engineering program required 2 liberal arts courses per semester) prepared me well to better understand these events in later years.

It wasn't until later, when I was working in business that I was able to research the history around our country's involvement in the Vietnam War. I found that in April 1965, 3,500 Marines were sent ashore at China Beach near Da Nang. My ship was in the area at the time, and we knew nothing about it! Same story during the Tonkin Gulf incident; we weren't told anything!

Looking back, I gained the experience of living in Japan where I rented the second floor of a home in Yokosuka to use as a get-a-way when in port. I grew to admire and respect the Japanese people, and enjoyed travel and seeing new cultures. I got the travel bug then, and still have it. Another valuable experience was standing up for my principles and what I wanted from life. When I declined submarine duty, I set sail on a course that was my decision and learned to handle adversity that would pay off later when I changed jobs several times in my career. Whether prompted by my needs or my employer's, I confidently knew I could manage change.

Following discharge in 1967, I graduated from the MIT Sloan School of Management. Two years later, I began drilling in the Naval Reserve one weekend a month and performing 2 weeks of annual active duty training. I qualified on the following ships: New Jersey, Ticonderoga, Albany, Puget Sound, Halsey, and Twinning. I was Action Officer at OP Nav in the Pentagon, CINCUSNAVEUR in London for NATO planning, WINTEX War Game Exercises with CINCPACFLT, and Project Manager for the Naval Reserve Information Systems. My last reserve billet, from which I retired, was with Readiness Command 22 in Seattle as Mobilization Officer. I was responsible for performing the call-ups from our region for Desert Storm. I am a past President District 13 of the Association of the U.S. Navy, and in 2010 I was elected as VP for Retired Affairs.

The expertise I gained as a naval officer gave me a positive dimension while engaged as a young engineer, a project manager, or an executive in business. I wouldn't trade my "Weekend Warrior" experience for anything and am proud to have served in the Navy for 28 years. I welcome NROTC back to campus so Yale can provide future naval officers who will serve country. I believe those that become "Navy" contribute as part of our country's finest institution.

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Commander Spence Hines USN Retired

Thoughts Out of Season – Việt Nam - June-July 1965 - The First Month - The Spy Who Loved Us

"God save us always," I said, "from the innocent and the good." "He'll [Alden Pyle] always be innocent, you can't blame the innocent, they are always guiltless. All you can do is control them or eliminate them. Innocence is a kind of insanity." "Sooner or later...one has to take sides – if one is to remain human." – Graham Greene [1904-1991] – ***The Quiet American*** **[1955]**

Tân Sơn Nhứt – 10 June 1965 – Grabbing my seabag, I exit from the rear ramp of the C-130 and walk into blinding sunlight, where I'm hit by a wave of monsoon-caressed air that hits me in the face like a slap from a vivacious blonde Smithie, just out of the shower. We are guided to welcome aboard briefings. I'm the oddball, the zinc penny among the coppers – a naval officer among a gaggle of army officers and a sprinkling of air force. A PAO type shows us a map of Việt Nam. Safe areas in peaceful, restful green, Communist-controlled areas in red. Not too much red. Quiet, alert listening from most – but some intermittent drowsing after the 22-hour flight from California.

We're tired, bedraggled, sweaty and dirty.

Now an intelligence officer, Army captain, is showing us another map. LOTS more red on this one – about one-third of the RVN. I ask why his map shows more red than the other guy's, the PAO's. Hostile stares. Unvoiced Thoughts… "What kind of question is that?" "Who is this Navy Pogue?" The briefer looks annoyed too – but frustrated. **"After sunset you can color the whole damn country red," he shouts.** Pandemonium breaks loose, everyone's now awake – lots more serious questions after that.

General Westmoreland, COMUSMACV himself, arrives and briefs us. Yes, his fatigues really are heavily starched and carefully pressed. I'm later told this was one of the last times he did this at the airport with newbies. The Battle of Đồng Xoài is being fought with full fury 85 km north of us, near a Michelin rubber plantation. The ARVN have been sucked in and ambushed by Việt Cộng units. It has become a meat grinder operation. ARVN is the meat. U.S. Army Special Forces and Navy Seabees were attacked first and have acquitted themselves most honorably. General Westmoreland rushes off to his command center.

I'll be working at the Port of Saigon, on the river – with coveys of naval supply officers. But I'm a surface warfare line officer – must create a new job for myself – I don't want to command a warehouse.

Told to find my own quarters, Saigon is very laissez-faire – and I like it. I find a room at the Victoria BOQ on Trần Hưng Đạo Street, the main drag from Chợ Lớn, to Sài Gòn. Chợ Lớn is the Chinese district – I'm told more of the criminal element and underground VC hang out here. Some good Brit neighbors in the Victoria, not surprisingly.

First Saturday, an American flâneur taking in the city, the Paris of the Orient. Beautiful architecture, food – Vietnamese, Chinese, French – attractive women – long, straight, black hair, erect carriage, beautifully slim as butterflies in their colorful áo dàis. I had lived in Paris during my Yale years – I'll fit in just fine here. I'm already falling in love with the people. Quick cyclo-taxi ride to Rue Catinat and the Hotel Continental, where Graham Greene wrote and set parts of The Quiet American. Rue Catinat, I find in 1965, is now called Tự Do [Liberty] Street. In 2012 it's Đồng Khởi [Collective Uprising] Street. Illustrative.

The naïve, 25-year-old flâneur, who is educated far beyond his natural intelligence level -- including a generous surfeit of oversimplified Keynesian claptrap from James Tobin's Yale Economics Department -- sits at a table on the terrace at the Continental, sipping a pastis and channeling Graham Greene's Alden Pyle and Audie Murphy – who wants to find a "Third Force" between a right-wing, corrupt, family-controlled oligarchy or military junta, on the one hand, and a Communist-controlled dictatorship on the other. He sits well back from the street. He's been warned the VC have been known to throw grenades onto terraces frequented by Westerners.

He sees a patisserie across the street – Café Givral [Phuong's milk bar for Greene]. A coffee and something sweet would be a good idea. On entering, he finds it almost empty – but there is a slim thirtyish man standing beside the pastry counter. He has a large German shepherd named King with him, well-controlled by the owner, who is **Phạm Xuân Ẩn**, a reporter for Time Magazine. He and I exchange pleasantries. He's seemingly very pro-American and has an effusive, ebullient manner not unlike Charlie Chan's Number One Son – **Keye Luke** in the films. His English is excellent and he's very personable – but there's something recondite about him – and he seems to be pumping me pretty hard for details on my life. I'm wary and cautious – I'll get to know him better in the months ahead. Only twenty-five years later do I discover that **Ẩn** was a top North Vietnamese spy, agent Z.21 – promoted to Brigadier General in 1990. He seems to have ranked with PAVN majors when I knew him. **Ẩn** fooled many of us, including Neil Sheehan, David Halberstam, Stanley Karnow, Robert Shaplen – and untold herds of other journalists, diplomats, military men and spooks.

Z.21 allegedly provided tactical and strategic intelligence to the Communists on our plans and Order of Battle for the Battles of Ia Drang, in which our classmate, Larry Gwin, bravely fought -- in November 1965, and after.

Jun 18th 1965 – The civilian RVN government of Phan Huy Quát is replaced by a military junta with Nguyễn Cao Kỳ as Premier and Nguyễn Văn Thiệu as functioning Chief of State. This is the 10th change of government in 20 months. Kỳ, a VNAF fighter pilot, is flamboyant and has a stunning wife, a former flight attendant with Air Vietnam. They prefer to dress in black flight suits, ballcaps, sunglasses and bright lavender scarves, flaunted and puffed at the neck. Ky carries an ivory-handled .38 revolver, reportedly a gift from John Wayne. Your humble correspondent watches them with interest at the Rex BOQ a few days later.

The naïf naval officer from Yale is beginning to discover there are many other Western naïfs in Vietnam too. **Deeply disturbing.** The individual one-year tour is a thoroughly bad idea. Just when we begin to emerge from nugget hood, our hindquarters are strapped into a Braniff Airlines 707 and we are sipping champagne on the way back to the Land of the Big PX. This is no way to run a war. **Can you imagine our having had individual one-year tours in the combat zones in World War II? Insanity. We won that one.**

July 8th 1965 – Maxwell Taylor resigns as ambassador and is soon replaced by Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr. [Harvard '24], on his second tour. Lodge also seems to be searching for a Third Force between a Ngô Đình Diệm-type autocrat or military junta - and Communism. One wonders if Henry Cabot Lodge also sometimes channels Alden Pyle.

We won't have a first-rate senior management team in place in Sài Gòn for another three years – well after Tet '68, when we finally get the superb trio of Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker [Yale '16], General Creighton Abrams [USMA '36] and Ambassador William Colby [Princeton '40], all three grown-ups.

But now we are all waiting for the Washington hammer to fall – we know the President is about to make an important decision as to whether he should massively increase the commitment of American ground forces to the War. There is lots of talk about the French Experience in the First Indochinese War and ours today.

"We have helicopters and the French did not. We need to fight this war our way, the **right** way with **Airborne Cavalry**" -- is the cry. We'll see. Can it **really** be as simple as that? But I keep my mouth shut. We hear a great deal about "search and destroy" missions, but nothing about "clear, hold and build" – we'll have to wait for General Abrams for that – after Westmoreland departs.

Little do we know that LBJ is just as naïve and conflicted as we, if not more so. On that same July 8th 1965 when Ambassador Taylor resigns, soon to be replaced by Lodge, LBJ confides to his wife and tape-records in his diary: **"Vietnam is getting worse every day. I have the choice to go in with great casualty lists or to get out with disgrace. It's like being in an airplane and I have to choose between crashing the plane or jumping out. I do not have a parachute."**

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Commander Hank Wood USN

My Wellesley-educated mother encouraged me to take the NROTC written exam to prepare for the College Boards. Little did I realize passing the test would begin an exciting and challenging Navy career that would strongly influence the majority of my working life!

The NROTC scholarship required taking a naval science class and drill, which consumed a fifth of my Yale study. Between academic years, Regular Midshipmen spent 6 weeks learning various naval warfare specialties. During 2 summers, I cruised Navy style on a World War II aircraft carrier or destroyer. The third summer was split between the amphibious forces and aviation training. The thrill of submerging beneath the sea took place off the nearby New London Submarine Base. Senior year, I and six other Yale Midshipmen earned a Private Pilot's License at the Bridgeport Airport funded by the Navy. The payback required us to enter Navy flight training that extended our obligated service after graduation from 4 to 5 years.

Married in 1965, my wife followed the aircraft carrier USS Saratoga from port to port during an

8-month Mediterranean cruise during which I flew the F-4 Phantom. I then volunteered for Vietnam combat, deemed necessary for a successful naval career. On July 29, 1967, after only 5 Vietnam combat missions flown from USS Forrestal, I was turning up my F-4 on deck when a 5-inch Zuni rocket fired from the other squadron's F-4 hit John McCain's A-4 Skyhawk in a fuel tank and ignited a fire. Only 94 seconds later, as I moved toward the fire, God spared me from the first 1,000 pound bomb's explosion. In the resulting conflagration, 11 more of these thin-skinned World War II bombs exploded, puncturing the 2 inch thick steel flight deck and spreading the fire below decks. Proper for carrier operations, the newer thicker-skinned bombs merely cooked off. The conflagration killed 134 men and destroyed 32 expensive aircraft – including mine. My actions combating this self-inflicted fire and searching for deceased crewmen the next day produced PTSD concerns – too long repressed.

Not all the brave people were on the ship that day. My wife and parents read the tragic stories, but did not know my fate for many days. As ordnance officer of my F-4 squadron, the subsequent thorough investigation found our procedures proper. After the fire I volunteered to transfer to another carrier in Vietnam, which was denied. President Johnson had extended Regular officers for one year, so I was ordered to shore duty to complete my 6 years of active duty.

During 14 months at the Naval Missile Center, I fired 30 missiles, downed 5 F-9 maneuvering drones, approved missile improvements, and zoomed to 78,000 feet in a pressure suit. Cross-country training flights permitted attending Yale's 1968 29-29 tie with Harvard and a scenic tour over Mt. Whitney, below sea level through Death Valley and over the Grand Canyon. Instead of going to Navy Test Pilot School, and hoping to have a better family life with my wife and 2 daughters, I resigned in 1969 from the Navy to fly as a TWA Boeing 707 Flight Engineer.

Four months later in 1970 while a Naval Reservist in Brooklyn, my squadron was activated by President Nixon to combat the New York postal strike. When the strike ended and TWA was about to furlough me, I volunteered to return to active duty if ordered to the first F-4 squadron going to Vietnam from San Diego. The Navy expeditiously approved. In 2 years, I made up for my earlier lack of combat, led 250 maintainers who kept 12 F-4s flying and qualified as Officer of the Deck for Fleet Operations on USS Kitty Hawk. The combat flights were dangerous at times and often frustrating when our forces were ineffectually employed. Finally in 1972, President Nixon courageously sent the B-52s to Hanoi and mined the harbor of Haiphong, which led to the 1973 truce.

Selected in 1972 to fly the German Navy's F-104 Starfighter as an exchange pilot, my wife and I learned German from the State Department. I trained with the U.S. Air Force in Phoenix, learned to navigate without another crewman, flew 450 knots at 100 feet, and employed the F-104 in an attack role for which it was poorly suited. For over 2 years, the quasi-diplomatic post made me part of the NATO deterrent to Soviet aggression. We lived 60 tank miles from the East German border and were feted in Schleswig, a northern German community. Squadron deployments and cross-country training flights within NATO were frequent. Introducing fighter tactics to German pilots and arranging an exercise with NATO ships, U.S. Air Force F-4s and German Navy F-104s provided the opportunity to co-author a report that convinced the German Navy to acquire electronic warfare equipment in future aircraft purchases. While I was highly involved with my flying duties, squadron deployments and cross country flights, we enjoyed our German friends and long vacation trips in a new Mercedes.

Back in the U.S., Armed Forces Staff College study introduced the capabilities of other military services and promoted cooperation. Ordered to USS Nimitz for 2 years of sea duty, I managed the movement of 90 aircraft about the flight and hangar decks involving 400 men that required decisions every 30 seconds during long and exhausting work periods. Occasionally, the carrier flew around the clock. Two 8-month cruises and 2 Christmases spent in an Italian harbor prompted another fateful decision to seek a better family life. After screening for aviation command and promotion to Commander, I again resigned from the Navy in 1977 to return to TWA as a flight engineer. That Christmas day resignation triggered the onset of my bipolar condition, which in 1980 ended my flying career. A few years later, my marriage ended in part due to my prior dedication to naval service, the strains of long and frequent separations imposed on the family and the transition to civilian life made difficult by my illness.

Lieutenant Commander Hank Wood after his final F-104 Star-fighter flight with the German Navy

The 15 years of active naval service permitted exercising successful leadership concepts learned in the Yale NROTC Program. Flying high performance aircraft during demanding combat missions, carrier operations and test and training flights was exhilarating. Thinking out of the box inspired technical and tactical innovations in Germany and during USS Nimitz' flight operations.

Returning in the 1990s to again serve country, I joined the Civil Service, earned a Management Information Systems degree and a Master's in Adult Education. This education enabled me to teach aerodynamics to student Naval Aviators for 3 years and to encourage veterans to improve their lifestyle with the Department of Veterans Affairs during the past 12 years. Yale's academic and NROTC studies prepared me to lead and teach military personnel while proudly serving country for 33 years.

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Lt Charles A. Soule USNR

I had looked forward to going into the Navy as soon as college was over. In fact, I was really dumbfounded when at a chance meeting with Kingman Brewster during graduation ceremonies I found that he was unaware of the military commitment that we all had at that time. My plan had always been to go through OCS at Newport and then be on a surface ship in the western Pacific, since I had grown up in the Atlantic areas and wanted to experience that new part of the world.

As it so happened when my orders came at OCS, I was "captured" by Admiral Rickover to be part of his new experiment in teaching all his nuclear technicians basic English, math, chemistry, and physics at Great Lakes Naval Training Center because the high schools were failing in that regard. So in the fall of 1964 I ended up in Great Lakes NTC along with 60 others of the "brightest young officers" that the Navy had to set up and run this new concept. We all spent one very cold winter there, and while the experiment was marginally successful, I immediately started the wheels to get to sea as I had been promised.

In late 1965 I got my wish and went through communications and intelligence school back in Newport where I had started just one year earlier. And I had orders to a brand new ship of the line, USS Belknap (DLG 26). Then as fate would have it, I was able to master the comm school program very successfully and was then rewarded by being switched from my new billet at sea to a big new communication ship out in the middle of the Indian Ocean. Now I was really pissed, and with the help of the exec of the Belknap, I got those orders rescinded and ended up with a two year tour on the Belknap, though based out of Norfolk and doing cruises in the Atlantic and the Med rather than my desired tours in WestPac.

Those tours were full of the usual days of monotony punctuated with moments of fury. We tracked a Soviet ballistic submarine at flank speed through the Straits of Sardinia one rainy night and ended up cornering it near Tunisia before being pulled off. And we were sent on one mission to the Arctic ice cap above the Arctic Circle, again this time to harass the Russians with some new sophisticated radar signals. My only real claim to any key participation was that I carried one-half of the nuclear launch code during one cruise, and this was during the time when there were no satellites or internet. We had numerous drills, called white alphas, and thank goodness the real thing never came across.

I was married halfway through my tour and our first child was born in the naval hospital in Portsmouth. So we have some long term ties to the Navy. While I was frustrated many times over the petty paperwork and duties that we all had to endure, I look back with a degree of fondness over how well the Navy can do in spite of its huge mission and the cumbersome way that militaries in general operate. I wish others could have those same type of experiences with it leading to an appreciation of what so many people do in harms way to provide us such a relatively safe country in which to live.

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Some 6Y3 Classmates began Military Service long after Graduation:

First Lieutenant Jon Rose USA

My military service involved none of the heroism nor valor of several of our classmates. It did involve service and hard work. I was commissioned through Harvard ROTC concurrent with graduation from law school. At summer camp the doctors sought to give me a medical discharge for a thrice dislocated shoulder. At the time I appealed and was retained by the Camp Commander. As events turned out, it would have been more prudent to follow doctor's orders.

My active duty date was postponed until May, 1969 so I could replace a law clerk that had been drafted. After completing the clerkship, I worked as an advance man in Richard Nixon's fall presidential campaign and wound up in January as a junior assistant in his White House. Those for whom I was working were not eager to see me leave for active duty in May.

The President's Military Assistant to the President thought the solution was simple. If I had another physical, the doctors would doubtless throw me out. Not so. Carrying my medical records from exam to exam at Walter Reed. I saw a scrawled note from the Commanding General of the Hospital, "this man WILL be found FIT". Bureaucracy has its methods.

The ultimate solution was to follow President Johnson's example when he ordered his special assistant Jim Jones to the U.S. Army Detachment, Office of the President. The only other person assigned to this unit was Henry Kissinger's Deputy, Colonel Alexander Haig.

It is hard to summarize the responsibilities of Presidential Assistant Peter Flannigan's office: essentially, they included high-level administration appointments, and White House liaison responsibility for a host of independent executive branch and regulatory agencies, such as Selective Service and NASA.

I became our point man to get the Selective Service lottery passed and then implemented. Our primary opponent was Selective Service Director Lewis B. Hershey who lobbied against the lottery on the Hill, and then sought to sabotage it once it was passed. Some will recall the furor that ensued when some draft boards were calling number 360 early in the year when other boards at the same time were calling numbers one through ten. Since Selective Service had always been staffed by the military, DoD gave me a free hand to seek the brightest military people I could find to get the mess

under control. I immediately called our classmate Dave Gergen, who was then serving as a naval officer on the Inland Sea of Japan. One of his primary duties was that of "damage control officer". The White House Operator patched me through to Dave's ship. I shouted "Would you like to come back to DC?" The response from Dave was "WHEN?" "NOW" I shouted. "FINE" Dave replied. He was back in DC within 24 hours, and with a team of other young officers surrounded General Hershey and brought a semblance of rationality to Selective Service Headquarters.

Ultimately General Hershey was given a fourth star, kicked upstairs, and a new director was found. For his part, Gergen was introduced to Ray Price, President Nixon's head speechwriter, and a Yale alumnus four years our senior. He began to work in the speech-writing shop and the rest is history.

One other Yale-related incident occurred during the military phase of my White House service. The Yale Army and Navy ROTC units came under increasing faculty and student fire. The Navy quickly found newly-imposed conditions to be unacceptable, and left the campus. However, the Army tried its best to stay, and accepted all conditions imposed by the Yale faculty including permitting ROTC students to avoid any binding commitment to active duty until after graduation.

However, the invasion of Cambodia provoked a dramatic increase in the level of student protests and accompanying violence. Kingman Brewster at that moment, without notice to the Army, simply announced that Army ROTC was also leaving Yale because it had refused to comply with conditions voted by the Yale faculty.

Brewster's statement was just not accurate in any respect. At the time I became outraged and set about putting the relevant correspondence together so that Brewster could be summoned to testify under oath before the Senate Armed Services Committee. The committee staff was eager to cooperate. Over several weeks however, my passion for the project cooled. The Army's view was "we tried; if Yale doesn't want us, fine. We get more and better officers from many other ROTC programs." At the same time I thought "This is your school. What ultimate good will this do?" On reflection, abandonment of the project seemed the right result.

During my two years of Army service in the White House, I had made no secret of my military status. However, a tennis pro - not a Nixon fan - saw an opening. When I told him I was serving there in the Army, he disseminated it as "hot news" to a few friends in the White House press corps. The Press Office began to get calls about me. A Presidential press conference was scheduled to take place in one or two days. I fortunately supplied a question and an answer for the President's briefing book to prevent him from being blindsided. Sure enough the question came amid questions about our Vietnam drawdown, Lt. Calley, and relations with China. "Sir, the Pentagon won't tell us, but what is so valuable about the son of an Eisenhower official and a Republican contributor, that he gets to serve his two years in the White House?"

Nixon, ever the pro in such matters, responded: "The first reason Lieutenant Rose is a very competent lawyer, but we have a number of those. The second is - and I'm sorry that such a personal matter has to come up - Mr. Rose has a physical disability with his shoulder which makes him non-combat qualified. However, there is nothing wrong with his brain. He is one of our best young lawyers." Needless to say, the answer was not the one I drafted, but jealousy concerning that endorsement was widespread in the White House for several days.

However, sometime later after my discharge when I lobbied against the creation of a federal consumer agency, Ralph Nader saw to it that I was written up in Parade Magazine as "The Mystery Man in the White House". In short, my two year military career was neither stellar nor heroic, but it certainly did not lack for interest.

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Army ROTC: Leadership on the Ground

"Boots on the ground..." the catchy phrase used by many today, is significant only when the boots are filled with the feet of men and women who are smart, tough and courageous, well-trained and led by others who are also on the ground and demonstrate intelligence, sound judgment, courage and passionate concern for those whom they lead.

Ground Warfare today is very different from what it was 50 years ago – while it is very much the same. Significant advances in weapons and communication technology have greatly enhanced the capabilities of soldiers on the battlefield. At the same time, the challenges of large and small unit leadership in high tech warfare have grown, the need for great personal courage, discipline and sacrifice has not changed and the human toll of traumatic stress from the constant exposure and engagement in close combat seemingly has increased. The need for well-educated, sophisticated and courageous leaders of our ground fighting forces, which has been recognized and addressed by Yale and other colleges and universities in the past, remains and should continue to be recognized and addressed as the threats and attacks on national and human existence continue.

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Lieutenant Colonel Pat Clarke, USA

Lieutenant General Clarke and his son, our classmate Captain Warren "Pat" Clarke

When I graduated from Yale ROTC in June 1963, I entered the U.S. Army as a regular officer. I then spent eleven years on active duty and nine in the reserves. My first tour was in Munich, Germany, a wonderful experience for me and my new bride. On the first day of duty, I accepted more responsibility than I had ever had before when forty men were put in my charge. After Munich, I spent six months in the Marxist-Leninist Republic of Mali, advising a Malian military engineering company in the construction of a small bridge. I had been picked because I was the "only French-speaking bridge builder in the (U.S. Army) Corps of Engineers," at least that was what the assignment officer told me. We were there to offset the influence of the USSR, Communist China, North Korea and North Vietnam. I always waved when I passed their representatives on the road. At one point one of my American sergeants fixed the starting generator for Mali's MiG fighters, which had been donated by the USSR.

I was then lucky enough to be chosen to teach at West Point and to be sent to Harvard Business School in preparation. Between the two assignments I was sent to Vietnam. My tour included commanding 800 soldiers (and some 100 Vietnamese workers) building a road south of Pleiku in the Central Highlands. During the second half of the tour, I worked on helping to develop the local construction and steel industries.

The West Point assignment was a joy. I taught economics and was among sixty of the smartest and most dedicated people whom I have ever met. As in my other assignments in the Army, I was surrounded by people who placed duty to their country above themselves and were not motivated to make as much money as they could. We are still close to six of my former colleagues and their spouses.

I left the Army because I did not want to be separated from my family again as I had been in Africa and Vietnam and because of the fear that I would not be able to afford to send my children

to the college of their choice on an Army salary.

What I retain from the Army is the belief that you are responsible for the success or failure of your subordinates and cannot place blame on predecessors or your subordinates for failure, a lesson which has sadly been forgotten in today's business and political affairs. I believe that once the World War II veterans left our country's leadership, our country seemed to move from succeeding through teamwork to playing up to the person above you to get ahead.

I am glad I served. I truly appreciate the dedication, professionalism and selflessness of the soldiers who have served in Afghanistan and Iraq.

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Captain Nelson Luria, USA

I signed up for Army ROTC because a friend of the family, who was a Lieutenant Colonel in the Reserves, told me that, upon graduation, there was a good chance I would be drafted and that it was better to be an officer than a private. My attitude toward ROTC could be compared to executing a disagreeable chore: get it done with a minimum of effort. For a Yale student the course work was hardly challenging, but drill for someone who was overweight, unathletic and decidedly unenthusiastic was considerably more painful. Even worse was summer camp after junior year at Fort Devens, Massachusetts, where the physical challenges, combined with my attitude, made the experience distinctive and unpleasant. Nonetheless, I somehow muddled through and in June 1963 was duly commissioned a Second Lieutenant.

By the time I arrived in March 1967 at Fort Benning for Infantry Officers Basic School after three years of law school and nine months practicing law and waiting to be called to active duty, things were different. I had lost weight, was in a semblance of physical condition and had matured. The training no longer was unpleasant. I took a certain pride in being able to keep up, and ended the course in the best physical condition of my life, then or since. Because of my eyesight I was not eligible for a combat branch and had applied for and was accepted in Military Intelligence. I also had become engaged. The Army's wedding present was to call the approximately 30 intelligence officers in the class into a room and advise us that with few exceptions we were headed to Vietnam. And so after 30 days at Military Intelligence School and 30 days leave for a wedding (now in its 46th year) advanced from August to June, a honeymoon, and a trip up the California coast, I was on an airplane.

Upon landing at Bien Hoa Air Base near Saigon, we awaited assignments. I always have thought that the Army took the name at the top of the list in the first column and paired it with the assignment at the top of the list in the second without making an effort to see if there was any logic to the match, but under the circumstances it probably was the best it could do. Somehow after two days I was one of the last without an assignment, an uncomfortable situation. But then I found myself assigned to be a strategic intelligence analyst for Cambodia assigned to MACV headquarters. It may have been serendipity but my roommate from Fort Benning always has claimed that it was because he had told someone that I had studied Chinese history at Yale (which, from the Army's point of view, doubtless made me well qualified to be a Cambodia expert).

Over the next year I did become somewhat of an expert on Cambodia, its economy, politics, society and geography. The focus of my work entailed measurement and analysis of the extent of North Vietnamese and Viet Cong use of Cambodian territory for sanctuary, especially along its border with South Vietnam. Prince Norodom Sihanouk, ruler of Cambodia, may or may not have known about the extent of such use and, even if he did, it was unlikely he could have done much to prevent it, assuming he was of a mind to do so (which he may well not have been). At the same time he strenuously protested his neutrality in order to prevent potential American incursions on his territory.

Thus, my task, and that of my superior officer, was to gather evidence and build a case for

what was happening. Initially this case was to establish for senior military and civilian officials in Vietnam and Washington the extent of sanctuary in order to promote an assessment of how it was affecting the war effort (a similar effort was underway involving sanctuary in Laos). The climax of our efforts was a conference held in Cam Ranh Bay in the spring of 1968. Present were the Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Southeast Asian Affairs; the Ambassadors to Vietnam, Laos and Thailand; the Commander of our Pacific Forces; General Westmoreland; General Creighton Abrams and numerous high-ranking officials. At the conference my superior officer presented our findings, largely gathered by various clandestine means, often in close collaboration with colleagues I worked with from the American Embassy and the CIA. I was allowed to attend that meeting, and it was a heady experience for a young Captain that I never have forgotten.

The aftermath of that conference was a decision to prepare and send to Prince Sihanouk by diplomatic means periodic packets containing detailed information about the use of Cambodian territory in an effort to place pressure on him to take action (or perhaps to permit us to do so). I worked on preparing and forwarding to Washington the first few of these packets before completing my rotation and returning to the United States but never knew what, if any, results they produced.

I spent the remainder of my service editing Army Security Agency training manuals at Fort Devens, the nearest post to our New York home. Because there was no housing on the post, I commuted from Boston, and the pleasures of that city compensated for the tedium of the work. While in Boston, I became acutely aware of the opposition to the war, something that had seemed remote and almost irrelevant while I was in Vietnam where I had a job to do and a highly interesting one at that.

My views on the war understandably have become considerably more gnarled since my return from Vietnam. I never have taken the time nor made the effort to sort them out, in part because I suppose I have chosen not to do so. But I do know that whatever they might be and despite my shaky start, I never have regretted my military service. At the risk of seeming to utter a well-worn and banal nostrum, it always has seemed that was something I should have done as an American citizen and that I did because I was able to do so. After all, that is the "For Country" part of our *alma mater*.

• • •

Captain Mike LaFond USA

My participation in the Army ROTC program at Yale followed my participation in the Army ROTC program at Gloucester (MA) High School. Participation in the high school ROTC program was required, and for most of the participants was an attractive and helpful program of personal development. Moreover, in 1959 when we matriculated at Yale, my brother was a Plebe at West Point. He and I had been imbued with a strong sense of support for and participation in our country's defense efforts.

The ROTC programs, for me, provided basic training in Army culture and basic and more advanced training in leadership.

The training continued at Fort Benning with Infantry Officer Basic Course, Ranger School and Jump School. At Fort Bragg, I received Jump Master training.

I spent three years with the 82nd Airborne Division. For a couple of those years, Larry Gwin was also assigned to the Division as an infantry officer.

While assigned to the 82nd Airborne Division I was a 4.2" Mortar Platoon Leader, Company Commander, Brigade S-3 Staff Officer and Aide to one of the Assistant Division Commanders, a Brigadier General. In 1965 the Division, along with the 1st Marine Division, was sent to the Dominican Republic to help quell an uprising.

The experience in the Dominican Republic was an eye-opener. The Dominican people, for the most part, lived in squalor, lacking most of the community services we take for granted: clean

water, sewage treatment, clean food and other public health services. While the engagements with the "rebels" were not large, they were "real" and soldiers and rebels were wounded and killed. The press briefings I attended with the general for whom I worked were "eye-openers" too, for the reporters, whom we would not see on the streets, were more interested in the gore of American casualties, "the number of bullet holes in the jeep," and less interested in the causes of the "war" and the personalities of our soldiers and the rebel soldiers and the plight of the average Dominican.

My fourth year in the Army was spent as a MACV advisor to the Vietnamese 23rd Infantry Division, headquartered in Ban Mê Thuột, in the highlands of Vietnam, not far from the Cambodian border. My assignment as a division staff advisor required me to travel around the several provinces of the division's area of responsibility. My travels enabled me to observe the terror, brutality and extreme deprivation experienced by the Vietnamese villagers. The aspirations and pleas of those people were basic and modest, but very much subordinated to and crushed by the desires of Vietnamese leaders on both sides for power and control.

In the highlands of Vietnam in the 1960's we were concerned about the VC weapon and food supply efforts utilizing bicycles on the Ho Chi Minh trail. Today we worry about aircraft being flown into buildings in U.S. cities and foreign hackers trying to shut down computer systems which are central to our infrastructure, economy and national defense. The real-time, widely available electronic news videos we see today confirm, however, that the basic problems of domination, deprivation and terrorization of civilian populations continue.

It seems clear to me that today our need for military strength and effectiveness, on the ground, in the air and at sea, is no less than it was during the 1940's and the 1960's.

• • •

Captain Jim Anderson USA

In mid-September of 1966 after graduation from law school in May of that year I went on active duty for my two-year commitment as a First Lieutenant in the Quartermaster Corps. The Army had let me take and happily pass the Ohio bar exam during the summer. In the fall my wife of eight months and I loaded all of our worldly possessions into our MGB and headed to Ft. Lee Virginia for basic officer training at the quartermaster school. Once out we headed to a rented former stable on Valley Forge Mountain outside of Philadelphia from which I began what I thought would be my entire Army career as a procurement officer with an office on Rittenhouse Square working for the Signal Corps. The great joy of new wife, half day off for PT each week, lovely home surroundings, great city, daily train rides to read, civilized work surroundings and doing work that was vaguely relevant to my professional training led me to foresee stability. Not so.

In March of 1967 I got orders to go back to quartermaster school, train as a PX officer and join the First Infantry Division in Viet Nam. After protesting futilely that my highest and best use was to continue my current work, I arrived in the beginning of August at Ton Son Nhut Air Base and trucked to Dĩ An, a base outside of Saigon that was the HQ of the Big Red One. Because the PX job had been filled the day before, I became the officer in charge of Class 1 supplies (food) for the division and attached units – at times more than 40,000 troops deployed between Saigon and Cambodia. Additional duties included leading occasional ambush patrols, building bunkers, providing turkey and trimmings for Thanksgiving and Christmas and black-eyed peas for New Year's (a tradition strongly held by our Commanding General that I had not theretofore been acquainted with). Life was reasonably quiet and orderly with regular trips to Long Binh and Saigon for supplies, until the end of December when we received our first mortar attack. Tet '68 followed a month later reversing the easy flow of commerce between Saigon and Dĩ An. I went in on a jeep with my driver/typist/machine gunner over roads that had been full of traffic a few days earlier and were now full of shell casings with absolutely no traffic. We got to Long Binh, our major supply source to escort trucks of food back to Dĩ An. Happily, several desperate and very frightened drivers of

refrigerated trucks loaded with steaks and lobsters were looking for direction. While my driver/typist/machine gunner and I were not a very impressive force, we did have the capacity to escort them to the First Infantry Division base. Given the alternative of being alone and close to the fighting around Saigon, they jumped at the offered protection of the Big Red One. Our convoy arrived after dark to their immense relief and I was in great demand for having landed three trucks full of steak and lobster, as well as a major addition to our food stock for the division.

The remaining months now in Lai Khê included fairly frequent rocket attacks – they are very noisy on their way in (hearing aids now to prove it) – building more bunkers, riding tail gunner on a Huey for a combat insertion, test-flying repaired helicopters with someone who actually knew how to fly and generally experiencing life always on the edge of random violence. I found it a settling experience and one that has given me a sense of calm in crises since, none of which had real bullets going in my direction. While I not so gradually came to the conclusion that the war was a colossal waste of resources – especially human (our unit handled graves registration responsibilities) – I am very proud of my service, the First Infantry Division and the Army. It is tough work and requires toughness and resolve to do it well. I came back with three bronze stars, an air medal and some others but mostly with a seasoning that could not have been gotten any other way. I don't wish it for any of my four kids, but I have been forever grateful that I had it and survived.

I returned to California as a Captain in August of 1968 and was discharged.

• • •

Captain Hank Hewitt USAR

My ROTC experience at Yale was positive and rewarding. One exception would be the inspection during our senior year during which Commander Larry Gwin told me that I needed a haircut (even though I had one the same morning). Following Yale, I attended military schools in Georgia and Maryland and spent about 18 months on active duty in Stuttgart Germany, in the G-2 Section of 7th Army Headquarters (great duty). All of these experiences were positive contributors to my growth and life perspective. I have always felt lucky to have taken a reserve commission allowing me to spend only two years on active duty and avoid the mess that occurred in Vietnam after our graduation. I don't believe anyone could have foreseen the outcome for so many others from our vantage point in June 1963.

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Captain David L. Boren Oklahoma National Guard

Looking back on my experiences as an ROTC officer at Yale I realize that it provided me with greater insight into the meaning of leadership and how to motivate others. My commission through ROTC later led me to become a Captain and Commander in the Oklahoma Army National Guard (1968-74). That role gave me the greatest range of experience in working with a very diverse group of people to achieve a common goal. It was extremely valuable to me when I became Governor of Oklahoma and began my career in public life. Outside of my military experience I had only operated a sole practitioner law practice and served as a Professor of Political Science for a small liberal arts college. Later in my public career I came to understand how important it is for the military to represent a broad cross section of American society. Those who have benefited from being educated at America's most outstanding universities, like Yale, are greatly needed in positions of military leadership. I am very glad that Yale has reinstated ROTC. In my opinion it is part of Yale's moral obligation to contribute to the strength of our larger society.

• • •

Captain Rod Petrey US Army Reserves, Special Forces, 1963-66

Trying to Make Sense of Military Service

I walked among hundreds and hundreds of bright white crosses searching for his name – Army First Lieutenant Karl Robinson Petrey – each cross a meager marker for 7,860 short lives of triumph and tragedy at the Rome-Sicily American Cemetery. This tranquil place sits among Italian cypress trees at Nettuno, Italy, a little vacation village about 40 miles south of Rome. It lies along the Mediterranean Sea whose turquoise waters threw thousands of soldiers onto the Anzio beach in 1943. Shortly beyond the beaches are green mountains where German and Italian snipers and machine gunners waited to cut down American "invaders" – including Lt. Karl Robinson Petrey, an artillery forward observer.

It was a pilgrimage I had to make to honor the man who gave me life but it took me until my own mid-life to go. I found the simple cross with Karl's name, rank, serial number and dates of birth and death. After praying silently beside it, I visited the massive war monuments nearby but kept coming back to Karl's cross as thoughts raced through my mind, competing with tears in my eyes.

Rod Petry at the grave of his father killed at Anzio in WW II

Immediately struck by the physical similarity of the terrain around Karl's cemetery to the seaside beaches and mountains that colored my own combat experiences in Vietnam in 1966, my thoughts desperately searched for other ways my war may have been similar to his. I wanted to find some tighter connection, some way of being more a part of his world of long ago. The sea and nearby mountains – and even the palm trees along both the Mediterranean in Italy and the South China Sea in Vietnam – seemed possible links to a deeper relationship between father and son.

But those thoughts were unproductive. His war was a glorious fight to save Western civilization, supported by most of our nation and requiring sacrifices of many – and it was successful. My war was ordered and largely governed by men who themselves had never served in combat, had muddy political objectives that never were clearly explained and required little of the American people (remember "guns and butter"?) – and it failed.

Some Americans suffered horribly. During the Vietnam War, nearly 215,000 of our compatriots were killed or wounded or are missing, including 47,424 who died in combat. But not many of those who served in combat were Yalies or Ivy Leaguers. Feeling the names carved into the black granite at the Vietnam Memorial in Washington brings both a chill at the futility of their sacrifices and a warmth toward those who gave their all for the fellow soldiers and for their country. I honor those who served so honorably, such as our classmate Larry Gwin, and know that their own personal sacrifices continue as do mine.

A trip back to Vietnam several years ago – 44 long years after I had left blood, sweat and tears on that soil – convinced me that we had failed. The parts of Vietnam that I revisited were mainly places where I had combat missions – Green Beret camps at Kham Duc, Khe Sahn and Tra Bong in I Corps (the five northernmost provinces of the old South Vietnam), nearby Ashau Valley, Da Nang and China Beach on the South China Sea, and the old Special Forces headquarters at Nha Trang on the Sea. The country seemed much more prosperous than during wartime – elegant resorts now lie along the coast - but Vietnam remains under Communist rule with many onerous restrictions on personal expression and other liberties. Some places where I spent lots of time, such as Kham Duc in the mountains and the Green Beret camp on China Beach, were obliterated and overgrown; they seemed to be haunted by ghosts. A U.S. POW-MIA team from Hawaii still was finding the remains of some of our missing soldiers when I visited my old A-Team site at Kham Duc in the mountains.

Americans are welcomed by most Vietnamese; there is a good-sized expatriate community. But French influence seems stronger than American influence and millions of Vietnamese continue to live in direst poverty.

Despite the differences between my father's war and "my" war, we still shared the experience of combat. I wish that we could discuss that man-to-man. It's not something that men, even the few combat veterans with whom I stay in touch, do very often. The best description by far of combat in Vietnam that I have heard or read is by Karl Marlantes, a fellow Yalie who graduated a few years after our class. He was a Rhodes Scholar and highly-decorated U.S. Marine with service in Vietnam. His novel, *Matterhorn* (Atlantic Monthly Press 2010), is set in the same area of operations as my combat service so it has special meaning to me. Marlantes followed his novel with a non-fiction book, *What It Is Like to Go to War* (Atlantic Monthly Press 2011), that I highly recommend.

Combat is defined by violence against other men, either committed directly hand-to-hand or indirectly through use of weapons and explosives. I'm grateful that coming to terms with violence and its consequences is not something everyone has to do, but it is a hard reality that every combat veteran MUST face. And we don't all confront violence very well. Can you kill someone? In Kevin Powers recent, powerful little novel about his service in Iraq, *The Yellow Birds* (Little Brown and Company 2012), Private Bartle, the narrator, asks his sergeant how Bartle will know whether he can pull the trigger and kill someone. "Better get to fucking imagining", says the sergeant. "Just got to dig deep. Find that nasty streak."

The "nasty streak" that most combat vets find in themselves doesn't just disappear without consequences when the need for it goes away. Bartle returns to the U.S. after his combat service and wrestles with demons. "It felt like there was acid seeping down into your soul", says Bartle, "and then your soul is gone and knowing from being taught your whole life that there is no making up for what you are doing… but then even your mother is so happy and proud because you lined up your sight posts and made people crumple, and they were not getting up ever, and yeah they might have been trying to kill you too." So you say, What are you gonna do?... and you can't explain it, but it's just, like, Fuck you, but then you signed up to go, so it's all your fault, really, because you went on purpose. So you are in the end doubly fucked, so why not just find a spot and curl up and die?

1st Lt. Rod Petry with his Special Forces Team A-105 at Kham Duc, Vietnam in 1966

And so it goes. My father, Karl, didn't have to live with the consequences of his own violence. That's a major difference in our experiences. Combat and violence bring the "exaltation of danger" as the journalist Eric Sevareid observed about London in World War II (Lynne Olson's *Citizens of London* [Random House 2010]). Combat and violence bring a sense of urgency to life around you. There is an intense sexual component that combat soldiers know and that needs more exploration – a celebration of life while others around you are suffering.

But, all in all, violence and its consequences are very painful and never a closed chapter to our lives. As Kevin Powers in *The Yellow Birds* observed about his time in combat, "… my whole life since has merely been a digression from those days, which now hang over me like a quarrel that will never be resolved."

I'm proud to be among the Yalies of our class who served our country in uniform. My experience was different than most because I worked as part of a small A-Team, mostly in the mountains of South Vietnam near the Laotian border with Montagnard villagers and yes (believe it or not), elephants and monkeys and some tigers (plus lots of spiders and vipers). But I share with you the spirit of service that is part of Yale's history and of its ideals.

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Captain Larry Gwin, USA

Prologue to *Betrayal: A Post-War Memoir* (unpublished)

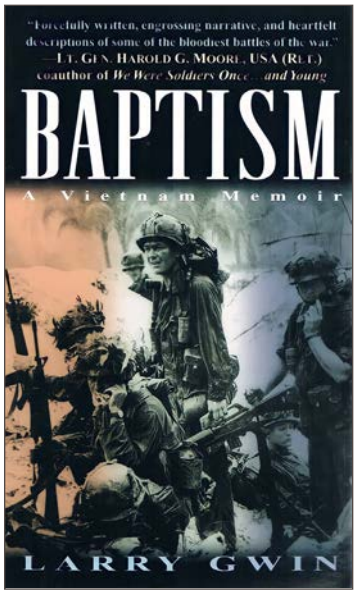
It's not just on Memorial Day that I think of the men of Alpha Company, Second Battalion, Seventh Cavalry. I think of them every day.

When I joined them in October, 1965, we numbered 146.

Thirty-four died on November 17, 1965, at LZ (Landing Zone) Albany in the Ia Drang Valley. Forty-two died in a plane crash two months later. Six fell in "The Graveyard" at LZ 4 in February, 1966. Another died a week later, blown away by a friend near the Crow's Foot.

Four more fell near the Cambodian border in April. Eleven more died in May when we assaulted Thanh Son (2). Several others died in Medevacs winging their way towards aid stations in the rear, with triage tents and teams of blood-stained surgeons fighting to save the wounded.

Five more fell in June, south of Tuy Hòa, where I reached the end of my rope. I had seen too many die, I guess, in too many bloody little firefights over too many patches of worthless, blood-stained ground. And for what?



They didn't have to die. President John F. Kennedy was thinking of pulling us out of Vietnam if he won reelection in 1964. Instead, he was murdered in Dallas. Lyndon B. Johnson chose a different path. For some inexplicable reason, he exploited the Gulf of Tonkin incident, committed us to a land war in Southeast Asia, got us deeper into the quagmire, then quit!

Richard "Tricky Dick" Nixon promised that he'd get us out, touting his "secret plan" to end the war, but he kept us in it instead— for five more years! Twenty-one thousand more Americans were killed in action, and 53,000 more were wounded, while he pondered "peace with honor."

For thirty years, I wrestled with my rage about that war. It was like a pack on my back or a ball and chain I dragged around behind me. It would bubble up in fits of helpless weeping or bouts of mindless rage.

I didn't have it when I graduated from Yale in 1963 with a degree in political science and a commission in the regular Army. I was proud and happy then— actually looking forward to three years of military service ("active duty" we called it) before living the rest of my life. Then I went to Vietnam and saw men die. My men.

I came home in '66 and tried to live a normal life. I taught ROTC at Northeastern University, went to law school, got married, practiced law. I ignored my nightmares and tried to suppress the war. I tried to forget it all — what we'd done, what I'd seen, how I'd felt-- but I couldn't block it out, and I imploded.

This book, then, is about my early years back home from Vietnam.

I was heartsick at what had happened there. I was disgusted at our two-faced politicians. I was enraged at how Vietnam veterans were being treated when they came home. And I felt guilt for having survived, for having come back home to my folks and my girl when most of the men I'd served with hadn't made it back to their folks, their girls, or their families. **[106 of the 146 good men in Captain Gwin's Alpha Company, Second Battalion, Seventh Cavalry, were KIA]**. And then we were betrayed.

I'm better now. My rage has abated. My guilt is almost gone. And when I see the flags flying on Memorial Day, I think of my absent comrades with more than just a terrible sense of sadness. I think of them with love, and lots of pride.

Rest in peace, gentlemen.

"Anyone who has experienced combat is irrevocably altered. It comes with the territory.

That's one of the indelible things war does to us. We think of it all the time. We have lived our lives notwithstanding it, the horror of it. Really.

It has altered our perceptions of life."

"I have two simple wishes for the future:

1. *That our political leaders never again commit us to war unless it is an absolute necessity.and*
2. *That our people will 'Answer the Call' if it comes."*

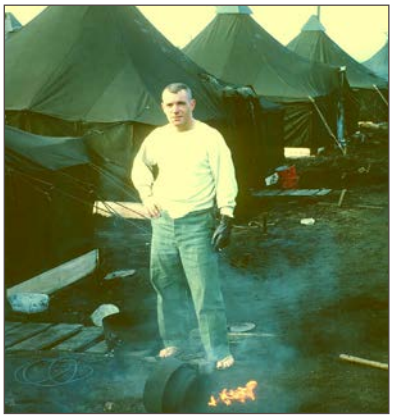
— Larry Gwin, "Baptism"

Photos of Others Who Served

Dick Moser and two "Helo" crewmen listening to the Medivac Radio for their next mission

Lieutenant David Anderson F-4 Phantom II Pilot VF 213 Black Lions Squadron USS Kitty Hawk

Captain Jim Thompson – Judge Advocate General - United States Marine Corps receiving a commendation from his USMC Major General at Camp Lejeune, NC



First Lieutenant Paul Field USMC at base camp Mt. Fuji, Japan

Lieutenant David Culver leads pilot testing of Hovercraft development aircraft

U.S. Coast Guard Seaman Apprentice Bart Brown, training at Government Island, San Francisco enroute to becoming Petty Officer First Class (E-6)

Captain Robert Lacy, MD U.S. Air Force Flight Surgeon for two squadrons of F-100 pilots 1968-1969 Kunsan, Korea

Captain Gerrit "OZ" Osborne F-102 and F-15 pilot 199th Fighter Wing Hawaii Air National Guardat

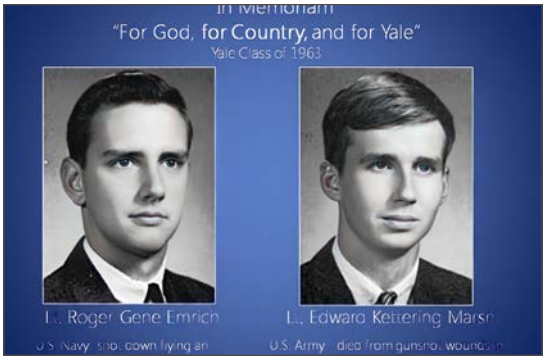
Colonel Lindsey Chao-Yun Kiang at his retirement ceremony from the U.S. Marine Corps Reserve

Lieutenant Commander Hank Wood from the USS Kitty Hawk greets a Russian Bear

Lieutenant Peter Wells USMC, Navy able bodied Seaman Charles Cheney, and Navy Lieutenant (Junior Grade) David Winebrenner aboard the USS Alamo (LSD-33) in the South China Sea in 1964

Captain John "Jay" Rixse with
Hawaii Governor and Mrs. Ariyoshi

Lieutenant (Junior Grade)
David Breithhaupt
with his shipboard band



"May we never forget the old battlefields."

Wick Murray leads classmates on a tour of
Little Roundtop Hill at Gettysburg.

'63 in the Armed Forces

The following list is assembled from several sources: Classmates who entered information in the Military Section fields of the Class Book website; Deceased classmates whose military service is mentioned in their memorials; and previous class books and other records. Three '63 classmates courageously gave their lives during Vietnam combat and training:

- Lt Roger Gene Emrich was shot down November 17, 1967 in his F-4 Phantom over Hanoi;
- 1st Lt Edward Kettering Marsh on December 5, 1965 repulsing a superior enemy force in Vietnam.
- Navy LTJG Clyde Edgar perished when his single crewed A-4 Skyhawk crashed during a bombing run prior to deployment.

You will find additional details in Classmate Biographies and the Memorials in this book.

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U.S. Air Force
Robert C. Barker Jr.
Charles P. Blair III
Arthur W. Boddie Jr.
Geret A. DuBois
Charles W. Gifford
George W. Hamlin IV
Dennis Noel Harshfield
Robert T. Lacy
Richard D. Malmed
Thomas A McAvity Jr.
Frank S. Mozeleski
Williamson Murray
Jonathan Wilford Nusbaum
Alfred M. Rankin Jr.
Quinn Benenshon Rosefsky
Philip W. Ryan Jr.
Seymour S. Saltus
Charles Dean Saunders
Jerry Neal Selness
Jan R. Shinol
Hartley R. Smith
Robert F. Tomain
Joseph Jerome Vale
Charles A. Whelan
Steven K. Wilson

U.S. Air Force Reserve
Richard Dilworth Barnes
John Robert Bienvenue
Herman A. Gilliam Jr.
William A Kramer
Thomas W. Morriss
Charles F. Tucker
David Daniel Wirtschafter

U.S. Air National Guard
Erik Macfarlane Jensen
John Lahr
Jon H. Larson
Edwin B. Loomis
William F. Moore

U.S. Army
John B. Albright
David R. Anderson
James Kern Baird
James David Biles III
Philip T. Billard
John C. Bowen III
Gary Jules Brauner
Francis Cooke
Ralph De Young
Clyde Dolan
Frank W. Estes
John W. Follows
Warren W. Friedman
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