

and everyone could come and someone was bringing fifty girls from Baltimore...I was glad to be leaving on the next train.

The train ride was filled with some apprehension as most of us had no idea of what we would be doing. Many were confused about the tests and the assignments. But in time we got the harmonicas again and this time played "God Bless America" over and over. About noon we arrived at Camp Gordon and there was the ubiquitous band playing "This is the Army, Mr. Jones". By then I had no doubt. With many others I stood at rigid attention while a lieutenant checked our orders individually. Some were told to "fall out" here and there and I was told to "fall in" over there. Shortly thereafter we were marched to the Basic Training area for company 19 and I was ushered into a barracks that was congested beyond belief but I got my locker and duffel bag in good form. And a short while later met my friend, Fred Tanselle.

We had eaten, so to speak, and been marched back to the barracks. We were instructed to "hit the sack" as we had had a tiring day..it seemed to good to be true, bed at last. In the midst of our floor and confusion (about 200 men) suddenly Fred, a large, rotund person with a high voice, spoke up in tones that were easily heard throughout the room. Softly he said...that his custom before retiring was to read a little bit from the Bible and pray..and anyone who wanted to do that could join him as his bunk. Just like that. No one mocked or whimpered as I recall it..perhaps they were "stoned". A few of us made our way to his area and after a verse and a word of prayer, we retired, thankful for the consideration of the army. What we did not realize was that in just one hour we were going to be rolled out and spend the rest of the night marching around the camp in "military formation". As short sleep and a long night.

As we marched, as I recall it, I could hear Fred singing softly, to himself. He was about my height and the alphabetic nature of our names put us near. We were given a bread every hour of ten minutes and on the first break I hummed along with him. Later I (or we) made friends with a deep bass from Maryland and still later