



Transcription of Letter from Louis Piatetsky, January 21, 1967

21 January 1967  
An Hoa  
South Vietnam

Dear Ralph and Bessie,

I hope this letter finds everyone in your home in the best of health. How's the weather? Good I hope. Although I know there must be difficult days. Well soon Winter will be melted away by the gentle warmth of Spring.

My days in this land of atrocities are growing fewer. The day I board a plane or ship, whatever it may be, will not be soon enough. My head is aching with sadness for some of these unfortunate people. Everyday I treat twenty to fifty of these victims of the war. If they're not starving to death then they've been wounded by the bombs and bullets. Today I cried inside a little for the fate of one lovely little girl. The poor little thing, all of five years old, had her left hand blown off by a mortar; her mother and brother were killed by the same mortar. What's to become of this defenseless creature in the hostile world. Multiply this incident by thousands each day and you've got the general picture of the color of Vietnam.

I wonder how many American families were given dead members of their families to start the New Year. This is the body of a 19-21 year old Marine or soldier who died before he knew what life is about. It's a horrible picture over here. I wish there were some way I could erase all of it from my mind. I really shouldn't discuss such things with you, but I've got to get some of it out of my system. Maybe you will understand my behavior when I come home if you are aware of what's going on in my mind. Enough!

I often wonder about some of the little things at home – Like, for instance, did you get a dining room set? Why not! Concerning the China I sent you, did it have tea cups with it? I can't remember if it was included in the set or not. Were there any broken pieces? Do you like the pattern? Maybe if you don't have a proper place to show them off, I'll repossess them. If you don't get the hint then your either broke or denser than I thought. If you need money, its time Jeff started to help out a little! Well, time will tell; I'll soon be paying you a visit.

I'm running out of space and it's late and all that trash – So good-bye for a while—Please keep well. Love, Lou.