

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

Phan Rang AB News No. 125

“Stories worth telling”

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Two 120th Flights Blast Targets in Offensive Aid

(Phan Fare, The Happy Valley Weekly, February 13, 1969)

Two flights of F-100 Supersabre fighter-bombers of the 120th TFS hit enemy base camps recently in support of Toan Thang and Quvet Chien offensives and caused heavy damage to two Viet Cong Base Camps.

Flying one of the missions were Air Force Majors William H. Neuens* and Jack F. Wilhite.

Commenting on the mission, Major Wilhite said, “The target was a base camp and a heavy bunker complex in a small wooded area. It was hard to hit because it was so compact.

“Previous flights had been unable to hit it, because of a strong wind but we said we would give it a try.”

“The wind was pretty bad,” continued Major Wilhite, “but the forward air controller (FAC) put

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his smoke markers down and we went and dropped our bombs right where he wanted them.

“The FAC was pretty elated about the whole thing; I guess he had been trying for that target for quite a while.”

Army helicopters went in and surveyed the target, crediting the pilots with ten enemy bunkers destroyed and five damaged.

Flying another mission was Captain James K. Fletcher. The target was a base camp deep in the IV Corps tactical zone, almost to the southern tip of South Vietnam. When the pilots were finished, the FAC credited them with eleven enemy structures destroyed and eight damaged, four sampans destroyed and three damaged, two secondary fires, and eight enemy soldiers killed by air.

All in all, it was a very good day for the former Air National Guard pilots of the 120th TFS.

* Maj. William H. Neuens, a flight commander, was a United Airlines pilot for 12 years. "I think it's fine that we came here," he said. "As long as they called us up, I'm glad they used us. We had fine training at Buckley from pilots who had flown in Vietnam, and we found just what we expected."



Lucky Devils Prove Luck In Dual Bailout, Pickup

(Phan Fare, The Happy Valley Weekly, February 13, 1969)

They call themselves “Lucky Devils,” these Air Force fighter pilots of the 614th TFS Luck surely was with three Lucky Devils recently when they flew a “routine” mission against the Viet Cong.

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“Our target for the day was enemy bunkers in IV Corps, about 60 miles west of Bien Hoa,” said the leader of the two-plane flight. Speaking was Major Norman H. Rushton.

With him on that mission in an F-100F were Captain Gerald G. Potter, who was ‘breaking in’ 1St Lt. Donald Muller, who had just arrived from the states.

“I flew the first attack pass,” Major Rushton said of his 118th combat sortie in Vietnam. Lieutenant Muller’s “F” followed Rushton as they swooped down and released their weapons.

“Then it happened,” the Lieutenant said. “The plane was ripped by a violent explosion just as we were pulling out of the dive over the target.

“Controls were shaky as the plane just about flipped over, headed for the ground.

Fire warning lights lit up the cockpit, and the engine started to become unglued.”

Lieutenant Muller struggled at the controls to get his plane over the nearby Song Co Chien river.

“As soon as we got there, I said, ‘O.K., it’s time to go!’” he continued. “Potter ejected first blowing the cockpit canopy. With the right side of the fuselage burning quite a bit by now, I took my foot off the rudder and punched out.”

As Major Ruston circled above radioing for help, both pilots were floating to earth about one mile apart, one over land, the other over the river. Captain Potter’s chute was torn badly enough that Muller could see the torn stripes of his buddy’s chute flapping as it drifted to earth.

“When I popped the canopy”, Potter said, “I started spinning backwards. The opening shock of the parachute blossoming jolted me quite severely. It might have been then that I got this bruised nose.

“I got my bearings and looked up at my chute canopy,” said Potter who had never bailed out before. “It had big holes in it which increased my fall rate. That was all right with me as I wanted to get into the safety of the water - but fast!”

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“I could see people on the shore,” Potter continued. “People were yelling and I could hear gunshots. I got rid of my mask and popped my water wings. As I splashed down, I pulled the quick release of my harness, and the chute collapsed.”

He estimated he landed about 600 to 700 feet from shore. The weather was clear, but a 25-knot surface wind made the water choppy.

Meanwhile, Muller was anxiously pulling on his parachute risers in an attempt to steer his landing toward the river, but wind currents took him inland.

“Floating down, I could see four men shooting at me with rifles,” Muller continued. How close were they? “I could see that two of them were quite old—that’s how close!

“I landed face down in the mud of that rice paddy,” Muller said with a smile. “When I got rid of my helmet and chute, I looked up and here were those four running down the path at me. I radioed Rushton where to strafe and within seconds, just as they were about to run over me, vroom! Here comes Rushton like gangbusters.”

“I couldn’t see the enemy,” Ruston explained, “but Muller kept his cool and radioed exactly where he wanted those cannon shells tossed.”

Then Muller heard the message of his radio that gave him hope: “We’re on our way,” said the voice of the flight leader. “Hold on! Stay where you are.”

The army chopper pilot was getting ground fire as it hovered in for the pick up. “Can’t see him,” the chopper pilot radioed Ruston.

Making another pass, Ruston radioed the chopper to “Land on the chute. That’s where he is.”

Meanwhile, Potter was bobbing in the river attempting to paddle away from shore.

“I didn’t know if the people on the beach were friendlies or not,” Potter explained. “Soon an Army chopper which happened to be in the area attempted to pick me up. It had no way to do it, so it left.

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“Then another Army chopper pilot brought his bird in. Keep in mind that his craft is designed for land operations. He had such fine control that he brought it right down to river level. The next thing I knew, I could feel myself being pulled aboard.

“As we took off up the river, I could see people waving to us,” Potter concluded. The two recovered pilots reunited at Can Tho.

There, they boarded an Air Force C-123 and flew back home.



AF Pilots Get Their Credit - Eventually

(Pacific Stars & Stripes, Tuesday, November 28, 1967)

PHAN RANG (01)—“We have to grin and bear it,” said Capt. James R. McNeil, 31, an F-100 Supersabre pilot of the 352nd Tactical Fighter Sq., as he noted that fighter pilots in Vietnam frequently face long delays in learning the results of their air strikes.

“It doesn't happen every day,” said the veteran of 115 combat missions. “It's a little disheartening at times, but it makes up for it when we get these reports in from the Army that we did a good job.”

The captain spoke after learning that an air strike which he and Capt. John L. Martin, 28, had carried out three weeks earlier resulted in the death of 13 Viet Cong.

“Only after Army troops get in there, do we find out what the extent of our damage was to the enemy,” McNeil said, explaining that smoke, dense foliage and bad weather frequently make it impossible for the forward air controller to assess strike results.

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Risks Life to Save Jet

(Pacific Stars & Stripes, Wednesday, July 3 1968)

PHAN RANG, Vietnam (Special)—Air Force Capt. Richard W. Dabney, 27, Cavalier, N.D., risked his life to save his battle damaged F100 Supersabre.

An F100 pilot with the 35th Tactical Fighter Sq., Dabney was flying an alert mission in support of troops in contact 30 miles southwest of Bien Hoa AB when his plane was hit by ground fire.

As he pulled away from the target, the 'fire warning' light came on, and there was a severe explosion in the aft section of the F100. Realizing that he was only 20 miles from Bien Hoa AB, Dabney notified the base lower that he had an emergency and would be coming in for a landing, on a direct heading. When the tower advised him that, that runway had no crash barrier and that he should circle the field, Dabney momentarily thought of ejecting from the stricken Supersabre. Then, with controls failing and smoke filling the cockpit, he decided to continue on his direct approach.

As he touched down, Dabney deployed the drag chute but it failed. Keeping cool, he slowed down to 80 m.p.h. using his brakes and then, with only 3,000 feet of runway left, he locked the brakes and blew the tires. The friction of the wheels on the runway slowed the aircraft to 34 m.p.h. With the end of the runway in sight, Dabney tried to steer onto a taxi ramp. The aircraft spun to a stop.

Dabney attempted to jettison the canopy but this failed. With the aircraft burning around him he raised the canopy mechanically and escaped.

An inspection of the Supersabre, after the Bien Hoa fire department had put out the fire, revealed the plane had been hit four times.

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Top Doc - Maj. Charles R. O’Briant

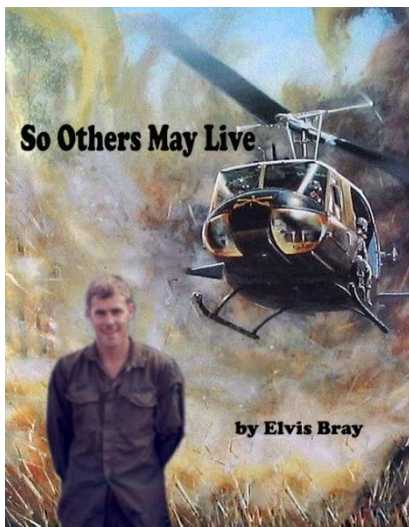


Maj. Charles R. O’Briant, of Fairborne, Ohio, director of medical services at Phan Rang AB, was recently selected by the Society of U. S. Air Force Flight surgeons as the Pacific Air Forces’ Flight Surgeon of the Year for 1967.
(Pacific Stars & Stripes, Wednesday, July 17, 1968)

So Others May Live

by Elvis Bray

“We rotated ninety-degrees from a hover and lifted into the night sky”



At the sound of a buzzer, we laced up our boots and hit the floor running. We had slept in our clothes as we did every night when on stand-by. The pilot, Warrant Officer Scott Davison, was already cranking the engine before I got the blades untied. The co-pilot, Lt. Joe Costello, cleared departure with the Camp Betty control tower as Davison lifted the UH-1H medevac helicopter out of the revetment. We rotated ninety-degrees from a hover and lifted into the night sky.

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“...if my aunt had balls she'd be my uncle...”

The lights of Phan Thiet were to our left. To our right, the endless darkness of the South China Sea. U.S. Navy ships patrolled the Vietnamese coastline but it was too dark to see them.

The dispatcher advised a mortar had struck a Vietnamese couple's home and both Papa-san and Mamma-san had received multiple shrapnel wounds. Our mission was to evacuate them to the hospital. Just another routine mission.

The extraction went smoothly. The patients' wounds didn't appear life threatening. As soon as we were airborne, the medic bandaged the wounds and started IV's to help prevent shock. He leaned back, checked his watch, and turned off the light.

“Thirty minutes to the hospital, twenty minutes back to Camp Betty and five minutes to refuel. We'll probably be asleep by 2 o'clock.”

“Yeah right. And if my aunt had balls she'd be my uncle,” I answered.

He rolled his eyes and lay back against the bulkhead. The radio crackled to life with another call. I smiled and the medic flipped me off. A South Vietnamese soldier had apparently shot himself in the foot. The pilot advised we'd pick him up on the way to the hospital.

The small outpost where we were to pick up the wounded soldier sat on the outskirts of Phan Thiet. It wasn't under attack and was not supposed to be a hot landing zone. Just another routine mission.

We weren't familiar with the compound and had never landed there before. At approximately one hundred feet, Davison turned on the landing light for a few seconds to locate the landing pad. Then he killed the light. I slid my door open to watch for radio antennas, trees, wires or anything else that might want to kill us. The medic did the same on the other side.

Ten feet above the ground, a loud explosion left us weightless. The pilot unwillingly relented control of the helicopter to gravity as we plummeted to earth. One moment, we were flying, the next I lay face down in the dirt. My ears rang, my chest hurt and the air had left my lungs.

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Disoriented, I stumbled to my feet in total darkness frantically searching for my M-16. It wasn't behind the seat where I'd left it. I heard the dull thud of mortars being propelled from their tubes and machine gun fire close by. I had to seek cover.

Davison's door was still closed. Fearing he may have been killed or wounded, I reached for his door handle. The door flew open and he sailed past me, landing face first in the dirt that I previously occupied. Scrambling to his feet, he followed me around the front of the helicopter. The co-pilot's seat was empty. I didn't know where he, or the medic was.

I ran towards a small rock wall about thirty yards away next to several building. Just as I started to jump the wall, a flare lit up the area. The wall had two strands of razor wire running along the top. I was moving too fast to stop and didn't know if I could clear the wires while wearing my forty-pound armor plated vest. I hurdled the wires and my momentum carried me down a walkway between two rows of barracks. I plowed into several Vietnamese soldiers as they exited their barracks packing M-1carbines.

They hadn't expected to encounter a tall American wearing a helicopter helmet. For a moment, I thought they were going to shoot me. I apologized profusely hoping they understood. I followed the Vietnamese soldiers back the way I had come and stopped at the wall. The soldiers kept running. My flight crew was using the wall as cover. I flopped down next to the medic attempting to catch my breath.

“Did . . .did . . .did you see those wires?”

“Yeah,” he answered as he peeked over the wall.

“Did you clear it?”

“Hell no. We went through the gate.”

“Gate. What gate?”

He pointed to his left. There was an opening in the wall about six feet from where I had jumped it. We hunkered down listening to the battle raging around. The helicopter's engine screamed in the background. I didn't bother un-holstering my .38 caliber revolver knowing it

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was useless. A flare popped right above us and we all jumped. The whole area lit up like a shopping mall parking lot.

“Hey, we forgot our patients,” yelled the medic. Mamma-san and Papa-san were still in their litters, IV’s intact. We made a mad dash.

Davison flipped the switches shutting off the fuel from the dying bird. It moaned to a halt. Black smoke poured out the back of the engine and floated towards heaven. I hated seeing my helicopter succumb to such an untimely death, but was glad it hadn’t taken any of us with it.

Lt. Costello, and the medic pulled Mama-san out of the helicopter and ran. I unhooked Papa-san’s IV bag and placed it on his chest. Mr. Davison and I unhooked and lowered the stretcher from the upper rack. Mr. Davison took one end and I grabbed the other. We sprinted behind the wall and sat the old man down. I attached his IV bag to the top wire above the wall and checked to make sure it was still secured.

“You all right, Poppa-san?” I asked. His black-toothed smile told me he was.

Mr. Davis located a radio and informed Camp Betty that we had been shot down and requested assistance.

Peeking over the wall, I survey the damage. Any crash you walk away from is considered a good crash. Even though I’d fallen out of the chopper and had run like hell, I still considered we’d made a good landing. The main body squatted nose up in the center of the landing zone. Some of the windows were broken out and several shrapnel holes were visible along the sides. The transmission lay fifty yards on the other side of the helicopter. What was left of the main rotor blades were sixty yards on our side. The tail-boom had been cut off and lay tilted a few feet behind the main body. Half of the tail rotor was missing. Small pieces of rotor-blade were scattered everywhere. It was a miracle we had all survived yet, everyone appeared uninjured. The whop, whop, whop of rotor blades announced the arrival of the helicopter gunships. A few moments after their arrival, several rockets streaked out of the darkness followed by a long wavy line of red fire. The mini-gun sounded like a bullfrog in the distance. Several loud explosions followed as the rockets located their targets. Several more bursts of red fire streaked out of the heavens. Suddenly everything became quiet, except the sound of the

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unseen helicopters.

A flare ship landed between our downed helicopter and us. Grabbing the stretchers, we made a mad dash. We slid Mama-san and Papa-san in first and then followed. We had to sit on top of four-foot long flares. No one complained. The gunships circled high above providing protection as we lifted off. Fifteen minutes later, we were unloading our wounded at the field hospital at Camp Betty.

Another medevac ship arrived from Phan Rang Air Force Base to relieve us. Mr. Davison jumped in the helicopter to make another extraction. It didn't make sense. I thought he would have had enough excitement for one night.

Knowing I wouldn't be able to sleep, I went to the field hospital and poured myself a cup of coffee. Parking my ass on a wood counter to watch the doctor patch up his new patients. The clock on the wall told me it was 4 a.m.

After the doctor finished, a couple of nurses wheeled Mama-san and Papa-san away. The doctor poured himself a cup of coffee. His eyes were red and he looked exhausted. “You all right?” he asked.

“I'm fine.”

“Sounds like you guys took quite a beating out there tonight.”

I nodded. “Yeah, I lost my helicopter.”

He took a sip of coffee. “Anyone killed?”

“Nope. Not that I'm aware of.”

“Where's the pilot?”

“We got another call after we got back and he took it. I didn't hear where they were going.” He took a deep breath, yawned and rubbed his eyes. “I might as well stay up and wait for them.”

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We sat in silence for another two cups. When I got up to leave, the doctor said, “Wait a minute. What’s that on your back?”

I looked over my shoulder. “What?”

He walked over and pulled on my shirt. Blood had glued it to my skin. It stung as he pulled the shirt away. “Take it off,” he said.

I hadn’t realized I had been injured. “It ain’t nothing, Doc.”

“Off,” he demanded. “You don’t want to get an infection.”

I un-buttoned my shirt and took it off.

“Not bad. Go sit on the table.” He poured alcohol on some gauze. “This might hurt a little. Let me know if you want me to numb it.”

It stung for a moment and then felt cold. He removed a couple of small pieces of shrapnel from my back no bigger than a BB. He put Band-Aids on them.

“You want me to write that up? You’ll get a purple heart.”

“No thanks, Doc. I’ve already got one.” I put my shirt back on and left.

The next morning, another helicopter arrived from our headquarters to transport the medic and me back to our home base at Phan Rang. Our avionics man, Jerry Schmidt, was flown to the crash site to remove the radios and gauges from my downed chopper. Mr. Davison set it on fire and cremated it where it sat. Eleven days later, my second tour ended and I left Vietnam for last time.

I was proud to have served with the dedicated professionals from the 247th Medical Detachment that risked their lives every day; “So Others May Live.”

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About the Author

Elvis Bray grew up in Arizona, played football and ran track in high school. He received his draft notice right after graduating and joined the Army. Elvis turned twenty and twenty-one in Vietnam and was shot down three times.

After the war, Elvis joined the Mesa Police Department where he spent the next twenty years. He retired and started taking writing classes at the local community college. The

college hired him as a police officer and he spent another fifteen years working for them before retiring again.

Elvis is blessed with a loving wife, two wonderful sons and daughter-in-laws and a baby granddaughter. His hobbies includes writing, hunting, camping, and horseback riding. He has written a murder mystery fiction called *The Presence of Justice*. He has written a murder mystery called, *Dual Therapy* that he has not published yet and is working on a western.

Elvis also writes human-interest short stories about Vietnam and is working with other veterans to write their untold stories, hoping to get enough stories to fill a book. Even though he does not consider himself a poet, he has written a couple of poems for writing assignments and a Christmas short story.

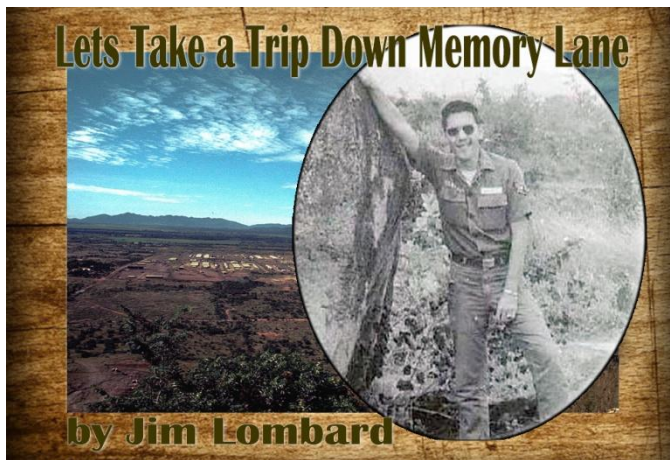
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Let's Take a Trip Down Memory Lane
(by Jim Lombard a.k.a. Randy Radar)



OK guys, here is something to take your mind of politics and all the arguing which goes on in our world today. Let's take a trip down memory lane. This is directed to those who served at Phan Rang in 1965 and 1966 ONLY. Two questions, the first one is prior to departing for Vietnam did you have to qualify with an M-16 at Hamilton and when you received your orders to Vietnam were you assigned to

the base itself, or, were you assigned someplace else and subsequently assigned to Phan Rang AB?

Let me give you an example of my experience. I received orders in November 6th assigning me to the 1964th Communication Group at Tan Son Nhut by way of Hamilton AFB Ca. where I was to attend M-16 qualification training. My orders stated that I would receive my transportation orders once I arrived at Hamilton. Sure enough, when I reported to Hamilton I received orders for my flight out of Travis AFB, Ca. 4 days later, again stating that I was to report to the Communication Group at Tan Son Nhut. Once we arrived (at 0230 hrs.) in Saigon after a fun filled 30+ hour transit from Travis via Hickman AFB, Hi. via a C-118 (arriving at 2300 and departing the following day at 1230 for Clark AB, PI) then on to Saigon.

We were given a briefing by a SSGT. who looked like he had done this forever and hated every minute of it before being given a mosquito net, sheets, and a sorta/kinda pillow and bussed to the transit barracks. There is NOTHING like arriving in an open-bay transit barracks in the middle of the morning and trying to locate an empty rack in the dark since there were a lot of guys there sleeping. Eventually, I located an unoccupied bed and wrapped myself in a sheet

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and mosquito net and tried to grab some sleep as I had been told to report in at 0930.

Arriving at the 1964th Comm group as ordered we were met by the flight facilities NCOIC who asked where we would like to go. I loved heavy traffic airports and Saigon was the king of the hill in that regard so I asked to remain there. I was told that was not possible as they were already overstaffed, but what did I think of Phan Rang. Told him I never heard of it, but my next choice would be Da Nang as an old friend was assigned to the tower there. He told me the tower was short, but the radar facility was at capacity and since I was a radar controller, how would I feel about Phan Rang? I again told him I had never heard of it and he told me I would, as I was leaving on a flt the next morning at 1000 and was to report to the first sergeant as there was not a flt fac officer yet. He then went through the same drill with Ken Kolaie (sp) the guy I had traveled over with, and Rhet Weber, who we met in transit barracks. Sure enough, the next morning at 1000 we boarded a C-7 and away we went with another guy assigned to 1882 - don't remember his name and don't remember seeing much of him during my year at PRG, but, when Ken, Rhet and I boarded an Army Queenair to fly back to Saigon on the way home a year later, he rode with us. Never saw him again after we got to Saigon. My assignment order to 1882nd carried the notation "1882 Comm Sq, Grey Eagle, Phan Rang AB". Of course I had NO clue what the hell Grey Eagle meant and according to the flt fac NCO he didn't either.

After a death defying almost vertical approach into Buu Son's 3500' runway, the Caribou taxied back to mid-field, opened the rear door and the loadmaster told us "Here you are, get out". At TSN we had been issued a foot-locker, mess kit, helmet, and a new M-16, still in the cosmoline wrapping they are shipped in, two magazines and a box of ammunition in addition to the luggage we had arrived in-county carrying. It took us a few minutes to get all this off the plane but as soon as we had our stuff off, the Bau closed the ramp, taxied to the end of the RW and took off, leaving three very confused Airman standing in the middle of a PSP apron. No one was around, and at that time, there was nothing which resembled a building except for the mobile tower. I walked to it and banged on the door which was answered by the one person on duty. I explained we were assigned to 1882 Comm and asked if he knew how we could get to the squadron area. He was part of the 1st Mob, but said he was due to get off in about an hour and his relief would be driving out and he would take us to the squadron area as he returned. Once we arrived at the sq, we met the charming first shirt, one SMSGT Minter, who had all the charm of a burning bush who assigned us to a ten-man tent. Ken and I to one tent, Rhet, who had a friend already there, to another. And thus life began at the 1882 Comm Sq. Minter is a story unto himself - he was the only NCO on the base with a personal jeep - hell, he was the only

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person who had a jeep. It looked surprisingly like an Army Jeep, but had been repainted Gary and had AF markings on it. He also had the only air conditioner on base and a fully constructed hootch. What he many have lacked in charm, he made up for in his ability to get stuff for the squadron - although most if it seemed to wind up for his benefit in one way or another.

Virtually everyone I knew when I first arrived had come to the base pretty much the same way we had - via Saigon and then assigned to PRG.

How bout ya'll - I KNOW there have to be some good stories out there. I know the Army dudes who lived in our area arrived via having been assigned to the PI for 30 + days of "acclimation" and their "tour" did not begin until they actually set foot in Vietnam.

Painting by Tony Sharson, 1997



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PHAN RANG FALLEN HEROES



PATRICK W. FERRIS Of McCandless Twp., on Sunday, February 12, 2017. Beloved husband of 51 years to Gwen M. (Dixon) Ferris; loving father of Christine A. Pollock (Gary), Cathline A. Ferris, Patrick E. Ferris (Sherri) and Carie F. Davey (Scott); brother of Michael D. Ferris (Deloris), Thomas J. Ferris (Darlene), William J. Ferris (Marie), Mary Grace Ferris and Adelaide "Sissy" E. Hess (William); proud grandfather of Kaitlyn Durkalski, Ian Pollock, Mackenzie, Payton and Patrick Maxwell Ferris and Keira and Brendan Davey; also survived by many nieces and nephews. Friends received Thursday 2-4 and 6-8 p.m. at DEVLIN FUNERAL HOME INC., 806 Perry Hwy., North Hills, where services will be held Friday 11:30 a.m. Patrick was the president of Vietnam Veterans, Inc. for many years.

PHAN RANG STAFF MEMBERS

Robert Kellington & Joseph Burkhart: Master of Ceremonies

Jack Anderson: Treasurer

Lou Ruggerio: Site coordinator/Contract negotiator

Douglas Severt: Reunion Coordinator

Ed Downey/Barbara Brandt: Ceremonies

Christopher Boles: Photographer

Kirk Minert: Aircraft Historian

Bob Tucker: Keeper of the Rolls

Joe Kaupa: In Memoriam

Bruce Mueller: Badge Board

Jim Erixson & Mike Maleski: Chaplain

Bob Howe: Australian Ambassador

Skip Ruedeman: Place Reunion info in VFW Mag.

Lou Ruggerio: Place reunion info in AFA Mag. & VVofA Newspaper

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2017 Phan Rang AB Reunion

Dates: 12 - 15 October 2017

Location: DoubleTree Suites by Hilton Seattle Airport-Southcenter, Tukwila, WA.

Tour: Boeing Museum of Flight, 12 Oct.

Banquet: 15 Oct. (Sunday evening)

Click [HERE](#) to book your room. If you are not comfortable with on-line call: 1-855-271-3617.
Hotel: Double Tree Suits Seattle Airport South Center Rate: **\$109.00** per night. **SPECIFY: PHAN RANG HAPPY VALLEY** to get the rate. More information will come out on the 15th of every month, but don't wait to make your reservations!

Phan Rang AB Roll Call



Add your name to the Phan Rang AB Roll Call, a list of people assigned to Phan Rang AB, RVN. Send your info to [Bob Tucker](#).

Add your name to the Phan Rang AB Roll Call, a list of people assigned to Phan Rang AB, RVN. Send your info to [Bob Tucker](#).

Challenge Coin Sale to resume now through March 18, 2017

New Rates:

1 coin **\$8.67**; 2 coin **\$14.17**; 3 coin **\$19.67**; 4 coin **\$25.08**; 5 coin **\$31.03**; 6 coin **\$36.71**

Send your remittance to **Jack Anderson, 826 72nd St. SE, Auburn, WA 98092**. Make check payable to **Phan Rang AB Reunion**

I hope that you enjoyed this issue of the Phan Rang Newsletter. This newsletter was compiled and published by [Douglas Severt](#). Previous issues of the Phan Rang Newsletter are available [here](#) for download.