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1 April 67
MAC Pleiku V.N.
noon
Saturday

(57)

Hi Kay,

spent the whole nite taping my first tape to you people. Bought a SONY yesterday – felt like an idiot at first talking with that thing going round & round, but after a while it went better – actually ran out of tape before I was finished. Hope you can make any sense out of it. May be ~~on~~ on a slightly different frequency or cycle or something – will get you a SONY as soon as I can.

Just read your very good Easter letter – love letter – we should wrap all these with pink ribbons when we get through. Will make great reading for our kids & grand kids (sound funny, doesn't it?)

Am going to throw this in the mail now so you'll get a letter. Don't know when the

tape will arrive - suspect it will be much after the letters.

Please ask Dan for some more tape — expect he's waiting for an answer to his letter. Now that I've started to tape, find out there isn't any to be had here. Must come from the States. We really are out in the boonies.

Have to rush now. Will write again tonite.

Love,

Dan.

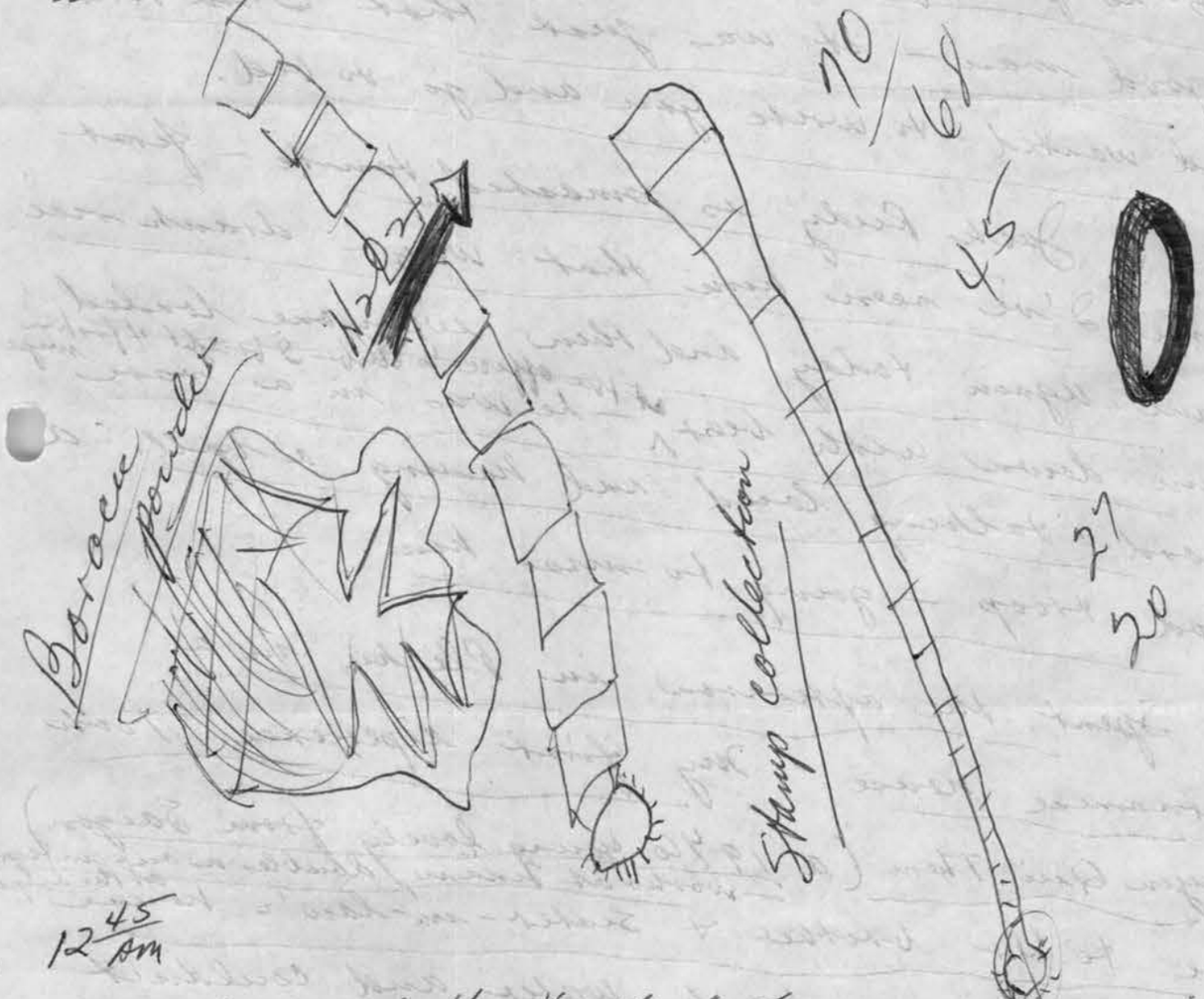
CONLON
O'Connell Anne
Donal O'Casey
Patrick

(53)

1 April 67 10 PM
MSCV
Pleiku V.N
Saturday nite

Hi Ray,

Have called it quits early tonite. Again am very tired even though it's only 10 o'clock



12 45 AM

The above is the "notes" from my conversation with a S/Sgt by the name of Chaves Bonnar from Ireland - talks like an Irishman. He was in here fixing our new ice box and stayed to

talk — and talk and talk. like a good Irishman should. Had a brogue like music — fascinating — but wouldn't take the hint that I wanted to be alone to write. Just left after 3 or 4 beers — goes out to Plei Kep — is part of that village. Very honest and a good man — it was just that I'm tired and wanted to write you and go to bed.

Jack Rudy is smashed tonite — first time I've seen him that way — drank rice wine again today and then everyone loaded him down with beer at the officer's club — I bought 4 for him myself — he was in a rare mood — talking loud and having a ball. a good troop — going to miss him.

Spent the afternoon in Pleiku in a Vietnamese house. My first experience. Took Nguyen Qui Them (a 1946 young lovely from Saigon — works at Tenaru doubles as our interpreter at the dispensary) home to her brother & sister-in-law's house by invitation — drank water and couldn't smoke — while they taught me Vietnamese and stories about their people. They have a stamp collection — mostly Vietnamese but a few

American stamps. His name is Nguyen (pronounced "When") Van Hung - 27 yrs - works at MACV civilian personnel office in Pleiku. The wages are the same as in Saigon but the standard of living here is only a third of that. They come from a family of 9 children. The father is 69 yrs, oldest child is 45 yrs and the youngest is Que Them 19-20 yrs. They appear to be well educated - all have had at least 3 yrs of English - Van Hung has 7 yrs of English and does very well with it. Had me work over an English a letter he was translating - hope I didn't foul him up too much. They stopped me after about 40 words and told me to go home and memorize these - they'd teach me more later. He apologized because his wife had just had a baby and wasn't strong enough to fix a meal - invited me back for a good Vietnamese dinner when she gets stronger. Also invited me to their beautiful home in Saigon - will gladly accept their invitation later. Very refined, sensitive

people — my first glimpse of the real Oriental.

They were upset that I went out to the Montagnard village — they consider these people very dirty, ignorant and V.C. I reassured them that they were not. They have a genuine hatred and fear ~~for~~ of the Montagnard and this is returned 100% by the Montagnards. Much like the white man and the Indian 100 yrs ago, I suppose. At any rate have got my first foot in the door into the real Vietnamese. Up to now have to confess considered all V.N. as basically dishonest, dirty, prostitutes, trying to get all they could out of the Americans. These people were exactly the opposite — very modest, reserved, intelligent, CLEAN, friendly and eager to help me in my attempts to learn Vietnamese. They, too, have a dignity that is remarkable. As usual, the G.I. only sees the rough elements of any people (including the French) that he is dropped

into and judges the entire population on
the basis of these camp followers. As you
can perhaps tell, am very impressed and
pleased by my first exposure to the nice
element of these people. The time flew by
in spite of the fact wanted to smoke or drink
and even was dying to blow my nose (haven't
got any handkerchefs — finally had to ask them
for a fresh ~~hand~~ Kleenex — they gave me instead
a brand new linen handkerchief and told me to
keep it!) Will have to replace this as soon
as possible. Had to leave at 7 30 PM — curfew at
8 00 PM in Pleiku and left my truck about
10 "blocks" away. There are no real blocks here —
only 2 or 3 roads that vehicles can travel on —
the rest is foot paths between houses — one piled
next to the other — Sometimes 15-20 houses deep
with little water ways between for sewage, etc.
Hard to describe — will have to get a camera
and show you some of the sights soon. Maybe
the next paycheck will do.

Would like you to do another errand for me – could you possibly pack up all my stamp collection sometime soon and send it over here – every bit of it – would love you dearly if you would. I know what a job this would be – but a golden opportunity for me to collect Oriental stamps. Perhaps just send my American album, my extra stamps, – oh hell, please send the whole mess.

I can't tell you how pleased I am at this new experience – always suspected there were good elements to these Vietnamese but had never been exposed to them before. Like anything else – there is no black and white.

It's 1 20 pm now – have to be up bright and early to load supplies for the orphanage and Leprosarium.

Much work to do.

Love you very much, Kay. Thank you for being you.

Dan.

ເຖິງນາຍບ້ານທຸກໆບ້ານໃນເຂດນີ້

ພວກເຮົາເປັນຮ່ວງໃນຄວາມສັດຄືພາຍ ຂອງຣາສດອນ ທີ່ຢູ່ໄດ້ການນຳຂອງທ່ານຫຼາຍ ເວລານີ້ເຮົາເຈົ້າດຳເນີນຊີວິດ ຢູ່ໃນຂັ້ນອັນຕະລາຍຫລາຍ ເພາະວ່າເຮົາເຈົ້າໄດ້ມາກັນຮ່ວມໄນ້ຮ່ວມມືກັບພວກສັດຕູຫະຫານເກົ່ວເພີ

ສັ້ນນໍ້ໃຫ້ທ່ານຈົ່ງພະຍາຍາມເວ້ົ້ານ ເຊະໂອບໂຣນພວກເຮົາເຈ້ົ້ານ ໃຫ້ມາສູ່ທາງດີ ຄືວ່ານ້ຍ້ໃຫ້ພາກັນໄປສນັບສນຸນ ແລະ ຈ່ວຍເຫຼືອ ພວກສັດຕູເກ່ວເພີ ເປັນເດັດຂາດ - ຖ້າຫາກພວກທ່ານຍັງພາກັນຈິດຈ່ວຍ ແລະ ສນັບສນຸນ ພວກຫະຫານເກ່ວເພີ່ຢູ່ນັ້ນ ພວກເຮົາຈະຖືວ່າເປັນເປ້ົ້າໝາງຂອງການຍະດົມຍິງ ຂອງຫະຫານຝ່ານ້ງເຮົາ ແລະ ຈຳເປັນພວກຫະຫານຝ່ານ້ງເຮົາຈະຕ້ອງໄດ້ຕອບພວກທ່ານ ໂດຍການຈຸດ ທຸກຈຸນົດ

ສນ້ນເພື່ອຫຼີກລ່ຽງໄພ່ງອຸບາດດັ່ນນີ້ ພວກເຮົາຈຶ່ງຂໍເຕືອນມາວ່າ ຂໍ້ນ້ຍ້ໃຫ້ພວກທ່ານສົ່ງຈາວບ້ານ ໄປຂັ້ນເຮືອ ຂັ້ນຄົດໂອໂຕ ຣົດ ຖີ່ ແລະ ລຳລ່ຽງເຄື່ອງຂອງ ຫຼື ສົ່ງຄົນງານໄປຈ້ອນເຝ້ານ້ນ້ນ້ນ ຈ່ວນພວກຫະຫານເກ່ວເພີ ເປັນເດັດຂາດ

ຖ້າເສ້ນເປັນດັ່ງນັ້ນ ພວກທ່ານຈະຖືກພວກເຮົາຍະດົມຍິງ ຢ່າງບ້ໍ່ລົດລະ.

ຣັດ<u>ຍານ</u>ລາ


ຖ້າເຫັນເປັນດ້ວນ ພວກທ່ານຈະຖືກພວກເຮົາຍິງ ຢ່ານ້ອຍ.

Từ buổi con lên đường, xa mẹ
Theo anh em sang Lào rồi dấn bước vào Trung
Non xanh, núi biếc chập-chùng,
Sớm nắng biền², chiều mưa rừng gian khổ
Tuổi thanh-xuân, cuộc đời như hoa nở,
Bỉ Hòa Bình đâu ngại bước gian nguy
Mấy tháng trời đêm nghỉ², ngày đi,
Giầy vẹt gót, áo sờn vai thấm lạnh
Những chiều Trường Sơn mù rừng cô quạnh
Mẹ hiền ơi, con chợt nhớ quê mình
Khói lam chiều, gian miếp lá lên xanh
Con luồn nhỏ², mái đình ngà nhỏ quá
Vào nơi đây tuy đất người xa lạ
Nhưng miền Nam cũng cùng một quê hương
Vẫn lúng đồng xanh, vẫn những con đường
Thơm hương lúa ngọt ngào
Vẫn Khói lam chiều...

No. 29

Con thân vẽ chuồng,
Tiếng tiêu gọi nhớ
Đã qua buổi ban đầu bỡ ngỡ
Con nhìn ra, nào giải-phóng gì đâu?
Buổi chợ đông vui, đồng lúa xanh mầu
Mái chùa cong buồng hồi chuông tín mộ
Lớp học tùng bùng những đàn hề nhỏ
Dạy nhịp nhàng vui hát bản đồng ca
Và trong Viên buồng cải vàng hoa
Đàn bướm nhỏ rủ nhau về lút mặt
Xóm dưới làng trên niềm vui ngây ngất
Sao người ta bắt con đốt xóm, phá cầu
Phải gài mìn, gieo tang tóc thương đau
Đã có nhiều lần tay con run rẩy
Khi gài mìn, để sau bóng thấy
Xác người tung máu đỏ chan hòa
Máu của ai, máu của bà con ta
Của những người nhũ con nhũ mẹ
Đêm hôm ấy, mắt con trân lệ
Ác mộng về, con hãn-hoc thâu canh

BỨC THƯ TRÊN BẮT ĐƯỢC TRONG BA-LÔ MỘT ANH CÁN-BINH VIỆT-CỘNG TRONG TRẬN ĐÁNH ĐỨC-CƠ VỪA QUA. QUA LỜI THƠ TA CẢM-THƯƠNG TÂM-TRẠNG CỦA MỘT NGƯỜI GIÁC-NGỘ, NHƯNG RẤT TIẾC VÌ TRỄ NÊN ĐÀNH LÃNH LẤY CÁI CHẾT ĐAU-THƯƠNG. CÁC BẠN CÒN TRONG HÀNG NGŨ VIỆT-CỘNG NÊN XEM GƯƠNG NÀY GẤP RÚT TRỞ VỀ VỚI CHÍNH-NGHĨA ĐỨNG ĐẾ KHI HỐI-TIẾC THÌ ĐÃ QUÁ MUỘN-MÀNG.

(54)

Tuesday 2 45 PM
4 April 67
Pleiku V.N.
USAF Dispensary

Hi sweetheart,

Don't know when I last wrote but apologize for the long delay – have been literally running since Saturday last – was amazed to find out it's the 4th of April – can vaguely remember someone saying "April fool's day" seems like yesterday.

Am waiting for the truck to come back so I can go back to Plei Brel for yet another party for Jack Rudy. We're going to have to pour him on the plane next week. He leaves next Monday AM – will be sorry to see him go but in a way, a relief → don't think my liver will hold out much longer. Stayed all nite Plei Brel Sunday nite – talked and drank rice wine till 3 AM – both Jack & I were stoned all day Monday so passed up another sacrifice yesterday. Was going to stay home

like a good boy yesterday - and took call in the afternoon. At 4:30 got a call to go to Pleiku to see a sick Vietnamese (one of the women has gotten a Vietnamese girl pregnant and asked me to take care of her) - went to see this girl's sister - emperego. While I was there decided to stop at Pleiku-Rho and see Saik. Intuition, apparently. He had been trying to get me all day - has been dropped again (has already served 4 yrs in the "Mike" Special Forces). He was smashed out of his head - was going down to Pleiku & shoot it out. Vietnamese giving him a hard time, calling him a thief (I gave him a bicycle but no certificate to say I had given it to him). Anyway took old drunk Saik down, got him a certificate and straightened out the draft thing. He's free again - doesn't have to serve. I can use him as my interpreter and he can work at

USAID. Well, needless to say, we had to celebrate in that one. Took him down to our Chinese restaurant and had a feast. Roy Worthington (S/Sgt - number one troupe) myself, Sach and Tri (did I tell you about him? - have a funny feeling I keep repeating myself) Half way through the feast, a fellow walks up and asks me if I'm a doctor - I say yes - he says come with me. he walked half way across town to the scene of an accident - a V.N. truck struck a V.N boy about ten years old (How in the hell they knew I was in town is beyond me) We did mouth-to-mouth breathing, cardiac massage, the whole Ben Casey routine (about 200-300 people watching the show on the main street of Pleiku - should have taken a picture of that one) Anyway we put a board under him (broken hip, pelvis, spleen, both lungs collapsed but heart still beating) and

stole the nearest bus and dedi'ed out to 18th Surg (10 miles away). When we got there had caakes stuck all over my mouth (since cleared up) from French kissing this boy mouth-to-mouth breathing. We put a tube down into lungs and got bright red blood back. ~~bad~~ He eventually died but at least we gave it the college try.

The "white mice" saw it all and were very pleased. (the white mice are the ~~ma~~ name for the Vietnam civilian police - a sharp bunch - not like the ARVN at all - very courteous, industrious and well respected by almost everyone) They gave me a ride back to Pleiku and helped me look for my vehicle - Roy had taken Saih & Tui and some friends back to Pleiku Rho so I hopped a ride back to the base. Lost my belt and my ophthalmoscope (used as a splint)

in the bargain. It's now 4 April 9 30 PM and hadn't even had supper yet except a taste of the chop suey — caught a few bits of food at MACV and got into the middle of a party for Jack Rudy (again!)

At 1 30 I'm in bed and completely too tired to write — I'm sorry. Had a good talk with Roy Worthington when he finally got back. Also talked long time with a Negro nurse (yes — male type) about the Negro problem.

Today acquired 50 Englander mines spring mattresses (all very legal) and took them over to the new Special Forces hospital — well you'd think I'd given them the 7th Air Force or something. They've been sleeping these wounded Yards (again that damned word wounded — "shattered" is the right word) on a board & bamboo rug for a "mattress."

This afternoon Jack and I hauled 100+

piece of steel sheet metal down to Fuch's (Jack's interpreter) house. Got my surgeon's hands all cut up - don't tell Ma - never did so much manual labor in my life! Don't need to play sports around here - get my exercise being a stevedore.

The truck just pulled up and I'm late. Will try to write tonite. May repeat myself. Can't believe have the stuff I see here myself - if what I write sounds a little unbelievable just remember I'm only hitting the high spots - will tell you more in person.

Love you very much

Dan

5-6 April 67
Wed - Thurs nite - morning
Pleiku V.N.
MACV latrine
2^00 AM

(55)

Hi Doll,

Yes, I'm sitting in the latrine with the cover down on one of the shit tanks - the only light there is in the place. When the action ever settles down here will write a decent letter about my adventures if I can remember them. Have been systematically getting Jack Rudy smashed every nite lately and then pumping him for information. It's costing me a fortune and am usually getting drunker than he gets. He passed out about 1/2 hr ago so read your letters today. Have Collen's school letters on my lap but haven't gotten to them yet.

Will try to explain later. Will briefly outline the last few days. Took some beds over to Special Forces Camp (if you haven't read The Green Berets yet - read it right after you read this letter - it's all true - there

is much - much more but everything in the book is true. You won't believe it - think it's sensationalism - but believe me - it's all true. Anyway, worked the dispensary today, then got a few volunteers (everyone wants to get in on the act lately) - went to Special Forces to see the 10 foot men - asked if they wanted some more beds - yes they did. By the way, met a S/Sgt Phillips from Dak Pek who was scrounging supplies for 500 families (about 2500 people - Montagnards - Jai) who had been burned out of their village - many died but those alive are homeless, clothes less and food less. Well, we managed to find them a few things - 25 cases of C rations (20 boxes to a case) - 100 100# bags of corn meal, 20 #100 bags of flour, some blankets (30-40), beds (about 30) salad oil (1 case) & 1 100 bales of clothes and a few other odds & ends. He was amazed and pleased - think I can get a

green beret for myself 5.6 apart if this keeps up
may be can hang it with your various
swimming medals. Loaded on 25 beds
for the S.F. montagnard hospital and
some pillows, blankets and odds & ends
also. Am a fucking stevedore for sure.
Sorry about that ↑ U/O.

Came home beat after all the lifting
and grunting but promised to go to Plei
Brel after last nite (don't think I told
you about last nite - will repeat in spite
of the fact I bore you) - any way took
these FNG (fucking new guys) out to see
the montagnard villages - they've only been
here a few weeks and worked very hard for
me - bought 3 crossbows for 1500
piastres (about 15 dollars) and am now
in the crossbow business. No rice wine
or bracelets, etc and they didn't seem
disappointed. Came home to take a shower
- no water - so faked it with Scotch for
a bare + hard job - makes one amazingly

clean — try it some time.

Saw J. Rudy and proceeded to get him plastered again. He has been to hell & back all day making his good bye calls here & there in the village. Wants to get me to Plei Koteng before he goes — may be we'll make it. Anyway talked some more till now — many things that are a great mystery to me — he promised to tell me on the way to Saigon.

Oh yeh, Jack & I are going to Saigon to visit a V.N. by the name of John — a V.N Legionaire who has been around the block many times — Jack saved his life one time and now John can't do enough for him. Jack wants me to meet him — it'll be Champagne, beer and Scotch for two days — both of us will have to be poured on the plane — Jack to the states, me back to Pleiku — we go 10 April Monday AM, I'll get back

April Wednesday 5) nite 5 to 4 pm Jack leaves for the states Wednesday afternoon.

(this toilet seat even with the) cover on is damned uncomfortable) So he's one of the finest troupe's I've ever met. Will have to have him to the house when I get back. Plans to marry a girl from Fairmont, Minnesota if she can stand his squatting in the middle of the living room sucking on the nice wine hose. He comes from a very old, established lawyer family in Washington D.C. — swam & dove for So Carolina in the AAU meets 1960 — won 2nd prize. Plans to go in with Williams (ask Bill who he is) — the guy who defended Hoffa, Bobby Baker, etc.

Oh yah, Tuesday afternoon went to Plei Brel for another party for Jack Ruby at Plo's house. No one there — Jack went to the boon docks (Plei Koteng, Tien Son, etc

so found myself out by myself — had a great time — no one understood English so was forced to use only my Montagnard (Jarai). Dispensed medicine like candy until my bags were empty and then started to leave (get the hell out of there is the expression) Instead they insisted we go to Plei Phung to see some sick kids — okay, I had just enough medicine left — found malaria and a pneumonia in 2 kids. Said I had to leave — oh no — went back to Plei Brel and lapped on the hose awhile — finally figured out that they wanted me to take my truck out past artillery hill to get a dead cow that the Vietnamese had killed for fun — belonged to Plei Brel — Y/O — we all piled in (you would have laughed yourself sick to see the parts mine involved to tell me this story) and went out to get the cow.

55 (4) 56 April

We found the cow and took it back for a big sacrifice — meanwhile more rice wine and raw food — including chunks of this cow that was killed — with I could describe the scene — well try later when I get home. Anyway, a great time was had by all — I stumbled back to the base late, talked to that louse Rudy till late into the nite and was too tired to write to you AGAIN. This is a long war — especially the nites.

Did I mention I spent last Sunday nite at Plei Brel? — Y/O — another adventure that I'll talk to you about sometime.

Jack + I have been many places together — great fun — believe we are really doing something — Hope so.

Miss Megan like I thought I would — don't tell the other kids — miss them all but especially Megan — don't

want to lose a whole year of her exciting life. Hope that doesn't sound horrible — think you know I love and think precious each one of our children.

Love to all of you

Love you, Kay

Pray for me.

Dan.

(56)

6 April 67
Thursday aft
USAF Dispensary
Pleiku Cu Hanh
(Air Base)
1:00 PM

Hi beautiful girl,

Sorry about that letter last nite — had a lot of beer in ~~my~~ me but felt I should write any way. Got 2 wonderful letters today from you — one dated 1 April and the other 29 March. Enjoyed them both very much. Sounds like spring has arrived — short winter wasn't it? Your letter 29 March was gay & carefree — cabin fever all gone now I hope. That 1st letter mirrored your confusion after talking to my mother. You seem to have the best insight into her of anyone I've talked to — her two sons and other daughter-in-law don't seem to be able to understand or get along with her very well. God bless you for your patience and understanding.

Am taking call this afternoon at the dispensary — first time in over a week I've

sat down for any period of time earlier than 1^{00} or 2^{00} AM. Can see a line forming behind the door so may have to break this off now & then.

Have my walls plastered with maps - Viet Nam maps and one of the Plieku area showing villages around here close up - house-by-house - a beautiful thing. Will bring all these home with me.

7 April 67
$11\frac{45}{AM}$

It's the next day already. Got busier than hell yesterday afternoon seeing patients so had to cut off my letter writing. Had a quick supper about $6\frac{30}{PM}$, wandered around like a zombie and then went to bed at 8^{PM} Slept through till $7\frac{15}{AM}$ this morning — and am really beat this morning. Hope I start waking up soon. Trouble even writing this letter.

56 (2) 6 April

Your letters are wonderful sweetie — thank you very much. Hope my letter writing improves soon. Can't remember when I've been so tired. Will try to write a decent letter tonite.

Those pictures and letters from Colleen's class were just wonderful. Thank Colleen — will write each one a letter soon

Am really fatigued.

Love you, sweetie. Will get this in the mail now.

Love,
Dan

P.S Am sending you forms to fill out for the kids & you. Want to get measurements for Ao Dai (Viet-namese dress) and Susie Wong (Chinese dress) — have my eye on some beautiful

cheap Thai silk which I'll have made into these things when I get your measurements.

Thanks,

Love,
Dan

9 April 67
10 30 PM Sunday nite
MACV Pleiku V.N

(57)

Hi Kay,

3 days without a letter from you. Haven't written myself since Friday. Have taken the evening and afternoon off to write you. Instead slept for 4 hours and just got up now. Will drink R-C cola and write till I've said all the things I want to say.

Will start by reiting all ~~things~~ the things that have happened since I wrote Friday AM. Went "skumming" Friday afternoon. Pleiku Rho to deliver 3 mattresses to Mip, orphange to see the kids, lepra serum to see the lepers, dropped some medicine off at Quy Them's for her brother. Let me tell you about Quy Them — find out that she feels I'm her man! Don't know how this developed but apparently by going to her house that day became her boyfriend. She dropped this bomb-shell Saturday. Carefully explained I was already married, 5 children — showed the pictures I have of your people. Told her I was going to Saigon — She got all excited about this - said if

I went to Saigon we were fine – more damn unspoken assumptions going around here. She insisted I meet her at the dispensary at 1^00 PM Saturday and take her home at 4 30 PM Saturday – said I couldn't do this – had to go to Plei Brel for Jack Rudy's going away party (more about that later). She's a bossy little girl – haven't seen any of this so-called wonderful Oriental submissiveness in the V.N women or in the Montagnard wives either as far as that goes. Maybe with all the years of war and men constantly leaving home the women have had to become more independent and self reliant (same same Kay Conlon?). Any way carefully wasn't any where near the dispensary all day Saturday or today in case she gets any more ideas. How did a bald old man like me get to be such a Casanova, any way? I'm going to be so proud of my prowess over women by the time I get back you won't be able to live with me – Lover boy Conlon, eh? 4 prostitutes in Sacramento, a couple of Montagnard girls and now a V.N girl. What do you mean

57 ③ 9 April

the definition of virtue is the lack of opportun
fortunately I have a very horny wife and some
very good memories to keep me warm till my
R&R. Find if I keep busier than hell
don't miss it as much as I thought – it's
the few slow nites and days around here that
are the hardest – but manage to fill up the
days and nites pretty well so far.

Went to Plei Brell yesterday afternoon – bought
about $75.00 worth of cross bows and got involved
with a lot of rice wine with Jack Rudy – 2
sacrifices (shot one chicken with a cross bow – got
him through the heart – first animal I can ever
remember killing – it was for eating so didn't
feel too bad but would rather leave that kind of
thing to Mike + Ed – wot my piece of cake). Finally
got a large bracelet from Ton – now am officially
part of Plei Brel. Will be taking Jack's place
in Plei Brel – don't know how tied up that will
make me – want to keep flexible so I can feel free
to come and go sort of on call to the other villages
– am having trouble being all the places I
feel I should go. Went till 3 AM this

morning with Jack and Lich - ended up singing a song I wrote for Jack Rudy - lost the words somewhere - he was sobbing like a little boy - want to go back to the states but doesn't want to leave his friend in the villages. He's having a rough week - we ended up very smashed on rice wine and booze - I'm told we argued for about an hour in Montagnard - didn't know I knew that much of it. Don't know what the hell we were arguing about but apparently it had something to do with me telling him I'd try to pick up where he left off but would do it my way - couldn't be same-same Jack Rudy, etc

Any way went to bed at 3 AM here at MACV after pouring Jack & Lich into their bed. Slept till 9 30 this morning but really didn't come to till nearly noon. Went out with Bob Shultz to Plei Brel to buy 3 more cross bows and got into the rice wine bit again at 2 more houses. Purposely did NOT go with Jack

Rudy although he was there all day. Went to different places at different times. He was making the rounds saying his goodbyes and I didn't feel I should be with him. By coincidence went to Heng's to say hello right after Jack had left - a big scene I'll try to explain when I'm home - very complicated. It's now 4:20 AM believe it or not. Jack and I have been talking solid since I went for an R.C at about 11:00 PM last nite. Discussing all the Montagnards, Vietnamese, Americans that we deal with - who can be trusted, who are the phonies, ways to conduct my self, how to know when lies are being told, subtle things that Jack knows from one year's experience and I don't want to have to learn the hard way.

We leave for Saigon at 6:45 - about 2 hrs from now. Am hungry so have opened a can of C-rations and am making a pig out of myself. Have to shave and pack and try to get some sleep.

That damned clock has rollers skates on the hand lately — never seem to have enough time for sleep, eating, etc. May be things will slow down a bit when Jack leaves. Am on my own now in Plei Brel and villages north of us — it's been a honey moon until now, have basked in Jack's light — now we see if I've made any points or if we may be have to start all over again. Wish me luck and a few prayers wouldn't hurt either.

Thank you for the two letters I just found tonite in the mail box — just finished reading them (had to run down to Tuy city to get my in-country travel orders and stopped off at the P.O). Enjoyed the article you sent — the one on abortion is very thought provoking. Also the one on the farmer. Don't have the slightest idea where that village is. If I hear about it will look him up — doubt if

9 April 57 (4) ORPHANAGE

do though. About the orphange. We're shooting a sparrow with a shot gun, or better yet - with a cannon. Let me explain. Everyone wants to contribute the the orphanage - it's a good old American tradition; we know the nuns will use what we give them and not sell it in Pleiku or give to the V.C; these are nice children and every American wants to help children. Accordingly over 3000 GI's here are giving huge amounts of time and energy to 2 nuns and 70 children. At the same time there's a famine in the area here and no one seems to give a damn that 40,000 - 50,000 Montagnards are on the verge of starving and are going without medical care, Do not have soap, etc. 2500 Montagnards were burned out of their village at Dak Pek - had to bed borrow and steal to get some thing up there - was harder than hell to get anyone to help - finally got enough together to load up 3 planes last week so they'd be able to carry on temporarily. But just suggest the orphanage needs

something and there's a veritable avalanche of help coming in. Please keep this to yourself — once you discourage a person who wants to give, it's harder than hell to get him in the mood again. There are now 4 cities that have adopted this one orphange ① Syracuse, N.Y, ③ Kansas City, Mo ② Vista, Calif ④ some town in Missouri. Would suggest adopting a Montagnard village like Dak Pek 2,500 homeless souls with almost all it's young manhood either dead, V.C captives or fighting like hell with the Green Berets. It may be the leprosarium although they aren't Catholics. Really must sound terrible to you but that's the way I feel. It's hard to describe the waste, the phonies, the big tall well meaning rich smiling f-ing UGLY AMericans that are all over the place screwing things up and then patting themselves on the back because they DID something. I'm as bad as the rest.

am making it a policy a April from now on in the Montagnard villages to come EMPTY handed — if there's a real problem then will try to help it — no more handouts — make them the same as welfare patients back home. Very complicated. Did you know the average YEARLY income (can't count what they grow themselves and make for themselves) in dollars is $36.00? And we come and pass out $18.00 worth of grain as if it were nothing. Quite an impact on these people — can't blame them if soon they're standing there with their hands out waiting for the rich Americans to give them another hand-out. They don't like us for it either — they smile and thank us and they "like us in heads, but not in hearts" as Lich has said before

Enough said, sorry to give the sermon. Probably have really confused you now. Yes I still want help and soap, etc but please

leave it up to me where it goes.

I'm beat, sweetie

It's now 5 15 AM – have to get up in ½ hour.

Love you

Pray for me

Love,

Dan

(58)

13 April 67
Thursday PM
7 30 PM
MACV
Plaiku V.N.

Hi lovely girl,

Well, I'm back from my "R + R" in Saigon. Had a fabulous time - will try to describe in detail what we did, what we saw - hope I can do it justice but will probably fall short of what I want to say. Am exhausted - as I write you will see why. Finally got my friend [illegible]h on the plane for San Francisco. He has promised to call you when he gets near enough to Minneapolis. A good friend. Probably one of the 3 or 4 very good friends I've had - same - same Bill Kressl. No water here for the last 3 days - every one looks pretty crummy. My mind is very tired so will ramble on for awhile, maybe take a nap, watch a little TV (Batman is on) and then settle down to the work of recording what we've done since we left here last Monday at 7 30 AM. Sorry about that crazy letter I wrote at about 5 AM Monday morning but had to get

it written because didn't know if I'd have time or opportunity in Saigon. As it turned out didn't have a chance to sit down at all for an uninterrupted spell the whole time we were there.

Hi There – Dan just returned from Saigon – sober – and had a very relaxing time, which he needed. You have a real man here, therefore you must be worth meeting as soon as practicable. All's well here, no water for showers, but with all the band aids & disinfectants crowding me into the courtyard – why should I worry?

Bob Schlitt

10 45 PM

I paid Bob to say those kind words – was very nice of him to say them any way. As you see it's a bit later – didn't get my nap – seem to get involved in conversations more & more around here – was really happy to get back to Pleiku after all the hustle & bustle of Saigon. Familiar friendly faces, no hunting for rides, people walking

and able to help me get things done. 13 April It's the older story — little frog in big puddle in Tan Son Nhut — Saigon; big frog in little puddle in Pleiku and I like it that way.

Let me begin my story. Got to bed Monday AM at 5 45 AM — got up at 6 35 AM slightly tired but not hung over — had been drinking pop & cool aid & coffee and tea while I picked Jack Rudy's brains. Think I got all the information I could possibly get from him. We discussed each and every Montagnard by name, character description, whether he could be trusted, how much, how he reacts, etc, etc. Then we went through the men on the base — same treatment — turns out only 30 of them that I can work with (Bob Shultz may be one of these — we'll see — has a good head, keeps his mouth shut, like the Yards, is honest, says shit when he has a mouthful, etc,). Will have to stop treating the Vietnamese or having anything to do with them in Pleiku except the orphanage — casts doubt on my trustworthiness — Yards have a fantastic

intelligence system. Will have to stop associating with Saih - he works for USAID and too much with the Vietnamese - "is not known" by the yards (same-same hated). By associating with Saih I hurt my own work. May have to stop going to the village South of here - there is a definite rivalry between these people and I may be putting my head in the jaw by going to both people - will talk with Lich about this. Lich Rohlan was Jack's interpreter as you may remember - he's also FULRO in this area - I may be mentioned that there is a tightly disciplined organization among the Montagnard and Lich is the head of this - comes on like Casper Milk-toast but actually is a brilliant man. Right now we're fair friends but we're still looking each other over. The fact that Jack liked and trusted me spoke volumes but these are a cautious and wary people and none more so that Lich. His life depends on this. Eventually

13 April

we may become good friends. Lick has accepted Colonel Hullar's offer to be his interpreter - am happy about this - will keep him close to home - may be able to use him myself. This also gives Lick an advantage and more prestige than just working in the dispensary or the Judge Advocates office.

Enough of that. We left the ground at Pleiku about 8 30 AM - went to Cam Rhan Bay to dump some stuff off - then to Tan Son Nut (Saigon). Got in about 11 30 AM. Seemed like 2 yrs ago I was last there. A maze of a place. Tan Son Nut is the name of the Air base - headquarters 7th Air Force (the Air Force in charge of the war in Vietnam) - Pentagon - East is it's nickname. More damn brass running around - all spit and polish - 18,000 Air Force there. Jack had the legal work to do so we went to his headquarters (7th A.F. Annex) in Saigon. While he was tending to his business I tried to find Lynn Bechlund - officially he's not even over

Viet Nam — all his records are in Guam — had one hell of a time finding him — spent all last nite at his villa — what a place! — Will tell you about that later. After Jack's legal work was done we took our baggage (including his jug of rice wine!) to John's house. Want to carefully record all my impressions of John, Saigon, his family, etc so may bore you. Very important that I get this all down now or it'll be gone — well probably only succeed in taking the fat off the carcass and leave the meat behind. Have a headache and am tired. May only get part of this down and write more later.

Found John's place finally — way the hell gone down in one corner of Saigon — talk about the mysterious, exotic East — it's really wild — more vivid than the scenes in I Spy ever thought of being. Wild, wild riding bikes, motor scooters, Honda's, buses, trucks going like hell in all directions and barely missing each other — only 3 or 4 stop

13 April

region in all Saigon with over 2,000,000 people. Streets half the width of Zenith Avenue with cars racing like mad weaving in & out of people, bikes, etc walking, running etc — to merchandise, hawkers, people eating all out on the sidewalks, curves & in the street — in intense 100°F heat & about 80-90% humidity, horns constantly blowing — that I can't do it justice — and the ever changing smell — mostly offensive. Saigon has about 1/4 the area of Sylo and yet 2,000,000 people — and they're all out in the street ~~or~~ or on the sidewalk I'd be willing to bet. Very ~~They~~ exciting but I was scared like hell that I'd bought the farm a number of times — wouldn't drive in Saigon for a million bucks — will let these wild people drive me — they know the rules. Didn't see one accident the whole time I was there.

Anyway we found John's place down one of the congested, dirty alleys they call streets — 36 Thran Nhat Duat; Tan Dinh, Saigon —

and a whole new world opened up. It's a villa — beautiful — we drove in a little gate into the gravel court yard.

The Main Villa is made of beautifully decorated glass or marble outside with stucco intermixed — gleaming white — the inside is all marble with teak furniture and draped beautifully in satin, persian rugs — breath taking. John rents this out to some civilians from New Zealand and elsewhere who have divorced their wives at home and have taken V.N women and have made Vietnam their home. 50,000 piastres a month (Roughly 500 dollars a month) — pretty stiff

58 (5) 13 april

rent I'd say. He himself lives in a beat up shack to the right until he gets his new place built out onto the Saigon River. Many relatives live with him - probably rent free as is the custom ~~to~~ here when you are a rich man as John is. He was a French legionaire for ten years until the French left in 1955 - a famous soldier with 3 Croix de guerre's, many medals and many wounds - drinks & eats and entertains like a Frenchman. When the French left he bought a tea plantation near Dalat for about 5,000,000 piastres (take two zeros off & you get roughly the U.S equivalent). The V.C. burned him out about 3 years ago so he came to Saigon, bought the Villa and now has a job with Pan Am & the boss in Saigon of all Vietnamese employed by Pan Am - very responsible job. Anyway, John didn't get there till about 7 PM - meanwhile we played with the children and talked French with his wife. These kids ~~and~~ are wonderful and so is his

wife - a plump smiling women - very warm and good hearted - and a magnificent cook - any nationality - wait till I describe the menu.

The names are as follows: (by the way these people are Catholics so all have a Christian name but don't know what it is except one)

Nguyen Dinh Nam (John) (father extraordinaire) about 40 yrs old

Hgnes Duong Thi Cuc (wife) (signifies women) "Madame"

(1) Nguyen Anh Hung 17 yrs old - number one boy - goes in the Army soon - very good boy - but John worries about him because he quit school and just sort of loafs around until he goes into the service - 4 yrs obligation.

(2) Madeline Nguyen thi Quy Phuong (pronounced "When") - speaks excellent English, very intelligent, a beautiful child 14 yrs old - quizzed me constantly about my family and especially about my "number one girl" Colleen - studied your pictures carefully. Worships her father and works on, and cares for him

as if there was not another thing in her life that was important to her. We used her for an interpreter when we got stuck on the French, V.N, & English & pantomime we used to talk with.

(3) Nguyen quoc Khanh – about 12 yrs old
– didn't get to know him too well
quiet boy I think.

(4) Nguyen thi (girl) Quan Loan

(5) Nguyen thi Ngoc Phung

(6) Nguyen thien Nhân – a little devil
– about 5 yrs old – into everything, fights karate-type and beats the hell out of his older brother (3) in spite of the fact he's only half his size.
– same – same Megan – they really got a kick out of Megan's picture in the high chair.

(7) Nguyen thi Kim Quch
– a beautiful little girl – about 3 years old – just glows and loves to sit on anyone's lap, play hide & seek. – same same No 2 at our house

(8) Nguyen thi Bach Mai
– about 1½ – 2 yrs old

Everyone just sort of looked at us and passed the time away and I was beginning to wonder if that was all we'd do — not that I wasn't fascinated by just being in this place — then John came home and everyone came to life — he was stripped down to his shorts the minute he arrived and stayed this way the whole time he was home — the sandals, everyone doing something for him — huge bustle of activity — the beer appeared and we started drinking on the spot. Root beer in Jack's room, then we moved on to the floor of the new house about 9 PM where a table was set for us with moonlight over the Saigon River. Then we started Champagne — a bottle apiece with many toasts and legionaire songs and more toasts to Jack Judy, etc. and their friendship (I told you before how Jack saved John's life last October I hope — if not will tell you some other time) Madame then came

in from the kitchen with a large (may be 3-4 foot) platter of Vietnamese dish — ~~the~~ shrimp, mushrooms, noodles, (called chow mein smu) herbs, celery, don't know all the things that went into it — made a pig out of myself in spite of the fact had to do it all with chop sticks — Oh forgot the soup — asparagus soup I guess — had 4 bowls of that and 5 servings of the main dish finished about mid nite — then we really started drinking. I drank Crown Royal and they drank Scotch (Black Label) — straight with a few ice cubes and a little water. Of course I got smashed — knocked a loose board off the platform and jumped in the Saigon River & fished it out — was mud from head to toe. By 2 AM we're shooting cigarettes from across the platform — I was fairly accurate for awhile but finally succumbed and lay down with the kids, watched their interesting pebble game, played

with the little dog "Pete" (means little one) and finally got led to bed at about 4 AM (this was my 4th nite in a row with a 4 or 5 AM bedtime - had 2 more after that and here it is 12 45 now and am doing it again) Haven't even mentioned what we talked about yet but will save that for some other time.

Was awakened at 8 30 - presented with ham + eggs + toast + coffee and then beer and away we went again. John finally went to work about 11 AM and Jack + I went to the Commissary + liquor store to do some shopping. The BX and Commissary are state side or better in Tan Son Nut and at Cholon (the Chinese part of Saigon that houses the Navy base) we bought 12-16 cans of everything - needed two taxies to get all the stuff back to John's - had a big argument when he found out we were planning to buy the booze - by the way this was strictly illegal

13 April

So don't go telling all kinds of people about our spending spree — it would have cost John 2-4 x ½ what we paid for this food on the black market. Can't give things to the V.N people because it gets on the black market — no sweat here — all will be used by John's family. When we got back John had already started the beer stage and we joined right in — supper at about 7³⁰ again — champagne + toasts and then came the food — 4 or 5 pieces apiece of chicken, wonderful crispy Kentucky fried yet, then the same platter as the nite before full to overflowing with a Vietnamese salad with eggs, mushrooms, greenery — salad dressing — wonderful — thought that was the end — oh no — out came a huge whole leg of lamb cooked on a rotisery (sp?) — we ate as much as we could — next course was filet mignon steaks wrapped in bacon — I'm eating

like it's going out of style — then the black label Scotch and the Crown Royal Seagrams until John of all people lay down on the floor + went to sleep. All eight kids laid him out tenderly and beat on him till he was completely relaxed. Then the Quy Phuong (Number one girl) brought out some flared tumblers, heated them up with a flame, swirled the flame into the inside of the tumblers and placed them face down all over John's back. A French treatment to bring out all the bad things in a man's system. He had giant mickey's all up + down his back. Madame is there directing Quy Phuong carefully on where to put these things + back shoulders, upper arms, very careful. Then Quy Phuong + I had a long talk over her English book — She wanted me to read the words for the sound — would stop me when she didn't understand a word, then we'd talk about it

then move on. a lovely bright child. Sweetie, I'm beat – well pick this up later tomorrow when I'm on call. Many things to tell you about discipline, attitude toward V.C, No Vietnam, China, Montagnards, friends, family, money, the ARVN, the French, the Americans, the politics in Saigon – good lord we talked about anything & every thing. Must have used and heard the word hypocrite a hundred times.

Love you and the kids more & more, am very proud of you and proud of the way your pictures turn these people on – they have to have had the most mileage and varied finger prints on them than any pictures in the world.

Anything, <u>anything</u> you write is very interesting and hungrily read by me – the things that sound not very

interesting to you ~~and~~ are very interesting to me - keep it up - you do a good job. Got a good letter from Weezer today - she knows how to describe the kids very well too. Thank her for me - apologize for my not writing to her right now. When the pace calms down will get some of my obligations done.

Love you very much,

Good nite,

Dan

(59)

Sat 15 April 67
MACV Phuoc V.N
12 30 midnite

Hi Kay,

Sorry about last nite. Guess all the excitement early in the week finally got to me — Fell asleep at midnite last nite and slept through till this morning. Got a wonderful letter from you today — thanks. Your pictures were very good even though a little blurred — will put them in my cellophane envelope with the rest — carry them wherever I go.

Glad you got the tape — don't know what happened to the second side — played it my self and it sounded okay. Will try to explain once more about husbands not opening their wives mail — many, many wives sob continually, pull at their husbands to try to get them home, plead how lonely they are, tell tale after tale about how sad they are, some subtly and otherwise hint that if he doesn't come home even to the extent of faking an injury, they will leave him, etc. Tears the hell out of these men —

I know because I have to handle their problem every day — consequently many are very nervous, can't work or sleep — and the real enemy isn't in front of them — it's their wife and relatives back home. As the only alternative many won't even read the letters from home — just throw them away because every time they do, it just ruins their day. What I was trying to say was thank you for not giving me that problem — you're a honey and have stood up very well under the obvious strain. Your letters are a joy and I read each one 3-4 times.

Have received many things in the mail for which I owe letters of thanks. As you know, it's usually quite late before things settle down here and I get a minute to write. For instance today worked the dispensary ~~and~~ for the morning. Normally Saturday sick call ends at 10 00 AM, but the psych cases I'm accummulating didn't stop till

3 PM this afternoon. From there went out to Plei Brel to buy some cross bows. When got back had to help give a visiting dignitary a tour of the base. To say nothing of the 3 generals, Assistant sec. of the Air Force and other dignitaries (sold 6 cross-bows, however) that had to be seen off after their tour of the base and Plei Brel. This must be the tourist capital of Viet Nam - everyone wants to get back home and say they've been out in the boonies of Viet Nam and even went to a Montagnard village and drank rice wine - See - here's my cross bow and bracelet to prove it! Am a bit better on the subject as you know.

Spent 3 hrs after that with my NCO buddies pasting what has to be the largest intact map of So Viet Nam together. Covered the entire supply house floor - a beautiful thing - unfortunately it's about 20-30 feet

long — can't put it on a wall. ~~Will~~ Have a plan for it though. Will use it on my library floor and put a clear plastic coating over it - about ½ in thick - use it as sort of a carpet - good idea - didn't think you'd like it. Y/o - it was fun putting together - a bit difficult though because was so big could see the curvature of the earth on it as we pasted it together.

About supplies - have become a professional along with my buddies in supply at scrounging - a huge amount - billions of dollars worth - coming into Viet Nam and literally wasted. Have arranged, for instance, to have a dump truck unload perfectly good lumber that would otherwise be burned - once a day behind the dispensary. Just gave away 250 large sheets of corrugated ~~tin~~ steel

Sheeting to Lt. Col Talbot and fully
expect something in return - have 150
100# bags of rice promised per week from a
pilot who I gave some Supp hose & diesel
and darvon for his mother. Many ways
The thing we lack for is soap, fruit cake,
banana cakes (be sure & thank Eileen & and
Dan for their thoughtfulness - I'll write soon
- really) & salami, cheeses and things like
that. Thanks very much but no need for
candy - don't use it in the villages and
don't eat it myself. Cookies go instantly
however - and are to the Montagnards.
We lack for simple things like WATER - NONE
since last Monday - not even enough for ice
cubes - you get a dry shave or none at all.
When water is found anywhere on the base
there's a grape vine that the CIA would envy
and almost immediately the supply is
exhausted. Got my first shave and hand
wash at noon since I've been back at
the dispensary just before the supply was...

done for. Decent food is a memory - we had to call down to the other side of Pleiku for trucks to bring up water for the mess hall the last two days. May go out to Plei Brel just to get a shower in their spill way tomorrow. The local joke is that the Montag nards are going to come up to MACV and build a spill way as a Civic Action project. The medicine I got from Dad & Herschel sent to Kontum for Dr Pat Smith to use in her hospital (remember her write up in Time? - haven't met her yet but understand she's quite a gal).

But the soap we can use - thank you very much. And those tapes of Don Drory's are a god send - am sharing them with others - okay?

The rains are coming slow but sure - every day we have a shower - not much but the FOG's (f...ing old guys) tell us this is just the fun before the deluge. Right now it's a relief from the choking

dust - still plenty dusty but at least now it's only up to our knees - before it was swirling up way over our heads when a truck came by or when riding in an open jeep, etc.

About our trip to Saigon. Did I mention the meals we ate - I think I did - guess I'll have to save my description of John himself for another time. Suffice it to say he'd be a fine friend even if I met him in the States - very wise, friendly, generous, drinks and ~~eats~~ parties too much and doesn't eat enough. He handed me 45,000 piastres (roughly $400.00) to pay for the groceries we'd bought and started walking away - when we insisted on stenging the bill for him we found we had spent only $149.00 - roughly 17,000 piastres and he still tried to make me take all the money. Was a little insulted when we

wouldn't take it. would gladly give you the shirt off his back if asked. Anyway the 3rd day of our stay we woke up again at 8:00 AM to more beer, breakfast and Scotch. Got to the airport by 10:00 AM after frantically running around getting Jack organized, money changed, ticket and baggage settled, etc and settled down to more Scotch with John at a Vietnamese restaurant made of Pan Am. At 12:45 we poured Jack into the plane - John arranged V.I.P seat for him c TV, movies, champagne, etc and we finally got him on his way.

I then began trying to recover well enough to meet my boss, Gen Brannon (my Commander in V.N 7th Air Force - an orthopedic surgeon) which I did back at Tan Son Nut for about an hour's chat. Hope I conducted my self okay, inserting

all the necessary "sets", etc. Think I did. Then tried to get a plane back to Pleiku but was too late. So looked up Lynn Bechlund (remember him – Mike's buddy at Ellworth). Found him okay living in a plush villa – five bedrooms, 3 baths, running water, living room, dining room, three floors and a veranda, kitchen – 3 maids, etc – the whole bit. Had a good time with him and the other SAC boy there but again had many too many beers until 5 30 pm at which time went to bed with boots, fatigue, the whole bit in one of those clean beds. Didn't realize what a slob I've become until I did that. We're really out in the boonies here but don't realize it till hit civilization again. Relaxed completely and, in effect had a real R&R in Saigon of all places. Got up around noon, took a beautiful

HOT shower and shave - Lynn took me to the airport and I finally scrounged a ride up to Pleiku about 3^00 PM arriving here about 5^00 PM - I think I wrote you that nite (Thursday) - haven't been able to enjoy a drink since.

Yesterday (Friday) took call all day - came up to me room and slept till 8^30 PM, ate supper, talked to Roy Worthington until about 10 PM and was going back to bed when got a call there were some sick yard children just off MACV compound to see. Went over there - found two bronchopneumonias and a beer drinking session had to join in. Got back about 11^30 and went to be exhausted you already know about today. Got a call tonite that there's measles in Plei Brel - plan to go out early in the morning to see the kids - have to drink nice wen

15 April

in the afternoon — got invited by Hung ~~this aftern~~ last Saturday as I mentioned. The pace goes on & on — we'll both enjoy our R&R to Hawaii when we can both relax looks like.

I love you, sweetie. Hang on to that when the days get tough, as I'm sure they will from time to time. You're a beautiful, wonderful gal.

Good luck, sweetie

Love,

Dan.

(60)

16 April 67
Pleiku V.N
MACV
Sunday nite
11 30 PM

Hi Kay,

Just read your very pensive letter from last Sunday. You asked a curious question in your P.S. I think the answer to whether we know each other comes in the form of another question, "Do we really know ourselves and what we're capable of?" Am finding out more about my self here under strain - strain and stimulus that is entirely different and new - than I ever would have known had Viet Nam never been a part of our lives. Think for the first time I am capable of much greater things than I ever thought before. Have been able to respond, and, I think, well to most of the problems and challenges given to me here. Every day new problems and challenges. Am doing it the AA way - each day at a time - with time out now and then to consider

where in the hell I'm going, etc. Have before me constantly the image of the UGLY AMERICAN and hope I won't in the long run qualify as one of those people.

Will make this letter short - will try to write short notes of thanks, etc to all the people that have written. A ~~to~~ constant source of irritation to me that these people can't seem to understand I'm not over here on a vacation - am busier than hell - average 4-5 hours of sleep a nite and it's usually all I can do to write you every day - and am not too faithful at that as you know. I have probably had 5 full nite's sleep since arriving in Viet Nam. 4/o - guess it's like Ed said before I left - "Dan, remember this - noone gives a damn." That's true with the prominent exceptions of Meg & Ed, you and the kids and a few others. Damn, I feel

16 April

more indebted and thankful to Wesy and Ed every day – don't know what we can ever do to repay them for all their goodness and help to you and the kids and to my morale. Thank them for me, please.

Must write Mike, Sheppard AFB, Grace, Ivory's, + the folks for sure tonite. Still have those individual letters to Colleen's class to write –.

Spent the morning out at Plei Brel – they have an epidemic of measles – hits the Polynesians hard (the first exposure of measles in Hawaii killed $\frac{1}{3}$ of the natives) – another gift of the smiling, rich, God's-gift-to-the-native ugly American. Six kids had pneumonia – a few very sick – and the thing just started. Went from Plei Brel to Plei Phung and treated about 20 more. Came back to Ton's and drank rice wine and "ate lunch" – cow's think and mangos – I liked it all – am

developing a definite taste for rice wine and their food. Took Lich back to his house at PleiKuRho and had a good talk with him. He's working now as Col Hullar's interpreter but I will be able to use him whenever I like. Was afraid that when Jack left, Lich would leave, too. He told me today he would be glad to go to any village I go to as my interpreter and friend. A real break for me because must stop seeing Sauh - he's probably too long for this area - he'll either have to leave or be in bad trouble from Vietnamese and Montagnard and most probably V.C. Will also have to stop any dealings I've had with the Vietnamese such as Quy Them's family - the montagnards know I've been seeing these people and also treating some Vietnamese

60 (3) 16 April

and they don't like it. They'll still accept me in their villages and I'm in no danger but there will always be a reserve as long as I'm going "both ways." At least my quandry is temporarily settled and I can get back to work.

Kathy O'Connell wrote and here was her question, "Do you only take care of Air Force? Army?" — Now how in the hell do I answer that question in a short note!!

Well must get busy and try.

Love you very much sweetie — we'll have much to share and talk about when our time apart is up. Please keep writing — even though we're a week apart think we can manage to keep up a fairly coherent conversation.

Love you always,

Dan — Over

P.S don't sweat the 19-20 Vietnamese lovely, No problem – am too busy.

Love,

Dan

Monday.
17 April 67
MACV
Pleiku V.N.

(62)

Hi Kay,

Was up till 4 30 pm this morning writing letters. Got one off to the OB-GYN clinic c/o Cathy O'Connell, one to the Herd's and one to Grace besides yours. Got very windy in all of them as usual. Am a little tired tonite but must try to answer Mike's, the folks and a thank you to the Drury's — Colleen's class will have to wait for another time — sorry. Maybe can get a note off to them tonite at that and then write a better one later.

Got two beautiful letters from you today — don't expect any for awhile in view of the fact you're just coming to my day spell while I was in Saigon —

Glad Ed was there (as Ed + Weez always seem to be when we need help, counseling, consolation, etc) to help you with the washing machine. Any decision you make is just fine.

Want to get an dai's for the kids too — please give measurements. Don't think you read my letters very closely. Plan to get Susie Wong dresses for all of you also. And you can send any pattern or style you would like

and they will make it — these are Indians from India (same function as the Chinese have in the Orient — the merchants) — same Jewish & Greeks in the western world.

Pearls will have to wait till I can travel a bit around the area. Bangkok is famous for it's brass & bronze wear so will get a fondue set there along with beaucoup other things. Pearls come from Japan or Hong Kong and will have to wait till after the R&R to Hawaii to go there or I'll miss my 1st choice to Hawaii — goes by ① how many R&R's you've had ② your DERO'S (date of leaving South East Asia i.e. Jan 72.

Was thinking as I was piling my new found lumber supply (there's a pile of lumber that is burned every day around here — excess from the building going on that I'm salvaging — can use this for the Montagnard's — for fuel if nothing else.) that I miss the kids getting in the way — nothing to cuss at and get mad at! Very odd —

Great news about Tom — give him my congratulations when you see him. He'll be a happy man some day if he just keeps his chin up and keeps plugging along. He's got a good gal there in Theresa that makes all the difference in the world. I know because I have one ~~two~~ too.

62 (2) 17 April

Sorry to miss yet another First Communion. Am batting 1000 (ask Ed to figure that out for you - baseball season again. The Twins are 1-3 so far - Kellebrew blew a double play against Detroit according to the Stars & Stripes.) Didn't know that Liz Taylor got the Oscar though. Who got the male lead?

I'm going to buy another Sony in spite of Ed's advice - he + his family can use it - can send it very safely. Each tape recorder type has just enough difference to change the voice if only slightly. Also we've noticed here that when the whatchamacallit's get heated up the voice changes - lower I think.

Congratulations to Marie Hart. Tell her that I'm not about to write Tom until he writes me first. Have a long enough list of letters to write without giving one away gratis. That business of writing you and me getting it second hand is for the birds. Sorry about that but he's no busier than I am and I'm the suffering hero this time fighting for

my country, etc. Suggest you write and tell him that — you got the better after all.

I'm so horny could gnaw on one of these cross bows I have all around me. May be haven't been busy enough lately. Seem like every time I work the dispensary all day and then just work on my journals, etc get hornier than hell. Also nervous. The best tranquilizer I have ever have is the montagnard villages.

Love you very much, Sweetie.
Will try to get some other letters written now. The first one will be to Colleen's class — will be hard to write.

Thanks very much for your letter — my umbilical cord to USA. Have a big map of USA on the wall opposite my door in the dispensary — every one gathered around and pointed out all kinds of places where they were born, stationed, lived, etc. Guess we're all pretty stuck on our country — proud as hell of it. — may be too proud. No Vietniks here that I can see.

Love you,

goodnite, Dan

11 15 am Friday
21 April 67
Pleiku Cu Hanh
USAF Dispensary

(63)

Hi Kay,

Sorry didn't write Wednesday or Thursday nite - am very tired of writing after my 2 nites of much writing. Hope my letter to Colleen's school was okay - didn't know exactly how to write it.

Halloway got mortared last nite - glad I didn't go out that way yesterday as I had intended. Check with the security people before going - if no green light don't go. They have plague out in Plei Bong Bao and Plei Bong Pung and was going to see some people there but decided against it and sent Sach out today c̄ some streptomycin and instructions ~~to~~ on how to give it, etc.

You will no doubt get big headline about PLEIKU BOMBED! again - don't sweat it - there's firing going on all around us all the time and the sky is full of trip flares all nite but that's why we have a thick perimeter here and beaucoup guards. The gooney birds, FAC's AIE's are patrolling at all times and the chances of us being overrun or even seriously attacked are damn near zero.

Our boys - God bless them - keep the V.C & NO Vietnam off balance at all times.

Did I tell you the rains have start[illegible]? Well, they have. We get a little more every day. Starting in May we'll start averaging one inch a day until September. Could use the electric blanket now for sure or my bed will be like someone peed in it. Boots apparently literally rot off and tanks have been known to sink into the mud out of sight except for it's cannon - they just leave them there until it dries up, then dig them out. Should be interesting.

Have been spending most of my time with Rich Rohlen - feel I can trust him more than Sack. Think I mentioned his importance in this area in another letter.

No letter in 3 days and miss your conversation. Must be the lack of stimulus from me when I went to Saigon.

Have gotten all my money back from the crossbows I bought plus some money in the kitty - will slowly build up a fund to buy them so I won't have to dip into my little supply. Am having a ball with my little business adventure. Am trying to stimulate a Montagnard industry

making pipes too but so far haven't gotten it off the ground. This is reaping time out in the villages and everyone goes out and plants rice. No concept of division of labor among the yards - screw the crossbow industry until after reaping I guess. Tried to show them that one man can pay another to plant and continue to make crossbows for sale but couldn't get the idea across. How to span 2000 years of culture in one year - guess that's asking the impossible.

Am getting more and more psych problems every day. Much work but very rewarding. Our base is getting bigger and bigger and have many new, confused and terrified boys (and old men by the way - 40-50%) who just need someone to explain the situation and their emotions to them and they generally settle down. We have a few genuinely psychotic individuals here but most are the garden variety neurotics in a charged up strange situation and can't seem to handle it without help.

The big insoluble problems are the people back home who work on some

of these boys until they literally come unglued — instead of helping their mates they work on them in every letter and frustrate them no end. Then they begin to drink too much, loaf on the job, can't sleep or eat and eventually strike out at someone on the base. One fellow took an M-16 after a friend and would have shot him if not restrained. Turns out his wife hasn't written in 2 mos and the last letter stated she wanted a divorce — no reason. Maybe a boy friend — but it's a hell of a way to act even if she has one — he can't do anything from here to talk to her, etc — could kick her ass hard if I could reach it. (Sorry about my language, sweetie — have really deteriorated — will work on it. — don't think my morals or attitude have deteriorated though — am the same in that department as I used to be I think — just more and different opportunities here.)

Have 1½ tons of captured V.C rice coming this afternoon by truck — gift of some of my boys in 9th Air Commandos — started with 3 pair of Sapp hose and some hydroduril & darvon. Everyone wants to help. Am sort of the distributor of what they gather. A good bunch we have here.

63 (3) 21 april

Will make this short — it's $12\frac{15}{\text{nom}}$ now and will go get something to eat.

Love you very much.

Till tomorrow,

Dan

11 20 am Sat.
22 April 67
Pleiku Cultural
VSAF Dispensary

(64)

Hi Kay,

Just read your very good letter from last Saturday. Hope the letter situation has improved for you. Went 4 days myself without a letter and really missed it.

Just finished the long line of patients on sick call today. The line is getting longer and longer lately – there are only 2 of us here now so we're working like hell lately.

Have been talking too much lately, must learn to keep my mouth shut. The ~~ev~~ evenings are getting to be a social hour with many new men coming in every day – all wanting to know something about the montagnards – so good ol' loud mouth Conlon talks away like an expert, drinks beer and in general plays the big man. Think I'll call a crashing halt to the whole bit. The more beer and booze I consume, the greater the expert.

Received a ton and ½ of captured V.C rice yesterday complements of the 4th division and FACS. More stuff coming in everyday – will need a warehouse shortly. Was amazed to see the rice

— comes in neat 15# bags — unshucked and very good. Will give it back to the people it came from I hope. Most is from the "rice fort" the V.C set up along the roads and in the villages. Some was carried down the Ho Chi Minh trail I suppose. Maybe I'll run for mayor of Pleiku or something and use the rice as payola. Will be getting a load at least once a ~~month~~ week from now on. It's either that or they destroy the rice — the 4th is on the move and can't afford to carry around themselves.

(2 30 PM) A quiet day so far. Went for lunch. A big problem here to get any privacy to write with. You have same problem, eh mammasan? That's why you and I usually write at nite I guess (since I got to the word "usually" in the last sentence ½ hr has gone by — 3 visits to the "private" quarters here, one patient and 3 phone calls. Also bought some Polaroid Swinger film that just came in. Should get a few pictures out in the villages now — may even send some home for a change.

Am having a bad day — very frustrating sitting around the dispensary — doesn't seem like I'm doing very much — just small talk — people wandering around looking for something to do so stop in and talk.

69 (2) 22 April

Dick Miller (have I mentioned him?) - we call him the Red Baron - stopped in - getting to be a good friend - just bought a very pretty diamond for $125.00 at the BX - would be $250.00 in the states - we don't have to pay the tax here. Also many other stones with nice settings for sale here. They have white opal - very nice one for $33.00 I just saw - maybe will crack in Minnesota, though - it's full of trapped water crystals I'm told and can't be guaranteed against cracking. If you want anything like this or any other stones please let me know and I'll see if I can collect the money for it. - maybe sell some of my rice? sin loi, sorry about that - never happen. - beaucoup trouble.

Bought two crossbows yesterday - number 10 - also took 3 back to be fixed. Will eventually be an expert on what is good and what is not so good. Not much socializing c̄ the yard lately - have been too busy at the dispensary and also it's nice-time here and the people are out in the rice fields most of the day. Have to go out tomorrow if I can get off and drink c̄ Hung Ton and buy some crossbows from Plo. Too much

to do and too little time to do it in.

Will try to write tonite for a change. Enjoyed your letter very much, Sweetie.

Damn - have run out of ink!

Love,
Dan

5 30 PM

Will get this thing in the mail before another day goes by. Will write tonite. Doesn't seem like I had much to say anyway.

Love
Dan

12:30 Sunday nite
midnite
23-24 April 67
Plei Ku Cu Hanh
MACV

(65)

Hi Kay,

Got your sad letter tonite — no mail for 5 days, etc — hope your problem is solved by now. Didn't count on the mailman screwing up at the same time I let 3 days pass. Went through all the papers here that have stacked up and can't find any letters not marked. Hope you got a bunch the next day.

At least I'm consistent — have missed every birthday First Communion, etc of all my god children so far and every first Communion of the Bonin's. Couldn't have done worse if I'd tried. Sounds like a good time was had by all. You're right — can't play this tape on my SONY — will have to borrow a tape recorder from someone tomorrow — am anxious to hear the voices of the kids, yours, Bonins, etc. It looks like a gegantic tape. Fun, fun, fun.

Got a great letter from "Citizen" Jack Rudy — he's back in the social whirl of Wash DC — same-same RFK and Jackie B. Kennedy, Williams, Senators, etc.

Says he finds it a little hard to believe he was ever over here — is very disturbed by all the Peace nikes, parades, etc. What the hell is going on in our nutty country? Don't they realize the whole world is looking at them, carefully weighing each word said? Makes it damn hard for us over here — we say something we feel is honest and straight forward about our intentions, good wishes, etc and then these idiots in U.S screw the whole thing up. Apparently they are well meaning like Fullbright, Bob Kennedy, etc but boy! are they screwing us up bad! Like Jack Ruby used to say when he was here — "Keep your f-ing mouth shut!" And that Martin L. King — what's he got... — pardon — what's going on with him? — the best morale and the best soldiers here are the negroes — they have a tremendous record and will expect and get (or die fighting for it) full citizenship when they get back to U.S on the basis of that record. — and here their leader is mouthing off about how we should stop the war. Stop it hell! We should open up both barrels not only on No Viet Nam but China too and get the whole damn thing over with. I know the issue isn't black or white but if we're going to tangle with China sooner or

later, it might just as well be now while we're here, are armed and ready to fight and China has her troubles. Enough said. Personally I think Johnson is doing one hellova job and should have the full cooperation of all the people whatever their politics. He'll go down in history as a very wise, extremely patient man for the way he has conducted the war in spite of all the flak from all sides.

Was on call again today and was in a real bind. Had been invited to drink rice wine at Heng's, a sacrifice at Ton's and to buy cross bows at Hue's. Asked Delaney to take call for 1 or 2 hrs for me ~~but~~ but he refused (apparently doesn't approve of mixing with the natives - hasn't been off the base as far as I can tell since I've been here - to each his own). Made my own compromise. Took the walkie talkie out to Plei Brel and took call from the village. A riot - noone knew except Roy Worthington who went with me. Bought my bows, did my social obligations (drank about 10 levels and a full quart bottle of rice wine by the way) and came back here at

5^{00} PM — no sweat — no calls except when I arrived here. — Some guy who went on a hunger strike for God knows what reason. Put him to bed and then went to bed ~~at~~ here at MACV myself until 9^{30} PM — woke up with a headache but sober. Have been drinking massive amounts of cokes ever since. Feel fine & rested now. And noone the wiser I hope.

Last nite spent until 3^{30} AM with Dick Miller talking philosophy — a very deep thinker, a Christian who has the idea — reads the Bible very critically but very often also and finds much good food for thought there. He's going to be a geologist when he retires — work like those desert rats we knew in California — he's an amateur everything except poker player — he's a master at that — wins as much as $300.00 an evening and never loses more than $50.00. Has a great zest for life and a fine sense of humor. Spent most of the night talking about what God must be like and what heaven must be. Enjoyed it very much as you can imagine — it's been a long dry spell for me.

Got a letter from Ma subtely telling me I should write — will do maybe

after this letter. Hope the P.O delivers a letter to your house pretty soon, sweetie. Believe me - except for the spell in Saigon - have not missed more than 36 hrs - so if you're not getting mail something is screwed up for sure.

Also got a very nice note identifying the source of all this soap I'm getting. Have used every bar for the Montagnards and could use a barrel more. That and clothes are the two items I could use the most - the more the merrier. Have to admit medicine sent here is usually not used in as good a way - doesn't justify the cost and bother it takes to send it. Will have to get a note off to these people tonite also. As usual, it is 100 pm - need a shower and the rumor has it there's hot water tonite - well investigate it now.

Overhead are flying the perpetual planes - helicopters, jets, goonie, spookie, A1E's, O1E, U10's, etc. - a very reassuring thing. They fly day and nite - when not flying the pilots party like hell - good men but neurotic and keyed up like

hell — would take very little indeed to get a brawl going that would destroy the place.

And here comes the rain — we had nearly 24 hrs without it — first time in 1½ wks. It sure clears the air through and everyone sleeps like babies. A beautiful country here — hope to come back someday when there's peace here and show you the beauty of the place. Never lived in the middle of a ~~vol~~ volcano before

Love you very much, sweetie
Hi to the kids — will write them again soon.

Love,

Dan

P.S. good nite — am horny again. Need that birth control article explained to me. Think he's dragging his feet unnecessarily, don't you?

Love you sweetie, goodnite.
Dan

66 (1)

(66)

25 April 67 2 00 AM Monday AM
MAC
Pleiku AB, RVN

Hi Folks,

Finally have found time to write - as you see by the time this has been the story of my stay here in Pleiku - every day has only so many hours and there is much to do. Like internship year all over - catch sleep in snatches. Have been on call since Saturday AM - mostly supportive - very little real disease. These men are under a constant strain to perform in an exceptional manner - divorced from the usual supports of wife, home, family, friends, etc. They come to the dispensary for aches & pains & colds, etc that they would normally ignore. Petty things like an ache in the chest, or a stiff finger are blown up into enormous problems because they can't or won't complain about the real problems they are having c their nerves, etc.

We all drink, smoke, party, and talk too much. No fights like Mike noticed - we all feel that would be disastrous - like opening up a dike - we depend on each other for morale too much to start that sort of thing.

Our medical teams are doing good, I think. (Have constantly in my mind the image of the Ugly American and am never quite certain I'm not one of them.)
Amazing how every thing we do so far with few exceptions gets results. Pneumonia that would kill a boy or man clears up in 2-3 days with antibiotics here. Haven't attempted to clear up the worms yet. - don't think there's enough medicine in the world to do this. There are approximately 20,000 Montagnards here in the villages I go to - many more outside our ~~our~~ artificial perimeter that would like to see but wouldn't dare at present. Plan on getting home in one piece, thank you.

The cross-bow & pipe industry is in it's infancy but should prosper as time goes on. Have many good friends among the Yards whom I can trust now and one especially - Tich Rahlan - who ~~at~~ acts as interpreter for me, Col Hullar (our Commander) and the lawyer here.

Miss Kay & the kids but am satisfied so far that they are holding up very well. She's quite a gal - the real strength behind whatever I do. Thank you for helping her during these tough days.

Colleen makes me so proud I

25 April

could best. Karla is blossoming more & more and is a real joy. Erin is me all over again and I love her for it. Megan just keeps charging away meeting life headon. Don't know Jenny — look forward to that when I get back.

Must call it a nite. — the rumor has it that there's hot water tonite so will catch a shower and get some sleep.

Love,

Dan

25 April 67
Pleiku V.N
USAF Dispensary
Tues. 9 15 am

(67)

Hi Kay,

Slow day for some reason or other. No letter here for 2 days again so am looking forward to hearing from you soon — especially since my letters should have arrived by now and you're feeling better about the whole thing.

Will make this a short note to get it in the morning mail. Will write tonite a good, relaxed letter.

Had an excellent talk with Col Hullar yesterday by his invitation — he's looking very quietly and carefully for men he can trust and depend on. Took it as a compliment that

he would go out of his way to call me in and just chat — got up to leave several times but each time he insisted I sit around and chat in between his many calls & interruptions. We discussed many things about which I'll talk tonite. Can work for him — in many ways a better man than Bonneau.

Promotions came out for the NCO's today so suspect another party tonite — my letter tonite may be very relaxed.

Finally got a letter off to the folks Sunday-Monday nite so hope they're pacified now. Still haven't been able to play your tape — many complications — hope to play it today.

67 ~ 25 April

Love you very much sweetie.
Constantly in my thoughts lately -
hope things are going smoothly for
you now - sorry about the
long pause in letters - hope you
have a pile of them now.

Talk to you tonite.

Love

Dan

25 April
12 30 AM Tuesday nite
MACV
Pleiku, RVN

(68)

Hi Kay,

No letter again today and I'm beginning to be quite concerned. Your last letter was dated 16 April – Sunday nite after the big taping (which I played and enjoyed very much tonite – more about that later) – you said you'd write first thing in the morning but no letter since. What I'm concerned about is that you said you hadn't heard from me in 5 days! – Haven't gone that long between letters even when I went to Saigon. Something is getting pretty fouled up c the P.O. and I'm worried about you worrying about my safety, etc. Hope the problem is solved soon or we'll get on the telegraph and make sure that you know I'm okay, I know you are, etc. Hope to hear from you soon. Today makes the end of a week during which got a grand total of 2 short letters. Let's communicate a bit, okay buddy?

About the tape – it was just fine – Thanks to Ed. He was great – kept the ball rolling and got the kids to talk real fine – especially Erin towards the end. A very hard job. Was disappointed in you, though. Want to hear your voice talking to me. I understand the circumstances

of the tape, but couldn't you borrow a tape, take it home and tape a letter from the bedroom after the kids are in bed? Maybe I'm asking too much but if you can, please do this for me. Just finished 2 tapes myself tonite - if the P.O. can see their way clear to getting the mail through - maybe you'll get them sometime in the next month. Boy what a fouled up system they have!

Sort of exhausted myself with those tapes so if I make this short, hope you'll understand.

As I mentioned on the tape - went about 18 miles with my good friends Dick Miller (Major), Roy Worthington (S/Sgt) Charley Jenkins (S/Sgt) and 2 of the FAC NCO's to the "Oasis." We were loaded to the gills c̄ M-16's, flak vests, helmets, .38's and all those good things (none of which we needed - just a precaution). The Oasis is a FAC (forward air controllers) headquarters from which they coordinate with the Army, Air Force, Vietnamese, etc the air strikes on the "battlefield" (no such thing really in Vietnam but will use that word for want of a better) We were up on a hill surveying the whole scene - barricaded c̄ bunkers, barbed wire, sentry dogs, guards - the whole bit - very

vital to the whole picture that this outpost is not overrun. Heard those beautiful FACS leading the strikes in — one after the other — a beautiful-ugly sight. Magnificent, gorgeous country like nothing in the states. Three level canopy of forest c̄ a clearing here and there.

The reason I went out is to join up with a Capt Bill Leben — an Army man who works with the Yards up there — an S5 man — intellegence — his job to interrogate the V.C prisoners (most are very, very confused and bewildered Montagnards who don't really know what the hell is going on but are caught between the Army on one side and the V.C on the other). These people are starving to death — robbed of everything by the V.C — with enormous pressures on their families, homes, etc. Like children in a way in the hands of kidnappers — can't really describe it to you.
Anyway Bill Leben also is in charge of disposing of the captured V.C rice — doesn't know what to do with it really. Can't use it up there where he is for some reason or other. Has a consignment of 10 tons of American rice stashed away

down in Ton Son Nhut but the Vietnamese want to bring it up by way of boat to Qhi Nhon then in by convoy to Pleiku. Trouble with that is that the Montagnard will never see it if the VN has anything to do with it. (Felton) He wants to make a deal with me to bring up the rice from ~~Qhi Nhon~~ Ton Son Nhut by way of the Air Force — give it to him to distribute to the resettled Montagnards — in exchange he'll give me the captured V.C. rice for our villages here (who are also getting low on rice and will get lower as the Monsoon comes). All very legal but hard to do — think Miller & I can swing it with a little help from here & there. In addition - think I can get a money crop for these people by starting a cross bow and pipe industry among these displaced people. Very hopeful but no promises. A little out of our line but no one else wants to hack it so we'll try.

In other words, I had a good day full of promise.

Sweetie, I'm tired. Owe Jack Rudy, Dan Dwyer and Ed & Wilzer a note - will try to do tonite yet.

Love you very, very much. Need you, miss you, love you.

goodnite, Dan

26 April
12 30 midnite
Wednesday nite
Plechu V.N
MAC

(69)

Hi Kay,

After all my bitching by letter and tape ~~today~~ yesterday, got two wonderful letters which I've read 3 times each tonite (just picked them up at 12 midnite) — it's been a long dry spell — let's not do that again, okay? I'm as much to blame as you are.

See you finally got my letter from Saigon — that was written on the nite of the 13th! Have already received one card and one letter from Jack Rudy 3 days ago. Will answer your gay, fun letters question by question — it's nice to be able to carry on a conversation with you again for a change.

The kids were up because we were up and Jack and I were there — so we all had a ball. Kids here don't seem to get in the way the way they do in the states — that's no criticism of our kids — they just simply have a different way of raising kids here — no discipline required, no fussing — in fact the kids here wait hand and foot on their parents in stead of the other way around. If they weren't up, then the parents would have to do all the work. Madame John (never did learn her name) actually never did sit down with us because she was bustling all over the

That wedding must be upon you by the time you read this. Congratulations to Pat & Dick. — sorry but couldn't find a wedding card or present. Will look when something worth ~~wo~~ while comes into the BX.

Dick Adams is a good man — just defensive is all — same Dick Hovland. Anything new is instantly criticized in the good old B&C. — give him time. They didn't care for me much when I first got there either

Maybe I should take an R&R or compassionate leave or something and come home to do my semiannual cleaning out of that place with accompanying rows and spankings, etc.

There, I've answered your letters — have now read them 5-6 times apiece and enjoyed them immensely each time.

Had two slides of me that someone took but can't seem to find them in this mess I described above. If they turn up will send them. Speaking of that sort of thing — took my Swinger Polaroid camera to Plei Bel today and did we have a ball. They really like to get pictures of themselves — and handed to them. NOT "same - same monkey in zoo" as they've described the typical american tourist (imagine

26 April

these idiots walking around in V.C country like it's Niagra Falls snapping pictures!) comes in. They believe that if you take their picture and then leave with it that you take part of their spirit — if they then get sick or tragedy befalls them → you're to blame. Had to turn down 2 more offers today for me to take some news reporters out to the village "to take a few pictures and just look around." One was a beautiful girl by the way — but still same-same ugly American as far as I'm concerned. Afraid am making many enemies but C/o. If they come up with a reporter that I feel really wants to help these people instead of gawk at them, I'll be glad to take him or her — like that one Marion Barry — the only one with the exception of John Value that was worth a damn as far as I'm concerned.

Went out with Lick today — passed out some rice — very little — made it clear that this was my way of saying "thank you" for last Sunday. Of course got invited to drink rice wine again but passed it up because too late and the roads were getting too muddy

in the constant down pour that started at 4:30 PM almost like clock work. Dries out in the AM, then pours all nite — same now. It gets worse, I'm told. Am now limited to 3 "streets" in Plei Brel — must park the truck and walk any where else I go. Saw Pho on the way from Pleiku — picked him up and talked about his wife. She's getting worse down in that pest hole of a (V.N) Province hospital — will try to get her to the Special Forces hospital tomorrow. Took call all day today so should have tomorrow afternoon off.

Will break this off, sweetie. I'm beat — it's now 2:30 — have been working this thing without a break for 2 hours. It was fun though — you'll never know how much I enjoy and need your letters.

Love you very much. You're a real honey — am proud of the way you're holding things together for me. Need you.

Good nite,

Dan

30 April 67
Sunday nite
12 to midnite
MACV R.VN
Pleiku
Cu Hanh

(70)

Hi Kay,

Have to apologize right off. Wrote a very acid letter Friday nite which I didn't plan to send. Had much booze in me and let it all hang out. Was going to read it over next morning and then probably throw away but my very considerate (they take care of me like a mother) corpsmen saw the letter and mailed it before I could read it. Am very sorry if this hurt your feelings. Really did not intend to send it at all.

Have been on a steady nice were drunk since last Tuesday almost without stop. Am afraid to sober up for fear I'll get D.T's. - seriously. Have been doing my best to plug the hole that Jack Rudy left in Plei Brel, Plei Sor, Plei Phung. Yesterday went to Plei Brel to see Bluce and get the 3 beautiful black cross bows he had promised me - he wouldn't sell them - a gift - gorgeous things. Gave two to Dick Muller but kept one for myself - may send home. A very beautiful weapon - capable of killing tigers and

elephants let alone men. Had some more rice wine (numpai) at Hluce's house. Then went to Plo's house — bought 19 more crossbows (16000 piastres — my money — will get it back when we sell them — in the meantime I go on short rations here — Y/O) Talked to him about his wife — tried to explain that she would be in hospital maybe two more weeks (dua roi ju) — very difficult for me without an interpreter — am learning lu al Montagnard (very much) the hard way — they won't or can't learn Englisi so must learn Jarai or not communicate at all. Went from Plo's house to Heng's (Jack's family — this is Jack's and my home here in Vietnam — maybe have told you about these people — if not will a little later — a beautiful marriage, two wonderful children, very happy and content) — where drank beaucoup rice wine — got very drunk (must al) and then came back to ~~the~~ MACV and slept. On the way to Plei Brel went to Animal husbandry village (Montagnard) where treated 5 or 6 sick people — only medicine I practiced all day.

Last nite we had a party at the officers club — got up about 9 $\frac{30}{PM}$ for it and went till 1 $\frac{30}{AM}$ singing songs and in general dissipating. Slept till 9 $\frac{30}{AM}$ this morning

30 April

Sold some crossbows and relaxed. Should have written you this morning but just sat here enjoying having nothing to do. This afternoon at 2 PM Lich, myself and Col Hullar (the Commander, no less) went out to Plei Brel by invitation to two sacrifices at Hung's (he killed a young goat (Bee) for us — very delicious meat — a good party — much rice wine again — good company — Cd. Hullar joined in like a good troupe — then we went to Ton's for MORE rice wine — finally ~~was~~ went home at 7 PM to Pleiku Rho ~~is~~ to Lich's home and then back here — I slept from 8 PM to 11 30 — much needed. Will go to sleep now before I collapse. Haven't had a good nite's sleep in long time. Much booze. Must apologize for Friday nite's letter. Never got a chance to reread it so don't know exactly what I said but remember being very angry when I wrote it. The next day got two excellent letters from you which will answer tomorrow when have had some sleep.

Love you very much, Sweetie. You are constantly in my thoughts. I need you more here than I ever thought

I did in the U.S.A. (wherever that is). Am sure, like Jack, this will all seem like a big dream when I get back to Minnesota. Until then need your words and encouragement to continue my hectic and very strange schedule here in Pleiku.

Love and good luck,

Dan