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1968-02-04, Larry to Carole

Larry Wagoner

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# **Subject Terms**

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## Keywords

U.S.A., U.S. Soldiers, correspondence, San Francisco, CA, Sepulveda, CA, troops, postal service, postal stamp, foreign occupation, women at home, U.S. Navy, culture, demoralization, humor, morale, discontent, discharge, post-war hopes, loneliness, fear, alcohol, transferred, tobacco, shellshock and mental trauma, air mail

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PDO San Prancisco, Calif.

96602

July 8, '68

FREE

July 8, '68

Carole Nelson 8949 Langdon #21 Sepulreda, California 91343 ·VIA AIR MAIL· ·CORREO AEREO · PAR AVION · Dear Carole

This is rediculous but In cloudy coming apart at the seams. It all started about three days ago when I recounted my time left over here and was stunned to find that instead of 50 some days I had 40 some. That did it. Up till when the thought that I was almost home hadn't hit me but now with 38 to go there it is. I can see it, hear it, smell it and almost touch it. We all that use to laugh at the short timens who walked around in a daze, jumped at sudden sounds, didn't eat or sleep just smoked, dram's coffee + beer and shook alot. We used to think that was a real scream and of course we wouldn't act like shat when we got short. Of course not we were too well controlled. Sont look now but The kid is off and shaking.

I knew I was going fast but I didn't realize how bad it was until they came up here yester-day and told me I had just been transferred to Battalion Becon. Now if they had tried a stunt like that canytim up to about a week ago I

would have been running around yelling at , people and pounding on things but all I did was mumble something like "that's nice", lit another cigarette , and went and got somemore coffee. When Is finally realized what had happened I stopped and look a good long look at myself and discovered what I am a nervous wreck: actually it's kind of funny but so for all I've been able to manage is a hysterical giggle or two. You really don't whenh about much over here, home included, but now its impossible not to think. What's it like back there now? I know its changed, so have I for shot matter, but how much, and for better or worse? man coming on here was nothing compared to going back.

Look at this I'm ever starting to babble in my letters. I whink I better knock it off before I become completely unintelligable. I find my more lucid moments becoming fewer and farther between so don't try and make too much sense out of anything I write.

Farry

[[Nelson Correspondence #1]]

[[Page 1- Envelope]]

P.F. C. LE Wagoner 3<sup>rd</sup> Force Recon FPO San Francisco, Calif. 96602

Free

Answered July 8, '68

> [[text: VIA AIR MAIL CORREO AEREO PAR AVION]]

Carole Nelson 8949 Langdon #21 Sepulveda, California 91343 [[Page 2- Letter]]

#### 4 FEB 68

#### Dear Carole

This is ridiculous but I'm slowly coming apart at the seams. It all started about three days ago when I recounted my time left over here and was stunned to find that instead of 50 some days I had 40 some. That did it. Up till then the thought that I was almost home hadn't hit me but now with 38 to go there it is. I can see it, hear it, smell it and almost touch it. We all [[strikethrough]] used [[/strikethrough]] use to laugh at the short timers who walked around in a daze, jumped at sudden sounds, didn't eat or sleep just smoked, drank coffee & beer and shook a lot. We used to think that was a real scream and of course we wouldn't act like that when we get short. Of course not we were too well controlled. Don't look now but the kid is off and shaking.

I knew I was going fast but I didn't realize how bad it was until they came up here yesterday and told me I had just been transferred to Battalion Recon. Now if they had tried a stunt like that anytime up to about a week ago I

# [[Page 3- Letter]]

would have been running around yelling at people and pounding on things but all I did was mumble something like "that's nice", lit another cigarette and went and got someone coffee. When I'd finally realized what had happened I stopped and took a good long look at myself and discovered that I am a nervous wreck. Actually it's kind of funny but so far all I've been able to manage is a hysterical giggle or two. You really don't think about much over here, home included, but now its impossible not to think. What's it like back there now? I know its changed, so have I for that matter, but how much, and for better or worse? Man coming over here was nothing compared to going back.

Look at this I'm even starting to babble in my letters. I think I better knock it off before I become completely unintelligable. I find my more lucid moments becoming fewer and farther between so don't try and make too much sense out of anything I write.

Larry

(Ye gods 38 days!)