

December 12, 1966

Dear Gentlings:

What can I say but thank you (Scott) for the letter. I really hadn't expected such a long one. It's always hard for me to write anything when I'm at home, so, believe me, I certainly appreciate your taking the time to send me some news of the real world.

Luckily I haven't been shot at yet, altho some of the kids in my company have. In fact, the airfield in Saigon where (damn that r) we stayed upon arrival in Vietnam was attacked and the area where we stayed was levelled by mortar fire! Even some of the downtown hotels were bombed. I don't know if they got the one where we stayed or not, tho.

I now work in the HQ (Personnel) 97th MP Bn where I do such exciting things as compute leave times, make morning reports, and type signature blocks. Watch this! CARL G. TREDWAY, WO1, USA

Pers Off HQ 97th MP Bn

I'll bet that's the 10 millionth time I've done that. Oh well, it's better than living out in the jungle fighting.

I was about to tell you about the battle here at Cam Ranh the other night. An alert was called and the old HQ platoon reacted as usual by laughing at the other troops running out to fight all decked out in full battle regalia. No one even bothers to alert us, because one night they wanted to use us and we reacted to the alert by grabbing all the showers (the other troops were all getting dressed). Now they know we won't fight, so they just pass up our tent. Anyway, when they put the troops on the trucks to take them to fight, the rest of us put on our Bermuda shorts and went out the back door. We climbed the hill right behind our tent after mixing some Kool-Aid, and made ourselves comfortable to watch the fighting. We saw flares, tracer fire, and either ~~ar~~ ~~killin~~ tillery or mortar explosions. It was like the Fourth of July at the Boat Club!

I now have 464 days left to go, and they'll probably be 464 of the worst days of my life. I guess I'd best get back to screwing GI's out of their leave time, but I'll write again soon.

Hope you all have a fine holiday season and manage to steer clear of the draft.

My best to the rest of your family,
THUOC CHUOT,

BILL