Dear North -

Two letters today, marked Monday and Tuesday. The rest mail seems to get there 1-2 days faster, but not appreciably more regularly.

About an ordinary day today. A few needless ordinary things to occupy the time so it doesn’t drag. Tomorrow will be a sort of day of truth. We shall then see if I can make the computer sort out the losers since the 7th Offensive began in such a manner as to prove that we are winning the war. Of course, we shall of course jack the figures around until we do show progress. Every month we
make progress here.

Time magazine of 1 March has a good assessment of the attitude here. The MACV branch is definitely on the defensive (mentally as well as militarily here). They realize the grandiose intelligence organization will very likely not be able to give a clue as to what will happen next, and also everyone realizes without saying it that the enemy is a good deal more formidable than we have let ourselves believe for three many months. We are all a little bit overconfident for ourselves yet, but for the war in general. The entire military belongs to the VC and then is no 2 way about it. I doubt we can ever repair this.

Your experience with the Red Cross is typical. That is why many service people...
absolutely refuse to give money to them, or to any fund in which the Red Cross shares.

What do you mean "What are your methods of winning the Red Cross?" My methods are to study captured documents and reports of prisoner interrogations and to try and see which unit took what loses.

I probably agree about a new car.

I am still hoping to go to Europe.

Now that the threat to Japan is over, the army has decided to set up a watch bill and have officers manning the parapet during the hours of darkness. Can't you just see me up there mowing down hordes of charging VC with my machine gun?

No rockets last night, but the curfew is still in effect. This damn
curfew is really getting annoying.

I suppose it will drag on, though, like the goddamn VC with their business.

I sent them a big map like yours. I don't know how to tell her not to worry. There really isn't much danger—the rockets are obviously going for the NCR headquarters, and only a fool shot would miss it by this far. I'm much more worried about some nut American shooting me by accident.

Love,

[Signature]