

Phan Rang AB Newsletter

The History of Phan Rang AB and the stories of those who served there.
"Keeping the memories alive" Newsletter 233

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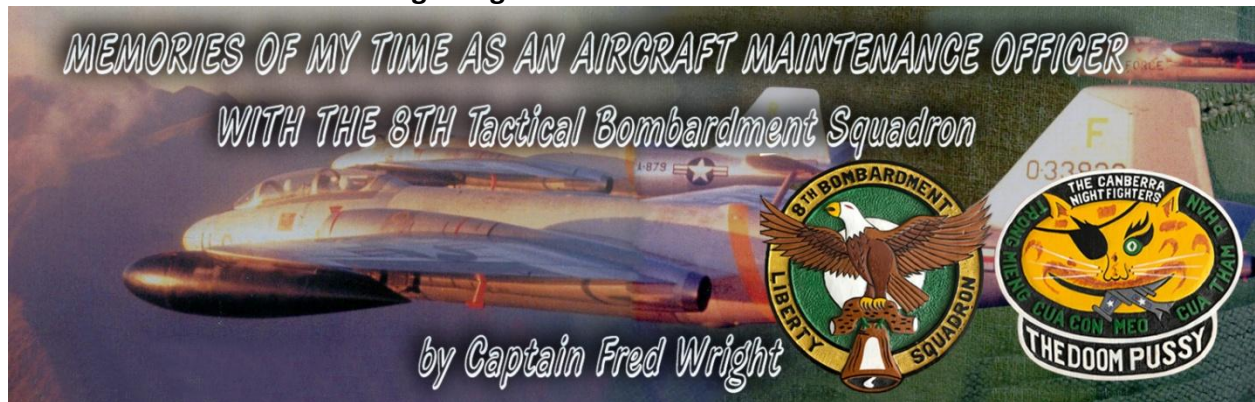
Memories of My Time as an Aircraft Maintenance Officer with the 8th TBS - by Fred Wright

The Australian Army's Experience in the Vietnam War

- Remembering the 66mm LAW

Tribute to Archie Timothy Pinkley

What Do You Call a Flock of Migrating Canberras?



Memories of my time as an aircraft maintenance officer with the 8th TBS, at Phan Rang AB, RVN, from December 1, 1968 to October 8, 1969.

I spent four years in the AFROTC at Baylor University in Waco, Texas, receiving my commission in 1966. In 1966 through most of 1968, spent the first two years of my active duty, first, graduating from a seven month aircraft maintenance officer course and then winding up as an instructor in the school at Chanute AFB.

I wound up teaching aircraft maintenance forms to our officers, which included some foreign officers from South Korea, Iraq, and Iran (The Shah of Persia was still in power); all part of a seven month course taught at Chanute AFB. After doing that for a while, I decided that I wanted to see if I could hack it as a flight line maintenance officer. Unfortunately, the only way to be assigned to a flight line maintenance slot was to volunteer to either go to Thailand or Vietnam; I had a four year active duty requirement, and I was not going to spend it teaching forms at Chanute.

Of course, a few months later, I received orders to report to Phan Rang Air Base, Republic of Vietnam, by December 1, 1968. After M-16 rifle familiarization at Mather AFB in Sacramento, Ca. on Thanksgiving Day, 1968, I then caught a category B commercial flight from Seattle on a

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World Airways plane, first to Elmendorf AFB; I do not recall if we stopped in Yakota to refuel; then to Cam Ranh Bay, arriving in the afternoon of November 30. The stewardesses were all crying as we got off, as they knew that a lot of us might not make it back to the world.

Phan Rang was one of five planned permanent bases in Vietnam; the others were Cam Ranh Bay, Da Nang, Bien Hoa, and Tan Son Nhut.

The only flight to Phan Rang was in the afternoon of my arrival in Cam Rahn Bay. I was assigned to the chief of maintenance, who was a full colonel; every new unassigned maintenance officer had to report every day to his office and wait to be assigned to a squadron as a flight line officer, or, maybe to the field maintenance shops.

I saw a former student of mine, Lt. **Jim Morris** at the Officers Club one night, along with his boss, Major **David Elliot**, and the officer who was flying home the next morning to the world. They told me that they needed a replacement maintenance officer to take his place and that is how I was assigned to the 8th TBS.

“Rockets and mortars started to drop... you could actually see the shock waves expanding outward from the explosions.”

While we were sitting at the O’Club enjoying a drink and some dinner, F-100’s that were on alert, scrambled and proceeded to strafe and drop napalm on a hill just outside our base. Rockets and mortars started to drop on some F-100’s parked in the revetments across from the B-57’s in my new squadron area. You could actually see the shock waves expanding outward from the explosions.

I do not know how many aircraft were destroyed, seem to recall maybe up to ten F-100’s. Do not remember if anyone was hurt or killed. I do remember riding down with Major Elliot and Lt. Morris to the squadron flight line to check on our personnel and aircraft, and getting knocked on my butt from one of the bombs going off from the planes blowing up.

Welcome to the war!

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B-57, Canberra Flight Crews pose for a portrait with their airplane.



The way it worked for Jim Morris and me was that we traded evening flight line duties after a couple of weeks, and then switched to day time duties which meant you got to sleep in until 0700 hours, have breakfast, lunch, and dinner, meet with the chief of maintenance group, after checking on our aircraft on which plane might not be ready for the first mission at 1800 hours.

In bed at a decent hour and do it again for a couple of weeks, until you went back on nights.

Night time duties started around 1700 hours, checking on the first plane going out first. Signing the maintenance forms, telling the air crew that their bird was ready to go. Relying on the line chiefs and, especially, the crew chiefs for each plane. The crew chiefs had the most important

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job, as far as I was concerned, because they made sure the plane was ready for the mission: overseeing the fuel, bomb load, liquid oxygen refill, guns, any part that needed to be changed, black powder cartridges in each engine, etc.; helping the pilot and navigator with their parachutes. Staying in their revetment and recovering their airplanes while under attack.

There was one pilot, a Lt. Colonel, who had to have some liquid refreshment before suiting up and starting his duties as the pilot on that mission. Once he put his helmet and mask on and went to 100% oxygen, he was good to go. I believe he was one of our better pilots. After going to the flight line around 1700 hours, I would stay until our last mission took off, around 0300 hours, write up a report on what happened that night, and slip it under the door at Major Elliot’s room. Went to bed around 0430 hours: Repeat the next night.

Every squadron had a bar in their hooches: chances were good that some of the aircrew would be there playing cards and having a drink after their mission that night. Above the bar, the squadron had a stuffed black cat; someone would turn the stuffed black cat around where it faced the wall of the bar, when the 1800 hour mission departed. If we lost a plane and crew, then, the black cat had eaten it.

“...the Cat of Death.”



From an article I received about the Doom Pussy: “A unique emblem for a unique mission. The Doom Pussy had its beginning with the early missions of the yellowbirds in 1965. Operating out of Bien Hoa Air Base, the 8th would land at Da Nang Air Base to refuel and was engaged in pioneering night missions over North Vietnam. Captain **Art Jepson** (killed at Bien Hoa) was one of these pioneers and, it is generally conceded that he was the one to pick up a stuffed black cat and place it in the officer’s club in Da Nang, and called it the *Doom Pussy*, after Da Nang Officers Open Mess. As the legend grew, it soon gained and retained its grim connotation as DOOM—the Cat of Death.

As in the movie, 12 O’clock High, the cat was turned to face the wall every time our airplanes

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were in or on a night mission. Soon, these missions became known, and remain, *Doom Pussy missions*. Since then, equal value had been given to truck hunting missions over *“Steel Tiger, Tiger Hound, and, Barrel Roll”*. As might be expected, imaginations went wild and soon the legend grew that a big black cat, with a mean green eye and a black eye patch, was seen in the Northern skies. He would suddenly appear in front of the canopy and try to claw his way in. When an aircraft was lost, it was not lost to flak, missiles, or, mountains, but simply, *“The Doom Pussy got him”*.

Lt. **Bob Galdbreath** drew up the original patch and had it made up in Saigon. The words on the border are Laotian for **“I have flown into the jaws of the Cat of Death”**. The authoress, **Elaine Shepard**, spent some time with the outfit and wrote a book by the same title; we don't claim it is exactly our story though the characters, if not their exploits, are real enough. This stuffed cat still faces the wall in our own little club and the other reportedly is still visible on some dark nights”. Tragically we lost five crews members while I was there.

Bomber 1, our panel truck/van, where Sgt. **Gene Knight** and two other sergeants rode, was our mobile headquarters for dealing with anything in our squadron revetments. I still remember one of the gun crew dry firing the guns in the revetment just across from us as we came into direct view, and one of the sergeants telling me that someone didn't like me. I replied that I had only gotten there a few days ago and, perhaps, one of them was not too popular with that guy.

“Great teamwork by everyone.”

It was amazing that we were able to turn so many airplanes around at night for the second mission and it was only accomplished through great teamwork by everyone. We did not have too many MND's, or, maintenance non-deliveries, while I was there for almost ten and a half months. One involved an oxygen mask that had been reported by the last pilot that was not working too well above 50,000 feet. He had had to go that high to avoid some thunderheads while returning after his mission. I had to ground that plane until the mask could be replaced or fixed. Another one involved, I seem to remember, tail number 551; on takeoff the engine cowling fell off and the wing started to glow red, causing an abort. The fire crew warped the wing while they were pouring foam and water on it. That plane required a new wing, which was put on a ship due to its size. A civilian rapid area maintenance, or, RAM crew changed out that

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wing, and, after we all left in October, 1969, to take the remaining planes across the pond, 551 made it to Hickam Air Force base in late November, 1969, and all the way across the Pacific to Travis AFB.

MEMORIES

Other memories that pop up are being stopped and written up for a speeding ticket, while traveling back from a 2:00 a.m. breakfast at the other wing, while the sirens were going off and the flares were lighting up the perimeter. Unreal!

Another day at 1700 hours, an empty field across from squadron ops building and just across the road from the flight line ignited in flames from some kind of a rocket; after I had just ridden my motorbike by that field, parked at squadron ops, crossed the street to the flight line and made it to Bomber 1. We're not sure if it was a short round from the 105's or the rockets that sometimes were tipped with napalm. Never found out.



A1C Michael Gunnels

Loss of a young airman¹, A1C **Michael Gunnels**, who had just arrived at our base, while changing out the IFF codes (It means Identification Friend or Foe a signal that indicates to other aircraft as friends not the foes. The code was changed when Yellowbird 20, perhaps the first sortie at 1800 hours was then changed to Yellowbird 30 for the next sortie.) for the next mission, was killed when a gun crewman was dry firing the guns, and I believe three 20mm rounds went through him, ricocheted in front of a F-100 just across from our plane, and almost made it to the ammo dump. We always had to hurry to make a plane ready for the second mission which caused different tasks to be performed at the same time. Refueling, liquid oxygen refill, bombs, more ammo for the guns; surprising that there were no more fatal accidents as far as I knew about it.

¹ A1C Michael David Gunnels, 35th Aircraft Maintenance Squadron died because of accidental discharge of B-57 20mm Cannon.

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Left to right: unidentified, Lt. Col. Harris, Lt. Col. Smith, Yellowbird Squadron Commander, Lt. Col. Ward, Lt. Col. Dick Burkholder and Lt. Col. Rose. Photo by Jerry Wright.

Napalm balls

During the heat of the day, napalm canisters would leak some napalm through the cap, where an enterprising crew chief would mold it into a ball and play catch to pass the time. Fire trucks would have to come and wash down any fuel leaking from the wings because of the expansion from the heat of the day. One night, a senior pilot threatened to shoot out our maintenance lights because it affected his night vision. Said he had some 50 cal. rounds he would use if we did not turn those lights off.

We needed to fix aircraft, make ready for next mission, etc.; you cannot make this up!

We shared a bunker with the Aussies, who were great and very friendly. They would visit our squadron bar and we would visit theirs. I had my first Foster lager there. Our squadron played them in cricket, where we lost by a considerable amount of runs. We managed to beat them in tennis in a “mini Davis Cup”, later on. During one of the attacks on the base, one of the bomb trucks decided to park next to the bunker and get in with us. He still had a bomb on the back of his truck, and the rear end of the trailer was smoldering and smoking.

One night, our flight safety officer for the squadron, inadvertently jettisoned his canopy, while returning from his three hour mission, and had to divert to Thailand. Lt. Morris got to go with a crew to replace the canopy. This same pilot would ask me every night when he returned from

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his mission if I had heard him do a simulated bomb run on our base. I would reply, no sir, and, he would tell me that the B-57 was very quiet until the bombs started exploding.

During a daytime mission with our current squadron commander as the pilot, his plane had a dual engine flameout and they had to ditch a few miles from the end of the runway. He had not used his wing tanks due to his fuel management error. Since the aircraft was still in relatively good shape, Lt. Morris took a crew to see what parts that could use used of that plane.

We were ordered to arm our maintenance troops three times while I was there; all in the early morning hours. The wing commander had to do it. We all received M-16's with one magazine of about twenty rounds each. It had to be a dire conditions to arm us. Fortunately, we were told to turn them back in, as we were not needed to defend the base.

The Republic of Korea, known as ROK troops swept the mountains every day and they were some of the toughest soldiers to have protect our base. The 101st or 82nd airborne Army troops had moved out near where the ROK compound was, leaving a 105 battery and some troops.

Understood that Bob Hope had a Christmas show in 1967 on our base due to the number of army troops stationed here. We had great guys protecting the base inside and outside the perimeter wire. I have learned about some of them by being part of this Facebook group. Two silver stars awarded while I was there: one for the officer in charge of the air police who, with his troops, defended our base when it was penetrated by some North Vietnamese Army troops (NVA) intent on killing us, blowing up airplanes, etc.

Memories of rocket attacks, Donut Dollies, R&R and Col. Stumpf

Other memories are the sergeant who drove the panel truck that normally took the guys who armed the bombs out to the end of the runway and picked them up. He had to pick them up with two of our guys, armed with M-16's, while we were under attack one night.

More fond memories have to include those brave young ladies who were known as 'donut dollies'. They would come around the flight line serving refreshments, which didn't include

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donuts, but cold refreshing drinks. Lt. Morris wound up marrying one of these ladies. The last I heard, he had been assigned to either Beale or George AFB, where there were SR-71's stationed there. He wound up in the field maintenance shops across from the flight line, as he did not have a high enough clearance, or, need to know.

In August, 1969, I flew to Sydney for R & R, and in returning, was ordered to fly up to Da Nang to check out revetments where we could park our planes; by moving our squadron there, we could save two hours of our normal three hour missions, to spend more time over our targets for that mission. While I was there, the maintenance officer I met with was a former classmate and instructor, who probably had the same desire as me to see if he could hack it as a flight line aircraft maintenance officer. Our work was done and I prepared to ride back in the same C-47 I had flown up with. It was 1400 hours, and, just as we rotated and took off, the pilot made a quick abrupt turn to the left to avoid a little guy in black pajamas or attire, shooting at us with a rifle at the perimeter of the base. We were not hit and continued on to Phan Rang. Found out later that one of our fighters stationed at Danang took care of the intruder.

In the few hours I spent at Da Nang, my fellow officer showed me one of the daily base newsletters, which showed that F-4 pilots were being lost every day. We were going to be moving our squadron there in the middle of October and by then I would have about a month and a half left in my tour, and after a week in Hong Kong, for my last break. I figured that I would spent the weeks remaining by sleeping on a cot in one of the alert hangars, with the concrete roof overhead, surviving until my freedom bird flight. One rocket had injured forty-seven guys at Da Nang recently; they had apparently decided to attack the housing and the flight line at that time.

I was very impressed with the senior pilots in our squadron. I have included one photo that I received from **Jerry White**, an intelligence officer for our squadron; it shows six of the Lieutenant Colonels, with their all black flight suits, made for social occasions. Lt. Colonel Charlie Stumpf is not shown here; perhaps, he had already gone to his next assignment.

I have one memory of Lt. Colonel Stumpf when a few of us took my Zenith Oceanic radio close to the flight line, tuned it to the FM frequency the tower and pilot were on, to watch him take off and to listen to the conversation with the tower. Our call signs included yellowbird and the

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number corresponding to the flight number. It went something like this. “Tower: “yellowbird 20 you are cleared for takeoff. Yellowbird 20: “roger, this is Charlie Stumpf coming out of chute number four! Tower: roger yellowbird 20”.



Our Squadron emblem: an eagle with wings extended, holding in his talons the Liberty Bell; over a disc representing a ring target of three colors: center white, bordered light green, edged yellow. The spread eagles protectively clutching the “Liberty Bell” symbolizes the Squadron’s determination to destroy any invader daring to infringe upon the United States’ freedom. The target behind the eagles is indicative of the Squadron’s bombing accuracy.....the bullseye for the enemy.

I thoroughly enjoyed remembering as much as I could over the fifty-two years since I left Phan Rang. I served with outstanding people who did their jobs exceptionally well, whether it was as pilots, navigators, crew chiefs, anyone who fixed, repaired, refueled, loaded bombs and armament, replenished liquid oxygen the airplanes: all done, sometimes, in a very short time to make that next mission; those who protected us from the bad guys trying to kill us every day.

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The airmen that kept the aircraft flying



Wing row: Sanders, Chapman, Shannon (in back of Hafer), Sgt Bobby Terry (in back of English), Dodsworth and Quick.

Ground Row: Thomas (Bomber 1), CMS Jackson (MS), Cummings (QC), TSgt Barthalomem (SMS) (Night shift), Jack Anderson, Dennis Hawley, MSgt Falzini, SSgt James Hemphill, Crayton

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The author, Fred Wright poses for a picture in front of a B-57 just before he was going to get a ‘Joy ride’ after some maintenance had been accomplished for a test flight.

I also have enjoyed seeing and reading about all the experiences of all the guys and ladies that I knew nothing about except by name, who decided to join the “Happy Valley” Phan Rang AB Facebook Group. Thank you for your service!

Fred Wright, Formerly a Captain, USAFR

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Total Vietnam War Casualties for the 8th

Tactical Bombardment Squadron

SOME GAVE ALL

(Source: Phan Rang Newsletter 155)

Capt. **Harry Busch**, Jun. 9, 1967

Col. **Wayne Dugan**, Dec. 13, 1968

LTCol. **Everett Getchell**, Jan 13, 1969

Capt. **Whan Hopper**, Mar 25, 1968

Col. **Charles Macko**, Feb 22, 1969

Maj. **Donald Lyle Mc Hugo**, Mar 25, 1968

Col. **Francis McGouldrick Jr.**, Dec 13, 1968

1Lt. **Peter Morrison**, Jun 9, 1967

Col. **Donald Paxton**, Sep 24, 1973

PERSONNEL ASSIGNED TO THE 8TH TBS

(Source: Phan Rang Roll-Call by Bob Tucker)

Lt Col	William R., Jr. Abercrombie	Sgt	George Eddie Kinard
Sgt	Charles W. Adams	A1C	Jack Kirby
	Ed Aims	Sgt	Grant A. Kirois
SSgt	Jack Anderson	Lt Col	Donald D. Klein
	Roy Badger	A1C	Rick Krejci
Sgt	Thomas Banks		Henry Laramie
	Robert Barnett	Maj	Robert E. Lawton
TSgt	Barthalomew	SSgt	Kenneth A. Lee
1St Lt	Roger A. Beck		Horace Lehman
A1C	Thomas L. Bolt	Lt Col	Jim Lehman
	Ronald Bodine		Jim Leone
A1C	Richard Burr	Lt Col	Kenneth F. Lidie
Capt	Harry Busch	SSgt	Dorris D. Lockett
SSgt	E. E., Jr. Cantrell		Frank Lyons
Sgt	Frank Carpenter	Col	Charles Macko
SSgt	David C. Carson	Sgt	Edward J. Marchetti

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Chapman	A1C Gary Marshall
SSgt James M. Comton	SSgt Robert McClain
Lt Col Arthur L. Consta	SSgt Cecil McConnell
SSgt Carl Covey	Col Francis J. McGouldrick Jr.
Grant Coward	Capt James I. Merrill
1st Lt Dennis W. Craig	MSgt Robert T. Miskel
Crayton	SSgt Charles Mohrman
Cummings	Earl Moody
Maj George R. Davidson	A2C Chuck Morris
Lt Col Dougall M. Davis	Lt Morris
John Dean	1StLt Peter Morrison
A1C John M. DeCillo	Sgt Gene Knight
SSgt Benjamin H. Degeare	A1C Jeffrey Nugent
Dodsworth	Ron Ogle
SSgt Michael L. Dolon	Capt Michael B. Patterson
Col Wayne Dugan	Col. Donald Paxton
Norman Eaton	SSgt Phil Pearce
Maj Wilson E. Eldridge	SSgt Floyd H. Pettit Jr.
SSgt Jerry Elkin	Maj Gus Planchon
1st Lt Robert H. Ellison	MSgt Bobby R. Pritchett
Doug Fadely	A1C Bill Questard
MSGt Falzini	Quick
A1C Reggie Fix	Sgt Max Raby
A2C Arthur E. Frank	Bob Ramsey
1stLt Thomas G. Gates	Robert Ramsey
Lt Col James J. Gearhart	SSgt Frederick E. Reyell
LtCol Everett Getchell	Maj William J. Richardson
Paul Getchell	Ronald Rowden
Capt Arthur W. Gillson	Sgt James Sandner
1st Lt Donald Graham	Sgt Ernie Scardecchio
Sgt Mike Granese	Maj Ernest G. Schultz
Paul Groves	Sgt Joe Schwarzer
Haffer	Shannon

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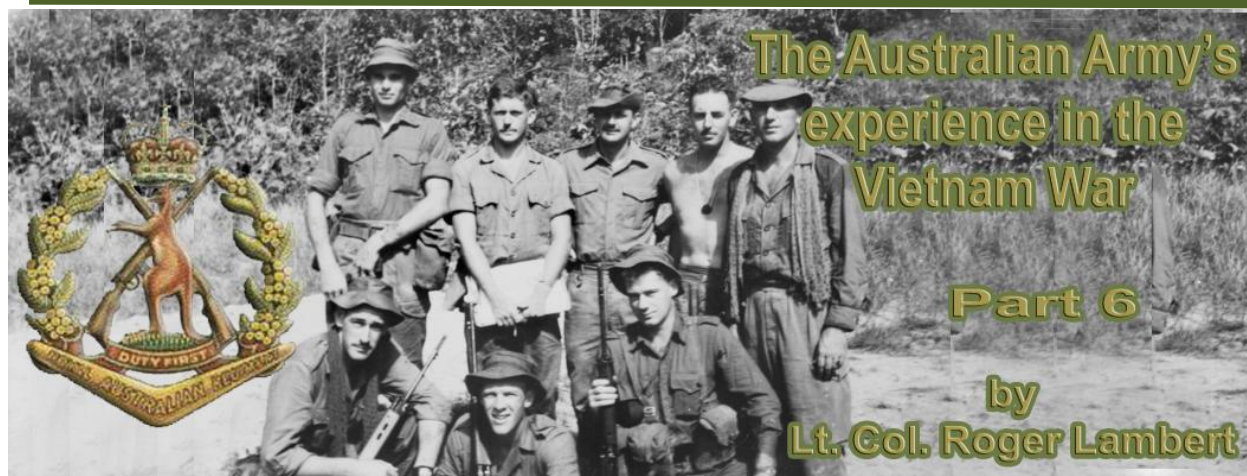
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Sgt	Frederick Wayne Harrison	A1C	Robert Smith
Maj	David M. Hammett	Sgt	Ronald Sparrow
Maj	Don Hargreaves	SSgt	Carl Stehle
Lt Col	Don Harris	Sgt	Jim Stevenson
TSgt	William E. Harris	SSgt	James A. Stickley
SSgt	Dennis Hawley	SSgt	Vernon Stocker
TSgt	Robert S. Heesh	SSgt	Donald E. Taylor
SSgt	James Hemphill	Sgt	Howard "Tater" Taylor
Lt Col	James E. Henderson	Sgt	Bobby Terry Thomas
	James Hohlfelder	Lt Col	Eugene Tiddy
	Herbert H. Holmes		Bob Townsend
Capt	Wayne Hopper	SSgt	Jack Treat
SSgt	Ray Hudek	SSgt	David, Jr. Vega
Maj	Frank A. Hughes		Robert Walker
SSgt	Clyde L. Irwin		Dave Wells
CMS	Faine Jackson	Sgt	Roy Wheatley
Sgt	James A. Johns	2nd Lt	Kirby White
			Tommy Williams
		SSgt	Raymond Witbrodt
		Sgt	David Withem
		Capt	Fred Wright
		Maj	Gerald B. Youmans
		A1C	George Weeden Sr.
		Capt	Jerry White

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Remembering the M72 66mm Light Anti-Tank Weapon (LAW) (or more appropriately, Never Forget Your Weapon Drills)

Operation Esso, conducted during July 1969, will be remembered by members of the 5th Battalion, the Royal Australian Regiment, due to the use of mines by the enemy throughout the Area of Operations (AO). Prior to the commencement of the operation, we undertook special training conducted by the Engineers. We were also issued with flak jackets and helmets as a precaution against the mine threat; it was the first and only time that I recall that we wore such encumbrances during our tour of duty.

Fire Support Base (FSB) “Thrust” was set up as a base of operations. As was our usual custom, two Rifle Platoons were allocated patrolling and ambush tasks while the third Rifle Platoon remained with the FSB for the protection of the Land Clearing Teams as well as local protection of the base during the night.

As part of my weaponry, along with my M16, two bandoliers of 5.56mm ammunition in magazines, a Claymore mine, spare detonating cord, smoke and thermal grenades, I carried a M72 66mm Light Anti-tank Weapon (LAW) strapped down the side of my US A-frame pack.

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M72 66mm Light Anti-Tank Weapon

Why carry an anti-tank weapon when there was no immediate threat of enemy armour? The theory was that the LAW could be employed as a ‘bunker buster’. In practice, however, if the rocket struck foliage on the way to a target, it would detonate short of the bunker or intended target. Given the jungle environment that we were generally operating in and the camouflage and concealment of the bunkers, the LAW proved to be ineffective.

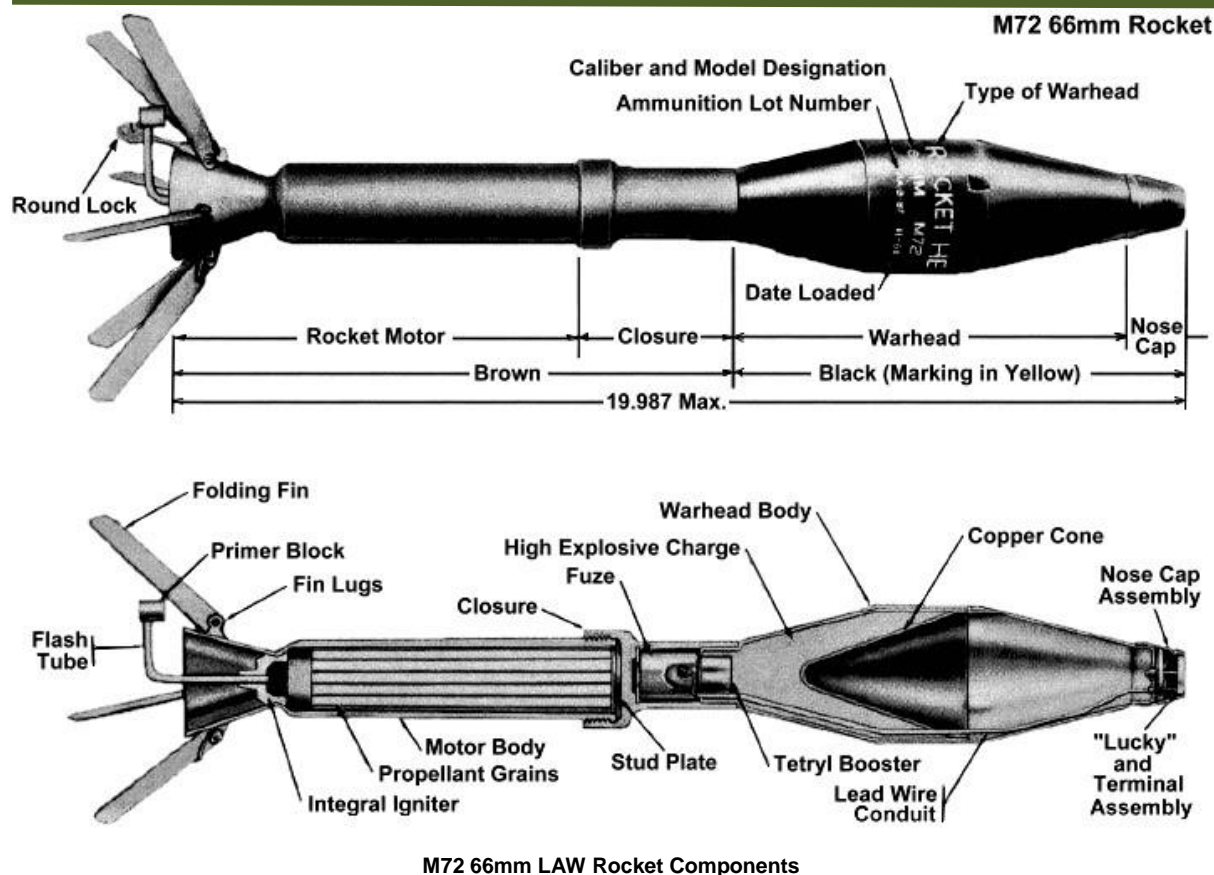
During the course of the operation, I became aware that the rocket inside the LAW had become detached from its primer block and was sliding up and down in the launch tube. On our return to the FSB, having been relieved by 7 Platoon, we were advised that we were to receive a fresh resupply of ammunition.

In order to dispose of the old ammunition and to prevent it falling into the hands of the enemy, the Engineers had dug a pit well outside the FBS perimeter with a view to blowing up the contents with explosives. Here was the opportunity to dispose of my M72.

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At the appointed time, I took the LAW out to the demolition pit. Having extended the launcher, I gently tilted the tube so that the rocket started to slide out of the launch tube. With my free hand, I grabbed the rocket warhead as it started to clear the end of the tube.

At this point, I thought that my world had come to an ignominious and premature end as I'd completely forgotten that the rocket had folding fins. As the projectile cleared the launcher, the bloody fins sprang out as did a very strong expletive from me. Talk about one's life flashing before one's eyes!

I laid the rocket down with the pile of ammunition, together with its launcher, nodded to the Engineers and made my way back into the FSB. To this day I'm sure I heard muffled laughter as I made my way back to the perimeter.

Lesson learnt: Do not forget your weapon drills, especially around live ordnance.

Roger Lambert

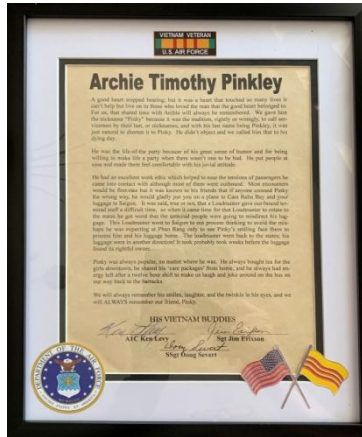
Platoon Commander, 9 Platoon, C Company, 5 RAR, 1969/70

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FRIENDS HONOR ONE OF THEIR OWN



A1C Ken Levy, Sgt Jim Erixson and SSG Doug Severt

A good heart stopped beating, but a heart that has touched so many lives can't help but to live on in those who loved the man that the heart belonged to. For us, that shared time with Archie will always be remembered. We gave him the nickname “Pinky” because it was the tradition, rightly or wrongly, to call servicemen by their last, or nicknames, and with his last name being Pinkley, it was just natural to shorten it to Pinky. He didn't object and we called him that to his dying day.

He had an excellent work ethic which helped to ease the tensions of passengers he came into contact with although most of them were outbound. Most encounters would be first-rate but it was known to his friends that if anyone crossed Pinky the wrong way, he would gladly put you on a plane to Cam Ranh Bay and your luggage to Saigon. It was said, true or not, that a Loadmaster gave out-bound terminal staff a difficult time, so when it came time for that Loadmaster to rotate to the states he got word that the terminal people were going to misdirect his luggage. This Loadmaster went to Saigon to out process thinking to avoid the mishaps he was expecting at Phan Rang only to see Pinky's smiling face there to process him and his luggage home. The loadmaster went back to the states; his luggage went in another direction! It took probably took weeks before the luggage found its rightful owner.

Pinky was always popular, no matter where he was. He always bought tea for the girls downtown, he shared his 'care packages' from home, and he always had energy left after a twelve shift make us laugh and joke around on the bus on our way back to the barracks.

“Happy Valley” Phan Rang AB, RVN

The History of Phan Rang AB and the stories of those who served there.

Phan Rang AB News No. 233 **“...keeping the memories alive”**

We will always remember the smiles, laughter, the twinkle in his eyes, and we will ALWAYS remember our friend, Pinky.

What Do You Call a Flock of Migrating Canberras?



Doug's Comments:

I hope that you enjoyed this newsletter. If you have a story to tell, please write it down and send to me so that your unique experiences can be saved for posterity. This newsletter was composed by Douglas Severt and all graphics by Douglas Severt. To see a list of all previous newsletters click [here](#). To unsubscribe to Phan Rang News, <mailto:mailto:dougsevert@cox.net> and put 'unsubscribe' in subject line.