

Pruett, and Willie Ray Miller, all of Endless Belt. Mrs. Fisher's husband died in 1935.

Mrs. R. E. Patton, mother of Frank Patton of Refining, is probably the oldest living mother of anyone connected with our companies. On April 12, Mrs. Patton celebrated her 96th birthday and is still going strong. She is particularly fond of poetry and music and still plays the piano well. If someone has the time and ambition to write a book, Mrs. Patton would be an excellent source. Living in Atlanta at the time, she remembers vividly the Civil War. Her first husband, Captain Deaver, was an officer in the Confederate Army, and is widely known throughout this section of the South. She now lives with Mr. Patton's half sister, Miss Julia Deaver, in Pisgah Forest.

A fall several years ago impaired Mrs. Patton's hearing, and naturally at her advanced age her eyesight is failing some, but otherwise she is very spry. As she nears the century mark, her vitality and interest in life is certainly not waning.

On May 8, 1914, when Congress set aside the second Sunday in May as Mother's Day, "for public expression of our love and reverence of the mothers", it set in motion an observance that takes on more meaning each year and we're certain every Ecustan will join heartily in the observance this year.

M O T H E R

O Mother-My-Love, if you'll give me your hand,
And go where I ask you to wander,
I will lead you away to a beautiful land—
The dreamland that's waiting out yonder.
We'll wark in a sweet-posie garden out there
Where moonlight and starlight are streaming
And the flowers and the birds are filling the air
With fragrance and music of dreaming.

There'll be no little tired-out boy to undress,
No questions or cares to perplex you;
There'll be no little bruises or bumps to caress,
Nor patching of stockings to vex you,
For I'll rock you away on a silver-dew stream,
And sing you asleep when you're weary,
And no one shall know of our beautiful dream
But you and your own little dearie.

And when I am tired I'll nestle my head
In the bosom that's soothed me so often,
And the wide-awake stars shall swing in my stead
A song which our dreaming shall soften.
So Mother-My-Love, let me take your dear hand,
And away through the starlight we'll wander
Away through the mist to the beautiful land
The Dreamland that's waiting out yonder!

