

Phan Rang News No. 29

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Got Photos or Stories?

The Venerable DC-3 *(From an email.)*

Now the DC3 has been grounded by EU health and safety rules 'It groaned, it protested, it rattled, it ran hot, it ran cold, it ran rough, it staggered along on hot days and scared you half to death. 'Its wings flexed and twisted in a horrifying manner, it sank back to earth with a great sigh of relief. But it flew and it flew and it flew.'

This is the memorable description by Captain Len Morgan, a former pilot with Braniff Airways, of the unique challenge of flying a Douglas DC-3. It's carried more passengers than any plane in history, but - Now the DC-3 has been grounded by EU health and safety rules.

The DC-3 served in World War II , Korea and Vietnam, and was a favourite among pilots! For more than 70 years, the aircraft known through a variety of nicknames --- the Doug, the Dizzy, Old Methuselah, the Gooney Bird, the Grand Old Lady --- but which to most of us is simply the Dakota --- has been the workhorse of the skies.

With its distinctive nose-up profile when on the ground and extraordinary capabilities in the air, it transformed passenger travel, and served in just about every military conflict from World War II onwards.

Now the Douglas DC-3/C-47 --- the most successful plane ever made, which first took to the skies just over 30 years after the Wright Brothers' historic first flight --- is to carry passengers in Britain for the last time.

Romeo Alpha and Papa Yankee, the last two passenger-carrying Dakotas in the UK , are being forced into retirement because of --- yes, you've guessed it --- health & safety rules. Their owner, Coventry-based Air Atlantique, has reluctantly decided it would be too expensive to fit the required emergency- escape slides and weather-radar systems required by new European rules for their 65-year-old planes, which served with the RAF during the war.

The C-47 at Phan Rang AB



Mike Collett, the company's chairman, says: "We're very saddened." The end of the passenger-carrying British Dakotas is a sad chapter in the story of the most remarkable aircraft ever built, surpassing all others in length of service, dependability and achievement.

It has been a luxury airliner, transport plane, bomber, fighter and flying hospital, and introduced millions of people to the concept of air travel.

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It has flown more miles, broken more records, carried more passengers and cargo, accumulated more flying time and performed more 'impossible' feats than any other plane in history, even in these days of super-jumbos that can circle the world non-stop.

Indeed, at one point, 90 percent of the world's air traffic was operated by DC-3s. More than 10,500 DC-3s have been built since the prototype was rolled out to astonished onlookers at Douglas's Santa Monica factory in 1935.

With its eagle beak, large square windows and sleek metal fuselage, it was luxurious beyond belief, in contrast to the wood-and-canvas bone shakers of the day, where passengers had to huddle under blankets against the cold.

Even in the 1930s, the early Dakotas had many of the comforts we take for granted today, like on-board loos and a galley that could prepare hot food. Early menus included wild-rice pancakes with blueberry syrup, served on bone china with silver service.

For the first time, passengers were able to stand- up and walk- around while the plane was airborne.

But the design had one vital feature, ordered by pioneering aviator Charles Lindbergh, who was a director of TWA, which placed the first order for the plane. The DC-3 should always, Lindbergh directed, be able to fly on one- engine.

Pilots have always loved it, not just because of its rugged reliability but because, with no computers on board, it is the epitome of 'flying by the seat- of- the- pants'. One aviator memorably described the Dakota as a 'collection of parts flying in loose formation', and most reckon they can land it pretty well on a postage stamp.

Captain Len Morgan says: 'The Dakota could lift virtually any load strapped to its back and carry it anywhere and in any weather safely.'

It is the very human scale of the plane that has so endeared it to successive generations. With no pressurization in the cabin, it flies low and slow. And unlike modern jets, it's still possible to see the world go by from the cabin of a Dakota.

(The name, incidentally, is an acronym for Douglas Aircraft Company Transport Aircraft.)

As a former Pan Am stewardess puts it: "From the windows, you seldom look upon a flat, hazy, distant surface to the world. "Instead, you see the features of the earth --- curves of mountains, colours of lakes, cars moving on roads, ocean waves crashing on shores, and cloud formations as a sea of popcorn and powder puffs.'

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But it is for heroic feats in military service that the legendary plane is most distinguished. It played a major role in the invasion of Sicily, the D-Day landings, the Berlin Airlift, and the Korean & Vietnam wars, performing astonishing feats along the way.

When General Eisenhower was asked what he believed were the foundation stones for America's success in World War II, he named the bulldozer, the jeep, the half-ton truck, and the Dakota.

When the Burma Road was captured by the Japanese and the only way to send supplies into China was over the mountains at 19,000 ft, the Chinese leader Chiang Kai-shek said: 'Give me 50 DC-3s, and the Japs can have the Burma Road.'

In 1945, a Dakota broke the world record for a flight with an engine out of action, travelling for 1,100 miles from Pearl Harbor to San Diego, with just one- propeller working.

Another in RNZAF service lost a wing after colliding mid-air with a Lockheed bomber. Defying all the rules of aerodynamics, and with only a stub remaining, the plane landed, literally, on a wing and a prayer at Whenuapai Airbase.

Once, a Dakota pilot carrying paratroops across the Channel to France heard an enormous bang. He went aft to find that half the plane had been blown away, including part of the rudder. With engines still turning, he managed to skim the wave-tops before finally making it to safety.

Another wartime Dakota was rammed by a Japanese fighter that fell to earth, while the American crew returned home in their severely damaged --- but still airborne ---plane, and were given the distinction of 'downing an enemy aircraft'.

Another DC-3 was peppered with 3,000 bullets in the wings and fuselage by Japanese fighters. It made it back to base, was repaired with canvas patches and glue, and then sent back into the air.

During the evacuation of Saigon in 1975, a Dakota crew managed to cram aboard 98 Vietnamese orphans, although the plane was supposed to carry no more than 30 passengers.

In addition to its rugged military service, it was the DC-3 which transformed commercial - passenger flying in the post-war years.

Easily converted to a passenger plane, it introduced the idea of affordable air travel to a world which had previously seen it as exclusively for the rich.

Flights across America could be completed in about 15 hours (with three stops for refuelling), compared with the previous reliance on short hops in commuter aircraft during the day and train- travel overnight.

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It made the world a smaller place, gave people the opportunity for the first time to see previously inaccessible destinations, and became a romantic symbol of travel. The DC-3's record has not always been perfect.

After the war, military-surplus Dakotas were cheap, often poorly maintained, and pushed to the limit by their owners.

Accidents were frequent. One of the most tragic happened in 1962, when Zulu Bravo, a Channel Airways flight from Jersey, slammed into a hillside on the Isle of Wight in thick fog. All three crew and nine of the 14 passengers died, but the accident changed the course of aviation history.

The local radar, incredibly, had been switched off because it was a Sunday. The national air safety rules were changed to ensure it never happened again.

'The DC-3 was, and is, unique,' wrote the novelist and aviation writer Ernest Gann, 'since no other flying machine has cruised every sky known to mankind, been so admired, cherished, glamorized, known the touch of so many pilots and sparked so many tributes.

"It was without question the most successful aircraft ever built, and even in this jet-age, it seems likely that the surviving DC-3s may fly about their business forever.."
This may be no exaggeration. Next month, Romeo Alpha and Papa Yankee begin a farewell tour of Britain's airports before carrying their final passengers at the International Air Tattoo at RAF Fairford on July 16.

But after their retirement, there will still be Dakotas flying in the farthest corners of the world, kept going with love, dedication and sheer ingenuity.

Nearly three-quarters of a century after they first entered service, it's still possible to get a Dakota ride somewhere in the world.

I recently took a DC-3 into the heart of the Venezuelan jungle --- to the "Lost World" made famous in the novel by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. It is one of the most remote regions on the planet --- where the venerable old planes have long been used because they can be manoeuvred like birds in the wild terrain.

It's a scary experience being strapped into a torn canvas chair, raked back at an alarming angle (walking along the aisle of a stationary Dakota is like climbing a steep hill) as you wait for take-off.

The engines spew smoke and oil as they shudder into life with what DC-3 fans describe as 'music', but to me sounded like the hammering of a thousand pneumatic-drills.

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But soon you are skimming the legendary flat-topped mountains protruding from the jungle below, purring over wild rivers and the Angel Falls, the world's highest rapids. Suddenly the ancient plane drops like a stone to a tiny landing strip just visible in the trees.

The pilot dodges bits of dismantled DC-3 engines scattered on the ground and avoids a stray dog as he touches down with scarcely a bump. How did he do it without air traffic control and the minimum of navigational aids? "C'est facile --- it's easy," he shrugged.

Today, many DC-3s live-on throughout the world as crop-sprayers, surveillance patrols, air freighters in forgotten African states, and even luxury executive transports. One, owned by a Houston lumber company, had mink-covered door-knobs, while another belonging to a Texas rancher had sofas and reclining chairs upholstered with the skins of unborn calves..

In Jaipur, India, a Dakota is licensed for flying wedding ceremonies.

Even when they have ended their aerial lives, old Dakotas have become mobile homes, hamburger stands and hen houses. One even serves as a football team changing room.

Clark Gable's private DC-3, which once ferried chums such as John and Bobby Kennedy, Marilyn Monroe, Frank Sinatra and Ronald Reagan, is in a theme park in San Marino. But don't assume it won't run again. Some of the oldest hulks have been put back in the skies.

The ancient piston-engines are replaced by modern turboprops, and many a pilot of a modern jet has been astonished to find a Dakota alongside him on the climb away from the runway.

So what is the enduring secret of the DC-3? David Egerton, professor of the history of science and technology at Imperial College, London, says we should rid our minds of the idea that the most recent inventions are always the best.

'The very fact that the DC-3 is still around and performing a useful role in the world is a powerful reminder that the latest and most expensive technology is not always the one that changes history,' he says.

It's long been an aviation axiom that 'the only replacement for the DC-3 is another DC-3'. So it's fortunate that at least one seems likely to be around for a very long time to come.

In 1946, a DC-3 on a flight from Vienna to Pisa crashed into the top of the Rosenlauri Glacier in the Swiss Alps. The aircraft was not damaged and all the passengers were rescued, but it quickly began to disappear as a blinding snowstorm raged. Swiss engineers have calculated that it will take 600 years for it to slide-down inside the glacier and emerge at the bottom.

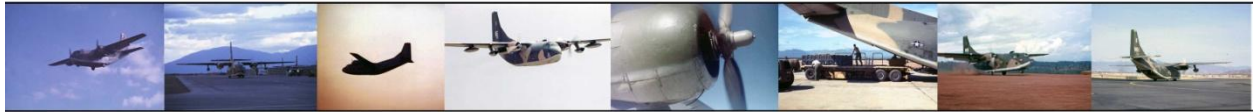
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The most asinine ruling ever dreamed up by a nightmare bureaucracy!!! I especially appreciate the part requiring "escape slides". On it's belly, you can step down from the aircraft floor to the ground.

And the article left out the tale of the "DC-2-and-a-Half". After being shot-up by Japanese fighters, the damaged wing of a DC-3 was replaced with one from a DC-2. It was then loaded up with refugees, and flown to safety.

**ONE OF THE SAFEST PLANES EVER BUILD, FOR OUR USE,
WITHOUT ALL THE NEW GADGETS,
IS BEING GROUNDED.
IT SURE BROUGHT US WHERE EVER AND WHENEVER WE WANTED
AND TOOK US BACK SAFELY.
Thanks a million 'Old Bird', 'DC3' or 'DAKOTA'.
You'll be missed a lot, for carrying us to safety, when we needed you to.**

TALES OF PHAN RANG



BY ROBERT CHAPPELEAR

Tales of Phan Rang (Part 4) by Robert Chappelear

Tales of Phan Rang
Published by Robert L. Chappelear at Smashwords
Copyright 2010 Robert L Chappelear
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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.

About Robert Chappelear

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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 4 - First Mission

The 315th SOW had a standard procedure that all new aircrew flew their first mission as "supernumerary" crew members. This provided the opportunity to observe operations and acclimatize one's self with standard operating procedures. For my first mission as a pilot I sat in the cargo bay in one of the sideward facing canvas strap seats along the left fuselage of the aircraft. We took off from Phan Rang empty except that there were three 11 feet by 11 feet aluminum cargo pallets anchored to the cargo rollers that lined the cargo bay. While we flew toward Ban Me Tout the loadmaster laid four canvas cargo "tie down straps" across each pallet. He then explained to me that this was for "combat loading" of Vietnamese Army troops (ARVN). He explained that he would have five Vietnamese soldiers sit at the front of the first pallet, cross their legs and then he would use the cargo strap as a "seat belt" for all five. Then five more, then five more, and finally fourth row of five more would be lined up and strapped down to each pallet. Thus there could be 20 ARVN soldiers strapped to each pallet. So when you added it all together we could "combat load" 85 Vietnamese, with 60 strapped to the three cargo pallets and 25 more in the canvas strap seats along the side. The LM told me that we could "combat load" only 73 American troops because they were bigger and you could only get four across each row not five. Typically officers and NCOs would get the canvas seats and the privates got the cargo pallets with tie down straps.



**Entrance to the C-123 Cockpit.
(Note this ladder does not have
the "Chain Box" in front)**

The cockpit of a C-123 is about 5 feet higher than the floor of the cargo bay and there was a 4 rung ladder built into the forward cargo bay bulkhead to climb up into that cockpit. C-123s in Vietnam had what was called a "chain box" at the base of this ladder and actually it replaced two of the rungs. This box held the tie down straps, tie down chains, and other devices used to secure the cargo to the floor and rollers. The aircraft commander and co-pilot stepped up on this box and then climbed the last three rungs to enter the cockpit. As the extra co-pilot I was expected to climb into the cockpit entrance door and set on a canvas strap stretched across that door and observe what happens on the flight deck during a mission. This was the position normally used by the flight engineer but, for this

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indoctrination mission, I got to use the strap. However, I was not allowed to use this "seat" for take offs or landings.

When we landed at Ban Me Tout and taxied into the loading area I looked out and saw that there were several hundred ARVN troops waiting a lift to Phan Thiet. I think it was a full battalion of troops or about 700 soldiers and there were several sorties planned to accomplish the move. I was setting in the canvas strap seat farthest to the front on the left side while the ARVN troops loaded. I didn't watch closely as I was busy studying the airfield information publication for the next destination. We were loaded quickly and taxiing out for takeoff. Right after takeoff the aircraft commander called on the intercom and told me I was cleared to leave the seat and come up to observe. I unstrapped and as I was climbing onto the chain box so that I could climb into the cockpit area I noticed the "largest person in the world" un-strap and stand up from the front row of the front cargo pallet. I thought that Vietnamese were supposed to be small but this guy was one of the biggest people I have ever seen in my life. He could have played defensive tackle for the Green Bay Packers! He was huge; I swear that when I stood on the chain box I stared eye ball to eye ball with this guy. He looked around and everybody else cringed as he stepped over the other enlisted troops on the cargo bay floor. The ARVN Captain that was setting next to me moved over to make room for this private. I immediately thought, "What am I going to do when it is time to set back down for the landing?" Honestly that weighed heavily on my mind for the entire 40 minute flight from Ban Me Tout to Phan Thiet. I just didn't know if I could go back into the cargo bay and order this private to get up out of my seat or if I would meekly go over and take his seat on the cargo pallet. You gotta realize that I was a 5 foot 8 inch 135 pound 23 year old 2nd Lieutenant and the Air Force teaches you to be technician pilots not "follow me, I am God" hard charging order spouting Infantry Officers.



Not a seat available...bodies EVERYWHERE!

I actually was apprehensive about what to do when we had to land at Phan Thiet. Eventually the Aircraft Commander called for "Before Descent Checklist" and then "Gear Down, Flaps Approach, and Before Landing Checklist".

He then said to me, "Better go back and sit down, Lieutenant."

I unstrapped the canvas belt that I had been setting on in the doorway, climbed down the short ladder to the chain box and turned around. The big guy was watching me carefully. I looked at him and made a landing motion with my hand. I wasn't sure what he was going to do or what I would do if he refused to vacate the seat. I was relieved beyond belief when he smiled, stood up, stepped over the four other guys in his row on the cargo pallet and slid his legs under the cargo strap and sat down in his old seat on the floor. I gratefully went over to the side seat, sat down, and hooked up the seat belt and shoulder straps for landing.

We off loaded the ARVN troops and the rest of that first mission was spent flying ice to Dalat, or ammunition to

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Katum, or something else like that. I do not remember as much about those other sorties as I do about that first one and the big ARVN private that I thought I would have to wrestle for my seat.



The author in co-pilots seat of a C-123.

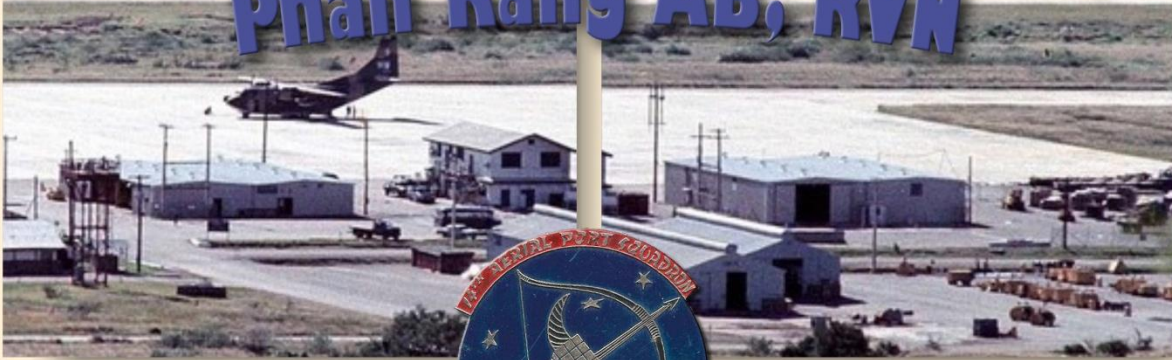
To be continued. Roberts book is available for purchase. See link at the end of this newsletter.

SERVICEMAN'S CORNER (*Florence Morning News, Monday, July 24, 1967*)

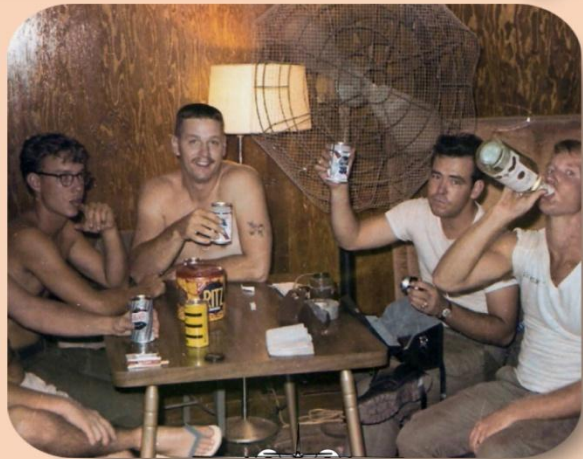
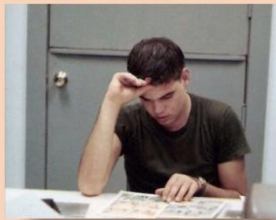
Airman 1.C. **William H. Melton**, son of Mr. and Mrs. W.j. Melton of Florence, is on duty at Phan Rang AB, Vietnam, as a metalsmith.

Maj. **Gerald B. Youmans**, whose sister, Lois R. Youmans, resides in Florence, is serving temporary duty at Phan Rang AB, as a B-57 Canberra pilot.

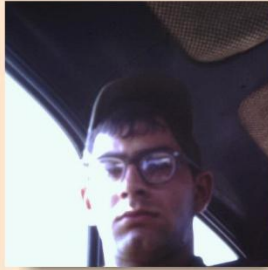
Det. 8, 14th Aerial Port Sq. Phan Rang AB, RVN



Men of Det. 8, 14th Aerial Port Sq.



Men of Det. 8, 14th Aerial Port Sq.





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Authors in our Midst

		
<p>Steve Janke...click to buy book</p>	<p>Robert Chappellear...click to buy</p>	<p>Jack Anderson...click to buy book</p>

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](#).