

April 11, 1943
Sunday

Dear Dad,

This is Sunday and it has rained almost all day. This morning two other boys and myself went to Little Rock for the first time. We got there about 10:00 and after a little walking we saw a Baptist center for soldiers. We walked in and were met very nice. A man directed us to the Baptist church and were invited back to a free dinner after church. The church is a beautiful one, has a pipe organ, and choir of course. Everyone was very nice to us. The preacher was a true Christian and preached a very good sermon on 1 Cor. 3 chapter. He emphasized sins of omission are as bad as sins of commission, that is what good we have failed to do. He also said we need God but he needs us, too. If we have talents, to use them for him. Told of how a great singer had left the stage and used his voice for God's work when he had been handed a tract. At the soldier center a jolly talkable (sic) man led in singing "What a Friend We Have in Jesus" and "When the Roll is Called up Yonder" and then led in prayer. There were quite a few soldiers there and it did my heart good that they at least get a little Christianity. They then served us vegetable soup, sandwiches, coffee, and cake. They really made us feel at home. They have 3 stories where one can read, write, play ping pong, checkers and every convenience. This is sponsored by the state Baptists and I think is very worthwhile. A preaching service was to be had at four followed by free refreshments. I believe that this would probably meet with your approval as to something our church could do for the soldiers. They have women there to serve the boys and sort of act as mother. I'm going back to that church the next Sunday I go to town.

I received all of your letters and thank you for the clipper and stationery. I can really use it. I'm enclosing 2 articles I clipped out of the Arkansas Democrat that interested me. The thing that interested me about the short article was the last paragraph. She lives in Washington. There may be many other people who have the same view.

I'm sorry I couldn't write you sooner but I've been very busy in evenings since I've gotten out. Had shots one night; rearranging my things when I got out of the hospital, getting a laundry list ready, and getting ready for the Saturday inspection: I got out of the hospital Tuesday morning and I've felt perfect ever since. I thought I'd be weak Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday, but surprisingly I wasn't. Even carried a 40 lb. pack Tuesday afternoon. Friday afternoon we took a 3 hr. hike with gas mask and canteen but no pack. Three fell out but I could have gone much farther. I missed out on the 1st hike when I was in the hospital and was told 6 fell out then. This country is very hilly and many trees, and very green. The long hills and their steepness makes it tiresome for hiking but the scenery is very beautiful. When on a high hill one can see the Arkansas River in the distance and a kind of haze over the distant hills. Because there is so much moisture it gets very sultry and the sun is already beating down as in summer. Yesterday we saw German films of the invasion of Poland which interested me very much and wish you could see them. Uncle Hans would enjoy it, too. The pictures were taken by the Germans themselves and shows all the unharmed war supplies they captured from the Poles before they had a chance to destroy them. Also was shown from inside a dive bomber as it dove toward its targets and how the soldiers goose stepped into Warsaw. Also showed shelling & bombardment of Warsaw and the entry. Very interesting. I will write again later.

Your son,

Johnny