

A bus took him from Cooperstown in western Pennsylvania to the railroad station in Pittsburgh. His mother cried softly as he went to the bus and his grandfather breathed out a special imprecation on the Communists. The induction ceremony in Pittsburgh was brief and by 11:00 PM he was on a train headed for Ft. Meade, Maryland. It was a "draft" train and the Editor found himself with a lot of men of common cause. Someone pulled out a harmonica and the Editor found his own. Soon there were five of us playing sad songs on the harmonicas while some others sang. We went through hillbilly, popular, and modern jazz compositions, a few hymns and ended with Ave Maria! The Editor ate the candy the Salvation Army had given him at the train, gave away the cigarettes the Red Cross had given him, and watch the night through the window. He had barely fallen asleep in his chair when the train nerkingly halted at Ft. Meade. We were all roused and led out of the train like so many slaughterhouse animals..it was cold outside and a rather wretched band was playing "This is the Army, Mr. Jones."

Herded into a common holding area we were all soon in the process of being processed. The civilian things, including the hair, were gone and the Editor, always a modest person, still flushes when he recalls how long and how far he walked around unadorned by any garments at all. There were harassments of several varieties, haranguings of highly original development, and instructions of such a nature as to have been written for doctoral candidates. Throughout the day the Editor was examined, given shots, fitted for all sorts of things, and instructed in the importance of knowing his serial number...US 52 106 190 and the general orders every soldier should know..twelve of them. The Editor memorized these immediately...memorizing was one of his things... and he did it while waiting in a food line although the term "food" must be understood lightly in this context. Eventually it was evening, the processing was over and we were directed to a barracks with strong warnings not to lose our stuff.

In the barracks the Editor selected a stern looking bunk