

---

# MY SON — DAVID

by **EVELYN WARD**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

---

four girls — and they had always longed for a boy. Now, with David, they finally had a son to lavish their love and affection upon.

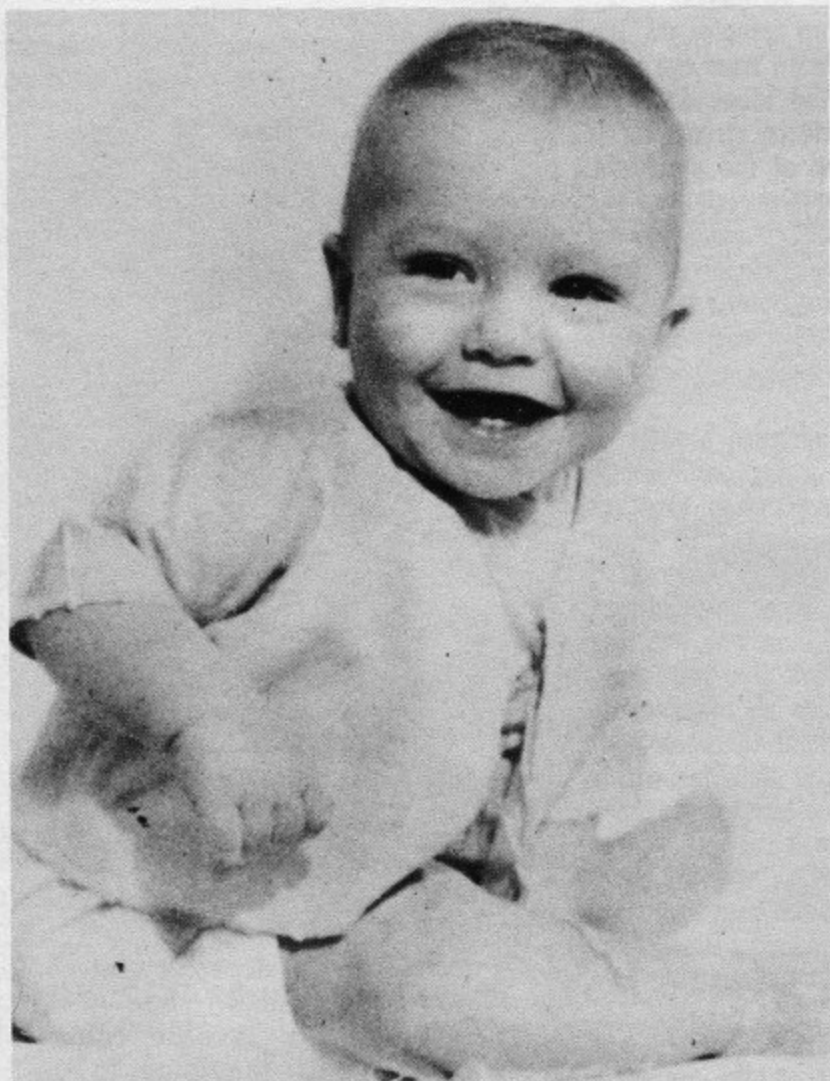
## “SMILIN’ SAM”

I took David—the star of the Flower Fifth Avenue Hospital maternity ward (yes, David was a “star” even then!) — and introduced him to my folks. My very first nickname for David was “Smilin’ Sam”, because he smiled all the time. Well, *nearly* all the time. A most unfortunate thing happened to David when he was only a few weeks old. He got chronic colic — a condition many babies get. Though doctors don’t agree on just what it is — colic can be caused by anything from a slight allergy to poor digestion. A child with colic suffers something not unlike a chronic case of tummy cramps — and it is *extremely* unpleasant. Many a night I held David in my arms and sang to him and rocked him to sleep. The warmth and the movement seemed to help him a little. One day, when he was six months old (as inexplicably as it had begun), David’s colic stopped!

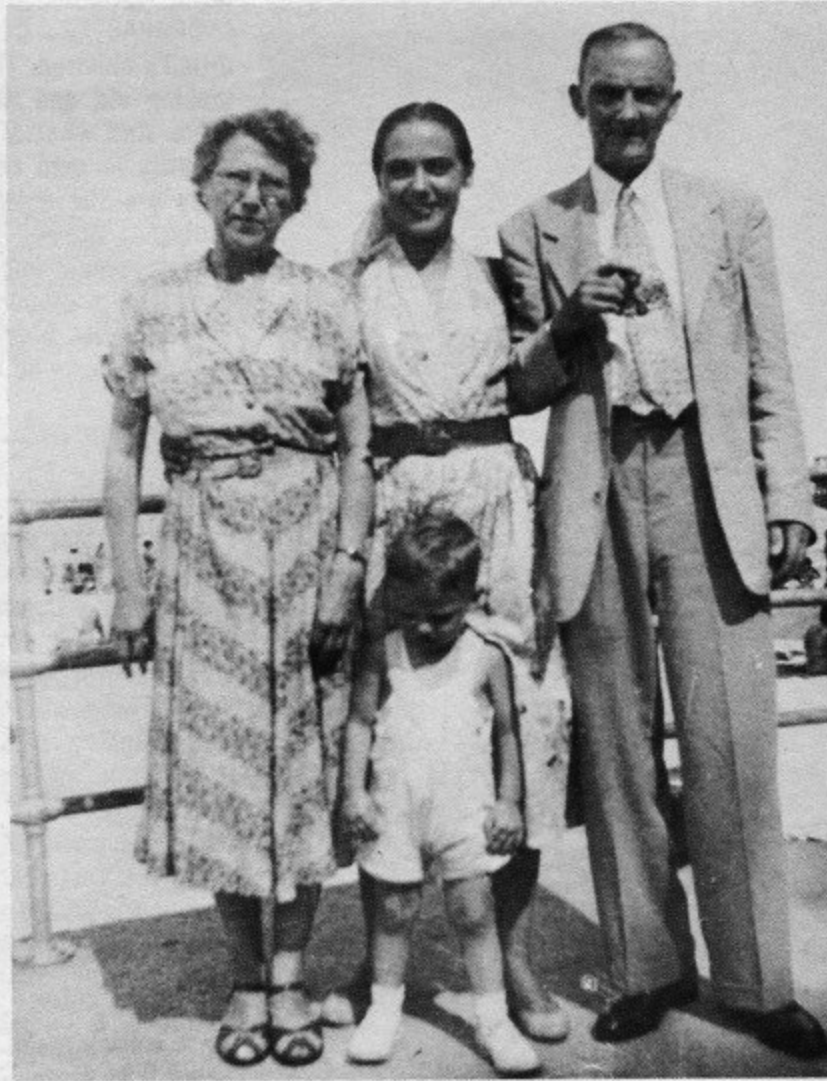
Except for the colic, David was a fine, happy, beautiful baby. And he was a *fat* baby too! Don’t ask me *how*, but with all that so-called “indigestion” he was having, he still got fat! David was basically healthy. He was also very smart and intuitive — in fact, a little *too* smart and intuitive! For instance, sometimes I had to go to New York to work — leaving my mom in charge of David. If I put David in his crib and left through a partly opened door (leaving the hall light on), and waited awhile in the living room until I was sure he was asleep, and *then* got up to sneak out of the house — the instant I opened the front door, David let out a yell. No matter *how* quiet I was, David always knew when I was leaving — and he *always* protested!

David’s first word was “Mommy”. He was a very unusual baby in that he never, at any time, talked “baby talk”. He never said “coo-coo” or “da-da” or any of those usual baby words. When people talked to him in baby talk, David ignored them — I mean he *completely* ignored them. So his babyhood was spent without the usual “Say hello to Mommy” type of instructions being thrown at him. He made sort of singing sounds under his breath a lot, but no words. And then one day, when he was just over one year old, David looked up at me and said clearly and distinctly, “Mommy”. I was, of course, amazed and thrilled at this first word!

And guess what his second word was?! It was — as with many babies — “no” — and I remember *that* too, for it was a very emphatic “no”! For such a sweet-dispositioned baby, this early sound of “self-determination” was quite a surprise! The first *big* word David spoke was “pediatrician” — which means baby doctor. When David was two and a half, one of his aunts asked him, “What do you want to be when you grow up?” He looked at her and said, “A pediatrician.” Of course, we were all flabbergasted. Undoubtedly, David had heard me say that word from time to time, for — as are all babies — he was regularly taken to a pediatrician.



David’s first “professional photo” was taken by a West Orange photographer when he was six months old.



Grandma Ethel, “Mommy” Evelyn, Grandpa Fred and a “bashful” David at the beach in Asbury Park, N.J., when David was two and a half years old.