

RIPCORD REPORT



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

No. 57

May-June 2002

In Memory of:

Memorial Day

Chip Collins

Founder of FSB Ripcord Association dies
at age 51.



*The
spring grass now covers
The resting place of a man departed
But not forgotten in our hearts.*

*He has touched the lives of many
Yet - how were we to know?
The life he touched last would be his own.*

*Go in Peace and be with God, my brother.
There are Currahees to welcome you,
And in our time, more of us shall come.*

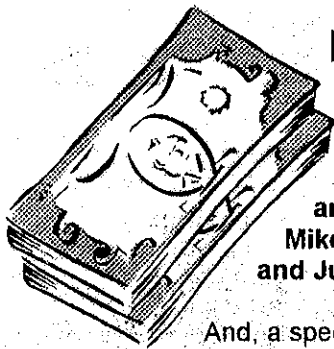
Chip Collins at Ripcord Reunion 2001. (More detail on page 2)

Vietnam veteran Rocky Bleier for the Football Hall of Fame

Mary Jean Terrell writes: Subject: Rocky Bleier Nomination

I am writing as part of grassroots campaign with the goal of enshrining Rocky Bleier, Pittsburgh Steelers, 1968, 1970-1980 in the Pro Football Hall of Fame. Drafted twice in 1968, in the sixth round by the Steelers and the first round by the U.S. Army, Bleier turned down an offer to evade and served his nation first. Rather than seek a job in recreation services, Rocky did duty as an infantryman and was severely wounded. Wounded badly enough that his doctor questioned whether he would walk again let alone play football. Rocky accepted this as a challenge and through dedication and hard work earned a starting spot on the Steelers and four Superbowl rings. (Continued on page 9)

Reunion 2002 will be in Colorado Springs, Colo., October 17-20. More information at: www.herolibrary.org/p8.htm



DONATIONS!

The association wants to say "thanks" to recent contributors, and these include the following stalwarts: **Bill and Sheila Williams, George Pourchot, John Knorr, Chuck Shannon, John Waterhouse, Gary and Cookie Roberson, Herb and Veronika Koenigsbauer, Bill and Sheila Williams (way to go), Tom and Janyce Rubsam, Wayne Spruill, Jon Chaffin, Mike Weber, Jim McCall, Tony Cox, D/1-506 Association, Bill and Sheila Williams, Charlie and Juanita Tipton, and Anonymous.** Cheers and a tip of the Ripcord Steel Pot to you all!

And, a special thanks goes to "Ripcordette" Patty Radford for all her help in copying and mailing the newsletter. Patty, whose husband Gary served as a platoon sergeant in D Co., 2/506th Infantry at Ripcord, assumed copying and mailing duties after the Carlisle reunion.

NOTES and REMINDERS

MEMBERSHIP has now topped the 400 mark. Send **NAME and ADDRESS CHANGES** to Chuck.

REMEMBERING CHIP

CLINCHCO, Va.—Rodger D. "Chip" Collins, 51, died Tuesday (April 9, 2002) at his residence in Clinchco. He was a former resident of Marion, Va.

He was a U.S. Army veteran of the Vietnam War, having served in Fire Base Ripcord. He was a social worker for the City of Norton, a patient rights advocate for the state hospital in Marion, worked for the Junction Center for Independent Living, and volunteered at the Client Center Legal Services in Castlewood.

He was the eldest of eight children. Surviving are two daughters, Lauren Collins, Wise, Va., and Agneta Barnes, Coeburn, Va., and best friend, Richard "Dickie" Shupe, Clintwood, Va.

Norton VFW Post No. 4301 and Wise DAV Chapter No. 56 conducted military rites for Chip.

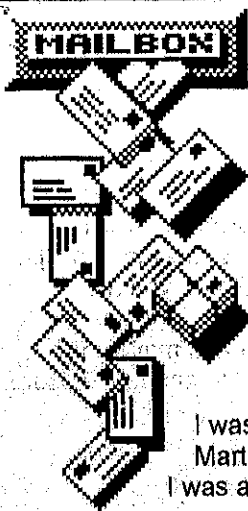
Then a woman said, 'Speak to us of Joy and Sorrow.

And he answered: Your joy is your sorrow unmasked. And the selfsame well from which your laughter rises was oftentimes filled with your tears. And how else can it be? The deeper that sorrow carves into your being, the more joy you can contain. Is not the cup that holds your wine the very cup that was burned in the potter's oven? And is not the lute that soothes your spirit the very wood that was hollowed with knives?

When you are joyous, look deep into your heart and you shall find it is only that which has given you sorrow that is giving you joy. When you are sorrowful look again in your heart, and you shall see that in truth you are weeping for that which has been your delight.

Some of you say, Joy is greater than sorrow, and others say, Nay, sorrow is the greater. But I say unto you, they are inseparable. Together they come and when one sits alone with you at your board remember that the other is asleep upon your bed.

Verily you are suspended like scales between your sorrow and your joy. Only when you are empty are you at standstill and balanced. When the treasure-keeper lifts you to weigh his gold and his silver, needs must your joy or your sorrow rise or fall.



INCOMING from across the country and around the world

Norman Simmons, Ripcord survivor

This is a picture of me back at Camp Eagle after I was wounded at Ripcord. I went through the whole battle and was wounded on July 23 getting off the hill. These are all pictures I took with a Land Camera.

I was with A Battery, 2/11th Artillery, in the 6th Section. Sgt. Martin was my section chief, and Cpl. Renner was our gunner. I was a crewman on the 155 howitzers.



Not all these photos were taken at Ripcord. I just thought you might like to see them. Thanks for doing the *Ripcord Report*, I really enjoy it.

Norman Simmons
Dorris, California

Found on the Web

Hi, my name is Bill Boles. I am a survivor of FSB Ripcord. I was wounded on Ripcord July 23, 1970, evacuating wounded. I was with the 101st Airborne Division. I would like to join the Ripcord Association if that is possible.

Bill Boles,
Decatur, Illinois

Found in New Jersey

Hope the spring is treating you well. I'm not doing so great right now since I tore the ACL (anterior cruciate ligament) on my left leg while trying to keep a 750-pound motorcycle upright during a slow speed rear wheel slide. I succeeded in keeping the bike up, but in the process I damaged my knee. Some orthoscopic surgery will have me as good as new by the reunion.

While I was laid up, I took the time to see if I could track down one of my platoon members. Bill Swain was a machine gunner when I took over the platoon in late April 1970. He had been present for the opening of Ripcord in March. During our last days in the jungle before the fall of Ripcord he went to Evans for his R&R in Australia. He volunteered to come back out with Delta Co. on the 22nd to relieve us but the burning LA kept the mission off until the 23rd and he waited in Evans instead. Like a number of the machine gunners, he was not big in stature but was tough and determined as he often carried the heaviest rucksack in the platoon along with the machine gun.

I remember him well for his ability to cook up C rations mixed with spices and onions in a frying pan which he carried in that heavy ruck.

After a couple of hours of phone calls I was able to find he still lived in the area and worked at the

local state prison. I talked with a few guards I knew and came up with his work number. I called him and brought him up to date on the reunion and the book.

He was once on the mailing list early on, around the time of the first reunion, but was dropped somewhere along the line. Please put him back on the list and send him the last issue of the *Ripcord Report* so maybe he'll consider coming to the reunion.

See you in Colorado in October.

Lee Widjeskog (2nd Platoon, Alpha Co., 2/506)
Bridgeton, New Jersey

Amazed in Nevada

I'm amazed there is a group of guys with a common experience like Ripcord '70 who have organized and get together as you do. I learned about the Ripcord book from a friend. I was in 3rd Plt., B Co., 2/501st during Ripcord. What a wave of emotions it fired up, good and bad. Man, I never thought anybody ever wanted to think about that damn deal again. But I must admit that I was more alive during that experience than ever in my life. I am considering coming to the reunion.

Don Otto (B/2-501st)
Sparks, Nevada

Short and Sweet

Please send me some information on joining the Fire Base Ripcord Survivors Association.

David J. Snyder (Sgt., A Btry, 2/11th Artillery)
Painesville, Ohio

Wiknik v. Nolan: Green tracers or red?

I read with interest the exchange of views between former rifle squad leader Arthur Wiknik and Keith Nolan. While, like Nolan, I am not a Vietnam veteran, I have to say that I have yet to talk to a Vietnam veteran who served with the combat arms at company level and below from 1969 onward who did not in effect endorse the assertions made by Nolan. I am also impressed with the analytical nature of Nolan's responses; his careful avoidance of ad hominem arguments; and his willingness to listen. I have remarked on several occasions that I have had the pleasure of watching Nolan's historical voice grow in power, human depth, and literary skill since his first Vietnam book on Hue was published almost 20 years ago. He was right that he could not have done justice to Ripcord when he first started out as a very young man, indeed in his late teens and early twenties. As he prepares to enter that most savage and implacable decade of his life, the forties, I am sure his narrative will grow as well in force and understanding—we have every reason to think he will be one of the great American military historians of all time.

Bob Goldich
Alexandria, Virginia

The exchanges in the newsletter between Sgt. Wiknik and Keith are most interesting. My impression of Sgt. Wiknik is that he must have been a damn good NCO who tolerated no drug use from his troops in the field. I suspect that from the brief time he served in the rear he simply moved in circles with soldiers who also did not tolerate drug use. This was the case with most people in the rear who had no tolerance for marijuana and the users of it. They simply associated with those who felt the same way about it as they did. I did the same thing myself.

However, to argue that there was not widespread use of drugs at Camp Evans with the REMFs is wrong. On any given night, the Camp Evans bunker line was filled with dope heads. There were also certain places in the rear where at night the smell of marijuana was prevalent. Keith did nothing in the book but state that marijuana was prevalent in the rear and not in the field. This was a fact that can be documented by pretty much anyone who was there and to suggest otherwise would be untruthful.

Keith Nolan had a duty to us all to reflect the Ripcord story in a manner that would allow his readers to see the war as it was in 1970, which is quite different from the war in 1966. History required that the Ripcord story



FSB O'Reilly, photo credit to Pat Germany

be told, as it had been overlooked for so long. This was an extremely difficult task for Keith, and he did a superb job in taking the information given to him and putting it on paper. His mission was not to please everyone. I am sure that there are many soldiers who would disagree with certain passages in the book about this or that. We have to remember that if there were 1,000 soldiers who fought in the Ripcord battle, there are 1,000 different perspectives of that battle. Each man who fought in the battle earned the right to his own perspective and to share it with others if he so desires.

Veterans of other battles who read the Ripcord book may have a different perspective, which they too earned the right to share. Whether one agrees or disagrees with someone else's perspective is not what really matters.

The important thing to remember today is that all of us were American soldiers called on by our country to pick up the sword and slay the dragon. It makes no real difference whether it was a "Good War," a "Bad War," an "Unjust War," or a "Just War." We all answered the call of our nation when many of our peers sought other alternatives. We did our best to perform the missions given to us. What we are left with today are feelings of great pride in having served our nation with so many great men in battle. What else really matters?

Jim Campbell (C/2-506)
Shreveport, Louisiana

Hill 902: A deer hunter reports

By Steve Manthei

Now for Hill 902. I am going to give it to you straight, no bull, so here goes.

First off, Radcliffe and I were the short timers on the hill. We both went through basic, AIT and 'Nam. We arrived August 22, 1969. The company commander then was a hardcore soldier named Hale, aka Wildman. Later Vasquez, another hardcore leader, took command. We trusted them completely. Capt. Hewitt was not from the same mold. Not a rip, just a fact.

Personally, I'm a Wisconsin country boy and an accomplished deer hunter. I knew a few things before going into service, such as reading sign and the art of concealment, not to mention being able to shoot. I believe these things gave me an edge in 'Nam.

The enemy sign around Hill 902 was plentiful. Getting to the top was somewhat of a relief.

During the day on July 1, 1970, we noticed a mortar position in the valley southeast of Ripcord. We could see the puff of smoke just above the trees when they fired. Hewitt told a troop to fire LAWs at the position. They were right on target. We knew that the enemy took a hit. Some of us knew they would be pissed. That's why some of us were shocked to hear we were staying another night.

Some of the older guys, myself included, did not agree. We had been in similar situations before and thought it better to booby trap the hill and move off just after dark. Hewitt didn't like our suggestion and blew us off. He seemed irritated that we would question his leadership and orders.

It has been said that Hewitt wanted off that hill also. To me, for him to feel that desire and then to stay and put up a hammock is confusing. I don't think he expected to be hit. To us old guys the odds of being hit were high. I would also point out that building a hooch and hanging a hammock silhouetting your position was nuts. You never did that, never. Common sense was not abundant in Co. C's new leadership that night.

I was on watch for the second time, so it had to be a lot later than 2300, probably more like 0300, when word of movement came across the radio. I immediately woke Don Holthausen and Bob Tarbuck. We had a three-man position. Before I could read my hole, the CP, the south and west sides of the perimeter were hit and hit hard.

I was blown off my feet. When I got in my hole I blew claymores. I still had the radio and someone was asking for a response. I believe it was Cooper from Ripcord. I responded, not Mueller. Cooper asked about the CP. I told him I believed they were not with us anymore. The explosions in that area were unbelievable. I thought they were all dead. I then asked for cobras ASAP. I then gave the radio to Holthausen and popped a hand flare. That was the first flare that went up.

The sights and sounds that night were like a living hell. Many NVA were crawling up the south slope.

Danny Smith was screaming for help. We threw grenades way out in front of his position. There was no way to get over to his position at that time. He was at the gun position to the south of the trail leading up to the hill. We were at the position east of the CP.

The cobras finally arrived and asked for a response from the hill. I took the radio mike and responded. I told the pilot I had two trip flares, and to watch where I threw them. I threw one as far down the ridge that came up from the east to the south of Hill 902 as far as I could. I threw the other as far out in front of the gun position as I could. I told them to unload in a line from one flare to the other, which they did. Bless those pilots.

I can only state that this was the most furious battle I was ever in. The only reason we are alive today is because of the guts of the guys on that hill. All mistakes aside, I am proud of those guys.

When dawn came the fighting had faded. The site was unreal. I will never forget it. I personally felt like a ping pong ball bouncing back and forth by explosions. I could not hear out of my right ear, had many cuts and bruises, and my head was ringing, but I was alive.

It was automatic. Some men stayed on guard while others and I checked the positions. The CP had been hit hard. Radcliffe was among the dead.

I was medevaced to Camp Evans. My hearing was shot, my cuts were cleaned up. Many years later shrapnel made its way out above my left eye and left upper arm.

While at Evans we hung out at the company hooch and began hearing about the "cowards on Hill 902." I also heard these remarks from some of the other survivors, but I blew it off thinking if that is what they have to do to deflect from their stupidity, fine. Then the book came out. The only thing I will say is this: actions speak louder than words. Leadership failed miserably on that hill. Anyone who survived can look back and see that. A lot of guys deserve credit for their performance that night. Unfortunately, our position never received credit. That's what happens when you criticize those who deserve it. To be outspoken was not cool, I guess.

I know we all wonder about 'Nam. Toward the end of my tour the leadership in the company did not seem up to par. I could see it and feel it. I am glad Nolan wrote the book. I feel for the guys still making excuses. They have to live with it.

At 6'5", Steve Manthei was the tallest man in C Co., 2/506. He was in 2nd Squad, 2nd Platoon and carried the M-60 the first part of his tour, and later switched positions with Tarbuck, who had been his assistant gunner. Zoller (KIA on Hill 902) and another new guy took over the gun in June.

Steve lives in Janesville, WI. He still has some movies taken prior to the start of the siege, including a bash at Eagle Beach during the March stand down.

Seek out, honor American patriots before it's too late

By Jeff Lester

Last week, America lost another patriot who took up arms for love of his country.

The most disturbing part is that he wasn't battling the Taliban or al-Qaeda terrorists in Afghanistan. He wasn't guarding the border between North and South Korea. He wasn't flying a security patrol over northern Iraq or helping train government troops in the Philippines.

I fear that Chip Collins was killed by a battle he fought almost 32 years ago.

I flipped through a newspaper Thursday morning and stopped cold on the obituary page. A familiar name was there. A life, summed up across a few lines of black ink.

It began: "CLINCHCO, Va.—Rodger D. "Chip" Collines, 51, died Tuesday (April 9, 2002) at his residence in Clinchco."

The obituary went on to say he was a social worker, a patient rights advocate and a legal aid volunteer. And a Vietnam veteran who served at a place called Fire Support Base Ripcord.

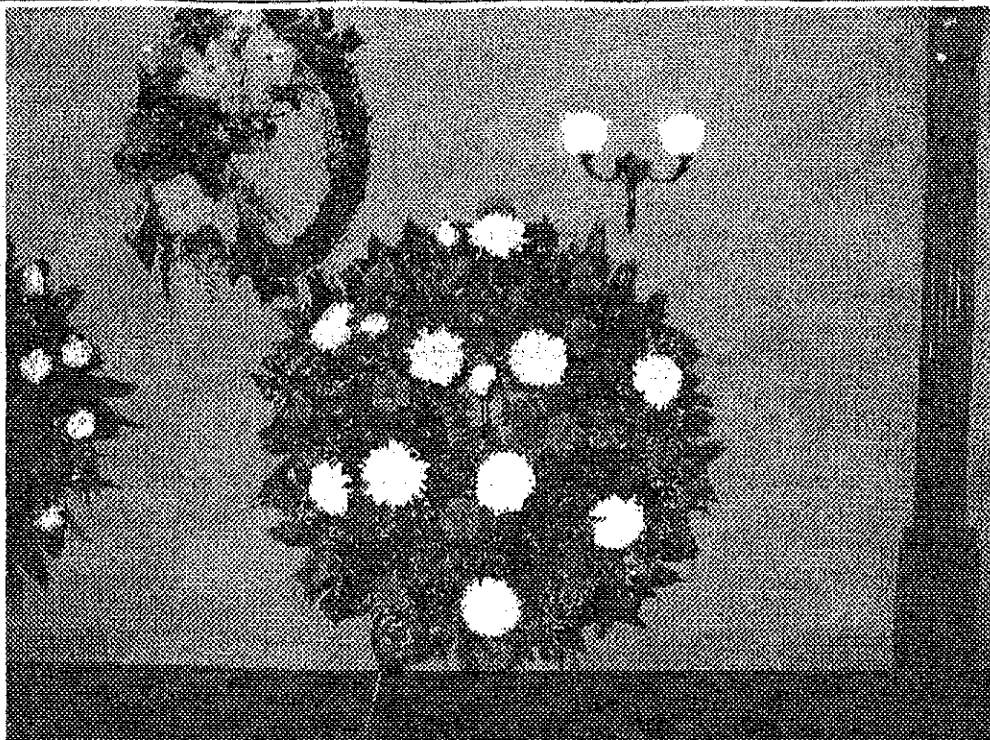
He was the oldest of eight children, the obituary noted. He is survived by two daughters and a best friend. His passing was marked by a visitation and a funeral all in the same day.

I fear that this callous, hurried world will forget him all too quickly.

After all, the world ignored the black nightmare of his personal Vietnam War while he was fighting it. We scorned young men like him at the exact moment when they realized they had actually made it home alive.

Chip would have scoffed, even become angry, if somebody called him a war hero. He would have said the same thing I have heard veterans of several wars tell me again and again: "I was just doing my job."

That's what heroes do in battle. When gunpowder smoke takes



Ripcord wreath at Chip's funeral. Photo credit Bob Smoker

away their sight, when the roar of explosions and the screams of the dying fill their ears, they swallow their fear. They stand up and do their jobs.

Many of you went to the movies recently to see Mel Gibson's latest epic, "We Were Soldiers."

It's a well-made true story about the first American soldiers who rode into battle on helicopters, in the Vietnam of 1965. These kids were proud, idealistic and hopeful that they would push back the North Vietnamese Army and the Viet Cong within months, maybe a year, then come home triumphant.

Five long years later, Chip Collins fought a different war. One of his buddies explained it well, in an e-mail just a few days ago: "We were PKS—post-Kent State."

In other words, Chip and his comrades-in-arms were still trying to win on the battlefield, just a couple of months after National Guard troops shot four Kent State University students during a May 1970 antiwar protest that turned into a riot.

The students were demonstrating against the surprise invasion of Cambodia. That military action, and the massive show of outrage against it back home,

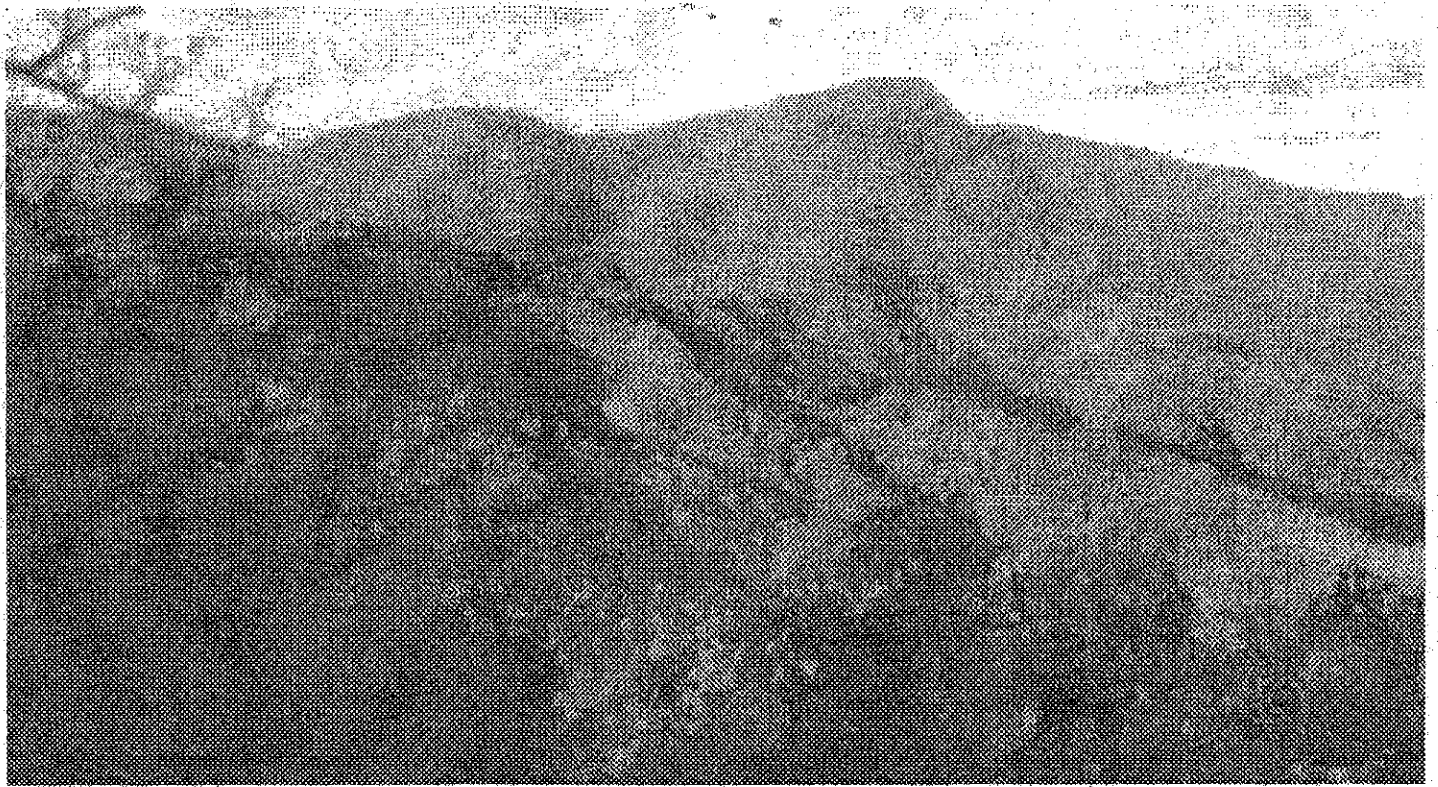
dominated the international news for weeks and helped Richard Nixon decide to speed up his gradual pullout of American troops.

Almost two years ago, a book landed on my desk at the Coalfield Progress titled "Ripcord: Screaming Eagles Under Siege, Vietnam 1970."

I've studied the war enough that I immediately realized this book filled a giant gap in history. It detailed a battle far more devastating than the Cambodia invasion, but forgotten by history because it took place at the same time.

The 101st Airborne Division—the same legendary outfit that's now rooting out al-Qaeda stragglers in the Afghan mountains—was trying to wipe out a North Vietnamese stronghold hidden among bunkers and mountainsides near South Vietnam's borders with the North and with Laos.

The Screaming Eagles began their fight to retake an old Marine firebase, and Chip began his personal Vietnam War, on April Fool's Day, 1970. American forces ended up in a four-month death struggle to hang onto the bald plateau named Ripcord against the onslaught of a much larger enemy force. They finally had to



View of the Coc Muen and battle scarred mountains near Ripcord. Photo credit Bob Smoker

abandon it, at a cost of 114 dead and nearly 700 wounded.

I spent 17 years waiting for somebody to tell this story. A respected Vietnam scholar, Keith William Nolan, finally filled the blank. One of his chief sources was that 19-year-old Wise County boy who first committed his experiences to paper in an essay titled "The April Fools."

In 1983 Chip helped found the Fire Support Base Ripcord Association and edited its newsletter, The Ripcord Report. By the time I met him in September 2000, he was preparing to attend a 30th anniversary reunion that would attract 200 veterans.

I talked with him for about three hours while Preston Gannaway captured him in photos. It was the kind of conversation that compels me to do this job—between someone with an extraordinary story to tell, and someone uniquely prepared to hear it.

Chip was honest. He had come back to the World, tried to get back into the groove, failed as often as he succeeded. He had hurt people he loved. Thirty years later, he couldn't stand in an open field, exposed,

without remembering the sensation of being watched by snipers.

He reached out to other Ripcord survivors who he rightly figured might be haunted like him. He wanted to get local publicity for Nolan's book in hopes of finding other Southwest Virginia guys nearby who wanted to talk through their experiences.

"I always knew that getting the facts out, talking about it, is the key to getting better," he told us.

Chip and I communicated by e-mail for a few more weeks, then we lost track.

The next time I heard from him was April Fool's Day, 2002.

Chip copied me on a series of e-mails among Ripcord survivors about the film industry's sudden interest in a movie version of Nolan's book. I meant to e-mail him back and thank him for getting me into the mix.

I didn't do it in time.

I started writing for newspapers about 12 years ago, and that's when I started reading the obituaries faithfully.

What jumped out at me, week after week, year after year, was the number of men ranging from their early 40s to mid-50s, dying too young

in our neighborhoods. As I read down into the notices, sure enough, I saw it again and again—Vietnam.

A few of them make the choice to depart from us. Many fight a losing battle with ailments born from a walk through a jungle leveled by Agent Orange. Many are betrayed by the failure of battle-scarred bodies and memory-scarred hearts.

All too often, we failed them. By the time we finally listened, they almost couldn't bear to tell anymore.

If you know a Vietnam veteran, go thank him or her. Make sure they know how you feel. Don't wait.

This article appeared in: The Post, Big Stone Gap, Va. On April 17, 2002, and in The Coalfield Progress, Norton, Va., on April 18, 2002.

VIETNAM: THREE CLOSE AIR SUPPORT DEFENSIVE COMPARISONS

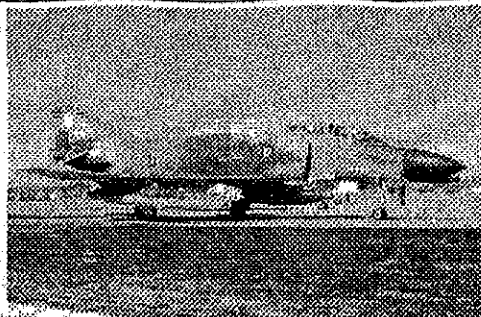
By Chuck Hawkins

Most students of military history are familiar with the defeat in May 1954 of the French at Dien Bien Phu at the hands of General Vo Nguyen Giap's Viet Minh forces; and many remember the bitter siege of Khe Sanh during the Vietnam War in the spring of 1968. Ripcord, less remembered than the former two battles, was a 101st Airborne Division fire support base, located on the northeastern rim of the A Shau Valley that came under siege in July 1970.

Dien Bien Phu was a watershed defeat for French forces, and led to their capitulation in the first half of the Indochina War. Khe Sanh, a costly miscalculation on Gen. Giap's part, forestalled Communist success in the second half of that war. Ripcord exacted its price in blood, but more so for the North Vietnamese regulars that besieged it. American forces executed a successful fighting withdrawal from the base, leaving the rugged jungle and a pyrrhic victory to the enemy.

Close Air Support at Three Sieges

	Dien Bien Phu 1954	Khe Sanh 1968	FSB Ripcord 1970
Total Sorties	9,520	24,512	529
Total Bomb Tonnage	4,760	95,402	943
Days in Siege	56	69	23
Average Daily Combat Sorties	170	355	23
Average Daily Bomb Tonnage	85	1,383	41
Average Bomb Tonnage per Sortie	0.5	3.9	1.8
Offensive Troops	40,000	20,000	8,000
Defensive Troops	14,000	6,600	800
Attacker/Defender Ratio	2.9:1	3:1	10:1
Combat Sorties per Defender	0.7	3.7	0.7
Bomb Tonnage per Defender	0.3	14.5	1.2
Defender Total Casualties	13,980	1,799	420
Defender Daily Casualty Rate	2.0%	0.4%	2.3%
Battle Outcome	Complete attacker success Defender annihilated or captured	Defender success Attacker withdrew under pressure	Attacker success Defender withdrew under pressure



The data shown here, of which part are based on knowledgeable estimates, may simply represent Gen. Giap's learning curve on how to attack.

Western defensive outposts (success, over-optimistic failure, calculated draw). But the significance of close air support in contributing to the defeat of a surrounding, attacking force in the case of Khe Sanh, as contrasted to the other two, should not be lost on the casual observer.

Substantial close air support resources were committed to the defense of Khe Sanh. In addition to close air support during the 69-day siege, over 2,000 B-52 sorties delivered 58,000 tons of bombs at targets in the Khe Sanh area of operations, but these sorties were not close air support and are not included in the comparison. Dien Bien Phu, on the other hand, was practically out of range of French aerial combat support; Khe Sanh was much closer to U.S. airfields. Of the 101st Airborne Division fire support bases in 1970, Ripcord was the most remote, but was still much closer to airfields than Dien Bien Phu.

As an additional point, the terrain, vegetation and weather were similar for each of these cases. The terrain was rugged and mountainous, more for Ripcord and least for Khe Sanh. Vegetation tended to be thick rain forest, and all the battles occurred in the spring and summer months when the weather was good and favorable to flying.

Further, the quality of troops on both sides was comparable for each of the instances studied. Weapon quality was superior for the Americans compared to the French, primarily in terms of propeller driven aircraft vice jet aircraft used to provide close air support.

Helicopters, both attack as well as utility aircraft, were critical to Ripcord, less critical at Khe Sanh, and not a factor in the case of Dien Bien Phu. Helicopter close air support is not represented in the table here. Despite differences in scale and other factors, there is more similarity than not in comparing and contrasting these strongpoint defensive examples. And the importance of close air support, particularly its proximity, frequency and weight of application, cannot be ignored.

What do these data imply?

Both the bomb tonnage per defender and the combat sortie per defender seem to have the most significance. The siege at Khe Sanh was the only defender success, and the rates of each measure were substantially higher than for the other two sieges. Also, the defender casualty rate per day was markedly lower than for the other defenders.

On the Lighter Side

No fair peeking

Ripcord Quiz

The following short quiz consists of four questions and tells how "combat savvy" you are:

1. How do you put a colonel into a refrigerator?
2. How do you put a major into the refrigerator?
3. The commanding general is hosting an officer's call. All the officers attend except one. Which officer does not attend?
4. You want to go into the "ville" to see one of the hooch maids. There is a river you must cross, but the Officer of the Day guards it. How do you manage it?

And the answers are:

1. You open the refrigerator door and put the colonel in.

This tests your ability to perform simple tasks.

2. You do not "open the door and put the major in." You must take the colonel out first.

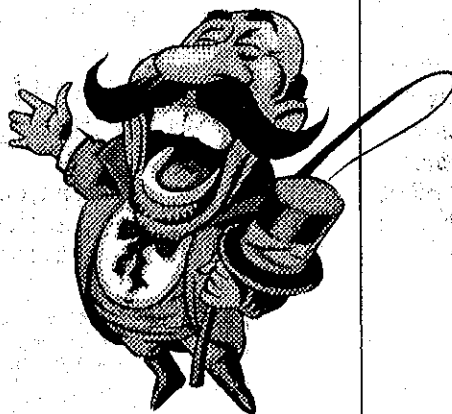
This tests your ability to understand the consequences of your actions.

3. The major does not attend officer's call. He's in the refrigerator.

This shows your skill at understanding complex environments.

4. You swim across. All the officers are at the general's officer's call, except the major, and he's in the refrigerator.

This tests your ability to plan for unforeseen circumstances.



Rocky Bleier, continued from page 1.

We hear much about "Real Heroes" these days and I believe it is time for us to put professional sports on notice that, as fans, we seek honors for those that truly deserve them ahead of the overpaid prima donnas we hear so much about. How can we accomplish this?

1. Write a letter to the Pro Football Hall of Fame nominating Rocky Bleier. (Address below). Please use snail mail it has a physical presence that an email does not provide. Don't forget to include your address, phone and email in case they need to verify your nomination.
2. Get every one you can friends, acquaintances and relatives to also nominate

Rocky.

3. Write to sports journalists and get them to nominate.
4. If you know an NFL player or one of Rocky's teammates encourage them to nominate.
5. If you can think of any other way to draw attention this campaign please help! If anybody knows John Madden get him on board if Rocky isn't all-Madden non one is.

Anyone can nominate a player for enshrinement. While Rocky may not hold super star status his personal courage, dedication and humility about his own accomplishments make him a worthy candidate for enshrinement.

If you want to know more here are some links:

Hall of Fame—<http://www.profootballhof.com/>
http://www.barberusa.com/motive/bleier_rocky.html
<http://www.rocky-bleier.com/>
<http://und.fansonly.com/sports/m-footbl/spec-rel/101399aab.html>

Pro Football Hall of Fame
Enshrinement Committee
2121 George Halas Drive NW
Canton, Ohio 44708

Rocky Bleier spoke at the 30th Ripcord Reunion in Shreveport, Louisiana. He's a terrific guy and has "adopted" the association. Let's give him a hand.

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1970 - 2002

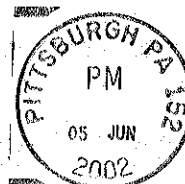
32 Years and Finding More Survivors Every Month

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

HONOR AMERICA



Ripcord Report
Chuck Hawkins, editor



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**A R M Y
BIRTHDAY
JUNE 14**

FRANK MARSHALL

