

Phan Rang AB Newsletter

The History of Phan Rang AB and the stories of those who served there.
"Keeping the memories alive" Newsletter 239

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EXONERATED



by Ronald Russell Deyhle

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It was a warm, spring day in the South. My cousin and I were lounging on the front porch. We lived with my grandfather. He was inside, sleeping off a night of imbibing at O'Mally's Bar. He snored like the roar of a primeval beast. I was sipping on an Orange Nehi, and my cousin on a Cream Big Chief. Eureka! We had an idea of what to do with this day.

I knew where my grandfather kept the keys to his 1953 Hudson Hornet. He got the car from my

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uncle’s used car lot, “Big-Hearted Eddie’s” (his name was not Eddie and I don’t think he was big-hearted). Off we went. Where I grew up you learned to drive when you could see over the steering wheel. I was 12 and my cousin 14. We had a ball on the red clay backroads. I felt like Floyd Roberts! Then we came to an intersection and started to turn. Suddenly my 80-pound body was in trouble. The car wasn’t turning. With both me and my cousin valiantly struggling, we drifted across the intersection and hit the cement post of a street sign...square in the middle of the hood. Rats! Blast! We were in big trouble. The Hudson, my grandfather’s pride and joy went to the body shop and we went to the wood shed. He wailed on us like a rented mule. My grandfather was a simple man. He never strayed 50 miles from his birthplace. He left school after the 6th grade. Long years later, when I told him I was going to Vietnam he said, “Vietnam?” He said it like he would have said “Neptune?” Or “Saturn?” Meaning a long, long way from home!

“Fred Tomlins...He looked like Errol Flynn and flew like Smilin’ Jack.”

Now about a guy named Fred Tomlins. He looked like Errol Flynn and flew like Smilin’ Jack. He was charismatic with a quick wit and dry humor; fun to be around. He was a distinguished graduate at UPT and Top Gun in CCT at Luke. He was an accomplished flyer. He was also accomplished with the ladies. He was my roommate and friend.

1st. Lt. Frederick L. Tomlins



October 1970. Major Joe Banks and Fred were launched at night as Devil 61 Flight with flares and MK-82s. Weather was dicey, but they had a successful mission. On return to Phan Rang they flew a TACAN2 instrument approach from the Swordfish IAF at Phan Rang. Joe Banks broke out at 3,000 degree for spacing and started down the approach. Landing configuration was set as 6.5 miles DME and he intercepted the glide slope at 5 miles, 175 knots. 1.75 miles from touchdown he noted that he was descending below the glide path. He aggressively advanced the throttle. As

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he got to the approach lights the abnormal sink rate increased dramatically and he advanced the throttle to military power. I am not sure, but I don't think Fred was a religious man. I never heard him use the Lord's name, except in vain, but I bet at that moment he wished he had gone to church more. He continued to sink. He did not feel any thrust or hear the engine whine. He hit the approach lights stanchion 1,400 feet from the threshold. He took out all the light stanchions. VASI lights, Air Base fence, concertina wire, went through the mine field and skidded 100 feet onto the runway. The airplane was destroyed from the nose to the rudder pedals. Over 10 Gs on impact with the earth. I couldn't list the unpleasant things I would rather go through than an air crash. Amputating my big toes is right up there, so is having to move to California. Fred survived, stop-cocked the throttle, electrically opened the cockpit and egressed from the cockpit over the right side of the aircraft. As the great songwriter Johnny Prine sane “someone almost bought the farm but didn't go that far.”

“I kept pushing the throttle forward and I kept sinking.”

When I was transferred from Tuy Hoa to Phan Rang, they didn't even want to know my name, only if I was night and lead qualified. Like a dumb Lieutenant I was, I told the truth. So, I was a permanent fixture on the night alter pad. On that October night, on the alert pad, I was attacking my sausage omelet with a gusto usually associated with large carnivores. The alert pad was the only place on base where you could get food that did not taste like it came from a cold war Russian bomb shelter. Boom!! The entire building shook. Cockroaches scurried for cover. Geckos fell from the ceiling. Damn, the Viet Cong now have atomic weapons! Clive Jeffs and I go running outside to see what happened (another dumb Lieutenant move). There were the smoldering remnants of Fred's airplane, and there was Fred sitting on his parachute saying. “I kept pushing the throttle forward and I kept sinking.” All Fred suffered was a strained bck (and later PTSD).

Moving forward, at the accident board, Fred testified that he was right on glide slope 87% power when he intercepted the VASI. He started sinking to PINK on the VASI and he kept sinking even with military power. He maintained landing altitude to impact, which probably saved hs life. A stall from 300 feet would have been catastrophic. He did not feel or hear the engine wind up, so he believed it was power failure. The flaps were down, gear down, 700 pounds of fueled trapped in the aft cell, and there was 1,200 in the forward cell, but weight and

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balance were normal. AI controls functioning so the airplane looked flyable. Three officers inspected the engine to evaluate for FOD ingestion. Their evaluation of the ingestion revealed that the engine was at idle or below. An A1C security personnel was 100 feet from the accident on the perimeter of the road. He testified the engine did not sound normal. He could not hear the usual sound and the airplane approach was normal until the end. A SSgt from maintenance was outside the revetment, 2,000 feet from the accident. He testified the airplane was quieter than usual on final. He did not hear the usual whining noise on final. The accident board was at a loss as the cause of the accident. So, they sent up an F-model 100 with two Majors to fly the approach and see if they could determine what had happened. They felt that Fred was high and dove for the glide slope with power retarded and he went through the proper glide slope. But this goes against the evidence and testimony. This doesn't quite fit, like perfume on a hog.

Accident Board Findings:

- 1) Primary cause: pilot factors in that the pilot allowed the aircraft to descent to a position from which he was unable to recover.
- 2) The canopy breaker tool completely dislodged from its bracket and could have harmed the pilot or delayed egress if its use had been required. (Recommendation: Air Force wide re-engineering of the bracket).
- 3) Aft fuel cell failed to feed properly (entire F-100 fleet was inspected to see if the quick disconnect of the fuel line was properly seated).
- 4) Fred's helmet was a single visor and the loose breaker tool could have hit him in the face. (Recommendation: the entire Air Force switched to dual visors).

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Fred's broken Hun right where it rested after the crash.



Aircraft 3383 on a flatbed trailer being cleaned up for the accident investigation.

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Wow! Bummer. He was grounded. However, there was a strong dissenting minority interpretation by the fourth board member. His report stated, “Engine at idle or less with FOD ingestion. This is compatible with the pilot’s story. Eyewitness testimony is compatible with the pilot’s account. I have no finding to make me suspect the pilot is failing to tell the truth. It is my professional opinion that the pilot was representing the facts as he saw them.” Then a 7th Air Force flag officer reviewer in Saigon found fault with the report and believed Lt. Tomlin’s account of the accident. He disagreed with the Major’s test flight evaluation of the accident. It did not fit with the evidence and witness testimony. So, the accident report went out as undetermined pending a TDR (tear down report) of the engine. AC SN 56-3383 total flight hours 4963 had its engine removed and shipped to OCAMA/DSFSB Norton AFB for a TDR.

Surprise! Long year ago, way back when Mo’s body shop fixed my grandfather’s Hudson, the discovered the rack and pinion arm of the right wheel had broken. That’s why we could not make the turn. Exonerated!! But my posterior was still hard to sit on.

Fred was grounded for 32 days with minimal respect and with shit duty assignments. On day 32 he received a call from 7th Air Force. The TDR had shown a large hole in the fuel transfer manifold. The report stated the max power the engine could generate was idle or below. **Exonerated!!!** They told Fred that he was the only F-100 pilot ever to survive a landing that short. Fred went back to flying and flew a stellar combat tour with 235 missions and a medal for valor. Stateside, he flew flight test and left the service after 8 years despite being a regular officer. Fred received a Master’s degree in wildland recreation management, continued flying and worked for the Bureau of Land Management for 34 years. I would say to my friend Fred, as the Iceman said to Maverick, “you can fly my wing anytime”.

Information for this report came from interview of Fred Tomlins and 80 pages of 35th Tactical Fighter Wing accident report that we have in our possession. Thank you to Ella Nye and Linda Howard for editing this story.

(Note: This accident occurred on 25 October 1970. More stories about, by or where his name is mentioned is in Phan Rang Newsletters 30, 194, 197, 206, 214, 221 and 225 and hopefully this will not be his last story.)

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PHAN RANG VETERANS DEDICATE PLAQUE RECOGNIZING THE SERVICE OF NO. 2 SQN



DEDICATED TO NO. 2 SQUADRON PERSONNEL

Some years ago, **Arthur Rennick**, 2 Squadron Secretary, was at the Vietnam Veterans Day function at the Wynnum RSL, a service organization for members and ex-members of the Australian Defence Force, where a member gave an address, all about the ARMY of course. Later Arthur approached the speaker and asked if he was aware that the Royal Australian Air Force (RAAF) and the Royal Australian Navy (RAN) also contributed to the Vietnam War effort.

He said that if Arthur researched and wrote up the story of the RAAF, he would present it the following year. He not only assured him that he would, but that he would also be able to present it himself.

So, believe it or not, that was the genesis for the 2 Squadron plaque to be part of the in the Defence Services and Centenary Memorial that was unveiled at Guardian Angels School on 11 November 2021.

Many hours were spent researching the RAAF in Vietnam, conversations with **Bob Howe** and **Lance Halvorson**. Bob Howe introduced me to **Bob Grandin** one of the 9 SQN pilots in the resupply at Long Tan.

Moving forward to 2020, Arthur was asked to liaise between the Wynnum Sub Branch and **Brad**

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Polkinghorne, Guardian Angels P & F Committee Member, for funding from the R.S.L. Queensland for a Defence Services Memorial at the school.

The application for funding was not successful. The feelings Arthur had about the lack of recognition of the Squadron were rekindled. Arthur approached his senior advisor, Thelma (his wife), and put it to her that they contribute funds towards the Memorial and to include a plaque featuring 2 Squadron history. They settled on an amount and the rest is history.

Before we get to the actual presentation here’s a little background on REMEMBRANCE DAY

At 11 am on the 11th November, 1918 the guns on the Western Front fell silent after more than four years of continuous warfare. The allied armies had driven the German invaders back, having inflicted heavy defeats upon them over the preceding four months. In November the Germans called for an armistice (suspension of fighting) in order to secure a peace settlement. They accepted allied terms that amounted to unconditional surrender.

The 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month attained a special significance in the post-war years. The moment when hostilities ceased on the Western Front became universally associated with the remembrance of those who had died in the war. This first modern world conflict had brought about the mobilization of over 70 million people and left between 9 and 13 million dead, perhaps as many as one-third of them with no known grave. The allied nations chose this day and time for the commemoration of their war dead.

On the first anniversary of the armistice in 1919 two minutes' silence was instituted as part of the main commemorative ceremony at the new Cenotaph in London. The silence was proposed by Australian journalist Edward Honey, who was working in Fleet Street. At about the same time, a South African statesman made a similar proposal to the British Cabinet, which endorsed it. King George V personally requested all the people of the British Empire to suspend normal activities for two minutes on the hour of the armistice "which stayed the worldwide carnage of the four preceding years and marked the victory of Right and Freedom".

The two minutes' silence was popularly adopted and it became a central feature of

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commemorations on Armistice Day.

On the second anniversary of the armistice in 1920 the commemoration was given added significance when it became a funeral, with the return of the remains of an unknown soldier from the battlefields of the Western Front. Unknown soldiers were interred with full military honours in Westminster Abbey in London and at the Arc de Triumph in Paris. The entombment in London attracted over one million people within a week to pay their respects at the unknown soldier's tomb. Most other allied nations adopted the tradition of entombing unknown soldiers over the following decade.

After the end of the Second World War, the Australian and British governments changed the name to **Remembrance Day**. Armistice Day was no longer an appropriate title for a day which would commemorate all war dead.

In Australia on the 75th anniversary of the armistice in 1993 Remembrance Day ceremonies again became the focus of national attention. The remains of an unknown Australian soldier, exhumed from a First World War military cemetery in France, were ceremonially entombed in the Memorial's Hall of Memory.

Remembrance Day ceremonies were conducted simultaneously in towns and cities all over the world, culminating at the moment of burial at 11 a.m. and coinciding with the traditional two minutes' silence. This ceremony, which touched a chord across the Australian nation, re-established Remembrance Day as a significant day of commemoration.

Four years later, in 1997, Governor-General Sir William Deane issued a proclamation formally declaring 11 November to be Remembrance Day, urging all Australians to observe one minute's silence at 11 am on 11 November each year to remember those who died or suffered for Australia's cause in all wars and armed conflicts.

NOW FOR THE MEMORIAL Construction

Remembrance Day was celebrated across Australia, some events were large, but due to Covid, most were small solemn events. One such event was held at the Catholic Guardian Angels'

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Primary School in Wynnum, Queensland.

Guardian Angels', Wynnum was founded in 1914 with over 500 students annually; the school provides the primary educational source for a large portion of bayside students. The school also actively supports and studies Defence Services history and local remembrance activities are supported.



Arthur and Thelma Rennick. Arthur, 2 Squadron secretary, Vietnam Service February 69-70, spearheaded the effort for this memorial as well as contributing to its funding.

In collaboration with **Arthur and Thelma Rennick**, the 2 Squadron Association Secretary, the school's Parents and Friends Association (P&F) led by **Brad Polkinghorne** who decided to investigate the possibility of erecting a memorial which would stand as a reminder to students of the sacrifice and service that has been provided to ensure the Nation's existence and with his hard work and determination he saw it to fruition. Once approval was obtained, construction of the memorial site started and with a generous donation from Arthur and Thelma Rennick on behalf of 2 SQN's service in Vietnam, the Memorial was constructed.

DEDICATION

The opening ceremony for the memorial was set for Remembrance Day 2021. Invitations were sent out and people gathered on the school grounds from 10.15am for a 10.45am to start. The school had erected marquees and seating for those attending and a number of junior kids were assembled and bunched together on the grass (See picture on the next page).

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Our distinguished guests AIRCDRE John Whitehead, the 2 SQN Association Patron and WGRD Lloyd Brown, the 2 SQN Association President and others that contributed to the ceremony were Ben Oldham, who played the Last Post and Rouse on his trumpet; Craig Acret, the school principal, who gave a brief history of the school and provided the closing remarks; Father Thomas McFadden, who gave the prayer; 2 SQN for providing a Wedgetail for a flyover; AAFC cadets of the 215 SQN along with FLTLT Kaylee Plath, and the Guardian Angels School Community.



Air Commodore John Whitehead DSO (Ret'd) unveils the memorial. John, now a spritely 88 years old, joined the Air Force in 1950 and was trained as a pilot when the RAAF had Tiger Moths. During his career he flew a variety of aircraft, including the Wirraway, Vampire, Meteor, Hunter, Winjeel, Macchi and the Canberra. John served in Vietnam as the CO of 2 SQN in Phan Rang from Nov 1968 to Nov 1969.

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Wing Commander Lloyd Brown AM (Ret'd), ex-Air Force Navigator, gave the opening address and recounted the service history of 2 Squadron. Lloyd joined the RAAF in 1965 and after graduating, was posted to 36 Sqn which at the time operated the A model Herc. Lloyd did 24 trips to Vietnam with 36 SQN after which he was posted to 2 Squadron.

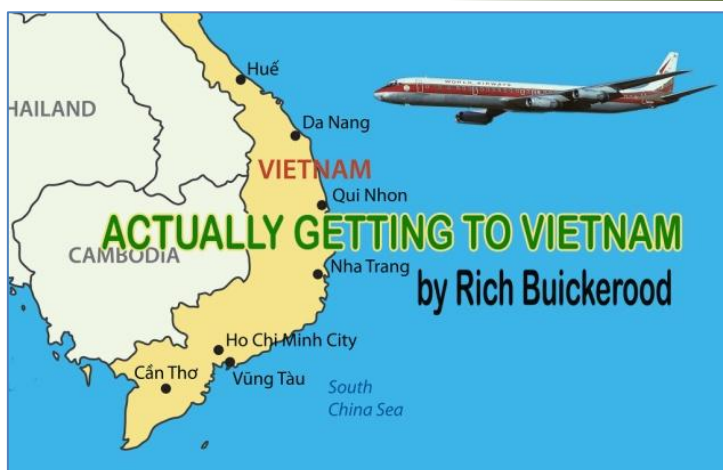


John and Adrienne Whitehead

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ACTUALLY GETTING TO VIETNAM

Rich Buickerood

Colonel, USAF, retired

My class of 20 or so young Lieutenants graduated from F-100 school at Cannon AFB in November of 1967. We then went to Sea Survival School at Homestead AFB, FL for a soggy few days.

On Christmas Day (yes that was a downer) I departed my home, and newly married wife, in NJ for Travis AFB, CA, awaiting my cattle car ride to Vietnam. A day or so later several hundred of us piled on a contract flight via Elmendorf AFB, AK, arriving at Clark AB, PI several hours later. We then trekked through the jungle for a few days for Jungle Survival School...and for a city kid like me that was actually fun and informative!

After graduating we had a few days of relaxation awaiting our flights in-country. Unfortunately, by the time my classmates headed out I had contracted pneumonia and was in the Clark hospital. Several days later I learned one of my classmates (see note on page 14) was already dead, having crashed in a traffic pattern accident at Bien Hoa (Saigon).

I took a few days to recuperate enough for them to tell me I could go to my assignment at Phan Rang. So...I headed to Base Ops, only to find out no one knew who I was, where I was supposed to go, or what I was supposed to do next! I had orders from my original flights, but apparently they had expired!

Wandering about, I finally found a C-130 headed to Tan Son Nhut AB in Saigon, and the crew allowed me to hop on. Going through the terminal there was a culture shock as that was my first exposure to French style open toilets! Phew!

I now faced the same challenge, finding a ride up-country to Phan Rang. I eventually came

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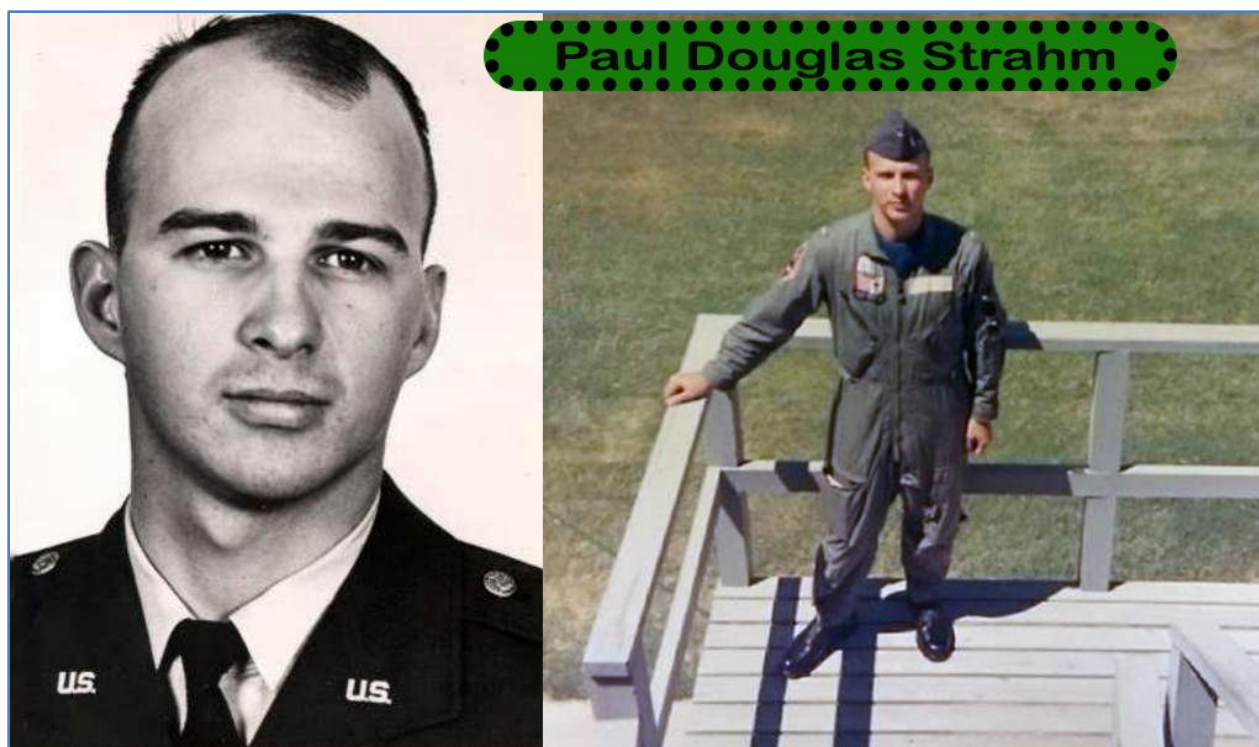
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across a C-123 headed there with a bunch of Army guys and their dogs. I wedged my way into a jump seat and finally arrived on base...to the surprise of my flight commander. Apparently my squadron leaders had no idea where I was!!

All in all, it was quite an adventure...and quite a memory.

(Note: Rich Buickerood has either pictures or stories in these Phan Rang Newsletters: 195, 196, 199 and 237. For a fascinating insight into his career and life, Phan Rang Newsletter 196 has an extensive interview that is very interesting. Lieutenant Buickerood’s classmate who was killed right before his arrival in Vietnam was 1st Lt. **Paul Douglas Strahm**, 510th TFS, 3 TFW who was killed, 14 January 1968, during a close air support mission near Bien Hoa when his Super Sabre suffered an accidental engine failure and crashed killing the pilot.)



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Bunkers

Dean Delongchamp wrote: Funny story about bunkers! Our old bunkers were just sand bag walls with a sandbagged roof. Our commander (310th SOS) circa 1969-70, decided our bunkers looked “ugly” and wanted them spruced up for a coming inspection. He tasked me and a group of fellow 310th aviators to “fix up those ugly bunkers”! We got permission from Red Horse to get enough plywood to do our job. The commander was ecstatic when we finished the job. The inspection came and the squadron was written up for having bunkers that were hard to find. In the best imitation of the book/movie by the name of Catch 22, we were ordered to label each of the bunkers with the sign “This Is A Bunker” above each entryway. The saga had come full circle. It’s been a little over 50 years since we were “The Bunker Builders”.

John T. Weigelt wrote: We got weathered into Dalat and stayed in a fancy French Hotel. There was a machine gun on the roof that fired all night. I slept with my pistol in my hand under my pillow. I thought we might be under attack but no one knocked on the door. I finally went to sleep and had the worst dream. I dreamed I had shot myself in the head and they ruled it a suicide. Even worse my GI Life Insurance wouldn’t pay my parents. In the morning, I found it was H&I fire meaning they were shooting at nothing, just trying to scare the enemy. In retrospect, I wished they would’ve run out of ammo.

Foodies

Buddy Cox wrote: The food experience at Phan Rang. Our hooches separated themselves into life styles hooches for example gambling, audiophile, and foodie. I lived in a foodie hootch. Bill Campbell was our resident chef. He was a great cook. To support his cooking, we C-123 pilots found food at our in-country stops. Dalat for fresh veggies, Vung Tau for sea food, Special Forces bases for fresh meat like steaks and rice, Saigon for French bread and sandwich meats etc. Bill would fix the best meals.

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Dean Delongchamp wrote: As I remember it, if you belonged to the eating club you were either a cook’s helper or on the clean-up crew. Dinner was served around 5-8 pm and then the octagonal table was flipped over for the poker game to start. Depending on flight schedules, the games sometimes went on all night. I was a dues paying member of the dining club and the poker game. We had excellent meals and the camaraderie resulted in the formation of life long friendships.

Buddy Cox wrote: I never played cards for money. I watch you (referring to Dean Delongchamp) fleece those guys ever night. You remembered all the cards that were played and knew the percentages and bet accordingly. Isn’t that cheating or just skill?

Dean Delongchamp wrote: Buddy Cox I’d call it “winning” while the losers were “whining”

Buddy Cox wrote: Sometimes I ate on the C-123 side chow hall. The Vietnamese cooks made Chili-Rice. I loved it and still make it at home. The only plump Vietnamese women I saw worked in that chow hall.

Buddy Cox wrote: Dean Delongchamp, for part of the year there was no O’Club. A new one was being built. I resented paying dues to a nonexistent club.

Buddy Cox wrote: I went to town with a Vietnamese girl. She asked to stop at a food truck for something to eat. All they had were dried squids. She told me I would love it. I ordered 2; they were expensive \$2.50. He heated it over a Bunsen burner, ran them through a clothes wringer then put it on a piece of paper and gave it to us. The girl took a bite and reacted like it was the best thing she had ever eaten. I tried a bite of mine. It was everything I could to swallow it and not throw up. Worst thing I ever ate. Forty years before I ate anything Vietnamese. Now I love Vietnamese food and fix it at home.

Bob Follmer wrote: Buddy Cox because I had a friend who spoke French we were invited by Capt. long the Vietnamese head of the Vietnamese garrison to the beach. Banana leaves unfurled by one of the girls and we were given raw pork to eat. I gagged it down. That night at the Vietnamese mess we were served lobster, crab, squid and shrimp. None of which I ate at

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that time. Embarrassed and ashamed by my restrictive palette I was served a hamburger and French fries.

James Baranowski wrote: I was in the 315 SOW. Every Saturday a box of steaks, potatoes and plenty of beer would arrive at our hooch (Q8) for a cookout. I guess they fell off one of our C123's. Those were some good times with our buddies.

Buddy Cox wrote: James Baranowski, we called that a 'transportation tax' a pallet load of boxes of steaks loses a box in transit for tax.

Jim Erixson wrote: I'm surprise that shipments of steaks had anything left when it got to its destination. I know we at the Aerial Port always had a case of steaks fall off the pallet before it got to the airplane.

Kenneth Houck wrote: When I first arrived I had chow on the side of the base where the barracks were built, it was terrible. Luckily I worked on the other side of the base on the C-123's and that chow hall was the best. It had to be the best dining facility in Vietnam. I remember having lunch with Barry Goldwater. The chow hall was divided in half and he sat on one side and the troops sat on the other side. We were served steak that day.

Tom Reiter wrote: Our C-123 hootch had a lot of great guys who cooked. I generally made the salad with veggies from Dalat. We generally had steak or chicken. We had a patio and BBQ along with a stove with oven, one freezer and two refrigerators. O'club food was OK too but we mostly ate in the hootch. The 315th mess hall in the morning was the best before going to fly the frag.

Kenneth Houck wrote: One night I was at the weight room that was located on the hill. It was dark and at this point I was the only one there. All of a sudden I heard this strange voice say "f*** you." I then heard it several more times and thought somebody was outside, playing a joke on me. I told the story to some friends and they informed me that it was a lizard. I never heard it again. Did any of you encounter such a lizard?

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I often feel the need to pick up the phone and call my dad, but of course I can't because, even though he's been gone many years, that feeling still persists and now I have the same urge to call Charles. I so enjoyed our little chats and encounters over the years and now reflecting on it, I think there were several reasons and the most important one is first, he always projected such a positive attitude even when he was ill and his health prognosis was pretty grim, but he would never say that, only to look forward to better days. Stubbornness was in his genes, but that is just my assessment and I frequently called him that, but maybe I missed diagnosed him. Persistence, resolve and steadfastness may be his more predominate and important characteristics. He was justifiably proud of his education accomplishments, but I think his “Country Sense” was much more valuable and that couldn't be obtained in any university. He was always a voice of reason and calm in his posts on Facebook. I really miss him and think of him often. He loved his God, Country, family and fellow veterans. A little bit of Americana died with him! - **Doug Severt**

Connie Simmons Crawford, his daughter, lamented on Facebook about missing her father on the first Thanksgiving since his passing.

“As I'm missing my Dad Charles Lee Simmons this first Thanksgiving since he passed, I wanted to let all of you know how very much you meant to him. You were truly his Brothers. No matter how sick he got and how much trouble he was having just getting around, he was always saying "I hope I can get to feeling better enough to make the reunion." He cared for each of you as an individual and all of you as one family. I am very Thankful that he had been able to find you and make that connection he had been missing for so many years.”

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(Charles’ son Tracy wrote this: Charles Lee Simmons, slipped the bonds of his mortal coil and passed from death into eternal life, last night, 27 September 2021 around 11:15 p.m. His lovely wife Bonnie was by his side and he was peaceful, as well as lucid and cantankerous up to his last breath.)



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. If you had to pay for this issue that you are reading, please be aware that up to this issue there are 238 other issues free for your reading enjoyment at Texas Tech University, Vietnam Center and Archives in the Douglas I. Severt collection and also available at Fold3 and Ancestry.com and my webpage, but that may not be available after my demise. I’ve heard some say “All of a sudden I feel a need to reconnect to a significant part of my life” and I hope that this newsletter helps fulfill that need and to really reconnect and continue with your therapy, plan on attending the annual Phan Rang Veterans reunion. 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:dougsevert@cox.net and put ‘unsubscribe’ in subject line.