11-25-1968

Carole Nelson Vietnam War Correspondence #18

Larry Wagoner
2/Cpl. L.E. Wagoner 2314401
3rd Force Recon
PO Box 30 San Francisco, Calif.
96600

FREE

Miss Carole Nelson
8949 Langdon #21
Sepulveda, California
91343
Carole

Guess who, yes it's that little ol' radio man, me. What's this, you may be asking yourself, another letter. Can it truly be or has our hero finally succumbed to some strange tropical sickness. Nay tis merely that since I have come down out of the Mountains of the Moon and reached civilization, this place even has its own post office, I no longer have any excuse for not writing (you know for some strange reason that preceding sentence just doesn't look right)

Nothing really new around here. Some where there was one bent of a storm because the shore is now covered with all sorts of interesting debris. I spent the afternoon wandering up and down the beach picking up and examining all types of wreckage and animal. It's rather pathetic how little it takes to entertain me after nine months on the road. I never considered myself to be especially sophisticated but I was a
rather surprised to find that I had spent almost four hours completely lost in my beachcombing activities. As a result of today's work I have now acquired 1 coconut, 2 sea snakes, several bottles of varying colors & nationalities, and I think I may have discovered my true calling. I wonder if there is any big demand for beachcombers back in the States?

Ah yes some clown decided that it might be fun to set off a CS grenade tonight. I wouldn't have minded so much but he set it off right in front of my hut. In case you're not familiar with CS, it is a rather potent type of tear gas and believe me it works. However I must admit it did clear my sinuses, wow!

That about takes care of everything I guess. Anyway if I run out two pages I usually start to wander so I think I'll quit while I'm still making some sort of sense sense.

Take later
Terry
L/Cpl. L.E. Wagoner 2379401
3rd Force Recon
FPO  San Francisco, Calif.
96602

Free

Carole Nelson
8949 Langdon #21
Sepulveda, Calif.
91343
25 Nov 68

Carole

Guess who, yes it’s that little ‘ol radio man, me. What’s this, you may be asking yourself, another letter. Can it truly be or has our hero finally succumbed to some strange tropical sickness. Nay tis merely that since I have come down out of the mountains of the moon and reentered civilization, this place even has its own post office, I no longer have any excuse for not writing (you know for some strange reason that preceding sentence just doesn’t look right)

Nothing really new around here. Some where there was one beaut of a storm because the shore is now covered with all sorts of interesting debris. I spent the afternoon wandering up and down the beach picking up and examining all types of wreckage and animal. It’s rather pathetic how little it takes to entertain me after nine months over here. I never considered myself to be especially sophisticated but I was a
rather surprised to find that I had spent almost four hours completely lost in my beachcombing activities. As a result of today's work I have now acquired coconut, 2 sea snakes, several bottles of varying colors + nationalities, and I think I may have discovered my true calling. I wonder if there is any big demand for beachcombers back in the states?

Oh yes some clown decided that it might be fun to set off a C5 grenade tonight. I wouldn't have minded so much but he set it off right in front of my hut. In case you not familiar with C5 it is a rather potent type of tear gas and believe me it works. However I must admit it did clean my sinuses. Wow!

That about takes care of everything I guess. Anyhoo if I run over two pages I usually I usually start to wander so I think I'll quit while I’m still making some sort of obscure sense

Like later
Larry