

THREE BASKETS

BY: Gladys Cleone Carpenter

(Illustration enclosed)

George and Linda and Dick lived in a trailer. They had come from their home in the east to visit on their uncle's ranch in Texas. Here they had parked their trailer and lived in it with Mother and Dad, just as they used to do at home. Here they had made friends with three Mexican children--Jose, Rita, and Pablo. They had had a good time, but now the time had come for the trailer family to go back home.

"Everything is packed and ready," Linda said.

"No, there are those three Indian baskets," George reminded her.

"Yes, and all the things we have where we play," added Dick.

"Mother says we can't take one more thing," said Linda. "There is no more room in the trailer,"

"Oh, can't I take those nice colored rocks I gathered?" asked George.

"No," said Linda, "and I can't take that lovely cactus plant I have either. It has just bloomed, too--a big pink blossom."

"I wanted to take Spiky back home with me," said Dick.

Spiky was a horned toad. He lived in a little pen on the ground near the trailer.

"What will we do with all our things?" asked George. "I don't want to go off and leave them here."

"We can put something in each of the three Indian baskets," suggested Linda, "and take them to Jose, Rita, and Pablo, as going-away presents."

George filled his basket with the bright colored rocks he had found.

Linda put the can that held her cactus flower in her basket.

Dick put Spiky, the little horned toad, in his basket.

Then the three started off to the home of their three Mexican friends.

"I wish I could take everything out here in the west home with me," said George.

"You can," said Linda.

"Don't be silly," said George.

"I'm not," Linda denied. "You can remember all the things you have seen. You

(more)

can take them home in your memory."

"Then I'm going to look at Spiky real hard," said Dick. "So I can carry him home in my mind."

"I am pretending I have three baskets you can't see," said Linda. "I've heard people call a stomach a bread-basket, so when I eat I put food in my stomach basket. I have a memory basket, too, which holds things I like to think about."

"What's your third basket?" asked Dick.

"That's my heart basket where I store love and friendship."

"Maybe Jose will give me something to take home," said George. "It would hurt his feelings if I didn't take it. What would I do with it?"

"If they give us things, we'll thank them," said Linda. "Then we'll carry them to the trailer and plan what to do."

By now the children had reached the home of their Mexican friends. The children ran out to meet them.

I brought you a basket filled with my colored rocks," said George to Jose. "You like rocks."

"Oh, si (yes)," said Jose. "Gracias (thanks)!"

"And I brought you this basket with my cactus plant in it," said Linda to Rita.

"Oh, Gracias! I'll leave the plant can in the basket. It will make our house pretty."

"And here's my toad Spiky," said Dick to Pablo.

Pablo thanked him.

"I'll make a pen for him, and feed him good. I'll call him 'Spiky', too," Pablo promised.

"We have to go," said George, "Good-by."

"Wait!" Jose said. "We have some going-away presents for you."

The three Mexican children hurried into the house. When they came out, each handed a box to one of their three American friends.

"Thank you," said George and Linda and Dick. "Good-by, now."

Away the children hurried to the trailer.

Daddy and Mother were waiting.

They got into the back seat of the automobile. Then George opened his box.

"Cactus candy!" he exclaimed.

Linda and Dick opened their boxes. They had the same kind of candy. It was in squares, yellow and clear like honey. How glad they were! Now they could put the candy in their stomach baskets. They could carry mind-pictures of things they'd seen in their memory baskets. They could take the friendship and love of the Mexican children in their heart baskets. And the trailer wouldn't be one bit more crowded!

children's page
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GOD'S LITTLE CREATURES
(A Poem-Riddle)
By Pauline Tyson Stephens

We buzz among the flowers
That are so bright and sweet,
And make a golden sweet stuff
That is very good to eat.
What are we? _____

Our wings are many colors,
Like gold and red and brown;
We flutter among the flowers
In the country and in town.
What are we? _____

Upon the green, green grasses
We like to hop and play,
And if you try to catch us
We quickly hop away.
What are we? _____

We're busy little creatures
Wherever we are found;
We gather food for winter
And store it in the ground.
What are we? _____

ANSWERS: Bees; butterflies; grasshoppers;
ants.

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NOTE TO EDITORS: In setting type please
turn line of answers
upside down.

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SECRETS
BY: Frances Tower

God must love a secret
I'm sure He does---
Aren't you?
There are so very many
That he tells his secrets to.

I'm sure that's how the flowers
Know just when it's time for spring---
And how each little bird
Knows just which song to sing.

And sometimes when I'm thinking
Of lovely things to do
I'm sure that God is sharing
A secret with me, too!

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