

DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY
HEADQUARTERS & SERVICE BATTERY
2D BATTALION 77TH ARTILLERY
APO San Francisco 96268

ADVVC-I-HSB

SUBJECT: Notice of Return

22 SEPT, 1967

THIS NOTICE IS ISSUED FOR THE SOLEMN DAY OF 15 AUGUST 1967, TO FRIENDS, RELATIVES, NEIGHBORS, AND THOSE VERY DEAR TO THE GI IN VIETNAM.

Very soon you shall once again be honored by his presence, dehydrated, demoralized, and disgusted, but once again to take his place as a human being with freedom, justice, liberty, and the somewhat delayed pursuit of happiness.

In making preparations to help him back into society, you must make a few allowances for the rude and unhealthy environment which has been his lot for the past 12 months. In a sense he may be a bit vulgar, uncouth, degraded, and suffering from downstairs profanity, so handle his case very carefully.

Show no alarm if he cringes in terror at the sound of a youngster toy whistle or some loud explosion. Or when he tears up a menu which contains such lovely dishes as: Ham with Lima Beans, Beans with Franks, Beef with Spice Sauce, or Ham with Water. And try not to ridicule him if he drinks liquids out of tin cans or a canteen cup, eats from tin cans or requests a mess kit, pours gravy on his dessert, mixes canned peaches with roast beef and mashed potatoes, or gets sick if he is served soup, especially vegetable soup.

Be tolerant when he insists on retiring in a sleeping bag, and upon waking at 0530 AM, folds his sleeping bag in half and masses quantities of junk on top of it or when he calls the kitchen a mess tent, or the bathroom a latrine, take no notice. Please under no circumstances ever use the term re-enlist in his presence. For at that horrible moment he may completely blow his stack. If you ask him to dump the garbage and he agrees, try to control yourself because he will demand to be accompanied by a least 10 neighbors who are to be heavily armed with rifles and grenades. If, while dumping the garbage he becomes astonished because the dump is ANCL of the mob of villagers he was once accustomed to, don't let on.

For the first few months he is home, be patient when he insists on having the lights out at 2130 (9:30 PM) don't say anything. Be tolerant when he insists on making a foot locker to put at the foot of his sleeping bag. When you go out with him and he demands that someone stay on as perimeter guard, calmly call a neighbor over until you are out of sight. When he stands in front of your neighbors house at 6:30 AM with dirty linen, tell them to give him two sheets and a pillowcase and he will be eternally grateful.

Keep in mind that beneath his rugged exterior and trained killer instinct, there beats a heart of gold, the only thing of value left to him. Occasionally give him presents, and tell him he won't have to pull guard, inspections, or KP, and rehabilitation will come in time. Don't be alarmed when he nails ammo boxes over you beautiful tile floor, and digs a trench around you home with at least 10 deep hold bunkers surrounding it.

Be especially watchful when he is in the presence of any woman. The first week he will probably just stare at them trying to figure out what he is looking at. When and if his memory comes back, all women between the ages of 17 and 70 had better take cover, for his intentions are sincere, although somewhat dishonorable. With this combination, rehabilitation will be sure to come, to that which now is a hollow shell of a once proud civilian.

So friends, get the people off the streets, call the police, and fill the refrigerator with beer,THE "KID" IS COMING HOME

FROM THE BIGGEST RICE PATTY IN THE WORLD: SOUTH VIETNAM !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Here I'am drunk tired, pissed off, lonesome, flat broke, homesick, got a terrible hangover, no pussy for a month now, no mail for days, no friends, damn few relatives, out of cigarettes, and I missed bed check last night.

I'am in debt, poor, character rating all frozen, pay all screwed up, food lousy, no clean clothes, laundry rejected, leave cancelled, pass pulled, restricted for a month, lost my shot record got guard duty tonight, OQ tomorrow, got a mule driver's MOS, three days ANCL, and the first sergeant wants to see me after formation.

Got a "dear-John" letter from the old lady, seem's she ran off with the milk man. My kids got malaria the rods blew out of my car. I'am thirsty, sleepy, my shoe strings broke in three places, my watch quit running, I've got an ingrown toe nail, a hard on, just getting over the clap, about to shit in my pants, and the latrine is locked up until after the inspection, AND SOME SON-OF-A BITCH JUST ASKED ME TO RELUP