



# MOTHER OF THE MONTH

Dear Boys and Girls:

It is indeed a great pleasure to be chosen as, "Mother of the Month" to such a fine group of boys and girls. I want you to know that all the folks back here at home are proud of all the sacrifices you are making for us and your country. I know our part on the home front is very small compared with yours, but we are with you 100%.

Even tho' this is my first attempt to write you my heart has been with you and I have been praying everyday for your safe return.

Now that the war in Europe is over, we rejoice over the home-coming of some of our boys that have been away from us so long. Then our hearts sadden when we think of so many of you who are in the Pacific. As some of you know, my only son, Gene is out there some where and my heart goes out in sympathy to every Mother who has a son in our fighting forces.

Summer time is really here now and we sure have been having some hot, dry weather. All the gardens and crops have been needing a good rain and we were blessed, the other night, with a good one, and it has cooled things off and started our Victory gardens to growing, too. If all you boys were back here this hot weather, I bet the ole' swimming holes would be full. It will be a happy time when we Mothers can see this happen again.

I guess some of you boys and girls remember when you used to go to Lake Junaluska for your summer vacation. Our pastor, Rev. Isley and his mother, Mrs. Isley, carried the young people of his churches up there last week. From the looks of the sun-tans they brought back with them, they had a good time in the lake along with their Bible Training. I don't suppose Mrs. Isley and Mrs. Wytte Costner got much of the sun, because they did all the cooking for about 35 youngsters who had ravenous appetites.

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

Your loving Mother

Mrs. Sam Lee

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After giving the private at an army camp a dressing down for being so late in returning with the supplies, the sergeant demanded, "Okay, let's hear how it happened, Miller."

"Well, I picked up a chaplain along the road," explained the woebegone rookie, "and from then on the mules couldn't understand a word I said."