

Read the text and answer the questions that follow in the spaces provided.

Dear Aunt Fannie,

October 20, 1966

This morning, my platoon and I were finishing up a three-day patrol. Struggling over steep hills covered with hedgerows, trees, and generally impenetrable jungle, one of my men turned to me and pointed a hand, filled with cuts and scratches, at a rather distinguished-looking plant with soft red flowers waving gaily in the downpour (which had been going on ever since the patrol began) and said, "That is the first plant I have seen today which didn't have thorns on it." I immediately thought of you.

The plant, and the hill upon which it grew, was also representative of Vietnam. It is a country of thorns and cuts, of guns and marauding, of little hope and of great failure. Yet in the midst of it all, a beautiful thought, gesture, and even person can arise among it waving bravely at the death that pours down upon it. Someday this hill will be burned by napalm, and the red flower will crackle up and die among the thorns. So what was the use of it living and being a beauty among the beasts, if it must, in the end, die because of them, and with them? This is a question which is answered by Gertrude Stein's "A rose is a rose is a rose." You are what you are what you are. Whether you believe in God, fate, or the crumbling cookie, elements are so mixed in a being that make him what he is; his salvation from the thorns around him lies in the fact that he existed at all, in his very own personality. There was once a time when the Jewish idea of heaven and hell was the thoughts and opinions people had of you after you died. But what if the plant was on an isolated hill and was never seen by anyone? That is like the question of whether the falling tree makes a sound in the forest primeval when no one is there to hear it. It makes a sound, and the plant was beautiful and the thought was kind, and the person was humane, and distinguished and brave, not merely because other people recognized it as such, but because it is, and it is, and it is.

The flower will always live in the memory of a tired, wet Marine, and has thus achieved a sort of immortality. But even if we had never gone on that hill, it would still be a distinguished, soft, red, thornless flower growing among the cutting, scratching plants, and that in itself is its own reward.

Love,
Sandy

from Bernard Edelman, ed., Dear America: Letters Home from Vietnam (New York: Norton, 1985), 137–138.

Marine Second Lieutenant Marion Lee "Sandy" Kempner from Galveston, Texas, arrived in Vietnam in July 1966 and was killed four months later by shrapnel from a mine explosion near Tien Phu. He wrote the following letter to his great-aunt less than three weeks before his death on November 11 at the age of 24.

1. In his letter, Lieutenant Kempner describes a specific plant. Why does he mention it and what does it look like?

2. What does this plant represent to Kempner?

3. From his letter, does Kempner seem like the typical “working-class” American soldier in Vietnam? Explain.

4. Based on his letter, what qualities or traits do you think Kempner had that may have helped him cope with the trials of war in Vietnam?

5. What happened to Kempner?

Marion L. Kempner

“Sandy”

Galveston, Texas

“Silence gives consent.”—Goldsmith

1956-57. Cross Country; Wrestling.

1957-58. *Dial*; Junior Varsity Cross Country; Wrestling; Spring Track.

1958-59. *Dial*; *The Hill News*; Junior Varsity Cross Country; Spring Track.

1959-60. *Dial*; *The Hill News*; Varsity Cross Country; Varsity Spring Track.

