



MOTHER OF THE MONTH

Dear Boys and Girls:

It is a real pleasure to me to have the opportunity of writing each of you. If I should try to write a letter to each of you, separately, it would take quite a while, so I am very proud that the Hoover Rail has given me the chance to say "hello" to all.

Spring is in the air in ole' Lawndale with the apple trees, dogwood, and different shrubs and flowers in full bloom. Very often you can hear the old familiar tune, "Gee Haw" in various garden spots, especially, in some of those gardens where you fellows have vacated. As some of you know, "Dave", my beloved husband, has not been able to work for some time. Well, it seems that spring has gotten him, too. He's plowing all the neighbor's gardens without a grunt. I've been rather frustrated about the matter - Can't decide whether it's the plowing he's interested in, or could it be that he's trying to take all your places? I suppose that will be settled when you return, which I hope won't be long.

Girls, my head was in a whirl a few weeks ago. My eldest son, D. A., was on his way home from Hawaii, and, at the same time, my youngest son, J. F. was entering the U. S. Navy. What would you call a situation like that. I suppose it would be called an equal mixture of joy and sorrow. It will be a total feeling of joy when we hear that it is all over and everyone is returning home. Be good boys and girls until we see you again - And may God bless you all.

Your "Moms" of the Month,

Mrs. D. A. Cline

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Some say it is only a tree grown from the sod,
I say it is more than a tree - To me it is God.