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Tape #5 10 May 1969, continuation from Tape #4

We were kind of anxious, really, to get that plane back up there and keep an eye on that tank and see if we could blow it up. Because if it's anything that we fear in this camp, it's an attack by VC and NVA armor. We have armor protecting devices like anti-tank mines around the perimeter and everything, but shoot, the doggone tanks have to get up close before they'll do any good. By the time they get that close they can sure bring a lot of smoke onto the camp. We've also got 2 57s and 2 106 recoilless rifles. I don't know if you've seen one fire or not but they will definitely knock out a tank. However, the way it usually works, unless you're exceptionally good and mobile like mounting a 106 on a jeep, you'll probably only get one shot off before the tank returns fire and his aiming devices are usually more sophisticated than the ones on a 106. So if you don't knock them out with the first round, you're hurting. Especially ours, because they're immobile. They're just setting up on the top of bunkers so they're really exposed.

And of course we have LAWs [Light Anti-tank Weapon], but from what I've seen, the doggone CIDG are lousy shots, so are the VNSF. I was out on the runway one time about a month ago, a month and a half ago, getting a load of dirt in the truck and a bunch of the VNSF were out there showing the CIDG how to shoot LAWs, and shoot, they didn't even know how to take the things apart. So they flagged me down and asked me to come over and show them what to do. So I obliged them. I got out of the truck and went over. Showed them how to set one up, arm it, take the safety off, how to fire it, the whole works. So, the first guy, he was a VNSF sergeant major. If anybody can do it, he can do it. He got out there and he got the thing fired all right. The target was a 55 gallon drum sitting way down the road. Well, not way down, I'd say about 100, 150 yards. That rocket went about 100 feet, hit the road, and blew up. Boy, everybody ducked because it was so close. The next guy came up to fire and he put his rocket about 200 yards behind the drum. People just couldn't land around anywhere near it. So if we had to depend on them to shoot at a tank, at say 500 yards or so, we might as well quit.

Oh, let's see. Nothing too exciting happened today. We didn't take any incoming for a change. Well, we had a couple false alarms. Whenever we hear three automatic bursts on the M-16, three short bursts, that means incoming. A lot of times the LPs out on the runway can hear the incoming being fired, whether it's a rocket or a mortar or whatever, they can hear it go off and they give the alarm and everybody ducks before the rounds come in. They gave us a couple of false alarms today. Nothing really happened. The 155's were out shooting so I took a few pictures from the top of the teamhouse of them firing.

Let's see. We have a priest here, just came in today, Father Shay. He was the one that came here before. He knows Ed Scully quite well, so we talked about him and he said mass for the fellows here.

19 May 1969

Monday

Okay, okay, okay, all right, all right, all right. How are you doing, hon? I love you. How's that for a start? I miss you. I'm laying down on my bed again in my little hut. It's about 9:30 on the 19th, Monday. I've got my little green candle here on my desk burning. You know, it's funny, I got that package before I even got your tape saying that the package was coming and what was in it. It went PAL, same as the first one. I don't know what that means, but I think it means it goes airmail on space available. But anyway, it got here in six or seven days. It got here in a flash. I was surprised to see that candle. I didn't think you'd send anything like that through the mail because that's quite heavy and it probably raised the price of the package quite a bit. But now that I've got it, it's kind of neat. I just let it burn and burn. I'm going to burn it when I'm in the room or nearby and in and out of the room, so I can look at it.

Gee, you know I've got two older tapes. I'm using one of those now, dated 4 May that you sent me. I've got the two new ones that I got, let's see, what's today? Today's Monday. I got two of them on Sunday, two tapes from you, I got a letter from Coral and Rich, I got a letter from Bert and Mary, I got a letter from Chuck and Joyce, got one from Mom and Dad, yours, and something from Sunpack Corporation which makes electronic flashes for cameras. So that was a pretty good day, but Friday before that I didn't get a thing. So the mail must have been all bunched up in one spot and all of a sudden came gushing in.

The new slides that you sent were neat. Some of them were really sharp. Others were just so-so. I'm just going to skip around. What I should do when I listen to your tapes is take notes but I like to listen to your tapes in the dark in my room at night. It takes something out of the tape when I have to sit and take notes on it. But you mention a lot of things that I would like to comment on. Of course you ask questions and things like that and unless I do take notes, I can't remember a lot of what you say, unless I sit down and listen to it again, just before I make a tape. But I haven't got time to listen to it once through just for the enjoyment and then immediately afterwards listen to it again to take notes, especially when I get two at a time, because shoot, it takes half an hour for one tape. By the time I get to bed at night I'm usually so beat that about all I can listen to is a half an hour before I fall asleep. So, I listened to the two that I got Sunday. I listened to them Sunday night and I'll see if I can just remember what you said and comment on them.

The first thing is about that United Services automobile insurance. I think I told you already to go ahead and get it and from what Sergeant Moss, the Team Sergeant said, it's an exceptionally good company. There was an officer driving his car once and he smacked it up and he had this United Services. And shoot, the same day the adjuster was there. He told the guy to get two estimates and he gave the guy a choice. No matter what the price was he said you could take either estimate you want. We'll pay for it. So he could have picked the higher of the two estimates and still gotten his car paid for. Another time his wife was hit by an officer in a parking lot and an adjuster showed up immediately and took care of it right on the spot. No sweat at all. So, go ahead and get it and if I remember correctly there was some item on that application that I didn't fill out for some reason or another. I think it was some information that we needed that we would have to send for. I don't know whether it was your birth certificate or something we needed. So look it over carefully and make sure all the items are filled out properly. I think I signed where I had to. I think all you have to do is maybe sign your name and date it and mail it. Mail it when the time comes. So that should take care of that.

I like to hear you carry on about the puppy dog and the crazy cat and what clothes you wear, because I could just lay here and imagine you sitting there on the living room floor with your long black knee socks or whatever they are and your Bermuda shorts--your maroon "Bermadudes" and your black little turtleneck top. And you know, just things around the house, Poncho liner laying on the chair or whatever. What the outside looks like when you cut the grass and leave the little grass cuttings all over the place. And planting forsythia bushes, or honeysuckle, rather. All that kind of good stuff. So just keep it up. I know a lot more goes on over here that I can tell you about than goes on at your end that you can tell me about, but shoot, go ahead and tell me all the little details and stuff. That will give you a chance to fill up the tape and don't think you're boring me at all because I like to listen to all that little stuff.

I've been having quite a bit of activity since I've been attachment commander. In fact, more has gone on while I've been in charge out here than anything up until now. For instance, from the time the captain left up until the present, we've taken 215 mortar rounds, 17 107 rocket rounds, and about a dozen recoilless rifle rounds. We've had five persons killed. We've had about twelve people wounded for various things. We had our deuce and a half truck blown up by a mortar round. I've got some good pictures of that by the way.

And just today, we had our three-quarter ton truck run over an anti-tank mine and boy, did it demolish the truck! The circumstances surrounding the accident were just, enough to PO the Good Humor man. Here's the situation. We send out a combat re-con platoon, twenty or thirty men to just scout the area around the camp and this morning when they went out, their mission was to go south to the bridge and set up an ambush. Okay. So, this happened about 1 o'clock in the afternoon. Alexander and I went out to meet a C-130 that came in, here at the

north end of the runway at the turn around point, and the 130 was unloading when all of a sudden a ka-smash, a great big horrendous boom at the south end of the runway. So we both jumped off the truck. I had my camera so I had to be a little bit careful but we laid flat in the grass behind the truck because we thought for sure the VC were shooting rockets at us. I told the pilot, you know, looks like we're taking incoming. You better unload and un-ass the area. I've never seen a 130 unload as fast as this guy did. Man, they dumped that load off and tore out to the runway and took off. They were up in the air before they were halfway down the runway. They were gone! So it was only that one explosion. So we thought, well shoot, if the VC were shooting, they would have dropped in more than just that one round. So we waited and waited, and nothing happened so we jumped in the truck and went down there. We couldn't tell what happened. We got down to the southern end of the runway and looked down the road and couldn't see anything off hand, but we did see a wounded CIDG come walking up the road. At the time he looked, well, not too bad off. I mean, he had shrapnel in his face, in his hands and feet and legs and he was bleeding quite a bit. But he wasn't hurt so badly he couldn't walk or anything. So he walked around and got in the back of the truck and we drove him in.

When we got in, we found out there were two wounded. So we went back and picked the other guy up. They were carrying him up the road. The Listening Posts out at the southern end of the runway went down and picked the guy up. At this point I still didn't know what was going on. But anyway, we got the two guys into the dispensary, and then I heard what had happened. The CRP, who was supposed to be south by the bridge, apparently was just off the southern edge of the runway in the jungle. They send us false reports. They sent us a report that they were oh, cripes, five or six clicks south, you know, when actually they were just sitting in the woodline, and this truck, with the two CIDG in it, had gone out to the southern end of the runway and gone down the road just far enough to meet one of the CRP members and give them a resupply of food and water. Well, the truck was turning around on the road and coming back when it hit the mine. Apparently the VC knew that the CRP's only went so far and hid in the jungle. So they said, okay, and they must have snuck up inside of our, well not inside, but up to our anti-tank mine field and dug up one of the mines. Of course, it takes a little bit to do that. They've got to probe for it, find it, disarm it, dig it up, and then take it over there, bury it in the road and then arm it again. But that's what they did. The left front tire hit the mine and ka-blam. It's a wonder the two guys in the truck weren't killed. I don't see how they lived through it but they did, both of them. In fact they'll both be all right.

I think what saved them was the fact, in comparison to the size of the mine, the truck is relatively light, three quarter ton truck. It's a big heavy truck, but it's no comparison at all to a tank. So, when the truck hit the mine, the explosion of course did damage to the truck. I mean, it completely wiped out the truck, but it picked the truck up and threw it about sixteen feet. It came down on all fours and of course the people were thrown out of it, but because of the fact that the

truck was rather light the explosion just picked it right up and threw it rather than if it had been a tank. The weight of the tank would have kept it stationary and the blast would have taken everything up in its path, right up through the middle of the tank. So as it was, it blew off one front wheel and just shattered the whole front corner of the truck. I've got some good pictures of that also. It's in the roll of film that I have in the camera now and I'll get it to you as soon as I can. So we towed the truck up, put it next to the deuce and a half that was blown up, so now we're down to just two trucks, one deuce and a half and one three quarter.

Boy, I was mad about that. So I went over and I told, at the time, I wasn't sure whether or not the CRP were down there, was down there, and whether or not these people were taking food to them. I had it in the back of my mind, so I went over and asked the camp commander, I said, "Look, what's that truck doing down there?" The camp commander said, "Oh, I sent it down there to look for a new area to dump our garbage and trash and all that stuff." So at the time I couldn't call him a liar or anything. I said, okay, so I walked away. Tonight I happened to be on radio watch about 6:30 and I got a report that the CRP was 400 meters south of the bridge which is about six clicks from camp. Okay, this is 6:30. At 7 o'clock it starts getting dark. At 7:30 I got another report that the CRP had set up its RON position, Remain Overnight Position, and they gave us the exact position where that truck was blown up. I thought to myself that there is no way that those people could have moved from a point 400 meters south of the bridge all the way up to camp in an hour's time. Even if they had walked right up the middle of the road. You just don't walk six and a half clicks like that in an hour's time. So I knew, that right there proved to me that the CRP had not even left the edge of the runway all day.

So here's what I'm going to do the next time this happens. When I get a report that the CRP is, say, six clicks away from camp, I'm going to have the artillery start firing into the wood-line around the camp and if the CRPs out there, they are doggone sure going to let us know that we're firing too close to them. Then I'm going to say, "Okay you, camp commander, you told me these people were way down south. They weren't anywhere near there. Here they are right at the southern edge of the runway." I'm going to nail that character and we're going to straighten some things out. That's all there is to it. I'm tired of this horse shit. Boy, that bugs me to no end.

Today [19 May] is Ho Chi Minh's birthday by the way. We're expecting probably some harassment tonight. We sent an operation out last night and they weren't supposed to come back in until Wednesday morning. However, the LLDB in charge wouldn't listen to the Americans that were out there, wouldn't take their advice, wouldn't follow their directions, wouldn't do anything. He either pretended he got lost or, well, he had to pretend he got lost. They walked around out in the jungle for a day and ended up right on Logo Road, which is the road that runs right into our runway. They were about 500 meters to the west of the runway on Logo Road at 6:30 tonight so they called in and said, "Hey, we're right outside camp, why don't you just let us

come in tonight." I said, "Heck no, you kidding? You're not supposed to be anywhere near the camp. You're supposed to be out looking for Charley, setting up ambushes and everything." Then the camp commander comes over and starts sweet talking me and giving me all this horse shit about "Oh, they're so close to camp, and we might as well have them come in tonight, and then we can send them out tomorrow morning," when actually, I know for sure that this guy is just scared that Charley's going to hit the camp tonight because it's Ho Chi Minh's birthday, so they wanted everybody back in camp just to be sure.

So, there's nothing I can do. All I am, supposedly, is a senior advisor. I can't command. I can't tell this guy he's full of horse shit and tell him to keep those people out there and do this or do that. I can say, "Well, why don't you do this, and why don't you do that." But it's up to him to make the decisions. It's really a pathetic situation that we're in here, but that's the way it is. You just, man, you got to have so much patience out here that, oh boy. So that's the way it is. Anyway, everybody's back in camp tonight. We're waiting for Charley to do something but I really don't think he'll do anything.

We know we have VC in camp, because the other day we took four mortar rounds. One round landed right on the 81mm mortar bunker and another one landed right on the four deuce [4.2] mortar bunker and that is some pretty accurate shooting. We figure there's probably a couple of mama-sans or something in this company who, on their weekly trips down to Tay Ninh to buy food for their families and for the company and stuff, probably get paid by the VC to give them information, like on this last mortar attack, they'll probably say, "Okay, how did those rounds look? You know, how close were they to the targets?" and they'll say, "Oh, those rounds were right in there." So then they know to leave the guns right where they are and keep shooting at us.

What the VC do, they bury their mortar tubes; well they dig them in underground. They have a little opening over the mortar, maybe about three square feet. It's a board they can lift up and move out of the way. Then underground they have a bunker with more ammunition, they have the mortar laid in right on camp and everything. So they drop about ten rounds down the tube, quickly throw that cover over their head which is all camouflaged of course and there's no way we can find them unless we happen to stumble right over the hole. You can walk two feet by one of their camouflaged positions and not even see it. That's how well camouflaged they are. This is a heck of a war, let me tell you. They definitely have the advantage over us because we just can't find them. They know our every move and we cannot find them. We did have a little bit of luck today.

Everybody is cussing out that little puppy that we have running around the house here. It's a real skittish animal when you say boo or bye it takes a leak on the floor. You know, like Portia used to do when we cussed her out, not cussed her out, what do you say? Threatened her?

No, not threatened her. Scolded her. That's it. This dumb dog, you look at her cross-eyed and she slinks around, flattens her ears, goes crawling off into a corner, leaves a trail of water. We don't like to have that mutt around. I don't know if you can hear all the noise in the background, but they're just guys talking and tape recorders playing, that kind of stuff.

I'm waiting for the tape to run out, then I can start in on another subject on the other side. I don't think I'll hit the automatic reverse. Okay, here we go. I didn't use the automatic reverse this time so I hope it will turn out better than that one tape you complained about where I used the automatic reverse and it came out so weak you could hardly hear it.

Today we had a FAC aircraft flying around up north. He spotted 60 VC moving down a path so we called in an immediate air strike and wiped them out. Well, we scattered them anyway. He gave us a VC body count of twelve that he could see from the air, so that's twelve more KIAs we can chalk up on our record. We sent that in to the B-Team. It always makes everybody real happy back there when we say we got that many at one time. It gives us about fourteen or so for the month of May so far.

Another thing, I don't know if I told you or not, but west of camp one of the planes spotted an enemy tank sitting out there about twenty clicks or so, quite a ways away from camp, just out of artillery range. It was just toward dark and the plane that spotted it was running out of fuel so he had to leave station and we never did get to shoot at it but it was sitting out there. Tonight, just after dark, one of the planes spotted a vehicle no more than six clicks from this camp. He said it looked like two vehicles very close together or a vehicle pulling maybe an artillery piece. That kind of gave us all the willies a little bit. He couldn't really identify it from where he was, he just saw it on his radar and told us about it. So we got our guns trained in that direction ready to let fly if anything starts landing in camp.

Up until now we weren't sure whether or not the VC had an artillery piece and were shooting at camp, but on certain occasions when we were taking what's called a shell rep [report] where we look at the crater made by one of the enemy shells and determine direction from which it came and what type weapon and the approximate range. Well anyway, some of the shell reps we looked at we couldn't tell what the weapon was because we couldn't find a tail fin from a mortar or a tail fin from a recoilless rifle or the big, what do you call it, muzzle? No, not the muzzle. Well anyway, the tail end of the rocket, where the flame and everything comes out. It's a big base about, oh, maybe four inches in diameter. It's got about six holes in it that are twisted so it gives the rocket a spin when it takes off. Anyway, that always is a tell tale sign of a 107 rocket because that piece is always found in the crater or near about where the rocket landed. You can tell immediately that it's a 107 rocket. There have been some crater holes made in camp that we haven't found any kind of tell tale shrapnel or anything so we figure they may have a light artillery piece, maybe a 75mm pack howitzer it's called. It's towed in on wheels or pulled behind

a light vehicle and they take a few potshots and then run for it.

So the plane's still flying around checking the area out, looking for movement, all that kind of stuff. CRT team came and went. It's called the Combat Readiness Team, composed of a captain and three NCO's, one of them was a guy by the name of Sergeant Powers from B-Company of the 7th. We recognized each other immediately and shook hands and chewed the rag for awhile and hit it off real good. They checked me, well, my duties are as S-1 funds officer, and S-4 officer. So they of course checked the funds, they checked the S-4 and they checked the S-1. I got three gigs out of maybe a possible of about 150, which is quite outstanding I thought. [Gig refers to 'a violation or infraction of regulations'] I didn't get any at all on my funds. The only one I got for administration was that there was some trash and garbage in the moat around the inner berm. I had to take that one. There is no way I can tell somebody to crawl down in the moat which is about anywhere from eight to ten feet deep with knee deep mucky green swamp water and about two layers of concertina wire and pick trash and garbage out of the moat. Can you imagine how ridiculous that is? To get gigged for something like that?

Oh boy, anyway, these people are stupid desk jockeys and of course it's a requirement to check everything in the camp--the machine gun positions, ammunition, engineering functions, S-4, S-1, funds, psychological operations. They check everything there is to check in camp in a day's time. It takes them about 24 hours of hard, fast work to do it but if they didn't have a team like that to go around, some of the A-Camps would just go to pot. I mean, you know, the detachment commanders would say, "Oh, let it ride. Forget about it." But gee, to be so nit picky where they have to say, "Well, gee, you got to pick up the garbage and the trash out of the bottom of your moat when the object of the moat is to stop the enemy and the more trash and garbage and tin and crap down there that he can get cut up on and get tangled in, the more power to us.

Okay, I took that gig on the chin and kind of shrugged it off. Then in logistics I got two more gigs. One of them was for not backloading speed pallets. They are aluminum pallets about six by six that have little rings all around all four sides. They're about two inches thick with wood in between two layers of aluminum or sheet metal and everything that comes into camp like ammunition and lumber, all that kind of stuff comes in strapped to those pallets. So a plane pulls up, drops the tailgate and just slides everything out on rollers on these pallets. O.K., it's our duty to stack the pallets up and backload them, throw them on the planes that come in, take them back to Bien Hoa so they can use them over again. We'd like to, and we try to, but these, it takes four men to lift one of these things. Okay, we tried real hard to keep them out of the, off the runway. We'd stack them up in a neat pile. A plane would come in and we'd say, "Okay, wait a minute. We'll start loading these pallets on." The cotton picking Air Force would say, "Nope, sorry, can't stay. We haven't got the time. You've got to load them by hand so we can't hang around while you spend the time loading them up." So we say, "Okay. You must not want them

too badly." If a pallet stays out on the turn around point for more than a day, the CIDG will come out and grab it. They use that as roofs for their bunkers, walls, and stand-offs, which is a raised portion above the roof of their bunker to detonate mortar rounds before it lands right on the roof. They grab these things, take them, and make bunkers out of them. Shoot, I can't blame them. They're beautiful items for making bunkers and stuff, but would you believe each one of those things cost about \$700 a piece? This is where your tax money is going, down the drain. So I told the guy who gigged me on it. I said, "Look, if the Air Force won't wait a minute until we can backload these things, there's nothing we can do about it." So he said, "Okay, I'll check with the Air Force and see what can be done." So I got gigged on that.

And one other thing, and you won't believe this either, but when an American goes out in the field, he has to pay good, hard, U.S. dollar type money back to the government for the meals he eats out in the field. He's got to pay for his C-rations, or his LRPs, whatever he takes out. The reason why this is done is because an enlisted man gets \$77 a month or so for his food allowance and that will pay for his meals, and an officer only gets \$48, or some such stupid horse shit. Anyway, when we go out in the field, we get the food from the government, so we've got to pay back some of that food allowance to the government for what we eat. It's really ridiculous. It only comes to about a \$1.40 or something a day, it's really stupid. But, I never do it, I never charge anybody for the stupid food. So what's a couple of C-ration meals, or PIR meals, or LRP meals? That's nothing, that's pittance. So I got gigged for not collecting the money which should amount to about \$60 a month or so worth of food, if I did it right. So heck, I didn't even sweat it. I thought, "Shoot, if this is all they can find to gig me on, then let them gig me. I'm not even going to sweat it."

Some of the other guys didn't do as well. Like the engineer, he didn't put his Claymore mines, only he had plenty of them out, but they have to be picketed in. In other words, a metal fence post on either side of the Claymore mine to keep the thing stationary and in position. It's rigged in such a way that CIDG can't sneak up and steal the C-4 out of the back of it and use it for cooking purposes. But we haven't got any pickets. We've got them on order but they haven't arrived. So we got gigged for that. A real bunch of stupid little nit-picky things like that.

Anyway, they came and they went, no sweat. But the captain picked a real good time to go on R&R because of the fact that we've been hit so often by the enemy, and the CRT team shows up which is only a once every six month affair and it's quite important that we do get a good score. They left without saying, "Well, you're an outstanding team, or you're a good team, or you're a poor team," anything like that. They wouldn't give us any kind of score or anything. We'll just have to wait and see what kind of letters come back down through channels, whether they're letters of commendation or chew-out type letters or whatever we get. We'll just have to wait and see. But heck, I'm sure we did pretty good. He said our camp defense folder which

covers all the, it's a classified document, it covers all our fire plans, evasion escape routes, emergency operations plans in case the camp gets hit, gets overrun, anything like that. All kinds of contingency plans. He said ours was about the best one he's seen in Vietnam. We were all quite proud of that, happy to see that. He also said our inner perimeter here is one of the neatest and best built that he has ever seen in Vietnam. So, again, we were proud about that too. And they left today, so no big problem. We'll just have to wait and see what kind of results we get.

Colonel Aaron, who's the 5th Group Commander, is going to be leaving Vietnam shortly. This coming Friday at the B-Team he's going to be there and they want all the A-Team commanders to be there for some stupid little party and say goodbye to him and give him a medal from the team. I'm elected to go because I'm acting detachment commander. You know how I hate going to those stupid ridiculous things. So, I'm trying to get out of it any way I can but I don't know, things look pretty slim. The captain's due back on the 22nd or 23rd and this party thing I have to go to is the 23rd so I don't know if he'll make it back in time or not. I doubt it. I'll probably end up going to this ridiculous thing. It isn't enough that you've got more than you can handle out here on the team, out here in the A-Camp, to keep you busy, they've got to interrupt your day with stupid little things like that. Fly you in to the B-Team and spend the day there saying goodbye to Colonel Aaron and drinking booze and chewing the rag with everybody, then stay overnight and they fly you out the next day. But that's the kind of crazy crap that goes on around here.

I know there's more I have to tell you but I can't think of it right now. I'll think of it as soon as I shut the tape off. Let me know if that letter with the roll of film in it gets through okay. Oh, I know what, I had my Yashica sitting on the seat of the three-quarter with me and I was going down the runway and I forgot something or I had to go back for some reason. I stopped to make a U-turn and the doggone camera rolled off the seat. I had it sitting in a little hole in the seat and I thought it would stay but it didn't. I turned too sharp. The camera rolled off the seat and landed on the runway so I stopped, picked it up. Everything is fine except for the focus knob, I don't know if you know how my camera works, but, it's a twin lens, one lens above the other, and that whole outfit slides in and out when I focus. Well, it catches about halfway, so what I think I'll do is send the camera home to you and have you fix it and just keep it there for me. It takes beautiful slides. I like the size of the slides it takes and everything but I've got my Asahi Pentax here (hic-cough), excuse me, and I've been cranking out pictures on that left and right so I think I'll just continue on using that and I'll let you fix, have my Yashica fixed, and then just keep it at home. I tried to fix it myself but they didn't have any screwdrivers small enough to take it apart so I had to quit. So one of these days I'll get it off to you and then take it to a good camera shop if you can find one. You'll maybe have to go to Grand Rapids to get it, and have it fixed. Ask them about how much it will cost to fix it. If it's over ten or twelve dollars, then just forget it. I'll take care of it when I get home.

But I definitely want to keep that camera. That's a real good little camera. And I'm real happy with my Pentax. It's real neat. Just a couple of little things you have to do and just crank out pictures left and right. Snap a picture, crank it once like you do with your Instamatic. Well, you crank yours until it stops but all I have to do with mine is just crank it once and let it go back and it's all set to shoot again. Just punch a button and keep cranking just as fast as I can go to take pictures. I've got another, well, I sent one roll in already. I'll get that back here like I told you. I'll look at the slides, make sure everything is okay, and then send them home to you. I've got another roll here ready to go. I think I blew a couple pictures on that roll. I think I loaded it wrong or something. Anyway, I think I blew a couple frames at the beginning. It doesn't make that much difference. I've got my third roll in now that's better than half gone already. I don't know, I've been taking pictures of C-130s coming in and leaving and 123s, pictures of the mountain from the helicopter and just all kinds of shots.

Oh, I appreciated getting that Dune Buggy magazine. I've read that from cover to cover, all the fine print, all the advertisements, everything. It's real interesting. Let's see, what else. Oh yeah, the food, the slides, candle, can't remember what else I got in the package. Anyway, it was nice to get. Oh, don't send that red candle. One candle is enough.

23 May 1969

Friday

Good morning, hon. This morning is Friday the 23rd, about 10:30 in the morning. I've got a little bit of time so I'm just going to read you some jokes out of Playboy magazine. I've got two of them here, two pages. You probably don't get a chance to read Playboy jokes so I'll start reading.

"During a wild party at a friend's country estate, the attractive city girl strolled outdoors for some air. Happening on to a grassy field she laid down to watch the stars. She was almost asleep when a cow, searching for clover, carefully stepped over her. Groggily she raised her head and said, 'One at a time boys, one at a time.'"

"After checking in to a large motel complex, the self styled evangelist read in his room for several hours and then sauntered over to the bar where he struck up a conversation with the pretty hat check girl. After she had finished working they shared a few drinks and then retired to his room. When the evangelist began removing her bra she seemed to have second thoughts. 'Are you sure this is all right,' she asked. 'I mean, you're a holy man.' 'My dear,' he replied, 'it is written in the Bible.' She took him at his word and the two spent a very pleasant night together. The next morning however as the girl was preparing to leave she said, 'You know, I don't remember the part of the Bible you mentioned last night. Can you show it to me?' In response

the evangelist took the Gideon Bible from the nightstand, opened the cover and pointed to the fly leaf on which someone had inscribed, 'The hat check girl screws.'"

"Our unabashed dictionary defines 'grimace' as a World War I pilot with one wing shot away." I don't know if I get that or not.

"'Cheer up,' the young exec advised his recently divorced colleague. 'There are plenty of other fish in the sea.' 'Maybe so,' replied his despondent friend, 'But the last one took all my bait.'"

"Our unabashed dictionary defines 'transistor' as a girl who used to be your brother."

"Late Friday afternoon a college senior dropped by the campus drugstore and purchased three dozen prophylactics. On Monday morning he returned to the drugstore and in a loud voice complained, 'Last Friday I came in here and ordered three dozen prophylactics and you gave me only 24.' 'I'm very sorry sir,' said the pharmacist. 'I do hope we didn't spoil your weekend.'"

"When the gorgeous young girl walked in to the psychiatrists' office, she was immediately led to his couch. Without saying a word, he undressed her and made love to her. Finally he stood up, adjusted his tie and said, 'Well, that takes care of my problem. Now what's yours?'"

"Our unabashed dictionary defines 'race riot' as a din of inequity."

"The two executives had never golfed together before and the first man up took out a new ball, placed it on the tee and proceeded to slice it into the woods to the right of the fairway. Unable to find it in the thick underbrush, he put another new ball on the edge of the fairway and this time, he drove it over a fence. Putting a third new ball into position, he then proceeded to hit it into the middle of a lake. As he was preparing to shoot yet another new golf ball from the edge of the lake, the second executive said to their caddie, 'I don't understand why a guy who loses so many, continues to shoot a brand new ball every time.' The caddie shook his head saying, 'Maybe he's never had any used ones.'"

"Our unabashed dictionary defines 'calculated risk' as a computer date with a girl who doesn't take the pill."

I just had to swat a fly. Okay. "'His family wasn't too pleased about our engagement,' sighed the party girl to her roommate. 'In fact his wife was furious.'"

"Our unabashed dictionary defines 'trade relations' as what incestuous couples do at a wife swapping party."

"Then there was the unfortunate voyeur who was apprehended at the peek of his career."

"At her wits end, the young wife finally took pen in hand and wrote to a lovelorn columnist, 'I'm afraid I married a sex-maniac. My husband never leaves me alone. He makes love to me all night long, while I'm in the shower, while I'm cooking breakfast, while I'm making

the beds, and even while I'm trying to clean the house. Can you tell me what to do. Signed, Worn Out. P.S. Please excuse the jerky hand writing." Oh cripes. Oh boy. That was a pretty good one. Let's see that was, oh, I don't know what month that is. Just a minute, let me check. Oh, Miss June.

This one is May. Soon as I get to the page. Okay, I wrote you a letter already or told you on the tape this joke but I'll tell you again.

"I have a friend who thinks he might have a venereal disease,' said the embarrassed young man to his doctor. 'Well,' replied the physician, 'Take him out and let's have a look at him.'"

"Our unabashed dictionary defines 'music lover' as a girl who will do it for song."

"A muscle bound beach bum was showing off by lifting two bikinied beauties high in the air, one on each arm. 'Wow,' said a nearby girl watcher to his crony. 'Look at the dolls on that boob.'"

"The bartender presented the conventioner with the bill and the customer was outraged. 'New York is the most expensive place in the world,' he complained. 'Why, back in Sioux City you can drink as much as you want without paying, sleep in a fancy hotel for free and wake up and find \$50 on your pillow.' 'C'mon now,' questioned the bartender, 'has that ever happened to you?' 'No,' the man admitted, 'but it happens to my wife all of the time.'"

"Our unabashed dictionary defines 'bigotry' as an Italian redwood."

You've heard this one also. "Lecturing a class of coeds on the anatomical intricacies of the male reproductive organ, exasperated the professor finally declared, 'I don't know why you girls can't grasp this subject. You've had it pounded into you all semester.'"

"Our unabashed dictionary defines 'mother's day' as nine months after father's day."

"The wealthy financier was sitting in his study when his eldest son came to him. 'Dad,' the boy stammered, 'I got a girl in trouble and she wants \$2,000 to keep quiet about it.' The father reluctantly wrote a check for the amount but just as he finished signing it, the second son burst in with the same bad news, only this time the amount requested was \$3,000. While he was writing the second check, his youngest daughter appeared of the door of his study, weeping. 'Daddy,' she sobbed uncontrollably, 'I think I'm pregnant.' 'Ah-ha,' the financier exclaimed gleefully. 'Now we collect.'"

This is a good one. "In the darkness of the all but empty theater balcony, the couple embraced so passionately that the man's toupee slid from his head. Groping to find it in the darkness he reached under his date's skirt. 'That's it, that's it,' she gasped. 'It can't be,' the fellow retorted, 'I part mine on the side.'"

"Then there was the secretary who was so dumb, she thought the penal colony was an all male nudist camp."

"Do you really think I can be a star?" cooed the young actress snuggling closer to the famous producer. 'I certainly do,' replied the showman. 'You're already starting to make it big.'"

"Our unabashed dictionary defines as wife swapping as a type of sexual fourplay."

"The devastating blonde was arrested for prostitution and taken to court. 'Have you anything to offer the gentlemen of the jury on your own behalf,' asked the judge. 'Oh no, your honor,' she answered. 'I've learned my lesson.'"

"According to a middle aged soothsayer we know, anyone who can still do at 60 what he did at 20 probably wasn't doing much at 20."

"Our unabashed dictionary defines 'mistress' as half way between a mister and a mattress."

"I think you've heard this joke too, a long time ago. The father was distressed by his thirteen-year-old son's preoccupation with breasts. The boy would repeatedly point to attractive girls and whisper, 'Hey dad, look at the knockers on that one.' The father finally took the boy to a psychiatrist who assured him that just one day's intensive therapy could cure the boy. When the session was over, father and son walk over a block to a bus stop. The boy remained silent as they passed a number of pretty girls. As they boarded the bus, the father was inwardly complimenting the psychiatrist. Then his young son tagged at his sleeve and whispered, 'Hey dad, look at the ass on that bus driver.'"

And so end the jokes.

Last night I sat down for about two and a half straight hours and started typing a letter to Dr. Van Dyken. Finally I've got three full pages and I'm starting on my fourth typewritten page. So by the time I finish I'll have probably about five full pages of typewritten stuff. It will cover just about everything and bring him up to date. I also told him that if he sees you, he should collar you and have you show him some of the photographs that I sent. Maybe the next time you go into GR, take some photographs along and stop by his study and show him the pictures. If you beat the letter there, then just tell him a letter is on its way and that he should get it anytime.

This morning's work chopper hasn't come in yet so I haven't received any mail. Oh, and I just mailed a, well, you'll get the letter before you get this tape, but I mailed that little, couple little cut outs from the photography magazine on costs and things to see in different countries like England, Netherlands, France, Italy, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, Germany, and I don't know if it will help you or not. We'll see what we can do. I also mentioned the fact that I'd like to buy you a 35mm camera and teach you how to use it before you go because you can do so much more with that than you can with an Instamatic. You can focus all of the way down to

about a foot and a half out to about infinity. You can take exposures in real dark light and on cloudy days and stuff like that, and not worry about them not turning out but like I said in the note, I don't know if I'll have the money to buy you one and send it to you in time for your trip. So maybe what we might do is pick one up in Hong Kong and I can teach you how to use it.

27 May 1969

Tuesday

*5-25 through 5-31 are from Tape 6

Hi my pretty young wife. Tonight is Tuesday night about the 27th. It's about 10:15 or 10:30 in the evening. I just finished watching my favorite show, Star Trek, on TV and listening to the last half of the tape that I started just before Star Trek. I went out on operation Sunday (25th), Monday (26th), and Tuesday (27th) so when I got in this morning, I had your small package, well, I should say, the small package from Portia, I had a package from Wurzburg's. I didn't know who that was from but I figured your mother, although I later found out it was from Mrs. Fitch. I had the Holland newspaper, I had a letter from my brother Pete, a letter from Chris and a letter and a tape from you. So it was just like Christmas day, like it always is when you get in off an operation.

I was debating whether or not to start an hour tape. But I thought, well, maybe I better not because I'm not speaking from a list, and I'm just going to have to mention things as I think of them. Knowing me, the way I jump around from subject to subject, I usually end up forgetting half of what I want to say. So I thought, well, since the mail's going out tomorrow I better have something to send out so I thought I'd just settle for half a tape, I mean for a small tape, a half hour tape.

Now my mind is a complete blank. Let me go back to the mail. Looks like a real nice little doggie book you sent. I'll have fun reading that. I've also got a book here on watercolor painting that I found in our little stack of books in the club that I hadn't read yet, so I'm going to read those two, when I get time. The package from Mrs. Fitch, I was quite surprised to see. When I first opened it up, I saw a little metal box. It's a pretty good size, really. It's about 8 x 10 and about four inches deep, three inches. On the front it said something about an English biscuit or an assorted mix of English biscuits. I thought, holy cow, just what I needed, a bunch of dried out old biscuits. I'm not a biscuit fan to speak of anyway, I like nice hot rolls. I couldn't think of what they could be, you know, biscuits? English biscuits, right from the Englishers, the people over there in England. The Great Britainers, whatever you call them anyway. After I got the package all opened up I took the tin top off and there inside were a whole bunch of cookies, assorted cookies. Most of them were just single, baked cookies, none of the filled kind or frosted

kind or jellied kind or anything like that, although there were a few with assorted spreads and stuff on it. Most of them are just different shaped cookies. That'll make a nice little treat, munch on cookies and especially when I'm on radio watch, I get so hungry. It's nice to have something to munch on besides apricots and mints. So I'll have to see if I can find time to write her a little note to say thank you, although I have my doubts. So the next time you see Bob, tell him to pass on to his mother a real nice thanks for the thoughtful gift. They sure do taste good. I've had half a dozen of them so far.

I'm in my new room. Sunday, no Saturday night (May 24th), I started moving in but I couldn't get too much accomplished. What I did was just clean out my old CONEX and move everything into this room. The place was just a mess. I had junk laying all over the place, mostly on the floor. I barely had enough room to sleep. So I thought, fine, Sunday morning (May 25th) I'll just get up and relax most of the day, if I can, not do any manual labor outside, stay away from my S-4 duties and my funds duties and any other duties that I have and just spend one day to myself and finish Dr. VanDyken's letter, get moved into my room, get settled, remain comfortable, not even work up a sweat, just enjoy myself for a day.

But, well, let me explain something first. Saturday night I was anticipating on going out on an operation Sunday morning, but the captain said, "Well, because of the heliborne operation on the 27th, you won't have to go out on operation. We'll just send a couple of short operations out, just around camp here, to check out the woodline and stuff like that." I thought oh good, fine, then I can take all day Sunday off. When I woke up Sunday morning, the first thing I heard was the captain walking in to my room saying, "Well, the heliborne has been postponed to the 31st, so pack your gear, you'll be leaving in an hour." I thought oh no, what a way to wake up Sunday morning, being greeted with a doggone three day operation. So I packed all my crap and got all the troopies together and away we went.

This operation wasn't too bad, though. We went down Logo Road to the west about, let's see, about to the 05 line, half way between the 05 and the 06 line. I'm just trying to recall exactly where we went now, I'm not referring to a map. Then we took it kind of easy because it was kind of a hot day. You know, 95, 100, something like that. The usual sweltering heat. We made a right turn, went up through the north, hashed through a bunch of jungle and crap, set up overnight about the 0558, oh I'm guessing, about the 80 or 81 line, somewhere around there, and spent the night there. We got a report on the radio that 60 VC were seen moving about one klick to our north earlier in the afternoon so everybody was a little nervous and a little shaky.

I had all Cambodians out with me for a change, and the crazy ol' VNSF sergeant who was supposed to be running the operation had absolutely no control over them whatsoever. Cambodes just don't like the Vietnamese. They just won't listen to him. Anytime they wanted to do something they always came back and checked with me. So my Vietnamese interpreter had to

Speak to a Cambodian who knew Vietnamese, and then the Cambodian had to interpret the Vietnamese into Cambodian for the Cambodian company commander. So it took about three times as long to say something as it usually does. But, I got my thoughts across and the ol' VNSF would say, "Okay, why don't we set up a perimeter right here, you know," talking to the Cambodian company commander. Then the Cambodian company commander would look at me and shake his head yes and shake his head no. Then I'd shrug my shoulders and wink at him. He'd come over and we would have a little pow-wow. He'd get things straight, like I wanted them, and then he'd go do it.

At night, when I set up my hammock, well, actually, I didn't really even have to set up my hammock. My two Cambodian radio men would put their radios down, find the two best trees, take my hammock out of my pack for me and set it up, and set my poncho up over my hammock because it rains nightly and they'd make sure I was all nice and comfortable and had all my goods stowed away under the hammock so they wouldn't get wet and the radio up near the head of my hammock so I could listen to it all night. Then they'd form a circle of hammocks right around me, real close little knit circle around myself and the other American who was out there. They acted as our waiters, cooks, bellhops, guards, and anything else you want to call them. They're just content to remain nice and close and shoot, if you had to get up in the middle of the night to go out in the brush and take a leak, one of them would get up, take his rifle, follow you and make sure you got back okay. So it makes me feel kind of nice to have those people out there. The Vietnamese could care less.

So we scouted around to the north a little bit farther the following morning. Didn't come across any of the VC they reported seeing, which I was quite pleased about, relieved about I should say. From there, let's see, we went to about the 0584 line, I think? Somewhere around there. Then we skirted to the east again, took a dip back down toward camp to where that great big clearing is and those two little ponds, filled up with water, spent the afternoon, the hottest part of the afternoon from about 12 noon to 4 pm just sitting in the shade cooling off and drying out our clothes that have been soaked with sweat. Then we packed up and moved back up to the north again about to the, about 200 meters off to the west of the road on about the 80 line, gee I can't remember, something. We were about two clicks north of camp on the western side of the road. We set up our overnight position and sent out a couple ambushes. Didn't get anything.

On Tuesday morning (May 27th) we came in and ol' mama-san had some nice pancakes on the griddle for us, which was real nice. Took a shower, well, I can't say I relaxed because I didn't. I put my shorts on and tennis shoes and started to relax because I have a lot of paperwork to do and every two minutes I'd get interrupted. Seems like when anything has to be done in this camp, all the people come to me. I don't know, I guess I'm the only one that will really put out an effort to do something for them. Most of the guys who have been here before either have the

type job where you don't have to associate with the people or they just don't give a darn, which is the case in a lot of times.

So about every fifteen or twenty minutes somebody would come in and want me to sign a pass to go on leave or issue rice or patrol rations or issue them new clothes from the supply room or give them the keys to the truck so they can go out and take a sandbag detail out or there's a plane coming in that I have to go meet. There's a million and one things that has to be done daily and everybody comes to me. So I was running in and out all day long. Met a couple of airplanes, couple truckloads of stuff to be brought in from the airfield, made an inventory of all of the rice and the PIR's I had on hand, had to send in a weekly PSYOPS report, the monthly PSYOPS report, the weekly rice report, fill out some requisitions for the S-4, write a couple of messages to send to the B-Team, and when I thought I had a little time or needed a break I just started working on my room some more. Right now it's at least cleaned up to the point where it's livable. It's kind of hard to describe, so I'll just take pictures of it. I'll see if I can get some Polaroid shots and then I can describe them to you a little easier.

Just a minute, let me check the tape here if I can find my flashlight. I had it sitting right here someplace. Oh, here it is, okay. There's a little bit left. I got my own fan now. It came with the room. So now I can sleep comfortably at night, although if I have a big blast of air blowing on me from the fan I wake up in the morning with my nose all stuffed up and my sinuses and everything. A lot of mucus and everything in my nose. So I just have it blowing on my feet and that keeps me cool enough to enjoy my evening's rest. I've got radio watch tonight from 12 to 2. Right now it's about 10:30. I don't know whether I'll get a little sleep before I go on watch or not. Probably not. When I finally do go on watch I'll munch cookies and maybe write a letter to you or somebody. Heaven knows, I owe many people letters. I just can't find the time to answer them all. So if anybody ever complains to you that I'm not writing enough to them or haven't written at all to them, say, "Sorry, xin loi. He's a busy man. He can only write to his wife."

Shoot, I haven't even wrapped up that Montagnard crossbow yet to send you. I want to send that out if I can at the end of this month when I take the funds report in. I have the crossbow to send to you and a couple of other packages. I still don't know what to do about that camera, whether or not just to let you keep it and send the rolls of film home or what. I would kind of like to have it back but shoot, I don't know. Also, I was debating whether or not to ask you to send me that Hitachi radio or whatever that AM/FM tan leatherette little radio is that my uncle gave me, do you remember that? I don't know how good the reception would be here, probably not the greatest, but at least I'd have something to listen to even if it's Vietnamese music. It gets kind of boring sitting here working in the office and not having anything to listen to.

I was also debating whether or not to have you record a couple albums on that hour long tape, just so I could play it, keep it here and replay it, and replay it, and replay it until I get sick of it and then send it back to you for some more music. It might not be a bad idea in fact, so you might keep that in mind, even if the music or the fidelity of the music doesn't come out the greatest, at least I'll have something to listen to while I'm working. Either that or send that little old radio. Maybe that will pick up some music.

Let's see, shoot, can't think of what I want to say. I'm shining the light around the room here to see if I can spot anything laying around the floor that I want to talk about. I know there's a whole bunch of junk that I want to say but unless I write it down it just slips my mind. Let me shut it off and think.

I knew it, as soon as I shut it off I would think of something. I was surprised to hear that John Downing was wounded and back at Bragg already. I know how you feel about it. You think "those lucky guys, I wish we could do that." But I don't care what you think, I would just soon not get shot up, even if it means coming back to the States, because if you get shot up bad enough to come back to the States, that means you're possibly screwed up for life or at least screwed up for a long time, and probably have some pretty painful injuries.

29 May 1969

Thursday

Seems like every time I start a tape I always say, "Hi hon," or "Hi again," or "Hi love," or "Hi sweetie," or "Hi honey," something like that. And then I always clear my throat. The reason why is because I sit in my room contemplating what I'm going to say before I even start the tape but I don't say anything out loud. So when I first start saying something out loud I feel I have to clear my throat.

I only have a few things to tell you. It's about twelve noon right now. I just finished eating lunch. After paying the CIDG all morning, I'll be paying them all afternoon. I thought I'd do a little bit now and then finish the tape tonight and mail it tomorrow. I didn't get any mail yesterday from anybody. No advertisements, no newspapers, nothing. So I better get something tomorrow, or I'm going to be disappointed. Probably just all piling up some place in either A-Company or the B-Team. I'll get it in one big load and it will take me an hour and a half to go through everything. But that's all right.

I just happened to think of something that wasn't on my list so I'll bring it up now. I've thought about having you send me a subscription to that Holland paper, but I don't know if it's worth it or not, because actually there's not that much in it. They have just all the local junk. I'm not interested in most of that stuff so I would say just forget about it. If there's a special article or

something in the newspaper you think I'd like just cut it out and send it rather than subscribing me to that twice a weekly newspaper. Actually, it's a summary type thing. I've seen them before. One of the girls at college used to get one and she'd pass them over to me when she finished with them. They'd cover all the local gossip and the latest wrecks and Drenthe, and Noorderloos, and all those swinging places too.

I've been going over my financial status here. I've got about \$300 on cash right now. Pay day is coming up so that will give me another couple hundred. So I'll have enough to buy either the Sansui or tape deck or whatever I can find when I go in this month, hoping that I can find something that is. I still have enough left over to buy little odds and ends like film, and shaving cream if I need it, stuff like that. So I'm set pretty well right now as far as money is concerned, but if they do have a tape deck and the Sansui 5000 both at the same time, boom, there goes \$400. So there's no real big sweat on getting a checkbook here as far as having money to spend. The only advantage of the checkbook is that I don't have to wait until the end of the month to get money orders before I can spend my money.

And, have you done anything about the income tax yet? If not, you better get your little buns in gear and get that out of the way. I don't care how much time of an extension you've got, just get it out of the way, and it will be over and done with and you'll forget about it.

Say 'happy birthday' to your mom. I know you'll get her a card and sign it for both of us. I just haven't got the facilities here to buy birthday cards and shoot, I can't even keep track of my own family's, let alone yours. Your family's that is, I can remember your own birthday. Hey, that reminds me, I got to get another money order to order your birthday present. Quick, let me write it down, let me write it down. Okay, all set. I'm writing a note to myself to remind me what money orders to get and to buy film and some kind of talcum powder and a couple watches if I can find them. All that kind of good stuff.

Oh, also, tell your mother I'm sorry she broke a little bone in her foot or whatever she did, twisted her ankle or stumbled or something, but, the breaks of the game. I'm sorry about that.

I'm sitting on the bed in my new room with my fan blowing on me. It's real nice and comfortable. I've got it cleaned up to the point now where it's livable. I've got almost all the junk up off the floor. I've still got a few boxes to move out of here yet. I've got loads of room, lots of nice shelf space, and floor space, and locker space. Besides that I even threw in a couple more shelves just so I have special shelves for my books and another shelf for my fan, another shelf for, in fact I've got one shelf in the corner here with nothing on it but the candle. There are built in shelves along one or two walls that are about half way between your knee and your thigh with a shelf underneath. I've got just odds and ends like a couple parachutes I've got out of mortar rounds, oh just a minute.

Okay, back again. I was interrupted. Somebody knocked on my door. That's right, I do have a regular wooden door to my room. I've got a lock on the outside that I can lock, a regular latch type lock, or padlock. On the inside I put a hook and a screw so that when I'm inside counting money I can lock the door and not be bothered by people running in and out and bothering me all day long for junk, so it's real nice. Right now I've got the door shut because I've got money spread out on my table and my safe open. I'm sorry that that last tape of mine ended so abruptly. It happened that way for two reasons, one I was not watching the tape to see how close to the end it really was, and all of a sudden it flapped off the reel so I had to quickly say goodbye and secondly, you get tapes so often that I don't feel like I have to go into a big, long, weepy goodbye or anything because shoot, the next day or the day after you get another tape. So it isn't as if we were only corresponding once a month or so and really had to give a long spiel in saying goodbye.

I was talking about my room wasn't I? I don't know if I have anything more to say about it except that it's comfortable and I'll take pictures of it for you one of these days. And I'm enjoying my cookies from Mrs. Fitch. I usually munch on them at night. Last night, or yesterday, we got a new batch of movies in so last night we showed one. Like a dummy, I watched it. I shouldn't have because I've got so much money to count, sort, and separate. But it ended about 9 o'clock so from 9 to 11 I counted the money out, separated it, put it into individual envelopes. I went to bed at 11 and had to get up at 4 for radio watch so I've been up since 4 o'clock this morning and tonight we'll probably have another movie so I'll watch that, like a dummy. When I'm sitting here just doing nothing but counting money and paying people I don't get a physical workout so it doesn't really tire me out during the day.

Shoot, you'd be surprised on how you can get by on little sleep, like when I'm out in the jungle at night I lay in my hammock and monitor the radio and just lay there and just kind of half doze all night. I don't really sleep soundly. I never even begin to doze until about midnight. That's when all the cotton picking animals finally start shutting up. I doze from about 12 to 4 and then at 4 o'clock all the radio traffic starts picking up again and keeps me awake. When it gets light about 6 o'clock I just get up and start the day. But you can't do that day after day after day. I can get by maybe one or two nights like that in a row and then I'll have to sleep a couple of nights real good, say from 10 to 7 before I can do it again. Of course after a hard workout on any one particular day I try to get a good night's sleep that night.

You were apologizing to me for not writing so many letters, but shoot, I've got to apologize to you too for the same. I just haven't had time. Like on radio watch this morning it was all I could do to stay awake so I was reading a book by Schultz, you know, Snoopy, or whatever you, Peanuts, that's what it is. So I read that, and I've got a book here on how to paint with watercolors. I read that and I've got a '69 almanac I'll start looking through, great big thick

thing, it's probably got 3,000 pages of facts. I'll start breezing through that. Maybe I can learn something.

I finished Dr. VanDyken's letter. It only ended up being, let's see, three and a half pages long, typewritten, but I said quite a bit. If you stop in and see him he'll probably let you read it. I don't think it's anything that you haven't heard before. So, no sweat there.

I think by now, your hair ought to be getting pretty long if I'm not mistaken. By the looks of this one picture that you sent me, that nice color blow up of you and the dog sitting on the couch, it's hanging down to below your shoulders. Well, your hair was hanging down right to your shoulders, and then when it's curled up again it must come down a couple inches below your shoulders. It's going to be quite long by the time I get to see you in Hong Kong but if it really gets in your way or anything, you can trim it down a little bit. I would just soon let it grow and have you let it grow and grow and grow. It's been a long time since I've seen you with really long hair, when it used to come down to the middle of your back with braids back in the good old days when you were running around in blue jean shorts.

Let's see, oh, the first night I moved into this room I had some of those candies that my mom sent me, you know those hard candies to suck on? I had about four of them laying out in the open, still wrapped in cellophane, but laying out. The doggone rats came in the room and three different times during the night they woke me up by either their squeaking or jumping around and knocking things off my shelf like a plastic cup I had up on my shelf. They knocked that off and it fell about five feet to the floor and banged and crashed. Boy, I jerked up right in bed and grabbed my flashlight. I knew what it was and as soon as I turned it on I could see about three rats scurrying away. I located one hole in the wooden floor right underneath my bed so I took a board and fixed that up. Last night I set out some rat traps and put a piece of candy on them but the candy wasn't sticky enough so when the rat took the candy off the trap didn't go off. I think they're getting in by my open door. I leave my door open at night and I get the added circulation because otherwise it gets so stuffy even with the fan. They run up and down the halls in the teamhouse here occasionally at night when the dogs aren't around and that's how they get into the room now. I'm sure that's the only way they can get in because I checked the floor real carefully and there's no other holes or anything for them to get in so they must have come in through the door.

But we usually we have three dogs sleeping in here at night, Christmas, Pussy, and one of their little kids, Dammit. It's kind of a worthless dog because it's scared of its own shadow and it doesn't really do anything, but anyway, he sleeps in here at night too. Any time they see a rat they pounce on it, chew it up, carry it outside, and drop it. They also are real good watch dogs. Anytime a CIDG comes to the door for any reason, boy, those dogs are right at the door, barking at them. Anytime a CIDG tries to come into the teamhouse when the dogs are there and nobody

else, the dogs will actually bite them and they know it. So they know they can only come as far as the door and they either yell for somebody or knock on the door and wait until somebody comes and calls off the dogs. It's nice having them around, they sure aren't much to look at but they're nice and friendly and we have a lot of fun with them. You asked me who fed them, they just get scraps out of the mess hall everyday. Mama-san puts out a big pan of scraps. They munch on that all day and they drink water out of mud puddles so they're pretty well taken care of. They're quite sturdy. They're hardy dogs. They're just plain old mutts but they've grown accustomed to all the dirt and filth and crap that is around here. They can eat a rat and it won't even affect them.

Another thing, speaking of rats, we have some wire rat traps where we catch them alive. I heard one of the guys telling a story about how his father used to catch rats alive and paint them all white with regular house paint and then let them go. The sight of that white rat would scare all the other rats away for a few months anyway. Eventually that paint would kill the rat that you painted. So as soon as I can get some white paint I'm going to catch a rat and try that just to see if it works. In the meantime, though, I caught a live one in a wire cage. I took it out in the middle of the inner perimeter here and called the dogs out there, all three of them, and set the rat loose. Boy, he was bounding around, cutting corners and jumping in the air and everything trying to get away from the dogs but the dogs won out. They chomped on him, chewed him up, and killed him. It was fun watching though. If I get a movie camera I'll have to get a couple rats and cut them loose in an open area out there and take some movies of them being chased by the dogs.

Oh, there was a C-130 that landed at Katum the day before yesterday? Yeah, the day before yesterday. On its way in it took one bullet hole through the wing, but it was a bad break for them because it hit the gas tank and it was streaming fuel out the back of the wing. That wasn't any sweat. At the time the plane was hit, they didn't know about it. The crew members or the pilot didn't know that the plane was hit, but as soon as they landed, you know how they reverse their pitch on the props to slow the plane down, it blasts wind to the front of the plane rather to the rear of the plane and that slows them down as they land. When they reversed the pitch on the props it sucked all this fuel draining out of the gas tank right up into the engine and one wing just literally blew up, burst into flame. So Katum's got a burned out C-130 sitting on the runway. Actually, the only thing burned out is one entire wing. I think it was the right wing, both engines and everything is shot. Under the circumstances I don't think there is any way they can repair the plane, so it's a total loss. I guess what they'll do is fly in another 130 and just take the engine off of the one, well, the good engines off and all the commo equipment and anything they can scavenge out of the hull and then tow it off the end of the runway and then let it sit I guess.

When that happened there were a couple people standing up on Katum's teamhouse. Do you remember Captain Reed that we met at the 7th Group party? He was the captain that lived about six doors down from us, the doctor or medical specialist, or I forget exactly what he was. Anyway, he and one other captain, who's a dentist, were at Katum standing up on the teamhouse watching the plane come in. They were the only two up there and both of them had their cameras. They said they got some fabulous pictures of all the action. They saw it from the beginning to the end. What those two guys are doing is stopping at all the A-Teams and B-32 and Captain Reed was checking on the medical facilities and the other captain was checking everybody's teeth, so we had a dental checkup yesterday. He checked my teeth and said they were in real fine shape, the best ones on the team in fact. He gave us some fluoride paste to brush our teeth with. He said a good brushing with that every six months will cut your cavities in half, even if you don't even brush your teeth ever again. So I used it sparingly, well, I got some of that same stuff when I first came into country in February. So I did it then, and I did it just yesterday and I've still got half a tube left so I'll wait another two or three months and do it again. He said he'd be coming around in about another month and a half with the dental chair and drill and the whole works. If anybody needs any work, then he can do it. He also told me that I should probably have my two wisdom teeth pulled, the ones that were coming in on the top on either side. So, if he comes back, I might have him pull them out. I don't know.

Let's see, I think that about does it for my list so I'm just going to shut it off now and finish it up tonight or maybe tomorrow morning early before I do anything and figure out something else to tell you. So I'll say goodbye. For me it might be a day, for you it will only be a second, so I'll say goodbye. Goodbye.

Ah, yes, I just thought of something. Did you ever get the transcript of my grades from Michigan State? If so, tell me. If not, write them a letter and tell them that I paid for a transcript, I think I paid for two of them. Yes, in fact I'm sure I did. At least I think I'm sure. Anyway, I know I paid for at least one. I've got the receipt somewhere around the house to prove it. So if you haven't gotten it yet, you write a letter to them and tell them to get on the move down there and send me my transcript.

I think what I'll do is send you a copy of my orders that I received sending me over here to this lousy place so that you can put that in the scrapbook of pictures and stuff from Vietnam. Also I've got my application here for MSU. I've got to get that filled out and send that back to you so that you can send it in when the time comes if they require it three months before I start school, I don't know. I haven't looked it over that carefully, it may be on there some place. It says how soon it's got to be in before I plan to start back. Maybe you could also refer that question to the people you write to concerning a transcript of my grades and see what they say. I'm also going to send you my application for government aid, monetary aid, G.I. Bill in other

words, for you to just hang on to for me, because I can't fill that out until I get my discharge orders so I can get the order number and all that junk and put it on there. So all that junk will be coming down in a letter to you one of these days.

One more thing. I've got an order blank here to get a catalog from Roth. I don't know if you've ever heard of Roth, but he's the one that makes all these goofy drawings and stuff on the back of shirts. He's got a special one here for servicemen. I'm sure he's got some neat designs. They only show one here. It's called "Army Infantry." It's got some great big monster with machine gun bullets all around him and great big gory looking teeth. I can't tell if he's got a beret on or not, looks like he's got a beret on. I'm sure he's got some neat designs. So I'm sending it to you so you can send for it, and then send it to me. I was going to send it directly from here but it costs 75 cents for the catalog and I can't get a 75 cent money order. So either, I think the best thing to do would be just write a check for 75 cents and just throw it in the mail. I've got a little note attached to it. I think it would get here all right. So all that junk will be coming down in a letter soon, I hope.

Hi, it's me again. You wouldn't believe where I'm finishing up this tape. I'm sitting in the crap house, the outhouse, whatever you want to call it. I just finished paying all the civilians tonight and as usual there were some pay complaints. Stupid mechanic is complaining that he doesn't like working on Sundays. Shoot, the only thing he has to do on Sunday is just switch generators in the morning and at night, that's all. It takes maybe five minutes in the morning and five minutes at night. He complains that he doesn't like working on Sunday. There's one quick way to end all his arguments. I'll just say, "Well, if you want to quit, go ahead. There's plenty of other mechanics that would like to work out here." That usually shuts him up in a hurry.

I had a little scuffle in the teamhouse today. I was in my room, locked in my room counting money. All of a sudden I heard this terrific commotion right outside my door. So I jumped up and ran outside and here's three guys beating up on one of our interpreters. There was a loaded rifle being swung around between the four of them. I had a bundle of money in one hand and I rushed in and grabbed the rifle before I did anything else. I had a bundle of money in one hand and the rifle in the other. They were still pounding the crap out of the interpreter. As I ran back in the teamhouse to drop the money and the gun and lock up the room or the safe, a couple of the team members came flying around the corner to find out what all the commotion was about and broke up the fight. It seems that who started it was an LLDB, one of the newer VNSF team members who just has a disliking for our interpreter. So he goaded him into a fight, our interpreter, who wouldn't fight, and he fled into the teamhouse and hid in his room. So what this LLDB did, he took two of his cronies and the three of them just walked right into our teamhouse, into this guy's CONEX, put a headlock on him and just started dragging him outside and started beating him up. On the way out, the interpreter managed to grab his rifle but he

couldn't use it with three of them against only one of him. And he couldn't yell because they had their arms around his throat. By the time he got to our swinging door, he just started kicking and batting the doors and then finally he got loose and started yelling.

I don't know, just for some reason they have it in for the guy. I think because he's the best interpreter we've got and he translates literally, whereas a lot of them kind of gloss over the rough spots, like when we're mad or something, when anybody uses a cuss word. The interpreters, more often than not just kind of speed over that area and not include any of those words so as not to offend whoever we're talking to. But this Cambodian interpreter that was being beat up, he translates literally and whatever we say he says exactly that and nothing else.

Awhile back there was an argument between the LLDB and our medic. The medic told the interpreter to tell the LLDB that only one of two guys wounded should be medevaced and the LLDB said no, both of them will be medevaced. There was a big hassle and discussion about that. Again, this interpreter happened to be caught in the middle of that argument. That's what started the whole thing. The LLDB at the time were drunk and instead of arguing with our medic, they waited until everything calmed down and then they took the interpreter aside and said, "Look. When we tell you something, that's what we mean, you know? Regardless of what the American says." So he said, "No, I only interpret what I'm told and interpret nothing else." That got everybody mad at him to begin with. Since then he's been doing a real fine job for us. Of course the VNSF are upset with him so they're using any means or ruse possible to try to unload the guy. They picked a fight with him today and then had the gall to say that he started it. We know darn well he didn't. So there's all kinds of big discussion and everything. This guy happened to be Cambodian too which makes it worse because the Vietnamese hate the Cambodians and the Cambodians don't get along with the Vietnamese.

While the fighting was going on, our mama-san who works in the kitchen who is also Cambodian ran out the gate, ran over to her company, which is all Cambodian, and told them what was going on. Inside of five minutes we had about 110 Cambodians with loaded rifles surrounding, or milling around, the inner perimeter just waiting for one of the Vietnamese to do something wrong. Man, we would have had a riot on our hands but the captain wasn't here so I went over and talked to the Cambodian company commander and smoothed things out and told him, "If we need help we'll call on you, but right now let me try to settle it." So I hassled back and forth with the doggone camp commander until the captain came back and he relieved me of that chore, thank goodness. Things went on normally again. This poor interpreter. Shoot, he's running scared now. He doesn't dare walk outside our fenced in area for fear that somebody's going to jump him and beat him up or kill him. Heck, I don't blame him. But if I hadn't had my hands full with money and that rifle, man, I would have decked that guy so fast. One of the three of them. The one I would have hit, too, would have been the LLDB because I didn't recognize

him. He was one of the newer guys, I didn't know who he was. He was slugging and kicking and biting and scratching, everything he could do. Yelling at the top of his lungs, really giving the interpreter a work over. The other two guys were hanging on to the interpreter, you know, so he couldn't do anything. I'm sort of glad that I had my hands full because if I had decked that guy it might have broken his jaw and that really would have set up a big furor around here. Boy, I was mad! Gee whiz. But, that's just the way things are around here.

I've only got about another 160 people to pay tomorrow, and then I'll be all over with it for another month. Thank goodness! I can relax for awhile, finish fixing my room up and just do some things that need to be done around here that I haven't had time to do.

Me again, Me's here again. You keep saying 'uh' all the time. I keep saying "oh boy" or "let's see" or "uh." same as you so you don't have to apologize for the times that you do it.

There's a book here, a paperback entitled Thirty-Six Students or Thirty-Six Pupils, something. Anyway, it's a book written by a teacher in an all Negro school and the experiences he had with these poor Negro kids. Shoot, he only had 35 or 36 of them and he wrote a whole book about it, hon. Maybe some day you'll sit down and crank out a book for us. Make all kinds of money for us.

Oh, I got paid today. Yeah, the pay man showed up and I got \$248 or something, which isn't bad considering I'm sending \$575 home. That's \$575, that's over \$800, about \$825. That's pretty good pay but you haven't told me yet whether or not you've received that first \$575 allotment check from last month. So let me know as soon as you find out.

I have to keep shutting this thing off because I keep getting interrupted. I'm back in my room, and the captain just walked in to talk to me for a couple minutes. I've got an indigenous poncho liner that I can send to you. I can also send an indigenous poncho. They aren't much good though, they're actually kind of cheap. They won't last long but what the heck, I'll send you one anyway. I'll see if I can get a couple more hammocks for you. I've also got another American sized poncho here that I'd like to send home so we'll each have a poncho and a poncho liner. We can put them together, spread one out on the ground and put the other one over the top of us and then snap three sides of it and just have one side open and then use it as a big double sleeping bag. I'll bet you anything it will keep us warm too, providing it doesn't get too cold. But shoot, , even something nice and simple like that is really quite effective so I'll wrap them up and get them to you when I can.

Gee, I just ate about an hour ago but I'm hungry again. That's probably because I had so much rice to eat. Speaking of rice, I had a great big plate full so I decided to put salt and pepper on it and I thought of ground cinnamon and we had some brown sugar so I put that on it and crushed pineapple. Boy, everybody had a fit. The Vietnamese interpreters, the mama-san and that other mama-san that works in there. They all peered over my shoulder and watched me

mixing up that stuff. They couldn't imagine what kind of garbage I was mixing up, putting all that stuff on their main dish, rice. Boy, I chugged that stuff down and it tasted pretty good too. The rice isn't near as good as the rice your mother makes or that you make. This stuff is kind of dried up and hard and crunchy and brittle and lumpy and everything. But it still tasted pretty good considering.

Well, the tape's about ready to run out. So I'll start saying goodbye since I noticed it in time this time. I will give you a formal farewell. Goodbye, xin loi. And everything else you say. I didn't mean xin loi as the meaning I gave you earlier. It has two connotations. One means 'sorry about that' and the other one means 'tough shit.' When I say xin loi I mean it the nice way. That's about all I have to say hon. Love you, miss you, goodbye.

31 May 1969

Saturday

Hi hon. Greetings, greetings, greetings, hello my love, how are you? I am fine. Wish you were here. Wish I were there. Et cetera. It's Saturday the 31st, 12:20 in the afternoon. I'm sitting in my room cooling off in front of my fan and just relaxing for the first time since 7 o'clock this morning.

Today was our heliborne operation. Since I'm the man in charge around here because everyone else is out on the operation, I was the one in charge of the airfield this morning during the heliborne. I was the air traffic controller. I guess that's the proper technical name for the job I did out there. Anyway, I had about twelve smoke grenades and I was monitoring two different radios. One was on the operational push frequency, we call it push, and the other one was on the regular frequency from the camp here to all the other camps, et cetera. They had air strikes going and artillery firing on the landing zones and gun ships in the air and the command and control ship and then the nine helicopters that came in to pick the troops up made three sorties, three flights, into the runway, picked up the troops into the LZ, and back to the runway. So during the whole operation I was coordinating all the aircraft and everything and making sure the ships land in the right spot and the right direction and everything, people got on okay and got off alright. Just generally keeping everybody informed, so I was pretty busy.

Right after that we had two aircraft come in to unload, off load different things. One was ammunition, the other one was mogas [motor gas] and diesel fuel and PIR's. After that I had to scurry back here, this is about 11 o'clock, and whip out what's called a Daily Double which is a daily situation report and a daily admin report that gives all the latest strength figures. After that I ate and now I'm sitting in here trying to relax for a minute.

I got some real good shots of the helicopters coming in and flying around in formation

prior to taking the people into the landing zone. I couldn't get a shot of the jets who were putting in the airstrike, because it's too far up north. They're way up around 0290 I believe, somewhere up in that area, which is quite a ways away.

And, hey, you won't believe this. I'm so excited I can hardly keep it back. I was going to tell you last night but there were too many preparations of things prior to the heliborne. Yesterday afternoon the personnel officer from B-32 was here. We had a nice little chat about R&R and leaves and things like that. I've got two, I say again, two, very, very, very good news type reports to give to you. You'll be so excited you'll probably wet your pants. Okay, here's the first one. Let me sock it to you. The first one is, if I want to get to Hong Kong on the 20th of August, what I should do, instead of putting in for R&R, is put in for a leave. Everyone over here is authorized one seven day leave and one seven day R&R. Now the leave is not counted against you. What they have been doing is keeping you over here one extra week, when it comes time to leave country, to make up for the seven days during your tour that you took leave. So actually it's not subtracted from your total back in the States. Also, he said that what I should do to make sure I get the exact date I want in the exact city I want, at the exact time and location I want, is to request for leave at that time. Seven days leave, I'll get the exact same amount of time in Hong Kong, which is actually five days because it takes about a day to travel to there and a day to travel from Hong Kong back here. Of course that's part of your leave time.

So, I had my R&R request all filled out and in yesterday, but after he told me that I told him, "Well you're going to get my R&R request as soon as you go back to Tay Ninh. So tear it up and I'll quickly put in for seven days leave request." He said that I should get it without any trouble at all. That's tremendous news. Not only that, but I still save my R&R. I still got seven days coming to me after I meet you in Hong Kong. So what do you want to do? Meet me in Hawaii? Gee, I don't know, hon. I definitely want to see you during my leave and my R&R but we're going to go broke if you meet me in Hong Kong, fly around the world, and then maybe two months later fly to Hawaii to meet me.

Oh, and also, the R&R in Hawaii is six days and six nights long rather than five days and five nights because you gain a day as you fly from Vietnam to Hawaii, so I don't know. You let me know how much it costs you to fly around the world and how much you think you'll spend on the way. Give me a rough estimate and figure on spending probably \$300 for well, maybe \$500 right in Hong Kong itself. If we buy china or something like that plus hotel and meals. Although, I don't know. Maybe it won't even come to that much. Who really knows. But let me know the price of everything, your air ticket and just estimate how many motels and hotels you'll have to stay in and how many nights and average it out to maybe \$15 a night or something. It might be more, it might be less. But just try to give me a rough estimate on how much the whole world trip would cost.

Then for R&R, for you to fly from where you are to Hawaii and back, I think you can get some kind of an R&R packet deal from the government where you can fly out there and back round trip for a \$100 or something. A hotel room there costs about \$20 a night so that would be \$120 for that, plus meals, maybe another \$40 or so. I don't know. But that will run us another \$300. But shoot, if we got the money I'd say drive on man, let's do it! That would be outstanding. Both of us could meet in Hong Kong for five days. You can continue on around the world, do all your sight seeing and travelling and become a high society class dame and all that stuff, get your pictures and everything. Go back home and settle down for two months, and sort out all your pictures and photos, mount them and put them in slide trays. Go on speaking tours to all your relation and show them your fabulous pictures and everything. Then, shoot, two months later pack up and head to Hawaii and meet me there for six days. Wouldn't that be terrific? Still, that's not the best news. The best news is yet to come. You won't believe this!

We got to talking about what we were going to do after I get out of the service. I said, "Oh, I think I'll go back to school, you know." And we got to talking about DEROS dates and ETS dates and everything and he said, "Well hey, did you apply for an early out?" I said, "No, I haven't." Because I didn't think officers were allowed that, but they are, up to a 90 days early out to go back to school. So, you know what that means? That means I can start in the winter term at MSU in January and I can get out of...

Okay I'm back again, I was interrupted. I had to go to the radio room and talk to the people in the field. Now, as I was saying. I can get up to a 90 day early out, but, not but, but and, what I have to do is this. I have to write MSU, send in my application and also a copy of my DD form 214, make sure I'm accepted, I'm sure I will be, and I need a letter from them addressed to the commanding officer, 5th Special Forces group and all that stating that I am eligible for re-admittance, that, oh, they have to put down the last possible day that I can register for classes, the day that classes start, and that I will be a full time student. When the Army receives that information, they immediately act on it and they will release me from the Army ten days prior to the time school starts or prior to the day that I have to register for classes. So, if that's the case, I forget when classes start on Winter term, but they must be around, let's say, about the 10th of January, so ten days prior to that would be New Year's Day. Normally, if you ETS anywhere around New Year's or Christmas, they'll let you get out two weeks earlier so that you'll be home for Christmas. So that means that there's a good, good, good chance that I'll get out of Vietnam about, oh, anywhere after the 15th of December. Can you imagine that? 15th of December? That's only about 200 days away. Man, that was such terrific news I almost leapt for joy. Lept, leaped, whatever you say. Jump up and down. Boy, was I excited.

So now, you've probably gotten my letter by now with the application in it. It's all complete and ready to go except that I don't have the DD form 214. The personnel officer is

getting that for me right now, a copy of it. So when I get it, I'll quickly send it home to you with a nice typewritten note and everything to the director of admissions or whoever I have to write to explaining what I need, and he's also going to send me a copy of the letter that he received from his college when he applied for an early out so that MSU will see what pertinent information has to be in the letter and also the addressee and make sure it gets back to me in good shape because if that letter isn't correct in all aspects then I'll get turned down. Well, I'll have to ask MSU for another letter so it might as well be right the first time. So I'll get all that junk over here and send it to you and you put it in a nice big envelope and send it to the director of admissions at MSU and get that letter for me. Make sure you get a copy of my transcript and my grades and all that good stuff. You won't have to include a transcript of my grades with the letter that you send MSU because they can just look in the records themselves and get my grades. I'm sure I'll be accepted because I had over a 2.0 and everything else. So, as soon as I get that taken care of and get that letter back here then I send it right to CO of the 5th Special Forces Group and shortly thereafter they'll let me know whether or not I get the early out.

Now this will put a slight crimp in our problems. Nothing that we can't overcome. That means I'll get home, oh that's right, I'll be home before Christmas, I hope. So that gives us about three weeks for us to go to Lansing, find a place to live, get all our garbage moved down there and get settled. I doubt very seriously if we'll have time to go to Bermuda, but shoot, the next couple years while I'm in school we'll have two and three week breaks about every ten weeks, so there's plenty of time for that. Besides, your trip around the world ought to hold you for awhile.

Anyway, while you're still excited, let me drive on here. That'll give us about three weeks to get down to Lansing and get settled, which will be enough time. Now, if everything goes through and I get accepted at Michigan State and get my early out and all that stuff, what you're going to have to do is go down to Michigan State like we did that time, let's see, when was that? I don't know, I guess we, oh, the day we came back from going to that Air Force base over near Detroit and I stopped in to see the counselor. Well, you're going to have to do the same thing and dig up that sheet that he gave me concerning the courses I'll have to take and the sequence, take that back to him and say that I'm going to be starting winter term...[continued on Tape #6]