

15 Dec 66

Hello Mom & Dad,

Its been busy around here. What with building up a line of defense around the base camp and patrolling. All that plus just getting back from an eventful three day operation. Its sometimes is hard to find time to write all the letters one wants to.

I'm fine. No more jungle rats and Charlie doesn't know how to spell my name yet, so he can't put it on a bullet or trap.

The medic business is picking up I'm sorry to say. Started out a week or so ago. Two guys were playing chicken with knives and all but cut one fellows little toe clear off. Couple of days later we started putting up the barbed wire fence around our section of camp. You can imagine the cuts while that went on. Another couple of days pass and a small patrol went out. The leader of the patrol hadn't taken any salt for a couple

of days and that day was a hot one. He got back and didn't eat supper, just drank a bottle of beer. About dark, just when I had started a letter to Bonnie, ~~when~~ he walked out a little bit into the woods (or scrubland) and started vomiting his guts up. By the time they got me cramps we setting in and I couldn't get him to keep salt water down. Ended up calling an ambulance to take him to the Aid Station. The doctor gave him a salt solution intravenously. The fellow had extreme salt deficiency. He was a hurting person.

This last operation I got my medical skill called upon. It was a horrid sound that was what bothered me everything else to fellow didn't faze me a bit. We started the operation. We were to set up a defence around this village while another company searched and cleared the place. Charlie was there and started a fire fight then split. None was hit, but a couple of G.I. were hurt in the village by mines. We started setting

up in our position and a squad leader found a grenade booby trap. We hunted out the area before setting down. Some more were found and disarmed. I sat down with the platoons sergeant and began eating lunch while the searching went on. Then came a loud bang followed by the horrid screams. Grabbed my bag and was running in the direction when the call of "medic" came. Probably one of the fastest 100 yds I've run. Two guys were helping out of the rubber when I got there. His legs were bloody, ~~his~~ and arm was bleeding, and one foot was all soaked with blood. The Sgt. said he didn't hurt much, but his pants legs off and the boot, found the damage to be less ~~serious~~ severe than it looked at first. He didn't lose anything but blood and a little flesh, but gained some steel and lead. He was on a helicopter and in a hospital 30 minutes after I got to him. The rest of the operation we made no more contact with Charlie. Charlie is here though.

The weather has changed here. Instead of heat and rain, its heat, some rain, and cool

at night and early mornings. I'll take
L.A. smog, rain, and heat any day over
this hole.

This year I'm not observing
Christmas much at all. It's just one more
day till I leave here. You see don't much
care for this place or the people here. We
should burn this whole country and let it
start a new.

You know the Michelin Tire & rubber
are still operating these groves for profit and
Uncle Sam is paying them for the use of their
ground and for the trees that are destroyed.
Is that a way to fight a war?

So much complaining for now.
How is everything there?

Got the fruit cake yesterday and just
finished eating it today. That was the
only mail that has got to me in the last
& days. Hows that for mail service.

Merry Christmas to All
Donnie

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