

with a baritone from St. Louis. The four of us soon had a quartet and it is striking how singing helps the morale. (This did not happen on one night..but over about three weeks) Marching on bivouac in a rainy period, we paused for the break and got together harmonizing "America". Our cadreman was as hard as nails but when we had finished he asked us to sing it again..there were tears in his eyes. In the next ten weeks we would sing all over the base: at parties in the Officer's Club, at the USO, and on the rifle range. It was a wonderful experience and then, just as quickly as it had happened, it was over. Fred was being sent to messenger school someplace, the bass was going to Ft. Monmouth for relay radio work, the baritone was headed somewhere else and I was staying at Camp Gordon for radio school. I cried like a baby as my friends marched away. I never saw Herb or Dharlie again (bass and baritone) but I kept in feeble touch with Fred..who continued a strong, Christian witness and does so to this day.

There is not time to tell the fine things that happened to me in the military. I was soon promoted to Private First Class (a big deal then), then to corporal and almost before I had my new stripes sewed on, to sergeant. I found new and exciting experiences daily and the Lord's goodness to me was overwhelming. It is not possible to discuss it now but the adventures of the next two years have given me enough stories, introduced me to an abundance of friends, and equipped me in many ways for a lifetime. Then in 1953 it was over and I was riding home on a train from San Francisco..a civilian once more. There are many things for which I am glad and this is one of them..that I was privileged to serve by the grace of God in the Army of the United States of America. Where is that flag...and is that Kate Smith I hear singing?