

Phan Rang AB Newsletter

The History of Phan Rang AB and the stories of those who served there.
"Keeping the memories alive" Newsletter 270

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Doctors, Dentists Conduct Sick Call For Villagers Near Phan Rang AB



You're 'A-OK'

Capt. Gerald G. Koehn enjoys a little fun with a baby girl he just treated. She enjoys the

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**attention, as does her father (left), but she would like to have the stethoscope as a souvenir.
(USAF PHOTO BY A1C WILLIAM F. DIEBOLD)**

PHAN RANG - Saturday is 'sick call' day for villagers of An Xuan near Phan Rang AB.

That is the day that physicians, dentists, and their assistants from the 35th Dispensary at Phan Rang visit the village to treat some of the 1,800 people in the area.

"We've been making these weekly trips to An Xuan, as well as other villages near the base, for more than a year," commented Capt. **Gerard G. Koehn**, West Bend, Wis., general medical officer. "At An Xuan we examine about 20 dental and 40 medical patients each visit," he said.

The general health of the villagers has improved greatly since the program started. "Now, most of the patients have learned to come here while the illness is in the early stages," Captain Koehn explained, "and we have been able to help keep them in good condition."

However, the dentists find that by the time their patients come to be examined, the hurting tooth cannot be saved. "We are teaching them proper dental hygiene," remarked Capt. **Michael C. Getz**, Hamilton, Ohio, dentist, "but they still don't realize that the teeth should be treated before becoming painful. By the time they come to us, the tooth is abscessed or broken down and has to be extracted."

The communications problem with the patients is solved with the assistance of Mrs. Hoi Nguyen Thi, a dispensary secretary who acts as interpreter. "She does an excellent job in explaining to us what ails the patient." Captain Koehn said, "and in telling the patients how to use the medicine we prescribe."

With their modern-day medicine, the doctors and dentists are becoming quite popular with local villagers. "But it wasn't always this way," explained Capt. **Charles Q. Harrold**, North Platte, Neb., dentist.

"When our doctors and dentists first started these visits to the local villages," Captain Harrold continued, "the Vietnamese were wary of our modern techniques and equipment. But now

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we can hardly handle the number of patients who come to see us on our visits." (7th Air Force News, June 11 1969)

Self-Help Construction Provides 'Hurley's Kitchen' at Phan Rang

Story By Sgt. Douglas L. Christy

PHAN RANG-A new in-flight kitchen here, constructed through a self-help project, now prepares more than 80 boxed lunches each day.

"Hurley's Kitchen," named for TSgt. **Thomas P. Hurley**, Cleveland, noncommissioned officer-in-charge of the facility, is located in the 315th Special Operations Wing area.

"Appliances were supplied by 35th Services Squadron," said Sergeant Hurley. "We salvaged everything else and did the carpentry, plumbing, painting and flooring.

The kitchen provides cold meals for aircrew members and ground personnel who cannot leave their duty stations at normal meal hours.

"C-123 crew members on long flights buy most of our prepared meals," Sergeant Hurley explained. "For ground feeding, probably the fire department and communications personnel are our best customers."

"Hurley's Kitchen" provides six menus for In-flight meals and two menus for ground personnel.

Cost of the lunches is the same as meals in the dining halls for enlisted men and rated according to per diem for officers.

Two airmen assist Sergeant Hurley in preparing the chicken, a variety of sandwiches and accessories for the meals. Since box lunches must be consumed within five hours of purchase, second meals of canned or nonperishable food are sold to crew members on extended missions. (7th Air Force News, June 11, 1969)

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Phan Rang Air Base

1966-1967

35th APS - Panther Flight

Night Eyes

by Robert Claud,

A1C USAF (Ret)

Upon arriving in Vietnam, we were told about the dangers of the country. Also we were told lot of do's and don'ts. One of the dangers was the types of snakes in that country. One of the don'ts was at night don't stare at one thing too long. The reason was to maintain light discipline.

I was assigned to the Panther Flight, 35th Security Police Squadron, while at Phan Rang. We helped to maintain the security of the base. During my tour several snakes were killed on the base. Most of them by the jeep patrol units, they always carried a M-12 shotgun, mostly just to kill dogs, cats, and also snakes.

Each morning after our night shift was over we were taken to Central Security Control (CSC). There we cleaned our weapons before returning them to the armory. On this particular morning when I arrived at CSC, I heard several of the men talking about a snake. Well, my ears perked up right away. I was cleaning my M16 on a shelf outside the armory and I asked one of the guys; " What snake are you talking about?" He answered, "The cobra up on that board." When I looked up on the top shelf, there was a skinned cobra probably nine feet long. I ran backwards a good ways before I could stop.

I asked, "Where did that come from?" Someone said; "At the bomb dump area." I moved to a different spot to finish cleaning my weapon. After I turned my weapon in, I went over to the bulletin board to check what post I would have the coming night. As soon as I saw my name by the bomb dump post I was getting a very bad feeling, I immediately started asking guys to trade post with me for the coming night. I had heard cobras travel in pairs; male and female, and that bomb dump was just not the place I wanted to go to that night.

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Even during morning chow I tried to get someone to trade posts, and even offered money. No one would trade with me. I believe most people thought it was bad luck to trade a guard post. Well! I don't believe I got very much sleep that day. As a matter of fact it was hard to sleep over there in the day time. Even if you weren't thinking about a dark night with nine foot cobras around. At guard mount that night I tried again, but no one would trade.

On the truck ride to the bomb dump, I really worked myself up. I guess I was thinking that I wasn't going to make it through that night. The post I had was about thirty meters off the road. It was on the east side of the bomb dump storage area. In this area there were one man bunkers around the perimeter about every hundred meters. As soon as the truck stopped, the guard that I was to relief was there on the road ready to be picked up. As I was getting off the truck, I was trying to ask him if he had seen any snakes, but he just climbed aboard the truck and it pulled away. I got no answer.

I am thirty meters from my post, and there were lots of small shrubby bushes between me and that bunker. I don't know how long, I just stood there. But I knew I had to go to my post. So I did a (no no), from my pack I pulled out my flashlight and turned it on. It took me a good ten or fifteen minutes to reach my bunker, because I was checking the area good. After I reached the bunker, I began to check the area out for the snake. The one that I knew was out there somewhere. I checked inside the bunker and all around the outside. In my mind that was all I had to worry about. If (Charlie) had been around that night and had seen my light, I might not be writing this now.

Well, after checking the bunker out, I stood on the side of the bunker for maybe thirty minutes or more. I even checked inside the bunker and around it probably every thirty seconds or less. I was scared of snakes!! Well, the more I checked the area, the further out from the bunker I was shining the light. Then I saw it, about fifteen meters straight out in front towards the perimeter wire. It was moving back and forth. So with flashlight in hand, high above my head, my night eyes were locked on that snake. It was coming towards me. I immediately charged a round into my M16 and blew that snake (root) away!

Yes, my snake was just a root from a bush, which was coming out of the ground, with part of it was broken off. With my night eyes locked on and with the movement of the flashlight, that

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snake (root) was moving. As soon as I pulled the trigger, and several rounds went off, I knew it wasn't a snake. The next guard down from me was on the radio, and calling in; " automatic firing at post *###*." When I heard the patrol jeep coming up, I jumped off that bunker and began to kick around in the bushes. After the patrol arrived, a Sgt jumped out and yelled;"What is it?" I responded back with, " Oh, just a snake, but I missed him."

Fear; light, and my night eyes could have put a hurt on me that night. I still don't like snakes.



Sabres KO Gun Sites

PHAN RANG - F-100 Supersabre pilots of the 35th Tactical Fighter Wing here recently reported killing six enemy soldiers and destroying three .50 caliber machine guns and sites 13 miles northwest of Tay Ninh City.

One of the pilots on the strike was Maj. **Laurel L. Statham**, Yosemite, Ky.

"The forward air control (FAC) had seen enemy activity in the area all morning," Major Statham said.

"When we arrived, he gave us an excellent target briefing, about the best I ever had," he continued. "I rolled in on my first pass and encountered heavy ground fire, it looked like Fourth of July sparklers down there."

"I dropped some ordnance right on the FAC's smoke marker, destroying two machine guns," Major Statham said. "After my wingman dropped some bombs, I went after a gun position near a river."

"The sparkle of ground fire gave me an excellent target as I lined up on the muzzle flashes and dropped the bombs right on the target," he concluded. (7th Air Force News, June 11 1969)

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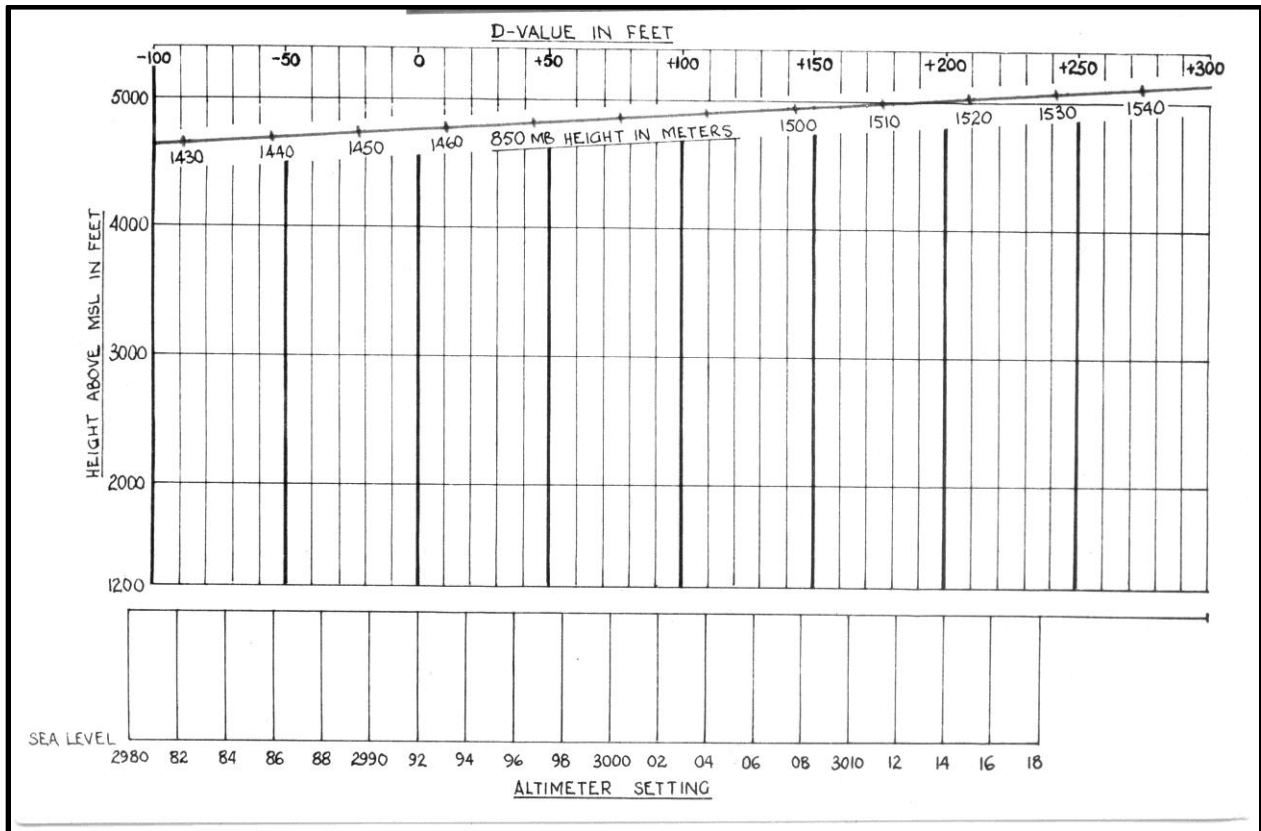
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Density Altitude Calculator

We are curious and looking for the origin of the “Density Altitude Calculator” that the No. 2 Sq. (RAAF) used at Phan Rang AB to adjust the B MK 20 Canberra level-bombing height to be more accurate, using a density altitude correction factor. It was produced in 1970 and I believe that it was designed by USAF meteorologists.

The calculator was also posted on the “Happy Valley” - Phan Rang AB, Vietnam Facebook group seeking information and comments on the possible use and origin of the chart, but there were no relevant responses.

Question posed by **Bob Howe**.



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Flight Line Crews pose with entertainers



Lou Matherne is behind the girl in the white skirt. The guy on the left with the headband is Bill Jones. The guy in front of Lou is Marlin "Jo" Jordet between the 2 gals

E5 Bill Jones Crew Chief, Jo Jordet #2, Art Braden #3 and Lou Matherne #4 jammer driver were a four-man "462 weapons loading crew". The two Airmen on the ends were F-100 aircraft specialists/crew chief.

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Heavy Weapons Unit (1970)

35th Security Police Squadron



*Phan Rang Air Force Base, Viet Nam
35th Security Police Squadron
Heavy Weapons Unit
1970*

Photo by John Graham



JOEL CONRAD LOFTIS

35th Security Police Squadron

Airman First Class

Died of wounds from a 107mm Rocket on 7 June 1969



Joel playing piano during a jam session.



Loftus at the piano

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Faces of the American dead in Vietnam: One month’s toll, December 1965

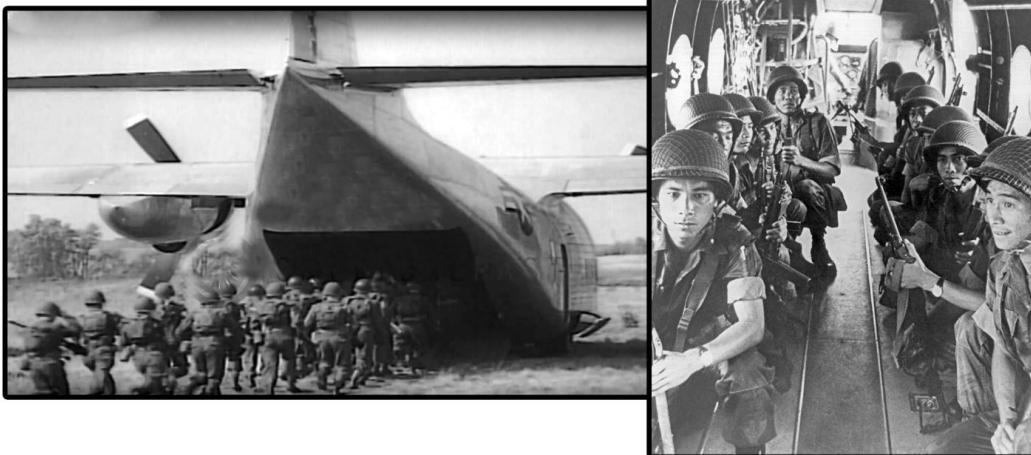
11
Dec.



Rober Horsky George McKnight Mercedes Perez Donald Stewart

On December 11, 1965, a C-123B Provider (#56-4376) from the 309th Air Commando Squadron, 315th Air Commando Group, 13th Air Force, was lost while flying from Pleiku Air Base to Tuy Hoa Air Base. Involved in a Mule Train combat cargo mission originating out of Tan Son Nhut Air Base where the 309th was stationed at the time, the C-123B contacted trees on a ridge line and entered a spin, crashing 1000 feet below. The ridge line had an elevation of about 4000 feet and was probably barely visible with low ceilings between 50 and 1000 feet and rain showers. The aircraft crashed 32 km (20 miles) west of Tuy Hoa. All crew and passengers, 85 total, were killed. The U.S. crew of four, without a navigator, included pilot MAJ Robert M. Horsky, co-pilot CAPT George P. McKnight, SSGT Mercedes Perez Salinas, and SSGT Donald David Stewart. Also lost were 81 South Vietnamese paratroopers. The aircraft was found by ARVN soldiers. The crew's remains were repatriated and interred in Arlington National Cemetery in 1974.

81 Vietnamese Air Borne Troops



The crash of C-123B Provider (#56-4376) with 85 souls aboard, which included the four crew

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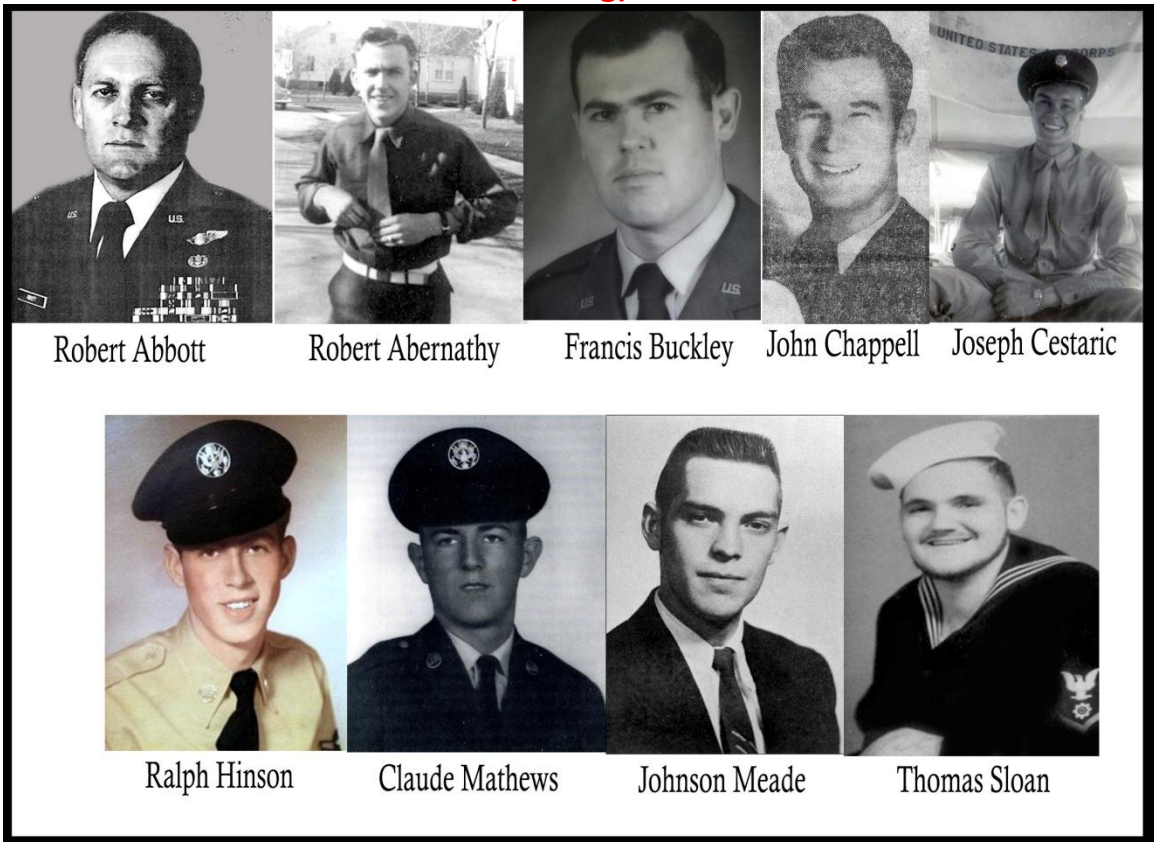
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members pictured above and 81 Vietnamese air borne troops. There are no pictures of these casualties of war or names...just 81 of them. The pictures above are just representative pictures of what they might have looked like going aboard the ill-fated C-123 and then seated aboard the aircraft, however the picture aboard the aircraft is not representative of a Provider because with 81 troops with backpacks, they would have been sitting on the floor. They were all young men, all with that apprehensive scared look on their faces, but still willing to die for their country. This was the worst accidental air crash in terms of loss of life to take place during the war in Southeast Asia. However, on 4 April 1975, two years after the American withdrawal a C-5A Galazy crashed near Saigon as it was evacuating civilians and 155 people were killed, many of them orphaned children. Vietnam was only a page in our life’s journey, but for these souls it was the end of their journey. **We must remember them.**

May they all mount up with wings as eagles (Nguyện tất cả họ đều tung cánh như đại bàng).

17
Dec.



The first AC-47D Spooky Gunships arrived in Vietnam in November 1965. Their guns had been removed in order to lighten the aircraft for the trans-Pacific flight. The guns would

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not arrive until a month later. In the meantime, the aircraft were put to work on courier and cargo flights. The 4th Air Commando Squadron (ACS) lost their first aircraft, an AC-47D (serial number 43-49492), on a night time cross country courier flight between Tan Son Nhut and Phan Rang on December 17, 1965 when it was struck by ground fire. The wreckage was located on December 23rd. The bodies of the nine men on board the aircraft, three 4th ACS flight crew members and 6 passengers, all of whom were destined for the 12th Civil Engineering Squadron at Cam Ranh Bay, were recovered. They included pilot MAJ Robert W. Abbot, co-pilot MAJ Robert L. Abernathy, navigator 1LT Francis R. Buckley, flight engineer A1C Claude W. Mathews, and passengers TSGT John M. Chappell, TSGT Thomas N. Sloan (**Note:** the only picture of Thomas Sloan from The virtual Wall of Faces is this picture of an individual in a Navy uniform without any explanation provided so it could be assumed that he had prior service in the Navy.), SSGT Ralph L. Hinson, and A1C Johnson A. Meade.

General Westmoreland Visits Phan Rang

General Westmoreland Visit - Gen. William Westmoreland, visits mushrooming Phan Rang AB



and is met by Air Force **Geroge S. Weart**. Less than a year ago the Air Force first arrived at this costal site to set up a “bare-base” operation. Now, 100 flights take off the new 10,000 foot concrete runway as the base continues to expand.

Terry Brodt remembers the event like this: The photo you see is just seconds before he came into the 614th Tactical Fighter Squadron office. All of the pilots were inside standing in formation along with me, the only NCO. As the General went down the line of offices lined up, he only nodded to them. He

then came directly over to me and asked my name, where I was from and thanked me for my service. What I do remember was all of us were perfect in dress, no unbuttoned shirts and no selves rolled up. However, I noticed as he talked to me that his selves were rolled up and one button undone. I did not mention it to him!

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Ray Partain wrote: Regards! As you may recall, we communicated early in the production of your newsletter.

I am sure you will recall Lieutenant **Don Taylor**. Don was one of my five tent mates most of 1966. He started one of the first Phan Rang newsletters and provided some excellent pictures that are still in use.

In any case, I arrived at Phan Rang in early January 1966. Col. **Ben Matlock** was the Base Commander for the 366th. We had less than 50 USAF troops at that time. There was also a USAF MASH unit at the site and some Koreans over the hill. It would be three months before the first F-4 unit landed.

Most of our troops were either supply types, civil engineers, or air police. I was a first lieutenant who picked up a variety of miscellaneous duties for "Col. Ben". My authority included a lot of custom procurement in country as well as from all over Southeast Asia. In fact, I knew **SGT Batson** (namesake of our first mess hall) quite well.

I have reviewed your publication each month since those early years. And, I have enjoyed every one.

However, I have noted a lot of articles about the troops we lost at Phan Rang. But, we lost an F4 back seater (in about September of 1966), who I do not recall ever being mentioned.

At about 5 pm one afternoon, I was on the patio at the officers club watching F4's taxi and take off for the evening missions. Suddenly, one aircraft at several hundred feet flipped upside down and went into the runway. The commander parachuted out safely. But, the back seat fellow did not make it!

Possibly this was the first USAF loss at Phan Rang and it would be nice if you could mention him along with the others. I believe the squadron commander was L/C **Felix Fowler**.

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In any case, thanx for continuing your efforts to let others know about a GREAT base
In the Republic of South Viet Nam as it developed and earned its reputation.

Doug Severt Replied: Ray, I think that must have been on 14 September 1966. It was an F4C 64-0657. 1Lt. **Harold Eugene Knudson Jr.** (KIA) and one other crew member (not mentioned) survived, so that must have been LT Col. Felix Fowler. It was due to flight control failure and the one guy ejected (don't think he used his parachute) but Knudson was killed. But, you are right, I didn't even have him listed, but I will do that and I really thank you for bringing that to my attention. I will also put something in the newsletter soon. Do you have any copies of the original newsletters?

Best regards, Doug Severt

Ray Partain responded: Thanx for the quick response!

Phan Rang was a wonderful experience for me. I do not want to forget anything about it.

I left Phan Rang on the 27th of December 1966. At that time, there was no base newsletter. In fact, most of us still slept and worked out the tents we erected when we first arrived.

I know Harold's squadron commander was L/Col Felix Fowler. I often talked with Felix.

After the crash, Felix told me some of the details. Your date seems right. I do not know who the surviving pilot was. But the crash was witnessed by quite a few of us. The officer's club (one of my responsibilities; actually built by the F4 officers to keep them busy working when not flying; and run by one of my NCO's a M/Sgt **John Papas**) had a perfect view of the runway. At least ten of us were watching the very loud take off.

It would be GREAT if you mentioned Lt. Knudson and the incident in one of your Newsletters! Some of his family and friends might like to know more about it. (**Doug's comments:** This information was updated in Phan Rang Newsletter 155 "Casualty List for Ninh Thuan Province" and Felix C. Fower is also mentioned in Phan Rang Newsletters 92, 167, 250 and 259.)

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Doug Britt wrote: Looks great (Phan Rang Newsletter 245 “Aftermath a Family Tragedy”). I did a lot of what I sent you late at night and typed it as the memory drove me. Thus the choppy nature raw memory provides rather than trying to get to the end. These days if I try to remember it I go down the rabbit hole or I get off on a side topic. Glad to see you pulled everything together and fit it in a rather larger story than I thought it would be.

Nicely done at that. I have to thank you for putting what I had to say about my father.

There is one thing. Isn't there always? And here is my reasoning that lead to my 'assumption' as to my father's last act. The accident report and the damage to the C-123.

Dad's Right wing opened the body of the C-123 on its left side, sharp as a fish boning knife. That and Dad's plane took out both engines on the 123's left wing. Both of them yet there is room for a 105 to fit between them if you just went straight at it. Yet the accident diagram show Dad's plane hit both and rolled down the runway in a ball of fire. I have heard from more than one source, “Dad's fuselage rolled down the runway sans wings”.

If you're a fighter landing in a monsoon and it's dark you aim for the CENTER of the runway to give you equal margins in foul weather. You do NOT land on the left or right half the way they do when they take off in pairs. And this was his last approach as he was out of fuel.

Mom often commented when I would ask her that Dad spent a LOT of his spare time going over ejection drills, time trials so he would have the best chance to bail. Thorough, and in his best interests.

The C123 was taxiing down the center of that same runway. Someone wrote in regards to all this that had Major Britt tried any evasive maneuvering he would have just rolled his jet down the runway.

This is my basis; Dad was very good at what he did and he valued others lives more than his own. He said as much when he transferred from B-47's to F-105's, he told my Mom that, “The Air Force is MY Career. I can't sit in a bomber while some draftee gets sent in harm's way, that's My Job.” And the Irish is strong in our family, both sides. We are a stubborn lot. As his

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nose came down he would have seen the Lights but not the plane and he would be straining to see the runway lights in that weather. The strobes on the 123 would be totally Wrong and he would have only had enough time, one heartbeat, he made the only decision left to him. If he had been on the left half he wouldn't have taken both engines off and his wreckage would have still burned but not rolled down the runway.

When he saw those strobes he wouldn't think, he would do what he told himself he would do if it ever happened. He would rely on his self training to save lives. Had he just gone straight down the middle, everyone would have died right there. I've read about the C-123 crewmen at least two were life flighted to the burns center in the states where at least One of them died a couple of days later from the burns. That crewman's name escapes me, but I remember what he did. He came out of the burning wreck and the Hell that it had become. When he saw that one of the crewmen was missing he went back into the plane and brought the man out. They are the two they life-flighted out for burns. That crewman earned his AFC posthumously. The Pilot got out the escape window in the cockpit and lost skin to the burns as the whole thing started to cook, that's the bitch about aluminum, it moves heat very fast.

I know, nobody but the dead know for certain, but I've been piecing this together from Records and eye witness statements and even spoke with Dad's best friend and fellow Pilot. I've spoken with one of the Line mechanics that worked on Dad's squadron and his plane in particular. Then there is the crash diagram you sent me, and that bore out a lot of what the others had to say on the matter. Dad, by all accounts, was Very good at what he did and his rise in rank was more than attrition or they wouldn't put 20 jets under his command going Downtown.

And yet, “There are many Old Pilots. And there are many Bold Pilots. But there are almost no Old Bold Pilots. The only two I know of, one is Chuck Yeager the other is Tex Johnson. I guess I should include Neil Armstrong and James Lovell to be fair.

Because the fighter pilots were so outraged at the circumstances that lead to the accident, the long flight up, mid air refueling, the brutal target, the splitting the flight and the divergence to Saigon, the known and predictable bad weather, and more. I was told by Irv LeVine, who flew with Dad, that the pilots were so angry that they were threatening a strike of Air Ops if the policy was not changed. I'm sure that only the most distant rumblings ever made it out of the

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Korat to the General Staff as any outright threat of a strike or even such talk is actionable. But these things have a none regulation way of being heard without saying anything to anyone. Moral was Not good as you might expect. Mr. LeVine none the less told me that policy was changed.

Mr. LeVine and Dick Jonas have a series of albums of Air Force songs. LeVine flew Thuds and Jonas flew Phantoms. I don't know if he's still kicking but the CD's were recorded at Emmit Brooks recording studio
115 E. Idaho Ave.
Las Cruces, NM
88005

Maybe they have a record of how to reach him. Album 7, that I have is from the 'Cold Warriors' set.

It's late and I'm nodding off.

God Bless and keep the faith, time is short as is the way of things we need.

Thank You Truly,

Doug Britt

Bob Browne wrote: Hi Doug, hope you are well.

I'm a No 2 Squadron RAAF Queensland Association member and thoroughly enjoy reading Phan Rang news. I've learnt so much about Happy Valley from the articles.

I was at Phan Rang Feb 67 to mid Feb 68. I was initially with RAAF No 5 Airfield Construction Squadron before transfer to 2 Squadron in May 67.

5 ACS was with 554 CES (Redhorse). Apart from doing a lot of long working days we did have some leisure. As I remember it there was a large tent that served as a 'beer hall' and entertainment centre. This tent had a resident band which I think was called "The Hank Wells band".

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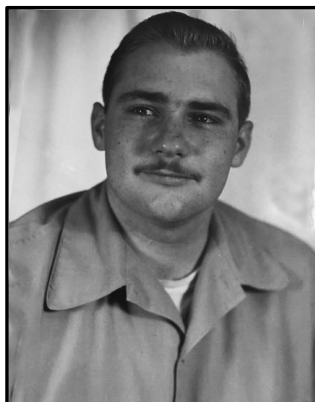
I can't seem to find a reference to a tent or the band so I was hoping that perhaps you might be able to help as I am writing up a few notes about my time in Happy Valley. From memory it was located near a muster point for the Security Police/ Dog handlers. I do remember that getting back to our assigned barracks was hazardous due to the ditches that were being dug for the sewerage and water reticulation pipes. But that's another story.

Our regular after work watering hole was the Red Horse “Igloo” bar located behind the mess. We also visited the “Bamboo Viper” NCO's Club for drinks on occasions. I was a member and I still have my membership card.

Just one last thing; perhaps you could run a story about the serious fuel pipeline explosion that occurred in Phan Rang township in May 67. There is a good report of it in a book “Phan Rang Chronicles” written by a British Medical Doctor named Hamilton. He was working at the local hospital and treated the casualties.

Best regards. Bob Browne

Allan Campbell wrote: It was on July 4th of 1971 that we had all hit the bunks and were



Allan V. Campbell

nodding off when the sirens went off. We all scrambled out of bed, quickly threw on uniforms and flak vests, grabbed our helmets and lit out for the bunkers. As we crouched in the bunkers, we watched the sky light up. We had spooky, shadow, and the helicopters from the Army camp next door filling the skies over Phan Rang and dropping all kinds of flares. This went on for a couple of hours before the alarm was called off and we were allowed to go back to bed. When we awoke the next morning, rumors started spreading about the

previous night's “invasion”. It turned out that a COW had gotten loose in the mine field and tripped several alarm wires. Then, we could appreciate the 4th of July light show. July 4th 1971, a real night to remember. I will never forget it!

There were some other memorable moments from that tour in Happy Valley. The “Mud Bowl” (flag football championship played in a pouring rain). The Christmas rollback that allowed me

“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. 270 “...keeping the memories alive”

to go home almost one month early (my original DEROS was early January 1972 but I left around December 12, 1971. The mortar round that hit the White Horse asphalt plant next door to the Civil Engineering compound resulting in our Lieutenant getting scratched on the lower leg by a piece of flying gravel. (The Viet Cong were notoriously inaccurate with their mortars. They would set them up at night and they would go off in the morning, rarely hitting anything significant.) The mortar round that landed between the sandbags and the hooch of the OIC of Special Services. He wasn't hurt, having been at the O club at the time. The flight to Saigon on December 12th – by the time we landed we were told that Charlie had finally figured out how to sight the mortars and had walked them down the flight line right after we took off. If we had been still sitting on the ground, we would probably still be there, planted in the ground. The best part of that year was that Viet Nam was my ticket to Germany. After leaving Nam, I spent a total of 13 ½ years in Germany, 4 ½ in Berlin and 9 years in Kaiserslautern (Ramstein 4, Sembach 3, and Ramstein 2) with only a 3 year hitch at March AFB in between. I finally got an assignment I liked and returned to Mather AFB in California to supervise the supply support for the B-52 wing. As soon as I arrived, the AF announced that it was closing the B-52 wing so I put in my papers to retire.

Allan V. Campbell, SMSgt, USAF (Retired)

Doug's Comments: I hope that you have enjoyed this newsletter. Hopefully there will be more to come, so if you want to get your story told, please send it to me soon. Don't forget the annual Phan Rang Vietnam Veterans 21-23 September in Rapid City, South Dakota. The cutoff date for making hotel reservations is 21 August. To see a list of all previous newsletters click [here](#). To unsubscribe to Phan Rang News, send email to dougsevert@gmail.com and put 'unsubscribe' in subject line.

