

Excerpt from the book *The Aluminum Trail*

Where is my Son?

By Pearl Dunaway

Where is my son? I'd give the world to know. Has he his mission filled and left the earth below?

Is he up there in that fair land, drinking at the fountains, or is he still a wanderer in India's jungles and mountains?

Oh Lord! If he's up there in some heavenly place, if I could just take a peek, I'd know his smiling face.

His faded star of blue, that hung on the window bold, is now a silvery hue, or has it turned to gold?

I remember the day he went away, soon to cross the ocean's tide. How he tried to wear a smile. That beset the tears I tried to hide.

He wrote us often. Each letter proved a blessing. Then came that awful telegram, which read: "Your son is missing."

It was 2:30 PM on July 4th. They were very much alive. As a crew of 15, they started to fly the Hump, in a bomber, a Mitchell B-25.

The army searched on land and sea and by air, but searching has been in vain. My heart is still bleeding, for my son was on that plane.

Now every time I see a plane and hear its motors roar, I think of my boy so far from home, 12,000 miles or more.

He left his home and friends, his country to help save. Does he now in some faraway country lie, with no marker at his grave?

In my mind, I would travel over mountain, land and sea, my darling boy to find. When I suddenly realize, my hands are tied behind.

When we have done all we can do, we ask God to take a hand. Why he allows these things to happen, may we someday understand.

I remember the words Joe said to me just before he had to leave: "If it's His will I don't come back, please mother, you won't grieve."

I remember some of the songs he sang, as I recall some sacred line. I little dreamed what it would mean to him, as he sang the "Ninety and Nine".

Now that our boys are coming home, among them his brother. Somewhere on the sea of seas, there is still another.

When we think of those that may not come back, it makes our tongues be still. For in our hearts, there's a vacancy, that no one else can fill.

It's such tragedies as this, that tears our lives apart. No tears to ease the aching eyes, for tears are for the heart.

I pray God who doeth all things well, and leaves not anything undone, will this tragic thing reveal and help us find our son.

Note: This poem was written in memory of SSgt. Joseph W. Dunaway of the US Army Air Corps, son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Dunaway of South Shore, KY by his loving mother Pearl, circa 1945. To the day she died, she never forgot or gave up hope of finding her "little boy".