My Army Life

I wasn’t sure what to write about at first, but then, I decided to write about my funny & otherwise unusual experiences in the Army.

My first experience was right after induction when we were loaded on a bus. As it tried to pull out of the parking lot, promptly drove over a VW. We then had to wait for another bus to take us to the train station, bound for Fort Jackson, South Carolina. It was a hot, sticky, sweltering day, on that train & being that it only took 26 hours to get there. The last 6 hours, the train went back & forth in front of Fort Jackson. We were in walking distance, but they would not let us leave the train. That was pure torture

It was there that we got our hair buzzed off, issued our uniforms & received our shots (by the point of a gun). It was cold, the last couple of nights we were there (only a week). One fellow did not want to get up repeatedly, so he stuffed the pot-belly stove with coal & went back to bed. We a woke to very hot room.

Glancing over at the cast-iron stove, we seen that it had MELTED !

Fort Gordon, GA was our next stop, where we \*Enjoyed\* Basic training & I learned my MOS, as a Specialist-4 in Petroleum Lab Technician. See that They hadn’t any labs, we became Gas Pump Jockeys. We went next to Fort Hood, TX 502nd S&T Hell on wheels where, you guess it, Gas Pump Jockeys & doing various jobs around the post. Here is a short list of things I had done personally. I was told to “paint the windows “ So I painted all the glass. I was told to clean a tractor trailer cab, but not “the 5th wheel “ So, when the Sargeant came back, he got angry and said, “I told you not to clean the 5th wheel & I said, “I didn’t clean it, Sargeant, the spare tire was still dirty”.

I was put on KP and told to buff the floor. At the time, I was less than a

hundred pounds, and the buffer took off, with me being dragged behind it, as it knocked over tables, chairs and anything else, that got in the way. Next, they had me peeling potatoes, of which they had one hundred and fifty pounds. I used the grinding machine, is used to take of some skin. I ground down one hundred and fifty pounds to less than 25 pounds. They never put me on KP again.

When I would go to the shower, wearing my cowboy hat & boots, and one time when I came back, all the guys were laughing, they had gotten me a pair of cap-pistols and a holster. The Top Sargeant came in then & promptly march me off to the Armory.

I had many more experiences, especially, when I went to Karlruhe, Germany