

## EPILOGUE

I have tried to write truthfully and lucidly, and as far as possible without exaggeration. Because of the time involved in recalling and writing, there are a few repetitions of events or situations. There may be an excess of personal attitude. There may be some minor contradictions. If these flaws exist (and I am pretty sure some do) I rest on the defense available to old men, which is: "We are old, and we are men, so what did you expect?"

The most magnificent "epilogue" to the war was engendered by the GI Bill Of Rights. Hundreds of thousands of discharged men and women took advantage of that measure, and attended colleges and universities and training and technical institutes. They became possibly the best educated and skilled generation in our nation's history. They were the engineers and doctors and lawyers and professors and musicians and skilled technicians and tradesmen who designed and created and ran and enlightened the nation into which the "Boomer" generation was born.

I remained on my pre-war career path. From clerk-carrier in the post office, I advanced to Assistant Postmaster, and in 1968 became a Postal Inspector, from which position I retired in 1977. In the ensuing years I obtained a BA degree in History and Theater Arts from Sul Ross State University, graduating cum laude in August 1989.

Finally, I must record another bit about the most determinedly honest man I have ever encountered. When I spent those frantic minutes preparing to leave Czechoslovakia, among my concerns was deciding which of my three enemy pistols to keep, since we

were allowed to bring only one back with us. I gave my P-38 to Maynard, my assistant squad leader. I asked Bob Morris (who COULD swim, and who DID NOT holler "halt" before shooting) to bring my Polish automatic back, and to send it to me when he returned to the states. I kept my Walther PP.

About a year after I returned, Bob wrote to me at Sheldon, saying that he was back in Louisville and asking for money to pay for sending me my pistol. I sent a check for plenty of money, and awaited the return of my gun. It didn't come. After some months, I just wrote off the experience, with some disappointment about Bob's failure to live up to my expectations.

Approximately twenty years later, I received a letter from Rev. Robert Morris, pastor of a Baptist Church in the Louisville vicinity. In it, he explained that my check had arrived at a time when he was in dire need of funds, since he was in the process of enrolling at a Baptist seminary, and he spent my money on books. He also pawned my pistol, and had no money to retrieve it until long after, and by that time the gun had been sold. For twenty years his misdeed had preyed on his soul, so he at last decided to write me, confess his sins, and ask how much he needed to send, to repay me.

His letter delighted me, because it reaffirmed my early confidence in his surpassing honesty. It gave me great pleasure to respond, thanking him for his letter, and telling him to make a donation to his church as atonement for his long forgotten (by me) lapse. I congratulated him for his present position, and asked him to remember me as a comrade. I never again heard from him. He had, however, once again demonstrated his honesty.