

MOTHER OF THE MONTH

(Each month some mother with a boy in the service will be asked to write a letter for this bulletin, telling you how it feels to be at home waiting for your letters and your return.)



Dear Boys and Son,

This is a letter from the 'Mother of the Month'. You've heard of the Book of the Month? Well, I'm something else, but kin.

Many are the smiles I have seen as I handed out letters at the Lawndale Post Office during my years as Postmaster. (During all the years of my life—now, who was that saying they were many? they aren't, either—those were the only years in which I was a master.) You are supposed to laugh at that, but maybe it wasn't so funny after all. We all like to get mail, although sometimes we wish we hadn't got it.

We, the people, (with apologies to Vox Pop and the Constitution of the United States) who are behind the man behind the gun, and even those who are behind the man behind the man behind the man behind the gun are proud of you men behind the gun. We feel, sometimes rather faintly I know, the hardships and dangers you face, and we pray that as many of these as possible shall pass you by. We are glad to see you occasionally have a good time. We know that once in a while a soldier does bad things, but we civilians do many times as many, and the few exceptions make us realize what a fine group we have in our army.

Once in a while someone fusses about getting only three gallons of gasoline a week, but the most of us, I like to think, are glad that we are in a land where we can get those three gallons a week. We in my family make a practice of picking up you men on the highways and have at times gone out of our way to take them to where they were going. No, we didn't feel that we were doing a great thing—we felt it a privilege to do something to make you enjoy your leave more.

Some of the school principals are trying hard to get more people to write to you. And we hope that you will bear in mind that we like to hear from you.

We truly hope that you will have some extra pleasure during this Christmas Season, and may God bless us all.

Your true friend,

Mrs. W. D. Eurns