

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

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Phan Rang AB News No. 92

**“Stories worth telling”**

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**615th Arrives At Phan Rang** (*Pacific Stars & Stripes*, Sunday July 24, 1966)

Pilots of the 615<sup>th</sup> Tactical Fighter Squadron from England AFB, La., landed their F-100 Supersabre at Phan Rang AB July 16. It is assigned to the 366<sup>th</sup> Tactical Fighter Wing.

Lt. Col. James A. Minish of Litchfield Park, Ariz., 615<sup>th</sup> commander, led the flight from England AFB, near Alexandria, to Vietnam. He said the flight was made in easy steps over a three-day period.



Colonel Minish said though combat flying would be a new experience for most of his pilots, "they are anxious and waiting to fly their first missions."

Co]. George S. Weart of Chicago, 366<sup>th</sup> Tactical Fighter Wing commander, greeted the pilots.

The 615<sup>th</sup> is the third tactical squadron to be assigned to Phan Rang. It is a sister squadron to the 612<sup>th</sup> which arrived at Phan Rang from Misawa air base, Japan, earlier in July.

The third squadron is the F-4C Phantom equipped 389<sup>th</sup> Tactical Fighter Squadron which came to Phan Rang Mar. 17, 1966. Since then pilots at Phan Rang have flown 2,500 combat sorties.

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**FIRST MISSION** - Air Force Lt. Col. Richard G. Newell of Centerville, Md., is greeted after flying his first Vietnam combat mission by Col. George S. Weart, 366th Tactical Fighter Wing commander. Colonel Newell is commander of the 352nd Tactical Fighter Squadron which arrived for duty at Phan Rang air base earlier this month. *(U.S. Air Force Photo - 7<sup>th</sup> Air Force News, date unknown)*

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**Mentor on the Lake People Aiding Viet Nam Children**

Several kids in Phan Rang, South Vietnam will be wearing new and mostly new clothes in about one and a half months.

That's when a package mailed this week by Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Milnark, 7552 Pinehurst Dr., Mentor on the Lake, Ohio will arrive at their son's base.

Airman 2nd Class Henry (Hank) D. Milnark wrote to his kid-sister Robin, 11, in May and suggested she and her school buddies make up a package for the poorly dressed kids outside his air base.

Robin took the letter to school. The illness of her sixth grade teacher prevented much progress on the project, but the kids did scrape up 87 cents and several clothing items.

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The Milnarks took over from there and a bulky package was made up.

Because of its weight, the package will be sent by regular mail. Delivery time to South Viet Nam is 30 to 40 days via regular mail.

Young Henry is scheduled to get out of the Air Force next January. He’s been in South Vietnam since Jan 10.

*(Hank said he was at Phan Rang from January 1966 till December 1966. It all started in March 1966 at an orphanage/school run by a group of nuns. The orphanage was located just outside the base but I don’t remember exactly where. On one of my few days off I visited the orphanage out of curiosity, as one of the Hooch gals told me she went to school and was raised in the orphanage. I was not a Catholic at the time, but found it very humble during the tour of the orphanage and being surrounded by all the happy faces on those kids that I would be back to visit with them again. I wrote home to my parents and I mentioned my experience at the orphanage. My kid sister told her teacher and classmates and that started the class clothing drive. The kids in her class brought clothing and stuffed animals and 87 cents to the school. My parents picked up the clothing and they added some as well because 87 cents wasn’t going to buy much. They shipped me a huge box and on my next day off I brought the items to the orphanage. I can’t describe the look on all the kids’ faces and nuns as they opened the box. I brought enough candy with me so that all the kids got something. I did spend time with the kids at the orphanage till it was time to head home. Anyhow that event was the beginning of my faith journey to converting to Catholicism.)*

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**JS Flyer With Black Panthers at Phan Rang AB** *(Source unknown, dated: Monday, January 15, 1968)*

**JERSEY SHORE** - U.S. Air Force **Capt. Michael F. Connolly** of Jersey Shore R.D. 1, recently took part in a successful strike mission southwest of Binh Thuy AB which resulted in the destruction of eight enemy fortifications and seven motorized sampans.

Captain Connolly, son of Mrs. Lewis T. Connolly, Jersey Shore, R.D. 1, volunteered for assignment in Vietnam and is enthusiastic about his role as an F-100 Super Sabre fighter pilot.

I really enjoy it", he commented.

A former B-52 bomber pilot, the captain is assigned to the "Black Panthers" of the 615th Tactical Fighter Squadron. "The members of the 615th are some of the best pilots I have seen in the Air Force", he said.

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Based at Phan Rang Air Base, Capt. Connolly has flown 14 combat missions.

The captain, a graduate of Jersey Shore High School, attended Pennsylvania State University and earned his B.S. degree from the University of Omaha (Neb.) and his M.S. degree from George Washington University in Washington, D.C. A member of Alpha Chi Cigma, he received his commission through the aviation cadet program.

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**Phan Rang AB Gets ARC Unit** (*Pacific Stars & Stripes, Saturday, August 26, 1967*)

**PHAN RANG, Vietnam (7AF)**

—The American Red Cross recently opened its new \$24,000 recreation facility at Phan Rang air base. The structure, constructed by a team from the 554th Civil Eng. Sq. (Red Horse), was officially opened with a 'busting in' ceremony.

'Busting in' was Airman 1.C. William G. Peterson, 22, who gained the honor of breaking through an aluminum foil barrier stretched across the main entrance.

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**Motion-Pic Cameraman Closing Out Exciting Tour** (*Phan Fare, The Phan Rang Weekly, November 1, 1967*)



For Sheer excitement, it is hard to beat the tour now ending for jump-qualified cameraman Staff Sergeant Thomas P. Kulick of the 600<sup>th</sup> Photo Squadron.

Since his arrival here last December, he has flown on 120 combat missions, bailed out into the South China Sea, jumped in the first combat jump to be made by the Army since the Korean War...and shot 12,000 feet of combat film along the way.

Sergeant Kulick heads the combat documentation team of the photo lab, and is a familiar figure aboard the F-100's of the 35<sup>th</sup> TFW.

“We’re here primarily to document the air war and the Air Force role in Vietnam,” said the 28, year-old native of Waltham, Mass.

He spent nine years in the Army, and earned his jump wings at Fort Campbell, Ky. In 1956.

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Earlier this year, during Operation Junction City, he jumped, camera in hand, with members of the 173<sup>rd</sup> Airborne Brigade, stationed near Bien Hoa, in the first U. S. paratrooper combat jump since the Korean Conflict.

In April he made an unscheduled jump when the F-100 in which he was flying developed engine trouble believed to have been caused by enemy ground fire.

The incident occurred in the middle of an air strike, “right between the time we dropped our heavy ordnance and the time we were lining up to strafe.”

“We started to get smoke and fume and rumbles,” said the sergeant, “and the lead (pilot) pulled up and said we were on fire.”

In a few minutes, Sergeant Kulick and the pilot were plucked from the sea by an Army helicopter.

A veteran of 11 years of military service, the sergeant has made 71 jumps, including four in Vietnam, and has earned two Air Medals.

Once, during a mission in an F-100 of the 352<sup>nd</sup> TFS, the target turned out to be a rice paddy, but “we get a good secondary explosion out of it!”

The combat cameraman is now eager to get home to his wife.

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**Classic Re-Enlistment** *(Phan Fare, The Phan Rang Weekly, November 1, 1967)*

Sergeant Jerry A. Dillon, 23, from Lawrence, Kansas, re-enlisted recently, for the first of many times, in the Air Force.

He transferred from the Marine Corps after 22 months of active service, to become a member of the Air Force.

Capt. George A. Ward, an F-100 pilot in the 352nd Tactical Fighter Sq., administered the re-enlistment oath at the sergeant’s request.

These two individuals plan to meet every four years, no matter what part of the world they may be stationed in, so that Capt. Ward can perform these ceremonies regularly.

Who knows, in 20 years, Captain Ward may be a general, and Sergeant Dillon may be Chief Master Sergeant of the Air Force.



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As a personal equipment technician in the 352nd TFS the sergeant "gives his best no matter what he is doing", a fellow worker commented.

The re-enlistee has been an inspiration to others.

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**SP's Generosity Brings Smiles to Needy Orphans** (*Seventh Air Force News, April 9, 1969*)



**Nguyen Thi My Anh is all smiles as Sgt. Cary E. Park admires her new dress while a young boy examines his new model airplane. Sergeant Park, along with other members of the 35th Security Police Squadron at Phan Rang AB, visited the children at the Tan Tai orphanage in Phan Rang City. (Photo by Sgt. Donald B. Dirksing)**

the orphanage. They organized a drive and got all the clothing we brought today — and there is more on the way from the states."

**PHAN RANG** — The combined efforts of members assigned to the Security Police Squadron, Phan Rang AB, Vietnam, help to make life a little brighter for more than 250 children at the Tan Tai Orphanage.

Heading the project is MSgt. Walter D. Boulier, Bangor, Maine, first sergeant of the 35th Security Police Squadron.

Sergeant Boulier has been making weekly trips to the orphanage since his arrival here, taking clothes, food, and other supplies to the catholic nuns who run the orphanage.

"Last week I brought some cases of fruit," continued Sergeant Boulier, "and this week we have over 300 pounds of new clothes, some candy and toys for the children."

"The man responsible for obtaining most of the boxes of clothes was Sgt. William A. Boyeks, Oshkosh, Wis.," continued Sergeant Boulier. "He wrote home to his family telling them about

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Aiding Sergeant Boulrier on the orphanage visit were Sgt. Gary E. Park, Burbank, Calif., and A1C Thomas B. Kmitch, Valley Forge, Pa.

The squadron also has helped to build part of the orphanage, as well as maintain it.

**How many 435<sup>th</sup> MMS Troops Does It Take To Change a Tire?** (Photo by Bud Short)



*(The answer is '6'.)*

**Quick Thinking, Action Saves C-47 (Follow up of article in Phan Rang News 91)**

**Donald Luke:** ...the article on the 9th SOS C-47 at Danang definitely brought back memories. Although I normally worked nights, for some reason, I was at the flight line that day. Our aircraft were in revetments adjacent to the fire department and there was a lot of activity going on. Fire trucks were getting active, runway was being foamed and something was going on. I watched the C-47 touchdown and eventually get stopped with the crew evacuating it and the fire trucks and Pedro doing their thing. The aircraft was towed in behind our revetments where it sat while the resident RAM team worked on it to replace whatever needed replacing and eventually getting it airworthy again.

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## **SSgt. Clouse's `Bird' Logs 95.5 Flying Hours**

By AIC Johnathan Lyons

**PHAN RANG** On the runway here sits a sleek, Air Force F-4C Phantom of the 389<sup>th</sup> Tactical Fighter Squadron.

But, Phantom 40754 with "Made by Mattel" painted on the nose never sits long.

During the month of June, Number 754 flew a total of 95.5 hours to almost double the average 389th monthly flying hours of 50.

Out of 60 missions flown during this period, 43 were logged without even a minor discrepancy noted. In June, 754 flew every day but three.

55gt. Phillip Clouse of Fairfield, Calif., is the crew chief, the man most responsible for the continued failure-free flying of this Phantom. He has been with the aircraft since it was logged into the 389th at Holloman AFB, N.M., Jan. 22.

He has worked on jet-engine aircraft since his enlistment into the Air Force in April 1954. He has worked on F-86, B-52, T-33, F-100 and F-102 aircraft.

Sergeant Clouse says, "We have had fabulous luck with this plane, but the whole crew works together to keep it in the air."

Maj. Jack A. Henry, squadron maintenance officer says, "Sergeant Clouse's attitude is that he can do anything that needs to be done to the aircraft."

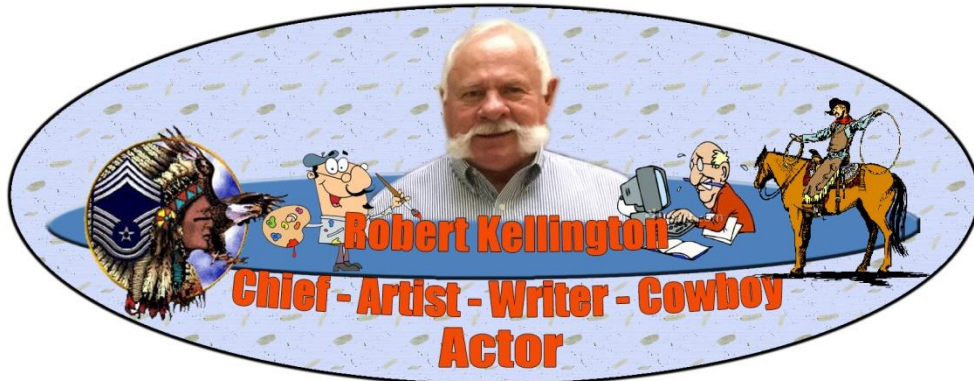
The 38 year old native of El Paso, Tex., continued, "It doesn't make any difference if it is difficult, technical or just plain backbreaking labor. He is not just the plane manager, either. He can trouble-shoot with the specialists."

Lt. Col. Felix C. Fowler, squadron commander of Cleveland, Ohio, says "every pilot is happy to find that they are assigned to fly Nr. 754."

**"In the spring of 2006, I spent five weeks traveling the highways and byways of that far-away land called Vietnam. To most people in the United States, Vietnam is not a place - it is a war. It is a part of their history book. It is a jungle. It is a movie. It is a hippie. It is drugs, sex and Rock-n-roll."**

*From the Foreword in "Fighting Fighting" a book by R. L. Dixon*





## **FIRST DAY**

BY

R.W. Kellington

Well here it is 28 July 1964 and I have been out of High School two months. I went down to join the Army Airborne. Air Force recruiter talked to Dennis and Bill my two buds. They were ready to join the Air Force. I was leaning towards the Army. All we had to do was pass the AFQT - Armed Forces Qualifying Test with high enough scores and we would be gone off to who knows what. Tests taken and would you believe – Dennis and Bill did not score high enough to get into the Air Force. I did and the recruiter was hot after me. He gave me all of the bull that recruiters do and I fell for it. I joined the Air Force for four years instead of the Army for three years. You do the math. – They had me. Funny as I look back Dennis and Bill joined the Army Airborne and I ended up in the Air Force.

I went home and told my parents what I had done. Both were pleased as they did not want me to end up like so many others in the neighborhood. In jail or just hanging out on street corners hitting on all of the young girls as they came home from school. I had to admit I wanted more out of life also. Granted it would be hard to leave my High School sweetheart Barb. But if our feelings or love for each other were to last this would be a test.

Things moved fast. I was advised I would leave 3 August 1964 for Lackland Air Force Base Texas. My parents threw a party for me the day before I left. I got pretty drunk and was wondering what I have gotten myself into. Vietnam was heating up and some of my friends were headed over. I remember when Teddy Winowich and I got together before he went over. We got drunk and got into a fight with some fags who had hit on us in a bar. Teddy left and I never saw him again. He was killed a few months later in a fire fight protecting some piece of shit land. He

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had already had one Purple Heart. He was wounded in the leg the first week he was there. He chose to go back after his rehab. He was quite a guy. I still miss him and wonder what he would have done with his life. Hell most of us never think we are going to live to a ripe old age anyway. I figure my cutoff date was twenty-three years old. Not sure how I would go but I was sure it would be in a blaze of glory. That’s the kind of guys I grew up with and that’s what was expected. Kinda like Teddy. Like I said I was kinda drunk. Barb and I had a great night together. As I look back I am lucky I didn’t get her pregnant. I had a hang over when my Mom called me to drive me downtown to be sworn in. I said my goodbye’s to Dad my brothers and sister. Even Beauty the dog knew something was up. I petted her and was in the car. I didn’t want anyone else to go. I wanted the goodbye’s over and done with. My Mom said how proud she was of me and that I was always the smart one. Figured things out, had a plan. I laugh now because I usually did things on instinct but they always seemed to work out for the best. My Mom pulled up to the induction center and I hugged her told her I loved her and that it would be best if she just left me there. I didn’t want to get to emotional. I waved as she drove off and must admit it was hard. I had tears running down my cheeks. I knew I had to compose myself before I went in to the induction center.

***“I partied pretty hard last night”***

The recruiter met me at the door. He said I looked like shit. I replied “I partied pretty hard last night.” He gave a knowing nod. He directed me to a waiting area. There were a bunch of us. Turns out only fifteen were going into the Air Force. The rest about sixty or seventy were going into the Army, Navy, or Marine’s. All of the recruiters seemed like pretty nice guys. We were directed to a huge room and an officer came out to swear us in. I really don’t remember much about the oath accept that when it was over things changed quickly. The recruiters were yelling at us to get our shit together and lineup. They called us a number of names. The Air Force guys weren’t too bad. But the others – whew they were catching hell. They separated us into our respective services and I was loaded onto a bus and headed to the Greater Pittsburgh Airport. I still felt like shit. I hadn’t eaten anything. We got to the airport and within 1 hour we were loaded onto a plane. I had never been on a plane before. So it was exciting and I forgot about being hungry and hung over. We landed in Chicago and changed planes. They had put this jag off in charge of us because he had some college. He was a pushy smart ass type. I thought to myself – if he was so damn smart how come he didn’t stay in college?” Well we finally get to Texas and as I step off of the plane the humidity hits me and the hangover comes back like a ton of bricks. I was queasy and really didn’t feel well.

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**“smokem if ya gottem ”**

Out of nowhere comes two sergeants yelling and screaming at us. The sergeants were worse than the ones at the induction center. We get ushered into a dining facility or chow hall. We were told we will have 15 minutes to eat and we had better get our asses in gear. I was going through the line and I asked the chef – ha ha the cook “what the white stuff was?” He said “It was SOS “Shit On A Shingle”. Turns out it was white gravy with chunks of beef in it and poured over toast. I passed on the SOS and had a piece of toast orange juice and milk. I never did eat white gravy until I was thirty some years old. It always made me kinda queasy. Wonder why? We lined up outside and were told to “smokem if ya gottem.” I had about three puffs down when we were told to field strip our cigarettes and get ready to move out. First off I didn’t know what they were talking about “Field strip cigarettes” Strange language these folks speak. I threw my cigarette on the ground and stepped on it. This is when I got to meet our lead “TI” Training Instructor. He was a Master Sergeant and as gruff as they come. He was yelling out/giving instructions on how to field strip a cigarette and I turned my head to look at him. “Big mistake.” He came running down the line and was in front of me asking/yelling at me if I was eye balling him. I wasn’t sure what he meant. But I replied I had been taught to look at someone when they are speaking. He exploded. He bellowed “Do you like me boy?” before I could answer he interjected a few more expletives and stated in no uncertain terms. “I had better not like him – because liken leads to loven and loven leads to fucken and ain’t no one fucken him.” Must admit he did get the point across. We were then marched to an old open bay barracks. World War II vintage. The bunk sure looked inviting. I had already violated a code relayed to me by my buds. Make yourself inconspicuous and don’t volunteer for anything. I hadn’t volunteered but sure felt like I wasn’t inconspicuous. As luck would have it the college guy “Joe Tobin” had the bunk above me. Turns out he was a real screw up. Evidently he was very, very smart but uncoordinated and no common sense. He did take the heat off of me from that day forward. I thought I would never get to bed - to sleep off the hangover. But nightfall did arrive and I thought time for bed. We were given instructions about “Fire Watch”. Damn! I had “Fire Watch” from 2200 hours to 2300 hours or from 10:00 o’clock to 11:00 o’clock P.M. See I picked up that military jargon even with a hangover. I pulled my tour of Fire Watch and my relief came, reported and we switched. At last – I can sleep. I lay there thinking quite a first day. Partied with my buds, got laid, said goodbye to the family, first plane ride, got my ass chewed out, found out what that white shit was, performed my first detail and now it was time for that much needed sleep. It seems like I had just closed my eyes when I heard those immortal words “FIRE< FIRE< FIRE” get your asses out of here now!!! We were all up and running outside, bumping into each other and trying to line up. As I stood outside in my underwear with flashlight in hand, roll call being taken and sergeants yelling and screaming

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how slow we were and that many of us would have died in that barracks if there had been a real fire. Now get your asses back in there and go to sleep.

**Finally sleep – Yup! One hell of a first day.**



**OVERHEATED**

It was a very hot day in the revetments, 95 degrees, no wind and not a cloud in the sky. I'm wearing the regular Air Force fatigues and the black unventilated combat boots. Even though we were in Vietnam they would not issue us jungle fatigues. We usually would remove the fatigue shirt and work in our t-shirts.

This morning Master Sergeant Badger gets a notice that some big multi-star Air Force General is going to land on our runway and he may or may not tour the flight line. He ordered all of us to dress in “full fatigue uniform” with hat on, long sleeve shirt tucked in and all buttons buttoned up. He did not want the General taxiing down the runway to look out his window and see anyone in a t-shirt.

All day we worked like that. We saw the silver plane land but the General never came to the flight line. We were dying. I thought for sure I was going to pass out from heat stroke before the day was over. The Australians were working right beside us on their B-57s in blue bathing suits and sneakers. I was furious hoping the General would come and chew out Badger for mistreating the men.

Months later at a one year tour at Nakhon Phanom, Thailand I was wearing very comfortable jungle fatigues and cool nylon sided jungle boots and remembering this story and wondering why the Air Force would not give us jungle fatigues back in Phan Rang.

**(This is the 37<sup>th</sup> installment of Larry Theurer's Vietnam saga. I hope you've enjoyed them as much as I have. There is one more left.)**



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We are still in the **Introduction: A Family Perspective** of Joe's book. His wife and kids put down their thoughts of what it was like being a family member of a police officer. Last week Scott opened up and just **his** story will linger with me for a long long time.

***By Debra Kaupa Bruemmer***



When my dad asked me to share my thoughts on growing up and how his career impacted me, nothing of significance came to mind. After thinking about his request a bit longer, two words came to mind: special and normal. These two words are antonyms, so let me explain.

The word "special" came to mind as I thought about my family. Because everyone in our small town knew my dad, it made me feel unique compared to my friends. The word "normal" came to mind as I thought about my childhood. We lived in a close knit neighborhood in which all the kids played together and roamed from yard to yard. We even played kickball and other games in the street. I never once wished my dad had a different occupation. He made our community a better place to live. He treated everyone with respect and fairness, had the uncanny ability to read a person's true character, looked for the good in people, and believe that a police officer should be visible in the community. My dad was a great police officer in every sense and I was always proud of him.

I sometimes thought my parents felt it was difficult for us kids having a cop for a dad when we were teenagers but I never felt that way. Simply stated, being a teenager is difficult no matter the occupation of your parent. What I do believe is that having a dad as a police officer exposed me to situations that made me a better person. Below are a few memorable events I recall, though the facts may have become a bit fuzzy over the years:

Receiving a mysterious gift just prior to Christmas was exciting for us kids. One night a few weeks before Christmas, the doorbell rang and we kids bolted from the bed sure it was Santa. My dad opened the door to find a gift sitting on the front step, all of us kids were excited. My dad opened it up and inside was a Miss Piggy poster. I thought it was cute and did not understand why my dad was so furious. I never saw the poster after that

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night and it wasn't until years later that I understood the derogatory meaning behind the poster. As an adult, I know there were people who did not like or respect my dad because of his job; however, while I was growing up my parents sheltered us from those situations.

Having siblings took on a new meaning at our house. My parents took in foster kids while I was growing up and I specifically recall five children who lived with us. My dad always said dealing with crimes against children were the most difficult for him, and I believe this moved the hearts of my parents to open our family home to children in need. At times it was difficult because I had to share my bedroom, toys, and even my parents attention. As I look back, I realize that the small sacrifices I made had a profound impact on the lives of the kids who came to live with us. The act of giving to others was something my parents tried to instill in us kids.

Stealing from the chief of police was not a smart thing to do. My dad had purchased an 8-track tape player for the family station wagon in preparation for a long car trip. About a week before our trip, one of the foster kids living with us borrowed the station wagon to go out with friends. The next morning, my dad noticed the tape player had been stolen and he was extremely angry. After a discussion with the foster child, my dad made a phone call to a high school boy and suggested he help locate his stolen tape player. Within an hour, there was a knock on the door and a group of high school boys handed dad his tape player. The boys said that they took care of the problem and assured my dad it would not happen again. I was too young to know the boys, but I do know it took safety in numbers to return the stolen property to my dad.

Camping was a family pastime when I was young. We spent weekends traveling to various campgrounds with other families. Later in life I understood my parents interest in camping; it enabled my dad to have some anonymity. He was able to relax and not worry about being approached by someone he had dealings with as a police officer. My family may not have attended some community events, fairs or parades like my friends but my parents provided us other fun opportunities.

Attending a robbery on Christmas Eve left a lasting impression on me. One Christmas Eve after our family was done Celebrating my dad received a call about a robbery at the local Church rectory. I was in high school and my dad let me come along. During the midnight service, someone had broken into the rectory and stole the collection money from the earlier service. I was shocked that someone would steal from a church especially

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on that specific night.

Dating was bit interesting, but I am sure it was harder on my dad than on me. My dad knew more about people than was healthy for a parent when it came to dealing with a daughter and dating. I will not speak of all the dating situations but will share my most important dating experience. I remember when my parents first met my husband whom I have been married to for twenty-five years. He was from a neighboring Town, and dad said to me his name sounded familiar. My first thought was "oh great" because I was sure my dad had checked out every boy I dated. This one passed the "dad test" and we were married four years later.

Eating dinner was a bit different at our house. I grew up eating dinner during shift change which meant that, if there were no sensitive topics to be discussed, the cop working the night shift would stand in our kitchen and talk with my dad while we ate dinner. This seemed normal to me; all the police officers seemed like an extension of my family. The first time I realized this was a bit "strange" was when my boyfriend (who I eventually married) had dinner with my family and afterwards asked if this happened every night.

While growing up I viewed my life as "normal," or at least what I considered normal. I never once wished my dad was not a cop; I always felt it to be of an honor. I now have a son looking to follow in his grandpa's footsteps to become a police officer. I still feel this is a very honorable profession, and my husband and I are proud of his direction in life. I am fortunate to have parents who were good role models. My dad was a good police officer and my mom enabled him to be great police officer by providing him a much needed support system. To echo an old adage, "you can choose friends but you cannot choose family," and I have been blessed with a great family.

***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](#)

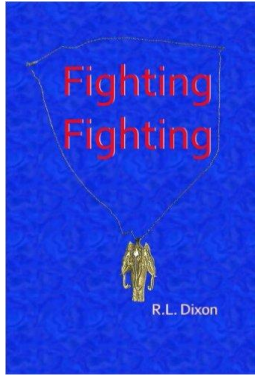
**Jack Anderson:** [Vietnam Remembrances](#)

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**“Stories worth telling”**



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

**Robert Chappelle:** [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 [Boyd: 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.**

**David McGaughey:** I just made my reservations for the reunion next year in OKC. I hope this one will be as good as the rest have been.



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"The habit of always putting off an experience until you can afford it, or until the time is right, or until you know how to do it is one of the greatest burglars of joy. Be deliberate, but once you've made up your mind - jump in."  
-- Charles R. Swindoll

**2016 Reunion Information**

First of all I need to apologize for the initial problems that some of you had trying to book outside of the block and still receive the reunion rate. The hotel assures me that is fixed and what that means is that the reunion rates will be available 3 days prior and 3 days after the event dates of 6-8 Oct. I know it's very early yet but if you are even tentatively planning on attending the reunion **please make your hotel reservations now**. The reason for doing that is to help insure that everyone that wants to can stay at the reunion hotel and get the reunion rates can do so. To help explain it we have blocked a certain number of rooms for the 'core block' dates of 6 through 8 October 2016. The sooner in the year that it looks like we will exceed that block I can negotiate with the hotel to increase the block based on room availability. Naturally closer to the event, it will be harder to do that because even though it is a very large hotel everything could be booked up so as we say in Oklahoma "Go Sooners".

I will be putting out more information about the hotel and the area in future issues and even doing a reunion special but now I just wanted to discuss with you about other hotels in the downtown area for those that may not want to stay at the reunion hotel. There are a lot of hotels in the downtown area, which includes the Bricktown Entertainment area. I suspect that the room rates are comparable to our reunion rate, but I don't know for sure. If anyone wants me to check that out, please let me know and I'll go to all of the hotels and check that information for you. The ONLY problem that I could see about the hotel that I selected is that for people staying at other properties, unless they are in walking distance, will have to pay for parking at the hotel or other paid parking areas when they come to the Sheraton.

**[Click here to make your hotel reservations.](#)**

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