

April 14, 1968

Dear Mom, Dad, Ruth & Pat,

I finally got your first letters you sent and it sure was good to here from you. Thanks Pat for your letter, I enjoy getting them from you. I would write you a separate letter but I just don't have the time. Hope you don't mind. Right now I am sitting in front of my bunker pulling guard and it's 2:00 in the morning which would make it 12:00 afternoon April 13 at home. It is light out tonight so that I can see to write, I may miss the lines a few times but that's my excuse. here is the only you asked for Pat. We use two different types. the 50 P's is what the V.C. use for money. They call them piasta, I'm not sure on the spelling. The other money is what the American Troops use, they have some coins but I don't have any. I'll try to send some more I think when and if I ever get to a base camp. I have some things now I would like to send home. I got \$200 of last month's pay that I am trying to send back to the bank. But no money orders and it almost pay day for this month. Just no place to spend money over here where I am. I'll be sending about that much back every month. I should be getting Spec 4 pay next month because I have been put in for the next rank. I hope the Easter Bunny doesn't forget me this year because the last 20 years it's been real good to me and will always be so dear to my hear, "Right Mom." Remember when we were little kids, on Easter the girls would be all dressed up in new hats, party dresses and new gloves. And us boys with new shoes and shirts and off to church we would go. And after come home and look for our Easter baskets, what good times. I hope God will bring me back home so that i may marry the girl I love "which will be in March if things go okay". Then I can watch my kids all dress up and head for church and live those days over again. Today we went out on patrol and it wasn't to good for a Easter Sunday. One man tripped off a boobie trap on the ground and killed himself and wounded one other. Holidays are know different then any other day here. Every day is a Monday in Vietnam. Just about every day we walk between 3 to 12 miles a day. Through rice paddies, hills and through the jungles, what a drag. Must go now, "God be with you all."

Your Fighting Son & Brother
Love Tim

Five days later, Tim was killed when he hit a trip wire. I will miss him all the days of my life.

Ruth Back to the airbornepress.com To hooahpubs.com

