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Letters home from vietnam worksheet answers

Dear Madeleine, hello my dear sister. Boy, I'm sure you feel close. Since your last letter, I almost feel you are my sister as I do. Good to tell someone your difficulties. I can't tell them to my parents or Darlene because they're too concerned, but I tell you that if I come out of this living, I doubt the truth. In my original squad I'm just a left injustice. My platoon is only 13 of us. It seems that every day another young man has killed himself in action at the age of 18 or 19. Please help me, be mad. I don't know if I should stop writing to my parents and Darlene or what. I'm going on an operation next month where there's nothing but THE VCs and THE VC saiths. The area is also very heavy. We are all afraid because we know that we are too much. I want to hear what you have to say about it, Madeleine, before I make any decisions. Oh, and more than one favour. I'd like the truth now. Has Darline been loyal to me? I know they're getting the guys, but he still loves me the best? Thanks for understanding. If it's God's, see, I have to make it out of Vietnam, because I'm lucky, I hope. ha ha. Miss ya, Love, Ray P.F.C. Raymond C. Greffus went to Vietnam only after Christmas in 1965 and was assigned to company A, 1st Battalion, 9th Marines, 3rd Marines Division. In June 1966, he wrote this letter to a friend, Madeleine Walaska, from high school in San Francisco, California. He was killed a few weeks later, on the fourth of July, at the age of 19. Dear mother and dad, making dinners from fathers, peaches and Fiji: as I can see from my new stationery, this is not my normal letter, one day while walking on the road, in the dear month of September, my squad got into a hello-wa cough, and lost (high) a member. Me! I'm okay, etc. A crayon round has hit me where it will do the most well, butt in it, left and quad to get out of the upper thigh. It did not hit anything other than bones, blood pressures, nerves, or my pride. However, my drink was a little more comfortable. But it's always as good, although it's going through a year's winter sleep now. I'm reducing this letter to the hospital for less than an hour after which I've hit, so please don't worry-time you get this letter and can answer it, I'll probably be back on my hill. Please, now I'm fine, the only thing that makes me worry is that I'm going to feel his, as Joe will say and Dad will, and the frustration that wound is not serious enough to guarantee me to take me to this rest where it is the so-called and nurses are present. P.S. I'm all right!! 2Lt Qatta Li Campner, Platoonleader, Co. M, 3rd Bn, 7th Reg. The 1st, March, Div, recovered from these injuries. Two months later the chora killed by a new blast. Phu. Dear Tom, hello! how are you? I hope all the house is well. Everything's okay here. It's now 4:30 pm and it's hot as hell out. I'm sitting in the squad sat in the bun that we just put the touch over on that afternoon. It's nice and cool inside. We arrived at Qa Naaavan on the morning of the 19th and took a truck caravan to Daq Pho the following morning. It was a 4-hour ride. The sniper shot us all the way.... Last night was my first in this bun on the frame. There are not many VCs in the area except some snappers that are on fire on us every night. He never hit anyone-weak shots. He shot the hell out of a bun last night with a machine gun. However, no damage was found. As I see out of my own face there is 250 feet of bush and tall grass. Adapt it down, as we are on a hill. Then a river is just about 80 feet wide, and then the rice paddis is for a mile. Then you can see the central islands, which is peaking all the time. It's safe in the day. We are open in the bun or standing in the work. We can walk down the hill and down with no concern. But at night we got to stay in the bunkers as we sneaked into the sniper. They usually shoot from the other side of the river. Last night, while [it was] my turn, I saw a bit behind a bush on this part of the river. I shot at him once and he disappeared. They must have gone back to their own head on the other side. The first squad found the surf this afternoon. All THE VCs here are trying deeper than getting too much sleep. I'm asleep handling when I'm not the same watch. I thought it would be a disorsal upset, but it didn't happen. He could shoot in this anchor for all the care all night. My whole squad is in this bundle, and they're all groups of screwballs. Edie is running around now with an insect bomb, curse the insect. The birds coming out at night are going to eat, but enter The Akhtar saith keeps them away. I also got a head condition.... Take care and enjoy for the holidays, I'll probably knock some beer over Christmas. Earned a happy fall. Send some coal aid to The Dainas P.S. The water here tastes like hell. From Brooklyn, New York, by Dans W. Lane, December 19, 1967, company A, 4th Battalion, 3rd Infantry, 11th Light Infantry Brigade. Its unit, in which I worked along the coast in the core, is a component. They were killed in pieces by a my blast on May 21, 1968. He was 21 years old. This letter was written to his brother, Dear uncle and uncle.... Some wonder why Americans are in Vietnam. The way I look at this situation, I want to fight to stop socialism in South Vietnam instead compared to The City of Canesi-Ed, Humblot Blue Tella or The City of Kansas, and it's just about what's being done. In addition to the fact that at this time I will be old and the winter and my children will be fighting the war. Price for When life may not change, but I think it is much better to fight and die than to live under oppression and fear. Living in a country where socialism thrives over ignorant people, I am for their relatives to see may's teachers and I know that victory will indeed be theirs-for-socialism cannot develop in the society of those who know the whole truth. This war is not going to win in a day or even a year. This war and like others it will only be won when children's children are educated and can increase the freedom to rule themselves. Last year, only 4,700 south Vietnamteachers and priests were killed. This is what we are trying to stop - this is our goal. Well, quite calm my own conscience and quill.... Your nephew, Jack Jack S. Soindr, was sent to A Lance Physical Shape, City of Kansansa, Vietnam in July 1965. He was assigned to the H&S company, 2nd Battalion, 7th Management, 1st-Min Division, I operating in the core. He was killed in action on 18 December 1965. He was 22 years old. Hi brother, how are you treating the life of these days? Have you got hold of these Marramaak students yet?... This place is a kind of get me. I see a lot of people are messing up, and I still can't understand it. It's not that I can't understand this war. It's just that I can't understand the duration of the war. If you don't have to go to this big peace demonstration on October 15, hopefully you protest against the war or sing for peace-I will. I can't believe half of the shit I've seen yet.... Do you know that anything is wrong in the house? I've not heard from anyone about two weeks, and usually I get 10 characters a week. You mentioned in your last letters that you have heard from them for a while. I didn't sit at this place if I thought anything was wrong at home. Well, bro, I hope you can get your students and start thinking about life. Have you tried any bang lectures recently? I know they dig current things. I gotta go now. Be loose, Paul, sing a simple song of freedom and I see you come in summer. Goes on defeat, joe is a staff sergeant with Joseph Moressi, Company C, 1st Battalion, 12th Cavalry, 1st Cavalry Division (LTD Mobile), serving in THE III Corps from 1969 to May 1970. He wrote this letter to his brother Paul, a Roman Catholic priest in the diocese of Brooklyn. He now works as a step-up in Parkesbury, New Delhi. Dear people (cars, birds, houses, etc.) Also, the nupkin, silver, grass seed! ? Jeeze. As a draftsman, I work a little bit like captain bar painting on helmet. We try straight Rome has four to five hours of extra work in our record. Ya' is that it's in a war, one of the most up-to-one son in this crazy world. I read where the officers said: This is the only battle we've got. Don't knock it. Okay, Cherao Rick SP/4 Richard Loffar, 36th S.I.G. 2nd S.I.G. THE G.P. , LONG TIME, BEAR CAT, 1966-1967 DEAR Mrs. Perko, I am sorry to write soon, I received my letter when I was discharged from the hospital April 29, then went straight for a week or so for the savaan. What can I say to fill the zero? I know the flowers and the characters are appropriate but it's hardly enough. I'm a johnny boy, and I'm physically and mentally ill. I smoke too much, cough constantly, never eat, always sit in a daze. We are all in this normal state. We all fear dying and we can do everything until we count in the days of going home. We all need love in dire need. When we go to Savan, we spend all our money on women and beer. I'm not asleep in some nights. I can't stand alone at night. Guns don't bother me- I can't hear them now. I want to put my head between my hands and run away from here screaming. I also cry, not so much when I touch the wound places. I'm hollow, Mrs. Perko. I'm a shell, and I'm afraid when I'm scared. I'm not someone to tell you about your son. I can't. I am sorry. Johnny Boy Cpl John Hooghtaur - Johnny Boy - Was friend of Taree Jay, a lance physical by The People's Whites, Ohio, who was killed on February 21, 1967, five months after arriving in Vietnam. They were serving with 1st Inglock indifferent, 1st-Work out of the Mine Division, Chu Lei. The twin of The Taree, Harry, also serve in Vietnam at the same time. John Hooghton, in Vietnam, lives in Camrd, New Jersey, now from October 1966 to October 1967, and works as a deikhand on The Tigbot. My dear Bev, for the last week we've been waiting for an attack, and last night it came in full force. However, I've never been so afraid in my life. We were hit by 12 marts and rocket, and anything hit our ammo-damps, which really damaged the battery. A marter got down about 30 feet from me and I was lucky that my head was down, but the next sergeant didn't with me, and we think he lost an eye. We got three men seriously hurt and four were punched by the explosion. It was my first real look at the war, and it was definitely a bad look. I helped to get some injuries away, and boy, I hope I don't have to do it again. It was an experience you can never describe in one million words. The noise from shooting is enough to drive a person crazy. Even after the attack last night, we had to wait for a live and an earth attack, which is lucky for us, never We expect to catch a lot of hell through it because it looks like THE VCs are really pushing a big push. Bev, I was surprised to see that the men here were ready for their danger. Were. Life to save a friend. It really does make you believe in people again, but I hope I don't need to go through what I did last night in a long time (don't like!) take your picture very often and just look at it, because it's such a beautiful entry to see this assistance from this disused place. I'm always thinking about. My Love, Al Allen Paul was a sergeant with company D, 2nd Battalion, 5th Cavalry, 1st Cavalry Division (Air Mobile). His unit worked both in and in III Corps during his visit, April 1968, April 1969. He is now the information co-ordinator for Indiana Technical College, Richard, Indiana. Dear family, I got all the Christmas packages-at least I think I did. The tree was a great success. I brought me to the base of a small fire where I used to spend Christmas Evening and Christmas. We are rigging the lights with dry cell batteries, and it was just the formal tree in the small camp. Christmas was really something out there. I can hardly tell everything because there is a certain emotion which belies words. On midnight Christmas Eve, the marter and tracks and tanks and all 1st Cavalry Artillery sent a perfectly tahindrus memeco of high-altitude match-all red and green star clusters. Since we were in circles valley by 1st calorie positions, it was quite a show. Cavalry The Ginrus closed it with a crown of white force ball firing at an extreme height. I'm sure a few people have seen such fireworks. Then, when everyone went out, the strong and the mashed out, the whole area could be cracked and stare, and we could just start to sing silent night sing one of the fire-based points. Then it was picked up by other positions around us and by everyone. He had saved him through the valley for a long time and pulled out. I'm a weird and beautiful thing in the earth out of this bad death. This is something I will always miss.... Love, Peter SP/5 Peter Was appointed The Headquarters and Headquarters Company of The AyleitTrudeau, 20th Engineer Brigade, attached to 1st Calorie Division (Air Mobile), based on Bayan Hoa. He was serving in Vietnam from January 1970 to February 1971. He now owns a construction company in Dallas, Texas. Dear citizens, friends, draft saddars, etc. : In the very near future, once again you will take his place as a human in between and end take his home as a human with a well known form of freedom and justice for all. Engage in achieving some extent of life, freedom and happiness. In preparing for your happiness you may take some steps to make scholarships for the past twelve months in welcoming you back to organized society. In other words, they can be a little Asian from Vitanamasatas and Overceasatas, and should be handled with care. If he is affected by all kinds, do not be dangerous. Antomydiseases. A small time in the land of large PX will treat this disease. Therefore, show no warning if they insist on taking weapons to the dinner table, while presenting a crash, its steel post is looking around, or you get up in the middle of the night for the guard's responsibility. Keep cool when he nuts on his sweets at a peach dinner mixed with his segarams. Do not show if he dazed, eat with silver instead of his fingers and prefer C-rashan stake. Take with a smile when he insisted on dug up the garden that he has his building to fill the sandbag for the goat. Be tolerant when he takes his blanket and sheet from the bed and keeps them to sleep on the floor. Avoid saying something about powdered eggs, drying potatoes, fried rice, fresh milk or ice cream. They can rush the garbage from the dinner table and wash her dish with a toilet brush to hurry up the waste garbage so don't be dangerous. After all, it's been his quality. Also, if it should start raining, don't pay attention if it sits its clothes, has a bar of soap and towels and walks out for a shower. When in their daily conversations they did such things as Xin and The Kists to get The Uatars just patient, and just leave immediately and calm by some chance they get the Hell out of The Yators here with a burning look on his face. They call and say out the sky king forward, sir or Roger because it's good or just be a manta work. Never ask why Jones' son has made higher ratings than he did and it does not mean that the word extension should be mentioned. In a restaurant she call the vitresnomanoma1 girl and uses their hat as an ash-tree so don't show up to feel. He will listen to the home ward bound to make the sound off on The Afars. If he does, rest him, for he is still remanaskaing. She is in the presence of women when especially alert-especially a beautiful woman. Above all, keep in mind that the tanned and rubbery exterior has a heart of gold underneath (the only thing worth it is left). Treat it with mercy, tolerance, and occasional fifth of good wine and you will be able to restore that once (and now a hollow shell) lucky go lucky man you once knew and loved. Last, but not less, send more mail to the APO, fill the icebox with beer, get the kavois out of the motherballs, fill the car with gas, and get women and children off the streets - because the child is coming home!!!!!! Love, the Deo versions of this letter are circulated through different units in Vietnam. It was sent home by P.F.C., Co. B, 1st Bn, 8th Calories, 1st Calories. The Dv., a Kh/Phong Dien, 1967-1968. April 5, 68's L'Sely Dear Dad-I'm Sick-Very Sick, Bad Stomach Pain, Diarrhea and Quite High Temperature. I recover the evac Was from the ground. I'm listening Vietnam Radio Station. He was just exclusive to a news report on the murder of Martin Luther King in Mamfs. I understand how you are involved with the whole situation. I realize that it looks to the rest of the country. I am sorry that the people in the mamphus had to see all this. I heard President Johnson's speech but now I have a story. On Friday, March 29, just south of the color near the sea in our o'o, we got a small arm fire from a village, two platoons went to the village. Our plots try to establish a block power to the clever, so that when THE NVA was pushed out of the village we could cut them. My job was to take the proton radio. My plot leader, one lakh, another lieutenant, infantry, was in the lower- Lt Scott, a Nigro from Rochester, New York, recently graduated from Sercosa University. As the platoons went behind the village, the automatic weaponfire suddenly came from a nearby woodline. Lt Scott and another man were killed, another seriously injured. I was very close to Lieutenant Scott. It was their radio operator. He was a fine man, a good leader, yet he could not understand the whys of the conflict who called him 10,000 miles from his home, insects, poverty and enmity-the conflict that killed him. Why? There is no concern for war for those who fight, people they did not understand, they were enemies who knew where the Morh network were hidden yet there is no support. Those who will give their meal stake will try to sell a cook for \$1.00 yet. Those who were not watching who were winners- yet they will say they died for their country, keep it free. Negetyo. This country is no use that I can see, dad, we are fighting, for a people who are overhere. The only firm I can find is because of what lives for american lives. Tonight this nation saluted the death of Martin Luther King. I don't, I am sorry for the death of real leaders for peace, people who sacrifice real sacrifices to people, people like Lieutenant Scott. As country when the nation doctor king, they drink their cold beer, change on their air conditioner and watch their TV. We here eat our C-raying, and our Guard, which will establish our ambushes. I'll probably find a bronze star for the battle of fire. Lt Scott will find a silver star. It will help get a job in a day and it should be enough from The Life of Lieutenant Scott. I think I'm bitter now, dad, this war is all wrong, I'm going to continue to fight, to win my medals and fight the elements and difficulties of this country. But that's because I'm a soldier and it's my job and other people depending on me. That's my excuse. I have, the ories and excuses- no solution. Your beloved son, Phil Sergeant Philip, Company A, 1st Battalion, 501st Infantry, 101st Air Division. From December 1967 in Vietnam through July 1969, I worked in the corps. He is now the manager of an insurance company in Paniwali, North Carolina. September 17, 69 Red, thanks for the letter, but now you have made me self-sense about your writing, you used some words that i've been jultaded: Roglia, Chaplin, and a few others. They belong to another world about which I forgot a wonderful amount because it's still nothing unrelated. I just forgot about what college was about, although some memories have to stay in the back of my mind. Yesterday we took Bush to a river-sparking lounge on one of Charlie's main supply routes. It was an avanifnal patrol, but I committed the sin of the small unit patrol: I broke contact with the man in front of the man and in the case of contact with the enemy can easily prove that some two elements divide the patrol. We just crossed the river in a Ford that they were going through reconaning and enough green stuff to the other bank to join the team when the man in front of me left his light. I swayed to take and by the time I was right out of view and out of the hearing. When we killed them, it would be a bad situation made worse by my folly. I have picked up most of the navigation moves-to-topang metal parts to prevent their making during the movement so the bars are on your shoulder and belly and form temporary body coach, and other moves that are a little more in your favour and give a little more of an edge in the fight-but I still new and really in tomorrow... The fact of the matter is that I was afraid-in which there is more and more time here-but I allowed my fear to interfere with the work in hand, and when it happens to someone, he remains a good soldier. It's the right to be afraid of everyone, but you can't allow this fear to interfere with the job because other people are dependent on you and you've got their responsibility and for them. From now on I will be keeping in mind and I will not be so badly irritable. It was under fire, people may have died from me unimportantly. Another impression of the patrol is that anyone here who walks more and more and 50 feet through elephant grass should automatically get a purple heart. Try to imagine grass 8 to 15 feet high so as to exhibit a yard fat, keeping the razor-sharp bays. Then try to imagine walking through it while all around you are the latest automatic weapon stoimen who want to kill you. You'll be amazed at how a person can age on a patrol. We're soon understood to go on a very difficult, unless it's cancelled, practically guarantees some tough fight. I'm not trying to be mysterious or any, but give a lot of details before the general feeling preclodis operation. To attack one of Charlie's war camps and try to free some GSS, but it's all about until we close it, if we do. I've pretty much paid my unit here, but I'm proud to be in it and can be inclined to my own greatness. We are not as many men or anything, and we are not to walk in bars, where music automatically stops at our door, and proceed to destroy anyone and everyone in this place. But as far as being soldiers, we are proud of our organization and its history, and definitely the best soldiers here. The men have gone on operation here with broken ankles so that their friends don't let go down. So you see, we take our business seriously. I'm going out now for a joke in the sand to leather my feet. So I'll be signed out.... George SP/4 George Allison, Company G, 75th Inf. (Ranger), Chu Ly, 1969-1970, was that what motors 3March 1970; He was 23. November 25 66 Hello Dear People: It's getting harder for me to write, but maybe it will make me feel better. Yesterday after our big dinner my company was killed in the field as looking for THE VCs. We got the word that one boy was killed and six were injured. So the doctor, medical workers and captain went to the hospital to work when they come and see how they were. The first sergeant came into the tent and asked me to go to the hospital to tell the captain coming to six more KIAs. When I went there he asked if anyone from any company was there. I just happened to be there, so they told me that they just brought in from my company that someone needed to identify a guy. He said he was very bad. So I went into the tent. There was the guy on the table. His face was all blood cut off, it. His mouth was open, his eyes were both open. She was a mess. I really could not identify it. So I went out while he went off his luggage. He found his ID card and dog tags. I went, and he told me his name. I called, no, God, it can't be. But quite sure, seeing his bloody face I saw him. It really hit me hard because he was one of the best people around.

He was one of my good friends. No other motors or so hit me. I knew most of them, but this th4e was the first body I ever saw and, being my friend, it was too much. I sat and called out , except for this place . I could not stop it. I don't think I ever called out too much in my life. I can still see his face. I'll never forget it. Today the heavens called for him. It started raining in the afternoon and now finally has stopped after just 10 hours of the toughest rain I've ever seen. Love, Richard Sp5 Richard Cantale, Flower Park, New York, 5th Battalion, 7th Calorics, The Calorie Division (Air Mobile), serviced from August 1966 to August 1967. He's now a manager at a brokerage firm in New City. Dear Bill, today is February 13, 1984. I came back to this black wall to see and touch my name, and as I think if anyone is ever next to your name, on this black wall, your mother's heart. A heart broke 15 years ago today, when you lost your life in Vietnam. And as I see your name, William R. Stock, I wonder how many times I wondered how scared and homesocite you should be called Vietnam in this strange country. And if it's how it can change you, because you were the most fortunate child in the world, barely ever the bit of the displeased or unhappy. And by the time I died the day, I'll see you as you laughed at me, even when I was so mad at you, and the next thing I knew, we were laughing together. But in this past New Year's Day, I had my answer, I had a friend of you from Michigan who had the phone talk from, who spent your last Christmas and the last four months of your life with you. Jim told me how you died, because he was there and saw the helicopter crash. He told me how you took your quota and was not scheduled to fly that day. The regular pilot was not able to fly, and was changed by someone with less experience. He didn't know how the exact cause of the accident was. How was it hit by enemy fire, or he hit a pole or unknown thing. How the blade went by helicopter and hit you. How did you live about half an hour, but were unconscious and did not suffer because of that. He said how your jobs were like a buth. They will send you people to fill the enemy in the open and then they will send big guns and planes to finish. And death came to you . He told me that after a while there was a yellow, rather than a yellow, men had their backs down. Every day he was followed by the greatest, and the men became mayanars . Everyone but you, Bill. He said how you live the same way, the lucky go lucky guy that you were when you arrived in Vietnam. How your heat and friendship suo-me pulled you guys out. Your [Lieutenant] called you the nickname of The Sankey, and soon your group, jim included, knew everyone as the gang of the spindle. When you died it's very difficult for you to have them you had their moral support. He said that how to die of all people should not be the same. Oh, God, how it hurts to write. But I must face it and then put it to rest. I know Jim talk to me, he again faced him again and him. I hung up the phone before I told the gym I loved it. Just to be your close stupendor, and to share with you the last days of your life, and to be there with you, love to be there with you. How lucky you were for him for a friend, and how lucky he was to you. Later on I received a phone call from a mother in The Killings, Montana. She lost her daughter, her only child, a year ago. Need it Someone will talk about this tragedy to talk about. He had made me watch on New Year's Evening on [television] the Christmas letter I wrote to you and left on this memorial the attention of the newspaper and television. He said he was thinking of me all day, and just had to talk to me. He's talk to me with his pain, and apparently needs to help him with it. I called out with this son, and when I hung up the phone, I put my head down and called it as hard for him. Here was a mother calling me for help with her pain at the loss of her baby, a big daughter. And as I thought in my bed, how can I help with his pain when I am not fully able to deal with myself? Those letters I write to you and leaving here are leaving this memorial to others to the fact that there is still a lot of pain after that, from the Vietnam War, after all these years. But that's what I know. I had you for 21 years, and all the pain that goes with losing you, never had you at all. Mother Mother

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