

Arab Alabama
September 11, 1942

To Herbert, my brother,

Through all the years of a boy's life he dreams of a time when he might do some good, great thing. Because of it he will be loved and praised and honored by all who deep in their hearts cherish the four freedoms our fathers strove to attain through other days of "blood and sacrifice, sweat and tears".

That time has come for you. Tomorrow you go to camp and ah! How proud of you we are. Yours is a privilege as well as a duty. Make well of it. Only the best you can do is enough for the country that has mothered you from babyhood to manhood, straight and strong, God-loving and true to the ideals of this our America.

There will be bright, beautiful days ahead; dark ones too. But on those days you will have these memories always with you: the orchard in bloom; the big trout you caught; the harvest moon about wide hay fields; white cranes on the lake, your arrowheads, framed; your bird hooks in rows, the autumn painted ridges; the winter's first snow; blazing logs on the hearth; the hound dog, Gal, possum hunting with you; fresh plowed fields and the trees first green; the smell on your hands of fresh, warm milk; the old turkey hen's nest under the gnarled rose bush; Twilight, your trumpet and you and "Star Dust" or "Concerto in B Minor"; a mother's goodnight kiss to her only son.

All these and more are the dear, close things you have known and will come back to and in the years to come, in your heart you will feel: - These things I have loved and fought for, they are mine and my sons' who will come after me - my God, my home, my country.

Your most devoted sister
Flora Ann S. Hinds