

San Diego, Calif.

Dear Editors and all the folks back home:

There was a little slip in our paper of May 11 reminding us that pay day has arrived again. So—I am enclosing a \$2.00 money order for which please keep on sending us news from home—and abroad.

I have some requests to make of my friends and folks. First, to any of my folks who happen to have Aunt Amanda Bolling's street address at Sapulpa, Okla., as she has been lost to me for a good many years. And now Uncle Jim has gone. Uncle Ben went not long ago. Allen Bennett, my father, was first of the three brothers to go. Now all are gone on through that gate. We all have to pass through alone from friends. But the 23rd Psalm tells us who will go with us. And I'm sure He was with my good father and my much loved uncles.

Now another request is for the poem, "The Village Smithy." I would love to have it printed in memory of my father, Allen Bennett, who was a blacksmith 55 years in Missouri. (Editor's Note: You can find this poem in any library, school or public, among the works of Longfellow.) One of my earliest memories was of sitting in my little chair on the forge of my dad's shop.

The next request is to Mrs. Earl Applegate for a cake recipe to make that lovely golden cake with yolks left from angel food cake.

Now, a few words about our boys. We were pleasantly surprised one evening a month ago when we opened the door to a sailor's knock. He was Robert Allen Bennett, a son of my brother, Jim Bennett, of Kearney, Nebr. He spent the next Sunday with our son Paul and wife of Silver Gate, Point Loma. They called our daughter Edyth and family of Lemon Cove and all had a nice visit with a cousin they had never seen before. Then he spent the night the next Thursday with his cousin Edyth and Sam and Judy. I made a bed up real nice Saturday night and left the porch light on all night for our youngest son Terence. But he didn't have time to make it. They have finished training at Taft and are moving on to Pecos, Texas. He expects to get his commission and wings from there.

He and Harley, our second son, will both be in Texas now.

I received a letter last week from our grandson, Lawrence Clouse, somewhere in the South Pacific. He stopped in the middle of the letter and said, "Grandma, I have to go on an all-night working party." And the next line he said, "Well, I'm back home. Slept 5½ hours and feel pretty good. I'm writing this on my 19th birthday. And Grandma, I hope I may spend my 20th one at home." God bless him. I pray he may do just that.

Sometimes it seems like we just can't bear it. But we know we must, and try again. We have them in the air, on the land, and on the sea. So you see, we know what it is. We are so proud of all the boys in service everywhere. And boys, every gay sailor lad, every khaki clad soldier I see belongs just a little bit to me.

My husband is working every day at an aircraft factory out on Lindbergh Field. He is not very well at present. And I am worried about him.

Well, I will close and give room for someone who can write.

Hope to hear from my brothers soon.

So hello to all our friends and bye to all.

Mrs. Fred H. McArron