

Dear;

14 Apr.

I thought I write a real long letter to nite. Didn't get mail today - seems like all of us missed out, tho. But I've been getting so much lately I can hardly complain. Have been looking thru those catalogs hell, I can't spell and have found some real nice records. Enjoy shopping around for things so much.

Did little today. It's been a smooth going evening & the radios are working better. It has definitely warmed up. I'm lucky, tho, since I get to take a shower every day - something I feared I couldn't do before. We also have a free laundry service & I have a fresh change every day. Everyday

I trudge off to the shower
(they furnish soap). It's
kind of embarrassing at
times because the US
women & P. help walk
all over the place & look
in now & then. It's quite
normal for them, tho.

I see US men kissing
on the road sides often,
so their culture hardly
worries about nakedness.
It's still a bit unneaving
tho. to have women around
the latrines & showers. I'd
never be a good oriental.

After my shower I
go back to the hootch
& get my shaving pan.
We shave on the door
step (where there's a
portable mirror placed
between sandbags). Then
I get dressed & ready
for work. We don't have
to wear our fatigue

jackets unless we go to
the mess hall - we run
around in T-shirts. I
take care of getting the
FTOs (officer) supper
every day after Deat
mine. Then it's about
time to change oil in
the generators (by the
generator operator). After
about 6:30 we start our
nitely work enclosures
which dies down about
9:30 or 10:00. Then it's
only an occasional
necessance mission to
break up reading or
writing or bull sessions.
We get some food from
the mess hall and eat
here (sandwiches or eggs)
about 11 or 12. Then here
& I clean up the place
and we all wait for
2:30 so we can set the

movie, drink our beers,
and they go to bed. That's
my day - everyone
pretty much like every
other.

Last nite I got to
see a spooky air firing
mission. These are night
operations at nite. They
pick an area known to
be likely VC holdouts
and then shoot flares
over the area + shoot
machine gun fire at targets
seen. Its quite a sight
The sky is white with
the flares (brighter on
the ground than a full
moon) and all you can
see is this little red blinking
light from the aircraft.
When he spots something
he lets loose continuous
fire. The bullets glow
red + come at such

speed it looks like a
red ray connecting the
now white spotted
airplane (its the glow
of the firing gun) with
the ground. A very
awesome sight. The operation
was of great immotional
impact. The power is
overwhelming. Seeing
this directed, bright
ray of death from the
sky. All I could think
of was what evil such
power ~~could have~~ wrought.
Then I got a strange thought
as he fired again & again.
I thought of discontent
at home & the honor the
government could use to
stifle revolution in
any mass form. For that
matter, these very tactics
here could easily be
applied to pseudo brush

warfare in the ghettos
and on campuses. It's
a fantastic and frightening
power. And it's hard
for me to imagine a good
use for it.

Yesterday, a Dustoff
landed here (they're the
Medivac copters) and ~~it~~
it was carrying a wounded
man. He was pretty torn
up from apparent mortar
fire. This is a damned
ghastly war, you know.
Don't think I'm all
upset, I am just seeing
first-hand what I've
been published and
aired time + time again
at home. It just seems
more real and shocking
here. If only we can
get it over. At least
I'm safe - but what
about the others?

Not really much else
to talk about. I'm feeling
great. I thought about
you alot last nite. It
was one of those total
horrifying nites, you
know, where I miss
having you near, to hold
and hold me. I'm sitting
here devouring a ham &
cheese sandwich. Sure is
terrible to have to suffer
thru like this - there's
no mayonaisse tonite.
When am I ever going to
learn to spell?

Later on this week, I'll
get to the B.X. Can't go yet,
to many others have

business to do and we
can't get too short handed
around here. There's always
the danger I won't get
back at 2:30, so I'll
wait until we have a

full crew to go.

At times I wonder what you're doing at a particular moment, I think of you. I'll look at my watch and say, "Well, it's 11 AM at home, wonder what she's doing." Then later in the ~~evening~~ evening I'll think it's 12:30 at home + she's probably hovering over the mail box waiting for my letter. Can't wait to hear how you're Sat. exams went. I'm sure you're settled down a bit now and can enjoy life a little. You know, I really don't miss school anymore. I'm kind of glad it's past. To think we'll be able to have free evenings to use

getting much as we work
instead of into other
of being tied to these
books + paper. Oh, these
to plenty of references,
to, Libby's in Boston,
to plan, my household
fitting, and ^{must} other
Kenny's home work. But
I will be a more regular
and regulated procedure
rather than the constant
stream we faced in school.
I love you, boy, I love
do make use of things
mail services and have
writing material. Might
as well do a great quantity
I just about the corner.
Do hope you amuse
get settled soon. How
been do you start in
who fall? I know you
been know, but you

really told me little
about the job except the
first scans descriptions
and your "look"

I'm in a snuggly mood.
But there's no movie
tonite, so I'll just drink
a beer + go right to bed
and forget about it.

I'm getting writers cramp,
so I'll close. I feel close
to you tonite's always.
Here's a little smile for
you. Take care of yourself
I need you.

Love,
D,
Lynn