



MOTHER OF THE MONTH

Dear Boys:

Like little Bennie over the radio, I want to say "Hello" to everyone and hope everybody is feeling fine this bright September morning. We speak of some months as the month of brides, of melons, of vacations. Now, they are past and the lovely month of September is here with the birds still singing, the butterflies flitting from flower to flower, the morning glories of red, white, and blue to welcome each new day, and the katydids to sing us to sleep when night comes.

It's potato digging, molassas making, and cotton picking time in the south. They all bring a thrill to the home folk, especially cotton picking time, which means that more savings stamps and bonds will be bought to help Uncle Sam make things better for all of us.

Yes, you are in the service of our country and we, along with you, want victory and peace . . . we must have righteousness to exalt our nation. We mothers pray that you will witness for God where ever you may go so that His gospel, the story of His love, may be carried to all nations. Fight with the sword of the Spirit as well as with guns and bombs. We are proud of you and are happy because of what you are doing for us. Remember Mother's God, Mother's faith, Mother's church, and Mother's love for you. Live a clean life so you will be ready for peace when it comes.

The thrill of our life now is when you get a furlough home to be with us a few days. The greatest thrill will come to us when you come home again to stay. We know you are doing your best and we're trusting you will be true to the cause for which you are fighting. We enjoy your letters in the "Hoover Rail;" but we are much happier when we hear directly from you often. I hope all of you are good to write home to the folk left to carry on there.

We love you lots and are anxious about your welfare. Our thoughts and prayers are ever with you, but, boys, there is one, a friend, who sticketh closer than a brother who is ever near and will help in time of need if you only trust Him. You can depend on Him at all times for strength to go through this war. When the way seems dark and rough, "Talk it all over with Jesus - He will make it right."

Be good and remember our best wishes are with you.
May God bless and keep you safe and bring you home.

With kindest regards.

Mother
(Mrs. Emma Weaver)