

with a mattress of questionable holding power. He barely placed his newly acquired duffle bag on it when a cadreman came by and asked if he knew his serial number. It was respectfully given and the "noncom" sneeringly said that I probably knew the general orders, too. I began to recite them when he indicated that was not necessary but called for another cadreman and said, "Here's another one." Since I knew these things already they determined I did not need much use of the barracks and the Editor and four or five other luckless specimens were taken for "fire watch" duty...walking around the different buildings armed with flashlights and whistles..to summon the guards in case of fire. We walked four hours and were off one...not allowed at that rate in the Army then, but who knew that or who cared? The night passed and it was morning and the Editor and colleagues returned to the barracks where they were sent to clean the parade ground. Much invective was given the Editor and his friends that day since they were not fast enough at cleaning and after dinner it was back to a "watch". At four in the morning an officer came for the Editor and a couple other men and led us away ..we were being given our aptitude and intelligence tests...we had not had any sleep in 48 hours but any test was better than crawling on the parade ground or "walking fire watch". The tests were long and complicated and the Editor kept wanting to fall asleep. When they were finished, five hours later, we were taken to our Barracks and allowed to lie down. Before I could fall asleep I was taken to have my test work reviewed. The officer did not upbraid me for my sloppy attempt at saluting and after bidding me to sit down he laid the test results before me. They were, modestly, excellent in spite of everything. Mechanical aptitude had the lowest score but in the arts and sciences I had very high marks. He complimented me and noted that I had a perfect score in the code aptitude test. He then informed me that I would be given instruction in radio-telegraphy and that I should pack up to go. The train would leave in an hour for Camp Gordon, Georgia. As I put my stuff together one of the noncoms came through announcing there would be a welcome party at the PX that night