



RIPCORD REPORT

For Friends and Survivors of the Battle of Fire Support Base Ripcord
Republic of Vietnam • 12 March – 23 July, 1970



Number 71

Fall, 2006

News Update from New Jersey

By Lee Widjeskog

The reunion in Charleston, SC for 2006 is now history. I hope all that attended had an enjoyable visit with other Ripcord survivors in spite of the heat. This was the first reunion Kathy and I ran since Fred Spaulding relinquished the reins. Fortunately Fred was available for consultation and advice, as I needed it. He helped by setting up the groundwork with the hotel and was kind enough to help as master of ceremonies for the banquet. Kathy and I took care of the day to day activities with the help of many of you "volunteers". Bob and Red Judd took care of the "store" as usual. While all this is true the event could not have run well if not for the assistance of our many helpers who made runs to the store, watched the hospitality room, worked the raffles, helped with registration and assisted when ever needed. As a result the reunion went fairly smooth for my first time. Again, it would not have worked as well without the assistance of our many volunteers. In order to avoid burning out volunteers, I hope other people will help each year. After all the reunion belongs to all of us!

The ladies raffle was a success once again producing \$871 in donations generated from the Chinese Auction. The Generals book continued to sell well. To date his book has provided us with over \$6,000 after deducting the cost for books and shipping. General Harrison will only accept his cost for the book and donates all the proceeds to the Association. This is one of the reasons we are solvent as an organization and do not need to charge a membership fee.

Mike "The Barber" Chiarelli of B 2/506 once again gave haircuts to anyone who wanted and accepted donations for the Association. This year he received \$259 in donations, the highest to date. Who else brings the tools of his trade to the reunion and works? We all greatly appreciate his efforts!!

When all the raffles and donations for the event were totaled we brought in \$3,313. This was only possible through the generosity of the attendees and the members of the Ripcord Association. At the present time our Association has \$17,993.78 in the account with no outstanding bills due in.

Mark Your Calendars NOW!

Next Ripcord Reunion

Next year we will meet in Springfield, Missouri from 19 July (Thursday) through the banquet on Saturday 21 July. We will meet at the Clarion Hotel for \$69 plus tax per night with breakfast included. We should all have a good time!!!

The Passing of Layne Hammons

Another great soldier from Ripcord has passed away. Layne Hammons died suddenly August 27th, 2006. I will have more info on the website and in the next newsletter.



FROM THE EDITOR

Well, it has been decided that I will remain Editor of The Ripcord Report and webmaster of our website, www.ripcordassociation.com. I will continue to do the best I can. Dennis Bloomingdale will continue to do the layout and design. Remember, your comments on the newsletter or website are always welcome. Send all information to frankmarshall@ripcordassociation.com

This year's reunion in Charleston was just amazing. Lee and Kathy Widjeskog did an excellent job, (with the help of Fred Spaulding in the background) and all the other members that helped with registrations and the Hospitality room.

The greatest part of the reunion to me is seeing all the new members or those first timers to the reunions. It is absolutely great to see how much they enjoyed seeing their buddy's from Ripcord.

We are receiving new members every month from our Website. Ripcord veterans or their spouse are putting Ripcord in Google and finding the Ripcord Association. www.ripcordassociation.com

I will be updating and completing the website more often. So, please continue to check it out.

Also, very important! I need your e-mail address. If you are not receiving updates and information about the Ripcord Association via e-mail, you may be missing out on a lot of news.

Go to our website www.ripcordassociation.com scroll to membership and click on the membership form, fill out if you need to update your address and submit. Simple as that.

Frank Marshall

ARTICLES

Deadline for the Jan issue will be Dec 1st 2006. Please send all articles, photos, incoming mail and interesting reading to:

Frank Marshall
224 Derry Hill Ct
Mt Laurel, NJ 08054
or e-mail to:
frankmarshall@ripcordassociation.com

DONATIONS:

Checks payable to "Ripcord Association".

Mail to:
Lee Widjeskog,
493 Stillman Ave.
Bridgeton, NJ 08302

Donations, the life blood of our Association

Donations came from the following generous members during the past three months:

Bill & Shiela Williams,
Tommy Webster,
John Johnson,
Ben Harrison,
Gary Watrous,
Tom Austin,
Ted Reeves,
Agnes Kohr,
Ronald Kirby,
Jim Harris,
Terry Unger,
Joe Connelly,
Murphy Majoria,
John Buessler,
Dale Falconer
John Schnarr.

We thank all these and others who have helped to keep our organization in the black.

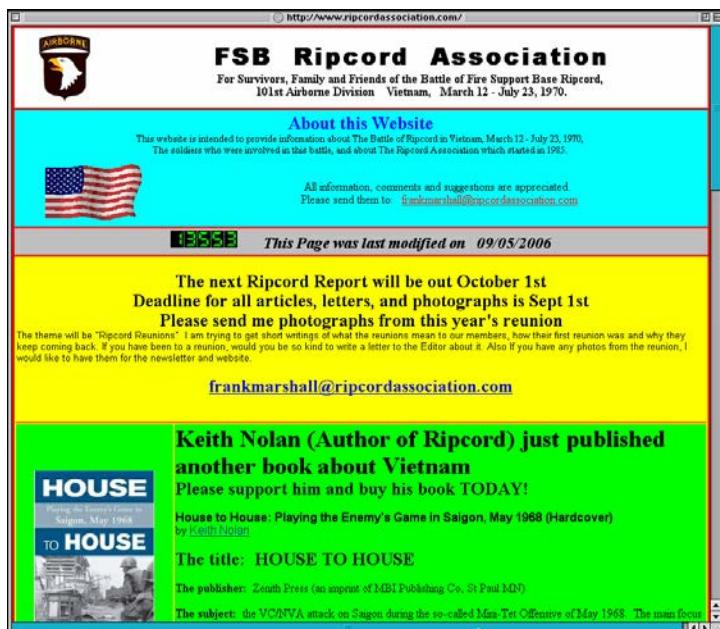
RIPCORD BIOGRAPHIES...THEN AND NOW

Send us a brief bio on yourself about your time in Vietnam and since. Photos are great. Send to:

**Lee Widjeskog,
493 Stillman Ave., Bridgeton, NJ 08302
e-mail: leewidjeskog@ripcordassociation.com**

THE RIPCORD ASSOCIATION WEBSITE

Check in often for all the latest Association news at: www.ripcordassociation.com



The screenshot shows the homepage of the Ripcord Association website. The header features the text "FSB Ripcord Association" and "For Survivors, Family and Friends of the Battle of Fire Support Base Ripcord, 101st Airborne Division Vietnam, March 12 - July 23, 1970". Below the header is a section titled "About this Website" with a brief description of the website's purpose. A large American flag graphic is visible. The main content area includes a "MESSAGE" box stating "This Page was last modified on 09/05/2006". A yellow sidebar on the right contains text about the next Ripcord Report and a book by Keith Nolan. The footer contains copyright information and a link to the publisher's website.

INCOMING MAIL

Frank

This was my second reunion. I enjoyed seeing everyone again and being a part of the group. Going to the reunion helps me to heal from the lack of appreciation and recognition and welcome that I got from my return home thirty five years ago. It is great to see my buddies and talk about the good and bad times in Vietnam to someone who understands what I am talking about. I look forward to seeing everyone next year and hope more from the 2/11 Artillery will be there. If you come to one you will get hooked and not want to miss one.

Wayne Dawson

Frank

My first one was 2000. I've been back every year to date. It was healing for me, I can't wait for next year. Like a kid can't wait for Christmas, to him a year is a life time to wait. Well I feel the same way. The last night at every reunion I break down crying, because I have to wait another year and like Christmas to that little kid, it mind as well be a hundred years. That is how I feel, I don't want the reunions to end. Ripcord reunions are a God sent. We are all brothers not by blood, but by the fear we all felt it could have happen to anyone of us. (KIA) It is why we have this bond, a bond nothing like no one could feel except us. I have three brothers by blood who I love very, very much. But my Ripcord brothers I also love. Only they know what we all went through that is why this bond is even stronger then my own thee brothers.

God Bless

Mike "The Barber" Chiarelli



Mike "The Barber" Chiarelli gives Bob Judd "the works".

To the Editor:

I was asked by Frank Marshall at the reunion, "How did I find out about the Association and the reunion?" Since this was the 20th reunion, I am a bit late to the party. So here is my story. Recently, I was watching a segment of the Band of Brothers. Since I served in Vietnam with C Company 2/506th of the 101st and it was the same battalion featured in the mini-series, I watched with a sense of pride. As I have often done over the years, I thought about my time served with the 101st in Nam. I decided to access the Internet and I randomly searched the web for sites that centered on the 101st. I found the 506th Infantry website and through the links I located the Ripcord Association website.

I left Vietnam for the States around July 8, 1970. I was the Company Clerk for Charlie Company and spent most of my time on Camp Evans. Therefore, I knew about Ripcord, and I knew about the heavy losses C Company experienced during the first week of July. I did not, however, know the full extent of Ripcord nor the complete story. In viewing the information available on the site, I then understood. I looked at the membership to try to determine who from Charlie Company was a member. I then noticed that a reunion was to be held in Charleston, South Carolina in a few months. I thought I would like to attend but, honestly, I was not sure. I called Lee Widjeskog, introduced myself and had a great conversation; one in which Lee suggested that if I attended the Charleston reunion I would have an experience that was rewarding and unforgettable.

During the last several years I have discussed my experience in Vietnam with my wife, Chris. One of the individuals I often spoke about was Isabelino Vazquez-Rodriguez, Simply, The Captain. I spoke of my admiration for him as the leader of our Company and that I was with Charlie Company during the entire period when he served as its Captain. We talked about attending the reunion and Chris was very supportive and stated "if you want to go, let's do it". Still, I was not certain until I again went to the Ripcord website and viewed the page that listed all those who had signed up to attend. When I came to the name Isabelino (you know the rest), my decision was made for me. I had to attend. We sent in our check, booked the flight and reserved the room. That was the easy part. We left La Guardia Airport in New York City early on the 26th. I'll admit to being nervous throughout the flight. We landed at the Charleston Airport, rented a car and drove to the reunion. After we registered, we walked toward the Hospitality Suite and I continued to say to myself, "do I really want to do this". Well, we registered, introduced ourselves to Lee and received a warm embrace from Red and a bear hug from Leonard. We knew we were with Family. Later in the week, after doing the tourist thing, we returned to the Hospitality Suite and I had the honor of introducing Chris to the Captain.

Continued on page 4

INCOMING MAIL

Continued from page 3

The five days were filled with laughter, emotion, stories, remembrances, food and drink. I reacquainted myself with old friends from Charlie Company; the Captain, LT., Layne, Charlie and the Chief. Chris and I met many new friends along with all their terrific wives! It would take far too long to list each person we shared time with. Since this reunion was my first, I along with several others individuals received the Ripcord Medallion from General Ben Harrison at the dinner celebration on the Saturday evening. This event capped five really great days.

Chris and I look forward to seeing everyone (and more) next year in Missouri.

Peter Meloro

C 2/506



Uthoomporn and Capt. Isabelino Vazquez meet Peter and Christine Meloro. Both couples were first timers from C 2/506 and seem to be enjoying themselves.

To the Editor:

A heartfelt thanks to everyone at the recent reunion for the warm, genuine welcome offered my husband, Peter, and I in Charleston. From the initial welcome from Lee and Cathy, to the warm embrace by Red, to the inclusiveness we felt from Bonnie Martin and Charlotte Faddis as they planned the ghost walk adventure, to the constant laughs and wonderful (and sometimes sobering) stories from John and Leonard and Bruce and Ramona and Frank and Bob and Chuck and Layne and LT. and Noy and Captain Vazquez and General Harrison and so many others, it was a weekend to remember!

I know that we are both looking forward to the reunion next year and to seeing everyone again.

Have a safe, healthy and happy year 'til then,
Chris Meloro

Frank,

You wanted to know how I found out about the reunion, well here goes. My wife, and when you and my

other brothers meet her are going to wonder how Baldy could be with such a beautiful woman inside and outside, was searching the internet for anything that would get me in touch with you. She found a site that told us there was a book about Ripcord, but couldn't find the site again. My wife Laurie, had a doctor's appointment in Louisville, KY, which we used as an occasion to do a weekend there. We were walking downtown after dinner and ran across a book store. My buddy, Dave from the Big Red 1 and his wife were with us and she wanted to go in the bookstore. So I told my wife I wanted to look for the Ripcord book. For some reason I couldn't ask anyone if they had the book, so we searched the store until we found it. The book gave me the information to find you guys and the rest, as they say, is history. I know me and many of the rest of you have wondered why our life was spared when so many of our brothers lost theirs. From the reunion I know I have at least one reason to have been spared. That was to come to the reunion to see the brothers from Alpha Co, that I am proud and honored to have fought with and to thank all those who supported us in our hour of need. And to those brass-balled crazy sons-of-bitches of Delta Co, thank you for my life, thank you for my wife and children, and you made my Mother and Father very happy. If I'm not at the next reunion send the flowers to Franklin, KY. I love all of you, and please stop and see me if you ever in the Nashville area.

Randy "Baldy" Baldwin.

Frank,

Regarding reunions: those of you who fought at Ripcord have made this outsider feel more welcome at your reunions than perhaps the veterans of any other unit or battle; and, trust me, I've been to a lot of reunions for a lot of units in the course of writing about the war!

Warmest Regards,
Keith Nolan

AN EYE OPENING EXPERIENCE!

Where do I begin? Where do I end? Only you will know as you read this.

It all started in 1964 when I met my best friend Freddie Gilbert in high school. (many many years ago). We went together and in March of 1969 we went to get our marriage license and I stated to him "WHY DON'T YOU FIND OUT WHAT NUMBER YOU ARE ON THE DRAFT". Well he came back and stated that his draft notice was already sent out and he was to leave on the 8th of April 1969. Our wedding date was 12th of April so what should we do. I called my dad who was a Sgt. Major and stated he had to do something. Well we went in front of the Draft board and got a 30 day delay. Fred left for Fort Bragg on the 19th of May 1969, went through basic left on the 24th of

INCOMING MAIL

July for Fort Mc Cellan for Advance Infantry Training. He came home on the 2nd of October and left for Nam on the 20th of October all in 1969. He was assigned to the 2/506 Inf D Company with the 101st Airborne Unit. He wrote letters every day but as young as I was I didn't realize what he really was faced with. He came home at the end of August 1970 due to his Mother's death (stating that his



George and Mary Murphy (B 2/320 Arty) get to know Fred and Carol Gilbert (D 2/506) who are new comers to the Ripcord Association.

Mom saved his life) but he was not the same person who left in October. He spent 21 years in the Army always looking for something that was missing. Well he finally received that, this past year when we went out to visit our daughter in San Jose, CA and had a lay over in Vegas for 3 hours waiting to come back to Baltimore. I was of course playing the slots and Fred was watching when a young man came up to him and ask him when were you in Vietnam. (you see Fred wears his colors all the time meaning the combat and airborne attire.) Fred told him in 1969-1970 with the 101st . Then he asked did you know about the battle of Ripcord. Freddie said yes he fought in that battle. Well he told us about the book and three weeks later a package came and there was the book along with the letter thanking all of you. Well I went on the internet and found the Ripcord Association and to my surprise there was the info for the reunion in Charleston SC . I asked Fred did he want to go and he hesitated and said yes. Well in my mind I didn't know what we were going into. The whole time driving that morning was thinking would Freddie be able to handle this and would I be able to handle him. You see like most of the men and women that served in Nam they didn't get the pat on the back that they deserved and Freddie had a lot of anger inside of him for that. Well our kids kept calling us on my cell phone asking how is Dad doing? I said we are not there yet I will call you when we get there. Well when we arrive at the hotel I saw a lady at the desk and we were checking in and she asked are you with the Ripcord. I was a little shocked that someone came right up to us. Well she said , that she is the welcome hugger and gave us both

a hug that will stay with us forever. It was a warm hug with a feeling that Fred and I can not explain. She said to go down to the hospitality room and when Fred walk in it was like coming home for Christmas every one hugging and welcoming him. We felt like we have known these people all of our lives. For that weekend I saw a different Freddie. He was content with himself. He felt like a black cloud that was over him was lifted and it was. Thanks to all of you at the reunion. Freddie has been able to put things to rest and is a lot happier person. I have you all to thank for that. The eye opening experience is that all of the families went through the same thing that we were going through, and that we were not alone. Freddie has not stopping talking about the fun, the laughter, the eyes tearing up that we had and it took the reunion to have it come to a end. The thanks that Freddie was hunting for he finally received it, thanks to all of you. Where does it end? It doesn't end see you next year.

Love,
Carol Gilbert, a proud wife of a Viet Nam Vet.

Hello Frank,

My name is Cameron Piatt, my mom is Charlotte Piatt (Lowe). Bobby Lowe is my mom's brother. I've been interested in my uncle's life since I was a little boy and when I found out that he was in Vietnam I became even more interested about what he did in Vietnam. Nobody in my family can tell me much about it because they weren't there and he could only write certain things.

I've been on the Ripcord sights before and have done a lot of searching over the last year or so and I had figured he was in the thick of the war and was probably involved with the things going on in and around Ripcord but I haven't ever met anyone who knew him over there to tell me much about it.

My searching started at the National Archives web site where I got his Personnel Records and they told me that he was killed in the Thua Thien providence and so I searched for maps and things to help me find out where he was and possibly stationed. This is where I learned of Ripcord, Operation Jefferson Glen, FSB Jack, operation Randolph Glenn and several others.

I contacted Tim Joliet through the virtual wall and he was the first person that I have had contact with that knew Uncle Bobby. It was a pretty big feat for me because I have hit dead ends for quite some time. Like I told Tim, I am not here to open a can of worms for anyone nor do I want anyone to think that they have an obligation to answer my questions or tell me stories or anything. But I am interested in anything that I can learn from his experience and the ones that served with him in Vietnam.

Cameron Piatt
cam76piatt@yahoo.com
(Bob Lowe was with A/2-506)

Lee Widjeskog, A 2/506, HHC 3rd Bde. (part 2)

After we had moved from the NDP perimeter about 150 to 200 meters, the point man spotted mortars and NVA in the trail. Rather than firing, he dropped back to report his find. Upon questioning, he said he hadn't shot because he thought they might be ours. I took the squad and moved up to see if we could make contact. As we approached the NVA opened fire on us with RPG and automatic weapons. At the same time we heard the mortars popping off as they shot tear gas onto the rest of the company on the hill behind us. The fire about us dropped a tree in front of my point man and hit my radioman in the leg. At the same time an assault was taking place around my platoon as the NVA charged the hill and my now cut off platoon.

Those of us in the front of my column struggled to drag my RTO back to safety while I provided covering fire. In the process we lost his gear and radio. At the rear of my column, Sgt. Brown and his RTO were under fire. He took a round through the face, in one cheek and out the other taking with it part of his tongue and jaw. It was all he could do from that point on to keep out of shock and not choke to death on his own blood. His RTO Mulvey was hit with shrapnel and forced to leave his radio behind as he was dragged to cover. With these two was SSgt Gary Foster who arrived in the jungle with us on the 18th of July. He started firing at all the NVA who showed themselves. For a while they were coming down a trail at him but he kept dropping them. After a dozen or more (no one was counting) they decided it was better to snipe at Gary from behind trees rather than charge. As they shot at him, he would toss a grenade at them. While he was inflicting damage on the NVA, Gary received his share of injuries. He had numerous wounds from NVA grenades and had his shirt torn to shreds by a satchel charge that gave him a second-degree burn and burst both his eardrums. Soon no more shots were being directed towards this trio of GI's and Gary was able to herd his two wounded charges into the perimeter with the rest of Second Platoon.

Sometime during the opening salvo fired at us by the

NVA, Tom Schultz of Pittsburgh, PA was killed as he maneuvered to a new position. When Gary got to the perimeter we were down to 16 men but our perimeter was tight and we were keeping the NVA at bay. Things were going less well on the hill where the tear gas and high explosives mortars hit. We had lost our two working radios but we did have a third, which was due to go in for repair since it worked sporadically or not at all. The RTO's began working to get this up and broadcasting.

Soon after the sergeants got into our perimeter, the NVA made a concerted effort to get rid of us. All of a sudden we were hit from all sides with grenades, small arms fire and satchel charges. Since the NVA were very close and our perimeter, very tight, only a few of the packages and grenades land within us. As this went on we returned fire in an effort to keep them out of our space. Sparky was fighting hard on the north end of our formation when he was hit and killed with shrapnel from a grenade. Others received lesser wounds from that and other grenades

than landed among us. Tony Galindo was hit in the cheek badly enough to close one eye and eventually give him tunnel vision. I received only minor flesh wounds from the same grenade. This assault lasted only ten or fifteen minutes (I really don't know), but it was hard to see very far due to the vegetation and the smoke.

After that assault failed the NVA continued to pop at us but not at the same level of intensity. The third radio was finally working and I was soon able to contact Hawkins. I reported my two losses and he knew of at least five deaths in the rest of the company on the hill. He had assumed we were gone since he had not heard from me since the battle started and by now perhaps an hour or more had passed (who knows?). With the radio we were able to get better coverage by artillery and in-coming helicopters and airplanes.

As the NVA continued to fire on us and toss an occasional explosive charge, Gary Foster asked me to give him some covering fire so he could throw a grenade. I was up on my knees shooting in the direction of the NVA as he threw his grenade. Out of the corner of my eye I saw him heave the bomb and



Lee and Kathy Widjeskog

2006 Ripcord Reunion Attendees

started to get down when it exploded. A piece of the shrapnel flew back at us and hit me in the mouth, shattering a tooth and lodging in my gum. Luckily I had kept my mouth shut or the piece might have gone into the back of my throat or skull. With a wound no worse than a visit to the dentist, I kept on fighting.

It was during this period that Hawkins had a jet drop a pair of 250-pound bombs on the enemy positions east of us. For whatever reason the bombs dropped much closer than we wanted. One landed on the end of the hill the company was on, but did not go off. The other landed 100 meters from my position but on top of the NVA. When the bomb went off the sky turned black as the sun was blocked and the trees were cut off down to 8 feet in height. When the smoke cleared we could actually see 30 or 40 meters away if we rose up from a prone position. Before we couldn't see 5 meters.

Minutes later I was on my knees assessing the situation as a jet passed over. I then saw a NVA machine gunner running down the trail away from the company coming towards us. I looked to see if anyone had spotted him and realized that only I could see him. I shouldered my rifle and quickly squeezed off 18 rounds in his direction. As each round hit the bushes and trees around his head and shoulders I saw him look left and right for a way to escape. All the time I kept thinking to myself "I need to aim!" Finally I was out of bullets and he dove into the brush to his right. I quickly got on the radio and called in a Cobra Gunship to fire rounds in the direction he had fled. As they prepared to fire rockets, I warned all my guys to keep down until the firing was done. For a reason known only to him, Gary Foster decided to look up and watch the show. As the rockets hit, he saw a fragment bouncing along the ground towards his position. He later remarked it moved in slow motion until it hit him in the nose adding a broken nose to all his other injuries.

By 1800 hours the fight was over and we had managed to link up with the remains of Alpha Company. Over all, Alpha had 14 killed and 55 wounded. Six men made it through the day unscratched.

Although the NVA had pulled out, we prepared for their return that night. We re-established positions on the old NDP and waited for the NVA. Through the night were the recipients of flares from the over head aircraft which waited for the NVA to hit us once more. Nothing happened!

The next morning Delta 2/506 walked into help evacuate us as we blew a LZ on site. By 1200 hours Delta and we had left the area and returned to Camp Evans. The camp looked better than I had ever imagined!

I returned to the field with a basically new platoon in august and remained there until late September when I received assignment as supply Officer for the Brigade Headquarters Company till I left "Nam in March 1971.

Six months later I was out of the service and working for NJ Division of Fish and Wildlife as a wildlife biologist. Today I still work for the same organization, have a grown daughter and son and have managed to stay married to the same woman who selected me back in 1968.

CURRAHEE!!!

Jim & Irene Aanonsen, A 2/506
Dorian & Marsha Alexander, A 2/506
Tom Austin, A 2/11 Arty
William Baldwin, A 2/506
Fred Behrens & Mary Jean Tirell, B Air Assault
Paul Buhr, A 2/506
Jim Campbell, C 2/506
Mike Chiarelli, B 2/506
James & Gwen Cobb, 2/11 Arty
Tommy & Judy Counts w/ Lisa Hill, D 2/506
Terry & Alma Cowan, B 2/506
Wayne & Faye & Lori Dawson, A 2/11 Arty
Frank Delfino, 1/506 HHC
John Digilio, 95th Evac Hosp.
Dan Esposito, 2/11 Arty
Bob & Charlotte Faddis, A 2/506
Rick Freeman, C 4/77
Fred & Carol Gilbert, D 2/506
Robin Graham, HHC 2/506
Layne & Sandra Hammons, C 2/506
William & Lynn Hand, B&E 2/506
Jim Harris, HHC 2/506
Ben & Carolyn Harrison, 3rd Bde
Chuck Hawkins, C&A 2/506
John "Pops" Hedrick & Mike Phipps, E 2/506
Bob & Red Judd, B 2/506
Rick & Betty Kellogg, B 2/506
Dale Lane & Dianne Grote, A 2/506
Walter & Kathie Lyssy, HHC 2/506
Frank Marshall, A 2/506
Al & Bonnie Martin, 2/11 Arty
Peter & Christine Meloro, C 2/506
Uwe & Dianne Meyer, B 2/506
John Mihalko Recon, E 2/506
Ken & Connie Miller, Air Cav 3rd Bde
Leonard & Carole Moore, Mini Cav
George & Mary Murphy, B 2/320 Arty
Jim & Roxanne Neff, E 2/506
Bruce & Ramona Nelson, 2/319 Arty
Ben & Lillian Peters, B 2/506
Jacob (Chief) Pioche, C 2/506
Joe Pojedinec, Navy
Robert Pressley & Gloria Carringer, B 2/506
Buddy, Lisa, Beverly & Ashley Ralley, Air Cav 3 Bde
Ted Reeves & Shirley Bitters, B 2/506
Larry, Maria & William Rosen, 326 Med
Kent & Janice Rowland, C & D 2/506
Julie & Ted Sadtler, A 2/506
John & Sandi Schnarr, Recon E 2/506
John & Debbie Sherba, Recon E 2/506
Fred Shuttleworth, E 2/506
Dave Snyder, 2/11 Arty
Fred Spaulding, 3 Bde S3 Air
Charlie & Juanita Tipton, C 2/506
Craig & Sandy VanHout, B 2/506
Isabelino & Uthoomporn Vaxquez, C & HHC 2/506
Steve Wallace and Susan Huggins, B 2/506
Tommy, Susan & Hope Webste, A 2/506
Lee & Kathy Widjeskog, A 2/506
Bill & Sheila Williams, B 2/506
Audrey Wrightsell, 2/11 Arty

In This Issue...

News Update from New Jersey	Page 1
From The Editor	Page 2
Donations	Page 2
Incoming Mail	Pages 3-5
Then & Now	Page 6-7
Reunion Attendees	Page 7

***Thanks to everyone who helped
make the 2006 Ripcord Reunion in
Charleston, SC a success!***

***See you in Springfield, Missouri
next year!***

RIPCORD REPORT

Ripcord Report is a publication
of the ***Ripcord Association***, and
is the authoritative voice of
history for the Battle of Fire
Support Base Ripcord.

Ripcord Report

224 Derry Hill Court
Mt. Laurel, NJ 08054

www.ripcordassociation.com

Editor: Frank Marshall

Phone: 856-273-4426

E-mail: frankmarshall
 @ripcordassociation.com

Writer: Lee Widjeskog

E-mail: leewidjeskog
 @ripcordassociation.com

Design: Dennis Bloomingdale

Phone: 215-922-4359

E-mail: denb@verizon.net



Address Correction Requested

224 Derry Hill Court
Mt. Laurel, NJ 08054
Frank Marshall, Editor
**RIPCORD
REPORT**