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**14 Die, 30 Hurt In Crash of C123 At Viet Airstrip
(Pacific Stars & Stripes, Friday, December 20, 1968)**

SAIGON (AP)—A U.S. Air Force C123 Provider with 40 passengers and 4 crewmen aboard crashed Tuesday a mile and a half south of Chu Lai.

The U.S. Command said first reports indicated 14 persons were killed and most of the 30 others aboard were injured.

An Air Force spokesman said the twin-engined transport cart-wheeled and burst into flames minutes after taking off from the Chu Lai airstrip 58 miles south of Da Nang.

"An investigation is being conducted to determine the cause of the accident," the spokesman said.

Names of the victims were withheld pending notification kin.

The spokesman said 10 of the survivors suffered burns and three were in serious condition. The others suffered scratches and bruises as they were thrown or crawled free of the wreckage.

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All aboard were believed to be Americans.

"We don't know if it was hit by enemy ground fire or not," the spokesman said. "It had just taken off and it would have been easy to hit at that low an altitude. There was no indication of aircraft failure."

J Joseph Mack wrote on Facebook: My friend and fellow loadmaster, Pat Murray, from the 311th survived this crash at Chu Lai on Dec 17, 1968. He was in a hospital for a short time for burns, but released and went back on duty. Lt. Brown died and if memory serves me the mess hall on the flight line side of the base was named after him.

The cause of this crash was putting in the wrong fuel at Chu Lai, they had just taken off when the engines sputtered and stopped.

I served all of my 4 years with Pat Murray. When he came back to the states he was a policeman with the Detroit Police Dept.

China Beach Dune Buggy



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"Stories worth telling"

"In all probability the last place a person would expect to see a dune buggy would be on a beach in Vietnam. Nevertheless there is one in Vietnam--at the China Beach R&R Center. Donated by leading manufacturers of dune buggy equipment in South California, it has all the gadgetry of a Stateside version plus one additional modification in the form of a blackout light for night driving. Marine Staff Sergeant (SSgt.) C. Bible (Los Angeles, Calif.) right, and Sergeant R. Beltran make a safety patrol run along the R&R Center beach-front."

Photographer: Sergeant (Sgt.) George Broadley

"Myself and several more Vietnam vets were invited to a luncheon given by the Vietnamese community in Spokane Wa. as a thank you for serving I cannot tell you how many emotions started to surface I need not tell you. So many were surviving boat people all were appreciative of our service. God bless them for not losing faith in the American soldiers and basic American ideals."

Vincent Donadio on Facebook

Phan Rang AB Club Offering Korean-Style Karate Training



PHAN RANG — Smashing bricks with their bare hands is no problem for American and Australian airmen learning Korean-style karate from two members of the Republic of Korea's White Horse Division.

The Phan Rang Karate Club was initiated by Leading Air-craftsman John Jarrett, a member of the Number 2 Squadron of the Royal Australian Air Force, whose Canberra bombers are based here.

He enlisted the aid of two Korean karate

experts, Lieutenant Choi liak and Sergeant Lee Jum Soo. Leading Aircrafts-man Jarrett, who is from Stanthorpe in the state of Queensland, Australia, is himself a qualified karate instructor,

BRICK BASHERS- Tae Kwon Do the Korean form of karate is becoming a popular sport in Vietnam and especially at Phan Rang where a club has been formed. The instructors are from left: Lieutenant Choi Liak of the Republic of Korea, Leading Aircraftsman John Jarrett of the Royal Australian Air Force and Sergeant Lee Jum Soo of the ROK.

(Air Force Photo)

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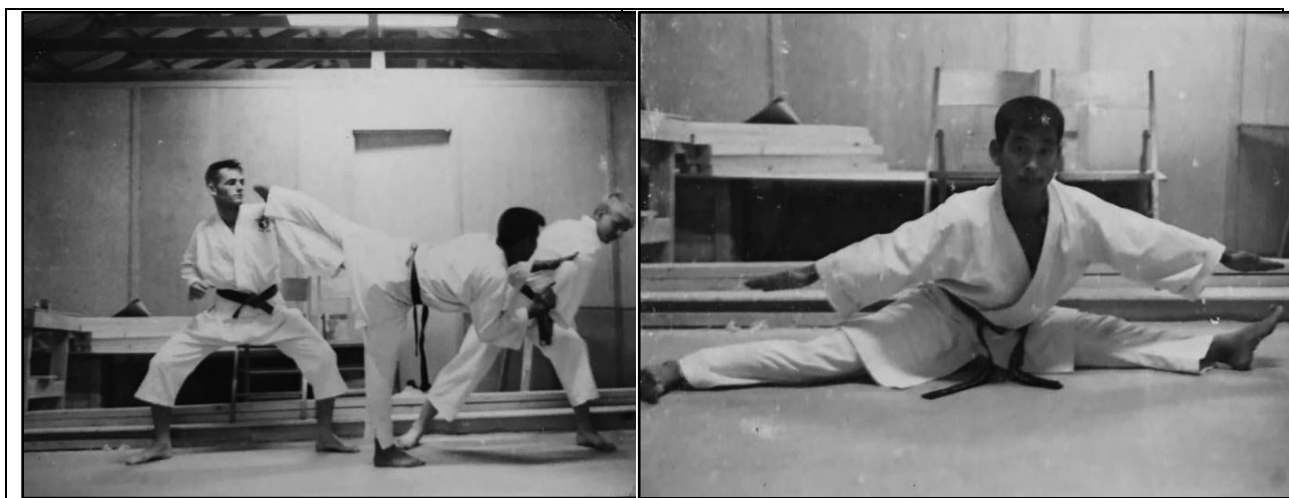
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and shares teaching chores with the two Koreans.

The Australian airman began learning karate while stationed with the RAAF in Malaysia. He studied and practiced for 14 months, sometimes for as long as five hours a day, in order to win his black belt as an instructor.

Among the students in the club is A2C Earl Wayne Pickens, 20, from Luxora, Ark., a member of the 35th Armaments Electronics Maintenance Sq. Australian students include Leading Air craftsmen Philip Newey, Barry Tonks and Les Luckman of the No. 2 Sq. The karate being learned is called Tae Kwon Do.



(Story and pictures submitted by Earl Wayne Pickets to Facebook.)

Lamar Terry Wrote

"When we arrived at Phan Rang at March 1966 the OPS was working in a Conex Box on the apron. There were no buildings that I could see on Phan Rang. There were absolutely no buildings! The Base was fenced. We had to put tents up to have a place to live. We had to make temporary buildings for offices and repair shops. They started about building two story barracks in June at the side of a mountain. The first permanent building was the tower."

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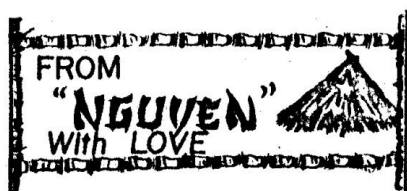
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This photo probably was taken a few months after the previous accounts of Lamar Terry. Charles Adkins, 1882nd, said this is probably late 1966 or early 1967. The dispensary has been built across from the old medics tents. Photo by Joe Dias.



Dear Nguyen, I would like to use your assistance in passing on my compliments to the transportations squadron service station--and to let the base in general know my opinion. We had our vehicle in there for a minor brake problem. We got it back a few hours later with the brakes in fine shape AND the men there had taken care of several other discrepancies including new side-view mirrors and a repaired turn signal. To me, that means real professionalism. **Another Professional**

Dear Professional, We couldn't agree with you more. Those men have their problems! Remember, most of our vehicle fleet was brought in here in the days long before Red Horse had asphalt paved our streets. It takes some real dedication on the part of the vehicle maintenance men to keep the fleet rolling. **Nguyen**

The Cares of Today are Soon Washed Away

*They come from their homes in this great land
And they all soon forget they are old men
The cares of today are soon washed away
As they logon to Happy Valley
The guys with their shirts off working in the hot
sun
Doesn't look like they are much over 20
The man that just came in is a very good friend
Down at Happy Valley on Facebook
Everyone shares in the stories and the laughter
Everyone there is so happy to be there
They all relax knowing they are with friends
As they try not to speak about politics
So pull up a chair and forget about life
It's a good thing to do now and then
And if you like it here I have an idea
Tomorrow let's all meet here again*

Every time I heard the "Red Rose Cafe" by Celtic Thunder I thought of my experience and what others have told me as well about their daily visit to "Happy Valley" on Facebook is sort of therapeutic and it really does feel like you are among friends. So, I altered the lyrics slightly to more accurately reflect what it's like to visit with friends and be transported back in time, even for a short while during your visit to Happy Valley.

Personal account of Missing Man formation over Arlington National Cemetery by David T. Dickens

I was visiting my Dad, Col. Sam Dickens, Phan Rang 68-69, at Arlington National Cemetery (ANC) on what would have been his 91st birthday. When I arrived at his grave site, a Missing Man formation flew overhead. Of all the times I've been there I can't recall ever seeing a Missing Man Formation over ANC and know that not only is this rare, but is only reserved for the famous.



Missing Man formation being flown over Arlington National Cemetery

As I was leaving I wanted to stop and pay my respects but there were so many cars and people there, that they waved me on. However I could see that besides the caisson, Honor Guards, there was also a bagpiper.

I did some research when I got home and found out it was for Col. Robert Dale Anderson.



Col. Robert D. Anderson

He was flying an F-4E over North Vietnam when he and his weapons officer, 1LT. George Latella, were shot down on October 6, 1972. Both, reportedly, successfully ejected and Latella was captured, and later released in 1973, however there was no sign of Col. Anderson, and he was listed as MIA.

25 years later, it was discovered that Col. Anderson was not able to eject and went down with his plane, and the villagers who lived nearby buried him and respectfully maintained his grave for years.

Jeane Kills 'PG' Rumor

(Phan Fare, The Happy Valley Weekly, December 12, 1968)

For the past several weeks an ominous rumor has swept Phan Rang Air Base. Mrs. Jeane Dixon, famed predictor of things to come, had said a military disaster would hit a base in Vietnam with a name beginning with a "P" and ending in "G" on Friday, the 13 (tomorrow possibly?)

Rather than merely worry about such a dire prediction, one PRABite sought conformation - or denial from the story's supposed source.

Thus, A1C Hunter Stone, 120th TFS, wrote to Maj. John B. Hull, a family friend stationed in Washington, D. C., asking him to check out the story with Mrs. Dixon.

A few days ago, Airman Stone received the following letter:

Dear Airman Stone,

Thank you for your letter. I'm grateful for your interest and understand your anxiety. However, I made no prediction one way or the other about the "sinking" of your ship. What you hear was pure rumor -- just a fabrications!

Indeed, rather than predict disaster for our valiant men in the Armed Forces, I pray for them daily and for their safe return home!

Hope this letter has reassured you and your companions about the rumor you have heard.

Bless you for writing!

Faithfully

Jeane Dixon

So you see gentlemen, no military disaster tomorrow.

(Doug's comments: I don't think that would have given me reassurance that she knew what she was talking about since a 'Base' is not a 'Ship'.)

Enduring Vietnam Follow Up Comments

From a conversation on Happy Valley Facebook group

Doug Severt: I thought we would start a conversation about "Enduring Vietnam" the article by James Wright in the t Phan Rang Newsletter 143. My first question is how many of you identified with what he was saying?

Paul K. Glasser: After reading the story I saw myself in many of the situations described. Having returned to college, I kept my head down studied and stayed to myself or with other veterans. We could tell we were "brothers" but never spoke out or even acted as if we have gone to war. During some classes we chose not to express opinions, just listened. So all in all I think it did change my life, and it made me the person I am today with a work ethic and came to realize that if I could get thru Nam everything else was going to be easy.

Don Baker: Well Said

Don Baker: Doug, I thought the article was "right on", a very good summary of the time and the exact scenario that myself and many others I knew experienced. To this day I feel uncomfortable wearing the Vietnam Veteran cap. NOT because I feel remorse for being there! But, because after all this time, it seems to me that the obligatory "Thank You Your Service", is inadequate and less heartfelt. I feel those of us stationed at PR were very fortunate! Sure we had the rocket and missile attacks, but we had 3 squares and a warm bed daily. The REAL heroes were those guys out in the jungle mostly the Marines and Army. The price that many of them paid is so significant compared to what those of us at PR experienced. When someone says "Thanks For Your Service", to me I would rather they would silently just remember the vets who were either KIA or wounded. They made the ultimate sacrifice. Sorry so long winded, hard to summarize all the feelings. I will always be Proud to have been a Viet Nam veteran.

Doug Severt: Paul K. Glasser and Don Baker I'm not at all surprised to find that we all have had similar experiences and feelings. My first thought when reading his book was he must have interviewed us, otherwise how could he know so much about us?

Jim Kucipeck: The article really sums up my experiences and feelings about Vietnam. I am struggling with it 50 yrs. later and I am now in V A counseling. I only talked to my wife about it last yr. There are "triggers" that take me back and make me feel extremely sad, a song, a word,

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a picture, etc. I have never talked with my kids about it. I can talk about it here to you because you understand and are sympathetic. I am proud of my service in Vietnam, I was good at what I did, but it is difficult to talk to non Vietnam vets, because they don't care. In my work place, there were only 4 of us who had Vietnam experience and could only talk in hushed tones because our colleagues didn't want to hear or made snide remarks. I agree with Don Baker about wearing anything that depicts my service in Vietnam. "Thank you for your service!" is a perfunctory statement made by most and is only appreciated when it is genuinely made by a Vietnam vet. Maybe someday I will be able to deal with it but it was an experience that changed my life profoundly!

Joe Schwarzer: Yes, I can definitely identify with it. I came home Nov. 68 and my family gave me a great welcome home but that was it. My girlfriend at the time wanted me to wear my uniform on a date and without any explanation I told her I didn't want to do it. I guess at the time I wasn't proud like I am now to be a veteran. I had a good friend that was killed a few months after I got back in a friendly fire incident. I wanted to talk to his mom and rode by her house several times but could not go in. I think I was experiencing survivor's guilt and to this day I really regret that I didn't talk to her.

Jim Kucipeck: I had an interesting experience in that I did take the time to talk to my friends younger sister. He was killed in '66 and she was only 4 or 5 yrs. old at the time. She never really knew her brother. When the "Moving Wall" came to town I had the opportunity to talk with her about him. I am glad that I had that time with her.

Joe Schwarzer: Jim, thinking back I know I would have felt better if I had talked to my friend's mom. I tried to track her down many years later but she was deceased. I also tried to track my friend's sister down but didn't have any luck.

Jim Kucipeck: Joe that is unfortunate had you done so it might have relieved some of the guilt demons that you carry today. Hindsight is 20/20, but we didn't know how to deal with our feeling then and only now can we start to deal with them.

Larry Martino Sr: All of us have some experiences in Vietnam that trigger sadness, guilt, etc., but by having our brothers from Phan Rang to confide in is a HUGE plus that not all vets have!!

Orus Coffield: Doug, the article was most impressive and it really hit home for me. I was especially taken when I realized that some of the things he described fit my experience exactly. For example, after I got back, no one and I repeat, no one, ever asked me what it was like! Sure, my folks were glad I was home and my friends were glad to see me but no one ever asked what I had experienced or felt. The only member of my family that I could and did and still do talk with about the Vietnam experience is my brother who was in Vietnam at the same time.

Larry Martino Sr: Yes, it was like everyone wouldn't talk about it....it was hush-hush. That was the hard part for me.

Orus Coffield: I also found among my wife's family who are primarily from the academic community that once they learned I had been in Vietnam I was seen as a victim. I never felt that way and indeed am damn proud of my service. Anyway, Doug I have already contacted the library and have the book on hold. I am most anxious to read it. It will, by the way, be the first Vietnam book I have read. I have avoided reading books about Vietnam until now.

Jerry White: I think the author captured many of the experiences and emotions of various Vietnam veterans. However, I think that for those who remained in the Air Force and perhaps other services, we had a built in support group with others who had served and could share experiences, both positive and negative. In retrospect, I look at the war as a waste of precious resources, but it does not diminish the bravery and sacrifice of those who served. I never encountered any of the disgraceful incidents of disrespect many did.

Orus Coffield: Jerry, while I did not make the AF a career, I did have almost two and a half years remaining in my enlistment when I got back from Vietnam. I agree, that helped the adjustment to a more "normal" life. I, like you, was surrounded by folks who saw my service there as commendable. I never had to say anything, they could just look at the ribbons and know I had been there. It is only now that I fully appreciate how positive and supportive that was.

Paul K. Glasser: Jerry, you are very fortunate to have not been exposed to what many of us were. It is at very odd times that the ugliness turns upon us. For example, about a month ago I was at a dog competition, after competing I put my VN hat on and was minding my own business tending to the dog when a woman, about my age made eye contact with me from across the building. I figured I was going to hear the "thanks for your service" speech which by

the way is confusing for me, but that is a different topic. She approached and unleashed upon me how I was a baby killer and I should be ashamed of myself. My wife and brother-in-law stood in shock as I remained very calm. I asked her to leave me alone and that she was about to ignite a fuse that she would not be able to put out. My brother-in-law stepped in and my wife ushered me out of the building. I'm really a very calm and mannered person, highly educated, who spent 40 years in healthcare caring for others much less fortunate, now retired, but you never know when issues such as these surface, so be fortunate that you are not exposed to these things. I respect your opinion about the war, but it does little to relieve the things we have had to deal with for the past nearly 50 years. I suspect I did not like it as much as you, but I would do it again in a heartbeat if that is what my Country asked of me.

Jim Kucipeck: I worked in a school district for 31 yrs. and I heard the similar remarks from some of my so called educated colleagues.

Jerry White: It is sad that other Americans who never served their country would treat those who did serve in this way. I guess we were fortunate in that my family was never subjected to any disrespect during my 26 years in the USAF including 3 years at Ramstein Germany and 6 years in the Washington DC area. Our friends and neighbors knew of my tour in Vietnam.

Doug Severt: I can't state emphatically that I never told anyone that I was in Vietnam, but I do know that I never volunteered that information, but I would have answered if I were asked and I'm sure that somewhere along the road to old age I've been asked. But if they did ask they didn't ask any other questions. Right now I'm proud to say I am a Vietnam veteran I think mainly because of all the wonderful veteran friends that I've meet over the years from Phan Rang. We all are so different, but we all share so many similar feelings that it's like we aren't alone anymore.

Jim Kucipeck: Brothers!

J Joseph Mack: I just finished reading the excerpt from the book Enduring Vietnam, as well as all the comments posted here. My experiences are no different than anyone else, as a C-123 Loadmaster I flew my last flight over Viet Nam on March 11,1969, left for McChord on March 14th and after two days there was discharged and arrived home in Brooklyn, NY on March 17th. I arrived home in my civilian clothes and never talked or discussed my service with anyone, no

one was interested as life had gone on for those left behind while I was away for four years. I still look back and felt that we should have been given a longer period of time to unwind before returning to civilian life. To go in six days from flying over Vietnam to the streets of Brooklyn seemed unreal, and still does. 50 years later I still do not talk about it and with the exception of family, no one knows I served in Viet Nam. I have a Viet Nam Veterans hat that I will wear sometimes, but when I do, I get a lot of stares so have stopped wearing it. I am proud of my service, and in a way glad to hear that my coming home experiences are no different than anyone else who served over there. Thanks for posting this article.

Sam Lewis: I’ve worn some type of Vietnam Veterans Cap for years. When people did stare at it which has been rare in my case it made me want to wear it even more. Soon after I returned from Phan Rang and the USAF my younger brother was drafted and spent a year in Cam Rahn at the hospital as a medic. Tough times for my mother for a couple of years. Like many in her case she spent her supper time watching the news. I talked about my service in Nam after I returned to my co-workers most who didn’t serve. For the most part, most were interested in what I had to say.

Michael Reed: Thoughts on Enduring Vietnam by James Wright. I was a senior in High School in 1969. I read about the war in the newspaper and watched it on TV but never really understood the reality of what was actually going on from the soldier’s point of view. I joined the Air Force not to avoid Vietnam, but to find a way to further my education and learn a skill other than shoot a weapon. As a matter of fact, I did have resentment of the draft protesters and deserters. My dad was in WW II. I was a believer in the principle of fighting communism and standing by those countries that we offered help to.

I was sent even though I didn’t volunteer. I was just out of Tech School and this was my first assignment. I was ready and eager to go. I’ll never regret it.

Being from a smaller city, the opinions of the population wasn’t very apparent. But I did notice no one was celebrating or welcoming our veterans home and now 48 years after I went to Vietnam, I also can reflect on some of my experiences. One being that nobody other than my family seemed to notice or care.

I found long ago that part of the reason returning Veterans don’t talk about it is part of that

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attitude and not that they are necessarily suffering from terrible PTSD. I have found that even their families are just not interested in what we have to say. I have friends that were in combat as grunts on the ground, that will talk about their experiences to other veterans and not the politics of the war.

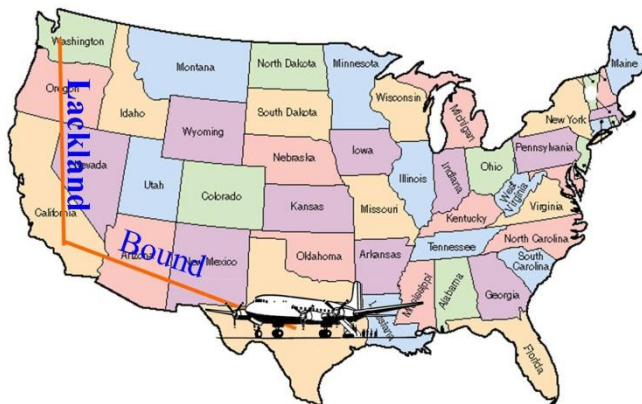
I also don't get a feeling of pride when some store cashier says "Thank you for your service". It seems to just be something they are told to say by their management. Or so it seems to me.

I still feel we were let down by the politicians and those protesting without any understanding of what was really going on in Vietnam. Unfortunately some of them are actually our leaders now and they still have no understanding.

James Wright wrote: I have read the chats... These are very powerful, very moving. I was touched by them—and even after all of my work on this and my time with Vietnam veterans I admit that I was stunned to read Paul Glasser's account of his encounter at the recent dog show. Unbelievable—I thought those voices had stopped many years ago and in fact many of them were now ashamed of how they had treated veterans. How shameful.

Lackland Bound

Jack Anderson wrote on Facebook: January 18, 1966. I was one nervous puppy as they bussed us to SeaTac for our flight to San Antonio. This was our first day in the Air Force, new recruits. The largest kid of the seven of us was put in charge since we had a layover in LAX. I think they thought he could keep us from running off. At 20, I was the old man of the group. I remember the first order we were given was to memorize our serial number. AF19872278 was tattooed in my brain before getting on the plane in Seattle.



The flight was an overnigher as we landed in San Antonio about 7:00 in the morning. We were

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joined up with others in a long hallway at the airport and ordered to stand at attention against the wall. Oh my gosh, that must have been comical to see! A larger group from California joined us at LAX and a third group from New Jersey in San Antonio. We were all ushered onto a blue bus and taken to Lackland. Some of the others really looked scary! Long greasy hair was something I wasn't used to.

We were put in two lines outside the barracks and "marched" inside. Our TI, Sgt. Apple told us to strip to our skivvies and told to go to sleep. I had no trouble doing just that!

Later that afternoon, we went outside and put into a long straight line. If we were taller than the guy to our right then we traded places with him. I just kept moving left until I was near the end. Fortunately for my ego, I was actually taller than a few others.

We marched to a warehouse where we got our GI issues and the infamous haircut. Back at the barracks we got into our olive greens and brogans. Suddenly no one looked scary, we all looked alike!

Thus ended my first day at Lackland Air Force Base. As basic training wore on I became "Chow-Runner," our activities were cut short by a breakout of Spinal Meningitis and finally we were shipped off to Tech School. Mine at Sheppard AFB in Wichita Falls, Texas where one day Texas would blow into Oklahoma and the next Oklahoma would blow into Texas.

Thanks for letting an old GI reminisce. That was a long time ago and I may even have some details right!

Ron Newland commented on Facebook: Ha, ha! I was there doing the exact same thing , but in 1969. Chow runner supreme. By the time you get your food and sit down, the Drill Sergeant yells, "everybody out!" So much for getting to eat!

Jack Anderson commented on Facebook: I enjoyed the hell out of being chow runner! Our sister Flight always met us at an intersection marching to chow. Sgt. Apple always let them go first. The rules were that the flights ate in the order they were checked in by the chow runner. The poor guys in the sister Flight had a chubby chow runner. When he was released, Sgt. Apple would release me. I blew by him every time, so we would go around them and eat first. Toward

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the end of Basic, Apple would let the poor kid get a bigger and bigger lead on me. I would watch him head off just raring to go! I mean I was itching! Apple wouldn't even get the "ch" out of his mouth and I'd be gone! I ran the poor kid down every time. Of course that made me a hero in my Flight and I ate it up. Such fun!

PHAN RANG STAFF MEMBERS

Doug Severt: President

Lou Ruggerio: Vice-President

James Kucipeck: Secretary

Jack Anderson: Treasure

Ed Downey/Barbara Brandt: Drill & Ceremonies

Christopher Boles: Photographer

Kirk Minert: Aircraft Historian

Bob Tucker: Keeper of the Rolls

Joe Kaupa: In Memoriam

Bruce Muller: Badge Board

Jim Erixson & Charles Simmons: Chaplains

Bob Howe: Australian Ambassador

Kristina Ho: Vietnamese Ambassador

Doug Severt: Facebook Administrator

Kirk Minert: Facebook Administrator

Bob Tucker: Facebook Moderator

Joe Schwarzer: Facebook Moderator

Kristina Ho: Facebook Moderator

Skip Ruedeman: Place Reunion info in VFW Mag.

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

2018 Reunion Information

Click [here](#) to make your Reservation at the Radisson Airport Hotel today. The cost of the room is \$163 plus tax, which includes a buffet breakfast, free internet and parking. There are also some parking spaces for RV's that are just that...parking spaces with no utilities.

The reunion dates are 11-13 October 2018, however the room rate at the Radisson is good for three days before and three days after. As in the past many people plan on arriving early.

We also arranged for a block of 150 tickets to the Grand Ole Opry and that number can and will be increased if we see a demand for more, so the sooner the members send in their money, the sooner we can make that assessment. It's also important to get an early figure so we can get a contract for transportation.

Total costs for the reunion, excluding your hotel room.

\$50 Banquet

\$49 Grand Ole Opry Ticket

\$15 Transportation

\$20 Reunion fee

The total cost then for the reunion is **\$134 per person** if you choose to go to the Opry and **\$70 per person** without the Opry.

Send check to: **Jack Anderson, 826 72nd St. SE, Auburn, Wa., 98092**, Make check payable to Phan Rang Reunion

Jim Kucipeck wrote on Facebook: EXTRA, EXTRA! Here is the latest information on the reunion. We, Doug, Lou, Jack and myself like to keep all of you “in the loop” on what is happening with our Nashville reunion. Your interest and commitment has been outstanding. To date (1/26/2018) we have 65 confirmed reservations at the Radisson and 136 reserved seats for the Grand Old Opry. We as the “advance party” were a little nervous when booking the hotel that we could fill 70 rooms. On the other hand, we discussed the venue, Nashville, and what it had to offer our group, entertainment, especially the “Opry”, Music Row, Tootsie's, restaurants, and the various sites around Nashville. Wow, boy did you guys and gals come through, your enthusiasm and commitment are gratifying!

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If you haven't made up your mind yet, sit down and give it some thought! Think about meeting old friends and making new friends. It is an opportunity to talk about your experience(s) in Vietnam; something that you may have been reluctant to do. It will change your life and how you feel about Vietnam. We have all been in your shoes!

It is never too late (or EARLY) to reserve your room and commit to the reunion. We are in the process of asking for more rooms to be allocated for our group. We can also get more tickets for the 'Opry. The earlier you commit to the reunion the easier it is for us to get more rooms, tickets, buses, banquet meals.

I know that sometimes I sound like a tour operator, but the Radisson is an outstanding hotel, near the airport, just off Interstate 40, a few miles from downtown Nashville. The parking is free, if you have a camper you can park in the back of the lot (no hookups). Your breakfast is free! We have two hospitality rooms, one for memorabilia and the other as a meeting room, our banquet room is spacious. As an added attraction we have our own Joe Kaupa as our main presenter!

Please think about attending the Nashville reunion, it will change how you feel about Vietnam!

This newsletter was compiled and published by [Douglas Severt](#). All of the grammatical and spelling errors are mostly mine. Previous issues of the Phan Rang Newsletter are available [here](#) for download.