



The following poem was received by Mrs. Frank Kash from her grandson Pvt. Claude F. Lyons, who is being attended in an Army hospital in New Guinea:

MAMA

Dear Mother, how are you today?
I hope you are feeling great,
I've had a rather busy day,
And now it's growing late.

But I'd like to tell you Mother
Dear,
Just what you mean to me.
How much that I appreciate
Your kind sincerity.

And yet I know ere are no words
That truly can express
A Mother's tender, patient love
And gentle, endearing caress.

I think of you all through the day
And far into the night.
How you led me ever along the
way
And banished my every fright.

Your loving hands supported me.
Until I learned to walk,
With tireless, enduring patience
You taught me how to talk.

And when troubles and trials came
my way
As they do in the live of all
You stood by to console and defray
Whatever might befall.

And as I grew you were always
there
To inform and give direction,
And every night you breathed a
prayer
That I might have protection.

If I should write all through the
night.
I still could never tell
The many wonders of your love
And how much you excell.

With these few words I've tried
to say
Why I love you so.
And the dearest Mother in all the
world
Is my dear Mother. I know.

And now I must bid you good
night.
The time has come to flee
But your loving son Claude
Always I will be.