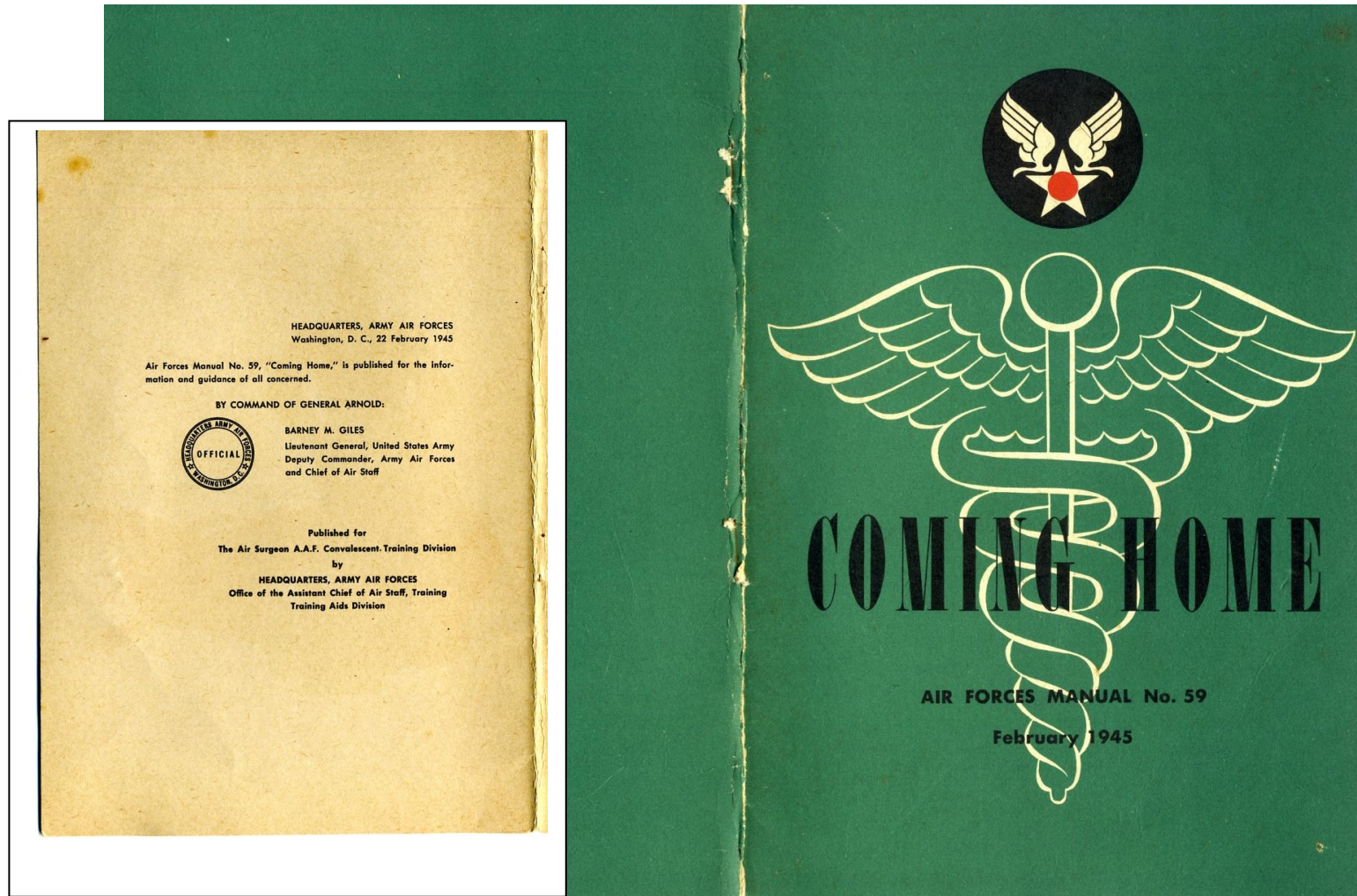


APPENDIX I – AIR FORCE MANUAL – “COMING HOME”

Although post-traumatic-stress-disorder didn't have a name in 1945, it did have a face. An Army Air Force booklet “published for the information and guidance for all concerned” tried to address the problem by giving the flyers insight into the psychology of returning to a “normal” life. Sadly life would never again be normal for many of these men.





suggest that you stick this away in your flight bag or some other place where you can get at it later. It may come in handy.

Yes, thousands of men have already come back to the States . . .



We've seen a lot of them; talked to them about their experiences and reactions, their problems and feelings.

It's a very interesting thing, this business of coming back from overseas. Everyone thinks his problems and feelings are special ones. And they are—to him. But while they differ in degree, they follow pretty much the same pattern.

We have found one important thing. Those who knew the score . . . what made them tick . . . what they could really expect when they got back . . . did a pretty fair job of handling their own problems and got along by far the best.

Passing on their experience helps others, so we are going to set up a fairly typical guy. Take a look at him and see how it goes.

Well, here is John Brown, for example, or Joe Smith — maybe Jack White or the redhead who

worked along side of you out there. It's been a long time since he left home for an overseas assignment. He felt, like a lot of others, that all he needed to make everything all right again was to get back home . . . just get there and things would click back into place. And sometimes they do . . . but it isn't always that easy.

What he found were people who appeared to be enjoying all the comforts of home—cars rolling along . . . everybody going places, eating, drinking . . . taverns, night clubs, theatres filled to capacity with people who didn't seem to know **"there's a war on,"** . . . and store shelves stocked with merchandise he had almost forgotten existed.

After mud, foxholes, flak, and machine gun bullets, all this came pretty much as a shock to John Brown. Somehow, things seemed to him to have changed, even though everything really was almost the same as it had been before he got shipping orders.

What about John's relatives and friends? Had they gotten along without him? Had *they* changed? Maybe. People don't stand still . . . and things change. War or no war, that's the way life is!

One thing certainly seems to have happened . . .



HE had changed . . .

For him the war was and is mighty real. He's still in it! For him war had been a combination of regimentation, monotony, confusion, danger, hard work . . . and long, black nights. It filled his head and loaded his heart. It became part of his life.

For the people back home the war still seemed to be on the other side. They didn't have to take this stuff. He and his friends . . . including those who won't ever come back . . . were stuck with it while others were not. Brown got disturbed

about it, and people didn't seem to understand his feelings. Many of his friends back home will never really be able to because they haven't been there and done the same things he has.

Yes, as a soldier Brown went to war in love with his country and the people he left behind,

. . . but he came back



a stranger!

It wasn't so much that people treated him like a stranger, but that **he felt like one**. Everything he saw he looked at through the eyes of a soldier. That's what made the difference from the way he remembered home, friends, and things as they were before the war.

War, military regime, combat, had become his job, his daily life. Wherever he went, whatever he did, he had formed new and sometimes strange habits. Learning the business of war wasn't even in his mind a few years back, but now it's his sole occupation.

It created a lot of problems. But there wasn't anything unusual about this. People get upset or disturbed by almost any kind of change.

It was that way with Brown when he went into the army. He had the problem of adapting himself to new conditions, a new environment. His ambitions, his friends, his job, his ideas—all had to be changed.

His former life wasn't always full of everything he wanted, but at least he could be pretty sure of what it was like and where it led. And there was a certain amount of security in that knowledge that helped him along.

When he first got into the army he was not too

sure of anything. As a matter of fact, most of the time he didn't know where he was going or what was coming next.

Coming back home repeated the process all over again. He wasn't too sure of what was coming next; things looked different to him, and he was puzzled by the changes in himself.



He found it tough to relax and adjust himself to the new situation.

Because of the war; an important part of his life was interrupted. It couldn't be replaced, and the unpleasantness he went through didn't help any. In the back of his mind there began to be a feeling that there ought to be some compensation, some repayment for all this. It took a little time, but he found out the only thing that even came close to being repayment was the knowledge that when needed, when called upon to deliver the goods, he was in there pitching with all he had.

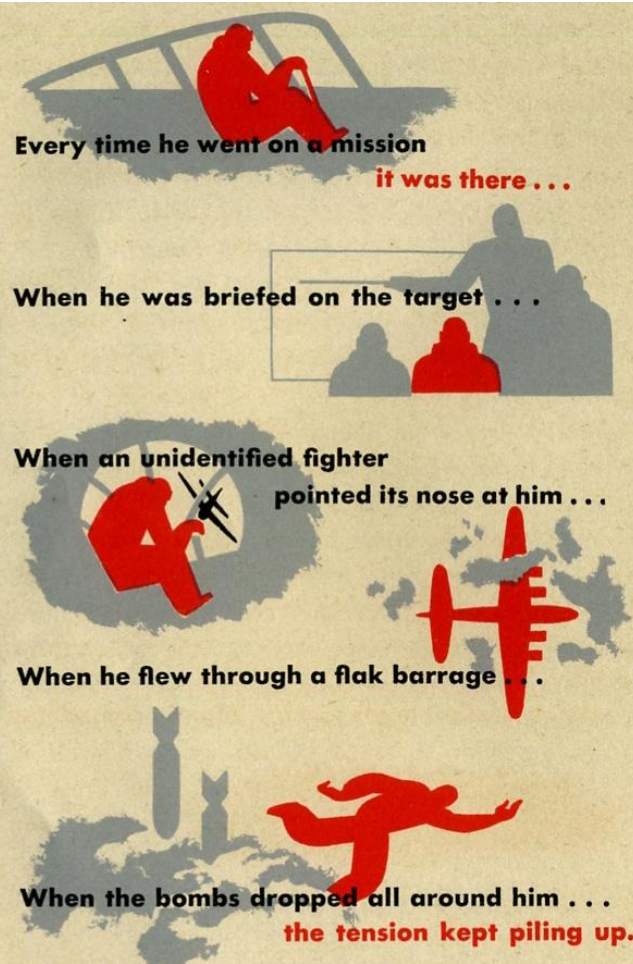
That didn't seem like much satisfaction to him at first, but it was the one satisfaction that lasted and grew in importance to him as time went on.

Whatever his feelings were when Brown first went into the army, when his shipping orders came, he knew it was the real thing. In combat the consequences were serious. It was a matter of life and death, not just training for the fight. He stayed keyed up, alert, in a state of alarm, in

CONDITION RED . . .

all the time.

The jolts of tension and strain hit him again and again with no real let-up.



And it happened to everyone—ground crew, operations clerks, supply sergeants, ambulance drivers—everyone at the base felt it as they, too, sweated out every mission, or dodged the bombs. After a while they all got a hangover of combat tension.

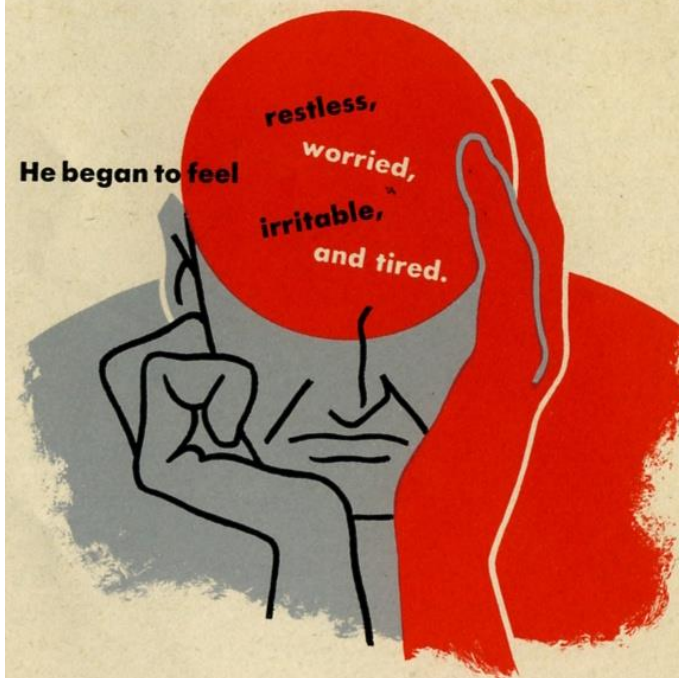
Let's stop and analyze this feeling with Brown a little bit. What caused most of this disturbance . . . called by its right name . . . is *fear*. But . . . it's normal, reasonable fear. That's the important thing to know about it! It makes sense to be afraid under these conditions. Every normal man gets scared at one time or another and feels it.

There's fear of the unknown. Fear of being killed. Fear of possible personal failure when the chips are down. Fear of a lot of things. No one ever really overcomes the *feeling* of fear, but everyone can understand it and use it to good advantage.

What really counts is how fear is controlled.

The responses to fear must be handled so as to be useful and protective. It's the difference in response that makes the real difference in men. Fear can make a man fight harder, shoot with accuracy and speed. It can give a man "second wind," that extra "kick" when he needs it.

At some place along the line, this feeling of fear, this unrelieved "condition red," these tensions of mind and body, demanded a release of energy. And watching flak burst all around didn't give it to Brown. When his body didn't get a chance to burn up the excess energy, his nervous system didn't respond when the "all clear" signal was sounded.



The thoughts of combat kept running through his mind. He couldn't seem to concentrate on anything, tossed around all night and lost so much sleep he could hardly take it the next day.

The things he didn't do began to worry him. Did he do the right things at the right time? Did someone die because of what he did or did not do? His sense of proportion became unbalanced as these feelings bothered him.

It all added up to more tension . . . lots of it . . . and it kept piling up until it became noticeable to Brown and to everyone else. He might have discovered these symptoms himself. However he kept going on his nervous energy, and it was only when the doctor caught up with it that something was done about it.

He wouldn't even admit that he needed advice or treatment because of the notion that it's a kind of weakness. But it's nothing of the sort, as he eventually found out. If he had understood and had been wise to what was going on, he would have had no hesitancy about going to his medical officer about it.

Brown has known for a long time that people are different and that men react in different ways to various situations. Some, he noticed, could take

a lot and not be bothered. Others could go just so far and take so much. But he's seen that in combat or any other job.

The point is that Brown or anybody else may be a ball of fire in one thing but a flop in another. People are good at some things . . . and poor at others.

Find the right job, the right place, and they click!



So, coming back from overseas, when John Brown got the notion that he was all burned out

and not worth a damn anymore, he just came up to bat with two strikes already on him . . . pitched to himself. That didn't make sense!

No matter how much help Brown got, though, in the final analysis it was up to him. The real, permanent solution, he found, **lies with the individual man himself.** But it sure is a big help to understand what is going on inside and why.

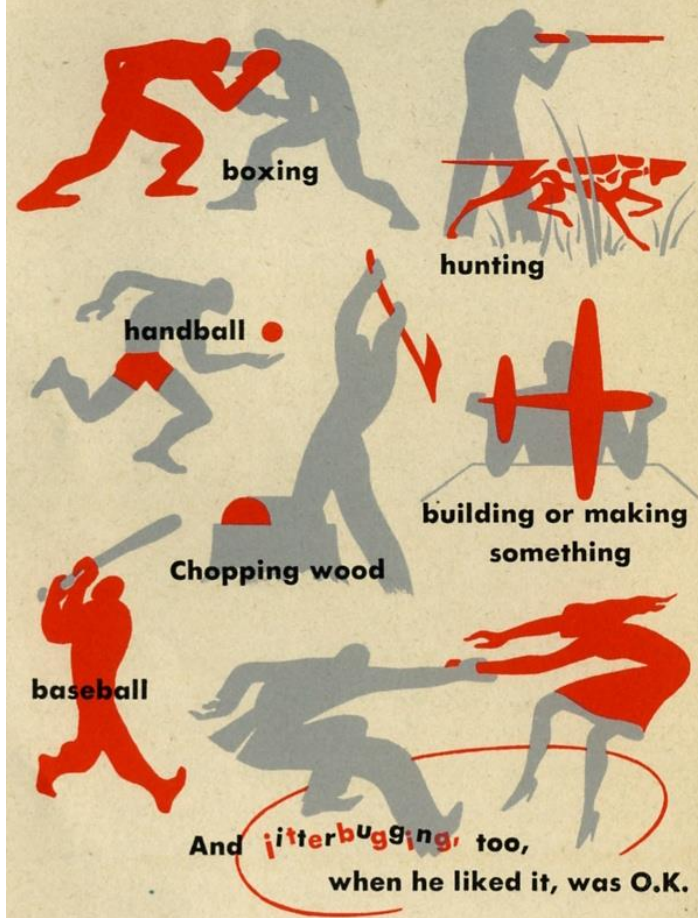
Of course it would be fine if he could have had all of his former feelings and values restored by just blowing a whistle. But it wasn't quite that easy. In the first place it takes time, sometimes lots of it, to "decondition" or "detrain" after a session of combat.

That's because there is still a lot of tension to work off. But it makes a big difference how it is done.

Brown tried the unsatisfactory experiment of working it off in the local "gin mill", taking a poke at the first guy whose looks he didn't like, arguing with civilians, police officers, or anyone else who happened to be around. But he found out there was no percentage in that solution. It only made trouble, left regrets . . . and a hangover.

On the other hand, when he went to work on something, got interested in doing something con-

structive, he found that it helped. Getting up a sweat at almost anything relieved his tension.



Knowing that there was still a big job to be done over here . . . and doing something about it . . . also helped restore his sense of proportion and balance. He found that his coming back didn't end the war, not by a long shot. The men on the training bases in the States needed the benefit of his experience and knowledge because he'd been there. Brown passed on what he knew to others who still had to be trained to go over and take his place and the place of others coming back after him.

John Brown had to start thinking about his own future. There was the matter of a decent and secure world to build. That's important, if for no other reason than because he had to live in it. As sceptical as he was, deep down he knew that's really what all the shooting's about and that it didn't make sense to expend all this energy and sacrifice just to let it drop.

There was a lot of talk about reconversion of industry going around. Well, Brown figured, what did he personally want to reconvert to? What kind of life was he looking for? For these and a lot of other personal questions which came up, **he was No. 1 man to supply the answers.**

He found he had to get along with people all

around him and have normal relations with them. That wasn't as easy as it sounds because most of them did not have the same experiences he had nor did they always see things as he did. But he was accepted or rejected for what he is now, not for what he had been through. A realization of this cold, hard fact helped ease him over many rough spots.

There were times when he felt that he needed further medical help. He got it from the squadron surgeon, the psychiatrist, or any other medical specialist necessary. All were available.

Bones mend . . . stomachs stop aching . . . disturbed feelings also mend and settle down. That's what John Brown, Joe Smith, Jack White, and thousands of others who have come back already have found.

Well, let's see what we have said here:

- 1** War creates certain conditions which make for uncertainty and disturbances in a man's outlook.
- 2** Returning home, he isn't too sure of what comes next. He loses the security which comes from having a job to do and an outfit upon which he can depend.
- 3** Reaction from combat is not the same for every man.
- 4** Combat creates an unrelieved tension and strain that keeps the soldier keyed up and abnormally alert for long periods of time.

5 It is important for him to know how the mind and the body work under these conditions . . . that certain feelings, like fear, are normal.

6 Excess energy stored up by tension can be relieved constructively.

7 Hard work, getting interested and getting into the swing of things, exercise and recreation, all these help. Time is needed also.

8 People back home, without his experience, can't understand all of the feelings of the man who has been overseas. But they've played a real part, too, and all the people of our country have to function together as a big team.

9 A big job remains to be done back here.

It adds up to this:

- . . . Common sense
- . . . understanding
- . . . time
- . . . constructive work
- . . . medical treatment when needed
- . . . an objective
- . . . normal relationships with people
- . . . team work
- . . . all these together form an unbeatable combination.

With this combination,

**the soldier returning from overseas
can look forward to**

ASSIGNMENT U. S. A. . . .

BACK IN THE STATES . . .

HOME !!!

with CONFIDENCE and ASSURANCE.