



FATHER OF THE MONTH

Dear Boys:

As you know for the past twelve years I have been helping you, your families and neighbors get to and from the County seat and have had very little time in which to become an expert letter writer. Nevertheless, I am indeed grateful to the editor of the "Hoover Rail" for this privilege and opportunity to write a few lines as father of the month.

As I think of the days gone by it seems but such a short time that many of you were just kids, going to school, standing around the stores, riding my bus to Shelby to take in a movie or see the sights; and often sitting in a session down by the old "Hoover Rail". I can see others of you, as you came and went to and from your work, often stopping to form a group in which you discussed the events of the day, or who was going to win the pennant in baseball, or the world series. Now you are out there really doing a man's job performing tasks, the like of which the world has never seen before.

We all can't fight, but we back home are trying to do our part so that you fellows will have the best and most of everything necessary to win this war. In the end this gigantic conflict will be settled - not by weapons of war, but by what is in the hearts of men and women - not only by grit, but by grace. Force alone, fails, even when it wins.

Our enemies have the men and an abundance of weapons too, but we have something bigger to live and die for, and that is what counts. We know that we can count on you to help make this a better world in which to live. We trust that we back home won't let you down in failing to do our part. Permanent peace won't come through the efforts of the individual, nor the army as a whole, but by the everlasting team-work of every bloomin' soul.

We trust and pray that it won't be very long now until you fellows will be coming home with a grand and glorious victory. We are anxiously waiting for that day, and until then we'll say so long.

Yours for Victory soon,

O. S. Hunt