

**“Happy Valley” Phan Rang AB, Vietnam
...keeping the memories alive**

Phan Rang AB News No. 108

“Stories worth telling”

In this issue:

2016 Reunion

Flying AF Medic Hasn't Lost A Patient

Air Base Attacked In S. Viet

Bob Beckel Wins New Promotion

Air Force Man Trains Children to Farm Land

On the Job Training Halts a Red Attack

Golden Flow by Gary Gilchrist

Albert Lea GI Is Sponsor of Vietnam Boy

Phan Rang Fire Fight

Fighting Fighting

Serving Our Country

Phan Rang Reunion T-Shirt Sale

WHY MEN WHO HAVE BEEN TO WAR YEARN TO REUNITE

I NOW KNOW WHY MEN WHO HAVE BEEN TO WAR YEARN TO REUNITE. NOT TO TELL STORIES OR LOOK AT OLD PICTURES. NOT TO WEEP OR LAUGH.

COMRADES GATHER BECAUSE THEY LONG TO BE WITH THE PEOPLE WHO ONCE ACTED THEIR BEST; WHO ONCE SUFFERED AND SACRIFICED, WHO WERE STRIPPED OF THEIR HUMANITY.

I DID NOT PICK THESE MEN, THEY WERE DELIVERED BY FATE AND THE MILITARY. BUT KNOW THEM IN A WAY I KNOW NO OTHER MEN. I HAVE NEVER GIVEN ANYONE SUCH TRUST.

**THEY WERE WILLING TO GUARD SOMETHING MORE
PRECIOUS THAN MY LIFE. THEY WOULD HAVE CARRIED MY
REPUTATION... THE MEMORY OF ME.**

**IT WAS PART OF THE BARGAIN WE ALL MADE, THE REASON WE
WERE ALL WILLING TO DIE FOR ONE ANOTHER. AS LONG AS I
HAVE MEMORY, I WILL THINK OF THEM ALL, EVERY DAY.**

**I AM SURE THAT WHEN I LEAVE THIS WORLD, MY LAST
THOUGHTS WILL BE OF MY FAMILY, AND MY COMRADES.
SUCH GOOD MEN!"**

This is the best explanation for those of us that have attended a reunion. You will feel this way to if you join us in Oklahoma City, 6 through 9 October. This years reunion will probably be the biggest one yet, but if the trend continues they will just get bigger and better for the next few years and then attendance will start falling off as more and more of our comrades fall or can no longer travel.

This year we have three tours planned. One tour is to Tinker AFB and the details of that haven't been worked out yet, but if you go you will not be disappointed. Then we will have a tour that includes a visit to our state capital and then to the National Cowboy and Western Heritage Museum. These two tours run at the same time, so you can only choose one or the other. The third tour is on Saturday, normally that day is usually reserved to explore the city, but this year we have a special invite from the guy that has saved the “Skymaster” and all of its parts along with his friend who actually flew the aircraft at Phan Rang. This tour will probably be a trip down memory lane for a lot of the guys that were associated with the aircraft or the ordnance it carried.



TOURS

Tour	Info	Cost Per Person
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**“Happy Valley” Phan Rang AB, Vietnam
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Phan Rang AB News No. 108

“Stories worth telling”

Tinker AFB	Visit Tinker AFB, view static aircraft displays and much more. There will be lunch on this trip, but it will be on a pay as you go basis. Tinker AFB is limiting this tour to 40 people so the first 40 people to send remittance to Jack Anderson will get on the bus. Please note that this tour runs concurrently with the Capital/Cowboy tour.	\$23*
Capital/Cowboy	Visit Oklahoma State Capital with greetings from governor and lunch and tour at the National Cowboy & Western Heritage Museum. Please note that this tour runs concurrently with the Tinker AFB tour.	\$32**
Wiley Post Airport	Visit Commodore Aerospace Corp. hanger at Wiley Post Airport. See 0-2A aircraft, parts, Vietnam War display and take rides in 0-2A aircraft. Lunch at the Runway Cafe and visit the Aviation Museum at Wiley Post Airport.	\$14*

*Includes cost of transportation only.

**Price includes \$5.50 admission cost to the museum, \$12 for lunch and \$14 for transportation. If you wish to go on this tour you cannot go on the Tinker AFB tour as they run on the same day and time.

FOR ALL OPTIONS, PLEASE ADD THE REUNION FEE OF \$15. THE FEE IS APPLICABLE FOR A COUPLE OR FAMILY GROUP.

Please send remittance to:

Jack Anderson

826 72nd St. SE

Auburn, WA. 98092

REGISTRATION: Please fill out the PRAB 2016 Registration form if you are not registered at the hotel and are not partaking in any of the tours please fill out the form and follow the instructions on it. (This form is at the end of this document and also available as a separate document.) There is a \$15 (per couple/family group) Reunion Fee for all participants to cover the cost of keeping the hospitality suite stocked with goodies.

ONE LAST NOTE: THE COST OF THE BANQUET WILL NOT BE AVAILABLE UNTIL AT LEAST THE END OF JULY OR EARLY AUGUST.

[Click here to make your hotel reservation.](#)

“Happy Valley” Phan Rang AB, Vietnam
...keeping the memories alive

Phan Rang AB News No. 108

“Stories worth telling”

Flying AF Medic Hasn't Lost A Patient

Sgt. Thomas C. Petersen, an Aeromedical technician who flies with the H-43, “Huskie” helicopters of Detachment One, 38th Air Rescue and Recovery Sq., Phan Rang, has yet to lose a patient.

A member of the 35th USAF Dispensary, he ministers to battle casualties flown by “chopper” from Phan Rang to the military hospital at Cam Ranh Bay, is on board “Huskies” which go aloft on base exercises and aircraft emergencies and stands ready to accompany helicopter crews into remote areas to rescue downed crewmen.

Several months ago, he aided in the rescue of a Forward Air Controller (FAC) who was shot down even miles north of the base. The helicopter crew reached the crash scene in less than 15 minutes, and hovered over the survivor at an altitude of 50 feet.

A Sling penetrator with a 50-feet of cable was lowered. The pilot of the downed plane strapped himself into it and was hoisted aboard the Huskie. Petersen reported that he was suffering from shock and burns. The young medic quickly administered first aid, as the crash victim was flown to the base dispensary.

On medical evacuation missions to Cam Ranh Bay, patients have sometimes suffered from medical emergencies, such as profuse bleeding and shock, but each time Petersen has succeeded in keeping them alive.

Aboard the chopper, he sees to it that glucose fluids being administered to battle casualties are kept flowing, and handles other duties similar to those of a nurse in a hospital.

“It’s a real gratifying job,” he states.

Three other medics at the dispensary are attached to the helicopter detachment.

The 35th USAF Dispensary is headed by Maj. Charles R. O’Briant.

**“Happy Valley” Phan Rang AB, Vietnam
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Phan Rang AB News No. 108

“Stories worth telling”



The Weirton Daily Times

The Acknowledged Leader in Hancock County in News, Advertising and Circulation



VOL. 41 NO. 209

12 PAGES

WEIRTON, WEST VIRGINIA SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1969

At Newsstands 10 cents Per Copy Home Delivery 45 cents Per Week

Air Base Attacked In S. Viet *(The Weirton Daily Times, Saturday, February 22, 1969)*

Mortar Squads, Fire 75 Rounds At Phan Rang Base

SAIGON (UPI) - Communist forces assaulted a U.S. air base and an infantry. outpost with mortars and infantry charges today in the waning hours of their Tet holiday truce. Hanoi boasted it would attack every U.S. base this spring and take Saigon from the allies.

The week-long Communist truce period ushered out by the new attacks ended at 7 a.m. today. A South Vietnamese government spokesman said Red troops violated the ceasefire "hundreds" of times and killed 18 government soldiers and eight civilians during that period.

U.S. spokesmen said they kept no tally of guerilla incidents in the truce. About 5 1/2 hours before the end of the truce, guerrilla mortar squads slammed 75 rounds into Phan Rang air base 165 miles northeast of Saigon on the central coast. Damage to the jet fighter-bomber base and casualties were termed "light."

Think about coming to OKC it will change your life and how you feel about Vietnam!...Jim Kucipeck on Facebook

Bob Beckel Wins New Promotion *(Union-Bulletin, Walla Walla, Wash. Wednesday, September 4, 1968)*



Maj. Robert Beckel

It's Major Robert Beckel now.

The five-month Vietnam veteran who has flown 245 combat missions and is wing standardization evaluation officer in the 614th Tactical Fighter Squadron at Phan Rang Air Base has been upped from captain to major, according to word received by his" wife, Donna, who makes her home here in Walla Walla.

Maj. Beckel, former member of the Air Force "Thunderbirds," now flies F-100D Super Sabres.

Another honor to come his way is his nomination by his squadron for inclusion in the 10 outstanding young men of the nation, a competition under sponsorship of the U.S. Jaycees.

The flyer was a member of the first graduating class at the Air Force Academy and was an all-American basketball selection during his student days.

Past achievements for Maj. Beckel include the Silver Star, three Distinguished Flying Crosses

**“Happy Valley” Phan Rang AB, Vietnam
...keeping the memories alive**

Phan Rang AB News No. 108

“Stories worth telling”

and 14 Air Medals.

Mrs. Beckel, who returned only recently from seeing her husband in Hawaii where he was on R and R, has also received a clipping from the Denver Post with a story by a Post staff writer in South Vietnam with members of the Colorado Air National Guard. The story is illustrated with a picture of Beckel and information about the eight other Academy graduates at Phan Rang.

The story quotes Beckel as saying: "My biggest thrill so far — and the best target I've hit — was the artillery gun emplacement at Khe Sahn. It was a direct hit with a 750-pounder — I was very proud of that one."

Air Force Man Trains Children to Farm Land (*The News, Van Nuys, Ca. Thursday, June 17, 1971*)

Vietnamese youngsters, ages 6 to 18, are being taught improved agricultural methods on their own two and one-half acre plot near Phan Rang Air Base, Vietnam, by U.S. Air Force Capt. Michael J. Selby.

Capt. Selby, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. George Selby, 400-B W. Alameda, Burbank, and a fellow member of the Phan Rang civic action team have delivered to the young farmers a water pump, a sprayer, insecticides, seeds, clothes and barbed wire for a fence — all donated by the Phan Rang civic action program.

The youth contributed the fence posts and will share in the labor in forthcoming months. As planned, the youngsters will level and prepare the land before planting corn, watermelon, sugar cane and banana trees.

The participants in the multi-sponsored program were selected from among the membership of Kien Kien hamlet's Rural Development Youth Club.

The captain, a special operations officer, was commissioned in 1967 upon completion of Officer Training School. Lackland AFB. Tex.

He graduated from John Burroughs High School in 1960 and received his B.A. degree in English in 1964 from the University of California at Los Angeles. He is a member of Phi Delta Theta.



**“Happy Valley” Phan Rang AB, Vietnam
...keeping the memories alive**

Phan Rang AB News No. 108

“Stories worth telling”

On the Job Training Halts a Red Attack (*Pacific Stars & Stripes, Thursday, April 1, 1971*)

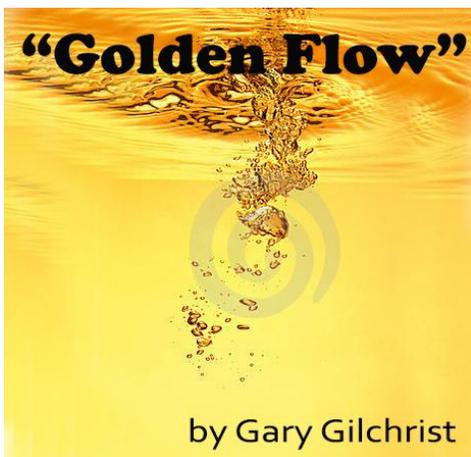
PHAN RANG AB, Vietnam

(Special) — The Vietnam war saw another first as a "schoolroom" went into combat.

Republic of Vietnam Air Force (VNAF) personnel training with U.S. advisors here in the AC119 gunship program, recently responded to an emergency call by Army of the Republic of Vietnam (ARVN) ground forces who were in combat with Communist troops five miles southwest of Dakto. The ARVN unit had lost its interpreter and the U.S. Air Force crews supporting them could not understand Vietnamese. An emergency call was placed to the 14th Special Operations Wing Headquarters here, where the decision was made to divert the VNAF crew and their American instructors, complete with their AC-119 classroom.

Arriving on the scene of the fighting, the VNAF crew found the ARVN unit surrounded by Viet Cong and North Vietnamese Army forces. With the enemy about 800 meters away from the camp and closing in, the VNAF crew positioned their gunship and opened fire on the enemy, keeping them off guard long enough for their ARVN counterparts to regroup.

Maj. Donald D. Fraker, a USAF instructor flying on the gunship, stated, "Even though the VNAF crew members were only half-way through their training, they did an A plus job. They also had an opportunity to see what goes on during an actual mission which should help them greatly." The VNAF crew, one of those that compose the first class training in the AC-119, was commanded by Maj. Dang Van Duc. Due acted as interpreter for the crew during the mission over the base camp and aided greatly in insuring his crew worked smoothly.



**“Golden Flow”
By Gary Gilchrist**

"Golden Flow" - I was reading the April Phan Rang newsletter that is so well done by Doug Severt and laughed when I finished the article about the "honey buckets" episode. It reminded me of a similar story I can recall that is a little more "visionary" - you'll appreciate the use of that word once you finish

“Happy Valley” Phan Rang AB, Vietnam
...keeping the memories alive

Phan Rang AB News No. 108

“Stories worth telling”

reading this article.

Working in the CBPO (Consolidated Base Personnel Office for you vets with short memories), I was attending a staff meeting one hot and humid (was it ever any different?) morning while the feral dog laid on my combat boots when my boss said, "We have a new program that will be **implemented ASAP** and the CBPO will be the OPR." (Office of Primary Responsibility for those of you with shorter memories). We starred at each other with blurred eyes as a result of the previous night's beer drinking competition.

I could tell from the expressions on everybody's face they were still thinking about the blond pictured on the Playboy magazine fold out (everybody remembers those of course) taped to the "reefer" (as in refrigerator) as we consumed our second case of Bud.

Oooopppps, I got off on a tangent thinking about beer and fold outs. Well, what else did we do while at Happy Valley? Anyhow, the boss said some official sounding DoD Program name when a Captain (senior to me) piped out, "**Golden Flow**".

Within a couple of days a 4' X 6" one way mirror arrived which was being transported by a couple of civil engineers. My boss dispatched "Golden Flow" operating instructions to everyone in the CBPO. All E-6's and below would be detailed one day per month to the out processing area to sit behind the one way mirror and watch everyone processing out to the "World" to - yes, you guessed it. Pea in a bottle!

The detail's responsibility was to watch (I need not elaborate) and report anyone substituting someone else's urine for their own. Well, the catch phrases flowed (not a pun) everywhere throughout the CBPO ie Dinkis Detail, Candid Camera MC, Peter Patrol etc. etc. and that my fellow Happy Valley vets made the CBPO real visionaries. Gary Gilchrist, Palm Harbor, FL



**“Happy Valley” Phan Rang AB, Vietnam
...keeping the memories alive**

Albert Lea GI Is Sponsor of Vietnam Boy (*Albert Lea Tribune, Wednesday, April 12, 1967*)

PHAN RANG, Vietnam - Army Spec. 4 Howard D. Johnson, 22, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Johnson, 1528 W. Clark St., Albert Lea, Minn., meets with the Vietnamese student he is



sponsoring along with other members of the 1st Brigade of the 101st Airborne Division near Phan Rang, Vietnam.

Initiated by one of the paratroopers this year, the program is designed to provide financial assistance to needy high school students and to further aid the American - Vietnamese relations.

The high school is located in Phan Rang, near the 1st Brigade’s base camp and has a total enrollment of 960 students.

Spec. Johnson, a driver in Company C of the brigade’s Support Battalion, and other members of his unit are supporting over 150 students by

MEETS STUDENT - Army Spec. 4 Howard D. Johnson of Albert Lea meets the Vietnamese student he is sponsoring.

paying their tuition and book fees at the school.

Spec. Johnson entered the Army in August 1965 and was stationed at Ft. Benning, Ga., before arriving overseas in April 1966. The specialist graduated in 1963 from Albert Lea Central High School.

His wife, Barbara, lives at 1417 Todd Ave., Albert Lea, Minn.

Phan Rang Fire Fight by Donald E. Dinubilo

I was stationed at Phan Rang from April 1966 to April 1967. I was on the Panther Flight working nights, Guard Mount at 2015. We basically supported the K-9 units. Some of the other jobs we

“Happy Valley” Phan Rang AB, Vietnam
...keeping the memories alive

Phan Rang AB News No. 108

“Stories worth telling”

did were convoy duties (the trip to Phu Cat was one scary mutha, never ride as rear guard), night time patrols, 3 man machine gun nests (on top of Nhu Dot), 24 hour beach patrol (two men), door gunner (in order to get to Tan Son Nhut for my R and R), escort duty for VIP's and one time our hooch was asked to ruck up for insertion by chopper, at dusk, to guard a downed F-4. Thank God that the 101st AB got there first. We manned observation towers along the western perimeter and guarded the bomb and ammo dump. Spent many, many long nights. C rations were better than the chow hall food.

Sometime in July or August we received small arms fire and the K-9 units were pinned down. A three hour fire fight ensued. We had a 81mm at Air Police Headquarters that was providing illumination rounds fired by the A1C desk sergeant. A C130 finally came over and kicked out those flares that light up a football field. Tracers were everywhere and even our 50 cal. was put into action. By the time we could see daylight, the firing had stopped. We stayed in our positions until the 101st AB could search the area in front of us. They couldn't find anything. Most of us were too excited to sleep and the story was told and retold for several weeks. Lt. Barth, Lt. Bonner and Sgt. Korn were so proud of the black berets.

During this action, my brother Vic, was on a strike team that was being held in reserve at AP Headquarters. Vic was one of the first AP's stationed at Phan Rang in late 1965.

We served together for 8 months before he rotated home, November 1966, to be honorably discharged. Brothers in arms seriously.

The Panthers were indeed a different kind of Air Police Unit. I suppose that there are many, many stories of this kind and I have always wondered why the Air Force didn't recognize their ground troops.

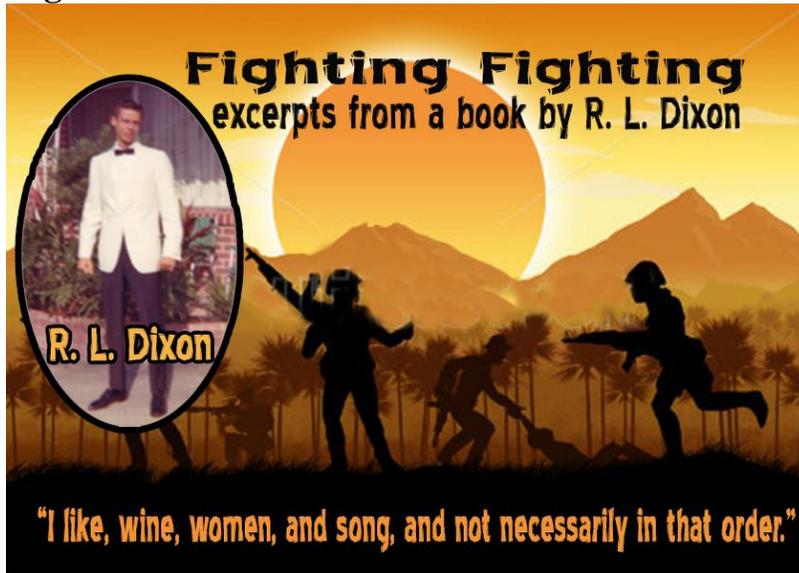
After the Nam, when I returned to the States, I just couldn't get with "STATE SIDE DUTY." I was honorably discharged in 1968.

**“Happy Valley” Phan Rang AB, Vietnam
...keeping the memories alive**

Phan Rang AB News No. 108

“Stories worth telling”

Fighting Fighting



**Fighting Fighting
Chapter 5**

**(This is the second of three installments of Chapter five)
Vietnam 1966**

The Army communications site located in downtown Phan Rang asked us to teach them the easiest way to modify their Crypto gear. We did, and for payment, we stayed at a beautiful beach villa, built by the French. The water was as azure blue as the water in Sarasota, Florida.

Army helicopters were in and out all the time and supplies were better than anywhere else in the Phan Rang area. Steaks and iced beer every night. Women everywhere.

I saw Mr. Gold Tooth at the beach villa. We both smiled at the same time, but for different reasons. I smiled because I didn't get my ass whipped by him and he smiled because he was still the baddest, and we both knew it. We shook hands in the black manner of 1966 by interlocking fingers briefly, then tapping the backs of the hands together, and then my little finger-end of my fist tapping the thumb-end of his fist, and vice-versa. If that's the way he wanted to shake hands, then it was okay by me. My face hurt from smiling so much, smiling because I avoided a fight with Mr. Gold Tooth.

We played poker a lot while we were there at the Villa. Keeping our money straight would've given CPAs a headache. We had money from the US, money from the Philippines, money from Uncle Sam's occupation of Vietnam, called MPC's (Military Payment Certificates), and money from Vietnam, called piaster. It made poker fun, with all the different money in the pile.

“Happy Valley” Phan Rang AB, Vietnam
...keeping the memories alive

Phan Rang AB News No. 108

“Stories worth telling”

Bertle didn't play cards, but I did. I played every night until we were ready to go to Cam Ranh Bay.

Within the first hour in Cam Ranh Bay, I was sitting in the three-holer outhouse, trying to decipher a strange sound. I looked down into the hole, and saw millions of maggots swarming. This honey-bucket was alive with little squirming, white worms making slurping sounds. Flies with the British Racing Green spots, checked on their offspring.

Bertle was next to use the three-holer. I saw him get up, turn around, and look down. He didn't look well. We both felt ill. Not because of the maggots, but because we weren't eating properly or drinking enough good water.

I think we were tired of all this moving and working and being in a war, with all our possessions in one big, blue trunk. We weren't saying much to each other. By now, we knew the other well enough to know what he was thinking.

We went to the supply area for C-rations because we had orders to eat them; we liked them much better than the chow hall food. After showing the supply guard our orders, we parked the borrowed Dodge near the containers of food, leaving our M-16s leaning against the truck.

The beach there was like Daytona Beach back in Florida, only this beach was crowded with drab, olive-colored metal containers, jeeps, and trucks, along with a few Air Force blue trucks.

It was on this serene supply beach that I first heard an AK-47 communist assault rifle being fired.

It's an unmistakable staccato "BAP BAP BAP BAP!" It took about two of those "baps" and the sight of diving soldiers before I knew what was going on.

I turned to see a small boy running with a case of C-rations crooked in one arm and his AK-47 in his other arm. He was so small he was having trouble with the weight of the rations as he stumbled across the sandy expanse about the size of a football field. He had his eyes pegged squarely on a barbed wire fence on the other side. If he could make it across the sand, through the barbed wire and into the busy street, he could get lost in the crowds.

Damn! The guard towers were empty! The Vietcong boy probably knew that.

But the boy started to run out of steam. He looked sick. Skinny. He realized he wasn't going to make it to cover.

He dropped the case of food and stood facing us. He fired his AK-47 like he was invincible. I ran for my rifle, kicked off the safety, got into firing position, sighting, about to squeeze off a

“Happy Valley” Phan Rang AB, Vietnam
...keeping the memories alive

Phan Rang AB News No. 108

“Stories worth telling”

round when at least two others opened fire. It was a shooting gallery.

Through my sights I saw the boy shot squarely in the chest, then another bullet slammed into his chest, now doubled over, flying backwards, when another bullet hit. He dropped backwards into a lifeless lump in the sand.

Someone yelled, "Cease fire!"

I never fired my rifle, and Bertle never fired his. We were too stunned to talk, shocked at being part of such an insane, senseless loss of life.

We returned from the beach, not saying a word to each other, when Bertle, the only passenger in the noisy Dodge truck, said, "Nodix, things are happening that we have no control over. That's why you need to put your faith in the Lord."

I half listened to him and half listened to a squadron of F-4 Phantoms coming back from a mission. The last F-4 had circled and slowed down, the jet engines making that unmistakable, variablepitched whine. The F-4s sounded unlike any other aircraft. They had a very eerie and powerful sound.

Then, just as suddenly, there was no sound. It was too quiet, too quick. I knew the aircraft hadn't had time to make it to the runway yet. When an F-4 going that slow loses power, it drops like a rock. No glide path except down. Then came the splash.

We stopped the Dodge and looked out at the shallow water alongside us. The crew had already climbed out on the wing. They waved to us, signaling that no harm had come to them. The F-4 sat in about six feet of water, wheels down, a vapor of steam rising around it.

"Was it luck, or was it a guardian angel?" I asked Bertle.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me," Bertle said. "Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."

"That's the twenty-third Psalm, isn't it?" I said, wanting to snap Bertle out of any prolonged prayer session.

Bertle smiled. "You should read the Bible more often and then you wouldn't ask about luck," he said.

"Do you think when the Bible says that part about the rod and staff, isn't that in modern times equivalent to your truck and rifle?"

"Shut up, Nodix," Bertle said. "God didn't have anything what-so-ever to do with this noisy, gas

“Happy Valley” Phan Rang AB, Vietnam
...keeping the memories alive

Phan Rang AB News No. 108

“Stories worth telling”

guzzling, broken-down, ugly, Air Force truck, and I know for sure the devil invented that aluminum and plastic M-16!"

I was glad Bertle could lighten up every once in a while, even after what we had experienced that day.

Later in the afternoon, I was coming out of the shower when I came across a group of Air Force guys, standing around the dead body of the Vietcong boy. He was on a stretcher on top of two saw horses. Two guys were picking up his lifeless body to take pictures of the hole in his back where the bullets exited. Blood still oozed from the wound, dripping from the bottom of the canvas stretcher to the sand underneath. I guessed the heat kept him from becoming a "stiff." I just stared, wondering, How many hours in this heat does it take for a body to become stiff?

The black three-striper saw me and said, "Hey man, you were over at the supply area when we was shootin' at this dude, wasn't you?"

"Yes," I said.

"Look how that bullet just tore up his insides," he said. "Broke his spine as it came out!"

"Are you the one who shot him?" I asked.

"We don't know," he said. "We think it was me and him both. Two bullets hit him in the same spot; look how big the hole is in his back... Stupid slopehead!"

The two-striper, white guy was smiling, with a cigarette dangling from his mouth. He was squinting because the smoke was getting in his one eye.

"He should've bought the C-rations off the black market," he said. "I think he was stoned and someone dared his dumb ass to steal `em from the staging area. Why'd he do it in the daylight? We'll never know."

The two marksmen finished examining the body, then picked it up and posed for pictures by pointing to the holes, talking loudly. They weren't talking proudly or boasting. They really wanted to know if it was two bullets or one that tore up this boy's body. They were waiting for an investigating team to arrive. They shared the kill and they did what they had to do.

His body was still oozing blood when they lowered him back on the stretcher, a squishing sound. The flies never flew more than twelve inches away each time the body was moved. A buzzing and squishing sound so clear, talking was muted.

Those sounds and the sight of the dripping blood made me wish I could say a prayer for his

“Happy Valley” Phan Rang AB, Vietnam
...keeping the memories alive

Phan Rang AB News No. 108

“Stories worth telling”

poor soul. Bertle would know what to say; I just didn't know what to say.

The crowd grew and I didn't want to talk to an investigating team. I had seen enough.

I took another long shower.

Ten days in Cam Ranh Bay was enough for me. We next went to Nha Trang. This was an R and R city for both the Vietcong and the U. S. troops. A party town, you might say.

It was strange how Bertle arranged our stay. It was downtown in a room behind a store that apparently was out of business. I couldn't even tell what type of business the store had been.

This

particular front room had smooth, bare walls. The floor was clean and nothing seemed to have been painted on the front window, ever.

All storefronts in Nha Trang had living quarters behind the store, like shotgun row houses with all the front doors leading to some form of store, bakery, barbershop, etc. This empty store had a

Vietnamese family living in the back.

The door was unlocked. Bertle knocked and we just walked in. A Vietnamese man and woman peeked a look at us from behind a beaded curtain at the far end of the room. They smiled. They didn't even blink an eye of surprise.

Something wasn't right.

I asked Bertle, "You sure this is the right address?"

Bertle said, "I was told by headquarters that this is a secure place, occupied by friendlies."

Carrying our trunk, we walked through the empty room. Once again, it was late when we got to our place to bed down. The smiling Vietnamese man and woman were eating bowls of rice at a small wooden table.

We walked through to the first bedroom. Bertle wanted me to take the bed next to a sleeping girl, about 15 years old. Bertle set the trunk down by the door, then disappeared through the beaded curtain to the next room for his bed.

I had never slept in the same room with a 15-year-old girl. She had a sheet pulled up to her head, but she couldn't hide curves from someone who looks for those things. The shapely

“Happy Valley” Phan Rang AB, Vietnam
...keeping the memories alive

Phan Rang AB News No. 108

“Stories worth telling”

young girl

smiled as I came through the noisy beaded curtains from brushing my teeth.

I took off my fatigue pants and with only my jockey shorts on, got under the sheet.

This whole situation was too strange for me to feel comfortable. I was tired as hell, but I couldn't sleep. I lay awake nearly all night long. Each little sound made me feel for my rifle.

Nha Trang was supposed to be a place where an unsigned truce was declared. No one fought in Nha Trang, I heard. But I also know there's always a first time for everything.

Lying in the dark and listening to her breathing only two feet away, I wondered if that girl really was just a child. Or did she want me to jump into bed with her and relieve her sexual tensions? But I wasn't a sex maniac. Besides, too many people were around.

By morning, I awoke with a blue-veined throbbing. The young girl was lying on her side, smiling at me as I lay on my back with my erection poking through my Jockeys, making a tent of my sheet. I rolled on my side, facing her and smiled, proud of what she had seen. But I lost all interest in sex when she started talking Vietnamese from her bed to the others in the adjoining room.

We finished the few modifications in the early morning of the second day. Sex was still very much on my mind, and I needed some relief.

I sought out one of the local bars after work to get myself a quickie and a few beers. I told Bertle about the beers; I didn't see a need to mention the quickie.

Once again, no rubber, and this time I used no whiskey to wash, but she looked clean. She got on top and felt moist and rode me like she enjoyed it, smiling the whole time. I closed my eyes and imagined it was the 15-year-old girl riding me. I finished quick, paid, put my clothes on and went down the street for a haircut before meeting Bertle to pack our trunk for leaving.

I wasn't comfortable with anything about Nha Trang—the way the barber wielded his razor while he raised my sideburns, the way I couldn't understand the language as his two friends talked and laughed. The barber put some fish-smelling pomade on my hair that burned my scalp. Then he tried to cover my face with a large hot towel. But I waved him off and left quickly. When I got back to our place, I showered and washed my hair four times with Prell.

I was glad Bertle and me were off to Ban Me Thuot.

Part three and the final installment of D. L. Dixon's “Vietnam” chapter will be continued in Phan Rang Newsletter 109.

Please visit his [web site](#) for more information and how to order his book.

**“Happy Valley” Phan Rang AB, Vietnam
...keeping the memories alive**

Phan Rang AB News No. 108

“Stories worth telling”



Currently stationed in Phan Rang, Viet Nam, is Army Pfc. **James F. Zyonse**, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Zyonse of Mount Pleasant, Mich, and husband of the former Suzanne Morel of Crete, now residing on Cornwall drive.

ZYONSE entered the Army in June, took basic training at Fort Knox and completed a field communication crewman course at Fort Benning, Ga. Earlier he had attended both Chicago Technical college and the University of Illinois (Chicago extension) while working at Blommer Chocolate company, Chicago.

As a member of the 62nd Engineering battalion in Phan Rang, Zyonse repairs communications equipment and handles radio messages. Phan Rang is the location of a newly completed 10,000-foot-long expeditionary airfield, one of the Corps of Engineers' first major projects in Viet Nam. Pfc. Zyonse is slated to return to the United States December 5 to complete the remaining six months of his enlistment. (*The Star, Thursday, April 28, 1966*)

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Phan Rang Reunion T-Shirt Sale



The front design on our reunion T-Shirt is a front and back image of our Phan Rang AB Challenge coin and the back is the control tower and a list of all of the known organizations that were at Phan Rang AB.

[Design-Apparel](#) is changing a few things to make this year’s ordering experience a better one. They will be shipping UPS only so there are no missed deliveries due to the post office. The items will be up on the website by Friday (13 May) for orders. We are creating a shipment schedule because these are custom items and we want to make sure everything is correct and mailed timely to everyone.

Orders placed between Friday May 13, 2016 and June 13th will be shipped on June 30th. June 13th and July 13th ship July 30th. July 13 and August 13th ship August 30th, 2016. Any orders after August will be mailed September 30th, 2016 for those not attending the reunion and for those attending the reunion pickup will be at the reunion at the registration table. We will have additional merchandise at reunion for purchase. Hope to see you in Oklahoma City.

[Click here to Order](#)

I hope that you enjoyed this issue of the Phan Rang Newsletter. This newsletter was compiled and published by [Douglas Severt](#).