

RIPCORD REPORT

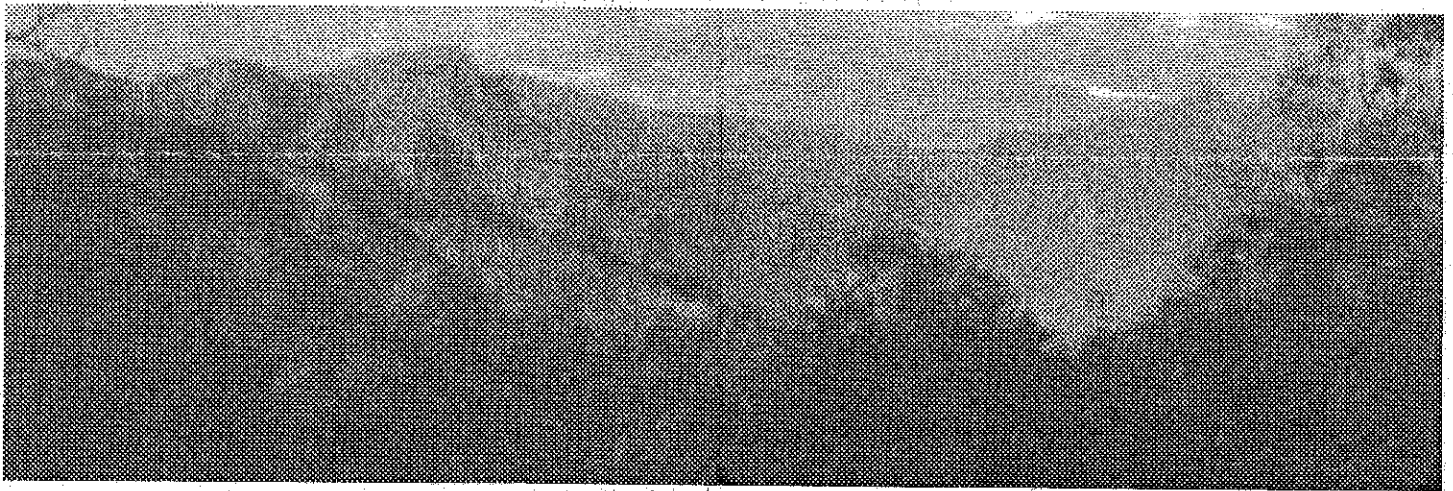
For friends and survivors of the
Battle of Fire Support Base Ripcord,
RVN, March 12-July 23, 1970.

No. 54

August 2001

Ben Harrison, Fred Spaulding complete grueling trip in search of North Vietnamese perspectives, data on Ripcord

Perhaps the battle that began 31 years ago is finally entering its final stages. Keith Nolan's coup de main last year in getting the Ripcord book published by Presidio Press got our side of the story told. Now, with a little luck, additional fact finding and some report preparation, it is very likely that we will begin to know some, if not most, of what the enemy was doing at the time. See Ben's trip report on page 3.



LOVELY COUNTRY, DEADLY TERRAIN — photo courtesy of Bob Smoker (C/2-506)



Awwwwwk!!! Remember, Reunion '01 will be October 10-14 at Carlisle, PA (just southwest of Harrisburg off I-81). Things are shaping up nicely, and there promise to be some new members attending this year. So, make your plans now if you haven't already. The deadline for reunion registration with Fred Spaulding is September 7. Don't delay, register today!

Oh, we could have some fun with this picture, we could.

LZ KENT ISLAND

STEVENSVILLE, Md.—I'm going to skip the pithy commentary this issue and devote this space to articles and musings from members. The association does want to say "thanks" to recent contributors, however, and these include the following stalwarts:

Richard Drury
John Serris
Wilma Knight (mother of Wayland Norris, KIA, June 3, 1970)
Eskridge E. Smith, Jr. (a friend in Shreveport)
Gary Watrous
Bill & Shelia Williams
Ralph Motta
Steve Wallace
Charlie & Juanita Tipton
Jay S. Crills
George Stenehjem

Ripcord book offers new hope for PTSD sufferer

I'm writing this in regard to Keith Nolan's book, *Ripcord*.

I was on Hill 902, July 2, 1970. Radcliff and I were both getting short. We were in basic and AIT together. Hewitt made grave tactical errors. One, we should have never stayed on that hill. Two, a hammock and hooches were nuts. These errors were brought to his attention and were met with sarcasm and laughter. Not only by Hewitt, but also certain sergeants. The result of these errors is well documented. There was a lot of finger pointing and back stabbing after that battle.

For those of us who had been there for awhile, these errors were obvious. Sure, we all laid on air mattresses in Vietnam, and we all lay under hooches, but only when it was kinda safe. In other words, when the signs showed inactivity by the enemy. Those times were known as a break and were few and far between.

The signs around Hill 902 read like a book—a lot of enemy activity!

I was also one of the guys medevaced out when it was over. Shrapnel in my body and deaf in one ear and hardly able to hear out of the other.

Two things a grunt needs more than anything: eyes and ears. To this day 50 percent of one ear is gone and the other is deteriorating.

I was due to go home August 20. I remained in the rear for awhile, until it became a joke. I requested to return to my platoon. At that time we were on a fire base. On July 21, we were told to saddle up to go in to help D/1-506 that was in a fierce battle with the enemy. We went in and got out those who were left. I was on the last bird out along with Tarbuck and Smith and someone I can't remember. That was my last combat mission. We all knew this battle was big. What I didn't realize was why no one back home knew about it.

Ripcord has haunted me ever since, and I know it has many other's too. My wife and I began noticing the change in me while at Fort Carson, Colo., and I sought help. I was told to make sure I told my state VA about all my problems when I got home. This I did. Everything was denied even though I knew it should be a matter of record.

I worked at General Motors in Janesville, Wis. When I returned to work (about two weeks after discharge) I informed GM and the UAW Local 95 of my problems. I cared about my job. After the VA denied everything, the UAW looked at me skeptically after that. But when things worsened for me and I told of this battle and problems that it caused, they laughed at me—told me all I needed was a good head shrinker. They said that if this were such a big battle it would be in the papers and all over the news. It was not.

In September 1972 I lost my job at GM. The union would not defend or help me.

In 1983 I was finally recognized as suffering PTSD incurred in Vietnam. I went back to GM and UAW Local 95 with facts. Once again I was laughed at and denied the job I lost for no reason other than disrespect and cold-hearted resentment towards Vietnam vets. At first I thought it was just a mistake, but GM's and the UAW's actions leave no doubt—they are atrocities.

The book made me cry, made me angry, and made me proud.

Which leads me back to the book. I am very grateful to Keith W. Nolan for writing it. I am also very proud of the men I fought with—Tarbuck, Smitty, Holthausen, Quinn, and Taylor—I could go on and on. I have come to understand why things happened the way they did. The book made me cry, made me angry, and made me proud. It also gave me new hope that the wrong can be made right.

I have asked Senator Robson of Wisconsin to help me with this. Time will tell for me in my personal battles.

The events in this book were hard for me to be a part of and it was just as hard for me to read. In the end, I feel we've all made a difference—not just for ourselves, but for everyone. I guess that makes it worth it. We can't change history. We just have to deal with it.

I hope the book has helped others as it has helped me. Stand up for yourselves!

Curraheel

Stephen Manthei
C/2-506
Janesville, Wis.

Ben Harrison

Reports

Hi Folks—

The visit to Vietnam in search of the North Vietnamese side of the battle for Ripcord in 1970, has been completed. We returned late yesterday [Monday, June 11]. Encouraged and assisted by Lt Gen (Ret) Teddy Allen and advised and coached by Courtney Frobenius, owner and operator of Vietnam-Indochina Tours, it was first scheduled for 29 Nov 2000. Postponed because of Carolyn's TIA, I rescheduled it for March 2001. The Ministry of Foreign Affairs asked me to reschedule for late April, Ten days before my planned 11 Apr departure, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs said, please reschedule for a later time, so 1 Jun became the new date.

Fortunately for me, at that timing of the trip, Fred Spaulding was able to go with me. We are home, healthy and grateful. (Fred lost 14 pounds and I lost 5.)

The Initial Report:

GOOD NEWS:

The trip clearly was a success as we learned significant information

about the North Vietnamese forces and their strategy and tactics in the battle for Ripcord in 1970.

The first of our six interviews with North Vietnamese officers was with Colonel (Ret) Nguyen Van Ba, now living in Cu Chi. Teddy Allen located Col Ba for us. Col Ba was a sergeant serving near Khe Sanh at the time of Ripcord, later Deputy Commander and Political Officer of the 9th Division of the Peoples Army of Vietnam (PAVN) and retired from the position of Political Officer of the Cu Chi District.

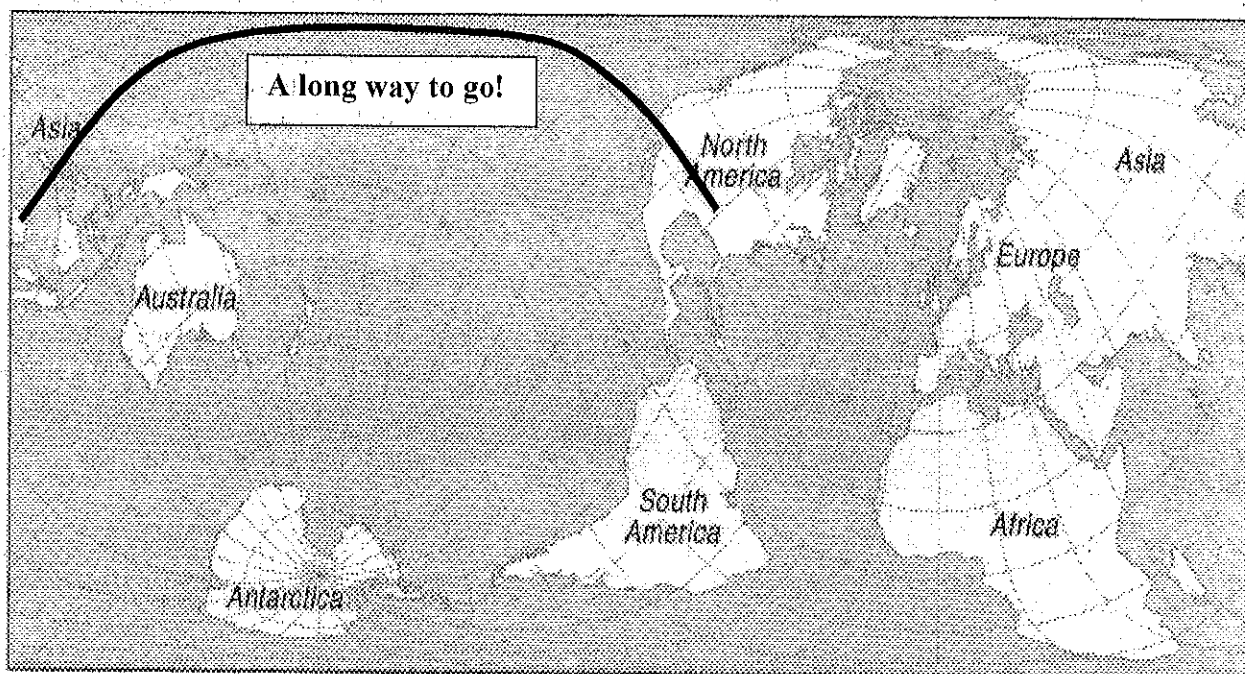
Ambassador Peterson was gracious and generous with his time. He made some interesting observations. The Defense Attache, LTC Frank Miller, offered to assist us.

Mr. Nguyen The Cuong of the Foreign Press Center of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, arranged for us to interview BG Bui Pham Ky, People's Army of Vietnam, Retired. Ky

had been the Deputy Commander and Political Officer of the 324 Division in Thua Tien Province.

With Courtney Frobenius's help and his wife's timely trip to Vietnam, we were able employ the assistance of Colonel (Ret) Pham Van Dinh, living in Hue, whom I had known in the 1st Infantry Division, Army of Vietnam. (Colonel Dinh had been the Commander of the 56th Regiment, 2nd Infantry Division of the Army of Vietnam and Camp Carroll on the DMZ, when he surrendered his forces to the North Vietnamese during the Easter Offensive of the North Vietnamese in 1972. He was flown to Hanoi and made a colonel in the People's Army of Vietnam). Col Dinh took us to the Army Museum in Hanoi where we interviewed the Director, Col Le Ma Luong. He had been an infantry company commander in Thua Tien Province in 1970.

Col Dinh located and arranged for us to interview the following People's Army of Vietnam officers in Hue:



Major (Ret) Ho Van Thuoc, who, in 1970, was the Operations Officer of the Regional forces in Quang Tri Province.

Brig Gen (Ret) Zuonz Ba Nuoi, who, in 1970 was the Deputy Commander and Political Officer Of Zone 4, which included Thua Tien, Quang Tri, Quang Binh, and Ha Tinh Provinces.

Senior Colonel Nguyen Quoc Khanh, who, in 1970 was the Operations Officer of the 324 Division.

With the help of LTC Miller and Col (Ret) Dinh, we will follow up our search with the People's Army Publishing House for books/reports relating to the battle for Ripcord in 1970.

Continued on next page.

Our next step is to use our notes, recordings, references and memories to develop a narrative of the North Vietnamese side of the battle for Ripcord. We will offer this to Presidio Press (should they choose to make a second edition of the Ripcord book) to try and recoup the expense of trip to Vietnam. Should they not buy it, we will publish a report (with pictures) and offer it for sale through our Ripcord Association with any money beyond our expenses going to the Association.

General Observations:

In spite of the official propaganda, virtually all of the people are friendly, courteous and quick with a smile; happy to learn that you are an American. Many will tell you that they have a relative(s) in the United States. The children laugh, giggle, romp and play like children all over the world.

Many people speak English. Most signs and menus are also in English. The adventurous person can travel without a guide or interpreter. I, however, would recommend Courtney Frobenius's Vietnam-Indochina Tours.

Many people refer to Ho Chi Minh City as Saigon and Saigon is seen on many signs and in print.

The food is good and quite cheap. The taxis are also very cheap.

The three, four and five star hotels we used were excellent and averaged about \$70 per night. Vietnam Airlines use Airbus 320's and have some western pilots.

The landscape is absolutely beautiful!

BAD NEWS:

Japan Airlines does not stock rum!

Senior General Tien Vien Dung, age 81, the overall commander of the PAVN who replaced Giap, was still in the hospital and I could not see him. Lt Gen Din Vang Quang, former commander of the 304 Division, was traveling away from Hanoi and I could not interview him. Ambassador Peterson said that was unfortunate because Quang is the head of the war veterans organization and loves to talk. I will try and communicate with him by letter.

The People's Army Publishing House sales office in Hanoi was a 10 foot by 20 foot hole in the wall with no list or index of published books/papers available.

The Quang Tri War Records Center had limited information on Quang Tri Regional Forces and apparently nothing on the Ripcord battle. (A visit there was deemed a waste of our limited time.)

Past and present military and government bureaucrats are quite careful to talk the communist party line and extremely parsimonious with information.

Most of the history of the Ripcord battle apparently has not been written or published even though communist military units are known to be careful record keepers.

We could not visit Ripcord because there still is no road through that area. There used to be a government helicopter available in the Hue-Phu Bai area, but there is none now. Our Vietnam Airline A320 jet transport landed there and not another single aircraft of any kind was in sight.

General Observations:

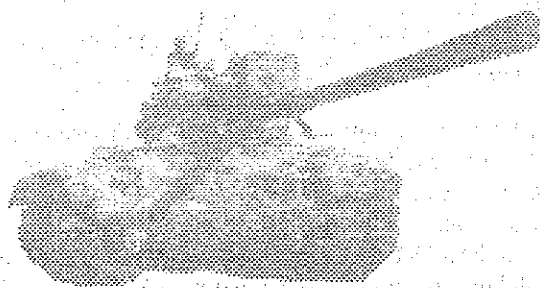
Poverty and a very, very low standard of living is all too readily apparent; especially in the countryside. Rice is still planted and harvested by hand. You sometimes will see a water buffalo used for plowing in the muddy rice paddies.

There are hundreds of thousands of motor bikes in Ho Chi Minh City and Hanoi. The traffic is terrible in the cities and Highway 1 is frequently rough. The motor bike riders and bicycle riders never look as they pull into the traffic and they ignore the incessant horn blowing.

Vietnam Airlines still use several Soviet built AN-24 turbo-prop transports.

It is still a very, very, very long trip! We had a 24 layover in Tokyo enroute to Saigon and the return was 36 hours from baggage turn-in to pickup. It was 57 hours from bed in Saigon to bed at home!!

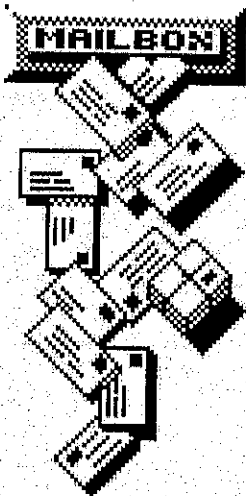
Ben L. Harrison



Tanks — Ben, Fred

Ya done good guys!

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RIPCORD REUNION VIDEOS FOR SALE

30th Anniversary Reunion, Shreveport, LA

30th Reunion Video, 1 hour, 51 minutes, \$20.00
Memorial Ceremony, Banquet, Barbecue, and Festivities

Media Interview Video, 45 minutes, \$15.00

Men of Ripcord interviewed

TO ORDER SEND CHECK TO:

20 Sunnybrook Lane
Haughton, LA 71037
(318) 949-8481

Make check payable to:
Rod Duchesne - videographer

Sign me up!

Please sign me up to receive a copy of the *Ripcord Report*. I was in the 2nd/319th Arty, 101st Airborne and was on Fire Base Ripcord. Thank you!

David A. Bratcher
Silver Creek, Ga.

Donation

I haven't sent any money lately, so thought I'd better get on the ball! Hope this helps keep the *Ripcord Report* going. Thanks!

Richard Drury
Wayland, Mich.

Did not know there was an association

Thanks for the quick e-mail response. I served as a squad leader in Bravo Co., 3rd Platoon. We were on Ripcord in July 1970, and it was a time! I didn't know there was an association until recently. Thank you!

Pete Parsons
W. Va.

Internet access

I am so glad to have found the Ripcord Association via the Internet. As a member of the 101st Airborne Division (E/2/506th) operating on Fire Base Ripcord as a mortarman from April 11th through July 23rd (minus a few sojourns back to Camp Evans for rotations and stand downs), I am so very interested on being a member and receiving the *Ripcord Report*. I only regret that it has taken me over 30 years to get in touch with my fellow brothers-in-arms. Also, if my schedule permits, I would love to attend this year's reunion.

I feel as if I know everyone after having read Keith W. Nolan's fine account of our operation in his well researched book *Ripcord*. I look forward one day soon to meeting you and the rest of the association members.

Warm regards,
Fred Shuttleworth
Stone Mountain, Ga.

Jungle Ambush!

What did we dread more, the enemy, or losing a piece of our soul?

Somewhere northeast of FSB Rakassan in September 1970.

The trail meandered along the side of a ridge to a stream below. He couldn't see it, but he knew it was there. Sam was to his left, a thump gunner. "What the hell good is a grenade launcher going to do in this thick stuff," he wondered? But they both had claymores to their front along the trail. That would be enough, if they did it correctly.

To his right was the new guy, Tiny they called him because he stood over six feet. On the far right was Sarge. There were just four of them, lying flat in the dense brush, waiting.

He fingered the cover on the feed mechanism to his M-60 machine gun. He had a teaser belt of 30 rounds fed into the gun with a round locked into the chamber. It, too, would be enough, unless he screwed up. "How long we gotta be here," he thought to himself?

"Until they come," a Little Voice flickered in the back of his mind. "Until they come."

Besides, where else was he going to go. Back to the World? What a joke. "Ain't going nowhere but here," he thought, "and it don't mean a thing. Just doin' my time."

High above the sun beat down on the triple canopy rain forest, turning the jungle into a steam cooker. What light that filtered through the leaves gave the terrain an eerie, primeval feeling. A rivulet of sweat ran down his nose and plopped onto the "sixty."

He thought about what they were supposed to do. Last evening when they discovered the trail, it had been

Mountains near FSB Ripcord, 1970. Photo courtesy of Bob Smoker.

recently used. Quietly, the captain had sent out two small ambushes to catch who ever else might come along. The other ambush was off to the left a hundred meters or so. If the enemy came from the left, that ambush would get them, if the enemy came from the right, it was their show. The rest of the company was behind them a few hundred meters, dug in on a small knoll. He felt very alone for a moment, then pushed the thought aside.

"Waiting is the hard part," he thought. There was no rush of adrenaline, nothing to keep his body tense, his mind alert, just his self-discipline. The heavy stillness of the air and the sound of insects buzzing about made him drowsy. He tried to shake it off, tried to focus on the wall of green directly to his front.

"The Old Man will call it off at noon if we don't get any action," he thought. He looked at his watch. The hands pointed to 1030 hours. "Nobody's gonna come by here," he argued to himself, "they already used the trail, yesterday. Ain't no enemy gonna be stupid enough to use it again so soon." Still, he kept focused on the green tangle to his front.

Suddenly, he felt a presence to his front. Something was out there,

moving ever so cautiously. Something dangerous. The hairs on the nape of his neck raised, sending a chill through his body. His gut tightened. Now his mind was racing, thinking, remembering, flushing all thoughts away except for those things he would have to do in the next few moments.

Then he saw it. A dull flash of khaki blending in with the green foliage. "It's them," his mind screamed, "they're directly in front of me."

"Patience," his Little Voice said, "Sarge will initiate contact."

The enemy presence multiplied. Now there were two of them, now four. Their point team poking into the dense underbrush along the trail, suspicious, looking, searching. Warily they continued, AK-47s at the ready. His whole body tensed, "It's gotta be now," he thought, "C'mon Sarge, do it!"

At the far right of the kill zone, Sarge squeezed the clacker to his claymore. It erupted with a terrifying blast. Instantly the other three members of the team squeezed their clackers. The rippling explosions swept along the trail, spewing thousands of double-ought steel pellets ankle to waist high across the trail, shredding leaves and brush and human flesh and bone.

Jungle Ambush continued.

Before the reverberation of the explosions had time to die down he found himself clawing his way forward, stepping into the kill zone, firing the "sixty" at human shapes still dazed and standing. Short, six round bursts coughed out of the barrel of the machine gun. He heard the clinking sound of expended casings and ammo links falling to the ground. More firing from his left and right. Sam had buckshot in his thump gun. "Crazy," he said to himself as he fired, "I didn't think of that."

Sarge was hollering now, "Secure the trail! Secure the trail." Tiny lumbered to the right, sighting his M-16 down the trail, looking for more enemy. Sam was doing the same on the left. "Gunner," Sarge yelled, "cover me while I check the bodies." It seemed surreal.

He looked up and down the kill zone. There were six dead North Vietnamese soldiers. Three had weapons, three had packs full of supplies. They were all dead. Some of the bodies had legs missing. All were shot through with bullets from head to toe. One's torso had been ripped in half. "I did that," he thought, "I did that with the gun."

Sarge was on the radio now, calling the Old Man, giving a SITREP. Shortly, the Old Man and the rest of their platoon would come to join them. He looked back at the bodies in the kill zone. He breathed heavily, the adrenaline rush subsiding now. "That was quick," he thought, "very quick."

"Good job, Gunner," Sarge was saying, smiling. "Good job. We did a damn-damn on 'em."

He looked at Sarge, thought, "This was plain murder, pure and simple."

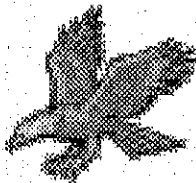
"Yeah," Little Voice said, "And they would have done the same to us."

Aloud he said to Sarge, "Yeah, the Old Man's dick is gonna get hard when he sees this."

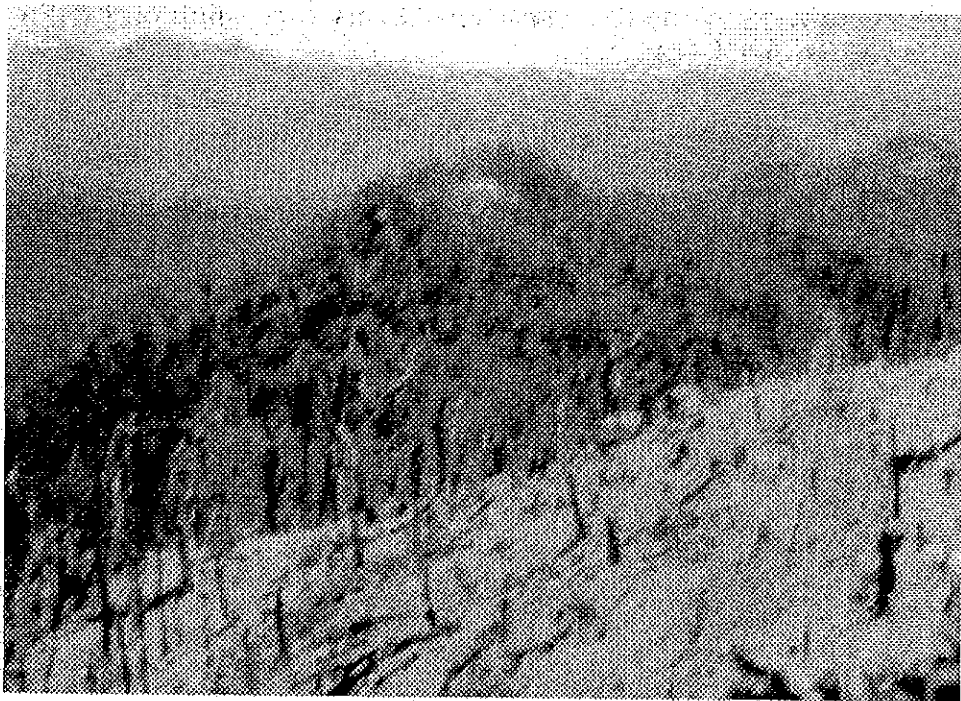
He sat down, then, next to one of the men he had helped to kill. He fingered the feed tray cover on the M-60, popped it open and inserted a new teaser belt of ammo, then slammed the cover shut. He looked away into the jungle, tears welling up in his eyes, mingling with the salt-taste of his sweat. Drops fell from his face and landed on his machine gun.

"Why," his mind screamed at him, "why does it have to be like this? These men had families! They had a home! They had people who loved them! Why?"

"Easy, man," Little Voice whispered in the back of his head, "It don't mean nothin'. It don't mean a thing."



LZ East of Ripcord, Hill 805 is to the Far Right



REUNION '01

October

Deadline Sept. 7, 2001

Events

Wed, 10th 1200, hospitality suite open

11th 1200, hospitality suite open

12th Gettysburg battlefield tour, 0800 depart, tour from 0900-1145, lunch, 1300-1445 tour of town, depart sharp at 1500

13th Golf tourney, otherwise wide open, 1500 association business meeting, 1600 hospitality suite closes, 1730 cash bar, 1830 banquet buffet, 1930 Ripcord coins presented

14th pack up and go home

\$75 registration fee to Fred Spaulding, \$50 under 18.

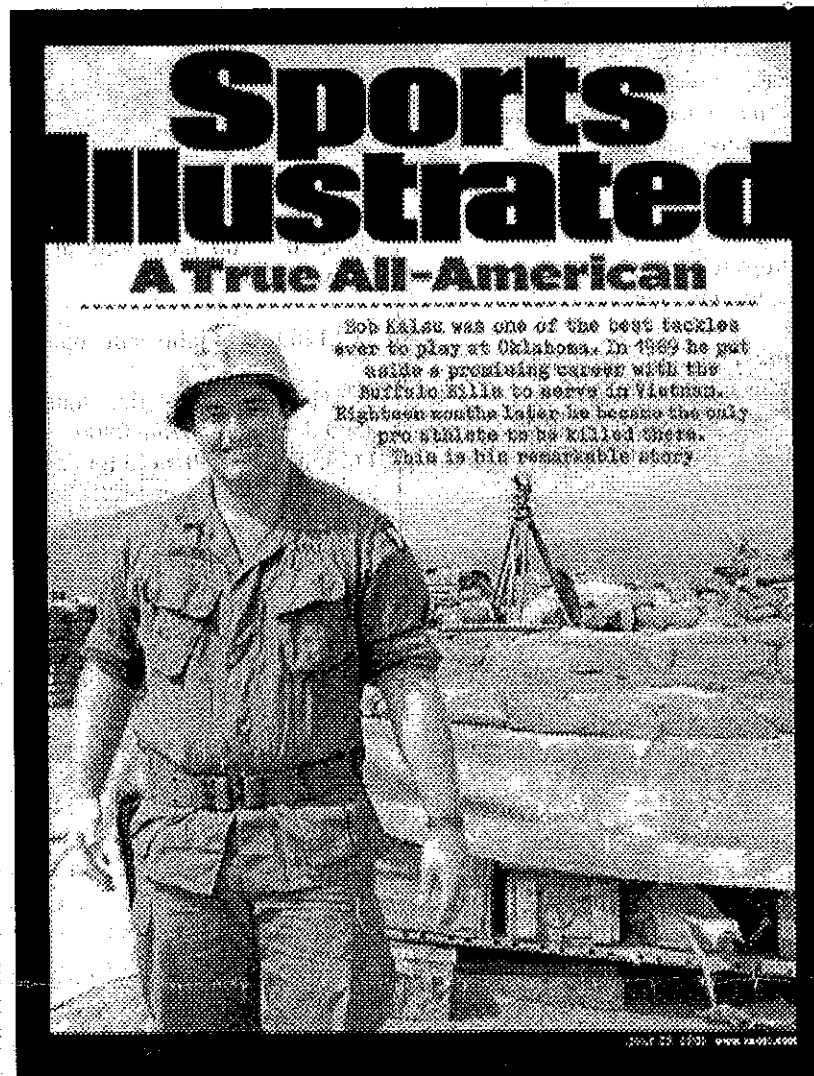
Holiday Inn

1450 Harrisburg Pike

Carlisle, PA 17013

717-245-2400

\$69 includes breakfast. Be sure to mention Ripcord Reunion and ask for airport shuttle if needed.



Ripcord battle featured in S/ article about Bob Kalsu

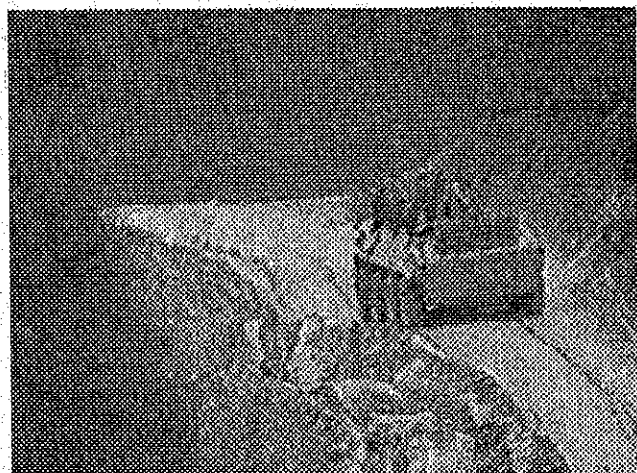
"Bob Kalsu was one of the best tackles ever to play at Oklahoma. In 1969 he put aside a promising career with the Buffalo Bills to serve in Vietnam. Eighteen months later he became the only pro athlete to be killed there. This is his remarkable story."—Bill Nack

In case you didn't see the July 23 issue of *Sports Illustrated* on the newsstands, the Battle of Fire Base Ripcord gained national attention with the feature story about Bob Kalsu, a 1st lieutenant who served in the 2/11th Artillery and was killed on Ripcord on July 21, 1970.

It's just unfortunate that writer Bill Nack, himself a Vietnam veteran, did not cite Keith Nolan's book as the reference source for most of his information about Ripcord and the fighting there. And, a mention of the Ripcord Association would have been nice.

Still, it is good to see the battle get some national attention. America loves its sports heroes. Perhaps widespread attention to Kalsu's heroism and remembering his sacrifice and his family's loss will help to give other veterans the respect they so richly deserve.

TIP: You can get the Reunion '01 registration form and hotel reservation information at the HERO Library Web site, www.herolibrary.org. Click on the Fire Base Ripcord link and go to the Reunion '01 link.



Russian troops having a bad day on the Chechen front. Photos courtesy of Col. Don Prewitt (USA, Ret.), AUSA

CROSSFIRE

Dear Otis,

Keith Nolan did you (and me) a professional disservice in his account of Ripcord when on page 262 he inaccurately stated that I had planned to relieve you of command of the 2nd Battalion, 501st Infantry. Nothing could have been further from the truth; I considered you then—and now—as one of the most effective combat battalion commanders I have ever known.

Nolan accurately reports that I insisted all commanders employ massive supporting firepower—the principal advantage that we had over the enemy. To make the point, I may have been unreasonable in my demands, a technique whose effectiveness I had learned commanding a brigade in General Gill DePuy's Big Red One during 1966-67.

This excerpt from my 20 July 1970 letter to my wife rebuts any allegation that I ever entertained any notion of relieving you from command:

"... Ate lunch yesterday with the battalion commander and company commanders of the 2/501st Infantry. They had come out of operations around the Ripcord area the day before, cleaned up, and gotten a good night's rest. They now are beginning the week's refresher training that we rotate our battalions through. The battalion has had continuous, tough fighting in the mountains around Fire Base Ripcord and has taken heavy casualties. I wanted to sit and talk small unit tactics with the commanders when they were fresh from the operation so that I could learn from them and sense their attitude and morale. I learned much, found morale sound and attitudes positive, and enjoyed being there with those soldiers.

"LTC Otis Livingston, the battalion commander, as a First Lieutenant was tactical officer of the Ranger Class in which I was a student. He is a good battalion commander. Several days ago when he was on Hill 1000 (meters), I tried unsuccessfully to land in the single helicopter landing zone near Livingston's field location. Tried twice and drew so much enemy fire that I gave it up as a bad idea. I accused Livingston of giving me an

unfriendly reception so that I couldn't land and harass him."

Otis, you have my respect, admiration, and affection as a good man and as a military professional. This brings you and your family my best wishes for the coming year.

Sid Berry

Nolan responds

No disservice was intended, either to General Berry or Colonel Livingston. It is obvious from reading RIPCORD that both men were outstanding combat soldiers, whatever problems may have arisen between them in the heat of battle.

I am a little puzzled at Berry's denial, however, that he considered relieving Livingston of command. One of General Berry's letters home, dated July 14, 1970 (and cited on Pages 254-255 of RIPCORD), states explicitly that he did, in fact, consider relieving all of the principal commanders at Ripcord, namely Harrison, Livingston, and Lucas.

Furthermore, the time to have objected to the passage in question was not six months after RIPCORD was published, but back in November 1999 when I sent out the rough draft of the book for comments and corrections. In any event, I remain much obliged to General Berry for the tremendous amount of time and energy he devoted to the researching of RIPCORD.

If the book seems a bit harsh in places, if it tends to air some 'dirty laundry', that is because it was not written for the general public (or even for the families of Ripcord veterans), but for the men who fought at Ripcord, who wanted and who deserved no less than an unsparing, let-the-chips-fall-where-they-may accounting of one of the toughest and most controversial battles of the Vietnam War.

Keith William Nolan

Dear Keith,

Thank you for your letter of 18 February 2001. Yes, when I reviewed your manuscript of RIPCORD, I should have identified and corrected your erroneous conclusion that I had intended to relieve LTC Otis Livingston of command of 2/501st Infantry. I am chagrined that I failed to do so. My failure harmed the professional reputation of a superb combat command and detracted from the quality of your excellent account of the Ripcord campaign.

When on page 254 you cited my threat to relieve several commanders made in a letter to my wife, I should have informed you that I used my letters to vent frustration and to blow off steam and that all my words were not to be taken literally. In that particular letter, I was expressing concern about the deteriorating situation around Ripcord and dissatisfaction with commander's use of supporting firepower.

Most particularly, I should have corrected your assertion on page 262 that "Berry had, in fact, wanted to get on the ground to take Livingston aside and tell him... that he was prepared to relieve him of command should he not use the firepower available to him to better effect on Hill 1000." This assertion was incorrect. I never entertained any notion of relieving LTC Livingston of command.

As is my practice in combat, I wanted to talk face-to-face with the commander on the ground, encourage him, and determine ways in which I could help him fight the battle. Your erroneous surmise of my intention, although atypical of your usual accuracy, in no way excuses my failure to correct the error when I reviewed your manuscript, an inadvertent oversight that I deeply regret.

I am confident that you will join me in doing all possible to place Colonel Livingston's command in proper perspective for those who know of him only from reading RIPCORD. Soldiers who served with Colonel Livingston, particularly during the Ripcord campaign, recognizing his outstanding quality as leader and combat commander.

Sid Berry

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1970 - 2001

31 Years and Holding

Fire Base O'Reilly, 1970, Photo by Pat Germany



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

Ripcord Report
Chuck Hawkins, editor

