

18 December 69

Dear Mom and Dad,

I've been spending a few days in the rear at An Hoa because the rain hasn't let up enough for us to get out to the field with helicopter. So I thought that I'd type you a small letter.

Which day will Garry be home for the holidays? I wrote a letter to him and sent it home because I thought he'd be home by now. My Christmas spirit really isn't very high this year. None the less I haven't forgotten what Christmas is really all about. I'm afraid that there are quite a few guys here that don't know what Christmas is.

I've been reading where they are conderding taking the Pledge of Alligence to the United States Flag out of schools. It's because of the words Under God that are in it. I'm really fed up with all of these peace movements, rock concerts and all of these loving peace deminstrators. They talk about a generation gap. I must be in the midst of it because I can't understand my own generation. They legalized ~~pornograpy~~ pornography in the states. Lsd and Pot will be next. I can now go to any college in thirty some states and legally shack up with a female roommate. In Texas they now have a common law wife clause in their government as long as the girl is at least 14 years old. According to the top ten magazines across the world that the flesh form of the human body is the most lovely form of beauty and everyone should do away with clothing. Crime rate is up 200% of 1953. The American people does not want to support their own sons fighting the war here in Vietnam. Captured medical equipment that we have captured have this stamped on it: Distrubited by your friends at Berkley. The commanding officers of each unit is now to stress to all of his command that Marines are not to wear their uniforms other than from traveling to and fro from your unit. The reason being that too many "arines have been getting shot at by anti war deminstrators because us Marines are known to be the world's greatest killers. Peace peace peace. The Bible says that the world will cry for peace and there will be none. If only all people would or could realize that our Saviour will soon be returning to this earth.

I found little of all of the things I've been talking about in my last paragraph while I was in Australia. They have no big problems with races, deminstrators, hippies, gangesters, etc. I found very few people who wanted to protest the war in Vitnam. They all seem to like the President's policies concerning the war here.

When I came back to Vietnam after my R & R I got word that one of my close military friends was killed in action while I was gone. It came to quite a shock to me at first. I guess now that I am over it know. He was an officer in one of our companies.

I've really been doing well with all of the Christmas cards and packages. I have received quite a few letters and cards from people I don't even know or else I've forgotten who they were over that past year. I also got a package of cookies from one of the ladies in your Church but I still can't place her name. Cindy sent me a Christmas tree and decorations for it. I have decorated it and have put it in the colonel's office.

I'm still counting the days until I'll be comming home. I know

have only twenty seven days and I should be back in the States. I may not get my discharge from the service until the first of February.

I suppose that the Christmas season is going in full swing at home. Everyone will be home for Christmas again this year except for me. Well maybe I'll make it for next Christmas. Wish that I could be home to see all of the kids open up their presents. Take a few pictures for me will you?

By the looks of things I probably won't be getting married for a year or two. I can give you a hundred reasons why but I'll wait until I get home to explain them.

I don't remember weather or not if I told you that I got written up for two medals. One is for an end of tour award and the other one is for rescuing a crew from a crashed helicopter.

Please forgive me for all of the misspelled words. I's now going on midnight and I'm a little tired.

I suppose that I should close and get off to bed. Write when you have the time.

Your son,

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "Larry". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, looping initial "L".

Dear family, and friends,

In the very near future the undersigned will once more be in your midst, dehydrated and slightly demoralized, to take his place again as a human being with the well known forms of freedom and justice for all and engage in life, liberty, and the somewhat delayed pursuit of happiness. In making your joyous preparations to welcome him back into organized society, you might take certain steps to make allowances for the crud environment which has been his miserable lot for the past twelve months or more. In other words, he might be a little asiatic from overseasitis and Vietnamitis and should be handled with care. Do not be alarmed, however, because a little time in the "Land of the Big PX" will cure any malady.

Therefore, show no alarm if he insists on carrying a weapon to the dinner table, looks around for his steel pot when offered a chair, or wakes you up in the middle of the night for guard duty. Keep cool when he pours gravy on his dessert or mixes peaches with his potatoes. Pretend not to notice if he eats with a plastic spoon instead of silverware and prefers C-rations to steak. Take it with a smile when he insists on digging up the garden to fill sandbags for the bunker he is building. Be tolerant when he takes his blanket off the bed (leaves the sheets) and puts it on the floor to sleep on.

Abstain from saying anything about powdered eggs, dehydrated potatoes fried rice, fresh milk, or ice cream. Do not be alarmed if he should jump up from the dinner table and rush to the garbage can to wash his dish with a toilet brush. After all, this has been his standard. Also if it should start to rain, pay no attention to him if he pulls off his clothes, grabs a bar of soap and towel, and runs out doors for a shower. If when a car backfires, you find him suddenly sprawled on the floor yelling, "INCOMING" simply remember this too is only a normal reaction for a guy who has been in the "NAM".!!!

When in his daily conversations he utters such things as "xin loi" and "choi oi" just be patient, simply leave quickly and calmly. If by some chance he utters "di di" with an irritated look on his face.... because it means no less than "get the ---- out of here". Do not let it shake you if he picks up the phone and yells "Listening Sir"!!! or says "roger out" for good-by or simply shouts "working".

Never ask why someone else's son held a higher rank than he did and by no means mention the term "extend"!!!. Pretend not to notice if he calls the waitress at a restaurant "numbah one girl" and uses his hat for an ashtray. If he does, comfort him for he is still reminiscing.

Above all, keep in mind that beneath that tanned and rugged exterior beats a heart of gold, probably the only thing of value he has left. Treat him with love, kindness, tolerance, and occassionally to his favorite drink (anything but Koel-Aid) and you will be able to rehabilitate that which once was the happy-go-lucky guy you once knew and loved.

Last, but by no means least, send no more mail to the APO or FPO, fill the refrigerator with beer, get the civies out of mothballs gas up the car, get the women and children off the streets, and fill your hearts with welcome !!!! BECAUSE.....

THE KID IS COMING HOME !!!!!!!!

Larry Dana Tyler

P.S. Stop writing me
After 5 JAN 1970.

Dear family, and friends,

In the very near future, I will be in your midst, debilitated and slightly demoralized, to take his place again as a human being with the well known forms of freedom and justice for all and engage in life, liberty, and the somewhat delayed pursuit of happiness. In making your joyful preparations to welcome him back into organized society, you might take certain steps to make allowances for the environment which has been his misdeed for the past twelve months or more. In other words, he might be a little autistic from overzealous and Victorianism and should be handled with care. Do not be alarmed, however, because a little time in the "land of the Big PX" will cure any malady.

Therefore, show no alarm if he insists on carrying a weapon to the dinner table, looks around for his stool pot when offered a chair, or wakes you up in the middle of the night for guard duty. Keep cool when he pours gravy on his dessert or mixes potatoes with his potatoes. Pretend not to notice if he eats with a plastic spoon instead of silverware and pretends to speak. Talk to him when he insists on digging up the garden to fill sandbags for the bunker he is building. Be tolerant when he takes his blanket off the bed (leaves the sheets) and puts it on the floor to sleep on.

Absain from saying anything about powdered eggs, dehydrated potatoes, fried rice, fresh milk, or ice cream. Do not be alarmed if he should jump up from the dinner table and rush to the garage car to wash his dish with a toilet brush. After all, this has been his standard. Also, if it should start to rain, pay no attention to him if he pulls off his clothes, grabs a bar of soap and towel, and runs out doors for a shower. If when a car backfires, you find him suddenly enraptured on the floor yelling "TWO COMING" simply remember this too is only a small reaction for a guy who has been in the "land"!!!

When in his daily conversation he utters such things as "xin lo" and "oh oi" just be patient, simply leave quickly and calmly. If by some chance he utters "di di" with an irritated look on his face.... because it means no less than "get the ---- out of here". Do not let it shake you if he picks up the phone and yells "Listening 3A"!!! or says "roger out" for good-by or simply shouts "working".

Never ask why someone else's son held a higher rank than he did and by no means mention the term "extend"!!! Pretend not to notice if he calls the waitress at a restaurant "nymphomaniac" and uses his hat for an ashtray. If he does, comfort him for he is still remaining.

Above all, keep in mind that beneath that tanned and rugged exterior beats a heart as kind, probably the only thing of value in the land. Treat him with love, kindness, tolerance, and occasionally to his favorite drink (anything but Kool-Aid) and you will be able to rehabilitate that which once was the happy-go-lucky guy you once knew and loved.

Last, but by no means least, send no more mail to the APO or WFO. Kill the newspaper with beer, get the division out of methadone gas up the car, get the women and children off the streets, and fill your hearts with welcome!!!! BECAUSE.....

THE KID IS COMING HOME!!!!!!!

Handwritten notes:
Happy Christmas
92-219
11/25/77

/cpl L.D. Tyler 2408586
& S 2/5
PO San Fran, Calif. 96602

Free

Mr and Mrs Charles Tyler
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Allegany
New York 14706



