



## FATHER OF THE MONTH

Dear Boys:

I have been chosen as father of the month for this issue of the "Hoover Rail". When Mr. Hart first told me I had been chosen as father of the month, it really did scare me for you who know me know that I am no good at writing. I told my wife that I wasn't going to write anything, but she said, "Yes, you

are," so you see who won that argument, so after all you boys aren't the only ones who have to take orders.

First, I would like to say Hello to my son, who is now stationed on foreign soil, and to say that his mother and I miss him very much and hope it won't be very long until our boys will defeat the enemy and he and the rest of you boys will be back home with us to stay.

I want to tell you boys that we here at home are really proud of the way you have been pushing the enemy around for the past few months and we know you will do just as well, if not better, when the time comes to invade Hitler's Europe. You boys now have the enemy guessing and we know you will keep them that way until they are in final defeat and victory is yours.

I also want to tell you boys that we folks here at home are supporting you in every way we know how. One of the main ways in which we back you, I guess, is by buying U.S. Saving Bonds. I think most every one who works here in Lawndale buys all the bonds they can afford. There are a lot of things we have been used to having that we can't get any more, but we don't mind for we know that by doing without these things will help get this war over with a lot sooner and that is what we want, for the quicker it is over, the sooner we will see you boys again and get settled back to enjoying life like we did before we were forced into this war.

Well, I guess I have said about all I can, as you know I told you at the start of this letter that I wasn't very good at writing, but I have enjoyed saying what little I could to you boys and hope you enjoy this issue of the "Hoover Rail."

Well, I'll say so long now, and may God bless each one of you, and good hunting.

Sincerely yours,

Grover C. Eskridge