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Phan Rang’s 315th Alters Designations

(Seventh Air Force News, January 14, 1970)

PHAN RANG - The 315th Special Operations Wing here was officially redesignated as the 315th Tactical Airlift Wing Jan. 1.

Accordingly, four subordinate special operations squadrons were simultaneously redesignated as tactical airlift squadrons.

The change was made to better reflect the primary mission of the 315th - providing tactical airlift support as needed for Allied forces throughout the Republic of Vietnam.

Flying the jet-equipped C-123 Provider, crews of the 315th can carry up to nine tons of cargo at a time, and can land at more than 100 airstrips within the country.

Commanded by Col. L.J. Campbell Jr., the wing flies more than 9,000 tactical airlift sorties a month, carrying more than 25,000 tons of food, fuel, equipment and ammunition.

The importance of this airlift role is confirmed by the wing's recent receipt of its fifth Air Force Outstanding Unit Award since 1963.

The citation accompanying the award read in part: "The superlative and combined efforts of all personnel were directly responsible for the wing's record breaking accomplishments in tactical airlift with a degree of reliability previously unattained in the Republic of Vietnam."

C47 Crash

(The Portsmouth Herald, March 11, 1967)

SAIGON, (AP) — A U.S. Navy C47 transport plane crashed and exploded near Phan Rang Friday killing all 25 persons aboard, U.S. military headquarters reported.

The two-engine transport crashed about 170 miles east-northeast of Saigon and 10 miles north of Phan Rang AB on the South China seacoast.

A U.S. spokesman said the cause of the crash was not known and that an investigation was under way. He said all 25 victims were believed to be American military personnel.

Navy C47 Crashes, 25 Dead

(The Cumberland News, March 11, 1967)

SAIGON, Saturday (AP) -A U.S. Navy C47 transport plane crashed and exploded near Phan Rang Friday killing all 25 persons aboard, U.S. military headquarters reported Saturday.

The two - engine transport crashed about 170 miles east northeast of Saigon and 10 (some reports say 5) miles North of Phan Rang AB on the South China seacoast.

A U.S. spokesman said the cause of the crash was not known and that an investigation was under way. He said all 25 victims were believed to be American military personnel.

These are just 9 of the 25 victims.

Albright, James M, Navy, Lt	Hester, Leo C., Navy, LCDR (Pilot)
Donald George Brown, Navy, LCDR	Kerr, Robert G., Navy LCDR

Cecil Leroy Chapman, Navy, ADR2	Ferron Jr., Francis R., Navy, AN
Crawford, John Calvin, Navy, Lt	Eckes, William C., Navy, JO1
Brown, Donald George, Navy, LCDR	

“I continue to meet more people from our Phan Rang group and have been impressed with every one of them.” - Joe Schwarzer

East, West Unite, Dedicate New Dorm

(Seventh Air Force News, January 14, 1970)

By Maj. John Tabor

PHAN RANG - The ritual of the Orient and the informality of the West were temporarily united recently in ground-breaking ceremonies in Phan Rang City.

Vietnamese religious and civic leaders from throughout Ninh Thuan Province along with Phan Rang AB officials gathered to dedicate and break ground for a new dormitory at the Ngoc Ninh Orphanage, a Buddhist-operated orphanage for children whose parents have been killed in the Vietnam War.

The addition is being paid for by the Vietnamese Buddhist Association and private donations from Vietnamese and Americans in the area.

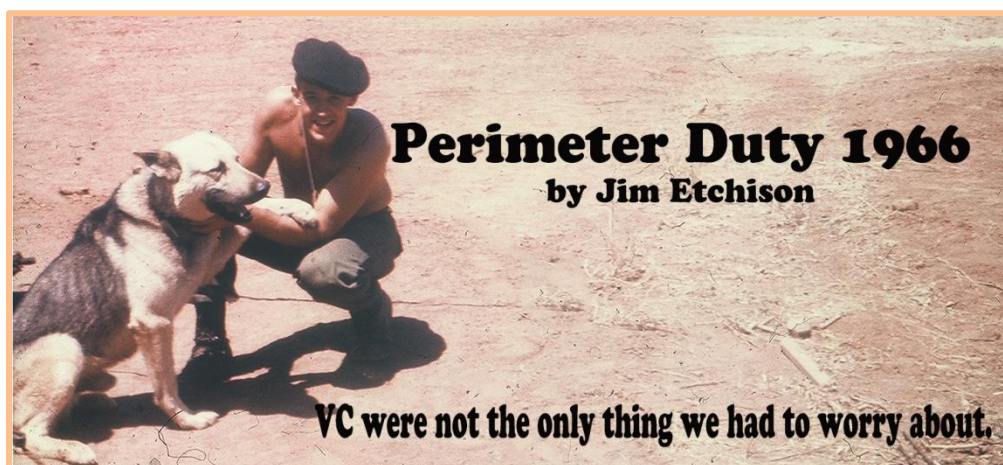
The two contrasting customs were briefly brought together when the laying of cornerstones - a strictly Western custom - was combined with the symbolic cleansing of the building site of evil spirits by Buddhist priests - an Eastern custom.

Because personnel here had played a major role in the growth of the orphanage in the past, the 35th Tactical Fighter Wing commander, Col. Walter T. Galligan, and the 315th Tactical Operations Wing commander, Col. Leslie J. Campbell Jr., actively participated in the ceremony by laying foundation stones. Some 20 other Air Force and Royal Australian Air Force officers and airmen also witnessed the ceremony.

While many units at the air base have contributed to the orphanage, several have given extensively of their free-time and resources. The 17th Special Operations Squadron built a

modern sanitary facility, and the 315th Consolidated Aircraft Maintenance Squadron constructed a temporary building. The 615th Tactical Fighter Squadron regularly made their flight surgeon available to the orphanage and the RAAF No. 2 Squadron provided a team of medical specialists. The 35th Security Police Squadron is preparing to build a new nursery.

Colonel Galligan, commenting on the scene at the orphanage, said: "When one looks into the eyes of these children and realizes what many of them have gone 'through, one would like to do even more for these innocent victims of the war."



EXCERPTS FROM VIETNAM LETTERS CONCERNING K-9 PERIMETER DUTY

By Jim Etchison

February 26, 1966: Had a little action last night. The dog man on the post next to mine heard something outside the perimeter fence. He light his flare to light the area and it reveled three individuals coming towards the fence about 75 yards out. He opened fire on them and they disappeared back into the mountains. We figured it was VC trying to plant booby traps around the perimeter where we walk or snipers trying to get into position to harass us."

April 3, 1966: "3 dogs have been bitten by snakes – 2 by Russell Vipers, 1 Spitting Cobra. The dogs got sick but did not die."

April 10, 1966: "Last night I wandered a little too far from the perimeter and landed about a mile off base. Spanky alerted and pulled me to about 50 yards from a house where I observed a group of Vietnamese men. I kept hearing sniper fire, but I am so use to it by now that it didn't

“Happy Valley” Phan Rang AB, RVN

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bother me. I found cover behind a bush and radioed in to control if they knew anything about a house being on my post with Vietnamese around it along with sniper fire. After checking my position out, they told me I better get the hell back on base for my own good. These people are so security laxed (U.S. military) that they (Vietnamese) took down the barbwire around the outer perimeter. As it turned out, I didn't get shot, for I got back on the perimeter with much speed. Here is a diagram of where I had wandered.”

“We had another dog bit by a snake; this makes five so far.”

April 13, 1966: “Two nights ago, we had a very active night. Remember I said they would try and attack the base; they did on our south perimeter but were pushed back. They also blew up a fuel line of ours, and K-9 was harassed by sniper fire. I had a tracer round go by my helmet not more than five feet and was the closest one yet, but I don't think he really knew where I was. The snipers know where we have our posts, but they don't know where the handlers and dogs are. By shooting rounds on our posts, they hope we will fire back. By doing this, the explosion from our weapon will create a muzzle flash and we would give away our position. Also, we had another dog bite by snake, that makes five.”

June 6, 1966: “Two nights ago a water buffalo hit one of our dog teams two posts down from mine, and in the confusion, the dog got away and we haven't found him as yet. The buffalo was killed and the handler is O.K.”

July 11, 1966: “We finally got back into the war. 5 VC tried to penetrate our north perimeter two posts down from mine. The firefight lasted for about 11/2 hours because they kept sending up reinforcements. Spanky and I hit a bank for cover and watched for them to come through our post that was being illuminated by flare ships, but none tried to come through. One VC was found dead and we had no casualties. One of our boys had a bullet hole right through his helmet but was not hurt.”

“The other night Spanky took a snake bite out on post and needless to say it would have been me if not him. He got sicker than hell, but we rushed him to the hospital and he recovered.”

August 18, 1966: “Well Spanky is out of work for awhile, so I have some extra time. He has some kind of skin disease which means he cannot work and must be isolated for awhile.”

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October 23, 1966: “The other night a troop turned his dog loose on alert and the dog came back a few minutes later after making contact with a wild bore. The dog’s whole side was ripped open. He is alive but it will be a long time before he works again. I would be happy if the VC were the only thing we had to worry about. We are all about underwater and the snake situation is worse than ever. About two weeks ago they killed a Cobra, which measured 9 and ½ feet. Now, what in the hell can you do about something like that? You know why I say that the VC are the least of my worries.”

About James Wesley "Jim" Etchison is a Vietnam veteran, educator, and businessman.

Since childhood, Jim’s ambition was to become a farmer, following in the footsteps of his uncle in North Carolina. As happens with many people, somewhere, somehow along the way, fate changed his plans.

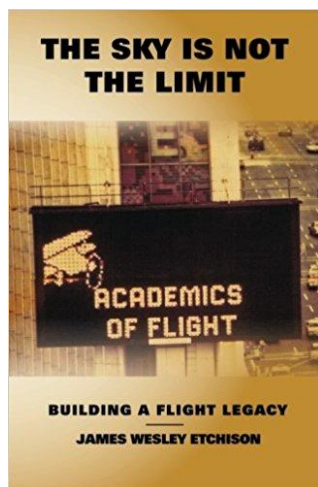
Not comfortable with college life after high school, Jim dropped out and joined the U.S. Air Force in Little Rock, Arkansas as civil rights movement swept the South. Three years later, in 1966, he found himself guarding the perimeter nightly as a sentry dog handler at Phan Rang, Vietnam for a year. Still restless, against orders he illegally volunteered to fly door gunner on the Huey “Slicks” with several army attack helicopter companies also located at Phan Rang. After being discharged, Jim returned to Vietnam to work with Pan American Airways in Saigon during the Tet Offensive, remaining there for the next two years.

Back in the States, after obtaining his MBA and Commercial Pilot certificate, Jim settled in Queens, New York. He married, had a daughter, and began flying nightly as a “Freight Dog” on the Northeast corridor from JFK (John F. Kennedy International Airport). When the company Jim was flying for went into bankruptcy, he decided to become responsible for his own career. Having to borrow \$35 from his wife, he obtained a business certificate, and Academics of Flight was born. From the school’s beginnings in his apartment, the name materialized as a household word in aviation communities around the globe.

Part One of The Sky is Not the Limit takes the reader through events prior to and during Jim’s Vietnam deployment, which lasted three years, returning to a society against U.S. involvement in the war. His restlessness is apparent during several helicopter missions and events during the Tet Offensive when the city came under a rocket attack on his first night back to Vietnam for

Pan American.

Part Two begins with the creation of Academics of Flight and carries the reader along as Jim travels to countries throughout Africa, Europe, Central and South America, and the Caribbean, teaching for various airlines. Jim describes incidents as varied as when he hid in a closet during a coup in Nigeria to avoid arrest to when he was harassed by a fundamentalist on a flight from Dubai to Karachi.



The Sky is Not the Limit is available in both [paperback and Kindle editions](#).

More on Jim’s tour of Phan Rang as a K-9 handler in an upcoming issue of the Phan Rang Newsletter.

“Will never forget the outdoor theater! A place where I could forget the war...”

- Robert Remel

F-100s Bag 13 Enemy

(Seventh Air Force News, July 2, 1969)

PHAN RANG-Air Force F-100 Supersabres from the 352nd Tactical Fighter Squadron recently struck a Viet Cong bunker complex six miles west of Duc Hoa in Hau Nghia Province which resulted in 13 enemy dead.

The pilots scrambled from the alert pad at Phan Rang in response to a call from a forward air controller (F AC).

"After arriving in the target area we learned from the FAC that friendly troops were 200

meters from the target area," stated Capt. Floyd J. Abney, Phoenix, Ariz., one of the pilots.

Captain Abney's wingman, 1st Lt. Dennis G. Stanford, Montrose, Colo., said, "the only comment the FAC made was that our ordnance was on target and that we had picked up a secondary explosion.

"We departed the target area thinking we had only set off one secondary explosion. But, the following day we were notified that 13 enemy troops, killed by our air strike, were found in the area."

Crew Chief Builds Own O-2 Aircraft

-His Model Flies Too-

(Seventh Air Force News, July 2, 1969)

By TSgt. John B. Mahony

PHAN RANG - An airman who services twin-engined, twin-tail push-pull O-2 reconnaissance aircraft, built himself one - a model O-2-recently.



Sergeant Tetterton with his Skymaster model.

The remarkable thing is that it flies. Remarkable considering he had no kit, no blueprints -just a desire and the energy to model the Air Force's version of the Cessna 337 Super Skymaster in Balsa Wood.

"I bought the wood, paint, engine and tires at the base hobby shop," said the designer and builder of the model, Sgt. William D. Tetterton, Wake Forrest, N.C. "I then drew a rough sketch of the O-2

and after two months off-duty time, this is what I came up with."

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The soft-spoken, muscular young crew chief held his finely finished model with pride, a quiet pride. The model has a 3-foot wingspan as compared to the full-size Cessna's 38-foot span. Sergeant Tetterton's craft has a length of 31 inches as compared to 29 feet. 9 inches for the full size plane. The model is equipped with a single-cylinder McCoy 19 engine which falls considerably short of the power developed by the two horizontally opposed six-cylinder, 210 horsepower engines on the Air Force aircraft. The model weighs three and one-half pounds. The "real-life" version has a maximum gross take-off weight of 4,300 pounds.

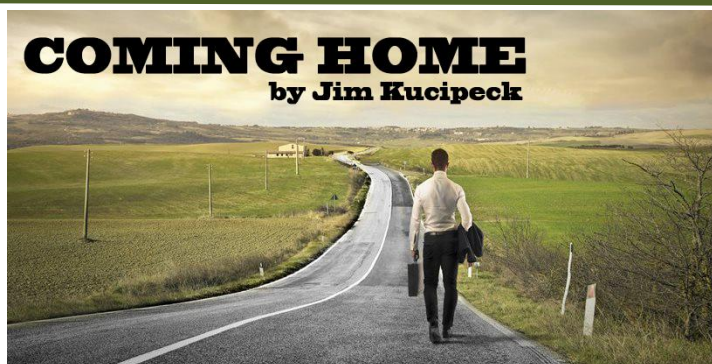
The Air Force's O-2 has a speed of 180 miles an hour. "Mine is fast enough to get airborne," the sergeant smiled. The full-sized O-2 has a ceiling of over 20,000 feet. "I've had mine up to waist height but was afraid to take it any higher," Sergeant Tetterton admits, but then quickly added, "but that was the maiden voyage and I've only had it up once."

The O-2 spotter planes are flown daily by Air Force forward air controllers (FACs) throughout Vietnam as they mark ground targets with smoke rockets and guide fighter and attack planes on close-support missions. Another version of the aircraft is employed by psychological warfare units to drop leaflets and broadcast messages over suspected enemy locations.

Sergeant Tetterton is assigned to Detachment 1, 504th Tactical Air Support Group, With duty at Phan Rang AB as an O-2 Crew chief, he performs such basic maintenance as pre-flight checks, refueling, and changing tires.

"I was working on the flightline one day when the idea came to me, 'Why not build your own O-2?' I had built other Cessna models such as the 100 and 180, so the experience helped when it came to building this one."

"There's a Globemaster with an 8-foot wing span at the base hobby shop," he said with a far away look in his eyes. "I think I'll make that my next off-duty time project."



“...thought little about the changes that were taking place back home.”

Today I came home, my DEROS was June 6, 1968 and it was on that day 50 years ago that I started my trek home after 25 months overseas, Korea and Vietnam. I really didn't know what to expect, of course I was anxious to go home, as we all were. I boarded a C-123 at Phan Rang for Cam Ranh Bay and the “Freedom Bird” that would take me home. Like you I had spent all my time working and supporting the mission and thought little about the changes that were taking place back home. I was a great relief taking off out of Cam Ranh on the way to Yakota, Japan to refuel and then on to McChord.

After landing back in the U S I caught a ride over to SEATAC airport and while there I noticed people were glued to the TVs around the airport and were crying. Senator Robert Kennedy had been assassinated on June 5th unbeknownst to me and probably you (as you recall our news wasn't exactly timely). I thought to myself this can't be happening here, Bobby Kennedy murdered, Dr. Martin Luther King gunned down earlier in the spring. From SEATAC, to O'Hare, to JFK and finally on to Albany, NY no one seemed to notice me as they were all glued to the TV news. Perhaps it was good that they didn't notice me, no one spit on me or harassed me as I was traveling in my 1505s!

“I have seen that look before by men returning from WWII and Korea!”

My “welcome home” didn't start 'til I got near home. I caught a bus in Albany, NY and headed 150 miles North through every little town in Northern NY, just the bus driver, two ladies about my mother's age and myself. As I gazed out the window at the beautiful green mountains and

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blue lakes and thinking how beautiful it all is and how much I missed it as it was such a stark contrast to Phan Rang, Vietnam. One of the ladies said “You haven’t been home in a while, have you?” I said “How can you tell?” she replied “I have seen that look before by men returning from WWII and Korea!”

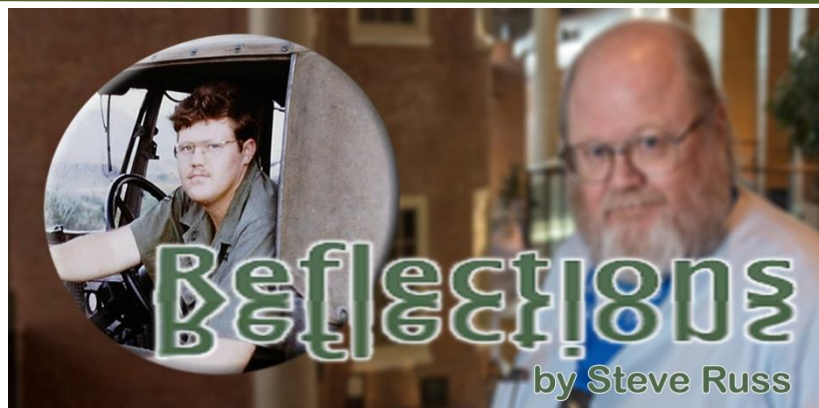
The bus didn’t go to my home town and the bus driver said that he didn’t go that far. I got off and started to hitchhike and a car stopped and then my “welcome home” nightmare started. A car pulled up and I opened the door and the driver asked where I was coming from and I said Vietnam at that point he called me a “baby killer” and a son of a bitch and sped off! Shortly thereafter another car pulled up and I was reluctant to open the door but I did and the driver asked what just happened. Of course, I was reluctant to tell him but I did anyway and he told me to get in and he would give me a ride home. He was an off-duty police officer, nice man, and took me right to my house.

After the “baby killer” incident and being a Vietnam veteran, things have not really gotten better during the past 50 years. My college years were stigmatized with being a Vietnam vet, enduring Vietnam War protests on campus, never talking about Vietnam and only socializing with other Vietnam vets. My work place, much the same, only four of us were Vietnam Vets and the rest didn’t want to talk about it, hear about it and would make snide remarks about the Vietnam War. I have carried this weight for 50 years!

When I attended our Seattle/Happy Valley reunion last October I gave a presentation on my experiences in Vietnam and towards the end of it I broke down. My wife sitting at a table with a very astute lady, Judy Anderson, Jack’s wife, said to my wife, “Is he being treated for PTSD?”! My wife and I discussed the possibility that I might have PTSD and she encouraged me to start the process. I have been diagnosed with PTSD and have been in therapy with a VA psychologist since last November. I attend a one-on-one session every couple of weeks. I am getting better and the weight of Vietnam is less!

Judy Anderson, thank you so much for recognizing my PTSD!

To all of you a sincere and heartfelt, “Welcome home brothers”!



“Forty-nine years ago today I left from Harrisburg, PA...”

Forty-nine years ago today I left from Harrisburg, PA., with two local guys, one of whom would become a good friend through basic, Hugh (Huck) Woolridge from Harrisburg, and who I have re-connected with on Facebook. He didn't stray far after a career in the Air Force as he settled outside of DC. He was our flight's guide-on and I was a squad leader until an inspection dropped me to road guard for the remaining week or so. A victim of TI planting tags, like so many before me. Then off to AMMO tech school at Lowry, then you know where.

After Phan Rang AB, the Air Force paid me back by sending me to finish out my enlistment in the United Kingdom, namely RAF Greenham Common/Royal Air Force Welford. There I ran into fellow Phan Ranger, the late Bill Strunk, another Pennsylvanian. How the time does fly!

“...great to sleep in tomorrow morning without having a bouncing trash can for an alarm clock two feet from my head.”

Right about this time of day, we were to board the plane in a few hours to head southwest for Lackland AFB from Harrisburg via a stop at Atlanta. Because we got into San Antonio and Lackland so late at night, the TI took us to midnight chow and after a briefing on what was going to happen from there on out, he let us "sleep in" until 9 am. Of course, that would be the only time that would happen. It will be great to sleep in tomorrow morning without having a bouncing trash can for an alarm clock two feet from my head.

My most vivid memory of the ingress center at Harrisburg was when a Marine Sergeant came in

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the room and had us all line up according to height. He then counted off the first 5 tallest guys and said, "You're coming with me." The 5th guy complained he was due to go in the Navy. The Sergeant said, "Not now you aren't. You now a Marine." I was the 6th tallest guy. Somehow, my luck that started that day, held through the entire 3 ½ years of my enlistment, if you don't count that bust down to road guard, which really wasn't that big of a deal anyway. It was just a little humiliating after being a squad leader for most of basic.

Having marched as a drummer in high school enabled me to join the Drum and Bugle Corps at Lowry and made the 4 months at Lowry a good time. We had base and town liberty anytime based purely on the yellow and white rope of the Drum and Bugle Corps we wore at all times, and I took full advantage of it. We were the base commander's baby and we weren't complaining. No daily falling out, although we practiced every day, two or three times a day to cover all school shifts, but no one cared because we knew how good we had it. I would go into Denver whenever I could, or checked out the base all alone. Another perk of the Corps and we travelled around Colorado performing and winning awards in parades, even beating the Air Force Academy Band. Denver was great; as I'm sure you humpers and loaders will attest to, even without the bennies of marching in the Drum and Bugle Corps or Drill Team.

After a couple months at Phan Rang Air Base working in the heat of the day, I got moved to nights and Red 6, components delivery. Much cooler working, as you night shift guys will attest to and driving around a little yellow farm tractor was more fun than trying to back a 25 ft trailer in between bomb rows in the dump and 120 degree heat, believe me. And then, catching a two month early DEROS due to Nixon's cutbacks and finally getting sent to the UK, the land of Pink Floyd, David Bowie and Led Zeppelin, British "Birds" who loved us Yanks and weren't afraid to show it and British motorcycles that leaked oil and broke down at the worst possible time but you didn't care because they had character and style, I couldn't have asked for a better way to finish my short Air Force "career".

After 49 years, I can't help but think of those of us who didn't get to tell their stories today, either because they didn't come home, or fell prey to that insidious chemical our government told us was safe. Here's to all of you. We'll all meet again someday soon.

Steve Russ more recently posted this on Facebook and I thought it was too important to let it go and not include it, so here it is:

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After reading... all the other comments and stories shared (on Facebook) over the past few years since I joined this group, one thing has been abundantly clear to me, and I suspect others, as well, and that is we all came to Vietnam from many different backgrounds, upbringings and consequently views on our places in the world and how we reacted to our individual experiences at Phan Rang when there, and beyond. In that, we share both a commonality, yet individual effect on our lives with every other individual who put on a uniform and went to war, in whatever capacity. To be honest, it is one of the reasons I enjoy reading those comments and experiences, because we don't live in a bubble and that is how we learn about our world and find those we have a kinship with.

I have come to learn, as a result that there are many of us who had a rough time at Phan Rang for a variety of reasons. I also know, both from personal experience while there and others stories here that many of us breezed through their time unscathed both mentally and physically and everything in between. When family and friends ask me what it was like, I have to be honest and tell them I had it fairly easy over there, especially compared to those in regular combat. I would never present my situation any other way, because to do so would be dishonest of me. I've often said the only war stories I can tell are those times I had a hard time making it home from the Airman's Club without falling down and passing out in a ditch.

Having said that, I have the deepest respect for those whose tour was more difficult than mine, especially for those who didn't survive. How this relates to whether or not we should keep the nickname "Happy Valley" (for Phan Rang AB) or not, well, GI's have always had somewhat of a morbid sense of humor in general during their service, especially during wartime. It's a way of coping with the stresses and hardships, however minor or extreme, they may be. While I always thought it was called Happy Valley as a bit of "GI humor". Other than finding bits and pieces of times and situation that you escaped the reality of your surroundings, there is nothing "happy" about a war zone. Of that we can all agree. I remember being told upon arrival in 1970 that Phan Rang AB was considered by the Army as an R&R base. Even by some USAF personnel who had been to Da Nang and elsewhere. When considering the A Shau Valley, Hue, the Ia Drang, Hamburger Hill and many other battle sites, I can see why it would be considered as such in comparison. I say this not to minimize what Phan Rang and its defenders (many of our members) went through during Tet and other times by any means. Far from it. As far as should we keep the term, Happy Valley? I think it's somewhat (note: SOMEWHAT) akin to the

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controversy of taking down Confederate Monuments. While using that nickname certainly doesn't represent oppression by their countrymen, it obviously flies in the face of how many of us remember our experience serving there. "Happy Valley" was definitely, after a certain date, part of the history of Phan Rang Air base, regardless of why it was added to the tower, trash cans, bus stops, what have you. The fact remains, it became known by that name by more than just the Air Force. To worry that it gives the wrong impression to those who weren't there is, quite frankly, is of no concern to me. It's up to each of us to relate, as we do here, what our time was like when asked, if you can, to those who want to know. THAT is the true and undisputed impressions those who weren't there can learn what Phan Rang "Happy Valley" Air Base was like.

Australian Reunion

The wheels have been put in motion to start planning for a reunion with No. 2 Squadron in Australia, with a projected time frame of Spring 2020. The American-Australian Reunion is headed up by **Greg Schmidt**, with **Jack Anderson**, **Jim Kucipeck**, **Lou Ruggiero**, **Doug Severt**, **Bob Howe** (Wing Commander, RAAF, Retired), and **Arthur Rennick** (No. 2 Squadron Secretary) as members.



One of our first goals is to get an idea of how many people might be interested in making the trip, so if you even think that you might be interested, please let me know. This will be a very memorable trip as it will be the very first time that a group of Americans have reunited with our Australian brothers-in-arms. One of the very preliminary ideas is to march in an ANZAC Day parade with No. 2, Squadron in Brisbane. ANZAC Day is the Australian equivalent of our Memorial Day. **What an honor that would be!**

Doug's Comments

We've had a very lively discussion on Facebook the past couple of weeks about when was the moniker “Happy Valley” associated with Phan Rang AB. The discussion actually got started with a thought of doing away with eliminating all references to Phan Rang AB as Happy Valley. To many members it was akin to taking down all Confederate monuments.

Most early arrivals to the base were not even aware that Phan Rang was called Happy Valley until many years later, and some even didn't learn about it until after joining the Facebook group. The earliest reference to Happy Valley was on the signage for the Bob Hope show in 1967. See the picture below.



Since it was called Happy Valley in the later part of 1967 when the Bob Hope show was there it must have been known earlier by that name for it to be on that welcome sign. I checked all copies of the early Phan Fare's and I couldn't find any mention of it, but then again I don't have many copies of that publication.



This masthead of the *Phan Fare*, September 19, 1968 is when they first put “The Happy Valley

Weekly” on it and it was used until publication ceased in 1972. From 1968 on, the term “Happy Valley” was used very frequently in local, command and state-side publications. Steve Russ in his commentary gives his take on the Happy Valley name and there was another discussion, without any conclusive evidence to the origin of the name in *Phan Rang Newsletter 122*.

My question is, does anyone have any idea who coined that phrase and why and when? Please let me know so we can settle this question once and for all, however, I will NEVER quit using it because I believe it is a historical and unique part of Phan Rang AB and it meant many different things to many different people.

The next issue will be all about Jim Etchison’s many adventures and his double life. Only in Vietnam!

I want to reassure everyone that the planned American-Australian Reunion planned for 2020 will not replace the annual Phan Rang AB Reunion in October.

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