

## FATHER OF THE MONTH

By-

Jim Osborne



Dear Fellers:

As Father of the month, I want to say first, that all Dads thing and feel very much the same about their sons, so with your permission, I will start this letter over and just say: Dear Son:

Twenty years this April, I was sitting beside your Mother's bed, very much excited, also young and inexperienced - your Mother, said, "Its time to call the Doctor", I dashed out of her room and made a bee-line down the hall of the hospital, where I almost had a collision with the head-hurse, after explaining the cause of my rush - she took over and said she

would get the Doctor - after all she was used to this sort of thing, as it was a large hospital and several babies were born there every day - in a few minutes the Doctor arrived and it seemed my presence was no longer desired and I was very definitely banned from your Mother's room. Regardless of the pain and agony I suffered for the next hour or so - no one paid the slightest attention to me, so along with several other prospective fathers, we paced the hall and p-a-c-e-d the hall, smoking innumerable cigarettes - after what seemed an endless time, the door was opened and out came the nurse, carrying a pink wooly object, upon closer inspection, it was red, it was very funny looking and it squirmed - before I could say "Jack Robinson" the nurse said, "Here, hold your Son, for awhile". So with trembling hands, I took you, son, and with your head on my knees, and your little feet against my stomach, I looked like, "Yes, I told the nurse, he does look a little like me, has my eyes and nose", then you let out a husky yell and turned your head from side to side, then crammed your fist in your mouth, indicating that you were hungry, and if I may jump a little ahead, I think you will agree with me, that you've never lost any of that desire for food in the past twenty years.

Yes, we agreed right from the start that we would take you firmly in hand and that you would grow up unspoiled, but after living near an "Old Maid" Aunt and various other doting relatives for several years, I began to ask myself just who had taken who in hand.

The years passed swiftly by and soon you were big enough to do such chores as split the kindlin' and mow the lawn, but I usually dnded up by doing the job myself, for fear you would chop off a finger with the axe or clip off one of your toes with the lawn mower - I became firmly convinced that you just did not have the ability to handle tools of any kind - then one day, while looking over some of your model aeroplanes and seeing the skill and patience that went into their making, I knew then, that you had simply out-smarted your old Dad, and again I wondered just who had taken who in hand.

Well, Son, you are a full grown man now and are in a real man's outfit, the U. S. Army Air Corps, and I know you are going to make us all proud of you. We are looking forward to your first furlough home and when you come, it will just about be your 20th birthday and once again as I put my arms around you, I shall be proud of your young manhood, so strong and straight, so fearless and unafraid, of all that lies ahead of you, but my mind will wander back to the little bundle I held on my lap 20 years ago and I'll know you're still our "little" boy in spite of your height which permits you to look down at Moms and me.

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