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Phan Rang Doctor Cited as Flight Surgeon of Year (*Pacific Stars & Stripes, Sunday, June 13, 1971*)

PHAN RANG AB, Vietnam (Special) — A Phan Rang AB physician has been named the Pacific Air Forces (PACAF) flight surgeon of the year. Winning the command's top medical achievement award from among 113 flight surgeons in the Pacific is Dr. (Capt.) James P. O'Neal, of Augusta, Ga.

The announcement was made by Dr. (Lt. Gen.) Alonzo A. Towner, Air Force surgeon general, during a recent meeting of the Society of U.S. Air Force Flight Surgeons.

The 29-year-old physician is assigned to the 35th USAF Dispensary here, and serves as the "family doc" for the F100 Super Sabre pilots of the 352nd Tactical Fighter Sq. O'Neal has been in the Air Force two years, serving the past 11 months at this coastal base, 165 miles northeast of Saigon. He came to Happy Valley, home of the 35th Tactical Fighter Wing, from Ellsworth AFB, S.D.

Towner cited O'Neal for his "outstanding medical accomplishments within his command, and his demonstration of the highest standards of professional skill, personal integrity and unselfish concern in serving the men who fly."

The quiet, soft-spoken bachelor graduated from Pompano Beach (Fla.) High School in 1960 and went on to earn his bachelor of science degree in chemistry and biology from Davidson College, Davidson, N.C., in 1964. He received his M.D. shingle in 1968 from the Tulane University School of Medicine at New Orleans, La.

While stationed at Ellsworth AFB as a flight surgeon, he actively participated in the base's disaster response medicine program and developed the skills necessary to effectively direct a

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disaster response medical team. These qualifications were put to a severe test when several B52 Stratofortress bomber crewmembers were trapped in the wreckage of their plane in a crash at the base. O'Neal directed the medical rescue operation and personally assisted in pulling out the trapped fliers. He was awarded the Airman's Medal for his lifesaving efforts.

Realizing it took more than sick call consultations to gain a rapport with the fliers and an appreciation: of the unique mental and physical stresses placed on aircrew members, the young physician initiated a program of daily visitations to the base's B52 alert facility. These calls usually took place after his normal hospital duty hours. At Ellsworth, he also developed a new and comprehensive system for occupational medicine inspections of base facilities, which repeatedly disclosed and resolved significant hazardous health situations.



O'NEAL CHECKS ELECTROCARDIOGRAPH TAPE

USAF Photo

Since his arrival in Vietnam, O'Neal has become a flight surgeon in the true sense of the title, logging more than 34 missions in the F100 fighter while accompanying 35th TFW pilots on combat strikes against enemy targets throughout Southeast Asia. He also has flown an additional 11 missions in other base aircraft for a total of 85 flying hours in Vietnam. Whether flying combat missions, participating in squadron activities, being available around-the-clock to provide medical care, O'Neal has become

accepted as a true member of the fighter pilots' fraternity here.

At Phan Rang, the PACAF flight surgeon of the year has developed a disease monitoring system for the outpatient clinic. The system has been particularly effective in enabling the dispensary staff to detect and investigate disease outbreaks during the initial stages rather than after the majority of the patients have been treated. The value of these public health principles in this tropical area is self evident. He also has been very active in the wing's flying safety, life support, and newcomers' orientation programs.



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News of Our Men and Women in Uniform (*The Daily Courier, Connellsville, Pa., Friday, November 6, 1970*)

Sergeant **Ronald J. Overly**, son of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac J. Overly of Donegal, is a member of a unit that has earned the U.S. Air Force Outstanding Unit Award with "V" device for valor in Southeast Asia.

Sergeant Overly, a carpenter in the 554th Civil Engineering Squadron at Cam Ranh Bay AB, Vietnam, will wear a distinctive service ribbon to mark his affiliation with the unit.

The Squadron which moved to Cam Ranh Bay in January earned the award while stationed at Phan Rang Air Base. It was the third such award for the construction unit, but the first with the "V" device.

The sergeant's squadron was cited for exceptionally meritorious service while participating in air field and facilities construction and in the perimeter defense of Phan Rang from Jan. 1 through Dec. 31, 1969.

He is a 1967 graduate of Mount Pleasant High School. His wife, Magdalena, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Degenstein of 3112 S. Main, Minot N. D.

Your Comments (*Comments that I received that are just too good not to share*)

Thanks Doug for this history. The early history of the development of Phan Rang AB was interesting. The latter part describing America's retreat was saddening. When this occurred, I was long gone from the war and USAF. I had completed my Baccalaureate training, been married for a year or so, working professionally. In short trying to bury the war deeply. Watching our withdrawal during that time was emotionally difficult, not so much for the leaving itself but for the way it was done. It was not our finest hour! That said, I really have never been able to see how it could have been done right. So reading about the beginning and ending today stirred up those old emotions, but, I think all told, the remembering is a good thing.

Robert Spence

Great memories of the 1882nd and early days of '66 just a young 21 year old and didn't have a clue.

Bruce Dobson

The first Purple Heart went to Bob (Robert) Merrill in 1966. He was on an outer perimeter patrol with the 101st when he stepped on a pungie stick. Bob left the Air Force and became a sheriff in Wisconsin. He died of a heart attack shortly after retirement.

Gary Hinz

I really liked this Newsletter Doug. First time I had heard the story of what happened as the VC/NVA pushed towards Saigon. Usually all the stories are centered in Saigon area. I never knew that civilians in Phan Rang DD'd out of there during the advance.

David Knighton

Thanks, another good issue. Just an FYI there were only 2 USAF AP/SP to receive the Air Force Cross. One was Col. Garth Wright (Capt. at the time) of 35th SPS 68-69. He led the defense of the attack on Phan Rang Jan. 25-26 1969. We were with him on the perimeter in K9. He was one of very few officers that K9 would have followed into hell. The guy was amazing and still is. He is close to 80 now and still teaching history at a college in California. Thanks again for a good article. I really enjoy reading them. I can't make the reunion as I am involved with a model train show at the Pink Palace Museum in Memphis at that time of year. It seems like every reunion is in October. Makes it hard because I would love to go.

Craig Lord



Tales of Phan Rang (Part 2) by Robert Chappellear

Tales of Phan Rang
Published by Robert L. Chappellear at Smashwords
Copyright 2010 Robert L Chappellear
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An account of the author's one year tour of duty flying C-123 cargo aircraft in Viet Nam. Provides descriptions of life in country and the missions that were flown.

This book is a description of that year providing an insight into what it was like to live and fly in that conflict and during that time of the war.

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About Robert Chappellear

Retired from two careers, the first was as a fighter pilot for the USAF; the second as a system engineer for a defense contractor. Accumulated 6000 hours of flying time in 7 different operational assignments including three tours to Asia and one to Europe. As an engineer I worked on the airborne command post, nuclear aircraft carriers, presidential helicopters, and various other communication systems.



Married with three sons and one step daughter and three grandchildren (1 grandson, and 2 granddaughters). Though I have made 36 moves during my lifetime I am now settled in Minnesota. Looking forward to additional traveling throughout the United States after my wife's retirement in two years.

Chapter 2 – Day One

Day one of my tour in Viet Nam actually started at McChord Air Force Base near Seattle Washington.

This was the Port of Embarkation or POE. In World

War II or Korea I would have boarded a troop ship, but this was the modern age of air travel and instead I reported to the Aerial Port at McChord AFB. It was actually a small brick building and looked much like

a small town airport terminal. It was crowded with many officers and non-commissioned officers of all services. I knew that I was scheduled to travel on a Military Airlift Command charter "stretched" DC-8 airliner. This flight would be operated by World Airways. I recognized several other Air Force officers as persons with whom I had attended pilot training and C-123 training. There were also Army officers and NCOs. Nevertheless there did not appear to be nearly enough people to fill a "stretched" 8 airliner. Then I heard the busses pull up. I think there were 6 of them - Greyhound like passenger



busses, painted olive drab with a Military Police jeep in front and another following. I later noticed that each bus had a couple of MPs aboard and about 38 "grunts" all bound for Viet Nam just as I. These were troops from Fort Lewis Washington and they were destined to be part of the U.S. ground forces there in Viet Nam. I remember what it was like

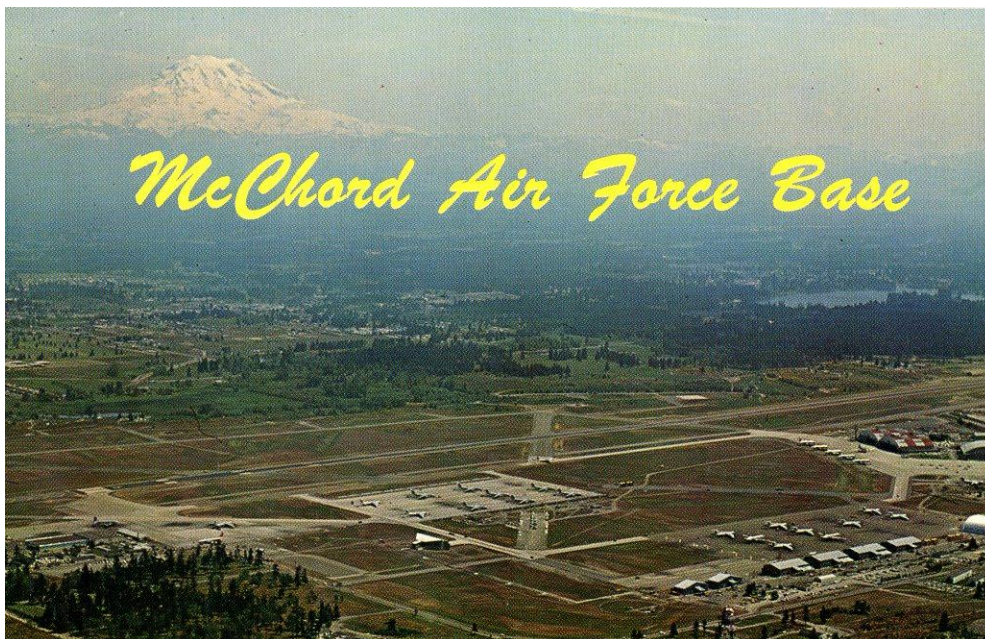
MAC Passenger Terminal, McChord AFB, Wa. Photo does not appear in the book.

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when I was a grunt in the Army about four years earlier and did not envy them one bit. I also noticed the clock on the wall was approaching 1500, our planned departure time, but there was no airliner at the gate. I passed the time talking with other pilots that I knew from training and before too long we began to wonder what was the hold up. About 1700 an Air Force Sergeant announced on a public address system that the airliner had been delayed for mechanical reasons and that all officers and non-coms manifested on MAC Flight 124 bound for Cam Rahn Bay, Republic of Viet Nam would be transported to a hotel until the aircraft was ready. We were directed to take our baggage and board a passenger bus at the front entrance to the aerial port. Just as we boarded our bus, the Army busses pulled away to return the grunts to barracks at Fort Lewis where I was told that they were watched by MPs until the airplane was ready. I patted myself on the back again for having decided to go back to college, get a degree and an Air Force commission instead of staying in Army as an enlisted man.

In those days, unlike today, airlines were responsible for providing accommodations whenever there was a delay in flight departures. So the bus took us Air Force and Army officers and senior non-coms to the Hotel Olympia in nearby Olympia Washington. We were each given the key to a room as we got off the bus and we carried our bags into the hotel lobby. I think that we all had the same idea and a pile of B-4 luggage bags quickly grew there in the corner of the lobby as we each made an immediate dash for the bar. I have no idea which game it was, probably the first since it was the 4th of October, nor do I remember the teams, nor even who won the game but I can recall vaguely through a beer induced haze that one of the World Series games was being played that evening.

The game had just ended and I was considering going to my room when a hotel desk clerk entered the bar and told us that the bus was back at the door. It seems that our airplane had arrived. I don't remember for sure how many of us were in our group (probably 23 or so) but we fumbled through the pile of bags and found our own. We then stumbled, bleary eyed, back onto the bus and made the trip back to McChord AFB and the aerial port. I don't think that any of us saw the interior of any room except



the bar there at the Hotel Olympia. The Army busses were already waiting when we got to the aerial port and this time things went quite quickly. Actually we walked straight out to the aircraft dropped our B-4 bags at the foot of

Aerial Photo of McChord Air Force Base, Wa. Photo does not appear in the book.

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the loading conveyor belt and climbed the steps to enter. Fortunately I was with a couple of guys that had experienced this drill before and they led me to the front of the line for everything. Thus the front row right at the entrance door to the aircraft was occupied by two Captains and one 2nd Lieutenant (that was me). 205 additional passengers later, the entrance door was closed, engines started and we left McChord AFB just before 2400. Thus my official Date of Estimated Return from Over Seas (DEROS) became 4 October 1968.

This whole trip was something of a blur. First of all, I just like all the other personnel on that flight was at least 5 sheets of the proverbial 9 sheets to the wind when I boarded. Fortunately there was no booze on that flight as we needed the next few hours to recover from the bar at the Hotel Olympia. Of course we could not let well enough alone, so when the airplane landed at Anchorage Alaska for fuel we made a personal refueling stop also. Again, my new traveling companions knew their way around and we got off the airplane, down the steps through an airline crew door, down the back hallways and into the civilian passenger terminal so quickly that we three were on our second drink before the rest of the troops got to the bar. I guess that we all downed four or five quickies before being called to re-board the aircraft. The second leg was also a blur. The final refueling stop was Tachikawa AB Japan. That stop was at a military base and there were no bars to which we could escape. Besides it was quite late. The last leg from 'Tachi' to Cam Rahn Bay, RVN like the first two legs was flown in the dark. The last leg was about 6 hours long. Since that leg was also from east to west, clock hours were not as many as actual hours and so we arrived at Cam Rahn Bay about 0400 on the morning of the 5th of October 1968.



Cam Rahn Bay Passenger Terminal. Photo does not appear in the book.

What was my first impression of Vietnam? – “Man it’s hot and humid!” The wet hot air hit me right in the face as soon as the stewardess opened the door. I stepped through the door and looked around. Standing at the top of the roll up stairs and looking down at a floodlight lit cargo ramp and several Air Force ground crew personnel all scurrying about readying the aircraft for its next flight as an outbound “Freedom Bird”. A year later I would get to climb back up those stairs to a Freedom Bird and the trip home.

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But first we had to settle in for a long year and our primary mission right now was figuring out how to get from Cam Rahn Bay AB to Phan Rang AB. The two locations were only about 28 miles apart with Phan Rang being southwest of Cam Rahn Bay but in Vietnam one does not just go hire a taxi or hop on a bus. We were told by someone working there in the Aerial Port Squadron to go find a place to sleep and eat and to come back later that day after the day shift came to work. We had a couple of Lieutenant Colonels traveling with us and one of the two made arrangements for an Air Force bus to take our party from the West side of the base over to the East side of the base and to drop us at the Cam Rahn Bay Officers Club. On the outside that O'Club was vaguely similar to what is called a Hacienda. The building was square and had an open court yard in the center, but it was not made of stucco. It was wood frame construction with no interior walls except for those separating the kitchen and latrines from the open courtyard. One of the four sides, the north side I recall, had a cafeteria style serving line, with the kitchen behind. The south side had a bar, while the east side had the latrines and the west side had a few couches, tables and chairs. There were also tables and chairs in the open space of the center. We were all very tired and the couches were quickly occupied by three persons each, all with feet stretched forward, heads leaned back, and many snores soon echoed about. The next thought going through my mind was "What is that light in my face?" As I struggled to wakefulness my eyes came painfully open and I found myself staring straight into a bright glaring sun coming up over the roof of the east side of the O'Club wall. I then realized that 0400 in the dark of night is the cool part of the day there in Vietnam. The heat of the sun quickly had us all sweating through our 1505 uniforms. These were the light tan short sleeved, open collared shirts worn as Air Force summer uniforms. They however, were not necessarily suited for Vietnam for it did not take long to completely soak the arm pits and stain the chest with sweat and so uncomfortable that it was impossible to sleep. It made no difference however, for fighter pilots from the F-4 wing there at Cam Rahn Bay were arriving and the kitchen serving line was in full operation feeding breakfast to the F-4 crews and transients such as ourselves.

By 0645 we are back at the Aerial Port Passenger Terminal (PAX Terminal). There we are told by some staff weenie at the terminal that they will put in a "request for a passenger run" to transport us to Phan Rang and we could expect it to be "fragged" tomorrow or the next day. He then remarked that we could always hang around the PAX terminal and maybe there would be room on one of the C-123s that flew in and out all day long to give us a lift to Phan Rang. One of the LCs with us said that we would do that. Those two LCs worked pretty hard that day, they personally went out to every C-123 that came through Cam Rahn Bay that morning and spoke to the aircraft commander. Most of the missions were stopping at Cam Rahn Bay before going further north or out to the special forces camps to the west but, all of the aircraft commanders said that they would check in with the aerial port when they were on the return to Phan Rang leg and if we were still there they would try to stop in and pick us up. About 1100 one of the LCs came running into the PAX Terminal and hollered, "Grab your bags guys, we got a ride!" Through a quirk in the fragmentary order (Frag) one of the C-123s had flown from Phan Rang to Pleiku, to Nha Trang, to Cam Rahn Bay, and was now going to return to Phan Rang before making more sorties that afternoon. That Aircraft Commander said that they would make room to take us new "FROG"s down to Phan Rang. That was the first time I heard the term "FROG". "FROG" by the way stands for "F_____g Replacement for an Old Guy!"

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As I said earlier, Phan Rang and Cam Rahn Bay are relatively close together. So close that when an aircraft takes off on the southwest runway there is about enough time to get the landing gear and flaps up, perform the "after take-off" checklist, pull the power back and level off at about 3000 feet, perform a "cruise" checklist, perform a "before-descent, approach to field" checklist, lower the gear and flaps, perform the "before-landing" check list and land the airplane. The whole trip took about 7 minutes... Thus we got to Phan Rang in time to have lunch at the Phan Rang O'Club. The Phan Rang O'Club had a similarity to the Cam Rahn Bay O'Club in that it was open air and constructed of wood frame. The kitchen here was also enclosed but, the Phan Rang O'Club was "U" shaped and located at the peak of a large hill on the northwest side of the base. The open "U" faced to the southeast. The club overlooked the base with the "Colonel's" house trailers on a road going around the hill just down the slope from the O'Club, various metal buildings including maintenance shops, storage sheds, airmen's dorms, squadron buildings, wing headquarters, revetments for the fighter wing F-100s that were stationed at Phan Rang on the near side of the, two parallel 10,000 foot long runways, parallel taxiways and then over on the east side of the runways were the revetted C-123s of the 315th Special Operations Wing and it's three special operations squadrons. These were the 309th, 310th, and 311th SOS. The 309th was fully stationed at Phan Rang, the 310th had a detachment stationed at Ton Son Nhut, and the 311th had half the squadron stationed at Danang. There was another organization that flew C-123s stationed in South Vietnam. That was the 12th SOS at Bien Hoa AB. They flew the defoliation missions and are better known as the "Ranch Hands".

It's funny that I can remember that first meal in the Phan Rang O'Club, probably because it seemed so inappropriate. After all it was maybe 103 degrees, with 100 % humidity, bright sun in a cloudless sky, and we had hot "Chillimac" and lukewarm "Kool Aid" for lunch. For an introduction to Vietnam, Chillimac at 103 degrees outside air temperature was a shocker. And even though we appreciated the Kool Aid, a little ice to go with it would have been nice. It is funny however, how one gets acclimatized because within a few weeks Chillimac and lukewarm Kool Aid became pretty acceptable.

Just as we were finishing lunch a Captain from the 35th Tactical Fighter Wing Support Squadron came in and announced that he had quarters assignments for us.

He said, "Field grade officers will be housed in house trailers, two to a trailer."

Field grade is Major and Lieutenant Colonel. Later we discovered that full Colonels had an entire house trailer for themselves.

He said, "Company grade will be housed temporarily in the "RMK"s or if you don't mind making your own beds you can move into a recently completed "Singapore".

Company grade is us lowly Lieutenants and Captain.

We had already heard stories of the "RMK"s, how they were open bay barracks, with slats for the outside walls that the wind and dust blew through, along with mosquitoes, spiders and other insects. We'd heard the stories about the shared outside latrines, and how you had to walk a couple hundred

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yards to a field shower set up inside a tent, so even though we had never heard of a "Singapore" that sounded better than "RMK", and even though the Captain said "just completed Singapore" we all jumped at that idea.

So the Captain said, "Grab your bags and follow me."

We walked out the front door into the parking lot and the Captain gestured at some one story white structures with tin roofs that were arrayed about cleared fields on the northwest side of the hill. He pointed and said that he would meet us at the one located the farthest from where we were currently standing. He then got into his jeep and drove down the hill while the rest of us hoofed it with bags in hand. We all had two B-4 bags for luggage and when we arrived at the designated building we were even sweatier than before (if that was possible).

It turned out that the "Singapore's" were specifically designed to be aircrew quarters and each of these buildings had a central indoor latrine, a central common area, and 11 small rooms located along each corridor going off both sides of the latrine and common area. We were then told that we could team up anyway we wished; that Captains got a room to themselves, and that Lieutenants would live two to a room. He then pointed at some medium sized cardboard boxes in the common area, a stack of mattresses and said, "There are your beds – put them together and I'll have someone deliver some bedding to you tomorrow."

We spent the rest of that afternoon "making our beds" and otherwise trying to establish ourselves. The beds were the standard manufactured by some federal prison worker. The gray steel bunk beds had a horizontal metal mesh spring and a three inch thick mattress. I had the same kind of bed when I was a private in the Army 6 years before. Most of us assembled them as true bunk beds, but some guys initially tried to set them up as singles. The rooms were very small and we found out that two singles just wouldn't fit so eventually all Lieutenants ended up with bunk beds. Someone went out and scrounged up a hammer and some nails so each of us could hang our B-4 bags on the wall. Of course we also found out that the walls were only a single sheet of plywood thick and we had to put the nails into the one of the 2 x 4 inch vertical studs spaced 4 feet apart or else the nail would go through into the neighbor's room. A couple of guys just said the hell with it and pounded the nail straight through bent it up at each end and one guy hung his bag on his side of the wall and the guy next door hung his bag on the pointy end that protruded through to the other side. About four weeks later there was another delivery of big cardboard boxes to our Singapore which generated another "make your own" party. This time we got big grey steel wall lockers to put our clothes in and that's when the B-4 bags came off the walls.

These "Singapore" buildings did not have the slat sides but each room had a window and a rectangular hole in the wall to the side of that window. Unfortunately there were no screens on either the window or the hole in the wall. Since these were not slated walls we did not get breezes like the "RMK"s unless you left the windows open and propped the doors open. Otherwise, the wind blew the doors shut and then there would be no breeze. After preparing our rooms the best we could our group went back up the hill to the O'Club for dinner. I can't recall what I had that evening probably because I was so tired

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and just wanted to go to bed. That seemed to be a good idea to most of us and I think we all were back at the "Singapore" and asleep before sundown.

When I said tired, I mean tired. The bunks were bare mattresses, no pillows, and the rooms were hot. I am sure that we all slept in underwear or maybe even some slept nude that first night. However, there was no screening on the windows or holes in the wall and I know that I served myself up as a banquet for every mosquito within 100 nautical miles. Even so I did not stir a muscle until 0500 or close to that the next morning when I discovered that the building faced directly east. How did I discover that? Why because at 0530 I had a blinding sun bashing me full force right in the face just like at Cam Rahn Bay the day before. After that the itch from one million mosquito bites took hold and I just gave up the idea of getting any more sleep. I rose and went down to the shower where though not cold, at least I found that we had tepid water coming out of the "cold" tap. The shower and some talcum powder helped the itching somewhat and then off to breakfast at the O'Club.

Over that and the next couple of days we processed into the wing and got our squadron assignments. We also got some sheets, pillows and blankets. You would think that a blanket would be unnecessary in Vietnam, but like one grows to like Chillimac on a hot day, one also grows to need a blanket for sleeping there in Vietnam.

I went to the 309th Special Operations Squadron and thus knew that I would be spending the rest of my year there at Phan Rang. We also began to understand how things worked there in-country; not just how the operations were performed, but also how one survived "comfortably". Like when one of our group bought a few rounds for an Army supply Lieutenant at the O'club that second evening. The next day the "Army" delivered 6 cardboard boxes of mosquito netting to our "Singapore" so that evening, we all had screens on our windows and the holes in the wall. Six weeks later the holes in the wall got filled by the air conditioners that were supposed to be there. After all we were "air crew" even if only lowly Lieutenants. Still later we found that a few cases of beer in the hands of the proper civil engineering Staff Sergeant would result in a concrete truck arriving at the front door to pour a concrete patio and pad for a 55 gallon drum barbeque pit. So all in all, individually, and as a group we learned to survive.

To be continued.

Men in Service (*The Lowell Sun, Wednesday, September 18, 1968*)

Major Richard H. Dewing, son of Mrs. Loella F. Dewing of 21 James St., Tewksbury, received the Air Medal at Phan Rang AB, Vietnam. Major Dewing was decorated for his outstanding airmanship and courage on successful and important missions under hazardous conditions. The major, a C-123 Provider pilot, has flown more than 700 combat sorties. A 1946 graduate of Twesbury High School, Major Dewing earned his B.A. degree in 1953 from the University of

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New Hampshire where he was commissioned through the Air Force Reserve Officers Training Corps program.

Swett Given Civic Award (*Pacific Stars & Stripes*, Friday, August 21, 1970)

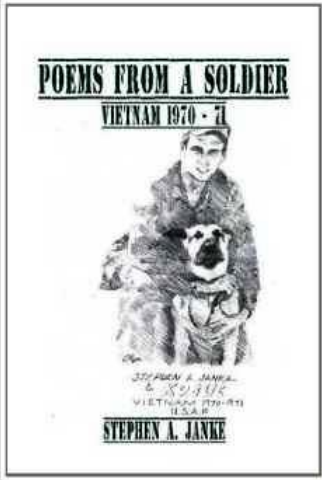

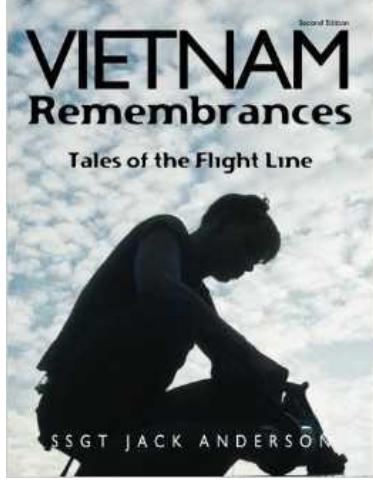
PHAN RANG AB, Vietnam (Special) — Maj., **Ben H. Swett** was recently selected to receive the Phan Rang AB Civic Action Quarterly Award for April through June.

Swett, a navigator with the 311th Tactical Airlift Sq, and civic action coordinator for the 315th Tactical Airlift Wing, was chosen for the award by the base civic action office.

Cited for his active support of local civic action programs, Swett received particular praise for the 315th TAW's participation in the "Dollars for Scholars" program, the collection of school supplies for the surrounding communities, and the construction of a hamlet road.

In addition, the 14-year Air Force veteran coordinated several other civic action projects, including construction of desks and furniture for the Thap Ban Tu School.

Authors in our Midst

	<p>Tales of Phan Rang</p>  <p>by Robert Chappellear</p>	<p>Second Edition</p> <p>VIETNAM Remembrances</p> <p>Tales of the Flight Line</p>  <p>SSGT JACK ANDERSON</p>
<p>Steve Janke...click to buy book</p>	<p>Robert Chappellear...click to buy</p>	<p>Jack Anderson...click to buy book</p>

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The 2014 "Happy Valley" Phan Rang AB Reunion

The 2014 "Happy Valley" Phan Rang AB Reunion

Where: DoubleTree by Hilton, Reid Park, 445 S. Alvernon Way, Tucson AZ

When: October 9-11

Single/Double rate \$99

Banquet 11 October in the Bonsai Room



You may now make your hotel reservations for the reunion. Click on the Double Tree logo above and it will take you to the Phan Rang AB Reunion Web Site. Please make your reservations early which will help us greatly in the planning process and also to insure that everyone that wants to attend gets the reunion rate. This is a smaller hotel than the previous year, so we have to watch it very carefully. Remember if circumstances prevent you from attending you can always cancel within 24 hours of your check-in date. If you have any questions or concerns please do not hesitate to contact [me](#).

Got Photos or Stories that you would like to share with Phan Rangers and other interested Vietnam veterans? If you do, send those treasured pictures and stories to me and I'll include in this newsletter, that reaches out to over 200, or post on Facebook where we have over 550 former Phan Rangers, their families and friends. You can contact [me](#) and I will provide further instructions. Share the Phan Rang story and keep the memories alive.

Doug's note: I know not all of these stores have a dateline of Phan Rang, but we have a lot of members and readers that have an interest in stores dealing with the B-57, F-100, C-119, C-47 and C-123 aircrafts. Some may have friends or may have even been stationed at one time at these other bases.

Also if you are new to the Phan Ranger mailing list and you would like copies of previous issues of the Phan Rang News, they are all available [here](#) for downloading. If you have any difficulties, just send [me](#) a note and I'll will send one your way. If you know of a Phan Rangers that would be interested in receiving news about Phan Rang AB, please let [me](#) know and I will add them to the mailing list.