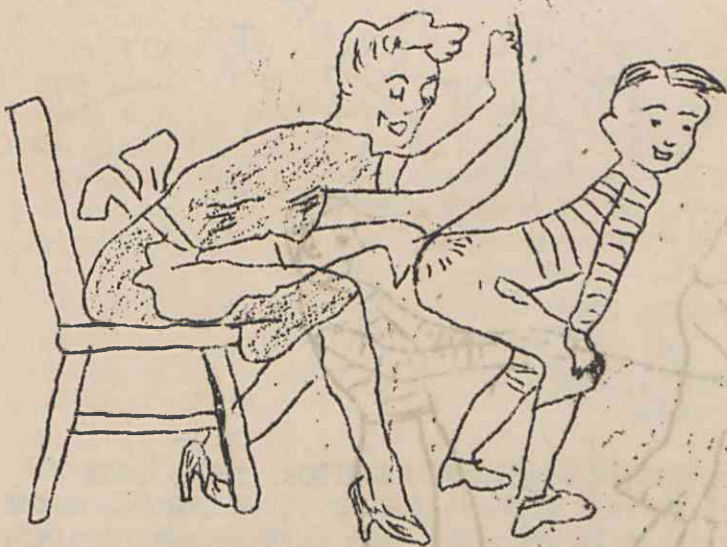


MOTHER OF THE MONTH



Dear Boys and Girls:

I feel it an honor to have the privilege of writing to you as Mother of the Month. I hope everything is going fine with each of you.

We are having some beautiful weather which reminds us that spring is almost here. Some few have made their spring gardens. Others are getting ready and we are hoping winter is over.

The Red Cross is now ready to begin another drive and we are expecting Lawndale to go over what it did last year. The very best we can do is so little compared to what you are doing. We at home cannot imagine what you are going through, but our thoughts and our prayers will be with you wherever you are.

Dwight and Robert are some where in the South Pacific, along with many of you scattered here and there. Just a few years ago, it seems, some of you boys with my boys were having some very interesting ball games down on the sand bar.

Time does bring many changes and we are hoping and praying the time is not far away when this war will be over and all of you will be back home.

May God watch over each of you always.

Mrs. Maurice Hord

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POSTHUMOUS AWARD

— Ella Brooks Wilson

"The Army Air Corps proudly gives to you,
His mother ——" Lord in heaven, keep my
hand

As steady as the hand that tended his
Nosebleeds when he was learning how to stand;

As steady as the one that sometimes held

A greenish-bronze June beetle while he tied

A string around a prickly, jerking leg.

He never knew how I had quaked inside.

Let me remember, now, his pride in me,

When I first slid a fishhook through a worm.

I was his pal, and he was unaware

Of how I flinched when it would lash and squirm.

"For meritorious conduct, carrying out

His missions ——" Lord in heaven, keep me calm,

So if he's watching from Your bright blue skies,

He'll still be proud he had me for his mom!