



MOTHER OF THE MONTH

Dear Boys and Girls:

When Jim asked me to write the "Mother Of The Month" letter, I just could not say no and all the time I was thinking about what I would try to say.

From my window this morning looking at Carrie Lee Weaver's little mountain, I see red, gold, and green, it seems to tell me Jack Frost is just around the corner.

Mrs. Hunt and myself went to town yesterday to see some boys from Morris Field, that are in the hospital, these boys were injured in a wreck last week, near Shelby. They are getting along fine, and we were so glad we could take them a small gift and see that they were improving. They are from Wisconsin and California. As we went down I noticed there is still a lot of cotton in the fields and that reminded me of something - Jim Ashley, most of you know him, has been taking his "A model" this fall, hauling cotton pickers. One evening last week they picked late, then went up to start home. After they got crammed into that "A model", Jim started cranking and it wouldn't even buzz. He puffed and blowed around, and through the house a few times, then asked his passengers to unload and push him off, they pushed and pushed and still the car wouldn't buzz. Jim got out, looked her over and to their surprise he was trying to coax that car to take them home without any gas. One of the older ladies with white hair, in a very mild way, asked Jim to hitch up his "jar heads" and take them home. So after that hard day in the cotton patch they got an old time straw ride, which called back courting days of long ago.

I saw in the Observer the other day that Governor Broughton's wife had been picking cotton and you may be sure that everybody is behind this war with all his might. Well, the 3rd war loan drive went over in Cleveland County with flying colors, Lawn-dale raised between \$25,000 and \$30,000.

The Woodmen Circle is planning a tea for the mothers and wives of our service boys and girls, October 17, we hope to make it a success, and of course you all will be uppermost in our minds.

As I began to meditate on what I would write, this grand old hymn, which is fit for a prayer came to my mind, so I am quoting the first verse.

"Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom; Lead thou me on! The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead thou me on! Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see. The distant Scene; one step enough for me."

Just let me point you to the one who is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. When you are blue and everything seems dark, just whisper a little prayer to Jesus and he will make it right.

Bye for this time, be good, and God bless you until we meet again.

Mother

(Mrs. Pearl R. Peeler)