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## **1Lt Charles R. Harr, 612th TFS ‘Screaming Eagles’, Phan Rang AB, RVN**



**1Lt. Charles Harr outside his F-100 at Phan Rang AB.**

Sitting in an F-117 in 1991, this pioneering combat pilot flew the super stealth fighter a full decade before the public became aware of it, including his family who didn't know that it even

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existed. Charlie explained, “My wife had no idea where I was going, what I was doing. It was the first airplane that you could fly into enemy radar defenses and not be seen.”

But his first missions in a cockpit decades earlier left Charlie Harr fully exposed to the enemies skimming the jungles over Vietnam. “We were supposed to stay 50 to 100 feet above the tree tops but sometimes you do a little gardening to make sure everything happens, right? In most

cases you were doing a lot of good, you were actually saving people on the ground and you could see it.”

During one emergency call the enemy attack was so close and so overwhelming the American commander on the ground ordered Charlie to drop bomb on his own troops. And Charlie said, “No, I’m not going to do that, but if you would at least just what side of you they are coming from and I’m going to be well inside the rules but I’m not going to hit you on this.” He said, “We were dropping 500 pound bombs, 750 pound napalm canisters and 20mm rounds, so you’re exposing yourself to ground fire, but you are also down there where you can see what is happening on the ground.”



**Charles Harr talking about his military career.**

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Heroics and heartbreak marked his 200 missions in Vietnam, still in his mid 20’s he lost a hand full of close friends. I had one shot down right in front of me in Laos, Pete Moriarty.<sup>1</sup>



**Col. Harr in front of his A10.**

That combat experience helped launch a new assignment as an instructor at the Air Forces Top Gun School and Charlie Harr the teacher also became the student, again and again. “The airplanes that I was combat ready in were the F-100, A-7, A-10, F-117, F-4 Col. Harr in front of his A10 and F-15s, so six combat ready aircraft. But

I flew my entire 26 year career except for 2 ½ years at the

Pentagon.”

And late into his career he was called to another war, this time calling the shots, not from the cockpit of a single fighter, but commanding the entire night time aerial attack on Iraq during Desert Storm. I’m sending people or scrambling airplanes to do the same thing I had done as a Lieutenant in Vietnam”

His new role exposed a key difference in the two wars for this combat veteran. “We had the decision power.” The military ran the war plan in Desert Storm and in Vietnam politicians drove the mission, a realization, Colonel Harr made with his fellow war room commanders. Charlie said to his commanders, “Guys what we are doing here round this table was done at the breakfast meetings at the White House during Vietnam.”

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<sup>1</sup> Moriarty, Peter Gibney, flying his F-100D 56-3180, attacking tanks on Hwy QL-9 22 KM west of Khe Sanh was shot down Mar 22, 1971 and his body was never recovered.



**Col. Charles R. Harr, USAF Ret. reflecting on his military experiences.**

Even after this decorated military career he continues to serve fellow veterans. He's as founding member of the Honor Air Knoxville team that escorts veterans on memorable round trips to Washington. **One more reflection of this patriotic aviator and his pioneering spirit.**

Colonel Harr was asked what his favorite plane to fly was and he said, "Hands down, the A10, it's slow, ugly and armed with a big gun", he said, "and ground troops love to hear it coming."



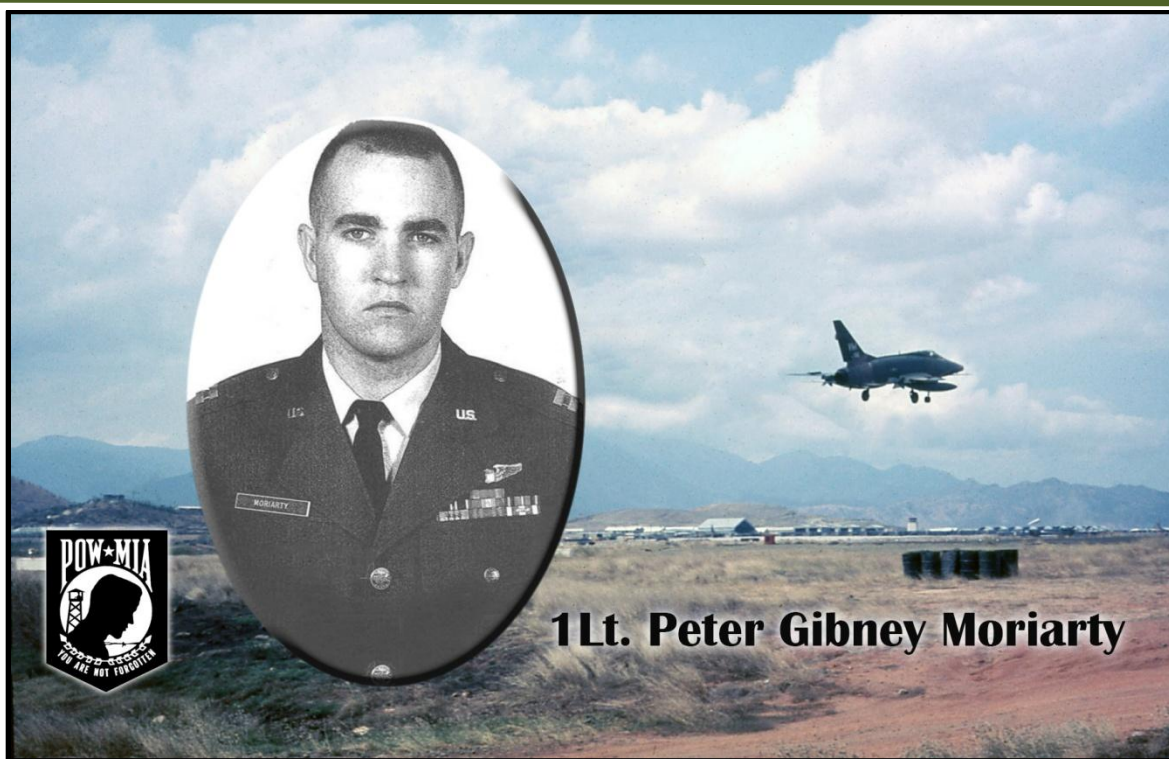
## **Operation Lam Son 719 - 1Lt Peter Moriarty**

South Vietnamese army forces invade southern Laos. Dubbed Operation **Lam Son 719**, the mission goal was to disrupt the communist supply and infiltration network along Route 9 in Laos, adjacent to the two northern provinces of South Vietnam.

*Observers described the drive on North Vietnam's supply routes and depots as some of the bloodiest fighting of the war.*

The operation was supported by U.S. airpower (aviation and airlift) and artillery (firing across the border from firebases inside South Vietnam) between 8 February and 25 March 1971. Observers described the drive on North Vietnam's supply routes and depots as some of the bloodiest fighting of the war. Enemy resistance was initially light, as a 12,000-man spearhead of the South Vietnamese army thrust its way across the border into the communists' deepest jungle stronghold—the town of Tchepone, a major enemy supply center on Route 9, was their major objective. However, resistance stiffened in the second week when the North Vietnamese rushed reinforcements to the area. During the last week of February, the big push bogged down about 16 miles from the border, after bloody fighting in which the communist troops overran two South Vietnamese army battalions.

On 22 March 1971 1Lt. Charles R. Harr and his wingman were scrambled from alert, call sign Blade 01/02. Lieutenant Harr was flying overhead and 1Lt. **Peter Moriarty**, 615<sup>th</sup> Tactical Fighter Squadron, was flying his North American Super Sabre Fighter jet (F-100D), low attacking a column of North Vietnamese tanks near the town of Tchepone when he was shot down. The FAC immediately put Lieutenant Harr in on the lead and trailing tanks to box them in. Moriarty's body was never recovered.



**1Lt. Peter Gibney Moriarty**

**Peter G. Moriarty, July 15, 1941 - March 22, 1971**

Peter was born 15 July 1941, and his home of record was Newington, CT. He was a pilot trained on the F100D Super Sabre fighter aircraft. The aircraft had first seen action in Southeast Asia in northwest Laos in May 1962. F100 operations in Vietnam began in 1965 and continued deployments of the aircraft to Vietnam left just five F100 squadrons in the United States.

Various modifications were made to the aircraft affectionately called "Hun" or "Lead Sled" by its pilots and mechanics over the early years, gradually improving night bombing capability, firing systems and target-marking systems. The single-seat model D was good at top cover and low attack, and could carry a heavy load of munitions.

Moriarty was attached to the 615th Tactical Fighter Squadron at Phan Rang Air base in South Vietnam. On March 22, 1971, Moriarty was assigned a mission over Laos in Savannakhet Province. During the mission, about 5 miles south of the city of Tchepone, Moriarty's aircraft was struck by hostile ground fire while over the target and exploded in a burst of fire.

According to the Department of the Air Force, "evidence of death was received..on 23 May

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1972 and [Moriarty's] status was changed to killed in action at the time of the incident." The nature of the evidence received is not specified, but Moriarty's remains were never recovered.

Moriarty was listed as killed, body not recovered. He is among nearly 2500 Americans who remain unaccounted for from the Vietnam War. The cases of some, like Moriarty, seem clear - that they perished and cannot be recovered.



**Let We Forget...We Will Remember Him**

## **And The Mail Still Got Through**



**Postal Unit Blowing Off Steam. Those that are known are Mike Bennett kneeling on the left and next to him is Terry Evers also kneeling and behind Terry is Rod Brown Yes, the mail was still delivered the next day...somehow!**



## **BASE-WIDE BOOM IN REVETMENTS**

*(Phan Fare, The Happy Valley Weekly, August 22, 1969)*

Some confusion exists on the base regarding the revetment program. Perhaps a few words of clarification are called for.

First off, none of the original buildings (those built in 1965-67) was designed to include revetting. This was **“Happy Valley,”** remember?

When the attacks began in earnest in August 1968, they were mostly at night. “Charlie” had to get in close to launch his mortars, and darkness gave him the best chance of doing this. Consequently, when the revetment program got under way, priorities had to be set. Every building could not be revetted at the same time.

The priority was: first, buildings where mission essential night work was done; second, airmen and NCO sleeping quarters; and third, officer sleeping quarters. Except for some officer trailers, this has all been accomplished.

When the first day time rocket attack came in June 1969, additional priorities had to be set because of the enemy’s apparent change of tactics. Now the emphasis was on revetting those building where the most people worked or congregated in the day time. Hense, the accounting and finance building was protected, next the CBPO, then the airmen’s dining Hall, etc. Some 64 buildings have been identified to be revetted.

New buildings, such as the theater, are being revetted as they are built. In addition, the “unpopular” sandbags protecting the airman’s quarters are gradually being replaced by brick.

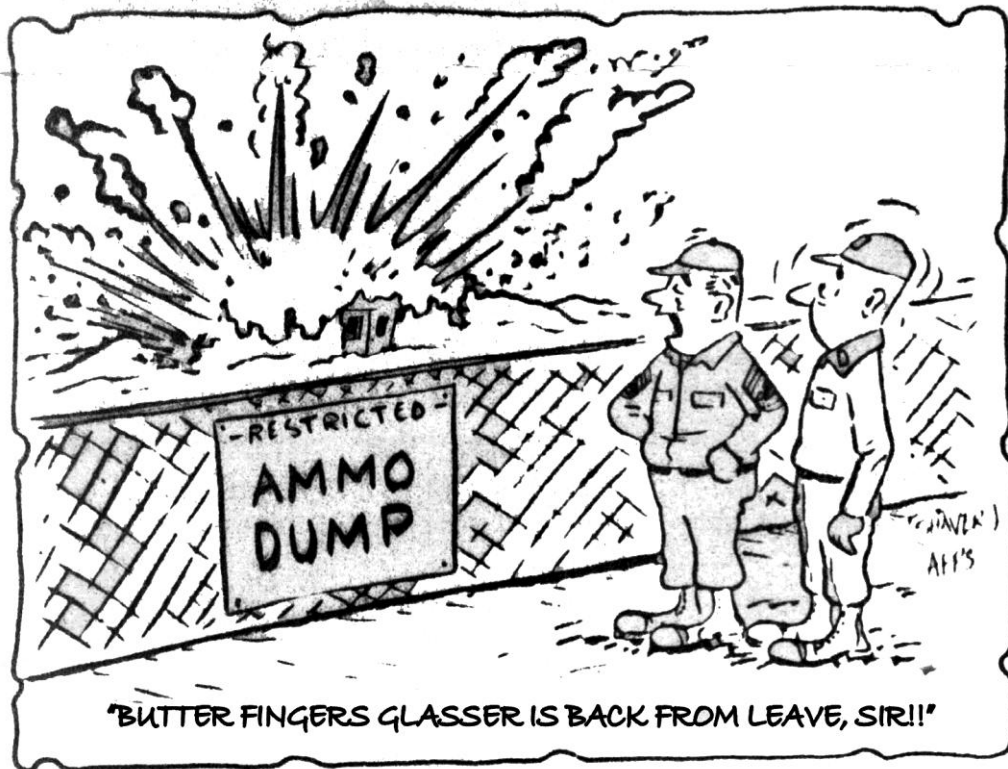
***“Phan Rang is the only air base in the RVN that can boast of its own brick making factory.”***

Actually we’re pretty lucky here in “Happy Valley” when it comes to the number of structures protected. Few Vietnam bases can beat our high percentage of revetted structures. And we’re getting out of the sandbag business, too. Phan Rang is the only air base in the RVN that can boast of its own brick making factory.

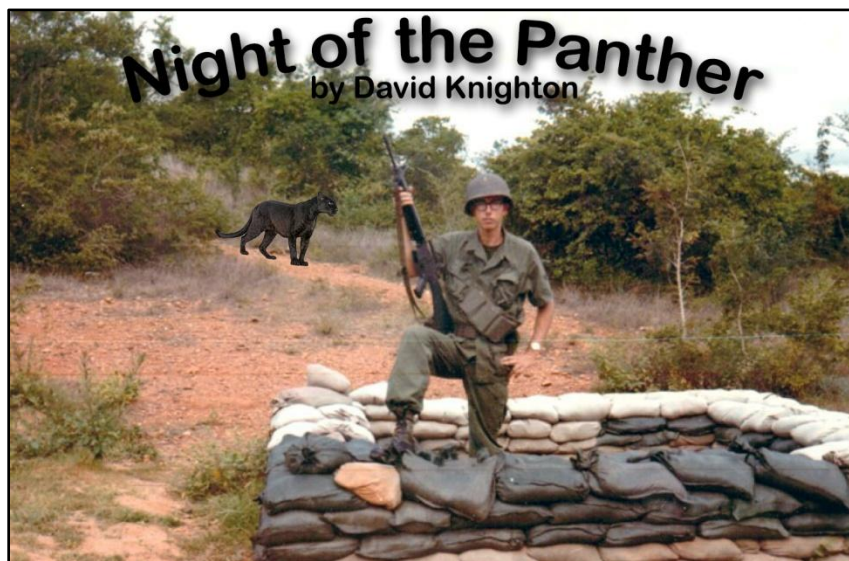
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Our excellent progress is receiving recognition, too. MSgt. Richard E. Lindsey Jr., disaster preparedness NCO at 7AF, during a staff visit on 15 Aug. 69 said, “The bunker and revetment program at Phan Rang AB is the best I have observed in theater, combining both protection and beautification.”



Source: Phan Fare, The Happy Valley Weekly, August 22, 1969. The original caption read “Butterfingers Spratt’s back from leave, sir!!” The name Glasser is a person suspected of being a member of the 435<sup>th</sup> MMS, however that could just be a coincidence.



**The author in his foxhole at Phan Rang AB in 1969.**

**M**y journey to Phan Rang Air Base (AB), Vietnam - and my rendezvous with a panther - began in November 1967. I was 19 years old when I enlisted. There were a large number of people joining the Air Force at that time (due, in part, to the prospect of being drafted into the Army) and I was placed in the Delayed Enlistment Program. I had to wait until January 1968 to be sent to basic training at Lackland Air Force Base (AFB), San Antonio, Texas. Ironically a couple of weeks after I had taken the oath of enlistment, I received my draft notice. Because I had paperwork showing that I was on delayed enlistment I did not get drafted.

At the end of basic training we were given the choice of going into the motor pool or going to munitions school. I chose munitions and was sent to Lowry AFB, Aurora, Colorado for training in March 1968. After completing munitions school I was given orders to Hill AFB, south of Ogden, Utah and assigned to the Munitions Squadron working in the Munitions Storage Area (MSA).

For the next 10 months we received further training in the munitions field to include inventory of ammunition, cleaning of munitions storage bunkers, shipping of the explosive cartridges used in aircraft ejection seats as well as learning how to properly utilize vehicles (forklifts, trucks, cranes, etc) used in the munitions field.

I also volunteered to serve on the Honor Guard at Hill AFB and was picked to be one of the

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seven airmen who fired the 21 Gun Salute at funerals. Around March 1969 I received my orders to a place called Phan Rang AB, Vietnam with a report date of June 4, 1969. Several of the guys I worked with at Hill AFB also received orders to Phan Rang.

Phan Rang AB was located approximately 35 miles south of Cam Ranh Bay AB along the central coastline of South Vietnam. The average temperatures in that part of Vietnam ranged from a low of 72 degrees to a high of 97 degrees with humidity that averaged in the 80 percent range. The hottest months were between April and October and the driest months were February through April. Night time temperatures were more bearable but the humidity was still high so it still felt hot. The difference was that the sun wouldn't be beating down on us at night.

During the year I was at Phan Rang (June 1969 to June 1970) the base was home to the 35th Tactical Fighter Wing flying North American F-100 Super Sabres, and the 18th Special Operations Squadron flying C-119 Flying Boxcars modified for use as gunships in support of ground forces (called Shadow.) There were also Forward Air Control (FAC) aircraft stationed at Phan Rang.

At approximately 2 a.m. on June 4, 1969 I and my buddies arrived at Cam Ranh Bay AB, Vietnam. We had to wait until morning to process in and spent most of the day doing so. Late that afternoon we were loaded on to a C-123 cargo plane for the 35-mile flight to our home for the next year, Phan Rang AB.

Planes in Vietnam did not land like normal commercial aircraft. The landing would begin with a steep dive towards the ground with the plane leveling out just before reaching the outskirts of the base. When we leveled out our plane was hit by three rounds of ground fire. Fortunately no one was hurt but later the crew chief told us it happened a lot. Since it was too late to be assigned to our unit we were taken to the transit barracks for the night.

After eating and spending some time speculating on what was ahead, we settled into our bunks and finally got to sleep. Around 1 a.m. we were woken up by the sound of a loud siren going off. We were new and didn't know anything so we decided to go outside to see what was going on. The base was dark as all lights had been turned off. We could see flares and tracers outside the perimeter of the base and hear the sound of explosions from various directions.

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As we were standing there watching, a guy came running up and told us we should get into the nearby bunker because incoming rounds had hit close by during previous attacks. No sooner had those words come out of his mouth than we heard a rocket falling out of the sky right towards us. We needed no training or instructions to know we should hit the deck and did so, trying to be as small as possible. Those were a long few seconds as the rocket kept getting louder and lower. It went just over us and hit around 30 yards away with a loud explosion and red-hot shrapnel flying in all directions. After that we spent the next hour or so in the bunker until the all clear was sounded.

We found out later that five guys were wounded in the attack.

In the morning we spent the day processing into the base and our unit. We received our helmet, flak jacket, web belt and canteens at the clothing sales building. Some of those items would have been handy the previous night and would get extensive use in the coming year. Our last stop was the CBPO (Consolidated Base Personnel Office) where we turned in our completed forms and went back to our barracks to settle in. About a half hour later three rockets came in and hit the base. One landed near the clothing sales building putting new shrapnel holes in it; one landed near the K-9 Barracks area killing a guy who was just sitting in the doorway reading a letter from home; the last one hit the CBPO building, killing a Technical Sergeant who only had 18 days left on his tour of duty. There were also eight guys wounded in the attack. Welcome to Vietnam.

A couple of nights later I started my duties on the night shift doing line delivery (call sign: *Red 9*). We handled 1,000 lb. hard case bombs (code name *Joker*) used by B-57 bombers and 500 lb. (*Katie*) low drag/high drag and 750 lb. (*Easy*) low drag/high drag hard case bombs used by F-100 Super Sabres. (Low drag/high drag referred to the fins put on the bombs. The low drag fin was the normal conical fin and the high drag fin (called a *Snake-eye fin*) was a fin that would pop open upon release from the aircraft and retard the rate of fall. This would allow the munition to be dropped at a lower level to increase accuracy and give the aircraft enough time to move out of range of the explosion.) We also handled 750 lb. napalm canisters (*Nancy*), various size and weight cluster bombs (*Uncle*), 20 mm ammunition for the aircraft gatling guns, 7.62 mm ammunition and illumination flares for AC-119 Shadows and 2.75 inch Folding Fin Aerial Rockets (FFAR) for the FAC aircraft (Cessna O2-A Skymaster and North American Rockwell OV-10A Bronco).

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We also provided all the components that went along with the munitions: arming wire; fuses (along with the delay elements); extenders for bombs (used to create an above ground burst); white phosphorus and initiators for napalm; and starter cartridges for B-57's to use to start the engines.

My time was spent mostly driving a 5 or 10-ton truck towing a 25' or 40' trailer loaded with bombs. The 25' trailers would be loaded with 26 napalm canisters or 26 750 lb. bombs; the 40' trailers would be loaded with 44 500 lb. bombs. We would load the bombs in the MSA and transport them to the holding area located between the MSA and the flight line. From there we would transport them to the flight line once the Crane Crew Chief received the night's "frag" list. This list was radioed to him by Munitions Control (Red 1) and was a list of what should be unloaded at each location on the flight line. The revetment area was divided up by lettered rows A-Z (if there were that many rows; we had A-W) and numbered revetments. An example would be: "6 Katie Low Drag at Delta 7" (6 500 lb bombs with normal fins at revetment D7).

Only the Crane Crew Chief had a radio and he would tell the truck driver where to go for the next location or to go back to the holding area. The crane would go to the next closest location on his list until the list was completed. There were times though that they would be called to go down to the Alert Row that was located at the far west end of the flight line to replenish bombs for Alert aircraft that had been launched for an emergency mission. Then they would return to the frag list to complete it.

One thing of note was that during the times our base was taken under attack by incoming rockets and/or mortars the crane crew could take cover wherever they could find it, while the truck drivers were required to move their truck/trailer off of the flight line and return to the holding area. Once there we could then take cover in the bunker located nearby. Needless to say that would get the heart racing a bit.

On one of the first nights to the flight line to drop off some 20 mm ammunition the guy who was training me was telling me about how locations were identified when we heard some explosions out towards a taxi way near the runway. Since there were no bunkers to take cover in and none of the revetments we were at had overhead cover we just got up against a side wall of a revetment. The explosions turned out to be mortars and they kept getting louder and

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closer as the VC “walked” them towards us. We found out later that there were 17 rounds that came in that night and the last one landed in an empty revetment on the other side of the wall we were laying against. Fortunately there wasn't one more because it would have landed on our side of the wall. Since all the taxi ways were made of either concrete or asphalt there is no doubt we would have been wounded or even killed. Needless to say I was pretty nervous the rest of the night.

Within a couple of weeks of being assigned to night shift line delivery (we worked 6 nights a week and 12 hours a night) I was told that we would have to work one week each month with either Red Horse (construction squadron) or Security Police augmentee duty. Knowing that I would be working on the flight line during my tour and not wanting to spend even more time exposed to mortar attacks that were directed at the flight line, I opted for augmentee duty. Upon reporting to the Security Police Command Center we were taken into a classroom they had set up for training. They handed out copies of the Rules of Engagement we were to operate under and another paper with all the radio Ten Series Codes they used. An example of the radio talk would be: “Delta 4 this is CSC (Command Center) 10-21 Land Line.” 10-21 land line was the code to call using the phone on the post. Every post along the perimeter had a radio, but only the towers had land lines. It was the type you had to crank up to get power to call.

The rest of the training pertained to weapon safety, how we would be taken out to post and picked up in the morning, what time we had to report to Guardmount (the pre-posting briefing where we would get intelligence information regarding what was going on in the area, as well as information on things that had happened the previous night.) We were then told what night to report back to start our six-night shift. Generally we would be posted from 8 p.m. to 6 a.m.

There were towers, bunkers and foxholes all around the perimeter of Phan Rang. During the daytime only the towers would be occupied. The towers were approximately 200 yards apart and within sight of each other. There were only a few bunkers and they were near the three entrances to the base. Foxholes were between the towers and there were generally two between each tower. Foxholes were usually manned by two augmentees; bunkers could be manned by either a Security Police airman (SP) and an augmentee or two SPs. Towers usually had either one SP, one augmentee or an augmentee and an SP. Augmentees were never assigned on their own until they had been working for several months.

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Life on the perimeter for me was pretty interesting and nerve wracking. I didn't really realize what I was getting myself into when I volunteered for that duty. First of all, it was the real deal. It wasn't a movie or a dream and at times the reality actually made it seem unreal. The fact that there really were enemy soldiers outside the perimeter who would like nothing better than to kill an American became really clear to me during my times along the “wire.” The truth is though that the majority of the time I spent out there was pretty boring overall as far as any attacks went. There were no ground attacks in all the nights I spent on the perimeter but there were probes in which the VC would attempt to sneak up to the perimeter and find a way through.

Our perimeter had many landmines and trip flares on it. There was one night that a trip flare went off and a guy took off running into the darkness outside the perimeter. The guy I was with fired off a Slap Flare (so called because to set it off you take off the end that has a little prong inside it, place it over the other end of the flare and hit it with the butt of your palm setting off the flare) and we saw the guy run back into a nearby village. We called it in and the Special Weapons guys responded and when they arrived the Sergeant-In-Charge asked us where the guy went to. We told him the village and he asked us if the guy had used the cows that were out in the field as cover. We said we only saw him when he set off the trip flare. The Sergeant then fired off 10 to 15 rounds from the M-79 Grenade Launcher he was carrying into the herd of cows. Those cows couldn't have cared less about the rounds exploding around them. It was crazy that they just kept walking along munching on the grass.

Later me and the guy with me had a conversation about how scary it was that we never even knew the VC was at the perimeter until he set off the trip flare. That is why I was so nervous out there. You just couldn't see that well and had to rely on your sense of hearing and any ambient light from the sky or base. Just scarier than crap out there.

The only time I saw a landmine go off was one time when I was in a tower late in the afternoon when it was still daylight. There was a dog going in and out of the perimeter down at another tower and I was watching it through binoculars. All of a sudden a cloud of gray smoke appeared and the dog went about 10 feet into the air before falling back to the ground motionless. It took a few seconds before the sound of the explosion got to me. I felt bad for the dog but it was kind of inevitable really.



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We did have quite a few trip flares go off during my time out there but that was caused mostly by the rabbits that were all over the place. They weren't heavy enough to cause a mine to go off but they weren't too bright about avoiding trip flares. We would be sitting in the darkness talking about home and a flare would go off scaring the crap out of us. We would request a mortar flare and when it lit up the area we would look around and usually see nothing unusual.

Which brings me to **the night of the panther**. I was in a foxhole on the perimeter with another augmentee. We were between two towers that were around 100 yards away. It had been a pretty uneventful night and was pretty dark out but if I remember correctly there was some light from the moon - I don't think it was quite full but the area had more light than usual. At the Guardmount briefing we had been told that the night before one of the K9 guys had shot a panther but only wounded it. The panther went crazy and attacked the dog, killing it and then mauled the handler before running off. The previous policy was that you could shoot a panther if it was coming near you, whether attacking you or not. The new policy put in place that night was that you could only defend yourself from an actual attack.

As luck would have it later that night, while we were sitting in our foxhole and talking about all the things we would do when we got home, we saw something moving slowly across the ground towards our position. It was about 50 yards away. That really sent adrenaline through us and we aimed our M-16's towards it. It didn't take long before we realized it wasn't a person because of the way and speed it was moving. It wasn't running or anything but just didn't look like a person. As it got closer we realized that it was a panther and was still coming toward us. Now we clicked our safeties off on our weapons and got a flashlight to illuminate it. Once we turned on the flashlight the panther veered off away from us and headed in the direction of the next tower down the perimeter.

We called in on our radio to advise CSC of what we had seen. The guy in the tower had heard our radio call and stated that the panther was now below his post and looked like it wanted to climb up the ladder into the tower. He got his M-16 and clicked off the safety and the panther then took off into the brush. That was the last we saw of it that night. That certainly gave us something to talk about for the rest of the night and we were pretty spooked. We thought it was pretty amazing though that we had just been briefed about not shooting panthers and sure enough one comes up towards us that night. What are the odds of that?

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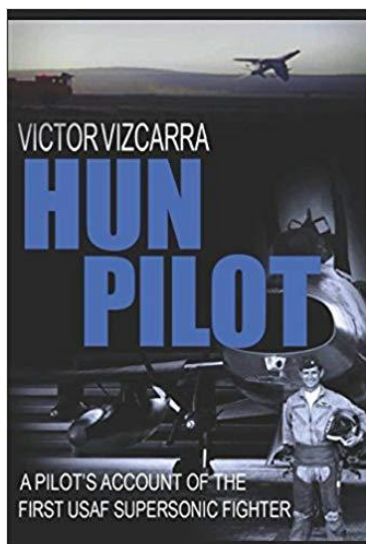
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This doesn't really tell the whole story of the time I spent on the perimeter because there were plenty of other times when guys thought they saw something and called in for flares to light up the area. The thing about flares was that the light they gave off was kind of orange-ish and as they floated down on the tiny parachute they would swing back and forth causing trees and bush shadows to have the appearance of movement. It was really eerie to sit out there and experience it. I still have dreams about being out there sometimes and there have been times when I have been out camping and it gets dark when I think about those nights.

***David's story was chosen to appear in the Air Force Museum publication titled "Friends Journal". The Friends Journal is a quarterly publication of the Air Force Museum Foundation, Inc. for Friends of the National Museum of the U.S. Air Force. The Journal is dedicated to preserving USAF heritage through firsthand stories of service and combat, as well as conveying the latest news and photographs from the Museum." They are a part of the Air Force Museum.***

## Authors in our midst



### About the author

Col. (Ret.) **Vic Vizcarra**, a 24 year Air Force veteran, was commissioned through the ROTC program upon graduation from Loyola University of Los Angeles in 1960. A high ranking in his pilot training class allowed him to choose the F-100 from the list of available assignments. After completing F-100 training, he was assigned to the 31st TFW, 309th TFS at Homestead AFB, FL where he flew the "Hun" for 16 months. In 1963, he transitioned to the F-105 and served in Japan from where he participated in three deployments to Southeast Asia and flew 59 combat missions in the F-105D. During his third deployment, he was forced to eject from his disabled F-105D over North Vietnam and spent two hours on the ground evading capture before being rescued by a U.S. Navy helicopter. He later returned to fly 120 combat missions in the F-100D/F with the 35th TFW, 352nd TFS, at Phan Rang AB, Republic of Vietnam. In addition to the F-100 and F-105, Col. Vizcarra flew the F-5E

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and F-4E in follow-on assignments. Promoted to Colonel in 1981, he served as the 35th TFW Deputy Commander of Maintenance in his final assignment. Hun Pilot is the author's second publication and is a companion to his first book, Thud Pilot, which is due to be re-released in February 2018.

### **The book**

Hun Pilot examines the first of the "Century Series" of new fighters of the mid-'50s from a young fighter pilot's perspective. The North American Aviation F-100 Super Sabre was the first U.S. fighter capable of exceeding the speed of sound in level flight. Designed as a day superiority fighter, it quickly morphed into the Air Force's mainstay fighter-bomber. The F-100 design and its Pratt and Whitney J-57 engine were a quantum leap in aeronautics and engine technology that expanded the day-to-day operational flight envelope into the aeronautical flight regime previously flown only by the X-series of specialized experimental test aircraft. Pioneering supersonic operations opened previously unknown aeronautical phenomenon that challenged new piloting skills. Over its quarter of a century operational career, the F-100 suffered one of the highest accident rates in the fighter inventory, with 38.75% of the fleet destroyed in aircraft accidents and killing 324 pilots. Yet, with properly trained pilots at its controls, the aircraft fulfilled the requirement for a worldwide deployable deterrent against the growing nuclear Communist threat. In its latter years of operation, the Hun remained an effective weapon system, flying 360,283 combat sorties in Southeast Asia, more than any other fighter.

This book comes highly recommended from many in the Phan Rang community and in a future issue of the Phan Rang Newsletter I may be able to give you a sample of what it was like to be an F-100 pilot in Vietnam, but for now, go to Amazon and get this book for the whole story!

Click [here](#) to buy the book at Amazon

This newsletter was composed by Douglas Severt. To see a list of all previous newsletters click [here](#). To unsubscribe to Phan Rang News, reply to [dougsevert@cox.net](mailto:dougsevert@cox.net) and put 'unsubscribe' in subject line.