

Pvt. D. A. Cline, Jr. who is stationed "somewhere in the Pacific" has been sending his parents, Mr. & Mrs. Davey Cline, some copies, some copies of a very interesting newspaper, published in Honolulu. The name of the paper is "The Mid-Pacific" and is called the Soldier's newspaper. Mrs. Cline was kind enough to bring in several copies for the editorial staff of the "Hot off the Hoover Rail" to look over. We found them extremely interesting and full of timely subjects and lots of humorous columns and cartoons, all designed to appeal especially to the man in service. We enjoyed the papers so much, that we are going to reprint an article that we feel sure all our boys will enjoy - so here goes-



Dear Son...

What can I tell the Kid?  
What can I say?  
I mustn't worry him,  
'cause there'd be hell to pay.  
I'll tell him all the news;  
I'll talk about his Ma.  
Hell, I can't cry aloud for him,  
because after all, I'm his Pa.

Dear Son...

Things are fine, the crop is in,  
the cow is fresh again,  
Our oats brought in a great pile,  
and now we're selling grain.  
Each dime we get goes into bonds,  
your're Ma and I agree  
That's the thing to buy these  
days,  
the thing that keeps us free.

Dear Son...

That little Wilson gal you knew, is quite a lady now,  
Saw her just the other day, a pushin' on a plow.  
She says, "Tell Him Hello" and says to hurry home,  
Its kinda' tough to go to dances and sit there all alone.

Dear Son...

It seems as though the county men are talking 'bout a draft  
All the youngsters want to fight; Fighting's now a craft.  
The old farm looks about the same, though I'll admit it's hard  
to do the work you used to do, - but I'll do it somehow, PARD.

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We liked this feature especially, and we hope you will too. Next month we might include some more items from "The Mid-Pacific", and thanks a lot to Mrs. Davey Cline.