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HOLD MEMORIAL SERVICE *aug. 14*
FOR DON T. WHITEHURST *1945*

A memorial service was held at Fairview church northwest of Newton, Sunday afternoon, for Lieutenant Don T. Whitehurst, son of Mr. and Mrs. Eber Whitehurst, who was killed July 16 in an airplane crash somewhere in Germany. The Rev. A. O. Jacobs and the Rev. Inez Galbreath, pastor, officiated, assisted by Jasper post, American Legion.

The following obituary and poem were read at the service:

Don Trainor Whitehurst, son of Mr. and Mrs. Eber Whitehurst, was born on July 4, 1921, near Wheeler, and departed this life on July 16, 1945, at the age of 24 years and 12 days as a result of a plane crash somewhere in Germany.

He entered the service of his country in February, 1942.

He was married to Mae Allen of Boston, Massachusetts, on November 21, 1942. To this union one son, David Neil, was born.

He is survived by his wife and son; his loving parents and three sisters, Anice, Ruby in the service at Camp Breckenridge, Kentucky and Mildred; and three brothers, Glenn in France, Jimmy on Luzon, and Billy Lee at home. One brother, Neil, preceded him in death on November 5, 1939.

The following paragraph is from a letter received by his wife from the Adjutant General of the Army: "The official casualty report states that Lieutenant Whitehurst was killed when the airplane on which he was riding crashed and burned while on an administrative flight. He died while serving his country."

Since Your Star Turned to Gold

When you marched away, so fine and true,

We placed a star in our flag for you;
And every time we saw it there,
We've thought of you, and breathed
this prayer.

"Dear God, keep our boys wherever
they are,

May they be as true to Three as the
blue in their star;"

And we know that God from His
throne above,

Poured out upon each His infinite
love.

We're sure He saw the crushing blow,
As it came to lay our loved one low;
He came and met our soldier there,
Perhaps in answer to a loved one's
prayer.

Into your ears His words resounded,
"Rest now, child, taps have just been
sounded,

Your fight is over, your work is done,
For you, life's battle has been won.

"An honorable discharge, is yours to-
day,

Come home, my boy, with Me to
stay."

So, it is, that we dream of you lad,
You've gone on home, you're happy
and glad.

From heaven's portals keep looking
this way

For we'll come to meet you some
sweet day;

When life's warfare is over, and the
last battle won,

We'll greet you up yonder, at set of
life's sun.

And now while we sit and think of
you,

Through tearful eyes, seeing your
star of blue;

We seem to hear Christ's voice speak-
ing as of old,

"Behold thy son," and lo, your star
turns to gold.

Yes, we seem to see you as you are,
And now, we can smile as we gaze at
your star;

No longer blue, but as gold it doth
shine,

Reminding us all of God's love sub-
lime.

And we grieve no more, for in that
city we're told,

You're living with Jesus, since your
star turned to gold.

—Inez D. Galbreath

Dedicated to the boys on our Honor
Roll whose stars have turned to gold.