

There was a strange thing. We had a fellow. One day I mentioned--spoke in chapel about the fact there are many seminaries doubtless that have students in them whom are draft doggers-- in order to get out of the draft. But we don't have any draft doggers here. ~~Ax~~ If a person wan't to get out of the draft there are plenty of seminaries he can go to where you don't have to do hardly any work. It's very simple, but with the amount of work we require nobody comes here unless they really believe something.

And a dandy young fellow, the brother of a former student of ours came to me two or three days later and said, I have just been received into the army. I've enlisted. He said, I heard your talk and it hurt my conscience to think I might be here to get out of the army. Well, I don't think he was. I think --his brother was a wonderful Christian fellow and I think he was sincerely wanting to serve the Lord, but it had an effect on him I had not figured on. He went into the army of course then.

The law then was if you were in seminary or medical school or the last 2 yrs. of college before it you were exempt. But a great many were taken in the first year of college. A great many were taken who did not get to seminary. ~~When~~ eventually they did get there we had two generations at once because we had our regular fellows just out of college and we had the fellows who had been the army 4 years. Our school got up to 1500-160 students then. We had you might say two generations at once.

But in between there was a period when our student body was much smaller because so many had been drafted into the army or perhaps had volunteered.

Quite unrelated to that but it reminds me that one ~~day~~ we had a very lovely building in Wilmington. You looked out of the window on one side and there was a big building where you'd see men sitting at a table. It was the Wilmington Whisk Club. I got a request to come there and visit them. I went over and the president of it and someone else spoke to me about their Wisk Club and how nobody was allowed to make any bets here at all. No alcoholic beverages were allowed in the place. Nobody allowed to make any bets, either there or elsewhere about any game played there, etc. They did their best to convince me what an upright and upstanding organization they were. They showed me their whole property. I wondered just why all this interest.

It developed that they wanted -- they could see our chorus practicing and hear it and they were greatly impressed by it and greatly impressed by the young man who was leader of it. They were having a big Christmas doing and they wanted to have our chorus come and sing. They wanted to convince me it would be quite alright for them too and I could not see any reason they couldn't. I spoke to Mr. Armes about it. They wanted them to sing at the end "Old Lang Zion" and he felt that "Old Lang Zion" was a little too intimate, and he said to sing America or the Star Spangled Banner at the end. That was his only suggestion and they agreed to that without any difficulty. The agrangement was made