

A/3/6

RVN

14 Mar 67

My dear Emma,

You must excuse my neglecting to reply to several of your letters. They are very interesting, and it is kind of you to write; that makes it the more impolite that I should ignore them.

Actually, it is not that I am ignoring them; on the contrary, I read them avidly. I have, however, been terribly preoccupied, and as a matter of fact still am. A combination of circumstances has cut my writing time to almost nothing.

First, I have had to spend more and more time keeping the "old timers" in my crew from slacking off. They are getting ready to rotate home, and tend to be careless. And the replacements, three in our section alone, have to be trained. It's not really a difficult job, but is complicated by the fact that I have no rank or authority.

Second, I have been having to get my sleep during the day, because "Charlie" is being hard to get along with at night. We're about the only

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position that hasn't been hit lately, and the Montagnards tell me that in spite of the lesson we keep teaching the VC, we're to be probed soon. In fact, I just got in from a sweep of my gun's perimeter sector -- Boom-Boom, a canine friend of mine, heard something, so I got my rifle (loaded, on automatic) and Art covered me with the .50 cal MG while B-B and I made a show of force. Maybe we're safe for another night. Last night "3 tango", just barely in our range, got mortared from 2300 until 0730 this morning -- we sent tanks, then pulled them back and every piece of artillery in range cut loose, then they brought in some air strikes, followed by the guns again. After that they ~~sent~~ rerouted a flight of B-52's to cover the area -- I could feel the concussion from the bombs hitting, 7 miles away. Then our guns fired in again until we ran out of ammo. All in a night's work.

Third, I have been busily making plans to get married when I get home on leave in July. The girl is Bonnie Stetnick, whom you know, I think. She is not the most beautiful girl I have ever gone with,

nor the most intelligent, nor the best-informed, but she is passably pretty, rather smart and very sensible, and well-educated. She will keep me happy, well-fed, and well-loved, and I will try to do the same for her. She should make an excellent wife and mother.

And on ~~the~~ top of all this, I have been at long last learning to play a musical instrument, the guitar.

So, please pardon me. Thank you again for taking the time to write.

Avec bonne amitié,  
Larry Wiggant

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