

GLENN WOODEN

Private First Class Glenn Medford Wooden was born in South Muddy township, Jasper county, November 8,



1920. He was the eldest son of Charles and Velva Metcalf Wooden.

In August, 1941, he was baptized into the Christian faith by the Rev. Charles A. Jupin and placed his membership with the Bogota Church of Christ.

His entire life was spent in the community in which he was born, until he was called to the service of his country on September 8, 1942.

While at Camp Haan, California, he received his rating as a first class private. From Camp Haan he was transferred to Fort Dix, New Jersey. After arriving there he was confined to the hospital on April 23, suffering from a cold. While there he took pneumonia and later developed scarlet fever.

As a result of this illness, an abscess formed on his lung. This was followed by a hemorrhage, the second of which proved too much for him and he quietly passed away on July 8, 1943, while his parents watched at his bedside.

In addition to his many friends, he leaves to sustain his loss, his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wooden; a grand-mother, Mrs. Katherine Metcalf; one brother, Charles Jr.; and two sisters, Dema and Edna.

Glenn loved Army life and planned to remain in the service after the war. His great regret was that he did not get to go across with his company, which sailed for Africa three days after he took sick. He entered the military service willingly and eagerly, hoping that by so doing he could give to his country a permanent security.

It is our willingness to serve, prompted by ideals, that has given our country it's great past, and we all must continue to serve if the world is to have a great future. If we are to say as the poet has said in his prophecy.

We shall thank our God for graces,
That we've never known before;
We shall look on manlier faces,
When our troubled days are o'er.
We shall rise a better nation,
From the battle's grief and grime,
And shall win our soul's salvation,
In this bitter trial time.

When the rifles cease to rattle,
And the cannons cease to roar,
When is passed the smoke of battle,
With a yet undreamed of beauty,
As a people we shall rise.
And a love of right and duty,
Shall be gleaming in our eyes,
As a country, tried by sorrow,
With a heritage of worth,
He shall stand in that tomorrow,
With the leaders of the earth.

Funeral services were conducted at the Bogota Christian church by the Rev. M. L. Johnson of Wheeler. Burial was in Honey cemetery with Jasper post, American Legion, in charge.