

MOTHER

This time, dear Mother, at Christmas
I'm in a different land.

But your love I've not forgotten
And I long to hold your hand.

Another year has passed, dear Mother
And Christmas is almost here.
But no matter what day of the year it is
I'll always hold you near.

I'll hold you in my heart, Mom
Each day through the years.
For my burdens you long to carry
And help me shed my tears.

There never could be a Mother
Who could ever take your place.
And help me share my hardships
With your loving, smiling face.

May the stars shine bright in Heaven
Throughout this coming year.
And God look down and guide you
And bring you Christmas cheer.

your son.
Marshall Webb

Mam

here is the Poem I wrote
for you, something like the
other one,

Marshall

Hope you like this box its
not much but will let you know
we didn't forget you, the candy and
nuts are for everyone

Ms. A. 9. 2. 2874

Mr. Hess

George Hoopman - RR-2-1139

RR-2-1135

UP FRONT

Somewhere in Italy, on the 11th of May
We waited for our orders one cool cloudy day.
As we waited patiently and darkness drew near,
We received our orders----To have no fear.

As I looked at my watch it was just even ten;
At eleven was our H hour, then hell would begin.
As we stood in the darkness sweating out the time
Waiting to attack that Gustav Line.

The moon was like a searchlight, as we reached no man's land
I put my trust in God, and he took me by the hand.
He's the one who gave me courage, faith that I wouldn't mind
Gave me strength to push forward--burst through that Gustav Line.

As we struggled to push forward, how the shells whistled and whined
Yet I had my trust in God that the next one wasn't mine.
As the sweat stood on my forehead there was lots of my mind
But now the American doughboys were crossing over that Gustav Line.

Then we reached our main objective but just at break of day
Death in hell struck our Company---all around me my buddies lay.
As I knelt down by my buddy, he knew it was his time,
"Thank God we won our Victory---we hold the Gustav Line."

You can talk of all your battles and history will tell,
But the one fought at Treminsola was sure a bloody hell
And when we reach the U.S.A. these thoughts will dwell in mind,
How we fought and fell at Treminsola taking over the Gustav Line.

Pfc. M. A. Webb

REMEMBER ME

When Heaven pulls it's curtains down
And pins it with a star,
I'll remember you, sweetheart,
No matter where you are.

Each lonely night when the moon comes out,
And stars come out to play,
I start wondering of you, sweetheart,
Four thousand miles away.

And I hope you are thinking too,
Of the boy that will return some day,
To you, sweetheart, the one I love,
So many miles away.

We'll live our lives in happiness,
And dream of days gone by,
No more sad hearts and loneliness,
Sweetheart, just you and I.

The day will come, and soon I hope,
When I'll be happy and free,
Until I am, my love, my own,
Sweetheart, remember me.

YOUR LAST LETTER

Last night I received your letter,
That was written a month ago.
You know it hurt me, Darling,
The way I love you so.

You said you had proved untrue, Dear,
You said that you had done wrong.
And now my heart is broken,
So many miles from home.

And as I read your letter,
Sweet memories come to me.
The times we spent together,
But now it's plain to see.

How I wish it could have been different,
But time can never be.
To mend the link that's broken,
Sweetheart, with you and me.

I guess I'll always love you,
Sometimes I wonder why.
For now we've separated,
And darkness has filled the sky.

And now I've read your letter,
Although I'm sad and blue.
I hope you find another,
Whose love doesn't prove untrue.

And now, good by, Darling,
I'll try to forget and forgive.
But I guess I'll always love you,
As long as I must live.

INCLUDING MOTHER'S DAY POEM BY MARSHALL WEBB.

DEVOTIONAL NO. 70.

To The Grant Park First Reg. Baptist Church, And other friends.

James H. Stewart, Pastor.

These Bulletins are printed almost weekly, and mailed to many families in several different states. We have nothing to offer but Jesus Christ and Him Crucified,

We believe that Jesus Christ is the only hope of the world; The only source of help in times of greatest need, and if then, He is the only source of help in times of greatest need, He deserves our love and greatest recognition when we can enjoy ourselves the most. So to day, we recommend Jesus Christ to you, Not the many things that have confused the world, But Jesus Christ and Him Crucified.

It is with pleasure that we present the following Mother's day poem by permission, written by Marshall Webb, Written in Hines Veteran's Hospital, Hines, Ill Room 319.

Mother, on this beautiful day
Within my heart I wish to say,
No other Mother could take your place
With your loving care, and smiling face.

On Mothers Day we think of you,
Where ever we are, or what ever we do
A kindly word, a helping hand
Which only Mother could understand.

There are many things, I wish for you
And hope and pray they will all come true;
For I know your love will always be
Within my heart, inside of me!

Here on this day, we hope and pray
Your tender love will always stay,
With loving care as you have shown,
Since the day that I was born.

Every day as we think of you,
And we know you are thinking too,
Your helping hand as it may be
Is something that no one could see.

Remembering you Mother, on this day
Is not hard for me to say,
All my love we hope and pray,
Health and happiness, until next Mother's day.

By Marshall Webb.

" Strength and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.

Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain: But a Woman that feareth the LORD, she shall be praised.

Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates."

THE BIBLE: PROVERBS 31:25-31.

DEVOTIONAL NO. 72.

James H. Stewart, Pastor, Grant Park, First Regular Baptist Church.

GREETINGS TO OUR MANY FRIENDS AND BROTHERN:

To night I take great pleasure in presenting (3) poems written by Marshall Webb, Hines Veterans Hospital, 12th. and Roosevelt Road, Hines, Ill. (Chicago Area) Room 319.

He is receiving many letters from many friends and loved ones from all over the country. Please pray for Him and many others that are confined to the Hospital.

I believe these poems express the heart felt conviction, and love, not only of himself but of many in Hospitals and homes every where.

By Marshall Webb.

TAKING MY ILLNESS AWAY.

I pray to God in Heaven
That my illness will go away,
That I'll be happy in knowing
He watches me every day.

And hears the prayers of those around
That my faith in Him, I believe
Though I may walk the Straight and narrow path,
And my blessings I shall receive.

The courage to have his nearness,
His power to heal and bless,
As I look to Him and say my Prayers
He brings me Happiness.

My faith in knowing He is near,
And watches me every day;
And hears my many earnest prayers,
To take my illness away.

SPECIAL THOUGHTS.

I hope that I'm improving
And it won't be long,
Before I'm in good health again
And feeling well and strong.

And I know that special thoughts
Are being sent my way,
From ones I love, so dear to me,
To cheer me up to day.

And I hope it's soon, very soon
That I'll be on my way to
Head for home, where I belong
Feeling fine and new.

Until that day, I'll sit and wait,
And try to pen a letter,
And put my trust in God alone,
Then I'll feel much better.

FROM THE BIBLE: "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee."
"Because he trusteth in thee." Please remember the Sick in prayer.

TRUSTING.

May God in all His mercy
Shine on me to day,
And send me faith and courage,
Until dark clouds have passed away.

And hope that will sustain me
In every thing I do,
Remember me in His glory
And make my life anew.

Remembering me, and wondering to
If I could ever guess,
How many times He sends His love,
And brings me happiness.

The bright and shining light above
Will guide me through each day,
For with Him everything is possible
To carry me on my way.