

105 ER

Try Not to Notice if Your Ex-~~GI~~. Tries To Sell Cigarettes to the Postman

From the middle of mucky, rainy, rocky, muddy, rice paddy covered, mosquito infested South Vietnam, comes this hysterical announcement.

Very soon, your serviceman will again be in your midst, dehydrated, demoralized, and demobilized, to take his place again as a respectable human being, with freedom and justice for all and the somewhat belated pursuit of happiness.

You realize that he may be somewhat "Asiatic," suffering stages of Viet-constitus (self conceit) and recovering from too much Tiger beer.

Show no alarm if he prefers to squat, rather than sit in a chair, wears Bermuda shorts with shower clogs (known as gators), wears sunglasses, and constantly complains about the cold weather. Try not to notice if he slyly offers to sell cigarettes to the postman, picks at his food suspiciously (as if you were trying to poison him), and answers all questions with "I hate this place" or "Number One".

Be lenient when he tries to buy everything at half the asking price, accuses the grocer of being a thief, and refuses to enter an establishment that does not have an ON LIMITS sign posted above the door. In short, he may be somewhat jungle jolly, cognac cuckoo, rock happy, or suffering from an overdose of tuba juice or coconut milk. Be not surprised if he stops and stares and is amazed at any building hovering two stories high.

Remain calm when he pours gravy on his dessert, or mixes peanut butter with his green peas, and be not amazed if he sits and stares in profound wonder at fresh milk or bread.

In a relatively short time his profanity will decrease enough to permit him to associate with mixed groups, and soon he will be speaking English as well as he ever did.

Caution should be used, if a siren is heard, or the telephone should ring between the hours of dusk and dawn. If he should hear either, he is liable to stagger from bed, shocking the neighbors with his violent profanity, while fumbling through the closet looking for his half filled bottle of Scotch; and charging out the door shouting "Incoming, Incoming", he will throw his bag of paraphernalia (a laundry bag filled with food) into a passing milk truck on the way out, and may disappear into the

woods for the next two or three days.

DO NOT, I repeat DO NOT at any time ask him if he ever did or tried to save any money while in the service. This may put him into a state of shock in which he incoherently starts to blubber something about, Marine Corps Reserve Fund, Soldiers Deposit, taxi service, statement of charges, forfeiture of two thirds pay, reduction of rank, being taken on the Black Market, Craps, Poker, Income Tax, Social Security, Life Insurance, Red Cross donations, Airmen's Club dues, Enlisted Club dues, United Fund, March of Dimes, Community Chest, Air Force Aid, Heart Fund, KP Fund, First Sergeant's Fund (he's buying a new Lincoln), AYA (American Youth Activity), Orphanage Support, Home for Unwed Mothers, Mess Hall Fund, Office fund, Slush fund, Refugee fund, being red-lined (not being paid), coffee money, and about the inflated price of beer, all of which he is part of, or in.

NEVER mention the fairness

of the services, or the hardships suffered by the folks back home. The mere reference of the fine food supplied to the troops overseas may trigger an awesome display of violence.

For the first few months (until he is housebroken) be especially careful when he is in the presence of women, particularly young and beautiful specimens between the ages of 10 and 60.

Keep in mind that beneath the tanned and rugged exterior, beats a heart of gold. Treasure this for it is the only thing of value he has left. Treat him with kindness, tolerance, and an occasional fifth of good whiskey, and in due time you will be able to restore that which is now the hollow shell of the proud man you once knew.

That, families and friends of servicemen, is what you may expect from your long awaited men in uniform. And after you get them rehabilitated, then they rehabilitate you.

Sgt. Kris Harris
3rd Marine Division-ISO
FFPO, San Francisco, Calif.

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