



Collection Information:

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Series: Vietnam War Service.

Collection: Daniel C. Conlon Papers.

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Dear Kay,

①

①①

1 Feb 67

Pleiku

midnight

1142L

(Military assistance command)

8 PM when I'm here, then get up and eat & drink

I sleep from 4 $\frac{30}{PM}$ till

1142L

then and talk to & study the very interesting people that congregate around here at night. There is an air of tension here that we all feel that it has strange ways of coming out. No physical violence like Mike described but a lot of loud singing, frank talk, a huge amount of profanity and much much frankness and good effect. Everyone here - even people who I'm sure must be extremely friendly, make an effort to be friendly and cheerful. It's really. Part of the spirit of this time. It's why they universally say that Pleiku is the best place to be in Viet Nam.

Have attempted to draw a map of the area and of our little bit here so you'll know a little about the place. Color the map brown for dirt - every where. Take on you can color it red-brown and wet for 1-2 feet of solid mud when the monsoon's gone. Did I tell you this is beautiful country? It is also very cool. The warmest it gets is 29° - right now at midnight it's about 65° . Need a flight jacket in the morning. Also the stars -

get the impression you can reach up and touch them, they're so bright. No city smoke + smog. The north star is almost out of sight and the big dipper is in the northern horizon. Will check tomorrow nite to see if I can spot the southern cross.

18th Surg

Saw Orr Swenson today and had a good chat. Might be able to get their Orthopedic Surgeon - Charley Brown - to see my 22yr old Montagnard with the ~~club~~ equino-varus (club foot) if I can find him.

Am going out past Holloway Camp (cf map) to a new Montagnard camp tomorrow to see a little girl with an infected eye. Should be interesting. This is out of Judge Rudy's domain. A Greek Captain whose name no one can pronounce - we call him "Greek" - is a big chief out there. He'll take me tomorrow around 11⁰⁰ AM.

Didn't go out today - just worked the dispensary and visited the 18th Surg (cf map) to see Orr Swenson. They're morale is decidedly down compared to the Air Force. The Army doesn't take anywhere near as

11-②

1 Feb

good care of their people as does the Air Force and it shows in the morale.

No letter for the second straight day. Possibly the mail got held up in Saigon. A big bottleneck there.

Am seeing quite a few psych cases. 18yr old boy who talks in his sleep, can't take the tension and the rough company of men — in short he needs his mother. Almost cried when I was willing to let him talk to me — but held back the tears so no one ^{would} ~~take~~ laugh at him. These kids are under a lot more strain than I am. That's may be why they pick the older men by and large to come over here. — at least in the Air Force. The Army is something else again.

On the map you'll see down on the bottom the 4th Division. Things have been amazingly quiet around here for the last couple months except for small arms firing down by the flight line and a few mortar rounds (shots) now & then. The rumor has it that may be the V.C are planning something soon — to counter this another rumor has it that the 4th Division ~~is~~ will be making a

search & kill operation soon. I hope they do.
The old timers here feel this will do a lot to
take down some of the tension building up.

By the way, the ARVN (Army of Viet Nam) hasn't
fired a shot since the U.S. troops showed up.
They're called the "2 Corp" or II Corp - every now
~~th~~ & then they have a practice session ~~where~~ - at
which time we all clear out because they're more
dangerous than the V.C. with those pop guns of
theirs. All they do is terrorize the montagnards
and make them mad and also conduct their
little graft and gang land tactics in Pleiku.
No one I've met has any time for them. The V.C.
we all admire but our Vietnamese no one gives
a damn for. ~~The~~ Old story I'm telling, isn't
it? Not like the papers at all. Maybe as I've
been here longer my opinion will change but
the old boys tell me different.

Please send.... Here it comes. I need my
books and notes (in the file) on Sociology! (yet) - Could use
a book on the makeup of food. Would like to make
an ~~at~~ analysis of the nutrition these people get

11-③

1 feb

I know they look for meat but would like to know the vitamins & nutrition in ~~paper~~ their other food. Especially vitamins. The Montagnard doctor wanted Vitamin A especially. I personally feel they need vitamin C. Am greatly hindered by my lack of knowledge of their language. Many of their words especially for their foods are untranslatable. Also would like my Merch Manual - if you

can't find it, would you get someone to get one (1967 edition)

in the U of M Hospital book store - maybe Dan Whitlock. Also a Current Therapy. Also a book on parasitology. Okay, I'll stop for now. I'll start writing the clinic and Sheppard soon - would like to settle down more into a routine before I do.

These letters I'm writing must be boring as hell but I'm going to keep doing this - it helps me sort out my thinking. You know, the same bit as in the Novitate.

It's 1 AM here now (probably 3 PM yesterday there) - so will go to bed.

I love you very much, Sweetie. Will settle down into a routine soon and write the kids, etc.

The tape recorder, the camera and other things
will probably have to wait till March — I don't
have any money & won't till then.

Love you, sweetie,

Dan

1-Feb, '67 Pleiku midnite
MACV (Military acceptance Command Vietnam)

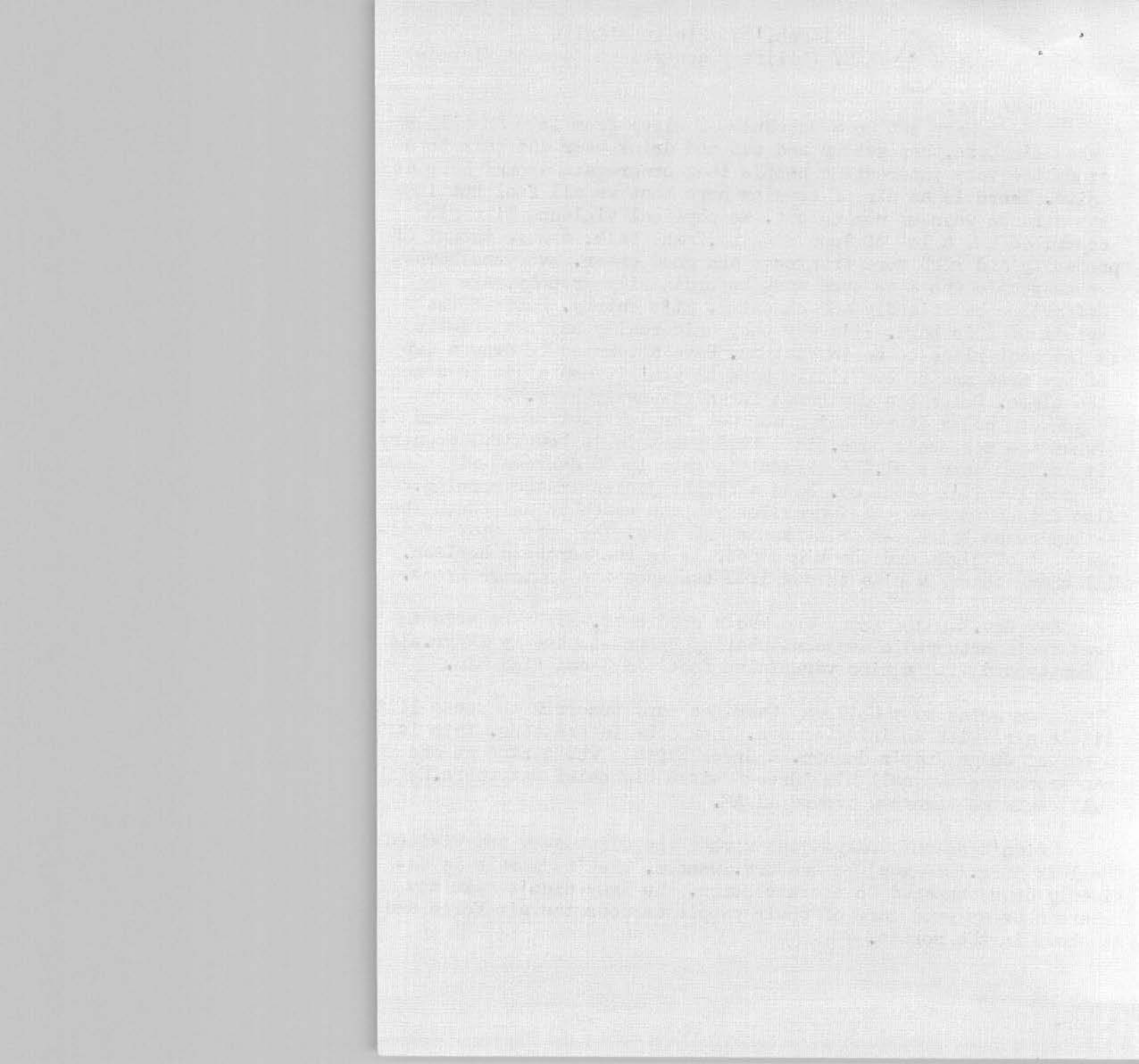
Dear Kay,

Have set up a schedule--I sleep from 4:30 PM till 8 when I'm here, then get up and eat and drink beer and talk to & study the very interesting people that congregate around here at nite. There is an air of tension here that we all feel but it has strange ways of coming out. No physical violence like Mike described but a lot of loud singing, frank talk, a huge amount of profanity and much more frankness and good cheer. Everyone here--even people who I am sure must be ordinarily grouchy, make an effort to be friendly and cheerful. It's catchy. Part of the spirit of this base. It's why they universally say that Pleiku is the best place to be in Vietnam. Have attempted to draw a map of the area and of our little Base so you'll know a little about the place. Color the map brown for dirt--everywhere. Later on you can color it red-brown and wet for 1-2 feet of solid mud ? when the monsoon's come. Did I tell you this is beautiful country It is. Also very cool. The warmest it gets is 90 degrees--right now at midnite it's about 65. Need a flight jacket in the morning. Also the stars give the impression you can reach up and touch them --they're so bright--no city smoke and smog. The north Star is almost out of sight and the big dipper is in the northern horizon. Will check tomorrow nite to see if I can spot the Southern Cross.

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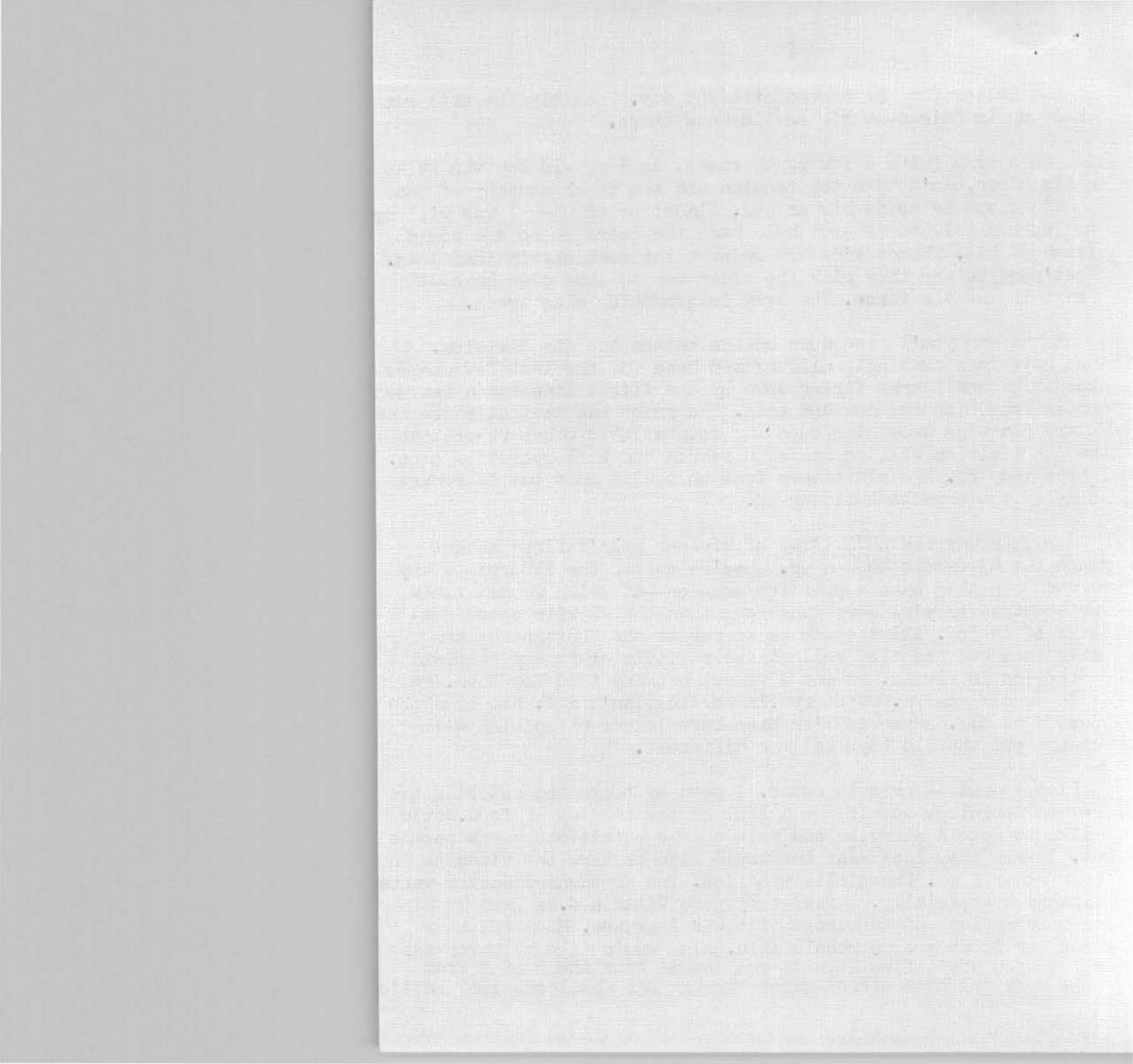
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Also a current therapy. Also a book on parasitology. O.K.
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soon--would like to settle down more into a routine before I do.

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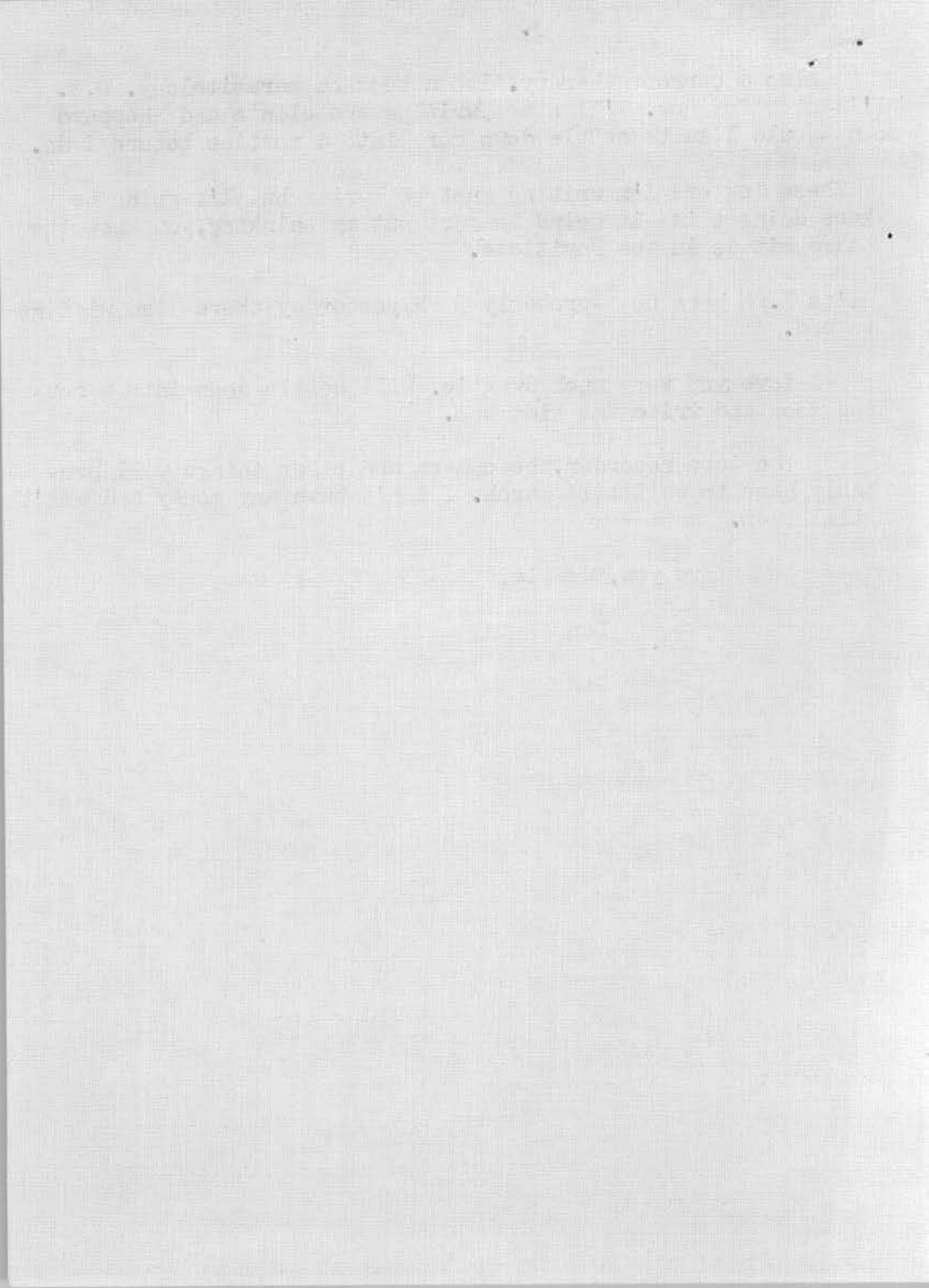
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till then.

Love you, Sweetie,

Dan



①

⑫

3 Feb 67

Pleiku MACV

6⁰⁰ PM Friday

Hi Kay,

Sorry if you didn't get a letter yesterday. Have been up most of last nite and was too beat to write. Surprising as it may seem - I hunt for time by myself. People are so friendly and gregarious I rarely get time by myself. Haven't read more than 20 pages of the books I brought.

Let me describe my day yesterday for you and you'll see. Got up at 6³⁰ AM, Chow - big breakfast - it's cold here in the highlands ~ 45-50° in the AM - eat 3 eggs, toast, bacon & orange juice most mornings. Worked the dispensary from 8⁰⁰ AM to 11³⁰ AM when went out past Halloway Army Base to see some kids in Plei Bong Bao - a very poor village with only a few banana trees, almost no tara root, no papaya or pineapple I could see. About 250 people - a herd of about 20 cows & no milk for their few calves. The "Greek" and friend have built a spill way for their water. Consists of a dam for their creek which contains a filter - very good idea - the excess runs into the rice fields.

below the village. Some eye sores and a macerated toe on a boy - we cleaned them up with their water and I left some eye ointment and bandages. Went back through Pleiku - a my first real look at it. Typical town in the Far East like the movie - full of cheap merchandise designed to catch the soldier's eye, lines of whore houses (any woman in Pleiku is available for money apparently - no religious restrictions about sex even among the Catholics as far as I can gather - and money means survival and maybe wealth here. Some very beautiful in an oriental way. Couldn't stop but got another tour today which was slower but still superficial.

Went back to the dispensary ~~for~~ for the afternoon - saw about 20 cases of EC, a few exotic ones and some interesting cases - orthopedic etc. While there an A1E didn't make it's takeoff (that's a single prop fighter used extensively out here in the boonies for close Army support) and smashed all over the rice paddies complete with bomb load and rockets. The pilot, a Vietnamese, is apparently still alive somehow - air rescue by helicopter cut him out. The plane is not recoverable - is scattered all over the rice fields.

Met "Charlie" Brown at about 5 PM and got him

12 (2)

3 Feb

to see my 2246 Montagnard to the Clubfoot if I can bring him in from his village Sunday. We'll go out by armed convoy Sunday AM to an interpreter to plei bring - the Montagnard ("HIKE") special forces camp and try our luck. Will be the first really permanent thing I've done if we can get the job done. Charlie Brown is an orthopedic surgeon at the 15th Surg (Army) who was chief of hand surgery in a hospital in New York before being drafted. Brought an army nurse Marge Mc Ginnis with him to the Officers' club - she is obviously white, a little plump but very american. Also tough as nails and says what's on her mind. Used to men's rough talk out here. Don't know any more about her. She is quite a change from the Oriental ~~peep~~ women that are all around.

Just got interrupted by Tom Wilson, one of my roommates. A good guy who loves to gamble. Huge stakes here on everything including bridge. Many nites he comes in after playing - 250 - 300 dollars richer. Not my sort of cake. Sort of takes the fun out of bridge for me. Haven't played a hand since I've been here.

Anyway. — took ^{my} ~~by~~ usual nap from 6⁰⁰ to 8³⁰ PM
and went for supper. After supper, over coffee,
ran into Lt Col Doyol and John ~~Margat~~ Valme
(Cpocem last time) and they bought me "one drink"
These are two of the Pleiku Irregulars as they call
themselves. We talked situation ethics, Christianity,
Montagnards, the war, etc and had a gay old time
until about 11³⁰ PM. I was about to come to my
booch when Lt Col. Smith "that loud, lascivious,
licentious, rude old son of a bitch" as he is known
by one and ~~all~~ all. He's the second-in-command here at
Pleiku. He looks like he's slept in his clothes all-nite
constantly, is fat, is married to the 3rd wife,
slugged for 6 more months here, has f—ed every
girl in the orient by his own admission — enough
said — he rides his men unmercifully but when he's
satisfied you're doing your job, he'll go to bat
for you all the way to the Pentagon. We need a
well at Plei Brel and Smitty said he'll get a well
digger out there for us + rig if he has to steal
it from the Army. Anyway, we ran into this
character and he invited us down to his trailer

12 (2)

3 Feb

(Cf map) behind the dispensary. We went through the whole route from MACV in total blackness except intermittent flash light shines from the AP's (Air police) and arrived by a devious route to his place. Talked some more until about 4³⁰ PM - he dominates any discussion - very vocal and opinionated. But beneath that crust I think there's something real and soft. I've never seen anyone so grossly EVIL in my life and I don't believe it. Anyway I'm now a provisional member of the Pluche Irregulars - a record for time. I told them to take it easy. One week here is not enough time to judge anyone. They agreed, and no more was said about it.

At 6³⁰ PM I was up again and appeared at the dispensary after checking into my hooch and assuring everyone I was okay. Tom Wilson and Shultz watch out for me like a couple of others. Had a shaky day at the dispensary & met Brent Burgoyne - a Special Forces (Green Beret) doctor at the Special Forces camp. He agreed to take my 22 y old M. to the club foot if

I could bring him in. He, too, is an interesting guy. Decided as long as he was drafted, instead of wasting two years in a dispensary — would join the Green Berets and not be bored. He's not. Has seen more damned disease than he saw in internships. Left me an open invitation to visit their C camp any time I wanted to. Will see it Sunday if I can get this boy to come in.

Have an opportunity on the 22 Feb to go see that woman doctor written up in Time at Kontum — will do my best to arrange it. There is a leprosarium there — also one in Pleiku which I get a chance to visit soon I hope.

This afternoon tried to take a nap but was talked into (no big job) seeing Pleiku & Hank Verwayan (a dentist here). We did a little better today this afternoon — all by truck.

Reminds me — 3 mks ago made a friend of a Vietnamese boy who works at the Officers Club. He's about 15 yrs old. Had a boil on his upper eyelid. Lanced it & drained it — all without

12 (4)

3 Feb

novocaine, of course. He was tougher than noise
 of course. Name's TUN (phonetically). His story is
 as follows: Mother was killed by the V.C. a few
 years ago. His father was just killed recently by V.C.
 - arms & legs dismembered, penis cut off and stuffed
 in his mouth and whole torso cut to ribbons.

This was presented to the boy when he woke up. No
 question where his loyalty lies. We've all sort
 of adopted him. Have made a good friend, I think.
 When I ask him how his eye is he answers "Fini"
 to with a big smile.

Have now finally settled down and will take
 a short nap - it's 7 ^{PM} here. Will write more later

11 ^{PM}
 Same-same-nite

Woke up at 10 ^{PM} and ate supper. watched the big poker
 game - table stakes. One pot had about 150⁰⁰ in it. They'll
 play till late tonite I guess.

No mail today again but got your second letter
 yesterday dated 24 Jan. Enjoyed it very much. Also
 Allen's letter. Will send one with this. Hope my
 letters are getting through. They just opened a new
 Post office down in "Tent City" - that's down by
 the air base. Labeled P.O. on my map. It's still

called Tent City in memory of the original base which was all tents. They tell me they have about 25,000 pounds of mail to sort. Another 3,500 pounds of mail was sent back to Saigon yesterday when a plane had engine trouble. Maybe some of my mail is in there.

Have not allowed myself to think of home very much since I arrived - being busy has helped considerably. Have used these letters as a sort of running conversation with you. Am saddened by the thought you are depressed and lonely. Please remember that we're stuck in this situation and must make the most of it. It's much easier for me because I'm being exposed to so many new stimuli - interesting, complicated people, new sights, new ideas, challenging problems, etc. I know that your drudgery is pretty unrelieved except for occasional chances to get out. Am glad you're getting out to that speed reading course - sounds like fun. Maybe it's a good thing I'm gone for awhile and quit harping on you to get things done - sounds like you're quite able to handle them by yourself when you have to.

12 (5)

3 Jul

The great lack here, of course, is female-type companionship. Can't accept the solution the majority of men here make of their problem but the lack is acutely felt none the less. Not hormones necessarily altho that's a problem - but just the touch of a woman or her smell, etc. Your souvenirs you gave me are even helpful already. My solution thus far has been to bury myself in my work and grasp every opportunity offered. Can't stand to just sit around and chat for very long, or kill time as many are doing here. Enough of my problems. Don't think I've changed very much but one year may possibly bring a big change in me - I think for the better.

Thought you'd be interested in this article about Jack Rudy. Am learning the language slowly but surely - lose much by staying away just one day as I did today.

Am looking forward to seeing the pictures of the kids, need a good one of you also. Funny how the lines get fuzzy with only this short time away. May buy a cheap camera for the time being to give you an idea of the place here - will eventually

buy a good one — called the Pentax Asahi —
Japanese made but a Mpls. Honeywell product
— costs about 200⁰⁰ in the states but here is
only 84⁰⁰. Thanks for the picture of the three
oldest although it doesn't do them justice —
don't need a posed shot necessarily. One of those
impromptu pictures of you and the kids — or more
than one would probably show the personalities
better.

Good news! We get \$500.00 a month off on
income tax! That's \$6000 for the whole year.
Plus the \$4200 we get off anyway. That should
come to a real savings. May decide to get the
money now instead of deducting regular taxes and
getting it back later. There's a savings account
here for S.D.'s that pays 10% interest. Maybe there's
our down payment money....

Is Jimmy walking yet? My image of him
is especially blurred. Next is Megan believe it or
not. Can picture Colleen, Kaela & Erin without
any trouble at all.

Was surprised by your comment about another
baby. Would be nice, wouldn't it? It's
easy for me to say this far from the hectic scene

12 (6)

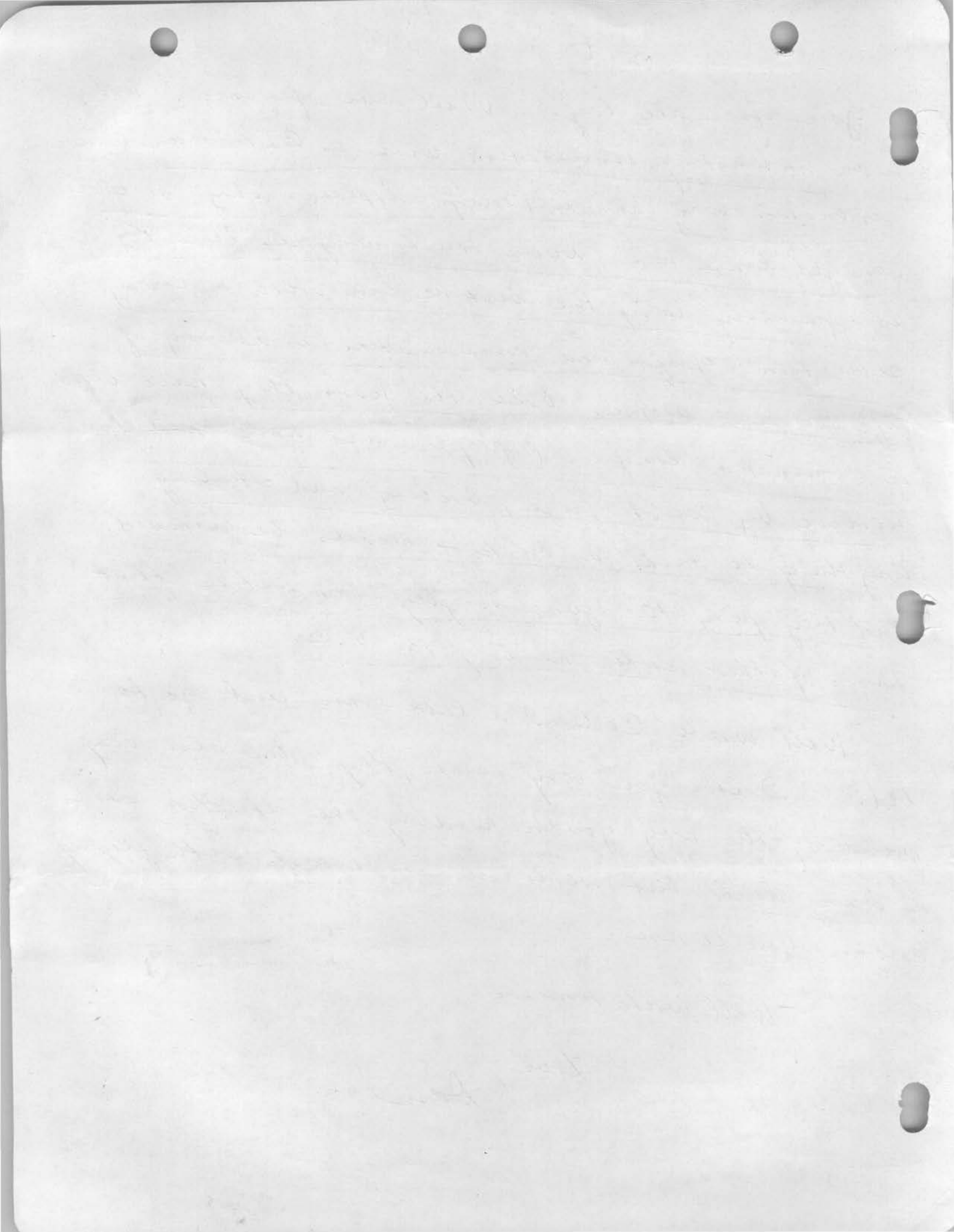
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You face all day. Will close for now. Had an interesting conversation with a CIA man who is on his way home in 12 days. Explains why so little can get done here. No one trusts anyone here. Ky is apparently doing the best he can with a lousy situation. Graft and assassination is a way of life for these people. Over the years they have been a dominated, conquered people and have had to survive by subterfuge, bribery and skaling. Anything to make a buck - morals be damned. And they play the game roughly - as witness that boy's father at the hands of the V.C.

Will write Colleen a letter now and go to bed. I love you very much, Kay. Am also very proud of the way you're handling the situation. It's a lousy deal but we'll see it through with flying colors, you'll see.

Will write tomorrow,

Love,
Dan



(13)

4 Feb 67

MAEV

Pleiku AB

Saturday 1³⁰ PM

Dear Kay,

Just a short note in case I don't get a chance later. Am going down to the leper hospital in Pleiku to look around at about 2 PM. Should be interesting.

Am enclosing my notes from the conversation the other day. As you know, I can't talk without a paper & pencil in my hand. The need for writing paper is acute here - have finally located a writing pad which I'm going to treasure with my life. Ordinarily I just write on any napkin that's around and then stuff it in my pocket later.

11³⁰ PM

Am smashed to the gills from free booze - went to the leper colony and got a clinical experience I've never had before. Open sores, no toes, leonine facies, the whole bit right out of the textbook. All I could say was "boo nee cot ee" (thank you) for the opportunity of seeing these people. Tried to save a 5 pound 5 mo old from death by hydrating her & taking care of her ear infection. Tried Sobee whom a missionary had. Maybe the baby will live.

Sorry about the wild handwriting but
am very proud — but am determined to
write some otherwise I won't write till
Monday. Have a full schedule tomorrow. In the
morning have to go by armed convey to
get the 22 7/6 to the Club post and bring
him back to the Special Forces Camp for surgery.
In the afternoon Jack Rudy and I are going
to show a movie to "our town" Plei Brel —
families and Combat, etc. The ~~first~~ one they've
ever seen. Will have to be over night because
will have to start the movie after Sundown.
Warned my roommates it will be late so they
are prepared. The Montagnards' will take care of
us so don't worry.

I'm sorry I'm so smashed. My hand-
writing must be atrocious. Will write Monday
when things settle down. This was the Captain's
party tonight — \$60.00 per man — and everyone's
had a feast. All the new Captain's contributed
for free drinks the whole night. I left early
believe it or not.

4 Feb

Spent half the night doing psychotherapy to John Value. He's depressed and can't write. Very important that he does write however, to describe the situation here. He was a friend of J. F. K at Harvard and has since seen the Korean War, the Lebanese incident, the Algerian war and now is involved in the ~~Korean~~ Vietnamese war. Came to Pleiku 6 mo ago for a story and has stayed off & on since. Has been with the Marines in Danang & DMZ, the army in the Delta, the Koreans around Qui Non but feels that this is where the action is. The trouble is that he drinks too much and can't write what he sees.

For instance, saw today 6 Montagnards with leprosy - wasted away toes & hands, leonine faces, bodies covered with sores. Saw at the 18th Sarg 3 girls about Colleen's age with leg blown away V.C who wanted them to dance in a Montagnard village. Also a boy ^{~84%} who was tending his water buffalo - stepped on a

mine and had his legs and abdomen
blown wide open by a mine — the water
buffalo disintegrated. a dirty war.

Was going to write this ~~but~~ before the
booze involved me. Will be better able to
describe the rest when I'm sober Monday.

Please forgive me. Have many more things to
say.

I talk about you constantly. I love
you very much. Please forgive my
drunkenness but felt it necessary to
write before I went to bed.

Love,

Dan.

①

①4

5 Feb 67

12³⁰ (midnight)

Sunday
Pleiku, V. N
MACV

Dear Kay,

Sorry about that last letter. Wasn't going to send it but my roommate mailed it as a joke. Was pretty smashed when I wrote it.

Got two wonderful letters from you today. You're beautiful. I love you very much. Was worried about you until today but you sound strong and cheerful and optimistic. That's the girl. You take a big load off my shoulders. I love you. I know there are going to be times when it just doesn't seem you can keep going but with a little help from upstairs we'll both make it just fine. I'm very proud of you and happy.

Missed Mass today - went out and brought my boy ^(the clubfoot) in to the Montagnard hospital. I think surgery will change his life. As I mentioned, the yards treat anyone with a deformity as an idiot and make him play with kids, not mingle with the adults, etc.

This afternoon went back to Plei Brel for a party Jack + I had planned. Pop and beer and ~~a~~ movies. The pop + beer went over big but the little generator we brought out wasn't powerful enough to run the projector. So we'll have to do it again next week. The kids were very disappointed but never complained.

Let me tell you about these kids. Never grab or fight. Play astonishingly well together and share every thing. Yet the parents NEVER scold or spank or even raise their voices at their children. They carry the young ones around on their backs every where - when they get busy, they merely hand the child to someone else to carry. I've never seen such genuine love displayed without any embarrassment or show. The children are not bashful but are extremely well disciplined and will only approach me when their parents motion them to do so. By the same token I'm forbidden by taboo to approach a child or woman without first getting a sign of permission from the man of the house. Want to hug and pat the

14 (2)

5 Feb

Kids so must constantly watch my self or I'll offend them. At the same time these kids laugh and play like no kids I've ever seen. Hope we don't spoil these people with too much Western thinking and acting.

Diagnosed my first case of leprosy today out in another village while seeing a sick old man. This man is about 30 - had a II° burn that didn't hurt him - when I looked closer he had the typical signs of leprosy and many other sores. However, his feet and hands are intact so it must be early. Think we can take care of him. Will have to arrange it this week with Olive Kingsbury (I think I mentioned her leper colony yesterday, didn't I?)

Also saw a pituitary dwarf today - about 45 yrs old - but standing only 3 feet tall. Also saw my first case of worms. Haven't the faintest idea what to do about it. Will have to read a little. Worms are about 3 inches long, flat & white - probably Ascaris. Probably has a lot of other kinds as well.

Have to tell you about my buddy, GIR (gleel)
He's ten yrs old as I mentioned - smart as a whip
Goes every where with Jack and I. Jack got him
tennis shoes, a shirt, new pants - looked like a
million dollars and we all clapped when he got
dressed up in them. If the V.C or the ARVN
doesn't kill him, he'll make one hell of a man.
Anyway, we went out to Plei Brel to get my
227 to C Chubfoot today and, of course, a whole mob
of kids followed us every where. I gave Gir a
pack of cigarettes to hand out to them, he ran short
so I gave him another. He still ran short so he
opened his own pack and handed out most of it.
When we got to Plei Brel this afternoon I gave
him a pack for himself and a little later I
slipped another one into his pocket as a favor.
Tonite Jack came up to me in the Officers' Club
and handed me a pack of Salem. Gir had given
him back the extra pack "Doctor Dan give me
so much" he told him. How about that! How
can you help getting involved with these people?
Of course, had to drink some more rice wine

14 (3)

5 Feb

(mum pai) but have learned to take it
 more slowly and just titi (a little) at a time.
 No affects at all that way. Ate some Yaro
 root - they boil it until it gets soft - ~~tastes~~ tastes
 like a potatoe but better. A little sweeter but
 not as sweet as a sweet potatoe by far. Also
 ate some prepared banana tree - very good - crunchy
 like a radish but not hot. (yam doi)

Thanks very much for your letters. They helped
 my morale more than you'll ever know. Your
 description of the kids is marvelous - I read &
 reread every word hungrily.

~~There~~

got a very good letter from Jim Herd with
 your two today. Wrote him a brief resume of
 what goes on here - very hard to describe just
 the way it is here. Maybe will be able to
 do this little by little when I get back.

Love you very much. It's 1¹⁵ AM now
 so must go to bed. You're a doll - number
 one!! as they say here. Love, Dan (over)

The Green Beret people have offered me a
to 20 bed hospital for my people from the
Montagnards. Will have to see how things go
at the dispensary before I'll take this on.
Very intriguing. Maybe it'll work out
well. We'll see.

I HAVE to get to bed.

Love you very much, sweetie,

Dan

6 Feb 1967

Monday
7 PM

Plukhu V.N., MACV

15

Dear Kay,

Received 3 of your letters today. They were wonderful. Have read them twice already and will read them many times again. You do a beautiful job describing the kids and you are thoroughly yourself all the time. Feel like you're right in the room when I read them. Too bad there's a time lag - otherwise it would be just like a conversation. Maybe you've noticed it, but many things are said by mail that we don't ordinarily say to each other. We'll probably get even closer by this constant correspondence - if that's possible. Will leave it up to your discretion whether or not to share the letters with others. I'm usually too tired after poring myself out to you to write another letter. Got two letters from Dad + Mom - will try to answer them after this. I miss your day by day comments on my activities - as you know, you're my sounding board and my leveler. Each time I write I worry how you're going to react to what I say - I'm told no wife believes we're not in constant

danger so all the reassurance in the world just makes them worry more. Won't go into this in detail, but suffice it to say that Jack Rudy has never shot his M-16 or 38 since he's been here - 9 mos - and is constantly out among these people. You have to believe me when I talk about the loyalty of these Montagnards - they will gladly die rather than have a guest they like be hurt in any way. Their loyalty and ability to fight is fierce - no other word for it.

Will list my experiences for the day and then try to answer your beautiful letters in detail.

Went to dispensary as usual this AM - usual colds, SC, diarrhea, vomiting, few lonely arman, etc. Had one fellow that was blown up like a balloon - haven't the faintest idea what's wrong. Treated his symptoms and hope for the best.

about 11³⁰ AM a Vietnamese doctor came to call - wanted an Air force flight cap - can't buy them anywhere over here so gave him mine - no sweat. I wear only fatigues, boots and fatigue cap here. Haven't worn my uniforms since I arrived. Would

15 (2)

6 Feb

feel conspicuous in it. Found a book in the very well supplied library about the Montagnards, the Vietnamese, etc. Have been engrossed in this thing ever since.

Anyway, the doctor turns out to be a phony according to many of the men here. He did start me on my education of Vietnamese - can now count to ten and above. His name is Tien (actually that's like saying Dan). His family name is Nguyen - the largest family anywhere. Pronounced "when" at least a third of the people in Vietnam carry the name Nguyen including Premier Ky.

mot (pronounced mut) (1)

hai - (2)

ba - (3)

bone - (4) - (bone)

nam - (5)

au (sow) (6)

ay - (like "buy") (7)

m - (like "Tom") (8)

in - just like it sounds (9)

oi - (10)

i mut (11)

i lam - (15)

muoi - (20)

muoi mut - (21)

muoi - (30), etc.

P.S. Must remember, these people think and act much differently than Americans or Montagnards - so it's easy to call them "phonies". Have to judge these people in an Oriental way at all times. - from memory. Also know a

few other phrases like:

come on - thank you

come gatchi - you're welcome

drunk, addled, nuts - dinky dow (my Montagnards say "mutt")

ao dai - distinctive Vietnamese

dress - very beautiful

- also sexy.

You should see these people smile when I saw some of these words.

have taken the trouble to learn. Will try to get you and the girls an ao dai for yourselves. Need the following precise measurements.

- Neck, shoulders, elbows, wrists (around) and also the length. Need bust, waist and length. Also waist and thigh ^{+ hips for you} and length for the trousers. Wait till you see them. Very feminine and very sexy in a suggestive way - but very modest and low keyed at the same time. S.F.

Anyway - went back to the dispensary after taking my Vietnamese friend to lunch at the officer's club and looking around his dispensary. At 2 PM we had a big party with presents, a band, cake & ice cream - the works for the little Montagnard children and Chief shot up by the V.C. I may have mentioned before. They were slow to respond at first but eventually had a great time - especially "Princess." She's about 6'4" - will need grafts for her legs & feet where they were shot up ~~to~~ but Charlie Brown will be able to ~~say~~ save her legs he thinks. She has been very depressed last few days, hides under the blankets and doesn't eat. We gave her a pink poodle with a

15 (3)

6 Feb

pretty chain on it and a transistor radio inside. Pretty soon she was cuddling up to it and playing with the chain. She even smiled a few times and ate some ice cream and cake. The chief was very suspicious at first but eventually got with it like a good Montagnard and used the comb proudly that we gave him.

Tom Wilson is reading to us the Valentine he's sending his wife. Hope to remember to buy some tomorrow. Hope I'm not too late to do this and get them there on time. They may be all gone from the Bx by now. Must also remember Kaela's birthday. Amazing how careful everyone is of everyone else here. Almost as if each has a personal responsibility to the next person. There was a rumor, for instance, that Major Scott was in the hospital - had 4 or 5 of his men come up to me tonight to see if there was anything they could do, was he okay, how long could he be sick, etc - and the man isn't even in the hospital at all. S/Sgt Moore had a severe headache so we put him to bed in our little hospital-

every day at least 2 or 3 of his men, including officers came to see him and bugged the hell out of us about what was wrong with him, etc. Much worse than relatives back in the States ever thought of being.

Couldn't make it to the Leper Colony in Pleiku - no transportation - will go tomorrow - also out to Plei Bong Bao to see my kids. Want to try & get my man ^(leper) taken care of - also want to see that little wasted baby I saw Saturday. No phones here to make convenient little calls - must actually go to these places and make a "house call" or you'll never know what the hell is going on.

10 ³⁰ PM

Had to take a break. My roommates were talking up a storm and I couldn't write anyway. Had a few of beers with Judge Rudy - talked about many things. You know, describing these people is a little like describing Dr. Rich Jones to a perfect stranger to the man. Where do you begin?

6 Feb

15 (4)

Plci OP

Have been dragged into a phoney "civic action" deal in a Montagnard village I've never seen on the other side of the flight line. Some big nuto from Washington is coming over and we have to assemble with the "Cracker box" (ambulance) with some Corpamen, etc to show how we take care of the Montagnards. Phoney as hell - remember that when you see the news clipping. A lot of things are phoney here. We drop leaflets into the Montagnard villages to tell them what good guys we are & what bad guys the V.C are. The only trouble is that the leaflets are printed in Japan in the Vietnamese language and the Montagnards don't understand a word of it. And our boys are required to risk their damn necks flying 50-100 ft above ^{the Montagnards use the paper as toilet paper.} these villages to drop them. An ~~really~~ ugly, frustrating war. Nobody here voting for LBJ. Will discuss politics with you some other time. Every Vietnamese and Montagnard knows who John Kennedy was but can't even pronounce Johnson's name - mostly because they don't want to learn it. What we need in the States is some damn hero leading

us instead of a politician.

Have to tell you about John Value. He's a classical alcoholic. He's that genius who's a ~~really~~ free lance journalist we have here. I've mentioned him before. He's been on a three day drunk. Rushed down to his room tonight because he "couldn't breathe." Found a classical case of hyperventilation - pain in chest, numb hands & feet, dry mouth, etc. Told him to go back to sleep and breathe into a sack or something (bags are in short supply here). That was at 7⁰⁰ tonight. He's been drinking all day. Missed the news story of the kid with their legs & arms all shot to hell that we gave a party to. When I went to take a break at about 9⁰⁰ PM here he was at the bar sucking down more booze. A sorry case. If g he can't take the misery and violence out here he should get lost. We don't need a guy like that, I don't care how talented he is.

There's a great unspoken uneasiness felt here. Col Bonneaux - the commander - is FYC40 - will be leaving in a month. He's the guy responsible

15 (5)

6 Feb

for making this such a great outfit. His reputation stretches up & down Viet Nam as the best damn commander in all of Viet Nam. He can drink any one under the table, roar like a lion but is game for any damn thing that will help the war. When he heard I spent a nite out in the village my first week here he roared and thumped my back so I thought it would break. He's a hell of a man - I'd follow him any where and so would every man here. And these are men, let me tell you. The uneasiness is about the new commander coming in. So many phonies in this service, we're afraid we'll get one and watch him destroy what Bonnie has built. Col Smith (lewd, lascivious, discentious, etc mean bastard with a heart of gold...) is staying on for 6 mos with the express purpose of casing the new commander and possibly clucking him in. It would be a shame to put in harness such an enthusiastic, raunchy bunch like this and try to tame them. We all do our job well enough no sweat - but put a few rules, etc in our way

and I think the enthusiasm might lag a bit.

Found out about that "Pied Piper of Pleiku" written up in Life about a year ago. A Negro Airman first who went all over hell just seeing people and taking care of them. Name's Bailey. I saved the article in my file if you're interested. A good man, but nothing exceptional around here. We're all doing our bit, I think.

I'm too tired to answer your letter or write the kids. Hope you will forgive me. Wish you could see this beautiful country. Maybe we'll take a second honeymoon someday and see it when ~~there~~ there's peace here and all is memory.

Thank the folks for their letters. I really enjoyed them and will answer them soon. You can't imagine how much you mean to me. Talk to you all the time in spite of myself. Tried to write these letters to lay out my thoughts to you. Am smoking too much but otherwise taking very good care of myself. Eating three meals a day almost every day - even if it's sometimes

15 ⑥

6 Feb

Montagnard food.

Please send LIFE, MD and AMA journal plus any other Medical journals that are coming to you. Please either get me a new subscription to ~~THE~~ LIFE + LOOK + POST or send your copies. The latest LIFE here came out in early December in the states. Please tell AMA, or other journals my change of address. Include Box 68 in address. Am in acute need of recent medical knowledge - am growing stale and could use some stimulus. (be nice, come on, thank you).

I love you very much. Don't worry about me - I'm fine. You're doing a wonderful job, sweetie.

Love,
Dan

15
6 Feb. 1967 Monday 7 PM Pleiku V.N.
MACV

Dear Kay,

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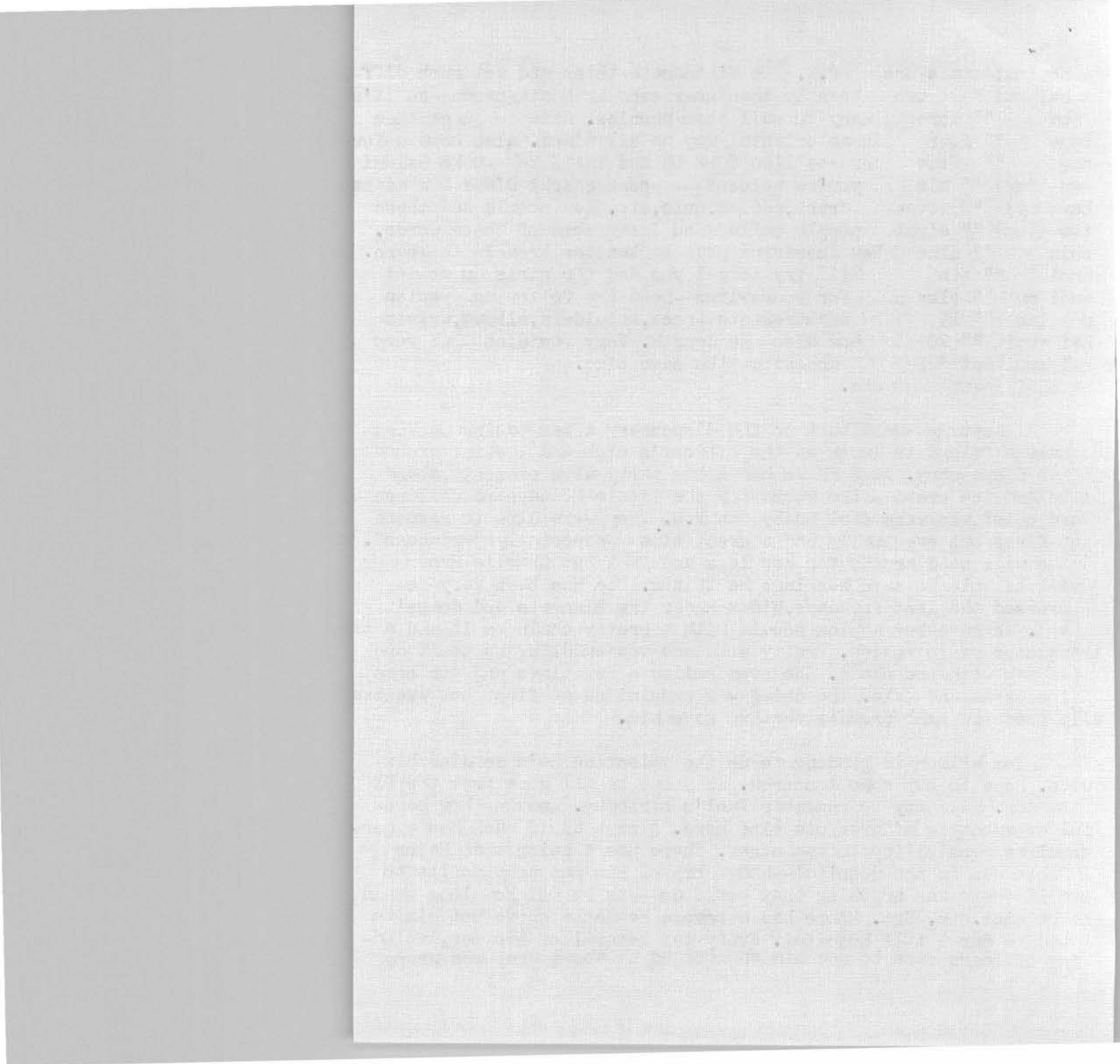


[Faint, illegible text covering the majority of the page, likely bleed-through from the reverse side.]

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Anytime--went back to the dispensary after taking my Viet-
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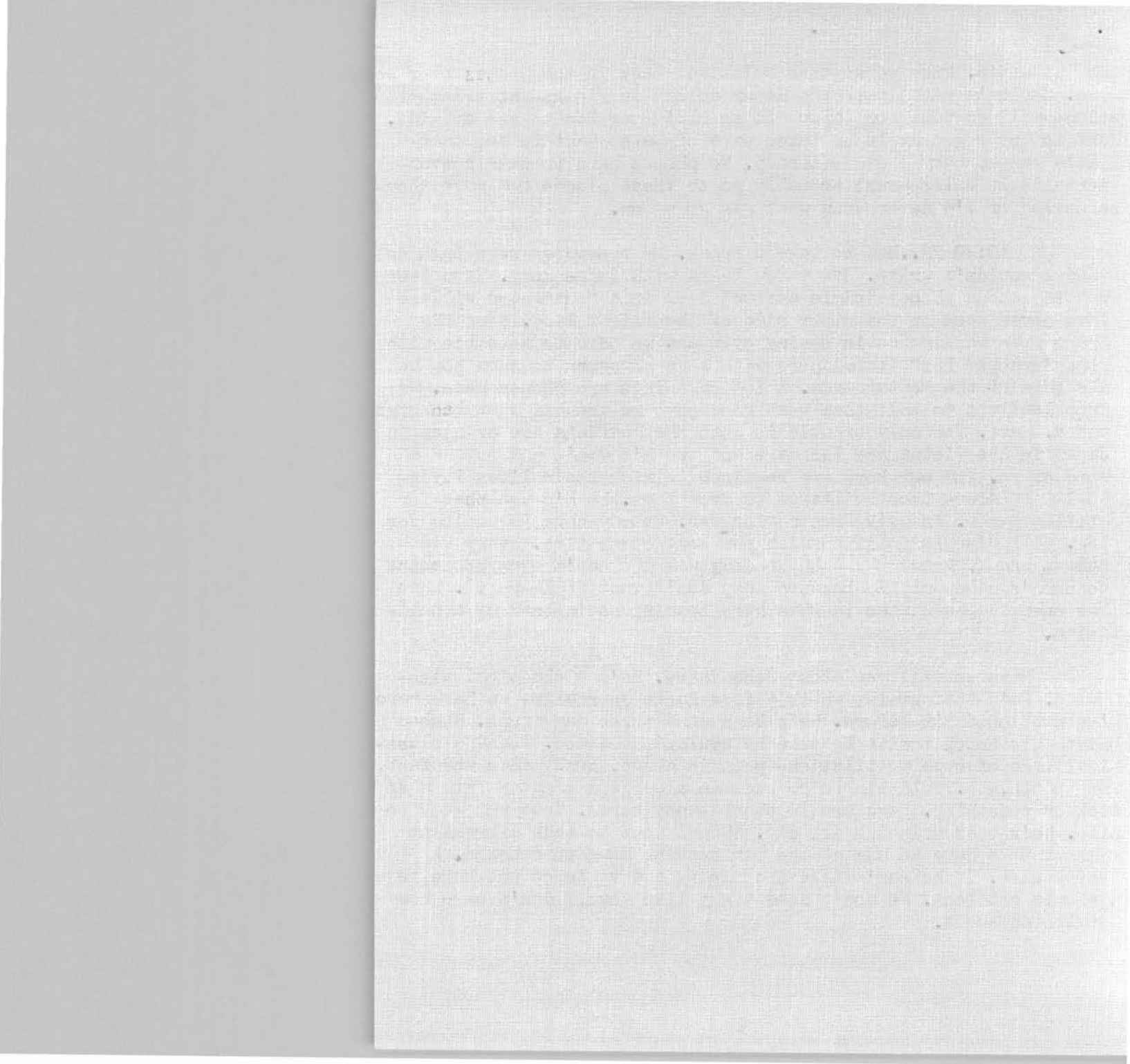
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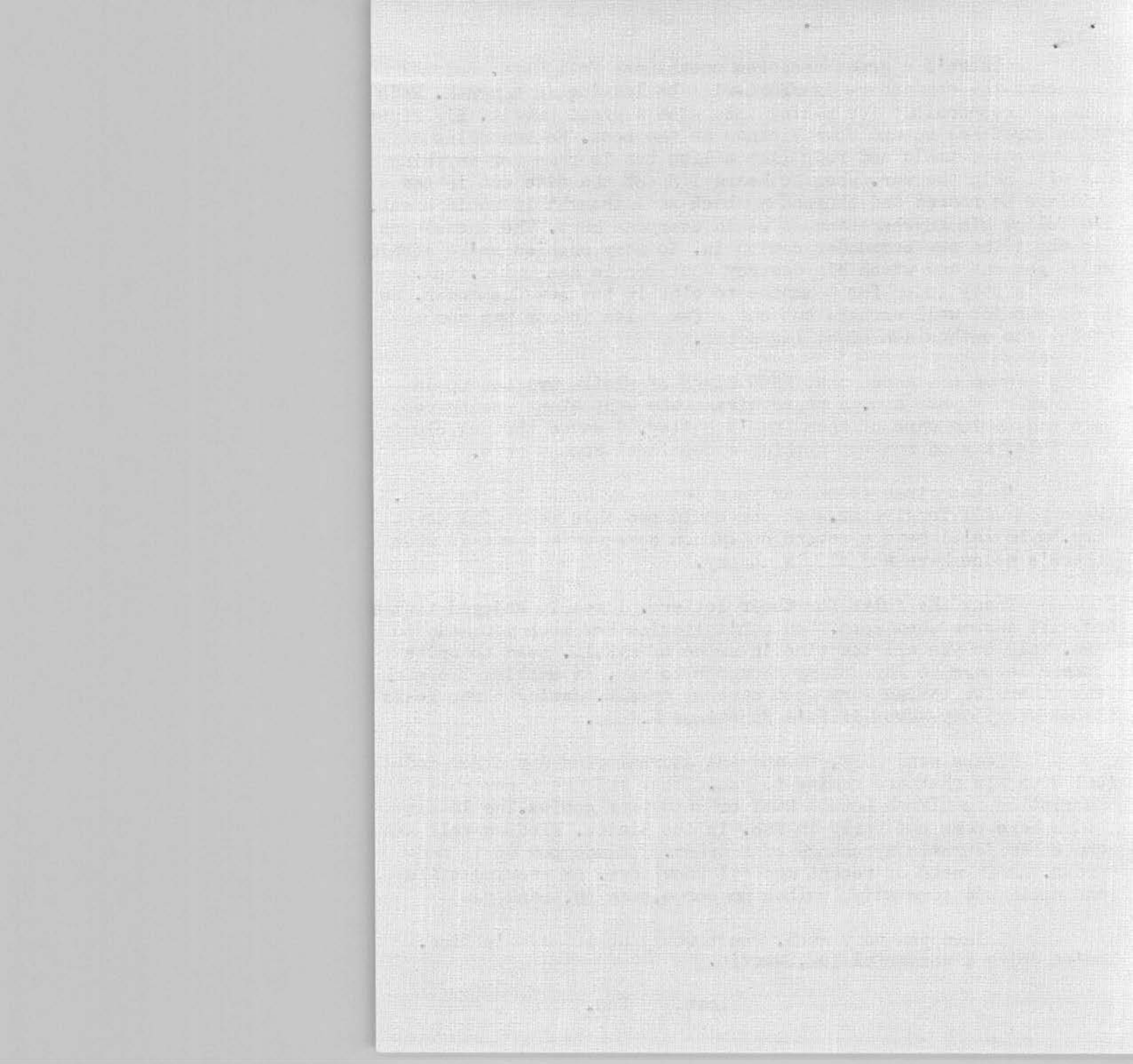
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I love you very much. Don't worry about me--I'm fine. You're doing a wonderful job, Sweetie.

Love, Dan.



(16)

wed 8 Feb 67
12⁰⁰ midnite
Plukn, V.N
MAECV

Hi sweetie pie,

Just finished the Jan 22 Life magazine article on Viet Nam. Very good if superficial. How a man can pretend to grasp the situation here by stopping $\frac{1}{2}$ hr and talking to the generals & Colonels and then jumping back in the plane and going on to the next camp more than I know. Surprisingly he does a fairly good job.

Have really gotten behind in my letter writing and am sorry. I know when I don't write you fear the worst. Actually I've been so busy and rushed haven't had time to really sit down and chat with you.

Will start again where I left off Monday nite. Tuesday morning assembled in front of the INAF (Vinaff) - Vietnamese Air Force - headquarters with the big wigs of Air Force (V.S) & Vietnamese and went to the Montagnard village of Plei OP - we officially adopted this village - actually we overbid

it in typical American style. Many speeches
and photographers. A dioxin-land, country western
band — a ~~play~~ play ground set for the village,
two large water tanks (which leaked — the people still
have to haul water from their spring to fill ~~them~~ ^{them})
a large box of C-rations, a woolen blanket, a
large bag of rice, some dry goods and two shirts
for each family. Major Ân (VNAF Commander) gave
a speech in Vietnamese (from memory), English (half read
half from memory), and Javai (Montagnard — the whole thing
was read). The Montagnards were so confused they
didn't know what to do — gave us rice wine,
bananas and 3 chickens. This "sacrifice" is usually
a very graceful, solemn, religious thing with much
meaning. Instead they merely handed the chickens
feet first to Colonel Bonneau, Major Ân and
one other. Everything rush, rush. I was invited
to come to tend to their medical needs (and so
they could get pictures of me + my Corpsman doing
this for the U.S. papers.) Somehow in all the rush
nobody remembered this and I got out of it. I'll
go back sometime next week with 2 or 3 and see

16 (2)

8 Feb

if there's any thing I can do.

The reason for all this fanfare is that this has been a V.C dominated village located on a hill directly overlooking the airstrip. Hell they could throw mortar shells down the hill and damn near hit the runway. I'm still not so sure we've changed their basic loyalties. One thing is sure, the M's really like that country western music and the electric guitars!

The plan is that little by little we widen the perimeter of safety and influence - an attempt to pacify the people - of questionable value.

Yesterday afternoon ~~took~~ ^{took} the jeep down to Pleiku to see our interpreter LICK (Montagnard who knows Vietnamese, Jarai, English and is constantly harassed by the ARVN because he's too smart - think I mentioned him before). He's been passing a whole assortment of weapons lately so have started him on the regimen they have here. Makes a man sicker than hell. Got involved in some Montagnard wine drinking but cut it off at 3 levels. Left there

for Dr Juce's hospital - a conscientious objector
who instead is serving 3 yrs ~~to~~ as a civilian
taking care of Vietnamese & Montagnards in a
hospital he's setting up - from there to Olive
Kingbury's leper colony to see the little baby I
mentioned - think she's got cystic fibrosis - is two
worse - possibly a little better. She agreed to
accept my leper when I bring him in - possibly
tomorrow.

From there ~~past~~ through town
to Plei Bong Bao - saw a little baby with
pneumonia and used the last of my antibiotics.

Will have to write the clinic one of these days
and see if they can collect some medicines
for me.

Met an interpreter by the name
of Saik ("Cy") who helped me out at Plei Bong Bao.
He mentioned his brother-in-law has been sick

with a fever & sleeping sickness for 2 mo. Agreed
to go out with him to see him. Saik speaks English,

Vietnamese, Jarai, Bhanar, Chinese & French and a
few others. 23 yrs old. He is Bhanar - also a

Montagnard people but not of Polynesian ancestry
- originally of Indian origin - look different - latently

different language which I'm learning slowly.
Anyway, drove out to see ~~them~~ the man - he's
better - I think he has malaria & so treated
him. Got completely engulfed by these people
- haven't seen a doctor for years - emptied my
bag - I lanced about 10 boils on the spot - a
wild scene. On the way back stopped at
another village - Bhanar - which was celebrating
Tet (Vietnamese new year - starting the year of
the goat - last year was year of the horse - more about
that some other time - the ~~the~~ Jarai Montagnards
don't celebrate Tet but the Bhanar do but
a few days earlier than the Vietnamese - confusing?
you bet) Anyway this part of the celebration
was in the cemetery - next day in the homes.
Was so covered by dust they didn't know who
I was. As they poured water all over me and
carefully washed me off (they wouldn't let me do
it) - they were amazed to see I was white!
They have never seen a white doctor before. At
first they didn't know I was a doctor - was

There about $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour drinking rice wine
and eating water buffalo (that's something
else again) and their rice when I spied a
horribly infected child with boils, fingers
stuck together from infection, etc. Saikh told
them I was a doctor - and you should have
seen the mob. About 300-400 people there
and at least half of them with classical diseases
- scrofula (a draining TB abscess on a child's neck &
face - transmitted probably by the mother's milk)
- some questionable plague (I'm immunized) horrible
boils (I landed 15-20 on the spot) - and they
kept bringing these people to me - no end to
the sickness. Finally ran out of every thing
and the sick were every where & I couldn't
do a damn thing for them. What many of
them needed was SOAP and WATER. Don't
know anything about their water supply.
Never saw soap and I don't have any.

Left there finally with Saikh and came
back to Pliika where he works at the USAF

16 (4)

8 Feb

Headquarters. He treated me to Saigon
beer, taught me some Bhanat & Vietnamese
Counted to 100 & a 7 yr old Vietnamese boy
who was delighted to hear my accent and
very proud to be able to help me.

Finally got home covered with dust &
exhausted but full of memories I won't
forget for a long time.

This morning Col Bonneaux read the riot
act at me for not telling the AP's where I
was going. I'm "Compused" - can't go any where
outside the base without the AP's and
someone in authority knowing where I'm going.

Probably a good thing. Need to slow down
and get my bearings any way. Will give me
some time to read and catch up on my letter
writing.

Plicku is wild tonight - the start of the
Vietnamese new year - the town is off limits
for the duration of Tet - for ALL of us.

The V.C and Vietnamese "friendly" have called a truce for the whole 3 days of Tet. Don't know what that means exactly - nobody here feels very secure about this truce thing.

Got 3 papers - even a Sunday paper which haven't read yet. Also a very good letter from Wheeler today. Also a good one from you. You write very good letters, Sweetie.

I really will sit down and carefully answer your questions soon. Right now it's 1:30 AM
9 Feb - don't know where the time goes.

Got the AM A journal so you don't have to contact them. Also 2 issues of LIFE magazine. Don't need TIME - we get that here cheap & on time - comes from Japan I think.

Spent a quiet day in the dispensary - Dulaney went to Thailand on a top secret mission over Tet - will tell you about it sometime. I've been on call all day so have had a fairly quiet day. Am starting an obesity clinic - 2 in it so far.

16 (5)

8 Feb

Missed mass again - got the times screwed up - arrived at the end of Mass. So what's new?

The sky outside is beautiful and all
lit up with tracer bullets - Vietnamese
celebrating Tet. - They sure know how to
celebrate here. The continuing mystery is why
the V.C are such fierce, determined, hard working
fighters amid unbelievable misery - and yet
their blood brothers - Vietnamese "good guys" - are
such lazy slob, - don't work, don't fight,
just run around causing traffic accidents all
over the place. Don't understand it. Have to
admire the V.C - they're tough. Think they've
impressed the people and are the real heroes
here.

Thanks for your beautiful letters. Won't let
days go by again ⁵ writing. Am fine except
I smoke too much. You're doing a wonderful
job, kid - I'm very proud of you.

Love all the time,

Dan

8/Feb./'67 12 midnite Pleiku, Vietnam
MACV

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(16)

Just finished the Jan 22 LIFE article on Vietnam.

Very good, if superficial. How a man can pretend to grasp the situation here by stopping $\frac{1}{2}$ hour and talking to the Generals and

Colonels and then jumping back into the plane and going on to the next camp is more than I know. Surprisingly he does a fairly good job. Have really gotten behind in my letter writing and am sorry. I know when I don't write you fear the worst. Actually I've been so busy and rushed havn't had time to really sit down and chat with you. Will start again where I left off Monday nite.

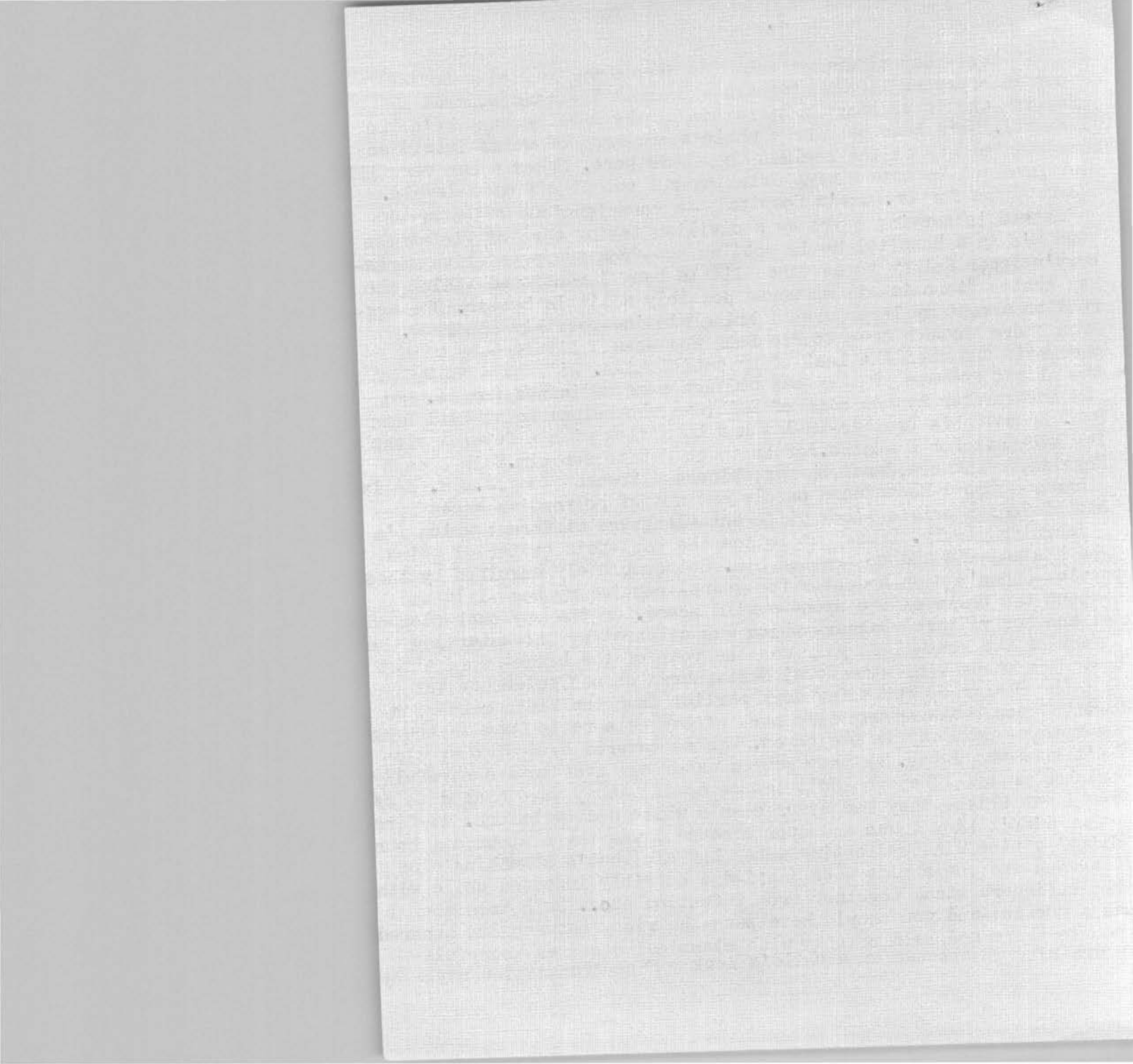
Tuesday morning assembled in front of the VNAF (Vietnamese Air Force) headquarters with all the Brass of the U.S. air force and Vietnamese and went to the M village of Plei Op- we officially adopted this village- we overdid it in typical American style. Many speeches and photographers- a dixie land band, a playground set for the village, two large water tanks (which leaked- the people still have to haul water from their spring to fill it), a large box of C ration, a woolen blanket, a large bag of rice, some dry goods and 2 shirts for each family. Major An, WNAF commander gave a speech in Vietnamese from memory, English, half from memory and half read and Jarai (Montagnard) the whole thing was read. The M's were so confused they didn't know what to do- gave us rice wine, bananas and three chickens.

This sacrifice is usually a very graceful, solemn, religious thing with much meaning. Instead they merely handed the chickens feet first to Colonel Bonneaux, Major An and one other. Everything rush rush. I was invited to tend to their medical needs (and so they could get pictures of me and my corpsmen doing this for the U.S. papers.). Somehow in all the rush nobody remembered this and I got out of it. I'll go back sometime next week with 2 or 3 and see if there's anything I can do.

The reason for all of this fanfare is that this has ~~been~~ been a VC dominated village located on a hill directly overlooking the airstrip. They could throw mortar shells down the hill and hit the runway. I'm still not so sure we've changed their basic loyalties. One thing is sure, the M's really like that country western music and the electric guitars. The plan is that little by little we widen the perimeter of safety and influence- an attempt to pacify the people.



Yesterday afternoon took the jeep down to Pleiku to see our interpreter LICK (Montagnard who knows Vietnamese, Jarai & English and is constantly harrassed by the ARVN because he's too smart). He's been passing a whole assortment of worms lately so have started him on the regimen they have here. Makes a man very ill. Got involved in some M wine drinking but cut it off at 3 levels. Left there for Dr. Luce's Hospital -- a consciencious objector who instead is serving 3 yrs as a civilian taking care of Vietnamese and M's in a hospital he is setting up -- from there to Olive Kingsbury's leper Colony to see the little baby I mentioned -- think she has cystic fibrosis -- is no worse possibly a little better. She agreed to accept my leper when I bring him in -- possibly tomorrow. From there through town to Ple Bong Boo -- saw a little baby with pneumonia and used the last of my antibiotics. Will have to write the clinic and see if they can collect some medicines for me. Met an interpreter by the name of Saih (Cy) who helped me at Plei Bong Boo. He said his brother-in-law has been sick with a fever & sleeping sickness for 2 months. Agreed to go out to see him. Saih speaks English, Vietnamese, Jarai, Bhanar, Chinese & French -- 23 yrs. old. He is Bhanar -- also a Montagnard people but not of Polynesian ancestry -- but of Indian origin -- look different -- language different which I'm learning slowly. Drove out to see the man -- he's better -- I think he has malaria and so treated him. Got completely engulfed by these people -- haven't seen a doctor for years -- emptied my bag -- I lanced about ten boils on the spot -- a wild scene. On the way back stopped at another village -- Bhanar -- which was celebrating TET -- starting the year of the goat -- last year was the year of the horse -- more about that some other time -- the Jarai Montagnards do not celebrate TET but the Bhanar do but a few days earlier than the Vietnamese -- Confusing? you bet -- Anyway this part of the celebration was in the cemetery -- next day in the homes. Was so covered by dust they didn't know who I was. As they poured water all over me and carefully washed me off (They wouldn't let me do it) -- they were amazed to see I was white -- they had never seen a white doctor before. At first they didn't know I was a doctor because I was there about a 1/2 hour drinking rice wine and eating water buffalo (that's something else again) and their rice when I spied a horribly infected child with boils, fingers stuck together from infection etc.. Saih told them I was a doctor -- and you should have seen the riot -- Between 3 & 4 hundred people there and half of them with classical diseases -- scrofula -- a draining TB abscess on a child's neck & face -- transmitted maybe by



3. the mother's milk ---some questionabl
plague(I'm imunized) horrible boils (I lanced 10 on the spot)--
they kept bringing these people to me--no end to the sickness. I
ran out of everything and the sick were everywhere--and I could-
not do a thing for them. What many of them needed was soap and wa-
ter. Don't know anything about this water supply. Never saw soap
and I don't have any.

Left there finally with Saih and came back to Pleiku ~~where~~
where he works at the USAF Headquarters. He treated me to Saigon be
beer, taught me some Bhanar and Vietnamese. Counted to 100 for a
Vietnamese boy who was delighted to hear my accent and very proud
to be able to help me. Finally got home covered with dust & ex-
hausted but full of memories I won't forget for a long time.

This morning Col/Bonneaux read the riot act to me for not
telling the AP's where I was going. I'm ~~confused~~/"Campused" can't
go anywhere outside the base without the AP's and someone in auth-
ority knowing where I'm going. Probably a good thing. Need to slow
down and get my bearings anyway. Will give me some time to read and
catch up on my letter writing.

Pleiku is wild tonite--the start of the Vietnamese New Year
The town is off limits for the duration of TET--for ALL of us. The
VC and Vietnamese "friendlies" have called a truce for the 3 days
of TET. Don't know exactly what that means--nobody feels very se-
cure about this truce thing.

Got 3 papers--even a Sunday paper--haven't read yet. Also
a letter from Louise. Now it's 1:30 AM Feb 9. Got the AMA journal A
Also 2 issues of Life mag. Don't need Time--We get that here cheap
and on time--comes from Japan, I think. Spent a quiet day in the dis-
pensary--Dulaney went to Thailand on a top Secret mission over TE
will tell you about it sometime. I've been on call all day so have
had a quiet day. Am starting an obesity clinic--2 in it so far--
Missed Mass again--had time wrong arrived at the end of Mass.

The sky putside is beautiful and all lit up with tracer bull-
ets- Vietnamese celebrating TET--they sure know how to celebrate
here. The continuing mystery is why the V.C. are such fierce, det-
ermined, hardworki ng fighters amid unbelievable misery--and yet
their blood brothers--Vietnamese "good guys" are such lazy slobs
don't work--don't fight, just run around causing traffic accidents.
Have to admire the VC--they're tough.

Thanks for your letters. Am fine except I smoke too much.

Love all the time, Dan

100

100

Hi Ray,

(17)

Tues 9 Oct 67
11⁰⁰ PM

Plucker W. mae

Have just read your letter for the 4th or 5th time. Made a lot of comment so I'd answer specifically your questions. Sort of frustrating to have to conduct this delayed conversation but the best we can do I guess. There is a way apparently to get a phone call through ~~the~~ - very complicated and will get out of it any time. However, if I can swing it - may be worth it. Also may be at any time of day or night. Will try to call about 7⁰⁰ PM here - the call generally gets through one or two hours later - would make it there 12 hrs earlier or about 9^{PM} the previous day. ~~There~~ 'impunity' - you bet. I may be wrong on these calculations. Still haven't figured out this time thing. Am writing small because paper is in short supply here and one of my sources temporarily dried up.

Am happy you've decided to start oil painting - remember Churchill's suggestion → ATTACK! I'd suggest using the naked colors at first or simple mixes - but that's my taste as you know - Also am a tent amateur c things like this. By the way - could you scout around for old toys, maybe even could collect some. Especially dolls. These kids don't have any and really go ape over such things. Also the older boys like to put together these plastic models of planes, etc. Actually, I can use any thing.

Grace wrote today - good letter - new way. Dick Adams is coming to the BIC - at least I accomplished one thing while I was home. She's been afraid to call - was afraid she'd get a cool reception from you - like the other doctors wives. Assured her you're different & would welcome a call now & then. She's a good friend to both of us - has our interest at heart. Answered her letter earlier and put in a plea for liquid medicine for my kids in the villages - if anyone can get results, she can. The Air Force doesn't have pediatric medicines here - only medicine for draft age males.

Am I horny? - you bet. But in a different way. Am using my situation ethics in this matter. As Jim Herd said - "wet dreams can be a lot of fun" - Does that answer your question? You should see the whore houses here - G.I.'s in broad day light & without a drop of booze in them walking in and out of those foul holes.

Never saw anything like it. Have to go by a few rows of them to get to the leper colony. No temptation here for me. No sweat. My solution to the problem isn't the best but these ~~aren't~~ ^{aren't} exactly the ideal conditions for a horny married man either. By the way, would suggest you not share this letter.

We have armed forces radio here - it's on right now - not bad - canned music and news. Also have TV off & on. Today we had no electricity or water. Water

- the John smells pretty bad then.

In answer to your question about Pat, Tampax & virginity. Virginity is the lack of sexual relations between a man & woman's sexual organs. Tampax won't change that. - may not break the hymen, though. Could stretch it, possibly and make the first nite easier. Be careful to instruct Pat to keep careful count at first - many amateurs leave one or two in & have all kinds of trouble - can't take much more of this particular conversation - sorry.

Am happy to hear about Grace - she's a tough bird. Maybe after the wedding she'll run out of gas but maybe not.

Don't wear yourself out like you did when I was in Montgomery - take care of yourself & food, lots of sleep - remember you need at least 8 hrs. Don't let the well wishers engulf you in activity. You also need time to yourself to think, etc. Am not afraid about your strength any more. I really got a great gal - could burst I'm so proud of you. You're my buddy - after this test we ought to take Hi.

good to us. Couldn't it do it without your help though. Feel you with me at all times whatever I do.

Your descriptions of the kids, the house - even insignificant pictures you paint of where you're sitting, what's playing on TV, how the kids look, their adventures, moods - all these seem insignificant & boring to you but I eat them up. ~~By~~ Read them over & over & smile. You're doing a great job - thank you.

Mike's experiences in Viet Nam were much different than mine. Don't see any of the angry men he describes. No fights or even angry words among us. Greatest bunch of guys I've ever worked with. Haven't noticed anyone passing the buck or losing their orientation either. A real professional, no-nonsense job being done by everyone. Contrary to my first impression - Not a chance of being bored. Any one bored here has to have a sack over his head - Even if he never left the base enough new & interesting things going on to keep him going if he just looks for it. Not that some aren't bored and counting days but that's their own damn fault - haven't met too many of them. However, a lot of FYGMO boys c 15-20 days to go - these

will come from this war I'm sure. Have ~~and~~ only
met one, possibly two since I've been here. But
booze is cheap 10¢ a drink, free many nites.
An exotic drink like bloody mary or martini
— highest price 35¢ but usually cheaper than that.
Can get absolutely stoned for 2-3 dollars. Surprisingly
not much of that unless a real party like the
one we had — you witnessed my handwriting after
it. Drink 1-2 beers a day, had 3 bloody mary's
for dinner along with my steak (\$1.00!). Had 2
bottles of RC Cola after my nap. Have a gin
Tonic in front of me now. Booze is a way of life
here — but no real problem to most of us. Can
usually tell when a guy is slipping — spends all
his time at the bar or officers club. I think I'll
know when that time comes.

Smoking too much? — yep. Also give away a lot
of Salems to my montagnard friends — no idea how
much I smoke but am sure it must be more

here — that's 7 packs for \$1.05.

Speaking of money. Here's how our pay check looks for the months I'm here:

| | |
|-----------------------------|----------|
| * Base pay | — 583.20 |
| * Combat pay | 65.00 |
| * Medical incentive pay | 100.00 |
| * Ration pay | 47.88 |
| quarters allowance for you | 130.05 |
| family separation allowance | 30.00 |
| KOLA (?) | 67.50 |
| | <hr/> |
| | 1,023.63 |

Deductions:

| | |
|--------------------|--------|
| social security | 25.66 |
| your allotment | 700.00 |
| insurance (40,000) | 2.00 |
| | <hr/> |
| | 727.66 |

My part of check:

| | |
|---|----------|
| | 1,023.63 |
| — | 727.66 |
| | <hr/> |
| | \$295.97 |

→ a nice bundle.

Deductions from
Income tax:

\$500.00 per month

→ 6000

\$4200 for dependent 4200

Total deduction \$10,200

taxable income:

(* on income →)

~~583.20~~

796.08/month

X 12

9,552.96

↓
This will be a
tax-free year!

Unfortunately I won't see any of this until the March check. Have drawn \$50.00 from the 195.00 I'm due at the end of Feb. Should make it fine month of Feb and March. After that will be able to send money home if you need it. Would prefer to bank it here — we get 10% interest.

on our savings here! ¹⁷ ④ Will hold off buying
976
tape recorders, etc until I get ahead. May
pick up a cheap camera in the mean time. - we'll
see. Does that explain it pretty well. We get
paid at the end of each month. No twice a month
pay check like before. If you get really stuck
later on, let me know and I'll take an
advance on my pay. The pay master is a
patient of mine. - as is every one else on this
base. We all work together here pretty well.

Have slowly begun the gentle art of keeping
my mouth shut. Have to watch what you say
continually here especially to the CIA men, the
special agents, etc. also to any foreigners. The V.C
has a vast, highly trained and daring intelligence
system and he looks just like the good guys.
Explains in part why he has survived so long.
Good friends among the Montagnards & Vietnamese
regularly collaborate with the V.C partly out of
fear and partly because that's the way things are
done here. Just like the spy stories, eh?

Wheeler wrote a great letter today - enjoyed it
very much - especially here descriptions of you and the

Kids. Sounds like they're both keeping up
the pace they were on Christmas time. Happy
to hear Ed made a sale. Think he can do it
if he just remains himself. He'll get more
confidence as he does more of this. I like that
3yr contract and \$600.00 guarantee he's got
— a good cushion. Really sweetie, after I'm
through writing you I'm generally too exhausted
to write any one else. — hope everyone will
understand. Glad you're sharing some of
these letters. Tomnatos wrote — Mary Kay at
least — very good letter — will answer it soon
I hope. Leo sounds much happier in new job
— a good move. Jasco sounded a little like a
dying ship. He'll have more time for his
family now. Say hello to every one for me and
tell Leo I'm keeping my head down like he
suggested.

Am happy Bill + Gretch have made the plunge.
Oracon has the least side effects but in all honesty
isn't 100% effective — doesn't give the cervical
mucous that Enovid does — the mucous is also
hostile to sperm. Don't tell them unless they
ask — don't want to add to their already

overwhelming ^{17 (5)} medical problems.
9 Feb

Am late probably with my Valentines.
Will have to make some for the kids tomorrow
if I get time. Of course the BX is out of
them - a minor supply problem. Sorry about
your valentine but the only one I could find.

Like your rambling letters - don't be discouraged
- very hard to write I know but appreciate any
and all efforts you put out.

Request: Could use some fruit cakes!

They don't spoil - make sure they're in a
tin can though as the rats will get them.

Thought I'd surprise Chief Tom with one sometime.

We're short (read LACK) refrigeration here for the
most part so keep this in mind. Awfully demanding
aren't I?

Had real Semtex oranges today - free. Made
a pig of myself.

Please do clip articles from the papers - anything
that looks interesting. ^(Will be interesting to compare impressions later)
Am getting AMM journal,
LIFE, AMERICA by subscription. Enjoy them
very much. Can buy Time here for 25¢. So don't

need that.

Wheeler & Ed are very good friends. Let them know that I know and love them for what they're doing for us.

Have run out of paper. Will write tomorrow about today's adventures of which there was a small sample.

Love you very much Sweetie. Will try to get a letter off to the kids tomorrow also.

Love,
Dan

P.S. I love you

Dan

P.S. I get free postage because I'm a hero, naturally

Dan

Hi Sweetiepie,

(18)

12 Feb 67

Plechu V.N.

Sunday PM 10³⁰

MBCV

I'm very sorry haven't sat down for last 2 wks to write you. Frankly haven't sat down for much at all including shaving, washing etc. Everything I seen & done I've tried to register in my mind to tell you but as one day flows into the next I get confused. Will try to write every mite from now on - not only because you worry when you don't hear from me - but also because my impressions on as days go by & working.

Very difficult to describe what I see and hear. Wish so much you could be here and see for yourself, be my counsel and critic as you are back home. I try to be you & me at the same time and look at these things as you would - very difficult - you know how much I need your judgement, comments etc to keep my feet on the ground. The things I record are either overestimated or underestimated by you

I'm sure. This country can only be described in superlatives and yet life goes on - for them - in an ordinary day by day way as you do back home. For ~~inst~~ instance, the mountains, blue sky, clear cool air is just breath taking - like nothing I've ever seen before and yet taken for granted by these people. Also the dust storms & wind are something out of a Hemingway novel - gets into every crack - we scrubbed the dispensary walls today - corporals, officers, etc for 4-5 hrs and the fine dirt come off in bucket - and yet the building still looks dirty. Gets into the seams, the handkerchiefs, the pores of skin - so fine can't get clean. Wash for 10-15 min with lots of soap & water - think you're clean - and yet when you use the towel - it comes out brown as if you never washed.

Thanks over & over for your wonderful letters. You do a beautiful job - have

12-26-68
I should have only read them
2-3 times but will go over them
carefully many more times. Takes
almost exactly 7 days - when you write
on Saturday, expect it to reach me the
following Saturday. As you know the
war doesn't stop on Sat-Sunday - no
weekends here. Business including mail
as usual - comes in bunches but
very good considering. Can see you're
getting more used to writing - sounding
more & more like yourself - I love it
and love you! I am a very lucky man.

Haven't really had time to get depressed
since I've been here - only very fatigued
all the time. The pace is really
something - once I get adjusted to it,
will be less tired I think. Much like
partnership all over again. Our Commander
Al Bonneau sets the pace - 2 hrs of
sleep, then 6 hrs of action. He hasn't
had a full night's sleep since he's been
here - will take him about 6 mos to
adjust when he leaves. Will try to

give a play by play account of what has happened since my last letter. Don't know where to start. Did I tell you about Plei Op - big celebration - overwhelmed the people, etc I think I did. Will start with Friday AM - the day melt into each other so I'm confused. I don't think I've written since Thursday night but could be wrong - vague feeling I'm on roller skates or something.

Worked dispensary Friday AM as usual - then went out to Plei Bong - I'm a member of that tribe now have much responsibility - more about that later. We just put up a village meeting hall for them - they shoot-go-better a pig for us - very tasty - and of course the inevitable rice wine. Managed to see a few patients (one child with pneumonia, another with an ugly infection covering whole thigh right

down to the bone. ¹²⁴⁰ A few assorted
nakes - even got the dentist out with
me - pulled 14 teeth - may set up a
dental clinic with me - name's

Henk Verwey and) Anyway danced the
frug with the chief to the accompaniment
of a portable record player, got another
bracelet of course and, in general, had a
ball. Have decided to set up a regular
weekly clinic in this village and
may be develop a "practice" there
using the "square" so that the villages
around will come to me instead of

the other way around. Have Bonnie's
permission and also Dulong's (my
immediate boss) Will use my
new friend Sakh as an interpreter
- should work out pretty good.

By the way checked out a weapon
- a .38 - good for killing snakes and
shooting my foot. Looks impressive
anyway - also have an illegal western
cowboy type holster - a great hit c

The Montagnards.

Pardon me a minute - have an errand to run - happiness is a dry fast....

Okay - where was I. Came back from Plei Bong Bao about 5 PM in good shape despite the rice wine - stopped briefly to see a patient I sent to 18th Surg & appendicitis - at same time saw a Montagnard who was all shot up - neck, chest, arm, five wounds in abdomen, no Bl, wound in leg - part of the "Hrue" the Vietnamese have over Tet - V.N. new year's - this is the year of the goat - Also another Montagnard was brought in - some more wounds. Both are still alive but just barely.

Left 18th Surg to go to Plei Bok with Jack - had good time as we always do - talked Jarae all night

haltingly - rice wine helps - learned
many words - left there about 9^{PM}
- Jack slept out in village but I
come back because I'm under curfew
as I mentioned. Reported back to
Bonnie who asked what time I got
in - laughed when I told him exactly
2 minute under curfew whatever time that
was. We'll get along fine. Next
morning (Saturday) worked dispensary
until noon - then went with Jack
to pick up our interpreter Lich, also
a Cospraman who's dying to work
with me out in the villages - a good boy, too,
→ to Plei Brel to pick up GIR (remember
him, ten yrs old, smart, etc) + his cousin PAN
(also 10 yrs old, good boy) → Plei Phong to
get my leper → Pleiku leper colony
where talked to Olive Kingsbury and
Charlie Long - she congratulated me on
my diagnosis, a great satisfaction to
me → to Montagnard Special Forces
to see my boy & clubfoot (no phones

here, must travel every where
over these outrageously bumpy,
dusty roads - Can't believe this dust
- 2-3 inches of it every where - Later
on during the rainy season all turns
to mud I guess 1-2 feet of it.

- As I write have many more things
to say but the thoughts come to fast to
write down - sorry I seem to them
along - don't know any other way.

Have left out a few pneumonias,
rashes, etc I saw - every where we
go a crowd of kids + adults gather
- am becoming known here as a doctor
and attract a crowd to Jack almost
every where. a great complement but
somewhat tiring - also frustrating
not knowing the language or having
sufficient of the right medicine - to
say nothing of poor lighting, no lab,
etc to make the diagnosis

Anyway, got back by 4⁰⁰ -
Mandatory commanders call -> Bonnie

^{12:00}
Told us about about Bean stalk
(visiting dignitaries from the Pentagon -
29 stars in all - will be out at Plei
Brel & Plei Bong Bao to see our
"model" villages and drink rice wine
- they're going to do all this in about
20 min by helicopter - then go back
+ tell the reporters what they've seen
with their own eyes and give their
"expert" opinion of the situation. Chief
Tung is very impressed + will put on
a good show for them. Have been
invited to be at Plei Brel for the
ceremonies - will wear my 1505's
for the first time since arriving in
Viet Nam.

Saturday nite had a calm dinner
and was going to write you before going
to bed early - Sorry about that - Bonnie
invited me and a few of the Irregulars
to his room for drinks. Lasted until
^{PM} this morning. A magnificent man
told me to take it easy "Doc" - ~~he's~~ he's

not "on" me - just wants to see
me get back in one piece - I'm
in entire agreement with that
philosophy. He's ~~in~~ insisting I
check in with him every time ~~personally~~
- I leave the base for any reason
and he'll - again personally - give the
okay & name who goes with me, etc.

Did give his blessing to my clinic
scheme in Plei Bong Bao, though.
On the condition I show up every week
without fail. Too many do-gooders
with schemes that don't follow through.

Anyway had an uproarious time
with Bonnie (never call him that to his
face - Colonel Bonneau, Col or Sir
- drunk or sober) - and the Plei
Irregulars. 3 pilots crashed the
party at about midnite - had been
flying 2-3x a day for the last week
- about 500-1000 feet altitude, observing
every thing e.g. changes in positions of

10 (C) 12 H
huts, trees, fences, etc from here
to Cambodia - any change means
V.C. tunnel, mortars, regiments,
etc - very risky but essential
mission - they save us from getting
our asses shot off. When they spot
a change - the cloak & dagger boys
here go to work & find out why.

The next thing you know a goony-
bird or puff (the magic dragon) is over
the spot blasting away. Keeps V.C.
off balance. Anyway - these guys
are drunk as skunks & slapping the
Colonel on the back & insulting him, etc.
He puts up c it in great style - pours
them 3 or 4 more drinks & then pours
them out the door gruffly at about
2 AM Then turns to us and says
"Was I too hard on them?" - Soft
as a sneaker full of warm cow shit.
Mutual respect among these professionals

is a sight to behold. Great amount of tension underneath at all times but covered up by great comradeship and almost motherly concern for each other. The parties & singing by the boys off duty would put the El Paso on St. Pat's day to shame.

Took my turn at the dispensary this AM & all day - a few things here & there. Took a day off from the villages - Al Asendorf wanted to go out & Dulaney's in Thailand & the NIE's over Tet (don't want any bad publicity about breaking one end of the truce but still want to keep V.C. from using Tet to build up strength on the Ho Chi Minh Trail) - Went to 6^{PM} mass & heard Fr. Sullivan give a sermon. Not bad - am warming

up to the man. Too rigid by my
standards but don't discuss ~~the~~
birth control, sex, ethics, etc with
him - agree to disagree. He had me
over to his house after Mass - drank
some Scotch (Sweetie, there is no
milk here, the water's very bad & gives
diarrhea, beer is rationed, pop
is rationed and then usually Dr Pepper
or sugar-free pop - when you're
thirsty you have a beer, etc - sorry
- am watching it - have an R.C. cola
in front of me now - Oh - the
coffee & ice tea is free and I drink
it constantly till I shake) - talked
about the Paulists and you & the
kids. We're still fencing - are keeping
the conversation general, comparing
out ideas, etc. He may turn out
to be okay yet.

Forgot to tell you about my
brothermen. Bonnie wanted us to get

"The look of dust" out of our little
base for the generals to see tomorrow.
Any suggestion by Bonnie and the
place goes wild. Never saw so many
men work so hard. Started to help
them scrub the dust & dirt from
our dispensary. Can you imagine
2500 men climbing all over this
base cleaning it up? Had a hell
of a time hanging on to my scrub
brush - finally gave up and worked
some angles → got two cases of beer
and a case of Pepsi for my boys.
This place shines now. Trouble is
the wind will blow all night probably
and the whole damn place will be
dusty again tomorrow.

Remember Banyon of the Hundred
Eyes in the Black Rose story? That's
Col Bonneaux. Told him that & he
laughed & his hoarse laugh. Can't

talk any more - has a raspy
continuous laryngitis but can get
louder than hell to it when provoked.

Had another thought but that's
gone forever.

I think I'll ask one of the
Montagnards for a bracelet for
Kaela for her birthday. Will send
it in a letter - please put it in
a little box - I'll write a note
for her. How's that sound? Maybe
it'll get there by the 27th that
day.

This is my last piece of paper. Have
only hit the high spots - sorry - many
impressions to pass along but will
have to wait till they come to me.
As you can maybe see - am not
bored in the least. There aren't enough
hours in the day, is the trouble.

Was going to write the kids but
don't have any more paper and it's

1 AM any way. Will try to
write tomorrow

I love you - more each day.
Will talk to you about Hawaii
later - the longer we wait, the
more likely we are to get it.
High priority for this and the
ones here the longest are at the
head of the list.

Am still not sold on Hawaii
- think it's a tourist trap. Would
much rather see Hong Kong with
you or Tokyo or Bangkok but
maybe too complicated to get you
over here.

Love you sweetie - get a big
ache when I write that

Love, Dan

P.S. Am battling a perfect 10.0
if miles in a row to take a shower
have tripped over to the latrine
to 100 water. The
I know

(19)

(1)

Tues

14 Feb 67

Pleiku

11 AM

Dispensary

Hi Kay,

Just got your very welcome letter today. Has been a 2 day dry spell here and was very happy to see mail again. Will write a short note now so you'll get this in sequence — will write more tonight.

The pictures are beautiful — really turn my old button on. You're beautiful and so are the kids — am studying them closely — forget the details over here.

Much excitement yesterday at Plei Brel where Jack & I and about 6 chiefs of the surrounding village met 29 stars — Chief of Staff 4 star general McConnell, his staff, Air Force Secretary vice chief

and many, many luses general
- they stayed for about 15 min
- rice wine, crossbow, saw the
Air Force blue school house +
stairway built by 633 Embt Spt Bp
Dec 66 → goes down to their water
source. A beautiful chanting
song done by the Montagnards. Jack
attempted to pick it up & weak
batteries on tape - don't know if it
sounds okay. Also got individual
recordings of many of my friends +
chiefs at Plei Brel. Jack & I sang
a chorus of Drene good nite.

We didn't get out of there till
9³⁰ PM - much rice wine and
boiled cow (not exactly Charlie's but
okay) A few other adventures
I'll tell about tonight. Jack +

I made it back ^{147th} in time for
lobster! (Col Smith - [bwd, locuaces, etc])
picked 200# of these up in Banhook
- very illegal but very good.

Jack just walked in - had
some interesting news regarding our
adventures last nite - will go into
it extensively tonight. May be able
to fly up to Kontum this afternoon
if every thing works out. Want to
see that Dr. Smith & see her hospital.
No more rice wine for awhile I
hope.

Quick answers to your questions.
Yes - don't need the paper - a bunch of
trash about Viet Nam. Just save
the articles. We get Stars & Stripes
ex - much better - also good news
from the States including sports, etc.

Would appreciate the sports
sections now & then especially
when Twins & Vikings playing
- that's a very good sports section.

Don't need my own subscription
though - it comes about 2 wks late

Do want you to request all
medical news etc to come here, though.
Need the stimulation & news. Also
would like the Nat'l Geographics
including maps - after you're through
with it. & them.

Thanks for all the errands you're
doing for me ~~working~~. Would promote very strongly
among the neighbors & yourself to
collect a very simple item - SOAP
- preferably Safeguard or Dial - very
scarce item here and ~~better~~ than

^{(14) (3)}
any candy we can hand out.

The Montagnards love to bathe. would appreciate also if you could find the recipe for making soap. May be something positive we can leave with these people.

Am sending one of my bracelets - this one from Kat - the school teacher at Plei Brel - very sacred thing & tell Kaela she is now a very special friend of the Montagnard people. - Hope this will do for a birthday present. Also get something for me to give her, please.

You may have to cut bracelet to fit her wrist (right wrist please) - but definitely this is NOT a toy. Will write the kids tonight.

Thanks very much for yours

letters, sweetie. My semiblical
tube back to reality.

Missed the Nancy Sinatra
show last nite - sorry about
that. Wanted to see her, but
other pressing engagements prevented
it.

Love you very much,

Dan.

P.S. 6th straight day without
water at MAEV - I stink -
also beginning to smell like
Montagnard → smoking, rice wine,
but good.

Dan

(20)

14 Feb 67
Pluku 11^{PM}
MDCV
Tuesday.

Hi Ray,

Happy St. Valentine's day. Sorry my
cards were late. I have many things
to say. Hope I can get them down on
paper before they're gone. Talked
politics all night to a St. Col Olson whose
with the Red Cap people - will tell you
about him later. Sorry there's so much
controversy and facts I throw your way
but need you as an object to talk to,
much of the things I need to say I
tend to say to the wrong people and get
in hot water. This land is full of political
forces, undercover agents, people who talk through
both sides of mouth, apparently innocent
people who will kill you or kidnap you
at the drop of a hat for the right price.
What I'm saying is true of many so called
friends, even Americans, even GD's, even
some disforce men. Unbelievable isn't it?
yes. The GD's & the Disforce men don't
endanger your life personally but talk too
much to the wrong people - word spreads

rapidly here - like small town and soon you are a marked man. Many loose tongues → much gossip.

I'm already sounding like a Montegard. The Yards say as little as possible to get their meaning across. No verbs if possible - mostly nouns + pointing. Keep their ideas concrete if possible - as little abstract thoughts as possible. Many similes - if you can say like rice wine, like woman, etc. much easier than saying e.g. like a heavenly taste, like motherhood, etc.

"Yam" for instance means, good, beautiful, holy, tasty, well behaved or anything else that's nice depending on what you're talking about.

First let me begin by talking politics to you for awhile. On the next page you'll see a map of Viet Nam, North & South. I'll try to show you roughly the areas staked out by the US forces, the V.C., and also the national groups involved here. (Go to page 3)

14 Feb

14 Feb

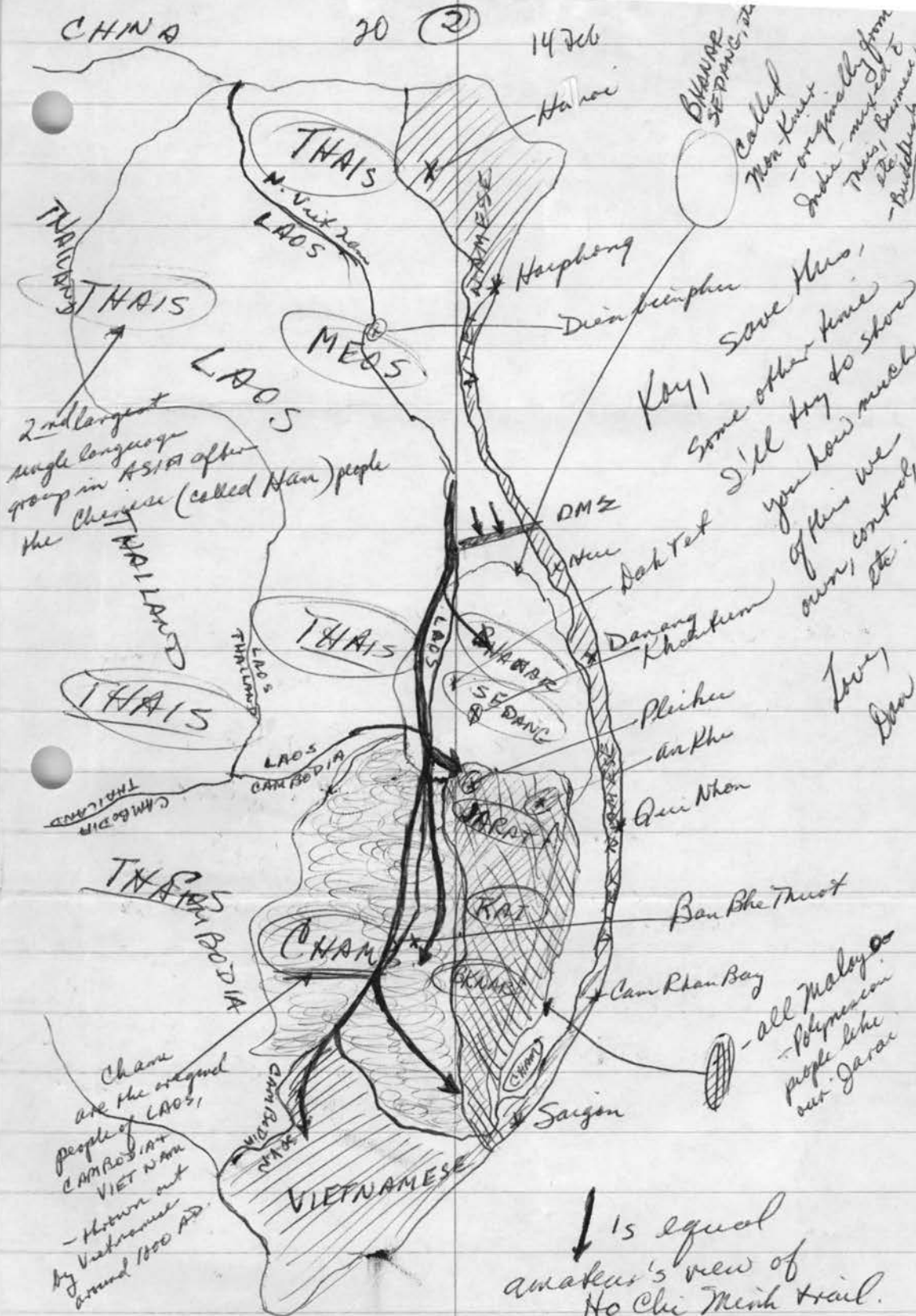
SHAWNE
SEP 20, 1915, 24
called
Man-Kins
- originally from
Indes mixed to
their business
- building

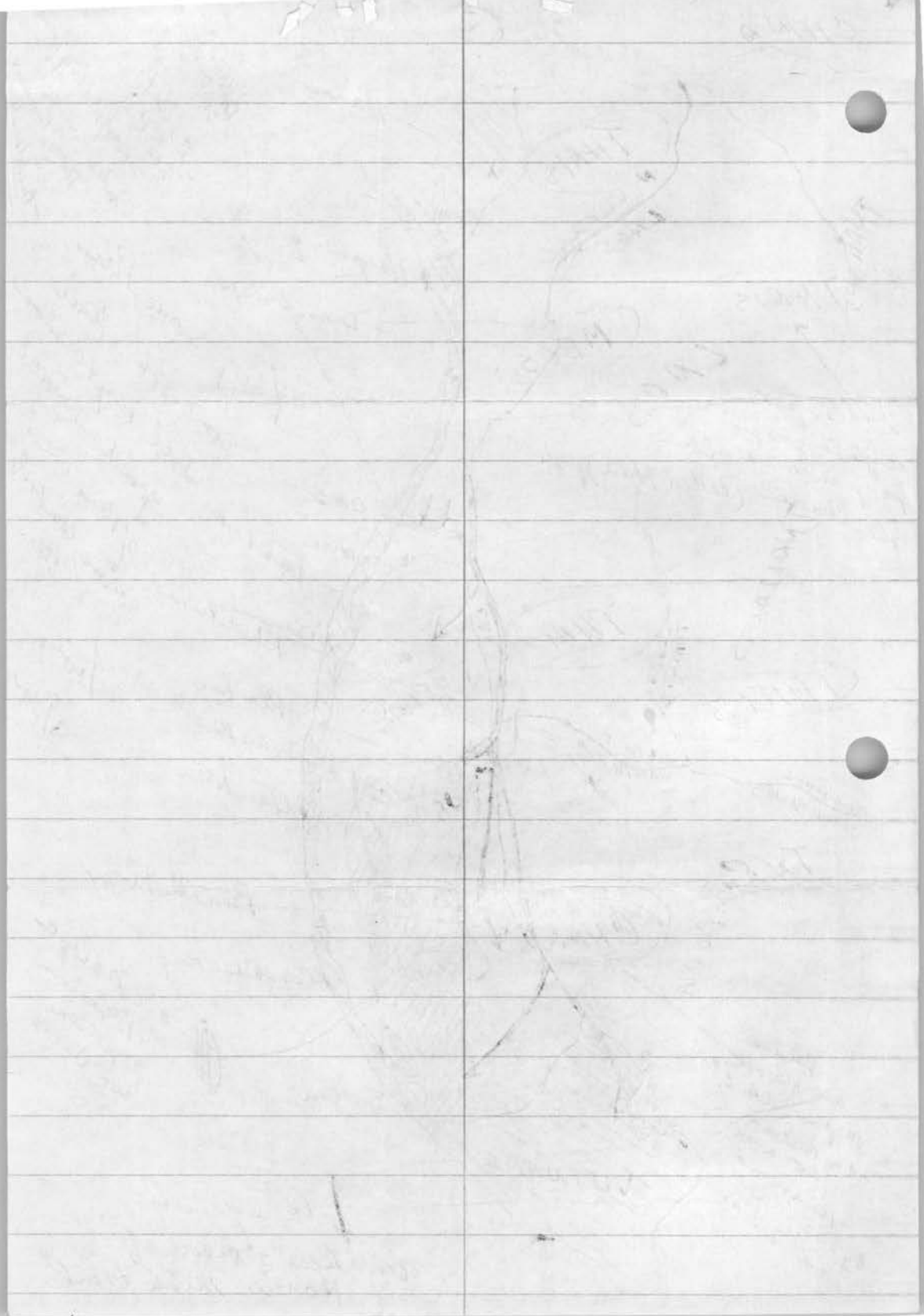
Key, save this,
some other time
I'll try to show
you how much
of this we
own, control
etc.

Lower Pan

all Malay people like
out. Jarai

↓ is equal
amateur's view of
Ho Chi Minh trail.





Pleiku is the point to which the V.C. are aiming 2 yrs ago to cut the 'country' of Viet Nam in half. As you see the Vietnamese are actually concentrated on the coast. We're in Montagnard country just as the western hill country of the Vietnam is in the hands of the montagnards (Mlais & Meos, etc). The Yards have no loyalty to either North or South Vietnamese, hate them - but, because of their lower civilization, are being caught in the middle ~~to~~ - devil & deep blue sea sort of - and being pressured to take sides. They rank the people they deal with in this order:

① Montagnards

Jarai
Kai (Khe or Rhade)
Sedang
Bhaksar

② V.C.

③ ARVN VINAF (So Vietnamese)

The Americans hold a peculiar position here - we are genuinely liked - especially the Air Force - since we've taken nothing from them and are closely akin to them

in our happy-go-lucky attitude, generosity, ^{so well} honesty, etc. The Army is ~~NOT~~ liked ① because they are closely allied to the ARVN and bring the ARVN with them when they visit villages, etc. However, they know we'll leave sooner or later and then the death struggle really begin between the V.C. on one side + the Vietnamese on the other and the Montagnards in the middle. They are slowly getting united and trying to prepare for the day when this comes. Thus the ~~FOR~~ FULRO movement. They just hope the Americans stick around long enough for them to gather enough strength. And so do I.

Originally the thought of the V.C. + Ho Chi Minh was to win over the mountain people (Mao, Miao, Bhanar, Jarai, Kari, Cham, etc.) the mortal enemies of the Vietnamese, — cut the country in half at Pleiku, An Khe, then Qui Nhon and take the northern half at their leisure.

(30) (4)

14 Feb

Our rebuttal to this was to establish bases at Pleiku, An Khê & Qui Nhon - first with Special Forces then with established troops and then spread out our perimeter from there. We've established a B camp (if you haven't read Green Beret by now, please do - most of it is pretty true to life) at Kontum, an A camp at Dak Tet and many more A camps along the Laos, Cambodia - V.N border. The thing we have to do to secure the central highlands is to convince these people somehow - that the good guys are really the So Vietnamese & the bad guys are the V.C & No Vietnamese. Very hard job since the evidence they see all around them is just the opposite - besides they know the V.C are capable of fighting whereas the Vietnamese sit on their asses while we do the fighting. Psychologically we're fighting a very difficult if not impossible battle unless we plan to occupy this country for a long, long time while Premier Ky and company shape up their

government, get corruption under control and finally realize they're going to have to do some walking up here instead of merely talking. The two keys to this war are Pleiku-Kontum & Central Highlands and the Mekong delta. of 2ndary importance is Danang & DMZ although also important from a direct attack assault point of view. That's my view so far in less than a month. I'm sure my ideas will change somewhat but not radically.

Tried to get this Lt. Colonel Olson whose one of the big wigs in Civic Action in Saigon to see this. Turns for not one dime has gone to the Montagnards up here - all controlled by the Vietnamese & much red tape. Takes 3-4 mos to get anything approved and then generally nothing comes of it anyway - lost in red tape. The troops around here settle for "borrowing" from the base supplies anything they need - and have been able to accomplish a lot. But

(20) (5)

14 Feb

meager 2,400 men have done 10-15 times in a year more than the 30-40,000 Army boys have accomplished in 3-4 yrs. (Besides the Green Berets, of course).

We've put up about 15 spills w/ piped spring water in. 4-5 school houses.

Dedicated a meeting hall last Friday at Pli Bong Baa - built from scrap lumber & painted by G.I.s & the boys.

All painted with force blue & yellow from Army color. We've made many friends in spite of the fact these people are still suspicious of us - know that if they get too dependent on us and we leave, they're sunk. Like they say, "American leave, Montagnard fini."

Enough of the politics. I've talked all night about this, trying to get this knuckle-head Colonel to cut the red tape and get us the supplies & medicines we need. Jack has given up on him. Says he promises a lot but in 9 mo he hasn't

produced one thing that Jack has asked for. The reason of course, is that they know that the Air Force is primarily involved in the Montagnards & the Vietnamese veto everything immediately. Especially when Jack asks for something.

Have to tell you about yesterday. I'm sure I'll leave out many things that I'll have to try remember to tell you when I get home. Want to record some of the thoughts now if you don't mind. — Even if you mind, of course, I'll say them anyway.

Worked the dispensary as usual in AM. Went out with Jack (by his invitation cum permission Col Bonneau) to Plei Brel where we had set up the village for the arrival of 4 star chief of staff Gen McConnell (the chief of the entire air force) plus 25 other assorted stars, etc to visit, drink rice wine, see the school house, the walk way to the water hole, meet the chiefs, etc. Thon (remember the tall quiet man whom everyone listened to ~~the~~ one of the first ones I was here? — same same) was there

with all his dignity as were 6 or 7
other chiefs from this area. Well the
General arrived by helicopter (in a
freshly cut area of the forest Plei Brel
had cut down just for this occasion)
drank wine, etc etc etc and left
promptly in 10 MINUTES!! When you go to
a Montagnard occasion you DON'T eat
& run, especially when a week or more
preparation has been made for the
visit. As polite as these people are, they
could hardly hold back their anger &
frustration at this short visit. Jack
& I were the only ones left to try to
explain what the hell was going on.
Thon invited us to his house (a great honor
by the way) where he served us boiled
cow and rice wine. We kept saying we
had to leave to get back to a big
party at Air Base (Raney Senaka Show)
but Thon wouldn't take no for an
answer. Besides, he wanted to know
what went on & the big noise for
10 minutes - then puff!

Well, Jack & I tried to tell them
that he was big man, head of all his
force - whole world (of course, Thon neither
reads nor writes, his world ends north
at Khontum, west in hills of Cambodia,
south to Ban Bhe Throt and east at
An Khe. Knows about Saigon but doesn't
know where it is. Any talk about
United States, France, England, Africa,
even China ~~is~~ goes right over his
head. Finally we got an idea -
Big general spend 3 minutes at ARVN II Corps
(Vietnamese headquarters) and 10 minutes
Plei Brel. No go ~~to~~ Pleiku at all,
only Plei Brel, then home to America.
- Ah! that got him. Big smile. By
this time we've been talking about
4-5 kts - "lapping the horse" as they
say here i.e. rice wine or NOMPAT.
No one was allowed to eat or drink
except Jack & I until we were stuffed
and smashed. I went out & barfed my
guts out one time - Y-O, they not

(20) (7)

1426

offended in the least. Finally they
started eating & drinking a little, too.
Imagine if you will a long, low
house about the length of our house
5620 feet and about as narrow
as the front half of our house (living room
& our bedroom). Totally dark - no
light with no ^{the} chimney & only warmth
& much smoke coming from the wood
fire. They love that smoke - smell
like this all the time - gets into their
side so baths don't even help. Ascribe all
kinds of things to smoke & fire - they're gods
to them, I'm sure. After a while
I get to like that smell myself but
at first very offensive and hard on the
eyes. I'm smelling a little like that myself,
I guess when you get right down to it.
Y-O.

We keep saying we have to get home,
take Lick (our ever present companion and

interpreter) home, etc. When there develops a totally unexpected event.

I find that we're being offered Thon's 15 yr old daughter to take to bed!!

Boy! First I said, very innocently
(myself, Jack & Lick)
"How 3 men sleep one girl." No problem. ~~Thon~~ produces 2 other girls!

I don't know what they looked like with all the darkness & smoke, but I knew I'd better get the hell out of there before bad trouble started. We made all kinds of apologies and finally managed to leave amid much protestations from family, etc. Thought we had really fouled up any chance of working with these people for sure.

To my and Jack's surprise Lick told us this morning we had done the perfect thing. Every time the French, V.C., Vietnamese or ^{U.S.} Army comes, the first thing they always want

(20)

(8)

14 Feb

is the young women. Usually the Montagnards give in - but very reluctantly and hate the men that do this to their virgins.

As I mentioned, these people are very modest, reticent & shy. They hide their young girls most of the time. Only married women with their ~~teeth~~ front teeth (upper incisors) knocked out can appear in public. As I mentioned, you don't talk to children or women, don't touch them, etc. unless the old man says so. And even then you do so as little as possible. For instance, I'd love to pick up these kids, roll around with them, tickle them, etc. - especially I'd like to be able to sit them on my lap when examining the sick ones. No soap. If they had their way I'd be diagnosing from across the room. Had to show them I needed to listen & stethoscope, feel for bumps etc before they were willing for me to touch the sick. But each time I do you can

see these people are visibly unimpressed
with my activity.

With this in mind you can see
we were being given a great honor
by Thon's offer — at the same time it
was a great test also. They wanted to
see what kind of men we were — same — same
V.C, French, ARVN, U.S Army? — or
were we really there to help them. We
passed with flying colors. Sometimes
morale are a good thing to have.

By the same token — looks like a
long year ahead. Hope I don't
have to reassure you each letter from
now on that I'm being a good boy.
No sweat. Love you more each day.
Seems like I've been here a long
time and I'm not even gone one
month yet. In another way the
days have just flown by.

Have many more observations
to make but it's now 1:30 AM and

(20) (9)

14 Feb

again, I'm exhausted. This letter
got interrupted by Rusty Shields coming
in drunk to bid me good-nite and
ended up telling me what a great guy
he is and how he'll help me out
and like that. Jack doesn't like him
— goes out in the villages to impress
everyone what a great humanitarian
he is — talks too much, etc, etc. All
kinds of people make a world, don't they?

Want to tell you about their

interpretation of dreams, chickens, dogs +
fish, — their reverence for the wind
and the air — many words for these
things — all mean something or possibly
someone to them. I could already
write a book about them, but don't
know them very well at all. Saved
some Yaro seeds for Dad to grow
— need acid soil — but in the confusion
of getting out of there last nite — must

have lost them. Will try again soon.

Today spent a nice quiet day in the dispensary. Had a conversation with Fr. Sullivan amid martenis — he insisted I come over to his quarters after Mass (yes I'm going to mass even during the week! — lot's of surprises haven't I — also Communion — what do you think of your old skeptic now?) Will tell you about this ~~you~~ conversation some other time — must never get into your conversation with the girls, etc. We're getting to know each other much better as time goes on — slowly but surely a rapport here. I understand he wrote you a letter. Please save — would like to see sometime.

Enough of this — have to get to bed or I'll be dead to the world

(20) (10)

14 Feb

again tomorrow. Hope to start
my clinic at Plee Bong Boa tomorrow
afternoon if every thing goes okay.

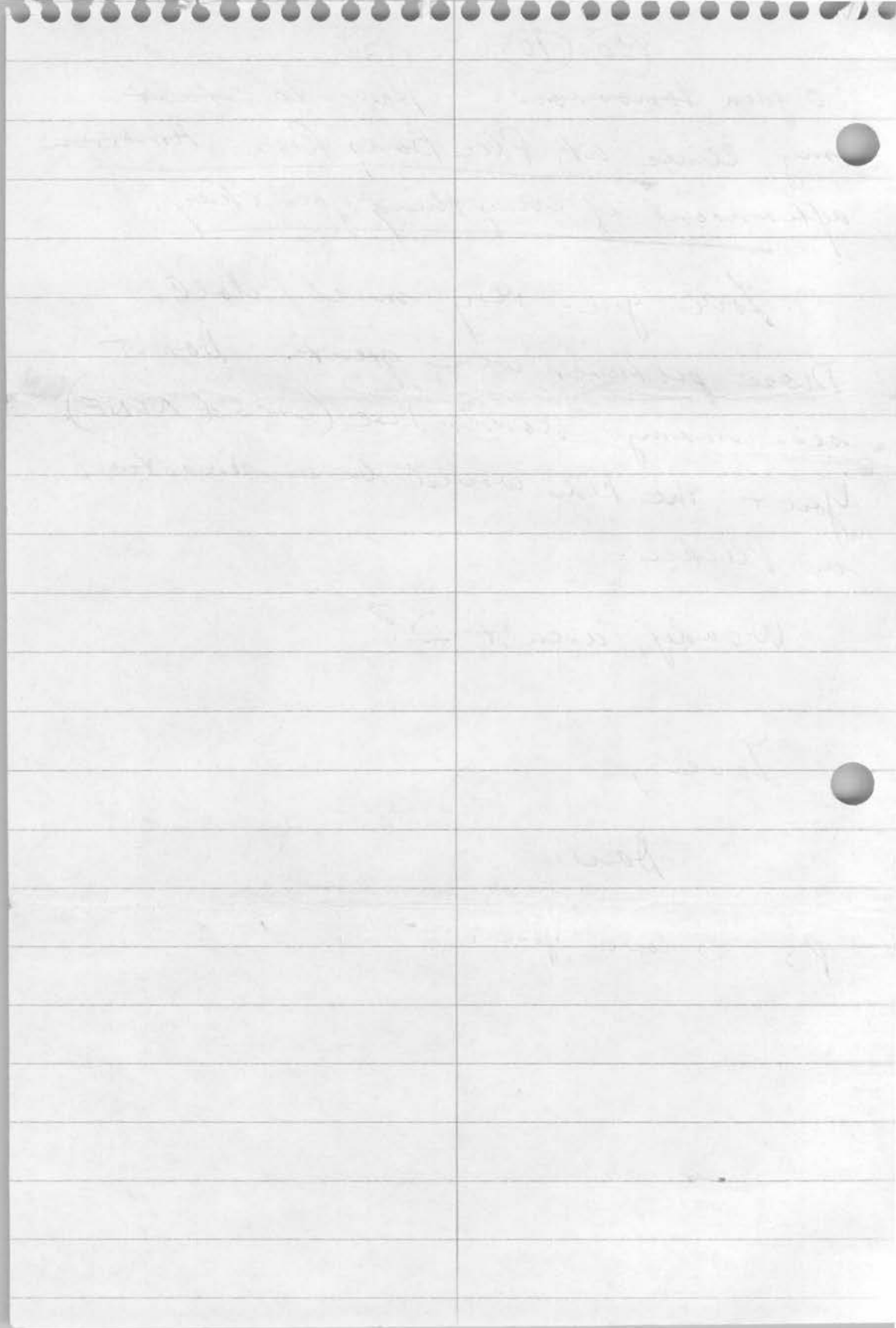
Love you very much, doll.
Those pictures were great. Don't
see many blonds here (read NONE).
You & the kids would be a sensation
in Pleiku.

Wendy, aren't I?

Love,

Dan

P.S. I love you.



(21)

wed

15 Feb 67

11³⁰ PM Wednesday
Pleiku V.N.
MACV.

Hi Kay,

Don't think I'll write much tonight.

Am very tired. Finally settling down
-took a nap this afternoon and woke
up exhausted. Nervous energy temporarily
drained off and find I'm really tired.

No mail today and a very quiet
day by recent standards. Felt my
first real good pang of homesickness, etc.
Worked the dispensary this morning -
the usual crowd of V-D, colds, etc.
Am very tired of looking at men's
penises (sp?) for all their assorted
diseases they pick up here, Saigon,
Tokyo, Bangkok, etc. At \$25.00
a clip would make a fortune back
home.

Finally got the Pleiku 9 crud.

Consists of a cough, sore throat,
sinus trouble, headache, diarrhea +
nausea. Lasts about 10 days and is
irritating as hell. Every one I see
comes in as if it was the first time
anyone had ever gotten this thing —
they're amazed when I tell them
everyone else has it, too.

If we could charge 25¢ a visit,
we could cut the dispensary load in
half I'm sure. Maybe they're just
lonely and want some father figure
to take care of them.

Am aware this is a very depressing
letter to read and I'm sorry. Please
put up with it. It's my chance to
ventilate a little.

Was very reluctant to mail the
previous letter today. Would have
liked to see you and explain the
circumstances of these adventures a

little more. ⁽²⁾ Hope ^{15 Feb} the meaning
comes out right - don't read anything
more into what I say than what's
there, please. I'm writing down
every thing as frankly and candidly as
I can. Later we'll go over some of these
things and clear up your doubts and
questions.

From almost a month of being over
here I think I can be fairly confident
that sex problems will be under
control. Maybe as time goes on it
will get harder but the feminine
factor here just doesn't have it. So
far.

This afternoon made a trip down to
the leprasarium - brought a bunch
of vitamins down to Olive. My little
girl is somehow managing to stay
alive. The leper went home (with
medicine) - no rice wine, no smokes

fine, no sacrifices. He no like. He
as contagious as he was but, if he
takes his pills, should come out of it
okay.

Went out to Plei Bong Boa this
afternoon and put in an appearance.
Not much doing. Wanted to set up a
clinic there but everyone was busy
or gone. The chief (Chief Tock) wasn't
home so will have to wait till next
week. Anyway I think I'm getting
the message across that I'll show
up every week - Wednesday around
10 clock

Would have liked to go out to
Plei Wow with Saich but we can
do until Col Bonneaux gives his okay.

There's a lot of battles going on
west & east of here. - the truce is
definitely over and the casualties

are pouring into the 18th Surg.
Those guys are working all day, all
nite over there. Hope that improves
their morale a little.

The Koreans really showed their
spirit east of us. Fought off a
big attack and whipped the ass off
the V.C. - No V.N. tonight. Heard by
radio. I'm glad they're on our side.
Much battle going on in the Delta
you probably know better than I do.

I really have to apologize for the
depressing tone of this letter. Will be
better in AM I'm sure. Just an
emotional let down I guess. A
letter from you tomorrow should
make all the difference.

Sorry I haven't written the folks
- hope they understand. Will get
around to it soon, I hope.

Enough of this for tonight. Will try to draw a map of the country up here and show what we own, etc.

no water for the 7th straight day - no laundry for a week either. My clothes are starting to look pretty lousy. and I must smell beautiful indeed.

Would really enjoy a small easel, some paints - oil and kumpra and some canvasses if that is at all possible. How's your painting coming? Maybe you could find a tablet of canvasses like I got you a few years ago. Maybe that store in Southdale is still open.

I'm ashamed of this letter but will send it anyway. Sorry.
(to back of page 4)

(4) (21) 15 Feb

Scale & proportions
are off a bit.

— Sorry about
that

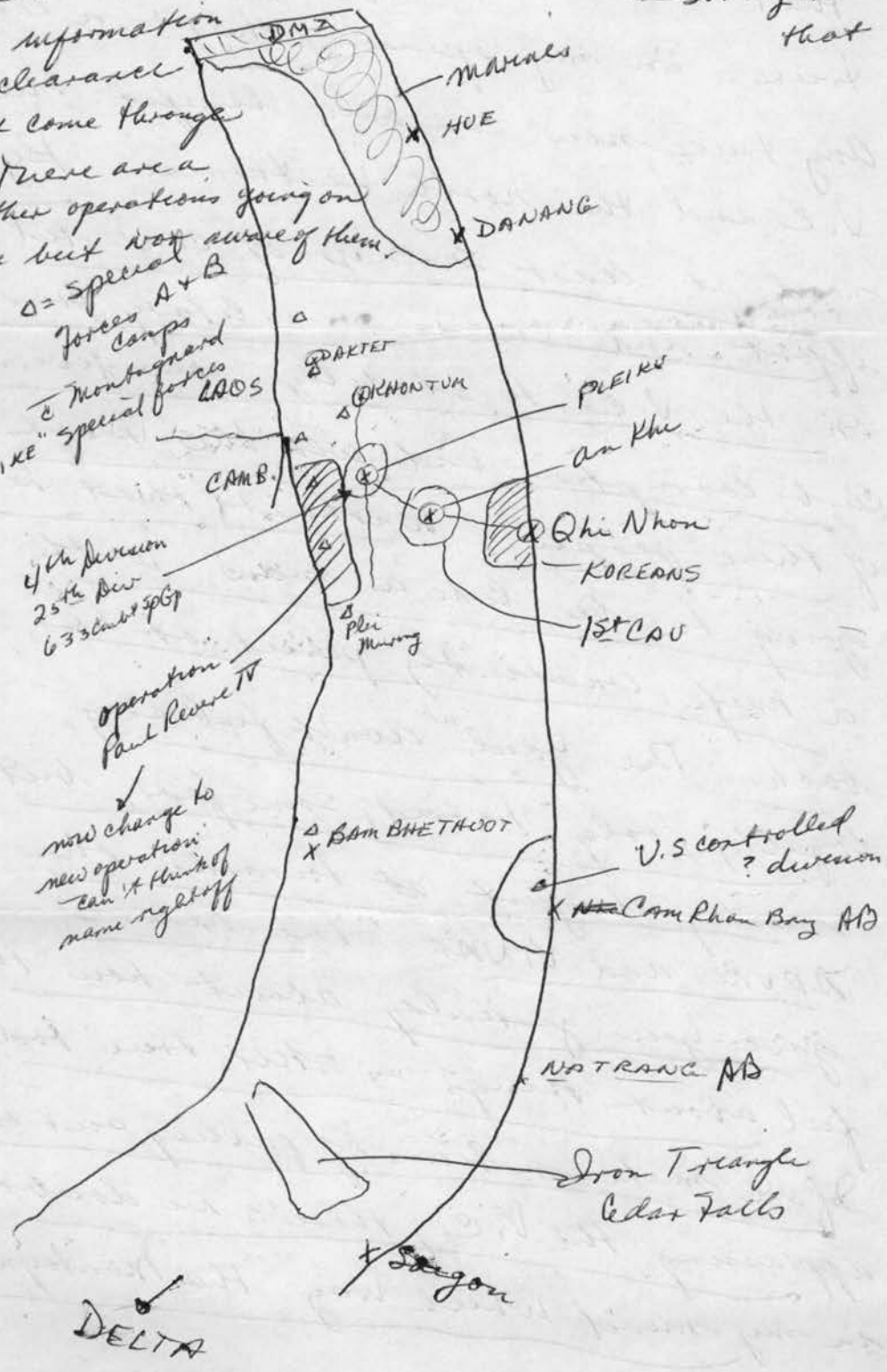
This is definitely
an amateur's map
— have no access as yet into
secret information
— my clearance
hasn't come through
yet. There are a
lot of other operations going on
I'm sure but not aware of them.

Δ = special
forces A+B
C Montagnard
"MIKE" special forces
LAOS

4th Division
25th Div
633 Club & SpGp

operation
Paul Revere IV

now change to
new operation
can't think of
name right off



Hear by the Newsweek magazine
that there's a lot of talk about a
truce. In my opinion, that's a laugh.
Any truce now can only benefit the
V.C and the North Vietnamese. Key
needs at least 2-3 yrs of concerted
effort and constant military pressure
on the V.C to stabilize his government
curb corruption and win the heart
of these people. Without that he's
going to be like a man with
a knife constantly poised at his
back. The Yards don't feel any
loyalty, only hatred, some fear, but
mostly disgust at towards the
ARVN and VINAFF. The order I
gave you yesterday about how they
feel about things is still true today.
If we make motions of pulling out or
appeasing the V.C, there's no doubt
in my mind which way the Montagnards

15 Feb

(21) (5)
will go. It's too bad but I think, true. And no V.N & the V.C will do anything, at least temporarily to encourage this. I think in my modest way, big mistake to even talk truces, peace talks, etc. If we're over here to help Ky win this thing - then my golly let's do it - even if it takes a long time.

This is already the longest war (1960-1969) in the history of the U.S. - too bad if we stop now when it's a little less than half done.

Enough. Will write tomorrow when I'm more cheerful

Love you very much, sweetie:
Miss you. Hope the kids like their letters. Have looked at those pictures a hundred times, I guess.

Love,

Dan.

17 Feb 67
Pleiku V. N
10^{PM} M. A. C. V
Hudday

Kay,

(22)

Just read your letters over for
the 3rd or 4th time - this week's
supply. You sound just wonderful.

Have to apologize for my depressing
letter last time. I had the Pleiku
cold then - yesterday had a merry
day vomiting my guts out all day
and running to the can. Sorry I
didn't write - got into the fetal
position and slept as much as I
could. Feel much better tonight -
first meal I've kept down in the
last 24 hrs. Happiness is still a
dry fart, though. Seems to be a
chronic condition here.

Just got sat on the bar -
entertainment for the FNC's (fucking
w/ guy) - that cost me \$10.00

There's a series of rules e.g. no
wearing hats in bar, no walking
bar, etc etc - that on occasions
are broken either voluntarily or force,
so that drinks are set up for the
crowd. no problem except that was
my last \$10.00 - Will have to scrounge
a bit before March now. May
have to live out in the villages at
this rate - the food is free anyway
Can't seem to take the rice wine -
may have to offend the Yards for
awhile while I recover.

Your letters are wonderful -
you're getting better at writing them
and saying what's on your mind. Seem
like you're right in the room as
I read them. Takes about a week
to get them - sometime a little sooner.
Feel like a dope checking 2 + 3 x's
a day for mail but do anyway.
Am having trouble getting

1726
② ③ ④
medicine for my Montagnards —
so much red tape you wouldn't
believe it. Lots of medicine stacked
up carefully in Saigon, Cam Ranh
Bay and elsewhere but just sits
there because of red tape. Would
like to go down and steal some
one of these times. The Vietnamese
boy cost every request from us
because they know it's going to
the Montagnards. Beans & ham of
forms to fill out & they get filled
carefully in nearest waste basket
when they reach their destination.
Consequently most here appeal to
people at home. Am tempted to
write the Star & Tribune and tell
a few stories & a few lies, picture,
she works to get a fund up to
purchase the medicines, soap, etc
and desperately. Sensational

I know, but has been done by many of the people here to get what they need.

Maybe Mom can use her influence at St. Pet's, etc to get a drive going - maybe you wouldn't mind calling Grace at the clinic for some pediatric medicine, etc. If sounds good, let me know and I'll get busy. Have already written Grace once - maybe would be a mistake to bug her. Use your judgement.

Up till now have never bothered to pull strings, "liberate" things, etc but this is the only way things get done here. If you had to wade through all the paper work required it would take 4-5 mos to get anything done - and then usually it all ends up in frustration.

The kids sound just wonderful.
Got the Valentine's cards today.
Thanks to all of you. Would
like some pictures from the kids
now & then.

Am horny for you. Sat around
talking about our wives for awhile
this afternoon - had to cut it off
- too tough to take.

Starting tomorrow we begin
our second month - went fast,
didn't it? Am happier than hell
you've adjusted so beautifully.
Hope my depressing letter yesterday
didn't send you into a tail spin.

Went out to a new village
yesterday - Plei Kep - saw two
old people bath in their 60's
- both looked like they were in
their 90's - don't know what was

wrong with them but gave
them some symptomatic medicine
and will see them tomorrow.

Heard about an albino vietnam
child today out in Chu Lai - one
of Greek's villages. Will try to
see him tomorrow also.

The 4th division has finally
gone to war again - glad I'm in
the Air Force. Those Army boys
really take a beating. The 18th
Surg has been going day & night
with casualties pouring in. Had
to ship ~~for~~ four plane loads to
Qui Nhon today because they
didn't have room. Have to back
it to those boys - their morale
might be lousy but they
sure know their jobs. Wish
those guys in & out and do a

real fine job of it. Got a
good glimpse of the horrors of
war. Not very pretty what
mortars, grenades, bullets, fire, etc
can do to a man. The Air Force
helps a lot and scares hell out of
V.C etc but the casualties are
really minimal on our side. ^(Air Force) If
it weren't for the Montagnard
villages, I'd be sitting on my ass
most of the day. Most important
thing I did all day was set a
fractured ankle for a Vietnamese
lady who fell out of a truck
she wasn't supposed to be on.
That and the inevitable S.C, that
is.

The Army and the pilots are
making this area more & more
secure so the rest of us can

get on with our "civic act

By the way, went to a civic action meeting today. We all agreed we'd just have to go ahead & steal most of the things we want and continue to send in our useless petitions. Same every time. You may be interested to know that we continue to take the prize for the 7th Air Force civic action each time it's given out. With all these plaques & scrolls and 3.5k you can buy a beer anywhere in the states.

Thought you'd be interested in seeing some of the rules we've laid down for the personnel on how to act in the villages.

(5) (22) 17th

There's a big sacrifice coming
next week at Pli Boel - a water
buffalo or two I guess. Doc Asendorf,
Jack and myself are invited. Will
have to get over the G.D's by then
or I'll be in rough shape.

Al Asendorf took a visiting
Dermatologist out to Pli Boel
today. He got a real eye opener.
Was very pleased & impressed with
the people he saw.

Have run out of news that
I can think of right now. Have
been lying ~~so~~ low since I got caught
the Plicku end. Am bouncing
back rapidly though and my
short bout of depression is over.

Love you more each day.
would love to give you a big

squeeze right now.

Got 4 papers today and
the only news worth reading
was the sports. would like
especially the basket ball
tournament news. Glad you
cancelled the paper.

Love you very much.

Dan.

17th of Feb. '67 10 PM MACV
Pleiku V.N.

Hi Kay,

22

Friday

Just read over your letters for the 3rd time. You sound wonderful. Now to apologize for my depressing letter last time. I had the "runs", vomitted etc. Feel much better now after a good sleep.

There's a series of rules like no wearing hats in bars, no walking behind bar etc. etc. that are on occasion broken so that drinks are set up for the crowd. No problem--except that was my last \$10--will have to scrounge a bit till March. Can't seem to take the rice wine--may have to offend the Yards for awhile until I recover.

Am having trouble getting medicine for my M's. Much red tape. Lots of medicine stashed in Saigon, Cam Rhan Bay and elsewhere but it just sits there because of red tape. The VN boycott every request because they know it's going for the M's. Reams of forms to fill out only to be filed in the waste basket. So most of us appeal to people at home. Am tempted to write the Star-Journal to start a fund for soap, medicine etc. Maybe Mom can use her influence at St. Peter's to get things coming this way. Please call Grace at the clinic for pediatric medicine.

The kids sound wonderful. Got the valentines today. Thanks to all of you. Would like pictures of the kids etc. Starting tomorrow we start our second month--went fast--didn't it? Am glad you adjusted so fast.

Went out to a new village PleiKep--saw 2 older people. Didn't know what was wrong. Will see them again tomorrow. Heard about an albino VN child. Will try to see him.

The 4th Division is fighting again. Glad I'm in the Air Force. Those Army boys take a beating. The 18th Surgery has been busy day and night with casualties pouring in. Had to ship 4 plane loads to Qui Nhon today because they didn't have room. Got a good glimpse of the horrors of war. Not very pretty what mortars, grenades, bullets, fire can do to a man. The bombing helps a lot, scares the VC but the casualties are minimal on our side. Most
over

important thing I did all day was set a fractured ankle for a VN lady who fell out of a truck she wasn't supposed to be on That--and the inevitable GC that is.

The Army and the pilots are making this area more and more secure so the rest of us can get on with our "civic action." Went to a Civic Action meeting today. We agreed we'd have to steal most of the things we want and continue to send our useless petitions Same -Same every time.. This Base takes the prize for Civic Action every time it's given out. With all these plaques and scrolls it's really some sight.

There's a big sacrifice coming up next week at Plei Brel--a water buffalo. Doc. Asendorf, Jack and I are invited. Will have to get well from the runs or I'll be in rough shape. Al Asendorf took a visiting Dermatologist to Plei Brel and it was a real eye opener. Was very pleased and impressed with the people he saw.

Love,

Dan

Sun AM - Saturday night
Feb 18, 1967
MACV 12¹⁵
after midnight
Pleeter V. N.

(23)

Dear Ray & kids.

Wonderful letter from you
today dated 13 Feb Monday.

Colleen is doing remarkable work

I think - am amazed at her
understanding of the content of a
sentence. Maybe that's to be
expected for her age, but am
delighted. Very proud. Beautiful
work, Colleen. Love you very
much.

Let it all hang out tonight. We
had a band at the officers' club
playing country and western
music. Got smashed on gin
and Grub and I danced
up a storm - Zorba the Greek

style. My legs are damn
near falling out, but every
enjoyed it. Made a fool of
myself but what the hell.
No girls to dance with so
Greek and I just danced mod
style - slight paces apart and
went till we couldn't dance
any more. Have to describe this
guy for you. A first lieutenant
1st generation from Greece with
a name a mile long. Single.
Literally owns 2 or 3 villages and
I'm a member of one (a thick
bracelet - different from the one
Kaula got) Am the doctor for
his villages as I am for many
of the villages around here.

② 23 1826
He's a wild man - looks like
a Jew - a Greek orthodox - acts
like Zorba the Greek. We under-
stand each other pretty well as
does Jack Rudy. Part of the
Pleiku irregulars I may have
mentioned before. Uninhibited
but loves the Montagnards. Has
built them dams, school houses,
spillways, any thing. Goes out
in the forbidden country side
and lets it all hang out. Have
grown to like this son of a bitch
altho didn't like him at first.
Got questioned today by a
secret agent (CIA I guess) about
the Montagnard. He thinks I
have an insight into them because

I'm with them so much.
Every motion I make is shadowed
by these guys. He can tell me
the hour and the minute I've
been anywhere since I got here.
How he knows is more than I
can fathom. Today I went to
Plei Kep by myself at 3³⁰ PM
(armed, by the way) to see an
old man I think has a kidney
stone — he knew this and also
that I'd been to the Special
Forces camp soon after — and to
the 18th Seng before this. No one
with me but somehow he knew.

Anyway, he wanted to know
about an impending uprising by
the Montagnards in this area —

(3) (82)

18 Feb

Has the whole Army, Air Force
and ARVN in a stir. Come to
think of it, the yards around
here - male adults, that is - have
been conspicuously absent for the
last few days. Didn't tell
him anything that I knew for
fear the ARVN (whom he reports
to) would take this as an excuse
to walk into the villages and
steal. Am a little worried
that these people (yards, that is)
are cooking up some sort of
civil war in the next few days.
Hope this isn't true - would
hate to see them hurt, as they
~~will~~ inevitably will be. The
ARVN would love to have a

legitimate reason to aim H
guns at the yards. — especial
since they know the U.S. force
are powerless to prevent it. — An
ugly, ugly war.

If you get the chance, please
read TRIUMPH OR TRAGEDY
by Richard N. Goodwin. Was
one of the speech writers for
J.E.K. and L.B.J. before he quit.
Wrote this book as his explanation
of the mess we're in. The best
one I've read so far. His
part only goes to 67 pages. He
includes after that a bunch of
documents stating the formal
position of U.S. — but his "reflections"
are the real meat of the story

(23) 1870
— comes in paper back—

I'm sure it's at the Book
Shops in Edina.

Have been drinking tonight
quite a bit — my wife to let
loose — am exhausted by the
dancing but thought I'd
better write.

Can't tell you how much
you mean to me. I agree that
words don't say it. The only
time I hurt is when I try to
tell you how much you figure
in my thoughts and actions.

Think you would be proud of me
so far or would run out of
gas. Am trying to attack each
situation as you and I have for.

as long as we've been together.

Got approval from Col. Bonneaux to start my Montagnard hospital at the Special Forces C Camp nearby. Have a building - all we have to do is remodel it, get beds, Got an offer tonight from Capt Butler to staff it with his paramedics (paratroopers trained as medics that go out to rescue pilots - good solid men looking for something to do.) All I have to do is do rounds, advise and help train the Montagnards to be medics themselves. Am looking forward to the challenge - will get busy tomorrow when I sober up. Actually the dancing

23 1876
helped me - I'm drinking a
Coke now.

Hope the bracelet arrived
May - Ton wasn't at Plei
Brel today to get any more
Toro seeds for Dad (lost the
last bunch somewhere) - also have
to get some more water from
Ton's well to see if it's contaminated.
Can't do any thing till the yards
get back from where ever they
went. Fear the worst but hope
cooler heads prevail. Can't
blame them if they revolt - I
probably would be in the middle
of it if I were a montagnard
and got picked around like
they have.

Enough of politics. Please

don't apologize for rambling.
Love every word of it.

Will write tomorrow

Love you very much.
Dan

P.S. Had the first firm
B.M. since I've been here
— a rare pleasure. Also
got a shower today. How
about that! — warm water
too.

Love
Dan

Dear Kay,

Feb. 18, '67 12:15 after midnite
Sunddy - Saturday Pleiku N.N.

Wonderful letter from you today dated Feb. 13, Mon.

Colleen is doing remarkable work--am amazed at her understanding of the content of a sentence. Maybe that's normal for her age but I'm delighted. Very proud beautiful work, Colleen. Love you very much

We had a band at the Officers' club playing country and Western music. Got smashed on gin tonics and Greek and I danced up a storm--Zorba the Greek style. My legs are nearly falling out but everyone enjoyed it. Made a fool of myself. No girls to dance with so Greek and I danced modern style--eight paces apart and went till we couldn't dance anymore. Have to describe him. A 1st Lt., 1st generation from Greece with a name a mile long. Single.

Literally owns 2 or 3 villages and is a member of 1 (a thick bracelet--different from the one Kaela got). Am the doctor for his villages as I am for many of the villages around here. He's a wild man--looks like a Jew--Greek Orthodox. We understand each other as does Jack Rudy. Part of the Pleiku Irregulars I may have mentioned before. Uninhibited but loves the Montagnards. Has built them dams, schoolhouses, spillways, anything. Goes out in the forbidden countryside. Have grown to like him but didn't at first.

Got questioned today by a secret agent (CIA, I guess) about the M's. He thinks I have an insight into them because I'm with them so much. Every move I make is shadowed by these guys. He can tell me the minute and the hour I've been anywhere since I got here. How he knows is more than I can fathom. Today I went to Plei Kep by myself at 3:20 PM (armed, by the way) to see an old man I think has a kidney stone--he knew this and also that I'd been to the Special Forces camp soon after--and to the 18th Surgery before this. No one with me but somehow he knew. Anyway he wanted to know about an impending uprising by the Montagnards in this area. Has the whole Army, Air Force and ARVN in a stir. Come to think of it the Yards around here--male adults that is--have been conspicuously absent the last few days. Didn't tell him anything I knew for fear the ARVN (whom he reports to) would take this as an excuse to walk into the villages and steal. Am sort of worried that the M's are cooking up some sort of civil war. Would hate to see them hurt as they inevitably will be. The ARVN would love to have a legitimate reason

to aim their guns at the Yards--especially since they know the U.S. forces are powerless to prevent it.--an ugly, ugly war.

If you get the chance read TRIUMPH OR TRAGEDY by R.E. Goodwin. Was one of the speech writers for JFK and LBJ before he quit. Wrote his book as his explanation for the mess we're in. The best one I've read so far. His part only covers the first 67 pages. After that he includes a bunch of documents stating the formal position of U.S. but his "reflections" are the real meat of the story--comes in paper back--I'm sure it's at the book Shoppe in Edina.

Have been drinking tonite--my nite to let loose--am exhausted by the dancing but thought I'd better write. Can't tell you how much you mean to me. I agree that words don't say it. The only time I hurt is when I try to tell you how much you figure in my thoughts and actions. Think you would be proud of me so far or would run out of gas. Am trying to attack each situation as you and I have for as long as we've been together.

Got aproval from Col. Bonneaux to start my Montagnard Hospital at the Special Forces C Camp nearby. Have a building--all we have to do is remodel it, get beds etc.. Got an offer tonite from Capt. Butler to staff it with his paramedics (paratroopers trained as medics that go out and rescue pilots--good solid men looking for something to do). I have to train the M's to be medics themselves. Am looking forward to the challenge--will get busy. Actually the dancing helped me --I'm drinking a coke now.

Hope the bracelet arrived OK. Ton wasn't at Plei Brel today to get any more taro seeds for Dad (lost the last bunch somewhere). Also have to get some more water from Ton's well to see if it's contaminated. Can't do anything until the Yards get back from wherever they went. Fear the worst but hope the cooler heads prevail.

Enough of politics. Please don't apologize for rambling. Love every word of it. Will write tomorrow. Love you very much.

Had a shower and have felt some relief from my recent illness. It's great to feel good again. Warm water for the shower too. How about that?

Love,

Dan

Hi Kay,

(24)

11³⁰ PM
Sunday 19 Feb 67 Sund.
Platoon V.N
MACV

Got a letter from Mike & Mary Ann today.

Also one from Kathy O'Connell (OB nurse at Sheppard) also a very good one from Wheeler. Will try to answer them before long.

You should see my room - have about 200 shirts, a 5 gallon can of floor wax, about 50 ties and 30 bow ties and a large box of Suppase to say nothing of a gunny sack full of soap and a case of stripe tooth paste. Add this to the medicine I'm stealing all the time and my room will look like a warehouse pretty soon. Have a place out in the village for all of it - except the Suppase - size eleven! yet - some well meaning donation from somewhere. Will try to trade this off for something.

Am making some headway in getting my 20 bed hospital going - slow but

Sure - maybe a month from now
would be realistic. Mentioned last
nite, I think, that I have the men
to staff it unless they sneeze later
on. Will check this out as time goes
on.

Slept till ~~10~~ 11⁵⁰ PM this morning - first
time since I've been here - felt good.
No water again today but what the hell.
Kay, I've been talking about you
all day today - a few lies but mostly
true. Everyone is wondering where an
old man like me got a beautiful wife
like you. Also how you put up with
my antics. Explained you are a very
wise and understanding person - who also
has a wild hair or two of your own.
They all think we're nuts to want a
large family, etc, etc. Y-O. I'm just
accepting the fact that most people

think like we do. (1976)
Just checked Jack's bed - it's
empty - must be spending another
nite out among his people. Does this
2-3 times a week. Says he gets more
sleep out there than he does here at
MACV - so close to the officers' club and
all. He showed me ~~his~~ ^{the} rough copy
of his language book - very well done.
He's a good one.

This Shields Character (Major - I mentioned
him before - the one with all the advice, etc)
has been bugging me to go out with
him to the villages. "For political reasons"
whatever the hell that means. Don't
want to get mixed up with him but
maybe can't avoid it. He talks out of
both sides of his mouth. Jack doesn't
like him it turns out - didn't say a
word to me about him - just let me
figure it out by myself. When I

made a comment about him the other day, he finally said "So you got the word on him, did you?" - and let it go at that. The personalities and the devious ways of the people here are really something. A lot of people wearing these wrist bands ~~are~~ aren't really "friends" of the Montagnards - just looks good to wear a band and good publicity - may be even wins them a medal later - I don't know.

Any how - lots of phonies & publicity seekers. My motive? Damned if I know. Happen to like these people I guess. Also would probably be bored to tears here and depressed if it weren't for them. Each time I come back feel I've done something good, possibly constructive and have certainly gained 10 times more than I've given. Pretty selfish, isn't it? It's better than drinking

journey to death of counting the days, etc.

It wasn't the rice wine that gave me the vomiting & diarrhea, by the way — all kinds of guys are coming up with it. As per usual I got it first so knew what to expect when they came in. Also knew that whatever I gave them, they'd be better no matter in 2-3 days. Threw all kinds of medicine at them and many are swearing up & down I cured them. Didn't bother to comment to them that I'd neglected to treat myself and got better in 2-3 days by letting the disease run its course. What do you mean — witch doctor! The heap big miracle worker!

Have managed to strunge a few beautiful maps — some made on water proof cloth — of the area. One I have shows every hock around — that is up till March 1964 or so. As you may be

gathered - this place is growing by leaps and bounds. The Vietnamese are resettling the V.C families and refugees all through here for various reasons. (1) They can keep their eye on them (2) makes the area more Vietnamese and slowly pressures the Montagnards to take sides (3) gives the central government a power base by which they can control the area - much like the forts built by the pioneers in the West many years ago. Very interesting. However - the new arrivals are coming at a bad time - the rice harvest up here isn't until November-December. Right now they haven't any rice or clothes except what they've managed to carry with them. A tough 7-8 mos coming up. Greek and a few of us are trying to hustle up some goodies for them but no tangible results so far.

19 Feb

The name of one of the refugee centers
is called Chou Hoi (Chew hoy phonetically)
Haven't seen it yet but Greek is out
there damn near every day doing
something. Says it's the most miserable
situation he's ever seen. People literally
starving to death. May see the other
side of the coin with this Montagnard-
Vietnamese struggle when I go out. Still
have an open mind in spite of the
horrible things I've said about the
RVN and such. Have already met
some Vietnamese I like very much
and expect to meet more.

Went to Max's house down in
Plukun city today for a couple of hours.
Met the wildest people over here -
refugees from all over hell that have
made a precarious life for themselves
traveling all over the world. Max
(Short for Maximilian) some damn German

(name) is 61 yrs old and still working for the Navy, yet. Don't know his rank or job exactly. Some sort of adviser for ARVN on munitions or something. He was born in Essen Germany, left Germany as Hitler came to power → U.S. and joined the Navy. Has had 4 or 5 official wives. Hasn't seen the States in years. His present wife and children (the ones he claims) are Japanese (I think) and live in Okinawa. However, his house maid is walking around pregnant as she can be - by him. Says he's f-d every thing in the Orient and has no idea of how many kids he has. A short, hugely fat man with a sunny red bald head and swears up a storm. Runs the only shooting gallery like it "in der world!" Probably too complicated for me to explain - but

19 Feb

you shoot pellets across the room
with an air rifle with a telescopic
sight into a hole. If you hit the
hole, the slug goes up a pipe, back
across the room through the pipe and hits
a ball over your head. This ball then
falls into one of four cans marked
\$1.00, 50c, 25¢ and 10¢. If you do
all these things right and you land in
the \$1.00 can, everyone playing pays you
a dollar. Easy. But that's a damn
small hole and often the slug is spent
before it hits the ball. If you miss, it
only costs a dime. We had 7 guys playing
— and believe it or not, I hit the
damn hole every time — hang over and
all. One time the slug was spent. Another
time I hit the 10¢ can and another time
I hit the \$1.00 can. (my practice round I
hit the \$1.00 can also but it didn't count)
anyway, came out even or a little ahead
and drank beer and had German sandwiches

to boot a good afternoon.

Made it back in time for 6⁰⁰ PM
Mass. Went with a red headed
character with the wit and charm of
Tom Hart. Name's Rusty Bowman.
He leads the B-52's in for their
strikes (a lot of them lately up here
out by Plei Djerang - about 20 miles
out) - Claims he's killed every ~~monkey~~
monkey from here to Cambodia to say
nothing of blasting big holes in the
ground and making lumber for the
V.C. to hold up their tunnels. Came
in all excited the other day - said
they dropped 87 tons of bombs and
hit a V.C.! Not bad work, eh? Was
going to write home about that right
away.

Also said he needs me to be his
personal physician but warned me I'd
better be prepared to be on call at all

Times day & night. He doubts if I
can really help him because he's a
walking text book full of rare diseases.

Says he really doesn't expect I can do
much for him but would appreciate
it if I'd just look wise and lend
an understanding ear.

No fasting laws at all here, you
know. Theoretically you could ~~run~~ walk
up for Communion munching a hamburger
with a glass of beer in the other hand
and sort of receive Communion like
you'd have a pickle in between. Not
recommended of course, but possible.

H. Sullivan will be leaving soon
but doesn't want to work in the states -
too many complicated questions like birth
control, abortions, etc etc - doesn't even
want to consider these things. Would like
to go to Africa where life is simple.
To each his own. Needless to say, the
intellectual discussions we've had are

damn shallow. Has heard of Teilhard
but has never read any of his stuff
— doesn't particularly want to, either.
His thinking is approximately same-same
as mine about 6 yrs ago. No problem
Have lots of other things to do and
discuss. Maybe someday will run
into a Bill Kress over here. Actually
the place is so full of other more
pressing problems, time off is spent in
letting off steam — not getting any
more serious. The only philosophers I've
met so far I classify as alcoholics
and don't want to get into that
merry-go-round.

It's working on 1⁰⁰am again. Will
sign off for now.

Oh, the answer to your question
about Should you send... is YES —
Please encourage any group interested

1970
to send soap, clothes, money
(by money order) to me at Civic
action, 633 Conit Spt Sp, APO
San Francisco 96295 Box 68. What
clothes we can't use (doubt if
that'll ever happen) we can trade for
something else. Also gets very cold
and windy at night here, also very wet
(average rainfall per year in Pleiku is
between 120-150 inches) The rainy
(monsoon?)
season starts in ~~May~~ April-May and
runs through to September. They say
it's 2-3 feet deep of solid mud
around here then - a special skill
to drive at all. The V.C know how to
get around and use this as cover for
their operations, I guess. Everyone is
working feverishly here to build roads - can
measure our influence roughly by the
amount of paved roads and how far

they stretch beyond Pliken. Got
side tracked. Yes, by all means, please
work on all these people. Name it,
we can use it somehow.

Don't know if this is possible, but
would like some strong warm weaving
material such as ~~to~~ orlon, etc for
Plei Brel. Would like to supply them
with this for the blankets they make.
They have an art of weaving that is
beautiful but a lousy thread from some
plant - maybe a linen type, I don't know
- anyway it doesn't keep them warm.

Jack plans to pick up a pedal-type
loom in Bangkok (can't spell that damn
word) when he goes. Could maybe use
some money you collect if you do to
buy some. I'll let you figure that
out. Not wool, though. We've tried
that. They pull it apart with their
hands, throw it away - number ten thou!
(10,000 - very bad)

1976
Believe it or not, we'll even figure
out something to do with those size
eleven Suppose if it kills us.

Remember these people are short-
tallest is about 5'8in - few a little
taller - most stand 5'2in to 5'5in.

Have huge shoulders and arms, fairly
thick necks - thin waists and well
developed legs. The women are smaller
but not as markedly smaller than the
American women are compared to the Am. men.

It above is true of the Montagnards.

The Vietnamese are even smaller and have
much slighter builds. Most of ^{Vietnamese} women
are under 5' tall. Most are extremely
well proportioned and carry themselves

very erect - with pride, I guess you'd say.

By the way, V.N women flat chested, Montagnard women built like Marilyn
Monroe

Don't let the above measurements
throw you off though - any size will
do for clothes - if we can't fit them,
we can trade or tailor the clothes for

Some use. Tell Dad could use
all the tooth brushes he can scrounge
from the tooth brush men. Don't want
him to pay for them - ask him to give
the salesman a sob story - a few lies
are acceptable also - see if he can get
a donation of some.

Tell the folks a letter is in the
offing if I can ever sit down early
enough to get it off. By the time
I'm through writing you it's usually
in the wee hours and I'm too tired.
Would appreciate any effort Mom can
make in her busy rounds to get
a fund or two going. We find if you
get a catchy phrase attached to it
the results are better e.g. Pills for
Pleiku, Operation Blue to help Pleiku,
Clothes for Charley (goops, scratch that), etc.

(24) (9) 19 Feb

I think a few pages back I was
going to end this damn thing.

Love your letters. Put any thing
that comes into your pretty
head down - I love every word.

Love you very much, you
wonderful gal. Am so proud of
you I could burst.

Love,

Dan

P.S. Who would have ever thought I'd
be running around organizing drives
(or you for that matter) stealing (sorry, we
don't use that word - borrowing or
liberating are better words) and washing
angles like a damn Sheeny. The rules

really do change over here. Situation
ethics — it's all for a good cause.

Love,

Dan

(25)

Monday 20 Feb 67
9⁴⁵ AM

Plucker V. N
AF Dispensary

Hi Kay,

Will write a quick note now before another day goes by. After I wrote you Sunday nite, had so much coffee in me and was so beautiful nite went for a walk. Ended up talking to Col. Bouneant and some others till wee hours. Ended up finally at 5⁴⁵ AM watching the pros coming in from their nite's work. Fascinating to see how professional these men are about their work - Fly 2-3 missions every nite, get shot at routinely - also in danger of their life - yet go about their work like 8-5 gray flannel suit boys. Talked to one for about an hour. Made the observation that most of these guys flew in Korea also - in that war there were a few

Captains, many 1st Lt's and
many 2nd Lt's. This war, few
Captains, many majors and quite
a few Lt Col's. Only 4 or 5 1st Lt's
and only 1 lowly 2nd Lt who's a
real novelty.

Had a long day yesterday without
any sleep as you can imagine but
was worth it - got a real insight
into what makes these guys tick.
Would like to fly with them one of
these days - have had a few invitations
so maybe it can be arranged.

Was going to go to bed early last
nite but got into a good discussion
with a bunch of guys about
the states - different parts, etc and
didn't go to my room until
midnite. Like an idiot, started

25 2 2076
Sayonara by Michener. A beautiful
love story. Please read. Describes
you in many places — you do for
me what these Japanese gals did
for their men. The best way to
describe what you do for me is
to read the book — think I can tell
you what you mean to me a little
in this story. Ours is a happy
ending though.

Love you very much. Will go
out to Chow Hoi today — will write
you.

Love,

Dan.

My dear Mr. [unclear]
I have just received your letter of the 10th inst.
and am very glad to hear from you. I am
well and hope this finds you the same.
I have not much news to write at present.
I am still in the same place and
doing the same work. I am
very much interested in the
progress of the [unclear] and
hope to hear from you soon.
I am, dear Mr. [unclear],
very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
[unclear]

I have just received your letter of the 10th inst.
and am very glad to hear from you. I am
well and hope this finds you the same.
I have not much news to write at present.
I am still in the same place and
doing the same work. I am
very much interested in the
progress of the [unclear] and
hope to hear from you soon.
I am, dear Mr. [unclear],
very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
[unclear]

Very
Respectfully,
[unclear]

(26)

Midnite Tuesday
21 Feb 67
Pleiku V.N
MAEV

Hi you beautiful gal,

After 2 days of waiting got your three beautiful letters today. I really like you. Sounds like days 15-17 Feb were really beaunts. Hope things have settled down a little by now. Can picture me storming around the house swatting bats and yelling like a madman at Megan if I were there.

Sounds like I'm missing a swell winter. Bet you'll want to move to California or Florida for sure when I get back.

The reason I'm starting this letter so late is that I simply can't put down this book Sagonawa. A sad-beautiful story like The Black Rose. Many facets of what you mean to me keep popping out of the pages. I'm

a very very fortunate man. Unreasonably
lucky to have found you. Can't
understand why you are so nice
and beautiful and still picked me.
Wish I could say all the things
I think about you - how you listen
to my babbling and just by listening
help me sort out my thoughts. I
really like you - you nut - but
you sure picked out a nutty guy
for a husband. There, I've said
what I was thinking. Can't really
put into words what you mean to
me - just thanks very much. It's
your steady love that keeps me going.
My strength. My "personal gas" as
Grampa Mico (remember him?) used to
say about his wine.

Sorry about all that blubbery
up above but ^{was} ~~what~~ thinking it
so thought I'd say it.

21 Feb

Have had a busy, happy, interesting
and, in a way, disappointing day.
Will explain. Requisitioned a case
of surgical gowns from the supply
depot that no one knew what to do
with. Casually gave them to the
Special Forces Montagnard Dr to
use as they saw fit. They were
delighted but couldn't figure out what
my angle was. That was yesterday.

Today came over and asked equally
casually did they have any spare
rice for my Chou Hoi people. (will
tell you their story later). Luckily
they not only had a bag of rice but
a whole warehouse full of rice,
salt, corn & corn meal - and I could
help myself. Did so and will again
filled up my truck and made like
Santa Claus to these starving (literally)

people this afternoon. Never saw
so many happy and grateful faces
in my life. Have promised to
deliver 27 shirts and ties for the
Montagnard medic's "graduation"
next Friday in return. ~~For~~ When I
bring them over will come with
a $1\frac{1}{2}$ ton truck so I can pick
up more rice, etc than I did today.
Am learning the devious ways of the
Orient slowly but surely. My big
problem now is how can I turn
these three cases of Supp-hose (I
figure at \$5.00 a piece and 300 or
so pairs - they ought to be worth
around \$1,500, ~~000~~ dollars) into something
useful for "my" people. Will work
on that. Am tempted to go down
to Pleiku and get into the black
market but don't want to get
mixed up in that. Turned down

21 Feb
a mysterious offer today of
a case of codeine tablets from
my roommate. Don't know where
they were liberated from but
don't want to touch that with
a ten-foot pole. They were a
gratis offer to me through my
roommate (Tom Wilson) - no strings
- thought I could use them in
some way for my villages. Trouble
is any narcotic not accounted
for is hot stuff. Couldn't even
give it to our dispensary without
beaucoup trouble. Also have 2 barrels
of floor wax condemned by the Air Force
and quietly given to me in case I
might find a use for them. Will
work on that later on, too. Maybe we
can use the wax on Jack Rudy's
cross bows - may preserve them. We'll
see. ^{later}

about the Chou Hoi village. There
an official policy here called the
Chou Hoi (don't know how they spell
it but sounds like Chew Hoy) — means
"open arms" — by which V.C. villages
and individuals are invited to leave
V.C. country, accept Ky's government
and be resettled in "safe" areas.
In exchange the government agrees to
clothe & feed these people till the first
6 mos till they get on their feet.

In July-August a village (or what
was left of it) of 79 families — roughly
300 souls left a site near Cambodia
and were settled out 13 miles from
Pleikie on some undeveloped land.
They were clothed & fed till Christmas
while they built new shacks from
the barren ground up. At Christmas
time all aid stopped and they were

They must find for themselves.
Only trouble being they had no money,
no animals and ~~the~~ the rice planting
season isn't until April-May and
rice harvesting time isn't until
October. Meanwhile they haven't
any food and no way to buy it.
Mostly old men, young children and
women with a few 15-30 yr old
men who are physically beaten up.
The V.C. ordered them to go to war
~~with them~~ on their side - when they
refused were tied down and beaten
over chest, head, abdomen & legs with
poles - you should hear their chests!
I thought they all had pneumonia or
the until they told me the story.
Anyway the Greek got wind of this
and he and I and a few others
are doing our best to scrounge up
enough clothes & food to keep them

going until they can grow
their own food. Am finally finding
out what a "marginal economy"
means.

Hutchesson (one of my medics) and
I found the albino kid I mentioned
— looks same same. Conlon kids
with ~~the~~ slant eye — a toe head — actually
white hair — and sores all over him
and nearly blind from the sun.
Managed to requisition a pair of
sun glasses from BEMO (base supply)
after ~~was~~ much talking (sun glasses
here are a status symbol — only
flying personnel are allowed to have
a pair — so very hard to get) It
took us a while to find this albino
kid because he was dirt and grime
from head to toe. Finally saw this
kid feeling his way through the
crowd and figured this must be

the one. ⁽²⁾ ⁽³⁾ ^{21 Feb} Sure enough, when we
got him all washed off he was
pink as hell among all these dark
skinned people. Amazing! We smeared
him all over with Bacitracin ointment
to clean up his sores and gave him
the glasses. I now have a mascot
but good. He stuck to me like glue.
Found out he can actually open his
eyes without being blinded and is
amazed and delighted. Hope by
washing him we didn't remove his
natural protection. Will have to
outfit him with some clothes to
protect him. Have the shirt ^{for him} but no
pants. He's walking around now
bare foot, no pants (dang hanging out)
a torn shirt and a hat. Funniest-saddest
thing I've seen in a long time.
Don't even know the kid's name yet.

The disappointing thing about today was that I find I don't like the Vietnamese people very well. The kids are grabby and pushing. Had to have one man guard the truck and my bags at all times. Took out a cigarette to light one and 50 kids starting grabbing at my pack. Everyone pushed and shoved to be the first ones to be examined. Damn near blew my top and the chief sensed this - he rode back over his people for half an hour till they calmed down and we had a semblance of order. After the beautiful way the Montagnards act, this came as quite a shock. Have to remember these people are actually starving and in rags and are desperate. Hope when things get more secure for them

21 Feb

They'll settle down a bit. Absolutely refuse to give anyone cigarettes or candy, etc however. Maybe pretty soon they'll get the message we're NOT here on a lark. Have to confess my heart is with the Montagnards, though.

This is still a very bewildering, strange land as is the "war" we're fighting. We could wipe out this whole country in a month if they'd let us — trouble is — what would we do then? Guess the way we're doing it is the best, but it sure is bewildering + frustrating.

The word the V.C are spreading now among the Montagnards is that the Americans are leaving here in June — and they'd better choose up sides between V.C + ARVN before real trouble starts. As I mentioned, rest

much doubt in my mind which side is held in higher esteem by the Yards. Luckily the Special Forces boys are all over this place - all the way to Cambodia - and they walk like giants among the montagnards. As long as they stay the montagnards are with them to a man around here.

Have sort of frothed at the mouth again. Sorry about that. I get a little carried away now & then. Don't worry about me. - am obeying all the rules of safety carefully laid down by my guide, tourist officer and, I think, friend - Colonel Bonneant. Will miss that guy when he leaves in 3 weeks.

Please write Tom Hart and give him the scoop, also Mike and Mary Ann. Will write these people of these

days when ^{21 Feb} things settle down a
bit. If you send M & M ~~to~~ one
or two of these letters please insist
we get them back. They'll make
interesting reading a few years from
now.

Love you more each day,
you wonderful girl. I'm a very
lucky man.

Love,

Dan

My dear (Uncle) I have been
at your and Mr. A. & on
one of the other places
we get them back. They are
very interesting reading a few years
more.

Give you more news than
your wonderful gift - I'm a very
happy man.

Yours,
John

(27)

23 Feb 67
11¹⁵ PM Thru
Pleiku V.N. nite
MACV

Hi Kay,

Have been distracted all nite by people stopping by and chatting. It's now 11³⁰ PM - fifteen minutes to get this far into the letter. Chatted with John Value who is slightly shell shocked after 4 years of war - he wants 2 tranquilizer - added to his drinking constantly. Told him bluntly he should get the hell out of Viet Nam and go back where people aren't getting shot at constantly. Gave him a little speech about accepting reality, himself, etc. He wants so bad to be a hero and yet when the chips are down he starts drinking and can't get the job done. What I said was very cruel but damn it, he's destroying himself here and hasn't written a word in 3 mos. He thanked me but have the idea he'll go out

and really get smashed now. Alcohol
are really troubled people.

Had a master sergeant in today with
an alcohol problem. Is a few inches away
from a court martial for drinking on the
job. A chronic offender and every one has
had enough. He's got a family, 18 yrs in
the service, etc and would lose all this
if he got thrown out now. Does a good
job when he's sober but can't seem to
stay that way. Got Jim Martin - the
only AA man on the base - 2 yrs dry -
to come in with us and we chatted for
about an hour. Maybe this fellow will
see the light - maybe not. Jim Martin
is anxious to get a group started and I
won't make a move with an alcoholic
without him standing right there. Don't
trust my judgement when this matter
comes up.

Got a real disappointment yesterday.

(21) (2) 237W

Brought a $1\frac{1}{2}$ ton truck over to the
green tent camp + 27 shirts + 27 ties
I had promised them. Loaded on 10 100#
bags of rice, 8 bags of corn, 10 bags of
corn meal and took them out to the
Chou Hoi village I mentioned. On the
way into the village, saw 3 bags of
rice being wheeled out of this "starving"
village. Have a hunch they'll be sold
in Pleiku. Gave the chief hell through
my interpreter, Saik. Told him that was
the last bit of groceries he'll get from me.
Am having a hard time liking these
Vietnamese. Can't trust them at all. When
a Montagnard says something, you can
believe it, but the Vietnamese are something
else again.

Also stopped in at Plic Bong Bao for
my weekly trip on Wednesday. No one
there - no chief, no men, just a few kids

and a few women. Something fishy
going on out there, I think. Maybe
not but that's the second week in a
row there hasn't been anyone home.
All the hooches are boarded up.

You won't get this in the papers,
we don't even hear about it in our
Stars & Stripes here — but there's one
hell of a battle out west of here ~ 20 miles
away at Plie Djerang. The 4th Division,
the II Corps (yes, the ARVN finally decided
to fight) and the Montagnard Strike Special
Forces are having one hell of a time
with at least 3 regiments of NO Vietnamese
and some V.C. Many KIA (killed in action
at least 70 from 4th Division) and the
wounded have completely engulfed the
18th Stryg and all the Army hospitals
all the way to Quai Nhon.

Watched a B-52 strike on radar
and saw them on a special high powered

23 Feb

TV yesterday per Rusty Bowman's
invitation. An ~~awesome~~ awesome sight
- they were at 32,000 feet and dropped
their bombs about 20 miles from here
- Rusty is a SAC navigator assigned
out here with a crew of about 30 men
to lead the B52's into ~~at~~ the strike
zone and keep them on the line into
the bomb run. Very interesting and
powerful scene as they count out the
5, 4, 3, 2, 1 - drop now! deal. They
hit on target with one cell (3 B52's) and
100 yards off on another cell. Total
of 282+ tons of bombs dropped by 6
B52's and that was the 3rd mission
that day. The old B17 carried around
1-2 tons of bombs to give you an idea of
the difference in the two wars. Almost
all of the B52 strikes in the last
week have been just west of here - if
they haven't hit anything, at least

They've scared hell out of the V.C.
with the noise.

Sorry, I just spilled coke
all over the page. Am getting to be
a teetotaller lately - have seen too
much alcoholic problems lately. These
professionals appear cool as ice on
the outside but underneath they're
as tight as drums - some loosen up
by alcohol and it shows up in the
highest as well as the lowest circles.
Don't get me wrong, I haven't stopped
drinking entirely - just watching it
more closely than before.

Am horny as hell -

Spent the afternoon sleeping on the
examining table while on call. Also
went to bed last nite at 7³⁰ PM - slept
till midnite - got up to write you a
letter but was so tired, went back to
bed and slept till 7⁰⁰ this morning.

(21) (4) 23th
Am finally relaxing a little. Most
nites I roam around about $\frac{1}{2}$ hr
after writing you because I can't
get to sleep. Look at the stars, etc.

Am starting my second month
today. My DEPOS (date of return from
overseas) is Jan 22, 1968 — one year
from the day I left San Francisco.
Don't get any credit for the days
I spent in Sacramento, etc. Sorry.
Looks like I won't be home for Christmas
as we hoped.

Work at the dispensary goes on much
as it did before — only now I'm
getting more & more insight into the
men's problems — am better able to
detect physical illness from nerves.

These men have a protective barrier
built up around them so others can't

see the strain they're under. Must
be very careful to pry - most don't
want you, too. They don't even admit
it to themselves, much less to you.
Not like the neurotics, etc that I
had in practice. Women have a very
valuable outlet - crying - that men
won't or can't afford to show or use.
Maybe as time goes on I'll be
able to help - but it won't be
any thing so obvious as being father
confessor, etc. At least I don't think
it will

Have to do my daily duty. Will
write a little more ~~late~~^{later}. No letters
today or yesterday. No doubt will be
something tomorrow.

24 Feb 67
7:15 AM
Good morning. Sacked out last night
before finishing this letter. A beautiful

Cool morning ⁽³⁾ with a slight breeze.

Must be down to 50-60° this morning.

This sure is a tough winter I'm having.

Could get to like this weather except
it promises to be a boiler of a summer.

Have already had a few days in the
90°'s since I've been here. People
here have never seen snow. Will

write a more decent letter tonight. Also
a word for the kids.

Love you very much.

Love,

Dan

Handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is mirrored and mostly illegible due to fading and the nature of the bleed-through. Some faint words like "I am", "you", and "the" are visible.

25 Feb 67

7³⁵
PM

Sat.

Pleiku V.N
Airstrip

Dear Kay,

(29)

4 days since I've heard from you. Hope every thing is okay with you at home. Will assume it's the lousy mail service here, but could really use a letter from you - miss your conversation and comments on the kids and ~~my~~ your activities and my opinions. Am going to eat supper now - will comment on the day's activities later. Love you.

8⁴⁵
PM MACV

When I started this letter was down on the flight line - first death since I've been here. Lt Colonel Joe Hart - went down with his plane and exploded near Plei Djereng about 6^{PM} - went down to flight line to get information with my roommate Bob Shultz - he's in charge of the identification, letters, etc. A pall of silence fell on the happy hour here but soon revived - more of the esprit de corps + morale here. All are fatalists here - those that can't take it crack up or become alcoholics.

Jack's out at Plei Brel again tonite. Have been looking for him all nite - when I can't find him have to assume he's out in the village. Like that

son of a bitch, learn many things from him.

Wrote the folks, Mike & Mary Ann and Linda Foye Harder (remember her? - got a letter from her yesterday). Awe Don Ivory who sent a beautiful newsy letter, also Weeger & Ed and the Tomatoes. Will write these people and Tom Hart when I find time. Refuse to write anyone who hasn't written me first. Hate to tell too much of what's going on here because afraid they either won't believe me or think I've lost my mind. Two alternatives here - either live the life as the Lord God offers it to you or hole up and die for 365 days. Many have chosen the latter course and are slowly rotting. Life is here to be led - many experiences, good things, even ennobling opportunities but you have to grasp each one as it comes along. Hope you understand this and agree with ~~to~~ this. I'm sure if you were here and I was home you would be as involved as much as I am. One of the many reasons I love you so much.

Finished Sayonara ^{(21) (3) 25 July} - a beautiful-sad story.
A little hard for me to believe I've only been
here a little over a month - Can't remember exactly
how things look back in Tnpl, etc. I keep saying
to others how cold, etc it is in Minn. but am
losing the conviction I once had with all this
~~heat~~ here.
heat

Laid down at 10 ^{PM} last nite and told my
roommates to wake me at 11 ^{PM} to write you.
They figured I needed the sleep so I slept until
8⁰⁰_{am} this morning. Am very sorry. If you need
my letters half as much as I need yours I did
you a great injustice.

Yesterday was a pretty quiet day for me
- only positive thing I accomplished besides running
the dispensary was to get an AA member for
Jim Martin. - a master sergeant who was going
to get the ax if he didn't quit drinking on the
job. Another one came in about 3 ^{PM} yesterday
- dragged in by his CO (commanding officer) - told
him he'd have to sober up before I'd talk to
him - This morning went into DT's - will be

at least 3-4 days before Martin and I can talk AA to him. Feel very strongly that AA is the only thing for these guys.

Last nite witnessed a very inspirational party — the 14th ACD (Air Commando Wing) had a dinner blast — these are the men that fly 2-3 missions in their prop one motor airplane in support of Army maneuvers — no jets here (~~jet~~ jets are too fast and can only make one swing at the V.C. — at best two — the AIE's can hang around 5-7 times to get a good look and really support the troops) — Anyway, know many of these men personally by now — a bunch of fucking heroes (pardon the French) — the modern day cowboy or Bat-man or whatever. Every day they fly into potential death and come out (except Joe Hart today) smiling and sip a drink as if they just did an 8-5 job in Mpls. They let it all hang out last nite — let me sit in on their good time — many toasts, many insults — but no disorientation or fist fights as Mike told me to expect. My admiration for

(29) (3)

25 Nov

These men is almost to the point of adulation.
I would like a piece of the action sometime but
am not a flight surgeon so may be hard
to do.

Today, by "suggestion" of Colonel Bonneaux
I had to go on inspection of the Avnien's
quarters. With dust and filth all around
unbelievable how spotless and shiny they keep
their quarters. Was very hard to judge which
was the best barracks. All clothes, boots, belongings
clean & shining and the floor scrubbed and
polished (Many get on hands & knees to clear boot
polish to shine the floor!) Can't beat the
esprit here - had to run back afterwards and
try to clean up my messy quarters was so
embarrassed.

Tonite went over to Plei Rho to see Saik
(Remember him?) He was sleeping so roused him
out of bed and told him I finally got permission
to go to Plei Wan (the Bhanar village with
all the sickness - it's Saik's village) He was

overjoyed. Insisted I take his crossbow and with great patience showed me how to shoot the thing. Ed can tell you ~~what~~ what 200 pounds of pull means. Had to use my feet to set the damn thing. The bamboo arrow goes right through the wall here in my room. Saih hit a small piece of paper - about size of a nichel 50 yards away - dead center. I keep raising up at the last minute and miss the damn thing by about a foot. Saih said he made it himself - soaked the mahogany bow in blood for strength - it's an ugly thing but has stood the test of time. It's hanging on my wall now - will bring it home if the Jernite's don't get it.

Am taking ^(1st Lt) Greek, ^(Capt) myself, ^(Major) Bob Shultz (he finally decided to let it all hang out) possibly ^(Capt - or dai wgy as the Vietnamese say) Tom Wilson (my other roommate) and Tom ^{S/Sgt} Collins (a paratrooper medic) and a couple of others out to Plei & Wan tomorrow. Saih

(29) (4)

25 Feb

Says there'll be a big celebration for us.
Don't think he believed me when I said I'd
be back. Much disease. Also much rice
wine I suspect.

It's now 9 ³⁰ PM - Will go and join
the party again. Wanted to write you
for sure before I ~~fell~~ fell asleep again tonight.
Miss your letters - letters from friends are
great but don't compare to the lift I get
from yours.

I love you as you know. Am also horny
as hell.

Love,

Don

[Faint, illegible handwriting on lined paper, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side. The text is mirrored across the horizontal fold line.]

(30)

26 Feb 67

Pleiku VN

11⁵⁵_{PM} MACV.
Sunday mte

Dear Kay,

This is the 5th day without a letter from you - and frankly I'm worried about you. Last dated letter from you was 17 Feb. Got a letter from Weezer and Bridge club today dated 20 Feb. If something is wrong please tell me - worrying about you is worse than knowing what's going on. Please don't feel you have to pull any punches - as you know, I haven't. Am checking the mail box 3 times a day - get other mail, journals, even the Ingh Trib but no word from you. Please write. You can call Weezer or my folks or Gretchen or your mother if you need to talk out any problems. Wish I was home to talk with you. Love you very much - you're constantly in

my thoughts - hope my fears
are groundless and your letters
start coming in tomorrow.

Had another all nite session
with Colonel Bonneaux and club
last nite. He's so FYBMO it
sad. Gets smashed every nite now
and is losing his hold on the men
I feel. New men coming in every
day who are not aware of the work
he's done - just see him constantly
partying. Can't really blame him
though - he's put in a good year
- is slowly relaxing and feeling
his oats. Invited me and a few
others to his quarters last nite
after we closed the bar at 2⁰⁰ AM.
Protested I wanted to go to bed
but Bonney doesn't take no
for an answer Drank coffee

³⁰ The rest of the nite ^{26 Feb.} till we
broke up at 6⁰⁰ AM. He rode me
pretty hard again - FNG (fucking
new guy) bit, civilian, head in
the clouds, wingless bastard, etc
until finally I'd had enough when
it was suggested I was really a
Berkeley etc. Got pretty steamed up
myself - told him a few things he
didn't know, - always finishing my
sentences with a respectful "sir" -
asked him if he had any specific
complaints about my activities (he
had none) - took exception to this
Berkeley bit. Think he was a little
amazed (as was Don Woodley one time)
that easy-going D.C. could get
riled up. Apparently he was
needling me to see how I would
react but it was late and I

was a little fed up to the hilt
and ^{humor} didn't quite go along with
~~the heat~~. Would accept anything
he said except that Berkeley had
This he retracted finally. Was
all hearts and flowers when we
finally broke up this AM - big
bear hug - the whole bit. Really
admire this guy as you know but
There comes a time when everyone
has to rare back and say his
peace. Think ol' Col Bonneant
knows a little more about Dan
Conlon than he did yesterday - I
haven't lost any thing in the
exchange, either.

Enough of that. Took a party
out to Pui Wan today - that's
that Bhanar village with all the

sickness that I've ^{26 Feb} been trying
to get Bonney to agree to me going.
He finally relented yesterday so
went down to Saich's house and
told him we were going. Bob Shultz
and Tom Wilson both went with
me. Also Tom Collins and Dave
Ortiz (two para rescue medics who
have been begging to go). Maj. Lavers
from the motor pool, Greek and
Saich and a Capt Thomas & myself
made up the party. Two jeeps
in convoy. We didn't really
need the arsenal of weapons we
carried but you never know
and Charley respects fire power
when the odds are against him.
We set up shop at the school
are being built - this time I

brought enough medicine,
by golly. We worked like
dogs for 2-3 hours - saw
about 150 people - every one
pitched in.

My dear Mrs Colton -

This is John Valer; and
I am only a reporter but
perhaps this is a good thing
~~to~~ I have come to admire
your husband a great deal, and
so have the boys and so have
the Montserrat. Please don't worry
much of ~~the~~ us have had
experiences in combat. We know
your husband and will
take care of him.

John

1 15
AM

26 Feb

(4) (30)

As you see have been interrupted by a few visitors. John will be leaving us soon for the states - plans to return when he gets over his battle fatigue, etc. Have grown to know and like him in spite of all his obvious weaknesses and problems. No doubt a genius but too troubled now to capitalize on his ability. A very complicated man as aren't we all? Hope you can read his writing as I'm very pleased with the content of his note.

To get back to my day - made medics out of everyone today - washed ugly sores until we were blue in the face - picked up another thick

bracelet - (ought to look like a
exchange by the time I leave here)

These bracelets are a sign I am
now a member of the village and
have responsibilities - also certain
rights of entry and exit, etc.

Saikh was happy beyond words - finally
he got some medical help for his
people. All the way back he
kept saying - See, I tell you
we no V. C. - now you see.

Big grin - invited us to his house
at Pliu Rho. When we got there
it dawned on us that he couldn't
possibly feed us or entertain us
- Tom Wilson and I came back
to MAEV and cornered a case of
beer and Lavers went into town

(30) 26 Feb

and bought some Vietnamese
groceries. A good party - topped
off by Cannon making it back.
He's a wild man - a loner - has
a brother out at Plei Djereng fighting
like hell. Went out - 50 mile
round trip - by himself unarmed to
see his brother and pick up some
captured V.C. medicine for me. We
thought he'd never make it but
he insisted he'd be okay. Sure as
hell, he turned up at Plei Rho
fat and sassy with that half
smile of his about 6³⁰ PM in time
for beer & supper. He's been more
places and seen more things than
most of the Montagnards have
they worship him by the way
d he works like hell for them.

Doesn't say boo but someone
always turns up when there's
something to be done. Works al-
-never asks for help but
never refuses it either. Also knows
every damn thing worth knowing
about everyone in this area. Probably
accounts for why he always goes
through all his hairy adventures with
a weapon or a scratch. Don't
worry - I'm not even tempted to
go on any of his wild-assed
adventures.

Am not being ~~to~~ very coherent
tonite for some reason - not boozing.
I can assure you. Drank only
2 levels of their rice wine and
promptly barfed my cookies up.
Can't take that stuff. Hope I
don't offend these people - they don't

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seem to mind I guess as long as
I give it a whirl. Like their food
very much ^(some of it, hotis) and am beginning to
eat more of it as time goes on.
Wish I had a real appetite but
can down most of it without
even a grumace now. This raw
fish bit doesn't really turn me on
though - and some of their my story
stews are really something. Tasty
but never know exactly what's
in it.

Am a little apprehensive about
the water buffalo sacrifice
coming up at Plii Bol Tuesday.
They've already made 100 ~~of~~ large
jugs of wine, beaucoup food and
Judge has been elected to beat
the thing to death at sunrise
~~Monday~~ Wednesday morning. They

keep in sisting I come - apparently
will feel very insulted if I
don't. And game - should
be a memorable occasion.

By the way, was offered a
Vietnamese wife today. One of Sack's
- he has three. One is a Bhavan
at Plei Wau - he has 2 children
by her. The other one lives with
him at Plei Pho - they have a
6 mo old boy - cuter than hell
and they let me hold it him today
- a rare privilege. This is his
favorite wife - she's a Jarai. The
one he offered me is at Danang
- a Vietnamese - one child by her.
Under the circumstances thought it
best to turn down his offer - hope
you'll agree to my decision -

(1) (30) 26 Feb
- especially since I haven't
the slightest idea how I'd get
to DaNang or even what she looks
like. These people, if they like you,
will literally give you their right
arm if you even suggest you
like it or could use it.

As usual, we all came away
with happy thoughts. Invariably
the Montagnards leave you with
more than you give them - in
good cheer, friendship, hospitality,
etc. Not like the Vietnamese -
when you do something for them
you can expect them to screw
you or steal more or grab
or some damn disagreeable thing.
Helping the Vietnamese represents
real work - unpleasant work at that.

Not so the Montagnard.

We came back singing Irene
Good nite, Poor Little Lambs,
Auld Lang Syne, Jingle bells,
any damn thing we could think
Swung through Pliken this way
- ~~at~~ guns brestling out the
windows of the two jeeps - and
I'll bet they're still wondering
about that Kooky Air Force bunch.
- Vietnamese don't know how to
party, but Montagnards party
like hell.

Thank Weezer and the bridge
club for their letters. Will
answer as soon as I can. It's
2⁰⁰_{PM} now and I'm bushed

Sweetie, if something is wrong

(8) (30) 26700

please let me know. I worry
about you and the kids when
I don't hear from you. Realize
you are essentially trapped in
that house and the kids must
be driving you wild. Maybe
by telling me about it, it'll
help a little. Would love to
touch you, listen to you, just
be near you but can't for
awhile. You're a good girl
and I'm proud of you.

Love you more each day,

Dan.

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Pleiku V.N

11³⁰ PM Monday

(31)

Dear wonderful girl,

All's right with the world again.

Got two letters today — you knuckle head!

Forgot to put a stamp on your letter dated 21 Feb! I was imagining all sorts of

things — the house burned down, you were depressed and afraid to let me know

for fear it would hurt me, ~~the~~ one of the kids was seriously ill and you were so busy with her or him you couldn't

write, etc. Need your letters as much, probably more than you need mine. You

can't believe what a lift your letters made — have been humming a tune and my old idiot self all day.

Worked the dispensary today for Al Asendorf who flew with a buddy of his today. It was a welcome break — have gas + S.D.'s and nausea all day probably from the food at Plei Wan

yesterday. Have a great time out there but that wine really got to me. Have another session to look forward to tomorrow nite at Plic Boel - a water buffalo sacrifice at dawn, ^{wednesday} and drink all nite the nite before. Jack and I will look out for each other - also our friends will take very good care of us - Y-O. A special honor to be invited - only myself, Jack, Asendorf and 3 other invited except the village. 100 jugs of wine - special - for the occasion already. Was going to bring out a hundred pound bag of rice and 50 pound of salt but Ton told Jack last nite that Montagnards was like Vietnamese - not beggars, we proud people - no need charity. Is afraid that continuous gifts by us will spoil his people - make them grabby, liars and greedy - steal - like Vietnamese. Think I'll bring the stuff out after the

(31) 2776

sacrifice as a gift for the good
party.

Got yet another new experience today
that really hit my "on" button. A Sargeant
Manloff (a good friend of Dick Digli's (spelling?)
by the way - asked for me to say hello
- knew him in Air Force before he left
it - please convey message through Pat)
called this afternoon about 3⁰⁰ PM (1500 hrs,
remember?) and asked if I would go out
to a Vietnamese orphanage run by some
Sisters (also Vietnamese). I said of course
after 4³⁰ PM - He picked me up after
loading up with some medicine and
we went to a little woe-begotten
orphanage on the outskirts of Pleiku
- has about 50-60 kids - ages 0-8.
Had a real ball - played with the
kids to our heart's content. Found one
little girl the size of Erin who's six
years old but stands about Megan's
height. She tagged along behind, beside

and under me wherever I went.
Carried her around most of the time.
Mother Eistelle asked if I wanted to
take her home - by golly I'm tempted.
You should see the way they devour
my precious pictures of you and the
kids - (so do the Montagnards - you
and the kids are probably the most
famous people in the area by now
- finger prints and dirt all over them)
- wouldn't deny them for a minute
but carefully retrieve your pictures before
I go.)

There were three beautiful dark
boys in the orphanage that Mother was
trying to pass off to me as Montagnards
- obviously not. They are $\frac{1}{2}$ Vietnamese
and $\frac{1}{2}$ Negro without a doubt. - but
kept my mouth shut for a change.
The kids are happy and content but
desperately need men around and

I'm sure we filled a big gap.
Can say for the first time that I
had a really good time with the
Vietnamese for a change. This is
may be a project for a C. Church group.
- They desperately need every thing. Food,
soap, even water. Have cornered tonight
4 pairs of Supphore and some medicine
- a case of steaks, a case of oranges,
a case of apples and some C-rations.
Funny with all the money the Catholic
Church is ~~for~~ said to have that a
project like this is so poorly supported.
The protestant missionaries seem to have
beaucoup money and yet the Catholics
have very little. A great mystery to
me. Can use any clothing, food
(preferably canned vegetables, rice,
fresh fruit), toys (don't care if they're
old or not - really I can use any-

thing your fertile mind can dream
up (as for instance the way I'm
converting Supp hose into useable
merchandise).

Am fresh out of money myself -
we're really quite a pair! Tomorrow
is pay day for me and I suspect
this letter will reach you on your
pay day. Maybe someday we'll be
comfortably rich but I doubt it the
way we operate.

God bless Grace. She's a real
friend - hope we don't lose touch
with her when she leaves the clinic.
Sorry to hear about Dick - you can
count on him being a bear till the
schedule lets up in May-June.
Can sympathize with your situation
with Bob and Dick showing up at
the same time. I did ask Bob to take

Case of you - probably a mistake
should have let the marbles fall
where they would by chance. Hope I
didn't ~~to~~ screw up the situation for
you.

Sweetie, I'm sorry you were
caused all the anxiety and trouble
by the good old P.O. Never doubt
for a minute where my loyalty
and love resides. As you mentioned,
my love grows as time goes on - not
diminishes. Love you for yourself
and for all you mean to me. Love
you and am very very proud of you
for the way you've attacked ~~to~~ our
lousy situation and are trying to
live your life with joy and enthusiasm.
Don't know where you got this
superman, not human idea about
me but throw the damn thing out.

Am having new and interesting experiences but if ordered home tomorrow would go without a second thought. (Maybe one or two to say goodbye to a few of my friends) Am getting involved over here because that's the way you and I live our lives. By the way it's also a great way to help the time go by.

Loved Erin's and Kaila's drawings and Colleen's cards to "Dan".

Hutcherson (one of my corpsmen who works with me) gave me a picture he took of me out at Plei Op when we had that big celebration and overwhelmed the people. Thought you might enjoy seeing some of the Montagnards - I don't know these people at all. Have not had the chance to get back there with all my other running

around. Plan to ^{27 Feb} soon though. Am
not even sure I'm invited. As
you see I still look like me - haven't
gone savage yet. In that picture
the yards are ingrossed in country
western music - not as good as theirs
I ~~don~~ don't think but louder anyway.

Tomorrow will be a blast - lots of
dancing - I may even do a little bit
myself.

I'm sorry, Kay - have run
out of gas again. Will write a
letter to the kids tomorrow if I find
time. Love you all very much.
- got the sports pages but haven't
had time to read them yet. In fact,
have a stack of reading to do one of
these nites. Have only had time to
read your two letters 3 or 4 times so
far. Thanks very much - you took
a big load off my mind.

Love you very much, goodnite
Sweet heart,

Dan