

# FATHER OF THE MONTH

Dear Son:

This is the first time I have attempted to write for the other Fathers, but hope they will approve of this letter. We miss you a lot, no one else can take your place, at the table. The old car is a little ashamed, for you are not here to wash her. We do not hear from you much, but I guess you are busy.

We want you to take good care of yourself so you will not loose any time in training. We want you to have the best of preparation, this will help you to be able to take care of yourself in time of danger. We are glad that you have made such a good record in so many ways. Girls are fine but you had better make some inquiries before you date one. Some Japanese boys got in trouble because they didn't know how dangerous it was to mess around with Pearl Harbor.

The folks back here are anxious for your return and are planning for chicken stews, barbecues, and Brunswick Stews. The Chickens, Hog and Garden business is on a boom, so you go ahead and turn the trick and hurry home for a good time, a rest spell, and then go to work in peace. If Chickens, hogs, gardens and food crops will help win the war you can say that it will soon be over. We are glad that most of you boys are able to take the training, any who for any reason, come back will soon don their civilian clothes and be at some defense job doing as much as they can to help. Say son, did you hear about the man dying suddenly in the cafe the other day? He was swallowing a bite of meat and some thoughtless person hollowed whoa! and the meat stopped and choked him. The horse wouldn't have been killed but he wanted to get into active service, without any training.

Son, stay out of the middle of the road, it looks like Rommel is home-sick and if he comes that way he will run right over you. Let him get fifty yards up the road before you fire, I always want to give a fellow a chance. If you see Hitler before he leaves give him a great send-off, and I'll give you a cup of sweetened coffee for the gun.

Well, so long and do be good and be careful.

Love,

Daddy.  
(Geo. W. Clay)

