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Election Day
3 Sept 67
MACV, Pleiku
RVN

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3 Sept

Hi Kay,

Am sitting in our room — Bob Shultz is my roommate and good friend — together we run the "Montagnard Industries", many conversations and philosophizing sessions and just plain bull sessions go on in our room. Very rarely can a man sit here in our room and just write a letter without being interrupted. We are very close to the Club and our window is always open so we're sort of sitting ducks for visitors. We enjoy people but sometime it gets to be too much — same-same stateside. Remember we don't have homes to go to so we're essentially college students looking for a party or bull sessions — no homework to do. Right now Bob is sitting at the desk listening to his wife's tape and I'm sitting in the "easy chair" writing this.

Got your beautiful letter yesterday saying what you feel for a change — you're still very reluctant to speak your mind — maybe some of that Kelly reticence — agree with you completely about the religion bit — feel we have much to

discuss with each other when we can sit down together. Funny, just got a letter off to you complaining about your short, factual letters - and you turn around the next day with a beautiful long personal letter. You mentioned a letter you thought twice about sending - is it the one about masturbating? Don't sweat it, sweetie. Think it's beautiful - we've come a long way - am happy as hell you are really horny now. Your problem is one only healthy women have. Those inhibited, frigid women who are afraid of sex, feel it's dirty, etc are either still back in the dark ages or have been sexually assaulted in some way. Sex is a beautiful natural function - and in an unnatural setting as we're in - has to have some expression once learned. You can go out and find a boy friend (or in my case a girl friend) as almost half the people in our situation have done - surprise you? - don't be, it's a fact of life - or you can release this impulse in the way you've described. The thing to remember is this:

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does what you're doing in Kofex with love of God or neglect - does it hurt anyone? The answer to that is obviously NO! Better to use this function than to let it ~~lie~~ fallow, in my opinion. Am delighted that you are as horny as I am - you're probably right - we'll both be frigid when we get to Hawaii - may have to bring out shades of humor same same honey moon. Just don't have you're period, doll - or I'll be angry as hell.

6⁰⁰ PM

11⁰⁰ PM

Well, it's now 12 hours since I've had a chance to sit and write - many interruptions, went to Mass at 6⁰⁰ PM, went to a movie North by Northwest with Cary Grant & Eva Marie Saint - we have to wait between reels for them to rewind and change reels but it was worth it for this movie. Have been sitting teaching English & Montaguvel to the Vietnamese employees here - having a ball - one way or another we'll get these people together. Have been thinking about you off & on most of the day - want to give you a few

of my thoughts about religion, etc. Plan to make a note of it, so relax and read on. My thoughts are by no means clearly worked out - much of my bitterness toward our church has been dulled by not thinking about our problems - Have become somewhat of a pragmatist about religion and life, a cynic about people - here a man's worth is determined not by his good will or his smile or his good looks but by what he can produce - not just one time but consistently and under pressure. Also we are concerned about why a man does what he does - greed, pride, urge to make a name, publicity, medals, looking for a piece of ass, etc - any of these motives can screw up an operation so it'll take 2-3 who to bring it back where it was when this guy started to work with us. Was looking around the little theatre we have here at the men I've grown to know and - yes - love and respect. Come from all over hell to this spot called Pleiku. Many motives driving each man, some good, some not so good, some lousy. Previous to this have been able to ignore someone I didn't

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particularly like and shut him out of my life — simply because I didn't really need him. Now the rules are changed. I'm forced to work with these men, read each one like a psychonaut, examine his motives, read his weaknesses, use his strengths if I can. Can't ignore them any more. Must work with them, eat, sleep, the whole bit. Part of the strain here — why I like Saigon where I have no obligations. I need each man's skills here in some way to help out little war out in the villages. Some men are so weak, stupid or selfish I can't begin to use them but most are willing to help if humored along. We also have some powerful enemies who control supplies, vehicles, etc. and who have been slighted in some way or feel that our so-called civic actions is for the birds. Many of them feel our helping the Montagnards is a waste of time & energy; misinterpret what we're doing; think we're ~~out~~ out for medals, etc — wouldn't help if their lives depended on it and obstruct in every way they can. A strange war. Fortunately there

is usually a way around these men and we have powerful friends of our own. But this constant playing one man against ~~so~~ another, humoring this one, praising this one, more or less bribing a third etc. to get our aims is very disagreeable to me — but very necessary. Will sit down & explain the reason why it becomes necessary over the kitchen table some day.

When we find a really strong man who needs no support for his faltering ego, who is a good man, as we say — then we find a real prize. Such a man is John Watson, Bob Schultz, Jack Rudy, Rich. Rahlan and a few others we're looking over now. I couldn't care less what their religions are, what the secret to their strength is — all I'm looking for are strong men who are capable of performing without some hang up that will destroy their effectiveness. A very hard commodity to come by. Ask Ed what I'm talking about — he's one of these people. I'm not looking for a super man

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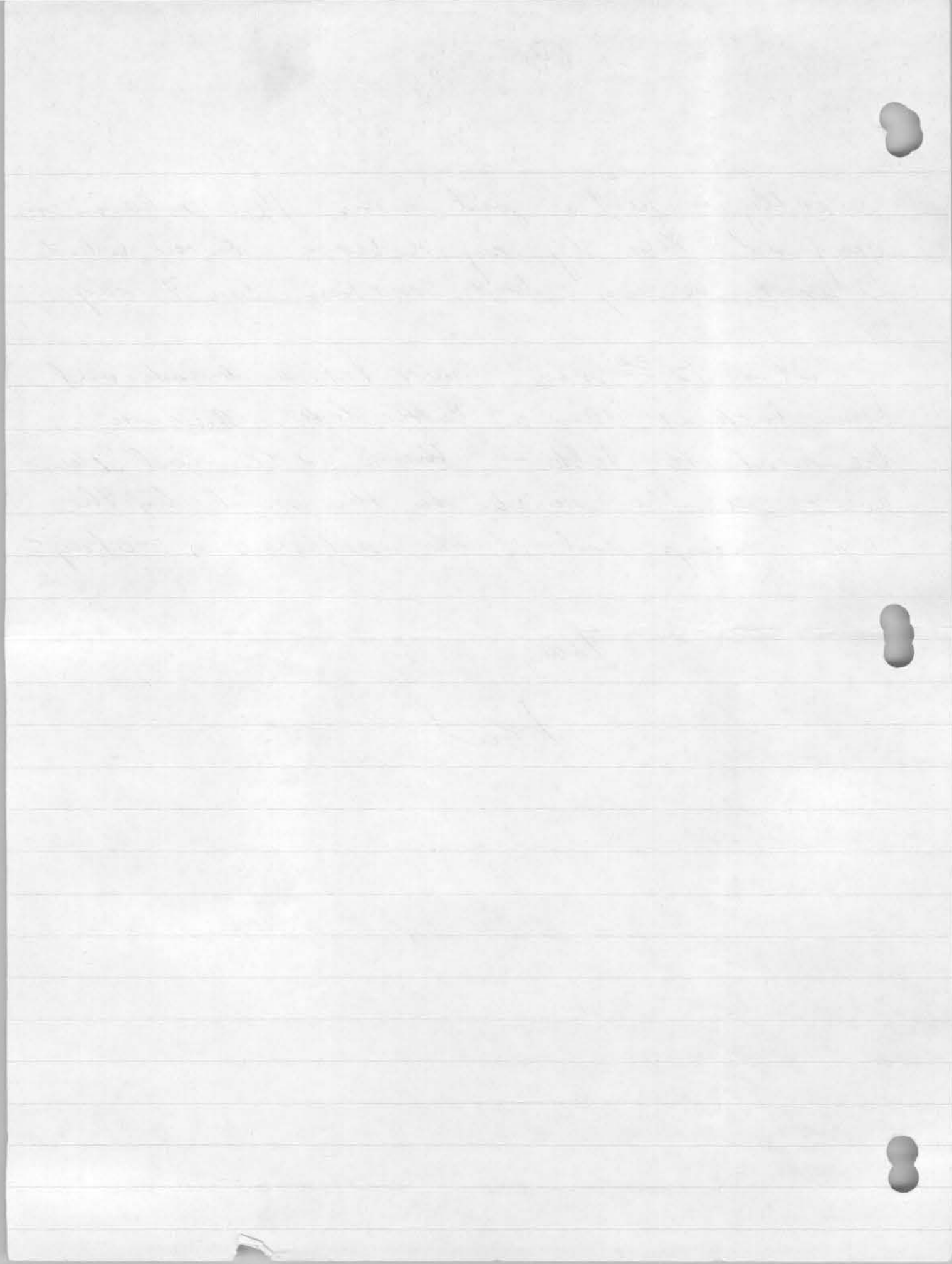
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exactly - just a good man. Hope I haven't confused this by my verbiage. Know what I want to say but somehow can't say it.

It's 12³⁰ now, will take a break and come back at this a little later. Am in the mood to talk - think I'll read this over - get this much in the mail by the 1⁰⁰pm pickup and start another one. - Okay?

Love,

Dan



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3-4 Sept 67
MREV, Pleiku RVN
Sunday - Monday

Hi again,

Well, just got the first installment in the mail. Am beat tired but think I owe you a good letter for a change - especially after the last few from you which are beautiful. I LOVE YOU.

Have a stack of unanswered mail here from you, plus my obligations to the folks, Ed & Weez, your mother, Mike & Mary Ann & Ft. Ryan. Hope to get short notes off to them all sometime after chatting with you. Will make another marathon out of it - will hate myself in the morning for sure. - but Y/O - can sleep some other time.

Went to Church today and thought about you & me and our problem with the C-church. Very hard to separate the chaff from the wheat - the wrong notions from the right - the evils in our religion from the good, constructive things in it. First of all - forget your guilt feelings regarding your doubt, uncertainties and disagreements with the C-church. Many of your & my

problems will in time be solved by our
maturing ^{and} the Church itself changing
~~its~~ its stand e.g. birth control, abortion,
infallibility, etc. Remember you were
given a liberal (meaning free) education with
the express purpose of making you free to
form your own opinions and to have them
be worthwhile, reliable opinions. Not infallible
opinions, mind you — but informed, worth-
while opinions. You were given all that back-
ground to equip you to think, form your
own opinions, develop your own philosophy
and therefore to make you free. (A Greek
idea but developed very well by Newman
in his Idea of a University.) To close
your mind and refuse to think about
problems confronting you and instead relying
on the voice from Rome (many times having
less information or experience than you do) would
be to act like a Communist party comrade
who parrots what Moscow says. You lose
your freedom, bury your head in the sand,
— to use a Biblical phrase — bury your talents.
You and I and the rest of us did not go
to school to learn how to be puppets but

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free men — to deny us this right & duty would be an injustice and also a great waste. On the other hand, the other extreme would be equally as bad — to throw out all the things we have learned from our Church. In spite of the people who purport to be our leaders in the Church — in spite of their obstructing and foot-dragging methods — Christ did promise to be with Her until the end of time. Better to stay in the Church, work with the good men like St. Gallatin and others. Outside the Church we just join the rock-throwing crowd and lose the good things she has to offer. Don't let a bad, or ineffectual or stupid priest blind you so that you conclude the Church is therefore bad or ineffectual or stupid. Same-same one drunken Irishman does not make us necessarily a nationality of drunkards. Or one Negro hoodlum does not make all Negroes hoodlums, etc. It's up to us to look beyond these things. Examine what are the definite truths this religion teaches, what do the sacraments do, what is

Mass all about. What is Christ's message (LOVE, sweetie, LOVE). What is grace all about, etc, etc. Once you've gone over these things again, you can begin to be free and strong in your religion. You can look beyond the lousy serman, the stupid priest, the politician bishop, even the slow moving perhaps naive Pope. Christ built a religion on people — made one man on a group of them infallible but only when stating matters of faith & morals & only ex Cathedra — not when debating birth control, natural law, etc. It's necessary to make distinctions. Ultimately each one of the problems we face will have to be solved by us for this situation — we are the ultimate judge as to right or wrong, good & evil, sin or lack of sin in each case. We have, after all, part of the priesthood and the grace of Christ within us — we are the Church unless we reject this grace given us in Baptism & Confirmation. If we lack the courage to think each problem

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out, judge for ourselves what the proper action is, and then make a decision to act or not to act based on all the available evidence (including partly the advice of the church) then we are being less than free, are rejecting our birth right and are becoming puppets, parrots and slaves. Hard words to say but, I think, true. Not that we won't make mistakes — and the further away from Christ we go the more likely we are to make mistakes — but we must act as our judgement and conscience direct us to act. If we refuse to think, evaluate and re-evaluate each problem — then we lose our leadership by forfeiture — our "gift of prophecy" (as St. Gallatin would say) is gone. Same name if we cannot keep up with and lead our children, then we thereby forfeit the rights of parenthood. It's a law of nature and a good one. If there are men in the church who cannot or will not lead, who will not exercise the gift of prophecy — then they forfeit the right to lead in the same way.

Again, do not throw out the whole C-church because of one man or a group of men (e.g. Curia, the Pope, etc)

The seeds of truth are within the Church even if these men fail to see them or acknowledge them. No truth can be ignored for long nor can any truth hurt us. Galileo was condemned for saying the moon was a satellite of the earth but the earth revolved around the sun. Darwin was condemned because of his theories on evolution. There are many examples of good men destroyed by the C-church out of ignorance. No solution to throw out the church, must stick to your convictions but within the Church. Martin Luther was right but lost his effectiveness by leaving the Church. Gallatin, I believe, is right and so is Kavanaugh in many respects — but they will both lose out if they leave the Church as did Davis. Because you have a few rotten apples on a tree, you don't cut down the tree.

Have gotten carried away — most of

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what I've written is for my benefit more than yours.

Another thought: sin. We had a sermon today by a very rigid, puppet of a man called Fr. Bastas. Had him in my office 3 days ago & told him a few of my thoughts. Can you believe it? He and Fr. Sullivan have no opinion on birth control. Just read the papers - whatever the Pope says is what they parrot back! Gave him a few thoughts to gnaw on in his spare time. Let him know I don't have much time for a man who purports to lead and yet refuses to think. Frankly - he's afraid to think - afraid he may come to a few conclusions on his own that would put him at odds with his Church. He's put his head in the sand for my money, buried his talents.

Anyway, he gave a sermon today on the greatest evil in the world - sin. "I will not serve" "I will not obey" "I will not love" God. Paranoid as I am, feel he meant this for me - to try to get me to shut my f---n mouth. Trouble is I was a wee bit

ahead of him. Will freely criticize my Church when I feel it is wrong — the truth will out any way and it should have no real threat to ~~the~~ Her. Think it is more scandalous to ignore ~~was~~ wrongs or defend a lie or an injustice than to freely admit them and talk the solution out. Protestants and others are more likely to respect a Catholic who freely discusses problems than the man who claims up & refuses to discuss an obvious problem or wrong. To say "we're infallible" as we used to is blatantly stupid and a great scandal to reasonable men. Christ would not have done this — and we are followers of Christ after all. If the Church interferes with a man's well-thought-out convictions and/or his love of God or neighbor, then the Church must be ignored in any particular case. But the problem demands thinking out, demands a free discussions and labored reasoning before the Church's stand can be ignored. What's more, one's own thinking must be open to revision, reasoning, new facts

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etc or it becomes as useless as the Church's opinion that was ignored. Enough of this. It's now going on 2⁰⁰ pm. Want to chat more with you, if you don't mind. Will get another cup of coffee, tell you about my latest adventures and make a stab at answering your letters.

Delighted with Kacla's milestone, dying to help you with Eriu (my reincarnation, I think) - proud as hell of each new adventure and success of Colleen's. Anxious to meet and know Jimmy and to butt heads with #4 again. Hope I haven't changed as much as I think I have - you may find you don't like the "new" Dan without his "niceness" as much as the old one. We'll see. In many ways am proud of myself for what I've managed to accomplish so far but in other ways see an ugly, proud streak in myself I don't particularly like. Am caught up in a struggle quite foreign to any thing in the states - have been in Viet Nam without a break since January and can remember

very little except in a dream about how I behaved before this. Become angry and impatient almost every day now and have to control this. Do not remember being this way before. ~~that~~ Much of the empathy and sympathy and gentleness I once remember having is not apparent any more. My true personality, maybe, is showing. Much of the ugliness that only you saw ^{in me} in our house, the angry outbursts, the frustrated angry fits I used to control everywhere except at home are coming more & more to the ~~sero~~ surface in the form of shortness, frank statements, insults sometimes, etc. Maybe I'm more honest with people now, I don't know. Certainly I'm more critical and less tolerant. A good man, a sincere man, even a weak man who I can help still gets my attention and help; but the phoney or "leader" who can't cut the mustard gets my contempt and I'm afraid I show it. Have discussed this already so will shut up.

I'll tell you this: a strong good man like Ed Bonin or a woman the calibre of

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weezer at yourself is a damn hard thing to come by — treasure all of you more than you will ever know.

Hey, got a card from Mary Connelly of all people. Have it on my pile in the room. It's been at least 10 years since I've even laid eyes on her and 7 or 8 since I've thought seriously about her.

What prompted the card? She mentions talking to my mother — did she get religion or something? Damn near bought the farm with that one, as you know — lucked out for sure — would have been a carbon copy of my mother — a constant contest full of invendos, manipulations, unsaid suggestions, hints, etc, etc. Wow, when I think of it, I shudder a little.

Today was election day all over Vietnam — looks like a shoo in for Thieu and Ky. Probably for the best. We had to stay out of the village today so the V.C. couldn't say we rigged the election. Good thing, too since a bunch of us got stoned last nite.

at Hink's house. Had a headache that kept me up most of the nite. Also had a drunken wrestling match with Snau - turns out he wanted me to come to his house to drink some rice wine, give me three bows he's made and share his food with me. I was so drunk thought he was Kech - thank goodness Watson was able to break us up and get us out of there by curfew time. A wild session for sure. Moral of the story - never drink beer before, during or after rice wine - you'll get clobbered every time. Will go back Tuesday when we start the medical visits and repair the harm I've done and have a good ol' hugging session, rice wine, etc. Snau and I were covered with mud from head to toe and drunk as shunks - 4/0 - he's a good man and makes a good bow. Tom & John between them got us all sorted out and cooled down - in short, your sweet empathetic, sympathetic husband made a royal ass out of himself. Where's that leader you were talking about?

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Today suffered through a horrible hangover — catalogued the bows I bought, ate sparingly and by 2-3^{PM} this afternoon decided I'd live after all. Feel pretty good now, my shake is gone, got the fluids back into me and should be raring to go by tomorrow. Tomorrow is organization day at Special Forces — we organize the medics, the medicine, the Americans, the vehicles and like that.

Hope to have a fruitful month of trips to the various villages to train the yards and also to improve the health of these people. Have a few volunteers and think as time goes on should have a pretty good team alternating every day. The Special Forces, 71st Evac people and my people are all joining in. Hope it doesn't turn out to be a circus — don't just need warm bodies — need good men — same-same problem I mentioned earlier.

It's 2³⁰_{PM} now — will write until ^{PM} and then quit, write a quick note to the folks and one to Fr. Ryan and a

Thank you to Wley & Ed & your mother & call it quits.

Very interesting article about M.L. King — Carl Rowan is no fool. Think what the Negro is doing here in Vietnam will do more for their image than anything else they could possibly do back in the States as a group. And these men are the future leaders, college graduates, useful Negroes that will make or break their movement in 5-10 years.

Have read your beautiful letter of the 28th (with the perfume) for the 5-6th time. — the one where you finally break through and discuss your thoughts rather than your actions. Have commented on all that already. Suffice it to say I think your reflexes are good — use your situation ethics when in doubt.

The ~~sun~~ sun broke through yesterday and today for the first time in 2 months and we all look like lobsters. I got my usual frying and have been hiding

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from the sun ever since. Don't know what to expect from fall but can tell you the sun is very hot when there's no cloud cover here. Am not knocking it - some of the huge mud puddles are drying up and we can see just how deep some of the holes are now.

About Bob Shultz - yes he is a career officer, a Major - probably a future General - runs personnel office - the best CO on the base - also my roommate and good friend. Thinks I'm a water-walker and supports anything I try to do. Has mentioned our coming to Germany almost every day for the last month - is very serious about this. Has his assignment for 3 years to Germany - thinks we are fools to pass this chance up - we can save \$1000.00 by going in the next three years and really see Germany & Europe with him as guide. Also Nick Tsacros is going to Greece from here for 4 years and insists we stop & see ~~a~~ him when we go to Europe. He'll also show

us one hell of a time, I'm sure. Nick is a major, career, runs DLCE (all the cargo traffic coming into Plechu) and sells \$100-200.00 worth of bows for me a week.

The care package lasted all of 2-3 days - many bull sessions equal no more food. Towel lu mun? The box from Weezer & Ed contained a jar of very much appreciated pickles - thanks to both of you.

Glad to hear your lungs are clearing up - keep at it sweetie - will need all the wind you can muster in Hawaii.

Will apply for the 5th October tomorrow - have all the necessary paperwork and am sure to get a seat on the RTR flight. Figure on at least \$1000.00 - counting your ticket round trip. Mine is free. The hotel bill itself will run to nearly \$150-200.00 for a week and the meals will be about \$200.00 at least. Any sight seeing or buying we do will be

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expensive also. Yes, I want you to make the ~~se~~ reservations, please. Am in the boones, remember? No travel agency would dare come out here because the big bad V.C. might get them. Seriously — would like to make some of the reservations, etc but couldn't if I were in the mood — we really are in the boones, sweetie.

Yes, those silk paintings are of Montagnards. Have picked up a few more odds & ends. May just bring them to Hawaii with me and let you take them from there — okay? — like a live Montagnard, a water buffalo, ten cross bows, a small elephant, ten V.C., etc, etc.

Picked up your poisoned pen letter of the 19th August which I've already answered. Like your spunk, doll. Don't ever lose it.

The article on Viet Nam was superficial but factual. From my point of view was

educational with regards the Vietnamese but totally inadequate with regard to the Montagnards. Y/O - am used to it by now - at least we'll know the facts, won't we?

Forget the AA&P dues - was told that these would be all taken care of by Henn. Co Med. Society until I returned. They simply f-d up. Don't sweat the small shit.

Have now answered all your letters - will turn in & answer the folks etc another day. It's 3³⁰ AM and have a long day tomorrow.

Love you, doll. Am' antsy as hell for the R+R. Won't believe it till I see you at the plane in Hawaii. Should be able to give you a definite date in a week or so. Love you, love you, love you. Am' a very horny 33 year old, come & all.

Love,

Dan

Hi Kay,

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MREV, Pleiku
R&N

³⁰
11 PM

Wednesday nite
6 Sept 67

As usual, after my marathon letter of two days ago, have let 2 days go by without a letter. Am very sorry. The next nite (Monday) got my truck stuck out in Plei Brel with a load of about 150 crossbows. Stayed the nite at Ton's house. The mud and rain have really made the road impossible - one false move with the steering wheel and you're up to the axle and running board in mud and deep gullies. Had a very enjoyable nite out there - slept in my "bed" with a warm Montagnard blanket, mosquitoes, the sounds of the village and the Montagnard smokey smells all around with the rain

pounding down. Will remember the
nites I've spent out in the villages
the rest of my life, I'm sure. There
is nothing like it. It's nites like
these that have brought me very close
to these people.

Hitch hiked back to the MAEV
Compound at 6⁰⁰_{PM} and got the 4 wheel
drive vehicle of the dispensary and
pushed "Charley Brown" (my pickup
has my usual name - has been through
a lot of rough miles with me) out of
the hole - there was enough traction by
then on the roads to get it out
under it's own steam. John Watson
stayed with me and also a new man
by the name of Ken Roberts (who
looks like a good man).

After getting some of the mud off

of us, John and I ¹⁴⁶ ^{65px} went to work
the dispensary with the pickup
loaded down with mud + crossbows,
bananas, ~~grass~~ guavas (sp?) and assorted
other commodities. Had a little
explaining to do but no sweat—
told Col Keller who took it well.

Tuesday went out to Plei Boel again
to start the "interviewship" of the medics.
By the time I got out there everyone
had left—settled for buying some
more bows—ended up talking about
America, communism, "Viet Minh",

Vietnamese, etc to all the young
men at Hnuch's house. No interpreter
—Rich is still down in Plei Khy—
have found I can speak very well

in my halting Javai, broken French,
via via Engleise and a great amount
of pantomime and pictures - didn't
even need Lich or John Watson. Was
very pleased and surprised. Have
been invited to the following sacrifices
and mumpai gatherings: Friday at
Nini's for a sacrifice in my honor
at Plei Sor - apparently a montoguard
robe and bracelet bit. Sunday at
Nini's house - one of my best cross-
bow makers - the man who "died"
last February - may be told you that
story - took him to Special Forces
with hours to spare and one week
later he walked into the village
thin but well and alive - will

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save that for one of my war
stories when I get back. Anyway
we'll have another sacrifice at
Nui's Saturday. Sunday have
two sacrifices to go to. Inan's
and Hnuch's house. Inan is the
guy I fought with in the mud
last Saturday mite - both of us drunk
out of our heads. A riot - had a big
emotional make up time - big hugs
etc etc ^{last} Monday. He'll have another
sacrifice for me Sunday. I should
be hung over for a week from all these
affairs.

We have over 200 crossbows in
our room now - stacked up with

came by Bob Schultz and
myself - almost touch the
ceiling in one pile - ~~the~~ every
corner & crack has a pile of bows
in it. - Would make a very good
picture.

- It's 12³⁰ now and we're still
getting visitors in here.

Will get this in the mail now.
Hope to write again tomorrow before
going out to the villages.

Love you very very much.

R+R isn't far away. Catch myself
day dreaming about it all the time
now.

Love,
Dan

9 Sept 67
airborne to Qui
Nhon
Saturday morning

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Hi Kay,

Must apologize again for not writing. It's been quite a hectic few days - have not been myself the last few days and did not know how to tell you about it so took the coward's way out.

John Watson is in front of me right now on a stretcher and I'm his medical attendant as far as Clark AB Philippines. He was run over by a tank 2 days ago on the way back from Plei Brel. I was driving the pickup and he was riding behind in the back. We hit a bump at the same time this tank decided to pull out and John was thrown out and the tank

ran right over his pelvis and
legs. For some unknown reason
① He's alive ② has only a fractured
pelvis and will walk again probably
without any problems. He's a tough
S.O.B. but I'm not. Have cried off &
on like a baby since this has happened
Have come to know, respect and - yes -
love this man as I have few others.
We've had a lot of adventures together
and worked very hard at times. Many
violent arguments, wild journeys, many
laughs and we understand each other.
He is a friend in a way new to me
as I've tried to explain before.

Have been like a little boy until
now for the last couple of days

— 12⁰⁰ noon — we're in Qui Nhon
now — John is safely in bed here
in special care — has a lot of

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pain but is sleeping now with
the Demerol. We won't get out to
Clark till Monday by the looks of
things. Will try to keep out of the
way - play a little politics with the
powers that be and keep John company
now & then.

Am very sorry for the lack of
communication, Sweetie. Col Hullar
and the other men around me have
sort of taken me in for the ~~last~~ last
few days. Col Hullar personally saw
to it I got smashed Thursday nite.
Yesterday went back to the village
to Plei Sor for Khin's sacrifice for
me and John Watson. You now
have another son - $4\frac{1}{4}$ now. It was
a very touching ceremony but sad
X'sorKhin

because John could not be with
us. Lick gave him a Montagnard
coat this morning before we left,
a crossbow from Nlin, a knife from
Ton + Sao and also some rice wine.

Have recovered my composure
now pretty well - feel like a bit
on a boat right now but
should be able to avoid boredom
- we're on the sea here - will take
a look at that pretty soon.

Talk to you later - John's
waking up - is sweating like a
trooper.

Love you very much,

Dan

10 Sept 67

4⁰⁰ PM Sunday

Qui Mon, RVN

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10 Sept

Ni Kay,

Hope my letter from yesterday reaches you okay. Will attempt a better one now that I've had time to think a little.

Have had the worst emotional upset of my young life in the last few days. Am determined to shake this thing and get back to work but am having one hell of a time. Maybe the ~~set~~ shock of what happened to John is just an incidental thing - but it has made me sit down and re-evaluate my life and activity here, the reasons for doing what we've set out to do

in the villages - even to re-evaluating
my entire philosophy of life. Find it
very difficult somehow to communicate
with any one on the subject - part of
the reason why you haven't received
any letters for the past few days.
Want to be by myself, ignore
the world, cry real hard, go hide
somewhere. You must find these
words very strange coming from me.
I'm sorry. Wish I could convey
to you somehow just how close John
Watson and I and Lick Rohlan and
a few others (including Jack Rudy)
have become over here.

Find my self jumping at any
sudden noise, can't bring my self
to drive, have lost a great deal of

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that know-it-all self confidence
I had. All these things are new
to me - am hoping I'll soon be
over them - am not sure, but
think once I force myself to get
back to work that I'll forget and
be myself. Am living the last few
days in a very strange way. Am
ashamed of myself but haven't been
able to shake it as yet.

Will be leaving for Clark AB in
the Philippines tomorrow with John.
Plan to get him settled and acclimated
for the States, take a few days
off away from Viet Nam, look
around the place a little - and then
come back and get to work.

In many ways I think you will find me a changed man when I get back - as we discussed before. I hope not but am afraid this is so. We will sit down, Sweetie, and talk way into the night many times and maybe somehow I can tell you some of my experiences - good and bad - here. When I write them down they don't seem like much - but they have meant a great deal to me and have changed my perspective on life a great deal.

My love for you and the kids and Ed & Wes and others is just as strong - I think stronger - than before - but somehow it's a

different man ⁽³⁾ who ¹⁴⁸ ^{10 Sept} does the loving.

I'm afraid I'm just making a mess of this topic and not really saying what I want to ~~say~~ say.

Thursday nite - the nite John Watson was run over by the tank - was amazed how many people became involved in us. Had 5 or 6 trucks come out to make sure I was all right - a helicopter came & got John. Many of the people who have been critical of what we are doing - suddenly demonstrated great concern. After I scrubbed in & out 4 or 5 times while they worked on John at the 18th Surg - they took me to the Officer's Club very kindly - like I was a

small child - made sure I ate
something - Col Nullar took me
by the hand to the front of the
room where he sat - sat me
down and demanded I watch the
entertainment - it was very good
Koreans I think - he kept feeding
me full of gin tonics - people all
over the room kept sending me
drinks. John Hodgson wanted to give
me a sedative but told him I was
just fine. T.I. Harris took me
down to see John after the show,
brought me back and took me
to a good bye party for Bud Mehan
- drank Scotch until 2-3 AM, said
my good byes and then was carefully

led home to bed. ④ 14⁸ The 10^{Sept} next
morning no one would let me
see patients - took me (Col Kullar
that is) to see John Watson again.

Wandered around the place most of
the day - everyone else did the
physicals except for one that I
stumbled through. Then Bob Miller,
Lick and I went out to the village
- Min's house - for a sacrifice to
see me his father. Bought
cross bows - beautiful ones, received
a Montagnard robe from him and
a bracelet - ~~the~~ everyone was again
solicitous for ME - even though
I was okay - JOHN was the one who
got hurt. Feel like a fool even
writing this down. Came back to

see John - gave him the crossbow
and bracelet and rice wine and
fruit that Nlin had given me.
Broke up a little when I saw John
in such pain - made an ass of
myself again.

John Hodgson got me TDY
orders to go with John yesterday
- think everyone is glad to get
rid of me. Can see how an alcoholic
will turn to drink to forget - well
have to watch myself the next few
months. All I can think of right
now are guys like John Value,
Frank Doyal and some of the
other good men who started to
drink heavy towards the end of

⑤
their tours here. ¹⁴⁶ Can ^{10 Sept} see all
the symptoms in my self. When I
get back from the Philippines will
just put my head down and plow
ahead with the work.

Sweetie, am very sorry have
made this letter full of so many
"I's" - needed to talk to someone
and this has helped. Am slowly
getting my thoughts squared away
- have many guilt feelings I'm
sure about John's accident that
I must come to terms with yet
but will in time.

Love you very much

Talk to you later.

Love,
Dan

These things are very old
the specimens are very old
and have been in the collection
of the British Museum for
many years. I have seen
them in the museum and
they are very old.

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Tuesday
19 Sept 67
9³⁰ AM
USAF Dispensary
Pleiku, RVN

Hi Kay,

149

19 Sept

Was a big thrill talking to you this morning - sorry I was all business - didn't even have time to tell you I love you - think you already know that. That was Barry Goldwater in Arizona that monitored our call. It's a wireless call made to ham operators in the States who relay this to the telephone people and the call is made that way. Exciting wasn't it? Hope it didn't cost a fortune. There are over 500,000 troops in Vietnam and many have urgent business. Didn't feel we could sit & chit chat under these circumstances. Besides I choked up hearing your voice.

Hope you got the message - my R&R is for 3 October - please try to get to Hawaii by then so we'll have as much time together as possible.

Have a lull in sick call now - we have 4 doctors and 3 consultation rooms so am temporarily displaced from my room - will take advantage of it to write a decent letter.

Am very sorry for all the lousy letters I've been sending. Would

like to review my activities since John's accident if I may. That was Thursday 7 Sept about 6⁰⁰ PM on the way back from Plei Brel in the muddy, bumpy roads. He was run over by a tank as you know. That sounds like a simple statement but cannot remember ever falling apart like I did that time. Put a new premium on what we are trying to do. Have had to sit down and re-evaluate the whole thing. If I can bore you a little would like to expand on that.

The Montagnards are incredibly dirty, worm ridden, unhealthy people who's life expectancy is 35 yrs. They live in mud, have no latrines, drink rice wine that by any standards is pretty horrible - their food is good but they're taste buds are quite different. They take filth, mud and bugs for granted and consequently, ~~it's~~ ^{they're} ~~every~~ in all the food, beds, etc. Those that survive this atmosphere are tougher than hell but small and really quite weak over the long haul in spite of their beautiful torsos, heavy muscular shoulders, legs and back. They have great pride, honesty and integrity and love with an intensity that overpowers me. In spite of this they have remained back somewhere in the late Stone Age for reasons still obscure to me. That they can and want to learn new things has

(2)

149 19 Sept

been demonstrated many times to me. Witness Lich Rahlan who has advanced centuries and literally ages in his short 33 yrs. And there are many more. Once committed to a course they attack it with enthusiasm. It's getting them to want to change that's the difficult thing to do.

So why do I feel I want to work with these people at all? Why not just sit here on the base and wait for my DEPOS like most of the men here do? There's plenty of things to do here. Haven't read more than one book since I've been here. Time + Life are work to me. My medical reflexes are dulled now because they are ^{NOT} constantly honed by difficult medical problems.

I'd like to write out some of my thoughts for you but mostly for me. The Montagnards are caught in a historical struggle not of their making, one which they don't understand or even care about. One system of thought — NOT entirely evil — called Communism — more specifically Chinese or Asiatic Communism

is moving in upon us and our going is rough. There is no historical background such as we have had — he is still not sure where Europe & America

is seeking to take over South east Asia simply because by doing so it can survive, get the riches that are here — heal it's wounds, feed it's belly, and amass wealth & resources to continue it's planned expansion beyond the limits of Asia — first to India, Australia, Philippines and the islands — and eventually South America and Central America. The softening up process is going on in these

and live my life as I see fit as I have never done before. Never again will my Church or anyone or any influence deny me the right to do ^{or say} what I feel is ~~a~~ right.

In the same way that I hold very sacred my freedom as a person, a thinking, independently acting person — in that same way I have espoused the problem of the Montagnard, the Negro, or anyone else who is denied this right for whatever reason. For this same reason I hate Communism with a passion and love democracy ~~for~~ with the same passion. For the first time I realized the importance of a vote when the Montagnard — to a man — voted in the last election for the candidate of their choice. Watching Lich Rahlan champion his people has made me realize how important one man can be if he takes the trouble and has the courage to take the trouble — in helping his people. And Lich Rahlan has six children — and lives ~~in~~ under the soil. ~~He is~~

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149 19 Sept

than half the Christians I know.

Have gotten very carried away in this letter. Will get my R&R orders off to you tomorrow morning so you can use them in buying your ticket. I hope you don't judge too harshly what I have said. Am still very confused about myself. — and not a little shaken about the whole thing. Hope you understand what I'm going through. If you don't will be very sad and ~~disap~~ disappointed.

I love you more than you'll ever know, Sweetie.

Please pray for me.

Love,
Dan



Reef 3, 4 & 5th
Isl. Hawaii 6th 7 & 8th
Breakers 9 & 10th, 11th & 12th

31-

24 Sept 67

MASS OFF Club

12³⁰ AM

Sunday very early

150
24 Sept

Hi again Ken,

Just mailed the other letter. Have a pile of letters in front of me going back to 1 Sept without A's on them so must be that got behind in answering mail. Don't know what happened to this month. Since John's accident 7 Sept have heard no sort of a return word of my own making — very selfish and am sorry. As you can probably tell from my letters have recovered fairly well and am back in the swing of things.

Have enjoyed your descriptions of the kids — Kula & Lolani going to school, Megan and her adventures, Jimmy and his budding personality and your description of Erin at play. These word pictures are beautiful, serene. They come in my mind many times during the day.

Catch myself thinking more and more of home and Leo and Leo of the job here lately. My main problem is finding someone acceptable to the Montagnards, to replace myself and the others working with me. Do not want to suggest that I am irreplaceable in any sense, as Jack Rudy was not replaceable. The

problem is finding someone or some people who are willing to become totally involved in the problems out there, live with the people, etc - even when it gets to be work and the novelty wears off. Simply stated - must find some people who get the message that friendship with these people secures the perimeter from attack. Facing this, we get motivated instead of halting at Black or the like. Enough of this.

Am anxious to see 5620 Youth - the "men" 5620 Youth now that you've got it neatly arranged. Have so much! Just collected you'll be amazed. Think you've been of a great help in 3 years is a good one.

My sympathies to Ben Johnson but think he'll find like I have that it's a wonderful experience. Will be glad to be a civilian again though - this is great but won't smother a career of it.

See & Terry London and like they just get deeper & deeper in trouble. Don't there some way out for them? Hope we never get that deep in debt or trouble.

The smartest thing we ever did in this service was to bring you and the best track to Mpls where your good friends and family are. Granted we were making good friends in W. Falls but don't think they'd ever stop

(2)

150 24 Sept

to the bunch in the cities. If we have no other reason to stay in the land of ice & snow it's this: this is where are friends and family are. The Montagnards call these kind of people ^(younger brother) ador, ^(older brother) ayeung, ^(father) ama, ^(son) ana - make very little distinction that I can see between blood relatives and relatives by adoption. Actually neither do we when you come right down to it.

Labor day came & went without even so much as a mention made of it here. A little hard to take a day off from the war status.

Still falling asleep in the middle of "great" movies, I see. Guess who would have watched it to the better end if I were there?

You are being a very good doctor, doll. Think I'll let you take call from now on when I get home. Paper clips for Larry Lindenburg, eye drops for Rosie, etc.

Don't quit your questions, sweetie. It's hard, I know - but the greatest gift we all have is our minds and they were meant to be used. To refuse to think and question is to die a little, busy

your talent. Always be aware that you are probably falling short of the real truth, but never cease to question. Just be careful who you discuss your questions with - many people are unable or unwilling to think things through - would prefer to remain sheep and let others do the thinking for them - as you know, the more you think, the more confused and troubled you get. But also remember that our kids are going to be miles ahead of us if we refuse to think things through - same same Dan Whitlock being way ahead of me in medicine and philosophy and theology and yet only 4-5 years my junior.

Somehow it's our generation and the next that are going to have to come up with solutions to the Negro problem, city problems, Indian problems, birth control, celibacy, ~~some~~ Catholic schools, Christianity vs. agnosticism vs. ~~the~~ atheism, and on & on. If people like us can't think these things through and drag the church "kicking & screaming into the 20th century" then who can she look to. If our group of people aren't qualified to think & discuss and question then the C-church has really painted itself into a corner and so has society in general. Get a bit carried away, don't I? sin loi, sorry about that.

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150 24 Sept

You're the best therapist a man could have, Sweetie. Have been pouring myself out in these letters home since January and almost invariably feel better (if very tired) when I'm through. Think the thing that broke my spell of depression was your letters of understanding and also my knowledge that whatever I wrote you, you would somehow understand. That long, boring letter of mine describing what I'm trying to do here helped me a hell of a lot more than it did you, I'm sure. Needed you as a sounding board as usual. Stick with me, Kid - you'll never know how much I rely on you.

I'm sitting here reading your beautiful letters ~~of~~ over again - many of them for the first really relaxed time. Treasure these nites when I can just sit here and chat with you. Trouble is I'll be beat tomorrow - Y/O.

Sure did louse up the R+R plans by not getting my orders till 4 days ago. Let loose a barrage of abuse to the post A2C at the R+R center until realized that it wasn't his fault - just a mess up in Saigon.

Hope we can salvage a good RTR out of it after all.

QUIT PICKING YOUR FACE!
Don't want to kiss 2 inches of make up when I see you. Hell, I don't care — I'm not so beautiful myself. You'll have a ball with my black head I'm sure.

Just bring yourself and the ~~new~~ Instamatic Camera — couldn't care less whatever else you bring. We'll make out okay I'm sure.

Hurray for Ed & Weezy — will really hurt their pocket books but ~~I~~ know they'll do okay. How do you feel about another baby? Maybe when Jimmy gets out of diapers. You know about the pickles coming — that's the only box of goodies from the Bonin's lately. Got a box from the Ivory's with banana cake, sausage and cookies.

Kaela's tempo, lumps behind her ear and here continuing ear problems bother me very much. Think we should get busy and have Joe Teynor see her about a TTA before much more time goes by. She is probably missing things in school from poor hearing. If this continues may get to

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150 24 Sept

be a permanent problem.

Am up to your letter of the 13th Sept now. Am very sorry I put you through all my troubles for the last few weeks. Thank you for your patience and understanding.

Did I tell you what I picked up in the Philippines? Will have to tell you verbally about my adventures in Angeles City with some Hucks - they took care of my borrowed car, showed me where to buy the best wood work and finally we were up till 4^{PM} with a big map of Southeast Asia and the Philippines talking like magpies - had a ball considering what I was at Clark for. A good experience. The Filipinos are very proud of their country - and if they are as dishonest as they are reported to be I certainly didn't notice it.

Got a beautiful statue of a nude woman carrying a water pitcher - not pornographic at all, two large statues of Negritos (same-same Montagnards) two lazy susans think you'll like

Negritos

2 busts of (montagnards) 5 or 6 cups with faces for sides, 4 purses for the girls, 2 beautiful ash trays made of ebony wood and a jewel cabinet for you. Would have gladly bought the whole store but ran out of money. Am a little nutty on the subject of wood as you may be know. There was a huge — maybe 4 feet by 4 feet ^{wooden} mask of the devil that was gorgeous but ran out of money. Think you'll like this stuff but maybe we'll have to move out to get all this stuff into the house.

Thank you, thank you, thank you for your beautiful letter on the 15th Sept. Will put it in a special place with Ed's beautiful letter. That one was the one that really did it for me and got me back to work. I love you, respect you and need you more than I'll ever be able to express. Where you came from I'll never know — but could never make it without your help. Thanks again, sweetie. I'm sorry I don't have the words to tell you what I'm feeling ~~to~~ towards you. Love you.

Got your not so cheerful letter on the 16th Sept worrying about me — hope by now some of the others have arrived.

150 24 Sept

Want very badly to talk to you about my problems in depth but have, frankly, been afraid to alarm you. We all weigh our words home very carefully here so the thought of imminent danger isn't always in your minds. I think this is as it should be. We ourselves are not constantly, at least consciously (perhaps subconsciously) aware of the danger here. To deny there is an ugly war going on would be ridiculous. To deny we are slam bang in the middle of it would also be ridiculous. It is our constant companion here - like booze to an alcoholic, or the color of his skin to a Negro. The contrast between Clark AB and Pleiku AB is simply astounding. No words I can use would describe it. At Pleiku we live with death, wounded, danger and this lousy war - every Viet-namense or Montagnard could be the enemy - even my sons Ton or Hien could be pressured enough to become the enemy - although I feel more safe with them & Lich than with anyone else.

My first reaction at John's accident was bewilderment and profound grief - the

worst I have ever experienced — the
next reaction was disgust with this war
that has brought us here and can cause a
thing like this to such a good man —
wanted to drop the whole thing & hide
somewhere — suffered guilt, pain &
deep empathy all in one — after
seeing John safely on his way to the
States a new emotion came over me
which I'm not at all proud of — FEAR.
I got cold feet, quite simply. Especially
when I arrived and found out Lee Hitchcock
had been gunned down in a planned
terrorist action down in Pleiku. I've
known fear before many times here as
I'll discuss when I see you — but
this was a new kind — sort of a superstitious
fear like the Negroes have & when people
close to them die or get hurt.

This is why I didn't write for so long
— didn't know how to tell you this and
yet wanted to very badly. Have now
sufficiently recovered to go back to work
again — must do the job in front of me
— more cautiously perhaps — but still it must
be done. Have had to dig deep to find faith
in God's Divine Providence and am still
a little shaky in that department. Your
letter of the 15th helped more than you will
ever appreciate. Will not be foolhardy,

(6)

150 24 Sept

Sweetie — plan to get back to your people — but feel I have a definite job to do that needs doing very badly — and we're damned short of people willing to do it. In fact, a few of us sat down and counted up the men we can rely on and it comes to 10 men — out of 2,700 men on this base! Col Kullas feels very strongly that we are the reason the air base has not been hit — because we are contributing in many ways to the good of the Montagnards and consequently they return the favor by keeping the "Viet Minh" away from us. I feel that this is true also. There aren't no medals here, however. Most of the things we do are illegal or not mentionable. We have attracted a lot of notice regarding our "civic action methods" from 7th Air Force — it looks like I'm going to be asked to write an article about what we do — the "give away" civic action has had little or no success elsewhere and the so called Med cap missions all over Viet Nam have done nothing but get

a lot of publicity for the doctors and
a lot of medicine for the V.C who come
in right after the Medcap teams leave.

Sweetie, it's 3^{AM} or later - I'm
beat. Hope what I have said hasn't
alarmed you. Think you have guessed
this much already anyway. Have always
wondered how I would respond to fear
- am not proud of my first reaction but
think I've learned something about myself.
Please pray for my faith in God. Courage
is some thing very different than I thought
it was. It's no fun at all. Quite
simply it's the ability to handle fear.
And the amount of courage is in direct
proportion to the amount of fear you have.
Do I make any sense?

I love you very much - more than
I'll ever be able to tell you.

Talk to you tomorrow,

Love,

Dan

16 Oct 67

Some time early AM
MACV, RVN
Monday

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16 Oct

Hi Kay,

Just woke up after taking a nap
— haven't the faintest idea what
time it is. Am back to my
animal habits — when I get tired, lay
down where ever I am and sleep.

Just woke up fully clothed with a
basketball in my arms — don't know
where the basketball came from.

Yesterday (Sunday) was a two
bracelet day. Two sacrifices complete
with rice wine on my bare feet, incantations,
etc. Bill Fulton, Steve Charles and
John Hodgson also got themselves
initiated. One was at Lil's house
— turns out he was the old chief before
Tom — and apparently will be the
chief again someday — they have elections
periodically in the village — something
I was unaware of. From just myself
and John Watson we have grown to
5-6 men who are willing and able
to go out and do good work in the
villages. Was worried for awhile about
having a replacement — can relax now.
The crossbow industry is also out of
my hands now — and this is a good

thing. Have a few pangs of possessiveness about the projects that I've worked on going out of my hands — much like a parent takes to see a child grow up and leave the home, I suppose.

For the record, had the following people out at Plee Brel yesterday:

Bill Gultong (Air Evac nurse), Steve Charles (doctor), John Hodgson (doctor), Lou Bracey (medic), Lee Ignatowicz (medic), Brownman (medic-flight), Chunn (air evac medic), Dave Berrio (P. I. medic), Rusty Shields (Maj - munitions expert), Ken Roberts (Lt - munitions), Sue Finche (friend of Bler's - red cross), Marsha Ness (red cross — NOT related to Mary Ness Beechell), and 2 others I don't even know who came along for the ride. We spread all over the villages — Plee Brel, Plee Sar, Plee Phung, Plee Kep.

Tomorrow is the big day (today actually — Monday) — all the people of Plee Brel got together and bought a large water buffalo from the Vietnamese — will have a sacrifice ~~tomorrow~~ ^{today} for the upcoming harvest of rice. It started yesterday with all kinds of going playing, ritual dancing and fighting (Hing ended up with a wicked cut under his (L) eye from his ritual fight with another man) — Luckily I'm working the

(3)

151 16 Oct

dispensary so don't have to get
smashed today - will go out Poi Dua
(Tuesday) and join in the festivities
(rice wine drinking). Looks like a
blast is in the making.

20 Oct 67.

~ 6⁰⁰ PM Friday evening
USAT Dispensary

Hi Kay,

My humble apologies for not writing.
Got your first two letters today and
am getting back in stride. This
is the first moment I have had to
myself since I started the letter above.
Have slept on all kinds of things
and in all kinds of places. Finally
found the supply room here - have
both doors locked and finally
finished wrapping & packing all
the junk I've accumulated.
Don't have the money yet to send
them but at least they are
ready to go.

Am glad you had a good
time in Hawaii - I did too as
you know. But have been strangely

sad and depressed since I came back. It's not the villages exactly - have gotten into the swing of things again. It's not the fact that much of the work has been taken out of my hands. Got almost a royal reception in the villages when I got back - very embarrassing.

If you don't mind, would like to philosophize for a moment. Have received a large amount of notoriety lately - articles written about me (Lord knows where they will appear - or even if they will appear) - much conversation blowing me up to be quite a hero. I would be a fool not to be pleased - but besides that am confused by it all. Somehow am losing control of the situation - am being caught ~~to~~ up in a big Civic Action thing - my "baby" is growing up. We have good men who have taken the ball and run with it (today Steve Charles, Rich and Bob Muller took off for Plei Breloy Plei Sar and I don't even have a vehicle to go out with). We've had a wild week of it as you can gather from the lack of letters. Have spent every waking moment either out in the villages or talking about them. The enthusiasm is tremendous & very gratifying but the "good ol' days" are gone forever.

(3)

151 20 Oct

Somehow I've been struck in the role of a seer full of knowledge about these people — what I say is weighed carefully and the same brain picking process I used on Jock Rudy goes on in reverse now. That's okay. But somehow I feel like the horse that is put out to stud.

Another thing is this: Felt very proud and humble in your presence in Hawaii — I married myself a magnificent gal. More damn shit has been thrown your way this year than most people catch in a lifetime. Your stamina is remarkable. And instead of offering you some sort of praise and attention, insisted on telling my stories and blowing my whistle the whole time we were in Hawaii. Feel badly about this. Was very happy to get your letters with the same gung-ho spirit as always. Feel I've let you down somehow — but can't put my finger on it.

Maybe all the above is just some sort of mood I'm going through. Noted something like this with Jock

Rudy just before he left. A certain melancholy about leaving the work here and his friends - and yet anxious to leave at the same time. A strange thing the emotions. Will shake it, I'm sure - and get back to work. There is still much to do:

Want to get those looms from Saigon before I leave.

Want to set up a store in the villages before too much more time goes by.

Want to help them harvest their rice in November

Want to get back to the Philippines if possible.

Want to open up Plei Koteng for the new Army doctor.

Want to open up
11⁰⁰PM — Lost my train of thought - went to Special Forces to see a strip (to the skin) show with the rest of the dispensary by special invitation. Was told I was a candy-ass if I didn't go. Couldn't turn down a challenge like that. Wound up talking most of the night with Walt Penn (has been wounded twice by the VC & ~~he~~ has spent 2 yrs here and one year in Santa Domingo - is getting out in 2 wks to study law in Virginia - will

(4)

151 20 oct

- just got interrupted again - sorry don't know what I was going to say
- anyway, made the show with Walt Penn and a packed house. Yes, she did - stripped to the skin with much wild applause all around. Behind me were two Vietnamese whose paid for by the S.I.'s wrapped around them. To get a better view they kept climbing up my back and playing Pocky Knees with me - grabbed them both ~~to~~ where it hurt and they squealed out "No 10 S.I."
- said something to the effect that you don't play around with this horny bastard without getting hurt and finished up with shaking my bracelets in their face and saying "Vietnamese no 10, Montagnard no woone!" - so much for international relations.

- Am back in my room again in MACV as you may be gathered. This will be the 2nd nite since coming back to Pleiku I've been in my own bed - tomorrow & Sunday will be ~~at~~ sleeping on the dispensary examining table on call. Should be able to sleep standing up by the time I get

home.

Your letters are pure joy to me. Am
very sorry I've been so poor in my
letter writing. Am just fine, sweetie.
Have gotten over my fear that I discussed
before, but am much wiser than I was
and refuse to take chances. NO subconscious
death wish for me. May be a hero to
some of the people here — but plan to
start practicing medicine in the BLC
Come Feb 1, 1968.

Have just reread your letters — Can't
tell you how much you mean to me
— you doll. Have started bragging
about you again — hope you don't
mind — you'll never meet these people
anyway except by accident. — and then
we'll just sit around & tell war
stories while you serve coffee or
booze any way.

— One comment made by Steve
Charles — an honest man and full of
humor & self-deprecation same as
Tom Hart — was that he ~~took~~ knew a
couple who spent a year apart: when
they got together ~~neither~~ they both
wanted to tell the story of their year's
adventure and neither one was willing
or able to sympathize or really appreciate

151 20 Oct

The experiences, suffering and honest exertion of the other but wanted to lean on the other for this sympathy — they ended up falling apart because of this. Have thought about this and realize you will never be able to relive this year with me in spite of all the letters and words that I've passed your way. Must settle for the fact that you know it has been a significant year for me and in some way you have been a part of it as have Weezer & Ed. Apart from that the individual adventures, scrapes, tests of courage, etc will always be mine and I'll never be able to share these.

In the same way your and Weez & Ed's struggles and huge generosity will never be fully understood by me and I'll only be faintly aware of the struggles and effort these took.

When Bled's house — the place where she took her boy & girl friends — a small hoosh on Ton's land — burned up and Ton and I put it out with buckets of water and much

excitement - Blex crying hysterically all the time so I had to hug her until she calmed down - when I heard that crashle of flame and saw the total destruction and smelt the wet burnt smell you must know so well - all I could think of was how you must have felt during your adventure with the smoke, fire and lousy wet burnt smell in 5620 Zenith. Many adventures for both of us - we'll share a little as time goes on.

Enough of this. It's about time I got a letter into the mail. Love you, sweetie - you'll never guess how much.

Dan

153

21 Oct 67
12³⁰ midnite
Saturday nite

Hi,

It's me again — the old unreliable.
Thought I'd try to get a short note
in before the mail goes out at 1⁰⁰ PM
— will try to be faithful as hell from
now on.

Have been on call again all day —
a wild variety of sick, near sick and
plain malingerers. Gave me a chance
to catch up on my reading and other
things. Have also managed to Karapart
all the accumulated magazines (including
one America dated 28 Jan 67) here, put
in order the letters since June from you
and even read a little.

Not much to write about. Had a
long discussion with my medics about
Viet Nam, the Air Force, ISB pill,
their chances & opportunities on the outside
and, of course, the Montagnards. The
Negroes got in for a comment or two.
Southern boys and one Indian in
the bull session. Many interesting
comments. Find my original observation

that stripes on a man's arm) have nothing to do with his intelligence or lack of it — that rank (at least in the Air Force) is much a matter of time in the service and nothing more — added to that a liberal sprinkling of being in the right place at the right time.

Read an amusing article in America about men from the "old" school. Wonder if this guy didn't go to Our Lady of the Angels in Belle Prairie, Minnesota. Will send it along for your perusal.

Also an article soon to appear somewhere you may be interested in about our efforts up here. — note the similarity to it and to ^{my comments written for Hodgson's} ^{attention.} Hope the house is progressing well and things will return to normal soon. Am waiting for that philosophical letter you promised to send. So far have received 2 from you — much better than you've done by me

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21 Oct

Have the feeling that you held back many things you wanted to say in Hawaii for fear of making me sad or upset. After our initial conversation when I upset you, I also held back many comments I will make when this ~~the~~ thing is all over.

Miss our frank, angry discussions we've had across the kitchen table — letters are great but really don't ~~it~~ to the high ether, do they? We'll have a good old fashioned yelling contest, crying contest, depressed, better, happy, laughing all time of it when I get back. I can discuss my fears, etc and you can discuss your loneliness and how tired you are of being brave.

I know a little of what you're going through, sweetie and I'm proud as hell of you. I have an easy outlet — it's easier for me to put my thoughts on paper or in conversation than for you — sort of a cathartic. Can then go on

to the next problem. Sease you've
bottling up much of your frustrations
and pulling a Kelly act — blast
away Sweetie — am a big boy now
— think I can take it even though
I may not particularly like it.

Will get this in an ~~envelope~~ envelope
now and run down to the mail box
—

Love you, doll. You're nice.
If I knew I was that good (as in
Hawaii) I'd make shoe leather
out of it before this

Love,

Dan

22 Oct 67
Sunday nite
12⁰⁰ midnite
USRF Dispensary

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Hi Kay,

Cleaning your house
While the kids are still growing
Is like shoveling the walk
Before it stops ~~shoveling~~ snowing
The Sloppy Housekeeper's Almanac

Got your 2nd + 3rd letters today along
with Ed's beauty - sounds like those
happy hours are going to be really
something when I get back. We'll have to
rearrange the hours for sure.

By now you must be thoroughly
mad at my for my lousy letter
writing. Many apologies. Just couldn't
come out of my self long enough to write
but am okay now. The flow of letters
will be better from now on I promise.

That poem above is out of a small
book by Phyllis Diller, entitled "Phyllis
Diller's Household Hints" - made me
home sick. Bet you could add a few

of your own

Got some notoriety again yesterday
— in the Pac. Stars & Stripe — thought
I'd add it in the letter.

Can't tell you how much your
letter meant from Sunday when you
said I hadn't changed. Since Hawaii
my language has cleaned up considerably
except for occasional lapses. The
bracelets are back on (plus 5 more)
— and have had many good times out
there — but find myself thinking more
and more of Mpls, 5620 Zenith, the
BCC, the kids, you, the long hours
of practice, plans for the future, etc.
Will be glad when X-mas comes —
will count the days then. — All I
know is that I'm under 100 now.

Roy Worthington, Lee Ignatowicz
and myself are taking call & have been
f since this morning. Am going on
my 42nd straight hour of call and
am getting a bit short with people.

The new 7th Air Force ruling is that

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154

22 Oct

We have to stay in the dispensary for all the time we're on call or within calling distance. — slept here last nite and will again tonite. Come off this silly call at 4³⁰ PM tomorrow. It's not tough but the hours get long. Gives me time to get the book-work in.

Went to a Mass today completely in English — the last time was in 1950 in Baltimore when I got lost in an Anglican church on one of my many solitary walks. It was great. Dropped my missal and just listened. Strange to hear the consecration in English, too. Somehow ~~as~~ a test of Faith.

Want to go back to Hawaii someday, sweetie, when this thing is over and enjoy it without the pole of Viet nam over our heads. Enjoyed it very much — except that last day — but couldn't really open up the way I wanted to.

Your letters sound cheerful and optimistic — hope mine do to but

when I read them over, and bored
to tears. The letters I write after
this will be few and far between.

Have been interrupted for the
last $1\frac{1}{2}$ hrs by a morale problem
w/ C-flight + Security Police. They
guard our perimeter at nite and have
probably the louisiest job on the base.
These 18 yr old kids sit in the cold
bunkers without lights, no reading,
no radio - no nothing - just their
thoughts - get pretty jumpy and
spooky after 6-7 mos of this. Well
have to spend some time out there one
of these nites to understand their problem.
Have seen 6 of them today and 5 yesterday
- that's damn near $\frac{1}{2}$ of the whole
squadron. What's more they do this
6 out of 7 nites - can't get drunk or
even see movies because they have to be
on duty by 8 ⁰⁰ pm and get off at 5 ^{AM}
- no hazardous duty pay - no change
of shifts - 12 mos of this and no extra

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recognition — would have problems
with my morale, too, if I had their
job.

Sweetie, it's almost 4 PM now —
would like to get some sleep.

Love you — you wonderful doll.
Thanks to Ed & Weez & all the
neighbors. Never did get all those
letters written was going to this
weekend.

Love,

Dan

I would have preferred
to have a more complete
set of data, but I had to
make do with what I had.
The amount of data
was not too small.

There were a few things
that I had to do, but
I was able to get all the
data I needed for the
study.

There
were

25 Oct 67

4³⁰ AM (Wed morning)

USAF Dispensary

Hi Kay, Ed & Weeg

(early 5)

As you can see, it's late. Want to write a short note to say hello and then go to bed right. Have been sacked out on the examining table until now. Will go back on the ward and get under the covers after this.

Didn't write last note (Monday note) because was sleeping out at Ton's house. Couldn't get the truck out of the village because of the mud. Had about 15 Montagnards and 5 S.I.'s trying to push me out and still we couldn't make it. Woke up at 4^{AM} to a strange pounding going on in front of Ton's house - crept out to take a look and here are Bler and Blio (Ton's wife) pounding out the day's supply of rice.

They routinely get up that early apparently to start the day's work. By the time Bler comes to work at the Officer's Club at 7³⁰ - 8^{AM} she's already been working for 1 hrs!! Had a good if cold night's sleep. Have been on call all day Tuesday and am still on call. Will be off duty

This afternoon and tonight. Hope to sleep in my own bed for the first time since last Friday - tonight (Wednesday). Have forgotten what it's like to feel rested, clean or warm under some blankets. Am anxious to learn again.

The nights here are very cool - down to 50° or so and the days are beautiful except for the occasional downpour. This will be vacation land someday if they ever get free from war.

Weezer's letter was a hit - she gave me a blow-by-blow account of Ed & your party with Kalua - am looking forward to the happy hour tradition.

Happy Halloween, you guys. After Christmas that's the most fun with the kids. Have a ball - but don't get warmed up on booze until after you've made the rounds.

Today will mark a new first for us - Dave Berris & Lee Ignatowicz are going to put on a sacrifice of two chickens, 3 cases of beer and booze to make Helen

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15⁵ 25 Oct

their father (ama). We've got it all planned - should be really something. Could have used those bracelets you have, Kay. We'll have to settle for a friendship bracelet I guess.

Am beat tired, sweetie. Spent the nite shooting the breeze with Col Hullar and Bob Shultz at Col Hullar's quarters. Had a good time but talked too much. Had a steak dinner with all the Hummings, though. Took call from his quarters most of the nite - came back here to take a short "nap" on the Humming table before writing you guys. Wake up freezing to death - will hit the sack right now for a couple of hours under some blankets.

A strange war. Sorry this is such a short, lousy letter. Will write to you again.

Love,

Dan



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27 Oct

27 Oct 67

12 ⁴⁰ midnite

USAF Disp. PKU

Friday mite RON

Hi Kay,

Haven't the faintest idea when I wrote you last. Suspicion it's been awhile. Have had the fastest and wildest ^{week} ~~year~~ of my young life. Have seen my own bed 3 hrs since one wk ago. Have slept in bunks, Plei Boel, examining tables, floors, on the ward here at the dispensary and I don't guess I won't sleep at all. Will explain if I can.

As you no doubt have seen in the papers, we got mortared & rocketed for the last two mites and expect it again tonight. THE AIRBASE WAS NOT HIT, as usual but suspect the papers will neglect to say

that. Am fine although would dearly
like to see my room and bed pretty
soon.

To review briefly the week for our
"diary" — Sat & Sunday was on call
at the Dispensary — according to our nice
bosses in Stateside armchairs — that means
I stay in the dispensary — all the time. And our
new boss ^(Major) Lt John Hodgson goes by the book
because he is career type. Consequently
Sat & Sunday I slept on my stanning table.
Monday was on call till 4 ³⁰ PM with about
8 hrs. total sleep for 60 hrs. Instead of
going to bed like I should have → went to
Plei Bar to Ton's — had a good time
with Lich, Bill Dulton, Lee Ignatowicz and
Ray Worthington — unfortunately our truck
"Charley Brown" couldn't make it out

(2)

#156 27 Oct

Lee and I stayed at Ton's that nite.
Maybe I told you already - Blei & Blis
were up at 4⁰⁰ AM preparing rice! - yeh
I wrote that already - so I'm not so
far behind on letters after all.

Anyway Tuesday was an call all
day & nite. Wednesday we had a
sacrifice with Crown Royal, Morgan David
wine, Cabin Still, 2 cases of beer and
rice wine and got smashed out of our
ever loving minds. But it was a "first"
for sure - Dave Berrio and Lee Ignatowicz
made R'Chom Klen (my son) their father
and you have now inherited 2 grand children
- Americans, saunchy, but good men - at
your kinder years! I know this doesn't
mean much to you but it sure as hell

means something to them. Being as I have
no Borai (wife) out there - you're it, lady.
Wound up cutting the hell out of my
hands & arms skinning up a pipe to
investigate the old water system complete
with cisterns, water towers, etc that the
French installed but never worked. Got
back to my quarters Lord knows what
time and got involved in a good-bye
party for Rusty Shields who's going to
Thailand and is very upset about it.
He's the haunches at Plei Kep - we'll
miss him. Anyway woke up the next
morning to Blex shaking me and I'm
sleeping on the floor next to my bed.
Thursday (lost nite) I wasn't on call but
stayed sober so I could go out on the
perimeter with the AP's as I think I
mentioned. At 10 o'clock rockets started

(3)
hitting all around us ⁵⁰ — ^{2700'} BUT NONE
ON THE AIR BASE — and we spent the
nite in the bunkers. You should have
seen our jets do a job on their artillery!
A fearful sight — a dive bombing Phantom
(F4C) with rockets. Blew the shit out
of them. We had small arms, mortars,
artillery, every thing all nite. Needless to
say I didn't go on the perimeter for the
single reason I'd be in the way. Will go out
~~out~~ when things calm down.

Tonite I'm on call (am paying for
our R+R for sure) again this afternoon and
tonite. So you can see — I've not been
in my bed since last Friday although one
nite I got as close as the floor near my
bed.

Haven't mailed those packages yet — will
do so as soon as I get paid. Had your

Christmas present Stolen one nite last
week from my quarters - but plan
to ~~to~~ have Dick Miller pick ~~it up~~ ^{another one up} while
he's on R&R. You don't know about
this one yet. Will surprise you when I
get home or maybe can mail it in
time for X-mas

Thank you, thank you, sweetie for
your cheerful, positive letters. Am very
sorry for my erratic letter writing. Hope
you understand even though you don't
like it. Got a love letter from you two
days ago but was not in a position to
answer it till now. You can't imagine
what a lift that gave me. The Muckey
Mouse here is coming hot & fast - for the
first time in our dispensary there is
real dissension among the troops. This

④

156

27 Oct

new boss we have says he understands
civil action, that there is a war
going on, etc - but still insists on
making this a stateside base dispensary
- complete with flower pots on the lawn,
etc. You should have seen him hit
the bunker the first sound of a mortar,
though. He's really playing the role - have
to admit the rounds were a bit close
but nothing to get hysterical about. Hell
he had his flask vest, steel pot, radio, medics
bag, etc and was in the bunker in 2
minutes flat and the alert hadn't even
sounded yet. There's plenty of war going on
around here without playing at it to boot.
May be he'll settle down before he has a full
scale mutiny on his hands. Mutinies around

here consist of doing one's job and that
all — as you know most of the meaningful
work done here is on a voluntary basis —
seeing sick call is all we really have to
do. So far we've managed to work around
him and his paper work and messages and
plans — but if it starts interfering with
our civic action work or the morale
goes down) will have to say a few words
to him. It's convinced me of one thing,
though. — I won't stay in the service
one day past my arrival at Travis Air
Force base. What I've liked about the
Air Force turns out to have nothing to do.
with the Air Force — it's only been a vehicle
for me to do what I wanted to do. If I
went strictly by the rules & regs — would
be up to my eyeballs in reports, spit
and polish and nonsense.

(5) 156 2700
For instance — tomorrow morning at 7³⁰ AM he's called a commanders call for all the troops (even those who have been up all night) — a formation of all the troops with boots shined, clean clothes pressed, etc. This is to shape them up!! Hell, these guys work their f butts off for me and he's going to shape them up. Told them all to just do what he wants and then go about their business. As far as I'm concerned ~~these~~ they're the best collection of medics I've ever worked with anywhere. 4/6 — 11th Commandment → don't sweat the small shit.

Evolution of the College Girl

- 1st year: She thinks men are nice.
- 2nd year: She thinks SOME men are nice.
- 3rd year: She knows men aren't nice.
- 4th year: She's glad.

A man caught his wife in bed
with a strange man, and screamed,
"I know everything now!" And she
replied, "Oh yeah?... when was the
Battle of Bull Run?"

The little boy dropped his steel
marbles on the class room floor. "Who has
the steel balls?" cried the teacher.
Said the little boy, "Superman!"

The house sounds just great - by
now you must be moved in.

Am really beat, sweetie. It's almost
3 ^{PM} now. Will talk to you tomorrow

Love you

Dan

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30 Oct

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MAOV

Plecker RUN

Monday

noon

Hi Kay, Weezer & Ed & funny farm,

Thanks for not sending a hate letter, Kay. Thanks for writing me any way even though I'm such a stinker, Weez. At least someone loves me — and they said I was the kind only a mother could love ...

Got your ^(Weezer) letter of the 24th today — pretty good service. Sounds like the rat race goes on & on.

Remember how I was depressed in my letters, last week? Well turns out I had the flu — vomited, coughed, fever, diarrhea, the whole nine yards. Have been sleeping as much as possible and am finally breaking it up now.

Went out to Plei Sox reluctantly Saturday to Hier's house — to my surprise he had a sacrifice for me — a beautiful thing — gave a bracelet and incantations, etc.

Got smashed as usual but after sleeping

til 12³⁰ yesterday (Sunday) — my fever left, my nose started clearing up and all I had was a sick stomach & a cough. Went to

another sacrifice at Ngla's house yesterday but was too weak to do much except sleep. Had to make it, though. He's the guy I had a fist fight with (and lost) way back before R+R — he's been trying to get me to his house ever since. Finally made it — hope he understood I was sicker than a pup. Feel much better today. Have 44,000 piastre in my pocket which I'll spend today (about \$400.00) on crossbows.

Was given a pat on the back by a 2 star general white today — PACAT Surgeon General who came through — seems he knows what we're trying to do already and gives us his full support. Said he'd try to keep the paperwork down to a minimum.

Have been reading Mao Tse Tung's writings on guerrilla warfare — we're already doing what he recommends. He says a guerrilla is like a fish, and the water he swims in is the people he lives with. If the water is favorable to his survival, then he'll have no problem. If it is unfavorable,

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then the guerrilla will die. We're making the water in the villages favorable to us by the crossbow industry, medals, simply knowing and becoming part of these people. As long as we can sustain this, the "Viet Minh" will find they are not welcome. Our propaganda is in terms of deeds, not words. We are men that walk. All the Viet Minh do is steal, talk a good game, kill a few people in acts of terrorism. They have lost their base of sympathy, their "favorable water" — just a matter of time before they will find out they are isolated and have no support. The word is out. A village 20 miles north of us sent some men to Plei Sor offering Kontum mokogony for sale to support the crossbow industry. And the beauty of it all is that it's not just me anymore. There are 5 good men — 4 of them with DFR05's all the way to July 1968 working like hell in these villages. It's beginning to mushroom little by little and I'm tickled pink.

Thanks for your cards & letters
folks — even hate letters are okay, Kay-

will get this in the mail now. Hope
to write tonight.

Love you,

Dan