Saturday

28/309

Dear Beth—

The 281 war a mental camgowen from your letter which arrived today.

The no news letter. As you now know, I have already gotten the fly butler nasses, two of the other still not being available.

Not much news here either. I am doing check-out type things. Am going to take off tomorrow and then much about gently next week, not taking any more strain than absolutely required.

The quiet goes on. And of course we are evacuating the Saul. One can’t help wondering if we have not made a secret agreement of some kind providing for
unadvertised mutual de-escalation.

During its spring. Ten days with no mortar or rockets on Sajgon.

The laws are in full force now.
It has poured poured all afternoon, and large areas are totally awamps. It is cooling. However, last night was very comfortable, and it has been overcast and cool all day today.

On still in the middle of the great struggle controversy. Of course it won't be settled until long after it's gone.
A number of people showed up yesterday to relieve me. I didn't think I was getting a relief, but obviously I am. He is somewhat of a jerk—a grounded airdale—but why should

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I care? The army deserves him.

Love,

[Signature]