

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

Phan Rang AB News No. 94

"Stories worth telling"

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WELCOME TO HAPPY VALLEY

by John M. DeCillo

Welcome to all of you who have found your way back to the Happy Valley. This valley has no bombs, jet fuel, broken parts or Rice Bugs. This valley has no Honey Buckets or chow line it also has no guard towers and snarling k9's. There are no ammo cans or revetments.

"Pedro" doesn't fly over head. There are no emergencies in this valley, no Red Lined faults to be repaired. No "Jammers" or tugs no water Buffalos line trucks. No C-123's to load and send off every morning and then come back home at night.

You won't see Million candle power flares floating under parachutes here. There are no crash trucks, no sirens or "Spooky" shows. There is no red dust to wipe from everything you touch. Here there are no Mama Sans to do the laundry. You won't need to thumb a ride. You won't even find one can of Black Label or Tab in this whole valley. No "Strip here. Hmmm, no "Clap Call" either.

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You can't catch the Cattle Wagon into town or the beach. There won't be any mail call. There won't be any sets of Chocks. No matter how hard you look you won't find a light cart in this Valley. That's right, no Hooches, no cold showers and not a sand bag will you find. Oh, and the smell, you won't smell the smell.

There are memories in this valley. There are old friends in this valley, some whom you haven't seen, thought of or heard from in 50 years. I hope you find and enjoy them in the Happy Valley of our minds.

(Note: This originally appeared in Phan Rang News 2 but I really like it and I thought it was appropriate and worth repeating for the new year and for all the new/old brothers of Happy Valley that have recently been reunited with their brothers in the Happy Valley, Phan Rang AB Facebook group.)

Speedy Horsemen Complete Theatre...In Just 68 Days *(Seventh Air Force News, April 9, 1969)*



The Viking Theatre

PHAN RANG — Personnel at Phan Rang AB recently celebrated the opening of a new 400-seat indoor theatre.

The theatre, called "Viking" by its RED HORSE builders, was designed and constructed in 68 days.

Before a packed house, Lt.

Col. Niels H. Lund, of Sacramento, Calif., commander, 554th Civil Engineer Squadron (Heavy Repair) RED HORSE turned the completed theatre over to Col. Frank L. Gailer Jr., of Arlington, Va., commander, 35th Tactical Fighter Wing, and Col. Robert G. Goold, of Provo, Utah, base commander.

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The opening night audience, made up mostly of RED HORSE construction workers, was told by Gailer that the completion of the theatre "marked a big step forward in the 35th's 'People Program.'"

The program is one designed to provide earliest completion of recreational facilities, second only to the hard-core direct mission support requirements.

Flying AF Medic Hasn't Lost A Patient *(Phan Fare, The Phan Rang Weekly, November 1, 1967)*

Sgt. Thomas C. Petersen, an aeromedical technician who flies with the H-43 “Huskie” helicopters of Detachment One, 38th Air Rescue and Recovery Squadron, Phan Rang, has yet to lose a patient.

A member of the 35th USAF Dispensary, he ministers to battle casualties flown by “chopper” from Phan Rang to the military hospital at Cam Ranh Bay, is on board “Huskies” which go aloft on base exercises and aircraft emergencies and stands ready to accompany helicopter crews into remote areas to rescue downed crewmen.

Several months ago, he aided in the rescue of a Forward Air Controller (FAC shot down ten miles north of the base. The helicopter crew reached the crash scene in less than 15 minutes, and hovered over the survivor at an altitude of 50 feet.

A sling penetrator with 150-feet of cable was lowered. The pilot of the downed plane strapped himself into it and was hoisted aboard the Huskie. Peterson reported that he was suffering from shock and burns. The young medic quickly administered first aid, as the crash victim was flown to this base dispensary.

On Medical evacuation missions to Cam Ranh Bay, patients have sometimes suffered from medical emergencies, such as profuse bleeding and shock, but each time Petersen has succeeded in keeping them alive.

Aboard the chopper, he sees to it that glucose fluids being administered to battle casualties are kept flowing, and handles other duties similar to those of a nurse in a hospital.

“It’s a real gratifying job,” he states.

Three other medics at the dispensary are attached to the helicopter detachment.

The 35th USAF Dispensary is headed by Maj. Charles R. O’Briant.

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Phan Rang Rolls Back Gates for Civic Leaders' Base Tour *(Seventh Air Force News, April 9, 1969)*

PHAN RANG—Thirty area province and village civic leaders have a better understanding of tactical air power following a day-long visit to Phan Rang AB.

The visiting group were the guests of Col. Frank L. Gailer Jr., Arlington, Va., commander, 35th Tactical Fighter Wing.

It was the first time that a community relations program bringing local civilian leaders to the base had been held in the three-year history of Phan Rang AB.

The activities included a static display of base primary mission aircraft including an F-100 Supersabre, a B-57 Canberra, a C-123 Provider, and a OV-10 Bronco.

The civic leaders' itinerary followed with a slide briefing on the base mission, facilities, and tactical airpower used in Vietnam.

T.V Log Channels 11-78 AFVN-TV

Wednesday March 27, 1968

1:30 Shiftworkers Matinee
6:35 Previews & News Briefs
6:40 Alfred Hitchcock
7:30 News
8:00 Bell Telephone Hour
8:50 The Fugitive
9:40 Green Acres
10:05 Perry Mason
10:55 Late News

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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 Lehman is currently wrapping up his tour as chief of the tactical unit operations center of the 35th 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 it 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.

As he prepared to depart for the United States, the veteran pilot 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 being assigned to a new location 60 miles north of the base.

FREE BIRTHDAY STEAK

Beginning April 15th 1968, personnel stationed at Phan Rang AB, will be given a party during their birthday month, at the Food Services Sq. patio.

Personnel will be served a charcoal broil steak, French fries, tossed salad and a beverage.

All personnel must show proof of birth during the month and they must sign-up at the Red Cross Center not later than the 7th of the month for their dinner.

Guest will be served dinner by the Food Services Personnel.

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

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. Boulter, Bangor, Maine, first sergeant of the 35th Security Police Squadron. Sergeant Boulter 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 Boulter, "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. Boycks, Oshkosh, Wis.," continued Sergeant Boulter. "He wrote home to his family telling them about the orphanage. They organized a drive and got all the clothing we brought today — and there is more on the way from the states."

Aiding Sergeant Boulter 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.

T.V Log Channels 11-78 AFVN-TV

Wednesday March 28, 1968

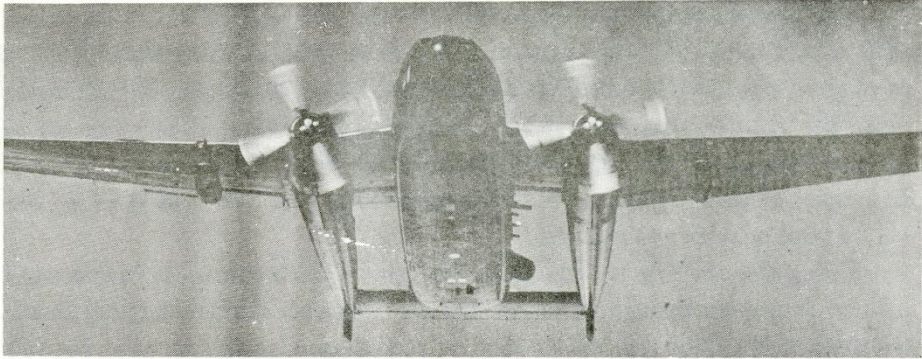
1:30 Shiftworkers Matinee
6:35 Previews & News Briefs
6:40 Jerry Lewis
7:30 News
8:00 Dean Martin
8:50 Big Valley
9:40 Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea
10:30 Third Man
10:55 Late News

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**"Stories worth telling"
A psychological warfare pamphlet**

MƯA ĐẠN GIEO CHẾT CHÓC



ĐÂY LÀ PHÓNG PHÁO CƠ AC-119 VỮA TẤN CÔNG CÁC BẠN

Các bạn cán binh trong hàng ngũ Cộng Sản,
Các bạn vừa bị phóng pháo cơ AC-119 tấn công như vũ bão. Loại phóng pháo cơ cận chiến này được trang bị 2 đại bác cỡ 20 ly và 4 tiểu liên cỡ 7.62 ly xạ tốc của mỗi khẩu là 6.000 viên mỗi phút, đủ để bắn 6 viên đạn vào mỗi thước vuông nơi vị trí trú ẩn của các bạn, trong giây phút. Phi cơ có thể mang một số lớn đạn được đủ để bắn phá quét sạch mục tiêu. Ngoài ra, phi cơ AC-119 còn được trang bị những dụng cụ điện tử tối tân để khám phá, xác định vị trí nơi các bạn ẩn núp, ngay cả vào ban đêm.

Chúng tôi còn tiếp tục tấn công các bạn. Liệu lượt sau các bạn có thoát khỏi tử thần được không? Mong các bạn nên sáng suốt quyết định ra hồi chánh với chính nghĩa Quốc Gia để sớm đem lại cảnh thanh bình cho đất nước và tránh được cái chết khủng khiếp.

4-47-70

"Spooky" AC-47 Dragonship

RVN'S #1 Fly By Night Outfit

We Defend: Outposts • Hamlets • Special Forces Camps
• Ambush Patrols and Any Other TIC

Our 7.62 Devastates: Rubber Trees • Monkeys
Sampan • Ground Markers • Campfires • Water Buffalo

4th SPECIAL OPERATIONS SQUADRON

Call: Da Nang 2425 Daily: 1800-0600

"When You Hurt Enough to Want the Very Best"

This card is a duplicate of a Vietnam Era AC-47 Gunship "business card" created by Spooky personnel - Don Luke, Crew Chief, EN 211

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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 what it was like being a family member of a police officer.

By: Katie Kaupa Nolting

"My dad's The Chief of Police". Not everyone gets to say that. I have always been proud of my dad and everything he has had to give up in order to protect the citizens of Plainview. Not a lot of people would be willing to give up nights, weekends, holidays and family time to put themselves in danger. I can't imagine having to go to a home and tell someone that a loved one has died from a senseless accident or worst.



Katie Kaupa Nolting

Law enforcement officers are a very tight knit community. I knew all the law enforcement officers would be keeping an eye on me, whether I wanted them to or not. Whether it was a visit from the on duty officer, when my parents were gone, "just to check on things" or if something

was wrong, there would always be

someone who would be there to help me. This is the type of childhood I would want everyone to have. I know there are other professions that have a bond as well, however in law enforcement it is different. There is something just inherently closer about a group of people who risk their lives every day and they put their trust in each other that brings them together.

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Children only know the world they grow up in. I always joked that cop's kids are either really, really good or really, really bad. I guess that could be said for any child, but when you are a cop's kid, everything feels like it is out in the open. I somehow always kept this in mind, and tried my hardest to make my parents proud of what I did. Hopefully I succeeded. It wasn't always easy though. While in high school, I honestly thought drinking alcohol only happened on television. Yep, feel free to laugh now. Think about it though, would you invite the Chief of Police's kid to a "kegger"? I have to give my classmates credit though; they did a brilliant job keeping the party information away from me, which was no small feat when you graduate with a class of eighty-five people, the same eighty-five you have known since kindergarten. I was lucky enough to have a great group of friends in high school that I wouldn't have traded for the world.

My parents were really good at ensuring that my dad's job didn't affect the way we grew up. To be honest though, I don't know how it couldn't affect us. I learned at an early age that everyone in our town knew who my dad was, and knew who I was, even if I didn't know them. I also knew that anything I did wrong, even something as simple as riding my bike on the sidewalk, wasn't going unnoticed. I got used of people coming up to me asking how my dad was, and having no clue who these people were. Over time, I got used to it, and learned to just say "he's good!" and walked away. It took some time for me to realize that not everyone who knew my dad knows him in a good way. When I was nine years old, the phone rang on day after school. It was a collect call the Wabasha County Jail. Being nine years old, I just said, "Sure, I'll accept the call." I was lucky, because when I told the man on the other end of the line that my dad wasn't home, he just hung up. That night, my dad told me, in no uncertain terms, never accept collect calls again. I never learned who the caller was or why he called, but I'll always remember that this was the first time I realized just how dangerous my dad's job could be.

Having a law enforcement officer as a parent makes even the simplest things seem impossible. Other kids took a chance at trying to lie to their parents. When your dad is specially trained to interrogate people and spends his days making people think he knows more about something than he actually does, good luck getting him to believe that you didn't make the mess in the basement. I didn't stand a chance, but that doesn't mean I didn't try!

Don't take me wrong, it wasn't like I had a sheltered childhood. Being the youngest child of the chief of police did have some perks. I always got a ride home from school, since my dad was directing bus traffic. When I turned sixteen all my friends wanted to "borrow" my dad when they took their drivers test.

When I went to take my driver's license test on my sixteenth birthday, my dad took me, in his police uniform, as he was working. I had heard there was one particular person that you did not

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want to get when you took your driver's test and she was exactly who I got. Once she saw my dad though, she walked up to him, patted him on the back and said, "we will be back in a few minutes". Don't get me wrong, I passed my driving test on my own. When it was time to have my driver's license photo taken, my dad didn't like the first five photos. Yep, I took a total of six photographs before he was satisfied. It isn't every teenager who was able to drive a squad car either! Every so often, my dad would need his squad car taken to the shop to be cleaned. On a few occasions, I got to drive the squad car there, (a total of six blocks). The looks that I would get were priceless. Not as priceless though as the summer that my best friend and I rode along with my dad to Duluth, Minnesota for a Chief of Police meeting. I had never been to Duluth and we couldn't pass up the road trip. Unfortunately, the road trip was in the squad car. So we spent the entire ten hour round trip riding in the back seat of the squad car, waving at every car we passed with huge smiles on our faces. Looking back, I'm sure we looked like we were on the way to a juvenile detention facility and did not see the severity of our situation, but this serves a simple reminder that you can't just look at a situation and know what is going on.

Dinner was always an informative time of the day. Car change always took place at our house at 6:00 p.m. when my dad got off. I learned from an early age to just keep quiet and eat dinner. I learned a lot at shift change. But what I also learned though is that what I heard at dinner didn't leave our house. I'm not so naive to think that they talked about anything that I really shouldn't have known about during those shift changes, but it helped me understand discretion. That lesson served me well later in life.

I'm not going to hide it, I am a "Daddy's Girl." I never realized just what my dad really had to deal with until I became a prosecutor myself. I knew from an early age I wanted to be a lawyer, and I was going to be a prosecutor. Now that I am, I know what it feels like to know things, most of the time bad things, and having to compartmentalize all of it in order to allow your kids to have a normal childhood. There were times when being a cop's kid wasn't all it was cracked up to be. When I was eleven my dad had to drive down to Iowa to pick up a run away. I remember him coming home and looking me right in the eyes and saying "If you ever run away, I will not come to find you. If you don't like my rules, that's fine, but you will never come back to this house." I was a child who never even threatened to run away, and this came completely out of the blue. I stood there, completely scared by what my dad said, and to this day, remembering that conversation still makes me feel a little scared. Needless to say, I never considered running away. That was really the only time I remember my dad bringing the job home with him while I was young.

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I know not everyone can be as lucky as my family is, whether they are a law enforcement family or not. That luck really is a tribute to both my mom and dad. While my dad was out protecting the citizens of Plainview, my mom was home making sure we had everything we needed.

After reading the stories written my son and three daughters on how it was for them growing up, I can only say that I am so very proud of each one of them, how they have succeeded and everything they have accomplished. All four of you have made your mother and I very proud parents.

A Reader's View

It is a privilege to be trusted with someone's heart story, a story more than events and details, but one that reveals the soul and character of the person who lived them. As I read Joe Kaupa's true story, I came to know a man who made his military code—to serve with honor—the guiding principle of his life as a soldier in Vietnam, a law enforcement officer in southeastern Minnesota, a husband and father, and as an American citizen.

Joe tells his story honestly and without fanfare; that's the kind of man he is. His time "in country" as a security policeman in the Air Force was harrowing, one requiring a commitment unique to that war, perhaps. Joe lived that commitment with bravery and integrity, and came home to small-town America to a young family and a career in law enforcement that, to Joe, required the same dedication.

Whether I was reading about his position on a base guard tower in Nam, his police-blatter-like descriptions of his many years as Plainview's Chief of Police, or his roles as husband and father, my respect for Joe increased. His story reflects the values Americans strive for and gives us the courage to leave a legacy like Joe's for those who come after us.

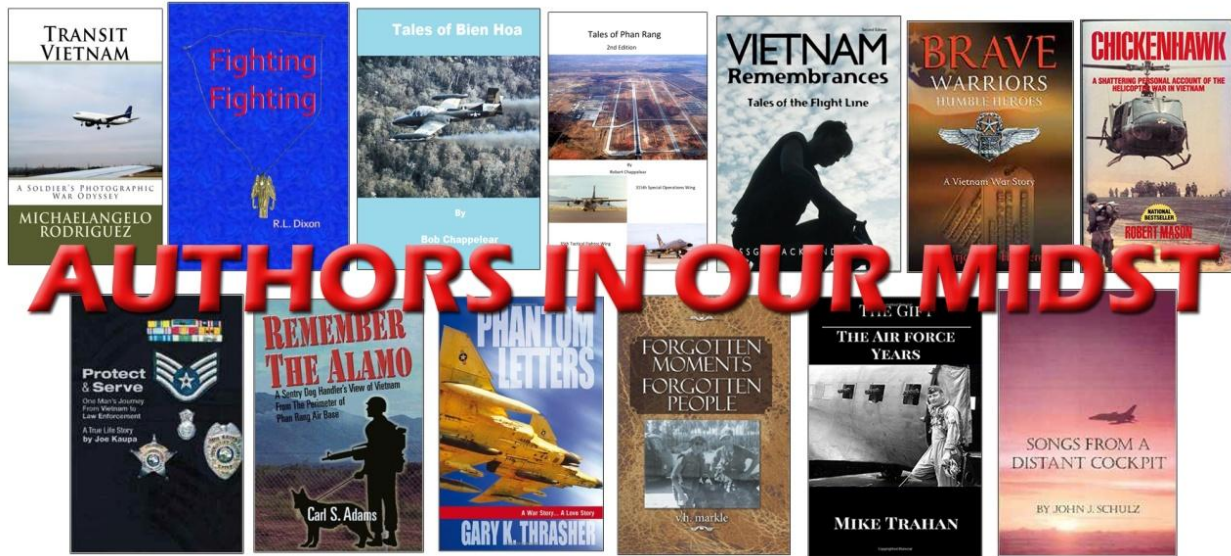
Mary Timm

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 by clicking [here](#).

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"Transit Vietnam" – is part of my photographic odyssey from 1970-71. Fresh out of high school I joined the Air Force. I had the most dysfunctional family imaginable so I couldn't wait to grow up and run away. I didn't know what to expect when I got to Vietnam. I imagine in my crazy head I was like Ulysses in "Homer's Odyssey" which we had read and re-read in Theodore Roosevelt High School. Bronx, New York. I also had read Ernest Hemingway and he influenced my decision to sign up to go to Vietnam. I always was interested in photography and took pictures of my family, friends, and while I was in Vietnam. I would switch from cameras like Kodak's to more sophisticated ones like Canon, Yashica, Ricoh, and Pentax. It didn't matter which camera it was as most of the time I was experimenting with them and snapped photos of whatever interested me.



Michaelangelo Rodriguez

The 100 color photos here date from 1970-71 and I'm thrilled to present them in this book. To all my friends I traveled with across the sea in a Homeric Odyssey, this is for you. Available on

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Amazon.com and Kindle starting December 28. Clicking on the name above will take you directly to Amazon. **Michaelangelo Rodriquez**



Here's more information about the Sheraton Oklahoma Downtown Hotel

- **Guestroom rates do not include the current city/state occupancy tax**
- **Room rates are \$129 single and double, triple rate \$159 and quad rate \$189**
- **Check in time: 3:00 pm; Checkout time: 12:00 pm**
- **Individual cancellations without liability: 5 days prior to arrival**
- **24-hour Sheraton Fitness by Core Performance (NBA certified)**
- **Free WiFi in all guest rooms and lobby**



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

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".

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