

FATHER—Doing as well as could be expected.

MOTHER—In rather a deflated condition.

I'm the father of a boy.

The months of waiting are at an end

My mind all filled with joy

Now I've paced the floor in the O. B. ward

The role of expectant father.

Doing my best to gracefully fill

It has kept me in a lather

Just a necessary evil at times like these

To sewing on small white things.

But Peggy only smiled and turned

I cried out in the spring

Oh will it be a boy or girl

THE BOY—JOHN THOMAS IRVINE—7 lbs., 4 Oz.

(Born in the midst of the Yuma Indian Reservation—Missed being either a Mexican or a Californian by only a few miles—What a break!)

THE PLACE—General Hospital, Yuma, Arizona.

THE TIME—November 11th, 1938—11:12 A. M.

Another Yuma-Mite

MR. AND MRS. JOHN H. IRVINE PRESENT