

his weekend we once again celebrated 'Earth Day.' The day came and went without as much fanfare as in years past. I wonder why we should have to have a formal day to remind us that this house of ours called 'earth.' is the only home we have. I know, however, that we need this reminder because we continue to dump in our own nests. Recent news accounts of energy shortages and pollution should make us wake up. It's obvious that many people still do not care. It's been said before that many Americans have become the state of the state o

Gimme a break

Earth Day must be every day for humans

Have you noticed the new logo on the Scotts lawn chemical trucks? It has a large decal of a monarch butterfly next to the name. Is this supposed to brainwash those of us who have a functioning brain that butterflies and poisonous lawn chemicals go hand in hand. Heyl gimme a break.

How about all the truck and all-terrain vehicle commercials that show their products driving through and tearing up streams, rivers and pristine wild places. You folks really are showing your concern for the environment just to make a buck.

buck.

Did you see the story on how
the coastline of the lower peninsula around Traverse City is
now one big subdivision. So
many of you didn't get the point
that when you get away from it
all but take all of it with you,
the place you're now at is just
as congested as the one you left.
Why drive four hours up north
to get upset about the overdevelopment when you can save
the gasoline and get upset at
home for free.

Blaming geese
We talk about what an intelligent species we are. We have polluted our water, air, land and food. That doesn't show much for intelligence. Of course, what we like to do is blame all the pollution problems on Canada geese, gulls, ducks, etc. It's easy to blame them when they can't yell back.
Another thing that I find really offensive are the do-gooder missionaries that go to infiltrate native tribes of South America and Africa to tell them that

their religions and lifestyles are wrong and that they should learn to be more like us. Please remember that these "uncivi-lized" indigenous people have lived in harmony with nature for thousands of years without our interference.

Amazon haute couture

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Polio ended military life

1948 and the first two
years were all you
could ask for. I was sent to Fort
Devens, Ma., whore the 7th
Infantry regiment (3rd division)
was stationed. They kept us
busy. We took ski and mountain
training in the winter. In January 1950, we went down to Virginia for Amphibious school, followed by war games in the
Caribbean and three days off in
Caribbean and three days off in
training cades in various
infantry maneuvers, another on
Cape Cod, with National Guard
units.

Real war

Real war

Real war

And then they had to spoil everything with a real war. By late July 1850, the Army had established a pipeline of replacements for the badly depleted UN forces in Korea. I was flown to California, and on to Tokyo vin Hawaii and Wake Island. Trains took us south to the port of Sasebo, where we boarded a Japanese troop ship for an overnight trip to Pusan, South Korea.

Trucks drove us to the various units on the Pusan perimeter. I was assigned to the 5th Infantry RCT, out of Schoffeld Barracks, Hawaii. They were a proud bunch of G.I's with names like Kawamura, Chung, Jiminez and Dodd. Carl Dodd. Ec ompany's first sergeant, greeted us on that first day. An impressive guy wearing a Marine Corps helmet, sergeant, later to become lieutenant Dodd went on to win a Medal of Honor.

We defended the western hills arround Pusan against Infantry and Artillery attacks, as the 8th army built up its forces through August and early September. Brigades from England, Australia, and Turkey arrived and our 1st eavlry division landed from Japan.

In mid-September, the 5th RCT was attached to the 24th RCT was attached to the 24th RCT was attached to the 24th division, and the Winter Offensive, 1950 was begun. We took off north of Taegu, augmented by a company of tanks and made good progress, taking and holding our positions. Casualties were heavy, our platoon sergeant

KOREAN WAR MEMORY

was fatally wounded, and on Sept. 17, I was hit by small arms fire. Nothing serious, I was back in two weeks, with clean fatigues and a handful of bandsgars.

As a result of the Inchon landing, we literally flew north to Seoul, and up to the 38th Parallel. Seemed like a good time to leave, while you're ahead.

But orders came down to invade North Korea. The UN army quickly captured Pyongyang, North Korea's capitol. The fifth RCT was 60 miles from the Manchurian border, and it was getting cold. Our canteens were freezing overnight and World War I sleeping bags weren't much help.

I had developed a bad cough and slight temperature and about that time Division reported an estimated 10,000 Chinese troops organized ahead of us. We mounted trucks and headed to a staging area to prepare for whatever.

By the time we arrived I was

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By the time we arrived I was getting weaker. Instead of jumping off the truck I flopped on my face. They picked me up and put me in a jeep. The medic asid I was burning up – it looked like malaria to him. I was carted back to an aid station, where I spent the night in a military ambulance, listening to a huge fire fight that seemed to be all around us.

Bad news

At daylight, the aid station and wounded moved further south for safety. I complained of the inability to perform needed bodily functions. A doctor examined me, and someone hung a tag on me that said "possible polio". I didn't handle that news well at all.

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I was shipped down to Seoul, to a well equipped hospital packed with the seriously wounded. I slept most of the time, not moving much of anything. More exams, including a spinal tap, convinced the doctors it was polio.

My chest muscles were involved and the closest Iron Lung was in southern Japan. So I was put aboard an Army cargo plane along with a doctor and



Gerald Cleary

flown to the Air Force Hospital in Fukuoka, Japan. Treatment there included hot-packs, heat lamps, and aerosol penicillin, which I had to smoke. Ugly! The respirator (iron lung) stayed parked outside my room, but I never needed it. The services have always had excellent physical therapists, and the two ladies that worked with me were no exception. In just three weeks I had graduated to a wheel chair and even taken a few steps.

Met Joltin' Joe

Met Joltin' Joe

In December 1950, I was moved to Tokyo General Hospital where I met and was given a baseball autographed by Joe Dilmaggio. My next stop was Percy Jones Hospital in Batte Creek. I got back there in time for Christmas and my folks were able to take me home for a couple of days. Three years in the Army was all over. Never missed a Christmas at home. I spent another seven months in therapy at Percy Jones, and took a disability retirement in 1951.

Gerald Cleary is a resident of Farmington Hills and is retired from Rockwell International, where he was manager of Financial Systems.

Local veterans are invited to share memories during this 50th Anniversary Commemoration period of the Korean War. Call Jack Curl at 478-6894 or Mary Rodrique at 477-5450 for further details.

The North Farmington Garden Club will be holding a meeting May 8 at noon at the Spice House, located in Heritage Park on Farmington Road between 10 Mile and 11 Mile.

The program will focus on floral waxing. There will be a demonstration and a hands-on workshop creating edible flowers. Speaker Pauline Flynn, member of the National Council of State Garden Clubs, will be featured.

Gardeners meet

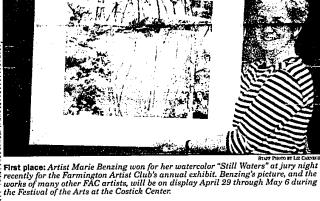
featured.
For more information, call
Lutie at (248) 553-2368.

'Voice of Democracy' essay contest planned

Area veterans, American
Legion Post 346 and the 50th
Anniversary of the Korean
War Commemorative committee invite students to submittie invite students to submittie followords or less, an essay
on "The Voice of Democracy:
Freedom is not Free."
The contest is open to all students in the
Farmington area.

be honored at the Memorial
Day parade.

The contest is open to all yards of the parameter of the properties of the parameter of the param



Rochester Hills

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