

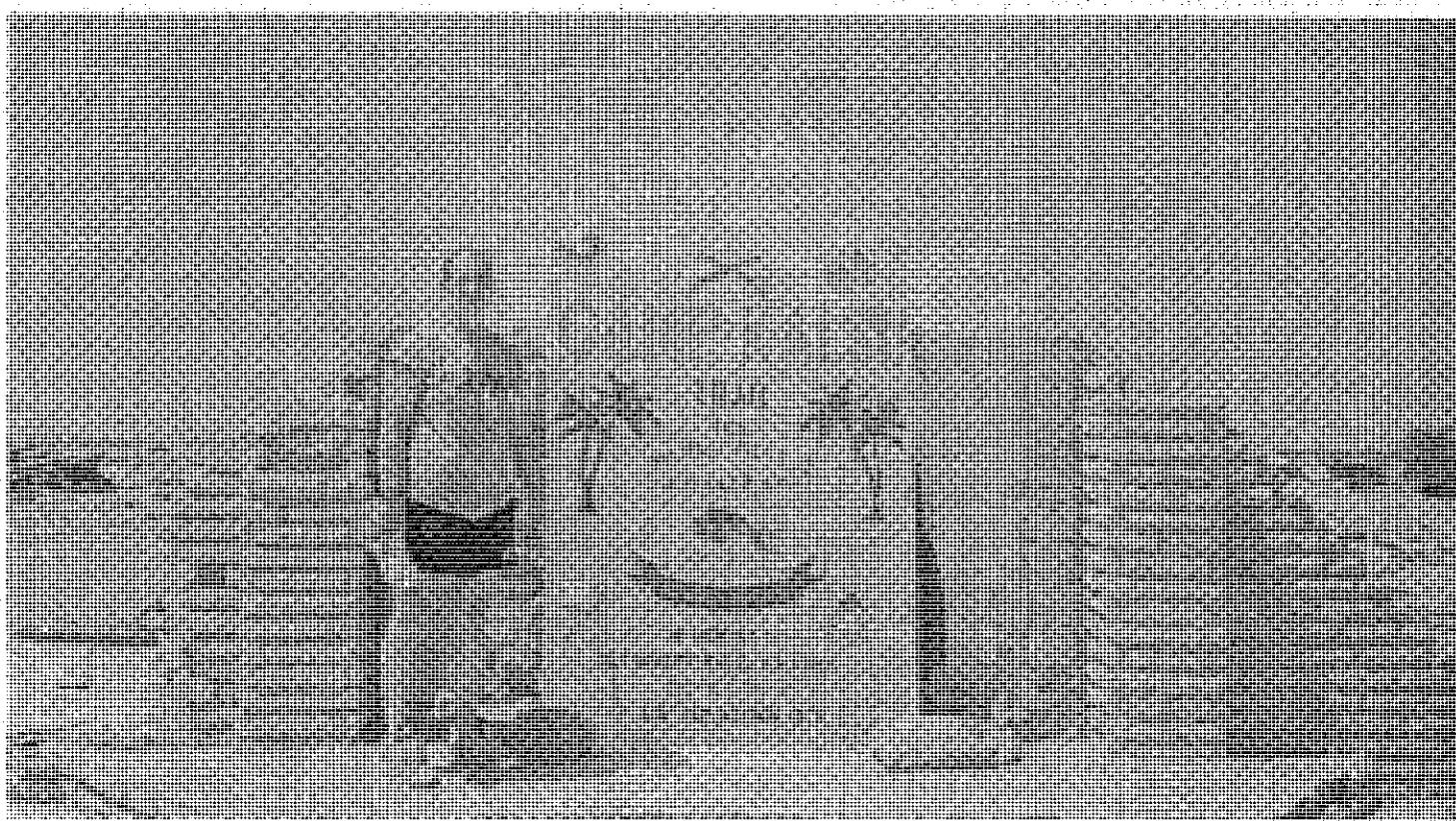
RIPCORD REPORT



For family, friends and survivors of the
Battle of Fire Support Base Ripcord,
RVN, March 12-July 23, 1970.

No. 60 72

Summer-Fall 2003



Ripcord veteran Bob Kalsu honored in Iraq

The 105th Military Police Combat Support Company, from Buffalo, N.Y. has named its base in honor of Bob Kalsu, a Buffalo Bills football player who was killed on Fire Base Ripcord on July 21, 1970. 1st Lieutenant Kalsu was acting commander of Alpha Battery, 2nd Battalion, 11th Artillery when he and fellow artilleryman Sp4 David E. Johnson were struck down by a barrage of enemy mortar fire.

Kalsu and Pittsburgh Steeler Rocky Bleier were the only two professional football players to serve in Vietnam. Bleier was an infantryman and sustained wounds that threatened to keep him from the gridiron, but guts and determination helped him recover and lead the Steelers to four Super Bowl victories.

One hundred seventy-six members of the 105th MP CS Company mobilized on February 23, 2003. They are scheduled to complete their tour of active duty on February 9, 2004.

Thanks ... for remembering one of Ripcord's fallen heroes.

Bob Kalsu on Ripcord (courtesy
Jan Kalsu and Sports Illustrated)



LZ Kent Island

Of changes and hunting ...

STEVENSVILLE, MD—There's been a whisper of fall in the morning air these past few days, a sweet harbinger of changes to come. Nothing quite matches a brisk fall day, with nature's colors painting the trees and reflecting off the water of ponds and estuaries that define the littorals of Chesapeake Bay. Can hunting season be far off?

Changes and hunting. An odd match up, or so it seems at first glimpse.

Californians are seeking to change the person who sits in the governor's office. Gray Davis may be out, replaced by one of many who are in the hunt to become the new governor.

In Iraq, U.S. and coalition forces continue to hunt for Saddam loyalists, criminals, and now al Qaeda and related terrorists who have entered from Syria and Iran. They're seeking to change the success of war by denying peace to ordinary Iraqi citizens. Say a prayer that the hunters succeed in eradicating these vermin from the newly liberated country.

North Korea's xenophobic leader Kim Jong Il has introduced change on the Korean Peninsula by introducing a nuclear weapon production capability. By almost all accounts he's already got several weapons, and is now seeking to produce enough nukes to sell on the open market. Who will his customers be? Three guesses, and the first two don't count.

At the same time, U.S., Chinese, Japanese, South Korean and Russian interlocutors are on the hunt to stabilize conditions on the Korean Peninsula and convince Kim to reverse course. So far, despite an encouraging first round of multilateral talks in Beijing, the North Korean leadership remains virulently adamant that they intend to continue producing nuclear weapons. War clouds loom.

Usama bin Laden, reportedly, is seeking again to change the security landscape of America. He's now rumored to want to use biological weapons against us in some dramatic fashion. After two years, efforts on our part to hunt him down have come up empty. Say another prayer for the hunters.

Looks like there's a lot of changing and hunting going on.

Tom Brennan hunted for years for answers to his service in Vietnam, but in the end, like others we all

have known, his hunt ended with his death. Change happens.

It is my very sad duty to report the death of our classmate and friend Dr. Tom Brennan on July 11 in Vero Beach, FL. Tom's brother John called me on behalf of Tom's widow Nyuong with this tragic news.

Tom (TJ to many of us) was born and raised in NYC and was in A-4 until Cow year, when he moved to D-4. He went Field Artillery and served with distinction during two tours in Vietnam, including heroic action with the 101st Abn at FSB Ripcord in July 1970, where he fought alongside Bill Pahissa, our first combat fatality. (Tom told me at the 30th Reunion that he first met Bill, as he did many others, during his 200+ hours on the area.). After leaving the service, Tom went to medical school and had been in practice most recently in FL.

Please keep Tom and his family in your prayers, and, for those of you who had the privilege of calling Tom a friend, smile when you think of the twinkle in his eye and the cheerful greeting on his lips just when life at the Academy seemed to be throwing more at him than anyone could handle.

Rest in peace, good friend.

Bob Kimmitt, classmate, USMA '69

Tom Brennan was my forward observer in A Co., 2/506th when I took command in May 1970. He was one of the best, and he missed his friend Bill Pahissa dearly.

Changes and hunting are interrelated in other ways. Sometimes we hunt for change, for new venues in which to live or work, for new experiences and challenges.

Ripcord Report has been in existence for almost 20 years now, ever since Chip Collins edited and published the first one in 1984. It was mailed to three other Ripcord veterans. I began helping Chip with production in 1986, and took over editing duties a year later. In those 16 years newsletter readership has expanded tenfold, and membership has seen the publication of articles about Ripcord in *VFW Magazine* and Keith Nolan's excellent book in 2000.

The hunt for a fuller understanding of what the Battle of FSB Ripcord means has been successful. The egalitarian association of few members has changed to a structured group of half a hundred. Now, it's time for new hunts and changes. I will no longer serve as editor of *Ripcord Report*.

The world is increasingly a dangerous place, and we may not see a peaceful period in our lifetimes or in our children's lifetimes. Duty calls again, as it did more than three decades ago, and new venues and challenges beckon—nay, they compel. Godspeed the hunter.

Chuck Hawkins

INCOMING

from across the country and around the world

Thanks

I want to thank you for doing a superb job in acknowledging Herb's passing in the Ripcord Report. Unfortunately, the list of donors were conflicting in the two issues of the report in which Herb was memorialized, and I still am not clear as to who made a regular contribution to the association and who donated in Herb's memory.

I have written notes to the people I recognized as our friends and family, but several of the names on the list are unfamiliar to me. I assume they are "Ripcorders."

Therefore, the best I can do is write a general note to the Ripcord Report to all who have made a monetary gift in Herb's memory without naming anyone in particular.

I would appreciate it if you could include the enclosed note in the next newsletter.

Vroni Koenigsbauer
Colchester, VT

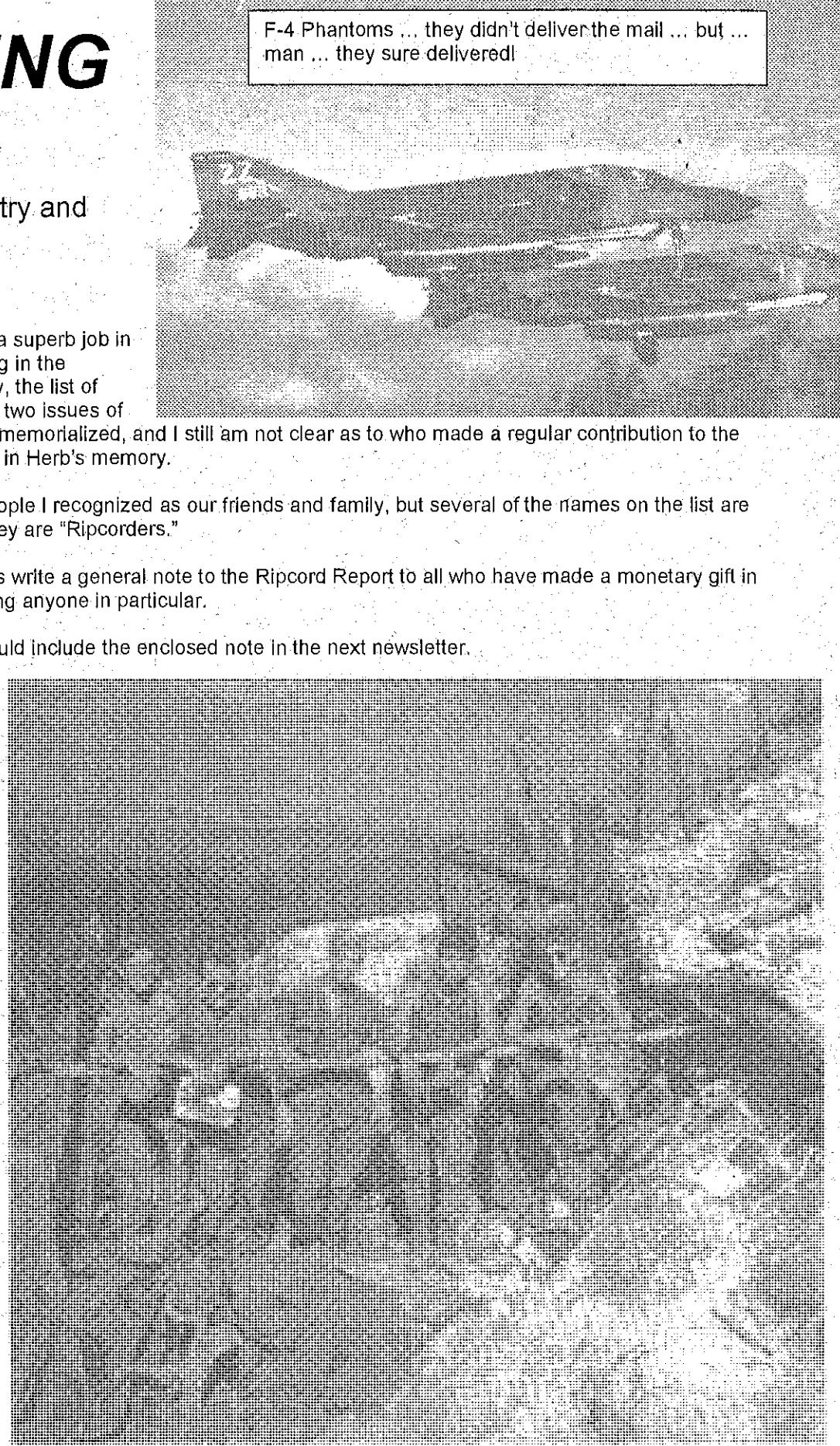
Editor's note: See page four for Vroni's "thank you."

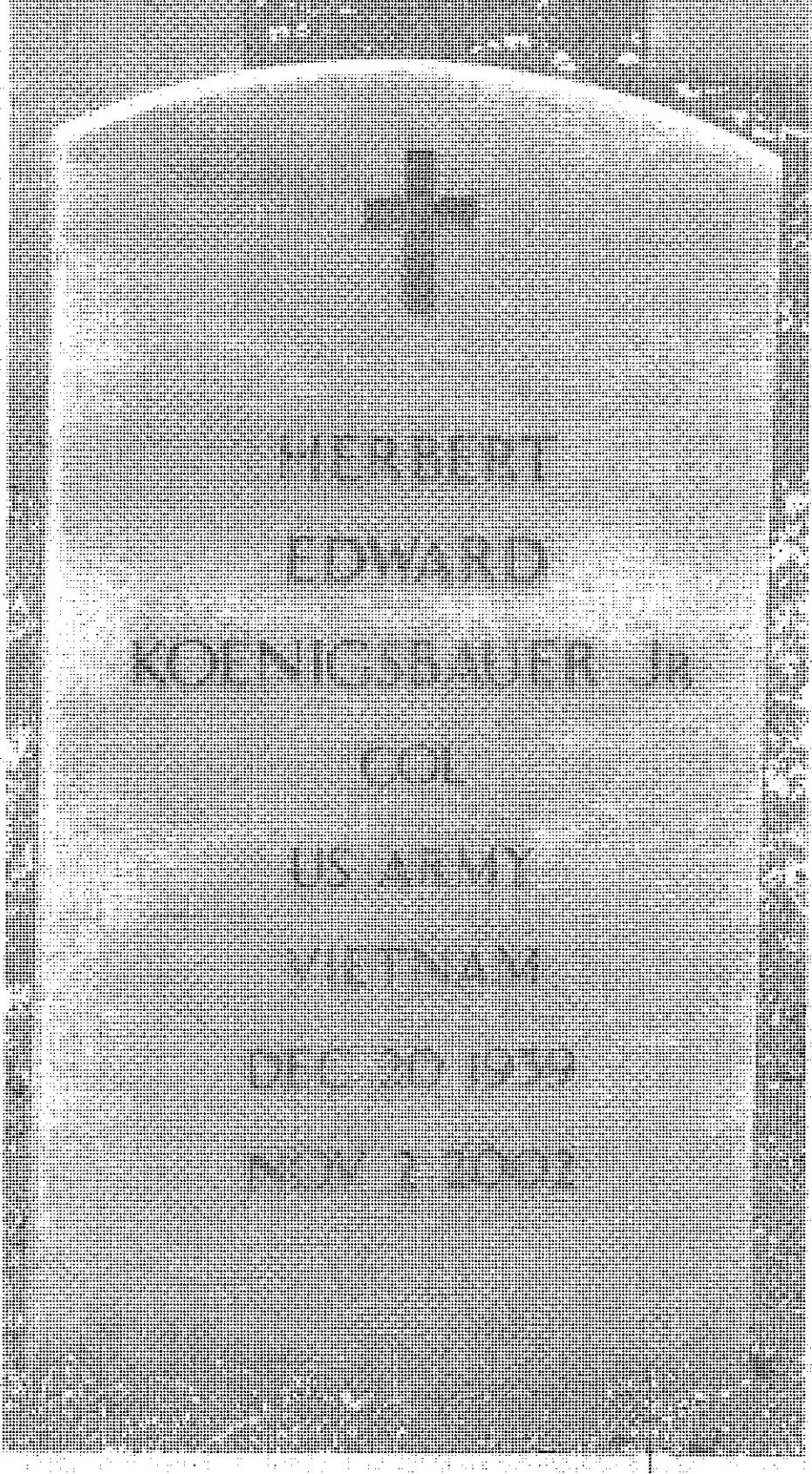
Remembering our son

This photo was in Vietnam in 1970, sent to me by "Rocky." First on the left is our son, Keith Utter, KIA on July 10, 1970. Then is Mike Finn, Jim Plender, Max Jasso. Last is Eugene Paprocky of Pennsylvania.

Madeline & Lee Utter
Rexford, MT

F-4 Phantoms ... they didn't deliver the mail ... but ... man ... they sure delivered!





Attn: To all Ripcord survivors who so generously donated to Ripcord in Herb Koenigsbauer's memory

I want to thank all of you for your kind and generous contribution to Ripcord in my husband's memory.

It has been a pleasure getting to know so many of you in the past five years. For Herb, the Ripcord reunions were a step back into a painful past and reconnecting with comrades in arms. For me, it was getting to know all the fine soldiers who served with Herb in Vietnam—and making new friends.

A special thank you goes to John Moran (Herb's driver and guardian angel) who had been trying to locate Herb for many years. They finally reunited at the Savannah, Georgia reunion—and what a joyful event it was!

Thank you, John, for making the long trip from California with your son, braving heavy snow and treacherous road conditions to attend Herb's interment at Arlington on December 5, 2002. Your loyalty to Herb is unsurpassed and he'd be so honored knowing you were there. Thanks for keeping in touch.

A special thank you to Bill and Sheila Williams, who keep me up to date with Ripcord and family news.

And, finally, a heartfelt thanks to all of you for your phone calls and expressions of sympathy. Your kind words were very much appreciated.

"Till we meet again ... Currahee!

Vroni Koenigsbauer

Seduction

She came with him easily enough.

After they had gone a way ...

A comfortable spot to discover one another.

A long look at him.
She thought ... lean, young, handsome, and ... serious.

A hungry, thoughtful gaze back at her.
He thought ... exotic ... sculpted jade.

No words came for a long time.

The beginning of a probe.

His hand on her hand.

A one-man RIF along her arm.

Brush of skin across silk and skin.

The beginning of sapper-like movement,
Furtive but sure.

His kiss to eyelids.
Her breath against the hollow of his neck.
Along the perimeter of both bodies
Bunker lines are alerted
To the possibility of a penetration.

His lips search out hers.
Contact ignites a trip-flare next to his brain.
A white phosphorous grenade
Burns slowly very near her heart.

Each body's offense gears swiftly into action.
Hands, arms and lips
Going on long-range reconnaissance patrols.
There are no pretenses of a defense.

Mouth seeks out mouth.
Tongue delights in tongue.

He is a pointman, probing at first with caution,
Expecting ambush, and finding none, he moves on,
Into the heart of the beast.

She is a sniper, watching every move.
Responding to every touch,
Knowing she is ultimately in control,
If she remains hidden.

He watches her ... firefight comes to mind.
Why was it that every time he thought of this place,
He thought in terms of heat?

The tips of her nipples,
Like small, inverted bomb craters
Stare back at him and beg for more.
A five-man patrol is tasked to the AO,
Moving ever southward, into where she lives.

There is a bunker complex in deep undergrowth.

A cache of sensual but deadly delight.

Warrior on top of warrior the penetration begins,

With casualties on both sides.

His thrusts into hostile space,
Explode in overdue release, like a mini-gun and cannon.

She thrusts back with the certainty of an AK.
On target they take his breath away.

The fires are not slaked

For ever so long a time,

Building and cresting,

Then somehow finding a plateau,
And building and cresting again.

The end comes
In teeth-jarring throes
Of arc-light intensity, and duration.
Her hair lashes him from side to side.
Only vaguely is he aware of the minor pain.

Later, after the fires and smoke have gone away

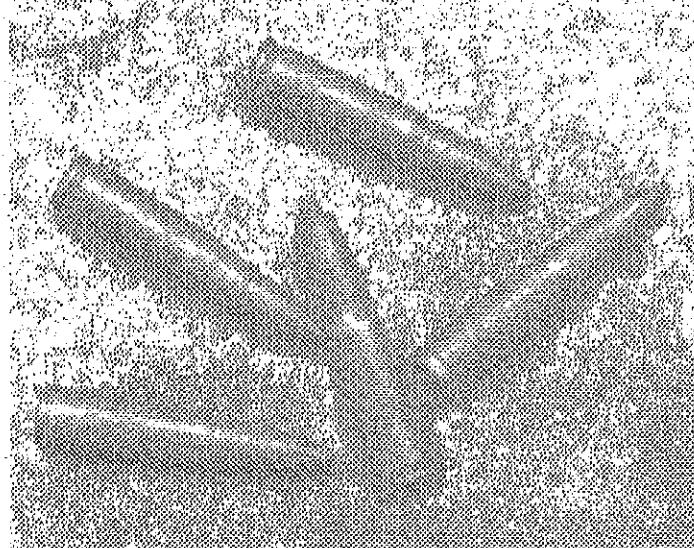
He gazes at her,
Beautiful in her repose.
He sorts through his thoughts carefully.

He is pointman again.
Somehow, she troubles him.
She seems so ... unattainable.
Softly he asks her name.

"Asia," she replies.

Rodger (Chip) Collins, August 1987.

Published in *Ripcord Report* No. 10, September 13,
1987



The Men Who Won The War

An 'embed' looks at our soldiers

By Jim Lacey

Since returning from Iraq a short time ago I have been answering a lot of questions about the war from friends, family, and strangers. When they ask me how it was over there I find myself glossing over the fighting, the heat, the sandstorms, and the flies (these last could have taught the Iraqi army a thing or two about staying power). Instead, I talk about the soldiers I met, and how they reflected the best of America. A lot of people are going to tell the story of how this war was fought; I would rather say something about the men who won the war.

War came early for the 1st Brigade of the 101st Airborne when an otherwise quiet night in the Kuwaiti desert was shattered by thunderous close-quarters grenade blasts. Sgt. Hasan Akbar, a U.S. soldier, had thrown grenades into an officers' tent, killing two and wounding a dozen others. Adding to the immediate confusion was the piercing scream of SCUD alarms, which kicked in the second Akbar's grenade exploded. For a moment, it was a scene of near panic and total chaos.

Just minutes after the explosions, a perimeter was established around the area of the attack, medics were treating the wounded, and calls for evacuation vehicles and helicopters were already being sent out. Remarkably, the very people who should have been organizing all of this were the ones lying on the stretchers, seriously wounded. It fell to junior officers and untested sergeants to take charge and lead. Without hesitation everyone stepped up and unfalteringly did just that. I stood in amazement as two captains (Townlee Hendrick and Tony Jones) directed the evacuation of the wounded, established a hasty defense, and helped to organize a search for the culprit. They did all this despite bleeding heavily from their wounds. For over six hours, these two men ran things while refusing to be evacuated until they were sure all of the men in their command were safe.

Two days later Capt. Jones left the hospital and hitchhiked back to the unit. He had heard a rumor that it was about to move into Iraq and he wanted to be there. As Jones -- dressed only in boots, a hospital gown, and a flak vest -- limped toward headquarters, Col. Hodges, the 1st Brigade's commander, announced, "I see that Captain Jones has returned to us in full martial splendor." The colonel later said that he was tempted to

send Jones to the unit surgeon for further evaluation, but that he didn't feel he had the right to tell another man not to fight: Hodges himself had elected to leave two grenade fragments in his arm so that he could return to his command as quickly as possible.

The war had not even begun and already I was aware that I had fallen in with a special breed of men. Over the next four weeks, nothing I saw would alter this impression. A military historian once told me that soldiers could forgive their officers any fault save cowardice. After the grenade attack I knew these men were not cowards, but I had yet to learn that the brigade's leaders had made a cult of bravery. A few examples will suffice.

While out on what he called "battlefield circulation," Col. Hodges was surveying suspected enemy positions with one of his battalion commanders (Lt. Col. Chris Hughes) when a soldier yelled "Incoming" to alert everyone that mortar shells were headed our way. A few soldiers moved closer to a wall, but Hodges and Hughes never budged and only briefly glanced up when the rounds hit a few hundred yards away. As Hodges completed his review and prepared to leave, another young soldier asked him when they would get to kill whoever was firing the mortar. Hodges smiled and said, "Don't be in a hurry to kill him. They might replace that guy with someone who can shoot."

The next day, a convoy Col. Hodges was traveling in was ambushed by several Iraqi paramilitary soldiers. A ferocious firefight ensued, but Hodges never left the side of his vehicle. Puffing on a cigar as he directed the action, Hodges remained constantly exposed to fire. When two Kiowa helicopters swooped in to pulverize the enemy strongpoint with rocket fire, he turned to some journalists watching the action and quipped, "That's your tax dollars at work."

Bravery inspires men, but brains and quick thinking win wars. In one particularly tense moment, a company of U.S. soldiers was preparing to guard the Mosque of Ali -- one of the most sacred Muslim sites -- when agitators in what had been a friendly crowd started shouting that they were going to storm the mosque. In an instant, the Iraqis began to chant and a riot seemed imminent. A couple of nervous soldiers slid their weapons into fire mode, and I thought we were only moments away from a slaughter. These soldiers had just fought an all-night battle. They were exhausted, tense, and prepared to crush any riot with violence of their own. But they were also professionals, and so, when their battalion commander, Chris Hughes, ordered them to take a knee, point their weapons to the ground, and start smiling, that is exactly what they did. Calm returned. By placing his men in the most non-threatening posture possible, Hughes had sapped the crowd of its

aggression. Quick thinking and iron discipline had reversed an ugly situation and averted disaster.

Since then, I have often wondered how we created an army of men who could fight with ruthless savagery all night and then respond so easily to an order to "smile" while under impending threat. Historian Stephen Ambrose said of the American soldier: "When soldiers from any other army, even our allies, entered a town, the people hid in the cellars. When Americans came in, even into German towns, it meant smiles, chocolate bars and C-rations." Ours has always been an army like no other, because our soldiers reflect a society unlike any other. They are pitiless when confronted by armed enemy fighters and yet full of compassion for civilians and even defeated enemies.

American soldiers immediately began saving Iraqi lives at the conclusion of any fight. Medics later said that the Iraqi wounded they treated were astounded by our compassion. They expected they would be left to suffer or die. I witnessed Iraqi paramilitary troops using women and children as human shields, turning grade schools into fortresses, and defiling their own holy sites. Time and again, I saw Americans taking unnecessary risks to clear buildings without firing or using grenades, because it might injure civilians. I stood in awe as 19-year-olds refused to return enemy fire because it was coming from a mosque.

It was American soldiers who handed over food to hungry Iraqis, who gave their own medical supplies to Iraqi doctors, and who brought water to the thirsty. It was American soldiers who went door-to-door in a slum because a girl was rumored to have been injured in the fighting; when they found her, they called in a helicopter to take her to an Army hospital. It was American soldiers who wept when a three-year-old was carried out of the rubble where she had been killed by Iraqi mortar fire. It was American soldiers who cleaned up houses they had been fighting over and later occupied -- they wanted the places to look at least somewhat tidy when the residents returned.

It was these same soldiers who stormed to Baghdad in only a couple of weeks, accepted the surrender of three Iraqi Army divisions, massacred any Republican Guard unit that stood and fought, and disposed of a dictator and a regime with ruthless efficiency. There is no other army -- and there are no other soldiers -- in the world capable of such merciless fighting and possessed of such compassion for their fellow man. No society except America could have produced them.

Before I end this I want to point out one other quality of the American soldier: his sense of justice. After a grueling fight, a company of Infantrymen was resting and opening their first mail delivery of the war. One of the young soldiers had received a care package and

was sharing the home-baked cookies with his friends. A photographer with a heavy French accent asked if he could have one. The soldier looked him over and said there would be no cookies for Frenchmen. The photographer then protested that he was half Italian. Without missing a beat, the soldier broke a cookie in half and gave it to him. It was a perfect moment and a perfect reflection of the American soldier.

"I've never read a better account of a battle."

—STEPHEN E. AMBROSE

RIPCORD

SCREAMING EAGLES UNDER SIEGE,
VIETNAM 1970

KEITH W. NOLAN

UPDATE: Keith W. Nolan's book on Ripcord is now available in paperback.

Keith is nearing completion of a book about the 9th Infantry Division in Vietnam, and has been trying to get an interview with Gen. Tommy Franks. As you recall, Franks, as Central Command commander, led coalition forces against al Qaeda and Taliban in Afghanistan, and against Saddam Hussein's forces in Iraq. Turns out Franks was a young lieutenant with the 9th ID in Vietnam, but for some reason has been too busy to grant an interview. Keep trying, Keith!

History's Bizarre

The Zero Secret of World War II

Flight Petty Officer Tadayoshi Koga gunned the 925 h.p. Nakajima Sakae engine of his Mitsubishi A6M2 Zero-sen fighter and roared into the wind along the flight deck of the Japanese light carrier *Junyo*. He felt the pitch and roll of the ship beneath him as storm-lashed seas hammered against the ship's hull. Then he was airborne, swallowed up in a squall of biting rain and thick fog.

Koga checked his watch. It was nearly 1530 hours. In a half-hour they would be striking American defenses on the Aleutian Island of Unalaska. The day was Thursday, June 4, 1942. The second day of raids against Dutch Harbor had begun.

The mission for the Zeros and their pilots was simple: fly cover for the Kate bombers, and engage any targets of opportunity that might present themselves. Petty Officer Koga had no idea that the day's events would unfold in a bizarre and deadly way, that his ignorance of the Aleutian environment and his hatred of Americans would cloud his judgment in a way that would be damaging to his homeland.

Koga knew, as did the other elite Japanese carrier pilots, that the raid against Dutch Harbor was merely a diversion to keep American attention away from Japanese landings scheduled to occur on the western Aleutian Islands of Adak, Attu and Kiska (the Adak landings would later be cancelled). They also knew that the strategic mission of the Northern Task Force of Japanese ships, accompanied by two light aircraft carriers, *Junyo* and *Ryujo*, was a secondary part of a larger strategy to trap the U.S. Navy's Pacific Fleet at Midway Island, far to the south of their sub-arctic location.

What none of the Japanese knew, from senior commander to boiler stoker, was that U.S. crypto analysts had cracked the secret Japanese code, and had learned the details of their Pacific strategy. U.S. naval forces under Admirals Fletcher and Spruance would spring the trap on the Japanese Navy, not the other way around.

Because of the strategic early warning, Dutch Harbor was no Pearl Harbor. But, for the time, Japanese forces in America's Alaskan waters were enjoying a high degree of success against the poorly equipped and coordinated American defenders—communications had failed to reach the nearby secret airfield on Umnak Island, radar provided only five minutes early warning on June 3rd, antiaircraft batteries only accounted for one

Japanese plane. Now, on June 4th, the attackers were poised to strike again.

Part of the Japanese success at Dutch Harbor and elsewhere in the Pacific was due to the Mitsubishi Zero.

In June 1942 the Zero continued to be the dominant air superiority weapon in the Pacific Theater, and efforts by the Allies to capture or recover one intact in order to learn its secrets had thus far failed to produce results.

Now, at 1600 hours, Koga and his fellow fighter pilots joined with the Kate bombers in a two-pronged, coordinated attack on Dutch Harbor. As the fighters made low-level strafing runs, the bombers dropped high explosives and incendiaries. Four huge oil tanks were hit, and roiling black smoke obscured many targets from view. Still, the devastation was extensive: the naval station was struck, as was the hospital and a warehouse; the grounded ship, *Northwestern*, used as a barracks, was hit and flames rushed through the vessel.

In 20 minutes it was over, but not before American P-40 Warhawk fighters on Umnak had been alerted by the noise and the fact that the pilots from the *Junyo* had chosen a rallying point within sight of the secret airfield. Eight Warhawks rose to meet the Japanese threat.

Koga and his mate were taken by surprise, and before they could react, two Japanese planes were shot down. But the well trained Zero pilots swung into action, and because of the superior maneuverability of the Zero compared to the P-40, two American flyers were downed in minutes—one man, Lieutenant John J. Cape, went down in flames into the water, the other, Lieutenant Winfield E. McEntyre, set his stricken Warhawk down on a beach so skillfully that he was able to climb out and walk back to camp.

In the cloudy sky overhead the Zeros broke off the engagement and, low on fuel, headed for their carriers. Koga and three others flew across the bay and, skirting Akutan Island, just to the northeast of Dutch Harbor, they spotted a Navy PBY Catalina seaplane flying low across the waves. Four Zeros went in for the kill.

In the PBY, Aviation Machinist's Mate W. H. Rawls, a blister gunner, alertly recognized the danger and engaged the attackers with his .30 caliber machine gun. Raking the sky with machine gun fire, Rawls drove off three of the Zeros, but Petty Officer Koga would not be denied.

Koga continued his attack against the slow-flying PBY with murderous intent. Rawl's machine gun fired long, guttural bursts at the diving Zero, with no apparent effect. Koga's twin 20-mm cannon and two 7.7-mm machine guns were more than a match of the PBY's defenses. Sustaining multiple hits, the PBY burst into pieces and crashed into the bay.

Still not satisfied, Koga lingered, waiting to see if anyone would emerge from the sinking wreckage. One man did—Rawls—who climbed out of the burning plane and tried to get away in a small inflatable raft.

As Rawls bobbed in his tiny raft, Koga machine gunned him to death in the water, then pulled his Zero into the soup and headed toward the *Junyo*.

But one of Rawl's machine gun bullets had struck Koga's Zero, and penetrated to sever the oil pressure gauge indicator line. Only the gauge was damaged. The engine continued to perform flawlessly. Koga, however, had no way of knowing this, and when the needle of his oil pressure gauge flicked to zero, he became convinced his engine was about to seize up and began looking for a place to set down; a place other than the icy waters below, where a man's survival was measured in minutes.

Akutan Island was the nearest land, and as Koga circled, looking for a landing site, he radioed his predicament to a nearby Japanese I-boat submarine, hoping that it would later be able to pick him up. He then chose a smooth, level swath of muskeg (Alaskan bog, or swamp) on Akutan and prepared to land.

The muskeg looked solid, but in fact was spongy and saturated with water. As Koga guided his Zero in for a landing he lowered his landing gear in preparation. It was a stupid mistake. Koga's luck had run out.

The soft, yielding ground grabbed the extended landing gear in a vice-like grip, stopping the plane abruptly and flipping it on its back. The crash broke Koga's neck.

Although the I-boat submarine searched the coastline of Akutan Island, it was unable to locate Koga's Zero on the fog-shrouded terrain.

Thirty days later a U.S. Navy patrol happened across the downed Zero; Navy technicians dismantled the virtually undamaged plane and shipped it back to the States where American aeronautical engineers had their first opportunity to study and fly the war's fastest, deadliest and most secret fighter plane.

The knowledge they would glean from Koga's Zero would enable the engineers to design features into the Navy's new F6F Hellcat fighter that would lead it and skilled Navy pilots to eventually drive the Zeros from the air in the Pacific War.

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American soldiers in Vietnam: a different perspective

Bach Trinh

Today heroic American soldiers will march in Washington as part of the splendid welcome home they are receiving nationwide. For many of us, however, this is also a day to remember equally heroic American soldiers who fought in another war—Vietnam.

Although they had to encounter a different political situation and a different type of warfare, the Americans who fought in Vietnam were no less valiant than those who fought in the Persian Gulf. Those who opposed the war in this country, however, used many different tactics to win their cause. One of these was the demeaning of the image of the U.S. troops in Vietnam. Another was the creation of a false impression of widespread anti-American sentiment there.

The truth is that after the war, Eastern Europeans and Russians who went to South Vietnam often found that the only way to be treated decently by local residents was to pretend that they were Americans. To South Vietnamese and Vietnamese Americans alike, American soldiers were our defenders and heroes.

Victory in the gulf war has restored America's pride and confidence. This is all the more reason to review the psychological and emotional impact left over from the Vietnam War. Through the defeat and victory of these wars, we learned much about propaganda and the credibility of governments that exercise it.

The once-victorious Communist government of Vietnam is now desperately begging for diplomatic relations and dollars from those it formerly called a treacherous enemy. This diplomatic development seems inevitable and will actually benefit both countries. But it still needs more time and consideration. Americans should be skeptical about the motives and actions of the Vietnamese government. We should use this situation to do all we can for the establishment of democracy and basic human rights in Vietnam. That will be the final honor and a true victory for the Americans who fought and died there.

The writer is an artist who lives in Northern Virginia and emigrated from Vietnam in 1975.

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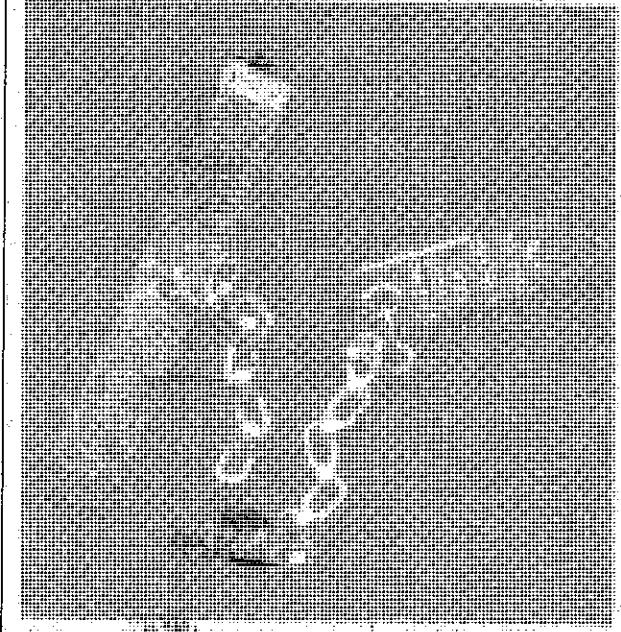
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Peace be with you all.

Ripcord Report
Chuck Hawkins



What is it?



FRANK MARSHALL

