CUS417/21.26

Much soiled, Found in Revere's kit sent back from France

Letter to W.O.'s Son, Dec. 28th, 1916.

13, Norham Gardens,
Oxford.

To my Son on his 21st Birthday.

First - regrets, that you are not with us - but these are the only ones; and the most satisfactory of all the feelings I have is that no regrets cloud the clear past of 21 years - and this is a great deal to say. You have been everything that a father could wish, a dear good laddie. And it is not often I am sure that father and son have been so happy together... I really believe that Atlantic City show and that day at Fuller's, New York were the only occasions on which you were really mad with me. That of late years you should have developed a taste for literature and a fondness for old books has been an additional pleasure. With training and hard work I think you should see your way of life clearly indicated.

For the Future - everything is too uncertain to make any plans. We can only hope for the best. But a few years ago your Mother, with her usual good sense, began to save something so that you could have your own money when you came of age... Well, together we have put by $ 32,600 = £6,520 which will give you a net annual income of £300. It is in the Toronto Trust Co. and invested in 5% War loan. It will be transferred to your name. This will be enough to pay your average expenses at College and there will be extras if necessary - and an occasional "rake-off" I hope. It is always so much better for a fellow to have his own money, when possible.

Many, many happy returns of the day and I hope when the tyranny is overpast we (Mog) have more happy days together - you and I and Mug.

Your loving
Dad