11-16-1968

Carole Nelson Vietnam War Correspondence #16

Larry Wagoner
FREE

Miss Carole Nelson
8949 Langdon # 21
Depueveral, Calif.
91343
To Carole

Be it known to all those concerned that
the cloud of mystery which has, until this
time, enshrouded the mail room of 3rd Zone
Becon has at last been torn away revealing
a veritable waste land of total disorganizational
In short they have been playing all sorts of
silly games with my mail. When I got
down off the hill last week and back to
the area I was handed about four of
your letters and one can of assorted goodies
such as donuts, coconuts, and some sort of
diabolical puzzle which I have since solved
with my usual animal running (I threw a
grenade at it and it hasn't bothered me since)
Anyhow that explains a few things. It seems
that about every third letter you sent got sent
up to me. Somebody shall pay for this.

Well it would appear the kid has finally come
into his own. It seems that after nine months
of running our mountains and playing hide and
seek in its jungles somebody decided to let
me off the hook. When I got back to the
area the let me stay one whole day and
then off I went again. This time however I am at Cua Viet which is a Navy/Marine base at the mouth of the Cua Viet river and right smack on the beach of the South China Sea. This place is almost civilized, they have a club, an outdoor movie, and by some fluke recon is allowed to eat at the Navy messhall. After almost three months of eating out of cans anything would be an improvement but a Navy messhall is out of sight. If nothing else the Navy knows how to cook. Also the ocean, I haven't been swimming for sometime and I have never been surfing. However the waves that come into this place are fairly good sized so some of us decided to take them on. Having no surfboards we blew up our air mattresses as far as we could, cut the legs off our trousers, and charged out through the wire to do battle with the ocean. After 2 and a half hours of rip tide, undertows and being beaten and dragged through the sand I have come to the conclusion that (1) we seem to have lost the battle, (2) never the less we put up a good fight, and (3) the war is definitely not over yet.
I haven't had so much fun since we got into a rock fight with some rock apes out by the bank and the team leader got cluttered by a rock the size of a grapefruit. This is the only way to run a war.

How do you like this cool paper they gave me. You know sometimes I wonder if our supply system didn't get routed through Vanoi. Also I seem to have gotten a hold of another real winner of a pen. Oh well I must look at the bright side of it, somewhere there is someone who is very happy because he has become extremely rich from all these grade triplo t merchandise he has palmed off on the Marine Corps, and anything that brings happiness to someone can't be all bad, can they?!!

I guess that's about it for now and anyway after I get this folded enough to stuff into an envelope it's going to be pretty thick and if I write much more it may not even fit. My what a clever way to close a letter.

S Lakes

Larry
L/Cpl. L.E. Wagoner 2379401
3rd Force Recon
FPO San Francisco, Calif. 966026

Carole Nelson
8949 Langdon #21
Sepulveda, Calif. 91343
16 NOV, 1968

‘Lo Carole

Be it known to all those concerned that the cloud of mystery which has, until this time, enshrouded the mail room of 3rd Force Recon has at last been torn away revealing a veritable waste land of total disorganization. In short they have been playing all sorts of silly games with my mail. When I got down off the hill last week and back to the area I was handed about four of your letters and one can of assorted goodies such as bownies, cookies, and some sort of diabolical puzzle which I have since solved with my usual animal cunning (I threw a grenade at it and it hasn’t bothered me since.) Anyhoo that explains a few things. It seems that about every third letter you sent got sent up to me. Somebody shall pay for this.

Well it would appear the kid has finally come into his own. It seems that after nine months of running over mountains and playing hide and seek in the jungle somebody decided to let me off the hook. When I got back to the area the let me stay one whole day and
then off I went again. This time however
I am at Cua Viet which is a Navy/Marine
base at the mouth of the Cua Viet river and
right smack on the beach of the South China Sea.
This place is almost civilized, they have a club,
an outdoor movie, and by some fluke recon
is allowed to eat at the Navy messhall.
After almost three months of eating out of
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out through the wire to do battle with the
ocean. After 2 and a half hours of rip tides,
undertows and being beaten and dragged through
the sand I have come to the conclusion that
1 we seem to have lost this battle, 2 never the
less we put up a good fight, and 3 the war is
definitly not over yet.
I haven’t had so much fun since we got into a rock fight with some rock apes out by Khe Sanh and the team leader got clobbered by a rock the size of a grapefruit. This is the only way to run a war.

How do you like this cool paper they gave me. You know sometimes I wonder if our supply system didn’t get routed through Hanoi. Also I seem to have gotten ahold of another real Winner of a pen. Oh well I must look a the bright side of it, somewhere there is someone who is very happy because he has become extremely rich from all the grade triple 1 merchandise he has palmed off on the Marine Corps, and anything that brings happiness to someone can’t be all bad, can they??!

I guess that’s about it for now and anyway after I get this folded enough to stuff into an envelope it’s going to be pretty thick and if I write more it may never fit. My what a clever way to close a letter.

Like later
Larry