

NONRESISTANCE UNDER TEST



Nevin Bender

Emanuel Swartzendruber

Keynote Series

Richard Showalter, Editor

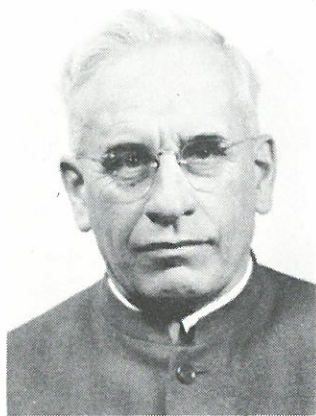
NONRESISTANCE UNDER TEST

by
Nevin Bender
and
Emanuel Swartzendruber

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Introduction



*Emanuel Swartzendruber
Pigeon, Michigan*

It is often hard to describe the day-by-day experiences which build a strong, vital church, but it is much easier to discover peaks of greatness here and there standing as landmarks in the life of the brotherhood—peaks which determine for years to come the strength or weakness of a church. For the Mennonite Church, the life and witness of the European Anabaptists is one such landmark.

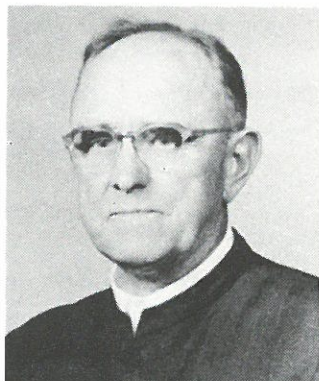
Part of our Anabaptist legacy is a strong emphasis on the way of love, or the “doctrine of nonresistance.” But this teaching of Jesus, like everything He taught, cannot be passed lifelessly from generation to generation; rather, it must find fresh expression in the lives of Christians in every era.

That is what this booklet is all about!

Nevin Bender and Emanuel Swartzendruber represent a landmark in the 20th century which has profoundly influenced the life of every American Mennonite. In short, they refused to bear arms during World War I. Stories of their experiences in army camp and prison during the war appear in the following pages.

In the 50 years since the end of the war their lives have blossomed into similar patterns of service, even as their faith was tried in similar ways during the war. Both men became bishops in the Conservative Conference, Nevin in 1933 and Emanuel in 1944. Both served widely in other areas.

Emanuel was active in beginning a mission program in the Conservative Con-



*Nevin Bender
Greenwood, Delaware*

ference, first in Michigan and later in Kentucky as a Mission Board member. From 1954-56 he served on the Conference Executive Committee.

Nevin was active as a winter Bible School teacher for more than 30 years and also was engaged widely as evangelist and Bible Conference speaker. He also served on the Mission Board, and was a member of the Executive Committee for more than a decade. He and Emanuel served together for some time.

Both Nevin and Emanuel are still living at this writing, and both have personally contributed the stories of their own experiences. Emanuel's wife Kathryn worked with him in writing his account.

This booklet is a direct result of interest generated in the 1968 Service Institutes, especially the one held at Greenwood, Delaware, September 6-8. Nevin Bender there recounted his World War I experiences, and it became evident that the privileges which present-day conscientious objectors enjoy are directly related to the testimony of suffering during World War I.

Elmer H. Maust first introduced Emanuel's story to the Conservative Conference in mimeographed form in 1962. It is from that source that Emanuel's story appearing here was edited.

Richard Showalter
Rosedale, Ohio
July, 1969

CAMP MEADE

by Nevin Bender

The year 1918, the beginning of United States involvement in World War I, was a time of testing for many young men who purposed in their hearts to follow Jesus, the Prince of Peace.

A number of Mennonite leaders were sent to Washington to make contacts with officials concerning the position of conscientious objectors. They found a Mennonite Confession of Faith open on the desk of one of the officials. While they took an open attitude, there was at this time no provision for draftees who had a conscience against war. The CO's when drafted went into army camps along with other draftees.

Mennonite leaders gave a number of tips that proved valuable to the young men. One was a statement by President Wilson that CO's would not be required to take military training, wear the army uniforms, or carry weapons. I clipped this statement from the **Gospel Herald** and saved it for the time when I would need it.

A second tip was that a young man, upon going to camp, should write a letter addressed to the captain, clearly stating his position, while expressing willingness to cooperate in every way possible.

Having been recently ordained to the ministry, I was rather surprised when I received my notice for induction at Camp Meade, Maryland.

Before going I became conscious of the seriousness of what lay ahead. I recognized that I would face severe trial and that I might possibly never return. This led to a deepening of my Christian experience. I wanted to be certain that I had peace with God and that I was prepared for what might come. I made the decision that I would be true to the Lord no matter what.

Answering the Draft

The morning I left, Father called the family together in the yard for a period of scripture reading and prayer. As a family, we realized very keenly what was at stake. We implored God for direction and strength, and then we left for Georgetown where with others I boarded the train for Camp Meade.

I cannot describe the feelings I had as the train carried us toward our destination. On the way I addressed a letter to the captain. Upon arriving at Camp Meade I looked for the officer in charge, a sergeant. I handed him my letter, asking whether he would hand this to the captain. After reading it he told me to keep it until the next morning at which time he would call for it and take it to the captain.

The next morning the sergeant spoke to me, saying that they were going out into the field to give first instructions and advising me to go along. He promised that he would take my letter to the captain when we returned at noon. I trusted him and went.

When we returned to our barracks at noon, the sergeant asked me for my letter and took it to the captain. He returned after about fifteen minutes stating that the captain wanted to see me. Thus I had a private interview with the captain which I appreciated very much.

After a period of questioning and some threats he said that there was no possibility for me to expect to take this kind of position in the army. Finally I drew the clipping from my pocket with President Wilson's signature and handed it to him. After reading it he recognized that I was informed and said that I would not need to wear the uniform to drill or to carry weapons, but he added, "You will want to be a good boy."

The next morning my sergeant assigned me to the task of cleaning the latrine. I was aware that some CO's when they went into camp, were given small tasks at first, then larger tasks, and finally found

themselves engaged in military service. However, I decided to avoid disobeying the officer until I had the opportunity of talking with him, so I cleaned the latrine.

When I met him at noon, I told him that I did what he had requested because I did not want to disobey his orders before I could speak with him. I told him, however, that I couldn't conscientiously perform duties under the military arm of the government and that if he would ask me again I would need to disobey.

He said that he wanted to talk with me, and we arranged for a long interview. During this time he questioned me carefully about my faith and took a very considerate attitude toward me. At the close of our conversation he said, "You and I will have no trouble. But you should not be in the barrack during the day and you should not be in the field. It might be all right for you to walk on the road." He then added, "You can go where you like; only make sure that you report for meals and bed." He wanted to keep out of sight.

One morning, perhaps the next one, I strolled quietly out along the road until I was outside of the camp and saw the mountains in the distance. Noticing an abandoned log cabin, I entered and spent the forenoon alone in meditation and prayer. The Lord was very near.

When the noon hour approached, I started back to report for dinner. As I walked toward camp I was startled and completely baffled when a truck approached and two Military Police jumped out and came toward me, calling me to halt. After some questioning they said, "You're under arrest." I learned from them that I had been summoned that forenoon for further examining.

They took me back to my barrack where my sergeant gave them a receipt that the prisoner was returned. After the M.P.s' were gone, the sergeant said, "I wish those fellows would mind their own business! I knew you would be back."

A New Barrack

After a number of days I was transferred to another barrack where I found myself with a new group of men and with another sergeant with whom I had had no previous contact. The men in this barrack were an extremely rough group.

During my first weekend there the sergeant went home to visit his sick wife. That Sunday I found seclusion in an abandoned dugout which had earlier been used in drilling practices. My time of communion with my Heavenly Father was especially meaningful that day. I experienced a deep sense of peace and confidence and yet it was filled with a strange sense of forboding.

I reported for meals as usual. When evening came I went to retire. I went as quietly and unnoticed as possible and lay on my couch with my face down. I soon heard conversations that chilled me.

What was a fellow like me doing in the army, they wondered? Soon I heard footsteps and I realized that I was being surrounded. The thought gripped me. "Maybe this is it." A broom stick was thrown at me. A moment later one of the men kicked the head end of my couch and it went to the floor. Fearing that the fellows would soon be on me with their feet, I stood up.

As if on cue, the fellows on one side of the circle where I stood gave me a shove, and as I fell to the other side I was shoved back. Sensing that I might be stomped to death if I fell, I breathed a prayer and began to plead with them.

Their accusations came back bitterly and forcefully. "Why aren't you wearing the army uniform?" I told them that the captain had said that I would not need to.

This started an argument among the fellows. Some wanted to finish me off; others began to pull back. I can still see the faces of two fellows who were on opposite sides as the group argued and threatened.

One big fellow finally seemed to be persuading the rest that they

had no right to harm me. "He has a right to his conscience the same as the rest of us," he argued. I sank on my couch with weakness and deep gratitude when the crowd gradually began to disperse. I was left alone, and finally fell asleep.

In the CO Barrack

After being interrogated by the last judge before whom I needed to appear, I was taken to the CO barrack. I found myself in company with 120 CO's, half of whom were religious objectors and the other half political objectors. This was my first opportunity to fellowship with fellow CO's in camp.

The men in this barrack took care of the work of planning and cooking the meals, washing dishes, cleaning the barrack, latrine, and the outside. I remember vividly the scene in that barrack every morning and night. The Christian CO's would be found on their knees in communion with God. Bible study and fellowship helped us to find a common strength. Young men were brought together from many denominations and lived together as brothers because of their deep commitment to a God of love and peace.

I remember clearly one young Methodist of sterling character and purpose whose parents and pastor rejected his position as a CO. He felt unable to accept a farm furlough but chose instead to be sent to the Federal prison where he suffered many humiliating experiences.

On Furlough — Alternative Service

After special arrangements from Washington, the CO's were offered farm furloughs as an alternative to army service. These arrangements had been worked out by government officials in consultation with church officials.

I was assigned to a job on a large farm close to Ellicot City, Maryland. I helped in taking care of a large dairy herd of short-horn cows. I enjoyed the early hours before daylight, bringing in the cows and car-

ing for them. I was rarely allowed to attend worship services or even to go to town.

Later an opportunity developed for me to be transferred to a Friends (Quaker) farm near Rosedale, Pennsylvania, where I again took care of a dairy herd. I was grateful for the privilege I had there of attending worship services freely.

One of the saddest experiences that came to me while I was in camp was at a time when I was expecting a visit from my sister Cora who was two years older than I, and who had been especially close to me. She and her husband had sold their farm and were preparing to move to Delaware. They were planning to drive through Ellicot City on their way to Delaware.

Two weeks before this expected visit I received the sad message of her sudden death from a complication of the German flu when they were expecting the birth of their first child. At the time of my ordination, which had been less than a year earlier, she had sent a copy of a poem she had read as an expression of her testimony to me.

A Faithful Witness

His lamp am I, to shine where He shall say.
And Lamps are not for sunny rooms, nor for the light of day,
But for the dark places of the earth
Where shame and wrong and crime have birth.
Or for the murky twilight gray
Where wandering sheep have gone astray
Or where the light of faith grows dim
And souls are groping after Him.
And sometimes a flame we find clear shining through the night,
So bright we do not see the light but only see the flame,
So may I shine, His life the Flame
That we may glorify His name.

Life holds suffering and pain mingled with deep peace and joy, an experience which is possible alone through union with the Prince of Peace. It was a time of rejoicing when I was given a discharge and sent home after being in service a little more than six months.

FORT LEAVENWORTH

by Emanuel Swartzendruber

The shadow of war in Europe in 1914 caused great concern in Menonite leaders and parents as young men began to be drafted into military service. Our church taught that it is wrong to engage in strife, that Christians should follow the footsteps of Jesus. But the church also taught that we should pray for rulers, pay taxes, and be good, law-abiding citizens.

I received my call to report to Bad Axe, Michigan, on March 4, 1918, and to leave the next day for Camp Greenleaf at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia. When I knew I would not be exempted, I began to do some deep thinking, especially during my last night at home.

I remember that in the morning before I got up, Mother was at my bedside on her knees praying that God would take care of me.

Seventeen of us left on March 5. We boarded the train at Bad Axe enroute for Georgia. We passed through Pigeon sometime in the forenoon, stopping long enough to say good-bye to Father and some friends. Then we left. I kept thinking of Father's last sad look.

Camp Greenleaf

We picked up a few more men on our way to Detroit. Five hundred men boarded the train there. We then had our full quota. Several army officers took charge as we left Detroit.

Most of the men smoked, and I was nearly sick from the fumes when we reached our destiny. We arrived during the night but remained in the coaches, and in the morning we were ordered outside. I was glad for fresh air.

We were marched to Greenleaf. Some of us were stationed in sanitary company M.O.T.C. (Medical Officer's Training Corps.) We were

taken to our barracks, got our mess kits, and ate our first meal. After the meal we were instructed in some army rules and regulations, such as keeping our barracks clean, and how to act at the sound of the bugle.

At bedtime I kneeled to ask God for an increase in faith; I felt that outside of Him I had no friends that could help me. But as I kneeled, the soldiers cursed and swore so that I could scarcely pray.

The next day the commanding officer took us for a hike. We went as far as Chickamauga Park. Here the officer ordered us to halt alongside a hillside.

He then lectured to us, calling our attention to the Civil War, and further telling us about the heroes that fought then. We were on the battle grounds, and could see the monuments about us.

He told us that when we arrived in Europe, we would fight just as those soldiers did. "Be daring. Stop for nothing. No excuses accepted."

A Chaplain

After the lecture we returned to the barracks. There we listened to an army chaplain for the first time.

"You know boys, across the waters we have an enemy to fight. The Kaiser is like the giant Goliath, but the United States is like David, who went in the name of the Lord and conquered Goliath. You boys are the smooth stones like David chose to kill Goliath. The United States has chosen you to get the Kaiser."

He prayed that when we came back we would bring a lot of German skins with us! After a handshake we were dismissed.

By then, I thought it was time to have an interview with the commanding officer!

Before I was taken into the officer's room, I wondered how we would get along. I thought of what he had said a few hours before, "No excuses accepted." I felt my inexperience keenly. Everything was new to me, but I was glad for the presence of God.

I met the officer in his office. I presented the papers concerning conscientious objectors. After he read the papers, I gave my reasons for not accepting military service. He said, "You won't have to wear the uniform, but you will have to drill." I said, "I would rather not drill at all."

He said, "Because you are not stubborn, you will not have to drill until I get word from Washington. If they say you must put on the uniform and drill, you must obey. You won't be misused in my company, but tomorrow I'll put you on K.P. (Kitchen Police)."

I had no idea what K.P. meant, but I found out the next day! I helped peel potatoes and wash dishes. I thought it best to work all day, but in the evening I asked for another interview with the officer. I was allowed to go into his tent, and he wondered how I got along.

I said, "Fine, but I must refuse K.P. I am not opposed to work, but I can't be a member of the army."

"So you refuse K.P.," was his reply. "You're too narrow-minded. I used to think just as you do, but since I went to college I've had my mind broadened. We are up against it now. We must get the Kaiser before he gets us."

After a short conversation he remarked, "I really don't believe this war will be settled with powder and guns, but only by arbitration."

After this I was not asked to work. Once the corporal called me. He said, "I have a job for you. Watch your bunk so it won't run away."

I was treated well except for daily threatening by those of less authority. I spent two weeks in this company.

A New Company

While I was still wondering whether there were other conscientious objectors in Camp Greenleaf, I was ordered for a transfer to the service company of M.O.T.C.

When I met the sergeant of service company, I noticed that they

were giving a haircut to one of the men of the House of David. He wore his hair long like a woman, but they didn't respect his belief. The sergeant asked me if I'd accept service. After I told him about Christ's teaching concerning war, he said, "We'll show you. We have no time for such teaching here."

The sergeant had persuaded one young man after rough treatment to wear a uniform and to accept service before I had been transferred to service company. Therefore, he expected to persuade all the CO's to yield. During that day they transferred two more CO's to the same company, but they kept us separate.

I was ordered to go to my bunk and a guard was placed there to watch me. We lived in a Civil War horse barn; my quarters were in a stall.

During the day, they placed a young man beside my bunk in the next stall with only the planks between us. He was dressed in full uniform, and I didn't know that he also was a CO. At evening, we got together outside by ourselves. In a very short conversation he told me that he belonged to the Brethren Church. He said, "I thought I'd try service for a while."

I asked him about his personal convictions. He explained his stand. I said, "Brother, if you believe as you say you do, now is the time for you to take your stand. It won't be easier later."

At that moment the guard came. He said, "What are you doing here? You have no business here; get to your stalls!" At bedtime we kneeled to pray, each in his own stall. As we arose, my friend whispered through a crack, "Stick to it. What you said is right." (Later the end of a bayonet was used on him and he had to be taken to the hospital.)

A Baptism of Filth

The next day, the sergeant gave me orders to put on a uniform. At the same time, another young man appeared on the scene without a uniform. I put forth no effort to put mine on. But between kicks and

cuffs I could see that he didn't put his on either. Finally the soldiers forced part of the uniforms on us.

The sergeant then said, "Get your breakfast; we'll have some fun later." By this time, there were four of us. They asked if we would now work. We were taken outside and asked to tear down an outhouse. The first thing I knew, someone grabbed me by the seat of my pants. My head struck the roof of the building. I don't know what happened, since boards were flying everywhere. After the building was removed, the sergeant said, "Now we'll show you what your Jesus can do when you are in our hands."

So he threw one of the boys into the cesspool. He stood in the filth nearly up to his armpits. They took a shovel and shoveled excrement on his head saying, "I baptize you in the name of Jesus."

One of them, looking upwards said, "Can you see Jesus?" "No," replied the other, "I can see nothing." Then the sergeant said, "If he is your brother, pull him out," We were not long in pulling him out. We took him to the bathhouse and cleaned him.

The sergeant then threw soap at me, and pushed me into a corner, choking me. He said, "Come with me." I followed him to the cesspool. He asked me three times if I was ready to accept service. I answered only once — "no."

Then he took me by my legs and put me into the cesspool head first. I heard the soldiers' voices ring out, "Don't put him in any further, you'll kill him!"

The sergeant pulled me out, not saying a word. He only shook his head while I lay on the ground. Finally he said. "Go and wash."

I washed. We were taken before a group of higher officers, and asked who we were and what denomination we belonged to. The spokesman said to the sergeant, "Take the uniforms off these men and put them on bread and water until you hear from us."

We went to our stalls. As I sat on my bunk, the sergeant came to us and asked, "Do you still love me?"

I said, "Yes, I do." He walked away from me, not saying another word.

After a short stay at headquarters we were transferred back to the service company under-officer. One day he told us, "We have received an order from Washington that you must put on the uniform and go to work. What are going to do about it?"

"We cannot do it." He then said, "You are arrested and will be put in the guard house." The officer ordered a group of soldiers with guns and bayonets to surround us.

While in the guard house, we were visited by two Catholic priests. The first, an elderly man, wondered why we couldn't do anything at all. He said, "I don't believe in war either. We are taught in God's Word to love our enemies. So, I love the Kaiser. But we must teach him a lesson!"

When he saw that we could not accept his position, he was angry. He said, "I could cut the Kaiser's heart right out if I could get him."

Later a minister of the Church of the Brethren came to the guard house. He told us that we were too narrow-minded. "You should be able to accept some kind of service." He said that he used to think as we did, but that the time had come that we must cooperate.

Court Martial

After the military saw that we had not changed our minds while in the guard house, they told us that we would be court martialed. They ordered a general court martial to be held at Camp Forrest on June 11, 1918. Eight CO's were court martialed. We were to be sentenced to prison at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, for ten years of hard labor, forfeiting all payments and allowances. Lieutenant Near said to me, "Aren't you sorry that you have to spend ten years in prison? I'll tell you how you can escape imprisonment. Just put on the uniform and go to work; wouldn't that be the easiest way out?"

I told him that I did not choose imprisonment but that we ought to obey God rather than men. Some of us were put into a dark oats bin and

put on bread and water.

We stayed in the guard house from May 15 to September 17, and then transferred to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Before we left Camp Greenleaf, our captain, who had called us villains and yellowbacks, quietly calling us to the door, bidding us good-bye, and wondering whether we had anything against him. We were taken by truck to Chattanooga, Tennessee, and from there by train.

At Memphis we waited several hours for train connections. While the guards amused themselves, we were placed in the city jail. They had Negro men and women in jail for various reasons. One of the women would scream out loud occasionally. An old German seemed to be happy. He would sing, "It's a hard chop (job) to lick the Kaiser. It's a hard chop to do."

After the other prisoners got angry with him, he added, "The only one vat can, is the red and white and blue."

The jailor soon asked us why we were prisoners. After we told him, he said, "That's strange. We put people in jail because they fight and you are here because you think it is wrong to fight: If we all believed as you, we wouldn't need this jail at all."

The orderly said, "I don't see what they want with you in here. Why, you read your Bible!"

At train time our guards took us to the depot. There the people eyed us, seeming to think that we were criminals. One of the ladies asked permission of the guards to speak to us. She said, "Don't think that all people are looking down on you. May God bless you."

Enroute to Kansas I had a nice visit with Sergeant Baker.

He said, "I'll tell you exactly what I thought of you. When you were first put in the guard house, I thought you were nothing but war dodgers. Since watching you day by day, I have changed my mind. I used to be a Sunday School boy, but . . . Could it be possible that you are right and all the rest of us are wrong about war? I hope they will treat you well at Fort Leavenworth."

Fort Leavenworth

By this time we were nearing our destiny. As we marched toward the disciplinary barracks, I noticed a high wall, and buildings inside and outside the wall. We were taken before a big iron gate. The gate opened, and we were taken into a military prison, unable to see the outside. The guards took our belongings, such as postage stamps and pencils. Thank God, they let us keep our Bibles!

We had to change our clothes and were given prison suits. The clothes given us were not striped, but were numbered. My number was 15492. It was put on each pant leg and on the back.

After bidding Sergeant Baker good-bye, I found my new home in a locked cell in the basement of the large prison building. I was given a small book of disciplinary barrack rules and regulations, showing the sentence of ten years of hard labor. It also showed the privileges of good behavior.

There were three classes of prisoners. First class prisoners wore white numbers; the red and yellow numbers were the other two classes. First class prisoners were eligible for the disciplinary battallion; they could be restored to the army. Misconduct would place the prisoners into second or third class. I was always in first class.

I worked with the fifth gang, all of whom were conscientious objectors. We were lined up in the morning and detailed for farm work. After the gates were opened, the guards gave orders to march out. There were about fifty in our gang. After we went to the farms, we were divided into two parts, with one guard for 25 CO's. We helped fill silos, strip broom corn, and pick up acorns. My last job was piling man-gles into the root cellar.

We went to their church services the first Sunday. (Prisoners were compelled to go to the service.) The chaplain was a Democrat, and he spoke on the subject "Jesus Christ, the young Democrat."

His discussion seemed to be more a mockery than anything else. But later we were privileged to have Brother J. D. Minniger conduct services for us every Saturday afternoon. The song, "Faith of Our Fath-

ers" still rings today as I think of the 500 voices singing praises to God.

I remained in a locked cell for a short time, but was soon transferred to the fifth wing of the same building with about 500 prisoners. These were all open cells, but I preferred my old locked cell because no one could molest me there.

All writing privileges were taken away for the first two weeks. After that, incoming and outgoing mail was censored. The prisoners in our wing were lined up every evening and counted to make sure that none escaped. The meals were a mixture of potatoes, meat, and gravy, all cooked together and called slum.

After spending about two months at the disciplinary barracks, the Armistice was signed, and I was released and sent to Camp Dodge, near Des Moines, Iowa.

Home!

I presented my papers to the officer there. He said, "I don't know why they sent you here. We are about to send some others to Fort Leavenworth. But, you're here now. You have the same status as you had when you first came into the army. Put on your uniform and go to work, or we'll send you back to Leavenworth." But we told him that we had not changed our minds about the military.

They separated one of our group, a Lutheran brother named Charles Runge, to be tried again by a summary court martial. However, he didn't yield, and was released again.

We were awaiting the inquiry board from Washington for an examination. Finally we were examined individually by Major Kellog, being asked many questions with the words, "Do you swear . . .?" I answered, "No, our Lord has forbidden all oaths."

The CO's were by that time receiving discharges and going home. Just before I received my discharge, Brother Chris Miller and I had the mumps. But I was so anxious to go home that I didn't report to the infirmary according to army rules. I finally had to report. The

doctor said, "Well, what is wrong with you?"

I said that I felt all right, but they told me that I had the mumps.

This meant I would have to stay a few days longer. I was asked to sign the payroll but I refused to sign. The soldiers learned that I had some money coming. They wanted me to sign the payroll and hand the money to them.

They said, "We fought for you. Give us the money." As I sat on my bunk, I said, "Lord you have been my guide and protector. Deliver me from the hand of evil men." About noon on the day when we were to be discharged, a voice rang through the building, "No discharges today!"

So the soldiers went outside the barracks. After the soldiers were gone, I noticed a single soldier coming toward me. He said, "Get your belongings and follow me."

I followed him to the office, where my discharge was ready. I wasn't asked to sign the payroll but I signed the discharge. It was up to me to take the money and the discharge or to leave the money behind. I knew very well that if I left it, the officer would pocket the money.

I took the money and discharge, thinking that the money could be returned to Washington later. The soldier was then ordered to take me to the Interurban Depot. On our way to the depot, the soldier begged me for the money to put him through school. I said that if I let him have it, I wouldn't be able to return it to Washington.

As soon as we reached the depot, I bought my ticket, bade the soldier good-bye, and boarded the train. As I stepped inside, the car began moving, bound for home!

I praised the Lord that I got away from Camp Custer without the soldiers learning of it!

I arrived home with unspeakable joy. My thoughts went back eleven months, remembering the last sad look of my parents. I now rejoiced to see the look of joy on their faces that expressed praise to God for His keeping power.