Army living tough yet priceless

BY JACK MCLAUGHLIN



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SPECIAL WINTEN

Many people are delighted and proud to receive a letter from the President of the United States. I was not! I was 20, a graduate of Fordson High School when I received my letter. President Truman 'invited' me into the Army and ordered me to report I was a more and the property of the Was during the wa

authority. We were patriots. Our President called and we responded.
Many of my fellow Dearbornites were called to serve. As scheduled, we boarded busses destined to Fort Custer in western Michigan where we get to know the Army on a very personal basis. On our way, our rest stop was Jackson State Prison. That short visit made us all want to fulfill our obligation to

President Truman and to what-ever other powers demanded it. When we arrived at our sta-tion, we were issued uniforms, bedding and assigned to bar-

We left Fort Custer after couple of weeks and took a troop train to Fort Bliss, Texas, our home for the next nine months. Hurry up and wait, as you do in the Army, was way overdone on this trip as it took more than a week to get there. We didn't have anything to eat or drink during the last day because our teopers didn't have enough food on board.

Tough training

on board.

Tough training

We disembarked at the fort's train station on a very bot and sunny Sunday afternoon and were immediately ordered into formation with shoulders back and stomach in, the latter being easy to do since we were running on empty. Some of the recruits were not used to standing at attention for a long period of time and passed out. Our training cadre were careful to step over these "reating" recruits so their brief respite from reality wouldn't be disturbed. This was to be the only rest they would get for the next 12 weeks. Treatment such as this was part of our toughening training because we were at war and our cadre reminded us of this...with their added comforting comments that we were being trained to be soldiers...to be killed by our country's enemies! Now that is a rather discomforting thought as one embarks on a new career path...hopefully not a short one.

Our cadre woke our "resting" recruits, marched us to the mess hall and fed us the usual Army fare — cold cuts. At that point roud kill stow made from Texas highways gleanings would have tasted like a gourmet meal.



II 'Hell weeks began with gusto. Our new rome was a tar pape shack slapped together during World War II to house German war prison-ers on base.'

Jack McLaughlin

Korean War era veteran

often wondered if that is what we were being served most of the time anyway.

Now hell weeks began with gusto. Our new home was not the usual Army barracks fare. We had something different. Five man huts with a stove in the hut's center. They were not as much huts as tar paper shacks slapped together during WWII to house German war prisoners on the base. They were torn down after most of us shipped out to Thule, Greenland in August 1953.

Our new homes did have some unique features. The stove did keep our hut toasty warm on the cold desert nights and the half inch gaps between beards of our walls provided adequate ventilation when our stove put out too much heat. Our area was also plagued with sandstorms and these gaps let in blowing sand that often covered our beds. Of course if nature called during the night, our latrine was only a hundred yards down the dusty path outside our door. All the comforts of home!

We only spent half our time in homey huts. The other half was

spent sharing a two-man pup with a buddy as we bivouncked in the Texas and New Mexico deserts, honing our skills at shooting down sireraft with a variety of weapons. We had to share our tents with scorpion and other vermin. Our C rations were seasoned with blowing sand as we ate them while sit-ting on a sand dune in the mid-dle of sand storms, which were almost a daily occurrence. But

ting on a sand dune in the middie of sand storms, which were
almost a daily occurrence. But
those experiences did toughen us
into hard fighting soldiers. When
we finally returned to our huts,
we thought yeturned to our huts,
we thought we were in heaven.
Even though I hated it I
wouldn't have missed it for the
world nor would I want to repeat
it. I'll retire to the comfort of my
rocking chair and dream of those
25 mile desert hikes laden with ia
slull backpack and 10-pound rifle
singing the soldier's cadence -yo
left, yo left, yo left, right left!
Jack McLaughlin, a retired
industry analyst and author with
a Ph.D. in business administration, lives in California. Veteans are invited to share their
stories during this 30th commemoration of the Korean War.
Call Jack Curd at 478-4694.

ENGAGEMENTS



WEIGHT-AU
Peggy and Duane Wright of
Farmington Hills announce the
engagement of their daughter,
Jill Kathleen to Sam Lau, son of
Marie and Tom Lau of Orango
County, California.
The bride-to-be is a graduateof Morcy High School and the
University of Michigan. She is
the Western Regional Marketing
Manager of Siemens Energy and,
Automation. Her fiance is the
Regional Sales Director of InterMedia Communications.
A June wedding is planned at
the Church of the Holy Family in
Novi.

65TH ANNIVERSARY

Shubh Karan Dass Tiwari and Leola Wati Bhasker Tiwari celebrated their 66th wedding anniversary on Feb. 24. The couple married in India and make their home in Farmington Hills. Mr. Tiwari is a retired civil engineer and his wife is a homenker. They enjoy singing, watching sports, and going to temple for prayer.

Their children are Kewal Tiwari, Urmil Shulta, Nirmal Prasher, Prem Krishan Tiwari and Promila Sharma. They have 10 grandehildren.

Mr. and Mrs. Tiwani celebrat-



ed their anniversary with a party of family and friends and a prayer ceremony.

NEW ARRIVAL



Kris and Bill Bowman of Ann Arbor announce the birth of a son. MacLain William, Jan. 29, 2001. He weighed 8 pounds 11 ounces and was 21 inches long. Granparents are William Bow-man of Farmington Hills; Bar-bara Bowman of Farmington Hills; and Sal and Justine Reale of Rochester.





