

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

Phan Rang AB News No. 131

“Stories worth telling”

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Vol. 5, No. 49

HQ. SEVENTH AIR FORCE

December 3, 1969

14th Special Ops Wing Receives Unit Citation

(Seventh Air Force News, December 3, 1969)

PHAN RANG - The Air Force Outstanding Unit Award with "V" device for valor was presented to the 14th Special Operations Wing here recently by Maj. Gen. Robert J. Dixon, Seventh Air Force vice commander.

Earned for exceptionally meritorious service against enemy forces in Southeast Asia June 1967-June 1968, the award was received by Col Clyde S. Cherry, wing commander, in behalf of all wing personnel stationed throughout the Republic of Vietnam.

Some of the outstanding wing achievements during the award period included killing more than 4,200 enemy soldiers, destroying or damaging 344 enemy trucks and 156 sampans. Wing units also conducted psychological operations which resulted in the surrender of 15,000 enemy

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Commenting briefly after the presentation, General Dixon passed on congratulations from General George S. Brown, 7th AF commander, and pointed out that few wings in the Air Force could equal the distinction, personal valor and overall contribution of the 14th SOW.

(Seventh Air Force News, December 3, 1969)

PHAN RANG - Each Friday, villagers from far and near journey to the Buu Son Medical Center near here. The purpose to receive dental care offered by the dentists and technicians of the 35th U.S. Air Force Dispensary here through the dental civic action program (DENTCAP).

At present the DENTCAP program is offered at the Buu Son Medical Clinic in nearby Thap Cham village.

Entire families wait their turn. Many times toddlers are carried in by their brothers and sisters who are often not much older than the patient. "The Vietnamese are a modest but proud people, so they seldom show signs of pain or emotion during their visits," Major Marks said.

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Communication consists primarily of sign language and few basic words to locate the source of discomfort. Once the problem is spotted, an injection of novocaine is necessary to relieve any further pain and aid extracting the tooth.

"Many patients have never experienced the sensation having their lips numbed," the major commented.

A1C William J. Jones added, "These kids hit each other in the face and laugh about it. They don't feel a thing. Many of the patients are unaware an extraction has taken place until they see the tooth in the dentist's hand."

During the three hours the DENTCAP crew is at Buu Son each Friday morning, more than 80 patients are treated, and more than 200 procedures, such as extractions, are completed.

"DENTCAP is hard, hot work," Major Marks concluded, "and when the task is completed, the only payment received is a friendly smile."

Phan Rang Sergeant Wins Valor Award

(Seventh Air Force News, December 3, 1969)

PHAN RANG - Sgt. Arnold J. Williams was awarded the Bronze Star Medal with "V" device for valor during ceremonies held here recently.

The presentation was made by Gen. George S. Brown, Seventh Air Force commander.

Assigned to the 315th Special Operations Wing, Sergeant Williams serves as a flight engineer on the jet equipped C-123 Provider.

The citation accompanying the award cited Sergeant Williams for heroism during a supply mission to Allied forces at That Son Air Field, Republic of Vietnam, May 13, 1969.

"On that date," the citation read, "while his aircraft was the target of a mortar attack, Sergeant Williams ignored personal safety order to deliver vitally needed ammunition to the remote

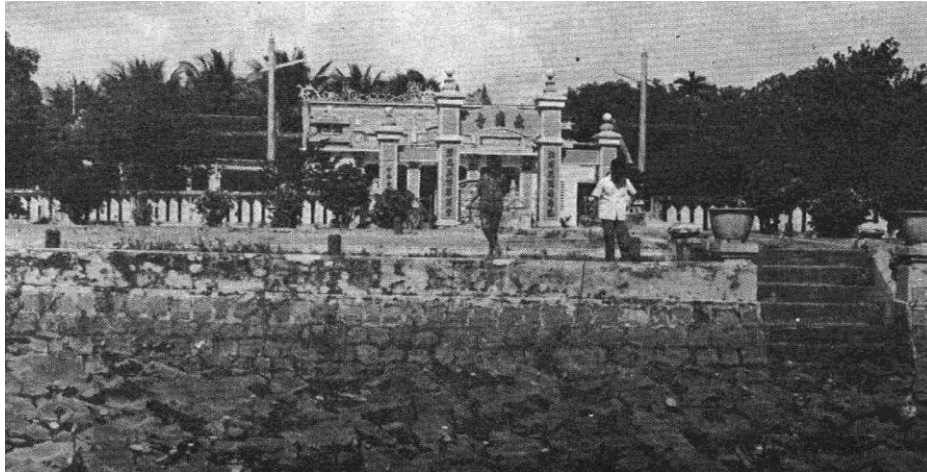
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of little concern when it comes to doing good for one's fellow man."

The oldest major religious structure in the Phan Rang area is the Cham temple in nearby Thap Cham village. The Chams are of Hindu-Moslem discipline. Built in 1306 A.D., the red brick temple commemorates the Chams' independence from the Chinese in the 14th Century.



Confusican Temple in Phan Rang City
Lotus-Covered Moat Adds to Majestic Setting.

For a short while after the temple was built, the Chams operated their own religious-secular kingdom in what is present day central Vietnam. But the sect, numbering less than 50,000 was politically weak and eventually was integrated into the main stream of Vietnamese political life. To this day, however, the Chams maintain their religious independence.

Among the numerous Buddhist shrines found in the Phan Rang valley, one of the most unusual is the Buddhist Spirit House in Aao Long Hamlet. Reincarnated spirits from the beginning of time are alleged to dwell in this holy place. Buddhists make up 75 per cent of the country's population.

A comparative newcomer to the religious sects in the area is the Cao Dai faith. Organized in 1919, the Cao Dai is one of two religions originating in Vietnam. Numbering about two million followers and centered mostly in the Saigon area, the Cao Dais embrace parts of the Christian, Taoist, Confucian and Buddhist religions plus some facets of spiritualism.

Bad Mixup Over Sailor Leaves Family Shaken

(Washington C.H. Record-Herald, Washing C. H. Ohio, Tuesday, March 14, 1967)

SAIGON (AP) - A military chaplain told his parents he was dead. Then his wife talked to him on the telephone. But a telegram came from the Pentagon confirming his death.

Today a U.S. Navy spokesman in Saigon said the wife was right and the Pentagon was wrong — Boatswain's Mate 3.C. Charles S. Wall, 27, of West Monroe, La., was not killed in the crash of a Navy transport plane north of Saigon Friday.

The spokesman said the sailor had been scheduled to fly on the plane and his name was carried on the manifest. But he did not make the flight.

The spokesman said he had no more details but thought Wall was now with a Navy unit at Cam Ranh Bay, a U.S. air and sea base about 180 miles northeast of Saigon.

Officials in Saigon said they understood the Pentagon had sent another telegram to Wall's family expressing their regrets for the mixup.

The young man's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley A. Wall of West Monroe, began a sad vigil Sunday when, returning home from church, they were met by a military chaplain who told them Charles had died in the plane crash.

They wept.

Their telephone rang Monday. It was their daughter-in-law, calling from Chelsea, Mass.

“I just talked to Charles she shouted into the phone. “Charles missed the plane! He's still alive. They put him back on a destroyer.”

The parents were overjoyed. Then came the telegram — the Defense Department making official the report that their son had died in the crash.

But who made the phone call to Charles' wife?

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“It must have been a prankster,” said Mrs. Wall. “We were looking so hard for something to hold. She might have been fooled over the phone. I hope not, though, I hope not. How could anyone do something like that: “How could they notify he was dead if he wasn’t?”

Today the Navy spokesman in Saigon confirmed that it had been no prankster and the Defense Department had been mistaken.

The plane that Charles missed, a two-engine C47 Navy transport, crashed near **Phan Rang** Friday afternoon and aboard were killed. At least 35 persons and possibly 30 were reported to have died in the crash.



1st Air Guardsmen in Viet Prove ‘Pros’ in Combat

(Pacific Stars & Stripes, Saturday, June 8, 1968)

By Sgt. Roger A. Neumann

S&S Staff Correspondent

PHAN HANG, Vietnam —On a quiet day at Buckley Air National Guard Base in Denver, scattered groups of relatives stood near the base operations building, As F100 pilots listened to preflight briefings, maintenance crews made final checks of the aircraft.

A few photographers snapped pictures, and relatives waved to the pilots as the Supersabre jets taxied to the runway. Then the supersonic fighters were gone.

Without fanfare, the 120th Tactical Fighter Sq. went to war. The squadron's destination was classified until the planes touched down at Phan Rang AB, and only then did Colorado learn that it was represented by the first Air National Guard unit in Vietnam.

Giant C141 carriers hauled more than 300 airmen, noncommissioned, officers and officers to Phan Rang, and the 120th began operating as the fourth F100 squadron in the 35th Tactical Fighter Wing.

The 614th Tactical Fighter Sq. was host to the new unit. Lt. Col. Tom Knoles, commander of the

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614th, headed a welcoming committee on hand when Lt. Col. Robert C. Cherry, commander of the 120th, led the F100s into their new base. "We wanted them to know that we're glad to have them as a part of the regular Air Force," Knoles said. "They made it easy; they're real pros."

Cherry flew in his first combat sortie as the rear-seat observer in Knoles' F100F and watched 614th pilots blast enemy positions.

"Those guys are fantastic," he said. "They hit all targets right, on the money. It'll be a tough act to follow, but we'll do our best."

The 120th pilots didn't have to wait long to show what they could do. During the latest Communist offensive, the former Guardsmen were assigned missions in the Saigon-Bien Hoa area.

Any doubts about their abilities were quickly erased, "For the first week or two, they could do no wrong," said wing staff officer. "They hit everything they went after. They were just terrific."

Cherry was pleased with the timing of his unit's arrival.

"With the offensive on, we got in some good missions — none of that tree smashing where you can't see what you're hitting. We got a chance to look at our work, and I think it's real fine for the morale of people like us who are just getting into the game."

Morale hasn't been a problem for the squadron, although its people left civilian jobs to don jungle fatigues or flight suits.

"The only morale problem we have is with the men we left in Denver," said Cherry. "They want to come over here, and I just wish we could get them."

Twenty-two of the 26 pilots were flying for civilian airlines when the unit was activated in January after the seizure of the USS Pueblo by North Korea. All have had previous tours of active duty. Six are combat veterans. Two have served in Vietnam.

Maj. William H. Neuens, a flight commander, was a United Airlines pilot for 12 years.

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always paid for the beer when he was winning. I had loaned him money several times knowing I would never see it again. And I knew he cheated at cards when I gave him the money.

The gecko’s tail twitched back and forth in Harvey’s mouth as he shuffled the deck. He only did this to distract other players so he could cheat. I hoped the damn lizard would run down his throat and choke him. I kept my eyes on his cards, knowing he sometimes dealt from the bottom of the deck.

Three of the men were shirtless with dark tans and sun bleached hair. The fourth wore a t-shirt to hide his baby butt white hide. Trying to fit in, he stood out like a virgin in a whorehouse. His uniform was a dark olive green. Every one else’s were dull gray, faded by the tropical Vietnamese sun and weekly beatings from the Mama-sans who washed them.

Nursing a sore back, I pulled up a chair and threw a nickel into the pot. Two card guts was a mindless game where you could win or lose with the best or worst hand. Knowing when to bluff was the key to success, and sometimes that backfired.

We played cards for four straight days just killing time. I’d win \$5.00 one day and lose \$10.00 the next. No one got rich playing a nickel, dime and quarter card games. Everyone smoked but me. But after a week in the small room, I started craving cigarettes, a bad omen that would haunt me later in life.

All of us were short timers except the newbie. He was waiting for a replacement helicopter to arrive so he could enter the war. He could have had mine if it hadn’t already been destroyed. We had been picking up a wounded Vietnamese soldier when a mortar hit the blades while we attempted to land at 4 a.m. The tail boom was cut off completely. The rotor blades and transmission were scattered over the crash site and the skids were split. We were lucky that no one was killed.

That was eleven days before the end of my second tour in Vietnam in 1970. I had logged 1,001 combat flight hours. I should have stopped at 1,000. The last one was the third time I had been shot down.

Our avionics man, Jerry Schmidt, called Harvey for dealing an ace off the bottom. Harvey stood up, took the gecko out of his mouth and bit the head off. He threw the dead gecko on the table while chewing the head with his mouth open. “You calling me a cheat?”

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“Harvey swallowed the gecko’s head, sat back down and reshuffled. The newbie ran outside to puke.”

“Damn straight.” Jerry said as he reached over and turned Harvey’s hand over. Two aces showed. “I knew it. Deal again, dipshit.” No one in his right mind argues with a man who is six seven and weighs 230 pounds. Harvey swallowed the gecko’s head, sat back down and reshuffled. The newbie ran outside to puke.

Chet Crump, another medic, laughed and tossed the dead lizard out the door. It was Chet’s third tour and it too was about to end. He could speak Vietnamese like a native and loved the women. He had extended another year and was waiting to see if the Army would let him stay. I thought he was nuts.

The card game wound down around sunset and we broke for chow. On the way to the mess hall, the 1st Sergeant told me to be on the helipad at 0600 the next morning. I would be leaving three days early. I had already turned in my M-16 and .38 revolver, completed my paperwork and packed everything I planned on taking back to the good old U. S. of A. The down time was killing me.

After dinner, I got drunk and danced with our blow up doll while my buddies laughed and took photos. I hugged them all and gave Jerry a kiss on the cheek. My good-natured friend took it in stride and bid me farewell. He had received a direct commission as a 2nd Lieutenant and was headed to Long Bien in a day or two to get sworn in. A lot of the guys were giving him shit about crossing over to the dark side.

The next morning I caught a flight to Cam Ron Bay for final discharge from Vietnam. I reported to an old gray-haired lifer with more stripes than I had ever seen before. He checked my orders. “Bray, the Army needs good men like you. I’ll give you \$10,000 and promote you to E-6 if you’ll re-up.”

That was a lot of money in 1970. I saved almost every penny I had made for two years, not counting what I had given to Harvey, and only had \$4,400.00 in the bank. But there was no way I was going to re-up. I didn’t think we were going to win this war the way the Army was fighting it. It was like playing football and our team wasn’t allowed to cross the fifty-yard line. There was no way to score. And I was tired of the political bullshit back home. Most Americans had

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already turned their back on us if you believed the news reports. I didn’t, but I wasn’t sure.

“No thanks, Sarge. I want to go home.”

“You can buy yourself a new car, have a good time with the ladies and report to Fort Rucker for flight school. How’s that sound?”

He frowned and looked over my record again. “I see you were approved for Warrant Officer’s flight school. Tell you what, I’ll make you an E-6 right now, give you \$10,000 dollars and send you home for a nice thirty-day vacation. You can buy yourself a new car, have a good time with the ladies and report to Fort Rucker for flight school. How’s that sound?”

To tell the truth, it sounded wonderful. I really wanted to fly helicopters and \$10,000 was more money than I ever dreamed of, but I felt my luck had run out. All the money in the world wouldn’t do a dead man any good. I turned him down. He stood up, shook my hand. “I’m proud of you for serving without being drafted. The offer is good until you sign out at Ft. Lewis if you decide to change you mind.” I didn’t.

I boarded a C-30 to Tan Son Nhut to catch my flight home. This would be my sixth, twenty-three and a half hour flight back and forth to Nam. The first time, I had sat backwards in a military plane with no windows. The rest of my flights had been on commercial airlines. This time we would stop in Alaska for refueling. Because of the time zones, I would arrive in American one hour before I left Vietnam.

On my previous flights, I stopped in Hawaii twice, Guam twice and Japan once. There are lots of roads leading to hell and back.

As soon as the wheels lifted off the ground, a big cheer went up throughout the plane. The beautiful round-eyed Stewardess passed out cold beer as we gained altitude. I drank a couple, then laid back and tried to sleep. Sleep was the only way to shorten those long boring flights. My only memory of the trip home was kissing the runway in Alaska when we stopped to refuel. It felt great to be back on American soil again.

I don’t recall much about processing out of the Army. It was an assembly line where rank didn’t seem to matter. They knew we would all be civilians in a few hours. I was told later I had a

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physical exam, but I don’t remember getting one.

I wasn’t in a hurry to go home. My older brother, Ray, lived in Seattle and I planned on spending a day or two with him before going home to Arizona. My parent’s house would never really seem like home after their divorce. I called Ray from a pay phone and left a message telling him I had processed out of the military and would call back later. I got a taxi downtown and had the driver drop me off near a park.

After buying civilian clothes, I tore the nametag off my dress uniform, walked into the park and gave it to a bum sleeping on a cold metal bench. That was a decision I would regret years later. My only explanation for doing this was that I wanted to close the door on the last two years of my life and never look back.

The bum looked dumfounded as he fingered the decorations trying to figure out what they were and what rank he was. He stood on wobbly legs, put the coat on and then faced me. He saluted with his left hand slurring the word, “Simplify.” I found it humorous that he didn’t even know which branch of the military he was in. I assumed the position of attention and saluted him back. “Semper Fi, my friend.” He smiled, pulled the pants on over his old faded jeans and lay back down on the cold bench.

Ray picked me up at the park and we went to his apartment. He had gotten out of the service three months before me. After leaving the Navy, he had a difficult time finding a job. He had been doing odd jobs ever since his discharge attempting to pay his bills and keeping food on the table. He hadn’t accumulated any vacation time at his new job. His work ethics were such that he wouldn’t call in sick. I respected him for that. Besides, as scarce as jobs were, he couldn’t afford to lose his.

I was alone the next day, restless and bored. I had a new GTO waiting for me in California and I couldn’t wait to see it. I called a buddy in Arizona named Ray Brinkman and asked him to fly to San Francisco to meet me. The next morning I took a taxi to the Airport and caught the next flight out.

I met my friend Ray at the airport and we went downtown to see a new comedian named Richard Pryor at a local comedy club. Neither of us had ever heard of the guy before, but he kept us in stitches all night. The next day, we picked up the GTO and drove to my Uncle Dean’s

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house in Napa Valley to spend the night. The next morning, we headed home to Mesa, Arizona.

Just before we got onto the freeway, I spotted a guy hitchhiking. He had a duffel bag, short hair and a dark tan. I stopped and picked him up. He had been in the infantry and had come back on the same plane I was on. He was hitching rides to Tucson to save what little money he had. We took him all the way to Phoenix. He offered to pay for gas, but I refused. I dropped him off just east of Phoenix on I-10 and bid him farewell.

It was late when we got home. I tired of questions about Vietnam quickly and was short tempered. I didn't want to think about the war. I took a hot shower and went to bed as soon as my family would let me.

The next morning, one of the tires on the GTO was flat. I suspected foul play until I removed the plastic cap from the valve stem and discovered it didn't have a valve core in it. I couldn't believe we had made the fourteen-hour trip home without having a blow out. Apparently, lady luck was still with me.

I spent the next few days searching the want ads. The pickings were slim and I couldn't find a job. I visited the local VFW thinking being around other veterans might make me feel better. It didn't. I missed my army buddies in Vietnam and felt guilty as if I had abandoned them. Being a non-member, they wouldn't serve me. I showed them my DD214 discharge papers. After finding out that I had done two tours in Vietnam and had a purple heart, they tried to get me to join.

One of the guys asked how much disability I was getting. When I told him none, he told me to go apply and I would get some money. When I told him I didn't have any disabilities, he said that didn't matter. With a purple heart, and two years in Nam, they would give me something. I didn't want the money and felt these guys needed to get a life. I didn't apply for disability and never went back to the VFW. I wanted to take my own advice and get a life. But a never-ending restlessness seemed to be holding me back.

I hung around with my old high school buddies, cruised Main Street and chased girls. The GTO definitely helped, but girls shied away from me when they discovered I had been in Vietnam. I never understood if it was because they disapproved of the war or if they were afraid of me. I never mentioned the war myself.

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I went water skiing a few times with my friend, Sonny Turner. He had joined the National Guard and I think he may have felt guilty that I had spent two years in Nam and he didn't have to go. I never begrudged him and respected his decision to join the Guard. I knew he hadn't missed a thing.

After a few weeks, I started feeling normal again, but my friends insisted I had somehow changed. Sonny said I was real uptight all the time and couldn't relax. He couldn't tell me how, but he knew I had changed. From time to time my hands shook for no reason. That haunted me for a while and I tried to ignore it. I thought I was normal except for the shaking. I wasn't sleeping well but I wasn't having nightmares.

One night I was driving home when a car full of punks pulled up next to me at a red light. They started yelling at me. It was late, they were drunk and I was tired. I told them to pull over and I'd kick all their asses.

We pulled onto a side street and stopped. I jumped out of the GTO and ran back to their car. I hit the first guy in the face as he was trying to open the door and broke his nose. Grabbing the guy in the back seat, I pulled him out of the side window. I was working him over pretty good when something hit me across my back. It was a bicycle chain. I turned and grabbed the chain and kicked the guy in the balls. He collapsed onto the sidewalk and I kicked him in the ribs. A baseball bat hit me across the back and arms. I turned to face my attacker. I knew what fear looked like and this kid was scared. He dropped the bat ran down the street. I grabbed the bat and chased him but the little prick was fast. Halfway down the street, their car flew past me. The guy I was chasing jumped into the back seat as it slowed. I threw the baseball bat at the car. It bounced off the trunk and smashed the rear window as they sped away. Standing in the dark street, I cursed them until they were out of sight. Walking back to my car, I felt good as if I had won a battle.

The next morning I limped into the kitchen. I had bicycle chain marks across my back and two black and blue marks on my arms where the bat struck me. Mom had a look of horror on her face when she saw me. I knew she was worried about me. I tried to explain what had happened but it only frightened her more. After a while, I gave up trying to explain.

Realizing my buddies were right I wanted to end the internal struggle. I had changed and not for the better. I might have killed all four of those guys last night. Not liking the man I had become,

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I felt I would have to change or die.

I applied for a job with the copper mines but they turned me down because of the injury to my back. My first job consisted of smoothing epoxy over the welds of rocket pods for helicopters. Ten minutes of training, two minutes per pod, 30 pods an hour, eight hours a day for minimum wage. It was both boring and demeaning. I could have trained a monkey to do the same job in a day or two.

I attempted selling life insurance but hated it. I couldn't make enough money to pay for gas and insurance on my car. Then I took another minimum wage job refueling airplanes at the local airport. When my back felt normal, I started working construction jobs where the money was much better. Eventually I found a girlfriend, joined a softball team, and tried not to look back, but I always seemed to be broke.

The local police department were hiring so I took the test. Over three hundred applicants were taking the test for only six openings. Without a college degree, I felt I didn't have a snowball's chance in hell of getting hired. But I passed the test and was called back for an interview. Now there were only 150 applicants. Sixty men and I took the second interview but I knew I wouldn't be hired. Many of the men had college degrees or prior police experience. I couldn't believe it when I got the call informing me to report to the police station to be sworn in. Most of the men they hired that day had prior military experience. I started at the Phoenix police academy a week later and thus began a career in law enforcement that would last 35 years.

I believe the semi-military style of the police department helped me avoid the demons of post dramatic stress that haunted so many other veterans. I never received any complaints of excessive force or had to shoot anyone during my career. I never wrecked a police vehicle or had any days off for infractions. I loved being a police officer and made friendships that would last a lifetime. I was damn lucky.

I'm retired now with a wonderful wife, two sons, their wives and a granddaughter. I've slept well all these years...so far. No nightmares, no flashbacks and no regrets.

Elvis Bray

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We salute Sgt. **James F. Hover**, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hover, former residents of Lore City, is serving a tour of duty at Phan Rang Air Base in Vietnam. Sgt. Hover is a computer programmer with the 35th Supply Squadron at Phan Rang. He arrived in Vietnam on Nov. 3, 1967. He has extended his tour in Vietnam to June, 1969, when his enlistment ends. (*The Daily Jeffersonian, Cambridge, Ohio, Wednesday, July 24, 1968.*)

Tech. Sgt. **James D. Edmonds**, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Edmonds of Gays (Ill) Route I, is on duty at Phan Rang AB, Vietnam. Before his arrival in Vietnam Sergeant Edmonds served at Charleston AFB, S. C. He is a 1953 graduate of Mitchell County High School in Camilla, Ga. His wife, Edna, is the daughter of Mrs. Helen Bloomer of 25 Madison Ave., Gallipolis. (*The Messenger, Athens, Ohio, Thursday, April 3, 1969*)

Captain **Richard E. Weizenegger Jr.**, son of Mrs. Patricia S. Weizenegger, 1821 Valmont Ave., Eau Claire, Wisconsin, is a member of the 35th Tactical Fighter Wing at Phan Rang AB, Vietnam, that has been honored by the Vietnamese Armed Forces. (*Eau Claire Leader-Telegram, Tuesday, June 1, 1971*)

Technical Sergeant **William R. Krach**, son of Mr. and Mrs. Mike J. Krach, Owen, Wisconsin, is a member of the 35th Tactical Fighter Wing at Phan Rang AB, Vietnam, that has been honored by the Vietnamese Armed Forces. Sergeant Krach is an aircraft maintenance technician. (*Eau Claire Leader-Telegram, Tuesday, June 1, 1971*)

Major **Jack W. Graf**, son of Mr. and Mrs. George R. Graf, Rt. I, Barronet, Wisconsin, is a member of the 35th Tactical Fighter Wing at Phan Rang AB, Vietnam, that has been honored by the

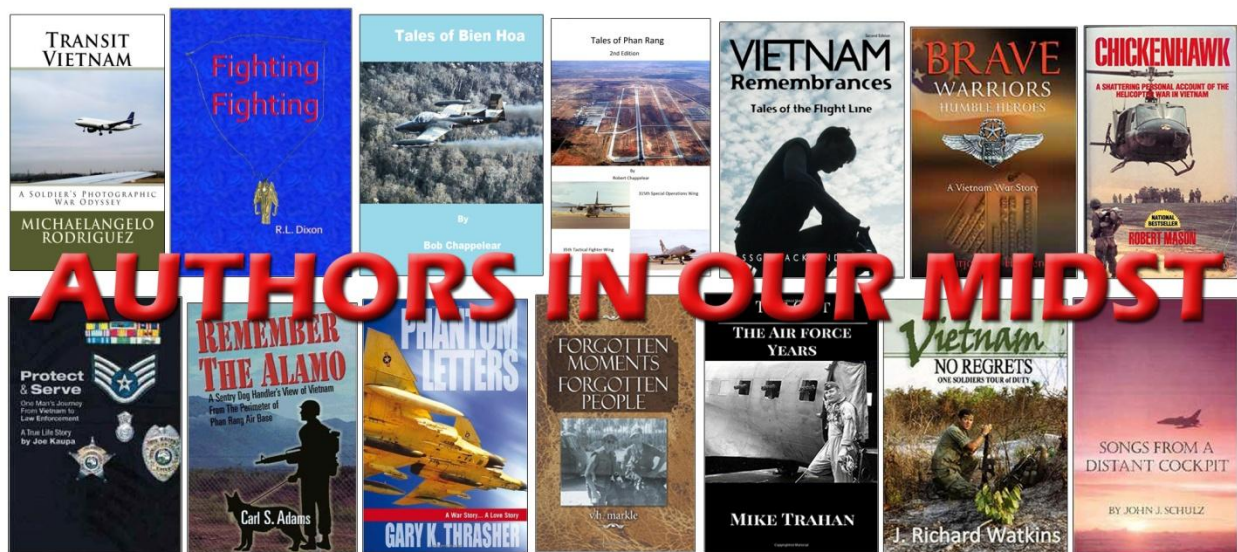
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Vietnamese Armed Forces. He is a maintenance staff officer. (*Eau Claire Leader-Telegram, Tuesday, June 1, 1971*)

Staff Sergeant **William Perrine**, son of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Perrine, 2204 Black River Road, Neillsville, Wisconsin is a member the 35th Tactical Fighter Wing at Phan Rang AB, Vietnam, that has been honored by Vietnamese Armed Forces. Sergeant Perrine is an aircraft maintenance technician. (*Eau Claire Leader-Telegram, Tuesday, June 1, 1971*)



Authors in Our Midst (*If anyone knows of any other authors from our group please let me know and I will add them.*)

Richard L. Dixon: [Fighting Fighting](#)

Jack Anderson: [Vietnam Remembrances](#)

Joe Kaupa: [Protect and Serve: One Man's Journey from Vietnam to Law Enforcement](#)

Robert Chappelaar: [Tales of Bien Hoa](#) and [Tales of Phan Rang](#)

Margorie Hanson: [Brave Warriors, Humble Heroes: A Vietnam War Story](#)

Vic Markle: [Forgotten Moments Forgotten People](#)

Mike Trahan: [The Gift: The Air Force Years](#); [The Gift Part Two - The Air Force Years](#); and [Home Again: Short Story](#)

Rob Morris: [Untold Valor](#); [Marinell](#); [The Wild Blue Yonder and Beyond: The 95th Bomb Group in War and Peace](#); [Prisoner of the Swiss](#); [I'll Be Seeing You](#) and [Combat Bombardier: Memoirs of Two Combat Tour in the Skies Over Europe in World War Two](#)

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Carl Adams: [Remember the Alamo: A Sentry Dog Handler’s View of Vietnam from the Perimeter of Phan Rang Air Base](#)

Gary K. Thrasher: [Phantom Letters](#)

Elvis Bray: [The Presence of Justice](#) and [Dual Therapy](#)

Michelangelo Rodriguez: [Transit Vietnam](#), [The Story of Coqui Claus](#) and [Waiting for the Garden of Eden](#)

J. Richard Watkins: Vietnam: [No Regrets](#)

John J. Schultz: [Songs From a Distant Cockpit](#)

PHAN RANG AUTHORS

(Authors, both published and unpublished that have appeared in the Phan Rang Newsletters)

AUTHOR	Title	PHAN RANG NEWSLETTER ISSUE
Robert Chappellear	Tales of Phan Rang	26-27-28-29-30- 31-32-33-34-35- 36-37-38-39-40- 41-42-43-
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I really appreciate all of the stories that these authors have allowed me to share with you. Some will transport you back to those days when the air smelled of damp canvas and all you looked forward to was when you could get back to the ‘real word’. Some will actually make you cry and many of them you will bring a smile to your face, but all of them are the authors attempt to tell us what it was like to serve in Vietnam and what they experienced. I have learned so much more about life at Phan Rang through their words and I have such a profound respect for each and every one of them for what they and everyone else on the Happy Valley team did. We made one hell of a team. I hope you get the same feeling after

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reading all of their stories.

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 Muller: 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

AREA AMBASADORS

Alaska- Charles Simmons	S. California - Bruce Poynter
Florida - Lanny Atherton & Bill Landry	Washington - Jim Erikson
Iowa - Tom Strait	Texas - Larry Martino Sr.
Kentucky - David McGaughey	S. New England - Leo Remillard
Maryland - Joe Schwarzer	Mississippi - James Sullivan
New York - Jim Kucipeck	Virginia - Sam Lewis
Oklahoma - Doug Severt	Minnesota - Joe Kaupa
South Carolina - John Hennigar	Arizona - Christopher Boles
Wisconsin/UP Mich - Bruce Muller	Georgia - Joseph Burkhart
Wyoming/NE Pan Handle - C. Dan Brownell	Michigan - Bob Jaglowski

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Here are the costs for the Seattle Reunion 2017:

Reunion Fee: \$10.00/person

Plate Banquet Dinner: \$50.00/person

Beef Banquet Dinner: \$55.00/person

Trip to Museum of Flight: \$50.00/person

You can send your checks at any time from now until September 20th. Send them and make them payable to:

Happy Valley Reunion

826 72nd St SE

Auburn, Wa 98092

See you in Seattle! October 11th thru the 15th

Make your reservation now at the Doubletree Inn Seattle:

<http://doubletree.hilton.com/en/dt/groups/personalized/S/SEASPDPT-PHA-20171010/index.jhtml>

Here's the latest from the Pacific Northwest

Here are some important dates:

Wednesday, October 11th: The Hospitality Room will open.

Friday, October 13th: Trip to Boeing's Museum of Flight.

Sunday, October 15th. 4:00 PM. Annual Business Meeting. We'll decide which East Coast City we go to in 2018.

Sunday, October 15th: 5:00ish. Group picture.

Sunday, October 15th: 6:00 Banquet.

I would encourage anybody who's planning on attending to reserve your room **NOW!** That will lock-in the \$109/night rate.

Doug's Comments

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.