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Hi Kay,

(32)

Tues - Wed 28 Feb - March 1 1966
1 ³⁰ PM Pleiku V.N
MACV

As you see I'm back from Plei Brel - ~~the~~
got back about $\frac{1}{2}$ hr ago. a fantastic sight
which I describe in detail with pictures later
on. Wouldn't have missed it for the world.
Am going back early this morning after a
short nap ~~and~~ — they will sacrifice 7
water buffalo this morning at sunrise. Would
have stayed there all night (the party goes on ^{here} ~~here~~
all night) but promised I'd come back ^{to the} tonight
— one thing I've learned from the Montagnards
→ if you give your word you'd damn well
better keep it.

Am very tired as you can imagine — but
not in the least bit sick or drunk from the
rice wine. We "danced" for hours — round and
round the tomb — "dancing" consists of joining
hands in a line and shuffling sideways slowly
while swinging your arms up and down to
the beat of the drums. The most unsexy and

modest dance I've ever been involved in. The festivities didn't start till about 10 PM — when the moon came up. An unforgettable scene of fire, kettle drums with their continuous beating — all different rhythms and pitches but somehow in unison to make a unique and awe inspiring sound — happy, reverent, fearful, sad, weeping, solemn and wild all at the same time. The teenage girls were allowed out for a change — They had quite a time dancing and making merry — something like aspirants at St Ben's high school would act on their night out. They were dressed in their very best clothes, saris, saris, saris, blouses even lipstick & perfume and ~~to~~ seemed to be having a very good time in their very controlled manner. Even some giggling and flirting with the young studs I haven't seen before. This thing goes on for 3 days. A real fortune is spent in water buffalos, food, wine — anything. And all for the sake of one man who died

32-2

apparently some time ago. 58 Feb There were over
1000 people at this thing tonight. Came from
every where in the seven villages that Fon
is chief of. And tonight just starts the "funeral"
— the real feast starts after the water buffaloes
are sacrificed tomorrow. You can see how
honored the seven of us americans were to be
invited — NO ONE else was invited from anywhere
including other Montagnards, Vietnamese, generals,
army men, etc. In a way, a very humbling
experience for me because I really haven't
done that much for these people. Judge Rudy
has, of course — he was enjoying himself
immensely when I left him at 1⁰⁰_{PM} — he'll
stay out there all night with the party going
full tilt till the sacrifice at sunrise.

Got a letter today dated 18 Feb 67 — finally
found out why Eva had to have stitches out.
The U.S. postoffice is outdoing itself in
efficiency lately. If you take careful note,
you'll find I have written every night and
put something in the mail every day except

not more than 2 or 3 ^{times} since I left 18 Jan.
I'm sure except for a few lapses on your
part (understandable - no sweat - Y-O) you have
done the same thing. I'd suggest we both
relax and trust each other to write and just
try to live with our lousy postal system.

You write a beautiful, newsy letter, sweetie.
You're improving with each one. Have read
today's (even though it came 10 days late) 5 times
already and get something more out of it
each time. Don't worry whether I need
you or not - there's no doubt or reservation
about that in my mind.

Sweetie, I'm really bushed. It's 2⁰⁰ AM
now and have to be up in 3 hrs to get
back to Plei Brel in time for the sacrifice.

Love you very much. Will write a better
letter tomorrow.

Love,

Dan

Thursday nite.
2 March 67
Pleiku VN
MAEV

(33)

Hi Kay,

Missed last nite - sorry. Will try to get this in the mail tonite so will go out early in AM. Thanks for your wonderful letters and pictures from the kids. Also got the SP journal, sports page and other pictures from Colleen today.

Am trying to smoke a cigar - the first second one since I started smoking cigarettes over here - don't like it very much. Am coughing like mad lately and some people have mentioned I'm looking thinner. Guess I can't get away with smoking this year - will have to quit again looks like - no sun flower seeds to help me here. Have my "How to Stop Smoking" book here so will go to work with it again, set a date, have my withdrawal, etc.

Will get my first heart cut since being here tomorrow I hope - have growing down the back of

my neck. Last haircut I had was about 13-14 Jan - I look very strange, actually, when I look in the mirror.

Love your letters - you are talking just as if you were in the room now. Love you're adventures with the kids, your social gatherings, anything you say.

You asked about my room. - Well, I live at MACV as I mentioned. The remnants of what was once a French fortress before it was overrun. The Air Force and Army have rebuilt it into a citadel (sort of) housing most of the officers, the officers club and most of the command section of the Air Force. The pilots live in hooches - these consist of Quonset huts that house about 12-16 men in ~~the~~ bunk (double - one on top each other) beds, a locker and the inevitable nude woman and box. I live in better style, there's an E shaped building with the officer's Club at the back and the two legs housing the officers.

2 Mar

Sleep in the upper bunk of a three man room about 10 by 10 ft. We have a card table on which I'm writing right now, two lamps which work most of the time - a cement floor on which are three bamboo mats - always filthy dirty - and three lockers for our clothes. I'm filling the room up rapidly with stuff e.g. a crate of oranges, what's left of my suppressor, a case of liquid tetracycline and another of liquid cough syrup plus my four 1st medicine bags. On my desk ^(card table) is a box of Ritz crackers (slightly old & soggy), three tins of sardines from Maine, your letters and a carton of Salem. I'm sitting fully dressed in my boots, fatigues (both covered with dust) on a folding chair. Does that give you an idea of what we call "home" here. Not bad considering the Army lives in tents and eats C-rations and loses 10-15 men KIA (killed in action) about every day per company. I joined the right service for sure. The "road" is atrocious - a deep chuck hole every 2-3 feet - takes about 20 minutes to drive from here to

flight line and still the springs on every
vehicle are smashed beyond repair. The
flight line is less than $\frac{1}{2}$ mile away. There's a
frantic rush to build new roads here before
the monsoon hits in May-April. Don't think
we'll make it - everything has to be flown
in by airplane or over highway 19 - and the
Vietnamese can spend a whole day hauling gravel
and rock ten feet. Right now everything
is covered by $\frac{1}{2}$ - 1 inch of soft powdered
dust - including us by the way. I showered
the other day - finally got some hot water -
and after soaping down with lots of lather
and standing under that wonderful water for
15-20 minutes - wiped myself and the towel
came out brown. Y-O.

Got permission to go back to Plii Brel
today to get my sick man from yesterday.
Wanted to bring him to hospital last night but
he wouldn't come - some taboo about the
big celebration. Took him by stretcher to

(3) (33) 2 Mar
our dispensary and got an X-ray. His entire
Rt chest is obliterated by fluid and/or pneumonia.

Got him over to Special Forces hospital where I
hope we'll be able to save him. He's only 38
but can't take a deep breath. May be TB but
who knows out here what the hell it is.

Ever since I mentioned ~~that~~ ^{those} sardines, have
been eyeing them and finally opened a can and
am half way through them now with crockers
— tastes very good — better than they ever did in
Mpl.

Think I told you about Tuesday mite. Well,
got up about 5 ³⁰ PM Wednesday and made it
back out to Plein Boel by 6 ³⁰ PM — missed the
killing of the water buffalo (for which I'm happy)
— when we got back, Jack & LICK were
just arriving from the village and there
were five large bonfires with a water
buffalo deader than a machet with feet up
in the air — in the middle of the fires

After literally burning for about an hour,
they were pulled out, the hide was scraped off,
and they butchered them on the spot. Had to
leave to work the dispensary but came back
after work at about 5³⁰ PM, ate some water
buffalo shush-ko-bab and saw some such people
- among which ~~there~~ was my man with his lung
gone. The people at Plee Prol had partied all
nite Tues-Wed, all day Wednesday and all
nite Wed-Thurs and when I went back
~~that~~ this afternoon were still "lapping on
the hose" as Jack calls drinking rice wine.
I can't take that stuff - vomit almost
immediately - so beg off as much as I can.
Will cool it for the next 3 days - am on
call Friday, Sat, Sunday so won't go anywhere.
Luckily have gotten people ^{here} interested in Plee
Wan (we went there Sunday) so they will bring
out the red paint, rice, etc this coming Sat ^{Sat} day.

and I can relax. (4) (33) 2 Mar
I wish wants it to
paint the school house and set that up for
teaching the people - no teacher yet but
that can be arranged. Tom Wilson wants to
teach English & French - will need an interpreter
because he doesn't know much Bhanar as yet.
- wish him luck.

Anyway, last nite was so pooped that I
went to bed at 9³⁰ PM - fully expecting to wake
up later and write to you. Didn't wake up
till 5^{AM} - then undressed and went to bed
right till 7^{AM} when I got up. Today went
as I described it. Went to Mass at 5¹⁵ yet.
Also got my 2nd man into AA tonite. There's
another I'll talk to that's in trouble - tomorrow.
also a 4th man who's been admitted this
afternoon who's in DT's right now - a
fertile field for AA. The base is full of
them. - any man with a tendency and nothing

else to do almost inevitably goes off
the deep end under this strain.

Kay, I'm beat again - will write
better tomorrow from the dispensary I hope.
Thanks very much for your wonderful letters.
I love you so much,

Love,

Dan.

(34)

3 March 67
Fri 11-30 PM Friday
Pleechu, V.N
MACV.

Hi Kay,

Got the pictures of the kids and our family today - very wonderful - study each feature, the faces, arms, legs, expressions like I never have before. I was like a hungry man getting his first meal in a long time. Thank you very much - we sure have healthy beautiful children if I do say so myself.

Have finally gotten the bug - think it's
dengue fever - "break bone fever" as it's called.
Can't eat - have been on liquid all day. Ache
everywhere - can't even sleep for very long. Luckily
it doesn't last too long - maybe 3-4 days
and then there's a permanent immunity. A virus
transmitted by the mosquito - no vaccine, etc
for it but it's like measles - once you get
it, that's it. At least it's keeping me
way from booze - only thing I can hold down
is Coke or Pepsi. Anyway I'm on call today,

tomorrow & Sunday so won't be going
anywhere any way.

Meant to write a letter to the kids
today or tonite but feel pretty lousy so hope
you'll be patient and wait a few days.

Your letters are a beautiful ray of sunshine.

Sorry you're so deep in debt. Wish I had
some money to help you out with. As time goes
on maybe things will loosen up a bit - hope
so. Got \$100.00 for pay on the 28th of February.
Next 31 March should get a full check if
I can last it out with this. Maybe I can
send some money home to you then.

Can't remember if I told you about the
man from Plii Bol with his whole leg
gone on the right side - 28 yrs old - got him
over to the Montagnard Special Forces hospital
yesterday. Haven't had a chance to check him
today - took as many maps as I could. Will

(2) (34)
see him tomorrow I hope.

3 Mar

Received 30 boxes of 6 Dr Scholl's socks
sizes 10, 10½, 11' & 11½ today. Very warm - should
be able to use them somehow. Also traded some
medicine for a case of orange for the orphanage &
some rice. Also have 3 bags of corn starch,
a bag of Bolger (sp) wheat, and one of whole wheat.
also have 50 white shirts extra large which I
may be able to do something with. Got these
from a supply officer who has connections in
the warehouse at Ton Son Nhut. Also have a
bunch of rice, some liquid medicine and (I hope)
3 cases of soap coming in for my use. Read
today in the Force Times that Marion, Illinois
had officially adopted an orphanage near Saigon.
If it's okay - will gladly point out a
few needy villages that Mpls or Edina can
adopt. We got lots of them. How does it
sound? May be one of the Church organizations
would like to get in on the act. That Catholic

Orphanage would be a natural. They
need water (don't know all the particulars)
soap, clothes, food, medicine, etc - can list
the particulars if that will be a help. Have
many others in mind so I get to know the
particulars. The Viet Nameuse will accept
charity outright but the Montagnards will
not. Can work out a deal whereby they
could manufacture cross bows, their distinctive
baskets, loin cloths & blankets - most of which
is inferior but make great ~~sur~~ souvenirs
- also make a distinctive pipe and can do
damn near any thing with bamboo - whistles,
houses, baskets, thread - ~~to~~ without bamboo
they'd be lost. Sorry I can't send you some
rice wine but don't think you'd go for it
any way - I don't.

Still have to get around to describing the
water buffalo ceremony out at Plei Brel - will
save that for when I get home.

(3)

(34)

3 Mar

Have plans to go to the orphanage Monday. There's a crew of guys who are going to Plei Wan tomorrow to look over the school and water resources, etc. We cornered some red paint for Saik and have our eyes on some white paint also. B

By the way, tell wheezer that the top part of the insulated underwear that she gave me now belongs to Chief Ton - he wears it every where. They love red. His son was cold the other nite so put this around him - next morning Ton is wearing it. Wanted to give it to him the nite before but was afraid to offend him after his statement about too many gifts. He liked that, though.

Think I have a friend - a very valuable friend since he's the chief of 7 villages and literally owns them lock, stock and barrel. Think I've mentioned him before. A good man - can't read or write but has a good head.

Is an official in the Province, signs
all the documents of marriage, birth,
etc with a large T (or something like that)
well respected by even the old men.

Will cool it for the next 2 days on
call and see if I can shake this damn
bug. Can sympathize with your back ache
- I have one that's killing me right now.

Sorry to close so soon - will be myself
in a few days.

Love you very much. Your letters
are a riot - you describe the kids very
well - can visualize them very clearly -
"got fer" and "exactly" and Megan picking a
fight & Erin and Colleen & Jimmy dancing.
Does he walk yet?

Love you.

Dan.

P.S I love you.

Hi Kay,

(35)

Sunday 1⁰⁰ PM 5 March
Pleiku VN
USAF Dispensary

Many apologies - am trying to squeeze in a letter here while I take call. Many parties and going-on the last few days. Haven't written since Friday note - I too have been sleeping. You've been doing a wonderful job lately with your letters. Enjoy them immensely as you know. Frankly, I'm getting tired of writing about myself day after day - seems like a very self-centered thing to do. Guess it's what you want but would prefer to write about something else for a change. Many thought to pass on - while keep writing in fits and starts throughout the day. We have a cookout planned for morale purposes for the dispensary crew today - a case of stolen steaks, some beer and goodies. Starts soon I guess (just got interrupted 3 times since I wrote the last sentence.)

This is sort of an informal dispensary we run here - people drop in all day to have this and that taken care of. We offer this service sort of as a morale thing - as long as it isn't abused. We're still a small enough group so we can do this without too much sweat. Have only one weekend every 3rd wk on duty. Every other afternoon and every nite off except (again) for the informal dispensary I run up in MACV for Vietnamese, Montagnards and officers when I'm up there.

Had a "round eye" entertainer last nite in the Officers' Club - an Elaine Stuart - haven't the slightest idea if she can sing or not - a beautiful girl who really knew how to use her body. It's been a while since any of us have seen a real live beautiful American girl - makes the Vietnamese look pretty sad - none of us much gave

a damn whether ⁽²⁾ she was ⁽³⁵⁾ ~~beautiful or not~~
a good singer or not. ^(5 Mar) We followed
that by a rock & roll (home brew-type) band
and of course yours truly was called upon
to dance this wild dance I'm developing. Sort
of a Zorba the Greek thing that Greek &
I do and seems to be a big hit. Have to
get 4 or 5 gin tonics in me to rally do it
justice.

There's a plague epidemic out at Plii Wan -
couldn't go out myself yesterday or today but
plan on going tomorrow (with permission of Col
Bonneaux who has agreed). In spite of all requests
by others to go out yesterday and in spite of
myself wanting to — have decided to play it
by the rules — try not to make waves and satisfy
everyone that I'm not some sort of nut. I have
confidence in my judgement but earlier did
some fool hardy things which I may have mentioned
that got me sort of Compued — if I cool
it for awhile maybe I'll have more

freedom later. Don't worry, scout the area carefully now - come with up to 6 men, armed to the teeth. Have trained pilots, paratroopers, men, etc how to do the simple bandaging, washing, expressing boils, etc. so they are a real help, too.

It's kind of hard to sit on my duff and see this plague spreading, though. A little 7 yr old girl died Friday. A 34 yr old man died yesterday while a few of our men were out there. They tried to find out who else was sick but for some reason or other they wouldn't let them see any. Think when I go out tomorrow will have better luck - seems they know me and trust me - besides I'm a member of the village.

Same thing happened last Friday when I got an SOS from Plee Phung to come out to see a boy with a laceration from groin to knee. Couldn't go so sent a paratrooper

man to help ⁽³⁾ ⁽³⁵⁾ they ^{5 Mar} wouldn't let him
touch the boy - can't figure it out.

My man with the completely dead pt
lung is better - this could quite possibly
be plague also - luckily we're covering him
with antibiotics - threw the book at him.

Thought he was going to die a few days ago.

Can't look for the common Infl - type diseases
here - no strokes, heart attacks, etc - nobody
lives that long. Saw one stroke pt I may
have mentioned, but that's all.

Have recovered from whatever bug that was
I had - took 24 hrs of my special medicine
- Coke, Pepsi-Cola, aspirin and lots of sleep
- same - same way I cure it at home. By 6 mo
should have gotten all the strange bugs they
have here and will be stronger than hell. Now
if I can just get around to quitting smoking
I'll be in good shape. It's 90° here - has
been for about a week - the dust is unbelievable.

We'll be glad to see the rain come, at least at first.

Took care of an Air Force man last nite who got in a fight with a "Red Hat" (Vietnamese Ranger, — actually a juvenile delinquent who goes around stealing, picking fights with everyone except Charlie — when he sees Charlie, or even gets wind that he's (Charlie our nickname for V.C.) around, suddenly disappears. Anyway, this airman had a broken hand from the fight. His buddy was stabbed in the belly and has been in surgery all nite at the 18th Surg. Don't know the outcome of that one. A rotten war.

Perhaps you've heard reports of the fight going on out at Plei Dyereng — 4th Infantry and parts of the 25th — looks like they ran into a hornets nest and the V.C. stayed to fight this time. That Tet break gave

④ ③⑤ 5mar
Then a chance to really build up supplies
so they're feeling their oats again. Let's
not have any more truces — given a long
enough truce they can gain back a lot
of the land they're lost while we fight.

The 24 Feb Time has a small blurb about
the action — Time and the newspapers are
roughly 2-3 wks behind — have to rely on
news releases for the most part. There are
approximately 500 reporters in Viet Nam —
maybe more — and between 20-30 of them
go out in the field — the rest stay around
Saigon and pick up the 2nd & 3rd hand
reports that come in. By then the report
is so garbled and distorted — and often not
true — that you can't really put much faith
in it. It makes great headlines in the
states but usually 10-20% fact and
80% the reporters imagination about what
it must have been like. Time magazine
does the best job I've seen so far, Newsweek

not so bad, Stass & Stripes is pretty good too. The trouble is that they clutch at straws - listen to idle conversation and quote it as fact, etc.

Have you heard our theme songs yet?
"The girl who wore the green brassiere"
or "Silver shells upon the shore" or the song about Bernie Teter? ~~we~~ will have to tape these for you and let you hear them. Don't think they'll ever be best sellers at home but we like them and sing them all the time.

3:00 PM

Went out to the steak fry in back of the dispensary - would you believe I'm tired of steak - ate chicken instead. In fact am sick of food in general - these constant I.D.'s are getting to me - hope they clear up soon. Got interrupted by a Vietnamese woman with a

104 kmp - no physical signs except a big spleen - slide of her blood showed malaria - as I mentioned - don't look for the common diseases here. Hard to think like this for me. Am sending along a picture of my friend Saich - he's the little guy next to Major Laver - admiring his brood of chickens. It was taken yesterday when they were out to Plei Wun. He's a good one - would like to bring him back to the Stokes and let him soak up some of our technical know-how - but they'd never let him back in the country. He speaks the following languages: Bhanar, Jarai, Rhade, Sedang, Thai, Jai, Vietnamese, Chinese, French, and English - all very well for the common words. Was given a formal 1 yr course in French but the others he's picked up himself. Has built about 20 railways all over the place - paid the Vietnamese 3000 piastres for them to teach him how. He's the

one with three wives - also offered me his Vietnamese wife (number ten) in Danang. Have a real friend here - he'll teach me much. It's this village that has the plague - will go out with him tomorrow and see what I can do.

Sorry for my short letters of late - have been under the weather and tired of talking about me, frankly. I know that's selfish because cherish your letters very much.

Am looking at that picture out of the corner of my eye - poor picture of ~~the~~ Sack - he's about 5' 1" in, a big smile on his face - has 2 tubes implanted on both lateral incisors upper jaw and is as friendly as puppy dog. In fact, it's his friendliness that bothered me at first - have learned to distrust any one that's instantly friendly around here - usually the motive isn't good. Everyone has an angle around this joint. Have looked into this guy thoroughly and he comes out smelling like a rose - was a

Montagnard Mike ⁽³⁵⁾ ^{5 Mar} ~~for~~ man for two years with the Special Forces at Plei Me when they had their big battle recently. Also spent a year at the Leprosarium ~~with~~ with the missionaries - also worked 2 yrs as a medic somewhere. He's only 21 yrs old (he claims - I insist he's 24 - big joke between us). You have to hear me talk sometime around here - can't use any word bigger than 2 syllables - we call it pigeon English - if you use any bigger word, have to figure out what the French word is and then can get the idea across - very hard. The theoretical language, abstract thoughts, etc is all in French - almost anyone can get along in that language - the French were bet 80 yrs and managed to impress their language and ideas on these people pretty well while they victimized and antagonized the people against Western Civilization.

It's now 4⁴⁵ Have been writing this letter off and on since 1⁰⁰ PM - if it sounds disjointed

It's now 4⁴⁵ Have been writing this letter
off and on since 1⁰⁰ PM - if it sounds disjointed

it's because of all the interruptions. Things are slowing up a little here. Think I'll go up to MDCV, maybe get a nap and relax. Will finish this thing later.

5⁴⁵

There's one hell of a party building up at the Officer's club - a good-bye party for Col Borneaux - thought I'd finish this letter now and pick it up again tomorrow.

Am going to the exchange and then to Plei Wau tomorrow to see what I can do. The first part will be fun - the second part will probably be work. Hope I can be of service - after the cool reception the people I sent got, wonder what my chances are.

Love you very much - do plan to write a letter pretty soon. Yours are just wonderful. Appreciate your effort to write every day. - they really make a difference in my attitude that day. Love you,
Dan

P.S can't find a big enough envelope for the picture - will send it later
Dan

(36)

3³⁰ PM 7 March
Tues. Pleiku V.N.
USAF Dispensary

Hi Kate,

Love your letters. Sorry I missed yesterday - hope there isn't too big a gap between letters because of it. Much activity and excitement here with Bonnie leaving and the new boss coming to town. Many good parties and long hours into the night.

It's now 2³⁰ AM - sorry about that - I'm gain sauced - this ~~time~~ time on beer alone + a little scotch. You wouldn't believe the magnitude of the parties we've had since Friday last. A continual one except for the pilots who've flown and the dispensary in the morning - Last night it lasted ^(Col Boncomp) till 4 AM & about 5 of us especially invited to his quarters in early AM. Now it's 2³⁰ AM and I'm leaving the party way ahead of the final drinks. Love that man (Bonnie) but can't keep up with her ice very well.

The new Commander showed up today - must

be amazed by the people all around him.
He sat at the head table tonight stone drunk by
the wine Bonnie fed him while we told
dirty stories, Greek M.C'd and the songs went on
+ on. He went to bed at midnight and, like I
mentioned, the party is still going on and on. This
is the 4th site of ~~the~~ Bonnie's going away party
and there's no end in sight until he finally
gets on the plane (probably will have to be poured
on by his adoring subjects) next Saturday. He is
a great man. Have finally found a man I can
class with Dr. Ryan, Fiske Josphene, Dr. Adlard
and my two Jewish professors. Makes 6 all together
that I can really respect and follow across
the street. Promised him I'd write him in 6 mos
and tell him what the hell is going on here.

Sweetie, I really love you. Would love to
write some more but am again smashed - will
write again tomorrow if I can - Have the
following schedule for tomorrow:

(1) get a ⁽³⁶⁾Veteran ⁽²⁾ out to see ^{7 Mar}Tong's
cows who are sheltering blood - at Plei Bo
(2) Go to Plei Phung to see a boy & a laceration
from hip to knee sewed up by 18th Surg on
a publicity stunt but never followed up
and the boy's wound is dripping pus, he's feverish
and may lose his leg - the SOB who went out
there never asked me or Ton (I'm a member of
that village and Ton is the chief - the SOB
should have ~~to~~ checked it us before he did that
ugly American bit with the camera & such - I'll
fry his ass when I see him) - what's more he's
never come back to follow it up - enough said,
ruined the American image for us - except they
asked for Dr. Cohen to come out because they trust
me at least (a great compliment by the way).

(3) Stop at Special Forces Montagnard Hosp to get
the ball rolling on my hospital & also to see some
of my patients I've brought in (4) To Orplunage to
do physical on 7yr old child who can't speak -
probably Congenital syphilis - maybe nothing I can

do for her (5) To plea Bong Boa for my
regular visit in spite of fact no one there
for last 3 wks. - something fishy.

By the way, always go with 5-6 armed
men since my early experiences - don't
worry Sweetie, stay out of Pleiku most of
the time - that's where the real danger is.
The Montagnard village will protect us - and
also 6 M-16's are a lot of firepower - especially
in the hands of the men I go with.

Sweetie, you'd never believe how
much I love you. Get enough sleep &
rest - I write a more decent letter when
things calm down here a bit.

Love you,

Dan.

P.S Hope you enjoy the pictures

Love, Dan

Thursday night
9 March 67

Pleiku V.N

MACV 10 ³⁰/_{PM}

(37)

Hi Kay,

It's good to be back in Pleiku again -
this is the a very beautiful base, full of
friendly people. Will tell you about my
adventures one by one since the last long
letter I wrote many days ago. Since last
Friday the days and nights have been all
mixed up with parties, adventures out in
the villages, the plague epidemic, the
orphanage, my trip to Cam Khan Bay and
An Khe today - all kinds of people and
experiences. Have neglected my letter
writing horribly and apologize. There's even
a party going on now - went in to get
3 Cokes to help me write you and had
to dance with the go-go girl they had
- Greek wasn't there, so I was the next
choice. Luckily got out of there after
the dance and am now finally sitting
down at the card table writing you

at a decent hour for the first time
in over a week.

Let's see - think I talked to you
already about the water buffalo thing
- I know I didn't describe it very
well but will let that go until I
see you in person. Actually a disappoint-
ment - a very brutal and coarse
affair the next morning after the
very mysterious and beautiful ceremony
that went on all night long the
previous 24 hrs. They continued to drink,
eat and sleep from Tuesday afternoon
to Friday AM at sunrise. Got out of
most of the drinking - have a great
intolerance to their rice wine and even
their food doesn't sit well with me
any more. A conditioned reflex I'm
sure but have vomited since I've
been here more than I vomited in
my whole life before.

Told you about the boy ^{9 Mar} with the
 leg full of pneumonia? He damned near
 died on us the first couple of days
 but walked into the dispensary Tuesday
 and got a repeat X-ray. Very happy
and grateful - in another week should
be okay.

And the parties for Col Bonneau go
 on and on. 5 PM Friday, 2 PM (for me)
^{Saturday}
~~Monday~~ although the rest went to bed
 about 6 PM Sunday morning. Another
~~large~~ ^{blast} till 4-5 PM Sunday ^{Makes} - this one
 specifically for Col Bonneau with
everyone pouring themselves out for the
man. A very moving - happy-sad occasion
of grown men - most of them genuine
Steve Canyon heroes in their own right -
serenading and toasting & making fun
for Bonnie. Felt my newness acutely
 for the first 2-3 hrs - just sat back
 and watched and admired. Finally John

insisted I join in - loosened up a bit
after that and had a ball. A
real privilege and humbling experience
to be included among these people. Have
never been a part or associated with
so many fine - even noble - men in
my entire life. Compensates in a great
way for being in Viet Nam and being
involved in this damn war. The
problem for most of these men will come
.... (there goes the damn lites - son
of a bitch! - am now writing by
flash lite - am going to write this
damn thing if I have to do it by
star light tonite)

-anyway as I was saying their problem
will come when they go home to an
entirely different world, have to adjust to
the quiet life, etc. Nobody's going
to believe their stories and experiences
- they're hard for us to believe as it is now.

Am beginning to know many of these ~~men~~ personally and they all have fascinating stories. For instance, did I mention that Col Bonneau was one of the original Flying Tigers of WWII in China? Most of these men flew in the Korean War as 1st & 2nd lieutenants.

Many fly 19 out of 24 hrs and party the rest of the time to relieve the pressure. Each pilot is issued an oz of whiskey after each mission - sometimes that comes to 4-5 oz of straight whiskey a day for these men - most save it up for after the final mission - tremendously keyed up by that time.

12⁰⁰ midnite - have now been interrupted for the 4th time since I sat down - this time by John Valme who wants some Depedrine to wake up - he's

flying tonight at 3 PM in an A1E
over Cambodia. An A1E crashed
tonight - both men got out but
their backs are broken and one man
has a compound fx of leg. The war is over
at least temporarily for these two.
They'll probably be back in 6-8 mos
to have another go at it - in spite of
the fact they take one hell of a beating
psychologically & physically - most of
these men are here as volunteers and keep
coming back partly because they believe
there's a job to do, partly because they're
professionals & this is where the action
is and partly because of the acute
shortage of people like them and
without them the completion of this war
we're in would be entirely different.

You can't imagine the morale booster
those ugly little planes are to everyone
around here - it can turn on a dime

9 Mar

- go slow enough & stay up long enough to get the job done, can totally destroy an area as big as a football field, and drop any ordinance on a spot 5-10 ft in front of the Army men calling in the strike. Without them there simply wouldn't be a 4th Division any more at Plei Djereng - as it is some of the companies out there have literally ceased to exist - one hell of a battle and it's been going on for 2-3 wks now. Haven't seen a good write-up of this thing in all that time. 3-5 Regiments of North Vietnamese loaded for bear thanks to that lousy truce we had over Tet. (if you're having trouble reading this, consider I'm essentially writing in total darkness with a yellow flashlight beam the only

source of light - sorry, but I
am going to write tonight)

(have a radio of T. Wilson's on - heard
another U.S 4th company wiped out tonight
- 17 KIA and 56 wounded)

I digressed again - sorry. Your letters are simply wonderful, Sweetie. Can't tell you what they mean to me - know they're ~~definitely~~ very hard for you to write - must be very boring for you to write what you consider drivel about the kids day after day but I sat up every word. Thanks. You tell me you love me by your effort.

Want to tell you about our Australian "round eye" reporter who showed up Monday last. Col Doyle (our man in charge of publicity) came to me at about noon and asked if it would be all right to send out a

reporter with ³⁷ (5) me when ^{9 Mar} I went to
Plei Wan. Told him okay but no
pictures. He asked me to wait till 1³⁰
— told him sorry, had too much to do
— was leaving right away for the orphanage
— would wait till 2⁰⁰ at orphanage and
no later before going out to Plei Wan.
Didn't really expect to have her show
up because she didn't get in from
Sargin till 1³⁰. Damn if she doesn't
appear at orphanage at 2⁰⁰ o'clock sharp
— big smile, pretty (a big surprise — most
of them are fat, mannish, tough sons of
brutes) and intelligent. Came specifically
to study the Montagnard people. Husband
is Australian Trade Commissioner in
Manila, Philippines — has two boys 2½ +
4½ and likes her husband! Still
don't know her whole story. Any way
she went c us to Plei Wan — put on
bandages, drank rice wine, gobbled up

their food like a good troupe. asked
an amazing number of questions without
any pretense. In spite of the fact
the yards don't like women to be
in limelight really took this one to
heart - ridiculous 2-3 sizes too big
fatigue uniform and all. Names
Marion Watkins - uses Marion Barry
for pen name. That night there
was another large party - till 3-4 AM
in Col. Bonneaux's room - she partied
right along with the boys in spite
of the fact no sleep. Next day she was
at the 4th Division and went out to
the boonies all day with a medical
convoy - another party Tuesday night
to welcome the new Commander - that
one broke up mercifully at 1-2 AM -
Think I got a letter off to you that

nik. Next day she's way the hell
one up in Dak Pek (the place I've
been trying to go to) - another party
- this time on the 1st & 4th Air Commandos
(plots) in honor of Marion. By now
she's won everyone over - has Jack
Rudy, myself and Greek pouring out
all our stories & facts to her short
hand notes. Everyone here has been
like idiots winning & dining this gal
for the last 4 days - first real
female type we've seen - nothing
phony & lots of fun. No question
of her being in any danger from any
of us - she gets a 4 or 5 man escort
to everywhere but the latrine.

Last nite had a small good-bye
party for her (she left this morning
for somewhere else) and am including
the words to the two songs the pilots

wrote for her. They may become
standards here - may be not. Very
refreshing - kept thinking of the treatment
you'd receive if you showed up here
- brought the best out of us - in spite
of the fact we're a raunchy horny
group - this was a real lady for a
change.

Talked to Sack yesterday (by the
way, traded Sack's crossbow for
Marion's size 4 combat boots - impossible
to find over here - will give them to
Sack tomorrow - should make at hit)
about the plague epidemic which I
couldn't find. He told me that it was
out in Plei Bong Lau (the place I can't
go to) but that it was all Fini now
thanks to a team of 4th Division doctors
- end of my story and happy ending at
that.

9 Mar

Went all over hell yesterday - got a
veterinarian from Saigon who just
happened to be passing through. to
go out to Plei Brel and find out
why the cows are all dying. Think
we've got it diagnosed and are
treating them with Surfa and
paregoric. Went to exchange, Leprasarium
Plei Phung, Plei Brel - have a
team of 3 para rescue men with
me at all times now - will tell
you about these men later (less than
60 of these men in all Viet Nam their
job is to jump from helicopter
to rescue pilots when shot down.
- work with me in their spare
time - tougher than hell.

Am going to set up my
hospital and they will staff it

for me when we finally get it organized.

Today had a normal day at dispensary until about 10³⁰ when a T/sgt Carter came in with chest pain — had a wild heart attack and damned near died on the spot. Dug up my unused routine about coronary care and kept him alive till we landed in Cam Ranh Bay less than 2 hrs later — how is that for speed? — diverted a whole troupe plane about 200 miles out of the way to do it. He's still alive I hope but the war is definitely over for him. Caught a hop to an the right away and waited most of the afternoon for a flight back here. That's the 1st Co. center. a real war going on there. — a desolate, desolate spot. — like Canada with high peaks

37 (8) ^{9 Mar}
surrounding a little base and
airstrip made out of steel planking.
A real experience landing & taking off
there. Got back here in god's
country at about 4 PM - a new
record I'm told.

TOOK A NAP finally after getting
brunch at 5³⁰ PM and the rest you
know. How's that for a week?
Sure helps the days to pass by
- Was surprised to see it's 9 March
already. Sounds from your letters
that the pace is a bit hectic for
you, too. Guess we're two of a
kind - I think I'm in love with
you - will you marry me?

Will sit down and answer your
questions and get some letters off
to the kids tomorrow. I hope...

Right now it's 1⁰⁰ am - have been
at this lecture off & on for 2 1/2 hours.
— I'll be damned! the lights just
went on — no, they're off again. Y-O.

Love you very much sweetie,
miss your presence and the kids —
am drawn to that orphanage more &
more.

Love,

Dan

Thursday, March 9, '67

Pleiku, Vietnam (MACV) 10:30 PM

37

Hi Kay,

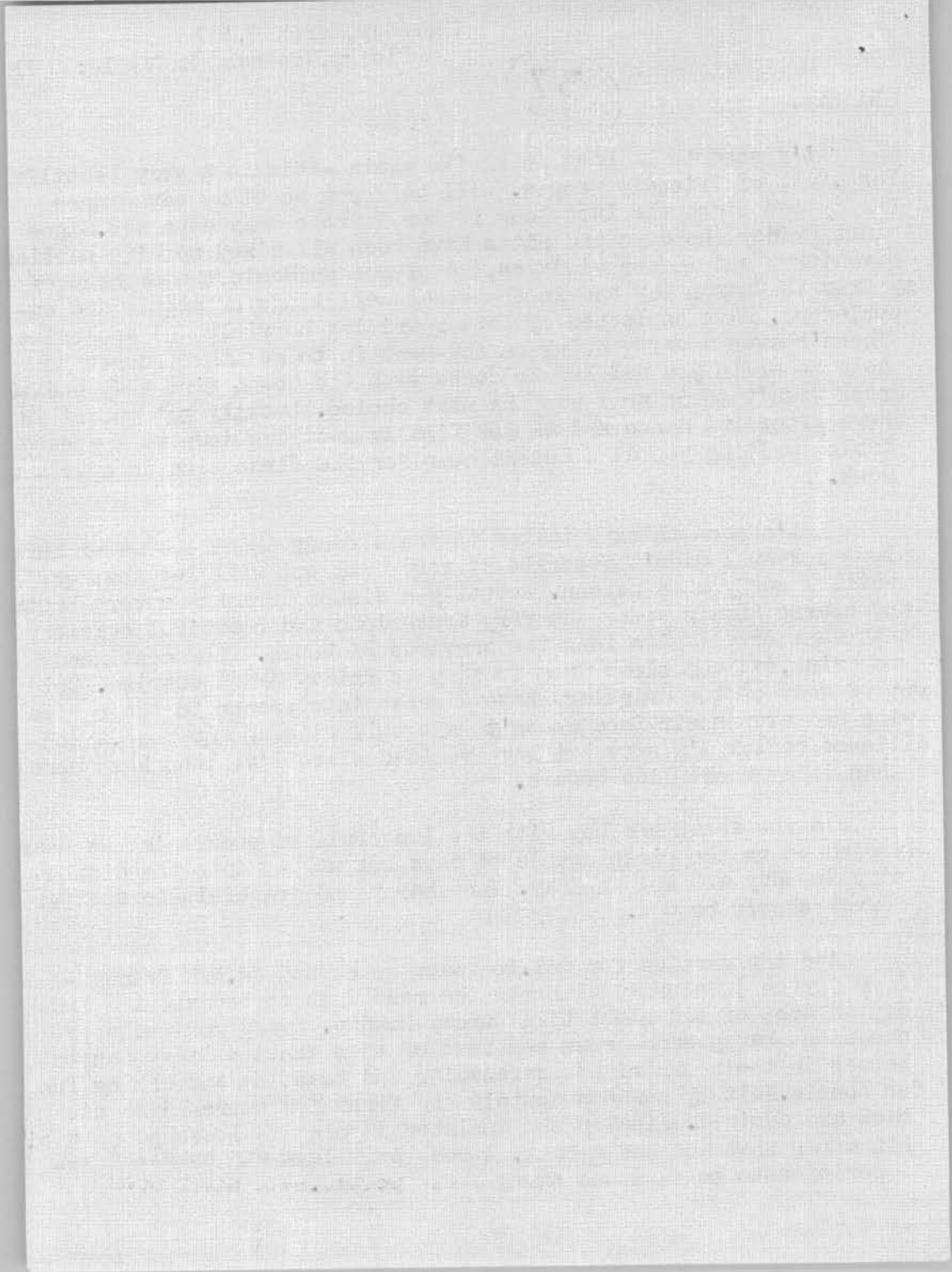
It's good to be back in Pleiku again--this is a very beautiful Base, full of friendly people. Will tell you about my adventures one by one since the last long letter I wrote many days ago. Since last Friday the days and nites have been all mixed up with parties, adventures out in the villages, the plague epidemic, the orphanage, my trip to Camran Bay and An Khe today--all kinds of people and experiences. Have neglected my letter writing horribly and apologize. There's even a party going on now--went in to get three cokes to help me write you and had to dance with the Go-go girl they had--Greek wasn't there so I was the next choice. Luckily got out of ~~the~~ there after the dance and am now finally settling down at the card table writing you at a decent hour for the first time in over a week.

Let's see--think I talked to you already about the water buffalo-- I know I didn't describe it very well but will let that go until I see you in person. Actually a disappointment--a very brutal and coarse affair after the very mysterious and beautiful ceremony that went on all nite long the previous 24 hours. They continued to drink, eat and sleep from Tuesday to Friday AM at sunrise. Got out of most of the drinking--have a great intolerance to their rice wine and even their food doesn't sit well with me any more. A conditioned reflex I'm sure but have vomited since I've been here more than in my whole life before.

Told you about the boy with the lung full of pneumonia? He nearly died on us the first couple of days but walked into the dispensary Tuesday and got an XRay. Very happy and grateful--in another week should be O K.

And the parties for Col. Bonneaux go on and on. 5PM Friday-- (2 PM for me) Saturday although the rest went to bed about 6 Sunday AM Another big blast till Sunday-Monday. A very moving, happy occasion--happy-sad--grown men most of them genuine Steve Canyon heroes in their own right--serenading and toasting and making fun for Bonnie. Felt my newness acutely the first few hours-- just sat back and admired. Finally John insisted I join in--loosened up a bit after that and had a ball. A real privilege and humbling experience--to be included among these people. Have never never

associated with so many fine men in my life before



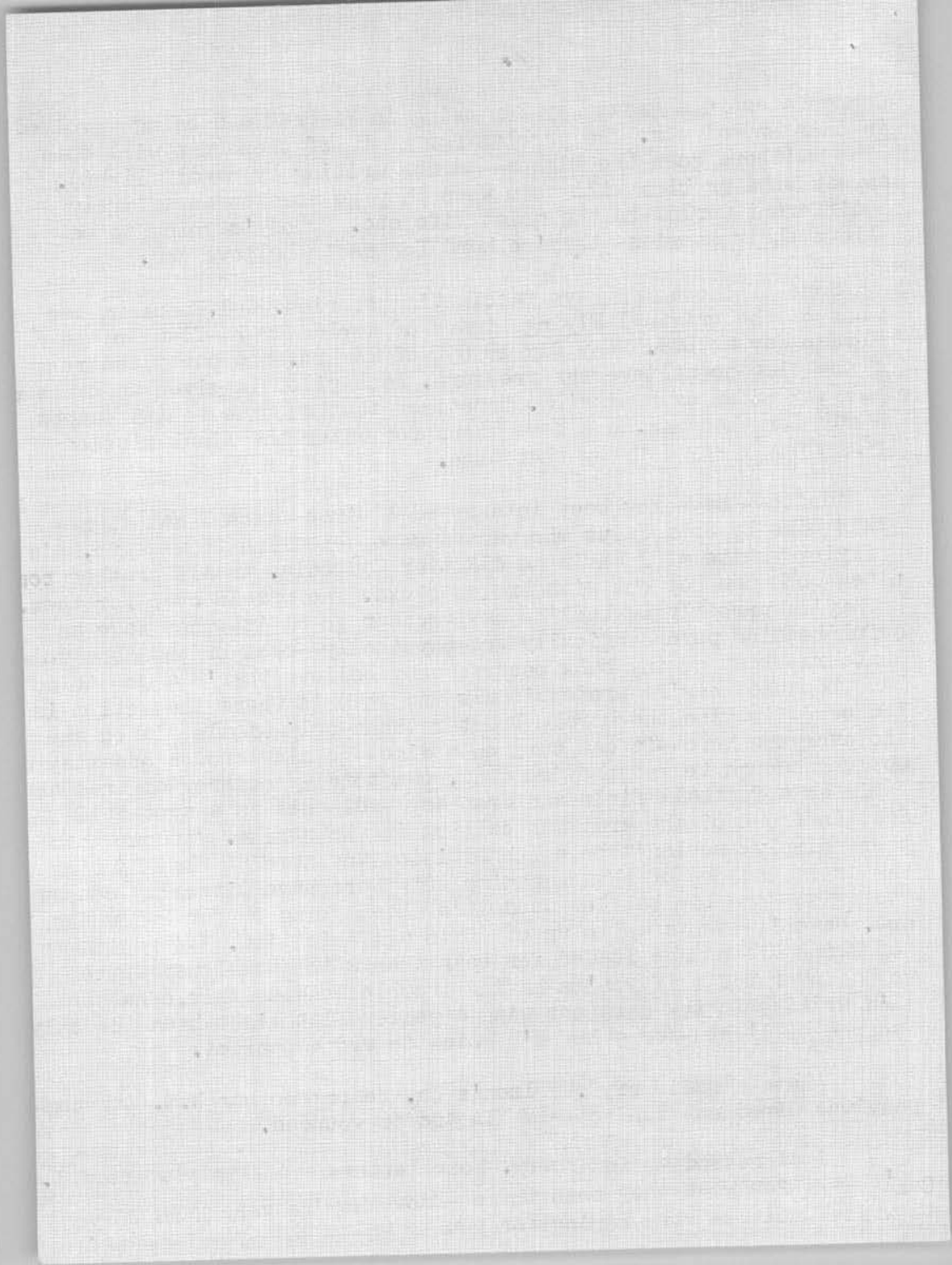
Compensates in a great way for being in Vietnam and being involved in this brutal war. The problem for most of these men will come ----(there goes the lights--am now writing by candle light). anyway--the problem will come when they go home to an entirely different world--to the quiet life etc. Nobody's going to believe their stories--they're hard for us to believe now.

Some of these men have fascinating stories. Col. Bonneaux was one of the original Flying Tigers of World War 2--flew in the Korean War as LtS. Many fly 19 out of 24 hrs. and party the rest of the time to relieve the pressure. Each pilot is given an ounce of whisky after each mission. Sometimes that amounts to 4-5 ounces a day for these men. Most save it up for after the final mission tremendously keyed up by that time.

Midnite-- have now been interrupted 4 times since I sat down-- this time by John Valye who wanted some dexadrine to wake up. He's flying tonite at 3 PM in an AIE over Cambodia. An AIE crashed tonite--both men got out with broken backs. The war is over for them. They'll probably be back to hav another go at it--they take an awful beating psychologically and physically--most of them are volunteers--keep coming back because they believe ther's a job to do and because they're professionals and this is where the action is. You can't imagine the morale booster those ugly little planes are to everyone here--it can turn on a dime--go slow enough and stay u up long enough to get the job done, can totally destroy an area as big as a football field and drop any ordinance on a spot 5-10 feet in front of the army man calling in the strike. Without them there simply wouldn't be a 4th Division any more at Plei Djering ---as it is some of the companies out there have literally ceased to exist--one big battle --and it's been going on for 2-3 weeks now. Haven't seen a write up of it in all this time. 3-4 regiments of North Vietnamese loaded for bear thanks to that lousy truce we had over TET (if you're having trouble reading this, consider I'm writing in the darkness with a yellow flashlight beam the only source of light --sorry but I'm going to write tonite(.

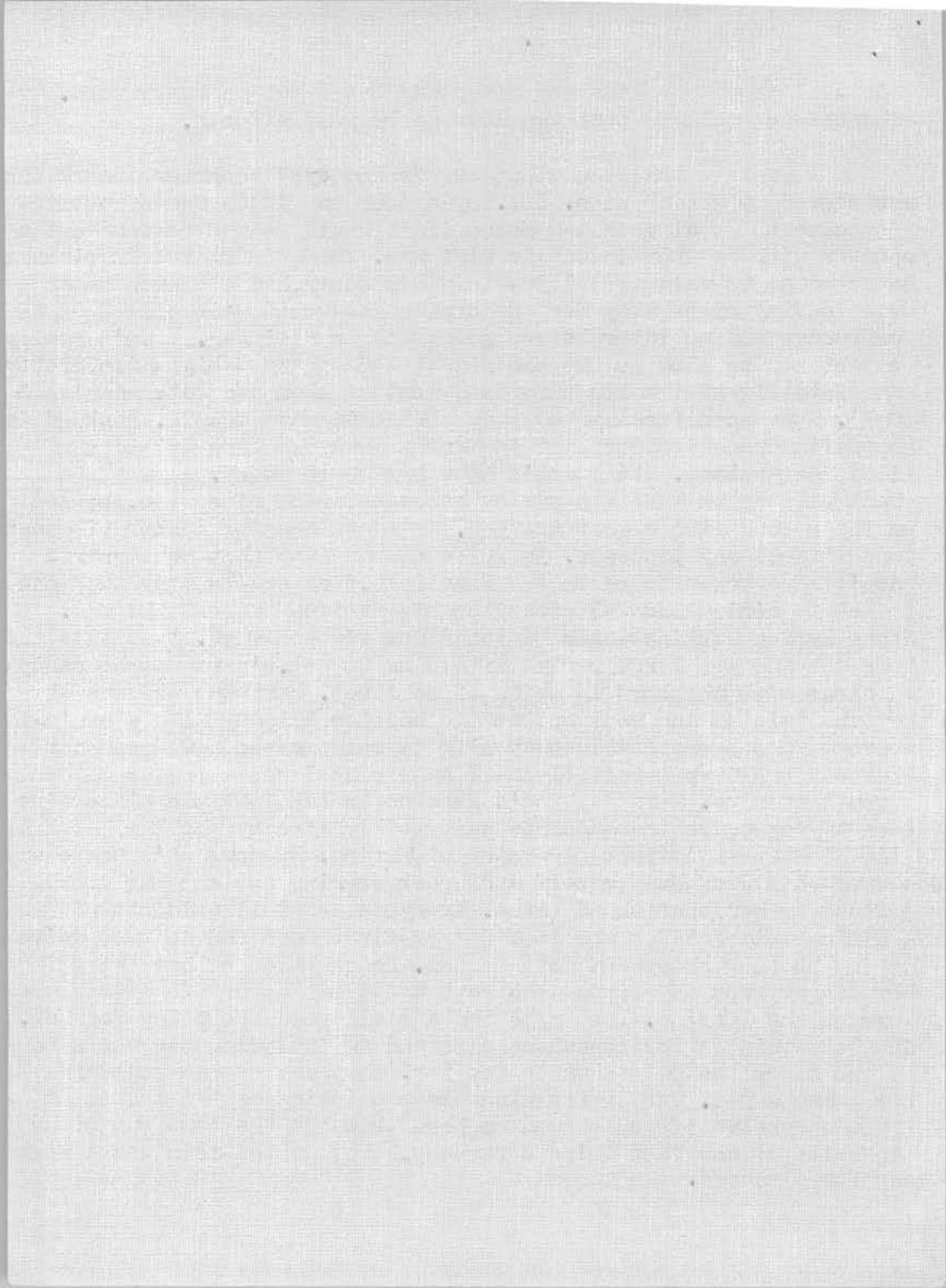
Have a radio of T. Wilson's on. Heard another U.S. 4th company was wiped out tonite---17 KIA and 56 wounded.

Can't I digressed again--sorry. Your letters are simply wonderful. Can't tell you what they mean to me--Know they're very hard for you to write--must be very boring for you to write what you consider



drivvel about the kids day after day but I eat up every word. Thanks--you tell me that you love me by your efforts.

Want to tell you about our "round eyes" reporter (Australian who showed up Monday nite. Col. Doyle (our man in charge of publicity) came to me at noon and asked if it would be O K to send out a reporter with me when I went to Plei Wan. Told him OK but no picture. He asked me to wait till 1:30- told him sorry, had too much to do-- was leaving right away for the orphanage--would wait till 2 PM at orphanage and no later before going out to Plei Wan. Didn't really expect her to show up but she did at 2 PM sharp-- big smile, pretty and intelligent (a big surprise--most of them are fat, mannish & tough). Came specifically to study the Montagnard people. Husband is Australian trade commissioner in Manila--has two boys 2½ and 4 & likes her husband. Still don't know her whole story. Anyway she went with us to Plei Wan--put on bandages, drank rice wine, gobbled up their food like a good trouper. Asked an amazing number of questions without any pretense. In spite of the fact that Montagnards don't like women to be in the limelight, they really took this one to heart--ridiculous 2-3 sizes too big fatigue uniform and all. Names Marion Watkins--uses Marion Barry for pen name. That nite there was another large party-- till 3 Am in Col. B's room--she partyed along with the boys in spite of no sleep. Next day she was at the 4th Division and went out to the boonies all day with a medical convoy-- another party Tuesday nite to welcome the new Commander-- That one broke up mercifully at 2 AM--think I got a letter off to you that nite. Next day she's gone up in Dah Pek (the place I've been trying to go to)--another party--this time on the 1st & 4th Air Commander (pilots) in honor of Marion. By now she's won every one over--has Jack Rudy, myself and Greek pouring out all our storys & facts to her short-hand notes. Everyone acted like idiots wining & dining this gal for the last 4 days--first real female type we've seen--nothing phony and lots of fun. No question of her being in any danger from any of us--she gets a 4-5 man escort to everywhere except the latrine. Last nite had a small good-bye party for her. She left this AM for somewhere else and am including the words to the two songs the pilots wrote for her. They may become standards here--maybe not. Very refreshing--keep thinking of the treatment you'd receive if you showed up here--brought the best out of us in spite of the fact we're a raunchy, horny group--this was a real lady for a change.



Talked to Saih yesterday(by the way traded Saih's crossbow for Marion's size 4 combat boots--impossible to find over here--will give them to Saih--should make a hit)

About the plague epidemic which I couldn't find. He told me it was out in Plei Bong Lou (the place I can't go) but that it was all finished now, thanks to a team of 4th Div. doctors--end of mystery and happy ending to that.

Went all over yesterday. Got a veterinarian from Saigon who happened to be passing through. to go out to Plei Brel and find out why the cows are all dying. Think we've got it diagnosed and are treating them with sulpha and paregoric. Went to orphanage, leprosarium, Plei Phung, Plei Brel--have a team of 3 para-rescue men with me at all times now. Will tell you about these men later (less than 60 of these men in all Vietnam. Their job is to jump from helicopter to rescue pilots when shot down. Work with me in their spare time--very tough fellows indeed.

Am going to set up my hospital and they will staff it for me when we finally get it organized. Today we had a normal day at the dispensary until about 10:30 when T/Sgt. Carler came in with chest pain--had a heart attack and nearly died. Dug up my unused routine about coronary care and kept him alive till we landed in Cam Rhan Bay less than 2 hrs. later--diverted a whole troupe's plans about 200 miles out of the way to do it. Caught a hop to An Khe right away and waited most of the afternoon for a flight back here.

That's the first Cav. center--a real war going on there--a desolate spot--like Canada with high peaks surrounding a little base and air strip made out of steel planking. A real experience landing and taking off here. Got back here in God's country at about 4 PM-- a new record I'm told.

Took a nap finally after getting back at 5:30 and the rest you know. How's that for a week? Sure helps to make the days pass by. Was surprised to see it's March 9th already. Sounds from your letters that the pace is hectic for you too. Guess we're two of a kind--I think I'm in love with you--Will you marry me? Will sit down and answer your questions and get some letters off to the kids tomorrow, I hope. Right now it's 1AM. Have been at this letter off and on for 2½ hours. The light just went on.--no, they're off again

I love you very much Sweetie, miss you and the kids--

over →

Am drawn to that orphanage more and more.

Love,

Dan

Sat. nite.
11 March 67
MACV 9²⁰ PM

(38)

Hi beautiful girl,

Am writing by candlelight now - no lights again tonite. Very romantic - too bad none to get romantic with like you.

Well, Bonnie is gone and I'm afraid the "good old days" are gone forever here with him. The new Colonel Huller is of a different stripe and his presence has already been felt. We are a very subdued group today. He's served notice in various ways that this command has to be shaped up, spruced up, no riotous living, etc. Don't know for sure what that means in terms of my trips to the villages - will play it cool for awhile to test the wind. Haven't had my interview yet but expect it will

Come soon enough. Jack Rudy had a three hour session with him this morning in which my name came up as a discussion subject. Jack did me no harm at all. The Colonel apparently has a notebook on me from various sources, as he has on many of the men here. Also has one on Jack Rudy himself. By the way, Jack got the Bronze Star presented to him yesterday. Mentioned it incidentally to me while we were having a beer last nite. Something he did last fall - he was very vague about the whole thing.

Am a bit depressed tonight - hope it doesn't rub off on my letter-writing. Have been working my

38. (2) 11 Mar
psych & SA clinic all afternoon
and am mentally beat. a great
lot of loneliness and confusion on
the part of the air men here. Many
are just out of high school, 19-23 yrs,
don't know where they're going from
here, whether to stay in the service,
are nervous about Viet Nam, bored
by work, eat, sleep, work, eat, sleep, etc.
—in general very confused and vaguely
threatened by the whole thing. Very
difficult to find an answer for them
but am slowly learning the ropes.

Many simply go to town and get
laid to relieve the monotony in
spite of the fact they know they'll
get V-D or worse. A year is
a long time for you and I but it's
a lifetime to these boys.

Went to bed totally exhausted
last nite at 10³⁰ PM and overslept
this morning. First full nite's
sleep I've had in 10 days. Sorry
I neglected to write again.

Went out to Plei Brel again
yesterday after taking the
boats to Saich — went with
Capt Doug Eckford (a P.R. man —
sticks to me like glue — has
adopted me I guess — reminds me
of Mickey Keenan a little.) a
P.R. man, by the way, is a word
I use for a public relations man,
a loud mouth who talks all the
time, tells every secret in the
world, brags constantly about all
the good he's doing, etc. We have
5-10 of these here and are a pain

38 (2) 11 Mar
in the ass. Would like to get
rid of him but don't know how
— besides he's a pilot and apparently
can get me all kinds of good
garbage and has on occasion.
Maybe after a while he'll get tired
of the pace. Sees V.C. behind
every tree — am afraid he's going
to shoot one of the Montagnards
some day and then we really have
trouble on our hands.

Anyway, he took his ^(a kid cross worker from Nhatrang) girl friend
out with us yesterday to lap the
pace — she's almost as phoney as
he is — they'll be out of my
hair for a while, skanking up for
the next few miles somewhere in
Plukku.

Think that's a good idea of
yours not to show too many of

these letters to the folks
unless the letters aren't too
full of shocking material. Every
now & then I'll write an
innocuous one they can stomach.

Sweetie, I want to reassure you
that I check out each village
carefully, go fully armed and
with 5-6 men, only go by
invitation to places I know are
friendly. Have the CIA men
check out the village and the
interpreters carefully, etc. ~~It~~
I do want to get home in one
piece. If you were here, don't
think you'd sit holed up in
MACV all day either - a great way
to go nuts - especially when this
is how this damn war is going
to be won - by helping these people

38 (4) 11 Mar
in a relatively unselfish way
to help themselves. I'm here to
fight a war, after all - not to
count the days till I can come
back home. I simply can't
shrivel up and die for a whole
year - not when the Good Lord
presents all these opportunities to
me. But I will be careful, you
can count on that. Don't really
think you'd be very proud or happy
with me if I did it any other
way. Sorry to get so vehement
- but it's easy to exaggerate the
danger when you're so far away
and all the stories you hear are so
sensational. We have a whole crowd
of men here - very unhappy - who
haven't left the compound since
they arrived and won't. They are

slowly deteriorating, very boring
and very bored. They say the same
thing every day to the same people
and are like little old ladies by
this time. I get very restless
when I'm with them and have
to leave in a short time. They're
sure every noise is a mortar
coming in (for instance we had
a flare drop north of us ^{quite} and
they all got panicky in spite
of the fact the only flares
that can DROP come from planes
and we have the only planes here.)

Enough said.

Received 4 boxes of soap neatly
wrapped addressed to Capt DAVID
Conlon, postmarked Edina. Please
thank whoever sent them - NO

38 (5) 11 Mar
return address on the boxes.
Will find a good place for them.
Jack Rudy found a VISIBLE MAN
(a piece-by-piece plastic model of a
man) that he brought from Saigon.
Will be able to use this over at
Special Forces hospital to train the
Montagnard medics - can always find
a use for anything.

Your letters are beautiful - none
today and ~~can~~ really tell the
difference. Must apologize humbly
for not being very good with
mine lately. Now that Bonnie's
finally gone, things should settle
down a little. Didn't want to see
him go but the pace he set the
last 2 wks was really something
- don't know how much more
any of us could have taken.

One by one the gang that has spent a year here is leaving and with them, many memories of the old place. John Value will be leaving shortly for the states but promises to return in a little while. Have gotten to like this guy very much in spite of his almost transparent weaknesses.

Back to my story - went to Plei Brel yesterday after a few other stops. The thing that was unique about this was that I went without Jack and without an interpreter (only an Aorman by the name of Benson McGowan, Echford and his dame) - brought some medicine for Ton's cows -

11 Mar

yes - I take care of cows, too, also
pulled 3 teeth the other day
- am doing all kinds of things.

Anyway - was very warmly received,
drank rice wine at Heng's and
Ton's house and was invited to
stay all night but am on my
good behavior. Was able to converse
fairly well in my halting Javai
and with GIR's help. Had a
great time. Found out my
pneumonia patient is back ~~had~~
and healthy again (got invited to
his house a week from today to drink
rice wine). Ton's hand is all
healed up in spite of the fact it
was a total mess 3 days ago -
everything I've done out there
so far has gone well - knock on

wood. Feel like I'm accepted
out there for myself instead
of just Jack's friend. Suspect
when he leaves I may be filling
his shoes - hope it goes okay
- will have to bone up on my
language course.

It's 10³⁰ - think I'll go get
a cup of coffee. This writing by
candle light was okay for Ben
Franklin but it's tiring on the
eyes. Talk to you later.

12⁰⁰ midnite

My coffee break got a little involved.
- pilots having a party after the
party at the C-Camp (Special Forces)
- they really go ape. The lights are
back on now but my roommate is
sleeping so will stick with the

38 (2) 11 Mar
Candle. Think I've covered
all the news to date - although
not very well, I'm afraid.

Finally organized my warehouse
in the room here so people can
get in and out. Jack didn't show
up for our lecture at the dispensary
this AM so we'll save it for next
week. Maybe we'll have it
organized by then.

Will scrawl a few notes to
the kids now and call it a
rite. Linda Frye Harder writes
me a letter a week for the last
3 wks. No news from the clinic,
though. No answer from Mike +
Mary Ann, - wonder if they got my
letter. Haven't written Leo +
Mary Kay yet either - will get
with it one of these days.

Love you very much. Miss
your presence, advice and comments
day to day. Need a confidante
but hesitant to confide in anyone
too much here — too many tongues
wagging. Jack Rudy & Dick are
about the only ones who can keep
their mouths shut. Even John
Value talks too much.

Love,

Dan

P.S. I'm horny as usual.

Sat. 11 March 67
Pleasant V.N.
MAEV.
midnight

HI COLLEEN,

THANK YOU FOR YOUR
BEAUTIFUL LETTERS, CARDS
AND PICTURES. DON'T WORRY,
SWEETIE, I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE
OF MYSELF AND GET HOME
SAFELY. I HAVE YOUR
PICTURES IN MY POCKET ALL
THE TIME. THE ORPHANS AND
THE MONTAGNARDS LOVE TO
LOOK AT THEM - THEY THINK
YOU AND KALEA AND ERIN AND
MEGAN AND JIMMY AND MOM
ARE VERY PRETTY AND HAPPY.
MOM SAYS YOU DO VERY
WELL IN SCHOOL AND WE'RE

BOTH VERY PROUD OF YOU.
THANK YOU FOR BEING SO
GOOD.

IT'S VERY HOT HERE.
NO ONE WHO LIVES HERE HAS
EVER SEEN SNOW. THE
DUST IS TWO-THREE INCHES
DEEP AND WE HAVE DUST
EVERYWHERE WITH THE WIND
BLOWING ~~ON~~ ALL THE TIME.

IS THE SNOW OVER
YOUR HEAD NOW? HOW DO
YOU LIKE IT? HAVE YOU MADE
ANY SNOW MEN?

THANKS FOR BEING SUCH A
GOOD GIRL. I LOVE YOU VERY
MUCH.

LOVE, DADDY

11 March 67
Pleiku V.N
MACV
midnite

HI KAE LA,

HOW ARE YOU TODAY?

THANK YOU FOR YOUR PICTURES
— YOU SURE DO NICE WORK.

MOM SAYS YOU'RE A VERY
GOOD GIRL AND HELP HER ALL
THE TIME.

DO YOU HAVE FUN PLAYING
WITH KEVIN? SAY HELLO TO
HIM FOR ME AND TO MRS.

HANNON.

DO YOU PLAY OUT IN THE
SNOW? IT'S VERY HOT HERE.

CAN JIMMY WALK YET? BET
HE'S GETTING TO BE A BIG
BOY.

HOPE YOU LIKED THE
PRESENTS YOU GOT FOR YOUR
BIRTHDAY. YOU WERE A REAL
GOOD GIRL TO SHARE SO
WELL.

PLEASE PRAY FOR ME
WHEN YOU CAN.

LOVE TO A VERY
NICE 5 YEAR OLD GIRL.

LOVE,

DADDY

11 March 67
Pleiku V.N.
MAEV,
12³⁰ AM

HI ERIN,

CAN YOU HEAR? I
LIKE YOU. THANK YOU FOR
YOUR BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

MOM SAYS YOU PLAY AND
WORK VERY GOOD. AM PROUD
OF YOU. YOU'RE SUCH A GOOD
GIRL.

HOW DO YOU LIKE THE SNOW?
DO YOU PLAY WITH TOMMY
BONIN WHEN HE COMES TO
STAY? HE'S A NICE BOY.
THANK UNCLE ED + AUNT WHEEZER
FOR BEING SO GOOD TO YOU.

PLAY NICE WITH JIMMY
AND MEGAN - TAKE GOOD
CARE OF JIMMY FOR ME.
DO YOU LIKE HIM?

WILL WRITE AGAIN
REAL SOON, SWEET HEART.
PRAY HARD FOR ME.

LOVE,

DADDY

12 March 67
Pleiku V.O.
MACV
12 ³⁰ AM

HI MEG,

PUT UP YOUR DUKES!
YOU AND YOUR SISTERS AND
JIMMY ARE VERY OH SO
PRETTY IN YOUR PICTURES.

BE NICE TO ERIN AND
JIMMY AND DONIT PUSH AND
SHOVE. MISS YOU VERY
MUCH. YOU'RE A GOOD GIRL,
AREN'T YOU?

DO YOU LIKE TO STAY
AT THE BONINS?

IS JIMMY WALKING YET?
CAN YOU PLAY WITH HIM?
GIVE HIM A BIG KISS RIGHT

NOW FOR ME. THANK
YOU.

LOVE YOU VERY
MUCH. PRAY FOR ME.

LOVE,

DADDY

Hi Sweetie,

(39)

12 March 67
10³⁰ Sunday
MACV
Pleiku V.N

No letter for second day - guess I deserve that for the way I've written you lately. Got a very good letter from Wheeler today which will try to answer soon.

No candle light tonite - real electric lights for the first time in 3 nites. Also got a hot shower tonite for the first time in 5 days. Also got some clean clothes - again for the first time in 5 days. Not bad.

This place is quiet like a tomb.
The new Commander is rarely seen
- comes out for meals and the
rest of the time is busy by
himself. Every thing is subdued -

people go to bed at 9-10 PM
- the officers' club is almost
empty where it used to be packed
full of loud sounds and good
fellowship. Everyone is wondering
what the new guy is like and
what he expects, etc. I'm told
it's always a rough time on both
the new Commander and the men
when a new one shows up.

Went discreetly about my
business - only went to the
tophanage, Special Forces camp,
and Plei Rho today. Came back
at 7³⁰ PM after drinking only
3 levels of rice wine with Sain and
friends. Am taking it real easy
until I find out where I stand,
how this man thinks, etc. One

31 (2) 12 Mar
thing for sure, he's got huge
shoes to fill after Bonnie. He
must feel this very acutely because
Bonnie was a loud, hoarse, big
man who led us by the force of
his personality and was deeply loved.
This man is a little, soft spoken,
very exact, disciplined Pentagon
officer and it just ain't the
same. No matter what he does or
says, he'll be compared to Bonnie
and he's a tough act to follow.

Bonnie had the habit of personally
coming over every now and then to
almost every man on the base and
saying - "you're doing a good job,
keep it up", shaking your hand
and patting you on the back. A
little thing, but coming from this

man, meant the world to everyone he talked to. And the thing about it was that he actually knew what kind of job you were doing - had eyes everywhere and somehow kept track of every thing.

Many things will change now, some for the better I'm sure - but the change is the hard thing. Will slow up my activity until know just how they'll change.

John Vane leaves tomorrow to go home to Boston and write his story. He's sleeping in my bed right now - will wake him in a little while and have a last chat with him. If he can put his story together should be a dandy because he's certainly

39 (3) 12 MAR
gotten involved with every thing
in Pleiku — before that was with
the marines at Danang & Da Nang,
before that in the Delta and
before that in the politics in Saigon.
Hope he can find the words.

He insisted on getting your name,
the kids, our address, my past
history, etc. ~~Has~~ Said a book has
to contain some facts & figures or
it's not accepted as true.

He's flown about 25 missions with
pilots here, last one was 3 AM
Saturday AM — a bundle of nerves
after that. Has been on multiple
patrols & marines and army and
has looked at death many times.
It has taken it's toll and he's
a thoroughly washed out human

being. He hopes a few weeks
of sheing in New Hampshire
will revive him so he can write
again.

Jack Rudy hasn't slowed
down noticeably though. Did
the circuit today - Plei Breng,
Plei Tang, Plei ~~Bro~~^{Brel} and finally
Plei Rho (I was in a different part
- just missed him I guess) He
was flying low when he showed
up here. They've already started
the going away rounds for him
out in the villages. Plei Brel
has a grave prepared for him and
they've given him a bird carved
in wood as a symbol that when
he dies his soul ~~not~~ will come
flying back to Plei Brel and

39 (4) 12 Mar
stay there forever. If we had
50 or 100 of Jack Rudy's here
there'd be no problem and the
V.C. wouldn't have a chance.

He leaves in about a month and
they know it - are very concerned
especially with the new commander
here - afraid that may be our
attitude will change. They're in
enough of a bind with the V.C.
on one side, the ARVN on the
other without the Air Force
putting them in a greater squeeze.

They quizzed me today for a
long time at Plei Kho about
the new commander - I told them
he was a man, but different
and that we go very slow for
a while. They immediately sensed

what I meant. They're old hands at this. It's a matter of survival for them, not just a game.

12³⁰ AM Monday morning

Here I am again way into the nite - each day is an adventure here. Woke up John for a chat before he leaves. He was surprised to learn about Mike, Air Force, in Guam, etc. We went to officers' club for a last drink. - ran into Lt Col Crook & Charley Kapsa (also Lt. Colonel) - both A1E pilots who are flying tomorrow. Kapsa has 26 days left - wants 2 missions a day so he can get 256 missions in before he leaves ("and am put out to pasture") Interesting that all three of the above men are divorced - wives who

39 (5) 12 Mar
didn't or couldn't understand
them. Hard to describe what
motivates these men - a thirst
for adventure, personal fulfillment,
a drive to excel - I don't know
but they are marvelous men -
and sad and lonely men in a way
because no one, least of all they
themselves, understands them. They
were surprised I had five children
and a wife like you. Questioned me
at great length about you, what
you are like, why you have
stuck with me, etc. Was very
proud to be able to tell them about
you and our happy years together.
Got very soapy, I'm afraid, about
what you mean to me, how you
keep me going, etc. Am a very

lucky man - feel great love
and sorrow for men who have
never experienced a love like
ours and yet can somehow do
the things they do.

Am very tired again, Sweetheart.
Love you very much.

Hello to Weezer & Ed and
Thank them for me.

Love you,

Dan

12 March 1967 10:30 Sunday

MACV Pleiku, Vietnam

39

Sunday

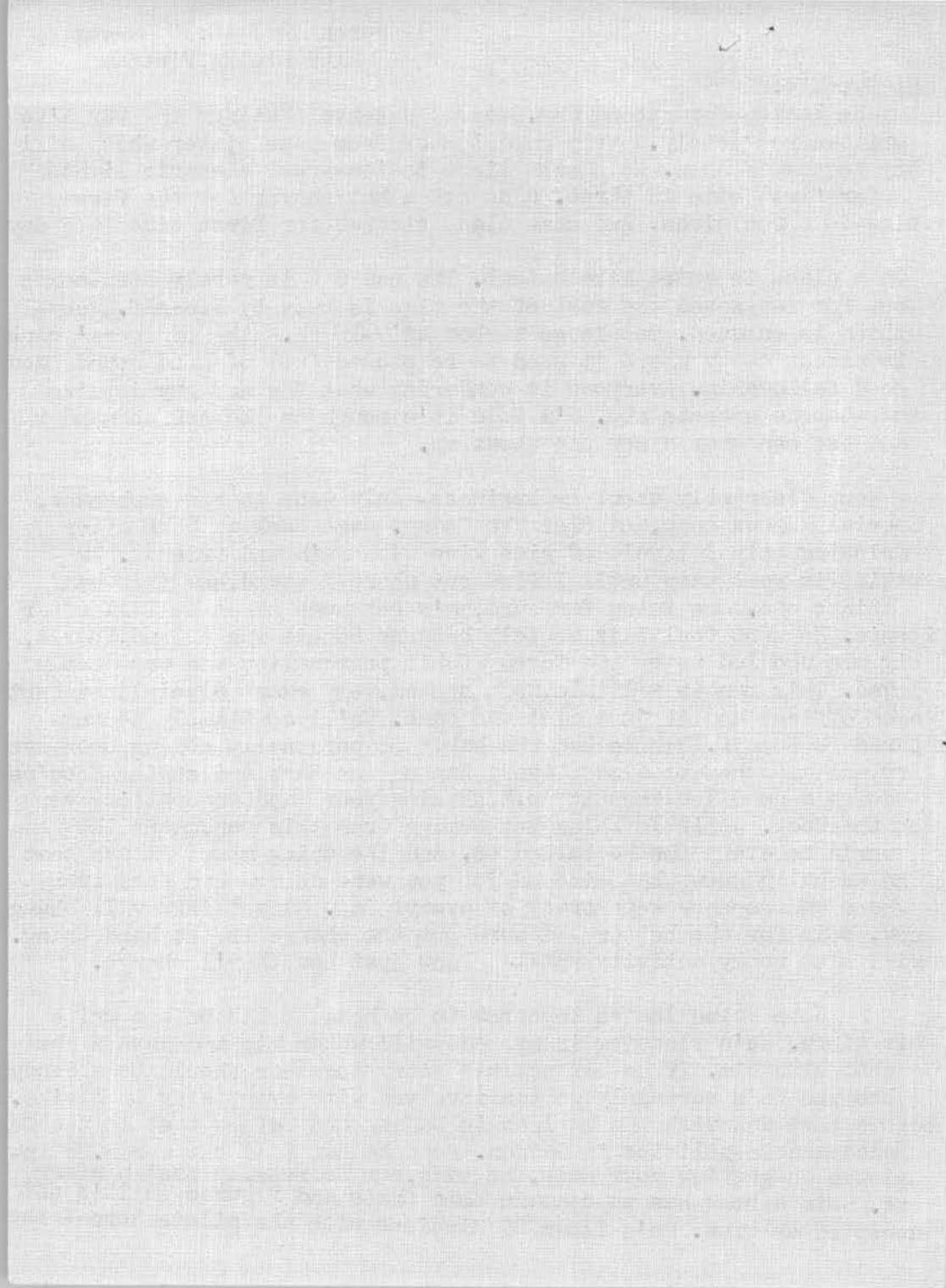
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last one was 3 AM Saturday--a bundle of nerves

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12:30 Monday/YM Morning

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OVER

Am a very lucky man- feel great love and sorrow for men who
have never experienced a love like ours and yet can do the ~~th~~
things they do.

Am very tired again, sweetheart. Love you very much

Hello to the Bonins for me, and thank them for me.

Love You.

Dan

14 March 67
Tues USAF Des Moines
Pleiku V.N
11⁰⁰ AM

Hi Kay,

(40)

4 days 5 letters from you -
know there is an explanation very
simple but miss the letters
none the less. Sat down last nite
to write but was so homesick &
fed up with the whole situation here
didn't feel I'd be doing you any
favours by writing. Feel much
better today so will jot a quick
note now and write a good
letter tonite I hope.

Am horny, lonesome, in love
with you so much at times I
literally ache. My solution

seems to be to bury myself in
the work here and let the
emotions take care of themselves.

Got a very large supply of
Dial soap yesterday from I think
the Brenny's — have already used
 $\frac{1}{3}$ of it on the orphanage. Very
difficult for them to keep clean
since they don't have any water
except what they carry in from
town 2-3 miles away. But they
do a very good job under the
circumstances.

Will cheer up I'm sure when
I hear from you. Hope this isn't
a form of punishment for my
lousy letter writing last week.
We can't afford to punish each

40-2 14 Mar

after with so much distance
between us.

Will be going to lunch now
with my corpsmen. Plan to
go to Phu Bong Boa today
and restart my clinic. Will
write tonite again. Will get
this in mail now before another
24hrs goes by.

Love you very much, Sweetie.
A rough few days but think I'll
come out of it when go to the
village.

Col. Hullet I think will turn
out to be a good one eventually
but it'll take time.

Love, Dan

After you go
to the bank for the
money and get
the money before
it is too late
and get the
money before
it is too late
and get the
money before
it is too late

Have you very much money
to keep for the day but think
it will be a good idea to
keep it for the day

Get the money before
it is too late
and get the
money before
it is too late
and get the
money before
it is too late

15 March 67

MACV
Wed 12⁴⁵ PM (16th)
Pleiku, V.N

(41)

Kay,

Thank you for your very wonderful letters - you really pick me up. Am slowly coming out of my depression now - thanks to you. Things are looking up here more & more. Your very cheerful letters keep coming in and help immensely. We're really two of a kind you know - see myself and visa versa in our letters - (hope you understand that last statement - would take a paragraph to explain it if you don't).

Am full of about 10 cups of coffee so won't even attempt to go to bed - will probably roll around again scratching my mosquito bites all nite. These mosquitoes

are really something. No sound,
you don't even see them but
they're here and raise a large
w~~et~~ when they bite. A different
bunch than the good old noisy
ones back in Minnesota. They
carry beacoup disease also.

Jack Rudy came in to my
room when I'd just laid down
for a nap about 8³⁰ just to
talk a little ^{and} we started drinking
coffee and ice tea, moved over to
the officers club for more coffee
and ice tea and just broke up
our conversation now. Much
politics, describing the various
villages and the men involved.
Who to trust (damn few it turns
out) who's a P.R. man, etc, etc.
Told him frankly that I'm picking
his brains before he leaves. He

^{41 (2)} ^{15 May}
said he was all for it - some-
body has to before he goes and
there are damn few around here
he's willing to pass on information
to. I'm going to be on my own
in a month with only 3 or 4
I can depend on so must get the
scoop about who, why, when, etc
now. There's a bundle of guys
here who love to go out to the
villages taking an arsenal, drink
rice wine, ~~get~~ gawk at the natives,
feed a piece of ass and come back
with a bracelet and tell everyone
what a damned hero they are.
also makes wonderful publicity
back home if they can bring a
reporter out with them. Maybe
even a medal or two if they can

convince the right people they're
doing real good "civic action"
work. Actually they don't really
like the people, can't be depended
on day after day and don't give
a damn for these people's feelings.
One thing these Montagnards are
not - and that's dumb. They can
tell almost immediately who's a
real friend and who's using
them. They're very kind and polite
to everyone who comes but that
doesn't necessarily mean they like
all these people. This war is
based on winning these people's
hearts and loyalty and trust -
and not on how many villages
you visited, how much rice wine
you drink or even how many

41 (3) 15 Mar
sore you healed. Have to be
very careful who I take with
me or I'll start to be identified
with some of these phonies and
then I'm sunk. We reviewed
about 50 of the people who go
out in the village and there are
damned few ~~the~~ Jich could honest-
ly say he'd like to be associated
with. To bad, but the ugly
American really is every where here.
We're so damn sure we have so
much to offer and they have so
little that almost every action
we do tips our hand. As I
learn to know these people, their
beauty sticks out more & more
although they're certainly got
their phonies, etc too of course.

I'll tell you this, I've learned to keep my damned mouth shut before I promise any thing. You know how I usually promise the moon or make wild plans without thinking and then later on find out I can't possibly do it? - Well that stuff don't go here.

Found a 5000# load of tin roofing today - that's really what it weighs - damned near broke the ton & $\frac{1}{2}$ truck I carried it away in. Finally had to get a fork lift to take it off the truck. Have located 2 more of these bundles but will go slowly before I liberate them - they've officially been condemned by the Air Force - too thin or some

4.1 (4) 15 May.
damned thing. Can build a lot
of roofs with this stuff -
encouraging trading material.

Talked with Judge Rudy Tomite
about the legal implications of
trading rice for cross bows -
black market type activity. Even
though it's the right thing to
do for their pride, etc - the rice
I would liberate ~~it~~ is officially
gratis - type and must be given
away - no trading or barter
allowed. If we're going to set
up any crossbow type industry
in these villages will have to be
on a cash basis. Y-O we'll
figure out something. Maybe
CARE packages full of U.S. green
or something. Very complicated as
is every thing else here. Once the

good old U.S government steps
in, and organize things, every thing
gets fucked up. (sorry, my
English is really going to hell -
find myself using Vietnamese,
Bhannar, Jarai and good old
G.I. slang more and more lately)

We had a round eye nurse
in from Cam Khan Bay along
with some specialists today - as
usual they wanted to go out and
look at the natives (really hostile
at this - they think they are going
to some zoo or something I guess)
as a special favor to Dave Delaney
took them out with me to
see this bay with a gash on
his leg - he's all healed up now
and looks good except he's lost

41 (5) 15 Mar

half the muscle in his leg.
Any way they got to see a village
but no bracelets or rice wine.

Am glad no one I knew saw me
parading these characters around
— don't need the reputation as a
P.R. man this early in the game.

Usually try to make it a policy
to go by invitation with some-
thing specific to do there when
I go. So far have managed to
do this.

Am finally feeling sleepy. Will
cash in for the nite. It's
2 AM now and the morning
rolls around very quickly.

Yes by all means ask Grace
to save Lasix samples — she'll

be glad to. Also ask her to
write - or someone to write
once in awhile. Hope ~~that~~ she
got my letter and her jealous
husband didn't get all upset
by another MAN writing her.

The guy at Kellers you're
talking about name's Steve?
- don't remember his last name.
Very good friend.

Will write the Tomnatos,
Bonins, Bob Bonin and
Ivory's soon I promise you
- was going to write but you
know how the day went.

Hope you had fun on your
weekend with the girls - sounds
like you needed that worse than

41 (6) 15 Mar
You've ever needed it.

Mike & Mary Ann sound
discouraged with their new
assignment - don't think they're
going to go any more than the
usual 20 years even if he
continues to go up the ladder.
They're like us - like to settle
down in one place with their
family and put down roots.

Have had the same dream of
nothing with you - not in the
back of a car, but that sounds
like a good idea, too. Let's
see, how long have I been gone?
is it one or two years? Actually
we've been busy enough - both
of us - to make the time go as
fast as possible. Think when

The whole thing is over that
we'll be amazed at just
how fast it did go. Then we'll
resume our old routine and
remember this as some
unbelievable experience that we
read about somewhere. Probably
we'll tell a few favorite stories
no one will believe and
sooner or later even stop telling
those as we get involved in
something else — same-same
internship and medical school
years, and my novitiate year.

Will ^{be} nice to have a record of
these days in our letters so
we can at least assure our-
~~also~~ selves that we actually

41 (7) 15 Mar
did these things together and
didn't just dream them. Don't
think you and I will ever grow
old at the rate we live our
lives - if you do or I do (I'm
more likely to than you) we'll
have to kick each other under
the table as I repeat for the
100th time how I was a hero
or some damned thing, etc.

Read a good book - called The
Red Pony by Steinbeck - one
chapter deals with an old man
who led a wagon train west
40 yrs before and lived day by
day on the glory of his one
year of adventure - same stories
without variation until he died -

a good lesson - an obvious
sign of age. Hope life
doesn't turn off for us like
that - may be our kids
will keep us young. Wheeler
& Ed will never suffer from
being old - just suffer from
being tired and happy and
loved - and probably broke.
They're wonderful people, we're
very lucky to know and have
as friends - damn' rare people
actually - don't think there's
many more like them in this
world. Thank them for me
for all the good they've done
us without ever expecting a
reward. Would like to see their

reaction to ⁴¹ (S) ^{15 Mar} the Montagnards -
they'd probably move their whole
family over here and go native
once they met them. I was
going to end this thing awhile
back - will do so now.

Love you very much - wish
I could vary that a little but
think you know how I feel.
Also I like you, respect you,
feel you're my best friend, need
you - oh hell I don't know
how to say it.

Good nite old buddy,

Love,

Dan.

P.S. I meant that when I said

on page 6-7 about the
year we're living together. Feel
that you're here all the time
with me as I go from place to
place — the day or adventure
isn't really complete till I
get the story told to you at
nite. Same-same our practice
and my day at the B.C.

Will you marry me?

Love

Dan

18 March 67

MACV

4¹⁵ PM

Plister V.N

(42)

Sat

Ni Kay,

It has just dawned on me
that 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ days have gone by and
no letter from me. Am very
sorry. Much news and many
adventures here. Drank green
Champagne till 5 AM (Champagne,
Cream de menthe and brandy) for
St. Patty's day. Have been
sicker than a pup all day today.
Have a date to go out to Plie
for rice wine and a
sacrifice today - will go out
shortly but am beaucoup
sick from last nite and would

rather just ship the whole
damned thing.

Received your beautiful
Case package today. Thank you
There's a trail of pop corn all
the way back to Minneapolis
I'm sure. Your bag of pop corn
broke and a hole developed in
the box - so most of the
pop corn has fallen out on the
way from there to here. Hope
the fish enjoyed it.

Tomorrow promises to be a
much quieter day - will write
a better and longer letter
then - will try to write some
of my adventures for you.

Have had a steady dearthen

42 ② 18 Mar
for the last 3 weeks and am
beginning to lose weight. Will
have to slow down my activities
and smoking or come back skin
and bones.

I thought you'd enjoy this
slide of me out at Plei Wan.
Am trying with investing in a
camera here - will do so either
April or May when I'm past the
hand-to-mouth existence I'm
living now.

Very distressed to know you're
pinched financially. Hope the
tax return gets you out of the
hole.

Love you very much Sweetie,
Will write tomorrow
Love, Dan

P.S a very good picture of
Colleen - and with teeth,
didn't recognize her at first.

Love

Dan

P.S again

Remember our first date in
St. Cloud when I told you what
a rough life it would be
married to me and no soft
touch being a doctor's wife
etc? - Just flashed through
my mind as I was addressing
this thing. I was more accurate
than I thought, wasn't I?

Love
Dan

①

43

18 March 67

Pleiku V.N

1^{AM} Saturday

19^{AM} nite
Sunday AM
MAEV

Hi Kay,

Horrible thing - I forgot Jimmy's birthday - didn't think that would ever happen. Days here run into each other so fast lately that I'm not even aware of what date it is until I sit down & write and put the date up top. Hope he had a good birthday - cake, party and all the trimmings. Dad says he's a good boy - sounds like Megan has some competition for a change. They'll make quite a pair as they get older. Colleen looks very old and mature in her pecture - those new teeth are a riot - are they straight or will she need braces?

was so sick today from
the green booze last nite and
from the GD's that I didn't
go out to ~~the~~ Pili Brel today
- couldn't take another wine
drinking session on top of my
other problems. Hope the people
weren't disappointed or offended.
Slept off 4 or most of the day
between trips to the latrine.
Drank my favorite drug - Pepsi
Cola by the bucket full and
finally got a hamburger and
jello down without barfing
tonite. Feel much better - just
turned down another party at
Peacock (radar site bay - am
getting more and more involved

43 ② 18 Mar
with these people - a great
privilege but hard on the
Constitution. Last nite was invited
to the Air Commandos (C47's
- air reconnaissance - they fly
all over hell, get shot at almost
every time - usually make it
back in one piece somehow). We
lost Major Forrester tonight in
an AIE - down near Cambodia
- a good man. Knew him only
slightly - as time goes on and as
I get to know these men better
I'm sure it will be harder &
harder to adjust to their loss.

The Montagnards have a way of
saying younger brother, brother,
father, etc rather than friend
- our feeling here towards each

other approaches this as time goes on. I mentioned how solicited these men are for each other e.g. when we hospitalize someone he can count on 30+4 visitors a day - no matter if he's an Airman 3rd class or a LT Colonel. Very touching but tough on everyone when we lose a man - needless to say the usual Saturday nite party fizzled badly and the band simply packed up at 10³⁰_{PM} and left.

Thank you very much for your letters - sounds like you had a good weekend - you needed that. We'll have to promise each other to eat regularly and more than we have an appetite

for before ⁴³ the ⁽³⁾ R+R to ^{18 Mar}
Hawaii or we'll be two bony
skeletons in bed and may
hurt each other. Okay? Looks
like we'll have to wait till
Aug-Sept for the R+R. Hawaii
is high priority - almost everyone
wants to go there and as
my DEROS approaches the chances
of my going improves. Will
talk more about this as I
learn more about the politics
involved.

Got 6 large 100# bales of
clothes from Tanson Nhat
Thursday plus 6 bales of medicine
- most of which (the medicine, that
is) I can't use directly but
makes excellent trading material

with our dispensary. Also
acquired 600 sheets of steel
roofing which I can use in
many places. The dispensary
is looking more & more like a
warehouse.

Thanks for your CARE package
- helped morale very much.

The cigars are very much
appreciated - hope this didn't
deplete your bank roll too
much.

Tell Dad that I put to
use the AA material he sent
almost immediately. Have been
talking AA all night over my
Pepsi Cola. Our Chaplain is
coming unglued taking care of

all the ⁴³ (cf) ^{18 Mar} young men with various
members gone over at the 18th
Surg. Young men without arms,
legs, eyes, faces, chest wounds,
stomach wounds, etc are very
hard on a man's constitution to
talk with and help them over
the rough spots. He's done very
well but has only 30 days left
here and is turning more & more
to alcohol to help him adjust
and forget. We put him to bed
at the dispensary yesterday and
somehow he got enough booze to
get plastered tonight. Was so mad
almost went down ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~the~~ ^{tear} into
him but decided it wouldn't help
so put him to sleep - will give
him a shot of booze tomorrow

and have a talk with him
- maybe I can get somewhere
with him that way.

Have two other alcoholics
down there now - one has so
thoroughly soaked his brain that
I'm afraid he's got permanent
damage now. Can't concentrate
or even get oriented half
the time - can't ~~even~~ remember
who he is or where he is some
times - then miraculously clears
up for a few days. Have just
put him to bed in the dispensary,
feed him, water him and give
him chores to do and keep
alcohol away from him. Last
time he went into D.T's but
think he miss ~~it~~ this time -

has been ⁴³over ⁽⁵⁾20 ^{18 Mar}days since
his last drink. Has been to
about 5 AA meetings but really
don't think he has the marbles
left to comprehend what's going
on. Very discouraging & pathetic.

About my adventures. ^{16 Mar}Thursday
afternoon went to orphanage
& brought back Sister Jessel
and 2 boys with the little
girl who's mentally retarded.
Turns out she can't hear a
thing, doesn't have syphilis
and it isn't physically growth-
wise retarded. Nothing we can
do about her but at least we
know that now. May be I'm
repeating myself - seems to me
I either said all this before

or written it. Any way, went
back to orphanage after the
keto and looked over their
well. The Vietnamese contracted
to dig a well for them, got
paid when they hit water at
about 90 feet. Trouble is the
next day it dried up. We'll
never get them back again so
the only thing is for us to dig
it deeper for them. Sakh, myself
and my para rescue men are
going to start next week - sort
of learning by doing - will tell
you about it as we progress.

Took Sakh out to Pleechu
for a beer and conversation.
Told him quite frankly that if
we are going to work together I'd

43 (6) 18 Mar
have to know all about him and
he about me. Explained that 15
men can do the same thing but
for 15 different reasons. Asked
him all about himself and after
5 hours of concentrated talking
- just him and me - feel we
both understand and like one
another very much. As I mentioned
before - have to be very careful
what you say, who you trust,
even who you are seen with in
this very strange land. Things
that appear very innocuous on the
surface or even very noble and
self-less can be ugly and
sinister in reality - at home
I couldn't care less what other
people do or why they do it.

There, if you don't like it, you
can simply ignore it. Not here,
we are all in the soup together
and your business is every body
else's and visa versa. There's an
added attraction also - false
steps have a habit of bouncing
back again & again - every one
has a file on everyone else - either
in their mind or actually
down on paper. A very serious,
and sometimes deadly game.
Saikh, for instance, has a price
on his head and knows it -
a sort of constant awareness
that keeps him on his guard.

His story goes like so - born
near An Khe 23 yrs ago. - orphaned
at 14 yrs old when father, mother
and 2 sisters killed by V.C.

43 (7) 18 Mar
Left for Khontum where he learned
French (the magic door for getting
ahead at that time). Came back
to ~~Khontum~~ An Khe at 16th where
he met a U.S. contractor building
Highway 19 from Qhu Nhon to
Pleekhu. Learned English & Viet-
namese ~~best~~ ^{by} writing down every
word carefully - earned some
money and got some language
books (which he showed me - books
are precious things here - very well
worn - much like Abe Lincoln's
books must have been). He also
picked up Jarai, Sedang, Rhade,
(Mao, Thai) and a few others
just the same way

(Am eating your delicious
shrimp cocktail right now - you're
a doll.)

He ~~is~~ then joined the Montagnard
"mike" force in Plei Me and
took part in that battle 3 yrs ago.
Before that he worked for
Dr. Frayer (a missionary here in
Pleiku) for a year. He's been
working for USAID for 3 yrs
- works for a man named John
Roger who I just talked to
(it's 3 ^{AM} now). Sack belongs to
the Fulrow movement I may have
told you about before. He's also
been called a V.C but doubt
this - John Rogers also doubts
this - trusts him completely.

We got very smashed - ended up
at Sack's house - finally left
at 8³⁰ for home and went
right to bed after eating lobster

43 (8) 18 Mar
- (about 4 wk old lobster, that is
- 4-0, makes us think we're living
anyway).

Yesterday worked the dispensary
- a dermatologist and an ENT
specialist came through and
helped us with our problems.
Unpacked all the medicine
that I told you about - one
large box full of vaginal
suppositories, douche kits, spermicidal
foams, etc. Didn't know what to
do with that so ~~sent~~ brought
it down to the 18th Surg this
morning & presented it to the
nurses as a gift. - Don't know
what their reaction was.

~~that~~ at 10³⁰ PM was going to
go to bed but got invited to
drink green champagne with the

pilots - Couldn't turn that
down especially since it was
St. Pat's day. Have already
described the effects of that.
When you stop to think about
it we've had some very
interesting St. Pat's days together
in our short career as a team,
haven't we? Suspect we'll
always have an adventure or
two around this time. We'll
have some interesting memories
when we enjoy our leisure
at age 65 traveling around
the world - that is, if we ever
get out of hock.

Net the jackpot today - Got
your CARE package, some literature
about AA from Dad, a good
letter from Jim Herd, a letter
from Linda Goye which I haven't

43 (9)

18 Mar

read yet and your three
very good letters. Maybe I
should send you a ~~care~~ CARE
package full of writing paper,
pens, pocket books (I'm
accumulating them from everywhere
— some are very good, too), a
couple Vietnamese baby sitters
— sorry I can't put any
money in there but am short
of that commodity. Maybe by
May I'll be caught up. Check
+ see what is good china for
me to get from Japan or Hong
Kong. Also let me know if
you'd like some bronze wear
— can get them in Bangkok if
you'd like some. Might just as
well make our haul now (actually.

from May on - no money now) while
I'm here in the orient. Also can
get you an opal ring from
Australia for dirt cheap prices
if you'd like - a beautiful
stone. All this will have to
wait.

Can understand why you're
so upset about money. As you
know I didn't get any money
in January, owed \$120.00 from
February and had borrowed
some of the remainder to live
on during ~~Feb.~~ Jan-Feb. Consequently
received only \$90.00 1 March (we
get paid after the month we
work (does that make sense? to you)
Can expect \$200.00 1 April since
I've had to borrow into the next
month again. My! May checks
should be the whole thing
\$295.00 so from then on I'll

be okay ^{43 (10)} and can send money ^{18 Mar}
home to you if you need some.

The cost of living is really
something here. Meals run
to \$4.00 for the day many times
— and lousy food at that. Half
the time can't choke the stuff
down. Everyone has lost weight
here — some as much as 20-30#.

I was doing pretty good in spite
of the smoking until these
darned D's took over — have
started pouring medicine into
just to make the damn
bowels slow down long enough
to absorb some of the nutrition
before it goes on through.
Lomoxil & pargoric is used
almost routinely by many of
the men here. Sad but true —

one of the facts of life here.
Would be so happy to be consti-
gated actually looking forward
to it. No water or electricity
at least half the time and the
dirt is every where. Actually
must sound like I'm complaining
but really am not - one thing
we are and that's safe - a
rare commodity in Viet Nam
- have an almost impregnable
fortress here in MACV with
Army and Air Force and ARVN
camps all around us - would
take one hell of a lucky shot
to hit us and the shell would
probably be spent with the
equipment the V.C has up to
now. The lack of water, good
food, electricity and all minor

43 (11) 18 Mar
in conveniences when ~~all~~ this
major factor is considered.

It's 4 ~~am~~ now, will sleep
in tomorrow but should get
to bed any way.

Love you very much,
Sweetie. Am proud of the
job you're doing there at home
- you keep me going with your
optimism, enthusiasm and
cheerfulness. We make a
pretty damn good team, if I
do say so myself.

Love,

Dan

Monday
20 March 67
MACV
Pleiku VN
1:00
PM

(44) ①
Hi Kay,

Sorry didn't write last nite
— talked again way into the
nite with Jack Rudy. Have
been picking his brains almost
every day to try to learn as much
about these people as I can
before he leaves. He's got less
than one month to go. As I
get to know more & more about
this place am becoming more
& more confused. My initial
impressions have so far all been
correct in essence but the
implications of these I'm only
fully realizing now. I know the
above statement is confusing.

The relationship of Yards to Americans, to Vietnamese, to V.C, to Army is substantially as I stated a month or so ago. One thing I didn't know before is that the Yards are a hell of a lot smarter than any one gives them credit for. a highly organized and determined society with tight discipline and absolute dedication to their leaders.

By sheer dint of Jack Rudy's, Greeks and Pappy Yocum's personality (and there ~~isn't~~ ^{aren't} a hell of a lot of other Air Force or Army men here they'll really be loyal to if the chips are down) they have remained loyal and friendly to us. Greek +

44 (2) 20 Mar
The Judge have been including
me in their discussions more
and more - they say I've made
a favorable impression on the yard
and they consider me a true friend.
Trouble is that Jack is leaving
in a month, Greek leave in 2 days
for a month's leave to Europe
(he extended another 6 mo here so
I'll have his help when he returns
in April). Pappy J. Goaccum left
about 7 mo ago and left a big
hole south of here that I've been
trying to fill. Out of 3000
Air force personnel can't think
of one ~~of~~ other person who is
interested - really - in working
with these people except my

corpsmen, & the para rescue
bunch that I can count on.
We've got maybe 50 other men
who constantly ask to go out
— want to get a bracelet, drink
rice wine, take pictures and
goin at the natives in the zoo.
Once they've been that route
once or twice, lose interest and
never ask again. Am a bit
discouraged. Maybe as time goes
on will find a good troupe or
two who will really help.
Tom Wilson, my roommate, won't
keep his G.I. mouth shut.
insists on talking Vietnamese and
pig-French to these people — doesn't
seem to realize it's like slapping
them in the face. He honestly
thinks he's God's gift to the

44 (3) 20 Mar
Montagnards and Vietnamese.
Greek can't stand the guy, and
after last nite neither can I.
He's promised to build 2 spillways
for the assistant province chief
and ~~get~~ also a community house
for them but doesn't have the
materials cornered ~~at~~ and really
doesn't have the vaguest idea where
he'll get them from. USAID
is about washed up - lousy with
corruption and under investigation
right now. Billions of dollars
have been wasted on corruption
graft, mismanagement, etc and
the Namara & boys are getting
a little nervous with this new
Republican crowd that's just
looking for an issue.

Have to go down to the dispensary and see some patient.
Will talk to you later

6 April 67

— Found this letter finally
— will send it along.

Love

Dan

Monday
20 March 67
Plurkin V.N
MAEV 11⁰⁰ PM

Hi Kay,

(45) (1)

Have a 4 page letter that I
started earlier but left it in
the dispensary so will start over
and may be send them both together
Sat down at 8³⁰ to write but
found out I was out of cigarettes -
stopped by to watch television -
saw Perry Mason show, the Dean
Martin show and the Bob Hope
show (we get them all without
commercials - it's all canned but
very enjoy able - a rare treat here
when we have electricity & the wind
is blowing just right) Here it is
11⁰⁰ PM again and no letter yet.
Got your wonderful letter today -

you really are a nice girl
— sound like you're on a
merry-go-around yourself
— hope you're getting enough
sleep and eating well. Please
do — you've got a big job
to do there.

Am munching on your
sunflower seeds now — a little
bit of home — really a pleasure.
Got a good letter from Mike
& Mary Ann — he sounds a little
like he'd like to be over here
where the action is — maybe it
was a mistake to pass up the
opportunity in spite of the heartache
and trouble his coming back
here would involve.

Thank Weezer for her letter
— as usual now that it's the

45 ② 20 Mar
end of the day have only
enough energy to write you -

Tom sounds like he's walking
his usual rocky road - glad to
see their new boy is doing so
well after all the trouble. Wouldn't
begin to guess from this far away
what's wrong with him. That's
why the Good Lord gave ~~us~~ us
two kidneys, two eyes, etc. Give
them my congratulations for me
please

yesterday went to the orphanage
with my para rescue boys to
deliver a bundle of clothes,
gave two more bundles to the
Special Forces hospital and then
went to Sarah's house for his

birthday party (that's the
third one he's had since I've
known him) Delivered some
steel roofing and a couple
of bottles of cognac and
set him up a dispensary. We
drank beer, cognac and rice
wine until supper time when
Sack and I went to Plicker
for food. Got some very
hot but tasty Chinese chop
suey and chicken & mushrooms
and some egg roll. Those
para rescue men eat like
lumberjacks - cost us 1690
piastres between Sack and
I (that's about \$15.00 American)
We had one hell of a good time
and my men deserved every

but of it. ⁴⁵ (3) Don't ^{so far} know if
I've described these guys to you
before - if I have, I'm sorry
but will do it again. Names
are S/sgt Charley Jenkins,
S/sgt Tom Collins, A1C ^{John} ~~Don~~ Smith,
A2C Ortiz, A2C Dave Berrio &
A2C Dave Sholes, a little Philligino
I can't remember by name and another
big guy whose name escapes me.
— No matter what the project
they're for it. Did an autopsy
for us today on a Montagnard,
set fractures, sew up wounds,
give their own blood when needed
literally - any thing! There's
5 or 6 volunteers for every one
I ask for so they take turns.
Most are 19-21 yrs old and are
the happiest, most polite, considerate

much I've ever seen. But
don't make any mistake. They've
had the following training:
Survival in Alaska, jump
school with the Green Berets,
frog men training to the navy
in San Diego & Florida Keys,
Medic training in Sheppard,
mountain climbing training
in Oregon - each is a volunteer.
Their job is to jump from
helicopters to rescue pilots
shot down - keep him alive
until rescue comes, etc. The
men are young but not
in an obnoxious way - very
happy go lucky, not smug at
all - simply believe in attacking

45 (4) 30 Mar
life and having a hell of a
good time doing it. I can
count on them totally - very loyal
- and the Montagnards take to
them immediately and versa versa.
Like Ortiz said the other day
"I love the shit out of these
people." - profane but says
what he's thinking anyway.

Right now they're all excited
about digging the well for the
orphanage - they keep me on my
toes figuring out things for
them to do - with loyalty and
enthusiasm and good motivation
like that think I'm very fortunate
to have found these guys.

Gravitate to them more and
more - we ate dinner together
again tonite at the Special

Forces mess hall tonight - left
about 8⁰⁰ to come home. Have
a ball with these guys every
time I'm with them. Am the
only "straight leg" in the joint
but no one seems to mind.

By the way, the pilot we
"lost" was not Major Dorrester
but Mike Dugan and my
para rescue boys dug him out
of the Cambodia jungles after
he'd been there all night. He's
safe & sound back here in
Pleiku again without a scratch
except maybe for a few on his
psyche. Don't have to ask
him what he thinks of the
para rescue men. By the way,
there are only 50 of these guys
in all of Vietnam and Danang

45 (B) 20 Mar
few replacements for them in
the states if they're lost.
Ordinarily they jump 2-3 times
a week just for the exercise
but are forbidden to jump except
on a mission over here because
they're so scarce. Consequently
they sought me out to keep
them busy between plane crashes.

Another bit of news - we've
had rain - brief but beautiful
two days in a row. Everyone
just stood out in it and got
soaked - no more dust to eat
and breathe for awhile! After
a few months they tell me we'll
be up to our knees in mud but
right now that rain was
beautiful.

Wlezer wrote a great letter
again today. Really love her
and appreciate her news. Thank
her for me and I will write
her & Ed when things slow
down a bit. Owe the
following people a letter:

- ① Wlezer & Ed
- ② Jerry's
- ③ The folks
- ④ Tomastos
- ⑤ Mike & Mary Ann
- ⑥ Linda Frye
- ⑦ Jim Herd

Don't know when I'll get
to all of these - I hope this
week - am on call on the
weekend and may be then will
get to them.

Am anxious to see pictures
of the kids and see how they are

45 (6) 20 Mar
changed. Also one of you so
I can look you over a little.
Hope you're not as stawny as
you were after that Montgomery
bit. Don't worry too much about
the quality of the pictures - I
couldn't care less.

Jinda Frye writes faithfully
every week in spite of the
fact I've only written her
a short note in answer to
her first.

Will dash off a note to
her before going to bed. No
word from the clinic - am
disappointed.

Love you sweetie,

Dan

thoughtful - when you are
in a room for the first time
you are often that thoughtful
but don't know the mind about
the quality of the person
Catherine is a very
kind and very intelligent
person and in spite of this
fact she very much likes
to be in a room as much as
possible.

But she is off in a moment
and before you get to bed
she has the whole room
in a state of confusion
and the room is a
mess.

Hi Kay

(46)

10³⁰ PM Tuesday
MAEV.
Pluhm V.N.
20 March 67

Had a good day today.
Worked the dispensary till 3⁰⁰ to
4⁰⁰ PM then went back to Pleei
Brel with Jack Rudy and
drank beaucoup mumpai (rice
wine) and got lu mut (very drunk)
- Sorry, revert to the vernacular
when I've had a few. Jack and
I got back at MAEV (sort of)
after running 2 batochades +
getting stopped by the KP's for
not putting our lights out when
we approached the gate. Finally
found an au ya drow (doctor)
at Pleei Brel and dumped all the
medicine I had in his lap to
his amazement. Have been looking

for him for a long time.
His name's Bing - a young
man - no mask, etc like I
imagined. He's going into
Peking every day on his time
off to learn medicine from
some Montagnard doctor. We
bust it off very well and drank
level after level of rice wine
with him. May be now I can
work like I want - teach him
all I know and help him when
he has someone really sick.
Looks good - hope I'm not
too optimistic. May be you
can tell from my handwriting
- have had beaucoup numpai
and am must ~~at~~ al - Sorry
about that - Y/O.

46 (3) 21 Mar

Have looked every where for
that very serious letter I
started yesterday - correction
Sunday mite but didn't
finish - would like to find
because expressed a few opinions
that I'm in no shape to
repeat right now. Don't
enjoy being pessimistic about
the same thing twice in a
row - if you say any
prayers for us over here
and knowing you - I'm
sure you do - please prayer
that someone will show up
to replace Peggy Yascum, Greek
and Jack Rudy so I can
work with him - need a

good solid trauma very
badly -

Went to Dr. Sullivan's
~~the~~ house tonight with Jim
Martin (before I went to
Plei Borel - I was sober then)
and talked ~~AA~~ with him &
Martin by my side. He'd
sobered up for three days
and was no longer remorseful
and didn't buy a damned
thing we said. Y-O. At least

he's heard my opinion and
someday when he's hit his
low may be what I said
will ~~see~~ occur to him again.

Am sorry that I'm in
such shape as I'm in -

46 (3) 21 Mar
will write a very considerate,
peaceful letter tomorrow.
Wanted to write now so
you'd get something from me
in the mail instead of missing
another day.

Love you very much, doll.
Just wish you were here to
see and enjoy some of the
people and experiences I'm
involved with. Know how you'd
react already — you'd love
these montagnards I'm sure.

Good-nite sweetheart,
See you in AM

Dan.

10⁰⁰ PM

MAEV

Pleiku V. N

22 March 67
Wednesday

(47)

Ni Kay,

Just read your very good letter from last Thursday - the note of Jimmy's birthday. You're getting very good at writing down your thoughts - appreciated your comments about the divorced men, their values, etc. - will comment on these later.

Things really sound hectic there at home - hope things calm down a little for you soon - would like to see you get more sleep.

Have had a very exhausting 24 hrs emotionally and no-sleep-wise. After I wrote you last night went to bed as I said I was going to do. Was awakened at 1⁰⁰ PM by

an urgent call for blood donors
at the 18th Surg - type A neg
- my type. Was irritated and
damned near didn't go but
finally did and received the
most moving, horrifying (can't
really describe adequately how I
felt) experience of my young life.

25 men literally lying in pieces
from bullet wounds (these are NOT
just bullet holes - the weapons
now a days make a small hole
on entry but ~~little~~ literally
blow out the whole other side
of the limb on exit.) One 2nd
Lt - a co pilot on a rescue helicopter
has six shattered areas on his
leg alone which made literally
flakes out of the bone with
handfuls of devitalized dead muscle

47 22 Mar
hanging out of the hole (hole is big as
part of his Rt eye shot away) plus 4 feet
his nose shredded and his
chin cut wide open. 25 men like
this — and not one sound of
pain from anyone in spite of the
fact no morphine or demerol
were used at any time during the
rite. They simply waiting patiently
for their turn in the operating
room — glad to be alive. The
3rd Lt I mentioned was the only
man out of 15 on the helicopter
who was still alive. One whole
company — about 100 men — had only
2 left that hadn't been wounded.
That word wounded had better be
changed — shattered is a better
word. Instead of giving blood
spent the whole rite till 8th

This morning scrubbed in in surgery trying not to get in the way, etc. And this goes on nite after nite. More than could wait long enough to get to Orbi Thon last nite were shipped out but the remaining 15 or so that would have died in route kept every one and every operating room going until about 2 PM today. Another load came in about 5 PM to nite and one tempted to go back down again to nite.

Had to quit this morning to work the dispensary which really seems tame in comparison. Charley Brown (the orthoped at 18th Surg) and McDonnell (another orthoped) are walking zombies.

47 (2) 22 MAR
- have been going at this pace
day in & day out since Tet
- they have no doubt that a war
is going on. Actually it's my
first real look at the horrors
of war - takes it out of the
theoretical sphere right now.

When they say only 15 wounded
from now on I'll find it hard
to look at that as just an
interesting statistic - wounded
same - same blown to bits but
still alive. Thank you Lyndon
Johnson & Robert Kennedy ^{company} for
stopping the bombing of North
Viet Nam & the truce of over
Tet so the V.C. could build
up enough strength to pick hell
out of us out west of here.
All respects to J.F.K. but I think

his brother is some kind of a
nut.

Got 13 pair of small
Combat boots, some more
socks and shirts and
about 30 folding camp beds
— have a little to about
500 more sheets of roofing
tin and maybe 500 more of
the folding beds. Instead of
going out to the village today
merely went around collecting
materials to use. Supplies
continue to come in miraculously
— but haven't received the boxes
from home except you CAR
package, soap from the Brenny's
and one package of soap from
the folks. Sweetie, don't
really have the energy to
write all the people I owe letters

47 ☺ 22 Mar
to - hope they understand. The
hours and days crowd in on
each other - average 4-5 hrs
of sleep a nite lately, nap
when I can but am over my
head in activities - many of
which I've instigated and
must see through. Great
enthusiasm building up around
me here but somehow have
gotten into the center of the
storm and unless I move,
nothing gets done. Jack Rudy
same - same. Get 5-10 requests
from people a day to help me
but they seem unable to
move by themselves. May be as
time goes on they'll be able
to take their own head and
go off by themselves. Miss
Breck already. By the way

Greek is not a shady
character at all - works as
a radar man who directs
the pilots in and out of
this area and directs them to
their strikes. Works all night
on the scope until 7³⁰ AM from
10^{PM} 7 days a week - during
the day goes out in the villages
and works like hell. If that's
shady then would be proud
to be called shady myself.

And this dancing with Greek
everyone shakes their heads
about consists of that wild
Zorka the Greek dance to the
tune of "When She's Coming Around
the Mountain" with a Rachelle-
type beat - what do you think
I'm doing? hugging the big

47 (3) 22 Mar
slob - give me a little credit.
I happen to like to dance fast
and we're in a little short supply
of women as you may know.

These divorced men you take
exception to are indeed different
men - driven by God-knows-what
to get this war done the best
way they know how. It's either
lie down and play dead here
or live the life and they're
aren't many here who aren't
working like hell in one way or
another. Perhaps they're not
too interested in my kind of activity
but there's an intensity to their
work (every one here works 10-15
7 days a week
hrs a day out of sheer desire
to keep busy) that's comparable
only to internship year. Accounts

for all the drinking, wild
parties (for instance, they're
bombing 5-10 miles away,
can see the flashes from here
~~but~~ and hear the noise - but
25 feet from me there's a
wild rock and roll band
blaring away loud as hell
and a wild party going on
for the men off duty - and
this is Wednesday nite.) Can't
adequately describe the constant
Kraion people are under here
- only way to have you understand
would be to have you here
and witness it. Everyone over-
reacts - and by the same token
men who were previously Casper
with froasts find themselves often

47 © 22 Mar
here and become lions and
in many cases super men. Also
have quite a few who come
unglued as did Ft. Sullivan
the other nite. Many of the
young airmen are completely
befuddled and I spend long
hours with them trying to make
some sense out of the situation for
them. — and we aren't even getting
shot at. Imagine these kids
I saw last nite — many will
never walk or use their arms
or eyes, etc again — 18, 19, 20
yrs old.

Now back to those divorced
men — many of these men finally
"found" themselves in the cockpit
of a plane — no meaning to life

for them before this. In
many cases they became so
wrapped up in their flying and
worship of danger and war that
they ignored or forgot their
primary duties. On the other
hand their wives were very often
unable or unwilling to understand
how this life fulfilled these men
and spent considerable time
pulling and dragging them away
from what they considered a
threat to them, instead of
seeking to understand that they
could have had their husband and
a home and family but it
wouldn't necessarily be absolutely
on the terms they wanted him.

Same same you've adjusted

47
Beautifully (2) to ^{22 Mar} my hours in
practice and to this lovely
(but really, in a way, the
greatest experience you and I
will ever have) situation we're
in now. Like Bill Kresel said,
"I hope you're not treating this
Viet Nam thing as some sort
of tragedy." There's no reason
life can't be lived to it's
fullest and still have a family,
moral values, love, friends, etc.
They don't necessarily cancel
each other out if the married
couple work at it 50-50 (or
90-90 as the case may be) and
seek compromises.

Really don't think you'd
be happy ~~see~~ seeing me sit
on my dead butt for a year

and you know how proud
and happy I am ~~at~~ the
way you're attaching your
situation. By the way -
weighed myself and I'm 148#
- how about that! And that
was while I had the shit
too - have finally cleared up
temporarily.

About these men again -
yet, they've buried themselves
in their work - but usually
after and during the time
when every thing was falling
apart at home. Some men
won't even open their mail
here - it's all full of hearts and
flowers, reexaminations, tears,
tale of woe and page after.

page of hate and jealousy
about the man's work he's
trying to do. Again can't
adequately describe the nobility
of some of these men in many
ways - and yet the almost
callous way they describe that
"hitch" back home, their many
set adventures ~~in~~ all over the
Orient, etc. Would be a great
mistake for me to buy all
their values, but an equally
great mistake and injustice to
ignore their almost casual
daily heroism and nobility in
the many honestly beautiful
things they do for each other
and for the people of Viet
Nam daily. The American is

a great mystery when
you distill out all the pithiness
in the states and his qualities
and obvious vices stand glaringly
in the spotlight here in Viet
Nam and, I suspect, in other
Wars. And no one is as mystified
as the man doing these things
himself.

Enough said. Read over
this bit and sound like I'm
mad at you - am really not,
Sweetie - just get a little
heated at times - frustrated
at my inability to convey
to you just what goes on here.
I'm not intending to make
this a way of life and will
gladly return to our nice

47 (9) 22 Mar
family and practise and
adjust to the life again
(altho I may be a bit antsy
for awhile and you'll have to
understand - same - same after
internship). But don't plan to
sit on my ass here either as
I mentioned before, counting
the days till I get back. Can't
live that way and neither.
Can you, Sweetie, or I miss
my guess.

Have been looking all over
for that serious letter I
wrote the other nite - don't
think I can reproduce it -
was just a mood that Jack
Rudy and I got in that I
recorded. Hope I can find it.

Hope Racla gets over her
pneumonia - can just see her
now - Kiss her for me and
give her a big hug. She's
such a doll. Thanks Ed for
felling in for me - don't know
what we'd do without that
group - Ed, Weezer & and the
kids are just like their parent.
Thanks very much.

Am beat, sweetie - no
sleep last nite. Will try to
get some tonite but may
wander down to the 18th St
if it gets rough again.

Read Shane today in my
spare time - cover-to-cover
- must be learning a little

47 (10) 22 Mar

Speed reading myself - or
is it the adrenalin? A
beautiful story - again would
recommend it highly.

Love you sweetie - I
do open your mail and read
it hungrily 3 or 4 times each
one. Thank you for understanding
your screwy husband even
though he does run off at the
mouth.

Good nite,

Dan

MAEV
12⁰⁰ midnite
Pleiku VN
Holy Thursday
23 March 67

Hi Kay,

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Will make this short tonight.
- had a long discussion with
Jack Rudy & Col Dayal - again
politics in this area - very
complicated - may have to
relate this to you some other
time - have had about 7 beers
and am again very tired. Don't
know if I can adequately
convey my thoughts about this
area and do it justice - very,
very complicated and devious - no
rules at home to follow - a life
and death situation and the
rules necessarily change when

The stakes are that high.

Spent a quiet and frustrating day at the dispensary - am anxious to get back to the villages again and pick up where we left off way back on Sunday - Monday. Saikh hasn't been seen since I saw him last - have to look for him tomorrow and get him on our side again if that's his trouble. Has been exposed to too many phoney Americans - my roommate included.

No letters today but got a package of savonard soap from 5009 Windsor Ave, Edina Minnesota 55436 whoever that is. If you know, please tell

me and I'll ⁴⁸ send ² a ²³ personal
thank you note. Very thoughtful.
Tell them I'll use it tomorrow
for sure.

Love you very much, sweetie,
Am frustrated after my experience
at the 18th Surg taking care
of headaches, etc, sores and
sore throats when I'm surrounded
by fantastically more meaningful
and important things.

Talk to you tomorrow
when am in better ~~to~~ mood.

The "Saigon Warriors" have
been here all week - inspecting,
criticizing and, in general, ruining
the esprit de corps of the men

really fighting this fucking
war while they stand around
and criticize and get their
medals, etc. If they want
to observe, they should spend
a nite at the 18th Surg and
see what the whole thing is
all about. Enough said.

Love you,

Dan

①

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Easter Sunday
26 March P. Clerk V.
MAA V 11:00 PM

Hi sweetie,

Got 4 wonderful, fun letters today after another 4 day dry spell. What a riot. Laughed out loud at a number of things. Especially that comment of Bill's about him being one of a kind. - he sure is. Can see that St Patrick's day party vividly - all the pious fearful (to me) Catholics sitting around and carefully watching each word they said so as not to offend - and yet being just liberal enough so they don't appear to be behind the times. And John Hyne beating his private little civil rights drum out of his Northern - I know what's best for the South - attitude. If this Air Force hasn't taught me anything else, I hope I've learned that no opinion is really valid until the issue has been studied from all sides. That Fletcher is right - the only absolute principle or law is love - any conclusion drawn from that

cannot in any way be expressed as a law
but only a very gray decision, open to question,
about the particular problem at hand. Enough
said. Am running into some very pious
God fearing and fearful people even here - and
they send a shiver down to my back. Holy
people without a sense of humor make me
sick.

Thanks to every one for the soap - please
send a list of names, addresses, etc that
sent them and I'll get a card of thanks
off to them sometime.

Yes I received your beautiful CARE package
- we used part of the candy to fill Easter
baskets for the orphans today - couldn't make
it down myself - was on call - but I
understand they had a great time. The new
Colonel and Gen Van Lee (II Corp Commander)
and all kinds of photographers were there - a
big celebration and dedication of the orphanage.

Couldn't find any chicken for them so got
a pilot friend of mine by name of Jim Martin
to get me some ham — they had enough
to go around at least — wish we could have
gotten chicken. — Anyway guess everyone got enough
to eat. Got cold water thrown on my well
digging project — forbidden to go down & dig
~~and~~ even though these are the only wells that
work — the pump type always break down.
The Vietnamese & Montagnards prefer the dug
type because they last forever — Seth has
dug them as deep as 180 feet — goes down by
rope and pulls the dirt up by buckets.
No sweat. Will get Sgt Wall out there
tomorrow and see if he can figure out another
way to do it. I delved Wall's wife in
Sheppard last October so he owes me a favor.

Don't I even think about sex!!/5 Wow!
Yea I consider it every now and then. You
spoiled me rotten, sweetie. Actually part of
the reason I trip out to the villages, etc is

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that I'm so exhausted when I get
back and write you I'm too tired to
do any thing but sleep. Have been on call
today and yesterday and have been hornier
than hell. Read all my journals way back
to January so am a bit tired - the alcohol
supply keeps pouring in so have to do
something with it.

Happy Easter sweetie - the strangest one
I'll have for a long time. Didn't even make
it to mass. Got so involved at the
dispensary and wandering around gathering
this and that, missed the \$1600 Mass
- was hung up in the dispensary all
morning so missed those masses, too. Can't
charge all over the city looking for masses
here - if you miss it, you miss it and
that's all she wrote. Will go tomorrow
maybe.

One Fr. Sullivan made his first AA

meeting last nite, ^{26 Mar} believe it or not.

Don't think he's convinced but at least he's exposed to the message. Will tell you about him some other time. He leaves shortly so don't know how much will stick.

Just found Grace's 2nd letter dated 14 Feb 67 — was in among my journals which I've been stacking for that long. She must think I'm pretty ungrateful — will have to write her soon.

Actually, the days are flying by — just dawned on me haven't written you in 2 days either. Am talking to you all the time — just assume I've written you, I guess. Weekends are all screwed up around here — 48 hrs of call — not bad call — but lousy hours so I don't know what day it is half the time.

Worry about Kaia — probably wouldn't

if I ~~was~~^{were} there and could do something
about her. What's wrong with her ears
— ask Bob sometime what he thinks about
her hearing & whether she needs her tonsils
out — don't bug him but if you
happen to be talking to him mention that
I'm wondering about it. Hope her lungs
are all cleared up by now.

Thank Don Woodley for the joke. Tell
him I don't consider that a letter and
won't write till he does.

Thought your 19th March letter sounded
sort of odd — turns out you were plastered
on Bicardis. That party sounded like fun
— will have to make that a tradition — next
time I'll be there.

Hope you realize that the last picture
I have of any of the kids or yourself are the
ones I took last Christmas — come on, I want

49 (4)

24 Mar

recognize any of them at this rate. Jimmy will have a beard by the time I find out what he looks like. Sorry to bitch, probably the next letter will have pictures in it. That's why I left the camera at home.

Sorry you don't like my f---ing language lady, but when I get a few drinks into me I revert to the vernacular here. Officers are no different than a woman when it comes ~~to~~ to language. Ask Ed. It goes with the filth, the gun fire, the mortars, the f---ing food, no water, no women to tone up our conversation, etc. Seems to be a universal outlet. Right now am very sober so remember what a lace curtain Irish gal you are and ~~try~~ try very hard to ~~ff~~ keep my f---ing language clean.

Would like the Erich Fromm book very much — most of the books here are anthologies, Westerns, mysteries, an occasional Steinbeck, etc more Westerns and mysteries and many, many naked women-type magazines. As I mentioned

earlier, this is no place for a lady. Fun
for most of the people here is going to
town and getting laid or drunk or both.
I know because I take care of their busted
heads and cuts & bruises that nite and
their clap (G.C.) 3 days later. If you
think I'm noble going out to the villages,
forget it - keeps me busy and very tired
at the end of the day.

Have the following items in my various
storage places: ① $\frac{1}{2}$ case of Supp hose - size
8 $\frac{1}{2}$
- very good trading items
still

② About 30 boxes of Dr.
Scholls sock (6 to a box)
all sizes from 10 - 13

③ a box full of discarded
fatigues - all 5 sizes too
big for any montagnard

④ 2 cases of tooth paste - tooth
brushes & soap - this I can
use directly

⑤ A large ⁴¹box of ^{26 Mar}various kinds of soap from the kind people in Enple - This I also use constantly

⑥ The remnants of 100 pounds of ham - we used most of this at orphanage today

⑦ about 30 army cots (had a line on 1000 of them but had no place to store them - so lost them)

⑧ 15 pair of jungle boots - beautiful but the smallest is size 6 and the average MALE Montagnard wears size 3-5. Have a whole bunch more sizes 11-13 but can't use.

⑨ About 25 shirts - various sizes - all too big.

⑩ One more 100 pound bundle of Catholic relief clothing

⑪ 15 cases of dried milk

⑫ 2 100# bag of corn

⑬ 4 cases of cooking oil

- ⑭ 15 bags of corn flour 100#/per
- ⑮ And a partridge in a pear tree!
- ⑯ 3 large cans of Vietnamese ~~sand~~
candy
- ⑰ 3 cases of cough syrup 4oz bottle
- ⑱ 2 cases of tetracycline syrup 4oz bottles
- ⑲ An aching back from lifting all this junk
- ⑳ About 200 pieces of condemned Air Force roofing steel, corrugated (about $2\frac{1}{2}$ tons worth)
- ㉑ 2 bicycles - all broken up in parts and need Ed to come over here and put the damn things together - will give them to my interpreters because the Vietnamese just dismantled ~~the~~ their motor cycles

㉒ And I even have some medicine.

That's the inventory for today - it changes from day to day as I distribute what I have and receive (scrounge is the word) things

from various sources. 26 Mar

Thank for the recipe for making soap
— will see if the necessary materials
can be scrounged — I'm sure there's a
way. May drop medicine entirely when I
get back home and go into the wholesale
business or something

(23) Forgot to mention the bucket, winch
for a well, pipe, cement, boards for
an A frame (whatever that is) and the
rope that we scrounged from here &
there for our aborted well plan.

"Say Kay" — we are on MEDICARE, remember?
The Great Society takes care of all our
medical problems while I'm over here
protecting you civilians — Seriously — we
pay only the 1st \$25.00 and then fill out
a bunch of papers and the Government takes
care of all the rest — That's the hospital
plan. Don't think we'll have a problem with

the clinic. Think I've gone over this with you before. If you're still mystified, ask Will & Youngquist about it and he'll be able to straighten it all out, I'm sure.

Just checked my resources. And I have \$6.00 MPC's (military paper certificates - did I tell you it's unlawful to carry U.S. green or change in this country?) and 220 piastres (otherwise known as Dong) A \$1.00 MPC is worth about 80 piastres (depending who you trade with - we aren't allowed to use MPC's anywhere but on the base and are rationed as to the amount of piastres we can carry at one time - an attempt to restrict our flooding the economy with purchases, etc.). Think I can hang on till the end of the month at which time I get \$200.00 !! By May should get my first complete pay check of \$295.00. It's these cigars and cigarettes and occasional

Things like ⁴⁹ 40 ⁷ wash basins for the ^{26 Mar}
orphanage that dip into my little treasure
— write this off as my contribution to the
Church — and curse my luck that I couldn't
figure out a way to scrounge the stuff
for free.

Did I also tell you that booze is
rationed? We haven't seen a bottle of
bourbon since we arrived in Viet Nam? That
beer comes from Korea unless you get lucky
and get your ration of 2 cases the day it
arrives? However — if you know the right
people and have something to trade — can
miraculously come up with a case of U.S. beer
etc from time to time. Think if I could
get my hands on a case of bourbon could
trade it for the mortgage on the whole
Pleiku ~~the~~ Air base. Now that's a thought....

Don't sweat the Easter box (or as we
say here, "don't sweat the small shit") — got

your 4 wonderful letters today which
made up for all the others very nicely.

Also got a beautiful letter from Weezer.
apologize for me for not writing ~~her~~
her, please. Share this letter with them
if you want - they're part of our family
any way like no one else is.

That quote you made from Fr. Gallatin
is beautiful. Think it really applies - you
know - some times we talk more to each other
in these letters than we ever did when we
were together - think we're learning something
about each other this way. I know I've
come to admire - yes, I think that's the word -
admire you more & ~~and~~ more as I read your
letters. You're quite a gal. I'm proud as
hell of you. I already loved you as much
as I could, but think this adds a new
depth to my love for you. You're a damn nice

girl - I think I'm ^{26 Mar} in love, by golly.
Let's play under the sheets on our P + R,
okay?

That'll be all for tonight from
Windy Conlon

Love you sweetie

Dan

HI COLLEEN - you LOOK NICE
WITH TEETH. YOU'RE REALLY
A BIG GIRL, AREN'T YOU?
AM PROUD OF YOU SWEETIE.
LOVE, DADDY.

HI KAELE
- GET LOTS OF REST AND
EAT AND DRINK REAL GOOD SO
YOU'LL GET STRONG AND
BUBBLY AGAIN. THAT'S THE GIRL.
LOVE YOU,
DADDY

HI ERIN

MOM SAYS YOU'RE REAL
HAPPY AND GOOD. KEEP SMILING
AND PRAYING FOR ME.

LOVE, DADDY

HI MEGAN

PUT UP YOUR DUKES!
DOES JIMMY WALK YET?
HE'S FUN, ISN'T HE?

LOVE, DADDY

HI JIMMY

YOU'RE THE MAN OF THE
HOUSE. DON'T LET ALL THOSE
WOMEN GET YOU DOWN, OL BUDDY

LOVE

DADDY

28 March 67

10⁰⁰ PM Tuesday

(50)

Dispensary
"Kent City"
Pleiku V.N.

Hi Kay,

By the time I sat down to write tonight was 2⁰⁰ AM and fell asleep. Long day yesterday. Many things. Will list briefly then sign off & write better tonight.

Started day by working dispensary is usual - are seeing nearly 70 a morning now versus about 40 usually when got here. Our census is well over 3000 now - was 2100 when I arrived in January. Got a new Dr. in yesterday. A Kent Cowles, interned at Orange County, one yr of surgery residency at Long Beach VA Hospital. Seems like a good guy - maybe can get him interested in the villagers.

Got out at 4⁴⁵ PM after a lot of mucky mouse - took Cowles to me - went to Pleiku & some Vietnamese, then Pleiku Rho, then Plei Brel

— quick stops mostly to get him exposed
as rapidly as possible to the sights. Then
went off to Officers' Club where I blew
my little supply of money on getting Jack
Rudy smashed as a partying shot. He left
for Hong Kong today. Leaves for good on
the 10th April. It paid off. Jack started
telling me a very interesting story about
his adventures Easter Sunday and all
nite Sunday - Monday. Will give it in
detail tonight. Then a group gathered
around and both of us (with help of
booze) talked till about 11³⁰ PM about the
Montagnards, how to behave, etc. First time
to my knowledge either of us has opened
up in public about them. Jack plans
to lecture when he gets back to States
— he'll do a good job.

Then took the new doctor back
to his quarters in Tent City —

stopped after that at ^{50-2 2800} 18th Surg where
helped take care of: ① 7 1/2 boy with
bullet lodged in his head ② a Montagnard
with a bullet in abdomen. Went to
Special Forces where saw a few more
wounds (menor like fingers shot off, scrapnel
wounds in stomach, etc). Was so
wound up by then - just sat and watched
the nightly poker game (as much as
300 dollars in pot at one time) till relaxed
enough to go to bed. The pace here is
really something - the initial quiet that
was here when the new Commander arrived
has begun to disappear and people are
more open & relaxed? than before. A happy
group again. Holler is no Bonneau but
he's a leader none the less with an easy
going sense of humor & a mind like a steel
trap.

Will close now & get this into the mail

Love you very much.

Love,

Ann

(51)

wed 29 March 67
Pleiku-V. N
MACEV
11³⁰ PM again

Hi Kay,

Got a wonderful letter from you again today after a two day dry spell - know how tired you must be after all your many activities and appreciate your staying awake to write such a long letter. Haven't been that good myself - got in at 2 AM this morning and fell asleep rather than write. Broke off all talk and parties tonight to be sure to write.

Eat a large Cricket or Cock-roach
or some damn thing tonight - eyes,
wings, feet, soft mushy body and
all and washed it down with
lot of rice wine - after turning
down the second one, I then
proceeded to eat pigs intestines
stuffed with Lord-knows-what and

again washed that down with
rice wine. And I didn't vary
for a change - wonder what my
dreams will be like tonight.

Wouldn't have eaten the damned
things but they are obviously a
delicacy here and were offered
to me as a special favor. Think
I may have lost a few of my
helpers tonight though - they can't
seem to stomach the food - actually
I still don't like it but it
would be a great insult not to eat
it. My stomach is so screwed
up now, a few crickets and pep
intestines aren't going to make that
much difference. Smelly (para rescue
man) was chomping on the intestines
and asked me what they were
- I told him to swallow it and
then I'd tell him. After he did

and found out ⁵¹ - that ^{29 Mar} was all
he could take - looked a little
pale-green for awhile - but give
him credit - he kept it down too.

That grilled cheese sandwich &
coke tonite when I got back
tasted pretty damn good, though
greasy and stale as it was.

My diarrhea has left me! -

Five days of bliss - a lousy subject
to discuss but here it's headlines.

Enough of that, if you don't
mind will discuss my itinerary
for the last few days and nites
- sort of diary style. Wrote you
Tuesday AM I think, a short note
about Monday nite - about how
Jack & I held forth for hours
in a sort of question and answer
session for a lot of new pilots
coming in. Actually it started

but with me giving Jack a
private little goodbye party -
we both got pretty loose in the
process and the questions from
these guys were all we needed
to prime the pump. Before that
Jack told me how he was taken
by the Montagnards out west
of here about 10 miles Easter
Sunday - 35 men - all chiefs
of the various villages north
and west of us sat around telling
stories from about 4 PM till
3 AM Sunday morning - and the
stories were a recitation of all
the things Jack has done since
he got here. They told the stories
as if Jack wasn't even in the
room - some by song, some
spoken - all in pantomime with

the chief ⁽³⁾ changing ^{29 Mar} roles back & forth as he told the story. Jack had forgotten most of these things - stories about how he'd helped a man fix a fence, how he'd picked up a boy and taken him home in the driving rain, and on & on.

Finally the chief of the whole area got up and walked over to Jack, took off his own special Montagnard jacket and pulled it down over Jack's head. So doing, he stated that wherever in Viet Nam Jack goes and there is a Montagnard present - he will know that this is Jack Rudy and a great friend and special chief of all the Javai - as long as he wears this jacket. And all Montagnards will know that they must protect and love this man as a great friend and chief of the Javai. Don't know what

this story does to you, but if
the same thing happened to me
it would be worth any damn
medal Uncle Sam could pass
out — I got goose pimples hearing
this story and I've got them
again telling it.

Tuesday worked the dispensary
and ran the new doctor out to
the Special Force hospital for him
to meet Brent Burgoine (hope I've
mentioned him before). Brent showed
him around his dispensary and
hospital with me in tow (also
fed us a free meal — good thing
because I'm flat broke) About
4³⁰_{pm} went down to flight line and
found the "missing" load of
supplies that came in from
Ton Son Nhut for civic action — and
no one knew they had come in

- just happened ⁵¹ to hear ^{29 Mar} about it.
from the grapevine we have going
here. The 1st Lt. who was supposed
to know about it hadn't even
heard there was a load - am begin-
ning to believe all the stories I've
heard about 1st Lt's. Then he

promised me his 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ton truck to
pick it up (by hand 4910# of
clothes, food, salad oil, etc) and
forgot to put the key in it. Then
he couldn't decide where to put it.

By then I was so mad - got my
para rescue men together and went
over with our pickup and got
my share (roughly a fourth) and
stored it in my private hiding
places → left the rest right
where I found it - it can rot
there for all I care. Will think
better of it later I'm sure - will

tell some of the other troops
about it later and they can
go get their share. There's
a bunch of "clerk" here, too, -
don't want to make a decision
for fear someone will find a
mistake and reprimand them.
Maybe Mike wasn't so ~~of~~ wrong
after all.

We then went to orphanage
with a load of mosquito nets.
sister wanted and some pediatric
medicine - then to lepro-sorium &
some cots and a few odds and
ends - milk, corn flour, cooking
oil, ^{flour} the makings for corn
bread and a few more soaks.

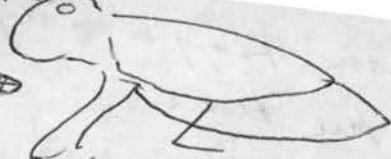
- We hadn't eaten yet so took
the boys back to the dispensary
and fed them ham that was
left over and a case and $\frac{1}{2}$ of

beer - talked ⁽⁵⁾ into ²⁹ the nite
till about 2:30 AM or so. That's
why I didn't write last nite.
Today worked dispensary till
noon - gathered up some medicine
and some flour, corn flour, more
cooking oil and 2 bales of clothes
and a few odds & ends like
tooth brushes, soap, etc and
made the rounds of the orphanage
(clothes, cooking oil, flour, tooth-
brushes & soap) the leprosarium
(some medicine for one of the missionary's
kids) and then went out to
Pai Wan. It's been 2 or 3 weeks
since I've been there - we saw
about 100 people - most of the
kids & people we saw before were
healing or healed up. Ran completely
~~out~~ out of medicine - soap, ointment,
cough medicine, diarrhea meds,
bandages, peroxide - the whole

but. When we got there
there wasn't a soul in sight
— thought may be that was their
way of saying get the hell out
of here — unsafe — but soon
a whole mob formed and we
had the usual medical wonderland
and laughing and friendliness
I've come to expect at Plei
wan. Pulled out when we ran
out of medicine. Went back to
Pleiku Rho where Saik lives and
talked politics to 8⁰⁰ PM tonight —
very complicated — will explain
when I finally get it sorted out
myself. Found I had forgotten
most of the Bhanar that I knew
2-3 yrs ago and have to start
all over again. It was at
Saik's house at the cricket or

51 (6) 19 Mar
whatever it was

about that size



couldn't just swallow it - had
to chew - boy! - what happened
to the nice quiet life of a Mpls
GF in his neat little practice,
coming home to a clean house with
a smiling wife and 5 beautiful
children? Haven't been really
clean except for 5 min after my
bath once in a while - since
I've been here. Except for my
light skin am starting to act
a little like a yard myself and
smell like one too. And my
language is something to behold
- am a little afraid to tape my
thought for fear what it would
sound like - when I write at
least have time to choose my
words so they somehow come out

in King's English most of
the time.

Sweetie, thanks for your
beautiful letters - Thanks also
for the picture of you. I like
you. Hope you don't mind my
talking about myself so much
- am very ego centric I know
but would like to record some
of this so I'll remember it
when I get back.

Haven't had a full night's
sleep in one hell of a long time
- since the last time I got
sick I guess. It's 12 ⁴⁰
now and that bed looks
very inviting.

Good night, Sweetheart

Dan