

Soldiers of Christ, ARISE!

Selected

It is 5:00 a.m. The squads are out on the parade ground. The roll is being called. There is an important lecture in a few minutes that all should hear. The sergeant call is out —

- ★ **“Where’s Private Jones?”** “Oh,” says Jones’ buddy, “Jones was out late last night and did not feel like reveille. He said to tell you he’d try to be here next time.” — “Okay,” says the sergeant, “Tell him we’d sure like to have him with us when he feels like it.”
- ★ **“Where’s Brown?”** “Oh, he’s playing golf,” yelled another soldier. “Said this was the only day he could go golfing.” — “Alright,” answered the sergeant.
- ★ **“Where’s Smith?”** “He said to tell you he has trouble getting up this early; he’s still asleep.” — “Fine,” replied the sergeant.
- ★ **“Where’s Robinson?”** “His folks are visiting him,” comes the answer, “and they would feel hurt if he didn’t stay to entertain them.” — “I see,” says the sergeant.
- ★ **“Where’s Ackerman?”** Ackerman’s buddy spoke up: “Uh, Sarge, he’s mad at something you said in your lecture last week. He told me he wasn’t going to come anymore while you were still sergeant.” — “Sorry to hear that,” says the sergeant.
- ★ **“Where is Snodgrass?”** “He has a slight headache,” comes a voice, “and thought he would just hang about the barracks today.” — “Okay,” cries the sergeant.
- ★ **“Is Private Black here?”** “No,” says a buddy, “he is thinking about moving over to another company; he says this group is not as friendly as it should be.”
- ★ **“How about Alexander?”** Says one of the men: “Oh, he’s quit. He claims you emphasize rules too much.”
- ★ **“Has anyone seen Snavelly?”** “He couldn’t find any suitable uniform to wear,” answers a friend. “He told me he would be back as soon as he has a chance to pick out a decent looking outfit.”
- ★ **“Where’s Blankenship?”** “Right here, Sergeant,” says the soldier, “and I want to tell you right now that I’m getting pretty tired of all this tough talk in your lectures, and always running down the enemy — calling their names, and talking about all kinds of tactics and strategies, and . . . — Sarge, er, Sarge . . . where are you going, Sergeant?!”

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