Wednesday

I,

Dear Borth-pile-mon,

I guess this will be my last letter, unless something unusual crops up tomorrow. Even so, it might not get there before I do.

Went in town last night and had dinner with the Indians and my old lady friend. They gave me three jolly drinks.

Others from the Philippines. See if you can find a sport shirt pattern so you can make them up for me. The embroidery is all arranged so it appears on the right place on the finished product. Each one is 2 yards. One has brown embroidery, one blue and one white. Very pretty.

Four of us here in CICV who have been together for most of the year are going down to the International House tonight for

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supper. Then the episode starts on Thursday. Leave Friday, one Saturday, and Sunday.

Not much doing today. I finished up job report on my office and wrote a long memorandum for the director on how the estimate budget was laid in the past on strength figures. Also spent a couple of hours turning in journals, fatigue and such. The order continued to lose my dental record, and I had to fail about all over town trying to locate it.

No mail from you yesterday. No. 28 came today. Am glad to hear it has cooled off a bit.

The war continues quiet. It now looks as if I may get out before the next big flail— if in fact there is one. Even worse...
beginning to wonder about it. It seems likely to me, that we may have made a secret deal simply to de-escalate gradually. There's no reason they shouldn't do this. That own the place anyhow. We own the base camp and the big cities and a few areas like Hoang Xuyen where they are staunchly pro-government types. I can hardly wait to read the book by Com. the marine. Do you have a copy of it? I will call some time the week of July 7-8. However, don't be apprehensive if it is late or even if I don't call at all. These contrast flights frequently are delayed, and was the one I came back to Washington on.