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Carole Nelson Vietnam War Correspondence #15

Larry Wagoner

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Miss Carole Nelson
8949 Langdon #21
Sepulveda, Calif.
91343
Whoa girl

also stop, cease, terminate, and
any other similar exclamation that
will induce you to bring your
present train of thought to an
immediate and screeching halt.
Well it would appear that, with
my usual swiftness and accuracy,
I have managed to do it again.
Rest assured that I have never been
nor shall ever be offended in the
slightest by anything you care to
write. The mere fact that you
take the time to write is more
than sufficient to cancel any
negative aspects of a letter itself
(also it helps stop those nasty
rumors that I don't know anyone
who can write.)
I like to tell myself that I
have a fairly open mind (any thoughts
you may have that this condition
is brought about not through liberty
of thought but by certain gaping
scur genu in my cranial structure
should be immediately squelched
as being utterly ridiculous. So feel free to mention anything you wish from now on. We'll do much for lofty sentiments and murky explanations. How's things back in civilization been to any good riots lately? I always say there's nothing like a good riot back in the world to take your mind off the war. Things around here are pretty much the same about the closest description would be to say they are bearably unbearable. By the time you get this scratch sheet I should be off this hell, it seems my presence is desired back in the real world. Hoping they put me in the comm shack and not back in the forest. Actually, it's silly of me to worry and I really ought to try and get over this unreasonable fear of death and dismemberment but then I guess we all have our little crosses we must bear. As you can see I'm still using
one of these really terrific pens they send us at a solid back. Ground in cryptology might be advantageous in reading my letters. Other than that there's not much more I can think of so once again I shall melt back into the underbrush like the shy forest creature I am and wait until I must rally forth once again pen in hand to try and explain why I haven't written.

Like late
Larry
L/Cpl. L.E. Wagoner 2379401
FPO 3rd Force Recon
FPO  San Francisco, Calif.  
96602

Carole Nelson
8949 Langdon #21
Sepulveda, Calif.  
91343
Oct 14, 1968

Whoa girl

   Also stop, cease, terminate, and any other similar exclamation that will induce you to bring your present train of thought to an immediate and screeching halt. Well it would appear that, with my usual swiftness and accuracy, I have managed to do it again. Rest assured that I have never been nor shall ever be offended in the slightest by anything you care to write. The mere fact that you take the time to write is more than sufficient to cancel any negative aspects of a letter itself. (also it helps stop those nasty rumors that I don’t know anyone who can write.)

   I like to tell myself that I have a fairly open mind (any thoughts you may have that this condition is brought about not through liberality of thought but by certain gaping apertures in my cranial structure should be immediately squelched
as being utterly ridiculous.)
so feel free to mention any
thing you wish from now on.

Well so much for lofty sentiments
and murky explanations. How’s
things back in civilization been
to any good riots lately? I always
say there’s nothing like a good
riot back in the world to take
your mind off the war. Things
around here are pretty much the
same about the closest description
would be to say they are bearably
unbearable. By the time you get
this scratch sheet I should be
off this hill, it seems my presence
is desired back in the rear so here’s
hoping they put me in the comm
shack and not back in the bush.
Actually it’s silly of me to worry
and I really ought to try and get
over this unreasonable fear of death
and dismemberment but then I guess
we all have our little crosses we
must bear.

As you can see I’m still using
one of these really terrific pens they send us so a solid background in cryptology might be advantageous in reading my letters. Other than that there’s not much more I can think of so once again I shall melt back into the underbrush like the shy forest creature I am and wait until I must sally forth once again, pen in paw, to try and explain why I haven’t written.

Like later
Larry