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H.&S. Co. 2/5
9Sept. 1969

Dear Dad,

How is everyone at home today? I'm fine and well. There isn't nothing going on around here today except that a general is coming to visit this place and have a look around. I've got to drive him all over the place in my new jeep.

I got a letter from Cindy's father yesterday and I have been offered a job at Lockheed when I return to the states and get out of the service. That's really great because they will put me through school for four years and then I will get my BA degree in Quality Assurance Management. The only catch is that I must sign a four year contract to promise that I will stay with the company for four years after I have finished my schooling. How does it work? I will work for four hours a day and then go to college for a remainder of four hours a day, five days a week. I will get paid a full eight hours of work for each day. Starting salary will be around \$11,000 a year to start plus all of my schooling expenses paid in full. After I have received my degree and have finished school my salary will start at \$18,000 a year and then increase as my years add up. One great thing about it all is that I will still get all of my benefits that I had at Weber when I worked there. Also one other outstanding feature is that they won't lay me off because I will be salary paid and have my schooling through them.

If you are interested in how I'm getting this job, Mr. Fry was asked if he would come to Lockheed to work for them and he said yes because they have better working conditions. So he got in real tight with one of the old timers in the company and told him about me and the fact that I'm interested in Quality Assurance and that I will soon have my military obligation out of the way. So it looks like things are really working out for me. I might not be able to start right away at Lockheed but that's ok too because I still have my job at Weber until I can enroll for the school.

Cindy is fine and as good and beautiful as ever. Her dad sees to that for me. She went and had her hair cut off short. It's not that short. She wears it above her shoulders and it turns into a flip. I haven't seen it yet but from what everybody else tells me it looks real good. She wrote and told me that she is buying a fall because she knows that I like her best with long hair. *(hairpiece)*

The war is still going on and our companies continue to lose men. There is suppose to be a three day truce here with no fighting from the enemy because of the death of HCM. However we had one man die and thirty wounded last night because of an attack that they had on our troops last night. It's a real nice war here. And I can assure you that it is a much dirtier war than what the newspapers ever bring out about this war.

As you have noticed by now, I still can't type very well. I can only type about 40 words a minute until I make a mistake and then it takes me forever to fix the mistake and go on. Oh well, it won't make any difference when I get married because I'll have Cindy to do my typing for me. She can type over 90 words a minute without any mistakes and she can take shorthand around 120 words per minute. So whenever I'll have to type out a report for college or have homework to do from work, I'll have her there to help me out.

I think I've picked out the best girl in the world to be my wife, dad. Shes everything that I want. Shes intelligent, well behaved, has a dynamic personality, is of the same interests and likes as me, and shes the prettist girl that I have ever escorted. I hope that I have your and moms approval on marrying Cindy after I get home and get out of the service. We have promisedher parents that we won't get married until I have completed my military obligation. Also I have enough intelligence to know what happens to a marriage when two young lovers rush into such a thing. I've also promised Cin that I won't marry her until I can prove to her father that I can afford to have a wife and be able to support her sufficently and provide her the essentials of live. I've heard mom say that she was surprised because I wasn't married yet to Cin. I'm not writing this just for interest but I want you to know my plans on this subject. Besides, I don't think I have ever written my dad a son to father letter before. I'm also asking for your approval to marry Cin when the time comes. (Which we both hope will be sometime towards the end of next year.) It's in the hands of the Lord right now.

I sure hope that I am pleasing my own family. I know that I am far from home, and living in California don't help my family much either but the Lord seems to want me there because he has been blessing me there with a good job, and now this good schooling and job combination if I pass there entrance exam.

We have started a prayer meeting group which meets every night at seven o'clock to go to the Lord in prayer. Unfortunately, I wasn't able to attend the first meeting but I'll be there tomorrow night. We are using the theme that "There is always time for God." We had some twenty guys attend tonight. I was so happy to see such a great turnout for our first meeting. So please pray for us and our spiritual outgrowth here and we will in turn pray for you at home. I pray that there will be a great revival here in this batalion.

I received those song sheets. Thanks for sending them. Now I have to figure out a way to get some music. I guess I'll have Cindy send me a tape of the organ playing all of the songs on the song sheet.

The monsoons are here now. It rains everyday and it's only the beginning of the season and I'm already sick of it all. Rain rain go away.

I'll be coming home for two weeks after I get home from Viet Nam in February. I'll be sure to call you the moment I get back inside of the continnel USA.

That's about all of the news that I have for now so I'll close. Write me when you can.

Love,

Larry

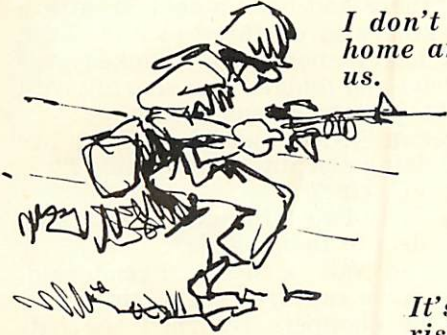
(over)

There were two two star generals here today,
a three star Army General and a full bird
Colonel as well as my own Lt./Colonel. The
three star general shook my hand and told
me I was an outstanding driver and
he personally thanked me for driving him
from his helicopter to the area where the
ceremony took place! My first time driving
a 3 STAR general. They are what you call
V.I.P.'S. (Very important people) At least I was
squared away with starched cover and
spit shined boots in the Nam no less!

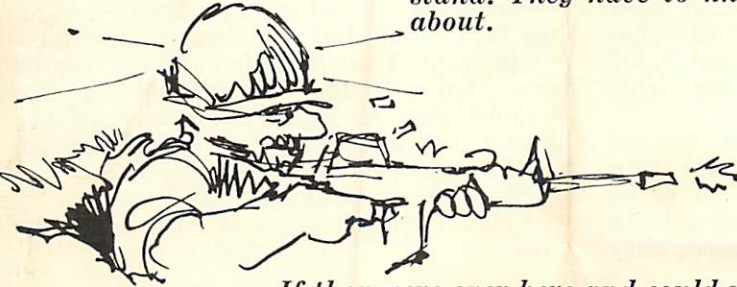
Well that was all of the excitement
for the day! Write when you can,

Your Son,
Larry

I don't understand why the folks back home aren't one hundred percent behind us.



It's frustrating sometimes to think you're risking your life for something people don't understand. They've got to understand. They have to know what it's all about.



If they were over here and could see what we're up against and what we're trying to do, they'd know how important it is for them to back us.



But then again, if they were here, then I could probably go home.



I want to come home.

Lemonade

"Perhaps the Viet Cong?", Lt. Freud joked.

"Wait a minute", Colonel Keg said. There followed one of the strangest inspections the battalion had ever had. Keg walked by each man and smelled his breath. "These men are telling the truth. They drank no beer".

Convinced that the VC had slipped into the camp and drunk up the beer, Colonel Keg moved the battalion out early next morning on a search mission. The 1st Platoon, Baker Company was left behind. Keg was fair. The men had been wronged and deserved the break.

The men of the 1st Platoon were beat from the calisthenics and every last one of them was sound asleep when the disgruntled VC company came in again to surrender. The black pajama-clad men, all village guerrillas, were puzzled. They understood the afternoon siesta habit, but to be asleep at nine in the morning? That was something else.

The VC leader, a middle aged goateed man in a red knit sweater and torn Bermuda shorts, ordered his men to lie down and sleep. If they were going to be adopted by Americans, he figured, they should learn American customs.

At eleven o'clock, Colonel Keg returned to the base camp with able Company. Seeing twelve Americans and forty Viet Cong lying about in the grass, his first reaction was that there had been a contact with a friendly kill ratio of three to one. Then he heard heavy snoring. He walked over to Lt. Freud and nudged him sharply with his size 11½ boots. Freud sat up.

"Lieutenant", Keg asked, "What are these VC doing sleeping in our camp?"

"What VC, sir?"

"These forty-two lying about with surrender leaflets in their hands".

"Oh, those VC" a sleepy Freud said, "We must have captured them, sir".

When the choppers returned the battalion and their prisoners to the main camp, Colonel Keg had a special award ceremony arranged at once. Each man of the 1st Platoon, Baker Company, was lined up in front of the battalion and personally presented with ten cans of cold beer by Colonel Keg. As he prepared to hand Lt. Freud, the last man, his reward, Freud asked for permission to speak.

"Permission granted?" Keg said.

"May I have a glass of cold lemonade instead, sir?" Freud asked.

