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General Moore Flies B-57 - F-100

(Phan Fare, The Phan Rang Weekly, October 25, 1967)

Brigadier General William H. Moore, commander of the 834th Air Division with Headquarters at Tan Son Nhut Air Base, went on F-100 and B-57 combat missions with units of the 35th Tactical Fighter Wing recently as part of his preparations for a new assignment at the Pentagon.

General Moore, made an overnight visit to Phan Rang and received a tour of the base by the 35th TFW Wing Commander, Colonel James A. Wilson, from Glendale Calif. The general said he was pleased with the progress being made by the base.

“Happy Valley” Phan Rang AB, RVN

...keeping the memories alive

Phan Rang AB News No. 174 **“Stories worth telling”**

Lt. Colonel Robert S. Stedman, commander of the 8th Tactical Bombardment Squadron, piloted the B-57 jet bomber in which the 834th Air Division commander flew during a combat mission which resulted in the destruction of four military structures and 15 bunkers. Two aircraft carried out the missions, aimed at enemy targets in the I Corps area of South Vietnam.

Captain Charles Rasnick was at the controls of the second aircraft.

Major Franklin D. Howard of the 352nd Tactical Fighter Squadron was the general’s pilot during a combat mission in which three F-100’s of the unit struck enemy targets in the provinces of Pleiku and Ninh Thuan.

Three military structures were destroyed. The other two pilots were Lt. Col., Harold L. Beasley, commander of the ‘Yellow Jacket’ Sq., and Captain Gary Dana.

General Moore conferred with Col. Bill M. Richardson commander of the 315th Air Commando Wing, during his stay at Phan Rang.



Pylon Shop Backs Bomb Runs

(Phan Fare, The Phan Rang Weekly, October 25, 1967)

When the F-100 Super Sabres of the 35th Tactical Fighter Wing reach their targets, the pilots simply push a button to release their bombs. Behind that instantaneous operation lies constant work for the six men assigned to the pylon shop of the 435th Munitions Maintenance Squadron.

Each just fighter carries four pylons containing bomb racks, and there are automatic primary and auxiliary release systems. If the primary system fails, the pilots turn to their auxiliary systems to release their bombs.

If that doesn’t work, they can use a mechanical release for emergency jettisoning of their ordnance.

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The men of the pylon shop spend ten hours a day seeing to it that the pylons and their intricate bomb release system stay in top working order.

In charge is Staff Sergeant **William E. L. Bunn**, 24 from Bossier City, La. Assisting him are: Airman Second Class **Del W. Henry**, 20, from Ashland, Ky., A2C **Kenneth M. Laster**, 21, from Wolf Lake, Ill., A3C **Steve Painter**, 20, from Poca, West VA., A2C **Vernon A. Johnson Jr.**, 19, from Portland, Ore., and A1C **Kenneth N. Olson**, 35, from West Hartford, Conn.

“They’re great” said Sergeant Bunn as he talked about the men working for him.”



Phan Rang Assists Farmers with New, Improved Breeding

(Seventh Air Force News, October 29, 1969)



**Lieutenant Cooley giving a helping hand.
U.S. Air Force Photo**

By Maj. John Tabor

PHAN RANG - Under a recently signed agreement between Phan Rang AB and the "Dac Nhon Swine Association," a cooperative, the base garbage will be given to farmers to help them raise more and better swine. The cooperative's aim is to improve the standard of living for its 300 members, and make more fresh pork available. Currently, fresh meat is scarce and expensive.

Collection of the garbage will be a Vietnamese effort. By pooling their resources the cooperative has purchased several used trucks to pick up the refuse. Once collected, the estimated 40 barrels a day will be divided among participating members. The swill is

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then combined with chopped banana tree stalks.

Overall management of the association is under Thai Le Anh. When questioned about the program, Mr. Anh explained when the cooperative was first formed in June 1967, it had rough going. It had to buy all its feed and the Vietnamese swine stock was not of acceptable quality.

Early in the program the association was able to crossbreed some of its stock with "New Hampshire Yorkshire" stock.

Commenting on the community endeavor, 1st Lt. **James V. Cooley Jr.**, base civic action officer here, said, "There's more to this project than merely raising pigs. The local Vietnamese in Ninh Thuan Province are beginning to band together for the common good - no one individual is going to reap all the benefit from this effort.

"These people are beginning to have faith in themselves. They are making long-ranged plans for the future."



Thirteen to Colonel

(Phan Fare, The Happy Valley Weekly, November 28, 1968)

Thirteen proved to be a lucky number for that number of Phan Rang lieutenant colonels recently. They were the ones notified of their selection for temporary promotion to full colonel.

They are: **Alvin W. Banner** and **Joseph Fernandez**, 35th TFW; **George T. Dwyer**, **William B. Maxson**, **William T. Shelton**, **Eugene E. Hustain** and **Donald B. Swenholt**, 8th TFS; **Niels H. Lund**, 554th CES; **Raymond A. Youngberg**, 834th ADIV; **Joseph R. Henry** and **William J. Mayhall**, 315th SOWG; **Jack A. Maret**, 311 SOSQ; and **Robert E. Stockhouse**, 309th SOSQ.



O-1 Bird Dog flying over Ninh Thuan Province. Photo by Christopher Boles

Capt. Snyder of Erie Tells How FAC Works in Viet

(The Daily Gazette, Sterling-Rock Falls, Illinois, Friday, July 8, 1966)

An interesting article which appeared in the Chicago Tribune this week, features an interview with Capt. “Chuck” Snyder, 34, of Erie, who is fling in the Viet Nam Battle area.

The article was written by Wayne Thomis, Tribune aviation editor during a visit to the front. It follows:

PHAN RANG, Viet Nam, June 27 - Chuck the FAC, a stumpy, sandy-haired, square jawed captain, likes to roll the inevitable stub cigar in his mouth and say:

“Sometimes a FAC has a punch like a battleship - and all from that little bitty airplane there that chugs around the sky at 80 knots.

“Sometimes a FAC is the death angel for the Viet Cong. And sometimes he can be an angel of life for our own troops pinned down outnumbered, and taking a shellacking from the Viet Cong.”

He refers, of course, to the duties of a forward air controller or FAC. The FAC is the aimer for as big an air strike as a combined Vietnamese and air force tactical air control system may be willing to allocate.

FAC Must Be There

As Capt. Chuck Snyder, 34. Erie. Ill., said, no ordnance is dropped in South Viet Nam, in the expanding war against the Viet Cong and regular North Vietnamese battalions unless a FAC is there to put his smoke rockets into the target area and to guide the 600-mile-an-hour jets down into their delivery dives and to “con” the pilots thanking the precise targets he wishes to strike.

Your observer met Capt. Chuck one hot morning a day or two ago on the interlocked aluminum plates of a parking area for the huge six-month-old Phan Rang air support base 170 miles north of Saigon. Hot sun beat down on Snyder's faded blue-gray flying suit and his close-cropped hair. He had belted .38 caliber revolver and brass cartridges at his hip. Jungle mountains ringed the horizon around the open valley.

“Come on, hurry—I’ve got strike ordered and we’ve just got time to get there ahead of the jets,” he said. “It’s a V. C. rest camp in the hills only 27 miles north of here. One of our hill agents says he has it pin-pointed and we’re gonna work it over.”

Puts On Flak Vest

Snyder put on his flak vest and threw another my way. “Some of our boys sit on one and wear another,” he said. “Suit yourself, but I wear mine.”

We climbed into the two tandem seats of the little gray, high-winged monoplane with its glass side panels — left wide open in the heat — and its 214 horse power engine and fixed pitch prop.

Under each wing a fitting carried 2 smoke rockets in tubes, Snyder had an M-16 automatic rifle and ammunition tucked beside his seat, but otherwise the offensive armament was combined very high frequency and ultra-high frequency radio for air-ground and air-to-air conversation.”

Off over V. C. land,” he said into the intercom mike as he snapped switches, and the little engine (exactly like those of civilian Cessna airplanes used for training and sport flying back home) turned over and began purring.

Calls To Tower

Snyder called the Phan Rang tower and identified himself as “Baron 61”—his call sign. After we had taxied carefully around much larger aircraft, including a dozen or more F-Phantom fighters which at this time are the main reason for existence of the base, we lifted off the 10,000-foot strip in about 600 feet or run.

"This'll take us 15 minutes to get to the area," he said, his voice coming through clearly the slightly distorted in tone over the intercommunications channel. “Might as well sit back and look around.”

“The V. C. controls every foot of the mountains and even some of the plain,” he continued “ At night they comedown in squads and even company strength - 60 to 80 men-and take rice, salt, sugar and information from the villagers.

Sometimes Kill Mayor

“Sometimes they kill the village mayor or head man especially if he is not cooperative, That little village over there was overrun by a V. C. outfit less than 10 days ago. The mayor and 7 or 8 others were killed and 17 or 18 men and women wounded or tortured.

“Our howitzers from the 101st attached artillery swiveled their tubes around and pumped 50 or 60 shells into the village and the V. C. retired. We had the wounded in our hospital the next morning. But it just shows you. That village was 2 ½ miles outside our perimeter.

“0, yes, this is V. C. country around here. When the strike is over I’ll take you around my beat and let you see what it’s all about. I get fired on almost every day — thankfully not by automatic weapons, most times. But if I go skimming too low over any of these ridges, two or three of those cocky V. C. snap off shots at me. If we get fired on you’ll hear the clap of the

shot, even if the bullet is nowhere near us.”

Calls To Station

At this point, with the little Cessna 0-1 Bird Dog plane climbing through 3,000 feet, Snyder switched to his transmitter and called, “Blue Fin, Blue Fin—this is Baron 61.”

Blue Fin, the ground radio station for the province at intelligence headquarters in the town of Phan Rang, replied immediately:

“Roger, Baron 61, your strike is scheduled for 0945 hours (9:45 am). Four F-4s with four 250 pounders each and a pistol. Call sign Phantom 21.”

Listening. Snyder turned in his seat, lifted a red wax crayon, and wrote the pertinent information on the plexiglas window at his right. Then he replied:

“Very well, Blue Fin. I’am 10 minutes from target area but will make rendezvous. Please report to Phantom.”

The air frequency over which these messages were exchanged was crowded with other voices — other controllers and ground stations and even air strike leaders.

Strike Forces Marshal

All over Viet Nam at that hour strike forces were marshaling to hit at the enemy from the 17th parallel to the southern tip of the Mekong, delta, 900 miles away. There are 214 FACs working above Viet Nam, and they manage to keep the Viet Cong down in daylight, although the V. C. owns the night and the outskirts of the “island” bases springing up all over South Viet Nam. On this particular day 390 in-country support sorties were flown.

Below us the countryside changed from a dozen shades of green in paddies, small fields, villages, and even pasture lands to the foothills of the mountains along the coast and north of Phan Rang.

“Those are deserted villages,” Snyder said. “We moved the people north to this point where we

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could protect them. From the point north it's V. C. country again. Anything move on the roads, the beaches, in the hills, and I can shoot.”

Move Along Slowly

We were putt-putting along at the level of the coastal hills, 3,000 feet above the sea with its lovely greens shading into blues and purples, the golden beach, and the thick and interwoven jungle growth just inland. Looking behind us I saw four F-4s, each leaving a faint smoky trail, streaking down and toward us in single file.

“Pantom 21 has Baron sight,” came a muffled voice over the receiver. “We are just above you. Where's the target?”

“Haven't marked it yet. Snyder replied “Checking to be sure. I suggest north south passes with break over the sea. I will be to the east. Going in to mark now.”

The little O-1 airplane turned toward the hills, as Snyder pored over a small scale map. He had a pink crayon mark on the map. While holding one finger there, he maneuvered the aircraft toward a bare spot a saddle between two higher ridges.

With his left hand he reached to an arming switch for the left outboard rocket While the plane turned and twisted as we approached to within 2,000 feet of the suspected V. C. camp, Capt. Chuck suddenly rolled into a steeper nose-down position. There was a “pop.” Not loud or sharp, and I watched a rocket speed like a fired arrow into the upper center of the clearer area.

“There's the smoke.” Snyder said to Phantom 21. “Put your weapons into that point of jungle that points from the south to the smoke.”

“On the way,” was the reply. We turned northward, and by straining we could see the first F-4, in a 34 to 40 degree dive, streaking at increasing speed at the clearing. The plane apparently had come from above 8,000 feet. As we counted three it began to flatten the angle and a half second later swept Just above us — as it seemed — and banked left out over the sea.

Smoke Rises

“Crump, thud,” came the impact of the bomb, and gray smoke curled from the jungle Snyder had indicated. Very matter-of-factly he spoke:

“No 2, put yours a little shorter. That was 100 meters long.”

The second F-4 was already in its dive and the pilot merely grunted on the plane-to-plane frequency. As No. 2 banked left in turn the “thump, crump” was repeated and smoke rose almost from the same point where the first 250-pound bomb struck into the trees.

“Still a little long.” Snyder transmitted. “Three, put it 100 meters shorter.”

And so it went for eight dives as each F-4 let go two bombs and then pulled up to orbit, well above our altitude and hidden from our eyes by puffy, broken clouds at 6,000 to 7,000 feet.

“Let me take a look.” Snyder told Phantom leader.

Pear Into Jungle

Our little plane moved over, descending but not increasing its speed, so we could look closely into the jungle canopy. We continued to descend, not over 1,500 feet from the target, until we could peer back beneath the upper layer of growth.

“Can’t see a damned thing,” Snyder grumbled “In this kind of target if you don’t get a secondary explosion — one that is not related to the bombs you’ve dropped — you never know what good you did ”

“Think we will waive the pistol,” he transmitted to Phantom “So long, and thanks for the job.”

The “pistol” refers to the 20 millimeter gun package which the air-ground F-4s carry in a center line, streamlined pod.

The pilots have no air-to-air computing sight for this weapon but it is used very effectively in ground strafing against nonmoving targets. Each pod carries 1,500 rounds and the fire

is devastating against houses, vehicles, trucks, small bridges, sampans, and troops.

Gestures to Clearing

“Down there,” Snyder gestured with his thumb at the clearing, “those 20 millimeters are soaked up by the trees and the vines and are not the best weapons. We should have had napalm, but around here we take what we get.”

Twice more we circled the clearing, with Snyder obviously hoping that the Viet Cong — if they were there — would take a shot or two at him, thus revealing their presence. But no shots came.

“Half the time it’s like this.” he groaned “You get results when you don’t expect ’em and don’t when you do. We’ll have to get the agent report.

“Usually agents are working for both sides. Often they’re people who tote rice or salt or other foods to V. C. camps. Mostly they try to count new graves to get casualty figures. I don’t really know whether this was a dud strike or not.

“Blue Fin, this is Baron 61. What have you for me?”

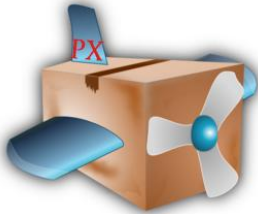
Talks To Station

“Nothing for Baron 61 right now. Are you going to cover your beat?”

“Rog — out,” Snyder replied And then on intercom he said: “Well, there it is. We can kill ’em if we see ’em. That the big difference between what happened to the French here—when they got driven out by guerrillas — and what’s happening to us. We are getting plenty of kills — many more than are reported, we know, because the policy on V. C. death casualties is very conservative.

You have to see a body to get a credit, and the V. C. try to carry off all wounded and dead, just to prevent us from getting a reasonable record of effectiveness.

“Ole Charley has got to be hurting. But the funny part of it is that he keeps increasing in numbers as more troops come in through Laos and Cambodia from the north Charley hasn't given up yet, but if we just keep this pressure on he's bound to break.”



Flying PX Lifts GI's Morale **Shopping at 5 Firebases**

(Pacific Stars & Stripes, Saturday, December 6, 1969)

By SPEC. 4 MARK G. BAREN

PHAN RANG, Vietnam (Special) — On a hot dusty day in the late 1860s, a wagon train wound its way to a lonely outpost in the great American West. To soldiers on the post, it represented long awaited supplies and a chance to buy tobacco and small items from the nearest town.

On a similar day in 1969 at Firebase Panzer, the men of A Troop, 2nd Sq., 1st Cav. Regt., and B Btry., 3rd Bn., 6th Arty. Gp., waited anxiously as a helicopter brought in goods from the rear areas.

The difference of 100 years only changed the type of merchandise and the mode of transportation. The men bought radios and film, and cookies and magazines instead of tobacco and cloth.

It all began with a question from an artillery forward observer, Sgt. Peter Little of Winchester, Mass., who had been in the field for a year. He wondered if it would be possible to bring the PX out to the field since they could seldom shop in town.

He asked the assistant manager of the Army PX in Phan Rang, Spec. 4 John Post of Cleveland, Ohio, if the idea was feasible. Two weeks later the men on firebases scattered between Phan Rang and Phan Thiet in II Corps were being serviced by the "Flying PX." Every man's dream of getting to the PX finally came true.

Upon his six-month extension in Vietnam, Sgt. Little began to work as assistant manager, of

the Army PX and now, along with Spec. Post, handles the entire "Flying PX" operation.

The job isn't easy. The "Flying PX" services over 1,000 soldiers on five firebases. Merchandise must be selected, inventoried and packed in readiness for each trip.

Goods are loaded on helicopters at the PX in Phan Rang, flown to the firebase, offloaded and set up in displays similar to those found in regular PXs. The two-man team functions as both salesclerks and cashiers.

In an average month, the men at each firebase buy about \$3,000 worth of merchandise.

According to Capt. William Rollins, commander of A Troop, "The 'Flying PX' is the best morale booster my men could have here in the field."

The “Bummers” Saga Continues



The “Bummers” Saga



NEW YELLOW BIRDS

By David Withem

Sometime in September, 1968 I found myself assigned to the 8th Tactical Bombardment Squadron at Clark Air Base in the Philippines. I had left Nellis AFB in Nevada after two and a half years as a weapons loader on F-100 Super Sabers for a test and evaluation group. It amounted to pilot training for the fly boys on their way to SEA. New toys of destruction such as the FB-111 aircraft flying overhead with its ass on fire.

After about a month of familiarizing myself with the Canberra, I got orders to go to Phan Rang AB, Vietnam. Also in that interim I received three newbies from Lowry tech school to train and take along with me as a load crew. They got their tool boxes issued and we were headed in-country.

We arrived in Saigon with no problems. As I had not yet been in a war zone myself, it was very uncomfortable around the airport with three greenhorns and a damned tool box and practically everyone else carrying some sort of automatic weapon, and the walls adorned with signs warning us of impending doom by grenades or mortar.

After a restful night’s sleep (heavy thunderstorm in the distance that turned out to be bomb runs by some B-52s), we boarded another C-130 for Phan Rang.

Wayne Steimel, who turned out to be my number two man on our load crew got the front seat (web) on the left side of the plane. As we took off on a steep climb, a big coffee urn that was strapped to the bulkhead just ahead of Wayne’s seat broke loose and hit him in the head. Although only partially filled with semi-warm coffee, the urn caused a gash and lots of blood in Wayne’s scalp. When we got to ‘Happy Valley’ he was taken to the infirmary to get his scalp stitched and checked over.

As we reported to our sergeant the following morning, I had prepared papers to give him to put Wayne in for a Purple Heart. He surprisingly got a hell of a kick out of that and from that day forward we felt we fitted right in with the group. Best bunch of guys I ever worked with!

The young guns worked out real well and were a great load tem. We worked 1800 hours to 0600 hours the whole time we were there. Wayne Steimel (Number two-man), Greg Peterson (Number three-man), and Phil Harrison (number four-man and MJ-I driver completed a really tight load crew.

JANUARY 26, 1969

BY David Withem

The alarms started at about 0130 hours. My crew and I were working as a gun crew for all aircraft of the 8th TBS this particular evening. We were a man short for our 6 PM-6 AM shift since Phil Harrison was sick as a dog that night. We couldn’t load bombs without a full crew but were able to check out and load and make ready all guns.

The night started normally with a movie at the theater and then re-hit the flight line for the rest

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of the shift. We had a box of 50 caliber ammo hanging under a wing on a cable when all hell broke loose. I looked around from the top of the wing to see Pettersen hauling ass for the bunker across the taxiway. He had seen a flash at about the same time as the sirens went off. Wayne who was sitting in the cockpit, looked at me as another piece of ordinance exploded in the direction of the F-100s. We were soon in our own race for the safety of the bunkers. The bunker consisted of a concrete floor and stacked with sand bags up all sides and over the top reinforced with planks of wood. A small opening at one side allowed entry and exit.

The attack lasted for several hours with intermittent periods of quiet mixed with flashes and explosions. About the time you would think it was over they would let rip with another salvo. At some period of time, I believe it was the Air Police that showed up and issued all of us a flak vest, helmet and M-16 rifle and two clips. I remember one guy asking what he was supposed to do with the M-16. He was told to defend this area, as they didn't know exactly where the enemy was besides where they had made contact. The troop's reply was that he hadn't handled one since boot camp and didn't remember how to use it. I sort of was thinking the same thing, but figured we might have to relearn it real fast. During the periods of quiet, we would go outside the bunker to see what we could see. Got to see a fireworks show as the 30's cooked off from the damaged F-100. A couple of them were completely melted down in their revetments.

During one of the many heavy barrages we all were huddled in the bunker with our M-16's and two clips. Some senior NCO had told everyone to not load them. In hindsight, that was probably a good idea, although at the time it seemed hard to plan a defense with an empty rifle. As it went completely quiet again, you could hear the guys in the bunker breathing. As you might expect, one of the guys dropped his helmet on the concrete floor and scared the bejesus out of everyone in there. We were sure we had just bought the farm. Things were over at about 0500 hours the best that I can remember. We had enough time to go wrap up our work before shift change.

As we approached our plane we could see that our box of 50's were still hanging under the wing where we had abandoned them. Under the wing was a piece of shrapnel almost the size of my hand and it looked to be a hunk of a 500 pound bomb that had cooked off from one of the F-100s. I brought it home as a souvenir and still have it.

We went down to the de-arm area to retrieve a couple of buddies in the Metro. As we arrived we saw Bob Copeland from Ft. Worth peeking out of the edge of the jungle. I can't recall who was with him that night, but Bob's eyes were like two big saucers as he told us that it looked like the whole base was on fire from their vantage point. Thank God that they didn't stomp around out there and set off a mine or a trip-flare. This is my best recollection as to how things went that night. I had a very restless day with little or no sleep. The dog handlers, and all of the Security Police along with the augmentee's did one hell of a job that night and my hat goes off to them and their dogs. It turned out to be NVA sappers and our guys completely thwarted their attack except for the artillery. David Withem, Weapons Crew Chief, 8th Tactical Bombardment Squadron.



Buddy Search is a list of people that mainly Facebook users are trying to reconnect with. I'm listing them here because the Phan Rang Newsletter reaches a lot of people that are not on Facebook and I have found that names printed in the newsletters frequently show up when searching with an Internet search engine, usually with the Phan Rang name in addition to a name. As an example Eugene D. Miller was mentioned in an article in Phan Rang News 123 and doing a search in Yahoo, Google and Bing using the search terms "eugene d. miller phan rang" the newsletter 123 is the first listed link. With a larger audience and Internet searches it is hoped that more people can reconnect. If you would like to add someone please [email](#) me with the information. **NOTICE** if you are an individual finding this document through an Internet search of your name and if you think you might fit the description of the person that is looking for you please click on the name that is hyperlinked to a Facebook page to begin the connection process. If you are unable to connect that way, please write to [me](#) and I will try to make the connection. Also if you might have any information about the person being searched, please share with us the information that you have.

Searching For	Org.	Years	Who's Searching
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Backman, Raymond MSgt	35 th CSG		Johnny Ray Caton
Ballanger, Steve Capt.	C-123 Pilot	70-71	Gary Miller
Baum, Robert	435 th MMS	67-68	Jim Kucipeck
Bowers, Frank	35 th SPS	68-69	Joe Kaupa
Bowers, Jim	315th CES		Charlie Randall
Boyd, William D.	35 th TFW/315 th		Gary D. Neitzke
Brewster, James A2C		67-68	Van Digby
Byrd, William (Willie) A1C	C/C AC119G	69-70	Bruce Muller
Byrd, Willie	17 th SOS	69/70	Bruce Muller
Calhoun, Maj.	35 th SPS	70	Ian Wheat
Chaffin, James	435 th MMS	67-68	Michael Mulcahey
Cherry, Elijah	435 th MMS	67-68	Jim Kucipeck
Cole, Gary Sgt	1882 nd Comm. Sq.	71	Bobby Flack
Coulette, Jon	35 th AMS	69-70	Bob Tucker
Crosby, Mert	315 th Com Shop		Frederick J. Ciesla
Dlugolz, John	435 th MMS	69-70	Michael Mulcahey
Duden, John F.	435 th MMS	69	Dean Ford
East, Bill	315 th SPS		Dennis W. Stricklin
Egbert, Robert	8 th TBS	68/69	Jim Hemphill
Fisher, Eddie	315th CES		Charlie Randall
Fisher, Joseph P.	35 th SPS	60-70	Margie McNeely
Foust, Robert S.	Det. 8, 14 th APS	68-69	Jim Erixson
Glenn, Randall C. Sgt	35 th SPS K9		Bill Lyle
Gray, Paul	8 th TBS	67-68	John Dean
Hawley, David	1882 nd Comm Sq	68/69	Nick Bositjevac
Hettinger, Buzz	435 th MMS	67-68	Donald Brodersen
Hilton, James	35 th TFW MSL	1969	Charles Lee Simmons
Hustas III, Charles SSgt	14 th FMS	70-71	Bill Higgins
Jenks, Albert	315 th Metal		Ken Creasy
Johnson, Gary J.	35 th FMS	69/70	Dave Hooton
Johnson, Harold Sgt	435 th MMS	68-69	Ronald S. Zulkiewski
Keyes, David R.	Det. 8, 14 th APS	68	Douglas Severt
Lanovaro, Vincenzo SMSgt	435 th MMS	67-68	Jim Kucipeck

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Loveland, David C. Sgt	435 th MMS	68/69	Ronald S. Zulkiewski
Mancer, Scott	554 th Red Horse	68069	Dave Miller
Marcus, Mitch	35 th SPS	68-69	Craig Lord
Massey, John	35 th SPS Heavy Weapons		Darrel Mansholt
McAvoy, Donnie	35 th AMS	69-70	Bob Tucker
Minor, Ron	315 th CES		Charlie Randall
Morrison, Charles W. A1C	C/C AC119G	70-71	Bruce Muller
Norman, Russell	35 th FMS	69/70	Dave Hooton
Nunnley, Butch	352 nd TFS	68-69	C. Dan Brownell
Olivarez, Robert G.	315 th Sheet Metal		Ken Creasy
Parker, TSgt	615 th TFS	67-68	Leo Remillard
Perry, Charlie, Amn	35 th USAF Disp.	67-68	D. John Vallee
Pitman, Morris	35 th FMS	68/69	Dennis Beechey
Pointon, Ken	35 th AMS	69-70	Bob Tucker
Postigo, Tito	35 th CSGP	69-70	Walter Herron
Rodriguez, Jesse	1882 Comm. Sq.	68-69	Ted Trojanowski
Sanders, David	435 th MMS	67	Joe Taylor
Savaga, Al	35 th AMS	69-70	Bob Tucker
Snyder, Larry	35 th FMS	69/70	Dave Hooton
Tanner, Charley	1969 SPS		Jim Mattison
Taramino, Mario	35 th SPS Heavy Weapons	69	John Gorto
Thompson, Williams (Willie)	8 th TBS	67-68	Joe Schwarzer
Usner, Vernon	Det. 8, 14 th APS	68-69	Douglas Severt
Vendefelli, Joseph (Vendy)	35 th SPS	70-71	Donald Poirier
Vincent, James (Vince)	35 th SPS		Ron Hawley
Warthen, Obediah SSgt	35 th CSG		Johnny Ray Caton
White, Lt	35 th SPS	58-69	Joe Kaupa
Williams, Billy A2C	35 th Supply	1966	Hank Milnark
Williams, Billy R.	366 th /35 th Supply	66	Hank Milnark
Williams, Larry SSgt	315 th CAMS Soap Lab	70-71	Gary Miller
Zeigler, Lloyd E. (Gene)	Med. Train. Spec.	69-70	John Quasney



PHAN RANG, Vietnam (AHTNC) — Army Specialist Fourth Class **Reginald W. Rogers**, whose wife, Ruth, lives at San Benito Dr. Brownwood, recently returned to his base camp in Phan Rang with his unit, the 1st Brigade of the 101st Airborne Division, after more than a year of combat in the jungles of Vietnam.

Spec. Rogers, a draftsman in the brigade, and the other members of the unit traveled by land, sea and air in the longest convoy thus far in the war. The journey began Jan. 21 and lasted five days.

Land travel covered 400 miles, a great deal of which included roads blocked by the Viet Cong for several years, and proved that the infamous Vietnamese Highway 1 is open and safe for civilians to traverse. The land movement covered stretches on the highway that had not been traveled since the French departed over a decade ago. (Brownwood Bulletin, Thursday, February 9, 1967)

PHAN RANG, Vietnam- Army Capt. **Andrew J. Hudson Jr.**, 28, whose parents live at 601 Irvin St., De Leon, recently returned to his base camp in Phan Rang with his unit, the 1st Brigade of the 101st Airborne Division, after more than a year in combat in jungles of Vietnam.

Capt. Hudson, assistant logistics officer of the brigade, and the other members of the unit traveled by land sea and air in the longest convoy thus far in the war. The journey began Jan. 21 and lasted five days.

Land travel covered 400 miles, a great deal of which included roads blocked by the Viet Cong for several years, and proved that the infamous Vietnamese Highway 1 is open and safe for civilians to traverse. The land movement covered stretches on the highway that had not been traveled since the French departed over a decade ago. (Brownwood Bulletin, Thursday, February 9, 1967)

“Happy Valley” Phan Rang AB, RVN
 ...keeping the memories alive
 Phan Rang AB News No. 174 **“Stories worth telling”**

Notice to Reunion Attendees.

Dates:	11-13 Oct 2019	
Location:	Homewood Suites, 149 West Mulberry Blvd, Savannah, Georgia 31407	
Homewood Suites	(800-2255-4663). You need to mention the three letter group code: PHA to get the group rate.	
Embassy Suites	There are still some rooms left. Click here to book.	
Reunion Fee:	\$20	
Banquet (12 Oct):	\$55.41	
City- Tour-Dinner Cruise (11 Oct): (See schedule below)	\$77**	
HERE ARE THE TOTALS		
	Single	Double
Reunion fee, Banquet and Tour	\$152.41	\$304.82
Reunion fee and Banquet only	\$75.41	\$150.82

PLEASE SEND CHECK TO:

Jack Anderson
826 72nd St. S.E.
Auburn, WA 98092

Remember the funds are refundable up to a certain point. If you don't remember if you paid, look in your checkbook because the only way to pay is by check. Proof of payment by check sometimes could come in handy at registration if there are ever any questions because people sometimes make mistakes.

Doug’s Comments: I hope that you enjoyed this newsletter and if you have any comments or would like to submit a story, just send to me. 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 mailto:dougsevert@cox.net and put ‘**unsubscribe**’ in subject line. I would like to remind everyone that we have services available to all Phan Rang AB veterans like the **Roll-Call** that [Bob Tucker](#) maintains. The ‘Roll-Call’ is a list of everyone that we’ve known to

“Happy Valley” Phan Rang AB, RVN

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have been stationed at Phan Rang AB, including their grade, organization, time served and other information that may be helpful in searching for a buddy. If you are not on Facebook and would like a copy of it, contact Bob Tucker and he would be glad to send you a digital copy of it, but please remember that this is a work in progress and only contains the names that the members have captured through the years and it is not a complete list of everyone to have been stationed at the base. Another list that we maintain is the ‘**Remembrance Board**’, which is a list of all Phan Rang Veterans that have passed. [Joe Kaupa](#) maintains that list and it contains the veterans name, unit/organization and year of death and that list is also available upon request.

Phan Rang AB Challenge coins are still available for eight dollars each. If you would like to purchase one, send a check to Jack Anderson to the address listed in the reunion section. Please make your check out to ‘**Phan Rang Reunion**’. The 2019 Reunion shirts are on sale [here](#) along with hats and many other Phan Rang related products.



Phan Rang AB Vietnam
Having one Hell of a Time,
Wish you were here

- *Exotic Beaches***
- *Interesting People***
- *Tons of stuff to do***
- *Exciting Nightlife***
- *Guided Wilderness Tours***
- *Nightly Fireworks Displays***

Contact your local Armed Forces Travel Agent

Photo by Joe Schwartz