

MRS. M. F. WALLACE

RECEIVES BIRTHDAY LETTER

Sept. 11, 1942
This poem was written and dedicated to Mrs. W. F. Wallace on her eighty-second birthday by her grandson, Private Willis Diel. He is in the 313th Bomb squadron, MacDill field, Tampa, Florida.

Grandma your age is by now eighty-two,

That's a long time under the red,
white and blue,

I've seen several Americans since I've
been around

But you're one of the best that I've
ever found.

You've had your dark spots and sor-
rows to spare,

In fact sometimes it looked like more
than your share,

But you were the one to hunt a bright
spot,

And in times like this that helps a
whole lot.

You've been good to mom and all of
us kids,

You've listened to our stories and
laughed at our fibs,

This I'll say if I live to be eighty-two,
Then I hope I'll have lived half as

good as you.

Here's two wishes I hope will come
true,

They might too as wishes sometimes
do—

I hope we push Hitler from all foreign
shores,

And that you live on just 100 years
more.