

AN IRISHMAN'S FIRST DRINK WITH HIS SON

I was reading an article last night about fathers and sons, and memories came flooding back to the time I took my son out for his first drink.

Off we went to our local bar, which is only two blocks from the house.

I got him Guinness Stout. He didn't like it so I drank it.

Then I got him an Old Style. He didn't like it either, so I drank it.

It was the same with the Coors and the Bud.

By the time we got down to the Irish whiskey, I could hardly push the stroller back home.