

**“Happy Valley” Phan Rang AB, Vietnam
...keeping the memories alive**

Phan Rang News No. 35

“Stories that need to be told”

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Authors in our midst

‘Happy Valley’ Phan Rang AB Reunion Information



**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](#).**

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Here’s a breakdown of the activities for the reunion:

- 10 Oct. - Davis-Monthan AFB and Bone Yard Tour. This tour is open to only 54 people (one bus is all that the base will allow) and we will have a sign up for that tour soon and we will request from the participants points of interest on the base where they would like to visit.
- 11 Oct. - Pima Air and Space Museum Tour...the bone yard is closed on the weekends.
- 11 Oct. - Southwest style Banquet in the Bonsai-Boojum Room
- All dates - the hotel courtesy bus is available to the Park Mall as well as all other destinations within a 3-mile radius of the hotel.



General Westmoreland Tours Base, Praises Air Force Role (*PHANFARE September 13, 1967*)

“Never in all history has the United States Army received better air support than it is receiving at the hands of the 7th Air Force here in Vietnam,” said General William C. Westmoreland, commander of U.S. Forces in Vietnam during a recent inspection tour of Army and Air Force units at Phan Rang Air Base.

“The air units stationed here at Phan Rang are an important part of this great team, “ the four-star general added. “The close support that is provided by the F-100’s based here at Phan Rang has been of the highest order...I talked to many of the pilots today...I was given a comprehensive briefing and I consider the efficiency very high.”

During a three hour visit, the general made contact with officials of the 35th Tactical Fighter Wing, elements of the 101st Airborne Division of the Army, a unit of the famous White Horse Division, Republic of Korea Army, and the Number 2 Squadron of the Royal Australian Air Force.

“It is a very exciting experience to see how these nationalities are working together,” said the famous Army general, taking note of the fact that a Republic of Vietnam battalion as well as regional and popular forces are part of the Allied team in the area of Phan Rang Air Base.

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“The coordination, I would consider, (is) almost perfect,” he continued. “Everybody’s high in morale...everybody is very proud of their relationships with other services and other nationalities, and it’s one big team, held together by our common desire to defeat the Communists, who are attempting to dominate this country under the leadership of Hanoi.

In the conference room of the headquarters building of the 35th TFW, the general attended a briefing at which the wing commander, the wings’ deputy commander for operations, and the commanders of the Wing’s F-100 jet fighter and B-57 jet bomber squadrons were present.

The fighting element of the wing includes: the 352nd Tactical Fighter Squadron, known as the Yellow Jackets; the 614th TFS, known as the Lucky Devils; and 615th TFS known as the Black Panthers; and the 13th Tactical Bombardment Sq., known as the Devil’s Own Grim Reapers.

The first three of these units employ F-100 Super Sabres. The 13th TBS uses B-57’s and alternates in rotational combat tours at Phan Rang with its sister unit, the 8th TBS. Both bomber units have their home base at Clark Air Base in the Philippines.

The F-100’s and B-57’s have flown many thousands of air strikes in close support of Army operations in Vietnam, and have been credited with the destruction of many enemy trucks, personnel, weapons positions, base camps, military structures and sampans.

General Westmoreland, visited the operations building of the F-100 squadrons, and flew by helicopter to the site of an element of the Korean White Horse Division.

He also inspected the operations area of the Number 2 squadron of the RAAF.

During a flightline interview just before boarding an army aircraft that would take him back to his headquarters in Saigon, the white haired general commented that the Australian unit which has Canberra bombers, “impressed me very much.”

He also praised the “superb discipline and very high esprit de corps” of the Number Two Squadron.

Commenting on the ROK (Republic of Korea) unit which “provided general security to the area, “General Westmoreland stated: They are a highly disciplined organization, and are doing a tremendous job-...Their professionalism is as good as any I have seen among Army units of any nationality here in Vietnam.

Colonel James A. Wilson, 48, from Glendale, California, commander of the 35th TFW greeted General Westmoreland upon his arrival at the Air Base.

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Before departing the base, the general shook hands with Col. Wilson and the Base Commander, Co. Lewis R. Riley.

Vietnam Remembrances - Tales of the Flight Line saga continues

In the previous issue of Phan Rang News 34, we had an excerpt from Jack Anderson’s book **“Vietnam Remembrances - Tales of the Flight Line”** where he wrote about his arrival in Vietnam. This inspired **Pat O’Connor**, Sgt, USAF to share his experiences with us. Pat was a Security Policeman and spent all of his duty of the perimeter or water point outside of the base.

I remember the first day we landed in Cam Rahn Bay. It was so hot and humid. I bought an ice cream sandwich, took one bite of it and the rest of it fell onto the dirty floor. There was a flock of little Vietnamese kids that scrambled and fought each other for that dirty ice cream. As I turned around, there were kids coming out of trash cans. Almost couldn’t believe my eyes.

Then we loaded onto a C-130 for transport to Phan Rang. After arriving I remember walking towards the Security Police Barracks. Other guys were going home as we passed them. I can still hear them saying, “You guys are going to love it here, the base hasn’t been hit for three months. Wouldn’t you know it we were hit with 107 rockets that very night. That was the only night we sheltered in the bunkers just outside the barracks.

The next morning we went to guard mount which by the way was right beside the flight line. Then we were dispatched to the perimeter to our assigned guard towers. This was an everyday event. What scared the hell out of us though was, during incoming attacks we had to run out of the barracks without weapons and ride on the back of a Duce and a half to the flight line where issued our weapons then deployed to the perimeter. We were not permitted to keep our weapons in the barracks. I thought that was pretty dumb to have the guards for the base respond to the guard mount area without weapons while receiving incoming rockets or mortars.

While on duty on Juliet 6, on day shift I spotted a gook inside the fence line near Juliet 7. I immediately called central security control who dispatched the SAT leader to my location. He contacted me by radio and said, don’t shoot him O’Connor I’ll get him. He drove up in his jeep, jumped out and ran after the gook and caught him. Whatever happened to the gook I’ll never know, except he was turned over to some South Korean Rock Soldiers (ROK) that did Recon for us.

I don’t remember which month but we were advised that some NVA’s were approaching our base. Some F-100’s were dispatched and I was able to watch them bomb the bastards from my tower in the Delta area. That was a beautiful site. There was another time we were deployed

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while under attack and Spooky was firing just outside the Main Gate. That was like watching fireworks. The VC were attempting a ground attack.

Just wanted you to know what the Security Police experienced guarding the base. Our job was to keep the base, aircraft and all of us safe. **We did that with pride.**

Now back to Jack’s story.

Last week Jack arrived in Vietnam and we experienced what it was like to deplane from the comfort of the contract carrier B707 or DC8 that carried most of us to Vietnam and onto the tarmac at Cam Ranh Bay (VCR). If nothing else the stifling heat and humidity hit you like a ton of bricks. As for me, it wasn’t such a shock because I had previously been stationed at Clark AB and I know what it was like because when I arrived and stepped off that plane at Clark with my class-A blues on. At VCR what struck me was the sand...it was everywhere. I thought how in the hell did they build all of this stuff in a sand pile.

Jack is now settled down at Phan Rang and he’s given us a little overview of his work and the layout of the flightline area. He then goes on to describe some of the other weapon systems he sees around him.

Spooky and Shadow

We had two old C-47 cargo planes that had been equipped with an amazing weapon. It was a gun which sprayed bullets so that, on the ground, there wasn't an area over six inches in any direction that wasn't hit with a bullet. It could blanket an acre in less than a minute. They would also drop phosphorous flares hung by a parachute that lit up entire areas as though it were daylight. The entire flight line, as well as the perimeter and beyond, would light up. As if that weren't enough, it also had a very bright searchlight that shone down and lit up the ground. We called them Spooky.



SPOOKY



SHADOW

From the flight line, the spraying bullets looked like a white line slinking from the plane to the ground and whipping around. Something like every fifteenth bullet was a tracer which could be seen, but the bullets came out of the muzzle so fast, every fifteenth bullet

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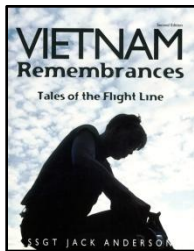
made it look like a beam of light. An amazing sight, but being on the ground underneath it had to be horrifying. It was the baddest thing in 'Nam.

That is until the Spooky's were replaced with a couple of planes we called "Shadow." The Shadows were modified C-1 19's. They were called Shadow because they were a "shadow of light" in the darkness. The "shadow of light" name came from the triangle of light their search lights created emanating from their bellies and fanning out to the ground. The night sky backdrop made them look as though they were casting a shadow, which in this case was a shadow of light. I can't even begin to imagine how many bullets per second she released, yet we were still being mortared almost every night. Where did the VC hide?

We would often emerge from the bunker after the all clear had sounded and see Spooky "hosing down" an area outside the perimeter. We knew that Charlie had better either be deep underground or a long way off by that time, or they would get what we felt were their just desserts. There was no surviving Spooky if you were above ground.

I have learned since being home that some places in 'Nam called both Spooky and Shadow, "Puff the Magic Dragon." A suitable name for sure.

I'm going to put down Jack's book until next week, but if you want to immerse yourself, please get the book. It's real easy, just click on the link below. Also if you've read the book and would like to give some feedback either on the book or what you've read on these pages, please send in your comments. They are welcomed by both Jack and I.



Click on the book or [here](#) to order yours.

Doings of Some of Ours in Nation's Military Service (*Leader-Times, Kittanning, Pa, Wednesday, Sept. 23, 1970*)

PHAN RANG AF BASE, Vietnam — David A. Sulava, 24, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Sulava, 1704 Bridge St., Leechburg, Pa., recently was promoted to Army specialist five ' while serving with the 513th Engineer Company at Phan Rang Air Force Base, Vietnam.

A truck driver in the company, Spec. Sulava entered the Army in 1964 and was last stationed in Korea.

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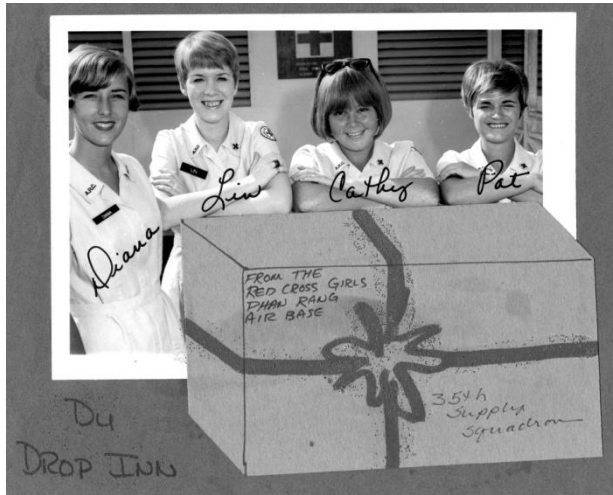
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The specialist's wife, Kathyne, lives at 1460 Luxton St. Seaside, California.

RC Dollies Deal in Charm, Not Donuts (*Pacific Stars & Stripes, Wednesday, Sept. 30, 1970*)

PHAN RANG AB, Vietnam (Special) — They may be dollies, but the well known phrase throughout the Republic of Vietnam that describes them as "donut dollies" just isn't right, according to an American Red Cross official.



The young volunteer girls just don't bake and serve donuts, explains Boyd H. Works Jr., public relations director for the Red Cross Republic of Vietnam office.

To the best of our knowledge, these girls have not cooked up and served a single donut to servicemen here; operating a mobile snack bar is not part of their job.

"Though they may occasionally hand out cups, of Kool Aid, the primary activity of the

American Red Cross Supplemental Recreation Activities Overseas girls is that of boosting servicemen's morale in a war zone through audience participation programs.

A team of about, 85, girls, from 21 to 25 years of age, works at 13 locations throughout Vietnam, Each volunteered for a one-year tour here," Works continued.

Phan Rang AB has four of the famed gray-clad "donut dollies" assigned to the Red Cross Du-drop Inn Recreation Center.

"The 85 recreation girls operate from a fixed center on military installations and in mobile units which travel to remote outposts," said the public relations director. "Often the young college graduates travel by jeep, truck and helicopter to reach men in isolated spots. These recreational programs in the field provide servicemen a chance to think about something other than war.

"The affectionate 'donut dollies' term arose during the cold winters of World War II and the Korean Conflict when Red Cross girls, in addition to their regular recreation programs, handed out hot coffee and donuts to grateful GIs," Works said.

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Tales of Phan Rang (part 10)

TALES OF PHAN RANG



BY ROBERT CHAPPELEAR

Tales of Phan Rang (Part 10) by Robert Chappellear

Tales of Phan Rang

Published by Robert L. Chappellear at Smashwords

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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 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.

Chapter 10 - Monsoons and Typhoons

I never understood monsoons until getting to Phan Rang. There are, I found out two monsoon seasons, the southwest and the northeast monsoons. Since Vietnam has a mountain range that runs parallel to the coast but varying from 20 or 30 miles inland (such as at Phan Rang) to 120 or so miles inland there is very different weather on each side of the mountains. During the southwest monsoon season there is extremely wet weather on the west side of the mountain range and dry weather on the east side of the mountain range. The opposite situation exists during the northeast monsoon season.

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As far as how monsoon season affected flying it came down simply to how prepared was the aircraft commander, how good was he at flying in Instrument Meteorological Conditions (IMC) and how good he was at “creating” instrument approaches to airfields out in the boonies.

I had some extremely good aircraft commanders when I was a co-pilot. These ACs either on purpose or perhaps by accident taught me a lot as I sat in the right seat. They taught me to read and understand all of the information that was available in the form of airfield approach plates and how to use the equipment that we had on board the aircraft.

For instance, I was taught to read the approach plates in detail and to visualize the approach before ever flying the procedure. Because I was taught to do this I tried to pass on this habit to all new FROG co-pilots that I flew with late in my tour. I recall with a certain amount of glee the approach that I flew into Pleiku with a new co-pilot probably in July or August of 1968. I had flown the approach several times before and in fact had experienced on the first mission into Pleiku the exact same situation that I am about to describe. That situation is that the AC handed me the approach plates to Pleiku and told me to study them. I followed his instructions religiously and recall that there was a warning to be advised that it was possible to mistake an Army helicopter landing strip located 1 mile short and slightly to the left for Pleiku if you were flying an instrument approach. If I recall correctly that Army airfield was named “Bearcat”. There was also a warning to avoid the mountain to the south of Pleiku and some other miscellaneous items. When I was flying as a co-pilot on that first approach to Pleiku, the AC asked me why I had not taken control at a mile on final and executed a go-around since we were not safely aligned with the runway on our left?

I replied simply, “Because that was not Pleiku – that was “Bearcat””.

He remarked, “You’re the first co-pilot that I have flown with that remembered that comment in the approach plate.”

Were there such incidents after I became an aircraft commander myself? Sure there were. About 6 months later I was new Aircraft Commander, setting in the left seat of the cockpit and thinking to myself that what that old AC said could not possibly be true so I tried it out for myself.

I handed the new FROG Co-Pilot the approach plate and told him to become familiar with the procedure and we would shortly made a landing at Pleiku. As we flew the radar assisted enroute descent and Ground Controlled Approach (GCA) to Pleiku, the controller had nothing to say except, “On course, On Glidepath.”

I’m setting there “fat, dumb and happy”, congratulating myself on how I am impressing this new FROG with what a sterling pilot I am when at about one mile from touchdown, he runs the throttles forward to METO power and announces, “Airfield to the left, not safely aligned for

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touchdown, I’m executing a go-around.”

I slapped his hand on the throttle, and said, “Get away from the controls – they are mine, Shut up, Set there, and learn!”

I had to do a little tricky flying to get back “on course, on glidepath” as we reentered the clouds but within a few seconds we broke out of the clouds at about a quarter mile from touchdown and I executed a normal flare and touchdown to safely arrive at Pleiku.

After we taxied in, shut down and offloaded the passengers, I looked at the new co-pilot and he looked back at me. He asked, “How did you know about that place?”

I reached over and took the approach plate from him, took my pencil from my pocket and underlined the warning to “avoid mistaking “Bearcat” Army Airfield for Pleiku AB.”

He looked at the book and said, “Oh.”

Northeast monsoon season presented its own set of problems. For instance, there was the time we almost put the airplane in the South China Sea at night while trying to recover back to Phan Rang in the middle of a typhoon. Typhoons are products of the seasonal monsoons and if you didn’t know they are the Pacific Ocean version of Hurricanes. Typhoons have lots of rain, low clouds, and high winds. I have already described how C-123s leaked very badly in rain. That rain would often flood the electronics panel located on the cockpit floor between the AC and the CP and would usually affect the radios. C-123s had multiple radios, thank goodness. The airplane had two UHF, two VHF, two FM, two HF, two VOR/TACAN navigational radios and a separate Instrument Landing System (ILS). The aircraft also has a “Direction Finding” capability. All of this came into play one night in late summer of 1969. I had been flying several sorties west and northwest of the mountain range where the weather was “clear and a million” with no weather hazards at all. My next to last sortie of the day was to deliver some load to Cam Rahn Bay on the east coast of Vietnam and my last sortie was to then return home to Phan Rang that night.

We landed at Cam Rahn Bay in a heavy rainstorm; shut down the engines, and went to base operations to check on the weather observation and forecast for Phan Rang. The observation and forecast was the same as Cam Rahn Bay; ceiling was observed to be overcast at 400 feet and lower levels of clouds all the way down to 100 feet, visibility was 5 miles outside of rain but down to a quarter mile in the rain. It was forecast to be thus for the next 24 hours. My CP and I returned to the aircraft and discovered that we did not have a load to carry back to Phan Rang and that made things easier for us. During the pre-flight inspection we noted that the center mounted electronics panel was wet with rain that had leaked through the overhead windows. We had seen this before and had expected it. While performing the cockpit pre-flight checks and starting engine checks I noticed another C-123 parked diagonally to me left and in the row just ahead. I also noticed it was unusual in that there were no U.S. roundels or USAF markings

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on this other C-123. I also noticed that the crew that came to that airplane while we were starting up did not wear the jungle fatigues like we did. Instead they were dressed in Levis and t-shirts under plastic raincoats.



C-123K loading/unloading troops

There were 40 or 50 small Asians setting in the rain outside the PAX terminal, waiting patiently, for what I did not know. Suddenly I noticed that a panel on the side of the aircraft was pulled into the cargo bay, an insignia indicating one of the countries in what was known as the “far western DMZ” was inserted into the space, and just as quickly removed and replaced by the blank panel again. This group of troops all gave a whoop of joy, grabbed up their rucksacks and weapons and trotted quickly to that other C-123. They crammed into the cargo bay through the ramp and door, and I could see them happily sit on the floor. We were starting engines right at that time so I proceeded with my own checklist. Right after the engine start and when we called for taxi instructions we discovered that both UHF receivers were inoperable. We discovered this when that other C-123 called us on one of the VHF radios and told us that Cam Rahn Bay tower had cleared us to taxi to runway 06 several times. After a short conversation with that other airplane we established a procedure where we would make out requests on tower and ground UHF frequencies and the other C-123 would relay towers instructions to us on the VHF radio. That other airplane finally had to depart on their mission but before leaving we made an agreement through him that the tower would transmit further instructions to us on the VHF VOR navigation station and that we would continue transmitting our requests to the tower on the UHF radio. Cam Rahn Bay tower did not have a VHF communication radio but they had the ability to transmit voice on the VOR. After establishing this lash up system we taxied to the runway and took off on runway 06. I expected to make contact with Cam Rahn approach control for radar assistance after take off but they had lost their VHF communication radio and did not have the capability to transmit on the VOR. So I told the crew that we would turn to a heading of 090 degrees magnetic and fly out to sea for ten minutes. That would take us east of the mountains that formed the east part of the pass between Cam Rahn Bay and Phan Rang.

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Then we would turn to a heading of 180 magnetic and then fly south until we could pick up the Phan Rang TACAN station. A TACAN is another type of navigation station. The coast of Vietnam in this area actually runs northeast to southwest or 045 – 225 degrees so I was sure that we would avoid the mountains. We flew south for 15 or 20 minutes which should have been long enough to allow for reception of the Phan Rang TACAN but it never locked in. When I tried to call Phan Rang approach and tower on the VHF radio I got no answer. I had the CP call the Airlift Command Center at Ton Son Nhut on the HF radio and they placed a land line telephone call to the Phan Rang control tower. Phan Rang control tower confirmed that they did not have an operable VHF radio. Now I’m thinking, “How will I get back into Cam Rahn Bay if I cant talk to approach control and how will I get into Phan Rang without a TACAN or ability to talk to Phan Rang approach control?” Then I had a bright idea. In all of our travels about Vietnam we each acquired information that could be classified as “useless bits of trivia”. I happened to know the FM radio frequency used by the cargo loaders at the aerial port there at Phan Rang. This was a radio network used by the controllers at the aerial port to tell the forklift drivers what airplanes to unload or load and where to put the cargo that they were handling. The forklift operators had these portable radios that we used to call “bricks”. The base of the radio was about the size and weight of two bricks and there was a handset resembling old fashioned black telephones. I tuned in the cargo handlers frequency on the FM radio and listened for a few seconds. Very shortly I heard a conversation between the aerial port and a forklift operator. As soon as the aerial port finished telling the forklift driver to return to the cargo hanger I cut into the frequency and called the forklift operator by the callsign I had heard.

The conversation went something like, “Fork 11, this is Bookie 511”

He initially refused to answer.

I called again, “Fork 11, this is Bookie 511 – I am a C-123 east of the base over the South China Sea trying to recover back to Phan Rang, answer me damn it!”

That’s when the aerial port jumped into the conversation with, “Bookie 511, this is Happy Valley ALCE, what’s going on here?”

I replied, “Happy Valley ALCE, Bookie 511, I am out to sea and we have lost all radios except this FM radio. I need for the forklift operator to take his radio up to the control tower so that I can talk to the tower.”

Happy Valley ALCE says, “How can I be sure your not someone that’s gonna lob a rocket at the tower if we do that?”

All I could say was, “Come on guys, why would some Charlie try a stupid trick like that. I’m stuck out here over the water with no way to talk to the tower or to approach control. I’m assigned to the 309th SOS, I live in Room 5 of Singapore 25 and I want to get home tonight or at least to someplace that is dry and not in the middle of the South China Sea.”

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Then Happy Valley ALCE says, “I thought I recognized the voice. Hi Chap, Fork 11, this is Happy Valley ALCE take your forklift and radio over to the base of the control tower. I’ll call the tower chief and he will meet you at the bottom of the stairs. By the way Chap, do you recognize my voice? I live at the other end of the Singapore in room 15”

In a short while I heard, “Bookie 511, this is Phan Rang tower on FM, what do you want to do?”

I explained where we were and how I thought that I could fly a DF steer to the airfield if the tower chief would operate the FM radio from the tower for me. We set up the procedures and began the approach. He would hold down the transmit key for about 30 seconds and I and my CP would take a bearing on the transmission. I maneuvered the airplane until we were on a 125 magnetic bearing southeast of the station. I set the radar altimeter to 100 feet and stated to the CP and crew that if we did not sight the coast before the radar altimeter warning light came on then we would abort the approach and climb to 10,000 feet and try to get to Ton Son Nhut.

I set up a gentle descent, turned toward the northwest, and began the approach to the coast. Passing about 400 feet on the radar altimeter, I began to see breaking waves beneath me and about 3 or 4 miles ahead I saw the coastline. It was readily apparent because there were bright lights of Phan Rang City and beyond that the airbase. The weatherman was right when he said that if you were not in a rain storm the visibility would be better than 5 miles. I continued northwest to the coast, make a left turn and flew over the city at about 200 feet. When I saw the Phan Rang River I made a right turn and flew about a mile and one half before seeing the Cham Temple that was just off the end of the north easterly runway. I made a 45 degree right turn and put the airplane on the runway.

The weather got worse that night and the next morning when the wing tried to launch the day’s missions only the first airplane got airborne. It was being flown by the chief of Standardization/Evaluation. He was by definition the best pilot in the wing. That airplane rolled down the runway, rotated for takeoff and immediately disappeared from view. The pilot radioed back –“SOW 1, this is Bookie 500, cancel the days missions. This stuff is horrible I’m diverting to Ton Son Nhut.”

That was the only day of the entire year that the 315thSpecial Operation Wing did not fly. Another typhoon came ashore about a month later but for that storm everyone flying missions carried clean underwear and we all diverted to other bases before Phan Rang closed.



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Authors in our Midst



Rob Morris

Click [here](#) to see all of his published books that are available on Amazon.

Untold Valor: Forgotten Stories of American Bomber Crewmen in Europe in World War Two (Potomac, 2006)

Combat Bombardier: Memoirs of Two Combat Tours Over Europe in World War Two (with Leonard Herman) (Xlibris, 2007)

Wild Blue Yonder and Beyond: The 95th Bomb Group in War and Peace (Potomac, 2012)

Untold Valor: The Second World War in the Pacific (Fonthill, 2014)

The Civil War Chronicles (Instinctive UK, 2013)

Presidents of the USA (Instinctive UK, 2013)

Not shown on Amazon but also his:

501 Jazz Greats (Barrons UK) (Contributing Writer)

The Battle of Gettysburg (Instinctive UK)

Magazine articles in:

World War Two History Magazine

Dispatches

Upcoming publications:

Marinell: The Story of a P-51 and the People Who Knew Her

Dancing Through History: The Football Life of Ron McDole (ghost-writer)

The Spooky Gunship Story



Mike Trahan, "**The Gift Part Two - The Air Force Years**", featuring the Spooky Cover, is now available on Amazon.com in Paperback and Kindle. It contains a personal account of our mission out of Nha Trang and Phan Rang during the last nine months of USAF AC-47 operations in Vietnam.



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