

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

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Phan Rang AB News No. 93

**“Stories worth telling”**

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**Phan Rang Airman Works with**

**ROKs** (*Seventh Air Force News  
October 22, 1969*)

By Maj. John Tabor

**PHAN RANG** - When asked what it was like working with the Republic of Korea Army's "White Horse" Division in the Republic of Vietnam, a 35th Security Police Squadron airman here exclaimed: "I've never seen anything like the Koreans. They are dedicated and efficient - they really get in there and do the job right."

AIC Richard M. Monahan serves as liaison agent between the 35th SPS and the local element of the Korean division.

The Koreans are an infantry unit that shares responsibility for the



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protection of Phan Rang AB. This calls for close coordination between the U.S. Air Force security police units, Military Assistance Command, Vietnam advisers, and Republic of Vietnam regular, regional and popular forces. Much of this coordination is performed by Airman Monahan and two other airmen.

One of the three airmen is always on duty with the Korean unit. "Often, when we're on security sweeps, we eat and sleep with them," he said.

Airman Monahan claims he speaks enough Korean to get by. He says his biggest problem with the language is the endings of words. "Every Korean officer or noncommissioned officer, because of their differences in rank, requires a slightly different inflection to the word 'sir,' and one has to be very careful to get it right," he explained.

When queried as to why the Koreans were so successful against the VC, Airman Monahan offered this: "It is their strict discipline up and down the line. They know they can count on each other when the going gets rough."

Leaving shortly for an assignment at Lockbourne AFB, Ohio, Airman Monahan agreed the town patrol back in Ohio is going to seem pretty dull compared to his job with the Koreans.

**'The nearest thing to eternal life  
we will ever see on this earth  
is a government program.'**

- Ronald Reagan

**Rocky and Stony Guard the Line** (*Phan Fare, The Phan Rang Weekly, November 1, 1967*)



A pair of workers known as Rocky and Stony are spearheading a campaign against FOD (foreign object damage).

Col Michael Pashkevich, 46, from Tucson, Ariz., is the man behind the project, which is designed to keep stray rocks and other foreign objects off the flightline.

The two Vietnamese workers are stationed at brightly-painted stations on the two main roadways to the flightline. When a vehicle drives up, they inspect the tires to make sure no rocks are embedded in the tread.

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Their fight against foreign objects is dramatized by their colorful uniforms, which include yellow helmets and orange jackets with their campaign nicknames printed on them.

“It makes people conscious that the flightline is to be a constant state of readiness,” said the colonel, a veteran of 27 years military service.

“I get comments (on Rocky and Stony) from every visiting dignitary that comes through here,” he added.

A stray rock or piece of metal on the flightline can spell disaster for jet engines if it gets sucked into the intake scoops.

“Engine foreign object damage here is practically nil,” said colonel Pashkevich. For six of the first nine months of '67, the 35<sup>th</sup> TFW has achieved a zero rate on such damage.

An FOD program created by the officer at Davis-Monthan AFB, Arizona was picked as one of the eight best in the Air Force last year.

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I am grateful for what I am and have. My thanksgiving is perpetual. ~Henry David Thoreau

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**MOVIE SCHEDULE**  (Phan Fare, Nov 1, 1967)

TONIGHT: TV Series

FRI: Deadly Affair

SAT: Frankie and Johnnie

**Experience Important** (*Seventh Air Force News, April 9, 1969*)

**PHAN RANG** — "Experience is the best teacher" reads an old axiom, but "Experience makes the best teacher" is the proven fact behind the selection of instructors for the 504th Theater Indoctrination School (TIS) at Phan Rang Air Base, Vietnam.

It is here that all forward air controllers (FACs) newly arrived in Vietnam receive the fundamentals of their trade.

Their instructors come from flying backgrounds as varied as can be found in Vietnam. There is only one thing they have very much in common — experience.

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All FAC instructors are combat veterans, having about half a year's practical experience in Vietnam before being selected.

The instructors are drawn from all areas of Vietnam. They are highly qualified pilots but, more important, they are experienced FACs, hand-picked to instruct tactics and procedures to controllers just arriving in Vietnam.

As a group, the FAC instructors have more than 10,000 combat hours — nearly 500 hours per man.

Most of this combat time has been spent at very low altitudes, highly vulnerable to ground fire. Because of this experience, the instructors are able to instill confidence and professionalism into the new FACs who will be controlling air strikes in the months to come.

*“In daily life we must see that it is not happiness that makes us grateful,  
but gratefulness that makes us happy.” ~David Steindl-Rast*

**PACAF Cites Spooky Pilot** (*Seventh Air Force News, April 9, 1969*)



**Maj. Frank D. Reeder is believed to be in the center talking with his fellow officers on his right. (Picture by Bruce Maine)**

**NHA TRANG**—An Air Force AC-47 Spooky pilot here received the coveted Pacific Air Forces Able Aeronaut Award for his outstanding airmanship in skillfully coping with a critical inflight emergency.

Maj. Frank D. Reeder, Shreveport, La., assigned to the 14th Special Operations Wing received the award for bringing in his AC-47 Dragonship after it was involved in a mid-air collision with a combat damaged aircraft.

The incident took place when Major Reeder and

his "Spooky" crew were flying combat air patrol south of Bien Hoa AB. The collision seriously damaged the aircraft.

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"Only two strands of the seven strand elevator cable were intact," said Major Reeder, "and if they broke, we really would have had it."

Quickly following the impact, Major Reeder regained control of the aircraft and determined that an emergency landing could be made at Bien Hoa.

With 350 combat hours in the AC-47, Major Reeder guided the aircraft to a straight in, no flap approach.

As the aircraft settled, the right gear collapsed and the aircraft ran off the runway. It then burst into flames, but an HH-43B "Pedro" helicopter crew directed fire suppression, allowing the crew to escape the aircraft without injuries or burns.

"My entire crew was outstanding," commented Major Reeder. "They remained calm under these hectic conditions and without the excellent emergency crew coordination the situation could have been a lot worse."

**...and here's another article about the same event.**

**PACAF Cites Pilot** (*Pacific Stars & Stripes, Monday, March 31, 1969.*)

**NHA THANG**, Vietnam (Special) — An Air Force AC-47 Spooky pilot, hero has received the coveted Pacific Air Forces Able Aeronaut Award for his outstanding airmanship in skillfully coping with a critical inflight emergency.

Maj, Frank D. Reeder, 37, with the 14th Special Operations Wing, received the award for bringing in his AC-47 Dragons-ship after it was involved in a midair collision with a combat-damaged aircraft.

The incident took place while Reeder and his "Spooky" crew were flying a combat air patrol south- of Bien Hua AB.

"Only two strands of the seven-strand elevator cable were intact." said Reeder, "and if they broke, we really would have had it."

Immediately after the impact, Reeder regained control of the aircraft and prepared for an emergency landing at Bien Hoa.

With 350 combat hours in the AC-47, Reeder guided the aircraft to a straight-in, no-flap approach.

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"My entire crew was outstanding," commented Reeder. "They remained calm under these hectic conditions and without the excellent emergency crew coordination the situation could have been a lot worse."

**'If we ever forget that we're one nation  
under GOD, then we will be a nation  
gone under.'**

-Ronald Reagan

**Bobcats Help Army** (*Seventh Air Force News, April 9, 1969*)



**PHAN RANG** — "The Army commander was in his chopper saying, 'there are troops all over the place down here, come back in,' " recounted Capt. William M. Lamos, Long Lake, N.Y.

A member of the 615th Tactical Fighter Squadron "Bobcats," Phan Rang AB, Captain Lamos was describing a strike in the Mekong Delta area of South Vietnam.

"As we made our passes, the Army commander was in his chopper going in and checking the results after each pass. He was pretty enthused. He told us that on our first two passes we had gotten four of the enemy, and after our last pass, he said we killed 12 more."

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**Safety Is Your Job** (*Phan Fare, The Phan Rang Weekly, November 1, 1967*)

Every time I pass the base salvage yard, I ask myself if there is some way we could have saved the many vehicles there. Transportation is of paramount importance to the accomplishment of our mission for reasons too obvious and numerous to get into here.

There are several ways that we can all contribute to cost effectiveness and mission accomplishment where vehicle use is concerned. First drive only on paved roads unless an

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unpaved one is the only access to your destination. Second no matter where you drive, observe the posted speed limits. Third make sure your vehicle is kept in good operating condition. Don't let the little things slide; make sure your vehicle is turned in for repairs when necessary.

Safety is every bit as important here as it is in the United States. We have a limited number of vehicles and parts are often difficult to obtain. We cannot afford to be deprived of vehicles because of carelessness or recklessness.

Since January 1, 1967, we have had 26 reportable vehicle accidents resulting in a direct dollar loss of almost \$12,000. A dozen vehicles have been retired to the salvage yard beyond repair.

It is the responsibility of each supervisor and each vehicle operator to practice safety, as well as preach it. Our performance in this area calls for improvement. As wing commander, I will continue to stress it.

**Col. James A. Wilson, commander**  
**35<sup>th</sup> Tactical Fighter Wing**

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*"Acknowledging the good that you already have in your life is the foundation for all abundance." -- Eckhart Tolle*

**Bob Hope Doubts He'll get to go to Hanoi** (Daily Redlands Facts, Redlands, California, Friday, December 24, 1971)

BANGKOK (UPI-Comedian Bob Hope said tonight he has received support for his plan to visit Hanoi to try to negotiate the release of American prisoners of war.

But Hope told UPI he had received no indication so far that North Vietnam would be willing to give him the visa he needs to carry out his plan.

"No, I have heard nothing," Hope said in his hotel room shortly after returning from South Vietnam where he staged a Christmas show for American GI's. 'I am still waiting. I am hopeful something can be worked out."

Hope said he had received indications that leaders in the American automobile industry in the United States would be willing to support his project by helping raise money for it.

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He said he had received no word from President Nixon or any other U.S. government official since he disclosed his plan to try to get to Hanoi.

"No, I have not heard from any officials," Hope said. "It was a big surprise to (presidential advisor Henry) Kissinger."

Asked if he thought there was a chance the North Vietnamese would agree to his proposed trip, Hope said, "I am going to church to pray. Please keep your fingers crossed."

Hope said he and his troupe are scheduled to leave Bangkok Sunday but he would alter his schedule if he receives permission to go to Hanoi."

At Camp Eagle in South Vietnam, Hope said he wanted to take his entire show to North Vietnam, but estimated the odds on getting a visa were "very long."

"I'd like to take as many people as I could," Hope told newsmen after his second Vietnam show of the current tour. "I'd like to entertain the prisoners, and meet a couple of people and negotiate a deal for their release."

The ski-nosed entertainer requested the visa at an 85-minute meeting with a North Vietnamese diplomat in Vientiane, Laos, Thursday afternoon.

"If we get lucky enough, we'll get a visa to Hanoi," Hope said. "There was no decision made. In fact, I would say the odds are very long."

Hope said he had discussed an "exchange" to win the release of the prisoners from North Vietnam.

"We talked about an exchange, with the children of America working up a fund to give to the children of North Vietnam. We talked about a people to people fund also."

He refused to discuss many of the details of the discussion "because it might hurt the chance of getting a visa."

He said Thursday, however, that he had discussed the figure of \$10 million to win the prisoners' release in his dealings with the North Vietnamese diplomat.

Hope said jokingly that he did not think the 75 members of his Christmas show would want to go with him to Hanoi, should the North Vietnamese grant visas. They put up an immediate protest.

"No," he said, "they would love to go. It would be the greatest thing in the world if it happened."

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Hope, currently on his 8th tour of Vietnam and in his 30th year of entertaining GIs for Christmas, performed for 8,500 members of the 101st Airborne Division at Camp Eagle today, and for the first time in Vietnam there were empty seats in the amphitheater.

"I was thrilled to see some empty seats," said Hope, referring to the fact it meant that American withdrawals from the war zone had cut down his audience.

"It would be nice to come back here to play to an empty house some time."

At today's performance, second of three shows in Vietnam, a GI held up a sign that read, "Bob Hope for Vice President."

Hope cracked that he could never be vice president. "I've never hit anyone with a golf ball in my life."

For the first time in weeks, Camp Eagle was bathed by brilliant sunshine for the Hope show.

"Cardinal Terence Cooke must have been here ahead of me," he told the GIs.

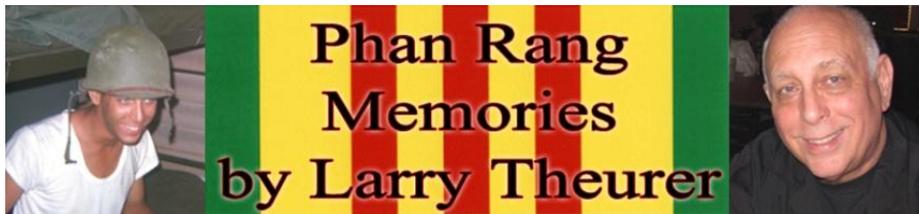
The show was attended by U.S. Pacific commander Adm. John S. McCain, whose son is among the 343 prisoners the Communists admit to holding in North Vietnam, and other generals.

**RED CROSS CENTER**

(Fan Fare, November 1, 1967)

TONITE: SNAKE SHOW 7:30

Come and learn about snakes that abound in this area. Bring your camera-excelled opportunity for close-up shots.



**"NO SWEAT"**

On my day off, a beautiful 80+ degree day, I hopped the shuttle truck to the Phan Rang beach alone. When I arrived at the spectacular pure white sand, next to the fascinating paddies where black pajama white conical hat people were mining sea salt, it was deserted. Only one other person was there, an American, sunbathing on a 12 foot square raft floating about 40 feet from

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the shore, directly out in front of where I sat down on the warm sand. I'm sitting there enjoying the Sun, there was no wind and the South China Sea was totally calm and flat with no surf.

Ten minutes later a very lovely twenty something Vietnamese girl approached down the beach on my left. She spreads out her towel on the sand about 30 feet from me, set her bag on it and entered the water. She began a very slow leisurely breast stroke swimming parallel to the shore between me and the fellow on the dock.

As she crossed the dock on my left side slowly paddling with her eyes half closed and a blissful smile on her face, on my right I saw something that shocked me. Jellyfish, six of them, coming in toward the shore big opaque white blobs. Five were the size of exercise balls and the lead one the size of a small kitchen table. It was sticking a foot and a half up above the water. I did not know that Jellyfish were self propelled, I thought they just floated, but there was very little breeze or waves and yet these were slowly heading together, the big one leading and the others following in a line moving almost at the speed of the girl. They were coming in on the right side of the dock and clearly would intercept the girl at a 45 degree angle. The guy on the dock who had been very engrossed in watching the girl, saw the expression on my face and turned to see what I was looking at. When he saw the jellyfish he jumped up and began yelling to the girl “Watch out girl, jellyfish!”.

She completely ignored him and kept on slowly paddling across the water in front of the dock. I was wondering how are we going get treatment for this girl for jellyfish stings and how could I enter jellyfish water to rescue her. The guy went into a panic, jumping up and down, flailing his arms, screaming. She again totally ignored him. I began to think something's amiss here. Either she is deaf or since she was born and raised here maybe she knows something we don't know.

The guy by now was apoplectic screaming at her. The girl stopped paddling, glanced at him with a look that said "I can't believe this idiot American is interrupting my wonderful swim", then incredibly turned and began swimming directly toward the big lead jellyfish. My jaw popped open so far I think it hit the sand. As me and the other guy watched in horror, she swam right up to the three times her size jellyfish, raised her dainty little arm, made a fist, yelled to the guy on the dock "NO SWEAT, NO BITE" and BIFF!!!, she pounded the jellyfish right on top it's head so hard that if it had a face you would have seen it's expression of "ouch". She then turned and with a smirk on her face, continued her swim probably hoping no more dumb-assed G.I.s would annoy her. The dock guy sat down in shame with a total embarrassed red face. I would have laughed at him but I was still in complete shock at what she had done.

The End

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**(This is the 38<sup>th</sup> and last installment of Larry Theurer’s Vietnam saga. I hope you’ve enjoyed them as much as I have. I’ll have to do a special of “The Best of Larry Theurer” in the future.)**



We are still in the **Introduction: A Family Perspective** of Joe’s book. His wife and kids put down their thoughts what it was like being a family member of a police officer.

**By: Amy Kaupa Petersen**



**Amy Kaupa Petersen**

When dad asked us kids to write about what it was like growing up with a Chief of Police for a dad, I was not quite sure where to start. I do not remember talking much about it with my brother or sisters because it was just how life was, and, to be honest, I thought it was awesome! I felt so proud, safe, and well known in Plainview.

In my eyes growing up, dad was respected and appreciated by everyone in Plainview. He may have been a little guy, but he always solved crimes and got to the bottom of issues that were brought to him. Dad was always seen out and about in the community. He was always up at school. Making his presence known to the kids was very important to him, and some may not have liked him, but he always had their respect. He would hand out

football cards, and some kids even got

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Hubba Bubba bubble gun from him. Now at age forty-two, I know things were not always as peachy and sweet as I thought, and not everyone adored and respected my father the way I thought they did. He took a lot of difficult things from people, but no matter what he stood his ground and did the honest thing. To me that is what a good police chief or any police officer should do. These days there is not much respect for police officers by adults and children. I hope that changes because my dad put his life on the line every single day and had the backs of each one of his officers. It did not matter to him if he knew that someone and they broke the law, and he had to follow the law and do what, was right and just. To be in a small community such as Plainview and knowing all of the towns people had to be so very hard. I think about all of the times my dad had to go to somebody's home and tell them their loved one had been killed or passed away. How heart wrenching that had to have been for him. Many do not think about that side of the job, but we living with him saw it each and every day. He hid a lot of the tough parts of the job from us kids. As we grew older, mom and dad would tell us stories of the past, and, WOW!, if people only knew . . .

To this day I get such a "high" when hearing how things work in the justice system, and I always want to know more. Hearing how the prisons operate just intrigues me, and I am trying to get my sister Katie to take me on a tour of one. She is an Assistant County Attorney in a county in northern Minnesota, and I am hoping she can pull it off. Growing up, I thought I should be a social worker, but my parents always said I have too soft of a heart for the job; I would end up bringing all the children home with me. I also told myself I would marry a police officer. Why? Because to me my dad was a super hero. He always made me feel safe, protected, and loved.

I could go on and on with stories from my past, most of them from my high school years. We were blessed, our mom was able to work at home doing daycare. Mom was the foundation of our family. She ran the house and kids while dad worked. Supper time at the Kaupa house was shift change with my dad getting off the day shift and another officer going on the night shift. Dad would fill him in on what was taking place in town, and, yes, sometimes us kids would have to leave the room. My friends thought I knew everything going on in the town, but we were removed from the kitchen more often than not. Later I would ask dad questions but would never get very far. As a kid I always thought it was funny that dad was off at night, but he would always, and I mean always, get phone calls. They would start as soon as 7:00 p.m., and it was nothing for our phone to ring at 1:00 a.m. to 2:00 a.m., and my dad would get dressed and he would be gone. Friends have no idea how scary that was. I would lay in bed and hear my mother preach to my dad to put on his bullet proof vest, and dad would always say he didn't need it. Eventually he would put it on, but not without disagreement first. In the back of my head I always wondered if this would be the last time I heard my dad's voice. I cannot imagine how my mom felt. Looking back today, I wish I would have asked my mom more often how she

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was doing or how what she was feeling. Dad may have handed the reins off to someone else at 6:00 p.m., but his job never ended. Some weekends we would leave town to go camping, and he still would get phone calls. I now see why dad was gray and balding at such a young age.

When I was around twelve years old, my dad was called out one early Saturday evening, when he was off, due to a domestic dispute taking place over in Elgin. Like every other call, he took off in a flash, and I said a prayer. The next day all I heard about the situation was that dad and his officers had taken care of the problem. I thought, Way to go, dad! A few days later I heard bits and pieces of a conversation my mom and dad were having, and then dad said he needed to go down to Papa and Granny's house right away. I wanted to go, but was told I couldn't. Here the Plainview News was reporting in that week's paper a story of what had happened that day in Elgin. All I remember hearing is that some guy had put a shotgun to my dad's head, and eventually my dad was able to talk the man into putting the gun down. He needed to tell his dad and mother before they read it in the paper. Granny would have been horrified, to say the least. From that day on, I had a sick feeling in my stomach each and every time dad had to go on a call, especially in the middle of the night. I also remember a time there was a robbery at the First National Bank in Plainview. We had guys from the FBI coming for meals at our house that were working on the case with my dad, and they would talk how they were going to catch the criminal. It was the coolest thing ever. I won't bore you with the details other than to say they again caught the bad guy! Thinking back now, I have no idea how my mom ever did it. There were people coming and going from our house for meals and she never complained and hardly showed stress. Thank goodness Grandma Passe taught her to always make extra food just in case!

My dad directed traffic up at the school helping kids to get across the highway and get the buses unloaded and loaded. This happened each morning before school and in the afternoon when school was out. In the dead of winter there would be mounds of snow piled up in the middle of the street and he would make his way up to the top of the snow pile and direct traffic from there, otherwise they would never see him. On really old days I would hop in the police car after school and he would give me a ride home. I will never forget one cold, snowy winter day. Dad had just finished directing traffic and got into the police car, wiping the snow from his face when a call came across his radio. There was a vehicle accident out on Highway 42 by the Good Shepherd Church with injured people. I was ready to jump out of the police car, when it charged forward, the lights come to life, the sirens started to blare, and dad said "Buckle your seat belt and hold on tight." I never said a word and did what I was told, but, to honest with you, I was scared to death. We were flying down the residential streets of Plainview, and before I knew it we were on Highway 42 roaring towards the accident. I had no idea the cop car could go that fast—and did I mention the roads were terrible? At the scene of the accident, dad

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jumped out of the car to help the injured, and there I sat. I just sat there and did not move a muscle. I watched all the action taking place right in front of me, but what I really wanted to do was get in the thick of it.

One Christmas Eve there was a terrible snow storm that hit Plainview. As always, dad took the calls in order to allow his officers to have time off and spend the holiday with their families. That night he yet was called out again. A couple was stranded in their vehicle outside of town. When he returned home he had two complete strangers with him that were thankful to have a warm place to spend Christmas Eve. This was just the way dad was, so caring and willing to do anything for anybody.

He also taught his officers to do the same. Back in the day, everyone of my dad’s officers waved and made their presence known throughout the community. I wish it were like that now, not just in Plainview, but in every town. I wave at police officers now in Rochester or wherever I may be and they look at me like I am weird or something. Just a few months ago I was in Rochester for an appointment with my mom. As we walked by two police officers, my mom said, "Thank you for your service". They both just looked at her like she was crazy. One finally said thank you, but we could see he was shocked. I wonder why people do not have more respect for them, but I think in order to receive respect, you need to give it. It goes both ways. Why don't kids respect police officers anymore? Maybe it's because they need to be more friendly, open, and seen around in the schools more frequently. I feel a lot of grade school kids are afraid of police officers and the high school kids are blasé. If my son waves or say "hi" to them, a lot of times he gets nothing in return.

Back in my high school days, there were so many groups of kids: the popular, the drinkers, the brains, the athletes, etc. Usually a kid fit into one of the groups, and that is who they'd run around with. I got along with most all of them. Sure I had my main group of friends, but I mingled and talked to everyone. The ones I was least closest to were the drinkers. Why? Well, of course it was because I knew where the next big weekend party was going to be taking place, then the cops were sure to show up. Little did they know the cops seemed to know, before a lot of the kids did. I have no idea how that happened, but my dad seemed to know it all. To this day I still don't know how he found out all he did when we kids were younger.

I learned so much from my mom and dad, but honesty and respect were highest on the list, and I did not want to do anything to let down or disappoint my parents. That reminds me of a funny story a few nights before my senior prom. We had just finished eating and Scott and Debra had left the room. I sat and stared at my mom and dad and then blurted out something I had wanted to talk to them about but did not have the nerve to. I asked them if I could drink on prom night. If I could only have taped my parents' reaction, I am sure we could have been in

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one of the "priceless" commercials! Dad said, if you are asking for my permission, the answer is no. He said it was just like curfew in town; if he could not enforce it in his own home, how would he be able to do it with the community? To this day my mom and dad still laugh at that story and say they are sure I am probably the only kid to ask her parents if she could drink on prom night! I guess it goes to show just how honest I am and just how much respect I have for my parents.

Having a dad as Chief of Police did have its perks. There were several times after I graduated and moved to the Twin Cities that I threw my dad's name and title around. By no means was I a criminal, but if need be, I would say, "I should call my dad." When asked why, I would say, "because he is the Chief of Police of Plainview." I am not sure about now, but back then police officers protected each other and their families and I for one appreciated that! At times even today I comment on it because for me it is an honor to be able to say my dad was Chief of Police. That reminds me of a Thursday night my roommate and I drove down to Rochester to visit a friend of hers. Back in those days it was cool to cruise up and down Broadway. We had picked her friend up and were driving around when a truck with a bunch of guys started following us. After awhile we drove into a parking lot, and they pulled up next to us. It was warm out so both of my windows were down, and the next thing I knew I got hit in the face by something. Before I had a chance to do something, I was again hit but this time in the head. It happened several more times and before I knew it the truck was gone. I had been hit several times by a paint ball gun. It was red paint so it looked I was a bloody. There was paint all over the inside of my car, and my roommate kept yelling and asking if I was OK. We went to a gas station so I could clean myself up and make sure I was ok. The gas station attendant looked horrified when he saw me. As I walked in, I asked him to call 9-1-1 and went to wash myself off. It took quite a long time for the police officer to show up, and when he did, he was very short with me and actually quite rude. He basically said I probably deserved what I got, and I should just leave it alone. I could not believe it! I did nothing and he was no help at all. I said to the police officer, "I think I best call my dad." By this time it was after 12:30 a.m. Again very rudely he said, "What do you think he will be able to do?" That is when I said, "He is the Chief of Police in Plainview and I think he will be able to help me a lot!" Boy did his personality change quickly. All of a sudden he thought it would be a great idea to start a police report and asked the other police officers on duty to watch out for the white truck with several boys in it. In the end I went home to my parents and told them what had happened to me. My dad was very angry with the way the police officer handled my case and called him. The officer could not have been more friendly, helpful, and apologetic to my dad. After that happened and I had time to sit and reflect on the situation, it made me feel bad for their kids that did not have a dad as a Chief Of Police. If it weren't for my dad, I truly feel my case would have been brushed under the carpet.

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When I came home on weekends to visit my parents, I always made my presence know. During the summer, my windows would be down, music would be blaring and I would be singing like no tomorrow. I would drive past Lakeside Packing Company and St. Joachim Church and several times I would find my dad along my path with a vehicle pulled over. He would be standing at the driver's door, and each time I would drive by honking my horn and waving to him. I had to make sure he know his daughter was back in town! I'm not sure whose look was crazier, my dad's or the person he had pulled over. Those nights at the dinner table I would always be told not to drive by honking and waving when he had someone pulled over, but each time something came over me and I just couldn't help myself! I knew deep down no matter what, my dad would still love me.

As I have said since I was little, my dream was to marry a police officer, but God had different plans for me. I met my husband, Tom, in the Cities and it was love at first site. He seemed fine when I told him my dad was the Chief of Police, but when the day came to actually meet him, Tom was scared to death. The drive down from the Cities to my childhood home was a gut wrenching hour and a half for Tom. I kept reassuring him things would be fine. Meeting my dad was the easy part, dealing with my nice and nephews was the hard part. Josh, Tyler and Nicole just loved Tom! The poor guy was smothered by them all day long! Tom and my parents hit it off from day one. He was not a police officer but he was the amazing man that I planned to marry.

Tom's parents have absolutely no idea just what an amazing man, husband, and father he has grown to be. After getting to know Tom, I knew he possessed many of the strong qualities my dad had. One spring weekend Tom and I drove down to Plainview to visit my family. I ended up getting sick and spent the entire weekend miserable on the couch while Tom spent all his time bonding with my dad. They did odd jobs around the house, and, little did I know, while they were greasing the bearings on my parents boat trailer, and I am laying on the couch feeling terrible, Tom asked my dad for permission to marry his daughter. Just a few weeks ago someone was talking about asking a dad for permission to marry his daughter and he said he was so nervous. Tom said, "If the guy thinks he was nervous, imagine what it was like to ask a Chief of Police and his wife for their daughter's hand in marriage . . . now that was scary!" I just laughed and said, "Maybe so but I am so glad you did it."

After we got married, we lived in Plainview, and life as Mr. & Mrs. Tom Petersen was rolling right along. Then we hit a bump in the road. I got pregnant and things were good until I ended up in the hospital. Lots happened during my two month stay at Methodist Hospital in Rochester. Before meeting Tom, I had been diagnosed with Rheumatoid Arthritis. Though it was a very hard time in my life, with the help of my amazing parents, I was able to get back on my feet and back to life in the Cities. But at this time the Mayo Clinic doctors caring for me found

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out it was not Rheumatoid Arthritis, but in fact it was Lupus. My parents and I said, "No it's not." A girl I went to school with in Plainview had Lupus, and she was very sick. It was something I knew very little about, but did I know enough to realize I did not want that diagnosis. Tom, my parents, and my family were my rock through it all. My mom and dad came to visit me in the hospital every other night after work and would usually bring dinner. Tom came every single night but one, when a snowstorm forced us to agree it would be best he stay safe at home. I thank God for my parent's support, not only for me but for Tom. I have always known my mom and dad's love for me and my siblings, but times like that showed me how God could not have given me a better set of parents. With their strong love and support they helped Tom and I day in and day out. During stressful situations my dad's leadership skills just flowed out of him. It did not matter who it was, be it doctors, or nurses, if he had something to say or something he wanted done, he made it happen. Tom told me about the day the doctors said it was time to deliver John Thomas. He and dad both left work for the thirty minute drive to the hospital. My dad said he would drive, and Tom thought what a great idea because Joe could speed and get them there in no time. Much to Tom's dismay, my dad drove fifty-five miles per hour the entire way. I think Tom's thought was it would be a good time for dad to use his badge to his advantage. Tom and I were blessed with a one pound and fifteen ounce baby boy who was thirteen inches long. We hope nobody has to experience what we did, but I will say it only grew the love we have for each other and made our relationship stronger. It also created quite a bond between my husband and parents that to this day continues to grow.

I was so excited to have had a child who would grow up with a grandpa that was Chief of Police. We live only three houses down from my parents and John Thomas loved grandpa's police car. He always had to sit in it or take a ride with grandpa. So, when the day came and my dad said he was going to retire from copping, I remember vividly just how shocked I was. I thought how could this be? If I had my way he would be Chief of Police forever! I know the stress and pressures were not good for my dad, and, yes, it was time for him to hang up his gun belt, but I suffered a big loss when this happened. Mom threw dad a wonderful retirement party. So many people came to thank dad for his service and each one of us kids along with our mom shared some great stories about our dad and the things that touched us during his time as Chief. We had all of the grandkids stand with grandpa for one last picture in front of the police car, and then he took them all for a ride in the country with the lights flashing and the sirens roaring. It still brings tears to my eyes just thinking about it.

It is now 2014 and I am forty-two years old. So much has changed in the world, in my family's life and in the town of Plainview. There is not that respect for Police Officers from kids and adults as there was in the past. My father has since put ten years of service in at Mayo Clinic Rochester and is officially retired along with my mom. I am so glad they both have their health

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and the ability to travel and to finally enjoy each other. Then there is Plainview. I went to school with the current Police Chief. He is a wonderful at his job but, unlike the past when my father was in charge, you do not see officers around town as much, and when you do, they are not very friendly. Out of respect and because I honestly to this day still love police officers, I will always wave to them, but they rarely reciprocate; so wrong in my book. If you want respect from the community and people of the town you are protecting, then you too have to show respect. Something as easy as a smile or a wave is a good place for them to start.

Something else new to me is hearing my dad talk about his service in Vietnam. As I was growing up, I never talked about that with my dad. I can count on one hand the number of times I heard an adult ask him anything about his time in Vietnam. When they did, my dad would look at them, not respond and change the subject. That lead me to believe that subject was off limits. Recently, (meaning the past few years or so), dad has been having conversations about what took place in Vietnam and has reached out to several of his Vietnam military brothers. And now, this book about his life and what he has been through. I can see all of these things are so emotional, heartbreaking and some regretful and yet very therapeutic for my dad. I wish I could take the painful parts of his past away but I can't. Instead I can listen, love and tell him how truly proud I am to have him as my dad. Christmas 2013 my sisters and I bought him, in his honor a paver that will be placed at the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Kellogg, Minnesota. His reaction was overwhelming, and, hopefully, that means he knows just how much he has touched our lives.

Was my life completely different growing up than others my age? Yes and no. I still did what everyone else did, but what was different was when I would get into mischief, I always was the one that got caught! I would not give my past up for anything. For me it was and still is so cool to have my father Chief of Police of our town. My siblings and I are some of the blessed "cop" kids to still have their dad around. It was, is, and will always be an honor for me to say my father was Chief of Police of the city of Plainview. Thank you so very much for your service in the Vietnam War, as a Wabasha County Deputy, and as Plainview Police Chief, but, most of all for being my dad! I could not have asked for a stronger father, role model or super hero! I love you from the bottom of my heart dad!

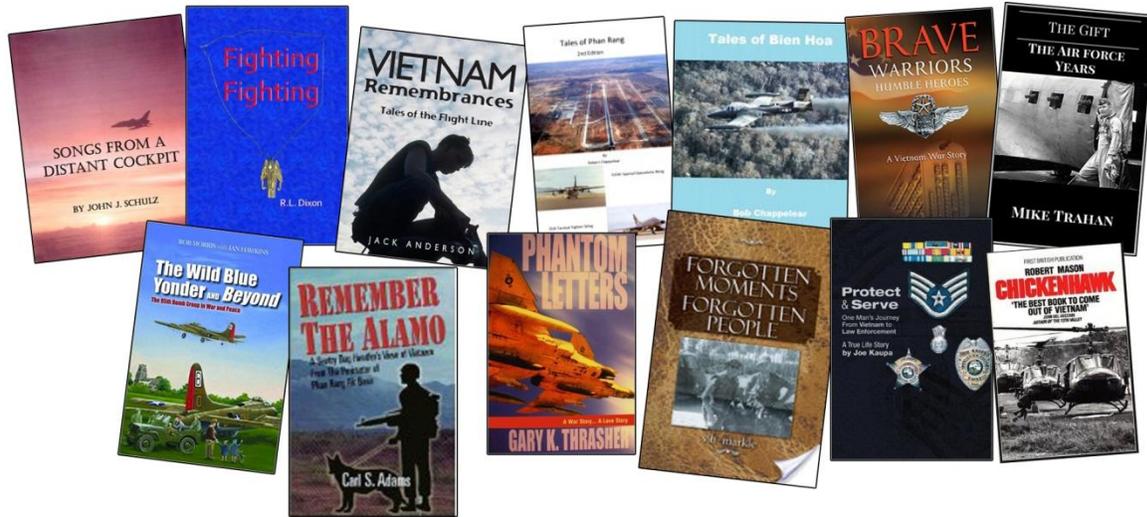
***You too can get an autographed copy directly from the author. Call Joe at 507-534-3303 and arrange to have one shipped directly to you. He sells them for his cost, but they are also available on Amazon at the link below.***

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## **AUTHORS IN OUR MIDST**

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

Dear Phan Rangers, since it's nearly Christmas I'm going to expand this section because it's not too late to get some of these books and believe me they would make wonderful gifts for our children or grandchildren. I don't want to get political here, but it's just my opinion that they don't teach history in schools the way they used to. I'm sure it was an isolated incident, but I saw an interviewer on TV asking a young person if they knew where the Vietnam War was fought; they didn't and guessed it was California. There probably isn't much hope for someone like that, but for our children and grandchildren, wouldn't it be wonderful to give them first hand experiences of what it was like to be a young security policeman guarding the perimeter of a major air base in the middle of the night; crewmen loading bombs on fighters and bombers day after day; crew chiefs launching their planes every day saying a little prayer that they come back safely; experience what it was like to fly a super sabre and learn what it was like to face sudden risks and terror; the trail and tribulations of piloting a Provider all over a war torn country delivering supplies and people.

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

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

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**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 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](#)

**Mason Roberts:** [Chickenhawk: a Shattering Personal Account of the Helicopter war in Vietnam](#)

**John J. Schulz:** [Songs From A Distant Cockpit](#)

A fast-paced and vivid account in prose and poetry that tells the story of a special breed of men—the hand-picked few who led death-defying lives as F-100 Super Sabre pilots. "Songs" is the story of the "Hun Drivers" in war and peace, who flew low and fast between the trees with troops under fire day or night, or spent weeks away from home and family on nuclear alert, hoping that the red phone that signaled WW III would never ring. Their plane was called “The Widow Maker” for good reason, as readers soon learn.

Songs From A Distant Cockpit puts readers in the cockpit with you, and tells how life was for these single-seat, single-engine fighter pilots as they went through flight school, then trained in the “most dangerous plane ever built.” Readers come along as we learned how to fly and fight in it, how to survive in it, and the sudden risks and terrors we all faced too often flying it. If you’ve had kids or friends who wondered "What it's like to fly a close-air-support fighter bombers" in combat in Vietnam, or on other missions that pushed the ragged edges of the flight envelope (with Death an all-too-frequent wingman), they'll vividly understand after reading "Songs." If you have not yet read “Songs,” order it now. This highly acclaimed book uses on-the-scene, at-the-time prose and poetry in a blend said by historians to be unique in books about combat in capturing the feelings and experiences shared by all who took pride in

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their ability to fly “the Hun.” They were few in number, because, with rare exception, only top pilots could become F-100 Super Sabre pilots. Many were the sights they saw, the things they felt, and the terrors that visited so suddenly, when Death came calling—but left again, as suddenly, without a "customer."

**WHAT READERS ARE SAYING ABOUT THIS BOOK**

*I flew fighters for 28 years, including combat tours in Korea in F84's and Viet Nam in F100's and this is the best description of what a fighter pilot is and what makes him that way that I have ever read. I am not an avid reader, but enjoy reading books about flying and this is absolutely great!*

-- Ira T. Holt, USAF (Ret.)

*I'm not a pilot, but now I've flown the "Hun," I've lived in the Bien Hoa hootches and flown as a warrior in places I still can't find on a map. John Schulz writes that well. His poetry and devotion to his wife and the pilots with whom he flew make for a compelling read. It's a fun read, an informative read and a fast read. He makes it real, very real....*

– John Bennett, former AP wire service senior executive and VP

*This is not just another “I did this” book; it is a reflection of the core values of the officers who flew the missions assigned with dedication and élan, oblivious to the risk of life and limb. As a long-time fighter pilot who flew frequently in Vietnam with incredibly talented then-Captain John Schulz, who shared his combat flying poetry with us as it was written, I strongly endorse this wonderful book! The “songs” from his (still vibrant for me) “distant cockpit” come from his heart and show the passion and intellect of “fighter jocks” that are often buried in the macho ethic we showed the outside world. Read and savor this tome of personal and song-filled reflection.*

– Gary Tompkins, Col., USAF (ret.) fellow Diceman, "Misty 4"

*“We were unsure what to expect but from the first minute we got there (reunion) it was as if we had known all 140 some people in attendance. When in truth we had never met any of them before. We spent three days with the men and women who we just met*

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*and left with a group of new friends we will never forget.”*

*Joe & Nancy Kaupa*



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

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