

I remember a mother who was firm sometimes to the point of belligerency, who was opinionated to the verge of sheer stubbornness, who was dedicated to the degree of complete self-giving. A mother who listened patiently and endlessly to the rambling talk of her oldest son as he related every minute detail of the activities of school. A mother who taught us to love work and to fear nothing when one is doing what is right. A mother who would bake pie for breakfast and eat it with ice cream it that was the way she wanted it. A mother whose day began at 4 and regardless of circumstance ended with the work was done. A mother who said.. "Now that you've been to college don't think you're too good for the rest of us and don't preach in high-fallutin' words." Twice during her lifetime the Editor was told she was ill and probably would not live-.but she did. Then a series of small strokes, a brief comatose month..and then heaven. If you see a tear drop on the page, it is just the Editor saying "thank you" to the Lord....and to Mother.

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THE Weakly Remembers.....

THE EDITOR'S MILITARY EXPERIENCE...
BUT NOT ALL OF IT!

About this subject the Editor talks too much..but it was a big part of his life and the memories and emblazoned in red, white, and blue!

It was March 7. 1951 when the Editor was inducted into the army of the United States. The Korean war was going badly and the Editor was regarded as a prime specimen of American manhood, fit for the military. He had been given notice in July of 1950 that he would be called in thirty days but...it had not happened and finally in 1951 he pleaded to be called if he was to be called...life can be lived suspensefully just so long. So the day came and just that quickly he was gone.