

FATHERS Day 98 J

Daddy wheel his chair
over to the ^{pitcher} counter at
hall where boxes etc.
Pick up a narrow ^{but tall army} ^{green}
box. Set it on his lap. ^{artillery}
unbuckled. I opened & pulled
out a long scrolled picture,
coffee stain tinted. I told me to
find him among the top row
of 30th infantry. (I read bottom
& repeated knowingly after me)
I picked out a young man who
looked more like my son than
my daddy. We showed it around.
Then he fumbled out a
blue cloth book with a red

insignia.

gnia. Explained (2)
that was his infantry
insignia. Then opened
it up upside down &
began showing them. I
read the captions under
pictures. "A dead
German". Daddy said
they would ~~could~~ come
up on them just like that
white hair & skin. Said
one time he urged two
old German boys away
to keep from shooting
them. Had been told
the U.S. taking too many
prisoners. Kill them!
"I killed one or two
I think." Machine guns
~~wrecked~~ bombed tanks, aerial
shots & Europe that
all looked the same.

Then I saw Daddy's ³ shoulders
shaking, his hand go up to
beneath the brim of his cap.
A faint snuffling sound. He
turned a page; he heaved.

I read "A street in Belgium."

He ~~cried~~ ^{sobbed} silently, then openly.

Then took off his cap & wiped
his eyes with it. I got
a paper towel & passed it
to him. "Thank you," he
said. "Let's don't look at
this old book anymore."

He helped me put it away
with the rolled up, yellowed
picture. Buckled the box,
turned & wheeled into the
living room & cried low,