

JUNE 1968  
DANANG, RVN

Dear

Very soon a long lost human will be in your midst, dehydrated, demoralized and demobilized, to take his place once more as a human being with freedom and justice for all, engaged in life, liberty, and the somewhat delayed pursuit of happiness.

In making your preparations to welcome him, make allowances for the strange environment which has been his home for the past nine months.

Show no alarm when he asks for his malaria pill every Thursday.

Don't be bewildered when he calls food chow and the local department store an Exchange.

Never ask if he would like to picnic or hike along a sandy beach.

Be tolerant when he stuffs his pockets with fruit and takes two cartons of milk to his room after each meal.

Don't be surprised when he answers the phone saying, "MCB-58, may I help you, sir."

Refrain from asking about the cost of his fabulous R & R. A state of shock may result in which he would blabber about donations to a wide range of good causes, the money grabbing taxi drivers, and the inflated beer prices.

The first few days he will try to restore law and order. He will probably have his Mother on permanent mess cooking and his Father on base security and automatically turn all lights out at 10 PM.

Never insist on watching Combat, Gunsmoke, or Bonanza. And don't expect him to show any interest in a suntan, Kool-Aid, or peanut butter.

Warn the neighbors he may search for the shower or water buffalo in the backyard the first few days home.

Keep in mind that beneath this tanned and rugged exterior there beats a heart of gold --the only thing of value he has left. Treat him with kindness and an occasional fifth of whiskey and you will be able to rehabilitate what is now the hollow shell of the once proud civilian you knew nine months ago.

See ya soon,