

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

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Phan Rang AB News No. 91

**“Stories worth telling”**

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**Two Successful Missions Cap Tour of Pilot** (*Phan Fare, The Phan Rang Weekly, November 1, 1967*)

Back-to-back B-57 jet bomber missions which destroyed a total of 48 military structures, including five concrete ones, and caused three secondary explosions 10 miles south of Da Nang recently capped the Vietnam tour of Lieutenant Colonel Horace W. Lehman, 46, from Albuquerque, N.M.

The strikes occurred less than 24 hours apart, and the targets consisted of two Viet Cong supply areas a mile apart.

Colonel Legman is currently wrapping up his tour as chief of the tactical unit operations center of the 35<sup>th</sup> Tactical Fighter Wing. He has played a key role in launching thousands of F-100 Super Sabre and B-57 combat missions.

In the two strikes south of Da Nang, the colonel recalled that his was “a monstrous job” coping with adverse weather and the proximity of the “terrific amount of (air) traffic” around the base.

A veteran of over 25 years of military service, the colonel flew bombers in the European theater during World War II.

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As he prepared to depart for the United States, the veteran flier commented, “this is without question the very best station we have in Vietnam...If I ever had to come back, this would be the base I’d want to come back to.”

Two of the Colonel’s sons are in service. One of them, Hal, is in Vietnam, and was stationed with an Army unit at Phan Rang for five months before assigned to a new location 60 miles north of the base.

**GLEANINGS from Food Service:**

Breakfast pastry has been added to the menu in all dining halls, six days a week.

*(Phan Fare, 1 November 1967)*

**310<sup>th</sup> ACS Circles World 8 Times in September** *(Phan Fare, The Phan Rang Weekly, November 1, 1967)*



The 310<sup>th</sup> Air Commando Squadron logged over 213,000 nautical miles during the month of September, according to Lieutenant Colonel Raymond N. Whitaker, 310<sup>th</sup> operations officer.

Flying the C-123 provider aircraft, the 310<sup>th</sup> ACS hauled 6116 tons of cargo and flew 1775 hours. The squadron carried 20,757 passengers and flew 2324 sorties during the month.

Averaging ten aircraft airborne per day, the 310<sup>th</sup> missions carried them to all four corps areas in Vietnam.

The C-123 can carry over 10 thousand pounds per sortie. These planes are used to supply forward and remote camps with all the supplies that they require to remain combat effective. This list can be everything from ammunition to a live cow and chickens.

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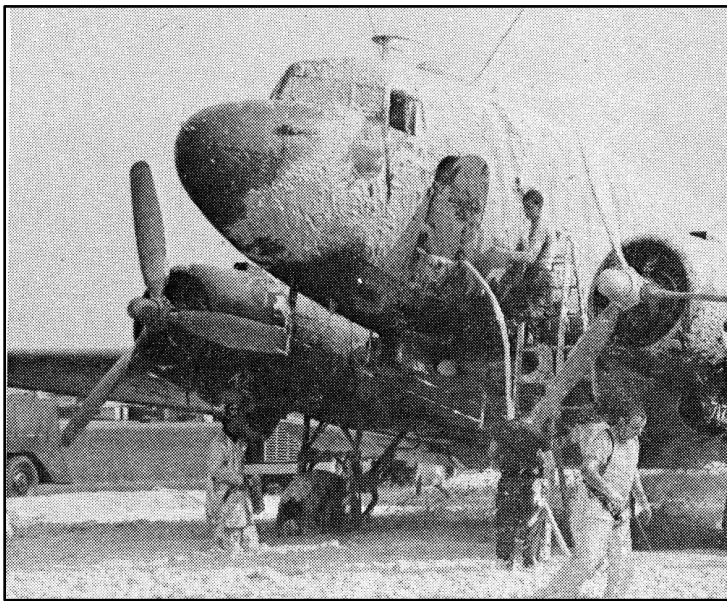
**"Stories worth telling"**

**Quick Thinking, Action Saves C-47** *(Seventh Air Force News, April 9, 1969)*

By TSgt. Mary Matter

DA NANG — "Boy, was I scared" — that was the solitary thought circulating through the mind of Capt. Carl Gamble as he raced away from his burning logical warfare aircraft recently at Da Nang AB.

When the 26-year-old Madison, Ala., native landed his battle damaged twin-engine transport, it only took seconds for him and his crew to escape from the lapping flames.



**All Lathered Up**

Firemen of the 366th Tactical Fighter Wing "Gunfighters" slush through fire-smothering foam they used to extinguish a flaming C-47 which made an emergency landing after the 9th Special Operations Squadron's aircraft was hit by enemy ground fire while on a psychological warfare mission south of Da Nang. (Photo by Sgt. Jim Lester)

back the flaming aircraft."

First, the pilot shut down the burning engine. Meanwhile, the co-pilot called Da Nang requesting permission for a straight-in landing.

The incident was the end of a flight that started out as a routine 9th Special Operations Squadron psyops mission. "We were making a psychological warfare leaflet drop about 25 or 30 miles south of Da Nang when the flight mechanic (SSgt. Hans Stenzel) heard ground fire and a thud," Captain Gamble reported. "I immediately turned back to Da Nang as we knew we had been hit."

The cockpit quickly began filling with fuel fumes and "about that time the flight mechanic told me that we were smoking out of the left engine," noted 1<sup>st</sup> Lt. Robert G. Coleman II, Sumter, S.C., the co-pilot. "Captain Gamble heard the radio transmission from the flight mechanic and at this point the entire five-man crew began a cool, professional job of bringing

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"But after Captain Gamble shut down the left engine, the smoke dissipated and the fire went out," declared 1st Lt. John H. Schosanski, Santa Clara, Calif., the navigator. "We continued on to Da Nang, and as we dropped down for final approach, the fire flared up again."

The crew prepared to make an emergency landing and the flight mechanic and loadmaster kicked out excess cargo to lighten the aircraft.

"Just prior to touchdown, we felt two explosions," said SSgt. Herbert H. McDonald, Atlanta, the loadmaster. "That threw a scare into all of us as this could have blown off the wing."

The plucky C-47 kept on flying, with a blaze from the left engine to the tail, and landed moments after the explosions. Captain Gamble applied the brakes, but the enemy round had taken its toll of the aircraft's hydraulic system and the brakes failed.

As the aircraft came to a halt, an HH-43 "Pedro" rescue helicopter and firemen of the 366<sup>th</sup> Tactical Fighter Wing "Gunfighters" raced to the scene.

As the entire crew exited unhurt, the firemen quickly moved in to extinguish the blaze.

"We didn't do much psychological warfare on that mission, but we found out how a well trained crew can function when the need arises," added Captain Gamble. "Each man did his job . . . the one factor which made it possible for me to bring our bird back to Da Nang in one piece. And we found out just how valuable the "Pedro" of the 38<sup>th</sup> Aerospace Rescue and Recovery Squadron can be."

**Pass to go to the strip** provided by LeRoy Washington

SPECIAL PASS

DATE 30 DEC 69

SGT L. WASHINGTON is given permission to proceed to STRIP by the most direct route, expeditiously accomplish his personal business and return to Phan Rang Air Base by the most direct route available. By his signature he acknowledges that should he be found in any other area outside Phan Rang Air Base which is not on a direct route to the above mentioned location, he will be Off-Limits and in violation of an order by the Commander, 35 CE Squadron.

LeRoy Washington  
(SIGNATURE OF INDIVIDUAL)

Anthony J. McNellis  
(APPROVING AUTHORITY)  
1st Sgt. PMD

TIME LIMIT 1830

Return this pass the same day as issued.

PRG FORM 15

PACAF PHAN RANG, RVN



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**Phan Rang Scuba Diving Club 'Sea Serpents' Part 3**



(All photos by Jimmy L. Jenkins)



Unloading of the dive gear in preparation for a dive trip. SSgt. Fred Schlosser, a dive team member stands by the truck.



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Jim Jenkins, a dive team member, poses for a picture with local children at the boat dock.



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A dive trip aboard the Army LARC.



Our Vietnamese boat captain



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A dive site along the South China Sea coastline



Lobster dinner in the making!



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SSgt. Fred Schlosser, 35<sup>th</sup> TFW and TSgt. Ben Garbett, 35<sup>th</sup> TFW cooking up a lobster feast!

| Members of the Phan Rang AB Sea-Serpents Dive Club |                              |
|--|------------------------------|
| Sgt. Jimmie L. Jenkins                             | 435 <sup>th</sup> MMS        |
| SSgt. John A. Graham                               | 435 <sup>th</sup> MMS        |
| Sgt. Jerry L. Henry                                | 315 <sup>th</sup> CAMS       |
| TSgt. Benjamin H. Garbett                          | 35 <sup>th</sup> TFW         |
| SSgt. Fred F. Schlosser                            | 35 <sup>th</sup> TFW         |
| Sgt. Mark E. Vanderlinden                          | 35 <sup>th</sup> TFW         |
| Ray Munn   | 35 <sup>th</sup> Supply Sq.  |
| Susan Bohannon                                     | American Red Cross           |
| Bill Fisher  | 1882 <sup>nd</sup> Comm. Sq. |
| Sgt. Mike Minck                                    | 435 <sup>th</sup> MMS        |
| Sgt. Lynn Hart                                     | 435 <sup>th</sup> MMS        |
| TSgt. Lance Toomey                                 |                              |
| A1C Harry Lathrop                                  | 435 <sup>th</sup> MMS        |
| Sgt. Snogren                                       | 435 <sup>th</sup> MMS        |

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**Young Captains Now ‘Old Heads’** (*Phan Fare, The Phan Rang Weekly, November 1, 1967*)

Over a year ago, Captains Gary L. Dana and Michael E. Sexton, both 26, deployed with the 352<sup>nd</sup> Tactical Fighter Squadron from Myrtle Beach AFB, S. C., to begin combat operations in South Vietnam. The squadron’s F-100 fighters landed on the aluminum runway at Phan Rang on the 17<sup>th</sup> of August 1967. Today the two captains are the only original “Yellow Jackets” left.

Though among the youngest in rank and age they are really the oldest heads of the squadron. Between them, they have amassed close 700 combat missions totaling over 1300 hours of combat time.

Both pilots extended their tours for six months to gain even more experience.

The two pilots have had identical combat careers, both volunteered for Forward Air Controller duty and applied for and were granted duty in the same area.

Captain Sexton was attached to the 1<sup>st</sup> Brigade of the 4<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division, Army. While Captain Dana was attached to the second. Both were stationed at the same base.

As Forward Air Controllers they directed many of their old squadron mates on enemy positions.

Both men hold Distinguished Flying Cross medals. Captain Sexton was awarded his for duty as an F-100 pilot, and Captain Dana received his for duty as a FAC.

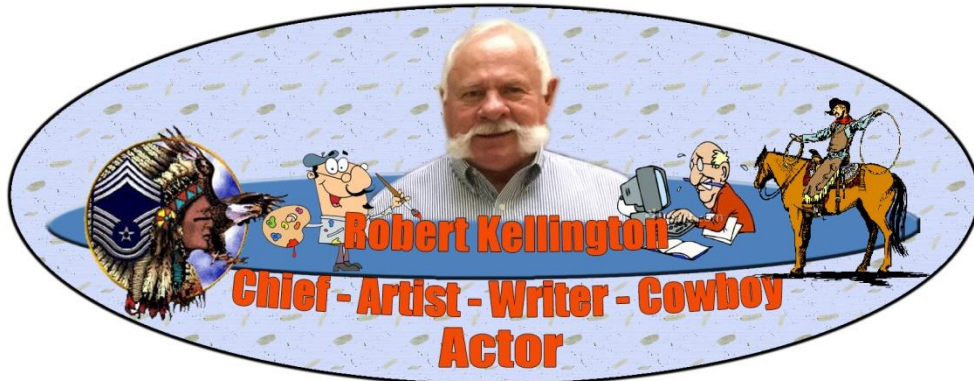
Both pilots are hoping for future assignments together.



**HAVE YOU SEEN THE MAGIC TREE?**

Does anyone know what the ‘Magic Tree’ is/was? This was just a question appearing in a small box at the bottom of the page in the November 1, 1967 issue of the Phan Fare.





## **GURNEY JOURNEY**

**By R.W. Kellington**

I had already been advised by the doctor's what was planned operation wise. It may get more involved should the stents not work or artery ruptures and they have to open me up.

Granted I did have a choice initially. 1. I could go for the stents or 2. Do open heart surgery now. I told the doc. "Let's see – we can gamble on the stents and all I would feel is a little prick of the needle or I could have them filet me immediately. I choose the little prick of the needle.

I looked around the room laying on the gurney waiting to go into surgery. My two best buds were there. Two x wives and one girlfriend I had kinda broke up with and a new girlfriend standing in the corner. When out of nowhere comes another old girlfriend a nurse shows up. She ignores everyone in the room, checks my vitals, by that I mean my vital signs, I.V. etc. Then bends over and kisses me long and hard on the lips. That took me completely by surprise. Then she left the room. I again looked around the room. What do I see? Four women glaring at me – really looked pissed and my two bud's just smiling. Thank goodness the doc came in. He said I looked a little stressed but not to worry. Everything was going to work out just fine. I motioned for him to come closer and whispered into his ear. "Get me into the operating room now! Or the waiting room, anywhere but get me out of this room." He turned on some kind of drip that was hooked up to the I.V. -notice I used doctor talk. I started to feel drowsy. I heard him say they were going to take me down to surgery now. I shook my bud's hand's and all of the women that had been glaring at me – looked like their eyes had softened. Funny as each bent to kiss me. I whispered I love you to each one. Except the new girlfriend – we hadn't progressed that far. I did love them all, but each in a different way. Then it was time to be wheeled out. I

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felt the wobble of the wheels and the little ruts/bumps in the floor as we headed down the hall. I looked at the ceiling as I was making this journey and it was just like we have seen in the movies or on T.V. a thousand times. The gridded fluorescent lights passed by. I thought could this be it?

All of the grids representing squares that were to be filled in my life. We entered the operating room. It was cold – like a place they might keep a corpse so it wouldn’t decay quickly. I heard a male voice – thought I can’t be dead yet. Not quite what I thought God would sound like. Turns out it was a male nurse. He asked “are you cold and nervous?” I said –“yes” to both. He covered me with a heated blanket. It felt so good – like being caressed or hugged by your mother on a cold day after you came in from playing outside. He then adjusted the drip and I felt a calmness come over me and I was drifting off content with my thoughts and no worries. I have lived a good life and enjoyed it – learned from the good and bad. Lord if you want me now – I am ready to be welcomed into your arms. I then awoke in the recovery room. The operation had been a success. No need to be filleted. I guess that was the easy part. I now had to explain who all of these women were to each one – as the only two that had ever met were my two x-wives. Life goes on and I often think of my Gurney Journey and the events of that day. Yup! I just try to live and love each day and only date women that aren’t good shots.

(Note: Robert wrote this in October of 2005. This took 1<sup>st</sup> place in an Oklahoma VA contest and 2<sup>nd</sup> nationally.)



**REG FIX – FEATS OF STRENGTH**

I was at the South end of the runway arming the B-57s before takeoff. Part of arming procedure was to make ready to fire the two 20MM cannons in each wing. This was done from under the wing by pulling a charging handle three to four times, rotating the cannon cylinder until one of the electrically fired rounds was positioned directly in front of the firing pin. You would know it was positioned correctly when you saw an unfired round exit the ejection tube under the wing.

The cannons each had two big springs in them and the charging cable was very hard to pull. Although I was six feet tall I only weighed 145lbs and had to use all my arm and back strength



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to pull the handle. We were instructed in training to try to charge the gun with one hand and catch the ejecting round with your hat but that was hard to do so most guys just let it hit the concrete and then picked it up.

This afternoon my co-worker was Reg Fix.

I finished arming my side of the wings and walked around to his side to observe. There he is, with a charging handle in each hand, charging both guns at the same time! Three times, wham, wham, wham, using no more effort than if he were just standing there brushing his teeth.

And he did that all day long for each plane we armed. He made it look so easy I thought he could probably take off his boot, hold his hat with his toes, stand on one foot and catch the ejecting rounds too if he wanted to.

I tried for months to charge both guns at once, practicing on empty guns in the revetments. I was only able to do it twice and I felt I almost tore my arms off.



**Joe Kaupa**

*I would like to take this opportunity to thank all our past, present and future military and law enforcement men and women for their unselfish dedication and service to our country and communities. To our fallen, you will always be remembered as heroes. God Bless you all!!!*

*Thank you Joe for the opportunity to be part of your life and now this book. You are always in my thoughts, my heart and my prayers.*

**Love always,  
Nancy**

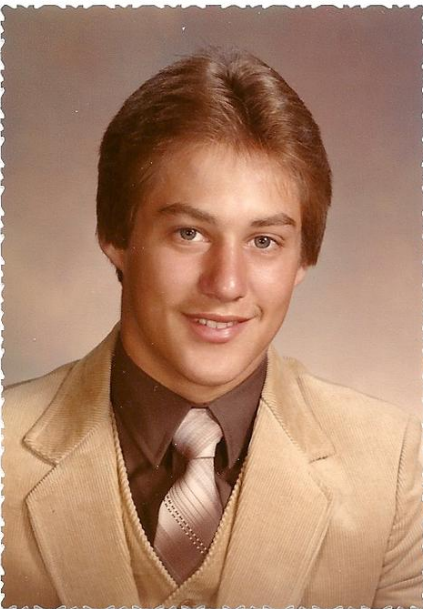
**Note:** After reading what Nancy's thought and feelings were after all these years from being in Vietnam and being a Police Officer, brought tears to my eyes as I read this. I could not have asked for a better friend, partner, wife or mother of my children. I've loved her since the first day I met her and after forty-nine years my love for her is still that strong.

There is a saying in Law Enforcement that goes like this "If you have never walked in my shoes, you have no idea what it is like to be a law enforcement officer." Readers, the next time you see a police officer in a squad car or walking the street, think about what they and their families endured throughout his or her careers.

I have always been extremely proud of my children and I asked them to write their own story on what it was like growing up with their father being a law enforcement officer. I knew it was hard especially on my son. The topic had never come up during my career and I always wanted to know their true feelings. The following are their personal thoughts.

### **Growing Up the Son Of A Police Officer**

**By: Scott Kaupa**



**Scott Kaupa**

My father asked if I would be willing to share my childhood by writing down my thoughts of growing up a police officer's son. I have had an opportunity to do some very challenging things and this ranks right near the top as most difficult. As I reflect back over the different stages of my life, many thoughts have come to mind, which have brought back a lot of different feelings. Here my journey growing up as a son in the shadows of a police officer in a small town.

During the early years after my father was hired as a Deputy Sheriff of Wabasha County he seemed to always be working. He worked hard, loved his job and the people he served. My mother worked from home running a daycare

business during the school year for teachers in the neighborhood and was off during the summers. During this time, family was something that my dad took great pride in. I can remember spending many a weekends visiting my mother's side of the family in Wabasha and then to Sand Prairie to see my



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father's side. We didn't have a lot but always seemed to have what we needed. My parents they always made sure that we did something together as a summer vacation.

Growing up as a youngster during the early 70s was carefree and fun. My dad had recently been discharged from the United States Air Force which included a tour in Vietnam. After his discharge, we moved to Plainview. One of the things that I remember vividly was being teased because I thought a "Hey Culligan Man" truck was a milkman making deliveries. After they explained to me what that really was we sat down and had a good laugh. At this stage of my life, most all my friends were kids in the neighbor of all ages. We spent countless hours playing football, kickball, capture the flag, or kick the can at night. During this time being a policeman or firefighter was viewed as a noble profession, something that many kids wanted to grow up to be. During this time of my life I really enjoyed school sports, and singing in the choir. I always tried to do my best at everything that I did.

When my dad was hired as Chief of Police of Plainview, I thought that this would be the greatest thing because he would be working in Plainview which would allow him more time to spend with me. He was able to spend more family time together because he worked from 8:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. He was able to take us to school almost every day because he had to do school bus traffic. Another great thing about him working in town now was the fact he was able to attend all of my home sporting events. I really enjoyed having him watch me, even though many times he did so from the door of the gymnasium or from the police car. Just knowing that he was there and able to watch me do something I had a great passion for made me feel good. He was always working; even though his shift ended at 6:00 p.m., as he was always on call. Many times he received phone calls after supper from the public for one thing or another. From what I recall he never had a bad word to say about anyone that called, even though they could have spoken with the officer on duty at the time. He was just happy to have been able to assist and serve them.

This is when being a son of a cop started to bring a different side of growing up. While at this time you needed to be thirteen years old in order to hunt by yourself, many of my friends that I hunted with were only twelve years old like me, but they still did it. Yet I was not permitted to do this because it was against the law, even though I had already passed the Minnesota firearms safety course. After turning thirteen, with dad working every day, my mom spent a lot of time driving me to and from the woods to hunt or to the creek or river to fish. Many times I went out alone, just to spend time enjoying nature and not having to worry about being judged or ridiculed. I spent my summers playing baseball, swimming, and working with my dad's brothers at the family butcher shop. I really enjoyed working with them and hearing all of the stories they liked to tell about the three of them growing up and all the mischief they would get

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into. As I reflect back now, I looked up to my uncle Kim as more of an older brother than really a uncle figure.

When your father is a police chief, certain expectations are set and were meant to be adhered to. When most kids were out being careless and just doing things kids do. My dad always made it very clear, I should be a kid, have fun, but not do anything to jeopardize him or his position within the community. Wow, how were you suppose to grow up being a kid doing foolish things when you have to live up to that? Now, don't think for a moment that I was an angel, because I was not, but I did keep myself very much held in check. It always appeared to me that we needed to project the image of the perfect family to the community by always doing the right thing and being in control of the situation and our emotions. While I would never do something to purposely jeopardize my father's reputation, it also placed a small damper on being a teenage boy growing up in a small town. Especially, with all the stories I heard about my father when he was growing up and in high school. I was the youngest person in my grade. During the school year I had one set of friends, and in the summer there was a different group of guys that I hung around with from the grades behind me.



**Scott Kaupa**

Many of the guys in my class had older siblings in school who were at the point of drinking, drugs, and other questionable activities. With that being said, having a friend that was a son of a police officer was not looked upon as favorable. So, many of the people I called friends while in school were not so friendly outside of school. Having no older siblings in school, being small for my age, and having a dad as a Chief of Police, I was targeted as a nark, and this is when the bullying started. I was constantly bullied during school and felt that I couldn't do anything about it because if I told anyone I was only confirming what they were harassing me about. The principal at the time was a part time Wabasha County Deputy and also worked part time for my dad. It appeared to me that I really didn't have a direction to turn to because it would only reflect additional negative attention my direction. I really felt there was nothing I could do and this is when I quit choir, and started to lose interest at doing well in school, basically just doing what I needed to do to get by.

When my parents became foster parents, I wasn't really sure how I was going to feel but thought that since the foster boy was older than I was, maybe I would start to fit in more at school even though he was not my sibling. That didn't happen; actually the situation was more

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of a distraction at home because he got into the typical trouble. I felt that it took even more time away from me in order to try to help him through this hard time. I couldn't wait to get my driver's license because it would allow me more freedom to get away and immerse myself in hunting and fishing.

Shortly after I got my driver's license, my dad bought a rusty old yellow and white top, 1973 IH Scout, 4X4 which I was able to drive. I was so grateful to my parents just to have a vehicle! While it didn't look like much to other people, at the time I thought it was the bomb! This vehicle would now provide me more mobility than just riding my bicycle. I remember feeling so grown up and with more independence; I thought I would start to become more accepted. I was hoping that with the start of a new school year, things would be different. However, the only thing that changed was the frequency and level at which the bullying occurred, so I began spending more time hunting, fishing, and sports. I worked very hard at sports but did not spend the time on my studies which slipped to average to below average grades in an attempt to prove that I was not always a good little boy. It didn't seem to matter what I did to try to fit in, it was never really enough, so passed my sophomore and junior years in high school.

The summer of my senior year, I spent a great deal of time at my uncle's locker plant working and hanging out with them on the prairie, and working out to get ready for my senior year in sports. I thought if I did well my senior year in sports, I would become accepted; eventually they would no longer have the interest to bully me and finally I would earn the support from my teammates. Well, again it didn't seem to matter how well I did in sports or that I never got anyone involved to stop the bullying, they just kept on doing it. I was seldom invited to parties outside my few friends because they were worried that I would tell the police about them and get into trouble. Actually I remember a couple of times letting certain people know that the cops knew about the party and not to be caught there. Once they figured out that if I was at a party they didn't have to worry about me informing the police, so they did start to invite me more but by then I realized it wasn't because they liked me or accepted me, they were just using me. When school started the following week, it was just more of the same.

From the outside I was portraying to my family that everything for me at this point of my life was coming together great. They were completely oblivious to all of the bullying that I had been endured. During the middle of the basketball season things really started to build up for me and I was at a point where I didn't know what to do anymore. I was completely exhausted dealing with the bullying, school work, hormones and sports. I had just lost my starting position on the basketball team. I felt that I had reached an all time low point, and one night at my friends house I seriously contemplated suicide. I was so tired and confused at the time, I just didn't feel that I had any other direction to go. Looking back on the conversation that I had with my friend, it was like I was in a time warp, everything was moving in slow motion. We both agreed to



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never talked about what happened. I am just glad he was there at the time. Afterward, I could only keep thinking how much I would have let down my parents because of the way I attempted to handle the situation by giving up. I was brought up to be a fighter and never give up. It did however provide me with a great deal of perspective. All I had to do was to graduate from high school, and I wouldn't have to worry about what they said, or thought about me any longer.

Life after high school was completely different than anything that I had previously experienced to this point. I met a lot of people, most who were non judgmental of who I was in high school or what my father did as a profession. When I went to college, it did not take long to get involved with the party scene, and I didn't focus enough on my studies. I think I was over compensating for the stricter environment that I had been a part of growing up. Midway through my freshman year of college, I decided it was time to do something more with my life and I entered the U.S. Army under the delayed entry program.



**Scott Kaupa**

One of my more memorable experiences was the time I was able to participate in a stake out with my dad, local law enforcement and the FBI the night before I shipped out for the Army. The First National Bank in Plainview had been robbed, in the early morning hours as the custodian was assaulted as he emptied trash outside the bank. The investigation lead to a rhubarb patch in the back yard at a house about two blocks from the bank and two bags of coins were found hidden in the patch. I staked the area out with other law enforcement and had the use of night vision binoculars. The robber did return and we watched him grab the money bags and then were arrested. Let me tell you, that I had so much adrenaline running through me I could hardly contain

myself.

I remember the proud look in my father's eyes the following day when he dropped me off at the bus station in Rochester that morning to leave for the Army. We shook hands, gave each other a hug, and he told me how proud he was of me. What I never told him was how proud I was to be his son.

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I proudly served my country in the U.S. Army as an Airborne Paratrooper in the 82<sup>nd</sup> Airborne Division, in Fort Bragg, North Carolina from 1986 to 1989, "ALL THE WAY!" It was a time in my life when I needed that tight bond and friendship with people. It also allowed me to grow as a person and mature into becoming a better man. It was an experience like no other and will never be forgotten. Duty, Honor, and Country, we all learning to work together for a common cause or a greater good.

I am currently on my second marriage and will have been married for twenty-two years to my lovely wife Vicki. We have three energetic boys, Joshua, twenty-four, Tyler, twenty-two, and Brady, fifteen years. My oldest son has also served in the U.S. Army, including a tour in Afghanistan and has since been discharged. His permanent duty station was at Fort Sill, Oklahoma., from 2010 to 2014, "HARD CHARGERS!"

My high school experiences have been deeply ingrained in my mind. What you don't realize at the time, is the different stages in your life won't last forever. One does not fully comprehend, nor appreciate this until years later when you are removed from the high school setting. It does get easier as you grow older. I don't know what I would have done if the technology of today existed when I was a kid because you could never get away from it. I really feel sorry for the kids today that are being bullied because when school is out, they are cyber bullied. After graduation when everyone moves on, you realize this is a fresh start by making new friends, and allowing them to get to know you for who you are and not for whom you were. The only class reunion that I have ever attended was my ten year, hoping time would have provided time to move on, but it didn't. Most of the people acted exactly the same as they did in high school. It doesn't seem to matter what you might accomplish in your lifetime, there are always people out there that feel the need to belittle others so that they can feel better about there own insecurities.

My father has been retired from the police department for quite some time. For the record, my dad is a great father, mentor, and roll model. He has always been there for me regardless of my situation. As a man, I owe the fine qualities that I possess to both of my parents, for they are always there for me. I have had an opportunity to meet and form relationships with many wonderful people that have worked with and for my dad over the years, who otherwise, I would not have had the chance to meet. Many of them watched out for me or provided additional opportunities outside of school that kept my mind off some of the things.

Regardless of the amount of time that passes, I catch myself dwelling on situations still to this day that might seem to have a negative impact on his reputation. I have spent much of my life trying to live up to his expectations and not to disappoint him. If there is one thing I wish I could do over again, it would have been to open up to him about what I was dealing with. Now that I

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**...keeping the memories alive**

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am a father, I think the hardest part for me is to allow my boys too make their own mistakes, even when I am aware it will have a negative consequence. I understand facing challenges are a normal progression of life and until you are given the opportunity to fail, one cannot truly succeed. But it doesn't make it any easier.

***Jim Kucipeck commented on Facebook: Joe did a terrific job of documenting his life in 252 pages.***

*The chapters on his military service I found fascinating. I have read Jack Anderson’s outstanding book “Vietnam Remembrances Tales of the Flight Line” and it is exactly that, Jack’s experiences on the flight line and during the mortar and rocket attacks. On the other hand, Joe Kaupa’s book discusses his duties and experiences as base security during these attacks. It adds to Jack’s book and “fills in the historical blanks” if you will, about base security, Panther Flt. and Security Alert Teams at Phan Rang. Remember I lived and worked in a different world than these two brothers and learned more about what they did and the history of Phan Rang from these two books.*

*Joe really “let it all hang out” about his family life and law enforcement life. This man devoted his life to his family and his job. His career experiences in law enforcement are just amazing. A law enforcement officer in rural MN and its small towns and all that happened there.*

*It is evident that Joe cared much about his family, he reveals much about his feelings, about his kids and his wife Nancy. Joe Kaupa you are a good man but there is an old adage “Behind every good man there is a good women” and she obviously was that. The heart and soul of the Kaupa family is Nancy.*

*Again this book is a great read, it was honestly written by a brother of Vietnam who cares about his family and country and gave his heart and soul to both! Get it and is available on line. I feel privileged to have an autographed copy!*



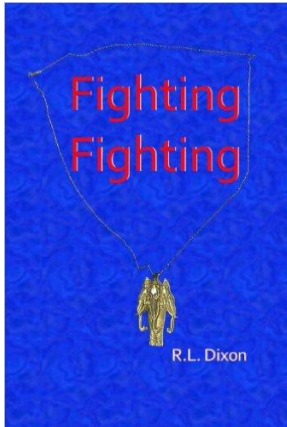
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***You too can get an autographed copy directly from the author. Call Joe at 507-534-3303 and arrange to have one shipped directly to you. He sells them for his cost, but they are also available on Amazon at the link below.***



**Authors in Our Midst** *(If anyone knows of any other authors from our group please let me know and I will add them.)*

Richard L. Dixon: [Fighting Fighting](#)

Jack Anderson: [Vietnam Remembrances](#)

Joe Kaupa: [Protect and Serve: One Man's Journey from Vietnam to Law Enforcement](#)

Robert Chapple: [Tales of Bien Hoa](#) and [Tales of Phan Rang](#)

Margorie Hanson: [Brave Warriors, Humble Heroes: A Vietnam War Story](#)

Vic Markle: [Forgotten Moments Forgotten People](#)

Mike Trahan: [The Gift: The Air Force Years](#); [The Gift Part Two - The Air Force Years](#); and [Home Again: Short Story](#)

Rob Morris: [Untold Valor](#); [Marinell](#); [The Wild Blue Yonder and Beyond: The 95<sup>th</sup> Bomb Group in War and Peace](#); [Prisoner of the Swiss](#); [I'll Be Seeing You](#) and [Combat Bombardier: Memoirs of Two Combat Tour in the Skies Over Europe in World War Two](#)

Carl Adams: [Remember the Alamo: A Sentry Dog Handler's View of Vietnam from the Perimeter of Phan Rang Air Base](#)

Gary K. Thrasher: [Phantom Letters](#)

**For those who have fought for it, freedom has a flavor the protected will never know. Just living the dream & having Fun.**



### **2016 Reunion Information**

I’m bursting with excitement about the 2016 reunion. Ever since arriving home from Charleston, Bob Kellington and I have been visiting and negotiating with hotels and we now are getting close to announcing that we’ve found the ideal hotel to hold our 2016 reunion. When I first visited with the sales staff at this hotel I thought that I would just give them minimal information to complete a proposal because I didn’t think that they would ever come close to meeting our targeted cost. The hotel is smack dab in the middle of the city surrounded by the best that Oklahoma City has to offer. Our downtown has been energized by the addition of a new 50-story tower and renovation of almost every other building and street in the city. Just today a new 27-story tower is starting to emerge. Oil has been responsible for most of it so we don’t mind paying higher gas prices.

**This newsletter was compiled and published by [Douglas Severt](#).**

