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July 22nd Letter from Don Yeager to Yeager Family.

Don Yeager

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JULY 22

DEAR MOM + DAD + EVERYONE

I GUESS DAD SHOULD GET HOME ABOUT THE TIME THIS LETTER REACHES YOU. I HOPE HE HAS A GOOD TRIP HOME. DO ME A FAVOR - WHENEVER YOU WRITE ME A LETTER, DROP IN A PACKET OF PRE-SWEETENED COOL-AID. IT MAKES THE WATER DRINKABLE. I'M WILD ABOUT GOOFY GRAPE AND LOUD-MOUTH LIME, BUT HOLD UP ON THE STRAWBERRY. THERE ARE A LOT OF GOOKS IN THIS VALLEY WE'RE IN, BUT THEY WON'T FIGHT & THEY RUN FROM US ALL THE TIME. YESTERDAY WE SAW SIGNS & TRAIL MARKERS (CUT VINES, ETC.) THAT WERE LESS THAN 2 HRS OLD. ~~WHEN~~ I THOUGHT WE MIGHT GET AMBUSHED, BUT NOTHING HAPPENED. LAST NIGHT

MY SQUAD WAS OUT ON O.P., WHICH MEANS WE WERE ABOUT 150 YDS. FROM THE COMPANY PERIMETER - ITS AN EARLY WARNING METHOD. MY WATCH CAME AROUND, & I WAS SITTING THERE COOLING IT WHEN THIS GUY HAD A DREAM & ROLLED DOWN THE HILL SCREAMING & THRASHING AROUND. HE WAS YELLING "THERES A GOOK IN HERE! SHOOT! SHOOT!" & I WAS YELLING "DON'T SHOOT!" GUYS WERE GRABBING FRAGS (GRENADES) RIFLES, MACHINE GUNS, STICKS, ROCKS, KNIVES & ANY THING THEY COULD GET HOLD OF. I HIT THE GROUND & HOPED NO ONE OPENED UP. IT WAS PITCH BLACK & ALL YOU COULD SEE WAS UP THROUGH THE TOP OF THE JUNGLE. MAN, WAS I SCARED. WE LAUGHED ABOUT TRAITER. MATS ABOUT IT. IM FINE. LOVE, DON