HARRISON W. BROWN WRITES FROM EGYPT

PRAISES WORK BEING DONE DONE THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY

Harrison Brown, former Jasper county school teacher who is now serving in Egypt writes an interesting letter under date of May 5 and encloses a "Psalm" about the Military Police, with which outfit he is serving in the far-away land.

His letter and the poem follows:

17300

May 5, 1944

Dear Mr. Page:

We are having an Allied Parade here this week. This of course means a very busy week for the M. P's. Along with our regular duty we will have a lot of extra patroling to do. Besides a certain amount of us will have to be in the parade. I will sent you a copy of the week's paper.

The American University here is doing a splendid job supplying the armed forces with books to read in

armed forces with books to read in their spare time. Also to those fellows who have the time and who did not graduate from high-school or colnot graduate from high-school or col-lege; they are trying to give them courses that will correspond to the courses they missed back in the states. In turn they are asking the schools there to grant the individual a diploma. They are also offering a special technical course which are mostly self teaching courses designed especially to help the individual to prepare for post war work. Well, that prepare for post war work. Well, that just brings things up to date. As you can see I have changed address but live in the same place. I am afraid I had better not explain to much about that. I should be getting your paper before long. Oh yes here is a little verse about the M P's I thought you might like to have

"THE MP IS MY PROTECTOR"

The MP is my protector,

I shall not stray.

He maketh me abide by military law

He restoreth my property, He returneth me to camp,

He leadeth me in the path of right-

eousness For my own sake.

Yea; though I walk through a red light,

I will fear no evil.

For they are with me.

Their Brassards and their guns,

They comfort me.

They prepareth a guard before me in the presence of mine enemies; They hold me with steady hand

When my cup runneth over; Surely Army Regulations shall direct me All the days here in camp OR I SHALL DWELL IN THE GUARD

HOUSE FOREVER.

Harrison Brown.