

# Phan Rang AB Newsletter

The History of Phan Rang AB and the stories of those who served there.  
"Keeping the memories alive" Newsletter 273

In this issue:

A Footnote to History - by Ken Garrett

2 Squadron - A Brief Account

Doug's Comments

## The Port Arthur News

36 Pages

Port Arthur, Texas, Tuesday, April 13, 1971

Leased Wires of AP and UPI Telephoto



### Tears greet sergeant with lifesaving \$30,000 check

## THE SNYDER DAILY NEWS

NO. 275 SNYDER, TEXAS (79549) TUESDAY, April 13, 1971

8 PAGES — PRICE

### Sgt. Delivers Funds To Holts

## The Corpus Christi Times

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS, TUESDAY, APRIL 13, 1971

Worst Ads 832-9401  
Other Depts. 834-2011



### Tearful Thanks Given To 'Gang at Phan Rang'

#### AIR FORCE SGT. ROBERT L. JONES GOT BIG HUG

## **"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. 273 **"...keeping the memories alive"**

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### **Receives Presidential Praise**

## **Sergeant Jones Returns from Austin, Texas Visit**

*(Phan Fare, May 2, 1971)*

A Phan Rang AB emissary of hope, Sgt. **Robert L. Jones**, returned this week after traveling halfway around the world to deliver \$30,000 down payment on life to two Texas youths.

His mind is filled with, thoughts of a letter from President Nixon, press conferences, standing ovations, Texas hospitality, a visit with LBJ and Lady Bird, and most of all, the H.V. Holts themselves.

The money was a down payment from everyone at Phan Rang AB to Gary and Paula Holt, an Austin, Tex., brother and sister suffering from acute nephritis, a rare hereditary kidney disease that threatens their lives daily.

On Apr. 11 the campaign chairman was whisked from a Saigon press conference onto a World Airways jet destination--Oakland, Calif. At Oakland, Sergeant Jones flashed through customs and again it was conference time, with the news media. At this time he was not aware that millions of people around the world were following his progress. He spent the night in Oakland, after being joined by his wife Norma and 13-month-old son Robert Jr.

The next day, it was red carpet treatment as Sergeant Jones and his wife winged their way to Austin, Tex. At the Austin terminal it was "**We love you, Phan Rang**" right as the Joneses walked down the ramp and were enveloped by a throng of camera-wielding reporters, tearful Holts, and various civic and military officials. It was here that the \$30,000 check was transferred to the trembling hands of Gary Holt who was still speechless and could only repeat, "**Thank you, Phan Rang, thank you, thank you.**"

Red lights and police sirens pierced the Austin night as the entourage was escorted to a plush hotel suite, courtesy of the Austin Chamber of Commerce. 'It was in the hotel suite that Gary and Paula received the many honors and mementos sent by their adopted brothers half a world away. Paula's one comment was, - "**I Will treasure these for ever.**"

Tuesday, the next hectic day in Austin, saw a breakfast sponsored by the Chamber of

## **“Happy Valley” Phan Rang AB, RVN**

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Phan Rang AB News No. 273 **“...keeping the memories alive”**

---

Commerce, military officials and leading citizens of Austin. Phan Rang's representative and his wife were then chauffeured to the Holt's home. It also was the day that the Texas Senate gave Phan Rang a standing ovation and a resolution honoring its valiant deed. Sergeant Jones informed the senate of the many Phan Rang activities that led to the \$30,000 check, and was also ushered to the chambers of the Texas governor, Preston Smith.

Following a 'Rotary Club luncheon the cavalcade traveled to the vast LBJ ranch outside Austin and were greeted by Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson. The former President of the United States, also appeared to express his gratitude to the men of Phan Rang. The busy day was capped by another press conference and an informal dinner and warm conversation with Phan Rang's adopted family at their home.

All too soon, it was Wednesday morning and time for the Joneses to say fare Well to Texas hospitality and the H.V. Holt family, promising that this was not the end of Phan Rang's support. There is over \$8,300 still in the Phan Rang bank, and much more promised after completion of the campaign, May 3.

Sergeant and Mrs. Jones proceeded home to Turlock, Calif., where stacks of mail had accumulated in their absence. Among these letters were contributions, offers of help from doctors, and a congratulatory letter from President Richard M. Nixon expressing a nation's thank you to the men of Phan Pang.

In a telephone conversation with the Holt family, prior to departure for Saigon and Phan Rang, Mrs. H.V Holt told Sergeant Jones that she had received five large boxes of letters, most from Phan Rang airmen, and wished him to spread the word that they will personally answer all correspondence with their adopted sons in Vietnam.

For Sgt. Robert L. Jones, a heavy weapons specialist with the 35<sup>th</sup> Security Police Squadron here, it was the dawning of the age of Aquarius.

## **AN EYEWITNESS TO HISTORY BUT FIRST THE BACKGROUND STORY**

## **“Happy Valley” Phan Rang AB, RVN**

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Phan Rang AB News No. 273 “...keeping the memories alive”

---



Growing up in Sunny Southern California in the 1950s-1960s was pretty cool. The Vietnam War was going strong, but I was a naive college student and it didn't mean much to me, until it did. I crashed out at the end of my junior year and lost my student deferment. I got a good job at Disneyland (I think everyone in So. Cal. worked there at one time or another) and fell in love with a co-worker there. We got married and thought life was pretty good, until it wasn't. They took away the married deferment so I was eligible for the draft and my number was pretty low. Trying to avoid being a Huey door-gunner, I visited my Air Force recruiter.

Just when things were starting to look good at Sacramento, I received my notice to start packing for the Republic of Vietnam. In May, 1970, I reported in to the Information Office of the 31<sup>st</sup> Tactical Fighter Wing at Tuy Hoa, AB, Vietnam, as a combat newsman.

The recruiter wanted me to help his numbers, but my vision was pretty awful. Fortunately, my vision was corrected to almost 20-20 with glasses, but just not good enough. “Fear not,” said the recruiter, “for I have a plan to get you into the Air Force. Your aptitude score is pretty high in the Administrative Field, so I'll get you in there. Welcome to the Air Force.” Little did I know that to get me in the Air Force he started something that took me more than 50 years to figure out. (More on this puzzle later, much later.)

I was selected for the Public Information (later Public Affairs) career field and after basic training I was sent to the joint-service Defense Information School at Ft. Benjamin Harrison in Indianapolis, Indiana, to become a Military Journalist. My first permanent assignment was to McClellan AFB, Sacramento, California, with the 552<sup>nd</sup> Airborne Early Warning and Control Wing<sup>1</sup>, flying the four-engined, twin-tailed EC-121 Super Constellation. I wrote and produced the unit newspaper and even won an Air Force award for it.

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<sup>1</sup> The 552<sup>nd</sup> Air Control Wing is now headquartered at Tinker AFB, Oklahoma.

## “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. 273 “...keeping the memories alive”

---

Just when things were looking good at Sacramento...



The U.S. involvement in the Republic of Vietnam is over. That's good.

My first six months in Vietnam was spent at Tuy Hoa. In my off-duty hours I was a disc-jockey on the base's outlaw 24-hour radio station, FM Tuy Hoa, which did much to improve morale in a bad situation. Unfortunately the Armed Forces Radio and Television Service closed the station down, which was just prior to my leaving the base. When the Air Force decided to fly all the F-100 aircraft Supersabre fighter home to retire them and give Tuy Hoa to the U.S. Army, I was reassigned to another base in Vietnam, this time

to Phan Rang AB, about 100 miles down the coast from Tuy Hoa.

The six months I spent at Phan Ring were among the busiest I have ever spent. Our work days were from 7 to 7, six days a week, and on Sunday we worked from 9 to 7. My duties were similar to those at Tuy Hoa, but since there were three full combat wings at Phan Rang instead of just one at Tuy Hoa, the job was about three times as large.



**Sgt Ken Garrett fighting the war at his work station.**

Besides helping with the weekly base newspaper, I wrote many stories for the 7th Air Force News in Saigon, the Pacific Edition of the Stars and Stripes, and the Air Force Times. I was called on to prepare several sensitive reports and features and assisted in an impromptu fund-raising campaign for two Texas children which raised \$54,000 and world-wide attention.

I was recommended for the Bronze Star upon the completion of my Vietnam Tour but by the time it was



## **"Happy Valley" Phan Rang AB, RVN**

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Phan Rang AB News No. 273 **"...keeping the memories alive"**

---

approved it was reduced a notch to the Air Force Commendation Medal which was awarded to me after I arrived Little Rock.

While I was in Vietnam I was also promoted to Staff Sergeant (E-5) with three years of service, and was authorized to wear the Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry Medal, with Palm.

Hundreds of thousands of American homes can only think of misery, hurt and hate when they think of that small country 10,000 miles away. But not all. There is one family in Austin, Tex., who can think of love and generosity and Vietnam all at once.

Phan Rang was a unique military base, if for no other reason than for its diversity.

The host unit or "Wing" was the 35<sup>th</sup> Tactical Fighter Wing. They flew the old but reliable F-100 Super Sabre fighter-bomber. They were the last organization to fly F-100 in Vietnam, and they left for home shortly after I did. Another wing flew C-123 Provider transport aircraft, and third wing flew the World-War II era C-119 "Flying boxcars" that had been taken out of mothballs, equipped with auxiliary jet engines and a deadly assortment of cannons, miniguns searchlights and turned into gunships called Stingers.

But the base wasn't all U.S. Air Force. There were U.S. Army troops there, a squadron of Australians flying the Canberra bomber, a contingent of artillery men from the Republic of Korea, and some men from the Vietnamese Air Force who were training on the Stinger gunships.

It wasn't what you would call a homogenous fighting I was working with the base Office of Information writing news releases, helping put out the base newspaper and working on our illegal base radio station, Radio Phan The radio station wasn't much. The American Forces in Vietnam (AFVN) network radio station came to the base by telephone cable which was then retransmitted from the top of a hill base. Every night at 7 p.m. we would flip a switch to preempt the network and run two hours of music and local news from the Information Office to inform the base about what was happening at the base movies, the Red Cross Center and so on. Everything was running very smoothly until Sergeant Bob Jones showed up.

## **“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. 273 “...keeping the memories alive”

---

Sergeant Jones was a 22-year-old security policeman stationed at Phan Rang. On April 6, 1971 he had read an article in the Pacific edition of the Stars and Stripes newspaper which told of the plight of the H.V. Holt family of Austin, Tex. Gary Holt, 20, and his sister Paula, 17, were victims of acute nephritis, a rare hereditary kidney disease that required them to spend 15 hours a week channeling their blood through a machine in order to keep alive. The machine which processed the youths' blood consumed a non-reusable liquid chemical which cost the H.V. Holt family at least \$360 a month for each person.

Gary and Paula could not live without the costly medical supplies. The disease had already taken the lives of three of their 10 brothers and sisters, and three other Holt children were still in the age range, 16 to 20, during which the disease usually strikes.

The Holt family owed \$20,000 to the chemical company and on march 30, with only a six week supply of chemicals left, the company cut off their supply until they paid off their bill. Mr. Holt drove a truck for a bread company and his wife operated a day nursery in their home, and Gary worked part-time in an Austin shoe store, but their combined income didn't come near meeting the medical expenses.

When Sergeant Jones read their story, he knew he had to do something about it, even if it was only a gesture.

He came to our office and asked if he could broadcast a plea for donations over Radio Phan Rang. He never knew that his idea would snowball into one of the most spontaneous, lucrative fund drives ever devised in Southeast Asia.

That night at 7 p.m. Staff Sergeant Don White, the station manager and head announcer, innocently broadcast a plea for contributions. It took off from there.

By 9 p.m. when we normally went off the air, the information office was jammed with people trying to contribute.

Our boss, Major **Robert Thatcher**, was busy counting and safeguarding an ever increasing pile of money in the office safe, and I and the rest of the staff were busy answering the telephones

## **“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. 273 **“...keeping the memories alive”**

---

and taking donations from the hundreds of donors and volunteer workers who massed in and out of the small office, asking to help or turning in their donations and pledges. Our impromptu campaign had struck a responsive chord.

Sergeant White saw that the campaign hadn't peaked yet, so he made Phan Rang a deal. He said that as long as the donations kept coming in, he was going to stay on the air.

Not many slept that night.

Almost every radio on the base was tuned in. Thousands were following our progress. The response never peaked that night. As the total grew larger, so did the excitement.

Volunteers went from barracks to barracks waking up the men and taking contributions. Units pooled their resources and came up with donations in the thousands of dollars. We couldn't believe how powerful our plea was.



**Ken Garrett promoting the fund drive on radio Vietnam.**

Three GIs offered a kidney if it would help. One airman wrote a check for \$1,267 which represented a healthy portion of his recent reenlistment bonus; another cancelled his new car order stateside so he could donate \$450; many men came in and gave all their cash and pledged more; and one two-striper with tears on his cheeks, said, "Lord how I wish it could be more," as he emptied his billfold onto the desk. Mechanics "sold" their aircraft to the pilots for donations; enlisted men challenged officers to top their pledges, units challenged units, barracks challenged barracks, and so on throughout the base. A master sergeant offered to get his head shaved if his men could come up with \$400. They pitched in and donated more than \$700. It went on like that all night.

By 8 a.m. the next morning the whole base was dazed, tired, and happy. In 25 hours, without



## “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. 273 “...keeping the memories alive”

---

any prior publicity or organization, a base of 8,000 fighting men from around the world had reached into their collective pockets and had pulled out \$37,200 to help two kids half a world away.

Sergeant White had to go off the air at 8 a.m. We had all been up for more than 36 hours and a new day was dawning. Besides, the radio station was just a small part of our job, we had an information office to run and a paper to put out. So, the marathon quit after 25 hours, but we pledged that the campaign would run throughout the month and would be publicized each night on the station.

The interest didn't stop either. Word had gotten out about our big night and before long we were being sent newspaper clippings from around the world. Help came from all over. One international airline, World Airways Inc., donated free transportation for Sergeant Jones so he could fly to his home in California, pick up his wife, and fly to Austin, Tex., to personally deliver the first check for \$30,000 to the Holts.

Two weeks later, Sergeant Jones returned to Vietnam telling us of press conferences, standing ovations, Texas hospitality, a visit with LBJ and lady Bird at their ranch, a personal letter of congratulations from President Nixon, and the H.V. Holts themselves. He also told us that while he was in California, he talked to a kidney specialist who said that if a bunch of GIs could come up with \$30,000 at least he could come up with a couple of free kidney transplant operations when the time was right. Part of our enthusiasm had spread around the world.



**SERGEANT HONORED BY TEXAS SENATE**—Lt. Gov. Ben Barnes reads a resolution honoring Air Force Sgt. Robert L. Jones during the Senate session Tuesday. Sgt. Jones flew from Vietnam to Austin to deliver \$30,000 donated by servicemen to pay for medical care for Paula Holt, 17, and Gary, 20, her brother. Both are suffering from a kidney disease which claimed the lives of three of their sisters. (AP Wirephoto)

**"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. 273 "...keeping the memories alive"



**Sergeant Gives Ailing Youths  
Fighting Men's \$30,000 Gift**

**THE POST-STANDARD**

SYRACUSE, N. Y., TUESDAY, APRIL 13, 1971

**Kidney victims get  
help from Vietnam**

Today's Good News

**Viet Donors Aid Yanks**

**THE EXAMINER**

Eastern Jackson County's Daily Newspaper  
Independence, Missouri 64051, Friday, April 9, 1971

The campaign continued throughout the month. It was concluded in style on May 3, when the base All Ranks Club was renamed "**Holt's Place**" in a final night of contributions, live entertainment, and food. But it wasn't all joyous. With the world—wide publicity our campaign made, the AFVN network could not ignore our little operation. On April 26, a colonel in Saigon ordered Radio Phan Rang off the air. We all protested, but without any success. No one ever, said that we weren't needed, or that we did a bad job. We did such a good job they couldn't ignore our existence anymore and because we weren't in the regulations they put us out of business.

**MACV/AFVN Orders Closure of  
2-Hour Radio Phan Rang Show**



The familiar 'two hour, Phan Rang AB nightly test of the Commander's Frequency Broadcast System between 7:05-9 p.m., commonly called "Radio Phan Rang," went off the air on Apr. 26 by direction of Headquarters MACV and the American Forces Vietnam Network (AFVN).

Radio Phan Rang has been providing Happy Valley residents with local news and

## “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. 273 “...keeping the memories alive”

---

entertainment seven days a week for the past 17 months, broadcasting at 106.25mhz on the FM dial.



The closure directive came in an Apr. 15 letter from the officer in charge of AFVN, Lt. Col. **Lawrence W. Souville**, USA. The order followed closely on the heels of a highly successful 25-hour Radio Phan Rang marathon which netted over \$38,640 in cash and \$12,000 in pledges for an Austin, Tex., brother and sister, Gary and Paula Holt, who are suffering from a rare and deadly kidney disease.

The primary purpose of the Commander's Frequency is to provide an emergency backup communication system for Phan Rang AB. It has been utilized by the Office of Information during the daily test period to air important local official announcements, command interest topics, calendar of events, base news, movie schedules, a swap shop, and general entertainment, for the more than 10,000 U.S., Australian, Korean and Vietnamese troops restricted to the confines of Phan Rang AB for security reasons. The local program cut back to AFVN on the hour for national, international and in-country newscasts each evening.

The AFVN letter stated in part, "At this time it would be uneconomical for AFVN to establish an improved FM transmission facility for the Phan Rang audience. Intrusion into AFVN programming (both AFVN and Radio Phan Rang used the 106.25 FM frequency) for other than

## “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. 273 “...keeping the memories alive”

---

tactical or emergency requirements is specifically unauthorized unless approved by the Department of Defense as an authorized AFRTS outlet in accordance with DoD Instruction 5120.20. Separate programming by an unauthorized outlet jeopardizes rights and agreements by which commercial sources make program material available to AFRTS.”

In announcing the shutdown of Radio Phan Rang, Maj. **Robert C. Thatcher**, Information Officer and supervisor of the local operation stated, “MACV does have the legal right to put us off the air through their charter as the sole broadcast agency for American Forces in Vietnam, and unfortunately AFVN has seen fit to exercise this authority. However, this doesn’t make the pill any easier to swallow, especially in view of the fact that this action completely cuts off a vital source of rapid local information for the 10,000 plus Phan Rang based personnel.”

“We are personally involved with people, and keeping them informed is our profession. I personally don’t believe that AFVN is manned or geared to support our local needs from their Hon Tre Island facility on an extended daily basis. We are rebutting the decision, but the outlook is dim.

“SSgt. **Donald E. White**, program director, and the rest of our information staff have maintained the highest broadcast standards, and we leave the air with sincere regrets.”

So we were a little disappointed and uneasy when we began that final night of the campaign. After a month of campaigning we were sure that most pockets on base were pretty empty, so we expected a light turnout for the renaming of the club to "Holt's Place." But Phan Rang surprised us again.

The place was packed. A complete Western buffet was served from 4 p.m. until the food ran out at 9:30. Two Filipino bands on the USO tour volunteered their talent for a battle of the bands. The base commander made the official dedication and received a plaque from the Rational Kidney Foundation, the people kept coming in and so did the money.

While the bands battled on the stage, spirited competition raged on the floor as challenges raged back and forth. Tables raised hundreds of dollars and challenged other tables to match it. A base photographer offered \$100, raising his total contributions to \$550, if the base

## **“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. 273 **“...keeping the memories alive”**

---

commander would give up his colonel's "eagles" for the evening and make him base commander until midnight. The colonel agreed and soon the new "colonel" was being saluted by the ex-commander to the delight of the crowd.

The highlight of the night came when the new honorary commander announced that because of the interest generated at Phan Rang, the president of World Airways and his wife had donated \$6,000 to the campaign which was matched by another \$6,000 from the other employees of the airlines. This money, added to the amount donated by the men of the base, boosted the grand total of the campaign to \$53,888.29.

Not a bad outcome from 8,000 GIs.

I came home shortly after the campaign ended, with a warm glow inside that comes back whenever I think over those events.

I was but a small part of the campaign, but the glow came from throughout the base. It really changed the complexion of the base. People smiled more. There were less fights at the club. People got along together better than ever before. It proved that people could be pulled together by something spontaneous and that true concern and love can even make you forget the horrors of a war just outside the barbed-wire perimeter of the base.

We all knew that something like this would never happen to us again, and that people who had not lived through it would never really understand what it felt like. Because of a Sergeant Jones, a crazy disc jockey named **Don White**, and an illegal, radio station, 8,000 GIs and a family half a world away would never be the same again.

## **ON TO ARKANSAS**

Upon completion of my 12-month tour in Vietnam I was given an assignment to Little Rock AFB, Ark., as the historian for the 308<sup>th</sup> Strategic Missile Wing there. As historian I was a one-man staff office, working by myself and reporting only to the Wing Commander.

It was my responsibility to produce a classified quarterly history of the wing every three months which detailed all the activities of the missile wing. I had full access to every office and safe in



## **“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. 273 **“...keeping the memories alive”**

---

the organization and I had to compile a definitive report on progress, and problem areas of each aspect of the unit, and how steps were being made to head off future problems. I attended all staff meetings and other official gatherings compiling the information for my two-inch thick tome.

After about six months of this kind of work I wanted out of the historian business and back into the journalism business so I requested a transfer to the base information office which was approved.

After finally getting back into the journalism field duties in the information office were more like a special assistant to the Information Officer. I was among the most experienced worker in the office so I received all the special jobs that did not fit into any other cubby hole. I also wrote special features for the base newspaper, the Air Scoop, one such set of articles won me an award from the Tactical Air Command.

While assigned to the Little Rock AFB Office of Information, I began checking out the different commissioning programs the Air Force offers people who are close to finishing their degree. After much hassle, including getting a waiver for my vision from the Air Force Surgeon General, I was accepted into the Bootstrap Commissioning Program in 1973. It was while I was in-processing at OTS that I first noted a large rubber stamp marking the cover of my personnel records. It said, “Project 100,000.” I asked the personnel clerk about it and he said not to worry about it, so I didn't.

I finished my degree in journalism at the University of Arkansas, Little Rock Campus and went to the Medina Annex in Lackland AFB, Texas, for Officer Training School. Then, as a seasoned veteran, but a newly-minted Second Lieutenant, I was sent to F.E. Warren AFB, in Cheyenne, Wyoming, as an Information Officer with the Minuteman III missile wing there.

At Cheyenne I put in my papers to volunteer for missile operations duty and after again getting a vision waiver, was accepted. I received training in missile ops at Sheppard AFB, Texas, and was assigned to Little Rock AFB, again, with the 308th Strategic Missile Wing, but this time as a Deputy, then Missile Combat Crew Commander, in their Titan II missile system. During my time as a Missile Combat Crew Commander I pulled over 300 24-hour alert tours 100 feet

## **“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. 273 **“...keeping the memories alive”**

---

underground and endured what came over the alerting systems as an actual Russian missile attack on the U.S. (canceled after 30 minutes) and a missile site explosion. (For details, read Eric Schlosser's excellent book, “Command and Control, Nuclear Weapons, the Damascus Accident, and the Illusion of Safety.”

After Little Rock I was assigned to Ramstein, Germany, with Strategic Air Command's 7th Air Division. Wonderful assignment! I was a one-man office responsible for representing SAC's Public Affairs activities throughout Europe. Then to Maxwell AFB in Montgomery for Air Command and Staff College, followed by my last assignment as Chief of Public Affairs for the Keesler Tech Training Center in Biloxi, Mississippi. I retired from Keesler in 1990 as a major, moving to Montgomery, Alabama, again.

Some 25-plus years later I was looking through the Vietnam Veterans of America publication when I spotted an ad for a book. It was “McNamara's Folly, The Use of Low-IQ Troops in the Vietnam War, plus the Induction of Unfit Men, Criminals, and Misfits,” by Hamilton Gregory.

The book described how, “In 1966, President Johnson and Defense Secretary Robert McNamara were desperate to find additional troops for the Vietnam War, but they feared that they would alienate middle-class voters if they drafted college boys or sent Reservists and National Guardsmen to Vietnam. So, on October 1, 1966, McNamara lowered mental standards and inducted thousands of low-IQ men. Altogether, 354,000 of these men were taken into the Armed Forces and a large number of them were sent into combat.” This was Project 100,000.

I contacted the author and told him my enlisted records were stamped Project 100,000 but I didn't think I fell into the category of low-IQ (I hope!). He said that recruiters often used the guise of Project 100,000 to enlist recruits who didn't meet physical standards in addition to mental ones. Even though my vision didn't meet military standards, that rubber stamp on my records enabled me to enter the Air Force and serve as an enlisted and officer for 22 years. (Note: Both books are available on Amazon.)

**(Note: “The Great Phan Rang Campaign”** was written by Ken Garrett for a college English class at the University of Arkansas in 1973 and **“To the War Zone”** was written for his Post-Internship report for his Journalism Major at the same university. There will be other stories about Ken

## “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. 273 “...keeping the memories alive”

---

Garrett and his contribution to the history of Phan Rang in upcoming issues of this Newsletter. Other stories pertaining to the Paula Holt story are in Phan Rang Newsletters 14, 23, 49, 112 and 236. **The next Phan Rang Newsletter 274 will have more articles from the Phan Fare about this campaign.)**



Ken in his old hootch doing what he does best...when he isn't doing his best as a journalist. He said the hootch space was so small, the guy that took this picture had to back up against the lockers.



## 2 Squadron - A Brief Account

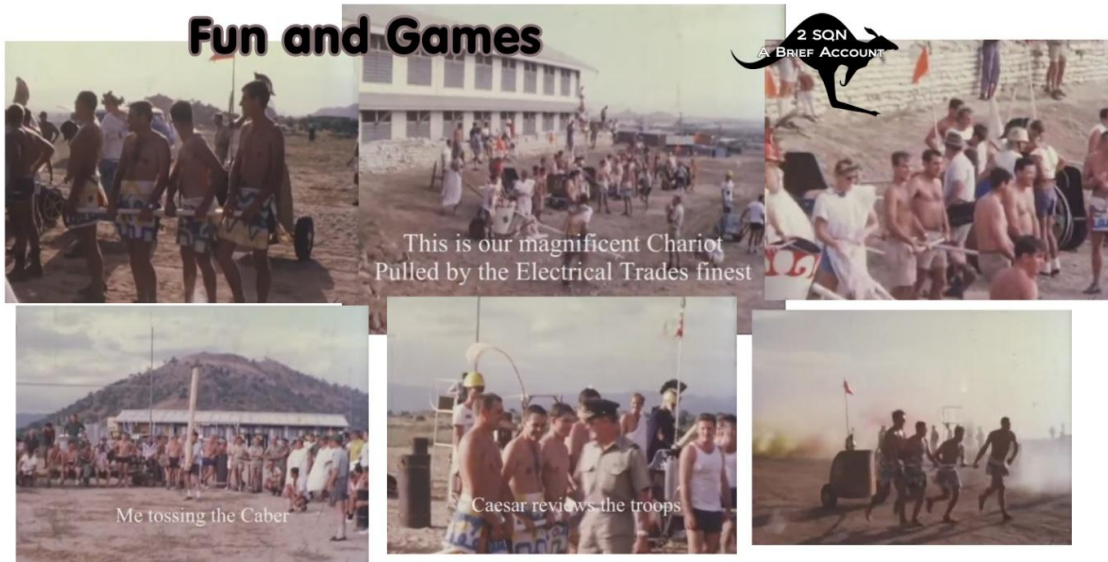
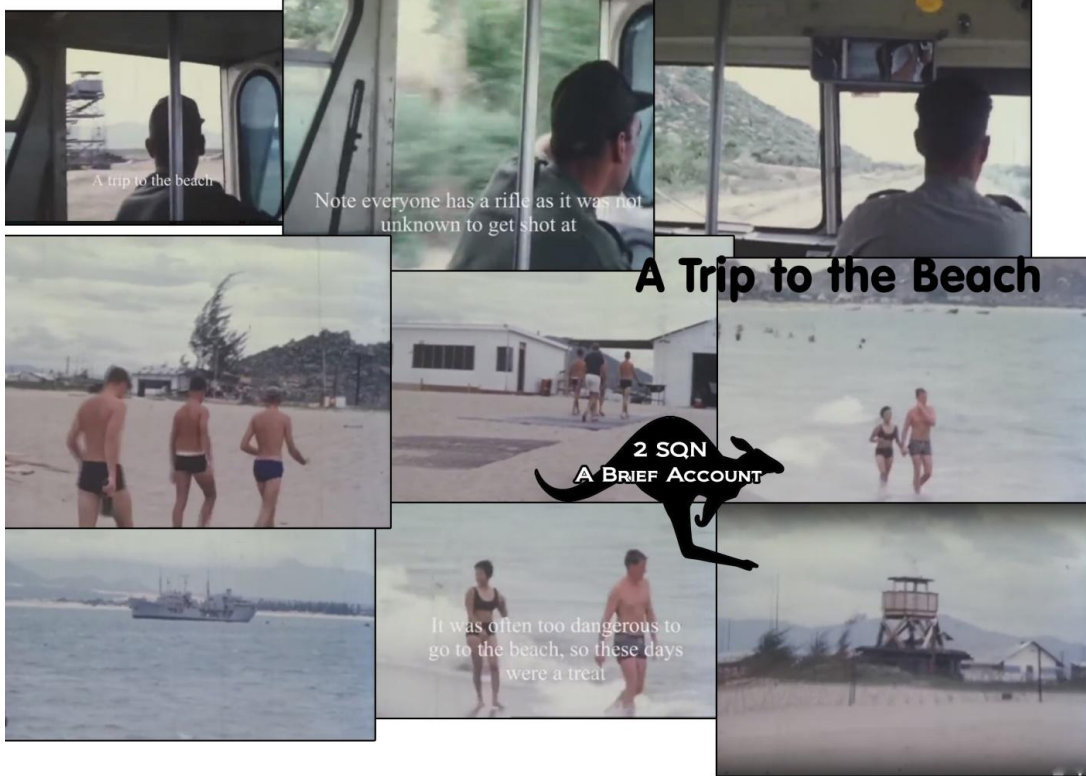
Stuart Richie recently shared a video with me that he shot while on duty at Phan Rang from April 1969 to April 1970. When I first viewed the video I was so taken with it because it was almost like I was witnessing the events first hand that we've been reporting on for years in the Phan Rang Newsletters. None of these events were viewed first hand by me, but they certainly come alive in this video and they are part of my collective memories.

I've captured many of the images from that video and created collages that when these clips are put together they tell a story, just as the video did. The first one is “A Trip to the Beach”, then “Fun and Games”, followed by “Magpie Launch” and then “Bombs over Charlie”.

# “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. 273 “...keeping the memories alive”





# "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. 273 "...keeping the memories alive"



Clips from a film by  
A316772 LAC Stuart Ritchie  
and is a short account of  
his stay at 2 SQN Phan Rang  
Republic of Vietnam  
from 22nd April 1969  
until 23rd April 1970



Me getting ready to go bomb Charlie



750lb Bomb - one of 6



The hose was for cold air as it got over 50 Degrees inside



Pre flight inspection



About to start, Canberras are started with a Cordite charge about the size of an Artillery Shell



## Magpie Launch



We're off



## “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. 273 “...keeping the memories alive”

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As you can see the Aircraft were starting to Show their age

2 SQN  
A BRIEF ACCOUNT

The black thing in the middle is the Bomb Sight

This is the view the Navigator got when getting ready to drop the bombs

# Bombs over Charlie

Coming home over the beach near the base

Holding the Camera became a problem here as we were in a turn and pulling over 2 G's

Another Mission, this time there were 2 "Magpies" as we were known

Australian War Memorial

Clips from a film by  
A316772 LAC Stuart Ritchie  
and is a short account of  
his stay at 2 SQN Phan Rang  
Republic of Vietnam  
from 22nd April 1969  
until 23rd April 1970



**Doug's Comments:** Our 2023 reunion is shaping up to be another memorable event with old friends and also some new ones, creating memories that will last our lifetime. If you haven't already booked your room, the deadline of 21 August is almost upon us, but if you are still sitting on the fence after that date and you change your mind, you can still attend, just not getting the reunion rate. I hope that you have enjoyed this newsletter. To see a list of all previous newsletters click [here](#). To unsubscribe to Phan Rang News, [dougsevert@cox.net](mailto:dougsevert@cox.net) and put 'unsubscribe' in subject line.