

One time we really have a lot of fun in Vietnam is at Tet, a national holiday. It's a lot like our Christmas with everybody going shopping and giving presents, except it comes more than a month after New Year's in the States.

One of my mother's friends brought me this big Tet mask (at right). I couldn't go downtown with it to Saigon's big parade because the Viet Cong were out to get us. There was also a chance of a riot. Mom and Dad made me, my brother, and sister stay home, and I missed my Saturday movie.

On Sunday, the Viet Cong put a bomb in the theater, and a lot of people were killed or hurt. Then I knew why Mom and Dad were so strict with me.

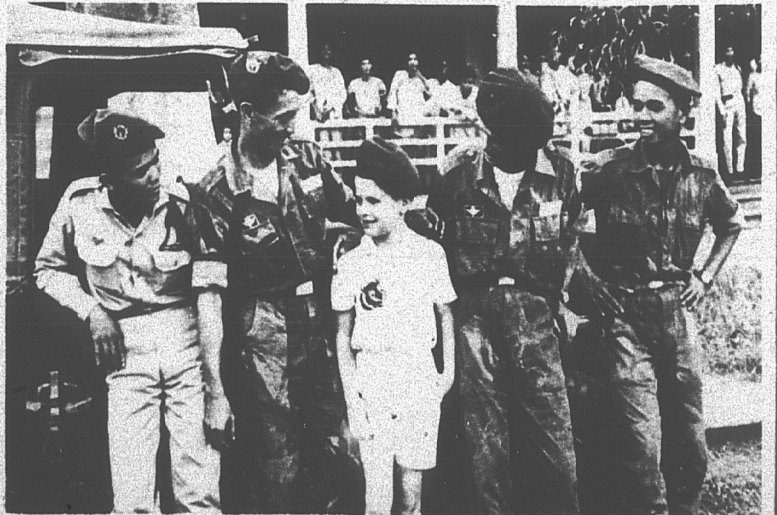


After the Viet Cong blew up our theater, we got American soldiers at school to guard us. They're neat, but they tease me about my freckles.

I like their guns. Two of them ride home with us on the school bus. The kids used to make a lot of noise on the buses, but now if the soldiers tell us to be quiet, we get quiet quick!

Here I am (at right) with some Vietnamese soldiers at the military hospital in Saigon. Those guys you see in the back are soldiers who have been hurt. I visited them today. They were very brave. I know they are fighting for their freedom against the Viet Cong.

Daddy says the Viet Cong are guerrillas, which is funny because I thought guerrillas were big monkeys. Oh, I forgot to tell you. These guys made me an honorary Vietnamese soldier. They gave me the beret. It's fun to play with soldiers.



AN AMERICAN BOY TELLS ABOUT:

My Life in Saigon

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