

“DEAR SON”

A Dramatic Reading

by
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“Joe! Where do you suppose we are?”

“Well, we’re not in the Ritz with soft lights and Beauty Rest mattresses. We’re in a foxhole, believe it or not.”

“There’s no use of getting sarcastic. I know we’re in a foxhole and a damp and smelly one. I mean what country do you think we’re in?”

“Search me! We move so fast that we might be in Alaska for all I know.”

“Well, it’s chilly enough for Alaska.” (Shivers)

(Looking skyward) “It’ll soon be dark. I can take the days all right, but when night comes and the pitch blackness sets in all around, that’s what gets me. Things sneak up on you in the dark--things you don’t care to associate with.”

“You know, Joe, I’m getting so I have eyes almost like an owl. I’m not afraid.”

“They used to call me Battlin’ Joe from Buffalo. That’s my home town--or where I was brought up. Buffalo’s a good town. Gets cold in winter but it’s sure swell in summer, with the breezes coming the off the lake. Gee! I hope I get to see that old town again.”

“You will.”

“Sure, I will--if somebody hasn’t put my name on a bullet. But let’s not talk about such things. I want to live--and live a long time.”

“So do I. I’d hate to think I wouldn’t see thousands of sunsets and twilights like this one. Look at it, Joe! It kind of gives a fellow a peaceful feeling. This time of evening always sets me to thinking of home--and Mom--and the farm.”

“Gee whiz! Are you a country jake? You don’t look and act like one.”

“Well, how do you think a country jake--as you call it--should look and act?”

(Floundering) “Well--you know--hayseed in the hair--well--like a rube.”

“Some of the biggest rubes I’ve ever met have been from the city. (Quickly) Begging your pardon, Joe, since you come from Buffalo.”

“That’s okay, Fred. But tell me, what’s it like on a farm?”

(Incredulously) “Haven’t you ever been on a farm?”

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