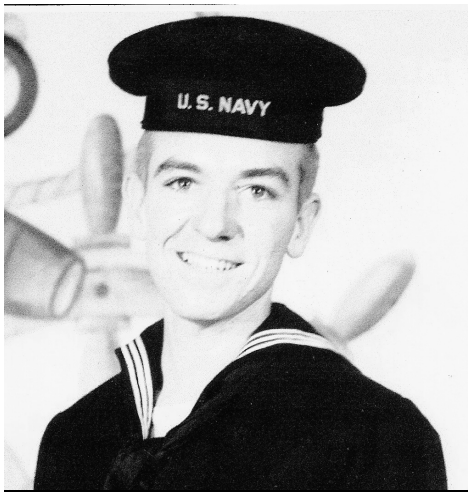


29 February

FN JOHN CALVIN "JC" CAMPBELL



I John Calvin "JC" Campbell was born 29 July 1932, in the old Parkland Hospital in Dallas, Texas. My mom and dad lived in what was called West Dallas at 1107 West Commerce. We lived there until after WW II started and then moved to Irving, Texas at 1305 Perry Road.

During high school, I joined the Naval Reserves because that was the thing that 17 & 18 year old guys did. As they say today, "it was the in thing to do." Being in the reserves gave us something to do and also a little spending money. We met at the Bauchman Lake Unit located close to Harry Hines Blvd. in the north part of Dallas.

After graduating from Irving High School I started working for a lumber company doing clerical work and also was the telephone operator. I later went to work for South Western States Telephone Company in Irving. At one of our reserve training meetings, we were advised that, "there is some sort of a conflict overseas in a place called KOREA!" No one seemed to know too much about this place, and not too many knew where it was located. With all of that knowledge about the situation, my real good buddy and I made the agreement that if one of us got our call, the other would sign up at the same time so that at least we could go to "boot camp" together. About two weeks later, my buddy Sonny Barlow received his orders. So like a good friend would, I marched in and signed my papers that put me on active duty.

On 12 December 1951 we left Dallas Union Terminal Railway Station bound for Chicago, Illinois, and then to Great Lakes Naval Training Center. Arriving in Great Lakes and stepping off the train in about 3 foot of snow, I became aware of what the weather there would be like during boot camp. I need to mention that my good buddy, who I signed up with to go onto active duty with, received a Medical

Discharge after 6 weeks in Great Lakes. I never let him forget what he did for me...During our stay in boot camp, the daily ritual was the same as everyone else. We woke up too early and stayed up too late. Washed and dried our clothes in the drying room and sometimes we froze them on the clothes line outside. This being my first time away from home at Christmas time was not a very happy experience for me. Then, after spending almost three days in the hospital with double pneumonia, and having to doctor the thermometer so that my temperature returned to normal, I was released in time to return to my group of "rookies". Our unit was made up of reserves from Texas and Louisiana and I did not want to be bumped back to another group.



After graduating from "Boot Camp", we had two weeks leave to come home before reporting on 29 February 1952, to U.S.S. FRANK E. EVANS (DD 754) stationed in San Diego, California.



Reporting aboard ship was a different world for me. I met good friends and shipmates from the start and as I remember, enjoyed it all. I was assigned to the after fire room and assigned to do the records while on watch. The watches were 4 hours on and 8 hours off. However, if you had the 0400 to 0800 watch, you had the privilege of working some place in the fire room during the day as well as standing your regular watch.

Always something to do...During our 0000 to 0400 night watches I remember we would raid the potato and onion lockers for some food. Then we would visit the cooler where the butter was kept. The end result was we had the best potato soup you could find. Of course we had to have bread to go with the soup! Not a problem. We always kept the bakers supplied with a bottle of something to sip on. We stayed fed and I suppose they stayed happy. A good arrangement for everyone.

When the ship took on stores at sea, we used our foot lockers as a food closet. Food just seemed to appear in everyone's locker, which was another food supply source for our late night watches.



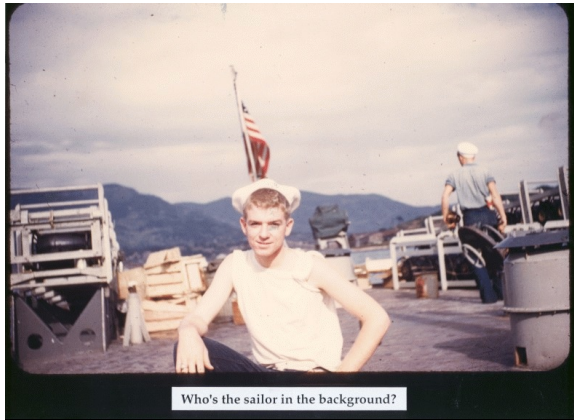
I had Hair then - 20 Year old salt

The work was hard and long when we went to "General Quarters." It was also the most scary part for a 19 year old. After once or twice at GQ, it became old hat and became part of our routine when in Korean waters.

I remember being a mess cook for, it seems like, three months. My station was in the scullery washing the trays, cups and eating utensils. I would put them in one end of the washer and take them out the other, stack and sort for them to be reused. One time we were forced to leave Hong Kong after only one day in port, because of a Typhoon. You know how hot and steamy it can get in the scullery? Going into a storm and working in this place was not a pleasant place to be. I recall that I would get the dirty utensils into the washer, run to

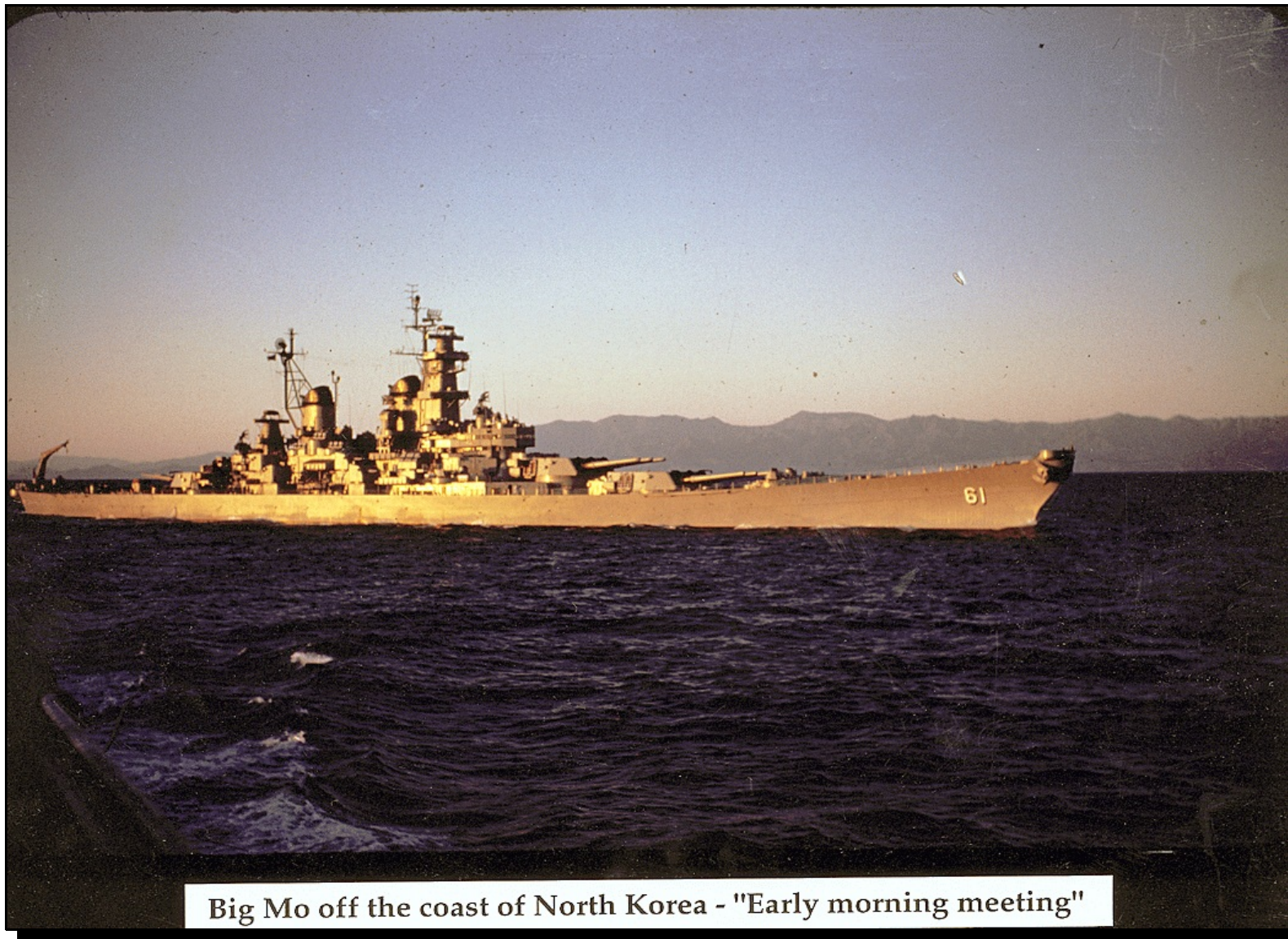
the sink, THROW UP, run back to get dishes coming out of the washer, run back THROW UP and then repeat the process over and again and again. Crackers and apples were all that I could keep down. It was a wonderful experience...

All said and done, this experience was what I needed to help me grow up and to appreciate what my country meant and means to me now. I had never traveled much before my tour in the Navy and I took my country for granted.





Runnin' guard for the Mo -"Sending the signal"



Big Mo off the coast of North Korea - "Early morning meeting"

USS MISSOURI (BB 61)

As my tour of duty ended, I left the ship in Kobe, Japan and started my trek back home. I went to Yokosuka and waited for the troop transport U.S.S. GERALD S. MANN, which I boarded in Yokohama. We then went to Okinawa to pick up more troops for return to San Francisco, California. After arriving at Treasure Island (TI) for my discharge and for my return to civilian life, I recall that I gave a pint of blood for an extra hours of shore leave in San Francisco/Oakland. I received my discharge on 1 October 1953, and started my way back to Texas and my family.

After going back to work at the telephone company, and going to art classes at night in Dallas for about two years, it dawned on me that I needed to get some college education in order to try and advance myself for the future. I enrolled at North Texas State University in Denton, Texas in December 1955. I was employed at Southwest Aeromotive Company on the second shift (3:00 PM to 12:00AM) at Amon Carter Field (located close to what is today the DFW Airport) to test and ship jet engines that had been repaired/reworked for the Air Force and Navy aircraft. While taking 12 to 14 hours at school and working full time, it became quite hectic. I finally gave up some of my college courses, because I had met a very pretty young lady, Sylvia, at NTSU and knew that she was the, "girl for me."

After she graduated from NTSU in 1958, we were married on 19 July in Granbury Texas. We moved into a very small house in Haltom City, Texas on Gene Lane and lived there for about nine months. We then moved to the North side of Fort Worth and lived on North West 20th street until 1 April 1960, when we moved to Granbury, Texas with our new son John Lewis who was born 17 February 1960. Our next son Jerry Alan was born 8 March 1962. On 22 May 1964, our third son Joel Kevin came home from Harris Hospital in Fort Worth just like the other two sons.

Went to work at Convair Aeronautics in Fort Worth in the art department doing mechanical drawing on the B58 Hustler airplane. After about 7 1/2 years at Convair/General Dynamics, went to work for Ling Temco Vought (LTV) in Grand Prairie, Texas doing the same type work. After 11 1/2 years, returned to General Dynamics as contract labor (job shopper). In 1986 I was hired full time at GD. In May 2001, I was laid off from GD, now Lockheed Martin. After a short period, I took my retirement with almost 23 years of service.

Elected to the Granbury City Council in 1971 and served almost 22 years, when I resigned because we moved outside the city limits.

Member of Granbury Volunteer Fire Department since joining in July 1978. Not active in fire fighting aspects of the department, but help our where possible.

Member of Masonic Lodge in Granbury since 1962 but not as active enough.

Belong to First United Methodist Church - Granbury. Served as Administrative Board Chairman, Co-Chairman of the Capital Campaign for a new church building.

Served on the board of the Hood County Committee on Aging (Senior Center) and serve on the Board of the Transit System, Glen Rose, Texas and on the Advisory Board of the Area Agency located in Arlington, Texas at North Central Texas Council of Governments.

Belong to AACA (Antique Automobile Club of America) and the local club Lake Granbury Antique Car Club. I have a 1963 1/2 Galaxie 500 Fast Back Ford bought new by my mom and dad, and recently purchased a 1982 Chrysler LaBaron convertible which is in mint condition.

Currently President of the USS Frank E. Evans Association, Inc. and have been since 1993. Our associations founder, H. G. "Nick" Nichols of Frankston, Texas called in 1991 and I helped him get this organization started by holding our 1st reunion at a DFW Hotel in 1992. We currently have about 250 dues paying members through out our nation. We have annual reunions. The 2008 reunion will be in the Charleston, South Carolina area of Patriots Point at the Holiday Inn.