Dear Beth-

Letters 261 and 262 arrived today.

The news with the Onslow seems to be really a news: I do hope it works out for them somehow. I can't imagine Ed Coleman doing anything for someone in that state, homely, or in any other state, for that matter.

It was certainly jolly of you, Mr. Daniels, to send us a shock. Since we are going to have to cut, I suppose we should stop putting it up or perhaps put it up and then replace it with the present one when we leave.

Quite a night last night. Between 2 am and 2:05 we got about a dozen rockets. One hit less than 100 yards from my cock. Broke out some windows and killed a Vietnamese.

It hit on the second story of a house, and blew off a room—very cleanly done, I must say. I heard it on the way in, and was almost ready
bed when it hit. Large flash followed by raining debris. Damme! That too close.
The other 11 all hit between Tan Son Nhut and the creek. Also they had a fair-sized fight about 2 k. E of C1C V last night. Killed 14 VC in an hour. They had seemed to be out of that area—probably were, and infiltrated back in.

It is of course jolly that the car repairs are going to be so inexpensive. It is obviously well that you didn't drive it. So glad that you had it fixed, now. (first now) Envelope is check for $150 which will perhaps ease your burden some. Do try and back it this quarter with this.

Today was a real hustle on B. We are losing people like mad and the replacements have not yet started arriving. Consequently, the work is being spread around more intensively. How's that for
euphemism of the day?) Tomorrow's bed
fair to be worse.

Enclosed are two more slides of
the TV station which was bombed some
time ago. They are long in coming because
I had copies made for several people.

Love.

[Signature]